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AND THE

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INDEX---VOLUME LI.

EDITORIAL.

Page.

Accidents....261, 281, 301
Adirondack Fly-Casting....21, 41
Brooks Preserved....121
Buffalo in Colorado....141
Canada Salmon Rivers....201
Charm of Field Sports....81
Christmas....501
Corbin Game Park....321
Dreams....341
Field Dog Care....281
Fishing Number....1
Flint Lock....461
Forest and Flood....61
Forest Culture....521
Forest Interests....221
Forest Reserves....1, 121, 401
Forest Threatened....161
From Plague to Profit....401
Game and Food Supply....441
Game for the Sportsmen....421
Game in the West....100
Game Law Violators....121
Golden Rule....361
Grand Teton....161
Guides and Employers....301
Guides....381
Italian Gunners....341
Jersey Situation....361
Jersey Wardens....141, 321, 341
Lacey Bill....501
Land and Water....181
Log Cabins....101
Long Island Deer....341, 381, 501
Luck....461
Maine Licenses....41, 261
Maryland Protection....321
Moonshining....361
Nature's Compass....101
Net Bounties....221
New York Game Law....81
New York State Association....1
New York Zoo....241
New Zealand's Acclimatization....161
November....381
October....321
Photographs....381
Protection Idea....521
Shooting Records....341
Side Hunts....211
Snakes....401
Snipe Bag....441
Sportsmen and Soldiers....261
Sportsmen at Home and Abroad....181
Sunday Shooting....301
U. S. Fish Commission....421
Zoological Gardens....81

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

Adirondack Map Errors....323
Adirondack Night Experience....223
Adirondacks in 1898....262
Adirondack Trails....22
Antoine Bissette's Letter....285
Apolima Passage....523
Bees, Ransacker's....84
Blackfoot, Climbing....282
Calamity....82
Caribou Land....505
Chat....506
Christmas of Ar-kee-kee-tah....503
Colonel, the....82
Copper River Country....422
Costa Rica Forests....182, 202
Death Gulch....142
Delawares, Last of the....204
Down a Slide....262
El Comancho Ghost Dance....323
Falealili Cavern, Samoan....162
Fishing on the Fourth....62
Forest, in the....342
Forest Lakes and Trails....482
Fur Trade Days....62
Going a-Fishing....382
Gomez, John....442
Grand Teton....204, 223, 364, 385, 404, 524
Honey Dew and Grapevine Telegraph....2
Jamestown Hunting and Fishing Club....402
Just About a Boy....382, 422
Kansas Prairies....524
Landlord Dayton's Shooting Match....502
Lost....362
Lucky and Unlucky....123
Maine Trips....462
Manana....203
Mascots (poetry)....362
Monsieur Marmie....442
Mountain Thunderstorm....242
New Year's Swearing off....522
North Carolina Point of View....103
Old Man of the Mountains....262
Old Village Home....24
Out of Commission....2
Pet Life in Camp....362
Poacher's Victim....62
Potomac, Along the....2, 222
Reflections....24
Robinson, Visit to....462
Samoan Forest Stream....22
Santiago Hills....504
Sargeant, Wm. G....366
Shasta Wilderness....183
"Sport"....522
Tennessee Thanksgiving....422
Thanksgiving in the Woods....422
Thanksgiving Quail Shooting....462
Thieves' Ledge....102
Three Chumps in a Boat....524
Tracks, Here's to....502
Trouting at Carlsbad....42
Ways and Byways....103, 124, 203, 242
Ways of Warp and Woof....504
West Virginia Days and Nights....122
Wisconsin, Down the....283, 302
Yukon Notes:
White Pass Route....23
Headwaters of the Yukon....42
Winds and Waves....83
Canadian Custom House....162
Mac Has an Experience....263
Lake Lebarge....329
Visions of Starvation....346
Yukon Indians....423, 442
Story of the Colorado Miners....62

Natural History.

African Mammals....85, 105
Albino Swallow....164
American Ornithologists' Union....424
Animal Intelligence....63, 205, 243, 304
Antelope's Horns....445
Apteryx....105
Bear Pet....105
Bears....144, 183, 204
Big Game of North America....285
Bird Nest in Buffalo Head....347, 424
Birds in City....525
Blackbird Nest....124
Blue Grotto....243
Buffalo....405
Buffalo in the East....323
Bull Bats....268, 304, 385, 464
Butterfly Lodge-mark....347
Coon, Tame....24, 104
Cranes, Pet....43
Crane's Back....224
Crow as Nest Robber....367
Crows Destroy Sparrows....265
Deer, Albino....405
Deer Horn Shedding....405
Duck Nest in Tree....
Fox Colors....
Fox, Uncommon....465
Frogs....303
Grasshoppers....106
Hawks, Nesting....243
Hawks, Tame....63
Heron Colony....25
Honey Dew....44, 164
Hummingbird Pets....264
Hummingbird Nest on Wire....303
Indian Natural History....347
Insects on Mountains....445
Instinct (See Animal Intelligence)....
Iowa Records....86
Kiwi....105
Lynx....104
Monkey Food....104
Moose Head, Alaskan....324
Muskrats Eat Fish....264
Nature's Compass Points....105, 144
Nesting Place, Unusual....64
New York Zoo....425
Oriole....183, 244
Otter Pets, Florida....84
Owls, Mice and Moles....143
Panther, West Virginia....64
Passenger Pigeon not in Mexico....445
Pennsylvania Elk....367
Pets....125, 144, 164, 206
Pigeon, Band-Tailed....165
Porcupine, Fighting....324
Pretty Visitor....484
Raccoons Breed in Confinement....484
Root Growth....405, 445
Ruffed Grouse in City....305
Samoan Crowing Snake....366
Shipworms....25
Skunk Rabies....484
Snake, Fighting....163
Snake Hypnotizer....183
Snakes in Captivity....224
Snow Record....463
Squirrel, Red to White....405
Starlings on Long Island....86, 525
Texas Blackjacks....205
Trees....367, 405, 425, 483
Voices of the Night....225
Walrus....3
Wisconsin Raptores....243
Woodchuck, Black....244
Woods, in the....164
Wren, Great Carolina....124
Yellowstone Park Bears....204

GAME BAG AND GUN.

Page.

Accidents....306
Adirondack Deer....246, 287, 305, 391
Adirondack Letters....466
Alaska Game Country....386
Arkansas Non-Residents....67, 89
Aroostook County....246
Bear, Clubfoot....26
Beaver, Last....166
Birds in the Storm....489
Black River Association....469
Blue Quail....
Bohemian Field-Drive....
Brooke, Gen., Hunt With....
Buck Fever....
Buffalo in Color...
Buffalo of...
...464
...328
...328
Cerri...327
Chicago ...ay Night Train....289
Chicken Shoot, First....145
Christmas Idyll....508
Colorado Game Bill....527
Colorado Game Law....465
Connecticut Grouse Snaring....306
Coon History....407
Coon Trapping....128, 167, 209, 228, 244
Currituck Snipe....167
Deer Hunting in the Alleghanies....406
Deer in Columbia County, N. Y....288
Deer, Lake Superior....447, 467
Diana of Florida....309
Diana of Texas....329
Doctor's Doubles....426
Duck Hunting in a Blizzard....469
Ducks on Ottawa Marshes....407
Dreams and Dreamers....410
Erie County Association....485
Firecrackers....26
Flints....368, 410, 469
Florida Conditions....448
Florida Deer Hunting....88
Florida Diana....309
Florida's Game Wealth....69
Florida Morning Hunt....184
Game Laws....67
Game Warden Convention....489
Grist of Things....225
Grizzly Bear, Dr. Noll's....266
Grouse and Gun Wad....305
Grouse in Putnam County....547
Grouse of Schoolhouse Run....446
Grouse, Song of....448
Gun Licenses....385
Gunpowder in Brazil....350
Hand-Car in Sport....4
Harvey Cedars Ducks....448
Hicks, Mythical....327, 348
Horn Measurement....65
Hounds and Still-Hunters....391
Hudson's Bay Flint Lock....368, 410, 469

Indian Modes of Hunting:
Beaver....87
Lynx....106
Foxes....125
Musquash....167
Martens....184
Otters....244

SH.S.S.
.F71

Page.

Iowa Game..... 27
Jackson's Hole Game.....468, 485
Just at it Happened.....371
Lacey Game Bill.....509
Liege Firearms..... 87
Lies That Never Were Told.....465
Long Island Quail Season.....390
Lost in Mountains.....350
Maine Guide Law.....510
Maine Guides and Moose..... 44
Maine Moose Student Case.....268
Maine Snows.....468
Maine Trip.....326
Massachusetts Game Interests.....466
Maryland Ducks.....368
Maryland Game Sale Law.....391
Mermenteau 325
Minnesota Indian War.....308
Moose Episode.....408
Moose in Canada (see New Brunswick).....168
Moose, Mr. Wakefield's.....426
Nebraska Bottom Lands.....369, 425
New Brunswick.....127, 267, 307, 326, 348, 386
390, 410, 426, 448, 509, 530
New England.....427
New Hampshire.....289
New Hampshire Game.....206, 486
New Jersey Legislature.....392
New Jersey Quail Stocking.....488
New York League.....487
Night Rifle Shooting.....268
Nova Scotia Game.....265
Oregon Notes.....347
Ottawa Club Ducks.....265
Ottawa Club Game Record.....227
Ottawa Marshes.....350
Ontario Deer Law.....268
Owen's Experience.....485
Pelts and Winter Meat..... 65
Pheasants in New Jersey.....451, 471
Pheasants in Virginia.....146
on Long Island..... 45
Preserve.....485
.....369
.....127, 147
....287
Quail, [illegible]
Quebec Club's [illegible]
Red-Letter Day.....
Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman..
Repeating Shotgun.....267, 309, 371
Rifle Sight.....411
Rime of Deer Hunters.....348
Rocky Winter Trip.....126
Scoth Grouse Moors.....186
Scotch Shooting..... 87
Shoes, A Pair of.....528
Side-Hunt 489
Skin Hunter..... 88
Sport in a Box.....227
Stocking With Birds.....106
Tennessee Quail Fields.....484
Teton Reserve.....167
Trespass in New Jersey..... 45
Trespass Law and Preserves.....449
Trump and Bang.....265
Vermont Deer Record, 1898.....487
Vermont Game Conditions.....267
Vermont Game.....393
Vermont League.....144
Virginia Game Country.....411
Virginia Game Fields.....244
Wisconsin, Old-Time.....185
Woodcock and Plover.....125
Yellowstone Park Game.....107
Yellowstone Park Poachers.....45, 527
Yellowstone Park Report.....470
Zigzag Experiences.....305

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

Adirondacks, Boy in.....210
Adirondacks, Changed.....431
American Fisheries Society.....91, 292
Anglers, English and American.....149
Baird, Prof.....510
Bass Breeding.....393, 532
Bass Fishing on the Greenbriar.....89, 209, 269
Bass Growth..... 92
Bass of the Bay of Quinte.....128
Bass Peculiarities..... 47
Bass Pocket.....210
Bass Rearing and Stocking.....393, 532
Bass Record.....112
Bass, Rock..... 30
Bass, Sea.....228
Bass That Can Never Be Caught.....47
Bass, White..... 30
Bear River, Fourth on..... 46
Big One That Got Away.....230
Bluefish, Strike in.....229
Boquet River.....213
Brooks Closed 312
Brown Trout in Tasmania.....131
Canada Sojourn.....352
Canochagola Trail..... 93
Carlsbad Fishing.....454
Carp Fishing..... 72
Catfish..... 32
Chicago Fly-Casting Club.....11, 50, 92, 131, 189
Choctaw Nation..... 27
Codfish and Chowder.....271
Colorado Fishing.....228
Crappies..... 7
Cuvier Club Banquet.....454
Dogfish of Missouri.....113
Dogs as Fishers..... 70
Dragon Fly..... 90
Drum, Fresh Water..... 30
Eagle..... 47
Fishes, Down Among the.....269, 309
Fishes, How to Distinguish.....188
Fish, Farm and Figures.....190
Fishing Camp Plunder..... 92
Fishing Cousin.....110
Fish Hog Confession.....211
Fish Transportation Alive in Ice.....430
Flies for Light Days.....49, 72, 93
Florida Summer Fishing.....452
Fly Fluttering.....249
Fresh-Water Angling.....7, 30
Frogs 212
Goin' a-Fishing.....429
Grayling 70
Grayling, Montana.....331
Grayling Propagation.....211
Great Smokies Outing.....213
Great South Bay Outing.....530
Grouper 371
Gulls 48
Harvey Cedars Fishing..... 11
Henshall, Dr. Jas. A.....130
Herons 71
Hybrid Fishes.....169
of the King.....332
Fish Hooks..... 93
ish.....371
din and Big Fish Lake Regions..... 27
fish Record.....231
gfisher 47
Lagunitas Lake.....189
Lake George Bass Experiences.....473
Lake Superior Fishing Notes.....170
Landlocked Salmon, Leaping.....249
Late in the Season.....428
Leader and Three Flies.....394
Loons 70
Louisiana Lowlands.....247, 272, 290, 311
Luck 111
McCloud River..... 28
Manitoba Fishes.....214
Manistique Fishing..... 6
Massachusetts Association.....430
Men I Have Fished With.....130
Michigan Fishing Waters.....110
Michigan Trout Streams..... 8
Minnesota Fish Decision..... 71
Mink..... 89
Minnow Casting for Bass..... 72
Mosquito Dope.....411
Muskrat 89
Muskrats Eating Fish.....168
Namaycush 351
Newfoundland Salmon.....293
New Hampshire Outing.....249
New Jersey Legislature.....429
New York League.....372
Nets in Oneida Lake.....394
Nipissing Country.....330
North Platte Fishing.....510
Ottawa Bass.....270
Ouananiche Spell..... 93
Ouananiche Stocking.....292
Osprey 47
Pecos Trout.....186
Perch, White..... 31
Pickerel 248
Plankton.....229, 250
Piscatoribus Sacrum.....473
Ponds, Working.....70, 168
Pond Nets.....411
Red Eye..... 30
Red Water in Narragansett Bay.....453
Rochester Angling..... 6
Roberval Experiences.....292
Rod and Pole, Fly and Bait.....186
Saibling or Golden Trout.....351
St. Lawrence Anglers.....129
Salmon in Fresh Water.....270
Salmon Leaping (illustration).....410
Salmon Rivers of Canada.....148, 187, 210, 229
Sea Lion Case.....110
Sea Trout.....108
Skates and Rays.....489
Snakes' Water..... 90
Striped Bass Breeding.....532
Sunfish..... 30
Tarpon and Mullet.....112
Tarpon in Texas.....5, 10, 48, 92
Tea Creek..... 5
Tortoise and Turtles..... 90
Trout Flies and Trout Whims.....108
Trout Record.....248
Tuna.....9, 10, 48, 92
Tuna Club.....132
Tuna's Supreme Place.....453
Tuna Towing.....187
Tuna vs. Bass.....429
Turtles on the Beach.....270
Variation..... 27
Vermont Fish Interests.....331
Wild Fishers I Have Fished With....47, 70, 89, 109
Water Pollution Nuisance.....151
Webster Chowder..... 50

YACHTING.

(Illustrated articles marked thus *.)

Akela 192
Allowance for Rig..... 37
America Cup.....113, 136, 158, 191, 195, 216, 217
232, 440
Brunhilde 97
Bud.....11, 37
Canada Cup.....257, 376, 399, 437, 516
Capabilities of Small Yachts...417, 440, 480, 496, 513
Cartoon..... 77
Challenger 171*
Chicago Knockabouts.....376
Clarita 98
Crowninshield's Design,.....417*, 438*
Defender.....314, 376, 399
Dominion.....171*, 274*, 294*, 314*
Duchess 195*
Dunraven on Yachting.....400
El Heirie.....295*
Ethelwynn 295*
Exposition of Racing Rules.....456
Fouling Marks..... 58
Froude's Letters.....216, 317, 399
Gaviota..... 97
Girth Measurement..... 36
Girth Rule.....296, 334
Gosling.....13*, 38*
Hoodlum 192
Hussar..... 60
Hyslop, John.....95, 317, 357, 376, 457
Katydid.....37, 96
Lipton, Sir Thomas.....113, 134, 137, 191, 195
Livingston Cup..... 56
Maggie..... 60
Malay Proa.....115*, 159, 195, 217*, 256*, 334*
Marks..... 58
Measurement.....11, 36, 56, 58, 114, 134, 216, 257
317, 334, 374, 399
Meemer 457*
Mixed Rigs..... 37
Model Yachts.....15, 257
Mohegan, Wreck.....376
Navy Boats.....499*, 514*, 537*
New Yachts.....538
Obituary:
S. V. R. Cruger..... 15
C. G. Lundborg.....516
Lucien More.....457
Payne Bill.....137
Painting Yachts.....314, 375
Proa.....115*, 159, 217*, 256*, 334, 400
Raters and Half-Raters.....456
Rebecca 274*
Recruit.....97, 194, 196, 234
Royal Victoria Cup.....438
Sea Gull..... 97
Seawanhaka Cruise..... 40
Seawanhaka Cup.....171*, 191, 232, 257, 333, 357, 516
Seawanhaka Report..... 11
Shamrock 456
Society of Naval Architects...294, 357, 359, 399, 414
Speculator 171*
Tonnage Tax on British Yachts.....359
Valkyrie III.....457
Whaleboat Gig.....499*
Y. R. U. of N. A.....276, 294, 296, 334
Zulu 479*

Page.

Clubs and Races.

Annisquam.....57, 96, 235
Atlantic.....15, 59, 74, 235
Bayswater..... 60
Beverly.....15, 59, 77, 97, 160, 235
Boston City..... 57
Buffalo 14
Burgess.....15, 59, 77, 97, 117, 160
Canarsie..... 74
Cape Cod.....97, 113, 115
Chicago 116
Cleveland 257
Cohasset.....59, 77, 97, 114, 158
Corinthian:
Fleet..... 96
Marblehead.....15, 59, 76, 116, 160
Philadelphia.....97, 195
Dorchester..... 37
Duxbury.....15, 60, 97
Eastern.....97, 114, 158, 235
East Gloucester.....14, 115
Essex..... 60
Fall River.....57, 158
Felker Cup.....157
Fox Lake.....113
Gilbert's Bar.....76, 317, 417, 500
Green Lake Cup.....156
Hudson River.....196
Hull.....57, 235
Hull Musquito.....58, 97, 159
Indian Harbor.....14, 116, 217
Inland Lake Y. R. A.....192, 376
Interlake Y. R. A.....77, 480
Jamaica Bay..... 60
Kennebec 37
Kingston.....57, 115
Kingston, Ont.....116
Knickerbocker..... 74
Knockabout Association.....258
Lake Y. R. A.....77, 116, 415
Larchmont..... 58
Long Island Sound Y. R. A...399, 456, 497, 514, 538
Manchester.....114, 115, 159
Massachusetts..... 14
Massachusetts, Y. R. A., of.....358, 456, 538
Musquito Fleet.....59, 77
Neenah Cup.....158
New York.....376
Newport.....60, 76, 97, 116, 159
New Rochelle..... 57
North American Y. R. A.....276, 294
Oshkosh 156
Pentaquit.....40, 77
Plymouth.....76, 158, 317
Quincy.....58, 60, 77, 97
Quincy Cup.....160, 194*, 217
Riverside.....76, 235
Robinson Cup.....156
Rochester 257
Royal Canadian..... 58
Royal St. Lawrence.....38, 58, 76, 97, 117, 171*
Royal Ulster.....113, 136, 158, 195, 232, 257
Sag Harbor.....156, 258
Savin Hill.....57, 158
Seawanhaka Cruise..... 40
Seawanhaka Cup....74, 95, 134, 171*, 191, 217, 232
257, 333, 357, 516
Seawanhaka.....60, 159, 195, 235, 457
Shackamaxon..... 14
South Boston.....77, 116
Winthrop.....76, 97
Wollaston 160
Wood's Holl.....59, 77, 96, 116
Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes.....400

Steam Yachting.

Aileen II.....137
Andria 258
Barracouta.....258, 500
Corsair II..... 36
Corsair III.....137, 516
Embla 258
Felicia..... 15
Gloucester..... 36
Josephine II.....539
May 137
New Yachts.....137
Sylph.....60, 258
Valiant 258
Varuna.....258, 417, 516
Waikiki..... 98
Yachts in the War.....36, 60, 137
Yarta..... 15

CANOEING.

(Illustrated articles marked thus *.)

American Canoe Association:
Atlantic Division.....513

Page.

Executive Committee....296, 359, 374
Meet....72, 154*, 217*
British Canoeing....456
Canvas Canoes....513
Columbia River....260, 296
Cruises:
Shenandoah River....258*
Manual of Canvas Canoe....360
New York C. C....260
F. S. Rathbun....457
Rochester C. C....513
Tent....513
Western C. A....500

TRAP-SHOOTING.

Arkansas and South....55, 80, 90
Auburn Gun Club....18, 280
Bison Gun Club....19, 54, 458
Boston Gun Club....19, 55
Brockton Gun Club....54, 139, 154, 237, 279, 297
Buckeye vs. Cincinnati....339
Buffalo Audubon Gun Club....19, 35, 55, 153, 178 196, 236, 254, 278, 297, 318, 338, 380, 418, 460, 475, 496
Catchpole Gun Club....277
Centredale Gun Club....53, 151
Chambersburg Gun Club....238, 280
Chesapeake Gun Club....79
Chicago Challenge Trophy....458
Cincinnati Gun Club....338, 420, 520
Confabulations of the Cadi....139, 198, 220, 237, 253 278, 299, 319, 339, 354, 379, 398, 419, 517
Connecticut State League....19, 196, 280
Dean Richmond Trophy....16
Dupont Park....19, 33, 80
East Side Gun Club, Newark....418
E. C. Contest....533
Equitable System....254
Eureka Gun Club....518
Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club....19
Flinching....520
Florists' Gun Club....120, 152, 196, 255, 300
Forester Gun Club....79
Fort Smith Gun Club....19
Franklin Gun Club....180
Fulford—Heikes Challenge....520
Grand American Handicap....79, 459, 476, 495

Page.

Grab Bag Shoot....419
Greenfield Gun Club....140
Hamilton Gun Club....476
Handicap and High Guns....536
Haverhill Gun Club....20, 55, 200
Herron Hill Gun Club....280
Hingham Gun Club....35, 119, 153
In New Jersey....19, 34, 55, 79, 100, 118, 138, 154 178, 200, 219, 236, 252, 277, 297, 318, 357, 380, 397, 420 436, 460, 476, 495, 518, 536
Items From South....18
Intercollegiate Championship....418
Interstate Association....34, 518, 535
Jeannette Gun Club....300
Judge S. P. Walker....495
Interstate Tournaments:
Meadville, Pa....52
Meriden, Conn....119
Haverhill, Mass....239
Waterville, Me....180
Lake City Gun Club....196
Limited Gun Club....418
Lincoln Interstate....419
Matches:
Burkhardt vs. Besser....460
E. C. Cup....78
Elliott vs. Smith....495
Goodhue vs. Craig....180
Heikes vs. Gilbert....197
Kling vs. McCann....496
Piles-Shaner vs. King-Bessemer....197
Midland Beach....255
Monumental Shooting Park....254
Mt. Kisko Handicap....280
Natick Gun Club....200
New Jersey Central League....340
On Long Island....16, 79, 119, 138, 153, 178, 252, 277 297, 356, 378, 420, 436, 460, 476, 520, 536
Oakbrook Gun Club....338
Omaha Gun Club....20
One-Handed Record....460
Ossining Rifle and Gun Club....458
Rainmakers' Gun Club....239, 255
Review of Season....340
Schenectady Gun Club....237
Schmelzer Arms Company....98
Seattle Rod and Gun Club....19, 35, 79

Page.

Sherbrooke Gun Club....152, 180
Sidell Gun Club....140, 277, 476
Sinking Springs, Pa....419
Soo Gun Club....418
Stray Items....280
St. Louis Items....255, 300
Tournaments:
Auburn Gun Club....56
Arkansas State....118
Baltimore, Md....298, 340
Belle Meade Team....278, 355
Canton, Ill....199
Cincinnati....396
Cleveland Gun Club....277
Colorado State....99
Dickey's Shoot....239
Harrisburg....298
Iowa State....318
John Watson's....519
Kansas State Association....54
Kentucky Gun Club....54
Limited Gun Club....534
Marlborough, N. Y....152
Michigan Trap-Shooters' League....300
Milwaukee Carnival....34
Minneapolis Gun Club....198
Missouri State Amateur....99
Mt. Kisco, N. Y....200
Mt. Shasta Gun Club....252
Natick....255
Newburgh, N. Y....320
New York State....16
Ocean City, Md....54, 152
Poughkeepsie, N. Y....78
Pottstown....477
Red Cross Handicap....252
Rolla Heikes'....279, 336
Schmelzer....238, 254
Sidell, Ill....52
Sterling Rod and Gun Club....98
St. Louis....378
Sherbrooke, Canada....52, 152
Warwick, N. Y....252
West Superior, Wis....54
Wopsononock....319
Trap around Reading....19, 53, 78, 100, 120, 139, 178 197, 219, 298, 320, 378, 398, 418, 437, 458, 477, 496, 533

Page.

Trap at Riverton....378
Uxbridge Gun Club....18, 56, 80, 139
Parker Gun Club....239
Pawling Gun Club....33, 239, 460
Utica Shoot....437
Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League....54, 140, 220 370, 460
Piaza Gun Club....320
Pine Bluff Gun Club....35
Professionals and Amateurs....35
Vermilion County Medal....357
Weiler Gun Club....495
West Chester Gun Club....300
Western Traps....20, 53, 80, 100, 120, 140, 153, 197 219, 240, 255, 278, 298, 320, 338, 356, 380, 397, 420, 436 458, 477, 496, 533
Wm. T. Smith Gun Club....35
Woonsocket Gun Club....219, 280
Worcester Sportsmen's Club....18, 80, 139, 237

RIFLE RANGE AND GALLERY.

Bisley Rifle Meeting....98
Brooklyn Revolver Club....377, 475
Calumet Heights, Rifle at....80
Cincinnati Rifle Association....33, 117, 151, 200 236, 280, 297, 377, 417, 458
Columbia Rifle Club....137
Elite Rifle Club....377
'Frisco Rifle Shooting....437
Hoboken Tournament....317
Iroquois Rifle Club....336, 377
Laurels, Resting on....151
Louisville Revolver Club....417
Manhattan Rifle Association....377
Revolver, The....117
Rifle Association, New Jersey....98
Schuetzenfest, National....80, 117
Score, Remarkable....51
Score, Talbot's....80
Sharpshooters, Los Angeles....297
Shell Mound, Rifle at....33, 80, 137, 200 236, 280, 336, 377
Veterans to Front....396
Wilkes-Barre, Rifle at....98
Zettler Rifle Club....137, 236

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Emerson says that when a naturalist has "got all snakes and lizards in his phials, science has done for him also, and has put the man into a bottle." I do not deny that there are such cases, but they are quite exceptional. The true naturalist is no dry collector. Sir John Lubbock.

A FISHING NUMBER.

WHILE every issue is a fishing number, our columns to-day are filled with such a wealth and variety of angling papers that special note may be made of them.

What a showing it is of the angling resources of the continent—Florida tarpon; California tuna; Maine trout and land-locked salmon, Canadian salmon; Michigan trout and bass; New York weakfish and bluefish; West Virginia trout; Wisconsin muscalonge and bass, and so through the catalogue. We have said it more than once before and shall say it more than once again, that in all the world no other land is so favored as America in the abundance, variety and excellence of its angling opportunities; the sun shines on no other land where fishing waters are more easy of access and more generous in their rewards to the angler. And a somewhat comprehensive acquaintance with the angling literature of the day gives confidence to the remark that nowhere else than here is angling a more fertile and fruitful theme to engage the pens of appreciative and felicitous writers. As contained in the pages of this journal from week to week, the literature of angling is in every way a creditable and adequate presentation of the subject.

Mr. Mygatt's account of the tarpon fishing at Boca Grande, on the Florida Gulf Coast, will be a revelation to fishermen who know the tarpon only in such supply and feeding habits as are manifested in Florida waters in the months of winter and early spring. With such a superabundance of magnificent game fish, and such possibilities of taking the game beyond any known way of utilizing the catch, one must stop short of his opportunities, or kill wantonly, or devise some way of having his fun and freeing his fish. The last expedient was that adopted by Mr. Mygatt; he played his fish, and then let them go to "grow bigger." And the story he has to tell reads all the better because it carries with it no sickening tale of butchery and waste.

Florida has a rival in Southern California, which is represented by Mr. Beard's enthusiastic relation of the game qualities of the tuna, and all that he says in celebration of the fish is admirably and effectually endorsed and illustrated by Prof. Holder's story of the notable struggle with his big fellow.

Tarpon and tuna, these are the heroics of rod and reel; most of us must be content only to read of them, for it is not given to all of us to make a thousand-mile journey to catch a big fish. We must be content with shorter excursions and smaller fish; and so it is Mr. Mather's province in his practical paper to preach the doctrine of crappie fishing as one way to make the best of what good things fortune sends us. It is a sound, sensible, and satisfying rule, to get what we may with rod and line, and to have an outing near home if we may not visit distant waters.

As for many of us, we ought to have better fishing in local waters than is to be found there; and we would have it if our fish commissioners and fish protectors did their duty. Fish stocking and fish protection are directly in the interest of the man of circumscribed opportunities and limited means, whether of time or money. No better answer may be made to the cranky opponent of fish and game protection than just this, that the cause of protection is the cause of the people. A fish supply in home waters means that more of us may go fishing with something to show for it. We are accustomed to hear ignorant or selfishly interested criticism of fish laws as class legislation. No sillier suggestion could be made. The only class aspect of such regulations is that if properly enforced they do prevent the piracy of the small class of men who would rob the public for their own individual gain. The illicit net fisherman of our inland waters is vociferous in his denunciation of the laws as infringing on his rights and robbing him of his legitimate occupation, when the truth is that he has no special dispensation to take in his nets for his own profit the public fish which a hundred other men might take with rod and line. The community has been a long time in coming to a recognition of this, but year by year the merits of the fish net question are more clearly understood, and the time is surely coming when the supply of our local waters will no longer go to the nets of a few, when, by wise administration, it may afford pleasure and substantial profit, each his due share, to so many more.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

No forestry measure has been so bitterly opposed nor so warmly supported as that set on foot by President Cleveland in his proclamation of Feb. 22, 1897, which set aside thirteen large tracts in the West as forest reservations. The taking effect of this proclamation was postponed by act of Congress until March 1, 1898, and a provision was inserted in the Sunday Civil Service Appropriation bill now before Congress absolutely nullifying it. In conference committee of the two Houses, however, this provision was stricken out, and the proclamation thus remains in force—a tremendous victory for the cause of forestry. Public sentiment in this country—though at first often hasty in jumping to conclusions and so, for a time, often wrong—may usually be trusted, after the people have had time to study any question. So it is that even in regions where, through misunderstanding, the preservation of our forests by means of reservation was at one time bitterly opposed, so great a change of feeling has taken place that those who a few months ago hotly denounced the plan are now among its warm advocates. The public officials to whom is entrusted the duty of establishing a forest service, and of enforcing such laws and regulations as exist to-day, may wield a powerful influence for or against forestry in this country, according to the manner in which they deal with that section of the public residing in and near any reservation. It is within the power of these officials to make forest preservation popular or unpopular. It is a new thing in this country, and is distinctly opposed to the American idea, which is that the public domain, belonging as it does to all alike, is at the mercy of the first comer, so that any one is at liberty to appropriate to his own use anything on it that he may desire to possess. Many people will be found, therefore, who at first will be disposed to regard laws which in any way limit their freedom in this respect as infringements on their rights. Such persons must gradually be educated to a respect for the forestry laws, and every effort must be made to show them that such laws, and the service by which they are carried out, are for the benefit of all, even though at times these restrictions may seem in some degree to interfere with practices to which years of time have given the apparent sanction of established custom. People should be induced to take an active interest and pride in the forest reservations of their own section, and thus be brought to strengthen the hands of local adminis-

The establishment of a satisfactory forest service will not be easily or quickly accomplished, but the progress made during the last twenty-five years gives a guarantee that it will be done.

SNAP SHOTS.

When an association reaches its fortieth annual convention it may be presumed to have a name and a history which must be endeared to its members. The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game met in Rochester last week for the fortieth year, and when a change of name came up for discussion this sentiment of pride in the long held name naturally manifested itself among the veterans. We give the debate in our trap columns. The title was retained; and whatever potency there may be in a name will continue to be exercised by the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

The history of the Association is instructive. It was founded by men who had the single purpose only of gathering together to combine their influence for the enactment of game and fish laws, and to secure their enforcement. Trap-shooting was an afterthought, and was at first only subsidiary to the main purpose of the organization. It developed and in time absorbed the entire effort and activity of the annual meetings, in which game and fish protective interests had no part, or if any only one so slight and perfunctory as to be ridiculous. True, committees were named to report at the annual meetings, and certain enthusiastic and well-meaning individual members prepared papers to read; but as a matter of fact both the reports and the papers were listened to with impatient attention and scant courtesy by the delegates who were eager to discuss shooting rules instead. Whatever the constituent clubs may have done at home, in association they did nothing, nor made any pretense of it. After some years of this, certain members of the Association, led by Gen. D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse, called a winter meeting of the clubs for the express purpose of providing a way for the Association to return to its original purpose and work. This was attained by a system of two annual meetings instead of one, the winter meeting being set apart exclusively for game and fish protection interests. The natural development has followed; those members of the Association who were interested in protective work have attended the winter conventions; those whose interest was in trap-shooting alone have had part only in the summer tournaments. This will be the rule in the future. The game and fish protective element will carry on its work under the title of the League, and the trap-shooting will continue under the name of the Association. Individual clubs interested in both activities will have membership in both organizations, and each will have fullest opportunity of development unhampered by the other.

In early days, when many sections of the country were but little known and not at all settled, it not infrequently happened that persons journeying from place to place lost their bearings, wandered about for days or weeks through uninhabited regions, and ultimately perished of starvation. Sometimes this took place in a region where food was more or less abundant, although not in such shape as to be evident to the lost man as food. If the prairie did not furnish buffalo or the forest deer, there were yet often birds' nests in the trees, snakes among the grass, turtles in swamps and creeks, roots in the ground, and more or less nutritious bark on certain sorts of trees Yet the lost man, delirious with fear, and with thinking of only saving himself by reaching some human habitation passed, by these sources of food supply, and frightened to the point of losing his wits, failed to use reason and at length died of inanition. Among the sources of food supply in many parts of America, as suggested by Mr. George F. Kunz in his recent interesting paper on the occurrence of pearls in the United States, are the fresh-water mussels, which are found in very many brooks and streams of the United States. These, while not especially nutritious, might obviously sustain life for days in the lost hunter or explorer who knew enough to look for them where they might be found.

One mean phase of mean human nature, and a quality closely akin to thievishness, is the propensity to sneak into the enjoyment of an advantage without paying the honest due for it. It is a trait sometimes exhibited even by the man of the gun and the hunting rifle, though your typical sportsman is by common convention held to be above mean things. The Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society reports that they have in that Province two distinct cuasses of visiting sportsmen from the United States. One is of those who give in their license fees, the other of "quasi sportsmen" who slip away to some distant places, go into the woods by one route and come out by another, and so by the maneuvers of outlaws and renegades succeed in killing their game without paying the license fee. Others resort to the trick of taking out a bird shooting license, and then on the strength of it hunting moose. Nova Scotia is not alone in suffering from the fraudulent ways of dishonest hunters. A notorious case of the same general character was that of a Lynn, Mass., moose hunter, who, without a license, killed a moose in New Brunswick last year, and then attempted to blackmail his guide. Whatever an individual who is an honest man, may think about the justice or injustice of license fees for hunting, if the license system is in force he cannot do else than conform to the law. His conscience and self-respect compel him to be honest and decent in the woods as well as out of them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Honey Dew, Four Hounds and the Grapevine Telegraph.

WE were gathered about the stove in the tent. After supper pipes were puffing, the little stove was roaring hot, and it was either raining or snowing outside, nobody cared which. The visitors from the saw mill settlement down the valley were discussing a pet deer some one down there had raised from a fawn once upon a time.

"She were as delicate an' gentle as a little girl, 'n' no man ever got acquainted with a pet deer like that that he didn't feel kind of mean every time he went a-huntin' an' killed one like her. Of course he'd kill just as many as ever, but then he couldn't help feelin' as if he hadn't ought to. She was sure like one of the children, in the house, out in the yard and wanderin' off on the ridge. She had a bell, and nobody would get to shootin' at her; but the dogs would run her down off the ridge every day or so and she'd put fer the house and never stop till she was in the room 'n' the door shut. She stayed out one night 'way after dark, and after 'while Thompson's wife heerd the dogs a-runnin', and she waked Thompson up, and he listened 'n' he says: 'That's Jennie, sure; they're a-headin' right down the valley!' And so he got up 'n' opened the door a crack, and here she come a-runnin', 'n' when she sailed over the fence he opened the door 'n' she hustled in 'n' lay down en front of the stove 'n' Thompson shet it and went back to bed. What did she eat? Oh, twigs 'n' garden sass 'n' things, 'n' she was a glutton fer milk. She had a fawn once. She must 'a' been a tame deer down in the valley and a wild one up on the ridge, just the same as the rest of them. Went a-gaddin' around all the time. The little one grew up pretty near to a yearlin', and a feller back on the ridge shot her one day by mistake before he ever see her mother."

We townspeople asked what had become of Jennie.

"She died. Some thought it was from eatin' honey dew."

"Honey dew?"

"Yes. They say it'll kill a deer if it eats it."

"And what is honey dew?"

* * * * * * *

And that is what the writer would like to know of the reader. According to these men, it is a sticky, honey-like deposit, which comes on the upper surface of all the leaves of some particular tree, the variety most affected being, I think, the hickory and one other which I have forgotten. The deposit is made in a night, and the sun gradually dries it up, leaving a thin, silvery film on the leaf. Honey dew! None of us had ever heard of it before. Has the FOREST AND STREAM ever nibbled the leaves of a honey dew tree? Did any reader ever make chewing gum out of it when he was a boy? Does any one cure snake bites with it? When I went to school why was not my almost pathetic thirst for knowledge assauged by some news about honey dew? Other things might well have waited. One was liable to "meet up" with honey dew most anywhere, whereas I have not bumped up against Sir Isaac Newton's binomial theorem in twenty-five years!

I learned about the grapevine telegraph while on that same trip. I had the dim impression that the term was merely one of derision, applied to the imperfect news-gathering equipment of rival journals. It is, however, a distinct system of rural telegraphy.

And how necessary such a thing as a rural telegraph must be! What would life in the sparsely settled mountains be without it? The first thought of a newcomer in such a locality is that the people must be very lonesome and that life, being devoid of newspapers, is devoid of interest. That nothing new ever happens; that the country paper is a week old before it is brought in from the settlement, and that its contents were a week old when they were printed. True, but for the grapevine telegraph.

For instance, when the hounds got out of hearing after jumping the big buck that week, what information could we have gotten of them from the county paper? What could the people at the saw mill tell us when the hounds did not run in their hearing; but for the grapevine telegraph, what would any of us ever have known about that deer chase?

We heard the hounds trailing, then we heard them jump the deer, and the deep-voiced melody swing around through H.'s stand, where there was an unsuccessful shot. Then the moving chorus swinging around the ridge I stood on, down past the charcoal pit, through a gap, toward Silver Creek—and that was all. We did not see nor hear three of those dogs until 9 o'clock that night, and the other one of them not until 6 o'clock the next morning, and yet, gentle and credulous reader, by 8 o'clock we had the complete story of the chase by the grapevine telegraph, and by bedtime we knew where the missing dog was. The two men who followed the hounds reached Spring Creek, seven miles distant, after the chase had disappeared; but a woman at a cabin had heard the hounds and she said the deer had followed the water for half a mile and took back north on the next ridge, and her little boy said there were four hounds and a man from up the hollow pretty near got the deer. He got one "shoot" at it, and he "reckoned" he hit it. The chase came back on the ridge east of our camp, for three days afterward I myself met the log hauler who saw the whole outfit, and who told one of the saw mill men of it at the time, and who in turn fetched the news to our camp that evening of the hunt at about 6 o'clock. (He was getting into camp about flapjack time, my friend.) We therefore knew the chase had transferred itself to Block River, which is about ten miles from Spring Creek, and that the deer would lose the hounds at the river, and the hounds would be back by bedtime; we of course blowing the horn at intervals after dark as a guide to them. But directly along came a man with a new complication. A feller had been a-comin' from L'ville on his way to a town five miles west of our camp, and had passed a hound just this side of and going toward L'ville. Now, therefore, when by 9 o'clock three dogs were in, their owner was able to announce upon the arrival of the last mentioned telegram that Mute had gone to a certain house at L'ville, and that from there, not finding his master, he would go to Jake Sutton's at S.; which is another settlement back on Spring Creek, and that Jake would fetch him on to camp in the morning. And sure enough Jake Sutton came riding into camp next morning in time for breakfast with Mute at his heels. From the place where the dogs had jumped the deer to the river, where they lost it, and back thence to camp, the distance traversed by three of the dogs at a rough estimate and not counting circles, of which there were doubtless many, was something like thirty miles. Mute's trip to L'ville and thence to Sutton's made his trip about forty-five miles.

And yet some men folks think they are better than dogs.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Along the Potomac.

As my thoughts ramble over the scenes and localities of my boyhood, I find them inadvertently approaching the precincts of the patriots' Mecca, the consecrated shrine where rest the remains of one

Whose fame will rise day after day,
As centuries come and pass away.

I will not attempt an elaborate description of this intensely historical and renowned place, which has been described so often by the celebrated writers of the world, in comparison to whom I am a mere cipher.



JOHN NORRIS.

Yet there are a few minor incidents in connection with my earliest recollection which may be of sufficient interest to recall, before passing on other scenes and localities. Among them, I recollect distinctly (although quite small at the time), when Gen. Lafayette visited the homestead and tomb of his illustrious friend at Mt. Vernon, and planted the first memorial tree near the tomb of Washington. This beautiful manner of commemorating his love and friendship has been followed by numbers of distinguished men, among them the Emperor of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, heir to the English throne; the Duke Alexis, of Russia; Gen. Grant, several Presidents, and also representatives of foreign monarchies, all of whom have voluntarily planted a living record of their sincerity to commemorate the virtues and wisdom of the great leader who battled to establish human liberty and equality, notwithstanding its antagonism to those forms of government which many of them represented. Before departing I cannot refrain from recalling in memory the sensations experienced when standing upon that emerald mount crowned with the historical mansion overlooking the Potomac, enjoying the distant scenery along the Maryland hills, or the beautiful panorama at close range moving over the surface of the river bearing to and fro the white winged messengers of commerce, and also numerous flocks of water fowl feeding along the margin or waving through the air; as it was enjoyed by the illustrious proprietor in his declining years, after the turmoil of battle was over. On turning my eyes in a different direction, with feelings of reverence, I gaze down the descending slope winding through the verdant quiet valley leading to the tomb, upon arriving in the vicinity of which all who approach appear to be impressed with a reverential or intuitive feeling to speak in subdued tones when looking upon the sarcophagus containing the remains of one whose name will live when that of Napoleon will be lost in the vortex of oblivion.

Crossing the boundary of Mt. Vernon we enter the estate of Belvoir, the property in early days of Col. Fairfax, the nearest neighbor and intimate friend of Washington. The buildings on this property were destroyed by fire previously to my acquaintance with the place, though I have frequently passed by and among the charred ruins, and gathered some fine fruit from the orchard, which still flourished in my boyhood. Col. Fairfax abandoned his title as one of the lords of England's realm with the luxuries of wealth and refined surroundings, and voluntarily made his home in the wilds of Virginia, where he was buried, and I believe his descendants are still in Virginia.

Another near neighbor to Mt. Vernon was George Mason, a warm friend and adviser of Washington, and the author of the Constitution of Virginia, upon which the Constitution of our Republic was based. He occupied a position as a statesman in advance of the age in which he lived, unsurpassed if equaled anywhere. He was also a successful manager of his extensive plantations. Following down this northern neck, whose eastern base is washed by the incesant roll of old Potomac's sparkling flood, my memory recalls from the past a galaxy of illustrious men who possessed and appreciated the magnificent forests, the verdant hills and charming valleys of this attractive and beautiful country.

Many of those gentlemen, whose names are indelible upon fame's record, performed services in the early history of our country which contributed to establish the foundation and give impetus to the germ which led to the present greatness of our Republic. Among them the different branches of the Lee family had their homes here; two of whom were signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee. The Pendletons, Fitzhughs, McCartys, Peytons, Carters, Marshalls, Lewis, George Washington and several other distinguished gentlemen, whose names adorn history, were resident proprietors of the lands bordering on the Potomac, and formed a social galaxy of intellectual ability seldom, if ever, equaled in a similar extent of territory.

Inasmuch as those men were the direct descendants of the original colonists, the question naturally arises from what sources this preponderance of talent obtained existence in such a comparatively small community. The only solution is found by tracing their genealogy. In doing so we find the class of settlers (the Cavaliers) along the west banks of the Potomac, and also on the James River, were unequaled in social position, wealth, and education, by any body of emigrants that ever settled a new country, except those who colonized New England (the Puritans). They were equal in social standing, education and wealth. The difference was entirely in their political and religious tenets. Although widely differing in their political and sectarian opinions, yet they united in the common cause to resist the encroachments of the Mother Country, when attempting to abridge their vested rights. Notwithstanding we sometimes hear words of reproach in reference to Puritans, they consistently adhered to principles they advocated in reference to human rights previous to leaving their homes across the seas. On the other hand, without intending any disparagement, the Cavaliers abandoned their long-sustained loyalty to the crown, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the Puritans, battling for human equality from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. There are some singular circumstances in connection with those two powerful classes or divisions of colonists, the Puritans and the Cavaliers. Although their motives for emigrating were diametrically opposite to each other (the Puritans for their hatred of Charles I., for his oppressive methods; the Cavaliers for their disloyal feelings to Oliver Cromwell, after Charles was beheaded), yet they each contributed their quota, and were equally ardent in erecting the pedestal upon which our mighty and still rising Republic stands. Another circumstance in connection therewith; there are but two family names on the Declaration of Independence, duplicated, each pair leading members, respectively, of the Cavaliers and Puritans, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, Samuel and John Adams.

Another case illustrating the abnegation or impartial status of a Puritan patriot is that of John Adams, who presented the name of George Washington, a Cavalier, and strenuously advocated his selection as possessing the essential qualities necessary to command the army in the impending struggle. Another striking coincidence of mutual feelings of patriotism of the two great parties, still fresh in memory, was the simultaneous death of their acknowledged representatives, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, on the anniversary of the day of our nation's birth, the 4th of July.

I make the above digression from the line of ideas I was pursuing for the purpose of vindicating or recalling to memory a few facts culled from authentic history, with the view of silencing malicious innuendoes in reference to the dubious services and status of the Puritans in the struggle for fundamental principles of self-government. Therefore, any attempt to cast a shadow on the integrity of those patriots should fall harmless, under the evidence of history.

In regard to their descendants, with a number of whom I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, many of them are extensively known as enterprising business men, as well as ardent patriots.

And we are indebted to the enterprise, courage and perseverance of their race, from the settlement of this country down to the present time, for the wonderful and rapid prosperity of the United States of America. Therefore, let us ignore sectional criticism as applicable to Puritan or Cavalier.

JAMES NORRIS.

MAGNOLIA, Harford County, Md

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Out of Commission.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

I HAVE an invalid friend here who is a patient at the Asheville Sanitarium, and whose helpless hand I take at intervals in the spirit of fraternity. A hard chance has made his a paralytic, and all he can do is to lie on his couch with his face toward the inclosing mountains and watch their changing aspects as the sun passes over them on its diurnal rounds. We are two superannuated sportsmen here together, grizzled with age and travel over the wide ranges of the continent, and our sympathies are in unison. We have passed our best years in the varied enjoyments of nature, and now the present environment of expansive forests and high peaks which enfold our lodgment is especially grateful to us. Every morning the wood thrushes and song sparrows carol in the oak groves, and quail call lustily on the edge of the fields. Occasionally a gray squirrel trips over the lawn and runs up a tree. All this is charming to men who are incapacitated by disability. No instinct of pursuit incites us now to destroy them, as in our younger days. Nay, rather, as we come to feel the insidious drain upon our vital forces, and perceive the life gradu-

ally ebbing out of us, we begin to realize ourselves how precious it is. And so it has come to this pass that time and circumstances have made us not only conservative lovers of nature, but truly Thoreau-bred, and we have other use and value for game than to chase, kill, and eat it. Thoreau, like Audubon, loved to take these gentle creatures to his heart; to note their habits and expressions; and to observe my companion how nearly related we are in the divine economy. And Emerson has quaintly said:

"Not unrelated, unallied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
In perfect nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty heart."

Sometimes I bring to my invalid friend my fly book, and we look over the varied patterns. They are not remarkable, but are mindful. He says that there is no trout region in all the wilds of America to compare with that which lies within comparatively easy reach of us in the Sapphire country of North Carolina. There are beauteous lakes there in the heart of the Blue Ridge, with crags like walls abutting upon their shores, where eagles nest; and streams that are broken by riffs and pools, in which great 2lb. trout hide; and waterfalls hundreds of feet high, which leap sheer precipices, or tumble in foaming cascades over gradient ledges; and at the foot of every one of them speckled trout disport! Mr. Geo. F. Weston, of the Biltmore estate, confirms this statement, and so do all gentlemen of veracity who know.

For years this angler's elysium has been isolated and kept intact by distance and inaccessibility, and even now it is a twenty-seven-mile drive from the nearest railway terminus, at Brevard. This month, however, a capacious up-to-date hotel has been opened to the public, and sportsmen are invited to come. Every modern convenience is supplied, and the livery equipment is as good as the best, so that the visitor can accomplish the long drive over a road which is incomparable in this mountain region.

I was on my way myself to this delightful Sapphire country, the brighest of all rural gems, when I had to sidetrack here at the Asheville Sanitarium on Oakland Heights, in behalf of an invalid wife, who could no further go. I am thankful to be here; but, spero meliora, I long to be beyond and taste of the living waters. Should my experiences be gratifying, of which there can be no doubt, I may perhaps write up some sylvan notes for your ad captandum. For the present, however, this poor sample must suffice.

My friend aforesaid has read the FOREST AND STREAM from its inception, and joins me in congratulations upon the completion of its useful and captivating quarter of a century, as will also scores of veterans who have hung up their rods and guns, as well as others who are closely following them on the down grade. May the spirit of sport and fraternity attend their declining steps, while your journal goes marching on for good.



THE PACIFIC WALRUS.
Mounted under direction of William Palmer for the U. S. National Museum.

Natural History.

The Walrus.

(*Concluded from page* 511.)

One method of hunting the walrus is practiced by the Siberian Eskimos and by them alone as follows: After the passage of the ice floes, females with their young are often seen making their way along the coast toward Behring Strait and the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean. At such times the watchful Eskimos man their oomiaks and lie off some prominent headland where the walrus are likely to pass, and as the young do not like to stay under water very long the coming to the surface of the pup gives the hunters a good idea of the position of the young from time to time, and chase is given at once. The oomiaks are about 30ft. long, propelled by eight men; there are three seats or thwarts across the body of the canoe, each occupied by two men; a single seat in the stern and one in the bow occupied by the harpooner. The one in the stern steers the oomiak and gives all orders, which are implicitly obeyed. There are usually six pokes or floats; these last are made of the skins of seal taken off whole, then turned the flesh side out, and all the blubber scraped off, and all the natural vents of the body tied up and the skin blown up until all the stretch is gotten out, and then dried. It is then turned hair side out and all the holes stopped up, and in one opening is put an ivory stud with a small hole drilled through to blow up the poke. These are used to attach to the line when a walrus is harpooned and keep him from getting away, for he is unable to draw this float beneath the water. This leaves the hunter at liberty to attack another if chance offers.

When all his implements are in place and the walrus are seen, they paddle directly for the spot where the walrus disappeared; and knowing the course taken, the hunters urge the oomiak forward. The man in the bow has an instrument for slapping the water. It is made of whalebone, about 6ft. long and 3½in. wide, ⅜in. thick, with one end cut away to form a good hand hold. With this he continually slaps the water as the canoe is paddled swiftly along. The sharp report made by this instrument when skillfully struck flat on the surface confuses the walrus, and they lose their wits and come to the surface in helpless terror. When this occurs the canoes come up and the men throw their spears with the floats attached. Then the animal is killed with a lance and cut up and placed in the canoe and taken to land. A medium sized walrus will load an ordinary oomiak, for everything is saved except the blood. The intestines are freed of their contents and saved, and when washed out and inflated and dried they make the very best waterproof clothing; also when the grain is broken the women make very pretty overcoats to wear in winter. The material is quite white and very thin and light, and they ornament the seams with colored feathers and bits of woolen thread. Being very soft and pliable it makes a very desirable garment to wear over the winter garments of fur to keep the drifting snow from blowing into the fur. For waterproof the intestines, after being dried, are given a coat of oil and dried again. These strips are sewed together round and round, the arms are put together the same way, and notwithstanding the many seams are quite waterproof, and the numerous uses to which the walrus is put is a very interesting and instructive study.

The migration of the walrus southward does not begin until the formation of the new ice gives warning of the closing of the Arctic Sea.

I have been informed by reliable natives that the walrus sometimes wintered in the vicinity of Point Barrow, but only a few individuals. These made their home beneath the ice exactly as the seal does by keeping open a small hole through the ice to furnish a constant supply of fresh air. These breathing places, called alooes by the Eskimos, are formed as follows: When the ice is thin, say an inch or two thick, the walrus comes up beneath and raises a hummock with its strong head, and there will be cracks through which they can readily breathe. The warm breath soon enlarges this opening; the frost formed from the breath obliterates the traces of fracture and soon the drifting snows make the surface even and the walrus comes and goes, and none but the dwellers beneath the ice can see his movements. The ice thickens rapidly in the intense cold, and when the walrus comes up into his allooe to breath he picks away the ice with his strong tusks, constantly enlarging it until its dimensions are satisfactory. No doubt this process has to be gone over many times during the winter and perhaps a little every day. As the ice grows thicker it floats higher and higher, making the dome of his winter home more and more roomy; and as the greater part of his time must be spent in the allooe, it must be a lonely existence to pass the winter beneath the ice for a creature so fond of the society of his kind as is the walrus. It seems to me they would never voluntarily make their home beneath the ice in this region, but it must be because they have been caught by the heavy ice crowding upon the land and their escape to the south has been cut off in the same way the unfortunate whalemen were in 1897 at Point Barrow.

I was told by Mung-ie-ah-loo, a bright and reliable Eskimo, that the walrus caught the little common seal and ate them; at first I was rather incredulous about the matter, and told him it was impossible for a walrus to seize a seal in its mouth, which does not project beyond the two tusks, and both jaws are back of the line an inch or more. But he explained that the walrus kills the seal with the tusks and then tears it to pieces in the same manner, and when a strip is torn off they get the end in their mouth and in that way devour it. The following summer, when the walrus were passing, he brought me the stomach of one in which were the remains of a partly digested seal, which had been torn and eaten just as he described the process.

The migration of the walrus southward does not begin until the new ice begins to form, and gives warning of the closing of the sea, and whale ships seldom see them in the vicinity of Bering Straits on their way out at the close of the whaling season, about Oct. 1.

I doubt if the walrus ever voluntarily remain north of Bering Straits, but if some straggling individuals get belated and find their southern journey arrested by strong, heavy ice, they may elect to remain and make their home beneath the floe, as the seals of the region always do. In the five years I spent at Point Barrow not a single walrus was taken or reported to have been seen in winter.

One reason for the migration of these animals to the north and their keeping among the ice floes is to protect their young from the orca, which attacks and destroys the young of all the cetaceans, and the walrus recognize the safety to be found among the ice fields, upon which they can readily climb and be entirely safe from the attack of the orca. The orca dislikes to go among the ice because of its dorsal fin, which would be likely to come in contact with the ice when near the surface.

Soon after the walrus leave the Arctic Ocean the Bering Sea in its northern part becomes filled with ice, and the walrus herds keep on the southern verge and drift southward on both shores of the sea. They are seldom seen in winter because of the boisterous weather encountered in these high northern latitudes; in winter no commerce is carried on north of the Alutian Islands; no port stands with open arms to receive the storm-tossed mariner; the seal of the ice king is placed on land and sea.

The females on the return journey to the south are joined by the males on the southern part of the ice, and there the winter is passed drifting to and fro with the ever-moving ice. Whether they pass much time on the ice during the intense cold of winter is unknown, but I have no doubt they could endure the cold with their thick skin and heavy coating of blubber. However that may be, the water is not much colder in winter than in summer, since among the ice at that time the temperature is always over the freezing point. The animals in the far north keep in good condition in winter, and the polar bear does not hesitate to plunge into the water to secure the coveted seal, and his coat of wet fur cannot compare with the warm coat of blubber on the walrus. From this I am inclined to believe that they pass a large part of their time on the ice in winter as well as in summer.

Their desire to sleep on a solid foundation seems irresistible at times, although they can sleep in water, and do when no other convenient resting place is at hand. Their position when asleep in the water is with the head and the back flippers hanging down and only a small portion of the side of the animal rounded up above the level of the water. I have seen the very old males sleep in an entirely different position. These old fellows have the ability to take a perpendicular attitude, with the loose, flabby folds of the skin spread out around them like an umbrella, and with the neck drawn down and just the top of the head and tusks showing above the wrinkled, hairless body of the strange looking mass floating on the sea. In the first-named position the walrus are compelled to raise their head every ten or fifteen minutes to breathe, but in the latter the nostrils are at all times above water and continuous sleep is at their command.

It is a common impression that every creature has its foes "besides the great destroyer man," yet it seems to me the walrus has great immunity from foes. His home among the ice floes makes a safe retreat from the orca, and only the very young could be eaten by them, for I do not think an orca could tear the skin of a six months' old walrus, because of the thickness and strength of their skin even at this tender age.

It has always been my opinion that any animal that can eat a walrus must carry a sharp knife to cut him up with first, and even the Eskimo in the stone age must have had a hard task to carve the tough covering with implements of stone, slate, etc.

The polar bear, though large and strong, would get

hungry feeding on the carcass of a walrus. I have sometimes heard of desperate conflicts between the walrus and the bear. Both these creatures are found in summer on the large island of St. Mathews, in the Bering Sea, and among the ice fields; of course the bear is hungry, and when he smells meat may attack the walrus, but I have often thought the walrus would smile if he had the smiling faculty when he viewed the pugilistic efforts of the bear to "knock him out," when the greatest harm that he could do would be to slightly scratch the epidermis or bite the clumsy short feet. More than a thousand walrus carcasses left on the Moller Islands were found the following year very little disturbed, although the peninsula of Alaska adjacent abounded in great cinnamon bears, fully as large and strong as the grizzly of the California coast range. The bear paths were well worn and numerous, although previous to our killing this herd no paths had existed on the island.

From these observations I am led to believe that no harm could be done the walrus. Although the walrus is very clumsy on land he is never found far from water, and if in the scrap the bear got in the way and the walrus could strike him fairly, so great is their strength the great tusks would be driven entirely through the bear. So it seems to me that these two creatures, inhabiting the same region for centuries, must have learned their lesson; and that the bear must know the utter futility of trying to breakfast on walrus.

Some years ago I was amused on reading a story in one of the leading magazines describing the ferocity of the Greenland walrus. There was an illustration of a walrus catching a man on the ice in its mouth and rushing rapidly for the sea. It was amusing to one who had seen so many of these animals and knew that the first effort they would make would be to get away from man and seek refuge in the sea. The tusks of the animal grow directly downward on each side of the mouth from its massive skull; and between them is the rather small mouth, which does not protrude beyond the tusks at all, but is rather within the lines. By no possibility could they seize in the mouth and carry a human body. They are very timid, and shy of the presence of man, but heroic battles are fought over the females; and if they are proud of scars they have scars to show. So thickly are these massed they might be taken for a natural growth upon the skin were they not to be seen in all stages of healing. At Port Moller once a walrus was killed that had been struck by another, whose tusk had penetrated the thick skin and broken through the skull itself, and through the wound the brain was oozing. The animal was much emaciated and did not come to land with the rest, but kept away by himself.

Their appearance in the water after hundreds of them have left the ice and surround the boat, is not at all ferocious, but rather of great curiosity. They come to the surface as closely as possible, uttering hoarse guttural cries. At such a time a thump on the boat or the splash of an oar will send them all beneath the surface, to reappear in a few moments, then to be as easily dispersed as before.

Accidents sometimes occur when a walrus comes up near the boat, and hooks his tusk over the gunwale, sometimes in the effort to escape filling the boat with water and staving it; but I always thought the walrus was as glad to get away as we were to have him go. They never come up near a boat except when a herd has been driven off the floe and a boat is in the immediate vicinity, as before described.

The eye of the walrus has not the beautiful appearance of that of the seal, but is bloodshot and repulsive; it is not round, but elongated, and can be turned backward as though that was the natural position.

The tusks are of great use in hauling upon the ice. Stretching its head well over the edge, the creature strikes its tusks into the ice and with the strong muscles of the massive neck drags itself forward, also using the pectoral flippers to aid the movement, and in this way gains position on the surface. I once saw a single individual on a fragment of ice which had worn away by the action of the waves in imitation of a monster toadstool, and he was sleeping quietly upon the crown; but before he had drifted out of sight the stem washed away and the strange craft and its passenger parted company.

The walrus are only found in high northern latitudes. They were long hunted by the Norwegians for the oil and ivory. The ivory was of great value to the Eskimo in the stone age, for they were able to fashion from it many useful weapons and implements of the chase, some of which are so well adapted to the purpose intended that they are largely used to this day. The present toggle iron or harpoon used by the whalemen was adapted from the Eskimo ivory weapon used for the same purpose, and these are to-day unexcelled for the capture of the whale.

The ivory cut out for shoeing sleds has been found to move more easily than any other substance, except the iced runners of these people; polished steel and brass are not to be compared to the ivory, because the steel when it strikes a lump of earth adheres to it, but the ivory glides over with very little friction.

The skin of the walrus is eaten with a relish. Once when told an old chief was eating walrus skin I thought he must be having a hard time, but I afterward found that it was much more palatable than the flesh of the seal, and it has not the strong gamy flavor. Made into a souse and put in vinegar was often used by our party. The skin of a female walrus when prepared by the Eskimo will cover an oomiak 30ft. long. The skin is split in a very ingenious way by the natives. It is cut across the shoulders and tail, then tightly stretched on the ground and dried until dry on the outside. They then begin at the tail and split the skin through the center; the middle being still damp and soft, the knife follows the softest portion. It is in this way cut near to the shoulder, where a sufficient skin is left to hold the two sides together; it is then stretched and dried again and laid away for use. The Siberian and St. Lawrence Island Eskimos are very expert at this work.

There are no walrus in the Southern Hemisphere. In the far south the waters are of great depth, with no shallow seas, nor low ice fields, which form in winter and are melted away by the summer sun; but instead is the deep sea, with immense bergs that are more like islands drifting away to the north after breaking from the great glaciers of the south.

I was told by a Mr. Root, of New Bedford, who made a voyage to the far south in a German steamer in search of fur seal, that they steamed for nearly a hundred miles along one berg, the walls of which were from 50 to 80ft., and it was of such vast extent that they pronounced it an island, and they only discovered their mistake when they returned that way and found that the supposed land had drifted far away to the eastward.

In regard to the extermination of the walrus, it would seem that they are too well protected in a sea that is unnavigable for so large a part of the year, and also because of their ability to keep among the ice floes in summer out of the reach of the hunters. They are not compelled to come to land to bear their young, as are the fur seal and sea lion, and some other marine mammals. In the day when the great polar whale shall become a stranger the walrus and hair seal will ever remain. They will always be a boon to the Eskimo, so many useful purposes do they serve.

One highly prized dish furnished by the walrus, which I almost forgot to mention, is of the clams taken from the stomach. The freshly eaten and hard portions, like the syphon, make a dainty dish, which is always secured by the Eskimo.

E. P. HERENDEEN.

THE National Museum report, referring to Mr. Palmer's walrus, which is here illustrated, says: "In the discussion of the recent taxidermic work in the Museum, which has appeared from time to time during the past year in the scientific journals, the Pacific walrus, which was exhibited at the World's Fair, has been severely criticised, and it has been said that it is inartistic and false to nature.

The preservation of a worthy memorial to the north Pacific walrus is especially desirable, since this is one of the species threatened with extinction. Numbered by tens of thousands and flocking together in immense droves when the American whaling fleet first entered the Arctic in 1854, they have now been reduced to a mere handful in American waters, and the old males are now entirely extinct in the western Pacific, and it is doubtful whether this particular phase of the species is to be found anywhere. The specimen shown at the World's Fair (Pl. 39) is an admirable example of the old male, and since it was acquired only after long and continued effort it seems but proper that its truth to nature, as now mounted, should be vindicated.

The skin in question was mounted by a most skillful and conscientious member of the staff, the chief taxidermist, Mr. William Palmer, who spent some months on the Pribilof Islands making preliminary studies in order to fit himself for this particular undertaking.

Capt. E. P. Herendeen, formerly of the U. S. Coast Survey, who was familiar with the Arctic Ocean for fifteen years, and who has seen tens of thousands of walruses in the times when they were abundant, in 1854 and in subsequent years, and who has been thousands of them at one time upon the shore at Sandy Point, says of the specimen in the Museum:

"I am satisfied that the mounted specimen is true to nature and in every respect an admirable piece of work. The only criticism which I would make upon it is that an animal in the attitude of extreme attention and activity in which this is represented would be slightly smaller about the neck. The arrangement of the wrinkles in the skin and the tuberculated appearance of its surface are perfect, and the attitude of the limbs cannot be criticised.'"

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Tone's Partridge Story" in "Flickerings" reminds me of Gus F.'s remarkable shot, or rather of one of them, for he has had more extraordinary experiences and has come out on top oftener than any man I ever met.

Gus and his old pointer Cap had dropped in to warm up, and incidentally to swap a few hunting yarns with me. I wasn't very busy, so I told a pretty stiff one as a starter for Gus, relying on him for a good one for the benefit of a stranger who was waiting for the train. Gus fired a stream of tobacco juice at the coal scuttle as a sort of range finder, made old Cap charge in the corner, and began:

"One winter morning when Mose and Jim and me was all at home on the old farm, Mose came in and said two deer had crossed the road and were in on the ridge between Two-Mile Run and the hill road. Of course we had to gather them in. Jim took his own rifle, I took Mose's (and a good one it was too) and Mose took my little muzzleloading shotgun. The one I told you about, that I made the barrels out of old horseshoe nails, and had the gun built in New York city. Cost me a hundred dollars to have her built. If I had her again I wouldn't take five hundred for her. When she barked at a bird it jest dropped there. Well, Mose, he took the track and Jim and me put for the crossing, and we had 'em both in a couple of hours." (The killing of a couple of deer in an hour or so was a mere circumstance in one of Gus' stories.)

"Well, after we had hung up our deer the boys proposed to get a mess of pheasants on the way home. So I changed guns with Mose and took my shotgun. Jim and Mose went down the hollow along Two-Mile and I took along the brow of the hill jest ahead of them, so when they put up a bird I could head it off. Whenever a bird would start my way the boys would holler, and it was a lucky bird that crossed the deadline alive. Here! Charge, you old whelp. I'll break you in two!" (This to old Cap, who had got up carefully, one foot at a time, and was making his sneak out of the door.)

"Well, sir, they kept a-comin' till I'd killed eight and missed one." (I never could understand how he came to miss that one. He didn't make a practice of doing that kind of thing.) "I had both barrels empty and was just pouring in the shot for another load when Mose hollered: 'Look out, here's another.' I see it a-comin' like a bullet straight for me with its wings set. Now I tell you I wasn't long shoving a wad down on the shot and throwing the ramrod on the ground. I give it to him as he came head on. Wal, boys, what d'you spose that bird done?"

At this point Gus curled up one corner of his lip till his mustache tickled his off eye and fired a line shot of tobacco juice at the coal scuttle, and Cap took advantage of his preoccupation to run the blockade, and struck out for a foraging trip around the neighboring kitchen doors.

"Wal, boys, I shot a little high and tore the head clean off him, and he was comin' so straight to me and so fast, I hope to never fire another shot if that bird didn't strike the muzzle of the gun just where his neck joined the breast, and the first thing I knew after the gun went off the bird was strung up the gun barrel clear up to my hand.

"Wal, boys, I must be goin'. Here you! Heel! Where in thunder has that old imp gone to? Here you! Come in."

As he passed out the stranger heaved a deep sigh like a man coming out of a trance. "A most extraordinary shot, considering the fact that he forgot to put a cap on his gun."

Mc.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Hand Car in Sport.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—Mr. Geo. F. Titus, of Norwalk, Ohio, finds occasion to write me as below about conveyances in shooting trips:

"In your letter to the FOREST AND STREAM of June 4 mention is made of Mr. G. F. Winslow, of Eau Claire, being allowed the use of a special train by which he could reach good shooting grounds accessible only from the railroad. This was a more modern and sumptuous mode of hunting than that enjoyed by a party of sportsmen of this city, of whom my father was one. It was early in the 60s, when this division of the Lake Shore was known as the Cleveland & Toledo Railroad. In those days game was abundant and life was worth living, from a sportsman's point of view. The conveyance used was an ordinary hand car. The start was usually made at daylight, and the car propelled up as far as Shedd's cut, a distance of six miles. The run back was an easy matter, as the grade is a rather stiff one, the car being stopped at the covers noted on the way up. Good bags were frequently made, the best being sixteen rabbits and nineteen quail to four guns, all the game being shot on railroad grounds. To obtain the same quantity of game now in this vicinity one would have to travel over an entire township. These hand car trips were continued at intervals during the fall shooting, and only stopped when the increased business of the railroad, occasioned by the war, necessitated the running of trains every day in the week."

I have myself, in common with many others who now and then find themselves in out-of-the-way corners of the country, had reason to bless the man who invented the hand car. Once, I remember, I helped pump a car from De Motte to Shelby, Indiana, and we had the top of the car full of rabbits, more than I should have liked to carry. Last week, over in Michigan, while we were trout fishing, we ran to and from our fishing points on the river by means of a hand car. A year ago, out in the Rockies, our party lightened several weary miles by a jog on a hand car. In short, in the far countries and the new countries, into which the railroad has just come, the hand car aids us in our shooting and fishing, and while it is not quite so palatial as a parlor car, and runs a few harder, it gets you to more fun in fewer townships.

Wisconsin Game Birds Nesting.

Mr. Geo. A. Morrison, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes me about the game birds of his locality:

"We have more bluebills nesting with us this year," he says, "than for many seasons past. I think 100 pairs a low estimate. Have seen many females waddling onto bogs or sunning themselves on the edge. Mr. Waldo, of this place, found a nest of Bartramian sandpiper containing four eggs, while plowing for corn ground on May 21. Nest was merely a depression on the bare ground. Eggs incubated about one week, and a finely-marked set, which Mr. Waldo kindly gave me. This is the species of upland plover that has the peculiar habit of raising its wings till they almost touch, as it alights on ground or fence, uttering a long drawn out whistle at the same time."

The Bartramian sandpiper is the bird commonly called upland plover in the West. Its long, shrill, sweet, mysterious note is known to every boy who ever lived on the Western prairies, and every such boy would recognize the bird by the description Mr. Morrison gives of one of its habits.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

"A MOST curious campaign is now progressing in Lee county, Georgia," remarked a Georgia representative to a Washington Star reporter, "between two popular men who are running for the Legislature in that State. Politically there is not much difference between them; they are plain Democrats with no side line in the shape of money issues, but on the issues of the local campaign they are very wide apart. The issue between them is fish baskets or no fish baskets, and all the other questions of the day are temporarily laid aside. The present incumbent of Legislative honors had a bill passed by the Legislature during its last session prohibiting the placing of fish baskets, which is but another name for fish traps, in the waters of that county. The man who is endeavoring to succeed him has quite a strong following. He thinks that fish traps should be allowed so that the fish may catch themselves. They are speechifying to their adherents nightly and have already got into a lively fight."

Sea and River Fishing.

Boca Grande's Great Tarpon Fishing

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think an account of some wonderfully good tarpon fishing that a friend and myself had lately in Florida would be of interest to your readers.

The place where we fished is one that hitherto has not been used for tarpon fishing, although some anglers, I believe, have given it a few hours' trial at different periods. As it is in my opinion the best tarpon fishing grounds in Florida, and may prove to be the best and most convenient to reach along the Gulf Coast, our experience may be of some use as a guide to anglers during the coming winter.

Mr. W. Littauer and myself left New York for Florida on May 15, and on June 1 we were back in New York with an even 120 tarpon to our credit, fishing one rod apiece. Having fished tarpon for some ten winters, and fully realizing how hard it is, at times, to get even one or two in a day, I am quite prepared to have this statement received with incredulity.

Our best fishing, by all odds, was had at Boca Grande Pass, some eight miles to the north of Captiva Pass. In fact, we only got a dozen at Captiva Pass, all the others being got at Boca Grande.

A short summary of our trip will give some idea of the extraordinary good tarpon fishing we met with:

Arriving at Punta Gorda the night of May 16, we went on board the schooner Decoy and sailed the following morning for Captiva Pass. Owing to the very light winds we got there late that night. We began tarpon fishing the next morning, May 18, and got a few, but there were not many showing themselves in the pass.

On Thursday, the 19th, we got a few strikes and landed one tarpon in the morning. Not satisfied with the fishing, we sailed for Boca Grande Pass. For several winters I had felt convinced that in this large, deep water pass there must be good fishing, if any one would take the trouble to find out the best places, and the proper time of the tide for fishing in those places.

We cast anchor on the south side of Boca Grande Pass at 3 P. M. At 4 we started out in two rowboats to see if we could find any tarpon about. My friend stayed on the south side of the pass, while I rowed over to the north side and tried that. I saw a great many tarpon in the pass, and by 7 o'clock had managed to land two, and had had several other strikes.

This seemed promising for the next day, so on Friday morning, the 20th, we started at 5 o'clock in the morning, and rowed over to the north side of the pass. The tide was slack low water, but we could not find any tarpon about. We rowed about hunting for them. Finally rowing about a mile outside the pass, we found ourselves literally surrounded by hundreds of tarpon. In fact, for half a mile in every direction one could see them curving out of the water, blowing, playing and chasing small fish. We started to troll for them, using the white belly of a mullet as bait.

We got strikes at once. In fact, from 6 until 8 A. M. one could get a bite as soon as the bait was in the water. Between 8 and 10 o'clock the biting slackened up a good deal, but if five minutes went by without a strike one really felt quite neglected. By 11 o'clock I had hooked eight tarpon. Three of these I landed. Three more were taken by sharks after I had played them from twenty to thirty minutes each. One got off after playing for twenty minutes, and the other broke the line by falling on it. I probably had twenty other strikes. L. caught five, and had two taken by sharks.

After 11 o'clock the tarpon stopped biting. We fished again at 3 o'clock, on the ebb tide, but got no strikes until after 4 o'clock, when they bit for two hours. L. managed to get one more, and had another stolen by a shark. My total catch for the day was four caught, four taken by sharks. L.'s catch for the day was six caught, three taken by sharks. Our fish averaged about 120lbs. Altogether the sharks were very bad that day, and although the tarpon were so thick, it did look as if we would have all our work and trouble simply to furnish food for the sharks. However, the sport was gloriously exciting, and next morning, Saturday, the 21st, saw us up at 4 o'clock, and at 5 A. M. we were on the fishing grounds, a mile outside Boca Grande Pass, surrounded by even more tarpon than the day before. The same strong east wind was blowing against the tide, and the water was very rough. By 6 A. M. I had caught four tarpon from the boat, weighing from 50 to 100lbs. each. Then the wind began to fall and the water became smoother. By 8 A. M. I had caught four more, three from the boat and one from the beach, making eight in four hours. The last four averaged over 100lbs.

The wind was getting lighter all the time, swinging around to the south, preparatory to getting to the west, as it does on most afternoons in May and June. After 8 o'clock the fish did not bite so voraciously, but still one could get a strike every three to ten minutes up to 12 o'clock, during which time I had caught five more tarpon, making in all, between 5 A. M. and midday, thirteen tarpon to one rod. The fish seemed to steadily increase in size as the day wore on, the last three landed by me measured 6ft. 6in. by 40in. girth; 6ft. 8in. by 41in. girth, and 6ft. 10in. by 42in. girth. At 12 o'clock I stopped for lunch and rested until 3 P. M. Starting to fish at 3 P. M., I tried from anchor by the lighthouse pier, on the ebb tide. There were quite a number of tarpon about, but they would not bite. The water was about 60ft. deep, and when we left our anchor, the tide, owing to the length of rope, dragged our buoy out of sight, although an eight or ten gallon can. The tide was too strong to row against, so having lost our buoy, we went ashore to wait until the tide slackened up. At 4:30 o'clock we saw some tarpon jumping inside the pass, where the current was more slack, so we rowed there and started to fish. There were quite a number of tarpon about, and they kept increasing up to dark. Between 4:30 o'clock and 7 I landed six more tarpon, whose lengths were 5ft. 10in., 6ft. 2in., 6ft. 3in., 6ft. 6in., and two small fellows, making a total catch of nineteen tarpon for the day. L. landed ten tarpon during the day, losing three others by sharks.

The sky was slightly overcast, and the new moon was of no use, or otherwise we might have gone on. But between the darkness and being absolutely tired out we gave it up for the day. I had only two taken by sharks, which was a small proportion compared to the total number that I had on. Neither of us kept any account of the strikes, as from 5 A. M. to 10 A. M. and from 5 P. M. to 7 P. M. the strikes were practically continuous. The water was beautifully clear and transparent, and altogether it was a marvelous day's fishing, and one long to be remembered. That I ever would have a better day's catch never entered my mind, and yet four days later showed me better luck.

On Sunday morning we found ourselves so tired out that we decided not to fish, but do our duty and rest.

On Monday, the 23d, I caught eight.

The 24th I caught six in the morning at Boca Grande and two that afternoon at Captiva, where we had sailed to meet a friend.

On Wednesday morning, the 25th, we tried Captiva again, but so few tarpon were about that we sailed back to Boca Grande, arriving at 4 o'clock. Between 5 and 7 P. M. I caught four tarpon.

On Thursday, the 26th, 5 A. M. saw us about a mile outside the pass, on the old fishing grounds, where we found all the tarpon as usual; simply thousands of them. From 5 A. M. until 9 A. M. they bit like catfish. From 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. they bit fairly well, but falling off toward midday. Although the guide and myself had only had a cup of coffee for breakfast at 4 o'clock, we fished steadily from 5 A. M. to 3 P. M. Too much excited to notice hunger, we would rather starve than miss such wonderful fishing. During these ten hours I caught thirteen tarpon. The two biggest measured 6ft. 10in. by 42 in. girth, and 6ft. 11½in. by 44in. girth. These fish I sent to Meyers, to have mounted. At 3 P. M. we had breakfast or lunch or dinner, I do not know what it was, and both of us slept until 7 P. M. It turned out to be a lovely evening. A light westerly wind was blowing and the tide was running out; with not a cloud in the sky and not a mosquito about. In fact, an absolutely perfect fishing night. We fished in the lagoon inside the pass. Between 7 P. M. and 11 P. M. I got nine more tarpon, averaging about 100lbs., making a total of twenty-two tarpon for the day to one rod.

Every fish was played squarely to a finish without any help whatever. Only three tarpon out of the twenty-two were gaffed. I find that it is not necessary to gaff tarpon in order to land them. Once a tarpon is brought with his head up on the beach, the guide only has to take hold of the wire snell and pull his head up on the sand, when he can take the hook out and turning the fish back into the water let him swim off. If not taken to the shore, but caught from the boat, I found that as soon as the tarpon is tired and lying on his side near the boat, playing him hard for two or three minutes and holding his head at every chance flush with the surface of the water prevents him from diving down, so that he can only flounder about and is soon played out. Then the guide, with a heavy glove on his left hand, seizes the fish by the jaws as he lies motionless on the surface and removes the hook. A slight blow from the blade of the oar starts the fish off once more on a career of usefulness, little the worse for wear, and sure to be all right in ten minutes if not caught by a shark while getting back his wind.

It particularly pleased me to originate this scheme, as formerly one of the great drawbacks in fishing tarpon has been to me the unnecessary killing of so many fish merely for the sake of sport.

I am quite certain that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the fish we caught at Boca Grande, in the manner described, and let go, recovered.

L.'s catch for the day was fifteen in all, making thirty-seven to our two rods. L. had very hard luck in the morning. After catching four tarpon, he had three in succession taken by sharks, the last a very large tarpon, which he had been playing for well over an hour, stolen just as he got him near the boat. This disgusted L. so that he gave up fishing at 11 A. M. Had it not been for this, he would have caught quite as many as I, for he had better luck than I that night. Between 7 o'clock and 11:30 he caught eleven tarpon, which is one about every twenty minutes. Between 5 and 9 A. M. the tarpon bit so frequently that it simply became a question of physical endurance on our parts in playing them, and good luck in escaping the attention of sharks.

On Friday we missed the best fishing from 5 to 9 A. M., being too tired to get up. Between 9 and 12 o'clock I got three. Between 8 and 10 P. M. they bit fairly well for an hour, and I got two more.

On Saturday, the 28th, we sailed at 7 A. M. for Punta Gorda to catch that evening's train for Tampa. Before we set sail, between 5 A. M. and 7 A. M., we fished about a mile and a half outside of the pass in the gulf. I caught three tarpon; one big chap 6ft. 10in. long, which I took on board and transferred to the Meyers steamer, which we met on our way up to Punta Gorda.

Our total catch for the nine days was 120 to two rods, Littauer landing forty-two and I seventy-eight. My best one day's fishing in ten years was eight in one day. This jump to nineteen and twenty-two in a day is so wonderful that it is only explainable by the fact that better tarpon fishing can be had at Boca Grande than anywhere else. Certainly I have never seen tarpon in such quantities.

All sorts of other fish can be had here too, and what should prove of particular interest to yachtsmen is the fact that this pass is one of the largest and deepest in Florida. Vessels drawing up to 20ft. of water can get in the pass and find good anchorage inside. Again, what is unusual in most passes in Florida is the large body of deep water to be found in this pass. Inside and outside there are several square miles of water varying from 30 to 50ft. and over in depth, which for Florida is most unusual. In the pass itself the depth in places reaches 80ft.

We got quite a number of kingfish, mackerel and channel bass. There were thousands of mackerel about on every flood tide.

Mr. Lester, who is in charge of the lighthouse in the pass, and who was very much interested in watching us fish, told me that in the four years that he had been there he had always seen tarpon about in large quantities. Strange to say he had never seen one out of the water in his life until we landed our first fish on the beach opposite his house.

Dr. Blunt, who was in charge of the quarantine station, assured us also that there were tarpon in large quantities to be seen most of the year in the pass. The fact that good tarpon fishing had not been had before at Boca Grande I attribute to the fact that the pass being so large and deep is at times very rough, so that the few anglers who tried fishing there gave it only a few hours' trial, probably not at the right place or at the right time. For instance, when we were there it would have been absolutely useless to have fished inside the pass in the mornings. All the fish were about half a mile to a mile outside the pass in the gulf, and it was only in the evening on the ebb tide that the tarpon seemed to come into the lagoon inside the pass. At such times one could not get a strike outside the pass.

There are so many square miles of deep water that it takes some conscientious hunting to find out the best place and time to fish at.

I feel convinced personally that Boca Grande will turn out to be one of the best, if not the best, tarpon fishing grounds in Florida or anywhere else along the Gulf Coast. I know there is excellent tarpon fishing along the Texas coast, but I think such fishing as we had at Boca Grande will be very hard to equal elsewhere. From what Mr. Lester and Dr. Blunt tell me about the tarpon continually showing themselves in large numbers in this pass, I feel sure that we had not exceptional luck, but that any angler who devoted some time to this pass would meet with just such good days. A great point in favor of Boca Grande Pass, as a tarpon rendezvous, is the fact that the largest yachts can sail right in and get good and safe anchorage practically right on the tarpon grounds. The Nourmahal was in there last year, and this year an English yacht equally as large was anchored inside. Strange to say, both the owners did their fishing at Captiva Pass, eight miles off. Had they only known it, they might have done far better within a mile of their yachts. It is possible though they had very windy weather, when the water at Boca Grande gets too rough to fish in from small boats.

As far as I can see there are only two drawbacks to Boca Grande. One is the fact that in strong winds it gets rough. The other that sharks are very thick at times, and steal a lot of fish. However, one can afford to lose a tarpon now and then when there are so many about. It is exasperating though to have a fine large tarpon on your hook an hour or more and then have it taken by a shark.

I advise anglers doing tarpon fishing at Boca Grande to use especially strong and stiff rods, in length from 6ft. 8in. to 7ft. The water is so deep (80ft. in one place) that a stiff rod is needed to lift the fish when they start boring down, and to keep them near the surface. If the rod is not stiff it is impossible to play a tarpon hard in these waters, and so a man may be kept busy for hours with one fish.

There is a fish ranch around the southern point of the pass, where bait can be bought.

O. A. MYGATT.

Tea Creek.

THIS could be properly entitled "To the Memory of Tea Creek," for this is one of the saddest examples of man's ravages on a stream which once swarmed with brook trout. The fashion of fishing which has played havoc with all our streams can be described as follows: The men on a farm a dozen miles distant, having planted corn, in the interval which intervenes between the planting and the working decide to go fishing. They roll up their lines on a piece of cork, take bacon, bread, maple sugar, and a frying pan, in a sack around their shoulders. A good deal of rivalry exists and when the fishing begins the object is to catch the most, and a count is had at the end of each day. The result is that the smallest trout counts as much as a large one, and every one is retained. They fish from sun-up to sundown as if they were sawing wood, and take maybe 1,500 trout, to be gorged by the whole neighborhood. Such fishing has effectually depleted our streams, and they are given a forced rest. One of these parties do more harm in one trip than all foreign sportsmen, of whom they are inclined to be jealous, accomplish in a whole season.

Such is the condition of Tea Creek. A good fisherman can catch a good many by the exercise of all his finesse, but the man who only fishes for blood goes there no more.

Then the only thing that makes it remarkable is not the fish in it, but the stream itself. After an acquaintance of several years with the streams in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, where the Potomac, James, Greenbrier, Elk, Tygart's Valley, Cheat, Williams, Cranberry, and Ganley rivers have their head, I felt myself competent to say something of the beauties of the streams which are found in the very apex of the Alleghanies, and I said to a friend of wider experience than mine, "Do you not think that the North Fork of Cranberry is the prettiest stream in West Virginia?" He replied, "With the exception of Tea Creek, I think it is," and when I came to see Tea Creek even the glories of the North Fork paled in comparison.

The day I went to the Big Lick at the forks of Tea Creek I count as one of the most eventful of my life. It is just about a year ago, and I can still derive some satisfaction in thinking on what I saw and how the day was passed. I do not intend to give you any special word pictures of the scenes along the stream, for you have all seen some scenery yourself, and if I chortle concerning the beauties of nature you must excuse me, for I can assure that, as a usual thing, I can look upon mountain scenery without becoming the least hysterical, so you must believe that what is to be seen on Tea Creek is extraordinary.

This is to be a narrative of how the Commonwealth's attorney and myself, on the 28th day of May, 1897, took in the sights of Tea Creek. We were camped at the mouth of the creek where it flows into Williams River just below the Deadwater.

Five lawyers and their wives comprised the camp. The first, last, and only time the ladies went to the

woods with us. We have been since, but our wives love wild flowers and more grow at home than in the yew pine woods. They were like John J. Ingalls and his prize fight: They saw what was to be seen in camp once, and enjoyed it, but do not care to see it again.

That morning a heavy white frost lay on the ground. We therefore choose the humble and unobtrusive fishing worm for bait. We belong to the class of those who fish for trout with fly, but are not so hide-bound but that we can use a fishing worm on a frosty morning in early trout fishing. We have both probably caught more fish with fly than several millions of men who would never, no, never! condescend to fish with bait under any circumstances, yet who are not gifted enough to catch a fish with a fly or anything else. They retire into the exclusiveness of the fly-fisher and seek to have the public at large consider bait-fishing a crime. Fly-fishing has bred a large, healthy lot of imposters, who shine only on the social side of camp life.

We took our way up the stream, fishing in every likely place, and now and then catching a good sized trout. Pretty well up the stream big boulders, as large as a house, lie in the bed of the stream, and the water filters under and between them. It was quite a sensation to stand on the top of one of these and fish down the perpendicular side, 20ft. below, and bring up a trout banging against the rocky wall as it came.

The journey up can be described by quoting from Sir Walter Scott: "The very first plunge carried him with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, 8ft. sheer down in the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones over which they scrambled—thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag themselves—rocks which were to be climbed on one side with much labor and pain, for the purpose of an equally precarious descent on the other; all these and many such interruptions were surmounted."

Arrived at the forks the show places were the big pool, big enough for boating purposes, and no doubt among the fish considered as the metropolis of the fish kingdom; the falls, where the water plunges down about 20ft. of sheer wall; and the deer lick.

Try to imagine the first two, for they are bits of scenery worth coming hundreds of yards to see, but let me talk about the deer lick.

The Commonwealth's attorney had been at the lick several years before, but was not able to locate the spot exactly, so we took the first path we came upon. It was so plain that we supposed we were quite near the lick.

Not being quite sure whether everyone knows what a deer lick is, I will stop here to explain. I once knew a man who was in such dense ignorance. A deer lick is a spring the water of which holds in solution a small quantity of salt, and is the only provision of nature to supply the deer with salt, for which it is usually ravenous. They come for miles and drink the waters.

We left our rods at the stream. The deer were inconsiderate, and their path lay for a long distance through laurel, and to travel it we went on hands and knees a great deal. We found plenty of deer hair and other signs. At length we came to a lick, and without agonizing in words over it I will simply say that if a thousand sheep had watered at the spring they could not make more sign in the way of trails. It has been going on for ages, and a hollow has been tramped out of the mountain side.

Deer cannot be killed in this State legally for five years. There is no open season. Any stranger would be promptly arrested who ever "pursued with intent to kill," in the language of the statute, which is a long way often from killing, but the undisciplined mountaineer comes here often and kills a deer and "spoils the lick" until the signs disappear.

There is a blind, and all around the beech trees bear initials of hunters, and it is interesting to read the registry of hardy men who have penetrated the woods as far back as this lick.

We were there in the middle of the day, when the deer come not, and with nothing more dangerous to deer than 8oz. fishing rods. Secure then in our innocence the Commonwealth's attorney, the deer's faithful protector, wrote our names on a stone and laid it on the root of a beech. In less than a month afterward we were approached in a confidential way by a man who seemed to have something in common with us. He was a notorious despoiler of the deer. He had seen our names and he claimed us as partners in crime. He had succeeded in spoiling the lick. In vain I explained that we had no guns along. He was very polite, but took care to let us know that there was no green in his eye.

We got to camp about dusk. We had 51 trout each of about the same size. The two catches could not have been told apart.

I meant to tell more about the day, about a deer we found rotting in the stream a mile above camp, which had probably died from a shot wound. About the color of the water, a beautiful amber, caused, I think, by the roots of the pine trees. And a lot of things that make me wish I could live all the time on Tea Creek, which I know I would not enjoy. ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Gratulation.

BALTIMORE, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in the Jubilee Number will command the enthusiastic commendation of all sportsmen, whether of rod or gun.

It seems to me that any one devoted to angling can follow Mr. Mather with such advantage as would give satisfactory results, as also Mr. Cheney, in the matter of reproduction of fishes, as well as killing trout with the fly. Your contributors, Mather and Cheney, are such that will educate the present generation in true sportsmanship, and while I do not claim an alter ego, I want to go on record as subscribing to the tenets laid down by them. Good success to the FOREST AND STREAM, and may your every anniversary be largely extended, and may your reward be such as belongs to a labor well done. E. S. YOUNG.

Other-Day Angling at Rochester.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A casual meeting one day this week with Capt. F., a veteran of the war for the Union, and a native of this city, led to his giving me some reminiscences of lang syne in Rochester that make vivid the contrast, from an angler's point of view, between the conditions that existed in the 50s and those that prevail at this end of the century.

"I heard that you remember when Deep Hollow Creek was a trout stream, Captain."

"Yes, I remember it very well, for I caught many a plump trout in the creek in the neighborhood of where Sherman street crosses the line of the creek. The stream then ran through a pasture skirted by a woods that stretched west, and it was my daily chore to drive the family cow from the city to pasture. On one of those excursions I discovered that a pool on the creek in the shadow of the woods was alive with trout, and from that time on I had trout whenever I wanted them; and driving the cow to pasture became more interesting than before I made the discovery. The only thing needed to make my happiness complete was a cow that would carry a bag on her back—an accomplishment possessed by some of the cows driven by other boys of that day, but one which ours never showed any inclination to master."

The point of this story would not be apparent to one who did not know that the winding brook known as Deep Hollow Creek is a brook no more, but the route of a great trunk sewer that drains a large area of the city and one of the towns on the west, discharging its fetid stream into the Genesee River near the Lower Falls. The stream from earliest days was a conspicuous feature in the topography of this town. In pioneer days it was large enough to tempt an enterprising resident to set up a saw mill on its banks. But history relates that "Genesee fever" prevailed to such an extent that the builder of the mill had to abandon it because of the sickness that struck down his men. When I became old enough to be trusted with a hook and line the trout in the creek had disappeared and given place to suckers and minnows, and until comparatively recent years it was the best water near the city in which to fill the minnow pail. There were even a few years ago enough of sloping banks covered with beech and maple to indicate that in its virgin state it was a very charming stream, for it could very truthfully say:

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow, weed and mallow.

Some twenty years ago, more or less, intent on the slaughter of snipe, I was tracing a branch of the stream in the town of Gates, and came to a point where the water bubbled up in the middle of a field, forming a pool several feet across. On approaching it a fine black duck jumped into the air, and was so near that even a charge of snipe shot brought him down.

I can imagine that the pool from which he rose must have been a pretty place to drop a fly say half a century since, for it was the visible source of the main body of water that came down the Deep Hollow Creek. But it was not in the book of fate that this particular brook should "go on forever." Of late years it has gone from bad to worse, until it is now literally blotted from the face of the earth, and the places that knew it will know it no more forever. The valley is become a dumping place for ashes and city littler, and no doubt in a few years there will be a thousand dwelling houses standing over the very bed of the stream that in the lifetime of middle-aged men held—

Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

Fred Mather's very interesting article on pike in a late FOREST AND STREAM recalled old times on the lower Genesee, when pike fishing was the favorite form of angling with members of the fraternity in this city. Of course pike fishing was never to be compared to fly-fishing, but when it was at its best one could leave the center of the city on the street cars, and in fifteen to twenty minutes be afloat on the water where the many-named fish did much abound. This was before Rochester had a water works system, with its resulting sewage, that pollutes the river from the city to Lake Ontario. May and June were the only months in which pike fishing was carried on to any extent, and my recollection is that the biggest and best fish were caught in May.

"June pike" were little ones, of a bluish cast, and seldom weighed over 2lbs. The yellow pike were taken up to 10lbs. or more. The late Albert Gallatin, or Gally, Cooper was long envied of other anglers, inasmuch as he took a pike that tipped the scales at 10lbs. 8oz. The fishing ground for pike was within the city lines and immediately north of the Lower Falls, above which of course the fish could not come in their migrations from the lake. The pool at the foot of the falls was a good place for pike, but one had to either go clad in a waterproof suit or endure a drenching from the mist. The fishing there had to be done from the rocks, for the water was so agitated that there was no comfort in fishing from a boat. Eels were abundant in the pool, and would often take the bait intended for pike; and the surface of the water was not infrequently broken by the splurge of a sturgeon. But the best ground for pike, the region where the finer joy of the sport was had, was from a point about opposite where the Glen House ruin stands to the foot of Buell avenue. On my introduction to the locality a solitary house at the foot of the "long hill" was the only place on the west side where a boat could be hired, and it was from that landing that nearly all the anglers pushed out when after pike. The practice of "the fathers"—Seth Green, William Billinghurst, A. G. Cooper, Dr. Hurd, and others less vividly recalled—was to bait with plain, every-day earth worms, tying a scrap of red cloth just above the hook. I never knew any of the veterans to vary from the above lure; but a succeeding generation caught more fish with a spoon hook, supplemented by a strip of salt pork.

I have not heard that any one has tried for pike in the river of late years. The sewage has probably rendered the water so offensive that the fish no longer come up from the lake. If they do venture into such an unsavory region I doubt that there is any man rash enough to risk his health by entering the atmosphere that must exist where several large sewers discharge into the once sparkling river.

The person who first applied the name "pike" to this wall-eyed inhabitant of the deep has much to answer for. The name should have been reserved for the flat-snouted family that corresponds with the European pike, which I suppose had his name and features impressed on the minds of our angling ancestors before Columbus set sail. The "yellow perch," wall-eye," "pike-perch," or what you will, is a toothsome fish and worthy of a distinctive name. I caught many of them, but never one that showed any such fighting qualities as the black bass. That part of the Genesee River where the wall-eye used to be caught was also good ground for the bass, but one of the latter fish weighing 2lbs. would afford more play with the rod than a 5lb. wall-eye. E. REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 7.

Fishing at Lake Manistique.

SINCE September, 1882, I have been making annual trips to Manistique Lake, Luce county, Michigan Upper Peninsula, and a more beautiful spot to spend a vacation could hardly be made to order.

Leaving New York on the New York Central Railroad, via Montreal and the Canadian Pacific Railroad, it is about thirty-six hours' ride to the Soo St. Marie, thence over the Marquette Soo to McMillan. Mr. S. V. Skinner, agent for the Canadian Pacific in New York city, is very glad to give any information as regards trains, etc. At McMillan you will find a very gentlemanly agent in Mr. E. E. Nichols.

It is a ride of about fourteen miles through a most beautiful country from McMillan station to Mr. Holland's, where I have made my headquarters for practically sixteen years. Mr. Holland is a farmer, lumberman and a general agent to all mankind. Glad to see everybody, and only too glad to make them welcome and comfortable with anything in his power.

Mrs. Holland is a good woman for a good man. In case of visiting Mr. Holland it is well to have some one in the party musically inclined as regards singing and playing. And, by the way, music is a great passport to the people in this country.

The general amusement at Mr. Holland's is fishing and hunting. Plenty of the first in the spring, and all one could ask for in the fall, in the way of deer, ducks and partridge. As regards fishing: as illustrated from my present trip. They are wonderfully plentiful; as this is a wild lake, and is hardly ever visited from the outside. Any fisherman can imagine that the fishing must be good. Out of my last trip I fished only thirteen or fourteen days in the twenty-five days I spent there, and I never returned with less than four, and from that to fifteen and eighteen bass that would average 4½lbs. I caught one small-mouthed black bass weighing 6¼lbs. with the Montreal trolling fly, which I had procured as something new and catchy from my friend "Conroy" before leaving. I used principally a 4½ Skinner spoon on a very light rod, and found it a very, very good bait. I have never had the privilege of being in this country during July and August, when bass are supposed to rise to flies, so I cannot say what the actual experience of fly-casting would be.

There is also an immense quantity of wall-eyed pike, which the Canadian's call "dore," also pickerel and muskelonge in great abundance. There is at a short distance from the Big Lake first-class trout fishing, but it is always my misfortune, as I am obliged to take my vacation in May, not to have very good success with the trout, for the reason the creeks have all overflowed their banks and the trout are meandering anywhere from where they should be.

A party of two, three or four going to this country can camp, or they would be able to obtain board there at Mr. Holland's, at the head of the lake, or at Mr. Gaylord Helmar's, at the foot of the lake. The latter place is only six miles from the station at McMillan. Mr. Helmar has a general country store and a post office, also two or three good boats. At this place there are parties that come from Dayton and Springfield, Ohio, who camp out during the month of July. There are several farmers on the edge of the lake, at any of which you will be welcome, as they are always glad to see any one from below. I was blown off this season in a heavy wind, where I was obliged to remain all night with Charles Burke, and was highly entertained by Mrs. Burke playing on the harmonica.

The full extent of Manistique Lake is on an average five miles wide and eight in length, but one is not obliged to remain on the big lake at all times, as just north of the east end there is a large lake three and a half to four miles square, and on the south side of the lake a very short portage of about forty rods, or going by the outlet a distance of one and a half miles to what is known as White Fish Lake, all of which make good fishing and interesting trips.

At Mr. Holland's, if you have the luck to find Bob Hague, you will find him a "king" among fishermen. He has his own peculiar method of making his catch, but I can assure you it would be a sight for any of our Eastern fishermen to see "Bob" when he is rigged for business. He has a good-sized boat, with two 16ft. poles, one on either side, with 80 to 100ft. of trolling line. He has a connecting line from each of the long lines, which he holds in his teeth, and for fishing in that vicinity he takes the medal every time. His catches ordinarily amount to from 75 to 100lbs. in a very short time. "Bob" is rather a difficult man to get in with, as he prefers fishing alone. On one occasion I had the opportunity of going with him, and we had most excellent sport from early morning till about 11 o'clock, when we were caught in

one of the sudden gales which appear on this lake, and were wind-bound the rest of the day, and arrived home at 4 o'clock the next morning.

Manistique Lake will be a paradise for fishing and hunting for years to come, and for camping-out parties it is certainly perfect. Mr. Helmar, at Helmar P. O., as I said before, can accommodate one or two, but he would prefer to have you bring along a camping outfit and make your headquarters at the store. In going or coming from a fishing trip one will find it a great pleasure to remain over a day at Soo St. Marie, both regarding trout fishing in the rapids, shooting the rapids with the Indians in their canoes, and examining the magnificent locks in the canals, both on the Canadian and American sides.

E. O. LANCASTER.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. IX.—The Two Crappies.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Concluded from page* 517.)

Fishing in Tree Tops.

Here a short rod, say 8ft., is long enough, and the line should not be much longer than the rod. A reel is not needed, because the fish should not be allowed more line, even if it were able to take it and wind it about a limb, where you would be in chancery. The boat should be so placed that a fish can be led away from the limbs, if possible, but often there is a desirable opening, like a well, into which the hook is dropped, and then one must take chances of being fouled, and try to keep the fish in the middle of the hole as it is brought up. The uncertainty of landing a fish in such a place constitutes the sport of tree-top fishing.

In my early crappie fishing days we used Limerick hooks as large as No. 2, but in later years, when I fished in Southern waters and had come to the belief which I hold to-day, that the smallest hook which is practicable, is the best, I used hooks as small as No. 6. To-day I would select the Pennel Limerick with turned-down eye, not larger than 4, nor smaller than 6, but these hooks are a late invention and are of spring steel, a thing unknown twenty years ago. A foot or two of gut between line and hook is always desirable. Angle worms, grubs and small minnows are good baits. Unless there is a current through the tree top a sinker is not necessary when worms or grubs are used, but if the bait be a live minnow it must be weighted in order to prevent it from wandering among the branches; then use a half ounce sinker and attach the gut to the sinker and shorten it to a foot, thus giving the minnow a weight to drag. In such angling one can usually see the fish take the hook and can then check its rushes to a thicket of limbs. In "Much Ado About Nothing" Ursula says:

> "The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
> Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
> And greedily devour the treacherous bait."

If that be true, then fishing for crappies in a tree top, in clear water, should be the highest form of angling; but it is not true, for the angler would prefer to leave the size and species which takes his bait entirely to his imagination while he is bringing it in. This is one of the charms of bait fishing, you don't know what you have on your line until it comes to the landing net.

While fishing in a tree top in one of the sloos near Potosi, Wis., I saw a crappie take my hook and immediately put the strain of the rod on the fish, but there was an unusual resistance, and there was danger of tearing the mouth out of the struggling crappie, whose every movement sent a thrill up the line and rod. The fish had not fouled my line, for I had seen every motion. Henry Neaville was in the other end of the boat and said: "Keep still; the fish has another line in its mouth," and Henry lashed his pocket knife to his rod and ran it down and cut another line which was wound around a limb, and I landed the fish. The coarse hook and cheap line told the story; the fish had been hooked a day or more ago, and had taken a turn or two around a limb, and the angler, probably a boy, had strained his line to the breaking point, leaving the fish fast and hungry enough to take the next bait.

Trolling for Crappies.

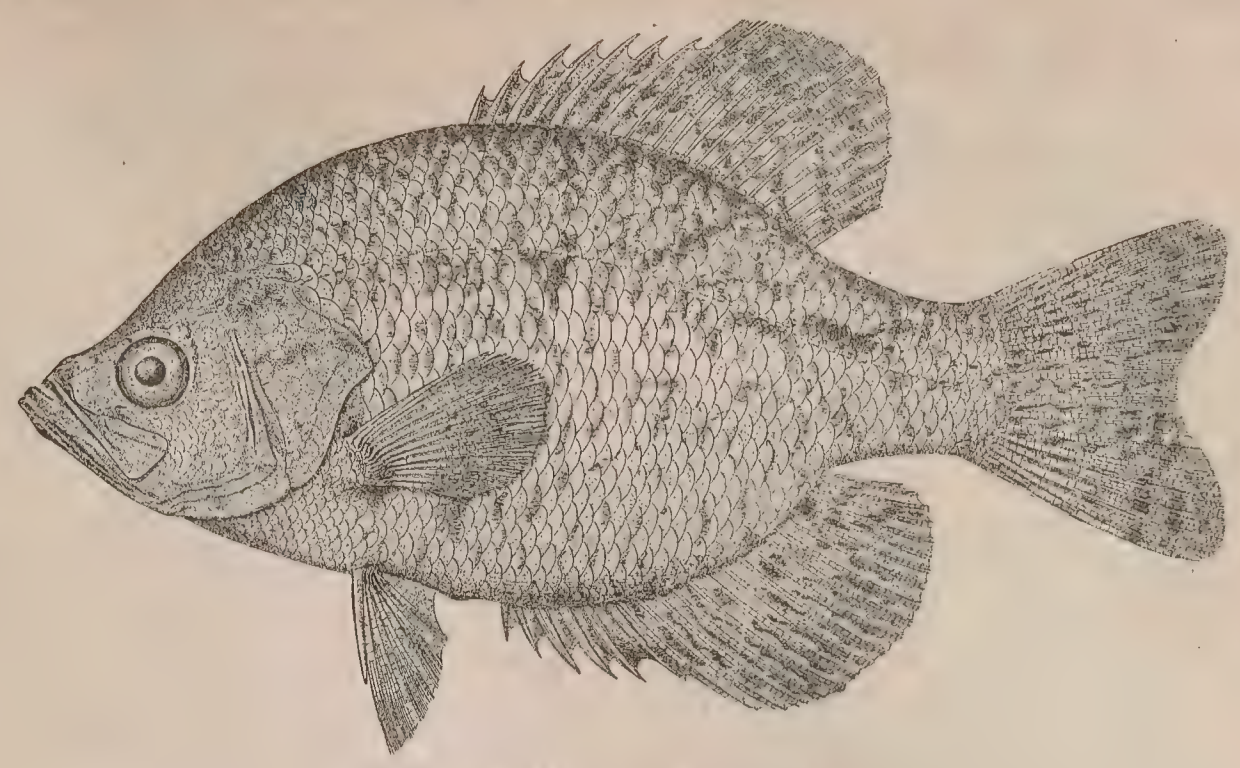
While trolling a small spoon in southern Louisiana, for any fish that might incline to that sort of food, I took several of the big-mouth crappies in the still waters of the bayous. I did not get the other species there, although Jordan, "Manual of the Vertebrates," gives its Southern range as in that State. It was a small spoon made of abalone shell, and about 1¼in. long. I do not know the sizes of spoon hooks, because I seldom use them, but have an impression that each maker numbers his wares to suit himself. The spoon was an old one, without feathers, but it spun well, and its exquisite pearly tints were attractive.

I had other spoons, of many designs and sizes, as well as most known devices for taking fish, including gill nets, for I was collecting fishes for the Smithsonian Institution and the U. S. Fish Commission, and wanted to gather every species that inhabited those waters, even if it never grew to be over an inch in length. And I was not forbidden to enjoy the sport.

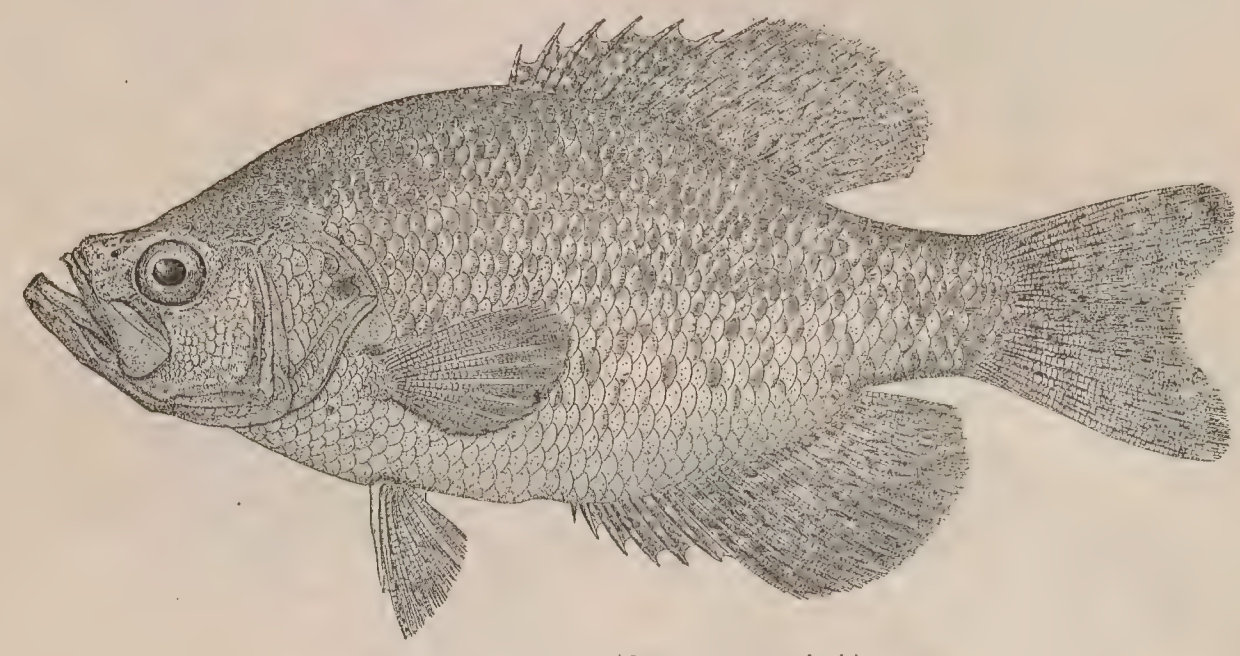
The first crappie taken on the spoon was thought to be one of those accidents which occur to anglers, but after taking a dozen or more it was evident that the crappie would afford sport when offered a small spoon. When I changed to a big silver spoon, some 3in. long, no crappies were taken. They knew the capacity of their mouths, and would not rise at the larger one. Here I took the largest crappie I ever saw; it might have weighed 2lbs.; Jordan gives the extreme weight as 3lbs.

Fly-Fishing for Crappies.

It was in Bistineau Lake, in northwest Louisiana, some twenty years ago, that I took my first crappie with a fly. I had a colored boatman to whom my light rods and fly-book were curiosities which were looked at with considerable skepticism, until I took some very large black bass with them, and then he was profuse



SMALL-MOUTH CRAPPIE (*Pomoxys sparoides*).



BIG-MOUTH CRAPPIE (*Pomoxys annularis*).

in his admiration of "dat yah leetle pole no stouter 'an a coach whip, an' dem leetle hooks wid fedders on em w'ich 'pears like mi'ty dry fodder for trout." By "trout" he meant "black bass," and when I took a crappie with a red ibis he said: "Dem ah little fedders is good for de sacalay [sac-à-lait] too; golly, I 'spec's dey's good fo' all de fish in de lake, 'cept de ole gahs an' de catties. You don' 'spect a catty he come up to de top fo' yo' fedders, does yo'?"

"No, Gus, not here in this deep water, but a catty has been taken with a fly in shallow water. We call these things flies, not feathers; don't you see that they imitate the insects on the water?"

"No, sah, nebber see no flies like w'at you got in yo' book, nevah did, fo' a fac'."

And no other man ever did. The imagination necessary to recognize a so-called artificial fly as an imitation of any living thing is not possessed by every man. This ignorant Afro-American did not have it, and I, who was trying to educate him to see a resemblance to nature, was totally lacking in that same quality of imagination. Verily it was a case of the blind leading the blind, but I only wanted my pupil to see that my flies were only theoretical imitations of things which might or might not exist, but for such theories his brain was not sufficiently advanced. He saw that a little hook covered with "fedders" would take fish, that had been demonstrated, but that these things should be considered to be "flies" was another thing.

I found the crappie a fairly good riser to the fly, and took many in Lake Bistineau. No doubt they can be so taken in other places. They do not put up as stiff a fight as a yellow perch or a white perch, but with light tackle they afford sport. We neglect many good fishes, in this land of good fishes, because they have not been faithfully written up, and we have no traditions referring to them.

European and American Fishes.

We have a wealth of game fishes which are not only unknown to Europeans, but also to American anglers. The reason for this is because there has been no one to write them up. American angling literature is only thirty-four years old, that of England is several centuries old. There is no other angling literature worth mentioning. Early American writers copied English works until Norris wrote his "American Angler's Book" in 1864, and corrected subsequent editions. There were English works before Walton, 1653, whose latest editions, published during the present decade, number over a hundred.

The trouble with the early compilers of English works for the American market was the fact that they were apparently ignorant that they were dealing with a fish fauna which had so few members in common that it might be considered distinct. The only fishes which inhabited Great Britain and North America in common were the salmon, the yellow perch and the pike. The salmon of our Atlantic coast is identical with that of the west coast of Europe; our "yellow perch" is common throughout Europe, and so is our pike, and by this term I mean our great fish, *Esox lucius*, which grows to 40lbs. weight, the only fish which has a right to bear the name of pike.

In case some one should think that the American trout is neglected in the list, I will rise to say that America had no true trout east of the Rocky Mountains until the brown trout of Europe and the rainbow trout from the West were brought here. Our so-called "trout" are known as "chars" in Europe, a higher form of trout, if you will, with finer scales, higher colors, etc., which cannot be detailed here and are only mentioned to show that the trout had not been forgotten.

European Game Fishes.

Leaving out salmon, trout, char, perch and pike, there are a lot of species which English anglers know as "coarse fishes." They are: Bream, barbel, chub, dace, roach and other soft-finned fishes. On the continent there is the zander, which is a close relative of our "wall-eye," which the Germans breed as a food fish, but do not angle for, and there the list ends. Outside the trout, salmon, pike and perch there is not a fish in Great Britain which an American angler would waste his time on.

The chubs of Europe are superior in size to ours, growing up to 5lbs., while our largest species seldom get to be more than half that weight; and while I have had fair sport taking our large chubs, *Semotilis*, with a fly, they are not generally angled for, and on this side of the frog pond we do not think any soft-finned fishes, except the salmon and pike families, worth our attention; we have a wealth of hard-finned game fishes that are unknown in Europe, and the two crappies may be placed in the list.

Of course their promiscuous introduction into Europe might disarrange the fish fauna there, but fish are more circumscribed than are rabbits in Australia, and European sparrows in America. No man can foresee what good or evil may result in introducing a new species of beast, bird or fish to a new country. The Californian who wished to see the dandelion with its beautiful yellow blossom sent to Massachusetts for the seed, and the men who have lawns on the Pacific Coast are cursing him as we are cursing the introducer of the European sparrow, and the Australian is anathematizing the man who set rabbits free in a land where there were no owls, hawks nor foxes. The fauna of each continent is complete, and the introduction of a foreign form of life upsets the balance. By reason of their restricted range the fishes do the least damage.

American Game Fishes.

We have a wealth of game fishes which would have delighted Izaak Walton, but many of them have not been treated as such by our writers, who have mainly confined their articles to the salmon, the trout and the several members of the pike family. For years our anglers took black bass without giving it the high rank it now holds, until Henshall wrote the fish up and told them that "pound for pound it is the gamiest fish that swims." The quotation is from memory and may not be exact.

So it is with many other neglected fishes, among them the two crappies, and some other fishes which we will consider in the future.

"WE may reprove the tendency of our men of leisure to copy rather than emulate our English brethren in dress and deportment, but it is undoubtedly to them we owe our love for outdoor sports, and it is this, spreading marvelously even within the past few years, which has improved the breed of men and changed the character of their clothes. The dandy no longer trips in dainty shoes and shuns exertion, but is proud of his square shoulders and deep chest, and his dress is distinguished not more by its simplicity, comfort and serviceability."—American Wool and Cotton Grower.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Success of the Fly-Casters.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—In my supplement to the report of the fly-casting tournament at Grand Rapids, Mich., last week, I had occasion to speak of the luck of those of us who fished the Boardman under the guidance of Col. Fox and Mr. Widdicomb. Since then I have had word from all the different parties who went out from Grand Rapids to the streams for a try at the trout, and it seems that the Boardman party was about the lowest of the lot. Mr. Fred N. Peet tells me that he and Mr. John Waddell, fished the Pere Marquette, getting off at the Roby tank, some 2½ miles from Baldwin. They were on the stream three days, and were so lucky as to meet the big rainbows for which we were all of us searching. On the first day they caught nearly all rainbows (twenty rainbows and only one speckled trout). The next day they took about two dozen fish, half rainbows, and on the third day had three rainbows in their baskets of about thirty trout in all. They found the river in good condition, and had a most enjoyable experience. Mr. Peet says that his host, Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, is the best trout fisherman he ever saw on a stream, and it was to Mr. Waddell's rod that the best fish fell, one weighing 3½lbs. He lost one fine rainbow, which seemed nearly 2ft. long as it showed in the water, but took yet another fish of 2½lbs., and several that went over 2lbs. Mr. Peet caught one weighing 2½lbs., and also several that would go over 2lbs. Their take was by all odds the handsomest made by any of the fishers.

Mr. Eber Rice took out Mr. Smith, of Chicago; Mr. Frost took Mr. Blackman, of Chicago, and Mr. Harry Ketchum and Judge Burlingame, of Grand Rapids, also went along. All these fished the Little Manistee, near the railway crossing, and they had fine luck with the trout, though taking no rainbows. The average was about 20 to 30 trout to the rod each day, Mr. Smith taking 46 in his fishing. They brought down nice baskets, but had nothing especially heavy.

Mr. Rogers took up Mr. Hascall, of Chicago, and they went out on the Pere Marquette, near the hatchery, Mr. John Power, of the hatchery, going with them. They had plenty of brook trout, but only small rainbows. Their average was in the 8in. class, a few larger, but nothing very startling in weight. They report a grand time on the river, which was in good condition.

Next to the Pere Marquette the Maple seems to have been the lucky stream for the visitors and their hosts. I have already mentioned the take made by the party of railway officials in whose special car we traveled to and from the Boardman, at Mayfield, on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad (not the "G. R. & T." as the proof reader of FOREST AND STREAM had it last week). After these gentlemen left the Maple to come home, Messrs. D. G. Henry and his guest, Mr. Fred Divine, of Utica, stayed behind for a little more fishing. I saw Mr. Divine at Cleveland day before yesterday, and he says that he had the finest sort of sport. He and Mr. Henry caught in all about 250 trout, 14in. in length being the largest, but the average very good. The last day they filled their baskets early and quit on the stream, saying they had enough and taking down their rods. They found Professor and Queen of the Waters the best flies. I presume their take was perhaps the second best made by the parties, and that of Mr. Waddell and Mr. Peet the best. The latter angler is very enthusiastic over the big rainbows, which he says are regular whirlwinds on the rod. He also says that no one better than Mr. Waddell knows how to handle one of them in the heavy water of such a stream. It was necessary to turn loose and follow the fish down stream, as though it were a salmon.

All in all, the gentlemen of Grand Rapids may feel very proud of their tournament, and also proud of the sport they showed the visitors who came to see them. They are certainly in the heart of a great angling region.

Reports from Many Waters.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.—The angling season in this part of the West sprang into sudden activity within the past couple of weeks, and reports come in from many waters. I have word from Fay Buck, of Buck's resorts, Manitowish, Wis., and he says the fishing for muscallunge is good. He caught three fish, weighing 10lbs. each, before breakfast on the day he wrote, this week. This was at the Divide resort. Bass fishing on those chains is also good.

Several parties have been up in the Wisconsin 'lunge country, and with good success, though I do not hear of many fish. The average of the Wisconsin muscallunge this year has not been above 10lbs., if indeed so large as that, and I imagine the average weight grows less each year on those waters, which are fished a great deal.

Mr. Jacob Rehm, of Blue Island, Ill., has just returned from a ten-days' fishing trip at his camp on Rice Lake, Manitowish waters. He reports the fishing good, though the water is still high and roily.

Most of the 'lunge landed were small, running from 7lbs. to 9lbs. Some good catches of 6 to 8lb. pike were made. He caught between thirty and forty bass, ranging from 1½ to 4¼lbs. Many of the fish were returned to the water.

Master in Chancery Charles T. Farson, of Chicago, with Messrs. McHugh and Burges, of Oak Park, Ill., have just returned from a week's fishing trip at Pike Lake, Wis. The water was unusually high. One day's catch was eighteen muscallunge, thirty pike, and three bass, the 'lunge running up to about 10lbs. In one day on Pike Lake Mr. Farson landed a 10lb. pike, a 12lb. and a 13lb. 'lunge.

A Milwaukee party, consisting of Dr. R. G. Richter, J. P. Murphy, W. E. Furlong and A. T. Shay, spent some time in the same vicinity, and in two days they took sixty-four fish in all, including twelve muscallunge. The 'lunge run under 10lbs. each. Most of these were taken from Thompson and Tucker lakes.

A party consisting of B. W. Sherman, Chas. T. Farson, Ambrose Risdon, Jacob Newman, Dr. Fred Fish, Clifford White, have arranged for a week's fishing trip, which they will spend at Pine Lodge, on Tomahawk Lake. They go about the middle of July.

Messrs. J. L. Flanerry and C. G. Aken, of Chicago, have returned from Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota. On June 17 the former caught one 'lunge which weighed 32lbs., and Mr. Aken killed another that scaled 22lbs. I think 32lbs. is the record weight (a tie) at that place this spring and summer so far. At the same place, or rather in a little unvisited lake reached by a portage, Mr. Ben Bingham and his wife, of this city, took in one day 320 black bass to their two rods, thus breaking the record of Mr. Raisbeck and his friend, made last summer, if any special interest may be said to attach to that fact. Mr. Bingham uses but one fish out the number taken, all the rest being returned to the water. He says they could have caught 400 if they had wanted to, as the lake was alive with them. There had been no fishing there to amount to anything. Mr. S. M. Sutherland, of this city, reports that on his trip to these same waters about Woman Lake he caught fifty-seven bass in sixty-seven minutes. No ruling has yet been received from the State Fish and Game Commission on this sort of fishing. The law says only fifty fish shall be "killed" daily.

The party of Chicago anglers who returned from Kabekona last week brought out with them 500lbs. of fish, muscallunge and bass, these all taken by Dr. H. H. Frothingham and wife, Mr. Bingham and wife, and Mr. J. M. Oliver and friend, there being five persons in the party coming out. The report from these visitors is that the 'lunge have quit biting for a while, though the bass fishing is too good to be good.

Mr. McCartney has sent out instructions to his men at Kabekona Camp to be strict in the observance of the law, and under no circumstances to pack for any one leaving the State more than the fifty fish prescribed by law. He has put on the doors of the rooms the article clipped from FOREST AND STREAM bearing on excessive fishing, and he means to keep within the law and within sportsmanship all the time.

In regard to law breaking, a curious set of circumstances comes to light regarding this same chain of Minnesota lakes, which may be of interest to the State Fish Commission. On one of his trips out from this camp, Mr. H. G. McCartney found at Pine River station, waiting for the train, a supposed sportsman and his wife, who reported that they had been camped for some time on a lake well known to Mr. McCartney, near the place of a certain old fisherman, who once used to fish for market there until he was shut off. This "angler" had five barrels along with him, big pork and whisky barrels, filled with ice and fish. He said that all his fish were black bass, and that he had kept them in good shape at his camp, and was now taking them down to his home in Minneapolis, "for his friends." He was talked with about the fishing, and asked if he was not afraid to take out so many fish, and answered that he wasn't afraid of anything. He said it was not against the Minnesota law to take these fish out to a town within the State, and that he only wanted to show his friends that he had good luck. At the camp where this man had stopped Mr. McCartney found a spot where the fish had been cleaned, and he says there was about a barrel full of the entrails which had been thrown into the lake. It was certainly a very heavy catch that was thus disposed of, one very far beyond all sportsmanlike limits. Mr. McCartney says that he could not help thinking, in view of the company this man was in, and the way he acted, and the amount of fish that he had, that this might be a new way of the dealers to smuggle bass out of the woods into the market. It is unlawful to sell black bass in Minnesota. This tip is given for what it is worth. Its chief interest to FOREST AND STREAM lies in the fact that there still exists, without any shadow of a doubt, a man, a sportsman or at least one claiming the name of sportsman openly, who does not scruple to take away from the waters where he has fished the amount of five barrels of bass, probably in actual weight of fish something like a ton. The man who would do that might as well be a market fisher, and add respectability to his calling. Such a performance cannot in these days be called sport, or any part of sport. I could not learn the name of this man, nor could my informant, but I hope some day Sam Fullerton, of St. Paul, will learn it and will keep an eye out for its owner.

At Fox Lake, Wis., the bass fishing is still going on in good shape. The season has been good there. At Lake Geneva, so I am advised by a friend, the bass have quit the shallows and gone to deep water, so that the fishing is not so good. At Fox Lake, Ill., this is the case nearly always by this time in the summer, and I presume that the bass cannot now be taken so easily, though I once in a while get word of a good basket coming down from that chain, which lies near Lake Villa and Antioch.

At Lake Okauchee, Wis., Messrs. Walter Dupee and Charlie Lester caught a 17lb. pike, after something of a hard fight. Every once in a while we hear of one of these big "pickerel" being taken in some lake in lower Wisconsin.

Last week Messrs. J. Nagle, Max Rahr, J. Miller and W. D. Richards, of Manitowoc, Wis., and Messrs. J. S. Vilas, W. Watson and two others whose names I did not learn, from Kaukauna, with Mr. W. S. Drake, of Milwaukee, made a very good fishing trip on Planting Ground Lake, near Three Lakes, Wis. On one day they caught eighty-six black bass, and on another seventy-five, but did not get any 'lunge.

Bass fishing at Gill's Landing, on the Wolf, is reported to be good this week, and at this point one may be sure of small-mouth bass in reasonable quantities.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

First Fish—"How are you getting on?"

Second Fish—"No luck at all. The man at the end of that line is an idiot?"

First Fish—"What's the trouble?"

Second Fish—"I took the bait an hour ago, and I've been waiting ever since for him to put some more on."—London Judy.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Michigan Trout Stream.

NEW YORK, June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of April 16 I noticed a list of fishing waters in Michigan, along the line of the G. R. & I. R. R., and having entered into communication with the anglers of Michigan familiar with those waters, I made a visit to Michigan during the first of this month. As you requested a report from those of your readers who visited any of these streams and found the fishing to be especially good, I venture to submit the following. I am prompted to do so, further, by the fact that I find my name mentioned in your issue of June 25, in a letter written from Mayfield, in a manner which, while I am sure it was not so intended, might be interpreted as implying an infringement on what I consider the proprieties in fishing.

I visited the Maple River at Pellston, on the line of the G. R. & I. R. R., and stopped at a small road house very well kept by a Mrs. Walters. The name "river" is a misnomer, for the stream is an ideal trout "brook," as we call it in this section of the country, having a gravelly bottom dotted with pools and very easy to wade, unless the water should be too high. This, however, was not the case when I was there. I reached Pellston on June 5 and stayed until June 13, and I append a table of my catch during that time:

June 5, 67 trout; afternoon.
June 6, 58 trout; afternoon.
June 7, 105 trout; all day.
June 8, 68 trout; afternoon.
June 9, 79 trout; all day.
June 10, 79 trout; afternoon.
June 11, 107 trout; all day.
June 12, 54 trout; all day.
June 13, 69 trout; 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Of these trout, I need scarcely say I returned to the stream all but ten each day that I fished, and as I used small flies, that is, a twelve to fourteen hook, I returned the trout practically uninjured.

Of course, many of these trout were very small, but many of them also weighed a quarter of a pound, although I did not take any that weighed more than ¾lb. The numbers given are valuable, however, as indicating how well the stream is stocked, and as a promise for the future.

I was assured, however, that there were much larger fish in the stream, and I have no doubt that the information was correct. A number of the trout that I took were rainbow trout, which I learned were introduced into the stream three years ago. All of my fishing on this stream was within a distance of a five-mile stretch. The fish in this stream are particularly fat, and I found those that I took gorged with small minnows and caddis worms, showing that the fish have an abundance of most desirable food.

On my return from the Maple River, I stopped at the Père Marquette in the hope of taking some of the large rainbow trout which I was informed were in that stream, but in this I was not successful, although I took a number of small fish—not enough, however, to make it worth while to keep a record. I fished the Marquette for three days unsuccessfully, and found the stream a very peculiar one. It seems to have a clay sub-bottom which is covered over in most places with sand, although in a few spots there is gravel. The clay bottom has been washed by the stream into long ridges on either bank, according to the direction of the current, and in the deep holes of rapid water thus formed the large trout lie. I saw four trout in one of these pools, and, as well as I could judge, the largest would weigh 5lbs., while the smallest would weigh 3lbs.

I cannot speak too highly of the hospitality with which I—a stranger—was treated by the gentlemen of Grand Rapids composing the Fly-Casters' Club, and I am glad to be able in this way to return especial thanks to Judge Burlingame, of the Superior Court; Mr. Frederick Adams, of the Grand Rapids Evening Post, and Mr. C. L. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G. R. & I. R. R., for their more than courteous treatment.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 24.—Women take to sport with rod and line eagerly when the chance is offered, and women readers of FOREST AND STREAM are on the increase. Twenty women fish to-day where there was one twenty years ago. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harberger, of Boston, have just returned from a very satisfactory fishing trip to the Rangeley section of Maine. Mrs. Harberger took, in the immediate vicinity of Billy Soule's camps, Cupsuptic Lake, two trout weighing 7½lbs. and 7lbs. respectively, and one salmon of 4½lbs. These, together with one trout of 5¾lbs., taken by Mr. Harberger from Lower Richardson Lake, comprise the larger fish of the trip. To say that Mrs. Harberger is pleased with her success as a fisherwoman but poorly expresses the enjoyment she has got from the outing. Here let it be said—possibly for the one hundredth time—that the above-mentioned trout were all brook trout. The only reason for saying it is that only yesterday a gentleman, who should have known better, said that Mrs. Harberger's trout were "lakers." There are no lake trout or togue in the Rangeley waters.

The salmon fishermen are getting away to their rivers and preserves. By the first of July the camps at the best rivers will generally be occupied. Mr. Francis Dumaresq, with his friend Mr. Wharton, has gone to the home of the Marguerite Club, on the northwest branch of the river of the same name. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, a salmon angler much respected by all the guild, has gone with his daughter and family to his preserve on the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. Later he expects Mr. Richard O. Harding down for a few weeks' fishing. Mr. Harding has been ill for some time, but his many friends of the Sportsmen's Show will be glad to hear that he is on the mend. Mr. Walter Brackett, the salmon artist, with Mrs. Brackett, has gone to his salmon preserve at the junction of the northeast and northwest branches of the St. Marguerite.

June 26.—Peculiar luck ofttimes seems to follow some sportsmen and hunters, while others stand idly by. Mr. Eugene Lynch, who hooked the salmon that landed squarely in the boat of Mr. Porter, mentioned in last

week's FOREST AND STREAM, had another freak of luck the next day. He hooked on to a big trout at his favorite spot in the pool, below the Upper Dam. His friends began to advise him not to allow the fish to jump into some other boat, while other boats offered to be in readiness to receive him. After a good deal of resistance the trout, evidently a very large one, was drawn up beside the boat, and Mr. Lynch's guide was about to net him. A chub of over 1lb. weight now took a hand in the fray. He seized the fly, on which the exhausted trout was impaled, and actually knocked the hook from the trout's jaw. The chub was landed, but the trout is in the pool now, ready for some other fellow. Tradition has it that Mr. Trout once did the chub a great favor; he declined to eat him when he was a little fellow. Ever since fish gratitude has existed between them. Mr. Chub witnessed that last struggle from a safe distance, and when he saw the net about to slide under his friend, to raise him out of their beloved element altogether and forever, he dove between death and his friend, actually preferring to sacrifice his own life rather than that his noble friend should fall a victim to the frying pan. Let those sportsmen who know it all, and believe that "all fishermen are liars," read this chub story and believe it; not spending their energies in disbelieving the story of the salmon jumping into the boat, which story can be proven by several witnesses whose word is beyond reproach, and who have fished as many years as the amateurs have days, who believe that all fish stories should be taken *cum grano salis*.

Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York, has taken another trout at the Upper Dam, weighing over 4lbs. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, has also just taken one of 4lbs. R. N. Parish, of Montville, Conn., has taken one of 4lbs. At the Mountain View House, Mr. H. J. Hessler has taken salmon weighing 6½, 4¾ and 3½lbs. Fish Commissioner L. T. Carlton is also credited with a salmon of 6½lbs. and a trout of 3lbs.; Mr. H. W. Clark, a salmon of 9½lbs. At Bemis fishing continues good, as indeed is the case through the whole Rangeley region.

SPECIAL.

A Plea for a Noble Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 18 I note a letter from "Señor X.," in the course of which he is kind enough not only to pay me a pretty compliment as to catching yellowtail at Santa Catalina Island, California—the subject of a recent letter from me in FOREST AND STREAM—but moreover he calls me his "good friend." This is surely the kindest sort of treatment, coming as it does from so ready a pen as that of Señor X., and I hereby beg leave to express my due appreciation of the same. Nevertheless, when a man such as this puts himself to inconvenience for my benefit and also greets me as his "good friend," it naturally arouses my interest as to his personality. Señor X. is too modest. He treats me well and yet conceals his identity. In my eyes he is like Pope's Man o' Ross, who "did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame." Now I cannot lay claim to much if any of Poe's extraordinary ability at guessing cryptograms and enigmas, but I think that in this case I do not err when I say that I have solved the Señor X. personality problem. There are certain little references in his able article on Catalina yellowtail, under date of May 14, that have given me reason for my belief. Señor X. is not only the modest and retiring grub, which, fearing examination and recognition, hides itself away, but he is as well the gorgeous, full-grown butterfly, the envy of all. On page 492, at the bottom, he is simply "Señor X.," who pays "his good friend, Mr. Beard," a compliment; turning to page 493 and reading the very first line—from another hand—he becomes "Charles Frederick Holder, author and writer," to whom the said "good friend" before mentioned now willingly takes off his hat and bends the knee, for in killing a leaping tuna, 183lbs. in weight, Prof. Holder has done, and well done, a feat with rod and reel that is beyond all praise from the angler's point of view.

For game qualities that fish, the tuna, is truly a wonder. Note this little clipping from the Sun as to the capture of a much smaller specimen than that of Prof. Holder. He was foul hooked, it is true, but see what he did:

TOWED TWENTY MILES BY HIS FISH.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LOS ANGELES, June 11.—Clifton R. Scudder, who went to Catalina Island a few weeks ago in company with Samuel Cupples, had a thrilling experience with a big tuna yesterday. He started fishing at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 7 o'clock the fish struck his hook, and for seven hours afterward there was an almost even struggle for the mastery. The strike occurred near the little town of Avalon, and at 2 o'clock, when the fish was finally brought to gaff, the boat had been towed fully twenty miles. The big fellow weighed 130lbs., 50lbs. less than one caught a few days ago, but it was found to have been hooked in the back, which explained the vigorous and protracted fight it made. The time required to land this tuna exceeded by two hours and one-half any former record.

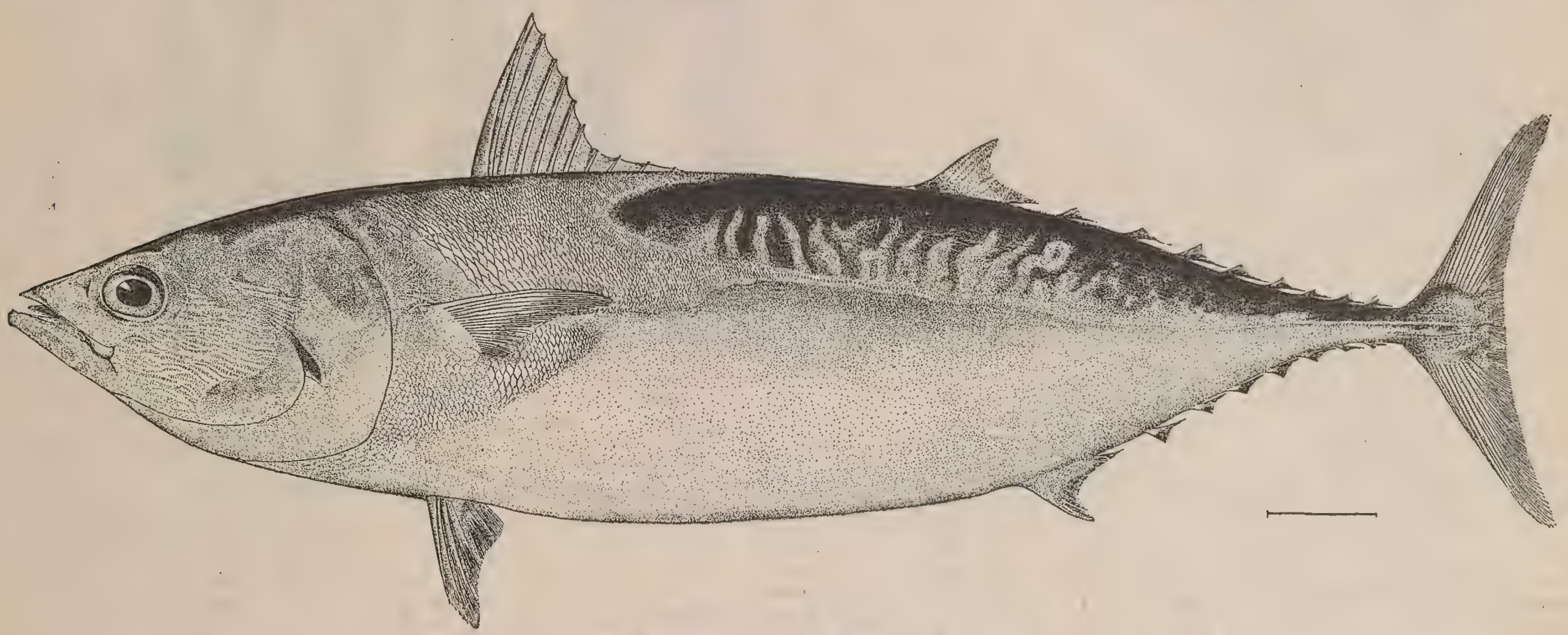
Years ago Genio C. Scott, the well-known authority on angling, said of this fish (Thynnus orcynus), the horse-mackerel, tunny or tuna, "it is not a fish for the rod and reel," and so he has remained up to within a year or so secure from the angler because of his tremendous speed and endurance, his unequaled strength, and the peculiarity of his habits. At Catalina within recent date a few gentlemen such as Messrs. C. P. Morehouse, of Pasadena; H. A. Vachell, and C. R. Scudder, have now succeeded in proving the fallacy of Mr. Scott's statement, demonstrating that the tuna can be caught with rod and reel, and that he is moreover what I have maintained him to be for years, "the grandest game fish in the world." Just as Mr. Wood, in Florida, taught sportsmen how to catch the tarpon with a rod, so did Col. Morehouse teach the anglers of Avalon how to fish for tuna. In 1895 this was not understood. The new use of the power yacht to tow the angler, thus giving a rapidly moving and therefore attractive bait, had not been thought of then. That has all come since my time. His majesty was there in all his bravery of steel and silver, but he would not bite except at very rare intervals. Daily by dozens during that summer I watched the astonishing aerial gymnastics of his kind, as they vaulted 12 and even 15ft. above the water in pursuit of prey; many a time have I heard the thunder as of breakers when the ocean's surface was torn and lashed into waves by the feeding tuna school as though it were storm troubled; and again and again did I mark what was to me as an angler the most marvelous sight in all the vast realm of nature, how some individual giant, very incarnation of speed, flushing a hapless flying fish from the glassy sea rim, would drive it a thousand feet and more, the flyer, swallow swift, 10ft. in the air, the swimmer ready always at the surface, until with dried and exhausted membranous wing the brave little fellow sank to certain death at last into the mighty jaws of the waiting gaze-hound beneath. That is truly a sight to stir the heart. It never grows commonplace. It never fails in interest. I have witnessed it not once, but a hundred times, and it has never failed to thrill me with astonishment and wonder.

It was my ambition at Catalina to meet and conquer this mighty over-lord of the sea. I camped on his trail, I studied his habits, I schemed and toiled and lost sleep over him, ever in hopes of getting a fair chance at him. All to no purpose. Once indeed I came very near it, and I have often thought that the smile of a pretty woman cost me my fish. Sailor Jim Gardner, capital boatman and good fellow always, was splicing an extra 200ft. of cuttyhunk to my 800ft. reel-line one evening as we sat in the hotel Metropole. We were talking of Mr. Tuna, for this extra length was to help compass his destruction, I fondly hoped. Jim was doing the intricate "sailor's splice" as only a sailor can do it. Suddenly fate in the shape of a very sweet and pretty girl whom we both knew stopped near us and wanted to know, woman-like, "just how he did it." Jim is always courteous and he tried to show her as he worked away busily; but I saw very quickly that he was a bit rattled by her close attention. His fingers lost some of their deftness, and I remember too that he complained of the warmth of the room. The knot finished, seemingly in good shape, I laid my tackle carefully away, full of faith in Jim's heretofore always truthworthy splicing work. Alas for me, three days later I had reason to remember that girl. One evening the bay at the Isthmus was full of feeding tuna. I baited with a fresh flying-fish and went out to interview them. When right in the midst of the school one great fellow flashed up to the surface, making a swirl fully 10ft. across, and I had a strike that might have cost me a finger had I been incautious enough to have tried to grasp the flying reel handle. He had taken the bait at full speed, and next instant I was getting a glorious run from a fish that made all other fish ever caught or hooked by me seem absolutely tame and slow by comparison. My boatman did his part well, and easing the strain on the rod by the ready use of the oars in following, we went flying across that bay like a power yacht. My big multiplier fairly shrieked, one long continued, steady cry, while 700ft. of line melted away like snow from under my hard pressed leather brake. From the butt under my right thigh to the very tip my rod was one beautiful, nervous arc. It was magnificent. Anticipation seemed giving place to a happy fruition. The fight for which I had longed was on. Like a happy, new wed lover who sees the future unroll before him, I felt myself married to the object of my longing, a splendid leaping tuna. Suddenly, however, the end came. The game fellow, a plummet of lead, dropped to the bottom, and then without any warning or reason whatsoever—for my rod could pull only 4¼lbs. of dead weight, and so an overstrain on the line was an impossibility—the tip straightened, the pull ceased, and my only tuna strike was a thing of the past. When I sadly recovered my line, I found that the trouble had occurred right at Jim's splice: Cherchez la femme.

With all of this and much more in mind concerning the doings and habits of this truly royal fish, it is with a feeling of sincere pleasure that I note Prof. Holder's recent success in bringing him to gaff. Eastern anglers have no conception of what he really is, or awakening from their indifference they would not begrudge the time and money necessary for this capture. I predict that there is a change coming, a day when he will be appreciated as he deserves; when the ablest knights in that tournament of sport wherein the rod is king, instead of seeking battle in Florida with the tarpon, a fish which cannot stand comparison with the tuna in that he is utterly worthless when caught, is less beautiful to the eye, and certainly takes a lower place in the scale for game and strength. I predict that in that day the man who can honestly lay claim to the capture of the heaviest leaping tuna will be easily ranked as the "world's high hook." To pun vilely, it is even now a case of Holder of the world's record. I am glad of it too, and I want to see an article from his pen telling just how he killed his grand fish. Such an article in FOREST AND STREAM, coming from such a source, will not only promote interest in and substantiate my statements concerning the possibilities of this wonderful game fish, but it will make others beside myself think of and long to carry out that old-time maxim, "Go thou and do likewise." Señor X., we await your good pleasure.

STUART-MENTETH BEARD.

NEW YORK, June 17.



THE TUNA—From Fisheries Industries.

Weakfish and Bluefish.

WEAKFISHING and bluefishing are reported good on the Great South Bay, Long Island, the best points are "the cinders" and the west channel. The Long Island Railroad to Sayville, Islip or Bayshore is the route from New York.

INNER BEACH, L. I., June 27.—Crabs are more plentiful than they have been in years, and other sorts of fish food abound everywhere in the bay. The result is a great rush of large fish through the inlets, and the best fishing we have had in years. Great numbers of weakfish have been caught. One peculiarity of the fishing this season has been the superior chances of the fisherman who is on the ground early in the morning. This is said to be the result of the great quantities of food which is in the bay. After the first hour or two of feeding the appetite of the weakfish is appeased, and they will bite only the most tempting bait.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., June 27.—The creeks and shoal waters of the bay are fairly alive with crabs; nothing like it has ever been known before at this season of the year. A common catch of amateur parties, with meat for bait, and a crab net, is 100 crabs in an afternoon; while the regular baymen are averaging from six to ten dozen soft crabs for a day's work. It is thought that the reason for the unusual number of crabs at this season is the great quantity of vegetable matter which was washed into the creeks by the heavy rains of April and May.

ROCK.

Messrs. John Balch and B. Moliter on Saturday made the largest catch of weakfish with hook and line ever recorded in this bay. They took 160 fish, averaging about 2½lbs. each. On Sunday, Hugo Kuestler, Harry Frith and John Balch landed 114 weakfish. Other parties caught almost as many. Fluke were also very plenty.

The Tuna Record.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Southern California, June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several years ago the writer in articles on the "Game Fishes of the Pacific Slope," in Scribner's Magazine and the Cosmopolitan, mentioned the "leaping tuna" as a possible catch with rod and reel, and for seven or eight years I have made many attempts to take one, but always failed by using too light tackle, and I must confess I would rather fail than take so noble a fish unless all the advantage was on its side. Year after year the leaping tuna gathered in my rod tips and lines and hooks. He unreeled 600ft. of line and took the tip of my rod before I realized what the mass of foam astern meant; and Mexican Joe, my boatman, hinted that I was asleep; but I was not. And so time went on and finally I laid out a campaign, which was to use a reel that would hold 1,000ft. of 21-strand line, and before I could find a reel and equipment some one else caught the first fish. This was two years ago; and now the fish is caught by skillful wielders of the rod almost every day, when the attempt is made: and it was reserved for me to make the record catch of the largest game fish ever taken on the Pacific slope—so it is said—with rod and reel; and I am inclined to go further and claim that the catch represents the most active and hardest-fighting thoroughly game fish ever taken on rod and reel and 21-strand line. I am aware that this will be disputed by tarpon fishermen all over the country, but in making the claim I am perfectly loyal to the silver king. I have landed this magnificent fish and know it well. I have also caught all the fish of the Mexican gulf that can be taken, including the Florida jew fish. I have taken, I think, every fish in the Atlantic from the striped bass to the swordfish, and on the Pacific from a black sea bass, weighing 347lbs., to a 50lb. white sea bass; so that, so far as experience goes, I consider that I am a fair judge of the fighting qualities of a fish, and I have no hesitation in saying that if my 183lb. tuna was fastened to one end of a rope and three 183lb. tarpon were on the other end, the tug-of-war would be at once decided, as the tuna would wear them out and never stop. In other words, I consider that the tuna entirely outclasses the tarpon in strength and activity, in the fierceness of its rushes, and in the splendid attempts to escape. I confess that the tarpon is more sensational in its leaps, which are due to the shallow water, but the tuna is the acrobat of the sea, and leaps on all occasions, except when hooked, and then, having 200 or 300ft. of blue water beneath, he has no occasion to take to the air. But I have seen them leap 10 and 15ft. into the air and seize flying fish in full flight; and the grandeur of their feats passes all description. Again the tuna is an excellent table fish, bringing a high price in the market, and sportsmen feel no hesitation in taking a fish which is in constant demand, and not killed simply to afford sport.

I think then that I have proved the claim of the tuna to be classed as a thoroughly game fish, and I would give it the first place among the oceanic fishes. My evidence must be the story of my catch, and a description of the tactics of the fish, which at the end of four hours, I am free to confess, left me exhausted, while the fish could readily have towed my boat five miles further.

I took my fish with a 20oz. rod, about what is used for tarpon and striped bass by some fishermen, though possibly heavier than some use. The reel was a Vom Hofe holding 900ft. of cuttyhunk line, to which was attached a 6ft. piano wire leader. The bait was a 12in. flying fish, the natural food and prey of the tuna. The boat used was a regular Santa Catalina yawl, broad of beam, and rigged with two seats so that the fishermen face the stern, and are back to the oarsman and gaffer, who in this instance was "Jim Gardner," an expert and thorough tuna fisherman. But for his faithful work I should have lost the fish several times, as for four hours it kept him upon the move to keep me facing the fish. My companion was Mr. C. H. Heverin, of New York.

Our boat was fastened behind a launch, and at 3:30 in the morning we slipped out of Avalon Bay, which was as smooth as glass. Mr. Heverin had the first strike, not 100yds. from the beach, and in an hour had brought a fine tuna to gaff, weighing 90lbs. The method of procedure is for the boatman to hold the painter, having his oars ready, and the moment a strike comes to cast off from the launch and back water, getting headway in the boat to offset the terrific rush of the fish, which will often unreel 500 or 600ft. of line before the fisherman remembers where he is. I received my strike at 6:30, just below Long Point, six miles from Avalon, and Mr. Heverin received a strike at the same moment; the fish coming boiling along the surface striking in a highly sensational manner. Mr. Heverin failed to hook, and slipped aboard the launch to continue fishing from her, while I began the fight which lasted four hours without let up. I had been trolling with about 150ft. of line out, and at the rush the fish tore at least 500ft. from the reel, with accompanying music that could be heard a long distance. Gardner started the boat astern and I stopped the fish, the boat rushing through the water for several hundred yards, the fish now plunging down and beating upon the line in savage attempts at escape. Then I gained 20ft., then lost 50 in a savage rush. Then the magnificent creature rose rapidly from a two minute sweep deep in the heart of the channel, until I broke water in a cloud of foam 500ft. away. Then turned and facing the boat came at me like an arrow from the bow. It was a magnificent move, and I reeled for my life on the big multiplier, but could hardly take in the line before the fish turned 20ft. from me a blazing mass of silver in the sunlight, and shot away with a velocity that was inconceivable, bearing off the line in one great burst of speed. It was with the greatest difficulty that I stopped the fish at what I believe to have been between 500 and 600ft., using the heavy leather pad brake as carefully as I could, and realizing that had I not soaked line and pad in advance the line would have been burnt off at the first rush. The fish now plunged down deep into the blue channel, sulking like a salmon for a few moments, hammering on the line in a peculiar manner. Then, as I gained on it in reeling, it rose in great circles, towing the boat rapidly, and when at the surface it came at me again, hoping to take me unawares. Failing in this, it made several desperate plunges, rose to the surface and heading out to sea swam rapidly away, towing the boat at half the speed of the launch against the oars of my boatman, who kept them over, hoping to stop it. It towed the boat a mile in this way, during which I gained and lost perhaps 200ft. Then I finally turned it, and after a sensational rush in and by me it kept on and towed us over a mile in the opposite direction with a force that it was impossible to resist with the thread-like line I was using. The shores of the island are lined with kelp here, and I fully expected to lose the fish, but I succeeded in turning it about 200ft. from the rocks, and then the fish began a series of circling, diving, hammering, rushing in and out, that I saw would in time wear me out. By the greatest effort I three times brought the fish to within 50ft. of the boat, when it would break away again, all the time towing the heavy boat around in a large circle. In this way three hours slipped away, and I noted what I consider to be the most remarkable feature of this fish: it continually gained strength and vigor.



PROF. C. F. HOLDER AND HIS 183LBS. TUNA, WITH BOATMAN JIM GARDNER.

At about 9:30, or about three hours from the time of the strike, the fish had towed us back to almost the identical spot where it was hooked, and after several desperate rushes, which almost resulted in its escape, it turned down the island and towed us five miles, stopping only to rush in several times when I forced the fighting, and towing the boat stern first and against my boatman's oars, which were held to stop it, and part of the distance against a heavy sea. The strength of this noble creature can be imagined when I say that two launches, which followed, were obliged to keep up half speed most of the time. Mr. Heverin being in the Catalina and Mr. C. L. Doran being in his launch, the Narod, with Mr. C. R. Scudder, of St. Louis, and Mr. Charles Orr, of London, who had come out from Avalon to see the finish.

The fish towed our boat directly home, or to Avalon Bay, and I am confident that it would have towed us five miles more, but I "forced the fighting," and three times brought the fish to the gaff, and three times it broke away, and it was then, for the first, that I realized its size and proportions. Again it was reeled in, its rich blue back and massive silver belly presenting a rich contrast, while numerous bright yellow fins flashed like gold. For a moment I held him and Gardner put the gaff into the silver mass. A wild plunge and the gaff went to pieces, and he was away, and we were in despair. Once more he was reeled in, and this time the big gaff caught him and the magnificent creature came sliding into the boat a mass of silver sheen, a blaze of labradorite blue; while a cheer went up from the witnesses. The deed was done, yet I could not but regret taking so magnificent a creature, that had earned its liberty a thousand times in that hardly fought four hours.

The fish weighed 183lbs. an hour later, measured 6ft. 2in. in length, and was about 4ft. in girth around the deepest portion. I gave the fish to "Jim Gardner," who is having it mounted, and will swing it on his fish stand, I presume, to commemorate the record catch, and I might add his own qualifications as a perfect boatman. To further illustrate the strength of a small tuna—one of 125lbs., when foul hooked, towed Mr. C. R. Scudder and Jim Gardner seven hours. The writer joined them, and was in the boat the last three hours, and when picked up we were seven miles from the island, in a heavy sea, and the fish was as active as when it was hooked. It towed Mr. Scudder in all at least twenty miles, and my fairly-hooked 183lb. fish towed me, including the turns, at least ten miles.

All tunas may not fight equally well. All fish differ. The long, slender tarpons are the "game fishes," but I believe the "leaping tuna," if taken on the tackle described, to be the great game fish of the world, and one which will afford unlimited sport to those lovers of rod and reel fishing who love big game at sea.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

American Fisheries Society.

THE twenty-seventh session will be held at Omaha, Neb., July 20-22. The preliminary programme of proceedings shows that the following persons have announced their intention to present papers on the topics indicated. Other papers will be added to the programme as received:

Dr. H. B. Ward, "Aquacultural Experiment Stations and Their Work."

Mr. James Nevin, "The Propagation of Fish."

Mr. Livingstone Stone, "The Origin and Infancy of the American Fisheries Society."

Hon. J. W. Titcomb, "Desirability of State Organization for the Promotion of Fishculture and the Passage of Legislation by the Several States for the Propagation and Protection of Food and Game Fish."

Mr. J. J. Stranahan, "The Microscope as Practically Applied to Fishculture."

Dr. H. C. Bumpus, "The Indentification of Adult Fish That Have Been Artificially Hatched."

Dr. J. A. Henshall, "The Artificial Culture of the Grayling."

Hon. F. B. Dickerson, "The Protection of Fish and a Closed Season."

Prof. Jacob Reighard, "How Can Biological Investigation of Fresh Waters be Made of Most Value."

Mr. J. E. Gunckel, "Fish and Fishing."

Mr. F. N. Clark, "Notes in Connection with the U. S. Fish Hatcheries in Michigan."

Prof. E. A. Birge, "The Relation Between the Areas of Inland Lakes and the Temperature of the Water."

Herschel Whitaker, "Some Popular Errors Needing Correction."

Dr. Bushrod W. James, "The Protection of the Pacific Coast as Related to its Food Supply."

Mr. Seymour Bower, "The Justice of a License Fee for Commercial Fishermen and for Anglers."

The headquarters of the Society will be at the Hotel Millard, in Omaha. Members living east of Chicago will rendezvous at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, on the afternoon of the 19th, where the secretary can be found, and where assignments can be made in sleeper set apart for the special use of members.

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Texas.—Mr. W. B. Leach, of Palestine, Texas, caught at Aransas Pass Islet, on June 14, the largest tarpon on record here taken with rod and reel. The weight four hours after taken was 125lbs.; girth 35in.; length, 7ft. 7in. The fishing was in the morning with a strong flood tide. The following people were present and can testify as to the size and weight of the fish, viz.: G. A. Chabot, San Antonio; L. B. Clegg, San Antonio; A. B. Daniels, Denver; H. E. Chubbuck, Utica; Fred J. Scudder, San Antonio; Simon Veith, San Antonio. The tackle used was a bamboo rod, 4.0 Vom Hofe reel, Hall 27 line and 9.8 hook.

J. E. COTTER, Official Recorder.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 24.—Bass, and of large size, this has been the story from Deal Beach and Elberon the past week. Never have results been more satisfactory or fish finer in condition. To give a list of rods and fish would be well nigh impossible; the largest however, fell to the lot of Mr. Walter Davis this morning; weight 31lbs. One can well remember when the capture of such a fish on the delicate tackle now in use would have been deemed an impossible performance.

Kingfish are fairly plentiful, and are now in the rivers and bays in quantities; weakfish too have put in our tidal streams, and are taking the hook.

From Harvey's Cedars the best reports come. I append catches made at that point by my friend, Mr. L. P. Streeter, of Morristown, and Mr. H. W. Boyer, of Philadelphia. I have known Mr. Streeter for years, and the fact is assured that not one of these fish were allowed to go to waste, as in all cases he sees that they are put where they will do most good.

LEONARD HULIT.

HARVEY CEDARS, N. J., June 19.—My Dear Mr. Hulit: I take it for granted that you have heard of the catch made by the Atkins party, of which I was a member. The following, a rather unusual score, was made after Mr. Atkins left the Cedars by Mr. Boyer and myself:

June 16.

Mr. Boyer—Nine bluefish, weighing 40lbs.; 2 striped bass, 12lbs. and 14lbs. each.

Mr. Streeter—Fifteen bluefish, weighing 75lbs.

June 17.

Mr. Boyer—Twenty-five bluefish, weighing 92lbs.; 2 striped bass, 7lbs. and 22½lbs. each.

Mr. Streeter—Twenty bluefish, weighing 80lbs.; a striped bass of 7½lbs.; a channel bass of 21lbs.

June 18.

Mr. Boyer—Eight bluefish, weighing 22½lbs.; a striped bass of 15½lbs.

Mr. Streeter—Fourteen bluefish weighing 39lbs.; a striped bass of 6½lbs.; a channel bass of 21lbs.

June 19.

Mr. Boyer—Eleven bluefish weighing 48lbs.

Mr. Streeter—Six bluefish weighing 24½lbs.; a channel bass of 18½lbs.

Recapitulation.

Mr. Boyer—Fifty-three bluefish weighing 202½lbs.; 5 striped bass weighing 71lbs.

Mr. Streeter.—Fifty-five bluefish weighing 218½lbs.; 2 striped bass weighing 14lbs.; 3 channel bass weighing 60½lbs.

The above is a record catch for the Cedars, and will you kindly have it inserted in FOREST AND STREAM.

L. P. STREETER.

Chicago Fly-Casters' Club.

CHICAGO, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The records of the club for last week and to-day are as follows. June 18 scores:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows	106	..	96 4-5
C. Antoine	..	..	84 2-5
L. I. Blackman	..	..	83 4-5
C F Brown	..	70 1-3	..
L F Crosby	..	..	85 4-5
B W Goodsell	105	89 1-3	91 3-5
L Goodwin	..	62 1-3	79 1-5
H. G. Hascal	102	74 1-3	96
N. C. Heston	..	70 2-3	95
C. A. Lippincott	84	67	93
C. G. Ludlow	94	78 1-3	83 4-5
G. A. Murrell	..	62 2-3	93 2-5
H. A. Newkirk	..	69 2-3	86 2-5
F. N. Peet	110	80 1-3	71
G. W. Salter	..	65 2-3	96 1-5
J. E. Strong	100	..	..
A. C. Smith	..	72 1-3	96 4-5

Holders of Medals—Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, B. W. Goodsell; bait casting, A. C. Smith.

The very high wind prevented a larger attendance and participation in last Saturday's events. The meet to-day was made memorable by the feats of Messrs. Peet, Goodsell and Ludlow, who broke the world's record in long distance fly-casting:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Accuracy and and Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco	..	..	..	78 1-5
C. F. Brown	75	77 1-3	..	86 4-5
F. B. Davidson	105	..	..	94 4-5
B. W. Goodsell	122	91 1-3	96	..
H. Greenwood	..	..	..	92 3-5
H. G. Hascal	115	85 1-3	..	..
N. C. Heston	..	73 2-3	..	85 1-5
E. R. Letterman	85	84 2-5	..	94 2-5
C. G. Ludlow	122	93	93 1-2	83 5-8
G. A. Murrell	95	85 1-3	..	..
F. B. Orr	..	86 1-3	..	92 1-5
F. N. Peet	125	90	96 1-2	..
H. W. Perce	..	87 1-3	..	94 4-5
G. W. Salter	..	84	..	89 3-5
A. C. Smith	83	81	..	93 1-5

Holders of Medals—Long distance fly, Fred N. Peet; distance and accuracy, C. G. Ludlow; accuracy and delicacy, Fred N. Peet; bait casting, F. B. Davidson.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

National Beagle Club.

NEW YORK, June 20.—An Executive Committee meeting of the National Beagle Club was held June 17 at 15 Broad street, at 3:15 P. M. Present: Messrs. Post, Appleton, Schellhas, Kernochan and Wharton. The report of the '98 Futurity Committee was accepted, ordered placed on file. It was voted that the report of the Committee on the Constitution, etc., be accepted, and notice given the members of the club of the proposed changes.

Mrs. Jas. L. Kernochan and Mrs. H. P. Whitney were elected to membership. It was voted that the president appoint the regular Field Trial Committee and sub-committees. The following were appointed:

Field Trial Committee—Messrs. Appleton (chairman), Schellhass, Wharton, Kernochan, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, Turpin, Laxby, Summers, Joslin, Rogers, Bateman, Baldwin, Princeton and Lewis.

On Grounds—Messrs. Kernochan, Appleton and Wharton.

On Judges—Messrs. Schellhass and Geo. B. Post, Jr.

On Arrangements—Messrs. Purinton, Laxby, Summers and Wharton.

On Premium List—Messrs. Appleton, Schellhass and Wharton.

On Finance—Messrs. Geo. B. Post, Jr., Reed and Wharton.

G. MIFFLIN WHARTON, Sec'y.

Continental Field Trial Club.

THE Continental Field Trial Club has effected a thorough reorganization in the past few months, and purposes going on with unabated ardor in its mission. It was seriously in debt at the close of its last trials, but a steadfast few raised sufficient funds to cancel its obligations, which were the only obstacles to its continued activity, for the interest and energy of the working members never faltered. The present officers are Mr. Hobart Ames, of Boston, president; Messrs. Edward Dexter and Edmund H. Osthaus, vice-presidents, and Mr. W. B. Meares, secretary-treasurer, all well known and accomplished sportsmen. Messrs. Osthaus and Meares have been engaged to judge, and the great merit of the judging is amply set forth in the mere announcement of the judges, for they are men of great experience and sterling uprightness.

In our business columns the club announces its fourth annual Derby, and its conditions. There are three prizes respectively, first, second and third, $250, $150 and $100. Entries close Aug. 1. Entries for all-age stake close Oct. 15. Entries for free-for-all sweepstake close the night before the race. Mr. Meares' address is Hillsboro, N. C.

Yachting.

IT will probably be news to most of our readers that a racing schooner is now building in this country and will soon be seen in the races, but such is the fact. The new boat is not intended to meet the Watson schooner Rainbow, of 115ft. l.w.l.; in fact, she is just 91ft. shorter, being designed for the 21ft. l.w.l. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. Under the rules of the Association she will be entitled to an "allowance for rig," which will make her nominal measurement 21 instead of 24ft., thus admitting her to the class. Her designer and owner, Mr. S. N. Small, intends her for the Quincy challenge cup races, and the question has arisen as to her eligibility.

We have not the space to go into the technical side of the question at present, but in our opinion it is one that should never have been brought up. The allowance for rig and the recognition of mixed rig races are very well in their way in ordinary club races, and the experiments of Mr. S. N. Small with his miniature schooner, and of his brother, Mr. J. F. Small, with a still smaller yawl, Katydid, of 17ft. l.w.l., and measuring into the 15ft. class, promise to be interesting, and may produce some valuable results showing the comparative efficiency of the sloop, yawl and schooner rigs. At the same time it is quite plain that all sorts of handicaps and special allowances are out of place in important international or even interclub matches. In all such contests the main idea is to test the superiority of the opposing parties in the matters of design and handling, and to make this test as perfect as possible, all differences of size, rig, etc., are eliminated; and the same conditions are laid down in advance for both to work to. If one party builds a schooner and the other a cutter, the result will probably be decided not by the merits of the designing and handling, but merely by the allowance for rig, which is at best but a guess and a makeshift. The whole course of international racing for fifty years has tended toward the elimination of such inequalities as difference of rig, of size, of methods of measurement favoring one special type, until to-day, in such conditions as those governing the Seawanhaka international cup, both challenger and defender are placed at the start on the fairest possible footing, to produce yachts of the same measurement, the same rig, and carrying the same weights of crew and helmsmen. There is ample opportunity in the programme of frequent races about Boston to make a satisfactory test of the schooner rig in the regular club races, and we believe that when all sides of the question are considered those interested in the experiment will see the propriety of confining it to the regular open races and of not entering in special inter-club matches.

The Alteration of the Measurement Rule.

WE have already published the report of the special committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. appointed to propose a new rule of measurement for the club. As the matter now stands, the formula suggested by the committee represents the only definite and practical proposal for a new rule now before the yachting public, with the exception of such proposals as have been advanced during the past winter and spring in the FOREST AND STREAM by various correspondents who have taken part in the discussion of the measurement question through its columns. The council of the Yacht Racing Union, at its meeting last month, failed to reach any definite conclusion, being unwilling to adopt the British Y. R. A. formula in toto. It is most desirable that some final action be taken early next fall in the adoption of a new rule of measurement, but if anything is to be done the whole subject must be very thoroughly discussed through the summer; to this end we shall devote all necessary space to such of our correspondents as are interested in this important question.

While the main question is still perhaps a long way from a final settlement, much has been accomplished in the course of the past two years in opening the way to the general acceptance of a better rule, when such has been found. Two of the serious obstacles to the adoption of a satisfactory rule have at last disappeared, after doing untold harm to yachting for many years. The attempt to make a new rule on the basis of old boats has recently had a most satisfactory and probably final trial, proving a complete failure, and we believe that American yachtsmen are now ready to abandon it and to proceed on the reasonable and sensible basis of framing a rule solely with relation to the new boats that will be built under it. This step of itself is a very great advance.

Following it in natural sequence, though of equal or even greater importance, is the question of the class of yacht which it is designed that the new rule shall produce. It is all very well to say that in theory a satisfactory rule of measurement should give equal opportunities to the racing machine and the all-round yacht, and that under it both should flourish side by side, but as a matter of fact such a perfect adjustment of the values of the many factors of advantage is absolutely impossible, and no rule can be framed that will not put at a premium some one class of yacht, the racing machine, the all-round fast cruiser, or possibly even the slow cruiser. It has so happened in the past that every rule tested on an extensive scale has in time resulted in the production of an extreme racing type, to the exclusion of more moderate and generally useful craft; this was the case under the "cubic contents" rule of the New York Y. C., the old tonnage and "1730" rules of the British Y. R. A., and later of the Seawanhaka rule and the Y. R. A. "rating" rule since the introduction of the fin-keel. This inevitable tendency of every rule has been fully recognized of late years by the various experts and committees called upon to suggest new formulas, and the question has repeatedly been put by such committees to the clubs and associations appointing them as to whether they were to seek for a formula that would produce yachts of the highest possible absolute speed, or one which would produce yachts of a generally useful type, but capable of racing in their classes. For a long time this question was evaded by the clubs, but for several years past the British Y. R. A. has answered it positively in a declaration in favor of the all-round yacht, instead of the extreme racing machine, and American yachtsmen will now, in all probability, agree with the position of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at the present time, that the main object of the desired new rule is to produce fast but generally usable yachts.

If yachtsmen are finally willing to accept these two propositions, that only new yachts are to be considered in framing a new rule, and that the object of this rule is to produce a less extreme type than the modern racing machine, Defender, Niagara, Quisetta and Dragoon, there is far more hope of a satisfactory solution of the measurement question than has ever before existed.

The most recent developments of the question are the report of Mr. Jarvis on his visit to England last winter, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 12 and 19, and the report of the Seawanhaka special committee, June 4. The former report relates to the present "lineal rating" rule of the British Y. R. A., with girth as the new and important factor, compared with the old Y. R. A. rule, this new rule being proposed by Mr. Jarvis for adoption on this side. It brings up a very important question, which we hope to discuss next week, of the value of girth as a factor in producing the result aimed at, a reasonably large midship section.

The Seawanhaka proposal also demands a careful and thorough inquiry into its basis and its probable effects, good and bad, which we hope, with the aid of our correspondents, to take up later.

The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has had the subject of a new measurement rule under serious consideration for the past two years, and in the fall of 1896 it began active work by calling a number of meetings to which designers and others interested were invited. The discussions were at first of a very general nature, developing a variety of views and numerous proposals, most of the latter being rejected by the majority on careful inspection. The work has necessarily gone on slowly, the committee being engaged at the same time in its regular routine work and in the management of an international race each year, and progress has been slow. During the past winter, however, it has been possible to dispose of much extraneous matter and to focus the discussion on a few main points, as shown by the following letter, framed by the committee and sent to various yachtsmen:

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1898.—My Dear Sir: Referring to the recent conferences which have taken place on the rule of yacht measurement, the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club is very anxious to follow the matter up and to accomplish some definite results. With this in view, I write at its request to ask you if you will not be good enough to give to it your views in writing, covering the following points:

1—In contriving a new rule of measurement, what should be the purposes aimed at; that is to say, should the rule tend to the development of a so-called "wholesome type" of boat, or should racing qualities mainly be considered and the effort be restricted to such regulation as will insure the development of these qualities along fair lines without special reference to cruising qualities?

2—Should the purpose be recommended to encourage a "wholesome type" of boat, what constitutes, in your opinion, such a type?

3—Is it correct in principle, or desirable, to fix arbitrary limits upon any element of speed, as for example sail or draft?

4—What elements of speed should be taxed?

5—What cognizance should be taken of the difference between centerboard and keel types?

At a meeting of the Race Committee held this week especially to consider this subject, it seemed to be the general view that a new rule should tax load waterline, sail area and draft, and possibly also beam, either separately or associated with draft; and that perhaps displacement should be introduced for what may be called

"inverse taxation" or premium; also, that lightness of construction, or factors dependent thereon, might also be considered.

If you will sufficiently interest yourself to answer these inquiries, and especially to formulate for its benefit a definite rule of measurement, it will be very much appreciated by the committee. It is inviting expressions of views from several of those who have shown the greatest interest in the subject, and as soon as possible as it receives them it will endeavor to make some proposal for final consideration. Yours very truly,

(Signed) C. W. WETMORE,
For the Race Committee.

From the replies received by the committee, which are far too voluminous to be published in full, we make the following extracts, arranging them in order as answers to the different questions:

Question 1.—"It is my opinion that racing qualities should mainly be considered, but no vessel should be encouraged that cannot keep the sea. These two qualities are in my opinion perfectly consistent. We want a measurement rule which will lead a designer to produce a good type of boat. A boat over 40ft. l.w.l. of the fin type is unwholesome, and to make racing popular we must make it clear that an honest man can build an honest boat, sail her for several years, and then find a market for her as a cruiser."

"The old argument seems to me to hold good, that speed is only relative, and that our conception of speed and size is framed only from the measurement rule. I feel very strongly that if racing is to prosper with us in Canada the type of boat that is most successful therein must at least be of a kind suitable for ordinary cruising and sailing purposes, and if it were possible to make the most successful racers the most desirable cruising boats, racing would receive a tremendous impetus."

"A good rule should as nearly as practicable put a just value upon every element or feature of recognized advantage to speed, the use of which is permitted; its purpose should not be to favor the production of any special kind of yacht, or of any special feature of yachts, excepting in so far as to make practicable the production and the successful racing of such vessels as will most readily meet the desires and requirements of the owners; and such as will most likely be built and raced in the largest numbers. * * * An assurance needs to be given to the owner who would build that, if his ideas are reasonable, he may have built and may race with a prospect of success a vessel of adaptation to his wants and conveniences."

"The essentials (which a rule should encourage) are speed, reasonable accommodation, utility outside of mere match sailing, durability, and final conversion to some useful end. It is impossible to put any exact valuation upon each of the qualities, but, comparing the leading yachts of 1896 with those of 1890, I think that it would be fair to say that where a gain of 5 per cent. has been made in speed it has been accompanied by a loss of at least 20 per cent. in accommodation, utility and durability, and upward of 50 per cent. in sale value when outbuilt for racing.

"In making such comparison it must be considered that no small part of the gain in speed during this time is due not to extreme features of design, but to legitimate improvements in construction, sail making and rigging, especially the latter. Making due allowance for the advance in this direction, it would seem that the actual gain in speed over a racing triangle has been purchased at a very heavy cost in the substitution, for instance, of Niagara and Drusilla for Minerva, Gossoon and Gloriana. In the races, apart from the boats, the increased speed has not improved the sport, either through making it in any degree more exciting or interesting, or adding to the number of competitors—quite the contrary being the case.

"I do not consider it necessary or desirable to attempt to legislate in favor of essentially cruising boats; but I think that the time has come for a positive statement that the object of measurement legislation is the production, not of the fastest yacht without regard to other considerations, but of the fastest yacht under certain restrictions tending to produce the other qualities mentioned above, these restrictions being as few as possible."

Question 2.—"This is a difficult question when considered, as is now necessary, from a racing standpoint. Taking a concrete example, I should favor such legislation as in the present 42ft. R. M. class, for instance, as would not stop at the penalization or possibly the exclusion of the bulb-fin Drusilla, but would place such semi-fin craft as Norota and Canada under some penalty as compared with boats of the type of Minerva and Uvira, of materially greater interval space on a reduced draft. * * * To answer this question in more compact form, I should define a 'wholesome' type as one that, with a high degree of speed, combined a reasonable amount of internal space and headroom, moderate instead of extreme draft and sail area, and a freedom from the freak features of form and keel contour seen in the latest yachts."

"I find it difficult to define the 'wholesome' boat, but, broadly speaking, should think it was that type that would be intelligently selected for pleasure sailing in the absence of rules."

Question 3.—"Arbitrary limits appear to me proper, or at least desirable, on certain factors of speed. Draft should be encouraged to a reasonable and convenient limit, and is only objectionable when it is excessive. Any tax upon it should therefore only start at the minimum limit and be of such value that it would practically prohibit a draft beyond that considered desirable. These requirements appear to be difficult to accomplish with anything but an arbitrary limit. The same argument also applies to the ratio of midship section to the circumscribing parallelogram if this factor is to be used to promote displacement."

"I am not in favor of arbitrary limitations save in exceptional cases, for instance, in the matter of draft. We know by long experience that when certain limits are exceeded there is no gain whatever save in speed in racing; vessels are seriously restricted in the choice of harbors, docking facilities, etc., and owners are put to considerable unnecessary inconvenience and cost. Within these natural limits, which I should place at about 10ft. for yachts of 51ft. R. M., and under 12ft. for all larger, we have in the past produced excellent vessels, capable of general use and quite fast enough for all racing. In exceeding these limits of recent years, we have produced craft with greatly exaggerated sail plans and materially less accommodation than of old; the harm to the sport at large far exceeding the mere gain in absolute speed. * * * I see no objection, should it seem desirable, to supplementing any formula with some limit of draft based upon a practical inspection of the charts and of the harbors frequented by large and by moderate-sized yachts. I should much prefer, however, that such a formula might be found as would of itself prevent the undue development of any one element, making it unnecessary to deal specially with each."

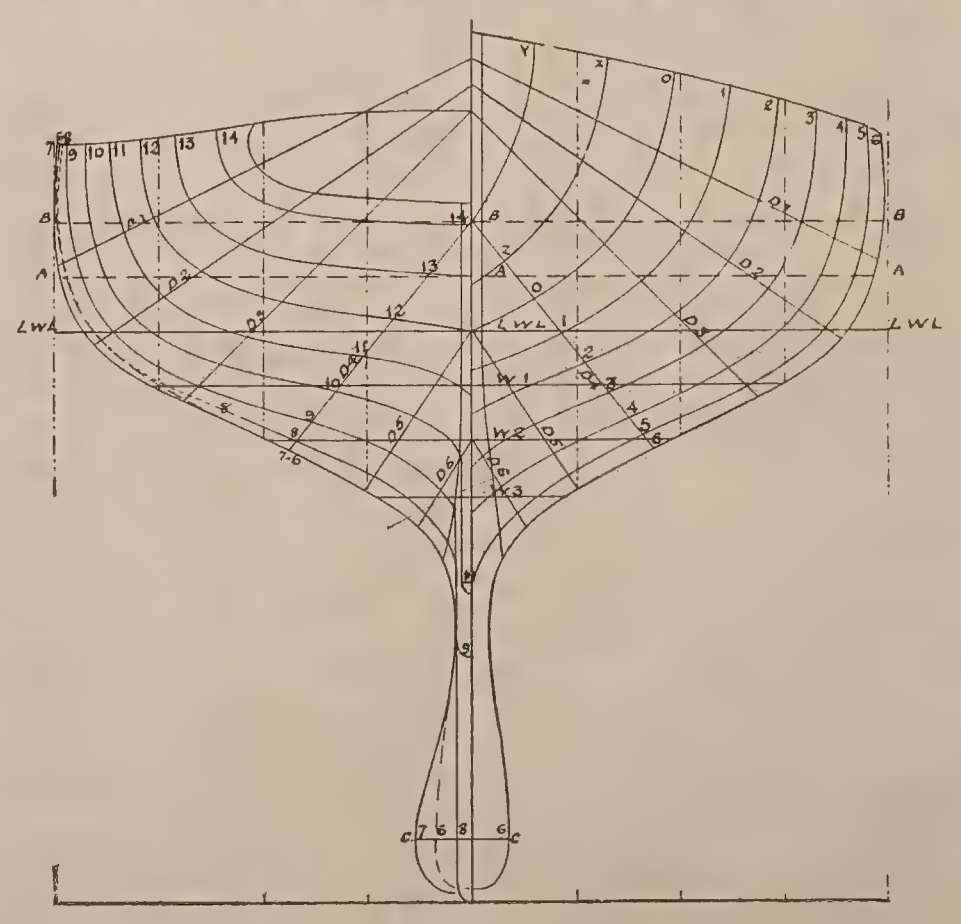
Question 4.—"Any failure to properly tax a feature of advantage to speed really compels its use. All such features should, as fairly as possible, be taxed at their estimated value for speed; and if this is not practicable, they ought, for the common benefit, to be either handicapped or strictly interdicted. * * * I doubt very much if the yachting public would tolerate any attempt to put beam and draft into a formula as objects of direct taxation; I also doubt if, in the present state of knowledge, any just value can be assigned to either of these, as they are related not only to each other, but to the l.w.l. of the vessel. I do not see that at the present time it is either necessary or desirable to take draft into account at all, neither do I see it to be necessary to take beam by itself. What does seem to me to be a very urgent need is that the function of the weighted lever, acting on the buoyancy which supports the vessel, should have a value put upon it; that the length of lever which can be used without tax should be made measurable by and apportioned to the size of the body, from which it is dependent. The effect of this would be that for a small body a short lever only is allowed, for a larger body a proportionately longer lever.

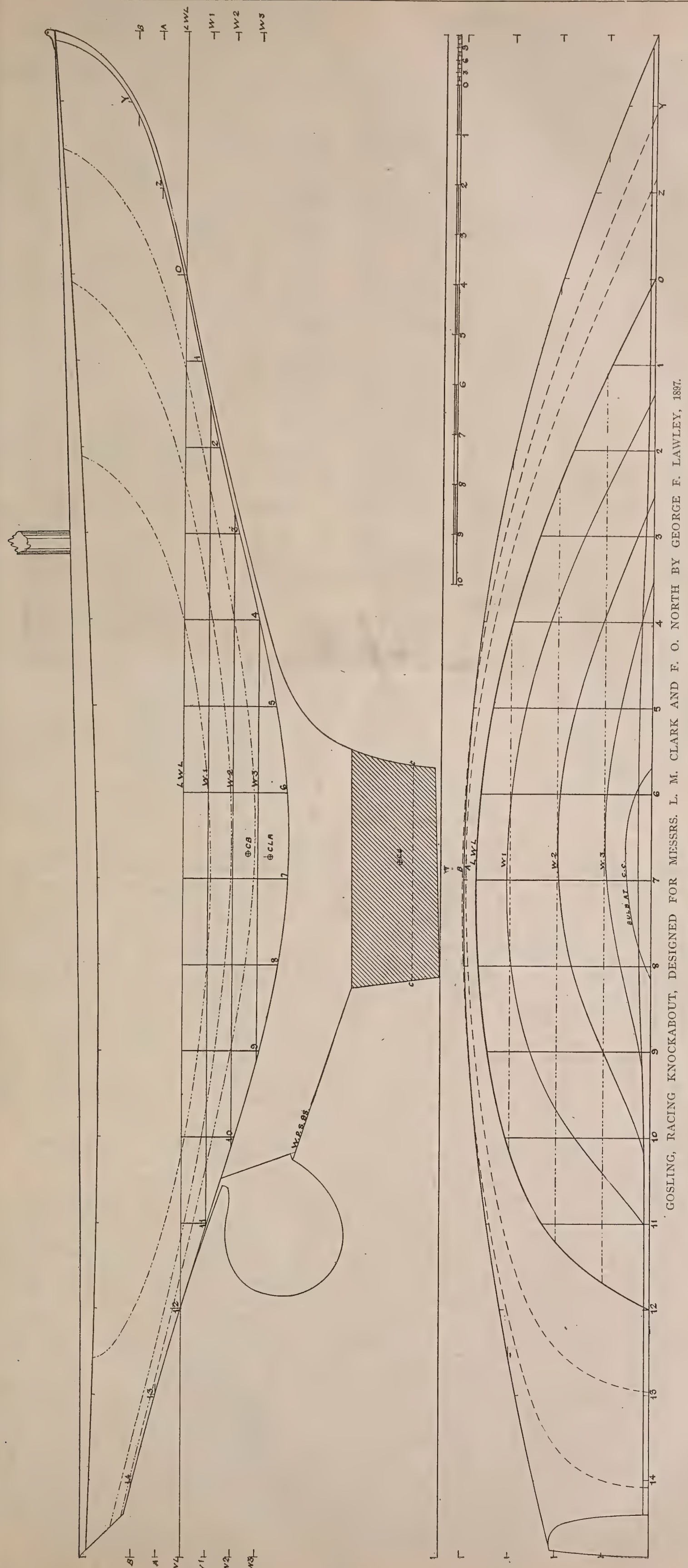
"The rule I would suggest would not take direct cognizance of draft, independent of beam, or of beam alone, but would in practice be a check upon an excessive lever unaccompanied by displacement, whether such lever assumed the form of excessive beam, with the crew to windward as the weight, or of excessive draft with a lead bulb. I would leave the designer free to determine for himself what beam and draft he will use, as he does at present, only bringing under the influence of the rule the relation between the sum of these two dimensions and some function of the area of the midship section."

"After inspecting a very large number of formulas proposed abroad in the past half dozen years, I am at a loss to suggest any one as promising to attain the end in view; nor can I say what elements should be taxed. These formulas as a rule include L. and S. A., with the addition of girth or some element designed to encourage



GOSLING.
From photo by N. L. Stebbins.





GOSLING, RACING KNOCKABOUT, DESIGNED FOR MESSRS. L. M. CLARK AND F. O. NORTH BY GEORGE F. LAWLEY, 1897.

a larger body; but none seems likely to be completely successful.

"In my opinion, the faults of the modern yachts are very closely associated with extreme dimensions of beam and draft, reduced displacement, and large sail plan. What yachtsmen are now looking for in the 'wholesome' type would seem to be a vessel of greater body, driven at a reasonable speed for racing by a moderate sail plan. To produce such a craft, whatever elements need to be considered, the main ones would seem to be sail area (S.A.) and displacement (D.). The expression $\frac{S.A.}{D.}$ indicates two things: First, the desirability of taking a large amount of displacement; secondly, of using sail as economically as possible. The present tendency, to cut L.W.L. and D. and to take S.A. to an extreme degree, is directly opposed by this expression. Unfortunately, as it stands it is only a ratio, and not a practical working formula; nor have I thus far been able to conceive of any formula based on these terms as its vital factors. * * * It appears to me that if in any given class we can insure a reasonable amount of displacement (or what is practically the same thing, area of midship section), and can limit the coefficient of this midship section to some certain percentage, there should exist no necessity for including either L.W.L., beam or draft in the formula. * * * I am satisfied that we cannot dispense with S.A. in the formula; I am strongly of the opinion that it is desirable to add displacement in the manner suggested by the committee, and I am by no means certain that we need of necessity have any further regard for load waterline."

"It seems to me that the earlier boats produced under the Seawanhaka rule were excellent craft for all purposes, and that the fault in modern boats lies in the larger linear dimensions for the displacement and the light construction, with, in some of the smaller classes, excessive sail plans. I agree therefore with the suggestion of the committee, that the basis of a rule should be L.W.L. and S.A., a premium on displacement and a restriction on draft, with possibly a small tax on over all length. On the above lines I would suggest a formula somewhat after the present Seawanhaka rule, with the addition of beam and draft; with displacement used as a divisor."

Question 5.—"Centerboards can, I think, fairly be provided for by fixing two limits of draft, one for keel boats or the vessel proper, and the other for the extreme draft with the centerboard down. To prevent undue advantage being taken of weighted centerboards, it could be provided that when the weight of the centerboard pennant exceeded a certain amount for each class, the centerboard should not fall below the limit of draft fixed for the keel vessel. This, of course, is a rather severe penalty on the weighted centerboards, but except in the very smallest classes they appear to me an objectionable contrivance."

"Experience has demonstrated that for large boats the deep centerboard type is the best, while for small boats, say under 60ft. l.w.l., the keel has been the most successful. I would therefore ignore in the rule all distinction between the two types."

"With such a rule as is here suggested, in which no arbitrary limits are fixed for beam and draft, and in which one dimension is interchangable for the other, the need for any discrimination between centerboard and keel vessels does not seem to be urgent."

The above extracts are necessarily far from complete, as the specific answers to the committee's questions were accompanied by lengthy remarks in most cases. The five questions offer the best basis yet presented for a discussion of the measurement question, and we shall be glad to hear from any who may be tempted to try to answer them.

The Racing Knockabout Gosling.

GOSLING was the winning yacht of 1897 in one of the best racing classes now existing in this country, the Boston knockabout class. The origin of this class dates back about six years, when Carl, a small keel cutter, was built for C. H. W. Foster, of Boston. She differed from the small keel yachts then numerous about Boston and Marblehead mainly in that her lines were thoroughly modern, and her form a great improvement on the older boats; while her rig, being intended merely for "knocking about" off Marblehead in any weather, without regard to racing, was simplified by the absence of a bowsprit, a small jib being set with the tack fast to the stemhead. The little boat soon became noted through her good performance, especially in bad weather, and her evident utility, and others were built to about the same dimensions, the name "knockabout" attaching itself to the class by common consent as it gradually assumed a definite shape. It was soon discovered that the boats could be raced, and that there was far less arduous work and more real pleasure in sailing them than the absurd machines of the then existing 21ft. open class, with nearly twice the area of sail on the same waterline.

Through 1893 and 1894 the racing of these boats, by this time quite numerous, became a recognized institution about Boston waters, from Marblehead to Hull, and in the fall of the latter year there was organized the Knockabout Association, with definite rules to restrict the building. The season of 1895 saw some new boats in the racing, specially designed to the limit of the new rules, while some of the slower of the original boats naturally dropped out; the class showed about fifteen starters in the season's races, the winning boat being Spinster, owned by L. M. Clark, president of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. In the following year the racing became still keener, largely through the addition of a Herreshoff boat, Cock Robin, that proved exceptionally fast. Second to her, however, out of a racing fleet of a round dozen, was Bo Peep, owned by Mr. Clark and F. O. North, both of Dorchester.

Carl was built by the George Lawley & Son Corporation, of South Boston, builders of Puritan, Mayflower, Merlin, Jubilee, Sachem, Alcaea and many other large

yachts, with small ones of all kinds, and Spinster came from the same yard, as did many of the early knockabouts, including two for Mr. North. Bo Peep was ordered by Messrs. Clark and North after the season of 1896 was well under way and the superior speed of Cock Robin had become a matter of note among yachtsmen; she was designed by George F. Lawley, president of the corporation. In twelve races she won seven firsts and two seconds, being third on each of the other three occasions, her season's average being 72.9, all of her races being sailed between Aug. 13 and Sept. 21.

The success of Bo Peep induced her owners to try again for the honor of heading what was now becoming a very lively racing class, and to this end Mr. Lawley designed Gosling, his firm building her in the winter of 1896-7. She was raced steadily last season, starting twenty-six times and scoring seven firsts, eight seconds and four thirds, with an association percentage of 46 as compared to 37 of the second boat in the class; thus winning the Y. R. A. championship medal and pennant of the knockabout class.

A comparison of the present design with that of Carl, published some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM, will show the changes necessitated by the continual demand for higher speed in the class; Gosling being built as closely as possible to the limit, which is as follows:

A knockabout is a sea-worthy keel boat (not to include fin-keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one headsail. The load waterline length shall not exceed 21ft. The beam at the load waterline shall be at least 7 and not more than 8ft. The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. The forward side of the mast at the deck shall be not less than 5ft. from the forward end of the load waterline. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than ¾in., finished. The frames shall be not less than 1in. square, and spaced not more than 12in. on centers. The deadwood shall be filled in, the rudder shall be hung on the sternpost. The outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs. The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder, place of mast and amount of outside ballast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions. The actual sail area shall be not over 500sq.ft., not over 400 of which shall be in the mainsail. Only mainsail and jib shall be allowed, but a storm jib may be substituted for a working jib.

While Gosling, like all of the later boats of the class, complies literally with the above restrictions, there is very little wasted in the effort to secure accommodation at the price of speed, the displacement and depth being cut to a minimum, and there being but a low cuddy under the forward deck. As the class now is, the boats are built for racing only, which end they answer admirably. Gosling's dimensions and elements are:

Length over all	30ft.	7½in.
L.W.L.	20ft.	10 in.
Overhang, bow	4ft.	10½in.
stern	5ft.	
Beam, extreme	7ft.	7½in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	1 in.
Freeboard, least	1ft.	8½in.
Sheer, bow	1ft.	
stern		2 in.
Draft, extreme	5ft.	2½in.
Displacement, long tons	2.55	
pounds	5,700.00	
Coefficient of displacement	.44	
Ballast, long tons	15.66	
pounds	3,500.00	
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.61	
Midship section, area, sq. ft.	9.75	
coefficient	.26	
Lateral plane, area, sq. ft.	46.50	
coefficient	.43	
L.W.L. plane, area, sq. ft.	104.40	
coefficient	.70	
Midship section from Station O	11.70	
Coefficient	.56	
C. B. from Station O	11.60	
Coefficient	.56	
C. B. below L.W.L.	1.32	
C. L. R. from Station O	11.66	
Coefficient	.56	
C. E. from Station O	11.50	
C. E. above L.W.L.		
Mast from Station O	5ft.	4½in.
deck to truck	29ft.	3 in.
Boom	21ft.	6 in.
Gaff	14ft.	
Mainsail, hoist	21ft.	
leech	34ft.	6 in.
Jib, luff	21ft.	
leech	19ft.	6 in.
foot	10ft.	4 in.
Mainsail, area, sq. ft.	392	
Jib, area, sq. ft.	104	
Total	496	

We are indebted to the Lawley & Son Corporation for the lines of Gosling, the photo is by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston.

East Gloucester Y. C.

Gloucester, Mass.

Saturday, June 18.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed its first pennant race on June 18, in a variable S.W. wind, the times being:

First Class.

Torment, Pomery Bros.	1 32 60
Skedaddle, Merchant Bros.	1 35 60
Wild Rose, T. E. Stanwood	1 41 00
Lucy B., Strople	Did not fin.

Second Class.

Luna, J. E. Mehlman	1 25 20
Mavis, Smothers & Brooks	1 29 50
Ariel, Gosbee	Withdrew.

Third Class.

Tabita, B. A. Smith	1 40 00
Doris, J. L. Proctor	1 42 12
Ideal, P. W. Wheeler	1 46 42
Hoodoo, C. McCurdy	1 47 50
Tom Tit, J. C. Merchant	1 51 20

Massachusetts Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Nahant—Massachusetts Bay.

Friday, June 17.

THE Massachusetts Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Bunker Hill Day, June 17, and over the old historic Nahant course after all, the change of course to Boston Harbor, as at first decided on in consequence of the mines, being rescinded just before the race on the statement of the authorities that the outside course was safe. The wind was very light in the morning, interfering with some of the yachts from a distance, which were not able to arrive in time, but after the start, which was postponed for an hour, there was a moderate south wind that made a good race. The courses were, for the knockabouts and all larger classes, from off Nahant around the Graves Whistling Buoy and the Winthrop Bar Buoy, ten miles, and for the 18ft. and 15ft. classes to the Graves Buoy and return, six miles. The first leg was to windward. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	2 00 26
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	2 05 38
Emma C., P. A Coupal	2 05 46
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	2 10 21

25ft. Class.

Little Peter, Henry Moebs	2 08 49
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 09 35
Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 09 56
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	2 10 18
Red Skin, J. L. & L. H. Sturtevant	2 14 55
Nettie, Walter Burgess	2 17 48
Tantrum, Frank Coleman	2 50 19

21ft. Open Class.

Elsa II., H. M. Crane	2 13 43
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	2 14 45
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 18 17

21ft. Cabin Class.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	2 01 41
Omeme, W. P. Barker	2 22 44
Arab III., C. D. Lanning	2 24 06
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 30 09
Princeps, J. L. Whiton, Jr.	2 33 57
Alice, Q. Tucker	Withdrew.

Knockabouts.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 17 56
Chinook, Adams Bros.	2 20 33
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 26 55
Dafila, W. D. Turner	Withdrew.
Sparkle, I. B. Mills	Withdrew.
Tautog, W. C. Lewis	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Duchess, C. D. Mower	1 45 27
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 55 40
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 56 34
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 58 13
Woodbine, F. T. Wood	2 15 08
Midget, N. C. Robinson	Withdrew.
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Vitesse, C. D. Mower	1 56 34
Katydid, J. F. Small et al.	2 12 33
Ray, S. A. Freeman	2 14 08
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	2 14 14
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	2 16 49
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln	Withdrew.

The judges were Messrs. W. S. Crosby, W. E. Robinson, F. Perrin and James Bertram.

The winners are: First prizes, Ashumet $15, Little Peter $12, Elsa II. $12, Privateer $12, Jilt $12, Duchess $12, and Vitesse $8; second prizes, Elfreda $10, Eleanor $8, Tacoma $6, Omeme $6, Chinook $6, Alpine $6, and Katydid $6; third prizes, Emma C. $5, Thordis $5 and Ray $4.

Thordis was defeated for the first time. The winners in three classes, Ashumet, Little Peter and Privateer, were designed by H. M. Crane, and built by C. C. Hanley. Elsa II. is the new boat designed by H. M. Crane and built by Stearns for the 18ft. class and the 21ft., in which latter she sailed. Jilt is a keel knockabout, Chinook being the new c.b. Purdon boat. The two Mower boats, the new Duchess and the old Vitesse, headed their respective classes, the former winning by ten minutes from second boat. The race was, of course, sailed under the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rules, without allowance, and with very satisfactory results; there were not so many starters as last year, but more than in 1896, and the boats were quite as fairly and evenly classed as under the old rules.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Special Race.

Greenwich—Long Island Sound.

Saturday, June 25.

THE special race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on June 25 was sailed in a reefing breeze from the S.W., making a lively and exciting race. The course for the larger boats was around the gas buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain's Island, then to a stake boat anchored south three-fourths west one and five-eighths miles, thence to the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain's Island, thence to the spar buoy at Carmel's Reef, and return, two rounds making thirteen miles. The smaller yachts sailed courses of ten, five and three miles. The start was postponed until 1 P. M., the yachts crossing as follows:

Fidelio, 1:05:30; Edwina II., 1:10:01; Myrmaid, 1:11:10; Dot, 1:15:15; Dosoris II., 1:15:21; Wanda, 1:15:22; Uarda, 1:15:22; Win or Lose, 1:15:25; Shippan, 1:15:31; Laura Lee, 1:20:00; Lark, 1:20:05; Minnetonka, 1:20:30; Gosbird, 1:20:41; Ruth, 1:20:41; Louie Belle, 1:20:43; Indianola, 1:30.02; Mongoose, 1:30:04; Yellow Pup, 1:35:07; Swinet Pup, 1:35:09; Tern, 1:36:04; Prize, 1:36:09; Ketch II., 1:36:21; Surprise, 1:45:41, and Vorant II., 1:46:00.

Vorant II. parted her throat halyards shortly before the gun, and her opponent, Surprise, waited for her to make repairs. The first round was timed:

Yellow Pup, 1:59:50; Prize, 2:00:08; Tern, 2:00:42; Swinet Pup, 2:00:48; Wanda, 2:11:03; Dot, 2:12:12; Uarda, 2:14:22; Dosoris II., 2:14:40; Shippan, 2:14:55; Fidelio, 2:16:38; Win or Lose, 2:18:42; Spray, 2:18:52; Indianola, 2:24:58; Minnetonka, 2:25:15; Mongoose, 2:26:03; Surprise, 2:41:05; Gosbird, 2:44:10, and Vorant II., 2:45:47.

The second round was timed:

Edwina II., 2:21:48; Prize, 2:22:33; Yellow Pup, 2:23:25; Swinet Pup, 2:25:54; Tern, 2:26:13; Lark, 2:30:58; Louie Belle, 2:36:22; Ruth, 2:46:18; Wanda, 3:03:32; Dosoris II., 3:11:55; Uarda, 3:12:35; Shippan, 3:15:23; Indianola, 3:21:37; Win or Lose, 3:22:07; Mongoose, 3:23:20; Fidelio, 3:26:08; Spray, 3:28:12; Minnetonka, 3:32:06; Surprise, 3:37:29; Vorant II., 3:45:15.

The final times were:

Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, De V. H. Warner	34.68	1 59 29	1 52 29
Vorant II., Geo. G. Tyson	34.00	2 00 15	1 57 59

Yawl Class—36ft. Class.

Fidelio, E. I. Sanford	33.46	2 21 08	2 18 17

Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class.

Spray, Dr. Lander		2 23 12	2 23 12

Open Sloops—15ft. Class.

Myrmaid, G. N. Stanton		Withdrew.	
Edwina II., J. N. Gould		1 11 48	1 11 48

Cabin Cats—30ft. Class.

Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	Withdrew.	
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.24	1 56 55	1 56 01

Cabin Cats—25ft. Class.

Wanda, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	25.00	1 48 32	1 48 32
Uarda, H. H. Gordon	24.64	1 57 35	1 57 00
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.35	2 07 07	2 04 42
Shippan, A. M. Bradley	25.00	2 00 23	2 00 23

Open Cats—20ft. Class.

Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	18.89	2 12 06	2 11 56
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	N.M.		

Open Cats—15ft. Class.

Ruth, C. T. Willis		1 26 18	. . . .
Laura Lee, F. S. Ray		Withdrew.	
Lark, C. J. Davis		1 10 58	. . . .
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams		1 16 22	. . . .

Special Class—Racing Knockabouts.

Indianola, L. R. Alberger		1 51 37	. . . .
Mongoose, Simeon Ford		1 53 20	. . . .

Special Class—Dories.

Ketch II., L. V. Ketchum		Withdrew.	
Prize, H. E. Jones		0 47 33	. . . .
Tern, W. B. Greeley		0 51 13	. . . .
Swinet Pup, F. S. Doremus		0 50 54	. . . .
Yellow Pup, C. S. Summerville		0 48 25	. . . .

The winners were: Surprise, Fidelio, Spray, Edwina II., Dosoris II., Wanda, Minnetonka, Lark, Indianola and Prize.

Wanda is a new catboat, sailing her first race. Indianola won very handsomely from Mongoose. The Regatta Committee included Messrs. F. Bonne Jones, C. P. Tower and Chas. McManus.

Buffalo Y. C. Championship Races.

Buffalo—Lake Erie.

Saturday, June 11.

THE first of the championship races in the 22ft. class of the Buffalo Y. C. was sailed on June 11. The race was called at 2:30 P. M. sharp, with a one-gun start, the wind light from the west. The Regatta Committee has laid out a new course this year, starting from the end of the club house pier to a spar buoy off the end of Bird Island pier, leaving it to starboard, thence to the red can buoy on Waverly Shoal, leaving it to port, thence to a spar buoy off the Lehigh Valley coal docks, leaving it to port, thence back to the club house, finishing off the end of the dock.

Six boats started, Marie, fin; Beppo, fin; Caprice, centerboard sloop; Windward, centerboard sloop, and Nerena and Monsoon, centerboard cats. The buoy off Bird Island pier was placed there to prevent the yachts from crowding each other into the pier in rounding the end, but Nerena and Monsoon forgot this, and indulged in a luffing match to see which could turn the end of the pier the closest. Beppo followed suit, and as a consequence all three boats were disqualified for neglecting to round the buoy. It was a beat out to the can buoy, and Marie outfooted and outpointed the rest of the fleet, rounding the can buoy well in advance, and holding her lead to the finish.

While the leading boats were on the last leg the wind shifted to the southwest, giving them a decided advantage.

After Marie, Beppo, Monsoon and Caprice finished, a thunder squall came out of the northwest, compelling Nerena and Windward to beat home. This accounts for the poor showing of Nerena, who is ordinarily considered a fast boat; Windward fared still worse, as a second heavy squall from the same direction caught her before she finished, compelling her to lie to and double reef, and beat in under shortened sail. Marie gets first prize, and owing to the other boats being disqualified, Caprice gets second, and Windward, in spite of all her hard luck, third. The course is nine nautical miles.

Start, 2:30:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marie	2 53 45	5 23 45	2 53 18
Beppo	3 01 45	5 31 45	3 01 45
Monsoon	3 07 30	5 37 30	3 06 15
Caprice	3 16 40	5 46 40	3 15 41
Nerena	3 28 18	5 58 18	3 25 02
Windward	4 25 00	6 55 00	4 23 45

Judges—George J. Bailey, Henry Ganson, Roderick H. Smith.

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Philadelphia—Delaware River.

Sunday, June 19.

THE Shackamaxon Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed its eleventh annual regatta on June 19, over a course from off the club house up the Delaware around the Wheatsheaf Buoy, off Andalusia, and return, twenty-eight miles. The wind was light from the south, up the river, for the first part of the course, increasing on the return and shifting to S.W., finally bringing up a heavy thunder shower, followed by a calm. When near the finish a light breeze came up and brought the fleet in. The times were:

Fourth Class Duckers—Start, 11:38.

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
McGinty, W. Clausen	1 35 10	5 28 40	5 50 40
John Hirst, J. Hirst	1 35 10½	5 31 50	5 33 50
Martha C., J. Casnet	1 41 00	5 35 00	5 57 00
Ethel W., G. Le Sage	1 35 00	Withdrew.	

Third Class Duckers—Start, 11:44.

Howard Gann, H. Anderson	1 39 00	5 27 30	5 43 30
Woodman P. Florrie, J. Herr	1 39 30	5 30 00	5 46 00
Lavinia, W. Maurer	1 43 30	Withdrew.	
J. B. Brewer, G. Feurst	1 44 30	Withdrew.	
Albert Young, G. Fischer	1 50 10	Withdrew.	

Second Class Duckers—Start, 11:49.

Annie, C. Dunlay	1 46 32	5 27 00	5 38 00
Lottie W., E. Winters	1 49 00	5 28 30	5 39 30
Freda K., A. Rust	1 46 33	5 31 00	5 42 00
Edith M., J. Mulligan	1 45 30	5 31 30	5 42 30
Igidious, D. Sharp	1 50 00	5 31 45	5 42 45
Anna, J. B. Brewer	1 48 00	Withdrew.	

Second Class Tuckups—Start, 11:55.

Millie, B. Wilson	1 46 30	5 24 00	5 29 00
Maggie, I. Jones	1 47 00	5 25 00	5 30 00
Sayre, H. Blatz	1 48 00	5 26 00	5 31 00
Sallie B., J. Armrod	1 48 00	Withdrew.	

Open Yacht's—Start, 11:59.

J. Engle, J. Hassenphat	1 11 30	5 21 30	5 22 30
Onward, J. Armrod	1 45 45	Withdrew.	

Duxbury Y. C. Opening Race.

Duxbury—Duxbury Bay.

Saturday, June 18.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed its first regatta of the season on June 18, the wind being S.W. moderate, but freshening to a lively breeze toward the end. The times were:

Third Class.

	Elapsed.
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	2 02 50
Fanny D., M. MacDowell	2 07 12
Scamper, S. C. Winsod	2 08 43
Nautilus, T. W. Wadsworth	2 09 40

Fourth Class.

Bobolink, Goodspeed Bros	1 05 20
Maud, W. N. Mayers	1 09 15
Winnetuxet, W. Potter	1 10 12
Fedora, J. H. Hunt	1 12 11
If, N. K. Norwood	1 13 30
Dolphin, N. Morton	Disabled.

First Special.

Inivet, L. A. Crowell	1 12 32
Olympia, W. Steele	1 13 10
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 15 20
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 15 51
Wabun, G. Shiverick	1 18 20
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 18 45
Trolley, J. C. Dawes	Did not fin.

Second Special.

Solitaire, B. B. Baker	1 10 34
Eunice B., I. Symmes	1 13 50
Aphrodite, J. Brewster	1 13 55
Tom Jeff, S. Richards	1 13 58

Inivet is a new yacht, only launched on the day preceding the race.

Burgess Y. C. Open Race.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Friday, June 17.

THE Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed an open race on Bunker Hill Day with a good fleet of starters, the wind being S.W. and fluky at times. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susanne, F. Brewster	2 09 46	. . . .
Lintram, D. P. Fowle	2 10 04	. . . .
Spendrift, W. Webb	2 10 25	. . . .

First Handicap.

Sally II., L. F. Percival	1 18 33	1 18 33
Water Lily, C. F. Lyman	1 28 42	1 25 42
Wannissa, W. Boyson	1 27 03	1 27 03
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	1 36 27	1 35 27

Second Handicap.

"O. O"	1 38 55	1 35 55
Ben My Chree	1 39 35	1 39 35
Moconomo	1 49 48	1 46 48

Gunning Boats.

J S Stacy	1 10 33	. . . .
F Dupary	1 09 29	. . . .
R Strout	1 10 58	. . . .
Swampscott	1 07 09	. . . .
C Stacy	1 11 09	. . . .

Class A.

Faith	1 37 55	. . . .
Sassacus	1 32 10	. . . .

Class B.

Bugaboo	1 36 59	. . . .
Pointer	1 40 47	. . . .

16ft. Special.

Dove, F. G. Macomber	0 54 07	. . . .
Dora, C. Stebbins	0 56 49	. . . .

Corinthian Y. C. 117th Race.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, June 18.

THE 117th race of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on June 18 in a blow from S.S.W. that tested the hulls and rigging of some of the race knockabouts, several withdrawing after being disabled by broken spreaders and similar mishaps. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susanne, F. Brewster	1 55 53	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 58 10	. . . .
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	2 04 18	. . . .
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	Disqualified.	
Hazard, H. M. Sears	Disabled.	
Dafila, W. O. Turner	Withdrew.	
Spindrift, T. H. Webb	Withdrew.	
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	Withdrew.	

25ft. Knockabouts.

Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 55 00	. . . .
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	Disabled.	

Class A.

Nettie, W. Burgess	1 55 57	1 55 57
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	Withdrew.	
Elvira, M. Bartlett	Withdrew.	

Class B.

Water Lily, C. F. Lyman	1 33 17	1 33 17
Maia, E. Paine	1 35 58	1 33 28
Lorelei, G. W. Roberts	1 43 30	1 43 30
Curiana, J. P. Clark	1 47 45	1 47 45

The winners were Susanne, Rowena, Water Lily and Nettie firsts; Sintram and Maria seconds, and Chinook third.

Model Yachting.

THE postponed races for the American Model Yacht Perpetual challenge trophy and the Eagle cup were sailed June 26, at the sailing station of the Wave Crest Miniature Yacht Club, foot of Fifty-fourth street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The weather was all that could be desired, blue sky, wind southwest, 6.5 miles velocity, sea light, short and choppy, in fact, an ideal day for model yachting. The race for the Eagle cup was called first. The challenger, the Star (Messrs. Townley & Pigott, owners), of the American Model Yacht Club, and the defender, the Viking, Mr. Gilley, owner, were promptly at the line, and the race was started at 12:20, resulting in a victory for the Star, as follows:

First Heat.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Star, Townley & Pigott	12 20 15	12 31 55	0 11 40
Viking, Gilley	12 20 15	Did not finish.	

The Viking did not appear for the second heat, and the Star went over the course again in 11 minutes 45 seconds; remarkably fast time considering the short, choppy seas. Course one-half mile to windward and return.

The trophy race was then called, and the challenger, Water Witch, A. Moore, owner, representing the American Model Yacht Club, reported ready to start. The defender, Asthore, J. Martin, owner, did not appear, so the referee decided that the Water Witch should sail over the course alone, which she did in 11 minutes and 5 seconds and was declared the victor.

Referee, F. J. Sweeney, commodore of the New York Model Yacht Club.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate—New York Harbor.

Saturday, June 18.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed one of its weekly races for the smaller yachts on June 18, with a special class for the canoes of the New York C. C., on the opposite side of Gravesend Bay. There was a fresh southerly wind, kicking up a sea and making rather heavy weather for the canoes. The courses were a three-mile triangle for the yachts and a two-mile for the canoes, nine and six miles respectively. The times were:

30ft. Class—Mainsail Yachts.

	R. M.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Grayling, J. S. De Selding	27.77	5 29 00	2 14 03
Oriole, C. F. Larzelere	N.M.	5 45 57	2 30 57

25ft. Class—Mainsail Yachts.

Streak, Charles H. Lary	24.05	Did not finish.	
Qui Vive, George A. Freeth	24.93	5 28 20	2 13 20

Canoes.

Pioneer, Frank C. Moore	....	4 19 00	0 44 00
Eclipse, Frank Dunnell	....	Did not finish.	
Nipsic, C. V. Schuyler	....	Did not finish.	
Torment	....	Did not finish.	
Az Iz, L. H. May	....	4 34 50	0 59 50
Tanis, Henry W. Smith	....	Did not finish.	
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	....	4 25 56	0 50 56

The winners were Grayling, Qui Vive and Pioneer.

Saturday, June 25.

The race of June 25 was marked by a violent windstorm, followed by a heavy thunder shower, in the course of which the catboat Sunshine capsized as she neared the club breakwater, her crew being rescued by members of the club. At the end of the first round Qui Vive and Wabasso were in collision, the latter withdrawing with a hole in her bow. The times were:

Special Class—21ft. Knockabouts.

	Start.	Corrected.
Scrap, J. W. Bainbridge	3 05 40	1 50 05
Impudent, Louis Boury	3 06 05	1 49 32

Sloops—21ft. Class.

Wabasso, H. B. Shaen	3 12 30	Withdrew.

Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Series C.

Qui Vive, George Freeth	3 15 15	1 40 13
Grayling, J. S. De Selding	3 15 25	1 43 17
Dorothy, G. T. Johnstone	3 15 45	1 43 44

Special Knockabouts—Two Rounds—7 Miles.

3..Cyclone II., Mr. Ives	3 15 17	4 40 45
4..Gunwar, Mr. Bennett	3 16 10	4 36 42
2..Gryphon, Mr. Moore	3 17 30	4 40 12
1..Vortex, Mr. Fredericks	3 20 00	Did not fin.

Beverly Y. C. Opening Race.

Buzzard's Bay.

Saturday, June 18.

THE Beverly Y. C. opened its season on June 18 with a race for three classes, sailed from off Wing's Neck in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

Cruising Knockabouts—21ft.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	2 13 25	. . . .
Edith, C. M. Baker	2 15 18	. . . .
Kalama, David Rice	2 21 19	. . . .
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	2 22 50	. . . .
Fina, John Parkinson	2 30 10	. . . .
Maid Marian, C. H. Jones	Disabled.	

Second Class Cats.

May King, D. L. Whittemore	2 19 19	. . . .
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr	. . . .	. . . .

Fifth Class Cats.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Imp, G. B. Dabney	14.02	2 50 33	1 19 37
Lara, G. R. Washburn	....	2 51 31	1 24 31
Pedro, H. O. Miller	15.00	2 55 03	1 25 03
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr	....	Withdrew.	

Bernice was not timed, sailing without owner on board. Vif fouled Lara and withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Col. Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger, one of the older members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., died on June 23 at his home in Bayville, L. I., after an illness of about a month, from which, however, no serious termination was looked for. Col. Cruger, who was born in 1844, served through the war, and was twice wounded at the battle of Resaca. He received the brevet ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel, and after the war was for several years colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G. He took a deep interest in the affairs of the National Guard. Col. Cruger was one of the old yachtsmen of Oyster Bay, owning the sloop Indolent; a few years ago he owned the steam yacht Allegro.

The twenty-eighth annual Corinthian race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will be sailed on June 29, off Oyster Bay, starting promptly at 12 M. The race will be an open one, for the cutter, sloop and yawl classes from 15ft. to 60ft. R. M.; the 20, 25 and 30ft. cabin cat classes, and the 15, 20 and 25ft. open cats, with the 30ft. l.w.l. special class, and the Seawanhaka knockabout class. In consequence of the death of Vice-Com. Cruger, this race is postponed to a future date, about July 15.

The thirteenth annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be sailed on July 2 over the club's regular courses on the Sound, starting off Echo Bay at 12 M. sharp. Yachts will be started in eight divisions, viz.: First Division—Sloops, cutters and yawls of the 51ft. class; this division will sail Course No. 1, three times around. Second Division—Sloops, cutters and yawls of the 43ft., 36ft. and 30ft. classes; Course No. 1, twice around. Third Division—Sloops, 25ft. and under; Course No. 2, three times around. Fourth Division—Cabin catboats, all classes; Course No. 2, three times around. Fifth Division—Open catboats, all classes; Course No. 2, three times around. Sixth Division—Sloops, special 30ft. class; Course No. 1, twice around. Seventh Division—Knockabouts, 21ft. racing class; Course No. 1, twice around. Eighth Division—Dories, one-design class; Course No. 2, once around. Entries may be made to the Regatta Committee, Box 735, New Rochelle, N. Y., Chas. P. Tower, chairman.

Felicia, steam yacht, designed by H. J. Gielow and not completed, has been tried over the measured mile on Narragansett Bay, making 17.39 knots under a pressure of 150lbs. The trial was under the supervision of representatives of the U. S. Government, who recommended the yacht for purchase, and she will be converted as quickly as possible to a torpedo or scout boat.

Yarta is the name of a fine steel steam yacht, designed and superintended by Mr. Alfred H. Brown, and built by Messrs. Hawthorne & Co., Leith, for Capt. A. Wiggins. She is 160ft. 6in. B.P., 150ft. l.w.l., 22ft. beam and 12ft. 9in. in depth, of 350 tons. Her engines, also built by the firm, are 13, 21 and 34 by 24in. She made a very successful trial on the Firth of Forth on June 2, and left two days later on a cruise to the Baltic.

Niagara II., steam yacht, Howard Gould, was at New York last week after her preliminary sea trial at her builder's hands. She was docked and cleaned at the Erie Basin, and sailed again for sea.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

June 27-July 3.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, carnival week. Live birds and targets. $1,000 added money.

June 30.—Auburn, Me.—First annual tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

June 30-July 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, Canada.—Grand annual tournament. Targets. Regular sweeps, variety and merchandise. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 3-4.—Davenport, Ia.—The West End Gun Club's amateur tournament on targets. L. Haneman, Sec'y.

July 4.—Bridgeport, Conn.—Third tournament of the Connecticut State League, on the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Brockton Gun Club. Special prizes.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, at targets. Morton Haynes, Sec'y.

July 4.—Centredale, R. I.—Fourth of July shoot of the Centredale Gun Club. N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

July 4.—Geneseo, N. Y.—Geneseo Rod and Gun Club's annual shoot. W. E. Lowe, Sec'y.

July 4.—Louisville, Ky.—The Kentucky Gun Club's fifth annual championship shoot. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—St. Louis, Mo.—Open shoot, $100 added; 145 targets per day. Dupont Park.

July 4-6.—Newport News, Va.—First annual tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club. Geo. B. James, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 13.—Albany, N. Y.—Forester Gun Club's annual tournament; targets. H. H. Valentine, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A visitor from the far South, who comes this year to spend the summer on or about the shores of Long Island, is Joe George, of San Antonio, Tex., one of the popular Big Three, of that city. Mr. George tells of happenings in San Antonio that will be of interest to those who know Oscar Guessaz, whose writings under the name of Texas Field are well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Guessaz is not only married, but has gone to the war, and now ranks as a captain in the Second Texas Volunteers. When the Second Texas were ordered to New Orleans from Austin, Oscar Guessaz was quartermaster, and did his best to look after the creature comforts of his men. The following incident will prove that fact: When the train carrying the men stopped at Algiers, La., Guessaz rushed to the refreshment room, and called loudly and peremptorily for "100 sandwiches at once." "Who are they for?" quoth the proprietor. "For the Second Texas Volunteers," said Guessaz. "And who may you be?" said the proprietor. "I am the quartermaster," said Guessaz. The reply not being favorable, Oscar seems to have fancied he was already in Cuba, with a Spaniard in front of him, for he is said to have grabbed the gentleman who was behind the counter by his collar and to have hauled him bodily over that same counter. What might have happened is not known; but what did happen is this: Three shining barrels belonging to three equally shining six-shooters were shoved under his nose, the six-shooters being held by three of the proprietor's friends. With the courtesy of Beau Brummell, Mr. Guessaz acknowledged that the combination was a winning one, and bowed low to the force of circumstances as befitted a good soldier. His request, however, was that the guns be laid aside, in order that he might show what splendid physical condition he was in to fight for Cuba Libre. The request was not granted, and it is also understood that the train left without the 100 sandwiches; but there may be some mistake about this part of the story.

Mr. E. C. Meyer, the president of the New York State Association and of the Rochester Gun Club, entertained a number of the visiting sportsmen at his home on Thursday evening. Mr. W. C. Hadley won the applause of the company with several well played sections on the violin, with piano accompaniment, after which several groups of whist players, or raher groups of le grand players, formed in three rooms, and so earnest were they in solving the intricacies of the game which permits of whist, pedro, hearts, etc., being played that they reluctantly stopped to partake of the bountiful refreshments which were served. Mr. Colville (Dick Swiveller) and Mr. Hadley were in a most absorbing discussion, as connoisseurs, on violins, and for a time one wondered how so much enthusiasm in instruments and music could leave any for guns and shooting. Everyone departed feeling that an evening of most perfect enjoyment had been given by the gracious hosts, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Meyer.

Mr. E. Hough mentions in "Western Traps" that the St. Paul Gun Club, of Minnesota, will hereafter throw targets at 1 cent each. This is a matter worthy of earnest consideration by all clubs whose membership is composed of shooters of average means. Many clubs have demonstrated that they could grow strong in numbers and reputation on the revenues derived from targets thrown at a price of 1 cent to members, 2 cents to visitors. There is much speculation at present as to the lessening attendance at trap shoots. The explanation is simple—it costs too much as run at present. Say 200 targets at $4, 200 cartridges at $5, and railroad fare, sum a total which makes an afternoon's sport come too high.

On Tuesday evening of last week a fortunate few who were in attendance at the New York State shoot were favored with a musical treat of rare excellence in the parlors of the Powers Hotel, Rochester. Mr. R. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller) invited a few friends to hear his daughter, Miss Anne H. Colville, perform on her grand Guarneri violin, made over by Colton. Miss Colville is a violin virtuoso, and it therefore goes without saying that the music rendered by her was of the masterful kind, rare and pleasing. Those who were her audience were earnest in their praises of her skill.

The monthly tournament and team match of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will take place on July 2, under the auspices of the Wayne Gun Club, on its grounds at Sixteenth and Courtland streets. The programme contains fifteen events, 10 and 15 targets, 50, 75 cents and $1 entrance. Targets 1½ cents. If less than twelve entries the money will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if more than twelve, the money will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Open sweeps commence at 10:30 A. M.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, tied in the second class of ties of the merchandise event, first prize in that class being a Lefever hammerless, valued at $80. In the shoot-off at 10 targets he broke straight, then surrendered his claim and took second prize, a stove. He tied with Glover for high average on .952 in the State event, then surrendered in favor of Glover, acts of generosity unprecendented in the trap-shooting world, yet which were the subject of unlimited praise.

Col. A. G. Courtney, representative of the Remington Co., was one of the two who killed 20 live birds straight in the Dean Richmond trophy event, doing it with a dignity and deliberation which nothing could ruffle. The total score was Courtney 20, McMurchy 19, Mosher 19. All three used U. M. C. shells. A score like this demonstrates the growing proficiency of trap-shooters, which may radically alter existing rules and conditions. It also is a convincing proof of the excellence of present guns and loaded shells.

Sim Glover made a notably good showing throughout the tournament. He seemed to know about what he wanted, and helped himself. He took the Lefever trophy, the Troisdorf trophy, the E. C. & Schultze cup, and in the Dean Richmond trophy contest he killed 20 live birds straight, using a Parker gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder. He tied with Banks for highest average in the State events, Fulford being second, and all used E. C. or Schultze.

Mr. N. J. Lane, who scored a win of the Troisdorf cup at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, last Saturday, is deserving of great credit for his performance. About a year ago, he started in as a novice, unskilled in the art of shooting, but by conscientious practice he has improved to a creditable degree of skill. His win was a popular one, and we trust is but the beginning of many.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, takes part in the actual shooting betimes instead of managing tournaments that others may shoot, and in either branch he performs well. On June 23, at the second of the series of monthly shoots of the Greenfield Avenue Gun Club, he won first average on a 90 per cent. performance. C. H. Miller was second with 88 1-3 per cent., T. B. Fleming third with 85 1-3 per cent.

Airy Lou-hardt (or Lou Erhardt) struck New York this A. M., June 28. When asked how long he'd be here he replied that he had been ten days on the road from Atchison, Kans., coming in by way of Montreal; that as he had but $8 left, he expected to leave this evening not later than 6 o'clock. Friends have come to his assistance, and he will spend at least another twenty-four hours in the city of New York.

The summer tournament of the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, is open to the world. It is fixed for July 1, on the Woodbine Club House grounds. There are seven events in the programme, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 75 cents and $1, targets extra. In two events respectively $20 will be added. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. G. J. Mason, Jr., Sec'y-Treas.

The third target tournament of the Connecticut State League will be held July 4, on the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club. There are twelve events on the programme, 10 and 15 targets, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1 and $1.25 entrance. The team race will begin at 2 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. All money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. J. G. Kingsbury, Sec'y.

Uncle Ben Catchpole, of Sodus, N. Y., who is ripe in years when measured by their number, but whose spirits and enthusiasm are as fresh as those of youth, took part in several of the target events and acquitted himself very creditably, considering that he is of the oldest trap-shooters in New York, and being eighty years old, probably one of the oldest in America.

On Thursday, at the New York State tournament, Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust powder fame, made the excellent run of 90 straight, and that too in the calm, imperturbable manner which is peculiar to him. Jack is a high-class man with the gun, whether shooting at targets or pigeons, and never fails to make an excellent showing.

Mr. Ferd Van Dyke was one of the contestants at Rochester last week, and just by way of showing them what he could do with his Winchester on Thursday he broke 79 targets straight, missing 3 in his next 20, scoring the excellent number of 96 out of 100. A 96 per cent. gait is not to be passed by lightly.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Arms Co., is now in the East on a visit near the center of trade. He is the picture of ruddy good health, browned to a turn by the kind touches of the Southern sun, in that land of open-hearted hospitality and best shooting and fishing.

At the Herron Hill (Pittsburg) Gun Club's contest on June 21 the chief event was the 50-target race for the cup, ten contestants. Pills won it by a score of 46, Shaner being close up with the second highest score, 45.

The Bedford Rod and Gun Club, of Bedford, Ind., has indefinitely postponed its tournament, fixed for July 14 and 15.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., will give a two days' target shoot on July 19 and 20. J. E. Avery, Sec'y.

The regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club takes place on Saturday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21.—The monthly club shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park, Liberty avenue and Enfield street. As usual the shoot was well attended, twenty-seven shooters taking part. Only two clean scores were made, Sands and Hillers, both 28yds. men, tieing for first place with 10 kills each. The scores:

G B Hillers, 28	2112112212—10	F W Place, 28	1020112111— 8
W Sands, 28	2222222222—10	J Rathjen, 25	1211202012— 8
Dr Hudson, 29	1110211212— 9	R Regan, 25	*1011*1121— 7
J Woeful, 29	1111*12122— 9	C Billings, 28	1101**2221— 7
E J Clark, 29	2120111111— 9	E A Vroome, 29	0010111111— 7
C Stutzle, 25	1220212111— 9	W Amend, 28	222**20121— 7
T Short, 28	2202122112— 9	G Hagadon, 28	1002110110— 6
O Brown, 25	0212221122— 9	W Catton, 28	*021120202— 6
Dr Rugle, 28	2211102221— 9	G K Breet, 25	1211001010— 6
E O Weisse, 25	2101210122— 8	H Fessenden, 28	2220000222— 6
Dr O'Connell, 29	2122212020— 8	Dr McFarland, 28	1111010020— 6
Dr Richter, 25	1010111221— 8	W Joerger, 28	20*0200212— 5
B Amend, 28	120*211121— 8	T Coady, 25	0221200001— 5
J H Moore, 28	1111210021— 8		

C. W. BILLINGS.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, June 25.—The following scores were made to-day at the club shoot. The Troisdorf cup event was won by Skidmore, a handicap event with an allowance of misses as breaks.

A violent wind storm set in during the shoot. Some said it was more than that; that it was nothing less than a cyclone. Great consternation prevailed for a time. Dr. Littlefield grabbed his gun and a small boy's coat and rushed to the barn close by for safety. The instinct of the Doctor was to save something from destruction, hence the solicitude concerning the coat. It was a very pleasant afternoon's diversion.

Troisdorf cup:

Skidmore, 5	1111111111111101101011101—25
Lane, 7	1110101110111111110111011—25
Dowd, 5	1001011101111111111111110—25
Amend, 6	0110011101111111001100001—21
Dr Smith, 7	0101110011100110111111001—23
Beveridge, 2	1110110101001010111110011—18
Dr Stillman, 6	0000110010000010010011111—16
Page	1110101111000000000111111—14
Budd	0101110111001011101110000—14
R W F	0110010000001111100111001—12
Dr Littlefield, 4	0000111011010011011100011—17

Ties:

Skidmore, 2	1111111100—8	Dowd, 2	1100010111—6
Lane, 3	0101001011—5		

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	15
Beveridge	8	9	10	12	Page	..	8	..	8
Lane	7	3	7	..	Dr Smith	..	..	6	10
Dowd	9	6	..	11	Dr Littlefield	..	..	..	11
R W F	8	..	4	4	Amend	..	..	..	10
Skidmore	4	7	8	8	Dr Stillman	..	..	..	12
Budd	..	..	..	6					

The Dean Richmond Trophy.

In respect to a part of the conditions governing the Dean Richmond trophy, the New York State Association passed upon them as follows:

"Mr. Gates—I move that the term county, as used in reference to the Dean Richmond trophy, be deemed to include the entire territory of Greater New York. It is practically impossible for any of the New York clubs, under these conditions, to send a team up here to contest for the Dean Richmond cup. If that is so, I see no objection to their sending a team where one man lives in New York and the other in Brooklyn. I understand the New Utrechts cannot send a team here on that account.

"Mr. Hadley.—The constitution and by-laws and rules have been approved by this Association and cannot be altered in this way.

"The President.—I think the point of order is well taken.

"Mr. Gates.—I will ask unanimous consent to renew it. I think it is such an eminently proper thing. I am not making it for the purpose of affecting this year's shoot.

"Mr. Hadley.—Let the club that has the shoot next year fix it."

To us it would seem the better way to have taken action looking toward an equitable solution then and there. Next year the succeeding club might use the same words; that is, "Let the club that has the shoot next year fix it."'

New York State Tournament.

THE regular programme of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game began on Tuesday, June 21, and lasted four days. Some sweeps were shot off on June 20, about thirty shooters participating therein. This was the fortieth annual convention of the Association. It was under the management of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. The tournament was held on the old base ball grounds, Riverside Park, Rochester. The foreground was occupied by the tents, the largest of which, near the center, was the tournament tent, within which was the business office of the tournament. In the group of tents which faced toward the traps were also the tents of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, the Manufacturers and Dealers, The E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., the Audubon Gun Club, the Oneida County Sportsmen and a large tent used as a restaurant, within which good meals were served at very reasonable prices.

In the tournament tent three different cashiers and their assistants kept three distinct accounts, respectively of the expert, State and amateur events.

The grounds were ample in space. Three magautraps were used, one for the experts, one for the State, one for the amateur events.

As one stood facing toward the traps the expert was set near the right, the State trap in the middle, and the third near the left of the grounds.

The constant tread of many feet reduced the surface of the ground to fine dust and sand, which, floating in the air, made the shooters look grimy toward the latter part of the day and caused some discomfort.

On the first day the traps worked with rather irregular success, which Mr. Paul North, who had them in charge, explained was caused by the drifting sand getting into their bearings. On the second and third days they worked much better.

The members of the committee of arrangements were: Messrs. W. C. Hadley, E. C. Meyer, W. F. Brinsmaid, Geo. Borst and Frank E. McCord. They worked incessantly in attending to the infinite details of the shoot each day.

No effort was spared to make the event an enjoyable one to all who participated. On Tuesday morning a mammoth eight-in-hand tally-ho carried to the grounds a large party, composed of distinguished visitors and members of the press. On Thursday evening Mr. E. C. Meyer, the President of the Association, invited a number of the visitors to his home, where he entertained them charmingly.

The scores were kept on blackboards, one at each set of traps, and also by a scorer, who kept them on regular score sheets. There were many errors made, however, and the scoring at the amateur set of traps was notably inefficient, the scores thereat getting mixed up with annoying frequency.

AVERAGES.

The averages of those who shot through the programme are as follows:

Banks and Glover .952, Fulford .928, Levingston .912, Ward, Mayhew and Carr .904, C. S. Burkhardt and Forrester .888, Kelsey and Whitney .872, Wayte .862, Barker and McCord .840, Meyer and C. Wagner .832, Kirkover and Tuttle .816, Beyer .808, A. C. H. .800, Courtney .784, Wryde .696, Willing .658 in the State events. In the amateur events Baker and Chase .856, P. Willey .696.

Barker and Chase .856, P. Willey .696.

Glover $20, Fulford $15, Levingston $10, Ward, Mayhew and Carr $1.65 were the divisions of the average money in the State events.

This tournament fell off greatly in its support and interest as compared with many predecessors. There was much conjecture as to the cause, some ascribing it to one thing, some to others. There were relatively very few who shot through the programme, and the list of scores shows a weak and scattered support. On the third day the attendance was very light, and the shooting was correspondingly short of what was desired and expected. The programme was an excellent one, worthy of strong support from far and wide. The auspices under which the tournament was held could not be bettered, and yet the tournament fell far below expectations.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

Notwithstanding the attractions offered at the open set of traps there was a smaller attendance of paid experts and manufacturers' agents than is usual at this shoot. Among those in this category who were present were:

Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., whose sole duty (and an arduous one at that, on account of the flying sand) was to look after the three magautraps that fed targets to the different classes of shooters; Fred Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who did not strike his gait until the last day, when he shot the take-down and W-A powder well to the front in the open events; E. D. Fulford and Col. A. G. Courtney, both shooting Remington guns and Schultze powder; Simon Glover, a resident of Rochester, shooting a Parker gun and Schultze powder; J. S. Fanning and W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), the latter the Eastern agent of the U. S. Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co., Fanning being the expert exponent of the art of handling that powder; Harvey McMurchy and Chas. Wagner, both of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.; Tom Keller, of whom nothing further need be said than that he and King's Smokeless were always where they ought to be—well to the front in execution and sociability; Edward Banks, secretary of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Uncle Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Geo. A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms (Hollenbeck gun) Co.; W. R. Crosby, of the Baker Gun & Forging Co., Batavia, N. Y., fresh from his victory in the Board of Trade diamond badge contest at Peoria, Ill., where he won the badge with a record of 98 straight at live birds; W. F. Parker and S. A. Tucker, of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., whose scores show a big improvement over last year's efforts, etc.

AMATEURS AND OTHERS.

The amateur class was well represented, Buffalo having the post of honor in that respect. Among those from Buffalo were F. D. Kelsey, President J. J. Reid of the Audubon Club, C. S. and E. C. Burkhardt, Alex. Forrester, 333, Hammond, Warren, H. D. Kirkover, B. Tolsma, etc. Rochester naturally had plenty of representatives, the following being on hand: President E. C. Meyers, Wride, Dr. Weller, L. V. Byer, George Borst, F. E. McCord, C. Lane, Secretary Griffiths, W. C. Hadley and others; Uncle Ben Catchpole, from Sodus, could not be kept down, but shot along and shamed many a far younger man by his energy and enthusiasm, as well as by his skill with the shotgun; Gus Dexter and H. L. Gates, together with Mart Mayhew, were the most prominent members of the Utica delegation. Binghamton sent only one representative so far as we could find out, and he was H. W. Brown, the best shot in that city; Messrs. Kendall, Boss, Hobbie and others from Binghamton were marked among the missing. Saratoga sent H. M. Levengston, a worthy representative, who shot along in the Auburn squad—McMurchy, Banks, Levengston, Wagner and Kelsey—until the last crack of the gun. Another shooter who held up his end well was Mr. Clark, of St. Louis, whose scores in the amateur events are to be found under the nom de fusil of Chase. John Lowden, C. A. Ward, M. E. Barker, Atwater, Doremo, Bradley, Palmer, and several others figured prominently when it came to dividing up the purses.

THE CONVENTION.

THE fortieth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Rochester, June 20, at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, President Meyer in the chair. Mr. Hadley reported the credentials of the following clubs as approved: Rochester Rod and Gun Club; Spencer Sportsmen's Club, of Lyons; Sterling Rod and Gun; Empire Gun Club, of Lacona, N. Y.; Dansville Gun Club; Canajoharie Gun Club; Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott; Saratoga Gun Club; Rome Gun Club; Hunter Gun Club; Sodus Gun Club; Riverside Rod and Gun Club; Syracuse Gun Club; Bison Gun Club; Leather Stocking Gun Club, of Oswego; Watertown Gun Club; Oneida County Sportsmen's Club; The Gun Club of Syracuse; Onondaga Sportsmen's Association; Richfield Springs Gun Club; Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo; Peoria Gun Club, of Buffalo.

In the debate on name and constitution Mr. Hadley said: The condition which has affected this organization for the last year has necessitated some changes in the constitution, which have been made for the Association through the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. It is not necessary for me to state that the winter meet of the Association has withdrawn from the summer contingent, and that will necessitate the changing of the constitution. The constitution has been changed by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, and is now before you for your approval or disapproval, or such changes as this convention may find it proper to make at this time. I move that the articles of the constitution be taken up seriatim and be disposed of in that way, article by article or section by section. They can be read and if there are any changes to be made let them be discussed and settled when we come to them. Motion was seconded and carried. I will read the constitution for the secretary: "Article 1.—Name.—Sec. 1. The name of this Association shall be the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game." I move that it be adopted.

Mr. Gavitt.—I desire to introduce an amendment to the motion: I do not address this convention as president of the New York League for the Protection of Fish and Game, but as a delegate here from the Spencer Sportsmen's Club, a regularly organized member of this Association. As president of the League, I may say that, as has been read from the minutes of the previous meeting of this Association, held in Auburn last year, the matter was left in the hands of a committee of six duly appointed, three from each branch of the Association, at that time. They were to convene, agreeable to resolution, and fix upon some suitable disposition of the matter. The protective branch of that committee met in October of last year in the city of Syracuse, in due conformity with the notice, which was also given to the trap-shooting branch, or the members of the committee from the trap-shooting branch, and there were present at that meeting only the protective members. The protective members got up a report and reported to the winter meeting that in their belief it was wise to separate from the shooting branch, and in order not to conflict in any way with the shooting branch they decided at the meeting in December to change the name of that branch of the Association and call it the New York State League for the Protection of Fish and Game. I have to state at this time that that League is now duly incorporated, and has a membership of nearly thirty-nine clubs. I am here as a delegate to ask the meeting to discard the name of the old Association, so that in the future the distinction may be apparent to all, and the true objects of this Association may be thoroughly understood. As it stands in the recommendation Mr. Hadley has read it is to be called the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. As a member of this shooting branch of the Association, I desire to ask the members here in what sense are we an association for the protection of fish and game? I have been a member of this Association for over twenty years and I have failed to find in any of the proceedings of this Association of trap-shooters held from year to year anything touching upon the protective matters which would give us a right to be called by that name. I see no harm in our appropriating a name more distinctive to the interests of the present Association. It is truly a trap-shooting association.

Mr. Hadley.—I do not know why Mr. Gavitt comes into this Association. I must acknowledge his right as a delegate from the old reliable and always popular Spencer Sportsmen's Club, of Lyons, as a delegate from that club. The trials that have afflicted this Association ever since I have known anything about it have been caused by the fishing element. If I may go back a little, I will call your attention to the time the convention met at Coney Island, and there are lots of you here that bear that delightful memory in your minds to-day. It went from there to Niagara Falls, and for want of birds it could not be held. The next year Buffalo took it, but the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game died at Niagara Falls virtually. Did the fishermen put their hands in their pockets and help resurrect it? Not much. The old Audubon Club, of Buffalo, went down to Niagara Falls and took the meeting to Buffalo and sunk $1,000 that the old New York State Association might live. From Buffalo it went to Syracuse. That grand old organization, the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club, from Syracuse, sunk $600. That was the price that they paid that this Association might live. Did the fisherman reach out his hand? No, no, no. It came from Syracuse to Rochester; it began to breathe, by the tender care of the sportsmen. It went from Rochester to Utica, and the shooters were then so numerous that they classified them, and they had a splendid shoot. They gave $100 for the first gun, and only 12 birds. Did the fisherman put his hands in his pockets and help do that? Oh, no. It went from Utica to Auburn, from Auburn to Albany; from Albany it came back to Lyons, from Lyons to Rome, and from Rome to Syracuse, and there it struck the fishermen, who found that there was something in it. They called a winter meet, and they made a new constitution and new by-laws that forced upon the sportsmen a per capita tax of 25 cents each that it might help you take care of your fish. It was not carried. The weather was hot and everything was in a hurry, but after the per capita tax was taken off the constitution and by-laws were permitted to pass by adding that each club should pay yearly dues to the Association of $5. Some of them paid it and some of them didn't. One of the officers of the winter meet of the Association caused to be published in the FOREST AND STREAM, only a short time after this proposition was made to dissolve, the fact that "We have used the sporting part of the New York State Association until we are strong enough to go alone, and now we want to get out." I say go in peace. I promised through the papers to hand back to the delegates the old New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and please God, I'll do it without any fish slime or fish scales upon it. If you will listen to me you will be sportsmen and belong to the old Association. The element that left us has done enough for us, and the only redeeming feature of the whole thing was their surrendering what they knew they couldn't keep, because when they drew out they severed their connection with us and they had no right to the trophies. But they didn't give up the money they had; no. That belonged to this Association also. I hope that when this question is decided it will be in favor of keeping the old name. It is known and it is well and favorably known throughout the United States. There is not a manufacturer in the United States but what knows it, but what do they know about the New York State Sportsmen's Association? They don't know anything about that; you have got to teach it to them. It is only another act of the insidious fishermen to destroy our old Association.

Mr. Mattison.—My friend Hadley makes a true statement when he names how some of the old clubs worked away back in the 50s and 60s, and so on. I want to say that I represent the Leather Stocking Club, of Oswego, organized in 1860. In 1874 we had the State shoot at Oswego, and we sunk $1,500. I was one of a party with Judge Nutting that helped pay up our balance of $1,500 to protect the good old State Association whose name we are now laboring over. (Applause.) When my friend Gavitt makes the statement that the clubs don't assist in protecting game I beg leave to differ with him. In looking over the record of the Leather Stocking Club prior to coming here I find that in the last thirty odd years 75 per cent. of our money in the treasury has been spent to assist in protecting fish and game, and only 25 per cent. has been spent for the pleasure of attending State shoots or any other shoots. I have been a member of the State Association since its organization, and I would like to see, God permitting, the name of the State Association to remain as it is until myself and Uncle Ben Catchpole and such men have died, and then you can change it. I am here for the privilege of defending the name of the State Association that I believe has been a credit to the sportsmen of this State. I am proud of it. I am here to vote against changing the name of it as long as I live. I believe Mr. Hadley has told the truth. I believe it would be a bad idea. The State Association is known all over the world; not in this section, not in the city of New York, but wherever you go, you hear of the New York State Association. Let us vote this amendment down.

Mr. Gavitt.—The sentiment of the meeting seems to be so clearly in favor of retaining the old name that I do not see why I should object as a delegate here. I will withdraw my amendment.

The motion as originally made was carried. The rest of the constitution was adopted as already published in FOREST AND STREAM.

The American Association rules for inanimate target shooting were adopted.

Mr. Hadley.—Death has taken from our midst a man who has always been prominent in this Association. He was a whimsical fellow, full of humor and peculiarities, but a good-hearted sportsman. How many of you can remember at Saratoga, when we were riding to and from the grounds, his jolly way of reciting

"The sweet girl graduate, with her golden hair,
Now steps before the world to read her thesis,
And there is naught that helps to make her fair,
But Ivory soap its daintiness increases."

How many times we laughed at the poor fellow and at the grotesque manner in which he recited those few lines. Always ready for an argument and always ready for a shoot, his memory is dear to me. I have fought him in every possible shape, and he was a good fighter, and I like a good fighter. Mr. President, I move that a page be set aside in the records of this Association and dedicated to the memory of William M. Richmond, of Charlotte. The motion was seconded and carried.

Mr. Redmond.—This is the fortieth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. We have a new constitution, and it occurred to me that it would be well for us to emphasize to-night the fact that while we occasionally gather once a year, and occasionally oftener, to shoot blue-rocks, etc., from spring traps, we are not associatted for that purpose alone, but that the name of the Association virtually represents the object that we have at heart. I have been a member of this Association for a long time, and I have been in hopes that not only will the Association flourish during our time, but that it will survive, as it has already survived, for a long period, and prove an honor to the State of New York. Since we last met in

annual convention we have had a secession, and while I do not approve of attributing any ill motives, for I am sure that the gentlemen who quit us are just as good sportsmen as we are, I should be very sorry to have this Association say we have any doubt of their integrity or believe that they left us from any bad motives. I can very well understand that the gentlemen who form the association which meets in the winter are actuated by just as good motives as we are, but I would like to say to them—and I think it must occur to everybody here—that we are quite as good game and fish and forest protectors as they are, and that any protection that has been given to the fish, game and forests of this State any time during the last thirty or forty years has been due directly or indirectly to the influence brought upon the Legislature and upon public opinion by the men who formed the old Association. Holding that belief, I have a resolution here to offer, and it is my opinion that if it is adopted we will take action here to-night that may have a much wider and more beneficial effect upon the public affairs of this State than we now anticipate.

"Whereas, It is the settled policy of this State to give due protection to its forests, fish and game, with a view to their judicious preservation for all time; and,

"Whereas, The clearing up of woodlands destroys the nesting grounds and shelter of game, thereby entailing the extermination of fish, birds and mammals, which it is desirable to protect; and,

"Whereas, The only public land now reserved by the State as forest preserve is mainly confined to one quarter of the State, whose people in other districts derive only indirect and remote benefit from the preserves; therefore

"Resolved, That the State authorities should not confine their efforts to the establishment of forest preserves in the Adirondacks and Catskills alone, but ought to take measures for the founding of small preserves in all quarters of the State, so that the whole body of people may participate in the advantages that flow from forest preservation;

"Resolved, That the respective counties of the State should be encouraged to promote the preservation and extension of woodland by a law that would reduce the taxes on, or exempt from taxation, all farm land that is under wood.

"Resolved, That if, in the course of events, it should be determined by the people to abandon the existing canals as highways of commerce, the land, outside of cities and villages, now occupied for canal purposes, should be retained by the State, and gradually transformed into woodland, in which game should be protected all the year around.

"Resolved, That copies of resolutions be sent to Gov. Black and to the Forestry Commission."

I move the adoption of this resolution. I did not intend to take up much of your time, but I wish to say simply that it is due to ourselves to adopt action of this kind to-night. I am not prepared to say that this Association should approve of establishing as great preserves in western New York as already have been established in the eastern quarter, but I have no doubt that if the subject is urged and the attention of the Legislature is brought to the matter we can do a great deal in the matter of having small preserves established in suitable quarters of the State outside of the northeast district. Those preserves, the Adirondacks, the North Woods, and so on, are all very well, but 99 out of every 100 people cannot go there, whereas if small preserves were established by the State, a man might go from his home a short distance and pass a few days with great satisfaction. I think furthermore the headwaters of the Genesee River should have all the benefits that the people of this country have found to follow the preservation of forests. We have the second largest river in the State, and the experience of everybody that lives here is that in the summer the channel of the river has little more water in it than there is in the streets of the city. If the forests at the headwaters of the Genesee had been preserved by wise foresight we might have a much more beautiful river and no doubt the health of the community would have been benefited by it. In regard to the matter of preserving the canals for all the people of the State, it must be recalled by everybody here that when the Genesee Valley Canal, which ran from this city south, and the Chenango Canal and various others that I cannot recall, were abandoned, the State instead of retaining possession of them allowed the adjacent landowners to take the land. If in its wisdom the great Empire State should abandon the Erie Canal and the Oswego Canal, and it looks as if it might in the future, if that land was preserved by the State, in time we would have 10,000 of 15,000 acres of woodland extending from Albany to Buffalo, outside of the cities. The land, outside of that occupied for canal purposes, will average 250 to 300ft. wide clear across the State, and it would certainly be a monument that New York State might be proud of.

The motion was seconded and carried.

THE COMPETITION.

On Monday there were about thirty shooters on the grounds, Riverside Park. The programme events, however, did not commence till the following day.

TUESDAY, FIRST DAY.

The weather had a touch of coolness in temperature, though not to an uncomfortable degree. A sky obscured by masses of clouds made a dull light, which with rather fast targets and a stiff wind blowing from the rear tended to a lowering of the scores. Glover and Kirkover tied on 92 per cent., Banks being close up with .915. No remarkable runs were made on the first day.

The programme for the experts, in addition to the regular events, called for ten sweepstakes, 20 targets each, $2 entrance, birds extra at 3 cents, $10 added in each event, moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. None of the experts were lucky in dropping into a place alone excepting Whitney, who with a full score was alone in No. 7, which paid $20.80, otherwise the money was split up, mostly into fine parts. However, taking State events and all, Banks was high winner of the day, he netting $77.30.

In the State events, Nos. 1 and 2 were shot. For the sake of convenient reference, and as No. 4 was shot partly on Wednesday and partly on Thursday, all the State events are given in one table. No. 1 State event was at 25 bluerocks, $1 entrance, targets included, $50 added, seven moneys, 22, 18, 16, 12, 12, 10 and 10 per cent. No. 2 was at 25 targets, $3 entrance, targets included, $25 added, seven moneys, as in No. 1.

Of the thirty-two experts, sixteen shot through the day's programme, the largest entry being twenty-five, in Nos. 1 and 3. Of the sixty-six amateurs who shot in the day's programme, only five shot through it.

The magautraps worked badly during the day and kept Mr. Paul North quite busy adjusting them. He explained that the trouble was caused by the sand, which was more or less freely moving, and of which there was an abundance on the grounds. It sifted into the trap pits and got into the bearings of the machines; however, there was much less trouble in their works on the following day, and still less on the last day of the target shooting.

Following are the scores:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Av.
McMurchy	19	19	18	18	16	17	17	17	19	19	.895
Banks	18	20	20	17	19	19	17	17	18	18	.915
Levengston	19	16	17	19	18	20	18	17	19	*14	.885
Wagner	16	20	16	17	17	17	15	18	15	17	.840
Kelsey	14	17	17	19	18	15	18	15	18	17	.840
S Glover	18	18	20	18	19	19	16	19	18	19	.920
Forrester	17	16	18	17	17	20	17	15	16	18	.855
C S Burkhard	16	18	14	17	17	18	18	16	15	16	.825
W F Barker	16	17	16	20	15	*14	*15	*18	*17	*16	.820
E C Meyer	16	17	19	19	17	18	17	19	14	18	.870
Byer	17	14	19	17	17	17	*12	16	16	19	.820
Fanning	19	18	16	18	20	18	17	15	16	17	.870
Kirkover	16	20	17	18	18	19	19	19	19	19	.920
Brewer	17	20	18	18	20	18	19	16	17	18	.905
Crosby	18	17	18	16	19	18	19	18	15	19	.895
E Fulford	19	15	19	19	19	19	18	19	16	18	.905
E C Burkhard	12	15	12	11	*14	*19	*16	16	12	*11	....
Tallett	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Whitney	16	15	15	20	19	18	20	..	..	..	....
Van Dyke	16	17	17	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	....
Mayhew	17	..	..	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	....
Courtney	..	17	18	17	17	17	16	16	18	12	....
H Norton	..	..	11	..	*15	*14	..	11	12	11	....
Carr	..	..	16	..	20	19	16	16	19	17	....
Tuttle	..	..	18	..	18	15	13	17	..	17	....

* Birds only.

The amateur events were ten in number, five at 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance, $5 added, and five at 20 targets, $2 entrance, $10 added, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., as in the expert events. Those who desired to enter for practice could shoot for targets only. The management reserved the right to classify all shooters. The money as a general thing was split up into small parts in the ties, though C. A. Ward netted $22.40 on a lone score of 14 in No. 1. In No. 7 a score of 15 alone netted W. H. Brown $12.80, and he was lucky again in No. 8 in being alone with a score of 18, which paid $16, while Swiveller on a lone score of 17 took in $12. Chase in No. 10, the last event, broke 19 alone and took $12.80, Barker taking $9.60 alone on a score of 17.

Following are the scores:

AMATEUR EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Av.
Borst	12	17	15	16	10	14	..	..	..	..	....
M E Barker	13	18	12	17	11	19	13	15	13	17	.846
333	10	17	13	*12	12	16	14	14	..	..	....
Geisdorfer	7	14	8	*8	*9	..	..	..	..	..	....
J O'Connor	8	*12	*6	*11	..	12	*10	*11	..	..	....
W Deremo	11	18	13	17	..	17	9	16	11	14	....
C Wayte	13	18	10	16	13	19	14	16	12	14	.828
Dr J L Weller	10	19	10	13	10	9	10	11	..	..	....
B Waters	11	15	11	16	13	15	11	..	..	..	....
S P Life	13	..	12	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	....
J Green	7	..	*11	..	*10	..	..	..	..	..	....
P Willey	7	8	15	15	10	13	13	12	8	15	.663
C A Ward	14	17	14	15	12	18	13	11	..	..	....
Covert	12	18	11	17	8	16	10	14	13	15	.785
C Chase	11	17	13	16	13	14	13	16	12	19	.823
C Frantz	13	16	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	....
B Norton	10	13	7	*12	12	12	*8	..	..	..	....
B Palmer	*8	..	*11	*11	9	..	..	..	..	..	....
Lowe	7	..	12	16	5	..	..	..	..	..	....
Friday	9	14	*14	16	9	..	9	..	..	..	....
A S White	9	12	10	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	....
Austin	12	..	11	*11	10	..	..	..	..	..	....
A C H	13	19	13	16	10	17	..	..	..	..	....
Warner	13	19	14	18	7	17	..	..	..	..	....
G Brown	13	..	13	17	..	18	..	15	11	16	....
J Reed	..	*9	9	*17	*11	*15	..	*13	..	..	....
G S Wride	..	19	8	..	13	12	5	..	..	..	....
Swiveller	..	..	14	17	11	18	12	17	13	..	....
Griffith	..	..	10	..	9	..	12	..	11	12	....
B F East	..	..	13	18	11	13	10	..	..	..	....
H W Brown	..	..	11	16	11	..	15	18	..	..	....
A A Mosher	..	..	..	*11	*9	..	*11	..	..	..	....
McChesney	..	..	..	*11	*7	..	*10	..	..	..	....
Peters	..	..	..	*17	12	16	..	13	..	..	....
J Hunter	..	..	..	..	11	11	10	..	..	..	....
Atwater	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	14	..	..	....

* Birds only.

WEDNESDAY, SECOND DAY.

The weather was clear and pleasant. A gentle breeze blew at right angles to the traps, without adding anything worthy of note to the difficulties of the shooting. The traps worked better and the targets were thrown easier than on the previous day. Of the twenty-eight experts thirteen shot through the programme. Jack Fanning broke 931 per cent., the highest average of the day, while Glover broke an even 90 per cent.

Several of the experts had qualified as amateurs on the scores of the previous day, and participated in the pleasant diversions in garden with the amateurs, and they made a very commendable showing.

There were seventy-six who participated in the day's amateur events, but only ten shot the programme through. In No. 3 Byer had the greatest luck of the day, he being alone with 15 straight, which gave a return of $28.40. Of the experts Fulford, Crosby, Fanning, Levingston, Banks and Kelsey were the most fortunate winners.

Events Nos. 5 and 6 of the expert programme gave way to the E. C. cup event. No. 5 in the amateur event was the Gold Dust Smokeless event. The scores of both these events are given in full below:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Av.
Fulford	20	17	17	17	17	19	19	17	.894
Tucker	*17	*18	*18	*18	*18	*16	*10	*14	.806
E C Meyer	18	18	17	15	16	14	17	17	.825
S Glover	19	19	17	15	16	20	19	19	.900
Forrester	16	19	13	18	..	..	..	..	....
McMurchy	17	17	16	18	17	16	19	16	.850
Kelsey	17	17	17	19	19	18	20	18	.906
Levingston	17	18	18	13	..	20	18	14	.840
C Wagner	17	17	16	17	13	14	13	10	.731
Banks	19	18	16	20	15	18	18	18	.887
T H Keller	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	....
J Fanning	19	19	19	18	20	19	16	19	.931
Kirkover	12	17	16	18	18	18	17	16	.825
J L Brewer	14	17	17	19	17	12	17	15	.800
Crosby	16	19	20	19	18	17	13	18	.875
Courtney	*18	*19	*14	*15	*16	*16	*16	*15	.806
Carr	17	17	16	..	..	..	12	..	....
B H Norton	*10	10	..	..	*18	*10	*15	*12	....
R Hunter	..	..	..	..	18	..	13	14	....

* Birds only.

AMATEUR EVENTS.

Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	..	..	..	
Swiveller	12	13	9	13	18	..	..	..	.722
C Chase	14	17	11	19	16	..	..	..	.885
M E Barker	13	18	14	20	18	..	..	..	.922
C F Wayte	11	17	12	16	12	..	..	..	.755
L V Byer	14	17	15	15	19	..	..	..	.888
B Waters	12	16	7	..	..	..	..	..	....
C Lane	14	19	13	10	17	..	..	..	....
333	10	*18	8	..	..	..	..	..	....
A C H	13	16	11	15	..	..	..	..	....
Warner	13	17	12	11	..	..	..	..	....
White	11	17	8	15	..	..	..	..	....
C S B	13	16	14	17	..	..	..	..	....
B Tolsma	13	15	13	18	..	..	..	..	....
H W Denny	14	..	13	17	..	..	..	..	....
W H T	10	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	....
Ollie	9	16	12	*17	..	..	..	..	....
G Copper	11	14	*10	..	..	..	..	..	....
H L Gates	15	18	13	9	..	..	..	..	....
Van Dyke	11	19	14	19	..	..	..	..	....
C L Frantz	12	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	....
C A Ward	15	15	12	19	19	..	..	..	.888
B V Covert	12	16	13	15	..	..	..	..	....
Borst	11	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	....
F McCord	15	19	14	20	19	..	..	..	.966
E C Burkhard	11	15	14	15	..	..	..	..	....
G S Wride	12	17	10	17	19	..	..	..	.833
P H Willey	11	12	11	15	14	..	..	..	.700
W F Parker	14	18	10	18	..	..	..	..	....

* Birds only.

THE E. C. & SCHULTZE CUP CONTEST.

The E. C. cup contest took the place of Nos. 5 and 6 of the expert sweepstakes programme, which were omitted. The contest was on 50 targets, in two sections of 25 targets each, optional sweep on each $2. The regular entrance was the price of the birds, $1.50. The sweep was divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The cup went to the highest score. If there were ties they were to be shot off on 25 targets. Class shooting. No handicap. Open to the world. Sim Glover was alone with a score of 48, and won the cup. He missed his 20th and 32d. Jack Fanning seemed to have a cinch on the cup up to his 48th and 49th targets, when he was unfortunate in dropping two together, he having only one previous miss, his 23d target. The scores:

E D Fulford....11111111111111111100111111111111111101101111101110111—44
S A Tucker....11111111011011111011111111111100111111111111001011111—42
E C Meyer.....11111111111111111011011010101101111011111101100011111—39
S Glover.....11111111111111111111011111111111011111111111111111111—48
Forrester .....11100101111101111101111111111111111101011111111110—42
H McMurchy....11111111111111101111101111101101111101111111111111111—45
Kelsey .....10111111111101010111111001111111111111111111001111111—43
Levengston .....11111111101101101110011111011101011111110111100111—39
C Wagner .....00111001111101001111101111000011001011110010101111—31
E Banks.....11111111111111111111111101111101110111111111101111—46
B Waters .....11111010011011111001011111101100101001110010000110—30
J Fanning .....11111111111111111111101111111111111111111111111001—47
Kirkover .....11100101111101111111111100111111111111111110111111—43
J L Brewer.....11011111111111111111011101111111111011011011111111—44
W R Crosby .....11111111101011110111111111111111111111111101111101—44
Courtney .....01101011100011111111111111111111100111111111111110111—41
Carr .....11110101111110101111111010101111111111111110000001—37
Borst .....11101110010011110111111111011110010000101110101111110—33
Chase .....01011110110111101111011111111001011110011111101111—38
C Burkhardt ....01101111111100011000111111111000111011111110101011011—35

333 (16) and H. L. Gates (17) retired after shooting 25 targets.

THE GOLD DUST SMOKELESS EVENT.

This was an event open to amateurs only, and took the place of event No. 5 of the amateur sweepstakes programme. The prizes were one keg of Gold Dust to three high guns, and one can each to the twelve next high guns. The conditions were 25 targets, no handicap, entrance price of targets, 75 cents.

Barker and McCord broke straight, while Byer was alone with 24. Covert, Keller and Waters were 23. Wayte, Lane, Cooper, Kay and Parker were 22 each. The scores:

Swiveller .....0011001001111111010111011—16
C Chase .....1111111011111101110101110—20
M E Barker .....1111111111111111111111111—25
C S Wayte .....1111111111101010111101111—22
Byer .....1111111111111111111111110—24
Friday .....1000001010101110101011—13
333 .....0001111101001111111111101—18
Lane .....1111111101110111101111111—22
Denny .....1111110011111001111111111—21
G Cooper .....1110111111111111111011110—22
M Mayhew .....1111101011101111110111111—21
S Kay .....1111101111111111111011011—22
White .....1010111011101111111110111—19
Hookway .....1111101110011111111111110—20
McCord .....1111111111111111111111111—25
B V Covert .....1101111101111111111111111—23
C A Ward .....1010111111111111100111111—21
P H Willey .....1001101011001111011001111—16
T H Keller .....1111110011111111111111111—23
Sp Life .....1111101111001111111110011—20
E Hill .....1010111111111101001111111—20
A A Mosher .....0100011111111011111111110—19
H Hill .....1110101111110001010010100—15
E F Hammond .....1101111111111111111111111—24
W Peters .....1111011111111100011110011—19
J B .....0011111111110101101001111—18
A Morris .....0111110100101001111100111—16
M Lowden .....1111101110101111110111100—19
Borst .....1100111111110110111001110—18
G Brown .....1111110111101010110111101—19
F Lefever .....0011111110110110111111110—19
Norton .....0011011010111001111110100—15
Tuttle .....1111111101101011011010010—18
J Green .....1100110001100111111111111—18
Foxie .....0101011111011010111101101—17
Waters .....1111111111111111110011111—23
D Lefever .....1111110111010111111111011—21
B F East .....0100111010101100111111111—17
R Hunter .....1111111001111111111111001—21
B Palmer .....0001111111111111111101111—21
W F Parker .....1111111101101111101111111—22
M E Austin .....1111111110101010001111111—19
H Lowden .....1010000111101101011101111—16

THE MERCHANDISE EVENT.

Contest No. 3 of the State programme events was the merchandise event, the conditions being 25 bluerocks, entrance $5, birds included, $1,166 in prizes. They numbered ninety-two and were valuable and varied. There were seven classes of ties, each of which was shot off at 10 targets, which were extra. The shoot-off of the event and the ties took up the better part of the day at the State traps. The scores were as follows: Jones 19, Pan 18, A. M. S. 24, Baker 19, D. E. B. 19, Lowden 16, Tassall 17, Hopkins 16, 333 14, Hammond 21, Fulford 23, Hadley 20, Friday 20, Glover 23, Deremo 24, Mayhew 23, Kelsey 20, Levenson 23, Wagner 20, Banks 24, A. C. H. 23, Warner 24, Burkhardt 21, Kirkover 24, Forrester 22, Denny 22, W. H. T. 22, Frantz 19, Griffith 16, Gates 21, Courtney 24, Atwater 21, Lane 18, C. Burkhardt 22, Whitney 19, Borst 21, Ressinger 19, H. P. Hill 18, E. Hill 18, Willey 19, Tuttle 19, Carr 25, Geo. Mosher 24, E. F. Burnett 21, Wride 20, A. A. Mosher 12, White 20, Brown 23, Ward 22, Covert 23, A. Rickman 24, McCord 22, Byer 23, E. C. Meyer 25, C. F. Wayte 23, Tolsma 24, Storey 15, J. M. Louden 20, W. H. C. 21, M. E. Barker 22, B. G. Palmer 16, Louis Fries 20, G. Crouch 21, F. Lefever 22, T. Lane 18, Roberts 20, B. Rickman 21, Hadlock 17, E. Bauman 24, C. D. Cooper 18.

It required a long time to shoot off the ties. Carr broke 9 to Meyer's 8 in the 25s. First prize was an L. C. Smith gun valued at $80. Kirkover, Banks, Talsma, Geo. Mosher, A. M. S., Deremo and Bowman, after shooting off the ties on 24s, were in the order named, Banks, who was shooting a very strong gait, withdrew to second place so that the others could shoot for the Lefever hammerless, valued at $80, Banks winning a cook stove, valued at $35. In the third class of ties first was an Ithaca hammerless. The winners from first to eighth were: Glover, H. W. Brown, Levengston, Fulford, Byer, C. F. Wayte, A. C. H. and Covert.

The ties on 22 were as follows: First, M. E. Baker; second, Kelsey; third, Ward; fourth, F. Lefever; fifth, McCord; sixth, A. Forrester; seventh, H. N. Denny; eighth, E. C. Burkhardt; ninth, W. H. T. First prize was a sewing machine, second a Winchester shotgun.

On 21s the results were: First, Mayhew; second, C. F. Burnett; third, E. F. Hammond; fourth, Borst; fifth, Gates; sixth, B. Rickman; seventh, Burkhardt; eighth, J. J. Atwater; ninth, Geo. Crouch; tenth, W. H. C. First prize was a Remington ejector shotgun.

The 20s were as follows: First, Wride; second, L. Fries; third, White; fourth, Hadley; fifth, Roberts; sixth, Friday; seventh, J. N. Louden; eighth, Wagner. First prize a shotgun.

Ties on 19 were as follows: First, Foley; second, Whitney; third, Tuttle; fourth, Willey; fifth, J. Rissinger; sixth, J. N. Miller; seventh, D. E. B.; eighth, Frantz; ninth, Baker.

Ties on 18: First, Dain; second, E. Hill; third, G. D. Cooper; fourth, W. P.; fifth, H. P. Hill; sixth, P. Lane; seventh, T. Lane.

Ties on 17: First, Hadlock; second, Tassell.

Ties on 16: First, B. J. Palmer; second, H. Lowden; third, Hopkins; fourth, Griffith.

Ties on 15: First, Storey; second, W. C. Lais; third, Norton.

THURSDAY.

The weather was warm, clear and pleasant. A gentle breeze blew betimes. The attendance had largely diminished, and the events dragged somewhat. Only eight of the experts shot through the programme. McMurchy broke 135 out of 140, at .964 gait, while Van Dyke was smashing things in his old form, scoring 79 out of his first 80, finishing with 96 out of 100 shot at. Fanning tied McMurchy with .964, and there was a general rise in averages all along the line. However, the targets were thrown easier, though they were not easy to score on at that. There were no large winnings in the day's competition.

The scores at the expert traps were as follows:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Av.
E Fulford	20	19	20	20	14	18	19	.298
Meyer	19	19	20	18	16	..	..	....
Glover	18	20	19	19	19	20	19	.957
McMurchy	20	19	20	19	19	19	19	.964
Kelsey	17	17	17	20	18	19	20	.914
Levengston	16	17	17	18	..	..	..	....
Banks	18	18	19	17	18	17	18	.893
Hookway	*16	*9	..	*14	*14	*14	*16	....
Fanning	18	20	20	20	20	18	19	.964
Kirkover	17	19	19	18	18	18	19	.914
Brewer	17	19	18	20	19	..	..	....
Crosby	17	20	20	20	15	20	17	.921
Courtney	19	17	18	17	..	..	..	....
M E Barker	18	18	19	18	19	..	..	....
Whitney	19	18	17	18	..	..	..	....
Carr	17	18	17	..	..	..	..	....
Van Dyke	20	20	19	20	17	..	..	....
Ward	..	20	19	19	..	..	..	....

* Birds only.

THE AMATEUR EVENTS.

At the amateur traps a few who went over the 85 per cent. limit were banished from the amusements of the amateurs, and forced to saw wood with the experts, or not participate. Of the fifty-one amateurs only seven shot the programme through. Of the twenty-six experts only eight shot through. The expert events were stopped at the seventh and the Lefever medal contest was commenced.

The scores of the amateur events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Av.
Keller	14	19	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Swiveller	15	16	12	18	13	15	13	16	13	15	.831
Hammond	13	19	15	18	14	18	14	..	..	..	....
C Lane	14	18	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
E Meyer	15	19	15	17	15	19	14	20	14	19	.960
Chase	13	19	14	18	12	19	12	20	11	20	.903
Beyer	12	20	15	17	14	18	15	20	14	17	.926
Wayte	14	18	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
E C Burkhardt	12	13	12	15	12	18	15	17	12	15	.806
A C H	13	19	12	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	....
C S Burkhardt	13	16	14	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	....
Parker	*14	*19	*15	*19	*15	*20	*13	*20	*14	..	....
S P Life	13	18	14	16	..	..	*13	..	..	..	....
Wride	13	14	11	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	....
Tuttle	13	18	12	19	15	17	14	19	15	19	....

Mayhew	14	18	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Carr	14	19	13	18	14	18	11	18	14	17	....
Willey	14	14	11	17	10	16	10	12	10	13	.726
H Gates	15	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
B Norton	*11	*13	*9	*9	*10	*14	*11	*14	*10	..	....
Warner	13	19	14	19	13	18	..	..	..	..	....
Kirkover	14	20	12	19	15	17	12	19	15	19	.926

* Birds only.

TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

The team championship contest, four men to a team, entrance $10 per team, had six entries. Each member shot at 25 targets, or 100 per team. The prizes were a Parker gun to first, and 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of entrance to second, third, fourth and fifth respectively. The Rochester Rod and Gun Club won on the excellent score of 91. The contest was a very close one, Syracuse being but one target behind the winners, Oneida but one target behind Syracuse, and the Audubons Nos. 1 and 2 tieing on 88, one target less than Oneida, while Audubon No. 3 was one target behind Nos. 1 and 2. The scores:

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Glover	1111111111010101111111111—22
Myer	1111111111111111111111011—24
Lane	1111111110111101111111111—23
Byer	1111110111101111101111111—22—91

Syracuse Gun Club.

D Lefever	1101011111111101111111110—21
F Lefever	1100111111111111111111111—23
Courtney	1111011111110111111101111—22
McMurchy	1111111111111111011111111—24—90

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

H L Gates	0111101011111101111100111—19
M E Barker	0111111111101111111111111—23
M M Mayhew	1111111111111111110011111—23
E D Fulford	1111111101111111111111111—24—89

Audubon No. 2.

Kelsey	1101111111101110111111101—21
C S Burkhardt	1111110011101111111101111—21
Talsma	0111101111111111111111111—23
Hammond	1011111111111111111101111—23—88

Audubon No. 1.

A C H	1110011111111111111110110—21
Warren	0111111110111110111111111—22
Forrester	0001111111111111111111111—22
Kirkover	1111110111111111111111011—23—88

Audubon No. 3.

Fanning	1111111101111011011111111—22
Swiveller	1100011111111111111111110—21
E C Burkhardt	1111111111111111101111111—24
C Ward	1011111110111111101111001—20—87

LEFEVER ARMS CO. DIAMOND MEDAL.

There were twenty-two contestants in the diamond medal event. It was shot at 20 single targets and 5 pairs, entrance $2. The contest was most spirited and close, and was watched with the greatest interest by all present. Glover, Banks, Tuttle and Barker tied on 29, Kirkover and Mayhew being close with 28. In the ties there was some as pretty target shooting as ever was witnessed. Banks and Glover were shooting in admirably fine form, the former rather the better, since he caught the targets quicker, centered them well and shot with great confidence. Banks' first pair in the ties flew in line with a tree at the boundary fence, and in attempting to catch them before they could blend with the colors of the tree and thereby become indistinct, he shot too quickly, lost his time and missed them both. Up to that moment Banks seemed a sure winner. Glover missed one in his next pair, then broke the rest and won by one target. The badge now becomes his personal property. The scores:

B Palmer	10111011101110111111	11 11 10 00 11—23
H L Gates	11101110111111110111	11 11 10 11 11—26
Fulford	01111111111011111111	11 10 10 11 11—26
Courtney	11111110101111100111	10 11 11 11 10—24
Glover	11111111111111111111	11 11 11 01 11—29
Banks	11101111111111111111	11 11 11 11 11—29
Kelsey	11111111111111111111	11 10 10 11 10—27
McMurchy	11101111111111111111	11 11 10 10 11—27
Hookway	01111001011011110110	10 00 10 11 01—18
Whitney	01111011111111111011	11 11 11 11 10—26
Carr	10111111111111111011	11 11 10 11 11—27
Tuttle	11111111111111111111	11 11 11 10 11—29
Ward	11011111011111111001	11 11 11 10 10—24
Kirkover	11111111111111111111	11 10 11 11 10—28
M E Barker	11111111111111111111	11 11 11 01 11—29
M M Mayhew	11111111111111111111	11 11 10 10 11—28
Forrester	11011111111101111111	00 01 01 11 00—22
Meyer	11111111111110011111	11 10 11 11 11—27

Ties on 29:

Glover	11111111111111111111	11 10 11 11 11—28
Banks	11111111011111111111	00 11 11 11 11—27
Tuttle	11101101101111111111	11 10 11 10 11—25
Barker	11111011111101011111	01 11 10 11 11—25

FRIDAY, FOURTH DAY.

The Dean Richmond Trophy.

The weather was clear, with a warmth of midsummer. A stiff wind blew toward the traps, making the shooting far from easy. The grounds from the constant tramping of the multitude had a heavy covering of dust, which was lifted up and scattered around the shooters and traps in clouds at such times as heavy gusts varied the steady blowing.

The birds were an exceptionally good lot, considering the time of year, and were not so easy to kill, as the scores below will show. The keenest interest was shown by the spectators from start to finish, and good kills were impartially applauded.

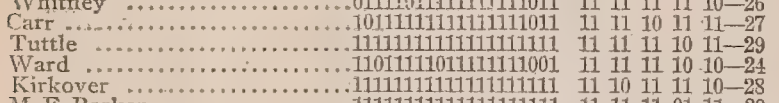
The Dean Richmond trophy event was the only one left of the programme; the Lefever Arms Co. diamond medal, fixed for Friday, had been shot on the previous day. A few sweepstakes occupied the forenoon. The main event commenced at 1:03.

There were eight teams in this contest, the Syracuse Gun Club team proving the victors with the excellent score of 58 out of 60, Col. A. G. Courtney killing straight, while Mosher and McMurchy each scored 19.

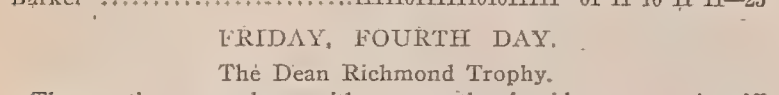
Mr. J. Fanning was referee; Mr. Will K. Park, of Sporting Life, was scorer, and Mr. L. W. Davis was trap-puller. The scores;

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

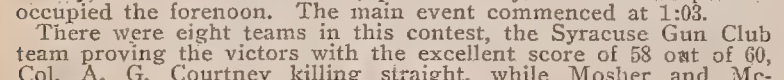
Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

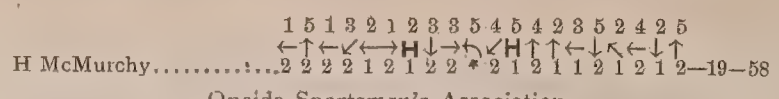


Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

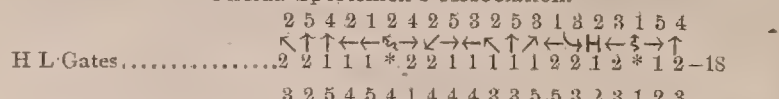


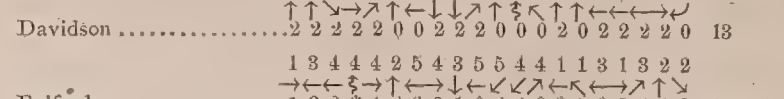
Syracuse Gun Club.



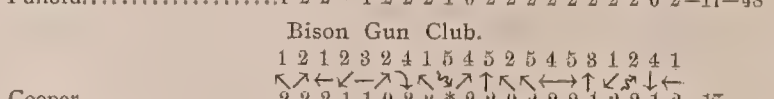


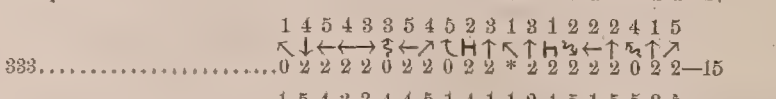
Oneida Sportsmen's Association.

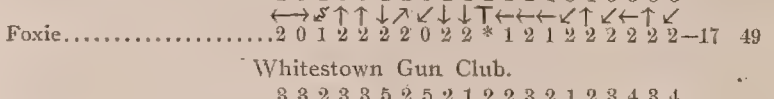




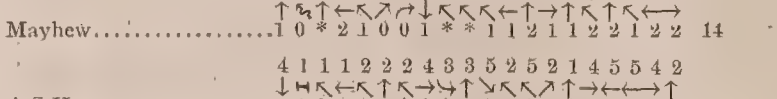
Bison Gun Club.

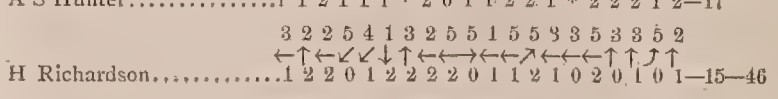


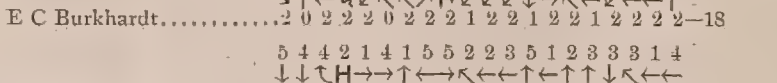




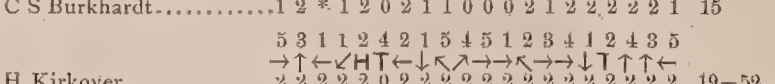
Whitestown Gun Club.

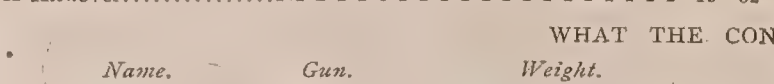


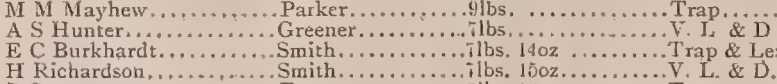




Audubon Gun Club No. 1.







WHAT THE CONTESTANTS USED.

Name.	*Gun.*	*Weight.*	*Shells.*	*Powder.*	*Shot.*
M M Mayhew	Parker	9lbs.	Trap	Schultze, 4drs.	No 7, 1¼oz.
A S Hunter	Greener	7lbs.	V. L. & D., U. M. C.	Schultze, 48grs	No. 7, 1¼oz.
E C Burkhardt	Smith	7lbs. 14oz	Trap & Leader	Blue Ribbon, 3½drs	No 7, 7½, 1¼oz
H Richardson	Smith	7lbs. 15oz	V. L. & D., U. M. C.	Schultze, 48grs	No 7, 1¼oz.
R Stacy	Francotte	7lbs. 12oz	Trap	Dupont, 3½drs	No. 7, 1¼oz.
Warner	Remington	8lbs.	Smokeless	Oriental, 3½drs	No 7, 1¼oz.
S Glover	Parker	7lbs. 15oz	Trap	Schultze, 50grs	No. 7, 1¼oz.
Meyer	Smith	7lbs 15oz	Trap	Schultze, 3½drs.	No 7, 1¼oz.
O'Leary (333)	Lefever	7lbs. 13oz	Trap	Dupont, 3½drs.	No. 7, 1¼oz
Foxey	Smith	7lbs 14oz.	Trap	Gold Dust, 48grs, & Blue Ribbon, 3¼drs.	No 7½, 1¼oz
C S Burkhardt	Parker	7lbs.	Trap	Gold Dust, 3¼drs.	No. 7½, 1¼oz.
G H Mann	Lefever	7lbs. 12oz.	Smokeless & Trap	Dupont, 3¼drs	No. 7, 1⅛oz
H McMurchy	Smith	7lbs. 14oz	Smokeless	Schultze, 3½drs.	No 7, 1⅛oz.
A S White	Lang & ——	7lbs. 4oz	Smokeless	Dupont, 3½drs.	No. 6½, 7½, 1⅛oz.
H D Kirkover	Parker	7lbs. 14oz	Trap	Dupont, 3¼drs.	No. 7, 1¼oz.
F D Kelsey	Smith	7lbs. 15oz.	Trap	Dupont, 3½drs.	No. 7, 1¼oz.
H L Gates	Greener	7lbs. 12oz.	Trap	Schultze, 42 and 49grs.	No. 6, 7, 1¼oz.
A G Courtney	Remington	7lbs. 12oz.	Trap	Schultze, 3¼drs.	No. 7, 1¼oz.
G Mosher	Syracuse	7lbs. 8oz.	Smokeless	Dupont, 3¼drs.	No. 7, 1⅛oz.
C H Mowry	Lefever	7lbs 14oz.	Trap	U. M. C. factory load	
E D Fulford	Remington	7lbs. 12oz	Trap	U. M. C. factory load	
Davidson	Lefever	8lbs. 3oz.	Acme	Gold Dust, 46 and 48grs	No. 7, 1¼oz.
E Lane	Parker	7lbs. 15oz.	Trap	Schultze, 50grs.	No. 7, 1¼oz.
Cooper	Lefever	7lbs. 15oz.	Trap	Gold Dust, 48grs.	No. 7, 7½, 1⅛oz.

THE STATE EVENTS.

The State events were shot off on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Events Nos. 1 and 2 were shot on Tuesday; No. 3, the merchandise event, and part of No. 4 were shot on Wednesday; the latter was the Troisdorf smokeless powder trophy, same conditions as No. 3, namely, 25 bluerocks, $3 entrance, targets included, $25 added, seven moneys, divided 22, 18, 16, 12 12, 10 and 10 per cent. Part of event 4 and events 5 and 6 were shot off on Thursday, as were also the team race and the Lefever badge. The scores:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Av.
E C Meyer	18	18	23	24	21	.832
Mayhew	22	20	22	25	24	.904
Geisdorfer	15	13	..	..	..	....
M E Barker	17	18	24	24	22	.840
333	12	12	..	..	21	....
C A Ward	21	21	22	25	24	.904
B Covert	14	20	..	..	..	....
A White	17	18	..	18	21	....
C Wayte	20	22	21	25	20	.664
Lowden	13	15	..	..	..	....
Forrester	22	19	23	24	23	.888
C S Burkhardt	23	21	23	21	22	.888
E Fulford	20	24	24	24	24	.928
A Rickman	15	19	..	..	..	....
Borst	15	17	18	..	..	....
Glover	22	23	25	24	25	.952
E C Burkhardt	17	12	..	21	19	....
Kirkover	21	15	23	22	21	.816
Tolsma	21	18	..	..	..	....
E Burnett	18	20	..	..	..	....
Courtney	20	20	18	20	20	.784
Banks	24	25	24	23	23	.952
Levengston	23	22	21	24	24	.912
Wagner	19	18	20	24	23	.832
Kelsey	17	21	24	23	24	.872
C L Frantz	17	16	..	..	..	....
C Lane	23	16	24	20	..	....
A M S	21	17	..	..	..	....
Dr Weller	18	18	..	..	..	....
P Willey	15	11	20	16	19	....
D Lefever	16	8	..	..	..	....
F Lefever	14	19	..	..	..	....
McCord	18	20	20	25	22	.840
L Byer	16	22	23	21	19	.808
Hunt	13	..	..	..	..	....
Whitney	20	18	23	23	25	....
B Palmer	11	..	..	..	..	....
A C H	17	19	19	23	22	.800
Warner	17	17	..	24	21	....
H L Gates	20	14	..	21	22	....
Tallett	17	..	..	..	..	....
B Rickman	16	..	..	..	..	....
W Lowe	12	18	..	..	..	....
G Wride	11	16	18	22	19	.696
H Denny	20	..	22	22	19	....
Crutty	12	..	..	..	..	....
Tuttle	18	21	20	19	24	.816
Carr	22	20	24	22	25	.904
Swiveller	18	..	20	..	..	....
Hadley	22	18	..	..	..	....
Deremo	..	19	..	24	2	....
Dan	..	13	..	..	..	....
Renicke	..	15	..	..	..	....
Zwilling	..	15	..	..	..	....
J Norton	..	17	..	..	..	....
R Hunter	..	..	24	23	..	....
Scott	..	..	21	..	..	....
Fries	..	..	19	..	..	....
M Austin	..	..	21	..	..	....
B East	..	..	20	..	..	....
A Baker	..	..	20	..	..	....
McCarney	..	..	18	18	..	....
Ollie	..	..	21	20	..	....
Hammond	..	..	..	23	25	....
Brewer	..	..	..	23	..	....
Hookway	..	..	..	22	18	....

The Calumet Heights Gun Club has an elaborate programme for its July 3 and 4 shoot, embracing contests at targets, live birds and rifle shooting.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 18.—There was a small attendance, but a large rivalry at our weekly shoot. The weather has been so bad here of late that we have not been able to hold a shoot on our regular dates:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Walls	15	14	15	15	Snell	13	..	..	..
Buck	14	12	10	13	Emory	12	13	10	..
Forehand	15	15	12	14	Kinney	..	13	9	..

June 22.—Following are the scores made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	20	Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	20
Knowlton	..	14	14	13	15	20	..	Campbell	7	8	11	5	11	12	14
Swell	9	15	14	12	12	18	17	Reiner	8	10	10	8	13	13	16
Griffith	9	14	12	11	11	14	20	Bain	..	9	9	10	13	16	16
Coffin	7	10	12	10	14	17	19	Chapin	..	11	11	11	13	19	..
Walls	6	13	13	10	12	19	19	Roach	..	..	..	..	..	6	14
Mack	..	11	13	10	10	18	12	Emory	2	13	9	..	10	16	14
Bucklin	8	12	12	11	12	16	13	Dodge	..	..	..	..	4	10	9
Noyes	..	9	10	9	12	18	16	Warren	..	..	..	..	8	10	..
Elmer	..	11	11	9	9	17	15	McLellan	6	10	5	9	11	11	18

A. W. WALLS.

Items from the South.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 23.—Manager J. A. Corray, of Dupont Park, is out with his programme announcing a two days' tournament for July 3 and 4. This is to be an open affair, but trade representatives will be taxed 50 cents extra in each event. This is to constitute an average fund, to be divided among the amateurs who shoot through. The programme consists of five 15 and five 20-target events each day, making 175 shot for the day. The entrance in the 15-bird events is $1.50, while in the 20s it is $2. There will be $5 added in each event, $100 all told for the two days. This should draw a fair crowd, but it is a difficult matter to pull off a very pretentious event on these dates, as half the clubs in the country will be holding shoots on the Fourth.

MEMPHIS LIVE-BIRD MEDAL.

The Memphis Gun Club has discontinued its live-pigeon shoots for the summer, and has now turned its attention to targets. The close of its pigeon-shooting season left a very complicated state of affairs in so far as the club medal is concerned. There were ten contests all told for this trophy, which resulted in T. A. Divine, J. P. Edrington, A. H. Frank and J. C. Neely, Jr., winning it twice, W. F. Allen and Dr. W. H. Gragg once each. To become permanent possessor of it it must be won three times. However, no one was equal to the requirements. Frank was the first one to win it twice, and though he managed to tie for it several times after, he was unable to land it the decisive time.

A singular thing about these contests is that Frank Poston, one of the very best shots in the club, never won it once, though he never scored less than 23 and on several occasions 24 and 25 straight. It was always his misfortune to be shot out in the tie.

In the fall pigeon shooting will be resumed by this club, and matters will be taken up where they were dropped.

LOCALLY.

The approach of the State shoot is livening up matters considerably here and there is a good crowd of shooters on hand each Friday. At the last shoot Mayor Woodson was on hand, and though he complained of feeling bad and furthermore being rusty—this being his first appearance this season—he set a pace that none of the others could follow. Ninety-three per cent. was entirely too hot a clip. Quite a number of those who were present hoped that his illness would prove contagious if it had that kind of an effect. John Pemberton kept plugging along right behind him, always a bird or so shy though. In a live-bird shoot a few days previous John Dickinson was easily first with 17 out of 20, Pemberton winning second.

State tournament affairs are progressing very nicely, and $350 added money has already been raised, while efforts are being made to bring this amount up to $500. This is going to be a rattling good event, and shooters will do well to bear this in mind. The promoters hope to make this the best shoot held in the South this season, always excepting the Hot Springs shoot, of course.

IN ILLINOIS.

Sidell has a gun club, and they too will be doing business on the glorious Fourth, and the 5th also. All targets, and the schedule varies from 10 to 25 birds. Fourteen events sum up the shooting for the two days, though extras will be run off to suit those present. The management consists of Jas. A. Linder, President; Frank Jackson, Vice-President; W. A. Gray, Secretary and Treasurer; H. J. Scounce, Captain.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., June 18.—The Auburn Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot this afternoon. There was a strong wind blowing, making the birds fly hard, but in spite of this the best scores of the season were made. Event No. 1 was the badge shoot, which Rickford won with 24. The boys are getting all the practice they can before the tournament, which is to be held on June 30. They are all looking for that Parker Gun. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	10	10	10	5	Targets:	25	10	10	10	5
Bickford	24	8	8	..	..	Collins	18	9	..	6	4
Norton	23	7	9	..	5	Francis	17	..	6	..	3
Cain	22	10	..	6	..	White	16	3	9	..	..
Fletcher	22	8	8	..	..	Bean	16	7	..	..	..
Cobb	22	9	4	..	..	Conners	16	8	5	3	2
Hunnewell	20	8	6	7	..	Leary	21	7	..	6	5
Barker	20	6	8	..	..	Wood	13	..	3	..	..
Ashley	20	7	6	..	3	Reckards	..	5	..	..	..
Cushman	19	5	8	6	..						

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., June 18.—The medal shoot of the Uxbridge Gun Club was held here this afternoon. Rawson won the medal, making two wins to his credit for the season. Previous to the last 10 birds Day had a lead of 2 over his nearest competitor, but after making a grand stand flourish with his gun and some jocose remarks about a cinch he went to pieces and broke only 5 out of the 10. Nos. 5 to 8 was the medal shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Burbank	12	5	8	7	13	7	11	7
Fred	11	5	..	5	9	6	9	6
Day	9	7	11	5	12	9	12	5
Coffin	9	7	5	6	10	6	7	6
Johnson	10	7	9	4	11	5	13	6
Sweet	10	7	9	6	6	5	12	3
Rawson	11	6	8	7	12	9	10	9
Gibson	5	2	11	7	5	6	10	5
Noyes	..	..	11	6	9	7	11	7
Mansfield	..	..	..	..	8	5	9	6

W. S. HOBBS, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., June 18.—The scores made at the South Side Gun Club's shoot to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Terrill	8	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Jewell	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Day	6	..	5	9	..	9	..	..	..
Gardner	4	3	2	3	7	..	..	..	..
Thomas	7	7	4	4	..	6	9	..	7
Cumming	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dukes	..	..	6	7	6	7	7	8	5
Wheaton	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	8	1

Team race:

Team No. 1:

Thomas .....1001111111111101111011111—21

Dukes .....1101011101111111011011111—20—41

Team No. 2:

Terrill .....1101011101110101011101111—18

Day .....0111100011110111011101100—16—34

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Marion, N. J., June 18.—An enjoyable afternoon's shoot was given by the Endeavor Gun Club to-day. The competition was spirited throughout. A stiff wind added to the difficulties of making good scores.

The eight-men team shoot was the main event, and excited much interest. The Endeavors succeeded this time in defeating the Dunellen Gun Club's team by a score of 154 to 134. No. 7 event was at 10 singles and 5 pairs. A novel team race was shot in No. 6 event, 15 targets, nine men on a side. Each man drew a number from a hat. No one knew till after the race was over what team he was on, or who was for or against him. O. and E. in the scores denote the odd and even numbers, the odd numbers making one team, the even the other one.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	5p	15	20	10
L Piercy, O	7	8	8	9	..	12	14	..
Chase, E	8	11	6	11	6	10	14	9
Banks, O	9	13	10	12	7	14	..	..
H Money, E	8	15	10	12	7	12	17	8
E Taylor, O	8	11	9	13	..	14	..	..
Beveridge, E	10	15	9	14	5	14	15	9
Everett, O	9	9	9	12	..	10	..	..
Sinnock, O	7	11	5	9	..	12	..	..
Waters, E	7	13	7	11	8	14	17	8
Von Lengerke, E	10	13	9	13	..	14	7	7
Mulvany	7	12	4	11	..	..	..	..
Pullin	6	7	6	5	..	..	..	..
Seeley	5	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Banta, O	8	15	7	12	..	13	16	8
A Strader, E	7	..	6	10	7	10	..	..
Baron, O	..	9	7	7	..	7	..	8
Lindzey, O	..	13	8	10	7	11	9	..
Proctor, E	..	..	7	8	..	6	..	..
Gyles, O	..	..	4	8	4	10	12	..
Osborn, E	..	..	5	13	..	9	..	..
Kelley	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
R Strader, E	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Van Dyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..

Endeavor—Chase 17, Banks 18, Taylor 23, Beveridge 22, Everett 17, H. Money 22, Banta 23, Strader 12—154.

Dunellen—Giles 15, Osborn 18, Baron 15, Lindzey 21, Fletcher 14, Cramer, 14, Dealamon 17, Tingley 20—134.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., June 22.—The E. C. cup handicap was shot here to-day on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Only four men took part in the shooting. Huck with a handicap of 4 won the E. C. cup with 24 breaks. After the cup shoot a few 10-target sweeps were shot. Scores:

E. C. cup:

Huck, 4 .....111111101111101 00 11 10 11 11—20—4—24

Matzen, 7 .....110110001100011 10 11 10 00 10—13—7—20

Morfey, 1 .....111010110110011 10 10 00 11 11—16—1—17

James, 6 .....001110100001000 00 10 01 00 10— 8—6—14

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Huck	8	10	10	9	Matzen	6	6	7	6
Morfey	9	10	9	7	James	7	6	..	..

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 13.—The boys are shooting fairly well, but will have to wake up a little bit more, for we shoot Tacoma again next week for the State cup, and of course we want to hang on to it now that we have won it. Tacoma has a great crowd of shooters though, and we may have a hard time to keep it in Seattle. Nevertheless we are still going to let them know that we are alive, and hope to keep the flies off them.

Stevens is shooting in elegant form now, and if he keeps it up will make plenty of them hustle at Vancouver on the 29th.

Black and Ruppe are also shooting in good form.

Bige Hall still swings on to the pump gun with a vengeance.

Several of the boys are going to the Vancouver shoot on the 29th to try their luck against the cracks of the Northwest. May they take all the medals and some of the cash. We took the State cup away from Tacoma, and now we want some of those golden medals that they have dangling at their waists, and if it is possible to get them by good, clean shooting we are out for them.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	30	10	50	15	25	5	Targets:	15	30	10	50	15	25	5
McKee	9	10	2	..	..	..	..	Spokane	10	21	7	..	7	16	2
W Hardy	11	23	..	..	..	..	..	Hood	13	27	9	..	14	20	5
Chellis	11	24	7	..	9	14	3	Stevens	14	25	10	..	11	18	4
Black	11	..	8	32	10	18	..	J Hardy	10	..	6	..	..	..	..
Ellis	12	19	8	..	12	17	..	Black	14	22	..	..	..	..	2
Hall	12	26	8	33	7	..	..	Ruppe	..	25	7	..	5	..	..
Weigel	9	19	8	..	7	..	..	Morton	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Event No. 2 was for the club medal. Ruppe with 6 handicap won with 30; Hall with 6 handicap got second with 29. Event No. 4 was a challenge event for the pump gun. Event No. 6 was 15 reverse and 5 pairs. Event No. 7 was also reverse pull, unknown angles, use of both barrels.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 18.—The club's last badge shoot of the season was held by the Buffalo Audubon Club this afternoon. The members are divided into three classes, and the club offers two prizes in each class for the largest number of wins. The first prize in each class is a trophy valued at $25, and the second prize is valued at $15. A prize valued at $15 is also given to the member making the best average in all the club shoots. In addition, a prize of $10 value is offered in each class for the member breaking the most targets during the season, and another of $10 value for the member having the best attendance. In Class A the race was so close between C. S. Burkhardt and E. C. Burkhardt that a shoot-off was necessary, C. S. Burkhardt winning. This gave the second prize in the class to E. C. Burkhardt. L. W. Bennett won the average prize in this class. C. S. Burkhardt also won the trophy in Class A for the greatest number of targets broken during the season. In Class B, B. Talsma won first prize, and J. P. Fisher and George Zoeller tied for second. Talsma also won the average prize. J. J. Reid won first in Class C, with W. R. Eaton second. Reid also carried off the average prize. The prize for the most straight scores was won by A. C. Heinold. The scores of to-day were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	15	10	25	Targets:	15	15	25	15	10	25
Fanning	..	15	24	..	..	23	333	..	..	13	7	..	17
Kirkover	..	14	24	..	..	..	Schuler	..	..	18	9	..	15
Hebard	9	9	12	..	..	..	Stewart	..	..	13	7	5	..
Reid	5	8	12	..	..	..	Moody	..	..	17	15	5	..
Caward	13	13	23	10	9	..	Eaton	..	..	21	9	..	..
C Burkhardt	14	13	20	..	9	23	Zoeller	..	..	17	10	..	..
Covert	10	12	21	12	8	..	A C H	..	..	21	12	..	17
Stacy	..	11	21	..	..	..	Kelsey	15	..	..	..	..	..
E Burkhardt	13	13	20	..	..	20	Cannon	..	8	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	7	9	13	6	Warren	..	..	..	11	..	20
McCarney	..	6	20	..	7	20	Middaugh	..	..	..	..	4	..
Storey	..	11	14	..	6	..	McArthur	..	..	..	..	5	17
Stover	..	..	15	10	7	..	Besser	..	..	..	..	..	14
Talsma	10	..	21	..	..	..	Sweet	..	..	..	..	..	19
Jacobs	..	..	18	10	5	..							

Trap Around Reading.

SOUTH END GUN CLUB.

READING, Pa., June 18.—The members of the South End Gun Club held a successful shoot on their grounds, on Boyer's Island, to-day. Several hundred people attended, and the shooters enjoyed themselves popping at bluerocks until dark. The club house has been enlarged and is not finished, but it is expected that by July 4 the members of the South End Gun Club can show their friends one of the finest shooting parks in the State. The grounds are so laid out that two squads can shoot, one over the magautrap and the other at live birds, and not interfere. Following is the summary of the events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Shaaber	7	7	8	19	6	..	..	Hill	8	6	7	..	6	6	..
Eshelman	9	5	8	18	8	6	..	Ritter	6	8	7	16	..	..	..
Ball	8	3	4	10	6	4	6	Yost	4	7	6	17	8	..	..
Gicker	6	7	9	19	7	7	..	Miles	6	8	7	16	8	..	..
Kelly	7	6	4	14	6	7	5	Miller	9	6	..	16	..	..	..
Capt Essick	6	9	8	22	7	4	9	Fry	6	4	7	..	..	..	..
Gerhart	7	9	8	15	8	10	9	Texter	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grossman	7	9	6	..	7	4	3	Fornoff	4	3	..	10	..	..	..

No. 4 was at 25 targets, the balance at 10.

SHULER ASSOCIATION.

Pottstown, Pa., June 18.—Two interesting team matches were shot on the Shuler Association's grounds here to-day, and some excellent scores were made:

Wickersham's team—Capt. Wickersham 18, Grubb 19, Davis 19, Smith 13, Longacre 13—82.

De Witt's team—Lieut. De Witt 13, Trego 19, Saylor 21, Hawkins 11, Slowacker 18—82.

Shoot-off, 10 targets per man:

Wickersham's team—Wickersham 6, Grubb 8, Davis 9, Smith 6, Longacre 6—35.

De Witt's team—De Witt 5, Trego 9, Saylor 6, Hawkins 3, Slowaker 9—32.

Team shoot, 10 targets per man:

Saylor's team—Saylor 9, Davis 9, Miller 8, Cole 6—32.

Wickersham's team—Wickersham 5, Grubb 6, Slowaker 10, Longacre 4—25.

Sweepstake, 7 targets: Wickersham 6, Grubb 6, Saylor 6, Davis 6, Miller 5, Smith 4, Cole 4, Slowaker 3, Longacre 2.

Same: Slowaker 3, Longacre 3, Davis 5, Saylor 6, Grubb 4, Wickersham 7.

GLEN WILLOW VS. WAYNE.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 18.—The second of a series of three match shoots between the Glen Willow Gun Club and Wayne Gun Club took place yesterday afternoon, resulting in a victory for Glen Willow, making the match a tie, each club having won a shoot. The conditions were 25 targets per man, teams of eight men each. Sweeps followed for small purses. The scores follow:

Glen Willow Gun Club—Cowan 22, Whitehouse 19, Stumm 19, Butler 18, Winkler 15, Hopkin 15, Hinkle 14, Crowther 13—135.

Wayne Gun Club—J. Dillon 22, E. Dillon 22, Daly 20, Van Nort 18, Morrison 16, Green 12, Engle 12, Morgan 11—133.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Cowan	9	7	10	8	..	23	J Dillon	6	6	5	..	..	..
Engle	9	6	7	9	6	15	Morrison	5	..	9	..	..	..
Butler	9	7	8	5	5	..	Kirk	5	7	7	8	..	..
Daly	8	5	8	6	..	11	Morris	3	..	5	7	6	15
Winkler	7	..	..	..	..	..	Soistman	..	..	6	4	6	11
E Dillon	8	10	..	..	..	..	Rockafeller	..	..	6	4	..	..
Morgan	6	4	..	2	8	..	H Kelly	..	..	2	5	..	..

All events were at 10 targets except No. 6, which was at 25.

Match, 25 targets: Daly 20, Cowan 18.

ARTHUR A. FINK.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 27.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair grounds Saturday evening. Several of the members were out of town and the attendance was accordingly light.

The targets were unusually hard, one trap in particular, on which the elevation rod was broken, throwing targets somewhere in the neighborhood of 100ft. high, and the way some of the boys did not hit that bird was a caution.

The ladies were out in force, and seemed to take as much interest in the target smashing as their husbands and sweethearts. Among the ladies present were Miss Grace Keam and Mesdames Matthews, Atkinson, Webber and Will Vick. We trust the ladies will continue to lend their presence, as we are always glad to have them. Mrs. Atkinson made a very good score, considering that she was shooting a little single-barrel 20-gauge gun that even Rolla Heikes himself couldn't handle successfully.

Walter Boyd is the sourest man in town, and is telling his friends how it happened. Payne was shooting so poorly that he was afraid to show up; said he was busy taking stock. Webber has a new gun, and is so enthusiastic that he can hardly wait for shoot day to come. Echols was out of town and missed the fun. Stewart Miller was on hand to guy the winners and jolly the losers. Mrs. Matthews fired a couple of shots at the flying targets and failed to score, when some sympathizing friend remarked, "Never mind, Mrs. Matthews, your husband shoots well enough for both." And he does. Following is the score:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Matthews	50	45	.900	Baptiste	50	30	.600
Leach	50	42	.840	A W Boyd	50	24	.480
Webber	50	34	.680	Mrs Atkinson	10	4	.400

SECRETARY.

Dupont Park.

ST. LOUIS, June 15.—The handicap at live birds, Dupont Park to-day, had nine entries. The conditions were 50 birds, $35 entrance, birds and distance handicap, American Association rules. The first 25 birds were good; the second 25 fair. The State medal will be contested for at 25 targets on June 26. The tournament, $100 added, will take place on July 3, 4 and 5.

First was divided by Winston, Woodward and Nald; second by Selzer; third by Selzer, Prendergast, Smith and Kling.

Winston, 30, 0	1222222222222222222 22222	—25
	22222222222222222222221222	—25—50
Kling, 30, 0	1211221120112211211122211	—24
	2212222211012l2*122111112	—23—47
Selzer, 29, 2	1020212222222112222221112	—23
	1122212121222212111221021O1	—25—48
Woodward, 30, 3	0112121211121221222212212	—24
	1112222212111012222210121211	—26—50
Prendergast, 30, 0	2111221110221111112111211	—24
	2222222202222222222022222	—23—47
Starkloff, 30, 0	2111221110221111112111211	—24
	112*0122211111122121*1111	—22—46
Nald, 29, 3	1202201222221121221212222	—23
	2212222220202222122222222112	—27—50
W S Thompson, 28, 4	2222222222211222222011220	—23
	22202001*2112222201001220	—17—40
Dr Smith, 30, 0	1111221221112100112111211	—23
	11*1111112112122112211111	—24—47

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 16.—In the badge event, No. 4, the winners were: Bauman in Class A, Estes in Class B, and 333 in Class C. Event No. 7 was at 10 live birds. No. 5 was the monthly trophy. These scores were made on June 11:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	15	10
Mack	5	..	..	19	22	..	..	Estes	7	10	13	22	25	13	8
Schrier	..	8	7	17	17	..	..	333	..	7	14	24	23	13	5
E C B	..	7	12	18	22	14	8	Norris	..	7	11	19	..	12	..
Cooper	6	9	11	25	25	12	8	Bauman	..	..	..	..	23	20	12	8
Foxie	..	..	11	18	18	12	7								

June 9.—In the badge event the winners were: Bauman in Class A, Estes in Class B, 333 in Class C. No. 7 was at 10 live birds. No. 4 was the badge shoot. No. 5 was the monthly trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	25	10	Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	25	10
Geisdorfer	..	6	..	20	..	..	..	Ditton	..	6	9	16	..	..	..
Mack	8	7	..	13	..	22	..	333	..	4	9	17	10	18	8
Swiveller	..	..	..	12	20	12	20	Estes	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	8
Cooper	6	3	..	20	13	7	9	Schrier	..	..	..	10	18	..	19	..
Foxie	7	8	..	18	1	23	8	Beebe	..	..	..	6	16	..	..	7
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	17	8	..	Bauman	..	..	..	..	19	..	24	9

JOHN E. WILSON, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 22.—With smiling skies and scarcely a zephyr the Boston Gun Club's ninth prize shoot was ushered in to-day, augmented by a successful attendance. One of the most welcome of the thirteen was Mr. Sheffield, who has not been with us to the same extent as in former series, when he was noted for his weekly enthusiasm. A business that demands fortnightly attendance in Chicago, vice versa, with Boston, almost deserves neglecting, but as aptly put by the shooter most interested, if there was no business there would be no shooting; business first, pleasure afterward is the safest plan to follow.

Mr. Hollis duplicated his success of last week in the individual match, and the 26 striking out a 23 ties him with Horace on second. Next week ends the suspense.

Leroy and Woodruff tied on average, 85 per cent., excellent shooting at 21 and 17yds. respectively, the targets being thrown fast and a distance of from 50 to 60yds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	6
Gordon, 17	8	9	6	6	8	8	6	5	12	9	9	3
Miskay, 19	7	9	6	3	7	6	5	6	10	6	10	..
Leroy, 21	8	9	9	5	10	9	9	7	13	7	..	..
Hollis, 17	6	8	7	5	10	9	10	7	13	6	9	..
Woodruff, 17	9	9	10	5	9	7	9	7	15	6	..	..
Sheffield, 16	4	6	6	3	9	8	7	5	10	3	7	5
Benton, 14	6	7	5	0	6	4	3	3	..	..	..	..
Nickols, 16	7	5	3	2	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams, 16	9	7	4	2	6	5	8	7	..	..	..	..
Hooker, 16	7	5	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 15	10	7	7	..	..	6	8	7	11	6	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	5	7	7	8	7	13	9	7	..
Nutter, 16	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	1	6	..	..	..

Events 1, 5, 6 and 9, known angles; 2 and 7, unknown; 3 and 8, reverse; 4 and 12, pairs; 10, unknown traps, expert rules; 11, straightaway, 17yds.

Ninth contest prize series, 30 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown and 10 reverse; distance handicap:

Hollis, 17	1111110111— 9	1111111111—10	1011101110— 7—26
Leroy, 21	1111111011— 9	1101111111— 9	1101011011— 7—25
Woodruff, 17	1111011010— 7	1111011111— 9	0101101111— 7—23
Spencer, 18	1101010111— 7	1111111010— 8	1001110111— 7—22
Williams, 15	0001101111— 6	1110110111— 8	1011100111— 7—21
Sheffield, 16	1011011111— 8	1110011110— 7	0011101100— 5—20
Adams, 16	1101001010— 5	1011110111— 8	1110110110— 7—20
Gordon, 17	1011101111— 8	1110110001— 6	0100110101— 5—19
Miskay, 19	1111101000— 6	1101000011— 5	0110111001— 6—17
Benton, 14	1010001100— 4	0001100010— 3	0110000100— 3—10
Poor, 16	0000010100— 2	0000100000— 1	1100110110— 6— 9

Ogden Gun Club Tournament.

OGDEN, Ill., June 25.—The tournament of the Ogden Gun Club, held at Ogden, Ill., June 23, was a complete success, although rain delayed the beginning of the programme for two hours. The club used a magautrap, and all contestants were much pleased with the way in which the new trap threw bluerocks. All the surrounding cities were represented by good boys. Max and Wade Holton are twelve and fourteen-year-old boys from Sidell, Ill. The contestants were so keen for sport that no stop was made for dinner.

The scores for the entire day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	7	7	10	10	15	15	10	25	10	7	10	10	15	15	10	25	*	25
Gere	6	..	7	9	10	12	8	21	5	6	8	7	12	8	10	15	14	24
Yearnett	4	6	8	9	12	12	7	18	6	3	9	7	11	13	10	24	8	24
Reed	4	7	10	9	13	13	7	22	9	7	8	6	14	11	8	21	13	22
Aplin	5	4	5	9	11	10	9	18	8	6	10	9	8	9	8	14	15	18
Lindley	..	7	7	6	12	11	8	18	7	5	7	8	14	8	9	21	..	..
Wright	4	5	9	7	12	11	8	20	9	5	9	9	11	13	9	20	17	20
M Holton	3	..	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
W Holton	2	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Sconce	5	6	8	10	14	14	8	19	9	..	9	10	14	14	8	25	15	..
Gray	..	..	5	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rollings	4	..	5	6	6	..	3	6	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cad	5	6	7	8	13	8	5	22	8	7	0	..	12	15	9	24	12	..
Hartshorn	3	5	6	7	11	2	9	5	6	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	6	6	9	10	11	12	10	21	7	7	7	8	14	13	7	23	16	25
Walton	6	5	8	9	12	11	7	8	10	4	7	6	15	10	4	18	12	22
Tyson	7	6	8	7	14	11	8	19	9	6	9	8	12	12	8	21	18	20
Cinder	6	3	7	5	8	6	7	15	..	7	7	5	..	10	7	..	..	..
Watkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	11	6	..	..	..	..	..
Benjamin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
C Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Athos	5	5	10	8	13	13	10	23	5	16	9	9	14	14	9	24	11	..
Percival	5	5	6	8	8	12	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jackson	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	19	3	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robertson	6	6	6	8	11	..	5	..	8	5	8	5	12	9	8	18	..	..
Redmon	6	4	4	..	..	..	4	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dungan	5	3	7	..	12	..	..	..	8	3	8	6	..	10	7	..	9	..
L Irle	..	..	8	6	15	11	5	20	9	4	10	8	12	10	10	21	..	..
C Irle	..	..	8	6	15	11	5	20	9	4	10	8	12	10	10	21	..	..
Helton	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McKinley	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jenkins	3	1	..	4	8	6	..	..	5	5	..	4	..	5	3	..	..	..
Eastman	5	2	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	3	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
T K Taylor	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	20	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lenington	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	6	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L C Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	16	8	4	6	..	9	12	7	..	..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	20	..	7	7	8	12	11	9	..	16	20
Hoy	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	7	8	10	13	..	..	8	..
E Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	..	8	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hiller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	8	4	..	..	13	..	9	22	15	20

* 10 doubles.

Connecticut State League.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 16.—Thefollowing scores were made today at the tournament of the Connecticut State League. Nos. 1, 2, 6 and 8 were at known angles. Nos. 3, 5, 7, 10, 11 and 13 were unknown. Nos. 4, 9 and 12 were regular. No. 14 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Av.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	20	Av.
Claridge	9	9	8	10	12	10	15	10	10	13	14	10	7	6	10	19	.905
Edgerton	8	6	8	9	14	9	12	9	8	12	14	6	6	4	7	15	.773
Mills	9	8	8	8	12	10	12	10	9	11	9	7	10	7	5	19	.810
Merritt	7	7	8	7	13	8	12	8	6	14	13	7	7	6	10	16	.784
Bristol	9	9	9	8	13	7	13	10	7	13	12	9	5	..	..	13	.800
Potter	9	9	9	10	12	8	14	9	7	11	12	8	8	..	..	15	.820
Stevens	9	8	9	9	14	10	13	7	8	14	13	8	10	6	..	19	.872
Savage	9	10	10	8	11	9	11	10	7	10	14	9	8	6	5	17	.855
Coats	..	8	8	5	11	5	9	1	6	9	12	5	8	4	7	12	.611
Blamey	..	9	5	6	14	7	11	8	5	12	13	6	8	7	6	13	.722
Downing	..	6	7	4	12	8	13	7	6	15	6	5	7	9	8	14	.711
Eaton	6	6	7	7	8	7	10	..	..

WESTERN TRAPS.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

CHICAGO, June 24.—The Garfield Gun Club, of this city, held its regular weekly target contest at the traps, on the club grounds, corner Fifty-second Place and West Monroe street, on the afternoon of the 18th inst. The attendance was fair, and quite a bit of practice was indulged in by those present. Some good scores were made.

Events 1, 2, 3, 5 and 7 were known traps, unknown angles. No. 5 was reverse pull. No. 8 was 5 unknown traps.

Following are scores in practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	10	12
C P Richards	11	9	10	10	11	6	9
"De Maris"	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	13	9	11	8	15	9	..
Pollard	11	7	8	9	..	..	..
Bradley	11	8	12	11	..	..	..
Silas Palmer	9	4	6	7	2	5	5
R Kuss	15	8	14	14	10	8	8
Dr Meek	..	6	..	..	11	..	..
J Werkman	..	4	9	..	10	5	..
Sam Young	..	9	11	12	12	8	..
C Steiger	..	6	12	11	7	5	..
H Fehrman	..	8	8	7	11	10	8
H Thomas	..	4	11	8	6	..	..
Davis	..	4	11	8	6	..	..
A Hellman	..	..	8	7	11	7	..
F Baird	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
W A Jones	..	..	8	7	7	..	6
Eaton	..	..	8	7	7	..	6
Stanbaugh	..	..	5	6	9	..	..
T P Hicks	..	..	..	10	10	7	..
E Graham	..	..	..	11	9	8	9
Northcat	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

Following are the detailed scores in the trophy contest of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. T. P. Hicks won Class A on the shoot off; Samuel Young won Class B., and "De Maris" won Class C:

Class A.

C P Richards .....1110111111111111111111111—24
Dr S Shaw .....1001111101011110011111101—18
R Kuss .....1111110111111111101101111—22
A W Fehrman .....1111111111111111111001101—22
T P Hicks .....1111111111111111011111111—24

Class B.

Sam'l Young .....1111111111101111111111011—23
Dr J Meek .....1100111011101010010101110—15
C Steiger .....1111110100110010110011111—17
T Eaton .....1101111100001011111010101—16
A Hellman .....1010011101111011101110111—18

Class C.

Silas Palmer .....1100001110100100111110111—15
J H Workman .....1001101011111101011011100—16
F Baird .....0110110110101110010111111—17
W A Jones .....0111111110010110110101011—17
"De Maris" .....1011010110011111111111101—19

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

The Calumet Heights Club held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., on the 19th inst. While the attendance was good, but few participated in the shooting events.

The day was most glorious, with a soft sunlight and a cool wind. Great preparation is being made for a "Dewey" Day on the Fourth of July, and all bids fair to success.

Following are scores in the practice events, all of which were shot on the magautrap. Nos. 1 and 4 were unknown angles, No. 3 snipe, and No. 5 doubles:

Events:	1	3	4	5	Events:	1	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	15	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10
Sam'l Young	9	..	8	..	J S Houston	8	9	6	..
G H Knowles	5	7	..	..	Dr A W Harlan	..	7	..	..
P D Norcom	11	9	10	7					

Following are the detailed scores in the trophy contest of 50 targets, unknown angles, classified. P. D. Norcom won Class A; Dr. A. W. Harlan won Class B, and Class C was not contested for:

Class A.

S E Young .....10101101000010110000101011011111101111110110010110—29
J S Houston .....11101011011111100001011111110100110101111011011010—33
R A Turtlo .....10110100100000010011010010001110001000001011101110—21
G H Knowles .....01001111100001100011110110001101000111101111101010—29
S M Booth .....11101101000101101001100000000000111010001100010000—19
P D Norcom .....11011111101110011010101011111101011110101110100111—35

Class B.

A W Harlan .....01010000110110001110101111101010100110111111000101—28

FOSS VS. PATERSON.

The event for the Chicago challenge trophy took place to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., between H. B. Foss and A. C. Paterson, both of Chicago.

The contest was attended with interest, and many enthusiastic friends of both participants. Many side bets were made of small money. There was a strong driving wind from the right quarter with an overcast sky and occasional sunshine. It was expected that Foss, who is an old shooter at the traps, would have made a better showing, and the result of his efforts was somewhat of a disappointment to his friends. Paterson, who has held the trophy since it was first put up, showed himself to be in good form, and made a good score, notwithstanding the shooting was exceptionally difficult.

The birds were a great lot of swift flyers, and no hesitation was shown on their part when liberated from the traps. The flush ropes were an unknown quantity. Foss's eighth bird was a swift outgoer, which he grassed in good shape with the first barrel. His eleventh bird he missed clean with his first and made a good kill with his second. His twentieth was a good one, but his twenty-second was a whirlwind, which the best could not have stopped.

Pateson shot a B. E. O. Remington, 3½drs. Dupont, and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. Foss used 3½drs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot.

Paterson's second and twentieth were both very low tailers, both of which were cleanly killed, his third and eighth were outgoing towerers which were nicely stopped, on his fourth he made a splendid stop with his first barrel and finished with the second, the bird was a strong swift tailer.

Following are detailed scores, H. B. Foss shooting at 27 birds from 29yds., and A. C. Paterson shooting at 25 birds from 30yds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	3	1	2	5	2	1	5	5	4	4	4	3	3	2	3	4	5	3	4	4	1	2	5	1	2	5	4
	↘	↗	↘	↰	↱	←	↖	↗	←	↗	↖	↓	←	↖	↘	↗	↖	←	↘	↙	↘	↰	↖	↗	⊤		
H B Foss	1	2	0	2	0	0	1	1	2	0	2	2	1	2	0	2	2	0	1	1	2	0	0	*	1	0	1	—	17
	1	1	1	3	1	5	4	4	3	3	4	2	3	2	5	2	4	5	5	4	1	4	3	2	4				
	↗	↗	↗	↖	↘	↗	↗	↖	↑	↖	↗	↙	↙	↱	↘	↗	↙	↗	↖	→	←	↓							
A C Paterson	1	2	2	1	*	1	1	2	1	2	*	1	2	*	1	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	1	*	1	—	21		

It is understood that immediately after the contest Mr. Henry Levi, of the Garden City Gun Club, of this city, sent in a challenge for contest for this same trophy, and that he will be the next contestant for the same. Mr. Levi has been doing good work at live birds shooting recently. At the State tournament he proved himself equal to the occasion, finishing in the ten hole with 31 others in the diamond badge event. Last week he scored 9 in the trophy contest of the Garden City Club event of 10 live birds, and was high man. A surprise is to be looked for from Mr. Levi.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, corner Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue, on the afternoon of the 26th inst. The weather was extremely warm notwithstanding a strong wind blew from the right quarter, which had a tendency to make the flight of the targets very erratic, in consequence of which few good scores were made. In the medal contest Mr. Cunnyngham led the contestants with 21 out of 25.

Following are scores in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	10	15
F P Stannard	13	13	13	10	18	..	..	..	..
H Vetter	8	8	10	9	10	7	..	..	..
J W Embree	6	11	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
E M Steck	12	13	10	13	15	..	..	9	13
V L Cunnyngham	12	12	10	12	14	..	16	..	11
W F De Wolfe	..	'	10	8	10	..	..	..	..
A C Borroff	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S Smith	..	..	10	9	12	..	16	..	..
J Rehm	..	..	8	9	13	7	..	..	..
W Cornwall	..	..	..	9	10	..	17	..	..
A C Paterson	..	..	..	..	6	16	..	..	..	..
J Parker, Jr	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	7	..
Hood	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	2	..
Smeads	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	5
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	0	..
W D Stannard	..	..	13	11	16	12	..	8	..
J G Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 9 were at known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 6 and 8 were from the magautrap.

The trophy contest is at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. Stannard won Class A, V. L. Cunnyngham won Class B, and C. S. Smith won Class C.

Following are detailed scores:

Class A.

F P Stannard .....1101111111111100011111110—20
E M Steck .....1110011011011111111101011—19
W D Stannard .....1011010110111111111111101—20
A C Paterson .....0111100111110100000111010—14

Class B.

H Vetter .....1101111001111011010111111—19
J Rehm .....0010000110100011011111111—14
W D De Wolfe .....1000100101111101101111110—17
Cunnyngham .....1111011011001111111111111—21
Cornwall .....0011100100010111110111111—15

Class C.

C S Smith .....1101011110001011111110111—18
J Embree .....0001110000001010010011100— 9
A C Borroff .....0111111101001110111111000—17
* Parker .....0111100101101000011110110—14
* Hood .....0000000000000000010000000— 1

* Visitors.

While it is not definitely settled, it is very probable that the club grounds will be open on July 4 to target shooting, for the convenience of the club members who desire to shoot on that day.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club have arranged for a general field day, and have extended invitations to friends and members to participate in their 4th of July outing. The order of the day will consist of target shooting the entire day, during which time lunch will be served by the ladies in attendance.

The club held its weekly contest at targets during the afternoon of the 25th inst., with a good attendance.

There was a strong sunlight accompanied with a brisk wind, which blew from the right to left, and had a tendency to make the targets low flyers.

Following are the scores in the practice events, Nos. 1 and 5 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 3, reverse pull; No. 4, a team shoot, and No. 6 unknown traps and angles.

Team contest between selection of Dr. S. Shaw and R. Kuss, 15 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Dr. Shaw 15, M. J. Eich 9, C. P. Richards 13, A. Hellman 14, C. Steiger 12, J. Meek 14; total 77. R. Kuss 11, H. Fehrman 14, Sam Young 12, De Maris 5, Eaton 10, J. Workman 8; total 60.

Events:	1	3	5	6	Events:	1	3	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	15	Targets:	15	15	10	15
R Kuss	14	13	..	13	H Fehrman	12	11	..	12
C P Richards	13	11	6	12	Dr Meek	9	..	7	..
Dr. Shaw	12	9	..	10	A Hellman	12	8	..	5
"De Maris"	6	..	..	..	A Graham	12	10	..	..
C Steiger	8	8	..	6	F Baird	..	10	5	..
M J Eich	12	..	8	..	Eaton	..	8	..	7
S M Young	12	..	..	..	Sheldon	..	..	0	..
J Workman	10	..	6	..					

The following are detailed scores in the trophy contest of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. E. Graham won Class A on the shoot-off, F. Baird won Class B, and Eaton won Class C:

Kuss .....0111011111101111101101111—20
Richards .....1100111110111010100111111—18
Shaw .....0110111111100111101111110—20
"De Maris" .....0100101110010101110110010—13
Steiger .....1110011111011010110010100—15
Eich .....0101111011011111111101101—19
Young .....1110000111000111111111111—18
Fehrman .....1011111111011111010111111—21
Meek .....1100011110111111110101101—18
Workman .....0100010001011000001111111—12
Hellman .....1011000111011111101111101—18
E. Graham .....1111011111111111111111101—23
Baird .....1110110001110111111101111—19
Hicks .....1111111111011111101111111—23
Eaton .....0000110001110111011111110—15

A. C. PATERSON.

ALPINE, OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.—Mr. R. Simonetti, of Hegewisch, Ind., secretary of the Alpine Gun Club, of Chicago, sends the scores of the last club shoot, held at Ben Fogli's place, Chittenden Bridge, which were as below:

Medal shoot, 25 targets:

R Simonetti .....0111110101111001110111111—19
G Chiesa .....0111001111111100111101110—18
S Tony .....1111101001000011110001001—13
P Checcolo, 4 .....0010011011100000000011001—13
G Maraviglia, 5 .....1001000110001000111101111—18
A Conieri, 3 .....1101111111101111111111110—25
J Basto .....1111011111111101111101111—22
D Bacci, 2 .....1111111100111101101100000—19

Sweepstakes, $1 entrance:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15
J Barto	7	7	9	7	14	13	D Bacci	6	8	7	6	12	12
R Simonetti	7	8	8	6	15	13	A Conieri	6	8	9	8	..	..
P Checcolo	5	8	8	7	..	..	F Sesti	6	6	7	..	..	..
J Chiesa	9	7	9	8	12	14	J Chiappe	6	7	7	..	..	..
S Tony	5	7	7	7	..	..	F Fanguanoto	5	7	5	..	..	..
G Maraviglia	7	7	6	8	..	..							

PORTMAN WINS.

Gus Portman, of the Peoria Gun Club, won the medal at the last monthly shoot, last week, with a score of 46 out of 50, defeating Frank Whiting, who at the last previous contest won that medal and about everything else in sight. Following were the scores: Leisy 44, Whiting 41, Gus Portman 46, Stafford 44, Weber 41, Meidroth 43, Scott 43, Connors 45, Pump 44, Simmons 35, Nelson 44, Wilson 38.

THOMAS WINS.

Theodore Thomas, of the Milwaukee Gun Club, of Wisconsin, has been given the Wulf medal of that club, Dr. Williamson not appearing to contest in the last shoot for the same.

STILLWATER OFFICERS.

At the annual election of officers of Stillwater Gun Club, of Minnesota, the following were returned: President, P. S. Murray, of South Stillwater; Vice-President, H. Mohr; Secretary and Treasurer, H. C. Roberts. Mr. Murray was also chosen field captain. The club is in a flourishing condition.

NOHITEMS.

The settlements at the head of the Lakes have several gun clubs, including the Central Gun Club, of Duluth; the West Duluth Club and the West Superior Club. Yet another is the body bearing the humorous title of the Nohitem Gun Club. This club held its last regular contest June 19, with the following results for members and visitors. Event No. 7 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10
Johnson	..	4	6	10	..	4	..	8	7
Kauppi	6	5	4	15	..	4	..	5	7
Isaacson	..	2	4	3	..	7	..	..	..
Davidson	6	3	4	7	..	3	..	1	..
Shell	..	10	6	15	..	7	..	..	..
Marks	9	6	7	11	15	8	..	..	..
Wads	9	7	7	9	..	8	4	7	..
Reddie	10	..	6	13	..	10	7	..	..
Storey	9	..	9	14	..	8	9	..	..
Sandy	8	..	5	12	..	8	..	6	..
Gumeche	8	..	..	5	..	8	..	5	..
Smoke	7	..	..	13	..	6	5	6	..
Sud	6	4	5	8	..	5	..	4	..
Fulton	8	8	8	14	13	8	..	..	..
Delware	10	7	8	14	10	10	..	..	..
Pierce	..	6	8	11	..	9	..	8	..
Shaver	..	10	8	8	..	8	..	9	..
Franah	..	6	5	9	..	5	..	..	..
Leader	5	5	..	..	4	6	..	..	..
Stump	..	6	6	..	..	7	..	..	..

A WORK OF ART.

The Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., are sending out to favored individuals their beautiful portfolio containing eight water-color views of U. S. battleships and cruisers, the subjects chosen being the battleship Maine, of unfortunate memory; the battleships Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa, the cruisers Minneapolis New York, Brooklyn and Columbia. These ships are shown in eight different colors, and the portfolio is a work of art of current interest, and of a sort to make one feel glad he is an American and not a Spaniard.

NOTES FROM MANY TOWNS.

At the fourth annual tournament of the Hazelwood Gun Club, of Anderson, Ind., manufacturers' agents were barred, and the events held open for amateurs only.

La Crosse, Wis., will have a new gun club, to be called the La Crosse Gun Club. The grounds are on French Island, and weekly shoots will be held.

At the big Soo Gun Club tournament this week at Sioux City, Ia., experts were barred. C. J. Callison, of Cummings, Ia., won the interstate championship medal with 42 straight. The entry was heavy and the shoot a good one.

The St. Paul Gun Club, of Minnesota, will hereafter shoot targets at 1 cent.

Princeton, Ill., will have a trap shoot on the Fourth.

Algona, Ia., again has a gun club. There are twenty-five members, and some good shooting is appearing among the learners. Meets are held Wednesdays.

The directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association held a meeting this week and audited bills. It seems that the Peoria Gun Club came out a little ahead of the game on the tournament.

Wabasha Gun Club, of Wabasha, Minn., will hold a tournament on the Fourth. Winona and other adjacent towns will send representatives.

An interesting little trap shoot was held at Fox Lake, Wis., this week, with a dozen or more entries from places near by. Targets and live birds were shot. Rockwell, of Columbus, and Atkinson, of Markesan, reaped most of the honors.

Winnebago Gun Club, of Oshkosh, Wis., is keeping up its pleasant club shoots. The members use a magautrap, and a good attendance is usual. On June 21 the scores were: W. E. Fildes 38 out of 50, J. P. Steier 33, J. Thomas 30, E. P. Sawyer 30, G. A. Buckstaff 30, W. W. Waterhouse 28, Chas. Maulick 28, Mm. Meter 26, Oscar Crary 25.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., June 20.—The Haverhill Gun Club held its second annual meeting on June 13 and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Ed J. George; Vice-President, F. J. Blake; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. F. Stevens; Captain, S. G. Miller; Members Executive Board, to serve in conjunction with the president, secretary and captain: Geo. H. Leighton and C. J. Orne.

Two years ago twelve enthusiastic "gun cranks" met one evening at the gun store of Mr. John F. Brown and organized the Haverhill Gun Club. At their first annual meeting they numbered forty-one members, and at their last or second annual meeting fifty-six, a gain in membership highly gratifying to the originators of the club. The attendance at the weekly practice shoots has thus far been very light this season, but that fact must be attributed to the dull times rather than a diminishing interest in the sport of target smashing, for the boys turn out well at the holiday shoots, and are counting on a regular surfeit of shooting at the coming Interstate tournament, Sept. 7 and 8.

Quite a deal of enthusiasm is manifested over that event, and all hands seem to be imbued with a desire to do something toward making the shoot a pronounced success.

It can hardly fail to be otherwise, for we have already received many promises of attendance from different sections, and given that, and abundance of enthusiasm in the home club, all under the able management of Mr. Elmer Shaner, how can it fail to be a successful affair.

We have a live town here of nearly 40,000 people, situated some thirty miles from Boston, on the Boston & Maine Railroad. Our grounds are very pleasant and easily accessible by electric cars every fifteen minutes from the depot and hotels. We have a comfortable and roomy club house, and can easily run two sets of traps if the attendance should warrant it.

We hope to see many out of town shooters here on those two days, and can assure them one and all of a sportsman's welcome, and our best efforts to make their visit a pleasant one.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 18.—Owing to counter attractions the Omaha Gun Club's shoot to-day was poorly attended, only ten men participating. Event No. 1 was the club shoot, 20 targets; No. 2, a sweepstake, 20 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Beresheim	19	16	Townsend	15	15
Carmichael	18	18	Nason	13	16
Parmelee	17	18	McFarland	13	..
Plummer	17	17	Boucker	11	15
Fogg	16	16	Hallowell	..	18
Loomis	15	15			

F. W. CARMICHAEL.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. D. B.—The New Jersey woodcock season will open on July 1.

J. B. D., Petrolia, Ont.—The second volume of Maj. Taylor's book on the dog has not been issued.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Convention National Educational Association, Washington, D. C.

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

FOR the National Educational Association Convention to be held at Washington, D. C., July 7 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Washington and return at rate of single fare for the round trip plus $2 membership fee. These tickets will be sold on, and good going, July 4 to 7, and good to return leaving Washington July 8 to 15, when stamped by Joint Agent at Washington. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent on or before July 12 and on payment of 50 cents the return limit may be extended to Aug. 31. Tickets for side trips from Washington to Gettysburg, Richmond, Old Point Comfort and Southern battlefields will be on sale at the ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Washington during the continuance of the Convention.—*Adv.*

Savannah, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West.

THE Southern Railway and the F. C. & P. R. R., Florida Short Line, offers the quickest time between New York and Savannah, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West. Double daily service with through Pullman Sleeping Cars, New York to Tampa, leave New York at 4:20 P. M. and 12:05 A. M. Dining car on the afternoon train from New York to Charlotte. Connections are made at Tampa and Miami for Key West. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Camp Comfort.

THE "Perfection" air mattress, manufactured by the Mechanical Fabric Co., of Providence, R. I., has been adopted for the equipment of many yachts, and because of its portability and comfort is liked by campers. These mattresses are inflated for use, and when deflated are so reduced in bulk and so light that they add practically nothing to one's duffle. Their use insures a comfortable bed, and sound sleep and perfect rest at night are quite as important in the woods as at home. Send to the manufacturers for an illustrated catalogue.

"THE Ideal Handbook of Useful Information for Shooters," published by the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., contains a store of useful facts. It would be difficult to find a poser for the Handbook in any of the thousand and one questions that come up about loading and the mechanical practices and principles of rifle, shotgun or revolver shooting. The shooter may profitably send for a copy and study its pages. Of course the long line of Ideal goods is illustrated and described.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

VOL. LI.—No. 2. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE sportsman tourist of to-day is an amateur photographer, and the camera has a recognized place in the outfit of the field. The results of successful snap shots often constitute the most cherished mementoes of an outing. In recognition of the important place held by amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, this journal in 1892 gave a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera, and the result was an interesting collection of photographs, many of which were reproduced as half-tone engravings in these columns. The series was exhibited in a special exhibition by the New York Camera Club, and was put on view in other cities, everywhere attracting deserved interest.

We propose now to renew the offer of a series of cash prizes for such work, the prize list being more liberal than of those given before. The conditions are as follows:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

ADIRONDACK FLY CASTS.

THERE is a decided difference of opinion among the anglers who visit the Adirondack region as to the kind of artificial flies which are the most effective for speckled trout fishing, and the topic is one of never failing interest. The successful fisherman who at the conclusion of a day's sport returns to his hotel, boarding house or camp and exhibits a big trout, is sure to be greeted with the query: "Where did you catch him?" and when this has been answered evasively or otherwise, some one will ask: "Did you use bait or a fly?" In case it was the latter, or if the angler is known to fish exclusively with flies—and to ask if he did is consequently superfluous—the interrogation is: "What fly did he take?" To meet expectations on such occasions one must be prepared to say that the fish rose to a red ibis, white miller or queen of the water, as the fact may have been, and furthermore to add that the other flies on the cast were so and so, naming them, of course. The chances are that a general discussion as to the relative merits of these and other flies will follow, perhaps not immediately, but as soon as there is a favorable opportunity, and an hour or very likely an entire evening will thus be whiled away most agreeably. Incidentally, entertaining stories will be told about other big trout that have been caught, and concerning uncommonly large catches of somewhat smaller ones.

These conversations are characteristic of Adirondack life during the fishing season, and the theme being of common interest, they invariably prove enjoyable. Every fisherman who has visited that region will have pleasant memories of the evenings passed in this way, for when several long hours have been spent on a stream or lake in quest of trout the after-supper interchange of ideas among fellow anglers appears to round out the day's enjoyment as nothing else can. Nothing will break down the barriers and bring about a general conservation among strangers at a wilderness resort more surely and speedily than the introduction of this subject. Casually ask the man nearest you what his favorite fly is, and in nine cases out of ten that will suffice to set the ball rolling. In a few minutes you will be talking together as earnestly as though you had been acquainted for years, and everyone else within hearing, who knows anything about fly-fishing, will be eagerly listening and putting in a word whenever the opportunity is presented. If you don't believe it try the experiment. Should it fail it will be because the man you address is not an enthusiastic angler, or you are not well up on the subject yourself. Many warm and lasting friendships have resulted from an acquaintance begun in this informal manner.

It is curious to note what a wide range of opinions there is even among expert fly-fishermen regarding the effectiveness of trout flies, and "when doctors disagree who shall decide?" Some rejoice that there are so many varieties to choose from, and believe that although there are upward of 200 kinds on the market there is yet room for valuable additions. Others go to the opposite extreme and laugh at the idea of a large assortment being essential or desirable, arguing that half a dozen or a dozen at the most are all that are required. It is doubtful, however, if the extremists either way are the most successful fishermen, for it has been pretty clearly demonstrated that there is a happy medium in the use of artificial flies as well as in many other things.

Some of the would-be fly-fishermen who have not yet acquired sufficient practical knowledge of the gentle art to entitle them to be classed as experts, and will not for some time to come, carry books full of flies, gaudily colored ones predominating, and are willing to have people believe that they are authority on the subject. Such a man, while relating his fishing experiences, delights in telling how many times he changed his flies on a trouting expedition before he succeeded in finding a cast that the speckled beauties favored. It was a difficult matter to suit them, but the right kind were eventually hit upon, and a well-filled creel resulted. In a case of this kind the narrator is wont to dwell upon the good judgment he displayed in picking out the flies, and substituting those which successfully lured the trout, and his stories are apt to give the novice an exalted idea of the fastidiousness and perceptive powers of the fish which subsequent experience does not fully sustain.

The angler who enters into details too minutely in giving an account of the changes in flies found necessary in a day's fishing should be ready, if occasion requires, to undergo a cross-examination, for there may be a skeptic within hearing, one who is disposed to ask questions. After the story has been told of how the first cast, consisting, for example, of a professor, coachman, brown hackle and great dun, was superseded by a blue professor, Esmeralda, brown pennell hackle and hawthorne; these by a red-head, lady of the lake, Epting hackle and black ant, and so on until a successful combination was secured composed of an orange coachman, lake green, soldier palmer and black June, when all this information has been volunteered and the angler is dilating upon the merits of the last-mentioned flies, then the skeptic may come to the front with two or three apparently innocent inquiries. The initial one is likely to be something like this: "What time in the day did you begin fishing?" The next one may be: "How long had you been fishing before you made the first change of flies?" And then this one: "About what time was it when your last combination was made up and the trout began to bite in earnest?"

These queries, propounded in an inoffensive and interested manner calculated to convey the impression that the questioner recognizes the story teller as authority and is anxious to learn something, may, if promptly and truthfully answered, place the latter in an uncomfortable position. If the admission is made that it was later than 10 A. M. when the flies were first wet, that the quartet headed by the coachman was abandoned after a brief trial, and if it was nearly 3 P. M. when the trout began to thump the inside of the basket, then the skeptic is in his element, and the hitherto unsuspecting angler will be asked a few more questions, something like these: "Is it not possible that the time of day had as much to do with the refusal of the trout to bite during the first few hours as the get-up of your flies did? Is it not likely that a cast made up of a royal coachman, grizzly king, red hackle and black gnat would have been just as effective as your big four? Don't you think that after 3 P. M. the trout would have risen just as freely to your first combination as they did to your last?" A man must possess uncommon nerve and presence of mind if he unhesitatingly gives a negative reply to these questions, and yet if he does not do so and admits that any one of the three should be answered in the affirmative, what becomes of his vaunted skill and good judgment?

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the angler of long experience in the Adirondacks, even though he believes in the policy of carrying all sorts of flies, will never allow himself to be trapped in this manner. If he has occasion to speak of changing his flies he does so in a matter-of-fact way, as if willing to give his hearers the credit of knowing that it must have been the only proper thing to do under the circumstances, and therefore his statements have none of the red-rag appearance which is so annoying to the skeptic, and so sure to provoke an attack from the cynic. The experienced fly-fisherman is more familiar with the names of the different artificial flies than is the superficial amateur who has taken great pains to memorize them in order that he may appear to possess much knowledge, and, further than this, he knows what insect each one is designed to imitate. There is method in everything that he does and he will never be found at a loss to explain his motive for changing his flies, no matter how often it may have been done. He always has at least one unanswerable argument on his side, and this is that the trout, when coming to the surface of the water for food, will be more apt to take a fly which looks like the natural ones upon which they are feeding than any other. Basing his actions on this known fact, he carefully observes what kind of fly or flies are on or near the water in which he proposes to fish; then, believing that the more nearly the manufactured fly resembles the real one the more likely it will be to deceive and allure the trout, which inspect it closely, he exercises the utmost care in selecting from his stock the individuals which are to compose his cast.

The other extremist, he who professes to believe that a very limited assortment of flies is sufficient to answer all requirements, does not hesitate to admit that the choice of a fly should be governed to some extent by the kind that the trout are rising to, but pins his faith more on its color or general appearance than on any finer points of resemblance. He cares little or nothing for the name, and knows the flies only as light and dark, or rather as black, white, brown, red, green, yellow and mottled. For his purposes any one of the four or five combinations of flies previously mentioned as being used in one day by the tyro would be just as good as another. He rarely uses more than three flies at a time, and frequently but two. He places a great deal of confidence in hackles and never fails to have one or more on his leader. His belief in the soundness of the well-known rule that dark flies should be used on light days and light flies on dark days is firmly founded, and to a considerable degree he is controlled by it. In his opinion finical fishermen waste a great deal of valuable time making substitutions in their strings of flies.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Samoan Forest Stream.

THE climate, the indolence which comes to white men in the tropics, and the absence of incentive combine to make the Samoan bush practically unknown. It is only when some globe-trotting tourist or naval officer comes to the islands fresh from cold countries that any attempt is made to penetrate the jungle, and even in such cases one trip proves quite sufficient. From this it happens that very few indeed have ever visited the Afu Tapu or "Sacred Waterfall," which is one of the landmarks for the harbor of Apia. From the vessels in the harbor it shines as a bright ribbon against the dark green background of jungle, which begins with the cocoanuts at the beach, and extends back unbroken to the crests of the tallest of the mountains in the backbone of the island. One of the few visitors was the captain of one of her Britannic Majesty's cruisers, the Royalist, and he was forced to confess that it "took it out of him."

A wardroom party had gone into the bush with the American Consul, had reached a spot some four miles back from the beach, had put in the whole day in doing it and late in the evening had reported aboard tattered and completely fagged out, and with a universal clamor for embrocation. The next morning when the Consul came off to see the victims, Capt. Rason, a superb athlete, was unmerciful in his jeers at the wardroom country and his open wonder as to what was to become of the service if there was no more stamina than that among the younger men. The wardroom country knew its own bruises and creaky tendons, and whence obtained, and it plotted to put the captain through the same sort of work to see if he could stand it. The Consul was called upon to help, and the plot was speedily hatched. Under the quarter deck awning plans began to be developed for a two-days' leave to make the trip to the top of the sacred waterfall, plainly to be seen half way up the mountain. Capt. Rason bit at once. "Two days to go to a place that cannot be five miles off! Absurd! I'll undertake to leave the ship after breakfast, go to the top of the fall and be back here for luncheon." A few deprecatory suggestions from the wardroom country confirmed the captain in his plan, and the trip was arranged for the next day. As there was just enough of a wager on the event to make it interesting, Lieut. Hamilton went in the party to see fair play, and the American Consul went along to manage the guides and to take care of the Samoan end of the expedition.

Except for one or two well-defined trails across each island the Samoans are densely ignorant of the hill country. They live as close to the beach as they can set their houses, and always use the way of the water by choice. In all Apia and the neighboring towns on the beach it was impossible to find a man who knew the trail to the waterfall, even though it was such a prominent landmark, and only a few miles away. It was necessary to send to the town of Magiagi, a mile and a half back from the beach, and therefore considered a jungle settlement, to get guides. Their coming developed one of the unpleasant sides of Samoan nature. There were three white men, therefore there must be four Samoans, a bearer for each white man and the guide in charge of the whole party; the trip would take two days, and each Samoan must have three meals each day, consisting of one tin of corned beef, one tin of salmon and one of sardines, together with a loaf of bread. The charge was to be eight shillings a day for each of the bearers, a pound a day for the guide. Two hours spent in negotiation succeeded in reducing these prices by half, even then twice too much was paid, but it took too long to adjust this item. It was the case that on the rare occasions, not a dozen in all, when trips had been made to the fall two days had been given to the journey. But by laying in just enough rations for one meal on the customary dietary scale and not allowing that fact to be known until the beach was far behind, the Samoans were jockeyed into cramming the trip into one day.

For the first half-mile the route lay along one of the very few good roads in Samoa. But just beyond Malifa it was necessary to turn off into a well beaten path leading to Magiagi, and here the Vaisigano was first crossed and crossed on a bridge. The remainder of the excursion consisted in crossing and recrossing this river, but this was the only bridge. When the yelping curs of Magiagi had ceased to express their disapproval of the white men the guides insisted that a halt should be made while they brought bananas and cocoanuts for the refreshment of the party. Meanwhile the elders of the town discussed the hardships of the trip, and the danger of meeting the cannibals in the bush. Fortunately the two naval officers were ignorant of Samoan, and therefore did not understand the dreary picture of calamity which was being presented.

From this village the path rapidly dwindled into a mere trail, and about a half-mile further on forked, at least the Samoan guides said it did. Here a halt was called while a boy walked up a tree and began to drop cocoanuts down, the explanation being that this solitary tree was the furthest inland that was known, and it was the last chance of a drink. To the left the trail could be seen extending to a cleared patch, where a party of Samoans was seen cultivating the village farm of yams and tars. But the guide said the trail forked just under the last cocoanut, and in proof of it he climbed a slanting tree and jumped off on to the side of a small hill. Thence outward for the rest of the trip nobody but a Samoan who was familiar with the bush could pretend that there was such a thing as path or trail. They walk always in single file, and their bare feet make little impression on the luxuriant herbage, unless a path is a regular highway. This path, so far from being a common highway, was kept secret as far as possible, in order that it might be used in the frequent wars. It leads to Alaoa and Lata Pulumakau, where King Malietoa maintains a camp in which to take refuge whenever rebellion breaks out against him.

Soon after the trail ran up the tree the guide brought the party to the brink of a steep descent, down which it was necessary to slide for several hundred feet. Thus he approached the rocky bed of the river. Within a quarter of a mile this stream had to be crossed no less than five times. The Samoans simply kilted up their lavalavas and waded, one of the white men walked into the stream and out, boots and breeches and all. But the naval contingent tried to find stepping stones in order to cross dryshod. The lieutenant negotiated two fords without getting wet, then made up his mind that it was too hard work, and waded the next one. The skipper came to grief on the fourth crossing. A rock on which he jumped rolled over and deposited him in a pool, where he soused in over his head; after that he lost interest in keeping dry. Beyond the fifth crossing the way continued up the course of the river, but the river itself was absent. For a long distance this fork of the stream flowed in a subterranean channel beneath the sheet of lava which filled the valley of its course. After some distance of arduous climb along the bare and unshaded lava sheet, the guide turned off at a point where a hill struck straight up about as steep as the side of a house, and as high up as could be seen through the tree trunks it kept on going skyward. Up to this point Capt. Rason had been talking about the easy going and expressing his wonder at the wardroom party for being so used up. But at the bottom of that steep hill he suddenly remembered that he weighed two hundredweight, and he took time to think it over. A halt was called, and the skipper remembered his camera and found this a good place for views. By this means he protracted the halt to half an hour, and recovered sufficiently to begin reviling the wardroom country with his former vigor.

That hill called for more than 900 steps by actual count to bring the climber to the top, and each step was as nearly vertical as it is possible to be without becoming a ladder. Not even the guides scorned whatever aid might be handy, and for the most part the climbing was accomplished by resting against one tree trunk, catching hold of a liana hanging down from a tree higher up the slope, and working hand over hand to the next trunk, which offered a resting place. To do this successfully it was necessary to make sure of the attachment of the liana for one of the party got hold of one which was fast down hill, and lost a hundred feet before he could bring himself to a stop. It was a free-for-all scramble up that hill, with no thought of style. The lieutenant and the other light weight were first at the top, and as the Samoan bearers came up with the supplies they were sent down hill to help the skipper, who was evidently making bad weather of it. At last he reached the top completely used up. He had no wind left with which to revile that wardroom for being used up by their short trip. All that he cared for was to lie on the grass in the shade and enjoy the view. For the first time in the whole trip there was a view. Hitherto the eye had met nothing but jungle close at hand and every vista was promptly cut short by tree trunks or dense masses of herbage. But this hill crest pressed through the surrounding forest and yielded a view of Apia harbor and the north coast of Upolu which it was worth the climb to gaze upon. The harbor lay about four miles away as the crow flies, and every detail of the warships at anchor was as clear as in a picture. At this distance the successive waves could not be seen, but the barrier reef seemed to rest as lightly on the sea as flocks of wool stuck on a mirror.

From this view point, after a long rest, the guide again led on. The way for the next two miles was fairly easy and without any of the slopes so hard to negotiate. In fact, it was along the nearly level ridge of a hill so narrow that in many places it was possible to look down on either hand into deep valleys. On this stretch of easy going one had a chance to look about him at the jungle. The cocoanut in the Pacific Islands never thrives at any distance above the sea, but its place in the view was filled by the far more handsome areca palm. Here and there were great banyans colonizing an acre at a time, with the outlying stems and branches of a single tree. Everywhere was the tree with buttressed stem which leads to the saying that Samoa has a tree which grows ready made plank. Overhead the shade is so dense that the sun never penetrates. Underfoot the ground is never dry, and the foot sinks deep in moldering leaves. Every tree affords lodgment to ferns and orchids, and from trunk to trunk are stretched long lianas. One species of these vegetal ropes when cut into lengths will yield copious store of drink to the thirsty, a fact of which the Samoans with their remarkable absence of woodcraft are ignorant.

Finally the noise of many waters was heard deep in the ravine. Another steep descent was to be attacked, and it was the hardest of all. It was impossible to move a step without clinging to tree trunks and the deceptive lianas, and there were 700ft. of that sort of work. With many a slip and slide, banging against trunks and rocks, with one nasty fall that ripped open Capt. Rason's arm, the descent was made. At the bottom a 20ft. stream was flowing so quietly that every one was tempted to lie right down and let the water flow over him. Having yielded to this temptation for some ten minutes, the skipper demanded to know how far off the waterfall was. He was horrified to learn that he had been lying down in the river not 50ft. from the brink. Just around a bend the river fell sheer 500ft., and the lower gorge was so narrow that the roar of the waters was pent up and did not reach the brink of the fall. But if the fall were dumb it was still a splendid spectacle. It was possible to climb out into a natural rock seat, which hung sheer out over the chasm at one side of the cataract. From this seat one could look at the face of the fall and watch the volume of the stream dissolve into mist before it reached the bottom. From the same seat the gap in the hills framed in a view of the harbor of Apia, between its two points of Mulinucu and Matautu.

At the foot of the fall the gorge opens into a small plain where the waters of the river gather together after the plunge. Here were to be seen evidences of cultivation, and at last keen eyes discovered a group of huts under the trees. We had found the encampment of the runaway black boys from the German plantations, cannibals every last one of them, and therefore a great bugaboo to the Samoans. But here the Samoans were above, the cannibals below, between was a rocky precipice, which could not be scaled except after hours of exertion. Therefore the Samoan guides and bearers had the coward's courage, which will face anything if only it is tied. They vented their enmity in loud cries of "mea uli—black things." Very likely the cannibals did not hear the taunt, at least they paid no attention, and our Samoans were brave until they got back once more into the jungle, where they might chance on a stray black boy.

In camp at the top of the fall the baskets of food were opened, and preparations made for the meal. All preparations were completed by chopping down a banana leaf and emptying upon it a tin of corned beef or canned salmon. Just at this period the Samoans made the discovery that there were just enough rations for one square meal. Up to that time they had been convinced of the impossibility of making the round trip in less than two days. Now they saw the necessity of making a prompt start in order to get back to Apia before dark. The round trip consumed eleven hours, including stops.

The wardroom country was amply avenged for all slights cast upon their ability to take a stroll ashore. All the officers had business just about the gangway when the skipper came aboard, and the only comment made to show that things were evened up was the remark of the executive, "You must have gone somewhere else afterward, sir."

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

Adirondack Trails.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of my best friends has written to me out of the woods. It brought the sound of trout splashing in a still water, the scent of a spruce slashing in a balsam swamp, and enough of the woods life to make me woefully homesick for a couch of boughs under a roof of bark. The letter was written by a woodsman whose skill at his craft is unexcelled, whether wielding a heavy axe, whether carrying a heavy pack, whether following the trail of a deer, or on a dance platform under the trees, he is one of the finest looking men I ever saw, for he fills his niche better than any one I know of. There is a bit of information in the letter, however, which deserves especially attention, as bearing on woods life, for it calls to mind the most remarkable feature of men in the woods—the trails they follow and leave. Here is the way my friend put it:

"The League is getting pretty gay. Now they forbid any one going across their land. They have a man at North Lake to stop any one."

I do not intend to say much about why the Adirondack League has done this, and what I do say will be, perhaps, in justification of their course. The vast possessions of this sportsmen's club, extending from the West Canada Creek to Moose River, and north further than I know about, have more than once excited comment in your columns and elsewhere. Of the many curious happenings on this territory, none are more interesting than those on the Canachagala Lake and the old Bisby trails, which have now been closed to the public by the man at North Lake. The closing of the trail is sufficient excuse for telling a little about the trail. There is no human path more interesting in those woods:

I believe it was one of the Indian paths, followed by scalping parties in the old days, from Canada down to the Mohawk Valley. Certain it is the trail was blazed through more than forty years ago, and has since then been the public highway for hunters, fishermen and campers of every class, from the purely market-profit seekers to the beauty hunters, and recreators. If, by shutting this trail, the League has put a stop to the crimes in deer and other slaughter that have been committed at its terminus, they have done a favor to every man and woman that has ever trod it. We can think of those beautiful woods now with the utmost satisfaction. Not only are the League lands protected, but thousands of acres of Government territory beyond them, accessible only across their property to wood followers, are preserved from vandal hands.

But this is not telling about the trail. From the northern end of North Lake the trail leads away up Canachagala Mountain four miles to Canachagala Lake. North Lake is really a still water of Black River, raised by dams so that it might serve as a feed to the Black River Canal. It winds along just like the stream did, and twists back into the woods away out of sight behind hills and points and islands.

In the old days, say five years ago, the trail was a mere footpath, going around, too, thick tree tops and avoiding little hummocks and grades. It was up and up with heart-breaking steadiness all the way to the lake on the mountain. Packs of men following it grew heavier at every step, and the bearers staggered at the last with throbbing head and starting eyes into the clear view across the lake to the islands and the woods beyond, whichever way one came from. It is a restful place, a sort of elixir of life locality, and one gets his second wind marvelously going across that lake in a boat, listening to the loons and gulls, and seeing perhaps a deer.

On the far side the trail rises for a few rods, then plunges down into a gully—plunges down on the river side a bank so steep that men slip and slide and grab at fallen trees and saplings in going down. This is the "Windfall" where a true twister storm once parted the trees and then mussed them up together again. For a half mile or so there is little or no trail, then one comes into the Old Bisby trail, and thereafter one walks on a at times slightly rising grade to the river, along the foot of a ridge, through ever changing wild land.

It has been a part of the education of the Herkimer county woods lad to learn about this trail. He shivers at the thought of the windfall even before he has even seen North Lake. He imagines how the birch roots look, where one leaves the Bisby trail to go to Canachagala Lake. He almost sees the resting places at springs which are so important to that trail's followers.

The boy's ambition is to follow this trail with a party of hunters, bearing his share in a fish basket for a pack, and a rifle to shoot. He knows how heavy his pack ought to be. He dreams wistfully of the 100lbs. or greater packs such as men like my correspondent makes records with, and wishes that he too might carry such a back-breaker over such a trail.

It is a good place to dream about, this forest, especially for boys. No matter how it may have been slashed over, or burned, or gone to second growth, it is yet

clearer and sweeter than other topics, and lasts longer. Dreamed about or in the reality it is of never ending interest, and there is no rod on the Canachagala trail where one might not study a life, or a death, or think philosophy by the yard.

In the earliest days now remembered it was no uncommon thing to hear the wolves on their howling race for prey. The fearsome print of the panther's paw was often found in the damp places at spring sides, a pad sometimes just crumbling into the hoof-print of a deer—that was thrilling. The trail to the lake has been changed much of late. A year or so ago the State Canal Commissioners decided to increase the size of the State reservoirs. The dams of Canachagala Lake were to be raised 5ft., and a gang of men was needed. To house the men a camp had to be built, and that meant lumber and a wagon road. The old trail, already slashed and mangled, was cut out almost entirely by the Government road to the lake. It is now as rough and muddy a road as one can think of, almost. It is by no means as inviting to the pack carriers as the old trail, yet it is still the Canachagala trail. Deer and other game were driven away by the human operations thereabouts, but now that the road is closed to human trafficking their tracks may again be seen by the flocking blue jays in the leaf-strewn woods road should the birds care to look. They may even see the animals themselves. Beyond the lake, although there was much lumbering carried on there a few years back, the old camps have been destroyed, and the little "camp wood" clearings about their sites are growing rapidly into second growth, as excellent deer browse and cover. No woodsman ever yet passed by day over the river side of the trail without seeing the signs and traces of game that thrill.

A strange and motley array of people has passed over the trail, ranging all the way from students of nature to purely business men, from children to the sick and aged, and every kind of garb, almost, has been worn over it too—the man who because his clothes had been lost somehow had to come out in a deerskin clout, and the other one who wore patent leather shoes and a silk hat, having started on the spur of the moment, are still told about. The fanciest of hunting rigs, from gold mounted rifles to moose skin hunting boots, as well as the loud-colored mackinaw flannels, with a deer tallowed repeater, and everything between, have astonished the red squirrels into the hastiest of scamperings and most stuttering of protests.

There is no hour of the day or night that has not found men creeping through "The Windfall," or picking their way feet first along the packed beaten way. Men these were who had received word of sick ones at home, or had news of tragic import to carry in. Sometimes it was to catch trains. Always, however, it was a trip of interest, occupying the tramper's closest attention by day or night.

There were voices along the trail, too, always. Sometimes the commanding of a deadly weapon, of a gun or rifle, mellowing away through the hawk's scream, the hound's bay and man's shout to the veery's dreamland cry at night, and the lisping sob of the leaves and tongues of roots and charred fagots, the heel marks of tongues of roots and charred fagots, the hell marks of boots and traceries of insects, the chips and signs left to lie in silence, unseen often, but each with a volume to tell of adventure in one way or another, were a listener ready. Near the end of the trail is a tree through which a bullet once passed. It was this bullet that killed young Pell a few years back. A man—maybe several men, trappers and the like—was once looking for this trail on the mountain near by, but he never found it. A wanderer in the spring came upon a few traps, well rusted, near by was a little axe, and then he found a rifle. A little further, beside a log, were the marten and fox knawed bones of a man. In the winter snow the man had been lost and then died. His bones were carried down the trail to his home.

Who can tell of the venison and fish that were carried over this trail? One party, I remember, of sixteen, each man of whom brought out a pack load of say 60lbs.—half a ton of jerked venison, besides the venison that never came, not even as dog bone and tissue, but lay under the trees, food for beetles and bears. Men who trod that trail alone killed—who will venture to put high enough the number of deer? But it was worth the health it gave to the men who found not alone health, but life there, whatever the slaughter of game.

And trophies; Charlie Thomas', George Squires', Fred Jones', Dye's and my own—all these deer horns. The mouldy moose horn Fred Jones picked up, and which now hangs at Will Light's. That strange doe skin Will Miller killed at the Natural Dam one fall—a doe in the fall coat, but red as the reddest summer buck. The lop-sided head—spike on one side and five point on the other—the great angular thing killed by a New York broker; loads of skins and furs, rocks that were the hope of gold and silver seekers—and best of all, woods lore to last a century, came to remind people.

Curiously enough, besides all sorts of weapons, foods, drinks, garments and camp ware in general that have gone over the trail, some few books have found their way to camps at the end of it. Only last year I found half a dozen novels in one new camp, and scraps of poetry were to be read on the peeled logs, written with pencil, as if somebody had carried a few book lines in his head. Sometimes a little original rhyming was done, and it seemed as if the bluejays had learned them "by heart." There never is a lack of names or initials carved into the bark of trees, and I have seen deer hair hanging on the splinters of such carving—that deer had been rubbing it in.

The trails that cross the man trail—they too deserve attention, greater attention maybe than seventeen men trails should receive. But this is the story of what men followed, and only a line can be given to the others. Overhead the migrating birds, "setting their course by the mountains"—not blazed saplings—passed on their way north or south; squirrels in the tree branches, and on the ground the deer, rabbits, and the mice running, or walking, always in the same footsteps, the easiest courses to given points, left more or less plainly marked and followable paths, and they cross the man trail all along its course, sometimes even follow it aways, but it was woe when the wild tribes disputed the right of way with the tamed!

Perhaps now that none is to be allowed to follow the old trail any more it will grow up and become forgotten, something for mythologists to sit on. But until certain many of the now living die, nightly there will pass over it beings for whom the trespass laws have no terrors, and though the watcher at North Lake wear the cap of invisibility and the shoes of silence, he will never catch them, for what gamekeeper will venture to try guarding dreamland?

At any event it is the hope of every honest lover of the woods that never again will an ill-gotten bit of meat come over that trail, that neither the bay of hound nor man's voice seeking any injustice will ever disturb the serenity of those forests. Enough bloody tragedies have been enacted there to let it now be said that they are now baptized as peace. The wrongs of the past are not all irremediable. That some will be there is no doubt, and gracefully, too, before it is too late. A right and just relation between man and man and man and beast there is bound to be sooner or later, but especially when they meet in the shade of the balsam, spruce and birch, sung to by all the woods birds, by all voices there, their own joining in the chorus.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Yukon Notes.—VIII.

History of the White Pass Route.

IT had taken our party nearly two months of incessant labor, working on the average five horses daily, to pack across supplies for two men to Lake Bennett, forty-five miles from Skagway, and also advance the supplies of the other three members of the party to the cache, where Herrington and Baskerville built a shack and wintered, fifteen miles from salt water and about five from Summit Lake. At the start our outfit in the aggregate weighed upward of 8,000lbs. Of this less than 2,000lbs. reached Lake Bennett last October, including about 1,500lbs. of food. And yet this showing, barren as it is, was far above the average. Hundreds of men wintered on the trail who had landed weeks before our arrival, and of those who started at the same time we did not one in a score succeeded in getting over the pass before the lakes closed.

Almost the only men who got through to Dawson, starting on equal terms with our party, were those who crossed Chilcoot Pass. In general terms, the 4,400 persons who by actual count passed Fort Selkirk en route for the gold fields in 1897 either landed in Skagway late in July or early in August, before the season of heaviest rains, or else went in over the Indian route.



ON THE TRAIL.

From sketch by J. B. Burnham.

The White Pass trail was one of the great swindles of the century. It was systematically boomed through the newspapers in the interests of a land and railroad company who had no immediate advantage to gain, and who caused the public incalculable suffering and loss because they were afraid their interests would be sidetracked if they allowed the first great rush of miners to pass by and go in over another route. This company had in its employ promoters who went so far as to give to the newspapers statements that a wagon road across the pass was nearing completion, and would be open for travel by September. The horse trail, it was declared, was excellent and passible by loaded pack trains in a day. Its length was stated to be less than thirty miles, and grades were said to be easy and footing good. The height of land was said to be 1,000ft. lower than the terrible Chilcoot summit, and many alluring rumors regarding a shorter water route to Dawson via Tootshai Lake were circulated.

The truth of the matter is that at the time the boomers were most industriously at work advertising the Skagway route there was no trail across the pass at all, and that all efforts were being concentrated in the endeavor to discover that which did not exist—a feasible route to Tagish via Tootshai Lake.

A short wagon road had been built at Skagway which was really little more than a main street for the prospective town, and from the terminus of that to the summit a trail had been opened, which was merely a makeshift for getting in supplies to the exploring party. Only the trees and bush had been cleared away, and the footing was over untouched rocks and quagmires.

Skagway had a better harbor than Dyea at the entrance to Chilcoot Pass, and the difficulties of the latter were already well known. Naturally the reported advantages of White Pass were alluring. And so it happened that nine out of ten men at the last moment decided to go in by way of the new route. The miners figured that $20 expended for a horse in Seattle, $20 for freight, and $20 for feed would put them through with an outfit in two or three weeks. Many brought knockdown boats, thinking it would be an easy task to pack them over the trail, which they believed to exist as reported. Later these boats went to build houses along the trail, or were burned for firewood.

When the vanguard of the Argonauts crossed the summit of White Pass, the trail, which they had followed that far with difficulty, gave out altogether, and they had to be their own explorers and road builders. Passengers from the Queen and Mexico fell to with a will, and finding that the Tootshai route ended among wild cañons in a towering mountain range, they resolved to make the best of a hard matter and effect a juncture with the almost forgotten Chilcoot trail. They could not take the time to pick the best and shortest route, but struck westward at a venture through wooded plateau country, between snow-clad ranges. The men marking out the line and those chopping and clearing the way were never a hundred yards apart, and the pack horses followed directly in their wake. Eventually they reached Lake Linderman and paralleled the old route for three or four miles to Bennett.

With the passage of subsequent parties the trail, which had never been good, grew steadily worse. The crust of sloughs which had supported the first horses that passed over broke through, and no bottom could be found. The fall rains washed the surface soil from the rocky parts of the trail and made them slippery and dangerous, while corduroy that had been put in in places was floated off, and fords became impossible for several days at a time. The 1st of September found 3,000 horses working on the trail, and to its natural difficulties was added the vexatious delay incident to the movement of the long columns advancing in single file.

To reach the 2,600ft. height of land the trail crossed five mountains, and climbed an estimated aggregate of 12,000ft. It swung round almost in a semicircle, and if we imagine a great letter D with the straight vertical line representing the Chilcoot trail and the curved line the Skagway trail, we have a fair idea of the relative positions and lengths of the two main gateways to the upper Yukon.

Freighting on the Chain of Lakes.

Just bevond the summit of Chilcoot Pass are three glacial lakes, Crater, Long and Deep lakes, and the chain is duplicated in White Pass by Summit, Middle and Shallow lakes. The White Pass chain affords twelve miles of navigation, with a total of something less than two miles of portaging, the carry between Summit and Middle lakes being much the longest. The last four days in August the Skagway trail was closed to permit a hopeless effort at improvement. Small groups of men with loaded rifles stood guard at intervals and effectually checked all attempts at packing, in some cases not even permitting men to get feed for starving horses. Foot passengers were held up and made to work by these press gangs, and so much bad blood was engendered by this arbitrary action that it is surprising there was no blood shed.

McKercher, Baskerville and Sheriff, of our party, volunteered for work on the road, and I put in the best part of two days assisting in the work of leveling some of the worst boulders on the hog back mountain with dynamite. During this period I managed to get time to go over to the chain of lakes and saw at once that they would give us a big lift on our journey, with the aid of our folding boats. In company with Hepburn, the White Horse Rapids pilot, who was thinking of putting scows on the chain for freighting, I looked out a practical horse route from the main trail, which did not then approach nearer than a mile to Summit Lake, and having satisfied myself that horses could be gotten across, I returned to camp. At the first opportunity we packed over four boats, and during the three following weeks most of my time was spent freighting from the head of Summit Lake to the foot of Shallow Lake with a tandem team of two boats on each side the long portage. My plan was to carry a large amount of goods across these lakes for persons who agreed in exchange to pack a small amount for us from our camp to Summit Lake. In this way we often had other men working for us, and the size of our pack train was for all intents and purposes increased.

I shall never forget those weeks of storm and rain among the barren mountains of the coast range. In occasional intervals of clear weather the eye was often puzzled to differentiate between the snowy Tootshai range and low lying cloud masses that rivaled each other for snowy whiteness.

In stormy weather eternity sat brooding with deathless serenity upon the hoary faces of snow-capped, glacier clothed pinnacles seen towering high overhead through rifts in the driving mist.

Summit Lake in particular was rarely free from fog. It is a peculiarly shaped lake, six miles long and never more than half a mile broad. In places the channel is obstructed by pinnacly islands of broken rock, and elsewhere the lake bed is driven into long narrow arms rounding north and south, parallel with the general direction of the main body. These arms are often blind channels, and in foggy weather it requires a clear head and a good knowledge of the lake to keep from being lost among them. Near the lower end of the lake on the east side is a bay from which branch off four of these channels like the fingers of a hand, with an aggregate shore line of a number of miles. The opposite side of the lake here is exposed to the prevailing south wind, which has a straight sweep of nearly five miles, resulting in a very ugly sea.

It was necessary to keep off this dangerous lee shore, but this involved the crossing of the bay alluded to, and at times when the fog was so dense that the stern of your boat was almost lost in the gloom it was no easy matter to lay one's course so as to hit the particular point with the semi-submerged "nigger head" rock at the end that marked the main channel of the lake.

One of the fiord-like passages diverging from this bay could be traversed with an unloaded boat, but the passage of heavy craft was checked by submerged rocks half a mile from either end.

Returning light one afternoon, I took advantage of this channel to avoid the wind and waves of the lake, and just above the submerged barrier came upon two men who were crouching very disconsolately over a puny fire of roots, with their boat drawn up alongside on the rocks. They hailed me and wanted to know where they were. They had spent the best part of a day in following blind channels, and were afraid to round with their

heavily loaded boat the exposed and wave-swept point separating them from the main lake.

Acting on my advice they took out about half their load and floated their boat over the shallow place in the channel and soon after reached the foot of the lake in safety.

These men were unfamiliar with the lake, and had little experience with boats. They were hired by the "cow butter" man from Juneau, who was conducting a freighting business and had contracted to make a certain number of trips a day, often working half the night to accomplish their task. Their boat was a clumsy slab sided old tub that pulled as if it was chained to the bottom, and half the round trip was always against the wind. Often the poor fellows working these boats—man killers they called them—would pull with straining muscles and gritted teeth for minutes at a time to get past some exposed point and make no headway whatever. It took every ounce of their strength to hold what they had gained till a lull came in the wind and gave the opportunity to pass. I made my way up the lake guided by the roar of the glacial stream that comes in on the west at what one of the boatmen called his park, a little patch of green in the gray expanse of rock. While keeping close in under an overhanging ledge, I saw a small pink-eyed sharp bill duck swimming beside only a few feet away, and as a wave threw my boat toward it I reached over and actually caught it in my hand. I could find no mark of injury on it, but no doubt it had been wounded by a stray pellet of shot. I threw it on the bottom of the boat and from time to time it gave a cry exactly like the "mew" of a kitten.

At the head of the lake the "cow butter" man hailed me and asked if I had seen anything of his men. I told him I had found them lost in a blind channel and given them their bearings, and the news did not tend to pacify two or three parties of men who had each been given the solemn assurance that their goods would be taken across the lake that day without fail by the boat in question.

The freighters on the chain of lakes had an unenviable reputation for dishonest dealings with their patrons and unmerciful treatment of their men.

Inexperienced men were hired and sent out to navigate unknown waters, subject to fierce winds, with boats loaded to the gunwales with heavy freight. Shipwrecks as a consequence were of daily occurrence. I left the head of Summit Lake one windy day in company with six other boats, and that night I learned that only one other boat besides my own had gotten through to the outlet. The other five had been swamped or landed and cached their cargoes. Tons of provisions were thus damaged or lost, but in most cases the men escaped with their lives, though this must not be taken to mean that drownings were not of common occurrence. In no case that I know of was any reparation had for lost goods. The worst offender always secured his pay in advance and then disappeared, leaving his irresponsible boatmen to suffer the consequences of catastrophes resulting from his method of doing business.

Boating and Packing.

From the lakes white goats could frequently be seen on neighboring mountains. Conies and marmots were plentiful, and single individuals or small bands of woodland caribou were frequently reported in the wooded country over toward Tootshai Lake, or around Middle Lake. Bears were also seen from time to time. One misty evening I saw some strange animals in the brush back from the long sand beach on Middle Lake that I took to be bears. A closer investigation, however, showed them to be stray horses that had made their way to this out-of-the-way spot over some very rough country. Some week-nerved man on the trail, rather than kill their horses when they were worn out, turned them loose to die of starvation. Such horses were a public nuisance, stealing the feed of other horses, breaking down caches, and creating confusion by running through camps at all hours of the night. One night when I was sleeping at Shallow Lake under a boat I had drawn up on the beach, a stray horse of this character came along and tried to overturn the boat to see if there was anything edible under it by mounting on it with his fore feet and pawing. The fact that the boat resisted the attack speaks well for the strength of these frail looking creations of wood and wire and canvas. The sensations of the sleeper thus suddenly aroused can better be imagined than described.

I carried in all a number of tons of provisions across the lakes during the month of September, and did not lose or seriously damage a pound. My closest shave was one evening on Shallow Lake, when, after I had my two boats loaded, the man for whom I was freighting brought down a big roll of robes and blankets, weighing 150 or 200lbs., of which he had not spoken before, and insisted on having them added. I protested that I had on all I could carry safely, but his party needed the bedding for camp that night, and as he agreed to assume the responsibility for any accident, and as the lake was calm, I finally gave in and against my better judgment accepted the additional load.

Half way down the lake a furious squall arose on our beam and at its height the bundle of bedding shifted, careening the rear boat of the tandem upon which I had placed it till the waves came in over the gunwale, a bucket full at a time. Loaded as she was, it would only have taken about ten seconds to swamp the boat. The short tow line which connected the boats made quick action difficult. There was only one course of action possible, and that was to turn the leading boat directly around, and so throw the two side by side. The boats came together in the trough of the sea, pounding each other and each shipping water, but a second later I had tipped up a 100lb. sack of bacon on the highest gunwale of the jeopardized boat and placed her on an even keel, and the worst was over. There was considerable water in the boat when I came to unload, but the bottom tier of her cargo was composed of flour, hardware, canned goods, etc., and was not seriously damaged.

The longest half of the trail from the Summit to Lake Bennett was covered much more quickly and easily, relatively to the amount of goods packed, than the first half. As soon as the last of the supplies to go through reached the head of Summit Lake I sent the horses to the shelter of the jack pine woods three miles beyond Shallow Lake, and within an easy day's journey (nine miles) of Lake Bennett. One night was spent on the way at a prearranged camping spot at Middle Lake, in a little wooded valley some distance off the main trail, where the horses had shelter from the icy winds that already betokened the near approach of winter. Arrangements had been made for packing our goods across the two portages in the chain of lakes, and in this way our horses were saved fourteen miles of the trail and the exposure at night above the timber line, which proved so fatal to many expeditions.

Horses left on the exposed summit of White Pass were seized by a deadly influenza, and even parties who double blanketed their horses and kept them in tents at night suffered loss from this source.

The man who carried our outfit across the long portage between Summit and Middle lakes lost two horses while performing the service.

Goods had been sent through so that there was no delay in the packing from the new camp. Earlier in the season the twelve-mile trip to Bennett and return had been made in a day, but the trail had deteriorated to such an extent that this was now impossible. Instead our horses made two round trips one day from Shallow Lake to camp, and the next one round trip from camp to Bennett, aggregating respectively twelve and eighteen miles per day. The horses averaged 140lbs. or so to a pack, and had all they could carry. On this part of the trail we did our own shoeing almost entirely. Blacksmiths charged as high as $2 per shoe, and I have even heard of $5 being paid, though personally we had no experience with this latter exorbitant price. Shoes came off daily on that rough trail, often miles from any farrier, but we had only to unfasten the sack of shoes and tools, and the job was done on the spot. Horseshoe nails were at all times scarce and hard to get. At one time $1 apiece was paid for these nails. Shoes, however, were plenty. If you didn't have the right shoe in your kit, there was always a dead horse handy to pull one off from. These horses, as a rule, died late in the season when cold weather was already at hand, and were not in most cases offensive. The ravens had such a bountiful supply provided that they could afford to pick and choose, and only attacked the carcasses here and there. It was a sickening spectacle to come upon these scavengers at their work. First they ate the eyes of the horses and afterward they feasted on the gall sores.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Old Village Home.

THE writer of the following letter is a middle-aged Pawnee Indian, born and reared in the Pawnee camp, but later educated and taught to speak and write English. He recently started with his wife and one other Pawnee family from the Pawnee reservation, in Oklahoma Territory, on a visit to some relations who live with the Omahas in Nebraska. As is natural, the article on the old West which appeared in the Jubilee Number of FOREST AND STREAM appealed strongly to this man, and called out from him the following letter in reference to his trip by wagon from Okalahoma to northern Nebraska:

OMAHA, Nebraska, June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are here once more in Nebraska. We were on the way about nineteen or twenty days, one other family and my own. I have seen your Jubilee Number and the article in it about the West as it used to be, together with the journey that I have just made, makes me think of the old times.

We passed through a great deal of the country which our people, the Pawnees, once owned, and where they roamed free. We Crossed the Smoky Hill, the Republican and the Blue rivers. All along the road are many railroads, cities, towns and farms. You can hardly get any grass for your horses, except what one can find in the lanes. At last we came on the dear old Platte River, at Fremont, Nebraska, once the home of the Pawnees. Here we encamped two days on the island under the mysterious bluff Pah-huh, where the spiritual animals are supposed to live, and where our people, the Pawnees, used to worship the Great Spirit.

During our stay there the woman of the other family with us had a dream. She said she dreamed that she was taken under the hill Pah-huk by the animals. It was a lodge. As she went in, the animals made all sorts of noises to welcome her. She was at first afraid of them, but when they did not hurt her she felt easier. After a time these animals were transformed into human beings. One of them, an old man, spoke to her and said, "Grand-daughter," and when she looked at him she recognized her old grandfather, who had died while the Pawnees lived on the Platte River years ago. He was a great doctor. The old man said: "Grand-daughter, you see me. I am living here. All these people that you see are our people. They are all doctors." Then they commenced to do these mysterious things—and when she woke up, behold, it was a dream.

You can imagine my feelings when I went to visit the old village site on the bluff about two miles below Pah-huk, on the same side (south) of the river. The site overlooks the Broad River, and a beautiful scene. One can see from the bluff where the village once stood. It was here, at this very spot, that I was born forty-three years ago. Everywhere the white men have ploughed up the village site, except one or two mounds, where the dirt lodges once stood. Even where the graves once were they now have cornfields. As we stood there on the village site, it seemed that my thoughts went back to the time when my people lived here—although I do not remember when I left, being then but about five years old. My father used to tell me that at the time I was born he had just come in with a war party from the southwest. They had gone as far as the Canadian River, in the Panhandle of Texas, and had run off a great herd of ponies from the Kiowas, or Comanches. It was from this very spot that the war parties used to start out in every direction against their enemies. Now all these old-time heroes are dead and gone—gone where no one comes back from.

We found on the village site an old tomahawk with no pipe on top—perhaps the tomahawks were once made in that way—and the barrel of a horse pistol. We shall keep these as mementoes. We crossed Elkhorn River at the place where my poor mother swam across with me on her back when the white soldiers attacked the Pawnees. I think this was in 1858 or '59. My old mother died in Oklahoma, at our present home.

As I pen this, tears come from my eyes against my will. It is sad.

Reflections.

SPRING has gone and summer is now with us. The "longest day in the year" is a memory of a few days back, and henceforth we know that every day as it passes is a wee bit shorter than was its predecessor.

The small boy disports himself in the cooling water of the neighboring creek. The woods are green, the marsh is green, and all nature seems a song. The law says: "Thou shalt not roam the field with gun in hand, lest thou destroy the birds that dwell therein," but why should this make the heart of reasonable man sad?

The enthusiastic angler has hied himself away to the brooks and streams he loves so well; but I have not gone; instead I sit here in the cool evening air and reflect.

My Remington stands in its rack, glistening with its coat of grease, while scattered about in various places are its companions, friends of mine, all of them. As I gaze at its shining form there arise before me visions of the days gone in which we have been together in field and forest, marsh and cover.

We have seen some red-letter days and some disagreeable ones too; but who is it that in memory's retrospect treasures the gloomy and has naught but coldness for the bright and agreeable—the sunny portion of existence? How well do I remember the opening of the snipe season last year, and with what eagerness I hailed the time when I could once more tramp away spare moments in seach of the long-limbed denizens of the marsh.

The day was a blank, but I cared not for that. It was sufficient for me to be once more among old haunts, to sit in the old blind reconstructed for the season, and to think of former days when things were different; when Ned sat in the corner over there and between shots discussed with me fall campaigns. Those were glorious days, but they have gone, and so has Ned. He is now in Chicago. I wonder if he can sometimes steal away to the happy hunting grounds this side of paradise, where winged things are, but there are no angels.

And thus it is. One day after another comes up, and after having been lived over is relegated to obscurity, there to remain until future occasion shall again call it forth.

Gentle reader, have you ever been there? Does your day's hunt end with the setting of the sun? If so I think there is something sadly missing, for much that might be treasured is wasted, and there is lost to you one-half the real pleasure of a day afield.

J. F. LEONARD.

ATLANTIC, June, 1898.

Natural History.

The Story of a Coon.

HE was a homely little fellow when I first saw him. My foxhound found him in a large hollow chestnut tree in an open pasture about 300yds. from my house. His mother and two brothers or sisters were with him. The little coons were about the size of large rats and as blind as bats. I left them, thinking the old coon would take them away. On going to see the next morning, I found the old one and one young one gone, one little one lying dead on the ground, and another, the subject of my story, lying on his back at the bottom of the hole in the tree and just about dead. I took him home, put him in a warm place, and he revived.

It was nearly a week before his eyes opened. I brought him up on a nursing bottle. As the days passed he grew very fast and lost the homeliness of his extreme youth. The way in which he would dispose of about half a pint of milk three times a day was a marvel. After about a month I weaned him from the nursing bottle and taught him to drink from a pan. He would always put both forepaws in the pan and bury his nose up to his eyes, and drink greedily as long as he could hold his breath; then throwing his nose in the air he would recover his breath and go at the milk again. Milk was his only food for some two months, but when he decided to change his diet he did it very suddenly. He drank his milk as usual one night; but the next morning refused to touch it, and never afterward could be induced to put his nose in a pan of it. He then took to eating almost anything which had been cooked, but did not care much for either raw fish or meat, unless it was a very young chicken.

As he grew larger he became very pretty, interesting and cunning. He was allowed to go where he chose, and would sleep under the piazza. He would follow me anywhere like a dog, and often long distances in the fields and on the roads. When getting behind out of sight, he would take my track, and when he could not find it he would call for me to come. Usually he made a soft sound, somewhat similar to the cry of a woodcock in the spring; but when he was real mad or hurt it sounded something like a tree-toad, only sharper and louder.

He had a way of always putting anything given him to eat into his pan of water and poking it about in the water with his paws before eating it. My two dogs and he were great friends, the hound not taking much notice of him, but always friendly. With my pointer he was very sociable, getting on his head, pulling his ears and climbing all over him, all of which the pointer submitted to, and seemingly enjoyed. He was not at all gunshy, and when I was targeting a shotgun he would stay near me and follow me back and forth every time I went to look at the target. When I was sitting down anywhere near him he would come and go through my coat pockets very quickly, pulling every-

thing out he could find. He could use his forepaws as well as some people can their hands, and would very cleverly catch things tossed to him.

As cold weather approached he grew very fat, and when about six months old weighed 24lbs. After snow came I put him in a box stall in the barn, and he slept a greater part of the time, eating but little. I would bring him into the house three or four times a week, and after he got warm he would prance about the room and play with the cat by the hour.

After snow went off in the spring I got a hollow chestnut tree some 18in. in diameter, and set up about 15ft. of it in the yard, covering the top and making a hole near the top for him, with a bottom about a foot below the hole, and tied him to the tree so he could climb up and down. Cooney was very much pleased with his new quarters, and was continually going up and down, or would lie in the hole, looking out to see what was going on. I had to keep him tied in this way, as we had a large brooding house near, with several hundreds of young chickens, and Cooney would kill them, although he never touched full-grown fowls. Occasionally he would get loose during the night, as with his constant climbing he would fray the cord he was tied with, but we always found him the next morning in some of the outbuildings.

Some two weeks since he got loose during the night and has not been seen since. It is but a few steps from my yard to the woods, and as Cooney gazed at them from his tree perhaps the wild spirit of his nature was aroused, and he wandered away. I was very sorry to lose him, and should he come back he will receive a most cordial welcome. If not, may good luck attend him in his wanderings.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 12.

A Heron Colony.

A COLONY of great blue and night herons nesting together on a small wooded island three miles from town was visited May 8, 1892. The island, containing some three or four acres, was thickly covered with black oaks and poplars, and at that time was completely surrounded by water, being about forty rods from the main shore. Finding it impossible to wade across to the island, on account of the depth of the mud, rather than of the water, we secured a skiff and paddled across.

A few birds were seen now and then rising above the tree tops as we were quietly paddling over the open water, and as we drew nearer the female great blue herons could be seen sitting on the nests, while a number of males were standing on the edge of the nests, or perched on a branch near by, with necks drawn down, apparently enjoying the genial sunshine of the beautiful morning. As we approached, with not a sound but the splash of the paddle, the herons one by one would stretch up their long necks, take a good look at us, then look around as if to see what their neighbors were doing. The landing of the skiff on the gravelly shore was the signal for flight by all. The roar of wings, and the squawking cries as they left the nests and trees, was almost deafening. The air became alive with birds of both species, uttering their hoarse quak-quak-quak, flying clumsily here and there, not knowing which way to go after having been so suddenly disturbed. After recovering somewhat from the surprise such an unusual din and sight had caused, we proceeded to examine the nests.

The nests of the great blue herons were all placed in large black-oak trees. They were 1ft. or more in diameter, and very high—40 to 60ft.—above the ground. They were made of sticks built into a large rude platform, slightly hollowing to hold the eggs, and were from 2 to 3½ft. across, and about 1ft. thick, having been repaired year after year by adding more sticks. Nearly all the nests had one to three skeletons of young birds dangling from the structure, where they had become entangled among the sticks, and had been unable to free their long legs. There were also many skeletons on the ground near the base of the trees. Some of the nests contained small perch and minnows, and parts of decayed fish, giving them a strong fishy odor. The nests and trees were bespattered with the white excrement of the birds.

Nearly every tree contained two to six nests, and in a few instances nests of the night herons were placed in the same trees, but much lower down than those of the great blue heron, on the lower branches. The eggs showed much variation in the length of time they had been incubated. Several sets of five each were quite advanced, while sets of six were perfectly fresh, and some sets of four were from fresh to advanced.

The night herons' nests were placed in smaller trees, oaks and poplars, and were usually from 20 to 30ft. from the ground. They were made similar to the others, but were much smaller, being about 1ft. across and very light, flimsy affairs, only hollowing enough to hold the eggs; the eggs in some being visible from the ground beneath. At this date a great many nests had only their foundations laid, and birds could be seen carrying sticks to and fro in their bills. There were no complete sets of eggs of this species, three being the largest yet seen, while most of the nests were empty.

May 16 we made another trip to the island. The birds in the meantime had been busily engaged, as we found many more nests. One set of six eggs was seen, but most of them were of four or five. The night herons do not seem to be as wild as the great blues, many of them returning to their nests and remaining there till frightened by a quick move on our part, when they would cramble from the nests in a hurry. Eggs of the great blues seen on this trip were fresh to advanced. One nest contained young birds, and in another the eggs were pipped and nearly ready to hatch. A few nests, from which we had taken eggs on the 8th, were examined, one of these contained three and another two fresh eggs. We counted fourteen nests of the night heron in a wide spreading oak tree on the border of the island, every one of which contained eggs in different stages of incubation.

On the afternoon of May 20 we made another visit, taking but one set of five badly incubated eggs of great blues. The night herons seemed to be as busy as ever, but many nests in the poplar trees at the lower end of the island were still unfinished, and some merely begun. Four sets of six eggs each were found nearly fresh, and many sets of four and five likewise.

During the second and third trips to the island we used a device of my own in order to facilitate reaching the most desirable sets without having to climb each tree. Taking a long fish pole, I attached a wire frame to the small end, and on the frame was sewed a shallow sack about 8in. deep. By climbing one of the tallest trees in a group, I could reach and scoop into the sack at the end of the pole many sets which would otherwise have required hard climbing to reach. While it would have been possible to take hundreds of sets, we secured enough only for a nice series of each species showing greatest variation in size and shape. As near as we could judge, there were from 600 to 700 nests of the



THE HERONRY IN WINTER.

night herons in the colony, and seventy-five pairs of great blue herons breeding here. Eggs advanced in incubation could easily be distinguished from those that were fresh by their more soiled and smoother surface, showing a gloss such as a hen's egg shows when long set upon.

I did not visit the herony again till the winter of '96, when much to my disappointment I found that the heron island had been completely cleared of its timber during the early part of that season, thus depriving the birds of their nesting place, which had been used for years. There is another small island about one-half mile north of this one, which I was told had been occupied for the past season by the birds. As the colony increased in numbers, it was probably necessary for the birds to enlarge their quarters, and they resorted to this island as being the most convenient and suitable. It is



NEST AND EGGS OF NIGHT HERON.

about the same size as the other, and is likewise covered with a thick growth of black oaks and poplars, but the trees are smaller, none larger than 6in. through. There were no nests of the great blue heron, and as nearly as I can estimate there were about 300 nests of the night herons, placed 15 to 30ft. from the ground, in the oak trees, not one being seen in a poplar. They seem to show here a preference for oaks over the poplars, as they did on the other island.

I went to the island May 10 and saw about twenty-five birds, but none of the nests had been repaired. May 17 I again visited the place, and estimated the number of birds at 500, which is very likely a low estimate. Nearly all the nests had had a few green leaves added to them, but there were as yet no eggs. On the 28th another visit was made, when two sets of four eggs were seen, while some nests contained one, two or three eggs, but most of them were empty. We waited till June 9 before we made the trip again, and then found many complete sets. Only three were seen of five, the balance having three and four, some of them well advanced in incubation.

On this island the fish pole and net was not a success on account of the many branches on the trees. Another method was resorted to, however, which was perhaps a little more dangerous. Climbing into a tree top it could be easily bent over by the weight of one's body to the next tree, and so we climbed from tree to tree, examining the sets in each as we went along, finally reaching the ground some distance from the tree ascended. One week later many of the nests contained young and eggs that were pipped, incubation beginning sometimes as soon as the first egg was laid. The young are ugly looking creatures, partly covered with brownish down, their long necks swaying this way and that, and seeming to be beyond control. Their note is similar to that of a young chicken, and can be heard while standing on the ground. At this time nearly all the sets of eggs were complete.

Where the great blue herons went to nest is still unknown to me, but on each trip we saw several birds of this species standing in the water fishing, and on one occasion I saw several together flying lazily up the lake, but they rounded a point and were lost to view. I think they are still breeding somewhere in this locality.

It will take only a year or two more to force the night herons to seek another home, as the great blues were obliged to do, for the timber on the island now occupied was being cut off last winter (1897).

The eggs of both species show little variation in coloring, being a light greenish blue, sometimes a shade lighter or darker. A few eggs show a somewhat deeper color in the middle than at the ends, and sometimes the opposite, but usually they are uniform in color all over. Frequently a chalky substance is found deposited on the surface. They vary from oval to elliptical in shape; eggs of the night heron I think showing a greater variation than those of the great blue heron.

GEO. A. MORRISON.

FOX LAKE, Wis.

Some Notes on American Ship-Worms.

[Read before the American Fisheries Congress at Tampa.]

WHILE we wish to preserve and protect most of the products of our waters, these creatures we would gladly obliterate from the realm of living things. For we have been studying and combatting them for a century and more, but we have found no adequate means of counteracting their depredations.

During the summer of 1893, while engaged in observations on the oyster at Beaufort, North Carolina, for the United States Fish Commissioner, I became interested in the various ship-worms which are found so abundantly in the waters of North Carolina. During the summer I made some observations on their natural history, and returned for periods during the two succeeding seasons to continue them. The results have been incorporated in a paper on "The Natural History, Organization and Late Development of the Teredinidæ," which is almost ready for publication.

The ship-worms were favorite objects of study during the eighteenth century, on account of their great damage to the dykes of Holland in 1733 and subsequent years. The contemporaneous observers seem to have been unaware of the observations of Pliny and others in ancient times, and supposed the ship-worms were natives of India, whence they had been brought by shipping in modern times. During these times they were considered true worms, and it was not till the time of Cuvier that their molluscan characters were recognized.

Even if the ship-worms were not recognized to be bivalve-molluscs from their adult organization, it would be easy to determine this fact from a study of the development.

The ship-worm starts in its development as an egg, which none but a specialist could distinguish from the eggs of most bivalves. In American forms that seem most abundant, at least in our Southern waters, the eggs are cast freely into the water and soon fertilized by the male element. As soon as fertilized the eggs begin to develop, and in our warm Southern climate become little free-swimming creatures in from three to four hours. It is true that these little creatures have as yet none of the distinctive features of the ship-worms, or even of bivalve-molluscs. But within a day the bivalve shell is acquired. For a few days one can rear the larvæ in aquaria, but after a time the conditions become unfavorable and they disappear. For perhaps three weeks more, in a state of nature, they lead a free-swimming life and are gradually transformed into a little free-swimming bivalve almost exactly like the little clam or oyster. But how and where, in nature, this transitional period is passed has not been observed.

The next stage which I found was that of the little bivalves, about a hundredth of an inch in diameter, crawling over the surface of the wood in quest of places for their future homes. Once they have found appropriate places they begin to change. One by one the bivalve characters are lost, and the little bivalves are transformed into the very long, worm-like creatures which are found in wooden structures in salt water the world over.

But along with the transformation the bivalve shell is preserved, though it is much modified as compared with other bivalve shells, and covers only a small part of the head end of the body. With it the ship-worm excavates the burrow in the wood in which it lives, and seems able to penetrate the hardest or softest kinds of wood with equal facility. As the wood is grated away by the shell, the small particles are taken into the digestive canal, and the debris is extruded, but whether it serves for food in any way is a question in dispute. During its life in the wood at least the larger portion of the worm's nutrition is taken in through the tube which hangs at rest in the water, and consists of small animal and especially vegetable organisms.

In thinking of ship-worms then, it should be remembered that the wood in which they form their burrows is primarily for their own protection; their long, naked, delicate bodies are perfectly defenseless.

At Beaufort all kinds of unprotected wood becomes literally riddled in a very short time. There are two kinds of worms found there in great and about equal abundance.

These are Teredo norvegica and Xylotrya fimbriata, whose mode of spawning has been already described. However, a very small proportion of specimens were of Teredo navalis, one of the common European forms. In this species the eggs are retained in the gills of the mother during a considerable period of their development, perhaps almost till time for them to set into the wood. It is apparently this last species which I have

found most abundantly in Long Island Sound, though many Xylotrya fimbriata were also found.

The breeding season in North Carolina, so far as determined, lasts at least till the middle of August, and perhaps throughout the summer. That the latter is the true period is indicated by two sets of facts. In the first place individuals are found with ripe sexual products during the early part of August, and the young derived from eggs laid at this time must continue to set till September or later. In the second place the young were setting in the wood abundantly till the middle of August, a fact which indicates that the same condition continues to some degree for some time longer. Of course, from an economic standpoint the period during which the wood is attacked is one of the most vital points to discover.

The number of young produced is amazing, being estimated in one case, from a single very large female, at a hundred million, and while the greater part are lost before the setting stage is reached, yet the number that set is very great, and this is one of the most discouraging features in dealing with ship-worms in a practical way. If the spat were of fairly appreciable size and set in but moderate numbers, it might be feasible, by the careful removal of all old piles and other old timbers, to sufficiently reduce the number to a minimum. But when, under favorable conditions, over a hundred to a square inch set where there is not room for more than one or two to reach maturity, it is easily seen what an excess is always present, and how futile it is to try to combat the larvæ before they enter the wood.

The practical way, of course, is to prevent their entrance into the wood by protecting the wood with copper paint and sheathing. With small piles and timbers it would seem to be worth while to try various means of keeping the bark on the wood, which so far as I know has not been done; for it is well known that as long as the bark is on timbers they are not attacked by ship worms.

Once the ship-worm has set into the wood it grows with amazing rapidity in our Southern waters. In twelve days it has grown to be an ⅛in. long; in twenty days about ¼in., and in thirty-six days 4in., when it is thousands of times as large in volume as when it sets. It has become sexually mature and is ready to produce a new generation. How long ship-worms may live has never been observed, though it is probable for several years, and that during this time they keep growing if there be room in the wood for growth, though when crowded the individuals become dwarfed. I have found specimens of great size of T. norvegica, some 3 to 4ft. long; and it is easily seen how destructive may be a few of these individuals, which may become almost an inch in diameter. The age of such specimens I have not been able to determine, but it is estimated to be less than two years.

In the colder waters of Long Island I have found specimens of both T. navalis (?) and Xylotrya fimbriata, the former the more abundant. They seem to set most abundantly after the 1st of July, though observations for one season cannot be conclusive. The rate of growth is much slower, and it would seem to take twice as long to attain the same sizes as in the warmer Southern waters.

Observations, to be of any considerable economic value, must cover a variety of localities under different conditions, and must extend through a period of years—observations which I have not had sufficient opportunity to make, and which for our American forms have unfortunately never been made.

CHAS. P. SIGERFOOS.

How to Name The Birds.

THIS is the title of a little volume of 115 pages, bound in limp leather and issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, the compiler, calls it "a pocket guide to all the land birds and to the principal water fowl normally found in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for the use of field ornithologists."

It is illustrated by two plates showing the distinctive areas of a bird's body, thus very clearly defining what is meant by the terms used in the text. There is also a plate showing the various forms of tails of birds, a map and an analytical key on a somewhat new plan. The descriptive list of birds is arranged in an arbitrary fashion by the colors which they show, such as "neutral list," "black list," "yellow list," which of course often places birds which have most diverse relationship next to each other on the page. We should imagine that this might prove confusing to the beginner.

Department of Agriculture Year Book.

THE year book of the Department of Agriculture for the year ending June 30, 1897, is before us. It is a bulky volume of nearly 800 pages, and is fully illustrated here and there in colors. Besides the report of the Secretary, and those of the chiefs of bureaus, it contains many papers of very considerable interest to farmers, and indeed to all persons interested in the progress of this country. The subject of "Birds that Injure Grain" is taken up by Mr. F. E. L. Beale, of the Biological Survey, who under this head discusses the crow and various blackbirds, mentioning also toward the close of his article the mourning dove, California quail, shore lark and ring-necked pheasant. The paper is not without interest, but the conclusions drawn are quite inadequate.

A Duck's Nest in a Tree.

GRANBY, P. Q., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was told that a duck had a nest in a tree up the river. I never heard of such a thing before, and was inclined to doubt it, so to-day I went up to investigate.

I found an old elm tree on the bank of the river. About 12ft. up a large limb had been broken off close to the trunk years ago, leaving a hub on the trunk, the inner part having rotted out. The diameter of the hole at the mouth is about 8in., the depth about 10 or 12in., but probably a little over a foot across at the bottom. Although from my information I knew about where the tree was, yet I would never have suspected a nest there; but in looking over closely I noticed a few downy feathers adhering to the entrance. I was pointing these out to my seven-year-old boy when the duck flew out, alighting on a dead birch tree about twenty rods further up the stream. She was about the size of a blue-winged teal, but a little more gray than the female of this species.

I put some sticks against the tree and mounted, finding several young ducks therein. I know they were ducks, because I took a couple of them in my hand. They had a short, flat bill and web feet. Those I took out were black on the back, lighter colored on the breast, with three downy gosling colored rings running partly up the neck and around the eyes. There must have been ten or a dozen in the nest. They were probably a week or ten days old. I left them all there, but how she proposes to get them out of there to the water is a mystery to me, as it is fully 15ft. of a drop to the water, although the tree is almost on the edge of the water.

I never heard of a duck's nest in such a place before, and if much out of the common I could get a photo of the tree, and possibly, by careful work, get a snap shot on the duck as she is leaving the nest.

J. BRUCE PAYNE.

[Not a few sorts of ducks nest in hollow trees; and geese in some localities, notably along the Missouri River, are known to build their nests on the tops of cottonwood stubs, far above the ground. The most common of the tree nesting ducks is the wood duck, whence its name; but there are others, for example the golden eye, or whistler, the butterball or bufflehead, and the hooded merganser.]

Bird Tablet for Field Use.

WITH this title an abridgment of some of the pages of Miss Florence A. Merriam's "Birds of Village and Field" has been published by Josephine A. Clark, of Washington. This is a pocket notebook, in which the student unfamiliar with birds may enter under the proper headings the characters of the different species which he sees in his walks. These headings are size, color, markings of the different parts, shape of the different parts, movements, flight, localities frequented, food and manner of obtaining it, song, habits; nest as to location, size, shape, materials, methods of construction, etc.; eggs; incubation and observations on the young. These take up two pages, and there are two blank pages for notes. The book should be useful to the class for which it is intended.

Game Bag and Gun.

Firecrackers in China.

From the Consular Reports.

DURING the year ending June 30, 1897, there were exported from China 26,705,733 pounds of firecrackers, valued by the Chinese imperial customs at $1,584,151 gold.

Of the total shipment, by far the largest part was sent to New York. A small quantity went to England. Other countries buy only infinitesimal amounts.

The exports represent only a small fraction of the amount manufactured and used in China. There are no large manufactories; the crackers are made in small houses and in the shops where they are sold. In the latter places the proprietor of the shop, his wife (or wives) and children do the work. No record is kept of the number made and sold, and no estimate is possible of their cost. The use of crackers is universal in China, and has been as far back as history records. It is most probable that in the beginning they were used to frighten away evil spirits. Now they are most frequently an expression of good feeling or of ceremonious compliment. They are used at weddings, births, and funerals; at festivals; religious, civil and military ceremonies; at New Year; to salute persons about to make a journey; and, in fact, on all occasions out of the ordinary routine.

In making crackers, only the cheapest kind of straw paper which can be produced in the immediate locality where the crackers are made is used for the body of the cracker. A little finer paper is used for the wrapper. A piece of straw paper 9 by 30in. will make twenty-one crackers 1½in. long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter.

The powder is also of the cheapest grade, and is made in the locality where used. It costs 150 to 175 cash per catty, or 6 to 7 cents gold per pound.

For the fuse, a paper (called "leather" in Shanghai) is used which is imported from Japan and is made from the lining of the bamboo. In other places a fine rice paper is used, generally stiffened slightly with buckwheat-flour paste, which, the Chinese say, adds to its inflammability. A strip of this paper one-third of an inch wide by 14 in. (a Chinese foot) long is laid on a table, and a very little powder put down the middle of it with a hollow bamboo stick. A quick twist of the paper makes the fuse ready for use.

It is not easy to persuade the Chinese to exhibit their modes of manufacture to a foreigner; but Mr. Williams, Vice-Consul at Shanghai, thus describes the work as he has seen it:

"The straw paper is first rolled by hand around an iron rod, which varies in size according to the size of cracker to be made. To complete the rolling, a rude machine is used. This consists of two uprights supporting an axis, from which is suspended by two arms a heavy piece of wood, slightly convex on the lower side. There is just room between this swinging block and the top of the table to place the cracker. As each layer of paper is put on by hand, the cracker is placed on the table and the suspended weight is drawn over the roll, thus tightening it until no more can be passed under the weight. For the smallest "whip" crackers, the workman uses for compression, instead of this machine, a heavy piece of wood, fitted with a handle like that of a carpenter's plane. In filling crackers, 200 to 300 are tied together tightly in a bunch. Red clay is spread over the end of the bunch and forced into the end of each cracker with a punch. While the clay is being stamped in, a little water is sprayed on it, which makes it pack closer. The powder is poured in at the other end of the cracker. With the aid of an awl the edge of the paper is turned in at the upper end of the cracker, and the fuse is inserted through this."

The long ends of the fuses are braided together in such a way that the crackers lie in two parallel rows. The braid is doubled on itself, and a large quick-firing fuse inserted, and the whole is bound with a fine thread. The bundle is wrapped in paper and in this shape sent to the seacoast.

A variety of cracker I do not remember to have seen in the United States, but which is popular here, is the "twice-sounding." It has two chambers separated by a plug of clay, through which runs a connecting fuse. There is also a fuse extending from the powder in the lower chamber through the side of the cracker. When the cracker is to be fired it is set on end, and fire set to the fuse. The powder exploding in the chamber throws the cracker high in the air, where the second charge is exploded by fire from the fuse extending through the plug between the two chambers. In the manufacture of these the clay is first stamped in with a punch to form the separating plug. The lower chamber is then loaded with powder and closed by turning over the paper at the end. The upper chamber is loaded and closed with clay. A hole is punched in the side of the lower chamber with an awl, and the fuse inserted through this opening.

At Canton the ordinary-size cracker (1½in. long by ¼in. in diameter) costs 1 tael (62 cents) for 10,000 for export. At Hankow the best quality of this size costs 1 tael for 5,000; while of the second quality 20,000 can be bought for 1 tael. At Chungking 15,000 of the ordinary crackers can be bought for 1 tael. At Shanghai 1 tael will purchase 5,000 of the ordinary size, while the largest sell for $5 per 1,000. These prices are probably only a shade above the actual cost of manufacture. The small manufacturers sell to Chinese compradores, who buy as agents of foreign firms and ship the crackers in bundles to the seacoast, where they are packed in boxes which cost about 4 taels ($2.50) per hundred, and hold 250,000 firecrackers.

Aside from the fact that all the material used is native and produced where the crackers are manufactured, and that transportation does not enter into the cost, the wonderful cheapness of manufacture is accounted for by the kind of labor used and the wages paid. The items of cost of plant and interest on it are eliminated by the fact that the crackers are made in the homes of the workmen and in the shops where they are sold. The hours of labor are from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M., and there are seven working days in each week. Four-fifths of the crackers consumed in China are made by the families of those who sell them; these people, of course, receiving no wages. Of the paid work, a very large proportion is done by women and children, who are paid by the piece. It is estimated that thirty women and ten men can make 100,000 crackers per day; for which work the women will receive 5 cents each and the men about 7 cents each. An apprentice is bound for four years, and during that time receives only his board. At the end of that period he will receive, if he is a fairly good workman, 150 cash per day, or 7 cents in United States money. An expert at the trade receives 200 cash per day, or 10 cents gold.

Workmen at this trade receive about the average rate of wages paid here for common labor. The trade is considered unhealthy and dangerous, and therefore not desirable.

JOHN GOODNOW, Consul-General.

SHANGHAI

Old Clubfoot.

REDLANDS, Cal., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you herewith a clipping from the Los Angeles Herald, describing the capture of the famous three-footed grizzly bear known to all southern California for years past, and while I cannot vouch for the statements made, I should not like to dispute any of them, as "Old Clubfoot" has an unsullied reputation for ferocity.

REELFOOT.

The story runs: The great, fat, powerful carcass of "Old Clubfoot," the famous grizzly known to all old California hunters and prospectors on this coast, arrived in Bakersfield on Thursday afternoon. She was killed last Monday on the head of Cottonwood Creek, near the southern boundary of Kern county. It required a two-days' battle of three men with long-range Winchesters to bring down the monster, besides the assistance of a number of dogs. These men had been hot on the trail of "Clubfoot" more than a week. Last Sunday morning two of them came in sight of her, and the battle opened at a distance of 600yds., and ranged from that down to a few yards. It was a most desperate and thrilling encounter. Finally the hunters' ammunition gave out. Late in the evening they called off their dogs and went to camp. Early next morning they returned, and with the aid of the dogs "Old Clubfoot" was again found. The hunters opened fire on her, and the battle raged all day before the monster gave up the ghost. She weighed 1,100lbs. She was 9½ft. long, 3ft. across back, with head 18in. broad. The teeth of the animal were almost worn off, showing her great age. The plucky hunters were John A. Johnson, Jean Pool and James McKenzie, who say that "Clubfoot" has ranged the mountains of Kern, Santa Barbara and Ventura for the past thirty years. She has killed a number of men in battle, and a whole herd of cattle in her day. Eleven bullets were fired into her head and neck. Nearly a hundred shots were fired.

Death of Armin Tenner.

WE regret to learn of the death of Armin Tenner, at his home in Berlin, on June 17, at the age of fifty-two. Mr. Tenner came to America in the sixties and served in the Federal army. He was a leading spirit in the establishment of the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens, and in the enterprise of introducing European song birds into the United States. In 1873 he conducted an extensive series of tests of powder and shot.

Game in Iowa.

VINTON, Ia., June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Old settlers claim that quail were never so plently as they have been during the past year. They may be seen any day and at almost any time running along our roads, with little fear of the passer by. During the winter there were more prairie chickens than at any time for fifteen years, and they were native to this locality, to which my notes only refer. Adjoining my place was a large field of corn that had been shocked up with the corn on the stalks, and mornings from 300 to 500 chickens would obtain their breakfast from the corn on the shocks. There were smaller flocks in different directions a few miles awy. A few weeks ago, while taking a ride of five or six miles, I counted fourteen chickens that jumped up from the roadside and went strutting and clucking into the fields.

The Northern hare, as they have been called by sportsmen, or prairie hare, which I think is the correct name, are working from Minnesota down through this State, and are becoming quite common in the vicinity. The first one that I saw was two years ago, and the old settlers say they were never here before. They turn white in the winter, like the hare in the mountains in northern New England, and as I remember the latter they are smaller than the ones here. They are popularly called jack rabbits, but the jack rabbits in Nebraska do not turn white in the winter, and I believe they are not as large as our hare, yet larger than the rabbits that I saw in the mountains in Idaho and Wyoming, while they all have that peculiar way of running—sometimes a stiff-legged canter or a few jumps and a bob-up behind, when once seen never to be forgotten. This I believe is not true of the New-England hare.

Bluebirds this summer, I am pleased to see. are nearly as numerous as ever. Bobolinks are more numerous than I have previously known them to be, and I can say the same for hummingbirds, yet the last are still scarce. Butcher birds, or shrikes, are very plenty, but I seldom see them close to the buildings excepting in the winter season.

One year ago last winter a butcher bird that stayed about my buildings used to "make a great bluff" at singing. Its song would last from one-quarter to one-half a minute. Some of the notes were like those of the brown thrush, others like those of the robin; and so much so that one day my boys came in and said they had heard a robin. The song was pleasing; it was a sort of warble, and was always ended with the bird's usual war cry. I mention this because it is the only bird of the kind I ever heard sing; and some days when the thermometer was many degrees below zero I used to wonder if the bird was really happy or just singing to keep up courage.

A pair of these birds one winter stayed around one of my neighbor's buildings. He had some shocks of corn standing in his yard, and when he pulled one over to feed to his stock the mice would run to the next one. The birds soon learned to watch for Mr. D. at the regular feeding time, and when he would pull over a shock of corn they would dive down and catch the mice.

A flock of seven snowy ones established their winter quarters in a small cedar tree within a few feet of a neighbor's house the past winter, but they littered the yard so badly that he tried to drive them away by clubbing them out of the tree, which he did not succeed in doing until near spring, when they made their home in a cedar tree in my brother's yard.

One thing that troubles me is this: I used to like to see the upland plover that had their nests in our meadows alight, and while holding their wings straight up in the air give their clear, shrill notes. Last summer I saw and heard one; this summer so far none. What can be the matter?

What has become of the sandhill crane? I have not seen nor heard one for years, with the exception of two that were in the extreme northern part of the State. Are they getting scarce? If so, let's stop pounding the life out of these grand birds for a time, and give them a chance. Each spring and fall I scan the sky and listen for the old familiar sound that does not come. Can some reader of FOREST AND STREAM kindly inform me where these birds have their breeding place, and if their migratory flight is still over the State of Nebraska, as it used to be?

Cottontails are very plenty. Last summer they would fairly overrun a person. I will tell you how I know. One day I heard Shep and Mick give a few short and excited yelps, and knew that a rabbit chase was on. Up through the hog lot came the rabbit; and it was reaching right out in great shape, for rabbits around my place have lots of practice and know how to run. Old Shep was pounding along behind and Mick was following close up, and laying right down to business. The rabbit went through the partition fences, but the dogs had to go over the top, which gave the rabbit the advantage. I saw that the rabbit would lead the race along the north side of the barn and shed, and I ran to get past the corner of the garden fence to see the race when it would get beyond the shed; but the rabbit turned at the end of the shed and came straight for the same fence corner that I was running for; and right there the rabbit and the farmer met. I did not have time to say "Hello!" and the rabbit didn't have time to jump one side; so it made a frantic effort to jump over my head or through me—I have never quite made up my mind which. But I could not dodge that streak of rabbit any more than a Spanish fort can dodge one of Sampson's shells. It leaped head first and heels a-coming full tilt against the pit of my stomach, at the same time giving me a kick which doubled me up and sent the rabbit back several feet and to the ground with a broken back, and while I was drawing my hand across the contracted portion of my abdomen, just as one will after eating green apples, and the rabbit lay kicking on the ground, the dogs came up on the dead run; but I straightened up in time to stop them and put the rabbit out of misery. I can testify that if one rabbit's hindfoot in a pocket will straighten one's finances; two hindfeet in the stomach will crook his physique. MOUNT TOM.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Variation.

(After George Mirror.)

AN angler with a costly pole
Surmounted with a silver reel,
Carven in quaint poetic scroll—
Jointed and tipped with finest steel—
With yellow flies,
Whose scarlet eyes
And jasper wings are fair to see,
Hies to the stream
Whose bubbles beam
Down murmuring eddies wild and free,
And casts the line with sportsman's pride
Where the fish 'neath the bushes glide.

A shock-haired boy with birch-wand light,
Pronged somewhat like a fish's spine,
And on the end a bit of white—
The common kind of grocer's twine—
With naught but great
Ground worms for bait,
Tramps to the water full of glee,
His hat beneath,
Observe the wreath
Of smiles most beautiful to see,
While he casts in the plashing brook
A bended pin—his only hook.

The angler with the costly pole
Comes homeward full of airy grace—
If rapture fills the urchin's soul,
It doesn't blossom in his face.
The former he has twenty-three
Fishes that speckled in the sun.
The shock-haired boy
Is reft of joy—
He's caught what's known as "nary one."
The rod and reel have won to-day—
Somehow it sometimes works that way!

In the Choctaw Nation.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last May I was down in the Choctaw nation, and having some spare time went fishing in the Kiamicha River. It is a fine stream, with many places where the water runs over and among lumps and ledges of sandstone, and then rests in long reaches of still water, shaded by the trees. It looked as if there ought to be bass in there, and as if they would be gamy on the hook, and appetizing on the table. A trial proved that they were there, and that they were hungry for craw fish, and put up a gallant fight when hooked; as nice, clean-looking fish as ever were landed. A half-dozen were taken in an hour, all of which were returned to the water but two, and those two had their heads cut off while fully alive, were cleaned and salted a little, and put in the ice chest over night. Next morning they were nicely cooked for breakfast, but they were not eaten. They were soft and tasteless, as an August sucker from a warm creek. I spoke to one of the local anglers about it and he said, "No, the catfish is the only good fish in the river; the bass and sunfish are always soft and tasteless."

Now I would like to know if the bass in a sandstone stream are poorer flavored than those in a limestone stream. Yesterday I asked a market fisherman on the Mississippi about it. He did not know, but had heard that the fish in a sandstone stream were not good. Asked about his fishing, he said: "I follow it because I like it, and there is a good living in it. There is enough element of chance in it to make it interesting; I don't know whether it is going to be a water haul or thirty dollars' worth of fish, though I know pretty well that with my 250yds. of seines and one man to help me I will average $40 a week, and the cost of keeping the tackle in repair, and renewing it when worn out, will not cost more than 2 per cent. of the receipts from fish. The worst thing about it is that when I have a big run of luck the money is made so easy that it goes just as easy, and I've never got any money when I need it the worst.

"If there is enough water where I am going to fish, I splice the two seines together, and fold them in the boat, so it can be thrown out as the boat is rowed around. A line 75yds. long is tied to each end of the seine. One end of a line is tied to a stake at the edge of the water. We row out from the shore and sweep around in a semi-circle large enough to require the length of the 500yds. of seine, and the 150yds. of lines to surround the semi-circle and return to shore, so we have enclosed the fish on about fifteen acres of water. It isn't very hard work, but sometimes we fish when it is so cold that the seine freezes almost as fast as we draw it out of the water, and it's a pretty cold job then. We make more money out of the German carp than any other fish. We ship them to Fulton Market, New York, and get an average price of 8 cents per pound for them here undressed, just as they come from the water. The express rate is $2.25 per 100lbs. I figure that they must cost the people that eat them about 15 cents a pound. I hear that they are mostly sold to Jews and Italians. Nobody but negroes eat them here. During hot weather we can't ship them, and have to sell them at most any price."

In the fish house an old wrinkled and dried-up negro, a veritable imp of Satan, was cleaning a lot of live catfish. He hung the fish by a hook through the under jaw; two dextrous cuts with a keen-edged knife severed the skin around the neck. Catching the edge of the severed skin with a pair of pinchers, a quick jerk stripped the skin from one side of the body. A jerk at the skin on the other side, and the skin was all off except a "V" shaped piece on the belly. The pinchers snapped at the point of the "V," and an upward jerk took off the last piece of skin. A quick stroke of the knife severed the "bridle" from the head, an upward thrust opened the fish, another cut severed the visceral attachments, and the still wriggling and breathing fish was thrown upon the table to die at its leisure. I asked the old imp if he didn't think it was pretty rough on the fish to skin him alive. He scowled at me a moment and said, "I knows da' bones is pow'fu' rough on man han's, jes' cuttin' 'em all to pieces. Doan' know nuffin' 'bout de fish, an' don' keer nuffin' 'bout 'em needer."

When the catfish were finished, he sharpened his knife and began to clean carp. The knife was inserted under the scales, and lying flat on the fish quick strokes toward the head sliced off the scales and skin in pieces of 2 to 3in. wide. There was enough skin taken off to hold the scales together, but the skin on the fish showed no marks of the knife. It showed the imprint of every scale. It looked just as if the fish scales had been scraped off, except that the skin was left smoother and cleaner looking than a scraped fish. I said that was a lively way to scale fish. "Huh!" said the old darky, "I ain't scalin' dem fish. Yo' caint scale no catp. Got to skin 'em."

"Are you skinning them?" I asked.

"Cose I is. Don' yo' see de skin I done took off."

"Yes, but I see a whole skin on the fish."

"Cose yo' does. De catp dun got two skins on 'um. Ef yo' doan b'lieve dat, yo' mus' be one of dem folks dat doan' b'lieve nothin' dey hears, an' not moah'n half dey sees," and with a snort of disgust at my ignorance he threw another carp on the table and the keen edged knife sliced off the scales again.

O. H. HAMPTON

Katahdin and Big Fish Lake Regions

(*Continued from page 462.*)

THE New York angler can leave the Grand Central at noon and arrive at Boston in time to connect with the Bangor sleeper, and reach Ashland the following day in time to try the Portage Lake Inlet before dusk. If the weather looks stormy, stop over night at the settlement and make an early start next morning; this will land you at Big Fish Lake in time for the evening fishing, provided you help paddle the canoe through the still reaches of the stream.

I would advise the angler after a few casts in the early morning to stow his rod and hasten on his way to the happy fishing grounds above. Fish River is shallow and rapid, and abounds with numerous boulders that scrape an unpleasant acquaintance with the canoe at low water. There is a good spring near the lumber camp on the right bank going up. Ferguson Brook, High Landing, McCloskey's Hole, the Falls and Round Pond are passed on your eighteen-mile journey up stream to the lake. Big Fish Lake is about six miles long, and will average about one and a half miles in width. There is a lovely island near the outlet that will well repay a visit. June is the best month for brook trout and black flies. These pests abound during the early season. Their attacks can be warded off by a liberal application of fly lotion. If you object to this method, wear a head net. There are two public camps on the lake, McNally's and Orcutt's. McNally's camp, three miles up the lake, furnishes good accommodations, and the angler can profitably employ his time at Smith Brook, opposite the camp. Deer are often seen feeding near by. There is good fishing at the inlet and outlet of the lake. Carr Pond, Chase Brook, Round Pond, McCloskey's Hole and the Falls are easily reached from the camp. Ferguson and Clayton ponds are too far away to go and return the same day. In June the average angler can get all the brook trout he desires without going more than three miles from camp. Better fight shy of the camp canoe unless you are an experienced canoeman; in that case you can dispense with a guide. In September the high winds that prevail on the lake makes the fishing uncertain off the mouths of the brooks. By leaving the lake and going down stream about four miles to McCloskey's Pool, the angler can secure all the large trout he wants when they are in the humor. The canoe is left at the Falls Carry, a short distance below Round Pond.

Ferguson Pond trail is on the opposite side of the river. About an eighth of a mile from the landing is the only place in this region where worms can be procured. Don't be a fly crank; it is better to take some nice ones with bait than to return with an empty creel.

From this point a two-mile tramp along a wood road will bring you to a marked tree. Turn in here, and you will soon arrive at the best trout pool in the Maine woods. See that your tackle is in first-class shape before trying conclusions with the large trout that haunt this pool. Two and a half-pounders are quite common here. I had a bitter experience at McCloskey's one September afternoon; in the act of retrieving the fly I fastened to an immense trout, and after a long-drawn-out fight lost him. This trout would have pulled hard on the 5lb. notch. My best trout, 2lbs. 9oz., failed to console me for the loss of the big fellow. Any ordinary patterns of flies, tied on rather large hooks, will answer. Needle-eyed hooks or flies tied on flattened hooks with the sliding loop attachment are the best—no danger of slipping. Shipley, of Philadelphia, has this arrangement and everything pertaining to the fly-tyer's art. When gut is worn at the head of the fly, cut and tie on a fresh loop. Make two turns to the loop knot, same as the others; to unfasten pull on the knotted end, working it a trifle back and forth.

A rough trail leads up from the river to Ferguson Pond. This beautiful home of the trout has very poor accommodations for the angler. A good bark camp is wanted here in place of the miserable lean-to that answers well enough in fair weather, but if rainy weather sets in the sportsman will have to leave and seek shelter in the public camps on the lake. This arrangement suits the camp owners immensely. "'Nuff sed." Sportsmen will have to take their chances securing the two rafts, as parties are constantly coming and going.

September is a good month to come up here. There are then no insects to bother, the air is cool and bracing, and hunting and fishing are in their prime.

McCloskey's and Ferguson Pond furnish good sp
Smith and Chase brooks are worth trying under favor
conditions. There are unlimited quantities of hi
berries and small trout on the upper waters of
Brook. Go up the inlet to Mud Pond for deer. A
good place is opposite McNally's camp. There
a number of people camping out around the la
September. This makes sport on the lake ra

tain; there are too many camps in this region. The same remarks apply to Machias and Masungun lakes.

The best hunting grounds are far off the line of travel. To endure the hardships of such a trip the sportsman must be in the prime of life, or, what amounts to the same thing, a young old man. Be sure and take in plenty of provisions, as the public camps refuse to supply the camper out. Ashland is the best place to outfit for the Big Fish and Machias regions. See that your guide has a tent; always give the local guides the preference. They naturally know the best places. Here is a list of good guides: I. O. and Lyman Hunt, Norcross; Joe Francis, Oldtown; Chas. Hale and brothers, Millonocket Station; Fred McNally, Ira McKay, Henry Rafford, Ashland; Wm. Atkins, Clarence Peavey, Oxbow. The sportsman must be hard to please who is not satisfied with northeastern Maine. A region that combines so many attractions is difficult to discover in these modern days.

ARTIST.

On the McCloud.

AUBURN, Cal.—Last October I took a ten-days' trip to the McCloud River, at the base of Mt. Shasta, and after my return so pleased was I with the outing that all the following months I was constantly writing it up in my mind for the columns of dear old FOREST AND STREAM. But I never got so far as to put my pen at work until the 23d of May had arrived, when I found it imperative to at once go back and verify some data as to numbers and weight of trout still remaining in the river, before beginning my task. I returned a few days ago with all the facts and figures, and will now proceed to give your readers the whole business.

Old Marcus Aurelius has said, "Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand; while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good," to which I would add, "and go a-fishing." To this good advise I would like to add the following apothegm: Always make convenience wait an opportunity if you want to go fishing.

My opportunity came along in May, as before stated, and I embraced it as ardently as I would have done forty years ago, had it come then in the shape of sweet sixteen, all clad in pink and white, with a most alluring pout on its red lips—and nobody looking.

And this is how it came. You know it is said that "it is always the unexpected that happens." My old fishing partner B., who has held me company in all my trips for the past twenty years, threw off on me last October and left me to go alone. This spring we had our trip all planned again, when suddenly he came to the conclusion that he must transpose my apothegm, and make opportunity wait on convenience, and I had given up all hopes of a trip, when one day B. called me on the telephone, and this is the sweet song he sang in my listening ear:

"Hello, Arefar!"

"Hello, B."

"Do you want to go to the McCloud a-fishing to-morrow night? I'm going!"

"Why, you said you couldn't go this spring, and I had given up the notion, and here I am unprepared, and you spring this thing on me now like a dynamite bomb."

"Well, I know it's a little sudden, but I just got a letter from C. (this was his son) saying that he was on the upper Sacramento, and that the trout were biting finely, and that he wants us to come up and go with him over to the McCloud."

"All right, that settles it. You go along to-morrow night and I will follow in three days. If the trout are biting in the Sacramento it means that the dry winter has made an early season, and sport on the McCloud will be glorious."

And so it went. I had to arrange my business for a few days' absence; get a few flies; make up some new leaders, and on Monday, May 23, I was off after him. You see it was a case of

"Just whustle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
Though father an' mither an' a' sud gang mad,
Just whustle an' I'll come to you, my lad."

In the afternoon I took the train for Sacramento, where I await the Oregon express, which leaves that place at midnight. I tried to secure a whole section in the sleeper for myself, but could not, and with my usual luck I had a fat man over my head sawing wood all night.

"O, sleep, O, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, this snoring frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness."
(Shakespeare, with alterations.)

At 6 A. M. I give up and crawl out of my berth, and retire to the smoking room, defeated. Of course the poor man could not help it, but why do such men travel? Why don't they stay at home and snore, where their associates are accustomed to them?

Soon the train enters the cañon of the Sacramento, where it winds up into the depths of the Siskiyou Mountains, and one's eyes are charmed with the passing views. In and out of the bends, twisting and turning like a huge snake, goes the train; now with the river on the left hand and now on the right; shooting through tunnels where the angles are too sharp; clattering over bridges, spanning the river seemingly at every mile; it is a bewildering ride. And always, either upon the right hand or upon the left, the beautiful river is in view; with its rapids and boiling pools; its swirls and eddies; all looking fishy, and appealing to the angler's senses. On and on, past the "Tavern of Castle Crags"; past Massbrae, Shasta Soda Springs, where the train stops five minutes for every one that so desires to get a glass of natural ice-cold soda water, fresh from nature's own fountain; till noon finds us at Sissons, 3,700ft. above sea level, with grand old Mt. Shasta towering to the skies a few miles away, and dominating and dwarfing all the surrounding landscape.

Every one has at least heard of Mt. Shasta. It is one of the world's celebrated mountains, and one of the most beautiful. It is a mountain with twin peaks; an extinct volcano. It rears its mighty crest 14,440ft. above sea level, clothed in eternal snow, with living glaciers crawling down its steeps. Its majestic beauties have been so often and so well described that I will say no more.

Here at Sissons, or rather at a little saw mill station a mile and a half beyond, I leave the main line and take my place in a car on a switchback lumber railway for a thirteen-mile ride to McCloud, a little sawmill town in McCloud Valley, seven miles from my destination. Here a stage awaits the arrival of the train, and at 4 P. M. I am landed at Sissons Camp, on the McCloud River, and am shaking B.'s hand.

"How is the fishing, and what luck have you had?" I demanded.

"Rather indifferent as to both," he replied. "It has been dry all winter, and has now begun to rain, just when we want to fish. My son and self went up to Big Springs and only got five trout, it was so cold and wet, and yesterday he had to return to San Francisco. To-day I caught seven medium-sized ones, and the other guests here have done even worse, with the exception of one man, and he fishes with fly, with bait, with spoon or any other old thing that will catch a trout."

This was rather discouraging for a starter, but next morning it was worse. It was raining again; a good steady downpour. About noon the skies cleared, and after giving the bushes time to dry off we started down the river, one on each side. The trout were not rising well, but I had coaxed three nice ones out, and had reached a beautiful bit of water, where I expected more. I stepped on a rock which was slightly submerged, made a cast, hooked a fine trout, and stepped on a young juicy saxifrage plant, slipped and sat down with all my weight on the rock, and "the subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

By and by I crawled out, clinging to my rod, but minus my trout and temper. I was wet to my waist, my wading boots were full of water, and was so crippled and sore that I could hardly stand, and couldn't sit down. "This is nice for starter No. 2," thinks I to myself. "Go home to camp, you blamed old fool, and give up stream fishing. You're getting too old and clumsy for that kind of work, anyhow." I meekly took my own advice as to going to camp, and got there after a painful walk, and went to bed. That evening and next day I took my meals at the mantelpiece, and spent the rest of the time in bed. It rained all the time, however, so I missed nothing.

The next day it rained again, and B. was disgusted, and said he was going home—had to, in fact, as he had left his business in too great a hurry. Said he, "We are back numbers, you and I. We are getting too old for this kind of fishing, and I'll never come here again. Why, there is Mr. C. (one of the other guests), who went out at the same time we did the other day, and he caught twenty-eight, while you got three and I only five. We're back numbers, and we may as well acknowledge it."

"Well," I answered, "it does look that way, but you must remember that Mr. C. stayed out till dark and fished with all kinds of devices, flies, spoons, salmon roe, fish pins, grasshoppers, grubs, and everything else he could lay his hands on. Of course if he likes that kind of fishing he will catch trout when we cannot, but he is welcome to them. I don't wish to criticise that style of fishing. It is all right for the pot, and if he finds pleasure in it I've nothing to say, but if he will confine himself to the fly I'll be dinged if I don't believe that you and I can keep up to him any day in the year, if we are back numbers."

But it was of no use, he refused to be comforted, and when stage time came he left for home. I would have gone with him had it not been for my "os coccyx," which was still too sore to stand a stage ride of seven miles.

On the 28th it cleared up in the afternoon, and I had so far recovered from the effects of my accident as to be able to go out for three hours, getting thirteen beautiful trout, the largest weighing 1¾lbs. On the 29th I had about three hours' fishing and got nineteen, which filled my 20lb. basket. The largest weighed 2¼lbs. and measured 17in. in length. He was a perfect beauty. The smallest weighed over ½lb.

On the 30th it rained again in the forenoon, but in the afternoon I got seventeen trout, the largest weighing 1¾lbs., but all beautiful fish. After that it started in for a steady downpour, and it was still raining at noon on the 2d of June, when I left.

On the summit, between McCloud and Sissons, where the switchback road crosses a buttress of Mt. Shasta, we ran into a snowstorm, and I had the pleasure of seeing the ground covered with a 4in. coating of new snow.

But I did not come out of that happy valley feeling that I was feeling as much of a back number as B. did. Oh, no, indeed! The old man held up his end with the best of them—and perhaps a little more—as to my credit fell the largest fish caught this season up to my departure.

But I have now reached a stage in life when I can see my score surpassed with perfect equanimity, and I will not try to swell it by any means but the fly. Unless the pot absolutely demands fish, I'll stoop to no other device to lure a noble trout.

The McCloud River is an ideal home for trout. Born at once of a great spring gushing out of the foot of Mt. Shasta, it has absolutely pure water and maintains a constant temperature. Summer and winter the thermometer indicates 45 degrees at the Big Springs, and only a rise of 2 degrees eight miles below. The water is so clear and pure that it has a blueness in it, like the blue of the sky. It is torrential in its current, and varies but little in its volume of water, being but little influenced by freshets in its first fifteen miles. There is no mud in its bed, and but little sand; its bottom is covered with rocks and gravel beds. It carries a great volume of water, about as much, if I remember rightly, as the Saranac just above Plattsburg, in the middle of June of an ordinary season.

It is a hard stream to fish, the current being so swift and the banks so brushy. The stream is wide, and the trout, especially the large ones, lie well out in the middle, and a cast of from 40 to 70ft. is needed to reach them.

But, oh, how they fight when you hook one. In and out of the water, back and forth across the current, and up and down the stream they go; their sides flashing the brightest prismatic colors as their agile bodies dart through the crystal pure water, and only yielding at last to patient skill and the most careful handling. Truly it is the poetry of fishing.

And the surroundings, how grand! Old Shasta dominates all the country. The cañon of the river is clothed, from water's edge to summit, with noble pines and firs. Under their shade is a dense green tangle of hazel and dogwood, the blossoms of the latter making banks of white in the springtime, and the foliage wrapping the mountain side in an autumnal cloak of scarlet.

Large trout are to be had in the McCloud. On one occasion I saw one caught that weighed 4¾lbs., but the largest that fell victim to my own rod was 2¾lbs. Monsters weighing 8 to 12lbs. have been caught, however, and many larger still have been seen. Strange to say, the large ones are always caught on a fly, and never on bait. Only the spring and autumn fly-fishing is good. In the latter part of June the salmon begin to run up and spawn, and no more fly-fishing is to be had until about Oct. 1, when the salmon have spawned out and have died off.

Along from the 1st to the 10th of June the first salmon, always males, begin to come up into the upper reaches of the river, and can be seen leaping at all hours. Later come the females, and about the 20th spawning commences. The spawning female is surrounded by fighting males until spawned out, when the males at once desert her for another. After the act of spawning is completed the female is so exhausted that she dies, and by the time that all the females have spawned the males that have still survived the shock of many battles die also, and the river becomes unsightly with dead and dying fish. They do not become offensive, however, as the cold water prevents putrefaction, and they simply lodge against obstructions, and gradually soften and wear away in the current, apparently without contaminating the water in the slightest appreciable degree.

The celebrated Dolly Varden trout was first discovered in this river. It is a fresh-water shark, and abhorred by all anglers. It never rises to a fly, but when it cannot get salmon spawn to live on, preys upon the rainbow trout, and destroys an incalculable number in the course of a season. He is a slimy, ill-looking rascal, with a tremendous gape and well armed jaws, and is the black sheep of an aristocratic family. No other fishes inhabit these waters besides the three species named, rainbows, Dollies and salmon, therefore the Dollies have no other food saving fish roe, young salmon, and trout. A case of a 1½lb. Dolly being caught with a pound rainbow in its throat has been recorded.

Sissons' McCloud River Camp has been a well-known anglers' resort for years, and has been offering its hospitality to all since 1881. Many of the celebrated anglers of the continent have been its guests. But henceforth, alas, it is to be shut to the fraternity. The whole of the river, from its source to the U. S. Fish Hatchery at Baird, near its junction with the Pitt River, has been taken up by wealthy men, who will strictly preserve it for their own pleasure. It seems a pity, but I don't blame the parties at all that now own it. I only envy them. Had I been a rich man I would have owned a piece of it myself, after my first visit.

So good-bye, McCloud! I will probably never see you again, but my memories of you will be ever pleasant, together with those connected with all your surroundings!

AREFAR.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, July 1.—Mr. C. H. Fairbanks has recently returned from an extended fishing trip to the Megantic Club's preserve. With Mrs. Fairbanks he went via Megantic, and had good fishing at Spider Lake. Much of the trip was entirely new to both of them, and the enjoyment was all the more bright. They went down the preserve to Big Island Pond, where they greatly enjoyed the landlocked salmon fishing. Mr. Fairbanks is surprised at the size and gaminess of these fish, considering that the pond has been stocked with them only a few years, and that there were none in that pond till put there. None are kept, however; the invariable rule is to return all salmon to the water. This will be kept up until it is considered safe, so far as the supply is concerned, to take salmon for food. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks saw a great many deer on their trip; a very novel sight to them. Mr. F. succeeded in getting a very fair picture of a live deer with his camera, though the snap shot was not made when quite as near as he would like to have been. He is so much pleased with the trip that he has applied for club membership, and been elected.

Mr. D. J. Flanders and Mr. Howard Marston, of Boston, are out from a most enjoyable fishing trip to the Megantic Club preserve. They had fair fishing at Big Island Pond and at other points, but were the most pleased with the fishing in the West Branch of the Dead River. They came down in canoes nearly to Eustis. The water was just high enough, and they struck the trout just right,. The stream is closed after the first of July, but they were there before that time, and such fly-fishing! Mr. Flanders says, "Never in my life did I have such fun fishing. In the swift water we caught hundreds of trout. We threw them in and threw them in. The water seemed to be alive with them. Often we would have three on at once—one on each fly."

Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., a most thorough devotee of the salmon angle, has just returned from the Restigouche, where he had very good success. Gorham Peters, of Boston, and Robert Bacon, of J. B. Morgan & Co., New York, have gone to Mr. Barnes' salmon river, the Grand Cascapedia. At this river success has been good this season, Miss Barnes having taken a very large salmon, already noted in the FOREST AND STREAM.

July 4.—Mr. Walter B. Farmer, of Arlington, Mass., has returned from his annual fishing trip to the Rangeley waters, where, with Mrs. Farmer and friends, he had a fine outing. He is credited with several salmon and trout at Rangeley Lake. Mr. G. C. Graves has taken salmon lately in the same lake of 6½, 6 and 4½lbs. Miss Mildred G. Sears has taken a trout of 6lbs. at the same place. Mr. Frederick Skinner, of Boston, reports fine luck at Rangeley. He invariably puts back all the fish he takes. At the Upper Dam fishing holds out remarkably well, though the weather is hot. Mrs. J. S. Doane, of Boston,

has lately taken two trout from the pool weighing 5 and 4½lbs. respectively. T. B. Stewart continues to fish there, generally returning his fish to the water. He is last credited with trout of 4 and 3½lbs.

Great brook and stream fishing is reported from the section around Plymouth, N. H., and even into the White Mountain region. Strings of twenty to fifty trout are common in the section around the Pemigewasset River. The brooks around Mt. Prospect are reported good, with great fishing at the Lost River Cascades.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, corresponding secretary of the Megantic Club, is at the preserve for over the Fourth. Six deer were seen at one time by guests at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, last week.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Lapse of the 'Lunge Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 2.—The earlier part of this summer in this part of the country was exceptionally pleasant and favorable to angling, much beyond the average season, but within the past two weeks the weather has turned off very warm over a great part of the West, and this has brought to a sudden end the good fishing which was reported for so many waters. The shallows have become too hot for the bass, and they have taken to the deep water, to lie around and think things over with nature deliberation before they take any business action in regard to bait or fly or spoon. From now on they will not come out to make very good sport, except toward evening. I should think that the fly would be a capital thing to try just about now for bass, that is to say, in the evening after sundown. The "sand fly" made its appearance here this week in thousands, called out by the sudden hot wave, and I have always noticed that when the sand fly is on here the weather has been warm enough up in Wisconsin to start the drakes to rising, and on such occasions I have met very nice success with the artificial fly. If all goes well, I may have something to report about this within the next week or so, as J. B. H. and I have about concluded to take next week for our tenth annual camp on the lake which we discovered so long ago.

The hot weather has been especially obvious in the lapse of the 'lunge season. No one reports any muscallunge any more, and I do not doubt that the guides are busy explaining that the "bloom is on the water, so they won't bite." The truth is that the 'lunge are now shedding their teeth, and do not want to bite, as has of late been so often pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM. I have just been talking with Mr. R. B. Organ, who, with Mr. C. S. Wilcox, of this city, fished for over two weeks just past at Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota. He says that they two trolled faithfully for over a week and never got the first sign of a strike. He saw one muscallunge, taken by Mrs. W. P. Mussey, which fish weighed 14lbs., but this fish was in very bad condition. Its sides showed big patches of scaleless hide, and it was slimy and ill-looking. Examination of the mouth showed that the gums were very red and inflamed, and most of the teeth were missing, while those which remained were loose. It was not a fish to seek long or ardently after, and Mr. Organ said he did not care to fish for muscallunge after June, for he thought they were not then fit for sport, until the cool fall weather found them again in good fettle. A gentleman angling at the same point caught one of 23lbs., but it too was "mangy" and in bad condition. Had it been prime it would have weighed 38lbs., in all likelihood, in the opinion of those who saw it. On the other hand another 'lunge was taken which was bright and cleaner. The "shedding season" does not seem to be uniform as to date. No one at these now well-known waters had any fortune worth mentioning with the 'lunge last week, though Mrs. Mussey was lucky enough to hook one very heavy fish, which broke once and seemed a grand one. She played it three-quarters of an hour, and was tired out, so that she handed the rod to Mr. Mussey. The latter worked the fish for quite as long, fearing to risk the line, which was a light bass line. The fish at length got into the weeds and broke away. Messrs. Organ and Wilcox went over into one of the bass lakes and in a little while caught their limit of fifty bass. They took no more than 50, and used but three out of the lot, putting all the others back into the water. Mr. Organ says it is no fun to catch bass so easily as that, and he would rather go to the old Kankakee, where it takes a little more work.

Other Waters.

Ten days ago the bass fishing in the Miltona waters of Minnesota was very fine. Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Waite landed eighty-eight bass in three hours and fifteen minutes, and other parties also reported very nice sport.

Mr. Carrington Phelps, who has spent the winter at the old homestead at North Colebrook, Conn., passed west this week, and will this summer keep bachelor quarters on the high bluff at Phelps Park, Lake Minnetonka. Methinks many a big pickerel would do well to hie himself out of that vicinity, lest he fall foul of Mr. Phelps and his deadly spoon, which the same I have seen in action.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey and mother have left the city for a few days to escape the heated term. They go to Long Lake, Ill., and will be pleasantly located. Mr. McGaffey is a poet, author of "Poems of the Rod and Gun," and of many other good things on many lines of thought. He is not only a lover of outdoor things, but proficient in the sports of the field, so that he writes most understandingly as well as feelingly.

I have word that the State Fish and Game Commission has seized a trunk shipped from Kabekona Camp, with about 230lbs. of fish in it. I cannot learn the name of the man shipping the fish, nor any further particulars, but I am inclined to think, from certain features connected with the item, that this may be a case of something similar to the one mentioned in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, of an alleged angler shipping fish to the St. Paul market. There are all sorts of tricks going on among the game dealers to get the stuff into their fences, and this may be one of them.

A Navigable Stream.

It seems that Willow River, of Wisconsin, has been adjudged "navigable" by the courts. This lets all the public into this famous trout preserve. I recall that once when I was a small boy at school I heard of a certain stupid scholar who tried to read the sentence "The river was navigable for boats to the city of—" The boy read it as follows: "The river is navigable for boots to the city of—" The Willow is a trout stream, and not a waterway. Perhaps the learned judge meant only to say that it was navigable for boots.

At this time of the season I would recommend a try of the Fox River with the fly for bass, at points near Clintonville and Elgin. These warm evenings should show a little fun there.

Prospects.

While I believe that the present season has been above the average in the general excellence of the angling, I have heard of but very few large fish, nothing over 32lbs., I think, in 'lunge, and not over 5½lbs. for bass. We may later hear of heavier fish than these. Ten days ago this part of the country was flooded with heavy rains, which sent the rivers out of their banks for many miles in certain sections. This June rise came too late to be of much service in the spring run, but I believe that high water even so late as the last week in June is very beneficial to the angling, especially as regards the ensuing year, as it gives the young fish a wider refuge in the extended shallows, and affords a wider feeding ground for the grown fish, which also are better able to work up higher in the streams.

Tries Again.

Mr. Fred N. Peet, captain of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, told me last week that he would go over again to the Pere Marquette River in Michigan South Peninsula, for another try at the big rainbow, on the 4th of July. While I do not hear positively that he has started, I presume that such is the case, and that duly he will return with some startling stories of that storied stream. He goes over to take lessons in fly-fishing of Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, who has a few things up his sleeve about rainbow trout which are not set down in the casting records.

Good Dope.

I have found at last the perfect fly dope, and it isn't on the market either, so far as I know. It is the personal discovery and compilation of Col. E. Crofton Fox, of Grand Rapids, who has been making it for some time, and who has the formula as his own personal information, which I do not feel at liberty to make known, though perhaps the Grand Rapids drug stores supply the article to Col. Fox's friends. I tried this dope on the Boardman River (and also on myself), and found it pleasant and effective, driving away the mosquitoes at once it was used. It is equally good for black fly, and for chigres and a thousand other biting and boring and unpleasant bugs, which Col. Fox discovered down in Central America, and against which he had hitherto found no protection. It cures the wound of all such pests, and it is a joy forever. It smells so good that I leave the cork out of the bottle in my desk, to play I am in camp. I shall try some more of it on my lily-white hands this week.

The New System of Fly-Fishing.

From the San Francisco, Cal., Daily Report, I take the following comment on my late article in FOREST AND STREAM about a new way to cast the fly for big trout:

"In FOREST AND STREAM of May 28 Mr. Hough gives a new theory of fly-fishing, suggested by the experience of Edward Taylor on Prairie River, Wisconsin. It is a good story, and the gist of it is that this business of dropping the fly softly is all rot—that a big trout is a wary old boy who can't be fooled into believing that a drowning fly or any other insect will float across a stream and then begin to float up. So Mr. Taylor whips around a likely spot until the water is in a foam, and the lazy, gorged trout gets mad and snaps at the annoying bug that is disturbing his rest and quiet. Well, Mr. Hough was converted to this view by results, he says, and now he will be glad to know that so well known a sportsman as W. J. Golcher agrees with him.

"'Do you know, I think there's something in it,' said Mr. Golcher this morning in talking to Frank Maskey and the writer. 'I have never been able to see what a trout can imagine a spoon to be. Now, up on the Van Deuzen River, in Humboldt county, near Trinity line, there are hundreds of pools that are full of landlocked salmon. There was one pool there one morning that I could see, as the light came in through the trees, was just full of salmon. Then I cast the spoon. One would rise and look at it sluggishly. Another would rise at the next cast, and so on. Finally—biff! there was a rush and a splash and a strike, three or four violent turns, and away went the line. So it was with other pools. I'm satisfied that those fish were not hungry, and they did not know or care what the spoon was. They simply knew it had no place in that pool, that it was disturbing their rest, and it made them angry, so they grabbed it to get it out of the way.'"

I fished in this way while on the Boardman last week with Mr. Harry Widdicomb, and I could not see but what I had about as good luck as anybody else had there at that time with the fly. Mr. Widdicomb is an old trout angler, and a very successful one, and he said he thought it was a good thing to make a lot of fuss sometimes when you wanted to raise a big fish. He said it didn't scare a trout to plunk a worm at him, if he wanted the worm, especially if the trout couldn't see what made the stir. Col. Fox did not think this way would do with old and shy rainbow trout, which would run at seeing the faintest ripple of a fly. Mr. Widdicomb and I discussed the matter as we fished along side by side, and more than once, after I had deliberately whipped along the side of a log or bank, making all the fuss possible with the fly, we saw a trout rush out and take the fly in plain sight, thus proving, at least in some cases, that the method was a success. I took no very good trout on that stream, but then neither did anybody else. I should certainly pin my faith to the method as earlier described, if I wanted to get big trout on that or any other stream, though I am aware that this is very rank heresy in the light of old and orthodox fly-fishing. The position I take is that the world moves, and very often we change our belief in that which was once thought inviolably true.

Proved It.

Speaking of my trip on the Prairie River and the story I wrote about it in the FOREST AND STREAM, I should like to adduce a little proof of the accuracy of the newspaper man's habits of speech. I said in the story that I had hooked and for a time played a trout which I thought was a big one—about 2lbs., I think I said it seemed to weigh. This trout escaped by the parting of the leader, getting away with a fly or so into the bargain. Well, I came away from that country, but the man I was fishing with remained for several days more, and now he has just come into my office and told me that they caught my trout up there after I left. It was a man from Dudley's place that got him, and my impression is he caught him on a worm, but I hope not. The important part is that the trout weighed 1¾lbs. dressed. He had my leader and flies still fast to him, and was in the same pool. This is the only instance I ever knew where a big fish got away without shrinkage when brought to hook, and I trust it will add prestige to the craft of newspaper men as well as the craft of anglers. But really I think the scales were wrong and that the fish I was playing must have weighed at least 4lbs.!

Wisconsin Sooners.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 18.—Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., who was Speaker of the House at the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, who appointed the committees on fish and game for that body, and who has been distinguished in many ways in the Wisconsin fight for good game laws and their observance, writes me as below, a letter which I would rather not print for some reasons, but which ought to go to the public:

"The Union Club, Oshkosh, Wis., June 15, 1898.—Mr. E. Hough: Your issue of June 11 has a letter from Fay L. Buck giving an account of bass caught by a Mr Cathiart, of Sidell, Ill. Mr. Buck has the date wrong. Messrs. Herron and Cathiart appear registered on Mr. Buck's hotel register as being there May 14, eleven days before the law allows catching of black bass in Wisconsin. Their catch is also written in the back of the register and date given as May 14. It is also written (evidently by one of the parties) on one of the cottage doors as May 14, and the catch given. I was at Mr. Buck's resort four days, beginning the morning of May 26, and neither of these gentlemen was there at that time.

"These are the kind of men that will bring a hardship on all non-resident fishermen. Wisconsin will soon demand a license for fishing that will be almost prohibitive on non-residents. Mr. Buck, too, knew of this lawbreaking, and the parties were assisted in getting their fish out of the State in a trunk, thus violating another clause of our law. Tell the Sidell men to send us notice the next time they come, and we will have the sheriff or game warden meet them. G. A. BUCKSTAFF."

Mr. Buckstaff adds that he has evidence enough to convict the two Sidell men if they ever come back to the State. The inference from these unfortunate facts is easy and obvious. No angler and no hotel keeper ought to break the law. Anglers want to be free to go into any State as they wish. Hotel keepers want them to come again. If Fay Buck, for any cause, has been tangled up in this matter—though we have not heard his side of it yet—I shall surely write him and tell him not to allow any guest to break any State law. And I don't think he will. It isn't business to allow that sort of thing. The time for the old days and old ways is gone.

At Kabekona Camp, Minn., last week, Mrs. Dr. Frothingham, of Chicago, killed a muscallunge weighing 18lbs. Mrs. Ben Bingham was so lucky as to get one weighing 32lbs., the record fish of the season so far for any rod, and said to be the record lunge for any woman angler. Mr. J. M. Oliver and his friend, also of this city, caught a number of lunge averaging 18lbs. in weight. Messrs. R. B. Organ and C. S. Wilcox, of this city, left Wednesday night for the same point, and should meet good sport. Mr. Wilcox was at the camp last season and had good luck.

The Sunfish Club.

When I was up at Delavan Lake, Wis., last summer, I noted the big camp of a party of merry anglers who sailed under the name of the Sunfish Club, of Freeport, Ill. It seems that the Sunfish members got frightened by the too great abundance and exuberance of the famous summer girl of Delavan Lake, and resolved never to go there again when the latter named product was at its greatest profusion. This summer the club made its regular annual camping trip very much earlier, and has arrived home again at Freeport after encountering only nominal dangers on this account. They had very good fishing in Delavan Lake, where they have been making pilgrimages for many years. Their fears in regard to the summer girl are by no means groundless, for it is not safe for unprotected gentlemen to camp in that vicinity at the height of the season.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A River Tragedy.

GRAND TOWER, Ill.—Two days ago a half-grown boy at Grand Tower, Ill., took a boat some one had left unlocked at the river side, and went out on the river. Away out in mid-stream he somehow fell out of the boat. There was a few seconds of desperate struggle to regain the boat, and then the relentless water closed over a drowning body, and left no mark except an empty boat and a boy's old hat drifting idly down the swift current. An hour later there was a woman on the river bank with two terrified little ones clinging to her skirts as she walked up and down along the water's edge wringing her hands in such agony as none but a mother can ever feel. The writer earnestly hopes it may never fall to his lot to witness such fearful agony again. Moral: Spare no pains to teach our boys the careful and skillful use of boats and firearms, and never trust them alone with either until they have shown themselves proficient and careful in handling them.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Fresh-Water Angling.

No. X.—Other Fishes, North and South.

BY FRED MATHER.

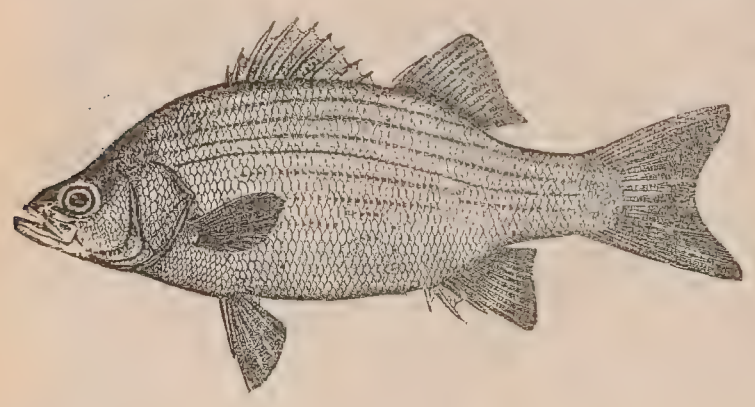
I HAVE already said that we have many good game fishes in our fresh waters, both north and south, that would have gladdened the heart of Walton or of any other old-time angler. John Dennys, who wrote the "Secrets of Angling" in 1613, said:

"Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch, or roach, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think;
While some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine or worse, in war or wantonness."

I confess to a liking for that kind of fishing as well as for the more modern athletic form of fly-casting, bait-throwing, wide-awake sport, which we moderns have made of it. Walton called angling "the contemplative man's recreation," and usually practiced it alone; but the modern angler is rarely contemplative. He rushes off by rail, counts his minutes, hustles out and works like a blacksmith in order to have sport. The angling of Walton, Dennys, Berners, and others of a century ago still have attractions for thousands who go a-fishing and say nothing about it. These men are mainly philosophers, who find angling to be an excuse to get into communion with nature and away from man. That this was the case is shown by Byron's lines:

"And angling too,-that solitary vice,
No matter what old Walton sings or says;
That quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

The quotation is from memory; this for the benefit of some scholar who might discover a word or a comma out of place. Byron evidently did not care for angling and is only quoted to show that in his day, some ninety years ago, angling was a "solitary vice." There was no companion, not even a boatman, to disturb the quiet



WHITE BASS.

of one's thoughts, and I confess to a liking for that kind of fishing to-day. It brings one near to nature; the birds and beasts pursue their vocations and their avocations in presence of the silent immobile figure with rod in hand on the bank. With this by way of classing anglers we will proceed to consider certain of our fresh-water fishes which are not rated as first-class fishes by American anglers, but which afford sport to those who may be classed as "contemplative anglers."

Here permit me to inject a paragraph to say that in my early life I laid a foundation for observation of the habits of such animal life as might be seen on lakes and brooks by this form of angling. It made me an observant field naturalist without the advantages of a scientific training, and if I had a boy under twenty years old I would let him take the same course of angling study that his father had, before he was allowed to go to the distant trout streams. I would do this on the principle that he should be fed on simple, nourishing food while growing, and not get an appetite for such stimulants as Worcestershire sauce, tabasco, tobacco, foreign cheeses and wines until he arrived at man's estate. He would not then be a blasé angler at thirty who must have a terrible fighting fish at the end of his line, or there was no enjoyment. He would first of all have learned to love angling merely as an adjunct to a communion with nature, or in other words: "It is not all of fishing to fish."

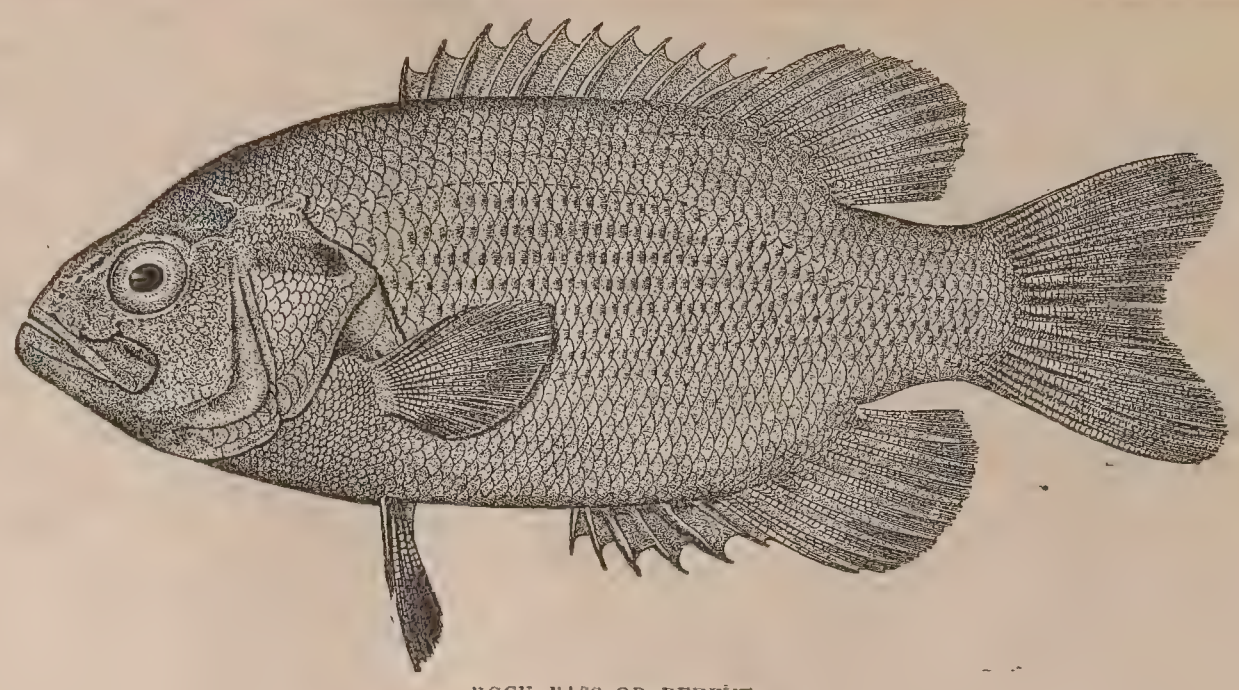
I am so much of an old-fashioned angler that if I had to decide between the sedate man pictured by Dennys and the athletic fly or bait-caster, I would to-day cast my lot with the former, because I love nature more than I love either exercise or a string of fish. The young man and boy needs exercise, I do not; let him tramp ten miles away to the lake and bring in a string of perch and I'll greet him as a conqueror. He will remember the day and the greeting years after he has taken salmon on the Restigouche and in Alaska, and look back upon it as one of the brightest days of his existence. The mill pond and the nearby streams are a paradise to the boy, and after all his triumphs with bigger game he will look back with delight on the days when he could see his "quill or cork sink down with eager bite," and will in his older days go back to the methods of boyhood and become a "contemplative angler."

Lake Trout.

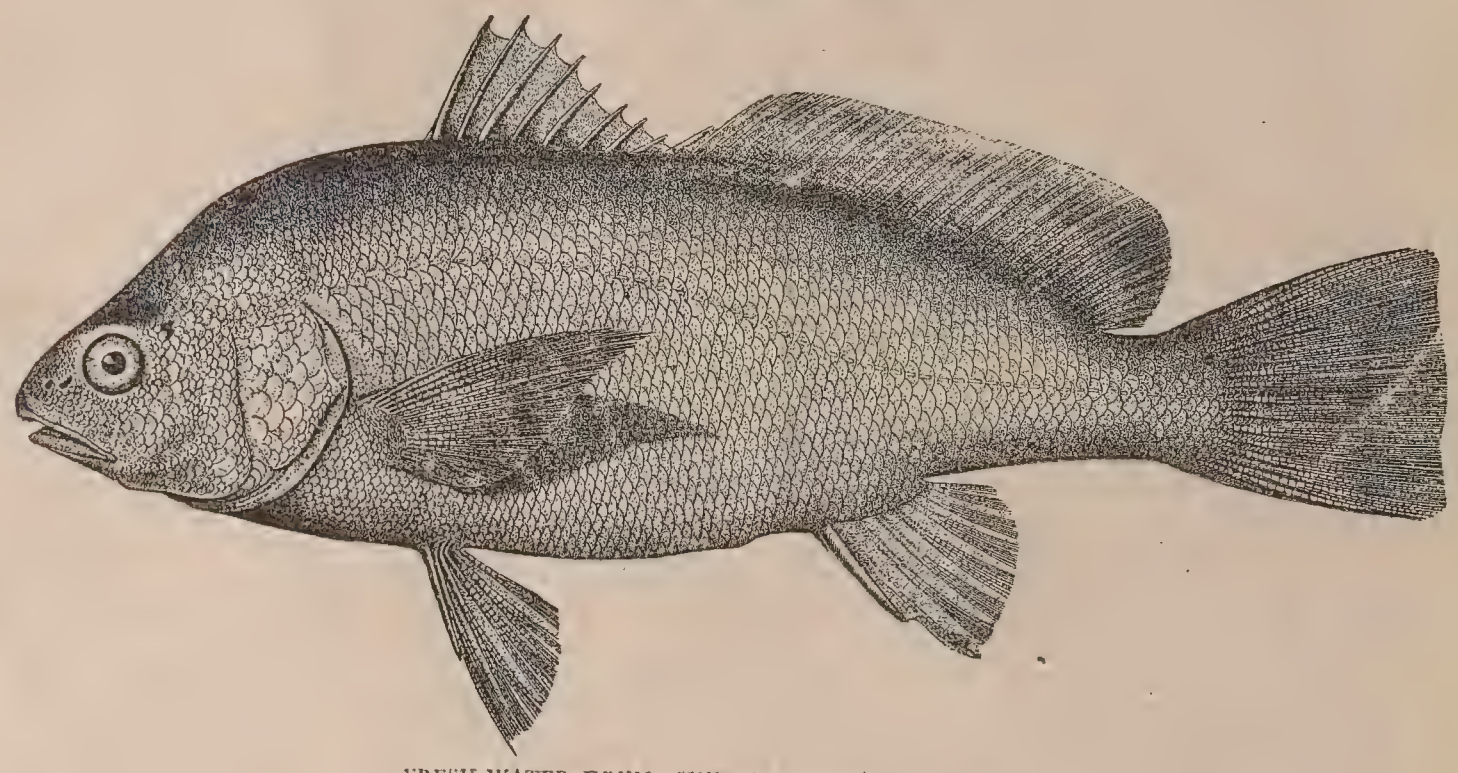
An angler who fishes in the Adirondacks writes that in this series the lake trout, which he and anglers in northern New York miscall "salmon trout," has been skipped, and he loves to fish for it. I so seldom angle for this fish that I overlooked it. The species is the *S. namaycush* of authors. It is essentially a lake fish, never migrating, but requires colder water than our Northern brook trout, and therefore retreats to waters of 60ft. or more in summer, although it will take the fly near the shores as the ice goes out.

It is found in all the Great Lakes, Lake Champlain and Otsego Lake, in New York; New Brunswick to Montana, British Columbia and Alaska. It is a char with an extreme northern range. I believe that Otsego Lake, N. Y., is its extreme southern range. A so-called variety known as ciscowet is found in Lake Superior, but its separate identity is a matter of doubt.

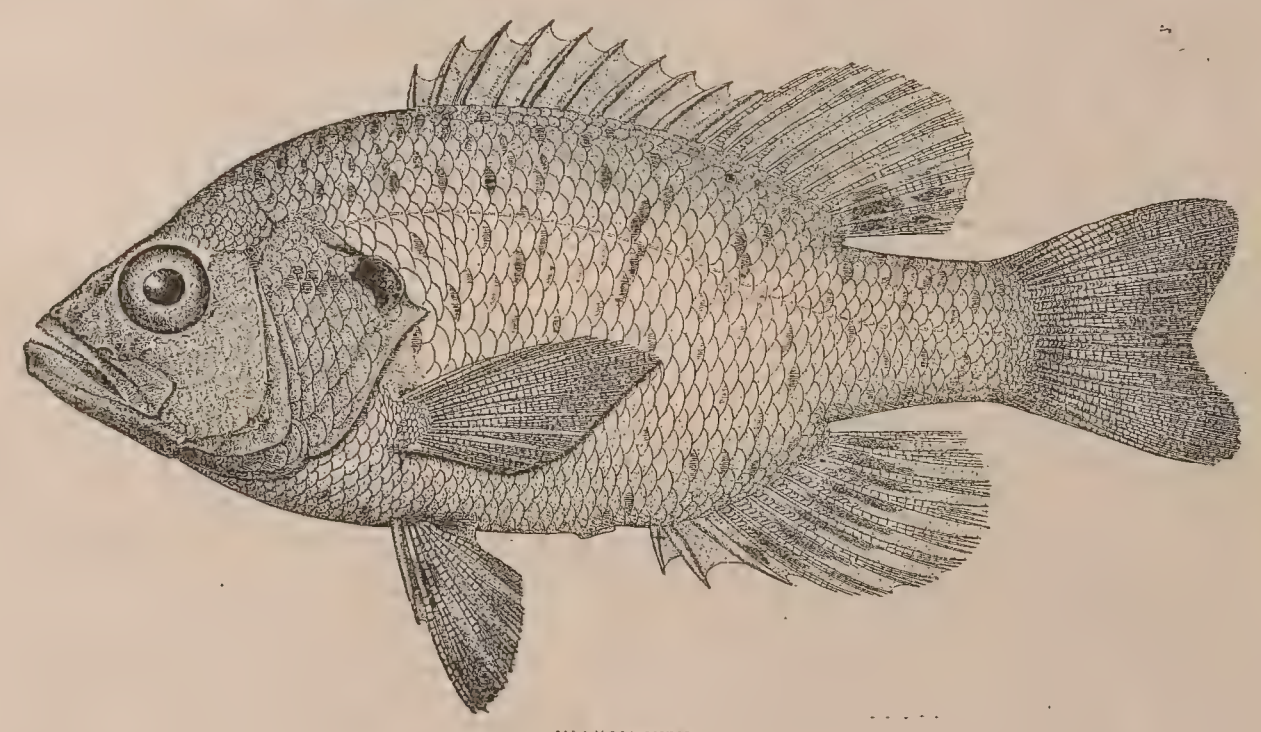
Lake trout have been taken that weighed over 100lbs. It is known as togue or tuladi by the Maine lumbermen, and is also called "lunge," while it is known in Michigan and Wisconsin as "Mackinaw trout." They vary much in color in different waters. They consume great numbers of whitefish, ciscoes, and other fishes which live in deep, cool waters.



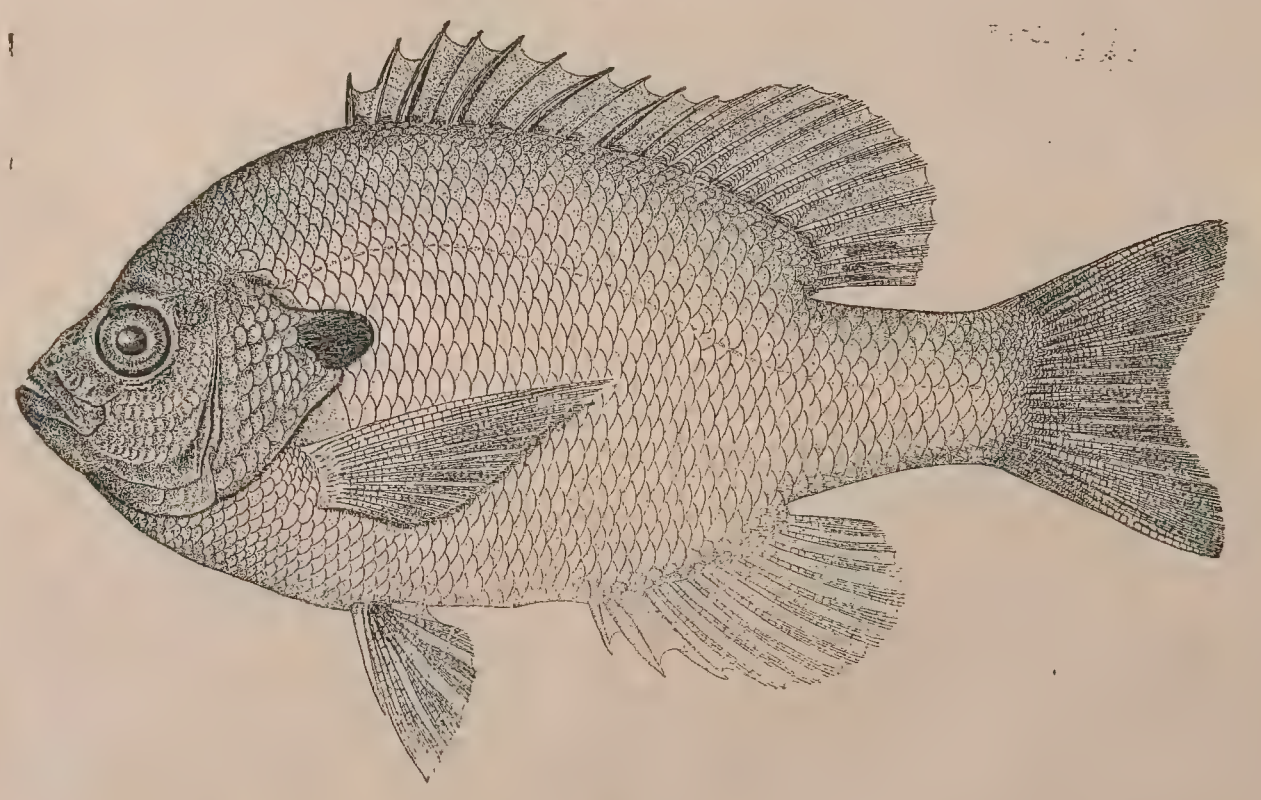
ROCK BASS OR REDEYE.



FRESH-WATER DRUM, SHEEPSHEAD OR GASPERGOU.

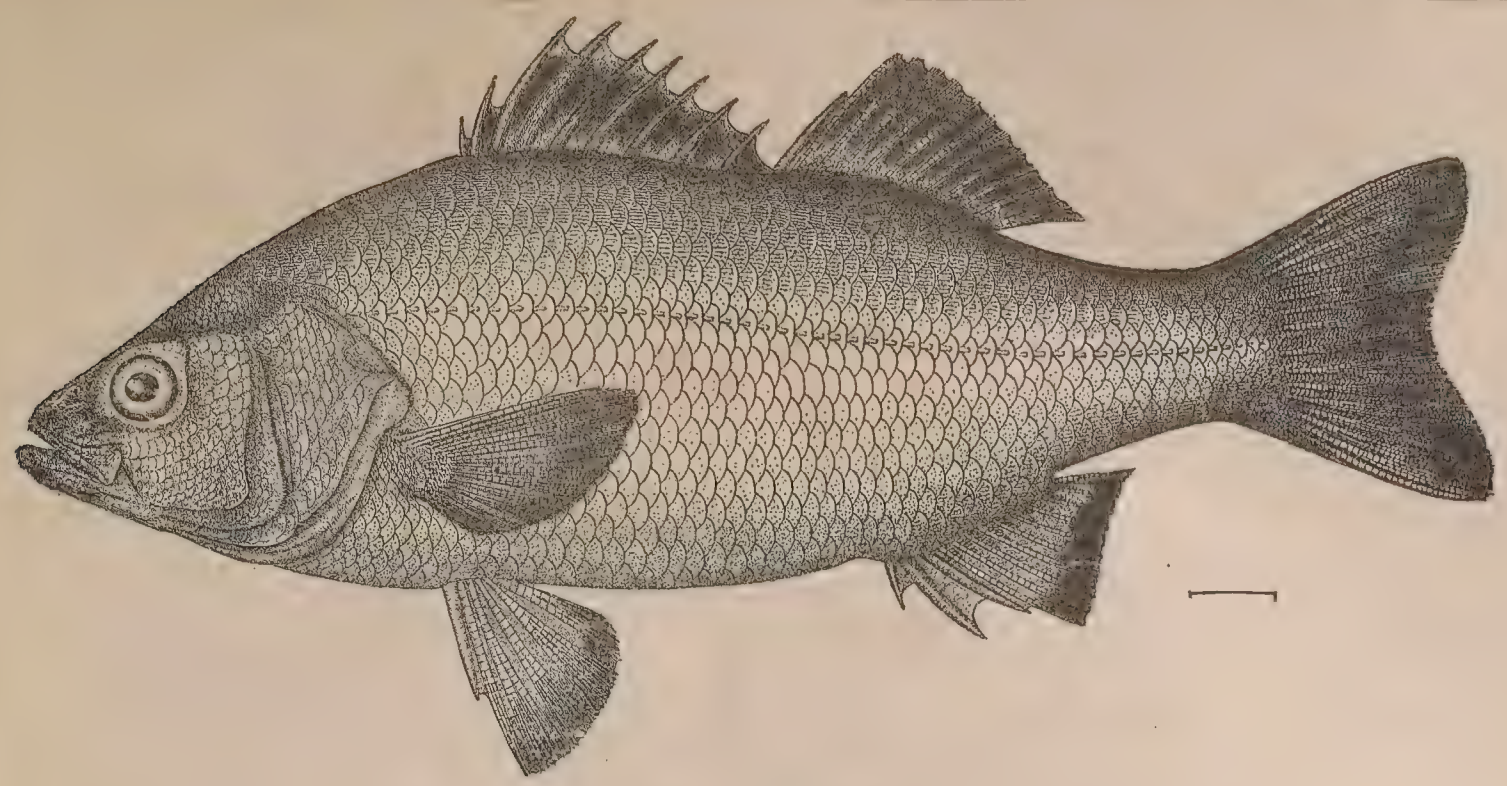


WARMOUTH.

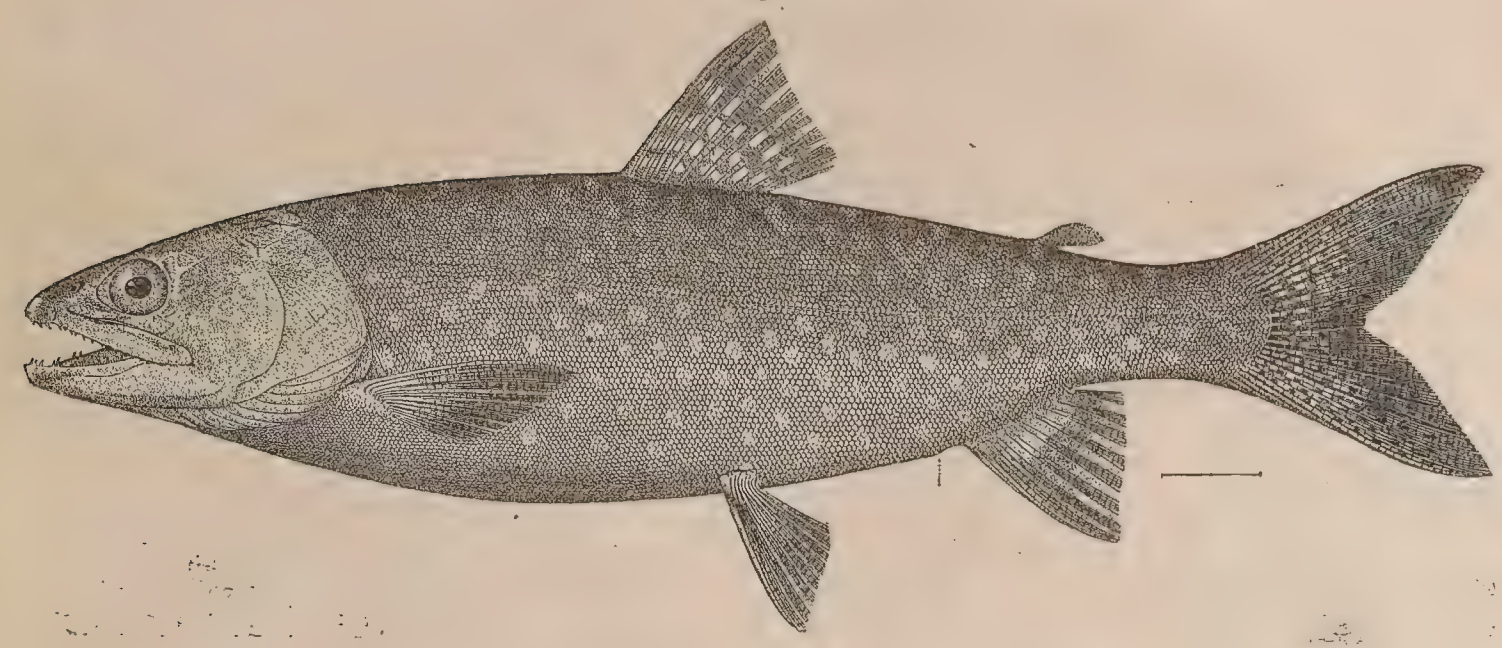


BLUE SUNFISH.

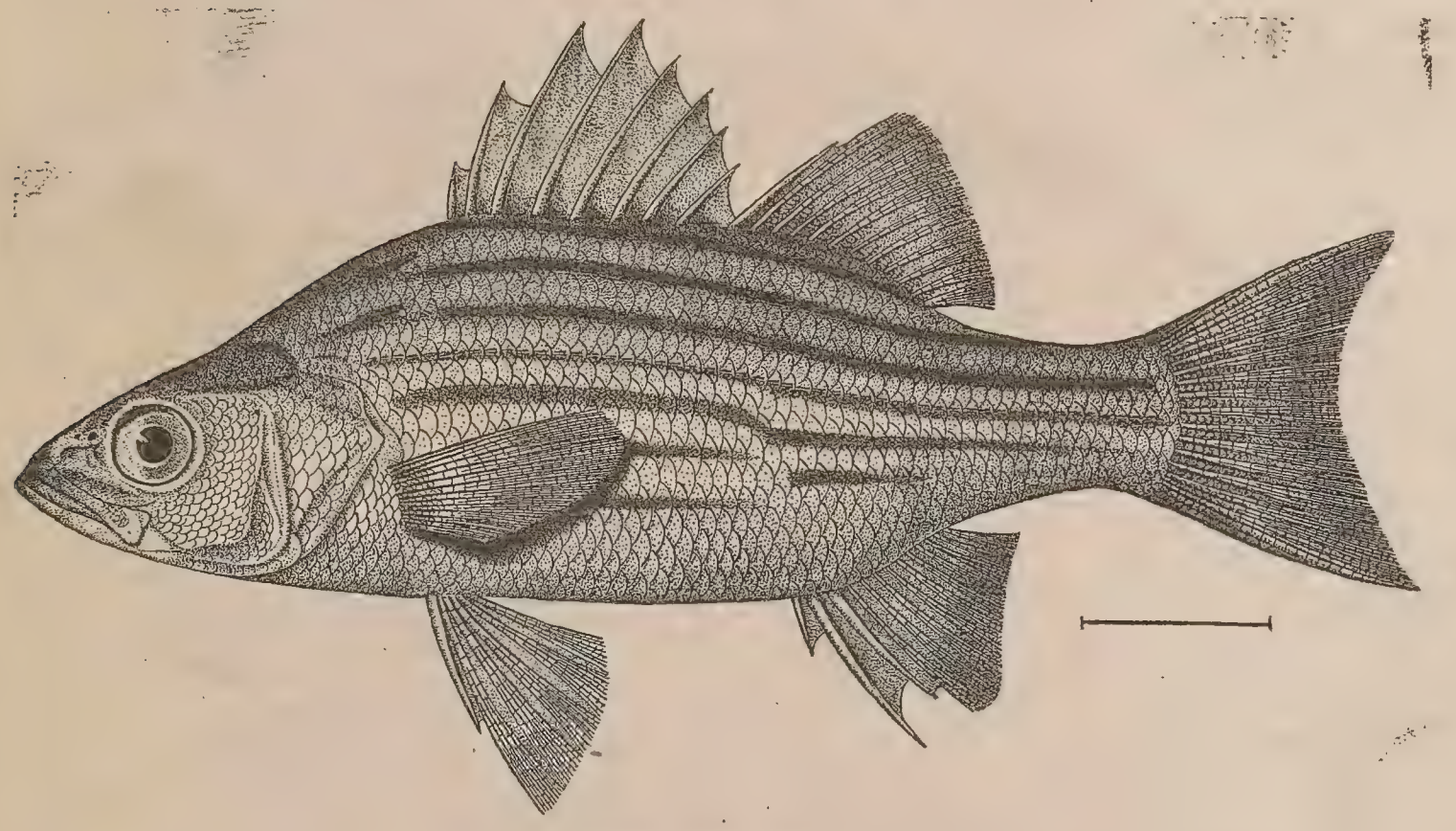
While I rank this fish higher than the brook trout for the table, I seldom care to fish for it. If you troll a spoon or minnow 10ft. behind 2lbs. of lead it is suggestive of grappling in the interest of the coroner. Your sinker is a "tracing" one, i. e. the line runs freely through it and is stopped from getting down to the bait by a knot. The fish can run off with line without taking the sinker along, but when you reel in there is always a doubt if the trout is there until the lead gets near the surface, for the fish is not very gamy.



THE WHITE PERCH.
From Fishing Industries



THE LAKE TROUT OR NAMAYCUSH.
From Fishing Industries



THE YELLOW BASS.
From Fishing Industries

There is another way to angle for this fish and get more sport out of it, for you have not to troll a weight at a great depth, and that is "baiting a buoy." Get a stone and fasten a line to it and let it down where the water is a proper depth, or where you or your guide know of a good place. Keep the line taut and tie a stick to the upper end so that it will stand up and not have line enough to drift away from over the stone. Next day row out and drop half a bushel of minnows, cut in half, over the stone. Repeat this for two days, and then tie the boat to the buoy and fish with rod, reel, a ¼oz. sinker and a line minnow. Then you get all the fight there is in the fish, with no dead weight of lead. One 8-o Sproat is the best hook for this work that is on the market. I have a hook made by an Adirondack guide, which I have owned for over twenty-five years, and believe it is the best of all forms for lake trout. It follows the Sproat from barb to curve of shank, and there it broadens out. Jack Sheppard said it was one that he had bought, but had "opened," yet the shank is not as long as an 8-o Sproat, and it has a flattened head. It draws into a board well, and if I ever again fish for lake trout at a buoy, that hook will be called into service.

The Warmouth and the Rock Bass.

These fishes are similar in appearance and habits, and are both good fishes, for angling and for table. They are a sort of connecting link between the black basses and the sunfishes. The warmouth, called "red-eyed bream" in parts of the South, is known to science as *Chaenobryttus gulosus*, and the fact that it has survived that slander proves that it is a good fish. It has a single dorsal fin with ten hard and ten soft rays, and it ranges from Lake Michigan to Texas, and in the sluggish streams of the South it is abundant and gamy. In the North it shares the names of "big-mouth," "sunfish," "goggle eye," etc., and is an important food fish in Indiana and Illinois, and it is somewhat handsomer than in Virginia and the South, being more deeply colored with the shades of blues and copper-reds.

The rock bass, "goggle-eye," "red eye," etc., ranges alongside its relative, and is found from Vermont to Manitoba, south to Louisiana and North Carolina, being common west. It has a larger eye than the other, and its dorsal rays are XI., 10. It prefers clear waters, and is often found at the foot of dams in swift waters, but hiding among the rocks, whence its Northern name of rock bass.

Both these fishes may be taken with fly, worm or minnow. They fight well on light tackle, and are excellent pan fish. Use a No. 6 turn-down eye Pennel Limerick hook, and any of the worms or minnows that are at hand. Of course a No. 6 Sproat hook is good, and so are other hooks, but as I abominate all sneck or other hooks which have a side bend, for which there seems to be several reasons against their use and none for them, I always advise some other hook, and the Sproat seemed perfection until Pennel put his hook with the turned-down eye on the market. Good tackle, the best in the market, is a comfort to its possessor; fish may rush, sunken twigs may entangle, but the belief that the tackle will hold gives the angler a confidence that cannot be computed in the slight difference in cost between good and poor tackle.

White Perch and Yellow Bass.

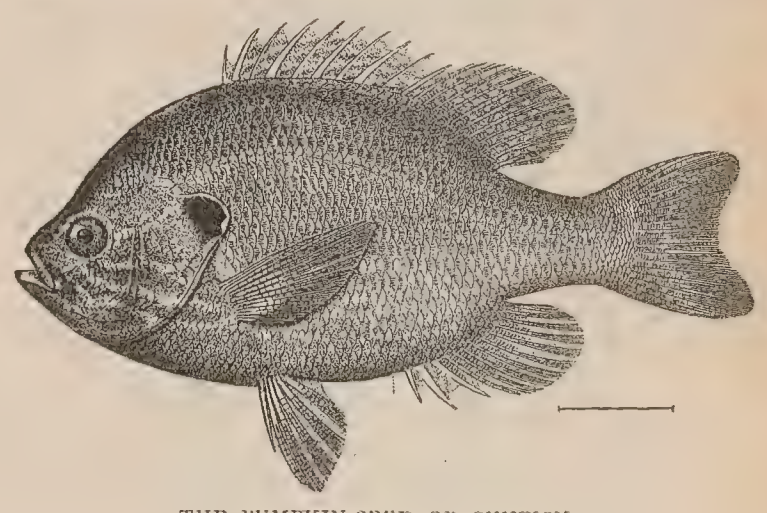
These two fishes are very distant, and are put together because in the South the latter fish is called "white perch." They both belong in the genus *Morone*, which has been recently separated from the genus *Roccus*, which we will consider later, but between which, according to Jordan, the differences are: *Morone*—Dorsal fins joined; spines strong; anal rays III., 9—3 spines and 9 soft rays— * * * base of tongue toothless. *Roccus*—Dorsal fins separate; spines weak; anal rays about III., 12, the spines graduated; lower jay projecting; base of tongue with teeth.

I am aware that many anglers sneer at such knowledge because they do not possess it, and consider it to be of no account. My boy, never sneer at what you do not understand; you want to know the correct name of the fish you are catching, and its relationship, as well as its range and habits, if you have a desire to be classed as an angler, and have an interest in fishes beyond their use as food. The common names used in your locality may be absurd or erroneous, study their different anatomical variations on the lines laid down by Jordan, as above quoted, and a new pleasure will be added to the capture of fish.

The Northern white perch, *M. americanus*, ranges along the Atlantic Coast from Nova Scotia to South Carolina; it is a fish of brackish water, which ascends streams and breeds freely in fresh-water ponds. They grow to over 2lbs. weight, and are a good and gamy fish, taking fly, live or dead bait, and putting up a stiff argument against a light rod. They have no black stripes on their sides like the next species, which, as I have said, are called "white perch" in the South, but which all angling books call "yellow bass."

To avoid confusion, I must mention another fish which is known as "white perch" along the Ohio River. This is the fresh-water drum, *Haploidonotus grunniens*, also called sheepshead on the Great Lakes, gaspergou in the extreme South, croaker and thunder-pumper in the Middle Southern States. These names, like that of drum, relate to the sounds it makes. It is never eaten about the Great Lakes, where it is tough. In the South it is a better fish, if small, and is eatable, but not in the first class.

The yellow bass *M. interrupta*, gets its specific name from the broken, or interrupted, black stripes on its sides.



THE PUMPKIN-SEED OR SUNFISH.
From Fishing Industries

"It is found throughout the lower course of the Mississippi, ascending the tributaries, which are deep and sluggish, but not running past rapids or into the upper courses of the rivers. It probably enters salt water, but of that we have no certain information. * * * The criterion by which it may be distinguished from the white bass is the low membrane connecting the two dorsal fins. Its color is yellow, not silvery, and the black stripes are very prominent."

That the names "perch" and "bass" are applied to the same fish in different localities is not strange, when we consider that both are modifications of the Dutch "barsh." The name "bass" is more frequently applied to fishes in the North than in the South, where most of the spiny finned fishes are called perch, with a descriptive or qualifying front name. Hence our "yellow bass" of the North becomes a "white perch" in the South. I have had good sport with this fish in Bodeau Lake, La., where it took fly and bait well, but as it loves deep water the flies must be allowed to sink in summer time. A minnow is more killing, but it does not seem to care for the top-minnow, the little fellow with a long nose, and a broad blue-black band along its side, but the red-sided minnow is a favorite. This fish cares little for angleworms, but the angler needs some to catch minnows with.

When this Southern white perch strikes a minnow it is like the strike of a pickerel, there is no nibbling, but a line cutting through the water will be the first intimation that a yellow bass has hold of the minnow.

The White Bass and the Striped Bass.

Here again are two distinct fishes which have their popular names mixed, just as we have seen in the case of the white perch. The scientists have all the kinks straightened out, even if they have several names for one fish, for they follow the name with that of the author who gave it. Thus: The lake trout, *Salmo namaycush*, Block; *Salmo amethystus*, Mitchell, De Kay; *Salvelinus namaycush*, Nilsson, Jordan, etc., and so we know the record of names, which, by the way, are often changed in order to tack on the name of some man who thinks he has discovered a slight difference in a genera or species. The rule is that the specific name first given must not be changed if that name can be found. The specific name is the last one, but any duffer can change the first or generic name, and trust to having followers who will recognize his distinctions.

I had no intention of going into ichthyology, but having got in will try and swim out. Here is a family, the *Salmonidae*, meaning the salmon-like fishes. Then comes the genera; the *Coregonus* or whitefishes, with toothless jaws, and the graylings with teeth; the *Salmos* with certain dental formations and the *Salvelini*, which differ in teeth and scales. After this these genera are divided into species, as *Salmo salar*, the salmon; *Salmo fario*, the brown trout, etc. This is equivalent to "Smith, John" and "Smith, James" in the city directory.

The white perch and the yellow bass of the North have been shown to bear the same popular name South,

but to be very different species of the genus *Morone*, a genus formed on the fact that the two dorsal fins are joined, spines strong and not graduated, base of the tongue toothless, and the jaws nearly equal. In the genus *Roccus*, which we will glance at, the lower jaw projects and the tongue has teeth on its base. Yet these two genera have much in common. So much for science, which is "knowledge set in order" and is our only rudder and compass. The popular names of our mammals are badly mixed; those of our birds so muddled that it will take a century to straighten them out, but I throw up the sponge on the fishes.

Once I hoped to accomplish something in the line of a national nomenclature for our fishes. As I labor the mountain rises and the obstacles are more formidable. If that millennium ever comes it will be centuries after I have been put to bed with a spade and sodded over, yet I write to-day in the hope that some time in the distant future Americans may have one name for one fish and only one fish for one name.

The white bass, *Roccus chrysops* (Raf.), is a splendid fish, which ranges through the Great Lakes, the Ohio River and the upper Mississippi, weighing up to 5lbs. It may be distinguished from its relatives by this description: "Silvery, tinged with golden below; sides with dusky longitudinal lines, 4 or 5 above the lateral line, and a variable number of more or less distinct ones below it." Its specific name, chrysops, refers to its yellow or golden eye. As it is not found in the same waters with the striped bass, it cannot be confounded with that fish. In general appearance it is a handsome fish, and it is also a gamy one.

I must dissent with Dr. Jordan in regard to this fish. He says, American Game Fishes: "A quiet, handsome fish, common enough, yet never very abundant; fairly well known, yet unobtrusive, never taking a prominent part in anything. Such is the white bass. It is found throughout the region west of Lake Champlain, north of Tennessee and east of Dakota. A few white bass may be found in any pile of black bass or sunfish from the lakes, as they lie in the market stalls. Yet no one ever saw a catch of white bass, and no one ever went fishing especially for them."

It is the last statement of Dr. Jordan's which recalls that famous scene in the Boar's Head Tavern, at Eastcheap, where Prince Hal says to Falstaff: "Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down." In 1854 there was good fishing in the Chicago River, see story of George Raynor in "Men I Have Fished With," and I took a few white bass there and off the old breakwater in the autumn of hat year. I had never seen the fish before, but was so pleased with its fighting and with its table qualities that I talked about it to every angler I fell in with. One day a young man named John Boyd, who lived near Milwaukee, told me that he could take me to a pier off that city where I could "catch 'em by the hundred." We went and fished with cane poles, no reels, but the line coiled at the feet, and running through rings was checked by a gloved hand. We used minnows for bait, and had grand sport. Three days we fished there, and gave all of our catch, except a few that went to Boyd's people, to the poor women who haunted the pier with baskets for any surplus fish that anglers would spare. Of course we took many other fishes, but we were after white bass, as the best fish that we could take from the pier. Things piscatorial have changed in that region during the past forty-four years; I write of things that were, and Dr. Jordan writes of things of to-day. What will be the change forty-four years from now? Ah, me! I fear that the greed of man will produce greater changes in the future than it has done in the past, and the changes are likely to be of the same kind. The angling writer of 1942 may mention the white bass as an extinct species; gone with the buffalo and the passenger pigeon.

The striped bass, *Roccus lineatus*, is the noblest Roman of them all. Its specific name refers to the lines upon its sides, which are usually continuous, but in the more northern specimens, from New Brunswick, these lines are often broken. The generic name is a latinization of its Southern name of "rockfish," or "rock." It is mainly a salt-water fish, where it attains a weight of 100 or more pounds. It may seem out of place in an article on fresh-water angling, but the young run up rivers and have been taken in the Hudson as far up as Albany, and in boyhood days I often angled specially for them in the river channel, where they were feeding on the eggs of sturgeon and young shad.

The striped bass, which we took with sturgeon spawn covered with mosquito netting, or tied on the hook with thread, would weigh from ½lb. to 2lbs. I once took one on a spoon in the fresh waters of the Pamunky River, Va., which weighed 10lbs., and it fought hard and long.

The Sunfishes.

There are a dozen or more of them, the number of species increasing as we go south, and they are found in most all our fresh waters, the only exceptions which now occur to me a few of the Adirondack lakes. In the South they become "sun perch" and "bream" of different sorts, although the bream of England, where the name came from, is a soft-finned fish, something like our "red-finned dace" of the North, a species in which only the male has red fins. There is the "blue bream," "copper-nosed bream," the "blue-gill," "chinquapin perch" and others.

These are boys' fishes, but what angler does not look back with pleasure at the day he caught a big one, "bigger 'n a man's hand!" Those were glorious and never to be forgotten days.

If a boy reads this I want to say to him: "When you fish for sunnies, give sunny a chance. It has a small mouth, and boys are given to using hooks entirely too large. A No. 8 Sproat, No. 6 sneck, or a No. 8 Pennel Limerick with turned-down eye, is big enough, and a size smaller is better. The last-named hook is a good one. Use a foot or two of gut, a fine line, and as light a rod as you can get, and then you are rigged to get as much sport out of the sunnies as there is in them. A float is a nuisance, unless you are fishing among weeds. The philosophy of a small hook is that the fish can take it so that the hook will fasten in its mouth, for with a large hook the sunny will take it flatwise, and so swallow it, and no angler likes to have to cut a hook from the stomach of a fish. There is an implement on sale at the tackle stores called a disgorger, which is made for this purpose, but if you use a small hook that the fish can take in without mouthing it sideways, and then give a gentle strike when the fish runs off, you will not need a disgorger. Don't be afraid to use small hooks and moderate-sized worms. Loop the worm on the hook several times, and let the tail hang. Sunny can stow away quite a lot of worm, which shapes itself to sunny's mouth better than a large hook can do. Treat the little fellow as the older angler does the larger fish, don't use a stiff pole and throw the little fellow over your head into the brush behind, but use a rod that he can bend and exert his strength against, and through which you can feel the thrill of his every movement, and then you will experience on a miniature scale the pleasures which older anglers have when they fight a good trout or bass."

The Catfish or Bullhead.

These names conjure up visions of still summer nights, a seat on a log or stone, the voices of the frogs, the night heron, the owl, the splash of the muskrat and all the visible and audible life of the mill pond, and pleasant visions they are. There was a time when I thought "fishin' fer bullheads" was great sport. Then came a contempt for it as the fly-rod came to be used, and now, as I write, I would like once more to try it, for pleasant memories float up; memories that are half a century old, and like good wine, they improve. Most sport is either in anticipation or in memory; we enjoy it more before and after than while engaged in it.

In the United States there are at least five genera, and more than three times that number of species in fresh water and others in salt water, but I will not inflict them all on you. The most familiar species is the one known in New York as "bullhead," "horn-pout" in Massachusetts, "bull-pout," etc. It is the square-tailed fish which sometimes reaches 4lbs. and loves still waters with muddy bottoms. We will skip the great "Mississippi cat," which has been known to weigh 150lbs., and its relative of the Great Lakes, which grows nearly as big, and just consider the good, old square-tailed bullhead, which is found from New England to Wisconsin, Virginia and Texas, according to Jordan, who says it is common and is the best known of the smaller catfishes, and has been introduced into California.

This catty is the one which women used to peddle in trays on their heads in Philadelphia and cry "fresh catfish" in musical voices in the early morning. Perhaps they do so to-day, but just as Boston is celebrated for its baked beans, so is Philadelphia famous for its fried catfish, and I am fond of it. In my "Adirondack Fishes" I say: "As a food fish I place this fish very high, always preferring it to brook trout, and only second in the rank of Adirondack fishes, my choice being the frostfish, *P. quadrilateralis*, as first. * * * If this be treason make the most of it." But while the bullhead is always good to me, those from Adirondack waters are supremely so. If you go to Fuller's ask for "bullplugs" from Buck Pond; if to the Antlers you will find them in Racquette. They are also in the lakes of Brown's tract, Piseco, Pleasant, Ferris, Jockeybush, and in fact most Adirondack waters.

There is nothing dearer to the bullhead palate than big, fat angle worms, "our mutual friend," "barnyard hackle," etc., but these cannot be had in the Adirondacks, and so we must tempt them with minnows or meat. They are bottom feeders and prefer to feed just after sundown. The long barbels on the jaws are feelers, and they drag them over the bottom to detect food; these being like the whiskers of the cat give the fish one of its names.

The bullhead has an exceedingly sharp spine in its dorsal fin, and one in each of its pectoral fins; all other rays are soft. It has a trigger-like arrangement to the spines of the pectorals, which the angler can let down by touching a bone behind them, but they will break before being put down by force. To unhook a bullhead without danger take its head in the left hand, the first two fingers grasping the pectoral spines from behind with the dorsal spine between the two fingers, and there is no danger. A wound from these spines takes weeks to heal. Any fish slime in a cut is poisonous, but if the fish is held as directed there is no danger.

"Catfishin'," said old Mose, a "shif'less" old darky on Bodeau Lake, La., "yassah, I does a heap o' catfishin' in de lake w'en de sign in de moon comes right. W'en it's new or ole an' lies flat awn its back 'tain't no use to try, an' w'en it's full an' comes up red I stays home, but w'en it's yallo' an' stan's up I knows de catty's look fo' ol' Mose, an' I gets de wums an' goes fo' 'em. Some dese fishamen dey takes baskets fo' to bring de fish home; I do' take no basket; I jess catches a catty an' I jabs his thawn—dey got thawns awn dey backs, you know—well, I jess jabs de thawn into a fence rail an' lets 'em wiggle 'till I gits 'nuff an' I shoulders dat rail an' goes home; den dahs da fish an' da wood to cook 'em. No, I do' want no basket."

We boys used hand lines, a ½oz. sinker and two or three hooks above it, all far enough apart not to entangle, and the upper snoods were longer in order to have all the baits rest on the bottom. When we got a bite we rushed 'em in hand under hand, and listened to them sing. The catfish has vocal powers, and when it gets out of water emits sounds which all boys have heard, but have not understood. The sounds are like those of a human being who has only been on earth a few months. I used to think they were a protest against being forcibly taken from the water, and for many years so regarded them, but after I began to study ichthyology and learned that some scientist had named this genus *Amiurus*, I began to ponder over it. He, Jordan, gave what he believed to be the meaning of this alleged Greek name. He gave it as *a*, privative, or "not," and *meiuros*, notched, or square-tailed.

This is all very well for science, but to one who has pulled in as many bullheads as I have, while listening to the voices of the night and trying to interpret them, I fully believe that when *Amiurus* is pulled in from his watery home to be partially cremated in the frying-pan he tries to articulate: "Amiurus truly," and from this imperfect articulation science took the name, but Dr. Jordan thought the catty spoke in Greek.

I Want to go A-Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the opening of the trout season I took six trout on Long Island, and the rest of the season has been wasted. I had an invitation to fish lake Hopatcong when the bass season opened, but declined because I was busy recruiting a regiment for the war. I have worked hard, and after enrolling 1,218 men in six weeks I am not only tired, but disheartened that my men were not accepted. New York had only three regiments to furnish and a dozen regiments offered.

While waiting for the third call I want to camp and fish for a week or more around Long Island; no hotels and no hired cooks. Just a stag party of three or four to sleep in tent or on boat, and if any angler who owns a suitable boat wants this sort of a trip and will let me share the expense, will write me at 63 Linden street, Brooklyn, I will respond. Hotel life will not bring the vitality needed to take the field at the third call for troops if I can get it, and I am hungering for a camp or a cruise on quiet waters, where I can catch a fish and broil it.

It seems to me that a cruise around Long Island, running into some bay or harbor at night and either camping on shore or sleeping on board, would afford a chance for most all kinds of salt-water fishing at this time of year, and if the party was composed of the right kind of material would make a trip to be retained in memory while memory lasts. My old companions on such a trip have passed over to the majority or I would not make such a proposition.

I would not like to go with less than three nor more than five; four would be about the right number, if the boat would acommodate them, and if they were real good fellows, who would not grumble at any accident or change of weather, the trip would be an ideal one.

FRED MATHER.

Texas Fresh Water and Salt.

VICTORIA, Texas, June 16.—Ten years ago there was no better place for fresh-water fishing than western Texas, or rather southwestern Texas, but we have none now. Our streams dried up two or three years ago in a drought, and since that time we have been compelled to depend upon salt water for all our sport. Fishing parties are made up almost every week to go to Rockport or Indianola, and reports say that red fish and trout are abundant, and afford much enjoyment to the fishermen. I have not yet tried it, and cannot speak from personal experience or observation. But tarpon abound, and for the properly-equipped fisherman they will afford all the enjoyment necessary to make a trip to our coast pleasant. Up to this time our summer has been cool, and we have delightful sea breeze at night and but few mosquitoes.

TEXAS.

Friday Luck.

ESCAMBIA, Mich., June 28.—Podgers makes a good string of mishaps or unlucky events in the last FOREST AND STREAM. Fifty years ago this fall I was in New York, and while there went into a barber's shop, and while waiting my turn heard a lot of sailors telling of all sorts of bad luck from Friday sailing. A captain in the chair called attention to the history of the Constitution (Old Ironsides) and pointed out that her keel had been laid on Friday; she was closed in on Friday; launched on Friday; sailed on Friday; took her first prize on Friday, and returned to port on Friday. No bad luck about all that.

A. F. Y.

Tuna and Frigate Mackerel.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to see the tuna copied from Fisheries Industries in FOREST AND STREAM of July 2. That plate represents the frigate mackerel and not the tuna or tunny. No one knows how the mistake was made in the plate legend, but it is a very unfortunate one. The frigate mackerel is a small fish seldom exceeding 14in. in length, and is an occasional visitor in our waters. If you think best it might be well to call attention to the error, for which FOREST AND STREAM is not responsible.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

[We shall give in our next issue a plate of the tuna.]

Weakfish by the Hundredweight.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 4.—The net fishermen brought in over 700lbs. of fish yesterday. They were mostly weakfish and small flounders. Hook and line fishermen had good luck. They caught mostly blackfish (tautog), flounders and fluke. Experienced anglers caught weakfish and bluefish bit freely outside the Inlet. The usual 4th of July squalls and storms, however, cut the sport of the fishermen short and sent the small boats scurrying for the landings. Several yachts were capsized, but no loss of life was reported.

Snipe Season on Long Island.

INNER BEACH, L. I., July 4.—The snipe shooting season opened last Friday, but few gunners came down until yesterday. The smaller sorts of birds are as plentiful as usual, but large birds are very scarce. Baymen say that large yellowlegs were plentiful until about two weeks ago, when they left for parts unknown. There may be a flight of the larger birds later in the season. The small snipe are not bunching well, and the market gunners have considerable difficulty in getting birds enough to pay the cost of ammunition. A pleasant day's outing and a small bag of birds may be had any time by taking a train to Wreck Lead or Inner Beach, and a boat to the shooting grounds in the Great South Bay. With long rubber boots a boat may be dispensed with, but it is hard work tramping over the meadows, with constant danger of floundering into a salt pond or quicksand. It is better to take some stool and rest quietly while the birds come to you in response to your whistle, rather than chase them over the meadows.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Salmon Disease.

BAIRD, Cal., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly advise me through the colums of your paper as to: First—What causes the disease of dogs known here on the coast as salmon disease? We know it comes from their eating salmon, but do not know if it is due to the fish being decomposed, piercing the intestines by the bones, or some matter contained in the fish that is peculiarly fatal to dogs. Second—Is there any cure; if so, what?

It appears that the better bred the dogs the more fatal the disease, though the Indian dogs frequently die from it. It is not due to the quantity the dog eats, as frequently a very small particle will produce fatal results. I have heard it stated by old hunters in this section that the disease is due to the bones in the head of the fish; others say that it is due to the blood that settles along the back bone of the fish when dead. There are very few wolves or coyotes in this section, though all other game is plentiful, and hunters say that they are killed by the salmon disease. Do you think this is true?

G. H. LAMBSON.

[So far as we know, there is nothing set forth in medical works concerning this disease. We publish the above letter in hope that it may bring forth the desired information from some of our readers.]

Grand Rapids Field Trials.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., the rattling city where the fly-casting tournament was held, is gratified at the success of that project, and is still hustling on the lines laid down, which bid fair to make it the first all-around sporting town of its size in the country. The next thing on the programme is the field trials, which will be held the week of Nov. 10 next fall. If the members of the Game, Fish and Dog Protective Association, of Grand Rapids, are able to handle the difficult task of running a harmonious and successful field trial meet, they should receive the palm of latter day amateur sportsmanship. This is a hard job they have tackled this time, but their part of the job will be done all right, it may be said in advance. The country about Grand Rapids is good for quail and grouse. The meet will be an amateur one, I take it, and one worth seeing. E. HOUGH.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 26.—The following scores were made in competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their last shoot. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Randall was declared king with a score of 217. He was also high on the honor target with a score of 69, which entitles him to the Dietrich medal for the month of June. Payne holds the Uckotter trophy for June with a score of 223. Gindele and Payne shot a 50 shot match, Payne leading by 13 points. Gindele's total was 1,033; Payne's 1,046. Owing to the members intending to attend the festival at Glendale there will be no shoot on July 10:

King target.

Gindele	23	18	23	18	25	16	22	22	23	19—209
Payne	16	18	21	21	23	22	25	23	25	21—215
Uckotter	8	20	19	9	15	15	3	14	11	20—134
Weinheimer	19	10	14	24	13	22	17	18	12	20—178
Houck	15	11	15	17	15	12	13	21	15	17—151
Topf	19	21	11	15	19	14	17	16	15	16—163
Drube	22	21	16	17	18	15	22	13	24	19—187
Randall	22	22	25	19	24	23	19	19	22	23—217
Lux	24	17	4	16	24	13	23	21	17	20—179
Hasenzahl	22	21	21	21	18	20	22	18	23	20—206
Trounstine	11	21	15	23	22	22	12	20	18	25—189
Strickmier	23	19	23	23	12	20	16	21	23	18—198

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	23	18	23—64	212	207	206
Payne	16	18	21—55	212	211	210
Uckotter	8	20	9—37	196	178	175
Weinheimer	19	19	15—52	210	204	202
Houck	15	11	15—41	170	165	162
Topf	19	21	11—51	177	168	165
Drube	22	21	16—59	212	204	200
Randall	22	22	25—69	211	205	198
Lux	24	17	4—45	204	179	149
Hasenzahl	22	21	21—64	201	197	190
Trounstine	11	21	15—47	189	188	185
Strickmier	23	19	23—65	204	197	195

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 13.—Yesterday was medal day at Shell Mound. The weather conditions were good, but only fair scores were made in the main. J. E. Gorman, however, and D. W. McLaughlin each made 45, Columbia target, 200yds., with target rifle—a fine score.

Scores of Schuetzen Verein:

Champion class, A. H. Pape 430; first class, John Peters 411; second class, J. D. Heise 376; third class, August Jungblut 410; fourth class, H. F. Lilkendey 376; best first shot, L. Haake; best last shot, R. Stettin.

Germania Schuetzen Club:

First champion class, F. Schuster 439; second champion class, L. Bendel 414; first class, J. Peters 394; second class, J. D. Heise 395; third class, William Goetze 374; first best shot, L. Bendel, 23; last best shot, F. Schuster, 25.

Columbia Club:

Columbia target—Champion class: A. H. Pape 60, D. W. McLaughlin 63, F. O. Young 69, F. E. Mason 71, E. Jacobson 79.

First class: O. A. Bremer 63, A. B. Dorrell 71, J. E. Gorman 86.

Second class: M. J. White 103, G. M. Barley 119.

Third class: G. Monnell 89, E. Woenne 97, B. Jones 107, Mrs. White 184.

Members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman 45, A. B. Dorrell 62, O. A. Bremer 69.

All comers' rifle medal: D. W McLaughlin 45, F. E. Mason 51-57, F. O. Young 81.

Bushnell military medal: E. Jacobson, 47, 47, 45.

Pistol target, 50yds., 10 shots—Champion class: C. M. Daiss 49, F. O. Young 56, J. E. Gorman 59, M. J. White 75.

First class: F. E. Mason 60, G. M. Barley 75, D. W. McLaughlin 76.

Second class: Mrs. M. J. White 73.

Third class: J. P. Cosgrave 66, B. P. Jones 84, Mrs. G. Mannell 104.

Pistol, Siebe medal, open to all comers, 10 shots: J. E. Gorman, 41, 51, 43; F. O. Young, 48, 50, 51, 54, 56; J. P. Cosgrave, 57, 66.

Revolver, Colts'. Bisley trophy, 10 shots: F. O. Young, 58, 68, 75, 82; A. B. Dorrell, 85; C. Roberts, 91.

Twenty-two and .25 caliber rifle, medal and Roos trophy, for ladies: E. P. Jacobson 29, Mrs. G. Mannell 45.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 6-7.—Meadville, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Meadville Gun Club. Chas. Stein, Sec'y.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—First annual tournament of the Overland Association. Open to all. Inanimate targets. Added money. John W. Kane, Manager.

July 13.—Albany, N. Y.—Forester Gun Club's annual tournament; targets. H. H. Valentine, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 19-20.—Atlanta, Ga.—Two days' shoot of the Fulton Gun Club; targets. J. E. Avery, Sec'y.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 23.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's third annual tournament for amateurs. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 4-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Ocean City midsummer tournament; two days at targets; last day at live birds. James R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament; targets. E. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Indian tournament, on grounds of Omaha Gun Club; three days targets; one targets and live birds.

Sept. 6-8.—St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Gun Club's twenty-first annual tournament at Minnesota State Fair grounds during fair week. H. C. Lawrence, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

FOREST AND STREAM'S new Trap Score Book will admirably fill the needs of clubs and contestants in affording a means of keeping a faithful record of contests. Each book contains a generous number of sheets, so ruled as to make all the chief divisions of the shoot palpable at a glance. For instance, the horizontal spaces are numbered from 1 to 27, every sixth line being distinctly heavier than its fellows; hence the squads are distinguishable at a glance. The perpendicular spaces are numbered from 1 to 30, ample space first being left for the contestants' names and their handicap allowance. Heavy dark lines are between each five spaces, and the numerals 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30 are in heavy-faced type, so that the number of targets or birds to be shot at are apparent at a glance. The heavy ruling also is an advantage in bad lights. However dark a nook the scorer may be in, no straining of the eyes or incorrect entering of scores is possible on account of inability to distinguish the lines of the score sheet. At the head are the usual spaces for current data. Each sheet is perforated, so that it can be readily torn out when manifold copies are made, and yet each sheet is strong enough to hold firmly in place if the book is desired for permanent club records. In addition, it contains the form of a club constitution and by-laws, an illustration of FOREST AND STREAM'S trap score type and the American Shooting Association rules for live-bird shooting, for double live-bird shooting, for inanimate target shooting, and also the revised Hurlingham rules for single and double rises. A neat pocket on the inside of the back cover holds carbon sheets for manifolding. The book is neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and contains a generous supply of score sheets. The price is $1.

The programme of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's eighth annual tournament, to be held at Palmyra, Mo., on July 19 to 21, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. W. N. Bates, Palmyra, Mo. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Target events five moneys, 25, 25, 20, 15 and 15 per cent. Live-bird events four moneys, divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. This shoot is open to all amateurs. Professionals and experts are barred. Traps will be open for practice and sweepstakes July 18. There are nine events on the first day's programme, six at 20 targets, $2, to each of which is added $15; two at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; one at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, $15 added. No. 3 is the Gold Dust event; No. 5 the Cleveland Target Co. event; No. 6 the Lefever Arms Co. event; No. 7 the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. event. The programme of the second day has six 20-target events, same as above. In addition, No. 5 is the L. C. Smith cup, a two-men team race, 25 targets, $5 entrance, $25 added. No. 6 is the Peters Cartridge Co. event; No. 7 the Parker Bros. event; No. 9 is the State medal event, at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, $15 added. There also are six 20-target events on the third day, of which No. 3 is the Du Pont Powder Co. event, and No. 5 is the Hazard Powder Co. event. The annual meeting of the Association will be held in the city Hall, Palmyra, on the evening of July 20, at 8:30 o'clock.

In respect to the midsummer tournament to be held at Ocean City, Md., Mr. James R. Malone writes us as follows: "We are sparing no time or expense to make this a grand success; tournament will be held on Aug. 4, 5 and 6; first two days targets, last day live birds. This is one of the pleasantest summer resorts in the United States, and the hotels have all promised to do everything in their power to make the stay of each and every one attending pleasant. This will be as fine a point as one would wish to have for an outing, and where the different ones would care to, should be pleased to have them bring their wives, as everything will be done for their comfort. This is a noted place for shore bird shooting, and those that would like to remain over or go down earlier in the week can probably get magnificent shooting of this description. We have arranged with the steamboat and railway companies to get reduced rates from Baltimore of $2.50 round trip. We have also arranged with the hotels for reduced rates, and as stated above, all who attend this tournament will have everything done for their comfort as far as possible. There is the best of surf bathing, best of fishing and sailing, and in fact everything to amuse one that you can find at any summer resort." Programmes can be secured by addressing Mr. James R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Lou Erhardt made a longer stay in New York than was expected. A friend who owed him $20 met him on Broadway on Wednesday, June 29, and handed over two 10 spots. This enabled Lou to last a little over sixteen hours more in the metropolis than he had calculated upon.

In the eighth trophy contest of the Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, Dr. Shaw won in Class A with a score of 24 out of 25; Stiger won in Class B with a score of 19, and in Class C Workman was the winner with a score of 18.

The scores of the 15-bird event, which took place on the last day of the Milwaukee tournament reached us too late for publication this week. They will appear in our next issue.

The fallacy of a handicap wherein amateurs shoot at known traps and angles, and experts shoot at known traps and unknown angles, was well exemplified at the Milwaukee tournament last week. The experts found quite as much difficulty in breaking targets at known angles as at unknown. The fact is a handicap consisting only of a knowledge of the angles is a fiction. It is quite as easy to catch the flight of targets at unknown angles as it is at known angles. The shooter can quite as readily see the flight of a target from one side of the trap as from another. It is the speed of the targets which is the downfall of the amateur. Targets at present are thrown too fast and far for the average shooter. At unknown angles a lucky shooter will have more opportunities to break straight from having the luck to draw many targets at easy angles. In known angles the right, left and straightaway targets are delivered after a set form, so that the shooter's weak places are tested a number of times to a certainty. In unknown angles the weak places of a shooter may not be tested at all, since the targets may not once be thrown in a direction to test them. Slower targets would be a greater concession to the capacities of the amateur. Everyone likes to make good scores, and most everyone loses interest when he finds that he cannot make a creditable showing.

The announcement made in the columns of the daily press, to the effect that the Interstate Association had decided to hold the Grand American Handicap of 1899 at Elkwood Park, is so palpably premature that it is hardly necessary to contradict it. No such selection as above can be made until the annual meeting of the Interstate Association, which takes place in December of each year. It is more than likely, however, that the great shooting event of the year will not be held during the month of March, as in the past, but that the second or third week in April will be chosen. This change is deemed advisable by many on account of the unsettled condition of the weather that usually prevails during the last week or two of the month of March.

The death of Mr. Armin Tenner is announced, relief having come to him after a long and painful illness. Some little time ago he was subjected to a critical operation, but was understood to have come out of the ordeal satisfactorily. The announcement of his death therefore came somewhat in the nature of a surprise to his friends in this country. Four years ago Mr. Tenner's experiments with smokeless powders at his testing house in Dexter Park, L. I., were watched with great interest by the shooters of this country, the results of those tests being published regularly in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It is safe to say that most American shooters owe to Mr. Tenner the greater part of what they know about nitro powders.

Mr. C. W. Scott, of Lynchburg, Va., is now walking about with a chip on his shoulder, the reason whereof is not far to seek. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Edward Banks shipped to Mr. Scott the pump gun Old Betsey that has stood by him so long. Betsey's place has been taken by a take-down. Mr. Scott always had an affection for Old Betsey, and wrote to Mr. Banks some time ago saying that if he was going to throw away the old gun he (Mr. Scott) would like to have it hurled as far as possible in the direction of Lynchburg. The hurling has been done; hence the chip! Messrs. Terry, Dornin, Moorman, Nelson, etc., and all other members of the Lynchburg Gun Club, see to it that the new amalgamation of Scott and Betsey earn their laurels acceptably.

The Memphis Gun Club announces a tournament for Saturday of this week, ten events, 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $5 added to each event. No. 6, however, the main event of the tournament, is the E. C. & Schultze powder event, 50 targets, $2.50 entrance. This tournament initiates the competition in the inanimate target championship of Tennessee, of which the beautiful trophy recently presented to the Memphis Gun Club by the E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. is emblematic. No doubt there will be a keen competition for its possession, and a greater interest evoked in trap-shooting throughout that section. Mr. A. H. Frank is acting secretary.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., will hold a tournament on targets Aug. 10 and 11.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

JULY 4.—The all-day shoot of the Pawling Gun Club, held today, was not so well attended in respect to numbers as was anticipated, but for a day of good, pleasant sport, it was difficult to excel it.

To equalize the conditions between the amateurs and experts it was at first contemplated to have the men whose skill rated at 80 per cent. or less to shoot at one set of traps, where the targets were thrown slower, and the experts at another set, where the targets were thrown harder.

It was at last determined on the suggestion of Mr. Banks to give the amateurs 11 and 16 targets to shoot at in the 10 and 15-target events respectively, and 22 and 27 in the 20 and 25-target events. This was a very liberal handicap allowance, and let the amateurs into the money very generously. Banks and Van Dyke were the scratch men, and after a few events had been shot off Tallman also was added to the men on the scratch list.

The shooting was very difficult. The shooting grounds are charmingly situated on the brow of a hill, from which a delightful view of hill and valley, with a wealth of field and forest, is unfolded to the view. Slightly to the left of the shooter as he stands at the score, and down in the valley some quarter of a mile away, was Pawling, with its wealth of trees and cozy homes. The left hand quartering targets went out into the atmosphere and dropped far away down the hill. They were very deceptive as to flight, dropping faster than they seemed to, and many a miss was scored to the Dutcher House bird, as this target was called from its flight down the steep incline toward that most comfortable hostelry.

The tournament committee consisted of Messrs. J. Gerow Dutcher, Geo. S. Holmes, Geo. A. Daniels, T. E. Roberts, Otis Arnold and H. Nelson. Everyone strove to make the meeting a pleasure for all.

The weather was hot, sweltering hot, and yet everyone shot and enjoyed it. In the cool refreshment tent excellent ice cream, lemonade, sandwiches, etc., were served at very reasonable prices, so that the time was largely occupied in shooting a while and eating ice cream a while.

The shooting was exceedingly difficult. The targets took erratic flights. A 5 o'clock breeze sprung up in the afternoon, adding to the comfort of the shooters, but also adding to the difficulties of the shooting. The scores therefore show a very good performance on the whole. Banks had the highest average, .905 per cent., 194 broke out of 215 shot at; Van Dyke next with .882, 128 out of 145 shot at, while Tallman and Foster, of Millbrook, N. Y., were 86and 85 per cent. respectively. The longest run of breaks was made by Banks, he scoring 66. There were fifteen events on the programme, of which the total entrance was $21. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	20	10	20	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	20	10	15
Banks	7	7	18	9	19	8	13	9	15	25	10	14	18	9	13
G Piercy	8	7	17	8	18	8	14	10	13	23	10	11	18	9	12
L Piercy	9	9	..	9	17	9	12	10	..	..	10	..	..	10	14
Blanford	5	7	13	8	..	8	..	10	..	23	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	4	7	19	..	19	..	13	..	14	..	10	14	..	..	..
Dutcher	8	7	16	9	19	8	11	8	10	17	10	14	17	8	14
Waters	8	10	16	6	..	9	..	10	15	..	8	12	..	..	12
Van Dyke	10	8	15	8	18	10	14	10	12	23	..	..	..	10	..
Nelson	8	9	16	9	18	9	11	8	13	20	10	12	16	5	11
Tallman	10	8	19	6	20	9	15	8	14	25	10	12	16	9	12
Foster	9	8	20	9	18	10	14	7	14	22	10	15	19	10	..
Holmes	5	8	..	..	9	..	..	7	12	..	5	6	..	10	13
Taber	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	7	..	..	5	..	..	7	..
Fry	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	..	..	5	..

Dupont Park.

St. Louis, June 26.—The following score is that of the challenge championship, $2.50 entrance, for the trophy. Dr. J. W. Smith won medal, and holds the pigeon championship medal of the St. Louis Association.

Dr J Smith.....011101111110111011111101111101111101111111111111111—43
Winston .....101110111111111111111101111111111111111111101111111—46
Selzer .....111110101111101111111000111111101111111111111111111—43
Bellaire 001100100100011111100111030101111010101011000111 1
Barre .....010011111111101111110111011111111111111111111111111—44

Tie, handicap birds:

Dr Smith, 7.....1111111 0111111101111111
Winston, 4 .....1111 0111110
Selzer, 7 .....1111111 0101111111111100
Bellaire, 23 .....0111111 .....
Barre, 6 .....111011 .....

Second tie:

Selzer .....10101—3 Smith .....11111—5

T. L. W.

Milwaukee Carnival Shoot.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 28.—The Cream City of Wisconsin this week celebrated her fiftieth birthday, but didn't act as though she were more than sweet sixteen so far as flowers and furbelows would signify. The entire town was a mass of bunting, and the streets were lined with myriad of lanterns, which shed their light o'er brave men and fair women, all of whom were determined to break the record for having a good time. From all parts of the country, including many cities outside the State, came legions of sightseers, so that along the highways were strewn hairpins of many models, the same trodden underfoot by countless girls, many of whom were desperately pretty and all of whom were desperately in earnest. The ice cream man, the soda pop man, and the man with small red balloons were strictly in it. A monument was unveiled, or a bicycle parade was pulled off, or a flower-bedecked procession of costly equipages rolled down the streets, or a fire engine drill was held, about every half hour, so that it required effort to keep up with all the fun. The long and beautiful avenues were lined with people, and the lawns were covered with decorations, and the flag of the country floated over dome and home, and the policemen hustled, and ever and anon came the recurrent sizz of the beer that made Milwaukee famous. It would have taken several marriage bells to give any one an adequate line on the merriment. For once in fifty years the city laid aside its workaday garb and held festival. Miles of allegorical floats showed the past and the hope of the future, and a vast industrial parade betokened the busy present. By day the steady business of having a good time went on, and by night vast prismatic fountains and linked fireworks long drawn out showed the same sturdy, happy, contented, serious, orderly American crowds still hard at work enjoying themselves. It was really a great week in Milwaukee, fit to represent the development of one of the greatest of our inland cities, and not to be appreciated from any mere description in cold type.

The type may have been cold in Milwaukee, and perhaps the beer (that made Milwaukee famous) was also cold, but nothing else was. The sun was blindingly hot, and the brazen sky expected every thermometer to do its duty. Two hundred thousand shirt waists went forth with the dawn in Milwaukee to see and be seen, but when the noon came, where were they? The straw hat, the glass with a straw in it, and clothes made of towels found favor with the sterner sex, and when laundrymen looked out they smiled till apoplexy threatened. Never before did the words of the inane song of the music halls find such foundation, and at Milwaukee there was really a hot time in the old town. It was good and hot, anyway you looked at it. The Indian princess, at the Winnebago village on the lake shore (near where the Mahnawauk Indians will hold their canoe regatta Saturday evening) remarked feelingly in my hearing that she wished she had brought another shirt waist or two along, for she was afraid folks would think she was shy on civilization. The Indian princesses most all wore shirt waists and tan shoes, and spoke knowingly of bicycles, to say nothing of a just and exact appreciation of chewing gum. Others of the Indians had bows and arrows and moccasins and bead work to sell. I didn't think any Indian could sell me bead work, but one did, I discover, although I note with a pang that the sinew he guaranteed is made of linen thread. The Indian village was all right, and some of the Indians looked pretty wild, or anyhow wild enough to earn their salaries. At all such places of especial interest the crowds were thick day and night. Hotels were crowded, the humble sandwich assumed a dignity hitherto unknown, and the tiredest wienerwurst got gay.

To such a city, crowded and happy, came the clans of the shooters, summoned by the liberal programme offered by the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee, assisted by the Carnival committee of the city, who generously gave $250 out of their funds to help create good purses for the tournament. To this amount the club added $250 of its own funds. The programme paid an amount nearly equal to that, and for the remainder the club committee went out upon the highway and hustled. All in all, the grand sum of $1,000 was raised to be hung up in added money for the shooters, proof enough that Milwaukee did not mean to do any part of the week's entertainment by halves.

It was the plan of the management to bring out the experts, but not to frighten away the less skillful, and it was thought desirable to put the shooting at known traps and angles, with a set of 7 traps to keep matters moving. As in view of late records at tournaments it was believed that many of the crackerjacks could break straights whenever they felt like it with both eyes shut on known traps and angles, the management decided to handicap the experts and manufacturers' agents by requiring them to break 19 out of the 20 targets in order to get into the money, the scores of 19 and 20 straight being the only ones which would be of any use to them. This created a sort of Chinese wall about the money on the first day which was rather amusing in some regards. Rolla Heikes said it was harder for him to shoot at known traps and angles than it was to stick to the unknown game at which all the boys had had so much practice. Gilbert missed the first bird he shot at, and dropped another further along in the same event. Powers, not barred, but about as safe to go high as anybody, could not find the birds out of No. 6 and No. 7 traps and only got 17 in the first event. Dick Merrill, another regular, lost 2 out this fatal first event, Marshall retired with 17, Bingham, Heikes, Budd, Fanning and Gilbert all fell behind the money. Hallowell, classified as in the limits of the bar as an agent, only shot for the targets and did not go in for the sweep, and strangely enough he landed in the 19 hole, where it would have been good picking had he been in for it all. Out of seventy odd shooters who competed during the first day only eight made straights, and of these not one was able to repeat the performance during the day. There were wild and wondering looks among the "steadies" who have been following the trap circuit for the last fifty or sixty years, but try the best they could they were not able to get in where the grass was tallest and greenest. The very hot weather and indifferent background and the irregular height of the trap screens may have had something to do with this state of affairs—a very unusual one in these days. I never heard so much kicking by shooters about their hard luck in all my experience among the "gang." They protested there was a large and able-bodied hoodoo loose somewhere, but no one was able to solve the curves of such evil genius.

The shooting was advertised to begin at 9 A. M., but on the first day it was after 11 A. M. before the squads got into active commission, and the sport progressed rather spasmodically, so that at lunch time only one event was concluded. During the afternoon the game lagged a bit by reason of the oppressive heat, and long before quitting time it was seen that the programme could not be finished for the day. It was 7 P. M. before the last number of the day, the fifth event, was concluded, this leaving three events to be taken up on the following day. At this gait the tournament could not be promptly finished, but there is all reason to think that matters will be more rapid after the hard first day, so that the last day may be given over to the great live-bird programme which is offered, for which the handicapping committee will be Mr. Richard Merrill and Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee, and Mr. C. M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill.

The tournament committee in charge were Messrs. E. E. Rogers, chairman; Ed Silverman, treasurer; W. G. King, John Plankinton, Jr., Jacob Muehl and W. A. Haig. Mr. Muehl acted as puller and general captain, and Mr. Haig was an able and courteous cashier and secretary. Mr. Rogers worked very faithfully all through the hot weather immediately preceding the shoot, and the smoothness of the running arrangements was much due to his management. Targets (the new "American pigeon") were shot at 2 cents, live birds at 20 cents. A. S. A. rules governed. The grounds were the well-known ones at National Park, easy of access by electric car, and Grandpa Brand was on hand at his hostelry to make things pleasant for the boys.

The following were classified as manufacturers' agents and experts: Rolla Heikes, Fred Gilbert, Charlie Budd, Eddie Bingham, Jack Fanning, J. J. Hallowell, Jr. Luckier, but almost as skillful, were such cracks as Tom Marshall, Jack Ruble, Chan. Powers, Dick Merrill, Lou Harrison, of Minneapolis; Valentine (Vail), of Norwalk, O.; Spross, of Toledo, O.; Tripp, of Indianapolis; Ernie Fish, of Eau Claire, and his running mates Churchill, Scammon and Charles, of the same city; Tom Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, and a long list of other celebrities and old timers. Chicago sent over for the first day Messrs. W. D. Stannard and Eddie Steck, of the Eureka Club; Abe and John Kleinman, A. Verges, Messrs. Barto, Simonetti and Bacci, of the Alpine Gun Club, with others to follow later in the week; Jack Carkeek, of Waupun, acted as squad hustler, with Gus Hensen, some of the time, and served as an efficient preserver of law and order along the score. Paul Stone, of Oconomowoc, shot also, and J. S. Johnson, of New Hope., Wis., and A. Zwerg, of Sheboygan, and G. Anderson, of Waukesha, and Lawrence (Catamaran), of St. Paul, and a big string of others. Geo. A. Morrison came down from Fox Lake, and Messrs. Marsh and Graves, respectively of Spokeville and Loyal, Wis., attended for their part of the State. Among Milwaukee cracks such men as young Plankinton, Dr. Williamson and Dick Merrill will set a hot enough pace for any one at the live-bird traps, and Stephen and John Meunier, Frank Meixner and others of the target shooters will keep in the game till the end.

The regular programme is of eight events daily, at 20 birds each, $2 entry, with $25 added to each event—certainly a very attractive programme, and one worthy of the biggest shooting week of the biggest city of the big old State of Wisconsin. There being but 160 targets to the day, and the weather being not so very awful hot after all, the exercises of the day will be concluded by Chan. Powers and Dick Merrill shooting a few targets for practice, this being one of their time-honored customs. If matters do not improve before long, there will be a good many of the best ones who will begin to think they need a little practice. Thus goes the shooting game. At Omaha the gang takes everything down the line and can't miss a bird. At Milwaukee, at the forgotten style of known all, they can't hit a basswood stump with a string tied to it. Such is life in the far West. It grew cooler this afternoon, and maybe the boys will catch their gait to-morrow. It was worth a pretty thing to see them figuring on their average cards to-day and wondering where they would wind up by nightfall. "We are up against it once more," said Charlie Budd, sadly, as he wiped a hot tear from his nose.

It may be said by way of general comment that Milwaukee shoot is a big shoot. If predictions are verified and the live-bird handicap turns out big as it promises, it will be perhaps one of the heaviest all-round tournaments held for some time. It is first one thing and then another in trap-shooting nowadays, in the effort to get and please the crowds of shooters. From Cleveland to Milwaukee is something of a step in methods, but still at Milwaukee it was not made exactly easy for the paid men to get in among the lambs, the plan being to pay them all well for coming and shooting, and yet to serve the principles of fair play by keeping the business men from winning all the money. The results to-day must have been on the whole pleasing to the amateurs. What the sum total will show at the end of the week can not be told just now. That the manufacturers' agents will all be pleased is not to be expected, and perhaps it is not absolutely essential. The only thing that the "gang" can approve is a wide open shoot, with all the strings off, and about a million dollars added money hung up to induce them to come and shed the light of their countenances. Charlie says that the only good shoot is one with the whole gang on hand and no bars up. "Oh, pshaw," he added, "shooting is all going to the dogs, these days and a lot of you newspaper men sit in the office and never see a shoot, and try to tell us folks how to do things. If it wasn't for my raspberry farm I'd have to go live with my wife's folks, for there is no money in shooting any more. It's all the fault of you newspaper men. You don't know nothing nohow." With all of which the other penitents on the mourners' bench there present heartily concurred. Rolla Heikes said nothing and smiled. Tom Marshall thought a shoot without the old guard was no good, and said the poor shots took joy in coming in from the outer precincts just to look at the shooting celebrities, and they enjoyed being skun by such experts, it was done so nicely. About everybody agreed that no one could make any money by following the circuit any more. No one could tell what ought to be done, but all insisted that plenty of money ought always to be hung up, and that bars were a shame. At which juncture the band again blew "Annie Laurie," and the squad rose at the voice of Gus Hensen, hustling squads. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
A Kleinman	16	14	14	18	16
G Anderson	15	13	..	..	..
E Steck	14	19	19	17	17
W Stannard	19	16	18	16	15
G Sperbect	14	14	13	13	..
J Marsh	13	11	13	14	15
A Lea	9	14	17	14	10
T Cook	19	15	17	14	13
Stier	14	12	..	..	..
Meaders	14	15	15	19	16
Godfrey	11	8	..	..	..
F Stout	12	9	..	..	..
Vail	19	14	18	18	19
Spross	17	17	19	16	18
Reichert	16	15	17	15	15
Malana	14	14	15	14	14
L Harrison	17	15	16	17	15
Catamaran	19	17	16	18	18
O Miller	11	13	..	..	..
O Zwerg	17	12	20	17	..
B Maust	12	7	..	..	..
Vance	17	17	17	18	18
G F T	16	16	15	14	18
Farmer	20	19	16	14	17
Ell Jay	17	18	19	16	17
F Machus	15	14	17	14	..
J Farber	14	13	19	16	17
E Fish	18	19	16	15	19
J Carkeek	15	16	14	18	18
Schultz	14	14	12	..	..
Glasier	14	13	15	20	15
Drew	12	..	..	..	14
Hallowell	19	19	17	16	18
Bingham	18	15	15	19	16
Gilbert	18	19	19	20	18
Budd	17	20	17	18	20
Powers	17	16	16	17	19
Merrill	18	19	18	19	16

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Fanning	18	17	17	19	17
Marshall	17	15	17	19	17
Voss	9	10	11	17	..
Meixner	19	15	18	15	19
Ruble	14	14	18	20	19
Heikes	16	18	20	18	18
F Graham	16	18	18	20	19
E Clark	19	18	17	19	17
J Dan	20	18	16	16	16
H Peterson	13	16	12	16	11
J Bush	13	14	9	..	..
Verges	15	14	17	18	13
S Meunier	17	14	17	..	..
Howard	8	..	..	..	..
P Stone	11	12	14	11	..
J Kleinman	13	..	..	..	..
J Charles	11	..	..	..	..
G Henson	8	..	..	..	11
Drake	..	12	11	..	..
J Graham	..	19	19	17	17
E Graham	..	12	16	20	..
J Haertle	..	15	11	16	..
E Rogers	..	11	..	..	..
Klapinski	..	..	..	11	15
Foster	..	..	15	12	..
Goodrich	..	..	9	9	..
Schuschardt	..	..	19	15	..
Schultz	..	..	19	..	..
Horlick	..	..	19	13	..
Barto	..	..	16	11	..
Simonetti	..	..	15	19	..
Gerber	..	..	11	10	..
Bacci	..	..	8	8	..
Devin	..	..	10	..	..
W R G	..	..	13	..	..
C Smith	..	..	..	15	..
Evans	..	..	..	6	..
Voss	..	..	..	..	14

FRIDAY, SECOND DAY, JULY 1.

The promised cold wave did not arrive to any alarming extent, but the weather was more pleasant. The carnival kept up its gait better than most of the shooters, and the enjoyable features of the evening previous perhaps made some of the attendants a trifle reluctant to get out into the garish light of dawn with a shotgun. At any rate the first delayed event, No. 6 on yesterday's programme, which was scheduled to begin at 8 A. M. sharp, did not pretend to begin until 9 A. M., after which time there was a most harassing series of delays with the traps, so that at noon only one event had been run off. It took the rest of the day to conclude the two remaining events of yesterday and one of to-day, or but four events in all. This gives only 80 targets shot at to-day to each man, instead of 160, as per programme, or a total of 180 targets shot at instead of 320. The fourth event to-day had $50 added instead of $25, as scheduled. As to-morrow is a live-bird day, this leaves the target programme unfinished and the big added money unapportioned. Let the imagination picture what this means! It is not wished to make any harsh criticism upon the management, which has labored the best it knew and should have credit for that fact, but it is none the less true that had the controllers of the shoot been quite willing to accept the aid and counsel of men who have had a very wide experience in these complicated details of running a shoot, which seem so easy and are really so difficult, the result might have been a shade better. This is not said in any carping spirit, but in justice to other tournaments which are reeled off more rapidly and more in accordance with announcements. The traps did not seem to work so smoothly as they should have done, but the warm weather and the general laxness in interest were the main causes of delay. It should not be remembered against the Milwaukee gentlemen, for they worked very hard and gave a good account of themselves. It is not every shoot that can be as smooth as Cleveland shoot, or as big as the Soo shoot, and it should be borne in mind that neither of the above-mentioned cities had a carnival on hand to distract its attention. The weather was not good all the time, and in fact it was not sport to shoot. Everybody was a bit querulous and strung up.

To-day the shooting conditions improved, so that the scores were not so low. The number of straights did not much improve, but the 19s came out oftener. The regulars who shot through the programme were not so many, but the score pads showed seventy-nine entries all told for the day, a very large list for any shoot these times. Graham took a swift run up to the front. Budd could not land in the 20 hole, but crowded it hard. Marshall got shaky, and Bingham went to pieces a little, and Fanning could not get over the last door sill, and Heikes pounced along with the uniform road gait of 18. Gilbert caught his form a bit, and Merrill and Powers were satisfied to bang around the corners of the 18 place. It was an odd shoot, and readers who look over the scores and are told that the ragged columns were made by the best shots of the land at known traps and angles will smile in incredulity. There were some who said "ha-ha!" when the management announced known traps and angles, but it really would appear that on the whole the Milwaukee target shoot was a pretty sporty affair after all.

Barring too hot weather, which is of course incompatible with good sport at live birds at this season, the big handicap of to-morrow should also prove interesting. At night fifty-seven entries had been received, and it is thought that at least a dozen more will appear in the morning. This includes so strong a showing of the talent of the entire West at this style of shooting that I should not be surprised to see a long string of straights, unless a cool wave should come and a stronger wind to give life to the birds and to the shooting. To-morrow will close the active carnival, and will also close the last attempt at reconciling the many trap-shooting difficulties of the day. As a big modern shoot, with plenty of money and a lot of shooters ready to divide it, this tournament was a success. As a red-hot sporting meet, with close and hard conditions, and a good management to keep the wheels moving, it cannot be called a success, largely from causes above capitulated, for which unreasoning blame should not be lodged. Much dissatisfaction was expressed, it is true, and more than one prominent Milwaukee shooter freely expressed the belief that it would be a "long time before a tournament for shooters can be pulled off successfully in Milwaukee." At this writing it is not thought likely that more than one live-bird event, the 15-bird race, will be run off to-morrow, but the added purse of $250 will be largely increased. Following are the scores of to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Farmer	19	17	20	18
Marsh	16	13	14	14
Zwerg	13	17	13	..
Bart	14	15	18	19
Reichert	19	14	12	..
G E T	18	..	16	12
Peterson	17	13	..	14
Simonetti	13	14	16	15
A Kleinman	11	9	14	9
Meaders	18	18	14	16
Vail	16	16	18	15
Spross	17	17	16	15
Malana	15	..	..	..
Harrison	15	15	13	..
A R Lea	13	7	13	14
F Stout	11	8	..	..
Vance	17	17	18	15
Farber	18	13	16	19
Fish	18	18	16	16
Carkeek	16	14	19	16
Meixner	15	13	16	11
Clark	17	17	16	..
Steck	16	18	19	15
Sperbeck	15	15	..	..
Hallowell	19	18	17	17
Bingham	19	14	13	14
Gilbert	17	20	19	18
Budd	17	19	19	18
Powers	17	18	18	16
Merrill	18	18	19	17
Fanning	19	17	17	18
Marshall	15	18	17	18
T J Graham	19	17	20	19
Heikes	18	18	18	18
Daug	17	12	15	..
Verges	13	15	16	14
Cook	16	13	17	14
Banker	10	20	14	11
Cunningham	14	13	14	12
Antoine	18	15	17	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Voss	15	..	..	..
Drake	17	..	..	..
Ruble	18	19	17	19
Stannard	19	15	18	18
Zurheick	14	17	16	..
Stone	14	14	12	..
Bacci	13	..	..	6
Shultz	17	19	17	..
S Meunier	10	8	..	..
E S Graham	16	18	18	16
J R Graham	20	19	20	..
Dearing	15	15	15	..
Henry	18	..	..	20
Peterson	..	..	..	15
Kling	16	18	20	17
J Ell	19	20	18	17
Bogart	3	..	..	..
Leon	9	..	..	..
Guenther	14	9	7	..
Plankinton	17	10	..	12
Rogers	11	9	..	16
Bush	13	14	18	14
Orloffski	9	11	..	10
Get	..	16	..	..
Roessner	..	15	14	11
Koch	..	17	..	13
Kettner	..	12	..	12
Yahr	..	14	17	14
Firzlaff	..	12	..	14
Glasier	..	15	..	17
Dieter	..	..	..	14
Devily	..	16	17	12
Hensen	..	13	..	..
Harvey	..	18	..	..
Levi	..	..	8	..
Gumz	..	..	7	..
Bani	..	..	12	..
Stein	..	..	14	..
Savage	..	..	..	9
Horlick	..	..	16	15

IN NEW JERSEY.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Hackensack,, N. J., June 25.—Following are the scores of the club shoot made to-day:

G Piercy, 5 .....1111101111100111111111011l1—21—4—25
L Piercy, 5 .....1011111101001111111111110—20—5—25
Taylor, 5 .....1110110111111111111111111 —23—2—25
Everett, 5 .....1101111110111111111111111—23—1—24
Stern, 8 .....0010111000101011001111111—15 w
Money, 4 .....1111101111011111111111111—23—2 —25
Griffith, 4.....1111111111111100111111111—23—2—25
Raymond .....1010001000110100111011111—14 w

Tie:

G Piercy, 30.....1011111111111111010111111111 —26
L Piercy, 30 .....1110111111110111011111110111—25
Taylor, 30 .....1111111100111111111111111111—28
L Piercy, 30 .....1110111111101110111111010111—25
Money, 29 .....0101101110111101111111111 w
Griffith, 29 .....1111100101111111111111100 w

Shoot-off:

G Piercy .....0111111111— 9 Taylor .....1111111101— 9
L Piercy .....1111111111—10

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	*	*	0	20
G Piercy	10	8	8	9	9	6	7	19
L Piercy	6	6	8	7	..	..	7	16
Money	8	8	7	9	9	8	7	..
Everett	6	9	8	6	..	5	4	..
Stern	6	6	6	5	5	6	6	12
Raymond	6	7	6	5	6	5	6	13
Taylor	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Griffith	..	..	..	8	8	7	..	15

Events 5 and 6 at pairs; No. 7 at 35yds.

Twenty singles and 15 pairs:

G Piercy .....011111111111111111 —19
11 11 10 11 11 00 10 01 11 11 11 10 11 10 11—23—42
H Money .....11110011011111011111 —16
01 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11—26—42

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

July 2.—The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon on the club's grounds, at Rutherford, N. J. The weather was rather too warm for much comfort at the score, and the holiday shoot on Monday next, the Fourth of July, also had a bad effect on the attendance. Only nine shooters all told took part in the practice events and the club shoot, and of that number three were guests of the club, viz., Ed Taylor, H. Everett and Harold B. Money.

The shooting was rather too hard for such a warm day, and scores in consequence fell down to a low mark. Huck alone showed anything like his usual form in the main event, but his work in the sweeps was not so good. Below are the records in the club shoot:

W Huck, 5..1110111111011100111111101111111111101111111110111111—43
11010 — 3—46
*E Taylor ...1111100011111101110111111111101111111111101111111111 —43
P Paul, 8....1000100010110110110011011111111011111011111110111111—35
11101110 — 6—41
E Banks, 2...1101101111011110110001101111111111111111111110001111 —39
10 — 1—40
B Waters, 10..1011111101011111111011100011111100110010011100101—34
0111001110 — 6—40
B James, 12..1001010000100010110110000101110111011111001101111 —28
111111111110 —11—39
*H Everett...1101111011110101010101011110111111011001111110110 —36
*H Money....0011011110001011111110011011111111001110111011101 —35
C Collins, 15..0010000100001010000100000010101111101001111011101—22
100110110011101 — 9—31

* Guests.

The Interstate Association.

THE Interstate trap-shooting tournament, given for the Parker Gun Club, at Meriden, Conn., July 27 and 28, has its details fully set forth in the neat programme, which can be obtained of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa., or from Mr. C. S. Howard, secretary Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn. The programme for each day is alike—ten events, of which six are at 15 bluerocks, four at 20, entrance $1.50 and $2 respectively. There is $50 added money each day, and a $50 silver prize cup donated to paid representatives.

The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club. To reach the shooting grounds take the trolley cars at Hanover street, opposite the Meriden House, to Hanover Park. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock sharp each day.

The silver cup aforementioned is 16½in. high, is donated for competition, and goes to the paid representative making the highest score, shooting the entire programme both days. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Guns and ammunition forwarded to Mr. H. L. Carpenter, 26 Cherry street, Meriden, Conn., will be delivered at the grounds. A first-class lunch will be served each day at reasonable prices.

Interstate rules will govern all events. The headquarters during the tournament will be the Winthrop Hotel, $2.50 per day, and the Meriden House, $2 per day.

The badge which admits the bearer to the Interstate Association tournament at Meadville is of novel and appropriate design. A paper cartridge, which has seen use, serves as a bar to suspend a card on which is the legend "Interstate Association tournament, Meadville Gun Club, Meadville, Pa., July 6 and 7, 1898. Admit bearer."

Professionals and Amateurs.

CLEVELAND, O., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The paid expert in target shooting has grown to be a question of vital importance to the life of the sport, and at the same time a most vexatious one for manufacturers to settle to their satisfaction.

The paid expert has been for years a feature in target shooting that would not for a moment have been toleratetd in any other sport, and the fact that he has been allowed to run riot for so many years, living in part off of the amateurs of the country under false pretense that his mission was to promote the sport, is one of the most unaccountable of things.

Years ago a few of the gun-makers had men in their employ who made the round of the leading tournaments of the country, acting both as salesmen and experts, or as experts with the gun only, and used the records made by these men for advertising the shooting qualities of their make of guns.

Then the better shots in different sections of the country were given guns for nothing, or at a nominal price, if they would use them at tournaments they attended and advise their friends to purchase that particular make of gun.

With the advent of the many different makes of nitro powders came a still greater number of experts, sent out to show the excellent qualities of the different brands on the market.

Then, to keep up with the procession, the large loading companies sent out still more men to show how much better their loaded shells were than those loaded by their competitors.

In addition to all these there was the still greater number of the best shots in the country that were furnished loaded shells, guns or powder for their services in influencing the consumption of the particular make of goods with which they were being supplied.

With this army of expert shots, supplied with free ammunition, paid for their services, and in constant practice on account of following tournament after tournament, the result has been naturally that during this year the amateur has suddenly awakened to the fact that he has not only been supporting the manufacturers who supply him with guns, powder and ammunition by consuming their goods, but, if he attends any tournaments, has been contributing to their representatives the money he has lost at the aforementioned tournaments.

The result of this awakening has been very apparent at all of the added money tournaments (and in passing it is noticeable that the added money tournament is the only one that attracts the paid expert) that have taken place this year. Taking Reading, Baltimore, Des Moines, Kansas City and Omaha as examples, you will find in the reports of these shoots very few names except those of the old rounders.

Realizing that the abuse has grown to such an extent that it was killing the interest in shooting, the Cleveland Target Co. determined this year to give a tournament on different plans from any of the others given by them in years past, in order to demonstrate that if the paid expert was eliminated from the tournament as far as competing with the amateur was concerned, the amateur would once more come out of his hole and attend tournaments, and in as large numbers as ever.

The result of that tournament was most gratifying in every respect, not only to the Cleveland Target Co., but to the representatives of other manufacturers who attended the shoot in order to show their goods, but not to win the money of their customers.

The week following the Chamberlin tournament came the Soo Gun Club tournament at Sioux City, Ia. This was also an amateur tournament, and like the Chamberlin tournament had over 200 shooters on the grounds, and with a still more noticeable lack of paid experts in attendance.

Now here were two of the largest tournaments of the year, with more than twice as many amateurs or consumers of guns and ammunition in attendance than at any other tournament of the year, and we find hardly any of the class of men in attendance who are supposed to be promoting the sport of trap-shooting, and who claim that without them the sport must die.

Why they were not in attendance at these two tournaments is very easy to understand when the system under which they are employed is known.

These men all receive a certain set sum per year, ranging from as low as $100 and ammunition furnished to as high as $2,500. Most of them are free to come and go as they please, and pay all their own expenses, of all kinds, and shoot for their own money, pocketing the losses as well as the winnings.

Traveling expenses eat up about all they receive from their employers, so they must depend upon their winnings to make a living; and for that reason tournaments where they are not permitted to shoot for the money of the amateur are boycotted, although these tournaments give them by far the best opportunity to show the goods of their employers.

Knowing that the success of the Chamberlin and Soo Gun Club tournaments meant a new era in trap-shooting, these "promoters" of the sport not only kept away from these shoots, but tried in every way possible to keep everybody else away; but with very poor success.

When manufacturers send their salesmen to tournaments and forbid them to shoot for the money purses they will find that it will perhaps cost them more per year for the services of their representatives, but they will notice a marked increase in the attendance at tournaments and in the consumption of their goods.

There is already a strong tendency in this direction, as can be seen by the fact that the salesmen of several manufacturers were present at the Chamberlin tournament, and they all expressed themselves as more than pleased with the success of the shoot.

The action of Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., at the New York shoot at Rochester, in not entering any of the state events, but only shooting in the open or "wolf" events, places him on record in favor of the new departure, and at the same time makes him pretty well disliked in certain quarters. Think of Harvey McMurchy being disliked!

A large proportion of the cash purses and several of the best prizes in the merchandise event in the State events were won by paid experts who should not have been allowed to compete in the state events at all, although they were residents of the State.

To the credit of Mr. Banks it can be said that although he won the first prize in one of the classes in the merchandise event he immediately turned it over to the others who had tied him in the main event, but whom he had shot out in the ties.

State tournaments should at all hazards be strictly amateur shoots, as to the writer's knowledge several State trap-shooters' associations have been nearly if not quite disrupted by the strong professional showing at all State meets, that carries away year after year most of the prizes and money.

Tournaments can be run on the same plan as the last Chamberlin shoot, and these experts can shoot among themselves and with the best of the amateurs that may desire to compete with them, but, as one of the experts said to the writer in discussing the Chamberlin programme: "Well, that is all right, but we can only shoot against amateurs that are about as good as we are." There is the whole question in a nutshell. Without the easy amateur or "producer, as they call him, they find it hard to make both ends meet. Knowing that they were right, feeling that other manufacturers would soon adopt the same views, realizing that they would incur the ill will and opposition of the paid expert, but depending upon the support of the consumers of its manufactures, the Cleveland Target Co. ran its last tournament for amateurs, and announces that its sixth annual tournament, June 15 to 16, will be run on the same principle.

PAUL NORTH.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, June 23.—The attendance at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club yesterday was slim. There was no badge shoot and the feature of the day's sport was the monthly cup shoot, which was won by C. S. Burkhardt, who scored 24 out of 26 possible birds. This was remarkably good shooting considering the heavy wind. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	*	20	Targets:	15	15	*	20
Burkhardt	13	13	24	19	Alexander	10	11	18	14
J Reid	9	12	22	..	Porter	..	12	13	13
Burkhardt	9	12	22	12	Talsma	..	10	19	..
H Hebard	11	9	19	..	Jacobs	..	10	20	17
Stover	12	8	17	..	E W Smith	..	10	23	..
Schuler	7	7	13	..	Geo McArthur	..	..	21	..
Lynn	4	6	..	..	Dr E Carrol	..	..	14	..
Sullivan	4	4	..	..	Warren	..	..	15	15
O'Brien	8	14	..	10	T Fisher	..	..	..	7
Lorey	9	9	18		C E Hebard	..	..	..	15

* Club shoot.

Mr. C. O. Gardner, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, writes us that "the Bergen County Gun Club will hold a handicap shoot for a cup on Saturday of this week at 1 o'clock, 25 birds, $1 entrance. There will be in addition to the regular shoot a novelty event for another cup, both prizes to become personal property of the winner. A good attendance is expected."

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 25.—The regular shoot of the Dupont Club was held to-day in the presence of a large number of spectators. The interest and the number of participants in the regular shoots are increasing with each succeeding week, and part of the credit for this is surely due to the efforts of Parmelee and Hallowell, who are regular attendants and "jolliers." Mr. Charles North, a brother of Paul North, of Cleveland, looked after the traps and had them in fine order, which added much to the pleasure of the shooters. Of the 2,500 targets thrown less than one per cent. was broken by the trap. The club is formulating plans for a strictly amateur tournament, to be given in September. The intention is to add considerable money. A large attendance is anticipated.

The score of the shoot follows: Event No. 1 was the club score. Nos. 2 and 3 were team races, $5 per team:

Snapper No. 1	11111111111111111111—20
(Back score)	11111111101111111111—19
Townsend	10111011111111111111—18
Parmelee	11110111111111111111—19
Randlett	11111111111111101111—19
Conrad	11011111111111111110—18
Goodrich	11111011111111111111—19
Welch	11110111101111111111—18
Davis	00111010001111101000—10
Morrill	00111011111111111111—17
Goldsmith	01010111111010100100—11
Brewer	11111111101111111111—19
Hallowell	11111111111111111011—19
Icken	11110111010011010111—14
Dvorak	11101011110111111110—16
Schnieder	11101001111111001111—15
Salisbury	11011110101111111111—17
Nelson	11111111111100110101—16
H Bauman	11101111111011110101—16
Ackerman	11111111111111100011—17
Johnson	10000011110001100011— 9
North	11001011010001110101—11
Dickey	01110010111101111111—15
Watt	11110110011011111111—16
Curtis	00111111111111110111—17

No. 2, team race:

Team No. 1.		Team No. 2.	
Townsend	1111111111—10	Conrad	1111111111—10
Parmelee	1111111111—10	Hallowell	0111111101— 8
Snapper	1110110110— 7	Welsh	1100111011— 7
Icken	1111110011— 8	Dvorak	1101000011— 5
Schnieder	1111101100— 7	Curtis	1111111011— 9
Watt	1010111101— 7—49	Salisbury	1111110111— 9—48

No. 3:

Team No. 1.		Team No. 2.	
Townsend	0101110111— 7	Conrad	1111111111—10
Parmelee	1111110000— 6	Hallowell	1111111111—10
Snapper	1111111111—10	Welsh	0111111111— 9
Icken	1111101111— 9	Dvorak	1111010111— 8
Schnieder	1011011111— 8	Curtis	1001111111— 8
Watt	1111011111— 9—49	Salisbury	1110111011— 8—53

No. 4, doubles:

Icken	11 00 11 01 11 10 11 11—12
Curtis	11 11 01 11 01 11 11 —12
Young	11 11 10 11 11 — 9
Parmelee	11 11 10 10 11 — 8
Hallowell	11 10 10 10 11 — 7
Townsend	10 11 11 01 11 — 8
Dvorak	01 10 — 2

Practice shoot, 10 birds:

Hardin	0101101211— 7	Welch	1101122110— 8
Randlett	2221011111— 9	Goldsmith	1221111112—10
Hallowell	1122222222—10	Icken	0122111122— 9
Parmelee	2112222222—10		

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., June 23.—To-day was an ideal shooting day with the exception of the heat, and the magautrap worked to perfection. Coles, who has been bringing up the rear in general average, jumped to second place and seemed to be at himself again. John Speers has deserted his shooting friends, and says he don't intend to shoot over the trap any more. The trouble with John is he is too easily discouraged, and I would advise him to get his gun and join us. It takes practice to make a good performer with the gun, and John is too good a shot to become discouraged because he makes a poor score twice in succession. J. A. Coles won to-day's contest for A medal, breaking 22 out of 25. Clements and Coles defeated Lloyd and Clements for Keely cup on following score:

Clements	19	Lloyd	16
Coles	18—37	Howell	16—32

The following scores were made:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Clements	50	45	.900	Ornold	50	37	.740
Coles	50	44	.880	Sorrels	50	36	.720
Lloyd	50	40	.800	Williams	50	25	.500
Howell	50	39	.780			SEC'Y.	

Wm. T. Smith Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25.—The regular monthly shoot of the Wm. T. Smith Gun Club was held to-day on their grounds, Rope Ferry Road and Magazine Lane. Gold and silver badges are offered to first, second and third man each month, to be contested for. Twenty-five bluerocks per man, known angles. The scores were:

Wm T Smith	11011111111111111111111111—24
J O'Brion	11110011111010110011111111—19
J E	11100110001110101111111111—18
J Lewis	10101100011110011111100111—16
Dr Devine	01010111111101011011011110—16

After the club match Smith and J. E. shot a private match for a small purse, same conditions as above. Each broke 19 out of the 25 and shot it off at 5 birds, when they broke straight, and it was postponed until next Saturday. The scores were:

Smith	10101111111011111011110101 -19
J E	11110101111111011111110100—19

Tie, shot off at 5:

Smith .....11111 J E 11111

GREENER.

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGHAM, Mass., June 25.—The silver cup having been now won three times by Higgins, now becomes his personal property. A high wind made good scores difficult to make.

Alison	11110110011011101011011110	
	10111101111111101111111111	—39
Henderson	10111111111111111010001111	
	10000111111001111111110101	—38
Howe	00111100111101111011101111	
	00101111111111111110101111—38— 2—40	
Higgins	10101101011111001111100110	
	00111111111010101010101111—33—10—43	
Sylvester	00000100110000111000000000	
	00100009100000001000000011—11—15—26	
Loring	11100100011001101000000001	
	01010111110111101110010000—25—12—37	
Leavitt	10100100101000010000000001	
	11100000000001001000010101—15—15—30	
Spalding	00111111011010000100101	
	11110101000110101110101111—29— 2—31	
Lincoln	10000110000000001101000111	
	10011011111110101110011001—25—10—35	

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.'s new catalogue is a model of typographical neatness and concise information in respect to its products. It is far from being exclusively an enumeration of munitions of war. U. M. C. loaded and paper shells occupy a conspicuous place. Cartridges of every description are so classified that any information concerning them can be obtained in a moment. Among the new goods announced are grease-proof and smokeless card wads of improved material, for use over nitro powders, smokeless powder cartridges in a larger variety of caliber and styles. The catalogue will be mailed on application to the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 313 Broadway, New York.

The third monthly shoot of the Greenfield Gun Club, Pittsburg, will take place on July 12. There are ten events in the programme, each at 15 targets, entrance to each $1.30. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents each, and any one who so pleases may shoot for targets only. John C. Knode, secretary, Greenfield avenue, Pittsburg.

Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 28.—The Seattle Rod and Gun Club won a glorious victory over Tacoma yesterday afternoon at the West Seattle traps, making the third consecutive victory for the Hunting and Fishing challenge trophy in five years. Each team was composed of five men, who shot down 25 birds at a time, with 50 birds to the man. Seattle's team was composed of Messrs. Ruppe, Ellis, Stevens, Chellis and Hood, and that of Tacoma of Messrs. Young, Ebberly, Pierce, Cormen and Smith.

Considering that there was a good wind blowing all the time the scores made as a whole were good. Seattle scored 197 to 187 for Tacoma. Hood, of Seattle, led with a total of 45. Young, of Tacoma, was second with 44. Young got 24 out of his last 25, making the best run of the day. Ellis and Ruppe both shot well, and considering that Ruppe has not shot at all lately he made a very good score; but Jack always gets down to work when it comes to hustling those Tacoma boys for the cup. Stevens in the race shot nothing like his form, only getting 33, for right afterward he had 20 straight chalked up to his record. He is generally good for 42 or 43, but yesterday must have been his off day in the race. Pierce, of Tacoma, did not shoot as well as he is expected to, for he is counted among the best shots in the Northwest; but the best of them fall down sometimes. His shooting yesterday though was much better than at the last meeting. Ellis also improved on his work of the month previous. Ebberly, one of Tacoma's oldest shooters, got back into the game yesterday, and got 35. In the sweeps though he was right there every time, and in the last event of 10 singles, reverse, and 5 pairs, he got 17—8 out of 10 reverse, and 9 out of 10 in the pairs. Chellis was pushing Ruppe and Ellis along, and got a total of 38. Carmen, of Tacoma, was low man with 30. He shot well in his first 25, but fell down on the last string.

All the boys are impatient now for the Vancouver shoot, which starts on the 29th and lasts four days.

There is $1,444 added money, besides about $1,500 in medal and prizes, making a grand total of about $3,000. It is only open to the shooters of the Northwest Association. Seattle hopes to bring back some of those trophies, and also hopes to separate the boys from their cash up there in a fair and sportsmanlike manner, and may the best man win, whoever he may be. The scores:

Seattle.

Hood	11111111111101111111101111011111111111011111110111—45
Ruppe	11111111101111111111011110011111101110011111011101—41
Ellis	11111100111111111111011101100101111111001011111—40
Chellis	11111010110101111111001110110111101011111111101110—38
Stevens	11011111111000011100011011100001110111100011110111—33—197

Tacoma.

Young	10011101111111010111111111111111111111111111110111—44
Peirce	00111110100111111111111111111111111011111111111110001—41
Smith	11111111101101111001111101111010000011111010011111—37
Ebberly	11010101011011111111111111111111001010101110000100 1—35
Carman	11001111101110110111111101100110000010110011101000—30—187

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	*7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	*7
Targets:	15	15	20	10	20	20	20	Targets:	15	15	20	10	20	20	20
Hood	14	14	19	19	19	18	15	Clarke	..	..	..	16	6	16	13
Stevens	11	9	20	9	18	16	14	Nelson	..	..	..	15	5	13	17
Ellis	14	15	18	..	17	15	13	Carman	..	..	..	12	8	12	13
Young	10	12	..	9	12	..	12	Ebberly	..	..	..	17	10	11	18
Block	10	11	16	7	14	14	14	McKee	..	..	..	11	5	..	..
W Hardy	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	Hall	..	..	..	14	8	16	16
Chellis	14	11	19	9	12	16	10	Ruppe	..	..	..	16	9	11	..
Wiegel	10	7	12	5	14	11	..	Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	13	13
J Hardy	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	Morton	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Smith	..	..	..	18	8	14	..	Louis	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Spokane	..	..	..	15	7	15	11	Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Peirce	..	..	..	13	10	16	15	Hipkens	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Kimball	..	..	..	14	7	13	16	Bob	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

12

* Ten singles, reverse, and 5 pairs.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. S., New York.—The record you mention does not make the party a professional. So long as he does not follow trap-shooting for a livelihood in whole or in an important part, he is an amateur.

J. E., Des Moines, Ia.—Paper shells are the most convenient and are sufficiently efficacious for all purposes. Brass shells may be reloaded, therefore have an advantage on the score of economy. The proper load for a young boy at targets is 2½ or 2¾drs. of powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 7½ shot. The gun you mention is excellent for the purpose.

J. W. F., Aramosa, Ia.—I have been watching the columns of your paper for something in regard to frogs. Will you kindly tell me where I can get bullfrogs for breeders, or where I can get young frogs, tadpoles or spawn, with which to stock my ponds? Ans. From local waters, we should say. The only frog farming yet achieved in this country consists of the capture of wild frogs in a time of plenty and keeping them for market.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Unique Long Island.

UNDER this title the Long Island Railroad publishes a collection of half-tone views of picturesque and inviting Long Island, the great pleasuring ground of Greater New York. It is a delectable country of shady groves and silver beaches, of fishing waters fresh and salt, and famous hunting grounds, with manifold and inestimable resources for every taste. Just to look through the pages of "Unique Long Island" gives one a desire to prove in person the delights pictured in its pages. The little work will be sent (for five cents to prepay postage) by the Long Island Railroad Co., Long Island City, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

7-8-9. Winthrop, open, water sports, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. K classes, Toronto.
9. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
9. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
9. Burgess, second championship, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
9. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
9. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
9. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
9. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
9. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
9-10. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
9. Canarsie, open, Jamaica Bay.
11-13. Seawanhaka trial races, 20ft. class, Oyster Bay.
11. Quincy, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham.
14. Seawanhaka, annual, Oyster Bay.
16. Beverly, fourth championship, Buzzard's Bay.
16-23. Larchmont, race week, Long Island Sound.
16. Corinthian Marblehead, championship, Massachusetts Ba
16. Shelter Island, ladies' day, Gardiner's Bay.
16. New Jersey Ath., invitation race, Newark Bay.
16. Seawanhaka, Roosevelt mem. cup, Oyster Bay.
16-17. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands.
16. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
16. Chicago, annual, Lake Michigan.
17. American, cruise, Ipswich.
17-18-19. East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
23. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
23. Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
23. Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
23. American, skiff class, Newburyport.
23. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.

23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
25. Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
25. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
30. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
1. Burgess, moonlight sail, Massachusetts Bay.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
3. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
3. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
6. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
6. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
6. Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
6-7. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
6. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
6. Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
6-8-9. Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
6. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
6. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
8. American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
9. Squam, open, Annisquam.
10. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narrangansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

THE most interesting yachting event of the present week is the performance of the late flagship of the New York Y. C., Corsair II., now the U. S. S. Gloucester, of the blockading squadron off Santiago. Lieut. Commander Richard Wainwright, second in command of the Maine at the time she was blown up, is now in command of the Gloucester. When Admiral Cervera made the desperate dash out of Santiago harbor last Sunday morning, the Gloucester devoted herself to the two Spanish torpedo destroyers, Furor and Pluton, attacking the pair directly under the guns of Morro Castle and the fire of the big Viscaya. From the accounts thus far at hand, the Gloucester did the most of the work of disabling these two vessels, both of which were beached, one blowing up. Later in the day the Gloucester turned up to the westward in time to send a boat to the burning Spanish flagship, in which Admiral Cervera was taken ashore, and on immediately surrendering was taken off to the Gloucester, being received at her gangway by Lieut. Com. Wainwright. The work of this little ship under extreme conditions, for which she was never intended, reflects the highest credit upon her designer, Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

ON Monday, July 11, and the two succeeding days, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will hold its trial races for the selection of a challenger in the match with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. As usual, but little sailing has been done thus far by the 20ft. fleet, though the races are but five weeks off, and much of this time must necessarily be wasted in transportation. Two of the proposed challengers, one new and one old, have sailed a few races on the north shore of the Sound, but there has been none of that thorough and systematic racing on the part of the class as a whole which is the only thing that can develop the best speed of the boats. The final trial races, in default of such preliminary work, merely serve to show the defects inherent in every new boat, and there is not sufficient time between them and the cup races for putting the boats into the best possible shape. The defending fleet began its work later than usual this year, but it has already sailed several races, and in addition it has the time for final preparation which is lost by the challenger in transportation.

Girth as a Factor of Measurement.

THERE has been for several years past a general agreement on the part of all interested in the improvement of the measurement rule on one point: that the main end to be attained by a new rule is an increase of displacement and area of midship section. It has been generally recognized that, however correct the main factors of the existing rules, length and sail area, may be, when brought to bear on the fin-keel type they discourage the use of displacement; and that a very weak point has been developed in the rules that can only be removed by the addition of a factor directly related to displacement. Numerous proposals to this end have been advanced, including the use of displacement and area of midship section as divisors, the use of the depth of midship section at one-quarter of the beam, and of the inclusion of both beam and draft in the formula as direct taxes upon extreme dimensions.

The use of girth as a factor of measurement dates back many years, though it has never become general in America or England. It has had advocates in this country, it has been used locally in England, as at Liverpool, and on the continent it has been quite widely used, being an important factor of the French rules for some years. It was suggested by the conference of British designers held in 1895-6, and adopted as an important factor of the Y. R. A. rule in the latter year. We have repeatedly published this rule, and it has been brought directly to the attention of American yachtsmen of late through the visit of Mr. Jarvis to England.

While the evidence thus far, after two years of trial, is in favor of the new rule in British waters, there are good theoretical reasons against the use of girth as a factor; reasons which are not disposed of by the evidence of existing British boats.

Bearing in mind that the direct end in view is the inducement of the designer to take a larger area of midship section, at the same time leaving him free as to the proportions and form of this area, we are met with the fact that girth is of itself in no sense a measure of the area included within it, unless the character of the section is the same; there is no essential relation between the perimeter of a figure and its superficial area.

This much in theory, now in practice the corrective effort of girth as applied to any form of yacht section must be limited to the filling out of some part of the space a. a., which lies inside of a line A B, drawn from the end of the beam at L.W.L. to the bottom of keel, Fig. 1; by the substitution of curves, as b or c, for the angle d, of the fin type. In doing this, its direct tendency is to produce the triangular section, A, B, C, an impossibility, owing to the lack of stability of this form. When the designer attempts to improve the section by adding a bilge at b, b, outside the line A, B, the girth measurement at once steps in to penalize him. Of the relation of girth to bulk, it may be said that bulk is, on principle, and most manifestly, penalized and discriminated against, and where its use is encouraged at all it is only capriciously and indirectly, as in the case above, where the inducement to cut the bilge at b is quite as strong as that to fill the hollow within the line.

The conditions under which the rule has been tried in England are somewhat limited, and by no means the same as those existing on this side. The tendency of girth as used in the Y. R. A. rule is to produce a section in which beam and draft are approximately equal, the section of Vanessa, Minerva and many other excellent yachts of different eras. In that it has in a measure displaced the fin-keel and restored this form of section, as shown in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 19, it has been of immediate benefit to yachting. At the same time we believe that any well-informed yachtsman will, upon examination of many of the sections, and a study of the dimensions of the yachts, come to the conclusion that the draft is very light for good windward work, a complaint already made against the new boats. As concerns these sections, it may be said that none of them could be symmetrically enlarged, thus giving more displacement, without incurring a penalty under the rule; and on the other hand, any symmetrical reduction of area (and displacement) would receive a premium under the rule.

The question of the effect of the rule as applied to the centerboard yacht, a vital one on this side of the water, is disposed of in England by the very simple process of barring the entire centerboard type; so that practically the rule, as in actual use in Great Britain, limits designers to the keel type of yacht and one general type of midship section.

This of itself is a sufficient argument against the adoption of the Y. R. A. rule as it stands by American yacht clubs, as the designer must be allowed a larger liberty of choice both as to the use of the centerboard or keel, and the form of section. While any new rule

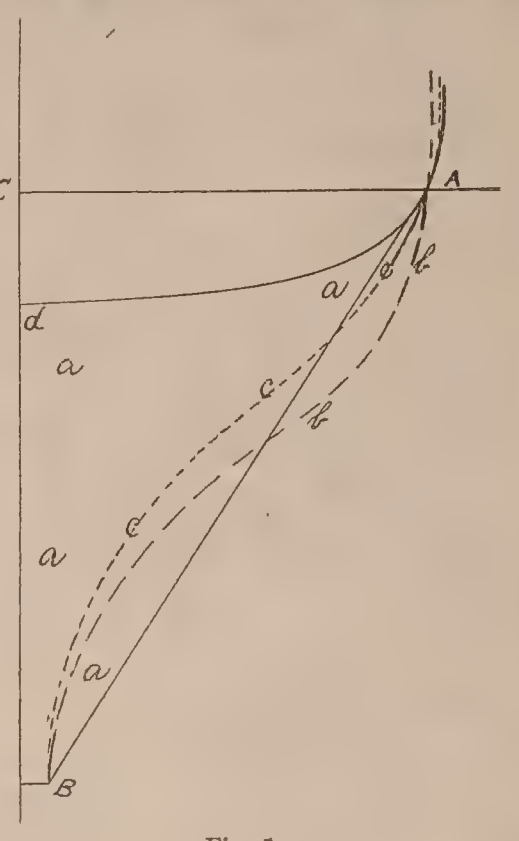


Fig. 1.

to be satisfactory in this country must discriminate against such yachts as Dragoon and El Heirie, it must leave a free field for the development of the moderate centerboard type.

The influence of the British Y. R. A. rule on Dragoon and El Heirie is shown in Fig. 2. Assuming the beam, the depth of keel outside of hull proper, and the center-

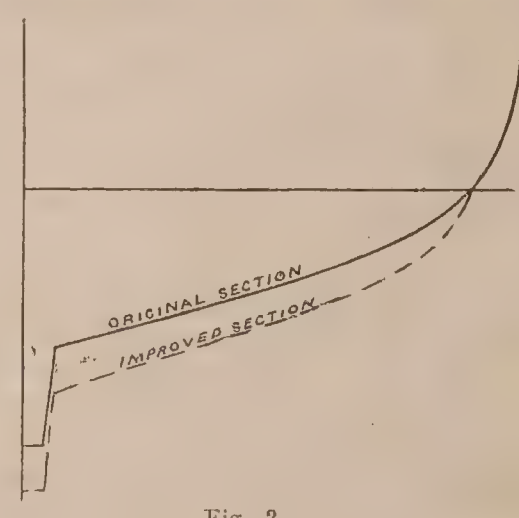


Fig. 2.

board, to be constant for all chances of section, it will be plain that any attempt to improve the original shoal section by deepening it, as shown by the broken line, must increase the girth, and consequently the final measurement; directly encouraging the slab type as compared with a yacht of useful depth.

Under the Y. R. A. rule the measurement may be in-

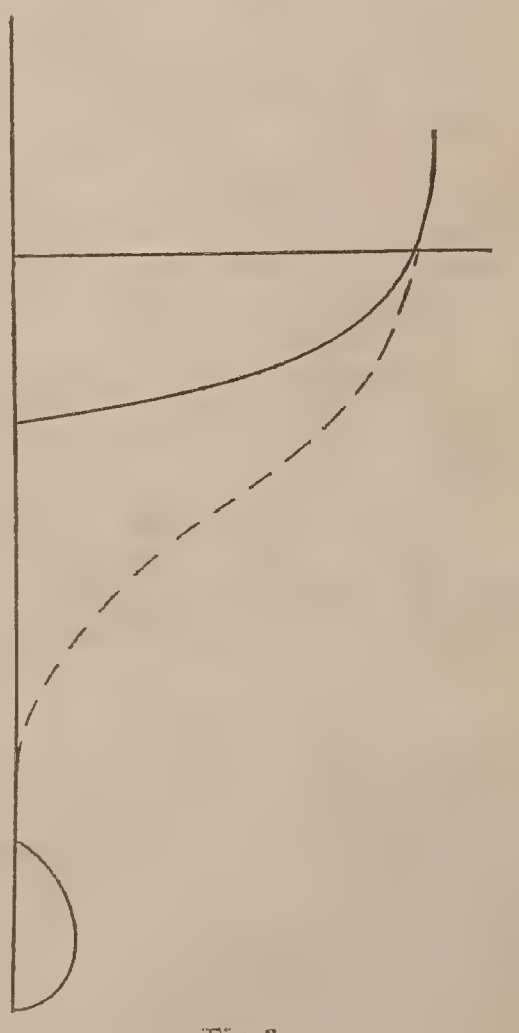


Fig. 3.

creased by two essentially different causes, by the increase of the dimensions, beam and draft, both of which constitute levers which give power unassociated with bulk; or by the simple increase of bulk, without increase of the levers, thus involving an increase of the work to be done, with no increase of the power to do it. The rule fails utterly to discriminate between power and effect, the length of the levers and the work accomplished.

The formula proposed by Mr. Hyslop has for its

foundation this relation between the power, as derived from the two levers, beam and draft, and the work done in driving the greatest possible area at the required speed. It leaves to the designer the largest possible liberty in choice of keel or centerboard type, of proportions of beam and draft, and of form of section; at the same time it makes it compulsory that he should pay to a certain extent for the power gained by long levers, through a proportionately large area of section to be driven. How much he shall pay, in other words, just what combination of speed and accommodation yachtsmen desire, is fixed by the constant or multiplier decided on for the factor, the square root of the midship section.

The effect of this rule with the constant proposed by Mr. Hyslop (3.33 $\sqrt{M.S.}$) is also shown in Fig. 2. The original shoal section would be taxed under the rule by an increase of the yacht's racing measurement, but if enlarged to the broken line the tax would disappear and the measurement would be precisely the same as it is to-day under the Seawanhaka rule.

The effect on the fin-keel is shown in Fig. 3, the original fin section would be taxed under the proposed rule by an addition to the present measurement, but if the section were filled out to the broken line, giving a yacht of good internal accommodation instead of a mere hollow shell, the tax would disappear, and the yacht would race at her present measurement by the Seawanhaka rule.

Under the Y. R. A. rule beam and girth are taxed directly and draft indirectly, as we have shown, with unsatisfactory results, at least as applied to American uses. Under the proposed rule neither of these elements is a subject of direct tax; but at the same time there is the strongest possible bar to the abuse of extreme dimensions, unaccompanied by a reasonable amount of displacement.

There are two important points to be considered in connection with this latest proposal; in the first place, is the principle correct in theory and likely to work well in practice? In the second place, if the principle is correct, what constant shall be selected? It is the opinion of the originator of the formula that even with the constant proposed by him (3.33, or 6.66, when factored over the present divisor 2 of the Seawanhaka rule) the fin-keel type will have a fair chance beside new yachts built under the rule. It will be obvious that by altering this constant the rule can be made to encourage any type, from the extreme fin to the equally extreme cruising tub. The figure suggested will, we think, produce what yachtsmen profess to want, a moderate type of yacht, keel or centerboard at will, and if it does this nothing more can fairly be asked. If, at the same time, it gives a fighting chance to the fin-keel to race with the new yachts, so much the better.

Kennebec Y. C.

Bath, Me., Kennebec River.

Saturday, June 25.

FROM club house to Bath Iron Works buoy, thence to Lebanon Bluffs buoy, then to Winslow's Ledge lower buoy, thence to club house, all buoys to be left to port. Distance, four miles. Weather fair, with threatening clouds, which did not materialize. Wind S.S.W., fresh, then very light. Tide, end of ebb and start of flood.

Both classes same course. Summary.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dewey, Harrington	20.11	4 08 45	0 56 15	0 56 15
Marguerite, Hutchins	20.04	4 24 26	1 09 46	1 09 23
U. C., Silsby	19.10	4 23 35	1 09 55	1 09 24
Woodcock, Percy	20.02	4 24 55	1 10 55	1 10 23
Glide, Brooks	18.08	4 28 15	1 13 15	1 11 41
	Fourth	Class.		
Ultra, Besseliene	17.10	4 39 40	1 14 40	1 14 40
Ceila, Cook	15.00	4 38 50	1 18 30	1 17 24
Alma, Silsby	17.01	4 41 29	1 18 07	1 17 51

There were a number of boats that did not start on account of the lack of wind. The race for second place in the third class was a very pretty one.

Winners of Prizes.—First prize, Class 3, Dewey; Class 4, Ultra. Second prize, Class 3, Marguerite; Class 4, Ceila. Third prize, U. C.

Glide was handicapped 2m. 40s. in the third class, and Ultra won with 1m. 22s. in the fourth class. The handicap of Glide deprived her of second place, there was no prize for this one race, it being best two out of three races for a challenge cup offered by the club.

Regatta Committee—E. S. Hutchins, A. A. Percy and Dr. H. A. Bates.

Judges—W. A. Potter and S. C. Greene; timer, E. R. Wittekind.

Dorchester Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Dochester—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, June 25.

THE Dorchester Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 25 in a lively S.W. breeze, but with a rather small fleet of starters. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 50 08
Tantrum, F. Coleman	1 54 39
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 00 01
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 25 03
21ft. Class.	
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	1 57 55
Elsa, H. M. Crane	. . . .
21ft. Class.	
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 44 09
Arab III., C. D. Lanning	1 51 31
Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 54 46
Knockabouts.	
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 44 23
Dafila, W. D. Turner	1 46 23
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	1 48 44
18ft. Class.	
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 21 50
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 22 48
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	Withdrew.
15ft. Class.	
Katydid, J. F. Small et al	1 22 14
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	1 24 34

The judges were Messrs. George H. Collyer, Coolidge Barnard, Hartford Davenport and O. F. Davenport.

The winners were: First prizes, Eleanor $15, Tacoma $12, Privateer $12, Jilt $12, Alpine $12, and Katydid $10; second prizes, Tantrum $10, Arab III. $8, Dafila $8, Vamoose $8; third prize, Beatrice $5.

Small Yawls and Schooners and Mixed Classes.

WE have already mentioned the question which has recently arisen about Boston through the advent of a racing yawl and a racing schooner in the very small classes, and the proposed entry of the latter for the Quincy challenge cup. The following extracts, from recent issues of the Boston Globe, give further particulars of two very interesting boats:

The Memorial Day race was noticeable for the appearance of the yawl rig among the racing craft in competition with the faster jib and mainsail. The yawl rig was carried by John F. Small's Katydid, his new boat in the 15ft. class, and captured second place to last year's champion Vitesse. The yawl is an outcome of the present Y. R. A. rules and of the desire of Katydid's owner to test the respective merits of the rigs in actual practice. It is not a "trick" to win races, but a legitimate experiment under the rules. Its possibility comes about in this way:

The inferiority of the yawl or of the schooner rig to the jib and mainsail in the matter of speed has been so commonly conceded that schooners and yawls have for years been allowed to race at seven-eighths of their racing measurement. This was when time allowance was given, and when rating for classification was on a different basis from that for allowance. The present Y. R. A. rules say that schooners and yawls shall be rated at seven-eighths of their racing length. Since there is no time allowance, the boats are "rated" only for classification. "Racing length" is waterline with crew on board. It follows then that a man who has a yawl which he wishes to race must have one longer than the class limits, just enough longer in fact to make seven-eighths of her racing length fit the class for which she is intended.

This is what Mr. Small has done. His boat is just under 17ft. racing length, seven-eighths of which is just under 15ft., the class limit. What he loses in speed by the yawl rig he expects to more than make up on the extra length and size of his boat. His boat is "rated" for classification just within the class limits, and there you are. The position seems to be a sound one.

But how about its effect on the racing? Well, that remains to be seen. A yawl like Katydid seems to be perfectly allowable under the rules. The rig is confessedly a handier one for squally weather than the jib and mainsail, and if Mr. Small has produced a faster yawl under the rules than the jib and mainsails of her class, it simply remains to adopt the yawl rig or to bar it out altogether.

As it is too late to change the rules this season, the prospect is that Mr. Small's experiment will be given a fair trial, and that the Association can govern itself accordingly. The experiment is indeed an interesting one, and judging from her performance on Memorial Day Katydid will be heard from with no uncertain sound in the racing to come.

The yawl has already appeared as a racing rig under the rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts rating schooners and yawls for the purpose of classification at seven-eighths of their racing length, and within a month the schooner too will have made its appearance. The yawl rig is carried by John F. Small's Katydid in the 15ft. class, and the schooner rig will be carried by S. N. Small's challenger for the Quincy cup on behalf of the Savin Hill Y. C.

Katydid is about 17ft. racing length, but rates at 15 under the rule. The new challenger will be just under 24ft. racing length and will rate at 21ft., or just within the class in which the cup is offered. The brothers appear to be bound to test to the limit the usefulness of the rigs as racing ones under the allowance for rig given by the rules, and their experiments will be watched with more than usual interest.

But it may be said right here that neither of these designers has gone in any way to an abnormal rig or to one in which handiness is sacrificed for the sake of securing the allowance. They are simply trying to work out the question of the relative speed of the rigs as against the jib and mainsail, with of course the belief that the schooner or yawl now has a fair chance of winning, because of the extra length allowed her. The experiment is a perfectly legitimate one and was considered even under last year's less favorable rules. It has now become a certainty and the result is in doubt.

Katydid is a yawl under any reasonable definition of the rig. Her main boom swings clear of her mizen, while the mizen itself is of sufficient size to work the boat in connection with the jib, even when the mainsail is down. The other small boat will be no less of a schooner. Her masts will indeed be rather close together, but the foresail will be no "baby" of a sail, but will do its full share of work either close-hauled or in reaching. She too will class as a schooner as easily as does Katydid a yawl. She is now building by Higgins & Gifford, at Gloucester, from her owner's own design.

Bud, as Mr. Small will name his new boat, is 37ft. over all, 9ft. beam and 9in. draft, with a waterline length in racing trim of just under 24ft. Seven-eighths of this racing length will bring her just within the limit of the 21ft. class. Her mainmast will be stepped 4ft. forward of the middle of the waterline, and her foremast a little over 6ft. further forward, bringing it within a foot of the forward end of the waterline. The bowsprit will not be a long one, nor will the main boom project very far over the stern. About 900sq.ft. of sail will be carried in three lower sails. For light sails there will be a gafftopsail, balloonjib and spinaker, bringing the total sail area up to between 1,600 and 1,700sq.ft.

The masts will be hollow. The mainmast will be the heavier, since it will practically carry all the strain of the sails except the foresail. It will be a pole mast, with the usual shrouds and spreaders, but the stay from its top will lead directly to the end of the bowsprit. The foremast will reach just up to this stay, and will be supported by rather than support it. The jib halyards, as well as those for the balloonjib, will be led to maintopmast head, although the jib will not set abaft the foremast. Balloonjib and spinaker will, however, be set to the full height of the mainmast. The foresail will have the usual gaff, but will have a loose foot, and will trim several feet abaft the mainmast.

In construction the boat will be built on the light yet strong plan of the seine boats used in mackerel fishing. Her planking will be ⅜in. cedar, clinched with copper nails to ¼in. inside battens, thus doing away with the necessity of caulking. The oak frames, ½×¾in., go inside the battens, while the whole structure is braced and strengthened by proper floors, bilge stringers and struts to the deck beams near the masts. The frames will be spaced 10in. on centers. The deck will be canvas-covered. There will be two cockpits, a small one aft for the helmsman and a larger one amidships for the crew. A dagger centerboard will be carried, and there will be an iron shoe on the keel, which will give about 100lbs. of outside ballast well in the center of the boat.

In model the boat shows a flat floor, an easy bilge and a carrying of the long floor lines well into the overhangs. She ought to utilize a large proportion of her overhangs when needed, although she is by no means on the "scow" type. She looks from her lines as if she would be an easy boat to drive, as well as one with good sail-carrying power.

Looking over the design of Bud for advantages and disadvantages as compared with the jib and mainsail rig, it is surprising how many of the former and how few of the latter can be found. The mainsail lacks only about 4ft. in length of boom of that of a jib and mainsail rig, and so retains a large proportion of its driving power. The jib is of good size, while the foresail is big enough to do good work. If the boat cannot point quite as high as a jib and mainsail, she ought nevertheless to make up in footing what she loses in pointing, since she has 4ft. more waterline length than her single-sticked competitors.

But it is in reaching that Bud ought to be specially heard from. The spread of her balloonjib is enough larger than that of a single-sticker to pull her faster, even if it were not for the greater effectiveness of the other sails, while in work down the wind the big spinaker should perform a like office. The foresail sheet is the only additional one to handle, while when it comes to reducing sail, the dropping of the foresail is equal to turning in a couple of reefs in the ordinary mainsail, to say nothing of the greater ease with which it can be done.

All this is of course on paper as yet, but it looks well in the design and sounds well in discussion. Whether or not Bud will come up to her designer's expectations remains to be seen, but everything has been carefully thought out, and the design and its details are certainly attractive and promising ones. Provision is made for turning Bud into a yawl if she does not prove fast as a schooner, and again into a jib and mainsail for the 24ft. open class if she will not take kindly to the other rigs.

The first formal decision against the yawl or schooner, which, rated at seven-eighths of her racing length, comes just within the limits of the Yacht Racing Association class in which she is intended to sail, has been made by the executive committee of the Quincy Y. C. in connection with the declaration of trust for the Quincy challenge cup for 21-footers. The committee has decided that cup was offered for boats of 21ft. waterline or under, and that no yawl or schooner over that length is eligible to compete under the allowance for rig now given her by Y. R. A. of M. rules.

This action by the committee was the result of a request for a decision from S. N. Small. Mr. Small had received informal assurances from prominent racing men in the Quincy Y. C. that his boat would be considered eligible to compete if she was eligible to the 21ft. class under Y. R. A. rules. Acting on these he ordered his boat, and she is well toward completion. Now comes the formal decision of the committee barring him out, and naturally he is wondering how it happened.

The action of the committee was expressed in the following vote: "That the secretary be instructed to notify the Savin Hill Y. C. that inasmuch as it has been called to our attention that their possible representative in the race for the Quincy Y. C. challenge cup was to be a yacht exceeding 21ft. waterline length, that the races for the cup are open only to sailing yachts measuring 21ft. or less, according to Article I. of the Declaration of Trust."

Article I. of the declaration of trust is as follows: "Contests shall be open to yachts of any country, representing any organized yacht club in good standing, provided the sailing length, measured by the rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, is 21ft. or less."

Mr. Small naturally feels aggrieved at the decision, and has so informed the Quincy Y. C. in a letter to the executive committee, but he is going ahead with his boat, and will try her out in the races of the Association in which she is eligible to race. He thinks his experiment too interesting a one to be abandoned just yet.

In Mr. Small's view of the interest of his experiment the writer heartily concurs, and at the same time doubts if the executive committee of the Quincy Y. C. has given the most logical interpretation of Article I. of the declaration of trust, even if it has not exceeded its rights in the matter.

Article I. distinctly says, "sailing length" under the rules of the Y. R. A. of M., without any reference to what that rule is at present or may be in the future. "Sailing length" at present is waterline with crew on board. A yawl or schooner is rated for classification at seven-eighths her sailing length to make up for the admitted fact that her rig is slower than that of the sloop. No one in the Association seems likely to question this interpretation of the rules as not being the correct one. Hence the logical conclusion to draw from Article I. is that any boat declared eligible to the 21ft. class in Association races is eligible to compete for the challenge cup.

But on the supposition that the interpretation of the committee is the correct one, the question may well be asked whether or not such interpretation is in effect a modification of the declaration of trust, and whether or not the executive committee has power to make such a modification.

Article VII. says: "The terms of this instrument may be modified by the Quincy Y. C. while the cup is in its possession, and when not in its possession by agreement between the Quincy Y. C. and the club holding the cup; but no modification shall be made during pendency of any challenge, unless consented to by all challengers."

If the action of the committee is a "modification" it cannot be made without the consent of all challengers. If it is not a modification, but simply an interpretation of the provisions of the deed, then Mr. Small has an appeal to the executive committee of the Y. R. A. of M., under Article VIII. of the deed, which is as follows:

"All conditions of any competition not covered by these articles or by rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall be left to mutual agreement, and in case of failure to agree the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall act as arbitrator."

Which would seem to show that Mr. Small and the Savin Hill Y. C. have an appeal from the decision of the executive committee, and would be well within their rights in making it. Such an appeal need not be made in any unfriendly spirit, and should not be regarded as otherwise than in the interests of sport and in the determination of the values of the various rigs as now allowed under Y. R. A. rules. The writer has no interest in the matter save that of promoting the sport of racing and of determining by experiment the value of present rules with a view to securing possible improvement in the future, but he would certainly appeal were he in Mr. Small's position, and would hope for final ruling from the Association's executive committee, regardless of what his own opinions might be.

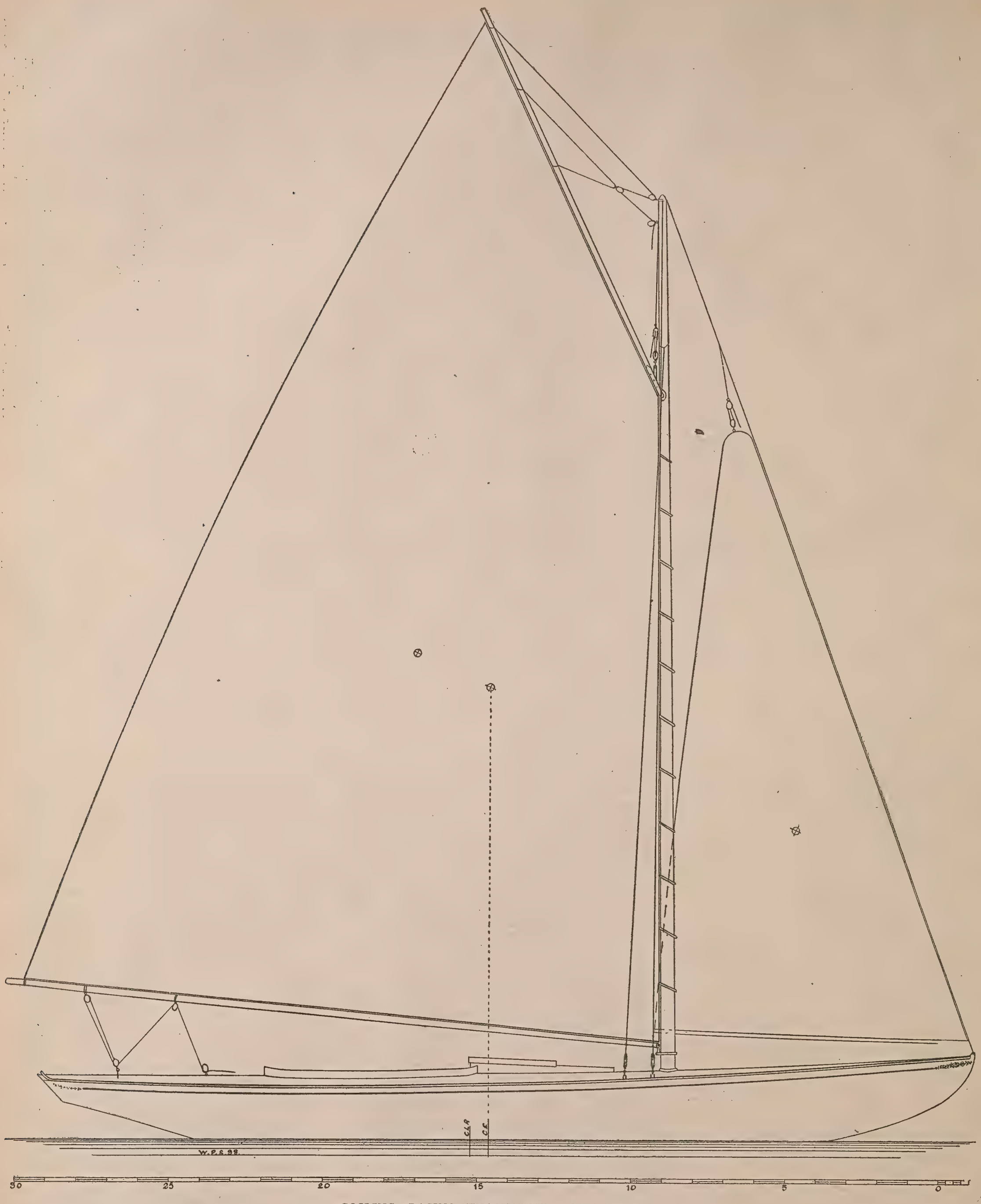
There is another point in connection with this question, in addition to that which we urged last week, which is quite important. By all yachting usage and by the rules of the majority of yacht clubs and associations, the allowance for rig is merely what may be called an emergency measure, and to be employed only at the discretion of the club giving a race. The rules of the British Y. R. A. say: "As mixed races are no satisfactory test of the relative speed of yachts, the different rigs should, whenever practicable, be kept separate; but, when mixed races are unavoidable, the following rule shall be observed," etc. The American form of the rule is derived from this, the common wording being: "In mixed races." In the American and British rules there are no intimations that all races shall be "mixed rig" races; on the contrary, both by the rules and by universal usage the different rigs are raced separately unless special provision to the contrary is made in individual cases.

No one would for a moment recognize the right of the owner of a large cutter to enter her in the schooner class against Colonia or Emerald; nor of the owner of a small schooner to enter her against Wasp, or, if small enough, against the 30-footers. As a rule mixed rig classes are made by special announcement at times, and failing such announcement, the ordinary class rules govern, and each rig races alone.

The rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts are different from those of all other large clubs and associations, in that they take cognizance only of yachts in the classes of 35ft. l.w.l. and under, in which sizes there are no schooners; and the rules name no schooner or yawl classes; the inference being that only the cutter and sloop, the knockabout and the cat rigs are included under them. The only mention of the difference of rig is as follows: "When yachts of mixed rigs race together, schooners and yawls shall be rated at seventh-eighths of their racing lengths." This rule has been in the Association book from the start, but the following one, relating to sails, and mentioning schooners and yawls, was adopted last fall, solely as a matter of form, it being then in use by the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. Under the rules of the latter body, of the British Y. R. A., and the Y. R. U. of N. A., we should say that the owner of a yawl or a schooner had no right whatever to enter her in a class of sloops and cutters unless it was specifically stated that the race was open to all rigs. We do not, however, feel inclined to interpret the rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts; though in our opinion they do not confer any positive right to a schooner to enter the regular single stick classes.

As an interesting and possibly useful experiment, we should like to see the two new boats allowed freely in the regular class races of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts; but not in important special matches where other issues than the efficiency of the various rigs are to be decided.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was forced to postpone its annual race, set for June 29, in consequence of the death of Vice-Com. Cruger. It will be sailed on Thursday, July 14, under the conditions already announced.



GOSLING, RACING KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Dorval—Lake St. Louis.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. opened its season somewhat later than usual this year, the first race being held on June 11. On June 4 the two 20-footers, Glencairn II. and Avoca, sailed an informal race, each with a crew of three in addition to the helmsman; Mr. Duggan sailing the former and Mr. Shearwood the latter. The times were:

Glencairn. .....4 24 20 Avoca 4 24 55

The club has three new boats in the 20ft. class, Strathcona and Speculator, designed by Mr. Duggan; and Manitou, designed by Mr. Huntley Drummond, an amateur also. They were built by the St. Lawrence Boat Company, at the club station, Dorval. The morning of June 11 was rainy and foggy, clearing by noon with a light wind. The starters were:

Twenty-footers, First Ross Series.—Avoca, F. P. Shearwood; Glencairn II., G. Herrick Duggan; Glenowen, Campbell Davidson; Manitou, Huntley Drummond; Speculator, Arthur Hamilton; Strathcona, J. C. C. Almon.

Fifteen-footers, Club Prizes.—Fidget, Count C. de Villers; Missie, L. M. Ogilvie; Habitant, D. R. Hemsley.

The crews were:

Glencairn—Messrs. G. H. Duggan, J. Bolton, T. H. Prissick and H. Paton.

Avoca—Messrs. F. P. Shearwood, C. C. Smith, C. H. Routh and H. B. Young.

Manitou—Messrs. Huntley Drummond, A. E. Abbott and Allister Mitchell.

Glenowen—Messrs. C. Davidson, Graham Drinkwater, Harold Eadie and Thornton Davidson.

Strathcona—Messrs. J. C. C. Almon, A. F. Riddell, Travers Allan and H. Morris.

Only two rounds were sailed, in consequence of the light wind, the times being. Start 4:50:

Speculator	5 01 30	5 37 40
Strathcona	5 02 45	5 41 10
Glencairn II.	5 03 15	5 42 30
Avoca	5 05 00	5 47 15
Glenowen	5 06 35	5 55 20
Manitou	5 06 45	5 54 00

Dorval—Lake St. Louis.

Saturday, June 25.

THE spring regatta of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of June 25 in a light N.E. breeze, the boats and crews being:

Avoca—Messrs. F. P. Shearwood, A. Shearwood, C. Routh, and H. B. Young.

Glencairn—Messrs. H. Duggan, T. H. Prissick, J. Bolton and H. Paton.

Glenowen—Messrs. C. Davidson, Marler, T. Davidson and G. Drinkwater.

Manitou—Messrs. H. Drummond, P. Doucette, A. Mitchell and W. Robertson.

Speculator—Messrs. A. Hamilton and F. C. Fairbanks.

Strathcona—Messrs. J. C. C. Almon, Martin, Travers Allan and H. Morris.

The rounds were timed:

I.

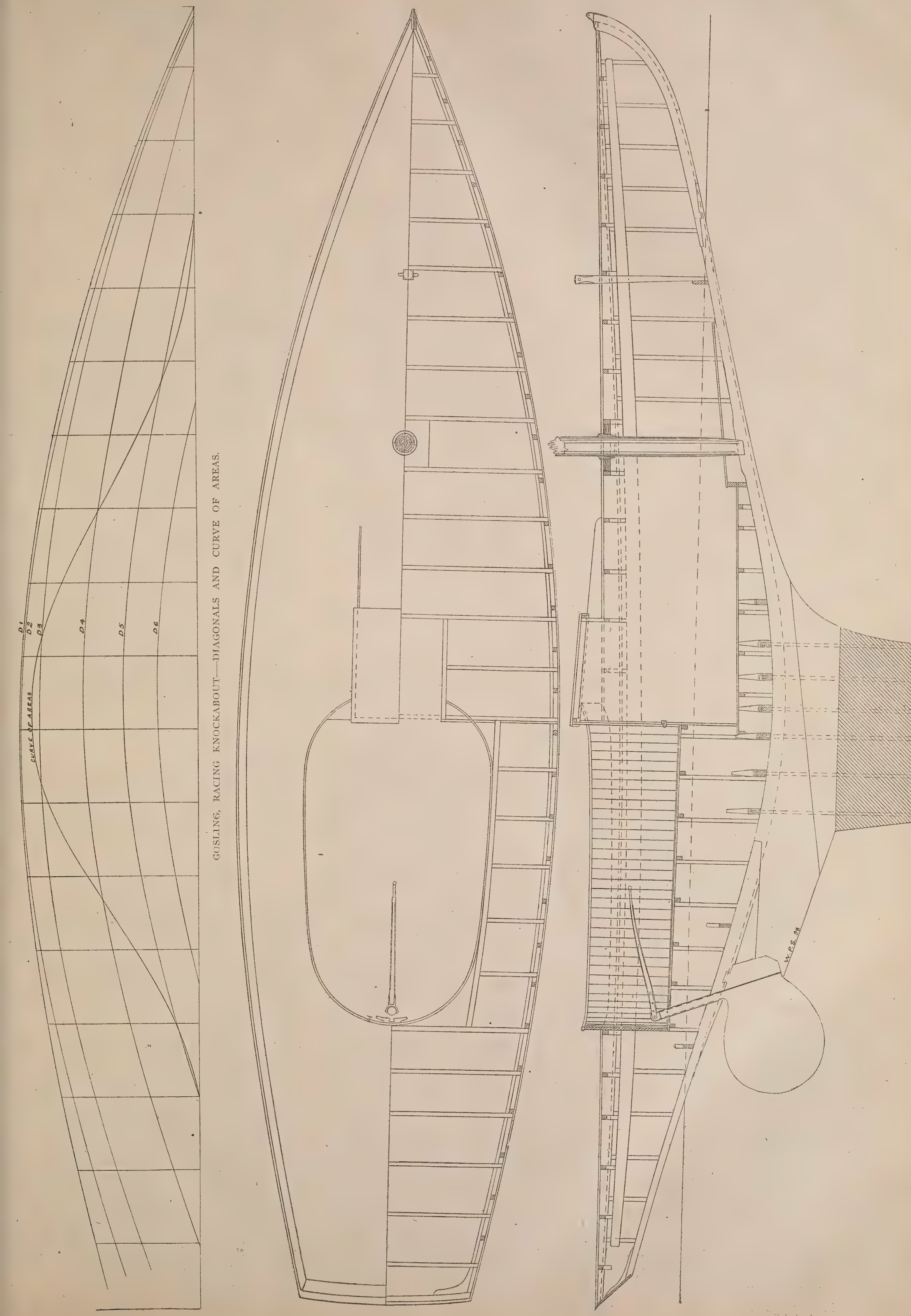
Glencairn II.	4 27 10	Glenowen	4 30 00
Manitou	4 28 50	Avoca	4 30 15
Speculator	4 29 10	Strathcona	4 31 30

II.

Glencairn II	4 56 50	Strathcona	5 04 25
Speculator	5 01 40	Avoca	5 06 20
Manitou	5 03 00	Glenowen	5 06 30

III.

Glencairn II.	5 28 35	Manitou	5 36 15
Speculator	5 34 00	Avoca	5 38 10
Strathcona	**5 34 20**	Glenowen	**5 39 10**



GOSLING, RACING KNOCKABOUT—DIAGONALS AND CURVE OF AREAS.

GOSLING, RACING KNOCKABOUT—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

The Cruise of the Seawanhaka Knockabout Fleet.

Oyster Bay to New London and Return.

June 20 to 25.

Up to the time of starting there was a feeling very freely expressed on the part of some that the proposed racing cruise of the new Seawanhaka knockabout fleet, from Oyster Bay to New London, would prove anything but a success. So far from this anticipated result, there are very few yachting events that are marked by the display of such racing spirit, by such excellent planning and carrying out of all arrangements, or by the participation of so large a fleet of perfectly matched boats. That the cruise was in all respects so successful is due to the liberality and spirit of Commodore Rouse, who first suggested the idea, and who personally attended to its carrying out. In addition to providing all the prizes, the original offer of six being increased to ten, the Commodore personally chartered the big tug C. P. Raymond for the entire week to accompany the fleet. It was desired to have such aid at hand in case of any mishap to the racing boats, and also as an aid in managing the races. Under existing war conditions it was necessary that the fleet should find its way into the harbors before the hours for early closing, and the tug was at hand ready to tow all the yachts, if necessary, which was fortunately not the case, owing to the liberal supply of wind throughout the week. The tug made herself useful, however, her first task in the morning being to pick up the dinghies of the fleet, stowing them all on her deck, then she went out and set one of the new Seawanhaka markboats, and took her own position to mark a starting line. After the yachts were away she took the markboat on board, and started in to convoy the fleet, a duty which she shared with the flagship Iroquois, the two taking different courses when the fleet scattered across the Sound, as sometimes happened. Toward the end of the run the Raymond ran ahead, anchored the markboat and established the finish line, then after all had finished she followed the fleet into harbor and distributed the dinghies.

The programme of the cruise, as issued in advance, was as follows:

Prizes.—Commodore Rouse has offered the following prizes for this cruise for the Seawanhaka knockabout class: First prize, value $150; second prize, $100; third prize (provided 15 or more yachts start), $50. These three prizes will be awarded according to the cumulative time for all the runs of the cruise: First prizes for daily runs from port to port, each $40; second prizes for daily runs from port to port (provided twenty or more yachts start), each $20.

All yachts in the Seawanhaka knockabout class, whether owned by members of the club or others, are eligible to participate in this cruise. While the formal racing for prizes will be confined to this class, all yachts belonging to the club are invited to make the cruise.

Rendezvous.—As directed by the commodore in the accompanying General Order No. 3, the rendezvous will take place at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, June 18, and in the afternoon of that day a race of the series for the Benedict prizes will be sailed.

At the meeting of captains, on the flagship, on Sunday afternoon, details of the runs to New London will be decided upon, and the necessary regulations announced.

Subject to change, the following is the probable programme: Monday, June 20—Run from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove, anchoring off the Yale-Corinthian Yacht Club. Tuesday, June 21—Run from Morris Cove to New London. Wednesday and Thursday, June 22 and 23—The squadron will lie at anchor at New London to afford an opportunity of seeing the Yale-Harvard-Cornell boat races. Friday and Saturday, June 24 and 25—Return runs to Oyster Bay.

A tug will accompany the squadron for its protection and to insure prompt arrival at New London.

In view of the value and character of the prizes offered and of the interest attaching to a visit to New London at the time of the college boat races, it is confidently expected that not less than fifteen knockabouts will start. Should there be less than ten, however, the committee reserve the right to modify this programme as they may think proper. All captains, and especially captains of the knockabouts, intending to participate in the cruise, are requested to notify the secretary of the committee at their earliest convenience.

Oliver E. Cromwell, Chairman,
C. W. Wetmore,
W. C. Kerr,
D. Le Roy Dresser,
C. A. Sherman, Sec'y,
Race Committee.

General Orders No. 3. On Board Flagship Iroquois, S. C. Y. C., Seawanhaka Harbor, June 10, 1898.

I. All knockabouts entered for the racing cruise to New London, and accompanying yachts, will rendezvous at the club anchorage in Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, June 18.

II. At five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 19, a meeting of captains of knockabouts, and all other yachts intending to accompany the squadron to New London, will be held on board the flagship, when the hour of starting for the run to Morris Cove on Monday, June 20, will be determined.

III. Regulations to govern the daily runs will be announced by the Race Committee.

By order of Commodore Rouse.

H. L. Satterlee, Fleet Captain.

The fleet included eleven of the new knockabouts, one, Midge, of the Atlantic Y. C. fleet, the others all Seawanhaka. Only one of the boats in the last division received from Marblehead was ready in season for the cruise.

Y. R. A. Number.	Yacht.	Owner.	Skipper.
117	Mistral	Com. H. C. Rouse	Johnston De Forest.
118	Kewaydin	R. C. Wetmore	C. W Wetmore.
116	Midge	F. W. Boyer	E. M. Maclellan.
109	Golightly	E. H. Norton	Owner.
125	T ifu	Geo. Bullock	Owner.
124	Stella	John S. Hoyt	Sherman Hoyt.
119	Nakodo	John T. Sherman	Owner.
122	Senta	Daniel Bacon	Owner.
——	Tosto	Lloyd M. Scott	Owner.
104	Bee	Nelson M. Burr	Woodruff Leeming.
137	Heron	W. R. Garrison	Bart. Jacob.

Each yacht carried a crew of three, all told, skipper, one Corinthian and one professional.

The fleet assembled off the club house, Seawanhaka Harbor, early on Monday morning, the starting gun being given from the bluff at 8:45. Within 1m. 30s. the entire fleet was over the line, with a light W.N.W. breeze. The flagship Iroquois, steam yachts Oneida and Linta, the schooner Ariel, sloop Mirth, and the yawls Audax and Escape accompanied the racing boats. The day was clear and pleasant, and the wind, averaging about eight knots, was W.N.W. until 1:15, making an easy run down the Sound. At that time it shifted to S.W., after an hour back to the old quarter, and then to S., being variable to the finish. There were many shifts and changes of position throughout the run of thirty-five miles, but the finish covered only fifteen minutes, the times being:

First Run—Seawanhaka Harbor to New Haven Light, thirty-five miles naut.

Start—8:45 A. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Position.
Mistral	3 20 10	6 35 10	3
Kewaydin	3 31 00	6 46 00	7
Midge	3 31 15	6 46 10	9
Golightly	3 26 02	6 41 02	4
Taifu	3 31 00	6 46 00	6
Stella	3 13 58	6 28 58	1
Nakodo	3 31 38	6 46 38	10
Senta	3 16 50	6 31 50	2
Tosto	3 30 38	6 45 38	5
Bee	3 35 12	6 50 12	11
Heron	3 31 10	6 46 10	8

Stella, first to finish, ran thirty-five miles at a speed of 5.4 knots.

Bee, last to finish, ran thirty-five miles at a speed of 5.1 knots.

The start for New London was made at 7:25 A. M. on Tuesday, the line being just outside of the New Haven breakwater; the wind was still westerly, making another run, close along the Connecticut shore. Mistral was first over the line, with Stella second, seven others crossing very shortly after gun. The eleventh boat was 2m. 45s. after the gun. Stella, the winner on Monday, was pushed very hard by the second and third boats on that day, Senta and Mistral; the latter finally winning. After the three had finished the wind drew ahead, the others crossing the line closehauled on port tack. The times for the day were:

Second Run—New Haven Light to New London Light, thirty-nine miles naut.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cumulative.	Position. Run.	Cum.
Mistral	1 43 44	6 18 44	12 53 54	1	3
Kewaydin	2 05 02	6 40 02	13 26 02	11	11
Midge	1 52 45	6 27 45	13 14 00	7	7
Golightly	2 04 58	6 39 58	13 21 00	10	10
Taifu	1 50 51	6 25 51	13 11 51	5	5
Stella	1 46 17	6 21 17	12 50 15	3	1
Nakodo	1 51 20	6 26 20	13 12 58	6	6
Senta	1 44 02	6 19 02	12 50 52	2	2
Tosto	1 47 29	6 22 29	13 08 07	4	4
Bee	1 55 08	6 30 08	13 20 20	8	9
Heron	1 58 10	6 33 10	13 19 20	9	8

Mistral, first to finish, ran thirty-nine miles naut. at 6.2 knots.

Kewaydin, last to finish, ran thirty-nine miles naut. at 6 knots. Kewaydin ran a longer course out in the Sound against more tide.

Columns 4 and 6 of the table give the results, in time and position, by the system of cumulative results introduced by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in 1893; and since tested very satisfactorily. By this method, of adding the results of a series of races, a much more extended range of condition is covered than by results derived from individual races.

Two days were spent very pleasantly in attendance on the intercollegiate boat races, and on Friday morning the fleet lined up off Bartlett's Reef Lightship, for a start at 9 o'clock for Morris Cove, thirty-six miles to windward; there being a wind from the west that registered seventeen knots by the anemometer on the flagship. It is needless to say that this meant a pretty heavy sea for small boats off New London, but with two reefs in the fleet started, all but two crossing within thirty seconds. Mistral, Senta, Stella and Nakodo stood over to the Plum Island shore at the start. The wind lightened toward noon, and some shook out both reefs, but it soon breezed up, so that all were glad to come to a single tuck. It held west nearly all day, but finally shifted to the south, and at 6 P. M. was blowing fresh from S.W. The little boats had a pretty hard hammer of it for nearly nine hours, much of the time in a heavy sea, but no damage was reported. Midge left the fleet at the Thimbles, the others being timed:

Third Run—Bartlett's Reef Lightship to Morris Cove, thirty-six miles naut.

Start—9 A. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cumulative.	Position. Run.	Cum.
Mistral	5 35 46	8 35 46	21 29 40	1	1
Kewaydin	6 11 20	9 11 20	22 37 22	6	8
Golightly	6 19 20	9 19 20	22 40 20	9	9
Taifu	5 43 32	8 43 32	21 55 23	2	4
Stella	5 44 38	8 44 38	21 34 53	3	2
Nakodo	5 52 24	8 52 24	22 05 22	4	5
Senta	6 00 10	9 00 10	21 51 02	5	3
Tosto	6 18 10	9 18 10	22 26 17	8	6
Bee	6 14 34	9 14 34	22 34 51	17	17
Heron	7 13 55	10 13 55	23 33 15	10	10

Mistral, first to finish, beat thirty-six miles naut. at 4.2 knots speed.

Heron, last to finish, beat thirty-six miles naut. at 3.5 knots speed.

Average time for fleet, 9h. 19m. 49s., or an average speed of 3.9 knots.

Speed through the water, 5.94 knots.

The start for the final run was made on Saturday morning at 8:30 off New Haven Light, the weather being fine, but with a haze, with a west to southwest breeze of 12 to 15 knots. The fleet crossed within 45s., all closehauled. Kewaydin and one other boat started for the Long Island shore. The day was pleasant until about 5 P. M., when a thunderstorm threatened in the west, but passed over the fleet, then nearing Lloyds Neck; the tug having made the finish line off Cold Spring Light. The wind fell light after the passing of the squall, but Mistral finished at 5:27:07; shortly after the wind came in N.N.W., and at 6:40, before the other boats could reach the line in the light breeze, a second and very heavy squall from the west struck the fleet, rain first, followed by a violent gale. It only lasted twenty minutes, but that was quite enough. When it struck Stella, Senta, Kewaydin and Bee were west of Lloyds Neck, with the other five scattered off the mouth of Huntington Harbor. The markboat was capsized by the squall, the big tug dragged for some 200yds., and one of the dinghies on her upper deck was blown away into the water. Kewaydin, close under Lloyds Neck, took the ground, and was hung up until 3 A. M., when she was hauled off by the club launch Seawanhaka, without damage. The others all weathered the squall safely, their skippers reporting that they behaved perfectly in the blow. No attempt was made to re-establish the line and time the finish, but the probable order of finish was closely known up to the time the squall struck, the leading skippers agreeing on the order as given in the following table. The tug was sent out to offer assistance, but none was needed, though the two most distant boats, Tosto and Heron, accepted a tow in. The others made the harbor unaided. The times were:

Fourth Run—New Haven Light to Cold Spring Light, thirty-five miles naut.

Start—8.30 A. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cumulative.	Position. Run.	Cum.
Mistral	5 27 07	8 57 07	30 26 47	1	1
Kewaydin	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	10	10
Golightly	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	6	7
Taifu	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	7	4
Stella	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	2	2
Nakodo	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	5	5
Senta	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	3	3
Tosto	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	9	8
Bee	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	4	6
Heron	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	8	9

In the morning the skipper and crew of each yacht had received a formal invitation to dine with the Commodore at the club house that evening, but on arrival the fleet was met with the news of the death of Vice-Com. Cruger; so the formal dinner and presentation were countermanded. All hands, however, dined at the club house, and the prizes were awarded in the evening.

The first prize was a $150 silver cup, for the best cumulative time of the whole cruise, won by Mistral, Com. H. C. Rouse. Com. Rouse at once turned the prize over to the Race Committee, to be raced for again by the knockabout fleet, at the pleasure of the committee. The second prize was a very elaborate cabinet for cigars and liquors, won by Stella, John Sherman Hoyt. The third prize for cumulative time, a cruising lunch basket, was only offered in the event of fifteen starters, but the Commodore decided to present it to Senta on account of her excellent showing. A special prize, a handsome jar, was presented to Kewaydin for her cumulative bad luck. The run prizes were for first run, a barometer, won by Stella; second run, a silver cigarette case, won by Mistral and presented by Com. Rouse to her skipper, Mr. De Forrest; third run, belt with knife and silver whistle, Mistral, presented by Com. Rouse to Mr. Johnston, the "crew"; second prize, flask, Taifu; third prize, stop watch, Nakodo. The prize for the fourth run was a pair of handsome marine glasses, won by Mistral. Com. Rouse presented them to Mr. Walter C. Kerr, of the Race Committee. Only two of the committee were able to accompany the cruise, and as Mr. Wetmore was anxious to sail one of the boats, Mr. Kerr undertook to manage the races alone, accompanying Com. Rouse on Iroquois, and joining the tug for the starting and finishing. At the same time, in the absence of Fleet Captain Satterlee, he filled that position. Much is due to him for the skill and labor which contributed to the smooth running of all the details of each day's work.

On June 18 the knockabout fleet sailed its second race, over the inside course, the times being:

	Finish.
Kewaydin, R. C. Wetmore	5 29 50
Taifu, George Bullock	5 29 30
Bee, Nelson Burr	Withdrew.
Mistral, H. C. Rouse	5 27 05
Midge, F. C. Boyer	5 29 40
Senta, Daniel Bacon	5 30 00
Nakodo, F. D. Sherman	5 30 50

A race was scheduled for the 20ft. class, two boats starting, Akabo and the new Crane boat Seawanhaka. The latter broke the bolt of her centerboard and withdrew, so that Akabo did not finish.

Penataquit Y. C. Spring Regatta.

Bay Shore—Great South Bay.

Saturday, June 25.

The spring regatta of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. of Bay Shore, L. I., was sailed in a piping southwester, which compelled all hands to tie down close and face a heavy sea in a two-mile beat to windward and back. It was three times around the course, making twelve miles in all, of as hard sailing as one usually finds in a season, and this fact prevented many of the boats entered from appearing at the starting line. Only Gayety and Muriel—the Boston crack—appearing in Class L, and in Class M Squaw—her first race as a sloop—and Maysie, while in Class N the showing was good and it furnished the excitement of the day. The only capsize was Giggle. Gayety made a fine race, and but for the giving out of her steering gear would undoubtedly have defeated Muriel by a large margin.

Maysie after the first round gave up, leaving Squaw alone to sail out the race, which she did in good style, defeating Muriel in the class above by 3m. 5s. actual time. Champion and Beulah won in their respective classes, the former by a very narrow margin over the Surprise, which went to sleep.

The times were:

	Allowance.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class L—Start, 2:05.				
Gayety, Richard Hyde	....	Disabled.		
Muriel, Frank Camp	1 22	3 56 26	1 51 26	1 51 26
Class M—Start, 2:05.				
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	....	3 52 22	1 48 22	1 48 22
Maysie, F. L. Adams	4 10	Withdrew.		
Class N—Start, 2:10.				
Champion, Edwin Thorne	....	4 14 38	2 04 38	2 04 38
Surprise, J. O. Lowe	6 16	4 21 09	2 11 09	2 04 53
Class S, Cats—Start, 2:10.				
Beulah, C. H. Southard	....	4 08 37	1 58 37	1 58 37
Sweetheart, R. A. Bachia	3 05	4 19 44.	2 09 44	2 06 39
Snapper, G. A. Schieren	8 08	Withdrew.		

The Forest and Stream *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much arlier as practicable.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Not only does a thorough love and enjoyment of traveling by no means interfere with the love of home, but perhaps no one can thoroughly enjoy his home who does not sometimes travel. They are like exertion and rest, each the complement of the other; so that, though it may seem paradoxical, one of the greatest pleasures of travel is the return, and no one who has not traveled can realize the devotion which the wanderer feels for Domiduca, the sweet and gentle goddess who watches over our coming home.

Sir John Lubbock.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE sportsman tourist of to-day is an amateur photographer, and the camera has a recognized place in the outfit of the field. The results of successful snap shots often constitute the most cherished mementoes of an outing. In recognition of the important place held by amateur photography in its relation to sports of the field and prairie and mountain and forest and stream, this journal in 1892 gave a series of prizes for meritorious work with the camera, and the result was an interesting collection of photographs, many of which were reproduced as half-tone engravings in these columns.

We propose now to renew the offer of a series of cash prizes for such work, the prize list being more liberal than of those given before. The conditions are as follows:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

SOME MAINE SCHEMES.

IT is manifest that we shall look to Maine for innovations and developments in game protective methods; Commissioner L. T. Carleton demonstrated as much in his address at Kineo last Tuesday. Mr. Carleton's brain teems with ideas in this field. He has recently sent out to the guides for their consideration a series of proposed measures embracing a close time on moose for a term of years; a prohibition of killing cow and calf caribou at any time; a law restricting the killing of deer to a single one for each hunter in a season; prohibition of the sale of partridges; a non-resident license fee for big game hunting, the proceeds to be devoted to protective purposes; a restriction of fish taken in a day to less than the present limit of 25lbs.; a law compelling sportsmen from out of the State to hire licensed guides for big game hunting or for fishing; a law permitting the killing of one buck deer for food purposes in those remote sections of the State where they are not hunted during the season, the places to be named by law, during July, August and September, on payment to the game fund of a fee of $10 for each deer; a division of the fish and game commission, to make one game commissioner and two fish commissioners; a reservation of Mt. Katahdin and surrounding territory to be closed absolutely the year round, as a breeding ground for moose and caribou. Add to these a plan to compensate farmers for damage done to their crops by deer, and another to give sportsmen the privilege on payment of a fee of shipping game unaccompanied by the owner.

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of these projects, all and singular, their discussion demonstrates that game protection in Maine is in the control of those who are alive to its importance, and that it is an interest which has an assured and secure place in the domestic economy of the State.

If the licensed guides are human they may be depended upon to endorse most enthusiastically the proposed regulation that every visiting sportsman shall give one of them employment. This requirement and the one which calls for non-resident licenses are in line with the important place designed for the licensed guide in the perfected protective system. Every guide is to be a game warden, and every visiting sportsman, however innocent he may be of wrong intent or incapable of going astray, will then have in the person of his guide not only a master of woodcraft to lead him on the game trail, but a moral guardian as well to keep him in the straight and narrow path of rectitude, as blazed by the game law. In short, the visiting sportsmen will be under surveillance from the time he crosses the Maine line until he emerges therefrom.

The scheme of compelling non-residents to take out hunting licenses in order that the shooting may be under more direct control by the authorities is an application to the wilderness of certain metropolitan café systems. In one of the gorgeously appointed noonday lunch establishments of New York it was formerly the custom to lay out on the counters in tempting array the sandwiches and cakes and pies and slices of watermelon, to which each patron helped himself and for the portion of which consumed by him he was supposed to pay the reckoning as kept only by himself, and with no other watching than his own conscience. A fair trial of the method demonstrated that under such conditions not all the food consumed would be paid for, and when the loss by dishonesty became too large to be borne the system was abandoned, and each patron was checked, the honest man along with the thief.

Human nature is very much the same in the city and in the woods; if there were not dishonest men to abuse the confidences respected by their honest fellows, we could reduce our police force, dismiss our game wardens, do away with restaurant checks and go hunting without licenses. In fact, human nature is more so in the woods; for persons who would not dream of cheating when put upon their honor in a city lunch room, who would give up their car fare when overlooked by the conductor, and square themselves with the world to the last cent in the ordinary routine of life, will go into the woods on an outing and thieve without compunction. This is, of course, largely a matter of education. We have not all been taught to think of the rights of others in the game and the fish; and the wrong action is more often thoughtless than a deliberate intention to defraud. The more clearly the taking of fish and game shall come to be recognized as being what it actually is, a privilege and not a right, so much the more adequately shall we realize the obligations which limit our enjoyment of the privilege; and so much the more careful shall we be to observe while gratifying our own pleasure the obligations we owe to others.

ADIRONDACK FLY CASTS.

THE angler who strikes the happy medium in the use of artificial flies usually carries something like fifty varieties—a sufficient number to make an excellent assortment possible—and believes in adding to them whenever a new fly of probable merit is found. He concedes that there is truth in what extremists on both sides claim, and acts accordingly. He usually has a few flies which are prime favorites, and under ordinary circumstances these are given the preference at the outset. If there are no natural flies on the water, the cast which he originally selects is retained until a valid reason for shifting is discovered, and the capture of a single trout will be considered a sufficient indorsement of the fly taken to cause its retention for hours. Of course, if the trout are feeding on any particular kind of flies he notes the fact as readily as any one, and hastens to match them as nearly as possible; but he objects to experimenting too much and dislikes to change his combination unless the advisability seems very plain.

Every experienced fly-fisherman realizes the fact that the exercise of caution and the manner in which flies are handled are of even greater importance than the flies themselves. A poor fly well cast is sure to be more effective than a good one awkwardly placed. Some anglers have certain flies for certain seasons, while others have favorite combinations for different times of the day, state of the weather, direction and force of the wind, roughness of the water, etc. The matter of locality too is one which sometimes forces itself upon the attention. The trout in some of the Adirondack lakes are remarkably fond of the May fly, shad fly, day fly or eel fly, as it is known locally, and the angler who has by observation discovered their weakness tempts them with the flies known as the drakes. There are times when they will scarcely look at another fly, and it is rarely during the summer season that they will decline to rise to a drake. In one of these lakes the green and yellow drakes are especial favorites, and the writer has repeatedly had excellent success with these flies when others have utterly failed.

Small flies like those of the English make are not the best for use in Adirondack waters. The wilderness trout seem to prefer something more substantial, and a fly of good proportions will almost invariably do better work than a diminutive one. Many anglers use the very largest size that is made for speckled trout fishing. Salmon and bass flies are of course too large for brook trout, but something perhaps half or two-thirds that size will frequently come in play for big fish. Among the most popular artificial flies used in the Adirondacks are the coachman, professor, red or scarlet-ibis, black-gnat, March-brown, yellow-May, white-miller, grizzly-king, Montreal, green-drake, Seth-Green, Reuben-Wood, queen-of-the-water, royal-coachman, alder, Puffer, great-dun, Proctor, soldier-palmer, and the red, brown, black and gray hackles.

Notwithstanding all that has been said or can be said regarding the effectiveness of the various artificial flies there is nothing that will induce a trout to bite if he does not want to, and if he is real hungry and unsuspicious he will rise to almost anything that imagination can stretch into the semblance of a fly or bug. It is only when his appetite is not really acute, and he is a trifle undecided whether to rise or not, that the advantage of a large assortment of flies is likely to become most apparent, for among the many one may be found to tickle his fancy.

While the artificial fly is considered to be quite the thing for taking the trout of Adirondack waters, and there are many successful anglers who disdain to use any other lure, it is probably a fact that the eclectic fisherman, or the one who, throwing prejudice to the winds, does not hesitate to utilize bait or fly as circumstances seem to warrant, will in the long run take the greatest number of trout and the largest ones as well.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Trouting at Carlsbad.

"Is there any fishing around here, Mr. Proprietor?"

"Fish? Fish! Oh, tousands, tousand," exclaimed the gracious landlord of the Koenigs Villa, bowing low with clasped hands, and then adding with a waive of his outstretched palms: "All of zee rivers trouts and zander, viele trouts—you catch many."

Being thus assured, I prepared myself for fishing. In the first place a permit from the authorities was necessary. At the mayor's office a permit was granted by a high public functionary authorizing me, "a well-born citizen of America," for two weeks to fish in any of the open waters of the township with a rod and line, under the restrictions provided by law. For this was charged two gulden. Next a guardian was required to accompany the fisherman, to see that he did not take an undue quantity of fish, and thus deplete the waters. Whatever doubts we had before as to the certainty of catching trout were dissipated by this official caution. The guardian was procured.

Next a carriage and driver were hired, as we learned that the further from Carlsbad one fished the larger the fish and the greater the quantity.

Then with a lunch basket, a bottle of Austrian wine and a split bamboo American rod we drove hilariously out of the grounds of the Koenigs Villa, saluted by Max and other attendants, down the Alte Wiese, past the Post Hof and the Kaiser Garten, for our joyous day's fishing.

The Tepl empties into the Eger at Carlsbad. Both are rapid streams, the Tepl being the smaller, and it winds with many sinuosities among wooded hills and through pleasant pasture lands. Where it curves to the hillside it is overhung with beach and hemlock, and shady pools lie under their roots. When it rambles in the open meadows it sings over pebbles and shallows, and long grasses conceal its undermined banks. Once in a while a rude bridge of logs indicates a footway across it. Now and then heavy rocks confine it so it chafes and foams, and evergreens grow in the crevices of the rocks, and ferns hang pendent from them. There

> "Dark foliage intervenes
> In one unbroken roof of leaves,
> Underneath whose sloping eaves
> The shadows hardly move."

No prettier stream for a trout—no fairer footway for an angler.

After driving out five miles on the road to Marienbad we left the horse and driver to slowly follow us back, and the guardian and I took the Tepl's banks. The guardian had a dress of Lincoln green with yellow stripes, which indicated his official position. His little, round hat was adorned with a capercailzie feather. He carried a green painted tin herbarium slung over his shoulder by a strap. This, I assumed, showed his taste for botany. His language was German, his manners bucolic, his dress artistic. He inquired if I kned a certain Herr Rhinelander, "ein grosser Amerikaner," and obtaining my assent he would stop, while pointing to some pool in the river, and exclaim: "Da, da, Herr Rhinelander hat einen grossen Forellen gefunden."

It is pleasant at times to hear of another's successes, but a constant repetition of the tale becomes tedious when you do not meet with like success. This was intimated to the guardian, but it did not deter him from rehearsing the tale: "Himmel, that is the spot last year Herr Rhinelander caught zwei grosse, sehr grosse, Forellen." The next time he began: "Right here, Herr Rhinelander." "Shut up!" I shouted, jabbing at him with the butt of my rod. "Och, it's true," he replied, "it was right here, I am not telling lies; two trout that weighed—"

At this instant a trout rose and was hooked. "There, there, ick sagte dat Herr Rhinelander," etc. I heeded not his monologue, but the trout presently broke away and a chub was caught instead. The guardian praised this catch as if it was of great value. These chub are bright, active fellows, some weighing three-quarters of a pound; pretty to look at, but worthless as food, their flesh being white and soft. They were so numerous as presently to interfere with the trout. They were thrown scornfully in the grass when taken, but still they came and their advent was hailed by the guardian with praise and joy. Each dark pool that should have held a trout was peopled with hungry chubs, taking the fly with avidity and meeting their fate in the grass.

I had not heard from my guardian's reminiscences for some time, and presently saw him sitting on the bank with his head bowed. Fearing he was ill, I walked up behind him and found he was busily cleaning the discarded chubs and stowing their bodies away in his pocket for his evening meal. Hence his praises of my catch. Finally a large trout was hooked. This was only the second I had seen that day. He swayed lazily back and forth a few times in the current and was being drawn quietly to the gravelly shore when the guardian rushed in behind him, scooped him up in his arms and carried him triumphantly to land. Nothing I could say prevented him. He then filled his herbarium with water, and placing the trout alive in it, strapped it on his shoulder and valiantly followed me.

But fishing had lost its charm. I watched the mowers in the fields for a few moments and the gayly kirtled girls driving home the cows for the evening milking, and then mounted my carriage and with the guardian and his herbarium before me drove homeward.

On reaching the hotel the guardian exposed the trout, still alive, to the customary evening crowd on the porch.

"Gott im Himmel, eine Forelle," exclaimed the fat man in the arm chair. "Och, wohin haben Sie das gemacht?" exclaimed another. "Hoh! Josef, kommen Sie gleich die trout zu sehen," called a father to his son. "Are you the man what catches this trout?" inquired another. "Pierre, tiens voila ton affaire un gros poisson!" "Did you him kelch mit dat kleine stick?" asked a Wurtemberger. "Does you wants for to shell him?" inquired a man with a forked beard and a long black overcoat.

The crowd gathered fast and I retreated to the office. Scales were brought and the fish was carefully weighed and the weight noted in the guardian's book, 2¼lbs. of German brown trout, being about the largest size taken in the river. Then I paid the city for it. "But it was your trout," I hear you say; "you caught it." No matter, I paid only for the privilege of catching it, and now had the privilege of buying it. The purchase was made and the fish consigned to the head cook to be served at the dinner on the following day.

Somehow the fame of that trout got abroad. Several persons called to see it. The cook realized many trinkgelds for showing it. I never passed the front porch but I heard: "That is the shentelman dat caught de big trout." I shunned the front porch, and came in and out by the side door.

Knowing we had a trout for dinner, I ordered a bottle of Marcobrunner and invited a friend. The trout was brought in the dining room on a silver dish, garnished with greens and with a rose in its mouth. The head cook in his white cap carried it aloft, causing all the guests to stop their dinners, crane their necks, and exclaim "Ein grosser Fisch!" A convivial gentleman at the next table raising his glass called out, "I vill drinks your health, sir." The landlord smiled continuously. The waiters spilled the soup they were passing while they ogled the trout. Then and there I abandoned forever fishing in the waters of Austria.

The next day I added up the cost of my experience, and it ran thus:

	Florins.
Permit of the mayor to fish	3
Pay of the guardian	3
Carriage to drive up the Tepl	10
Charge for the fish caught	4½
Dinner to eat the fish	20
Douceur to the cook for cooking it	4
Total	44½

Equivalent to $17.80, being about $2 a pound.

This was nearly as bad as my Quebec friend, the owner of two salmon rivers, who told me his salmon cost him $5 a pound. But he had salmon. I only a German brown trout. But then it was a new experience. Experience always costs. C. E. WHITEHEAD.

The Headwaters of the Yukon.

THE Yukon has a peculiarity which distinguishes it from all the other world's great rivers, in that its headwaters take their rise within fifteen miles of the ocean it travels 2,600 miles to reach. Fifteen miles below its source is Chilcoot Pass. At Lake Bennett the river becomes navigable for boats 50ft. in length, and with an average drop of 10½in. to the mile affords a down-hill journey for a distance equal to one-tenth the circumference of the globe.

Suppose the surface of the river in winter was smooth, glossy ice, and that Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean were similarly coated, also that friction and the resistance of the atmosphere were greatly reduced, what a grand toboggan slide might be devised. It is not beyond the realm of imagination to conceive of such a slide, oval in form, over which the momentum gained during the 2,200ft. drop in the first half from Lake Bennett to the mouth of the Yukon would carry a coasting party the level second half across a part of Bering Sea and the North Pacific back to Skagway by a route considerably more than 5,000 miles in length and involving a climb for only thirty miles at the start.

The Yukon runs in a great bow, first north, then west, then south. Its mouth is further south than Fort Selkirk, and only a little more than three degrees of latitude north of its most southerly source, though where the river touches the arctic circle at Ft. Yukon it is more than seven degrees north of its source. East and west the river crosses thirty-six degrees of longitude, though it must be borne in mind that degrees of longitude here are only about half as long as degrees of latitude.

The peculiar formation of a part of the northwest portion of the North American continent is responsible for bringing the two ends of the river so close to the parent ocean. Instead of having its roof tree inland, the most elevated continental land masses are on the edge next the sea, culminating in the lofty coast range of British Columbia and southern Alaska, and sloping off northward hundreds of miles from the sea.

Here are the loftiest mountains in North America and the greatest rainfall. In a country where it rains or snows 300 days in the year it is no great wonder that a respectable river should develop within fifteen miles of its source, nor that despite the fact that this river flows further down through an arid country, requiring irrigation to raise vegetables, the Yukon discharges through its hundred-mile wide deltoid mouth a volume of water comparable with the world's great rivers.

Special agent Ivan Petroff in his report to the Government on the population, industries and resources of Alaska, which is quoted by a recent publication of the Bureau of American Republics, says that the Yukon discharges every hour one-third more water than the Mississippi. This statement, however, is generally disproved, though apparently no reliable measurements have been taken.

The principal source of the Yukon relative both to the volume of water discharged and length is probably that affluent of the Lewes which is marked upon the latest U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey map as Pike River, though according to Dawson this stream and not the larger one now known by the name should be called the Hootalinqua.

The Pike River takes its rise in the elevated mountain country east of Skagway and north of Juneau, and empties into Lake Atlin, which in turn discharges its waters into the Taku Arm of Tagish Lake, forty miles below the head of Lake Bennett.

The drainage of White Pass also flows into the Taku Arm of Tagish Lake, but no part of this region has been surveyed or thoroughly explored, and maps are based chiefly upon Indian reports. The region is easily accessible and presents an attractive field for geographical research.

I climbed one afternoon over a glacial moraine on a mountain at the inner end of White Pass up to the everlasting ice, and just before dark secured a very good view of the country to the east, north and west. The Skagway trail could be traced in a great curve through the jack pine flat and across beaver meadows by the smoke of evening camp-fires, till in the distance it reached the trough-like strip of milky blue that marked the glacier-churned waters of Lindeman.

Far to the north, over the shoulder of one mountain and lying at the base of a precipitous snow-clad range, another bit of blue indicated a lake which I took to be Tootshai, while at my feet and extending to the north and east was Shallow Lake, with its various ramifications, splotches of blue or brown caught in glacier-scooped channels, and looking more like puddles left by a receding flood than anything else. The blue splotches indicated parts of the lake connected by channels, which permitted the glacier water to circulate, while the brown or amber-colored lakelets were fed directly by springs or streams rising below the line of perpetual snow, and were separated from and on a higher level than the main body of water.

From this trail only a small part of the lake can be seen. The larger portion stretches to the north and east like the letter S, concealed by a low wall of rock. The outlet of Shallow Lake is a broad sinuous stream, with grass-fringed banks, running generally north instead of east, as shown on the maps, till lost to sight, where it enters a gorge six or eight miles from the lake. From the east another tributary stream can be traced for a distance of five miles or more.

For ten miles to the eastward and almost as far to the west the principal feature of the landscape is the broad valley, bounded by high mountain ranges. In general this valley drains to the north, though at its western edge it falls off rapidly to Lake Lindeman. The White Pass chain of lakes enters from the south almost on a level with the plane of the valley. Between Shallow and Middle lakes there is a fall of about 20ft., while in the mile and a half of stream separating Middle and Summit lakes the drop is certainly not in excess of 100ft.

Boats were taken through both the connecting streams last fall, though they were badly battered up as a result.

As Summit Lake lies within a few hundred feet of the headwaters of the Skagway River, emptying into Lynn Canal, and only 50ft. or so below the highest point of the pass, it will be seen that the difference in elevation between Shallow Lake and the summit of White Pass—fourteen miles to the southward—is very trifling. Probably it does not exceed 200ft. The same level continues six or eight miles further north, and if any feasible descent to the lower level of the navigable waters of the Yukon could have been found this route would undoubtedly have proved vastly preferable to any other.

As it is, however, I believe the White Pass trail, under the most favorable conditions, to be more difficult to cross than Chilcoot, and with the crush of last fall it was 100 per cent. worse.

By availing one's self of Lake Lindeman, which so far has been practical in most cases, the Chilcoot route is shortened to twenty-six miles, and of this only about four miles is very bad, and except for the half mile south of the summit horses were used for packing the entire length of the trail. In February we walked from Lindeman to tide water in a little more than seven hours, whereas it was then said to require two days to cross White Pass.

At Lindeman I ran upon Tappan Adney, of Harper's Weekly, brown, rugged and looking more like an Indian than a white man in his red toboggan cap and moccasins. Adney had the wisdom to pack over Chilcoot, and was rewarded by reaching Dawson. He and his companion, Brown, who is a Pacific Coast champion oarsman, shot the rapids between Lakes Lindeman and Bennett with great eclat the following day, taking the bad drop at the end that even the Indians, who are familiar with the stream from time immemorial, portage round. Adney and Brown stood erect in either end of their dory-shaped craft, each with an oar used as a paddle, and guided their boat through a slather of foam past boulders that permitted only the narrowest margin with a nicety of judgment and execution that gained them the enthusiastic regard of the miners watching the performance.

Retrospective.

We had mementoes from the remaining members of the party on leaving. Herington gave us some tinned meats, Sheriff supplied one or two important tools which were lacking in our outfit from his very complete kit, and Billy Baskerville baked us a big batch of biscuits, the kind that only Billy could make.

Billy was the privileged member of the party. He could point out individual shortcomings in the plainest and most unvarnished language, and no one would take offense. It was impossible to get mad at the great big good-natured six-footer, for no one ever suspected him of a personal or biased motive.

His good nature was unfailing, and he laughed at times one would rather have expected tears, and when he complained there was never any bitterness about it. The time he was lost on the Summit and slept all night in a mud hole in company with the little white horse that had fallen into it, and I came upon him half-starved and soaked with mud up to his ears, he remarked in his big hearty voice: "Well, this ain't like going to Coney Island."

After living a while on some particularly bad grub Billy said: "Bet a fellow would make himself sick eating if he got out into civilization and had the money; hope we get money enough to live well and die of the gout."

He was a man who won instant popularity, and every one on the trail knew him. He and McKercher have since joined forces and are probably in Dawson City at the present writing.

McKercher was the latest addition to our party, and a word about my companion on the river trip may not be out of order. He is a Canadian of Scotch ancestry and a graduate of Toronto University. His chief characteristics are persistence, grit and a desire to deal squarely with everyone. He is a fellow who will never accept an iota more than his share in a division, or in a matter of work or danger permit any one to do a stroke more than himself. It is his pride to always

do a little more than the next man, and he would face death a dozen times over rather than do less.

Mac has a strong character, and like most strong characters it is somewhat one-sided. It is possible at times for his persistence to become stubbornness, and his pride a stumbling block. However, such occasions are rare, and in proof of it we got along together six months without a quarrel.

I doubt if I ever saw a more plucky fellow. He was raised in a country lacking lakes or rivers, or even ponds, and had never been in a boat, with one or two possible exceptions, yet he braved fierce storms on the lakes at a time when, owing to low water, their perils are far above the common. Mac was a quiet fellow, and uncommunicative about himself. We were attracted to him by his self-control and courage on the train going west. We were traveling by the Canadian Pacific, and a big gang of railroad laborers had taken possession of the train. A postal card which Herington indicted from dictation for Red Bill, one of the crew, will give an idea of their morals and manners in general. It was directed to his wife and ran: "Boys all right; having good time; all having their whisky. With compliments to their creditors, Wm. Hewitt."

Some of the car windows had men's feet projecting out of them. One fellow at stations flourished a salute with a pair of gray socks that had once had white toes. Scrapping was the order of the day. The air was full of vile insults. Some one of Red Bill's companions would stumble down the aisle and perhaps fall against another man. "You blank blank son of a blank, get off my feet or go to blank," etc. To which the other responded with offended dignity, "Lemme tell you, pardner, me mother was a lady, and if you call me —— —— —— —— I'll let you know I'm a gentleman." Such encounters generally resulted in a scuffle, and the mutual friend and peace-maker would appear on the scene, hustle the men apart and swear roundly at both, favoring neither in his choice of epithets. "If I was as drunk as you are," he says to number one, "I'd thank anybody to swat me on the nose;" and to number two he suggests a special train to carry his feet and give room for other people. Several of the meanest drunks of the lot got up some fancied grievance against McKercher, but he had the moral power to silence them, and in so doing won our sympathy. The ice was broken, and soon all five of us were discussing plans and projects, and a mutual understanding was reached.

Mac was added to the party, and soon won a first place in the esteem of all.

A Gale on Lake Bennett.

Owing to Mac's disinclination to speak about himself I was not thoroughly aware of his complete ignorance of water craft. I had an idea that he knew how to row, and that while not much of a sailor he would have no difficulty in handling his tandem boats in a fair wind.

Clad in heavy Mackinaw clothing and hip boots we stood in water half-way up to out thighs, while the icy wind from the summit of Chilcoot hurried the clouds across the face of the moon, and held our final consultation before committing ourselves to the tender mercies of Lake Bennett. It was midnight and October, and crackly fragments of ice were sailing with the current and hitting against our legs. The sail was raised on Mac's boat, and flapped and slatted and banged at the rate of a thousand a minute, making the little craft to which it was attached quiver from stem to stern. My own boats were anchored near by. At the last there was a moment of hesitation, and Mac suggested a trial trip with the two of us together, so that he could get an idea of how the boats handled.

Off we went into the spray-laden darkness, the little 12ft. leader tugging at the other boat with a taut tow line and churning the water under her bows. There was a strong weather helm that made steering very difficult, and at times it was necessary to jibe the sail to do anything at all with the boats. The deadening of the steerage way, caused by the drag of the towed boat, made the trouble.

We sailed down a few hundred yards to the opposite shore of the lake, which here is very narrow, and there made a reach back nearly to our starting point.

Finding that we could not row effectively against the wind we got out and lined the boats the remaining distance.

Mac was nervous, but he would not listen to a postponement of the start. I gave him what suggestions I could with regard to steering, and after having helped him off followed with my own boats.

The boats were loaded heavily, and though the little sails pulled like a team of horses they did not move through the water at a rate of more than three or four miles an hour. This was plenty fast enough, however, for Mac. In less than five minutes he found himself in difficulties. His boat persistently sheered over toward the west shore of the lake, and out of the misty gloom ahead an old wreck on some very jagged rib-like rocks loomed up. Do what he would, he could not make his boat point elsewhere than at this black obstacle, upon which the waves were breaking in a way suggestive of wetness and unpleasant consequences in general. At the last moment, however, he succeeded in jibing, and passed the danger by an appallingly small margin.

We were soon out in a wider part of the lake, and the waves momentarily increased in size. A bend in the lake made the east side a lee shore, and toward this some inscrutable power drew Mac's boats. Becoming aware of the danger, he tried running free toward the opposite shore, and got his boat broadside to the waves, which washed completely over her at times. Next she came around head to the wind, pointing for Skagway instead of Dawson City.

It was all I could do to keep Mac company in his evolutions, and I began to realize that he was battling with a new and untried art. I shouted to him directions, but the wind carried away much of what I said, and though he got his boat before the wind again I saw that he was bound to go on the lee shore. Near us the prospects were a little more favorable than further down the lake, and I decided that the only thing to do was to get ashore and reorganize our demoralized forces before we were drawn under the beetling crags below, where shipwreck was inevitable.

By some lucky chance we managed to gain the shore under the lee of a slight projection. The shore was a precipitous cliff, running down into deep water, but we got footing on a narrow ledge, and with oars and pieces of driftwood managed to keep our boats from pounding to destruction on the rocks.

This thing could not continue indefinitely, however, and I asked Mac if he thought he could row across the lake to the protection of a bay dimly discerned on the opposite side. Then I learned that he had never had a pair of oars in his hands, and that he was no better oarsman than sailor.

Here we were in the tightest kind of a fix; in danger of losing our provisions and outfit, and ignominiously ending our expedition at the very beginning, simply through lack of information on a question that any one would have thought would have been thoroughly discussed before starting. Undoubtedly I had taken too much for granted, but then Mac and I had been much separated on the trail, and our opportunities for conversation had been few and far between. Not till that morning had we known what provisions the other members of the party had assigned us in the division, for the appetites of the party had made big inroads into the individual purchases of supplies, and the deficit had to be borne by all alike. Many things had to be taken on faith in the rush of getting off, and our present difficulty was one of the direct consequences.

We could not stay where we were, for the boats were in danger any minute of pounding a hole in their sides and going to the bottom. It was necessary to cross the



DICK AND GILL.

Clinging to the wire fencing is seen a pet otter, of which Mrs. Willson will write in a later sketch.

lake, and as no help could be expected from Mac in rowing it devolved upon me to pull all four boats over to some place of safety.

The two tandems were made fast to each other, and off we started with 48ft. of boat arranged in a very limber jointed construction. It was impossible to make any headway against the wind, so I laid a course parallel with the waves, and it required quick work to keep my oars submerged. Fortunately we had covered with canvas the cockpits of both passenger boats before starting, and this kept out a large portion of the water which continually swept over the boats. Mac lay flat on one of the boats and had all he could do to keep from being tossed overboard. Occasionally it seemed as if the boats would roll clear over.

The first few hundred yards was the hardest tug. It was plain that we were going to leeward, and decidedly uncertain whether or no we were making enough headway to clear the point below. Moreover, I was afraid of breaking my oars, and there were other reasons why the moonlight row was not altogether pleasurable.

About 3 in the morning, however, twenty-four hours after the time of last arriving, we pulled into a beautiful little landlocked bay, with sandy beach and limpid water that looked as if it had been especially created for tired wayfarers like ourselves, and anchoring out our boats we spread our sleeping bags just above high-water mark and turned in for a much needed rest.

J. B. Burnham.

A Train's Race with Two Deer.

Saratoga.—On the Adirondack Railway the New York express train had an exciting race with two deer. Near the station known as the Glen the deer jumped across the track, plunged into the Hudson River, and swam to the opposite side. The contest of speed was highly enjoyed by the passengers.—New York Evening Post.

A Double Resemblance.—Farmer Oatbin (sadly)—"Children are jest like a brood of young quail. As soon as they get old enough, away they go from the old nest in every direction." Farmer Corncrib (more sadly)—"Ya-as; jest like quail. As soon as they mate, away they come back to the old feeding-ground again."—Judge.

Natural History.

Florida Pet Cranes.

There is a charm—a picturesqueness—in a scene taken from the south land. It is evening; and we see a tropical yard, graced by tall live oak trees, from whose branches trail the sweeping Spanish moss. Here and there is an orange tree, from whose boughs chirp the mockingbirds. On the grassy lawn the Irish setter pup plays with a rug he has purloined from the doorway. A maltese cat sits tiger-like, cautiously moving her tail to and fro, intent upon a bird on the limb above her. In the background, cut off from the large lawn by a wire netting, are two quaint, winsome otters. As they dart hither and thither, peering through the netting, now up, now down, now into the bath and out again, rolling and tumbling, they add life and zest to the picture.

Central in the scene are two large whooping cranes, one pluming himself, as is the custom of birds at even time; the other, more laggard, is finishing the day's play—dancing and bowing at an imaginary plaything he sees in the grass.

One morning a countryman brought an ungainly, frightened and half-starved young whooping crane to the door, and out of pity for the innocent thing we bought it and turned it loose in the yard. Imprisonment to this unreconciled bird was painful, and he kept up a constant cry—his gosling voice being little but a "squeak, squeak, squeak." For the first few weeks the bird was a constant care, but when the period of homesickness wore off he began to show intelligence, each day developing new traits until he became the greatest pleasure as well as a delightful study. In his youthful stage he wore such a dejected, crestfallen appearance that it was a surprise to see him now develop into a proud, independent bird, carrying his head erect and moving with a stately but most Indian-like gait.

Soon the mind of this untamed bird seemed to unfold and grow, and an intelligence equal to that possessed by the high-bred dog manifested itself. He courts companionship, following us like a dog about the grounds. Where the negro is at work there Dick appears, digging with his long beak like a sexton. Early in the morning he regularly appears at the bedroom window, turning and rattling the slats of the shutters, and with a soft, coaxing chirp seems to urge the inmates to arise. Breakfast hour finds him on the dining room piazza, and if permitted he enters the room and helps himself to cakes or bread from the table. On Sunday afternoons he finds his greatest enjoyment, for then it is that his master is present and permits him to make himself "very much at home." He stands at one side by the hour, just pluming himself, then gently picking at shoe buttons and finger rings. Occasionally he is indulged in a favorite pastime—that of taking the hairpins out of his mistress' hair.

In nature he is as gentle and affectionate as a kitten, and as he has never been teased he has no enmity for anything except a dog. One night he was attacked by a strange dog, and since then his hatred for any canine other than the home dog is intense, and as soon as his eagle eye detects a strange dog he gives a cry of alarm, and in the most quiet, sedate, but stately way walks out of range into some retired corner. He is more valuable than a watch dog, for at night, should any strange object intrude the premises, he quickly gives a warning in a voice so loud and clangorous as to wake even the "seven sleepers" themselves.

Dick has always been inordinately fond of his master, whom he makes every effort to please. It is at his command that he will dance, bowing and twirling in the most graceful manner; then circling with wings distended around the yard and back again to bow and courtesy as before. Another very pleasing recognition of his intelligence is the manner in which he always welcomes his owner. He recognizes the horse and carriage as far as his eye can reach, and long before the bird is in view his voice is heard trumpeting a greeting, which is continued until the master reaches the gate, when at the single command, "Louder, Dick!" he throws his head back and gives forth a long, gurgling note, indicating joy and pleasure. To no one else will he give this welcome. It is unique and peculiar—for his owner alone.

When Dick had grown into a handsome, stately bird, the monarch of the lawn, we were fortunate in procuring a mate for him—a timid, shrinking, soft-eyed bird. It was touching to see this young thing cuddle up to the large bird, who treated it with supreme indifference until his presence grew monotonous. With stately tread Dick would move away, but the young bird would follow after. At length "patience ceased to be a virtue," and becoming exasperated with that young, chirping-voiced creature ever at his side, Dick drove him off, repeating it until the little crane grew shy and frightened of him. But as the new bird had been gotten for Dick's edification it was decided that he must yield his supremacy and allow the young bird the privilege of the yard. A good whipping with a keen switch conquered Dick, and within a few days the two birds were enjoying each other's society, going about the yard neck and neck, digging the grounds with heads together and roosting side by side at night.

The power of imitation was strong in the young bird, whom we christened Gill. Gill not understanding that Dick's welcome greeting was for his master alone, soon in his baby voice joined in, but did not know to make the distinction, and so greets all passers-by.

In character the crane is very much like the dog; he is easily controlled, has much sense and affection, and courts friendly recognition. He is fond of music, and comes up on the veranda and through the French window, and with a contented "chirp, chirp," listens to the piano, while he occasionally plumes a feather. In disposition these pet birds are very different. Dick shows more affection than Gill, who is inclined to be pugnacious. A stranger's appearance in the yard causes Gill to seat himself flat on the ground, which, with beak digging the sand in a nervous manner, indicates his anger. The visitor, all unconscious of offense, passes by, when

the bird, discovering that no notice has been taken of him, quietly arises and stalks off like a pouting child. He is inordinately fond of playing with the dog, who leaps and bounds about the bird, the pair going through all sorts of gymnastics. The pony too receives his full share of attention, and as he browses in the lot the bird walks close by his side, with head erect, taking a step as the horse takes one.

The intelligence of the inferior creatures ought to make man adored by them, if he would but show that sympathy that is due to the animal. They ask peace of us, and are all in need of our protection and gentleness. The shy and wary crane under kind treatment develops a trustfulness and love for human society, and the human heart necessarily receives a special blessing in the reflex influence.

The sandhill crane is the most imposing and picturesque of all Florida birds. He will measure across the expanded wings 6ft., and while flying with neck and legs extended attracts the eye at a great distance. A few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a large flock in numerous districts of Florida, and their loud trumpet-like cry could be heard for miles; but the march of civilization has made sad havoc with them, and it is only occasionally one is seen now.

The crane makes her nest on a little knoll, among marsh lilies and tall grasses. She lays but two eggs, and at the end of four weeks the most cunning yellow-legged birds appear. As soon as they are out of the shell they are able to run, and from this time until they are old enough to take care of themselves both parents are kept busy supplying them with food. The male bird takes one under his protection, while the mother takes the other, and thus from morning until night they wander over the prairie, continually digging for bugs, worms and tender roots. When full grown the crane has changed from a yellow, downy bird to a most exquisite steel-gray color, his yellow legs and beak have turned to a black, his soft, dove-like eye has become keen and piercing, and his head is surmounted with a brilliant red crest.

In its wild state the crane is a most wary bird, and makes an excellent picket for the timid deer. When the deer, feeding on the plains, hears the warning note of the crane, he knows some enemy is near, and bounds away into safe retreat. The crane selects his roosting place far from bushes, rocks or other spots which might serve to conceal an enemy. Such a careful watch do they keep during the night that it would be difficult for any one to approach without being discovered. In captivity he follows the same instincts, sleeping on one foot, with his head under his wing, and yet detecting the most delicate sound. He is noisy on the wing, continually uttering that loud, clangorous and penetrating sound. The peculiar voice is caused by the windpipe undergoing several convolutions before reaching the lungs; it also enlarges to a great chamber within the breast bone, which serves as a sounding board.

In a wild state the bird feeds on bugs, worms and tender roots, but under the influence of civilization he soon learns to eat anything that would be fed to the chickens, and feeds with them as complacently as if he were one of them. He is æsthetic, however, and what he eats must be clean. Bits of meat and bread he carries to the water, where he washes them off before eating.

The parents are devoted to their young, and should a dog come upon them he is in danger, for they stand guard with their long bills and wound at every blow—always striking for the eye. It is said that even the wildcat leaves them in peace.

Last summer a prominent New York banker came to Florida to hunt "big game." The first day he was out he shot a sandhill crane, only wounding it in the wing. It came at him with all the fury of a tigress, jumped on him and stamped and prodded until driven off by the guide. The New Yorker refused to hunt "big game" after, saying, "If your beasts are as dangerous as your birds, I want none of them."

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Florida.

Honey Dew.

THE sticky substance found on some leaves is a secretion from the aphis, an insect often destructive to various species of vines. The aphis is called by Linnæus "the ant's cow," almost all species of ants habitually domesticating and defending them in return for their honey.

Sir John Lubbock's book, "Bees, Ants and Wasps," contains a most interesting description of the friendly relations between the ants and aphides. The whole book is one that any sportsman-naturalist would enjoy.

If one notices on a plank sidewalk under elm trees spots apparently dry during a light shower of rain, it is quite probable that the trees will be found to be infested by aphides, the dry looking spots being caused by the honey dew dropping from the insects above, and protecting the wood from moisture for a short time.

That honey dew should be poisonous to animals, as reported by Mr. Kennedy, is news indeed. Can't we hear more on the subject? JOS. S. WALTON.

The product of the aphides is one form of honey dew; another is a vegetable exudation from the leaves. We extract from Sir John Lubbock's work on "Ants, Bees and Wasps" these paragraphs relative to the aphides and honey dew:

"The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey dew and fruit; indeed scarcely any animal or sweet substance comes amiss to them. Some species, such, for instance, as the small brown garden ant, ascend bushes in search of aphides. The ant then taps the aphis gently with her antennæ, and the aphis emits a drop of sweet fluid, which the ant drinks. Sometimes the ants even build covered ways up to and over the aphides, which, moreover, they protect from the attacks of other insects.

"It has long been known that ants derive a very important part of their sustenance from the sweet juice excreted by aphides. These insects in fact, as has been over and over again observed, are the cows of the ants.

"The different species of ants utilize different species of aphis. The common brown garden ant devotes itself principally to aphides, which frequent twigs and leaves; *Lasius brunneus* to the aphides which live on the bark of trees, while the little yellow ant keeps flocks and herds of the root-feeding aphides.

"The ants may be said almost literally to milk the aphides; for, as Darwin and others have shown, the aphides generally retain the secretion until the ants are ready to receive it. The ants stroke and caress the aphides with their antennæ and the aphides then emit the sweet secretion.

"As the honey of the aphides is more or less sticky, it is probably an advantage to the aphis that it should be removed. Nor is this the only service which ants render to them. They protect them from the attacks of enemies, and not infrequently even build cow sheds of earth over them. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. But this is not all. The ants not only guard the mature aphides, which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which of course until they come to maturity are quite useless. Our ants may not perhaps lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kindom.

"The nests of our common yellow ant contain in abundance four or five species of aphis, more than one of which appears to be as yet undescribed. In addition, however, to the insects belonging to this family, there are a large number of others which live habitually in ants' nests, so that we may truly say that our English ants possess a much greater variety of domestic animals than we do ourselves. Markel satisfied himself that large nests of *Formica rufa* might contain at least a thousand of such guests, and I believe that the aphides in a large nest of *Lasius flavus* would often be even more numerous. Andre gives a list of no less than 584 species of insects which are habitually found in association with ants, and of which 542 are beetles.

Game Bag and Gun.

Maine Guides and Moose.

AT the annual excursion of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association at Kineo, last Tuesday, Commissioner L. T. Carleton delivered an address, in part as follows:

The Guide Registry Law.

In the various places where guides meet, such as Kineo, Greenville, Rangeley, Ashland, Jackman, Stratton, Dead River and hundreds of other places, there is always a great comparing of notes of the many things said and done, of the supply of fish and game, of the game laws, and desired or proposed changes.

Two things have been discussed probably more than all others during the last year and a half, to wit, the law requiring guides to be registered, and the change that was made in the moose law at the last session of the Legislature.

I shall take but little of your time to discuss the guide's registration law. A year and a half's trial has conclusively demonstrated its wisdom and its usefulness; it has most certainly come to stay, crude it is in some respects and needs, and will receive wise amendments; but nevertheless—it—is—the rock, the sure foundation upon which we must build for fish and game protection in this State.

If we are to have protection in fact and not in theory only, if we are to have the laws enforced which we ourselves have made, as we all admit the laws of the land should be enforced, it must come through this channel.

If the Legislature of this State is to make in the future large appropriations for fish and game, it will be because of the fact largely that the guides are registered and are in fact protectors of the fish and the game; repeal this law and you might as well stop taxing our people for fish and game interests—repeal this law and the big game of Maine is doomed to speedy extinction; because, if the guides of Maine are not willing to have themselves known, are not willing to have their post-office addresses known to the State officials, are not willing to make a report annually to the State of facts coming within their knowledge and of general interest and importance, and to aid in enforcing the game laws of the State, then in that event we may as well stop taxing our people, stop appropriating money for fish and game laws and give every man an equal chance to take the fish and the game while it lasts, and it would last under these conditions but a mighty little while.

And so it seems to me that the sooner the guides of Maine as a body realize this the better it will be for all concerned.

Instead of putting forth efforts to destroy this law in my judgment you should unite to help make it better. We welcome your assistance and your suggestions, and they will always receive all due consideration.

The registered guide will in the future come more and more into prominence as an important personage.

Theirs is a great field of usefulness; under their influence and example and effort vast good or vast harm may be done.

While at Rangeley this spring on a brief trip, I observed that the "fish hog" is no longer considered a desirable personage; his room is considered more desirable than his company, though he may be clad in fine broadcloth and possess a long purse—and in many instances the fish caught were returned to the waters, the excitement of catching them being deemed sufficient.

No more should the "game hog" have any standing among true sportsmen. Here the hand of the guide can be made powerful.

I am no prophet, but I venture the prediction that the time is not far distant when all of the fish and game laws will be administered through the instrumentality of the first-class, registered guides.

Something is being said nowadays not only about registering guides, but also about registering or licensing hunters and fishermen. What the future will bring forth in this direction I cannot tell. The only proposition in this direction that I know of that is likely to get before the law making power in the near future, is this, to allow sportsmen who have lawfully killed game or fish to transport it to their homes without accompanying it by paying a small fee—not compel them to do this, but give them this privilege if they wish to avail themselves of it.

I venture the prediction that not a great while will elapse before legislation will be demanded by guides and all true sportsmen to remedy a state of affairs that now exists, and is disclosed in the following extracts from letters received from guides and wardens recently. This is a fair sample of many received:

"Dear Sir: At —— Lake, June 18, there was a party of three Boston gentlemen—came without guides. When near my camp fired seven shots at a deer. I quickly went to see if the deer was killed, but they said he went away all right, and said to me, 'I suppose you don't go hungry for deer meat.' I told them it was too bad to shoot an old doe and leave the fawn to starve, and that the deer was not fit to eat this time of year. They thought everybody shot everything they saw. Now what are guides going to do, pay a license fee and let students shoot all the game in close season and trappers using deer and moose for bear bait?"

You notice this guide asks: "What are guides going to do under such circumstances?" I answer, report them to me, with their names, and the wardens will do the rest.

I will tell you what I would do if I had the power. I would make every man who goes into the game region in close time, at least, with a Winchester rifle for a fish pole, hire a registered guide and take him along with him, and I would have the registered guide see to it that no game was slaughtered.

The game of Maine is too valuable, in my judgment, to allow indiscriminate roaming among our forests in close time, and in open time they should either hire a registered guide or pay a gun tax to shoot game.

Game and Crops.

Another question we have got to meet, and we should meet it fairly, equitably and in a spirit of fairness and candor, and do exact justice. The farmer whose crops are injured or destroyed by game must be fully remunerated, and legislation must be had to this end. It is a fact that deer do, in certain instances, damage crops, and the commissioners invite the co-operation of anybody who will aid in bringing about a just law to this end, and the commissioners say to all farmers of Maine who are thus injured, "Let your injury be known to us, and aid us in bringing about just legislation in your interests."

The Moose Season.

Now briefly I wish to allude to the change in the moose law at the last session of the Legislature, making open time from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 on these animals.

It is said that confession is good for the soul. I was the author of this law, and urged its passage with all the vigor I was capable of, and it was about to be made a law, when at the very last days of the session, at the request of the attorney of the Guides' Association at Greenville, who said "there would be no kicking over the guide law—provided the open time on moose was left from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1."

My associates and myself, and others interested in the matter, in consequence of this, consented that the moose law should so remain—open time from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1—and Brother Hudson made the desired change by having an amendment to this effect introduced, which was adopted; but by an error of a clerk the last day of the session, an error for which I and my associates, or any member of this association, were not in any way responsible, the moose law was after all changed.

This practical question now faces us in view of the approaching session of the Legislature. Do you want to go back to the old law—is it wise so to do? Why is the first half of October desired as a hunting season for moose? Principally, I think, for moose calling.

A prominent sportsman thus describes moose hunting as it was before this change:

"In the latter days of September and the early weeks of October the moose is mating." (Before the change in the moose law.) "Then it was that the woods of Maine were traversed by thousands of sportsmen with their guides, all in search of one thing, a chance to kill a bull moose. Now the female moose in one particular is very like some other female of the animal kingdom; she is coy and capricious, leading her lover a merry dance 'o'er moss and fell,' through bog and swamp, along the margins of lakes, and ponds and lagoons. At night she comes down to the water to feed on the roots and tops of the lily pads which grow so abundantly in sluggish waters.

"If her mate be her escort he usually stands on the bank eyeing his spouse tenderly as she feeds, and with ears cocked ever ready to protect her from all danger real or fancied.

"If the bull moose has no cow of his own, but is merely ranging and scouring the country to find a mate, then is the time he falls into the moose caller's trap, and a very sure one."

My guide and I are paddling—(the guide alone paddling) in a big bog. We hear a branch break, we stopped and listened. A deer, we both thought as another and another branch broke. Then came the sound of heavy footfalls and we knew a moose "was coming to the water." We listened intently, so intently that I could hear the ticking of my watch, though it was buried under a sweater, a coat, and an overcoat, nay more, I heard, perhaps it may have been fancy, the stretching of my elastic suspenders as I breathed. Soon we distinguished through the dark of the moonless night a great object, big as a hippopotamus, move down the bank and step into the water.

The guide pushed the canoe up deftly and silently. It was so dark I could not see whether the big object had horns or not, but the guide settled that problem with "be quick; that's him on the bank—now down him." I raised my rifle and downed him and had a 1,000lb. moose dead in the water. A nice head and a few steaks was all I got.

Now have I not fairly described the hunting of moose up to Oct. 15, when it used to be lawful to do so, as it was mostly done?

Does anyone want to return to that method of killing moose at that season of the year under all circumstances?

My own judgment is that we would better let the law remain as it is for a few years at least, still I am disposed to fall in with the suggestions of those who are deeply interested, such as hunters, guides, hotelkeepers, railroad owners, and others directly interested.

Now a word in conclusion. I fear I have taken altogether too much of your time.

These fish and game matters are of great interest to our people. We have a goodly heritage, the greatest and best fish and game preserves in the world. They belong to all our people in their sovereign capacity—the poor man and the boy have equal rights and equal ownership in them. Nobody can take our fish or our game of right, but only because all of the people through their legally elected representatives have given the right, and any restrictions or limitations or conditions that the people, through the Legislature, see fit to impose are constitutional and must be obeyed.

When a hunter takes a moose he takes some of my property, some of your property that all the people own jointly, because all the people have said he may take it in a certain way at a certain time, and if these joint owners, the people, see fit to say you shall take registered guides along with you when you kill moose or deer, or shall say you shall pay a license fee to hunt at all, there is no power on earth to say nay.

A country doctor, born in a far away foreign land, and who came to this country to find a home, wrote and had it published that our game laws were unconstitutional, and wanted to discuss that question with the commissioners. We sent him a copy of the famous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, drawn by Chief Justice Fuller, wherein this highest court of the land had just declared that these laws were all constitutional, and requested him to shed the beams of his intellectual light upon the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States of America, and enlighten them in constitutional law.

Let us work in unison and in harmony, my friends, for the greatest good to the greatest number, and make Maine what nature intended it should be, the greatest recreation and pleasure ground of the nation—the paradise of the sportsman, the Mecca to which all will go who are seeking health, pleasure and happiness.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Yellowstone Park Poachers.

July 6.—I am in receipt of an interesting communication from the Yellowstone Park touching on protective matters in and about the park, and showing some of the evils and annoyances with which those in charge of this national playground and wonderland are obliged continually to contend. The matter comes from a gentleman of responsibility and full information, who has had full opportunity to obtain his facts. This gentleman writes personally commending the manner in which FOREST AND STREAM has "turned the white light" on Wyoming protective matters, and goes on to add:

Last Sunday afternoon, the 26th inst., Dick Murray, of Henry's Lake, Idaho, came to Fort Yellowstone, and was stopped by the guard and sent in to register, as all parties passing are required to do. Lieut. Lindsay happened to see him, and at once put him in the guard house.

The next morning he was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner J. W. Meldrum; pleaded guilty to a charge of hunting in the northwest corner of the park last September, and was fined $50. He had some money and pawned a saddle for the required balance, paid his fine and thought he was going to depart in peace, but to his surprise he was sent out of the park under the escort of a trooper, and when he reached the park line was given a written order signed by the superintendent, forbidding him to return without permission in writing from the Secretary of the Interior, or superintendent. This was in compliance with paragraph 11 of the rules and regulations. The history of this case is a rather interesting one to friends of game protection in the park, and is as follows:

Last September a party of Eastern gentlemen came to this country on a hunting trip. They had made arrangements with a man named Patt, who lives in the Madison Valley, just west of the park, to take them out after elk and bear. Armed with letters to Gen. Young, then superintendent of the park, they were allowed to carry their guns through the park to Patt's place.

Mr. Patt was unprovided with the necessary outfit, so employed two friends of his to assist him with his party. They were Dick Murray and Jim Courtney, of Henry's Lake, both leading spirits in the old organized gang of buffalo poachers, the worst and most daring and desperate gang of poachers who ever defied the park laws and the vigilance of the authorities.

Courtney is the man who, during Capt. Anderson's administration, was arrested in Butte, Mont., with a wagon load of buffalo hides and heads, and was brought to the park and tried, but escaped conviction by bringing the other members of the gang to swear that they had seen him kill the buffalo in Idaho and outside the park.

This delectable hunting party journeyed from Mr. Patt's ranch to the head of the Gallatin, and camped very close to the park line.

Soon after this, two of Gen. Young's scouts, F. M. Scott and N. J. Malin, were making camp one afternoon in the Gallatin country, when they heard shooting near at hand. "Marching to the sound of the guns" they struck the trail of a band of elk which was being followed by several horsemen. They soon came up with two of the Eastern sportsmen and the two precious guides, Murray and Courtney. The Eastern gentlemen expressed themselves as much surprised and mortified on learning that they were in the park, and said they had cautioned Mr. Patt against sending them even near to the park. They readily submitted to arrest, but requested the scouts to accompany them to their camp that they might get their baggage and bedding, etc., promising that they would all go to Fort Yellowstone and have the matter officially settled.

Arrived at their camp a hard storm came up, and they proposed to the scouts to remain in their camp all night and go to the post the next day.

Mr. Patt seemed much shocked and grieved to learn that Murray and Courtney had taken his guests into the park, although he well knew their predilection for hunting inside the park lines, where game is most plentiful and least wild.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, Murray and Courtney went out to round up the horses and bring them in, so they could all go to Fort Yellowstone. Courtney has not come back yet, and Murray only came back last Sunday.

The Eastern gentlemen expressed to Gen. Young their chagrin at being found in the park, and Mr. Patt corroborated their statement that they had warned him not to take them near the park. He also stated that he had directed Murray and Courtney, on the morning of the arrest, to go west away from the park.

The gentlemen were therefore allowed to go home, and a complaint was made before Commissioner Meldrum against the two real offenders, Murray and Courtney. In due course of time the warrant was returned by the deputy marshall for the park, with the endorsement that the parties were not to be found in this district. On Dec. 20, 1897, the warrant and complaint were sent to Mr. Gibson Clark, U. S. Attorney at Cheyenne, with the information that the defendants were at their home at Henry's Lake, Idaho. Nothing more was heard of it until about the middle of February, when Capt. Erwin, then acting superintendent, addressed a letter to Attorney Clark, requesting information as to what had become of the warrant, or why the parties were not brought to trial.

To this the U. S. Attorney replied that he had examined into the case, and from what information he could obtain it seemed unlikely that the case could be successfully prosecuted, and that he would not be justified in incurring the expense incident to proceedings in Idaho to have these parties removed to this district for trial. How searching an examination the District Attorney made into the case, how reliable was his information or how correct his conclusion that the case could not be successfully prosecuted, is shown by the fact that Murray knew there was an absolutely clear case against him and therefore plead guilty. It is also to be noted that after he was sentenced Murray expressed to the deputy marshal his surprise at getting off so easy. Just what examination Mr. Clark made into the case is not known to the writer, who is in a position to have known, had he made any proper examination. It is known positively that he had no communication with the acting superintendent upon this subject, nor with any soldier, officer or scout under the superintendent's orders. Neither had he any communication with Malin or Scott, who were the principal witnesses in the case.

It is hardly to be supposed that he gathered his learned but peculiar and erroneous opinion, expressed above, from an interview with the U. S. Commissioner, whose duty it is to express an opinion in such cases only when the evidence is all in; and any such supposition is successfully negatived by the fact that Commissioner Meldrum issued the warrant for Murray last fall and by his action when the case finally came up for trial.

Again, as to Attorney Clark's theory that the United States cannot afford the expense necessary to enforce its laws. If this theory is to hold, the two troops of cavalry now stationed in the park might as well be sent to the Philippines, where they can do some good. It is evidently impossible for two troops of cavalry to so thoroughly cover more than 5,000 square miles of this rugged mountain country as to keep poachers out or to make their capture, in flagrante delictu, certain. Perhaps twenty regiments of 1,200 men each could form a skirmish line around the park and keep poachers out. They might be armed with rosewood clubs, like the policemen in Central Park, and gently, but firmly, enforce the signs posted upon the trees, "Dangerous animals; keep away."

But with a smaller force than this the only way to protect the game in the park is to catch offenders as often as possible, and when one is caught to make him realize that he has offended, not against county or State law, but against "the peace and dignity of the United States." In other words: to teach the people who live about this park the same respect for the park laws that they have for other United States laws. Take the United States revenue laws, for instance; how often one hears of people violating city ordinances and State laws regarding the sale of liquor and tobacco, but how seldom it is that a man presumes to violate the United States revenue law. He feels that he cannot afford to take any chances with his Uncle Samuel.

There is another very good effect that this case would have had had it been prosecuted. Many poachers labor under the impression that if they can once get outside the park with their trophies they are safe, and if Attorney Clark's dictum is to stand they are correct. But once send into Idaho and arrest these parties in their stronghold, where they think they are absolutely safe, and they would learn that an offender against United States law is never safe.

And this lesson, even if it did cost this billion dollar country a few hundred dollars, would, by its moral effect, do more good than could be accomplished by the expenditure of as many thousands of dollars in hiring scouts.

To err is human, and perhaps United States Attorney Clark made an honest mistake in not prosecuting these men. If so, he will now doubtless take immediate steps to rectify his mistake by beginning proceedings for the removal of Courtney to the park for trial.

Minnesota Indians and Game.

A year ago the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission carried to the Supreme Court the Indian case, which had been passed upon by Judge Baxter of the District Court, the latter holding that the Indians could do as they wished with all the fish and game they took, and were not amenable to the law. The Supreme Court, as was lately reported in the FOREST AND STREAM, gave out the good law that the Indian was no better than a white man in matters outside his reservation. This decision had much to do with the three indictments brought by the Commission against a dealer by name of Davis, an arch conspirator who has made the wardens and commissioners much trouble. Now comes Judge Baxter again, and ignores the decision of the Supreme Court, so that Davis is free of the law. This postpones the case till the fall term of court, when it is very likely that another judge, Judge Searle, will be on the bench.

E. HOUGH.

1200 ROYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trespass in New Jersey.

JUST as if the old law were not severe enough, the last Legislature proposed further protection for the owners of land; the Legislature wanted to be very severe, but in its endeavor to be so overstepped the limits and passed a law which is practically nugatory. The new law provides that any person who enters the occupied lands of another for the purpose of taking any fish and game enumerated in the statutes shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of $100 or ten days' imprisonment, or any part of either or both, at the discretion of the judge before whom the case is tried. Notices warning trespassers to keep off are required to render the law applicable. A glance at the provisions of the law shows what a foolish piece of legislation it is.

The first question which will arise will be as to the definition of "occupied" lands. It is hardly to be presumed that mere possession means occupation, for if that definition were accepted there are no unoccupied lands in this State. If the lands intended to be protected are the holdings of farmers, how far does the restriction implied in the word "occupied" extend?

The next interesting point in the law is the intention of the supposed violater. The law applies only to persons who with a purpose to take fish or game enumerated in the statutes go on the posted property of another. It is consequently necessary to show the intention to take a certain kind of game and fish. A farmer may have his lands overrun by persons gunning for woodchuck or chipmunks or fishing for hornpouts or pike and the law would not reach the trespassers, as the animals mentioned are not included in the list of fish and game enumerated in the statutes. It will be a difficult matter to ascertain the intention of a gunner or angler, especially if he knows of the provisions of the law. He might accidentally shoot a few rabbits and quail and still his intention may be to kill only woodchuck, or he may take a creel full of trout when his intention goes no further than a few pike.

The method by which the law is to be enforced is rather amusing under the circumstances. The law provides that trespassers shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. Now to be tried for misdemeanor means indictment by a grand jury. Consequently it will be necessary for the land owner first to ascertain the name of the trespasser and then to make a complaint before some justice of the peace where the offender will be held to bail to await the action of the grand jury. If all these formalities, rather difficult under most circumstances of trespass, have been gone through with, then after the county has gone to an expense of forty or fifty dollars the accused may be tried.

Such nonsensical enactments as these generate a disrespect for law, but then the new trespass law may catch a few farmer votes next fall, and if it does this its purpose will have been accomplished.—Paterson Chronicle.

Currituck Game and Fish.

CURRITUCK SOUND, N. C., June 30.—While walking across the meadows to-day I flushed a large flock of yellow-legs of the summer variety, or small-sized yellow-legs; there were perhaps 150. I was very much surprised, as it is fifteen days sooner than I ever saw them before. The tail end of the northern flight passed here on June 15, and to-day, June 30, they are back. I know they are not the same birds of course, but as the small yellow-legs do not pass here going north until about May 15, where could they have raised there little families and returned so soon?

Bluefish have been caught in larger numbers off the Currituck coast this spring and summer than ever before, while large-mouth black bass and white perch are abundant just now.

I saw nine black ducks yesterday, two old ones and seven young ones about two-thirds grown. This is unusual. Wood ducks formerly visited us in large numbers in June and July, but are seldom seen now; I think it is owing to the salt water in the Sound.

I saw hundreds of green turtles dead along the Carolina coast this spring, and cannot account for such large numbers. They weighed from 50 to 500lbs. each; there must be an epidemic among them.

MORE ANON.

Indiana Season and Game.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., June 23.—I was out for woodpeckers in the cherry trees yesterday, and I notice that there are a lot of them this year. I have also noted that every year when there are a great many quail the woodpeckers too are very thick. This I attribute to the winter having been very mild and few of them having been killed by the cold, and also to the fact that there is abundant food for both birds in the shape of berries and insects.

I have seen several local sportsmen who report from six to a dozen gray squirrels for a half-day's hunt in this neighborhood, but no fox squirrels at all. Last year there were a good many fox squirrels, but there are very few this year.

There are no very good bass streams here, and very few have been taken this spring. I hope to take a fish in a few days, and will report my success. I hear that a lot of dynamite has been used in some of our streams of late, and I trust that the rascals will meet the fate they deserve for such contemptible work. A 25lb. German carp was caught in Nolan's Fork last week, and one 15lb. one, but as is usual with that fish it is not fit to eat.

J. B. HAMPTON.

Condensed Milk in Tubes for Camp.

BOSTON, June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Experience in the woods has convinced me that if condensed milk were put up in collapsible tubes, sportsmen would demand that that part of their supplies should be in that form. Condensed coffee (with milk and sugar) in the same way would also have a good sale.

The demand from the army for condensed milk is large, but only while the soldiers are in camp. When they take the field they go without because a can once opened cannot be carried. But nearly every man would have a tube of milk, or coffee, in his haversack.

Even in camp the tube has its advantages. First, there is no waste; second, flies or other insects cannot invade; third, the sensitive man would not be shocked by seeing some one wipe his spoon on his tobacconized tongue, then dip it into the milk can to take out what he wants for his coffee; fourth, after squeezing out what is wanted, restore the cap, and the balance is as hermetically sealed up as though the package had never been opened.

I also believe that many families would keep tubes in the ice chest, while they will not keep cans. The former would be good until exhausted, no matter how infrequently drawn upon; while the latter once opened must be used or there is more or less waste.

I have had some correspondence with one of the largest manufacturers of condensed milk, and the reply is that, first, there is no demand for it; second, that the cost would be so much greater that they think it would not meet with a ready sale.

Now, if those who would like to have milk or coffee in collapsible tubes would tell their grocers, I think the demand will be met. And the first condensed milk company that meets the demand will reap the reward.

WM. GARRISON REED.

Pheasants on Long Island.

LAST week for the first time we saw the text of the law (chap. 409, laws of '98) which amends the game law relative to Mongolian ring-necked pheasants so as to "protect" them in Suffolk county to their death; in all the rest of the State they are not to be shot until the year 1900. It is, speaking plainly, an outrage; and we cannot understand how any representative from this county could have consented to it. In brief, it permits those birds to be shot in this county from Oct. 1 to Jan. 31, both inclusive. The wrong and harm in this consist, not so much in an extended opportunity to kill these beautiful game birds before they have spread over the island and become plentiful, as in the virtual destruction of the whole scheme of restrictive legislation for land birds and animals, which for many years has been confined to the two months of November and December. This vicious pheasant law opens the fields and woods to pot-hunters who, under pretense of hunting pheasants, can and will pursue any other kind of game that they can find—woodcock, chicken partridge, half-grown quail, young rabbits and squirrels, etc., perhaps also robins, larks and other song birds. The month of October is one of active farm operations, and farmers will bitterly resent the intrusion on their premises or in neighboring woods of gunners as reckless and unscrupulous as many of those who come from the cities to tramp over Suffolk county land. In January, if at all, deep snow may be expected, and there ought not to be any pretext for men or boys with guns in hand to go out in nominal pursuit of pheasants, but actually to shoot whole bevies of quail if they can find them, huddled under bushes. This pernicious law ought to be amended at the next session by making the open season for pheasants Nov. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive.—Greenport (N. Y.) Watchman.

Our Jubilee Number.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received your superb Jubilee Number. It is delightfully reminiscent. The familiar names of Ogden, Bulkley, Mather, Robinson and the rest carry me back to the beginning. They seem to bridge the twenty-five years' interval and help us to rejuvenate. Let us rejoice! It is an enviable record which the old journal carries.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

OUR much esteemed contemporary, the FOREST AND STREAM, this week celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday by issuing a very attractive Jubilee Number. From its birth to the present time the FOREST AND STREAM has been a clean, able journal, espousing the cause of true American sportsmanship. We heartily congratulate our neighbor. May its shadows never grow less.—Shooting and Fishing.

WE hope to grow old gracefully; let us now add, as gracefully as FOREST AND STREAM, whose Jubilee Number, celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday, comes to us just as we go to press. We have long read, enjoyed, and admired FOREST AND STREAM, and we congratulate it on its prosperity, strength, and wise influence; we can wish for ourselves nothing better as we pass our first birthday than to grow to the measure of the success and usefulness this splendid weekly has attained on its twenty-fifth.—Land and Water.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My congratulations on your Jubilee Number. It is certainly a wonderful number, and I have not finished reading it yet. "Rosberryin' in Danvis" is in Mr. Robinson's best vein, and Fred Mather's "Camp-Fire Story" recalls the hunting on the Somers and Lieut. Guest Gansevort, whom I knew well in after life as an invalid retired captain.

"Shiftless Jim Tracy," from a Vermont correspondent, who is new to me, is also very good, though the writer is at fault in his botany. The great white lady's slipper is Cypripedium "*spectabile*," not "*cantabile*," for flowers do not usually sing, and is a very different flower from *Orchis spectabile*, or the showy orchis!

It is an orchid, but not an orchis proper. My own letter reminds me of many more of the old contributors, whom I omitted, Yo and Shadow, J. B. B. and A. L. L., Hermit, Iron Ramrod, Stanstead, Shoshone, Chambers and Keuka, and I should probably recall more if I took time for it. Enough said, with best wishes for the continued progress and prosperity of FOREST AND STREAM.

VON W.

HAMDEN, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was one article in your Jubilee Number which all lovers of yachts and of true yachting history must acknowledge to be worth many times over the price of FOREST AND STREAM for the privilege of reading it alone, say nothing of being able to retain it permanently. I refer to the "Quarter-Century of Yachting," by W. P. Stephens. As an abridged, unprejudiced record of the true yachting history of our country, for twenty-five years, its value cannot be overestimated. It would be a valuable contribution to the pages of the most reliable encyclopedia.

W. H. AVIS.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE Thanksgiving evening some dozen or fifteen years ago Sam Eddy and I happened into Matt. Wolford's shooting gallery on Frankfort street. Matt was having a Thanksgiving Day rifle shoot. He had arranged a box with a sliding cover, in which he put small chickens, leaving only the bill and a small part of the head for a target; he charged ten cents a shot and allowed twenty-five cents for the dead birds. As we were in good practice the result was that we would kill at least two out of three, or three out of four. We were shooting strictly off-hand over the counter at the regular distance practiced at the gallery. Matt soon thought the pace a little hot, so he said: "You fellers got to go back by the door." So we moved back a distance of 15 or 20ft., but kept on killing chickens so often that Matt got tired and declared: "You fellers got to quit." So Sam and I quit and Matt settled by paying us about three dollars each.

As a sequel: Some years later Sam and I met Capt. B. one evening. Capt. B. is a good rifle shot, but we thought we could trim him, so we adjourned to a gallery on Bank street, taking along a couple of gentlemen to referee and see the fun. We beat the captain, and on our way up town stopped into Matt's place. After sundry greetings Matt addressed himself to Mr. James Pannel, who had acted as referee, as follows:

"Say Jim, I want to tell you something. Some years ago, when I was down on Frankfort street, one Thanksgiving time, I sent a man out and bought all the little black chickens we could get; then I took a box with a sliding cover and painted it black, and I painted everything around it black, and when the chickens pull down their heads they don't make a mark so big as the tip of your finger. I charged ten cents a shot, and allowed twenty-five cents for the dead chickens. Well, the Dutchmen shot all day and only killed two or three chickens. Then these two Yankees came in in the evening and they only shot a little while and I had to make 'em quit, and I owed 'em about six dollars."

This, of course, sounded very funny to Sam and me, as we had not noticed his little scheme of painting everything "black" for a background.

Poor Jim, poor Sam, poor Matt, poor me. I am left.

FELSIE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio

Sea and River Fishing.

The Fourth on Bear River.

"HELLO, Jim! Where are you going on the 4th? I guess that I will take the fish boat and the women folks and go to my ranch on Bear River for trout. What do you say to going with us?"

"I am with you, Mac."

"We will start on the third and stay till the fifth, that will give us one whole day with the fish."

The two days that followed saw great preparations. There was the juicy yellow-leg to be procured and cooked, canned meats, fruit, ham, milk, bread, cakes, rods, lines, hooks, flies, bait, boat, gun boots and a thousand and one things to be looked after.

At noon on the third we commenced to load our staunch Columbia River fish boat; and the amount of blankets, food and fishing tackle we put aboard that craft would have made people think we were off for at least a month's camp instead of for three days. At 2 o'clock the ladies of the party put in an appearance. Then our captain gave the command to push off, and away we went before a strong northwester and with everything set, and a flood tide and fair wind, sped right merrily across the Nasel and up through the straits which separate Long Island from the main land. When we got to the cannery wharf, four miles on our way, we had to tie up to wait for more water to flow in from the Pacific. Two of us put in the time digging for the luscious bivalve called by some the clam, by others the "rubber neck," and we succeeded in filling two buckets, which we placed aboard for future reference. Then we weighed anchor and sailed on our way along the foot of the Bear River range. The mountains are covered with impenetrable forests of fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock, from foot to summit; and are the home of numerous elk, bear and deer, with an occasional panther. But the underbrush is so thick and matted that except on hands and knees one may not penetrate it, and an elk 10ft. away would be invisible.

We leave the straits and enter the mouth of Bear River, with its low, flat banks extending for miles covered with marsh grass. In the fall it is the home and feeding grounds of countless thousands of swans, geese, mallards, canvasbacks, gadwalls, gray ducks, sprig, widgeon, teal, curlew, plover, and best of all there are patches in it where may be found the jack snipe.

Into Bear River we bowl right merrily, and the river gradually narrows and the banks get higher until we are sailing up a tide-affected stream about 40 or 50ft. wide, and in an avenue of giant firs, spruces, hemlocks and swamp cedar, which in places lock arms and form a canopy overhead. Here the breeze dies out, and we have to depend on the ever faithful white ash. Pretty soon we come to a place where the river shallows, and donning rubber boots, Mac, Joe and I get out, and one pulling and two pushing, we at last, by following the deepest part of the river, manage to get to the portage, a short half-mile from the ranch. We find a comfortable house—two bedrooms and a kitchen.

After supper us men brought out the tackle for the morrow's fishing. I took my six-strip from its case and looked it all over, put it together, whipped it a few times, and unjointed and returned it to its resting place. It weighs 7oz., and this makes the fifth season it has been my companion. Its best work was a 4lb. 9oz. rainbow in forty-six minutes in Cedar River, this State, and in one of the swiftest of riffles on that glorious stream for trout.

At 4 A. M. I am out after fish for breakfast. After a tramp of a mile up the road, which skirts as pretty a trout stream as a person would wish to see, I put on a cast made up of alder, royal coachman and claret, and start to whip the stream; but alas, I lash that poor stream manfully for twenty minutes without a rise. Then I conclude that it is too early in the morning for the fish to be feeding near the surface, and I may get them nearer the bottom. So I change my 6ft. leader for one of 3ft., and with a cast made up with a No. 7 hook, two split shot and an angle worm fly. I cautiously let my lure sink in a riffle above a hole and gradually drop into it, when it sank a little over the end of my leader, or say 4ft., I am startled by the whir as a noble fish runs off about 15ft. of line and breaks water, going about a foot and a half in the air. Gradually, after three or four minutes' work, I bring my landing net under and raise out of the water a beautiful scarlet-finned trout of just 13oz. Hastily placing some grass in the bottom of my creel and depositing my panting prize thereon, I once more adjust my squirming fly and the next time bring a fish of 7oz. to creel. Then what a bite, and how the reel sings and hums, and how the beauty breaks once, twice, lashing the water into foam. Easy there, old fellow, you can't get under that root. Come up out of that. No skulking, if you please. Ah ha! doubling will do you no good. You got some slack that time, and—you are gone. Well, that is hard luck. No, not yet, you are all right, my boy. Oh, this tip is all right too. Steady now. My! what a jump. And another one; well, you are a game fish. Tired? Yes, and worn out. Poor fellow. I gently reel him in and slip the net under him and land 2lbs. 7oz. of as pretty and plump a specimen of the black-spotted trout as it has been my good fortune to take for over a year.

My little friends, the water ousels, hop up and down, look sideways and twitter at me, and fly just a few feet ahead down the stream, apparently watching the proceedings with interest. The robins stand on the bars and wonder what that big thing is doing to the poor fish.

Thus, with varying success, I go down the brook a half-mile, catching eighteen all told, but no more large ones; and just at 7 o'clock I stroll into camp and spread out on the grass (amid a chorus of oh my's!) my catch. With the exception of four fish they were all of the bright red-finned variety; with red throats and a broad red stripe on each side; and it was the prettiest lot of fish I believe I ever saw—not large by any means, whether in number or side, but the coloring was so vivid. We were hungry, however, and soon laid ruthless hands on them, and with a pair of pocket scissors carried for the occasion proceeded to dress them. Brothers of the angle, try scissors instead of knife when dressing trout. On examining their stomachs I was surprised to find caddis fly grubs, water beetles, and in two found freshly-caught white grubs from rotten wood, but nothing with wings. "This looks bad for fly-fishing," thought I.

"Jim, we have everything cooked but the trout; and you must do them, because we heard of your trout cooking last summer."

"All right, my girl, I will give you a lesson."

So getting two old fence posts and laying them a foot apart over a shallow hole, in a few minutes I have a fierce little fire burning between them, and two frying pans getting hot. Into each pan goes a piece of butter the size of an egg, and into the butter go the trout, well dredged with cornmeal. In ten seconds I turn them with a cake turner; in ten seconds more turn them back again, and add more butter, if necessary, and salt and pepper to taste. Then I turn them again and keep turning them till done to suit. The secret lies in putting your fish in a very hot pan and in very hot grease, and in not letting them lie long enough in one position to burn.

At 9 o'clock Mac and I started on a four-mile tramp up the river to fish in earnest. Going up the country road for a mile, we took to the river, fording, wading, or walking on gravel bars when we could, climbing through or over jambs, taking to the thickest brush on earth when we could not do anything else, and tramped till 12:30 before wetting a line. I shall not say anything of the elk, deer, bear, otter, mink, fisher, or coon sign we saw, as that would be transgressing. With a two-fly cast made up of alder and royal coachman I landed just exactly 70 trout of the red-fin variety, running from 8 to 12in. in length, not many of the 12, but plenty of the 8 and 9. My friend Mac landed 54 of about the same size and kind, with one old whopper that weighed 2lbs. 5oz., and gave him a grand fight. Of course, we caught plenty of baby trout also, which we returned to the water.

I reached camp at 6:30 P. M., and found that Mac had preceded me. Then we had another of those good meals and proceeded to wind up the Independence Day in a fitting manner. The everlasting declaration was effectively read by Miss S., followed by songs accompanied by my banjo. Then came the fireworks, of which we had provided a box, and more songs, in which we were joined by some of the natives, several of whom had come in. The evening's amusement wound up with a dance in the kitchen, and the way some of these lads and lassies hoed it down on that puncheon floor was a caution.

In the morning came the packing up to return to civilization, and at 10 A. M. it was all aboard, and we started on a four-mile push at the 10ft. sweeps till we once

more came into the waters of Shoal Water Bay, where we found a stiff northwester, against which we beat for four hours, and our Fourth of July celebration was over.

JIM MACK.

SHOAL WATER BAY, Washington.

The Bass that can Never be Caught.

AFTER supper at camp, on a calm summer eve,
When each his experience imparts
In wonderful stories we seem to believe,
Despite every doubt in our hearts,
How oft, as the twilight grows dim in the west,
A swift, unrestrainable thought
Will fly to the lake, and dive down in its breast
To the bass that can never be caught.

We have seen him at morn, we have seen him at noon,
We have heard him "cavoorting" at night,
We have dreamed, whilst the ripples were kissed by the moon,
That he had condescended to "bite";
But, daylight returning, we've 'wakened to find
The joys that in Dreamland were wrought
Leave only a longing remembrance behind
Of the bass that can never be caught.

When bright in the east gleams the herald of Day,
And we hopefully bend to the oar,
With a swish and a swirl, 'mid a tempest of spray,
He springs, not five rods from the shore;
Pass on, wistful fisher, pull nimbly away,
To locate on some favorite spot.
He is snug in the lake, and he's in it to stay;
He's the bass that can never be caught.

All spell-bound we note his magnificent length
As close 'neath the surface he glides,
Or, bouncing aloft in the pride of his strength,
Flings the foam from his glittering sides.
Then, silently sinking, he leaves not a trace
Whereby his retreat might be sought.
We will see him again, but what time—or what place?
He's the bass that can never be caught.

He has vanished, but where? Ah! my friend, who can tell?
Perchance to some rock-point remote,
Or he may be at rest in some wave-covered dell,
Or he may be right under your boat;
But your skill, perseverance and patience are vain,
For he holds your allurements at naught—
You may try what you please, but I tell you again,
He's the bass that can never be caught.

Yet, here's to his health! Though our tackle he shun,
Let us fill a fresh pipe for his sake;
May the mornings that dawn when our fishing is done
Still greet him the lord of the lake!
We may talk of our catches, big, medium and small,
We may smile o'er the rapture they brought,
But the "dandy," the "daisy," the king of them all,
Is the bass that can never be caught.

ED. LEGGO.

HARTSDALE, N. Y

Bass Peculiarities.

BARNSTABLE, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If in your columns you can explain the peculiarities of a number of black bass living in a pond in this vicinity, you will greatly oblige a number of fishermen on old Cape Cod.

There is about one mile from this village a pond or lake, covering an area of about twenty to twenty-five acres; the water has been analyzed and is said to be the second purest in the State; the shores are steep and rocky, with the exception of one end, which has a clear, white, sandy beach, but quite steep; and one large bay, which is shoal and sandy. The pond itself is deep, being over 100ft. in many places, and has a depth of 20ft. within easy casting distance of the shore for nearly the entire length of one side. There is no stream running in or out of it, and it is apparently fed by underground springs, and there are what are termed spring holes to be found in the ice during the winter. This is always the last pond to freeze over, and it is usually open until other ponds have a covering of from 8 to 6in. of ice.

This pond was stocked with black bass of the small-mouth variety some thirty years ago, and protected for seven years. After the expiration of that time fairly good fishing was had at times. Some years good catches were made and other years nothing could be taken except very small fish. For the last eight or ten years no fish of any consequence have been taken from the pond, and it has been fished very little, although plenty of small bass from 3in. in length up to ½lb. can be taken at any time. Fifteen years ago one could almost count on taking a dozen good fish from 2 to 4lbs. in weight in an afternoon, and seven years ago a few fish could be taken, but since then little or nothing. At or about that time (seven years ago) I was fishing from a boat, in about 20ft. of water; the evening being very still, and the bottom clear white sand, objects could easily be seen. We had taken a small lunch with us, which we ate about sunset, and during the meal I crumbled up a slice of bread, throwing the pieces over the side of the boat, and watched them sink to the bottom; these pieces of bread were immediately surrounded by a number of large fish, which passed lazily in and out among the slowly sinking fragments without offering to devour them, nor would they touch our hooks. I have also noticed large fish following smaller fish to the surface, when the latter have been hooked. These incidents, as I have said, were all noticed about seven years ago, and since then I do not think that a single bass of over ½lb. in weight has been taken from the pond, although plenty of small fry can be taken at any time; consequently the pond has been fished very little if any. I have tried the following baits: Shrimp, grasshoppers (which were considered the best at one time), crickets, frogs, minnows, worms, and have even sent away and obtained helgramites, but without success. These fish have never risen to the fly, although tried repeatedly.

The above are the facts as nearly as I can give them, and if not asking too much, would you kindly answer the following questions:

No. 1.—Can you give any explanation of the present state of things as described? If there are plenty of small fish, why should there not be large ones; and if not, what has become of them? No dead fish have ever been found about the shores, and the pond has certainly not been "fished out."

No. 2.—Can you suggest any bait or lure by which these fish can be taken—supposing, of course, that some of the larger ones are still left?

Now we come to the second condition of things: Two years ago a large number of lake trout of good size were put in this pond, and as they are a new variety in this section, will you kindly give me a little further information regarding them?

No. 3.—Will they (the bass and lake trout) live amicably together in such a pond? Or, which can be expected to survive?

No. 4.—Should the trout be fished for in the shoal or deep parts of the pond?

No. 5.—Will these trout rise to the fly?

No. 6.—What would be the proper bait to use in fishing for these trout under the circumstances?

CAPE COD.

1. If there are small fish there must be large ones to produce them. It is probable that they do not care for your baits. Such was the case in Lake Giles, in Bloomingrove Park, Pike county, Pa., the fish were probably too well fed to care for baits. 2. No. If they refuse live minnows and the other lures you mention, we can suggest nothing. 3. Yes; the bass love warmer water than the lake trout, which will be found in the deepest part in summer. 4. In the deeper water. 5. Lake trout will rise to the fly for a few days after the ice leaves the lake, then they go into such deep water that they cannot see it. 6. See description of fishing for lake trout by Fred Mather, in last week's issue.

Wild Fishers I Have Fished With.

BY FRED MATHER.

AT first there was a notion to make the heading: "Things I Have Fished With," but a moment's thought showed that the title might be construed to mean worms, flies, minnows, spoon hooks and other lures, and that would not convey the meaning which was intended. I tried several headings and finally settled on the above, which is not just what was wanted, but no better seemed to offer. The idea was to say something of the furred, feathered and other life which at odd times during half a century fished with me, or in my company, without previous appointment or even an introduction. That description is too long for a heading, and a heading should be descriptive of what is to follow. I have failed in the heading, but have tried to retrieve the failure in the first paragraph.

The Kingfisher.

There are about 100 species of kingfishers, of which 99 belong to the old world, chiefly to its tropical parts and to Australia. In North America we have only one species, called the "belted kingfisher," and therefore it need not be described further than to say that it is the female which wears the belt; perhaps in the dark ages of the past the original female "bested" her partner and her descendants have since held the belt undisputed.

This jolly bird is common everywhere, whether up some little trout stream, which the angler has just discovered, but which the kingfisher knew years before, or along the rocks and beaches of old ocean, where it seeks its prey among the breakers. There is no bit of fresh or salt water on this continent that the kingfisher does not frequent and where its cheery whir, like the song of the reel, is not heard. Every youthful angler saw one on his first fishing trip, and also learned its name, which fortunately is the same from Florida to Alaska. The Germans call it the icebird, *Eisvogel*, and the name seems inappropriate, although it often remains all winter along the northern coast, near open waters.

Once I cast a minnow for black bass, and some fish struck at it and knocked the bait on top of a lily pad. A passing kingfisher saw it, stopped, hovered and dove. The bird struck the water hard just as the minnow floundered into it, and bore the fish some feet in the air until it learned that its prey was fast to something, when the bird dropped the fish and alighted on a dead limb and scolded away. In fact it always scolds when it misses, and I have been in doubt whether it can spring its rattle with a fish in its bill. By the marks on this minnow the long bill of the bird did not pierce it, but it struck the fish about the middle, leaving a mark on each side.

The kingfisher sizes up its prey and does not take a fish which it cannot swallow whole. It takes the fish head first, after it has seized it crosswise and gone to a limb to swallow it. This I have learned by dissection, for as a fishculturist I was forced to protect my trout fry from a bird which has always been a welcome companion on angling trips. As an angler I loved the company of this cheerful fish, but the business of fishculture is another thing. Prince Hal loved the society of "Fat Jack" while he was merely the heir apparent; when he became king he left the old fellow to die "a-babbling of green fields," and I have always hated King Henry V. for it. Yet every man has two sides to his character, and I have herein shown a sentimental and a business side while condemning a monarch for the same thing. Please do not confound the miserable Falstaff of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with the real article of Shakespeare's King Henry IV.

The kingfishers nest in holes in the bank, usually under the protecting roots of trees, and the young seem to be able to reject fish bones or to pass them undigested, I don't know which. Nor do I know how the young are fed, whether as pigeons are fed or whether the old takes a fish to the nest and picks it to pieces for the fledgelings. In fact there are many things which we may never know of the life history of wild birds, because we cannot be allowed to intrude upon their privacy.

The Osprey.

This is a large bird of the great family of falcons, which includes the eagles, hawks and kites. Osprey is the correct name of the bird, which is called "fish hawk" in many parts of our country, and not without reason. It ranges almost over the world, and is not confined to America. This fact, in combination with the other fact that the name "osprey" is more universal than "fish hawk," leads me to use the name which is wider known, even if not so descriptive.

Did you ever watch a kingfisher hover at 50ft., dive and strike its prey; or an osprey do the same thing to a larger fish at three times the distance? If you have done this, and have seen these birds take their fish in from 1 to 3ft. of water, you may have wondered at it in an indolent sort of way, and have gone on fishing.

Stop here and think! Put your hand a foot above the water and try to grab a fish that is just below the surface and you will fail. Then consider what the kingfisher and the osprey do at the heights at which they dive, and make a good living at it, and you will marvel how the birds do it with repeated success, while you can never catch even a little minnow in your hand.

The osprey can sail in circles, like all of its class, but it often flies in a direct line with head bent down to scan the waters below. When it sees a fish of the desired size or kind, it hovers, as the kingfisher does, and then like an arrow it dives and rarely misses. Unlike the kingfisher, it emerges from the water with the fish in its powerful talons, and not in its bill, and then wings its way into the woods to feast or to feed its young.

Once while sitting still watching a woodcock boring, an osprey alighted on an oak limb about 20ft. high and nearly that distance away. The woodcock was alarmed and remained without motion; the osprey pressed the fish, which appeared to be a herring or a menhaden, to the limb with both claws and tore its flesh with its beak. I almost held my breath, fearing to disturb the woodcock, which seemed to have become part of the bog in which it had been feeding, but when the osprey left the tree there was a quiet eye that followed its flight for a while, and the woodcock began boring again.

Just sixteen years ago there was a pair of ospreys that had nested for years in the top of a dead tree that stood on the shore of Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks. There was no permanent camp there then, and when Jack Sheppard and I entered the lake in June the old birds sailed around us and screamed in a threatening manner. They had either eggs or young and wanted no neighbors of our kind. We stayed at Jack's camp a week and fished; when we left the lake the birds had almost ceased to fear us. Down on the Fulton chain there was a nest and a sign near the carry, "Don't shoot the hawks," for there were heedless fellows who needed such a caution; men who saw nothing in the sailing osprey but a thing to shoot at and to kill. Verily, all the missionaries need not be sent abroad.

The Bald Eagle.

In schoolboy days I had read how the hard-working osprey was robbed of its prey by the bald eagle, which soared above the osprey and waited till it was struggling with a large fish, when the eagle would descend upon its relative and make it drop the fish, which the stronger bird would seize before it struck the water. There was a picture of the scene, but neither of the birds were then on my list of personal acquaintances, and I took no further interest in the fish-earning osprey and the robber baron who despoiled him until I went to Currituck Sound, N. C., to collect fishes for the old aquarium of New York city, and by accident to fish with the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, as recorded in FOREST AND STREAM of June 12, 1897.

My boatman was a typical one,, interested only in such things as brought money to his purse, and who wondered at the interest which I took in birds and fishes, which to him were "no 'count." I had watched the gulls, buzzards and other birds, noting their modes of flight, when Jim thought I should have been fishing, for in addition to his pay he was to have all the fish which I did not care to keep alive for the aquarium.

"Hold on, Jim," I called, "there is one of your fish hawks, as you call 'em, hovering over a fish, and I want to see it dive and note if it scores a hit or a miss; I'll pull in the trolling line and not let it get to the bottom, just stop, I can't watch birds and fish at the same time."

Jim rested on his oars, ejected a quid of North Carolina plug and filled his pipe with some fine cut and lighted it. By this time the osprey had delivered itself as a bolt from heaven, and was struggling with what looked like a black bass of at least 6lbs. weight, probably much heavier than the osprey. The bird was laboring hard and rising slowly; when about 20ft. above the water Jim said: "Now yo' watch dat ah white-head eagle up dah in de clouds a-lookin' like a little speck. He see dattah hawk take dattah fish, an' he play he got no interes' in de game, but jess wait till dattah hawk get hees fish up in de yare an' yo' see some fun."

The osprey winged its way laboriously with about all it could carry for some distance without the least sign that the eagle, Jim said it was an eagle, took any interest in the proceedings. The osprey had inclined toward the wooded shore, and when it had wearily attained the height of about 100ft. the eagle paused, hovered, and like a stroke of lightning descended on the osprey with a scream that would have scared many a fisherman with more avoirdupois than an osprey to hold up his hands, and when the fish dropped the eagle had its talons in it before it reached the water, and the osprey screamed a note of thanks that it had escaped with its life.

Next day we were fishing up the Sound and rowed close to a flock of coots, *Fulica*, which Jim called "blue-peters," and we had an argument regarding their edible qualities which ended this way: "Jim," said I, "you have no right to an opinion on the edible qualities of this bird, because you say you have never eaten one and never will eat one. In the West, where they call 'em 'mud hens,' there is the same prejudice, but they are as good as some ducks, try 'em and see for yourself."

"Nossir, I'd go hungry a long time afore I'd eat a blue-peter, but look up in the sky, there's a fellow who likes 'em an' he's goin' to get one fo' his dinner."

There were probably four acres of these coots when we

came near them. When the bald eagle appeared in the sky, even as a speck, these four acres of birds condensed into one acre. They paid no attention to our boat, but every head was turned to one side to watch that "speck" in the sky. Circle by circle the speck came lower, and as it did the excited coots crowded together like sheep. The eagle hovered and the quarry beneath made the water boil by their divings, as they went down by hundreds and came up by thousands. When the eagle made its swoop into the terrified and concentrated flock it took a fat bird for its dinner.

Said Jim: "I don't see what you want to waste time a-watchin' these fish hawks, white-head eagles an' bluepeters a-doin' what they do every day. I see 'em do it an' let it go at that, but I can't never understand you fellers f'om the Nawth that looks to the doin's of beastes, fishes, an' other things. Las' year tha' was a fellow down here who killed snakes an' actilly opened their bellies to see what they'd been eatin', jess 's if it made any difference to him what a snake eats."

Gulls.

I don't know that a gull can catch an active fish, but every bluefish angler watches for a flock of gulls and can tell by their motions if a school of bluefish is feeding below them. When the bluefish strike a school of menhaden and begin chopping them up the far-seeing gulls hasten to the spot at once to pick up the pieces and thus tell the bluefisher where to head his craft. In this way it helps the angler, who, several miles away, cannot see the commotion on the surface of the water. Gulls are scavengers, and should never be shot, they will eat most all refuse thrown from the ship's galley, as well as devour any dead fish they may find. In winter several northern species unknown by name to me come as far south as New York, but our common gull, known as the "herring gull," breeds on the islands at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, and in winter flocks to the harbors when storms rage outside. It is a graceful bird whether on wing or water.

Gulls feed on the flats at low water, perhaps on worms, snails or other life, and I have watched them for hours with a ship's glass to learn what they were after. Crows mingled with them and once I saw a crow and a gull struggling for a large soft clam, and it was fun. They braced back and were kept from falling over by their tails and they pulled. The glass could not determine which bird had the neck of the clam, but it did show that when the clam could no longer bear the strain the gull swallowed something, while the crow flew off to a quiet spot and pecked away at the shells as though there was a portion of the prize left for him. As referee I declared the game a draw, and all bets off. A remarkable thing about this struggle was the absence of interference by friends and relatives of both parties, who were plentiful on both sides, but seemed to take no interest in the struggle.

Our herring gull goes up rivers, frequents the Great Lakes and waters of the Adirondacks, and no doubt breeds there, for it is there during the breeding season. Yet I have seen them in mid-ocean in summer, presumably the same species, where they were at least 1,000 miles from either land or fresh water, and then the questions arose. Do these birds drink salt water or can they go without drink? Can they go as far as that from their nests, or is it only the males which go to sea in summer? Are the gulls which are with us in the morning the individuals which followed us yesterday? If these gulls sleep on the water, what protects them from sharks, porpoises and other hungry creatures? They often rest on the ocean for a while during the day, but do they sleep there at night? And all this shows that there is much that we do not know about gulls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Canandaigua Lake Fishing.

THERE is no lake in western New York that affords better sport of this sort. Under the vigilant care of the Canandaigua Anglers' Club the laws against poaching have been rigidly enforced, and as the result of their generous enterprise every season sees the lake enriched by hundreds of thousands of salmon trout, brown trout, and black bass fry. As a result these fine game fish, together with pickerel, perch, and other finny wealth, abound in its waters, and highly reward the skill of the fisherman.

M.

Fishing Near New York.

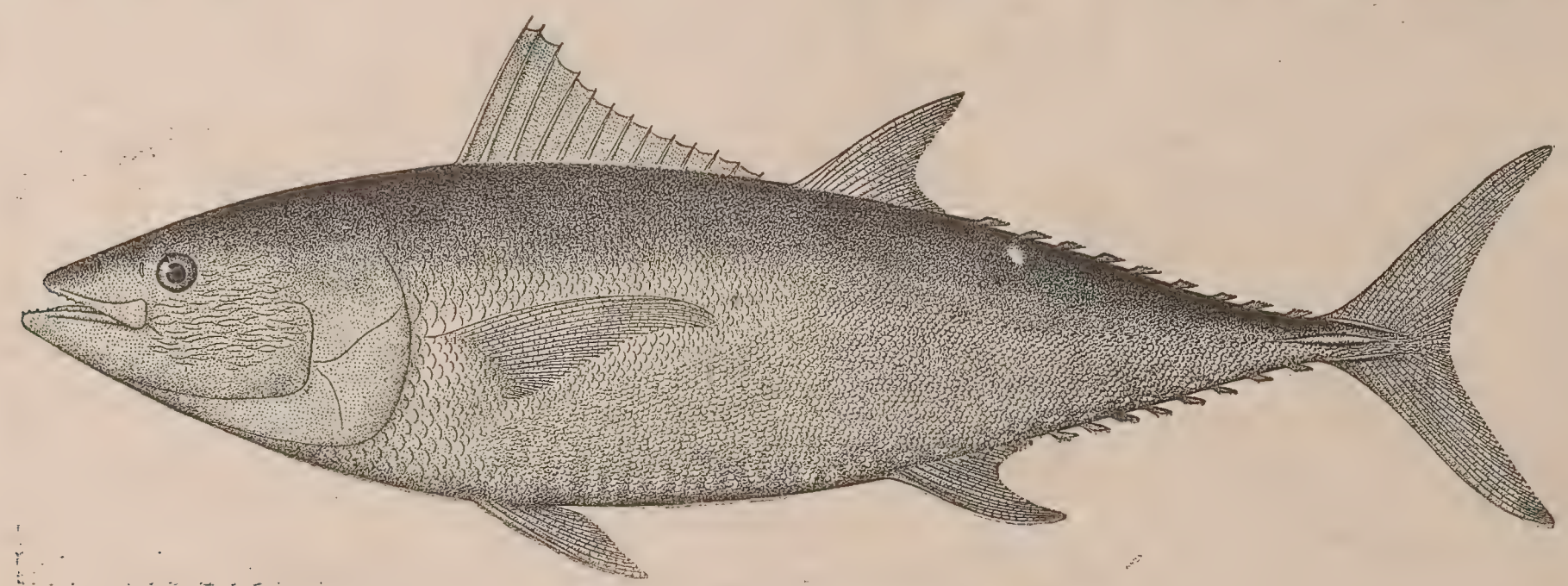
WEAKFISH are very plentiful in the sound off Rossville and Kreischerville, Staten Island; also large numbers are taken in Raritan River, above the drawbridge. The past week large catches of bluefish have been made off Ward's Point, Tottenville, S. I., by chumming with menhaden.

T. S. A.

Tuna and Tarpon.

NEW YORK, July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If any angler still denies the justice of my claim, as made in my article in your issue of July 2, that "the tuna is the grandest game fish in the world"; and moreover, if he still maintains that his pet, the tarpon, deserves to be classed *facile princeps* amongst all the subjects for the rod and reel; then both Prof. Holder, the conqueror of the now record tuna, and Mr. O. A. Mygatt, greatest of tarpon fishermen, have both written in vain in the above number of FOREST AND STREAM. But, thanks to Mr. Mygatt, my position is amply sustained. Let any fair minded man read what he has to say concerning the splendid tarpon fishing at Boca Grande (page 5), wherein he recounts how they "bit like catfish"—seemingly being killed about as readily as big catfish too; how "every fish was played squarely to a finish without any help whatever"; and how he made scores on numbers such as were never dreamed of before. Then let such a man turn to page 10 and read what Prof. Holder has to say of the tuna, his habits, and as to the capture of his single fish, a 183-pounder. Result, my assertion is absolutely proven. Whereas my friend, Prof. Holder, a good angler, as I very well know from personal association with him, took four hours to capture an individual tuna; was towed ten miles, and was exhausted at the end of the fight to such an extent that to have fought another such fish would have been an utter impossibility. Mr. Mygatt killed in a single day's fishing, not merely one, nor two, nor a half-dozen, nor even nineteen, but no less than twenty-two of the much-vaunted tarpon! Need I say more? It is hardly necessary, and yet just for form's sake I may add that on May 21, when Mr. Mygatt took only nineteen tarpon—oh, vanished glory of the erstwhile invincible silver king!—six of his fish went well over 6ft. in length. These are no little fellows! Or I might say that on the 26th Mr. Mygatt's companion and friend, "L.," concluded that he had been cruelly treated by the patron saint of all good anglers, and so stopped fishing, in so much as half a day's work yielded him a miserable quota of only fifteen fish. How does this compare with tuna, gentlemen? If either of you will go to Santa Catalina, and camping on the trail of the tuna, rival of your beloved tarpon, make such a record for a day on average fish—to say nothing whatsoever of Mr. Mygatt's great score of twenty-two tarpon—I shall admit not only that the two fish are equal as to game qualities, but that the fortunate angler is the greatest rodster who ever turned a reel handle.

STUART-MENTETH BEARD.



THE TUNA, TUNNY OR HORSE MACKEREL (*Thunnus thynnus*)

From Bulletin of U. S. Fish Commission.

New England Fishermen.

BOSTON, July 8.—Black bass fishing is now in order, and the lakes and ponds in Maine are popular. Good reports come from Cobbosseecontee. H. T. Brown, of Boston, with Mr. Sims, of Gardiner, Me., spent the Fourth at that lake. The weather was intensely hot, except one day, when they made a good record. Charles E. Sanderson and Councilman Farrington, of Boston, have just returned from their annual bass fishing trip to Great Pond, at Belgrade Mills, Me. They had great sport with bass, fishing almost altogether with flies. They caught some bass of good size, and landed many doublets. Mr. Farrington lost his cast on a good sized fish. Later he was casting and got another strike on about the same spot, near the lily pads. He landed his fish that time, and behold there was his leader with flies attached, one of the hooks fast in the jaw of the bass he had just taken. They had fair success with white perch, but caught only a few pickerel. The theory there is the same as at many of the other Maine lakes and ponds: that the bass are destroying the pickerel, while the trout they leave undisturbed. There is mentioned some large trout taken from the Belgrade ponds this spring.

Mr. E. B. Haskell, senior proprietor of the Boston Herald, has also been having his usual success with the bass at Belgrade ponds. He was accompanied by a Newton clergyman on a part of this trip, and they took great numbers of bass, some of good size. Mr. Charles Horbury, of Lewiston, Me., and Mr. Parke G. Dingley, of the Lewiston Journal, were also at the same ponds on a fishing trip last week. Their score was 300 fish, nearly all of good size, varying in weight from 1 to 3lbs. Mr. Horbury is declared to be an expert fly-fisherman for bass.

There has been great sport of late with the bluefish off Nantucket and in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard. Off Hyanis some good catches are also reported. Boston professional and business men made up a number of bluefishing parties for over the Fourth. Messrs. Mills, Pratt, Collins and Chamberlain fished off Nantucket the Fourth from one boat. The sport was excellent, with just about the right breeze. They took twenty fish in all; the size running remarkably high, the smallest being 9lbs. and the largest 10½lbs. There were seven boats in all on the bay that day, with a record of 133 bluefish. Mr. Mills says that he did not see any fishermen taking bluefish with rod and reel, though he heard of such fishing being done there.

July 11.—The salmon fishermen are some of them returning. M. C. W. Sias, Harry Olmstead and Geo. Talbott have returned from the St. John, at Gaspe, Quebec. They fished Mr. John Fottler, Jr.'s, river, and Mr. Fottler himself will fish the same this month and in August. They had a grand trip and are much pleased with the river and the surroundings. They took 50 salmon in all. Messrs. Waldron Bates, Dr. C. W. McConnel, Parkman Haven and W. A. Macleod have returned from a three weeks' fishing trip to Big Hole, at the mouth of the Sevogle, on the Northwest Miramichi, New Brunswick. They also fished a couple of days at Square Forks, of Sevogle. The weather was against the fishermen, but they killed 33 salmon in all, the largest weighing 20½lbs. Mr. Herbert Dumaresq, Mr. T. R. Hoyet, Mr. L. R. Howe and Dr. John Bryant are off for the Restigouche on a salmon fishing trip. They are to fish one of the best pools in that celebrated region.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, corresponding secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, has returned from his flying observation and inspection trip to the club's preserve. He found matters in excellent shape, with a good number of members and guests in camp. The new steward of the club is giving good satisfaction. The money expended this year on buckboard roads and trails is showing good results. The Canadian Government has lately put 60,000 salmon trout into Spider Lake, from its hatcheries. The club's own hatcheries are turning out well. From them 90,000 trout have recently been put into the waters contiguous to Big Island Pond. Mr. W. W. Pierce, of Cambridge, has gone to the Megantic preserve for an outing trip. Mr. Charles W. Bryant, with four guests—A. T. Migeon, C. S. Dikeman, W. A. Roraback and J. A. Doughty—left Boston Saturday for a two weeks' stay at the preserve. Dr. T. L. Jack, of Boston, with his friend, J. A. Shaw, of Portland, Me., has been spending a couple of weeks at Big Island Pond. They had good sport with lines and rods. Sportsmen and Megantic Club members will all remember that the open season for fishing closes on the west branch of the Dead River July 20.

Salmon fishing is still reported to be fairly good in Rangeley Lake, Me. Mr. Fred R. Skinner, of Boston, took there last week a salmon weighing 9¾lbs., as well as one of 5½lbs. and 5lbs. Mr. Horace Porter also took one of 4¾lbs.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

An Indiana Bass Preserve.

My friend, Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton, Ill., writes me regarding a fishing preserve owned by the Rod and Gun Club of Richmond, Ind., which he says deserves the attention of all anglers of this part of the country. He adds:

"Adjacent to and overflowing into the White River, a pure and limpid stream in itself affording in a wild way many splendid bass runs, is located the preserve owned by the club. W. B. Craighead is president, and C. P. Holton secretary and treasurer, both main promoters of the enterprise. The lake embraces an area of about 30 acres of pure spring water, crystal enough to be declared direct from the Rockies or the Sierras, and the supply is never failing; so for a genuine bass home this is about as near the ideal as could be imagined. The waters are stocked with smallmouth bass exclusively, and the writer had the privilege of his life recently in witnessing the feeding of the beautiful fellows, this through the courtesy of Mr. Holton, who had spoken to him a number of times about the club, but had refrained from making any boastful statements, as he really had a right to do. This particular day, however, a week ago, we drove out and Mr. Holton secured a bucketful of minnows from the river, which we carried to the lake and proceeded to "feed" the rapacious pirates. The first minnow thrown in brought up two recruits, weighing from 1½ to 2½lbs. We fed at this point until we could figure reasonably upon at least 150 of genuine small-mouthed bass in sight, and then moved to a distant part of the lake to feed again, with practically the same result. The place is alive with the beauties, and they only await the angler to give him some merry tussles. No fishing has been allowed for two years, and the club has managed the propagation of their stock in a really scientific manner, which results in magnificent promise for this and coming years' sport.

"Below the main lake they have another, with a large receiving box sunk at the lower level of the drain in the bottom. In this lake is placed all the spawn immediately upon its maturing sufficiently in the upper lake to allow of carriage to the new quarters, where they are safe from being devoured, and where they can grow unmolested to complete maturity, or to a size of self-protection. Then they are transferred to the upper or main lake. This is done by draining the pond down to the level of the big receiving box, in which all the fish are to be found, thus giving a good opportunity to expel everything objectionable that may have accumulated. The upper lake also is arranged to drain in the same manner, if at any times sunfish, catfish and the like should make their appearance.

"The Rod and Gun Club of Richmond should be congratulated upon the success of their efforts to establish a genuine fishing resort. Although beset in the beginning, years ago, by the most discouraging troubles in the shape of washouts, overflows, etc., they have a retreat now from business cares that will make glad the heart of every sportsman that visits the club. The writer has been pretty well over the world, and has seen many fine angling nooks, but never in his life did he see such a beautiful sight to the 'lover piscatorial' as he was privileged to witness at this lake near Richmond."

Would Fence the Earth.

Last week a Kankakee angler was plying his art on the Kankakee River, at Beebetown, when he made a little discovery that may cast light upon the fishing at points above Waldron on that stream. This discovery was that some parties unknown had planted a wire netting clean across the river, cutting off entirely all chance for a fish to get above that point. Add to this the fact that the dam at Waldron has no working fish ladder, and it may be seen that the fish have little opportunity to get up as high as the once famous point of Momence. The enterprise of the man who sunk the wire fence is commendable, and no doubt he would, if he could, like to put a fence around the earth.

Carp.

One morning this week Deputy Ratto, of Chicago, saw a plain, unvarnished wagon jogging along the country roads south of Chicago, and he gratified his idle curiosity by looking into it and discovering nearly a ton of fish, mostly carp, which A. P. Neilson was hauling up to market. They were fish netted contrary to law, and hence the warden took them and gave them to the poor. It's pretty tough to be poor and to have to eat carp.

In the Kern River, California, so say papers of that State, the falling waters have left stranded tons and tons of huge carp, which were trying to get up stream to some place where they could earn an honest living. The carp have been dying in large numbers all along the shallow and dried up reaches.

Manitowish Matters.

Mr. Fay L. Buck, of the Buck resorts on the Turtle and Manitowish chains, owned by Geo. W. Buck & Son, writes me in regard to the current weights of muscallunge noted by themselves and guests. He calls attention to the statements regarding weights of Wisconsin 'lunge made in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and does not think the average weight is decreasing from year to year. He says:

"We have had this season at our resorts about thirty-five guests, and there have been fifty fish landed that weighed over 14lbs. each, the largest 32lbs., and about twenty weighing from 18 to 24lbs. People do not understand that we are in reach of 120 lakes. To average the catches made, I should say they are as heavy this year as they ever were. Folks don't come up here to ship fish to market to pay their expenses, but keep what they want to eat and let the rest go. July is considered a poor month for muscallunge, but on the first two days of July Mr. Laws and wife, of Chicago, got muscallunge weighing 12, 14, 18 and 25lbs., and plenty weighing from 3 to 9lbs. Pike can be caught by the hundreds, and I can myself take a man on a week's fishing trip and land from 50 to 75 bass each day."

Lower Wisconsin Waters.

The bass fishing in Lake Winnebago and the Winneconne waters has been and still remains very good this season, and in the lower waters of Wisconsin, such as the Waukesha county lakes, the sport has been beyond that of several years past. At the prolific Mukwonago "millpond," one of the best breeding grounds for fish I ever saw, and a place which I first broke into with big success two years ago, great strings of big bass have been caught within the past three weeks. At Phantom Lake, our old camping ground years ago, the big hotel is proving a worse hoodoo this year than ever, having comparatively few guests, but the fishing was good there this summer. At Lulu Lake, near the corner of Walworth county, but few anglers have been out this season, and not many bass are reported. On Lake Beulah a local summer hotel entertained over 500 guests on July 4, to say nothing of the hundreds of cottagers who fled from the cities at that time. Naturally, not the finest of fishing should be expected of a water so popular, yet I hear that some good takes have been made.

The Glorious Climate.

The glorious climate of California always produces things a trifle bigger than can be raised in any other land. Already, as see late issues of FOREST AND STREAM, the State is claiming for itself the biggest and hardest fighting fish that can be taken on rod and reel, so that Florida and her tarpon may hide their diminished heads. Now comes Redondo, California, with the story of a fish fry at a mild sort of Sabbath school picnic in which over a ton of fish was cooked for the multitude. I have heard that there is a State somewhere down East known as Rhode Island, and that it is chiefly famous for its clam bakes and fish fries, but where is Rhode Island's proudest achievement when stacked up against Redondo's ton of fish, fried at one clatter?

For a Thoughtful Man.

The carp is the fish for the thoughtful, peaceful man of quiet habits. Down on the Mississinewa River, in Indiana, they have carp, and consequently not much else. Yet I read that two plain, unvarnished Belgians, whose names I cannot pronounce, last week caught a two-bushel sack full of carp, using for bait nothing more pretentious than cold boiled potatoes. I have never tried cold boiled potatoes as a bait for trout, muscallunge or bass, but I have spent much time and gone to great trouble in procuring such things as I supposed most likely to tempt those fishes, and I can see the objections to such whimsicalities on their part. Now, in order to take cold boiled potatoes for bait, one does not need a minnow seine nor rubber boots. He needs no frog bag nor fly book, nor any perforated tin box for his cherished worms. He does not even need a garden, if his neighbor has a garden. A spade, a wife, a pot and a stove are all the angler needs for his simple equipment in pursuing this hardy and intelligent animal. A few moments of simmering of the bait, which latter is as good for one's children as it is for carp, and the matter is concluded. What man hath not expent $4.13 for luxurious spotted frogs, and carried an umbrella over the same lest they acquire sunburn, and yet after many days of ardent exercise hath had no two bushel sack of fish? Why should one waste tissue in overexertion when for the thoughtful there is at hand the carp, and likewise the cold potato which he craves!

Sportsmen Promoted.

Among the brave fellows at the front in Cuba, where all the good men of America ought to be, and where about all of them want to be, are hundreds of sportsmen whose presence is missed in many parts of the United States. To-day, a most singular state of affairs to recount, the great daily papers of Chicago did not appear. A strike of the stereotypers has tied them up, and all day and to-morrow we will be in ignorance here in this great city, so far as Chicago papers are concerned, of the work of the American rifles in front of Santiago. That it has been accurate far beyond the possibilities of any non-sporting people is to be considered matter of course. The people of the old world will learn something of the stuff used in the manufacture of American soldiers—a material which has never yet failed to stand against the best of old world troops and make them ultimately turn from the American firing line. In these times of anxiety one feels interest in personal friends who may be with the troops in Cuba, or about to be, and this interest is perhaps shared by readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Thus I note with pleasure the fact that both Mr. Calvin S. McChesney and Mr. Geo. B. Harrison, of Troy, N. Y., whom I mentioned as soon to tell us the story of their sheep hunt in the Rockies, have received military promotion in the Second New York Volunteers, Mr. McChesney to be lieutenant, Mr. Harrison to be quartermaster sergeant. Oscar Guessaz, of Texas, has already received mention in these columns as being a captain in rank. There will be new names before the people when this war is done, and among these will be many names of sportsmen.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Ride on a Locomotive.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just laid down a copy of a recent issue of your always interesting and instructive paper. In reading the experiences of sportsmen I often find them similar to my own. Mr. Hough describes shooting partridges with the help of a railroad train as a vehicle of conveyance, reminding me of a fishing trip I once took.

Three seasons ago I stopped for a week in Plymouth, N. H., and while there was invited by Dr. H., the fat and jovial practitioner of the town, to go trout fishing with him. By agreement we met at the depot in time to take the train running up the Pemigewassett Valley along the bank of the river by that name. The Doctor had planned to fish in this stream at a point about eighteen miles from P., where I knew there was no station, and I wondered how the Doctor would make out carrying his 230lbs. of flesh from the nearest stopping place, some four miles, to the grounds; but soon I learned he had no intention of walking, for as the train came up to the station I saw him in earnest conversation with the engineer. "The Doctor and I will ride on the front of the engine and when I see a good place to fish I'll swing my hat for you to stop."

This we did, and how the air cut our faces as we flew along the rail. It was my first experience, and it was full of excitement, sitting on the iron platform in front of the boiler, holding on by the hollow iron post which is used to place the signal flag. Objects appeared differently from that point of observation than from a car window. I saw a culvert in the distance coming toward me with frightful rapidity, and as it shot under me I dodged, as it looked as though it would strike me. The Doctor kept his eye on the river, and when he got where he wanted he took off his hat and the train came to a standstill.

We soon got into the river, and succeeded in catching a fair lot of trout, among which was one that actually weighed a pound. I was the lucky one to capture him.

Along toward sundown the Doctor, after consulting his watch, said it was time to make a move, and we got up on the track again. I expected surely to walk to the nearest station, but the weighty M.D. sat himself down upon the rail, saying he "guessed Jo (the engineer) would not run over him." Sure enough, he guessed right, for soon the train came in sight, gave three sharp whistles, then slowed up, and we climbed into the baggage car and shortly we were in Plymouth again.

DOCTOR.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Tournament.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a regular meeting of the club held June 28 it was resolved

"That under existing circumstances of war our proposed tournament for 1898 be and is hereby abandoned, and the secretary be instructed to notify the papers."

HORACE SMYTH, Sec'y.

About Dark Flies on a Light Day.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the editorial contained in your issue of to-day under the title "Adirondack Fly Casts," you refer at the close to "the well-known rule that dark flies should be used on light days and light flies on dark days," and I know that this is generally regarded as the rule, but is it a correct one?

When I began fishing with the fly between thirty and forty years ago one of the first rules given to me for observance by old anglers was the one which you have quoted, and it was many years before I was inclined to doubt its accuracy, but some fifteen years ago I visited in the latter part of May a small lake in the Catskills abounding in trout of large size, and on the first day of my stay was greeted with a cold, sour northeast storm. I went down to the lake, however, to cast the fly, more for the purpose of going through the motions than with the expectancy of taking any fish.

For a long time I fished exclusively with light flies, and not a single fish arose to the service. I then changed my flies, using very dark ones, and immediately had quite an abundance of rises, and took several very fine trout.

I need hardly say that this experience shook my faith in the rule in question, and since then I have tested its correctness on a number of occasions, with the result that I am inclined to think that trout are quite as apt, if not more apt, to take a dark fly rather than a light one on a dark day.

Is it not a fact that light flies generally abound on a bright day, and that on a dark day such flies, if any, as are brought into being are generally of dark or somber hue, and if it is true that trout are most apt to take flies which resemble or are similar in character to those abounding for the time being on the stream, is it not reasonable to believe that they would be quite as apt, or more apt, to take a dark fly as a light one on dark days?

I think that I can give further reasons for the correctness of my view, but do not care to enter into a discussion of the matter at the present time at least, lest I may stir up the imaginary cynic referred to in your editorial.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

New Jersey Shore Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 9.—Never has striped bass fishing been more gratifying than at the present time. All along the coast results are most pleasing. Particularly is this true of Deal Beach and vicinity. All along the ocean front an enormous mussel reef extends, and it is fair to presume that this has much to do with holding the striped fellows there. It would be most gratifying were it possible to have an accurate list of the fish taken the past month at the above point. They have been taken at all hours of the day and night, and at all stages of the tide, but, of course, night has given the best results. Weakfish are taking the hook in the surf now, and that adds to the sport, as they are in no manner to be despised. Kingfish have apparently almost entirely deserted the ocean, and are in the bays and rivers, attending to spawning.

I spent a night recently in Barnegat at that most pleasant pastime, weakfishing, and I found the yellow finned fellows there in great abundance, and clad in their best fighting garb. That bluefishing will soon be at its best in the bay is to be inferred from the fact that the waters are literally alive with menhaden; in all my experience there, never have I seen them so abundant. From Harvey Cedars the reports continue to be of the best. Mr. Walter Davis spent the Fourth there, and landed eleven red drum or channel bass, aggregating 240½lbs., besides a fine lot of bluefish, a most remarkable fact, the drum were taken on the squid casting from the beach. Altogether the prospects are of the best all along the line.

LEONARD HULIT.

"Webster Chowder."

OUR correspondent, Jim Mack, who writes to-day of trout fishing in Washington, is like Daniel Webster, in that he can catch fish and cook them too. Webster was not only a devoted and skilled fisherman, but a cook whose chowder was famous. The art of chowder making was perhaps shared as a common inheritance among the farmers of the Massachusetts coast, who were the great statesman's neighbors. The farmers, we are told, "were in the habit of coming seven or eight miles across the country for a day's fishing in the sea. It was customary on their return to the shore to have a chowder cooked. Webster had a stable near his boat house on the beach, which the farmers were allowed to use for their teams. Harvey relates an anecdote of Webster sending fish from his house to a party of these excursionists who were unsuccessful in their sport, that they might enjoy their usual pot of chowder."

In a letter from his home, July 29, 1851, Webster so wrote:

"We went a-fishing yesterday and brought in a good fare; but we did not catch a halibut, nor did we see or hear of a single haddock; there are a few mackerel in the bay, of an uncommonly large size, and we have just had one for our breakfast. Mrs. Webster is making us a nice chowder for our dinner to-day out of a cod-fish, very large and gray, which Mr. Blatchford took yesterday at a quarter past 2 o'clock."

From this it has been inferred that Mrs. Webster was the chowder artist, but there is abundant evidence that to Webster himself is due the credit for the dish which bears his name. This is the recipe as he wrote it for a large fishing party:

"Cod of 10 or 12lbs. well cleaned, leaving on the skin, cut into slices of 1½lbs. thick, preserving the head whole, 1½lbs. clear, fat salt pork cut in thin slices; do the same with twelve potatoes. Take the largest pot you have, try out the pork first, take out the pieces of pork, leaving in the dripping; add to that three parts water, a layer of fish so as to cover the bottom of the pot, next a layer of potatoes, then two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, then the pork, another layer of fish, and the remainder of the potatoes; fill the pot with water enough to cover the ingredients, put it over a

good fire. let the chowder boil twenty-five minutes; when this is done have a quart of boiling milk ready and ten hard crackers split and dipt in cold water, add milk and crackers, let the whole boil five minutes, the chowder is then ready and will be first rate if you have followed the directions. An onion is added if you like that flavor."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular meeting of the club was held to-day, with scores as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J D Belasco	...	....	86 2-5
I H Bellows	110	90 2-3	98 1-5
B W Goodsell	108	93 1-3	73 2-5
H G Hascall	107	86 2-3	97 3-5
E R Letterman	...	61 1-3	93
C A Lippincott	...	....	96 3-5
C G Ludlow	101	79 2-3	92 1-5
G A Murrell	...	75 1-3	97 1-5
H D Osgood	...	74 2-3	....
F N Peet	118	89	88 1-5
H W Perce	...	64	96 2-5
E A Renwick	101	66 2-3	83
G W Salter	...	62 1-3	84
A C Smith	80	77 2-3	97
J E Strong	93	....	95 2-5

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, B. W. Goodsell; bait casting, I. H. Bellows.

Canadian Angling Resorts.

UNDER the title of the "Anglers' Guide to Eastern Canada," Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle, has prepared a concise and comprehensive manual of directions for reaching the salmon, trout, ouananiche and bass waters of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. A large share of the material has been drawn from the author's personal experience on the waters described, and special pains have been taken, Mr. Chambers tells us, to verify all statements, so that the guide may be absolutely depended upon. The book is a model of plain and clear statements, and will serve the purpose admirably. Mr. Chambers should add an index to the next edition. The price is 25 cents.

Fishing at Charleston Lake.

CHARLESTON, Ont., July 2.—Salmon fishing in shallow water is about over. Dr. Brown, Dr. Denison, J. J. Roberts, V. A. Harder and W. H. Loomis had extra good luck, in three days capturing ninety-five salmon averaging from 4 to 10½lbs.; the last was caught by Mr. Loomis. Dr. Alexander and E. T. Foster landed a salmon weighing 17¾lbs.

Bass fishing is just opening in this lake. The guests at Cedar Park are having rare sport. Capt. Adams, Geo. Madole, Fred Roblin, J. Canfield, D. P. Hanthaway and W. S. Silver left a few days ago, having had some fine sport black bass fishing. A 4lb. small-mouth was gathered in by Mr. Roblin. W. H. LEAVITT.

Fishing Resorts.

WE shall be glad to give information respecting desirable fishing resorts to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. W. H. Dye, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

A Coon Hunt Mystery.

CONNECTICUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rattle of the last washed dish, as it was deposited in its individual pile, had ceased to echo through the kitchen of the farmhouse. The large combination wood or coal burning stove diffused throughout the room a grateful heat, for it was autumn and the evening air was filled with a decided chill. In the center of the dining table a shaded lamp cast its not over effulgent rays into every corner. Excepting the occasional snap and crackle which emanated from the cheery applewood fire that burned in the interior of the stove, or the rhythmical purr of the large gray and wite Thomas cat who disported his generous proportions in lazy gracefulness before the fire, a perfect quietness pervaded the room; not that it was devoid of human presence, for there were five of us there. Excepting the young man who manipulates the chores and does other necessary work about the farm, and who lay, with half-closed eyes, on the lounge, watching the hazy rings which arose from his corncob pipe, each individual was industriously extracting knowledge and pleasure from the pages of FOREST AND STREAM and other periodicals.

Such quiet, peaceful surroundings are apt to produce in a tired person a feeling of drowsy languor, from which it is but a step to drop into the land of dreams. I was nodding and about to take that step when suddenly out on the road there arose the noisy clatter of rapidly-approaching wheels; soon a wagon dashed up to the front of the house and stopped; then a voice was heard to say: "I wonder if this is the house? You go and ask, anyhow. There will be no harm in asking."

"Oh, I guess this is the place right enough," answered another voice, "they said we would find a bull terrier chained out south of the house, and if that cuss making all the noise isn't the gentleman I'll eat him."

Our bull terrier Ben, who has been one of the family for over seven years, and who is extremely jealous of any intrusion by strangers on our domains, was on the verge of strangulation owing to his wild endeavors to break his chain in order to form their close acquaintance.

Footsteps were now heard rapidly advancing up the walk. Presently a loud knock rang out on the side door. As I opened it the full, round October moon revealed a tall, young, 6ft. stranger, who inquired: "Does Mr. Avis live here?" "I am that person," I answered, "what do you wish?"

"We are members of the New Haven Coon Club," he answered. "Brooks told us if we would come out some night he would go on a coon hunt with us. We called at his house to-night, but Brooks was away. Say! won't you come with us for two or three hours?" he asked persuasively. "Brooks' folks said we might get you to go."

Now I didn't feel much inclined to go coon hunting that night. I was tired and sleepy. "But then," thought I, "these persons have come all the way from New Haven to indulge in a few hours' recreation. If they should be compelled to return without engaging in their hunt they would be grievously disappointed. It is in my power to accommodate them, so I guess I'll do it."

"Hadn't you and your friends better come in and warm yourselves while I get ready?" I asked.

"No, thank you," he answered. "We're not cold. We'll wait outside for you."

"Who is it?" asked my wife, as I entered the room.

"Oh, it's a party that want me to go coon hunting with them," I answered.

"Going?" inquiringly.

"Guess I'd better; don't you think I had?" I answered.

"It's a fine night," she said, as she glanced out of the window at the big, bright moon, "you're foolish if you don't go. If it wasn't for leaving the children, I believe I'd go too!"

This conversation had the effect of thoroughly awaking Sam, the farm hand. When my wife jokingly suggested that it would be beneficial to his health if he would get out and exercise himself, he decided to go along. Ten minutes later the bright moonlight would have revealed to a chance observer a grotesque appearing party of five bipeds and one quadruped as they took their way down the road and across the fields in the direction of the nearest corn patch. One carried a lantern, while two others carried shotguns. A fourth was armed with an axe, while the fifth was content to carry a pair of creepers such as telegraph linemen use. The sixth member of the party, the quadruped, trotted contentedly along in the rear.

The corn patch, which we were not long in reaching, was bordered on the west and south by an extensive swamp. Huge maple, chestnut, oak and hickory trees reared their towering forms above the swamp's gloomy shadows.

When we had arrived at the southern end of the corn field, after scrambling and struggling through the swamp, the dog, a black and tan hound and a famous coon dog, was sent ahead to investigate.

We lay expectantly awaiting results on the edge of the swamp where the moon cast the deep, somber shadows of the trees on the ground. Conversation was carried on in cautious, subdued whispers lest we might frighten away any game that might be about. We lay in this manner for fully half an hour, then, as the hound had given no sign of game, he was called in and we started across the swamp in the direction of another cornfield on its western edge.

We floundered around in the swamp for what seemed an hour. I had been made the butt of much ridicule and many jibes as to my guiding abilities, when we finally emerged in a cornfield. Now it was my turn to be funny, so I sarcastically remarked that "nobody fresh and green from the city could understand the first principle connected with the finding of one's way through the trackless forest, especially at night." I had proceeded thus far when my words came to a sudden stop. Surely there was something wonderfully familiar about this place. There to the south arose a fringe of giant trees. Its western edge too was deeply bordered with trees. The old moon seemed to wink and indulge an expansive, silvery grin; a burst of rollicking, derisive laughter awoke the sepulchral echoes of the tomblike swamp. After parading those fellows through the mud and briers of the swamp for fully an hour, I had awkwardly succeeded in conducting them back to the very corn patch from which we had started. Surely my best hold was not "guiding parties through the 'trackless forest,' especially at night." This experience demonstrated how easy it was to lose one's way in the woods, even when those woods were familiar and near home.

Well, they were a jolly, good-natured crowd, and seemed to derive as much enjoyment from my discomfiture as they would had a coon been started; it was voted, therefore, that I should try it over again.

This time I succeeded in striking within half a mile of where I aimed. As we emerged from the swamp the hound was sent away and it wasn't long before his mellow music was leading us a merry chase over the silvery flooded landscape. Across the open fields and through brambly patches of blackberry and other prickly vines; over a silvery, ribbon-like stream, the lisping waters of which tremulously reflected, in their nervous, shallow depths, "Luna," the fair "Queen of Night." On and on, under canopied forest arches whose wealth of autumn colors showed even in the moonlight; into enchanting dells, where one almost looked for fairy bands; through open fields lavishly scattered with glimmering frost jewels. Surely it seemed we were in a land not of this earth.

We had followed the hound in this manner for perhaps two miles, when suddenly his music ceased. How to account for this strange action on his part puzzled us considerably. We whistled, then listened, but whistle and listen as we would, he gave no sound to indicate where he was.

"Well, this beats me," remarked H., his owner, after whistling and calling for fully ten minutes. "I never knew him to act like that before."

"Nor I either," said another of the party.

"It's something new for him; I hope he hasn't fallen over one of those ledges over there and been killed."

"Oh, don't worry about him; he's all right, and I'll bet he is," said a third member confidently.

"It may be that he has been running a fox or rabbit and has holed him," remarked the second speaker.

"No man ever knew that hound to notice any game but coon," rejoined the dog's owner. "Besides, when he trees or holes his game he always barks up," with these words he raised his voice and started the echoes once more.

After listening intently for awhile longer, it was decided to start in the direction where we had last heard him. This led us directly toward a line of nearly abrupt, ledgy cliffs, fully 200ft. in height.

When we arrived within about 500yds. of the base of the ledges we stopped under a giant oak that stood on the edge of a field where buckwheat had been raised. No sound broke the stillness of the night. Not the faintest zephyr's sigh breathed through the inanimate leaves and branches overhead. The soft moonbeams sifting silently down through the wide-spreading branches of the tree portrayed their forked outlines in fantastic shapes upon the frosty ground. The towering ledges, under "Luna's" soft flood of light, stood out to sight as plainly as they would had it been midday. Here and there in the clear vaulted heavens a ghost-like star, paled by the light of the moon, struggled to be seen.

"How beautiful," the words were almost whispered by one of the party, yet they seemed too loud in that place.

"We never get a treat like this in the city," said H., turning to me. "I wish we knew what has become of the dog though," he continued, as thoughts of the hound came into his mind.

"Oh, I think he'll—" I never finished the sentence, for my words were cut short by a cry that seemed filled with the bitterest agony; a cry that cut the frosty air like a knife; that sent chills up and down some of our spinal columns and caused us to stare into each other's faces in blank amazement; from the side of the ledges it came and it rolled away in ghoulish echoes along the semi-mountain side.

"For God's sake, what was that?" hoarsely whispered H. as he grasped my arm.

Before I had time to answer the cry was repeated; shrill, piercing, quavering, it ended in a prolonged, choking sob that resembled the long-drawn cry of h-e-l-p. It was suggestingly human.

"That's a panther, and I'll bet he has killed and eaten the dog!" excitedly whispered the 6-footer.

"I don't think it's a panther. A panther yells altogether different from that," said the fat man of the party. "I'll be hanged if it don't sound just as bad as a panther, though," he added nervously as another cry issued from among the rocks.

"I think it's a lynx, one of those bob-tailed wildcats with tassels on their ears," said the quiet man. "I heard one up in northern New York State once and it sounded something like that."

"I wonder do ghosts ever go around bellerin' that way," remarked Sam, the farm hand, as he gave me a sly wink.

"Ghosts! Who believes in—oh—ho—Lord! There it goes again!" shiveringly gasped the fat man; he was growing more and more nervous.

"Let's get out of this, I've had all the coon hunting I want. I'm going home!" declared the 6-footer, who now looked ready to run for his life.

At that moment we were startled by a rustling in the brush near by. Those who had guns grasped them firmly, while those who were unarmed showed unmistakable signs of a nervous desire to precipitately retire from that neighborhood. There was no occasion, however, for alarm, for just as that mysterious cry welled forth from the ledges once more, the old hound trotted up to us from out the bushes.

Six or eight times the cry pierced the frosty air. To say that it was one of the wierdest experiences I ever met in the woods is to but tell the truth. The very conditions under which we heard it but added to its wierdness. The moonlight covering the earth like a blanket of silver; the frost shimmering from every spangled object; the deep shadows of the trees; the intense stillness of the night, broken at intervals by that wild cry, and the subdued whispers of our party, all these conducive influences were naturally productive of wierdness. Although we were but nine miles from the center of a large city, still that section is very wild. It can be safely said that twenty persons a year do not visit those ledges.

It was suggested by one of the party that an effort be made to induce the hound to track whatever caused the cry. When we tried to get him to investigate, however, while he showed no actual fear, still in his polite, canine way, he declined to take part in any such arrangement. When told to "Go find 'em," he turned his head toward the place from which the cry emanated, but always kept his eyes on the person who extended the invitation to "Go find 'em," then, with his tail industriously wagging, he would sit down and look up into our faces, as much as to say, "I'll hunt coons all night long, but what-is-its are out of my line of business."

What caused the cry we probably never will know. Sam, the farm hand, and myself went (not without some misgivings, I confess) the next night to that spot among the ledges from which the cry had seemed to emanate. We waited until after 12 o'clock, but saw nor heard nothing. It is needless to say that our shells contained buckshot.

Some time after our adventure a crazy man was taken into custody who had been running more or less at large in the woods that summer and fall. As he was captured within three or four miles of where we heard the cry, I have always wondered if he was in any way connected with it. Thus ends the story of our memorable coon hunt.

As I expect to engage in a number of coon hunts this fall, I hope in the near future to send FOREST AND STREAM an account of a hunt in which the returns in the capture of game will be more satisfactory than they were on the hunt when we heard that mysterious cry.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Manitoba Derby Entries.

WINNIPEG, July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Manitoba Field Trials Club Derby entries closed on July 1, and consist of sixteen setters and fifteen pointers, thirty-one in all, as per enclosed list:

Bang, black and white pointer dog, May 5 (Rector—Dinah II.), A. Code.

Manitou Spot, black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 27 (Val Lit—Cam Sing), John Wootton.

Rule Britannia, black and white English setter bitch, Jan. 27 (Val Lit—Cam Sing), John Wootton.

Buckshot, black, white and tan English setter dog, Aug. 23 (Duke of Manitoba—Bonnie Lit), John Wootton.

Trapper, black and white English setter dog, Aug. 23 (Duke of Manitoba—Bonnie Lit), John Wootton.

Hope's Lil, liver and white English setter bitch, March 3 (Hope's Ridge—Silver G.), Mira Monte kennels.

Stampede, black, white and tan English setter dog, February (Dash Antonio—Belle of Detroit), Mira Monte kennels.

Flyaway, black, white and tan English setter bitch, May (Dash Antonio—Patty B.), Mira Monte kennels.

Silver Lace, black and white English setter bitch, July, '97 (Val Lit—Cam Sing), E. McKenny.

Jubilee Queen, liver and white pointer bitch, Feb. 6 (Alberta Joe—Diana II.), Thos. Johnson.

Jubilee King, liver and white pointer dog, April 5 (Lonsdale—Fez), Thos. Johnson.

Jubilee Prince, black and white ticked pointer dog, May 5 (Rector—Dinah), Thos. Johnson.

Jubilee Princess, black and white ticked pointer bitch, May 5 (Rector—Dinah), Thos. Johnson.

Jubilee Flo, black English setter bitch, March 4 (Little Billee—Belle W.), Thos. Johnson.

Jubilee Blithe, liver and white ticked pointer bitch, May 5 (Rector—Dinah), Thos. Johnson.

Rattle, black and white pointer dog, March 1 (Bang—Duchess), Joseph Lemon.

Fritz of Zippo, black, white an ticked English setter dog, March (Zippo II.—Lady of Glass), Wm. Elliott, agent.

Up-to-Date, orange and white pointer dog, Jan. 2 (Royal Bill—Siscane), Elliott and Ewing.

Button-hole, black and white English setter bitch, Jan. 27 (Val Lit—Cam Sing), Winnipeg kennels.

Young Buster, liver and white pointer dog, April (Lord Buster—Mingo Kent), B. Gordon.

Rob Roy, liver and white pointer dog, July 27 (Adamsons—McEwen), Dr. W. S. England.

Mogul, black and white pointer dog, May 5 (Rob—Heatherbelle), Charlottesville Field Trials kennels.

Warlock, black and white pointer dog, January (Rip Rap—Edna), Charlottesville Field Trials kennels.

Nana, liver and white pointer bitch, June 9 (Rip Rap—Laxic), Charlottesville Field Trials kennels.

Hindoo, liver and white pointer bitch, June 9 (Rip Rap—Taxic), Charlottesville Field Trials kennels.

Ranee, black and white pointer bitch, June 9 (Rip Rap—Taxic), Charlottesville Field Trials kennels.

King, black, white and tan English setter dog, Jan. 5 (Duke of Manitoba—Maid of the Morn), W. F. Ellis.

Exasperator, black, white and tan English setter dog, April 29 (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.), W. F. Ellis.

Hootalinqua, black, white and tan English setter dog, April 29 (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.), W. F. Ellis.

Busy Bee, black and white English setter bitch, March 11 (Val Lit—Atlanta), Chimo kennels.

Valet, black and white English setter dog, March 11 (Val Lit—Atlanta), Chimo kennels.

WILLIAM C. LEE, Sec'y-Treas.

International Derby Entries.

THE entries for the Derby stakes of the International Field Trials have all been handed in to Secretary W. B. Wells, and are exceedingly full and promising. It is the largest entry list since '94.

The trials this fall will be at Mitchell's Bay, where birds are reported to be very plentiful, and there is every prospect for a successful meet.

The time for the closing of the entries for the all-age stake is not until Nov. 1, but already numerous entries are nominated, and interest in the contests is very keen. The executive committee of the association will meet shortly to select the judges and transact other preparatory business. The following is a full list of the Derby entries:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Tickler (Duke—Puss), T. C. Stegman, Toronto.

Rods Clip (Rodfield—Latonio), J. R. McGregor, agent.

Blue Bonnet (Dash Antonio—Nelly Breeze), Jas. B. McKay, Detroit.

Selkirk Romona (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Selkirk Freda (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Selkirk Stella (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Selkirk Bretta (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Selkirk Max (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa), W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Bird of Freedom (Dash Antonio—Gaiety Girl), H. Marshall Graydon, London.

Golden Gate (Dash Antonio—Gaiety Girl), H. Marshall Graydon, London.

Merry Hampton (Dash Antonio—Gaiety Girl), H. Marshall Graydon, London.

London Boy (Roy of London—Fanny), J. W. Humpidge, London.

Doctor Jim (Roy of London—Bessie), J. W. G. Winnett, London.

Jubilee Vic (Roy of London—Bessie), J. W. G. Winnett, London.

POINTERS.

Beau Ideal (Bedowin—Lady Rip Rap), J. R. McGregor, agent.

Norwood (Bedowin—Lady Rip Rap), Dr. Totten, Forest.

Bessie (Brighton Joe—Girl of Kent), T. G. Davey, London.

Cousin Peggie (Uncle Sam—Beppo's Mollie), Leamington Pointer kennels.

W. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. C.

Stock-Tending Instinct.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "You will remember that Mrs. Annie E. Preston some time since asked in FOREST AND STREAM if dogs were ever given away, and my undertaking to supply her one. After considerable delay, I sent her a puppy, crossbred between a Yorkshire and rough-haired black and tan, and she writes me the inclosed letters about him. He must be something over eighteen months old now, and what is striking about him is his development of instinct for caring for animals, as in his selecting Mrs. Preston's cow, driving strange chickens off the place, etc. This is a characteristic almost entirely confined to the sheep dogs—collies and bobtails—and I never heard of a terrier developing it; their mastering instinct is for vermin killing, directly antagonistic to the stock tending instinct."

Mrs. Preston writes: "As you said, his mixed ancestry is apparent, but he must have the good points of all his predecessors. He will do anything that he understands, shakes hands, rolls over, begs, catches, sometimes speaks and jumps; a rubber ball is nothing to him. He makes himself useful as a watch dog—tramps keep shy of the premises—but he never even growls at our friends. He sends the neighbors' hens kiting. The other day he discovered a flock of brown Leghorns in the yard (ours are all barred Plymouth Rocks), and away he went. One he drove into a tree, one to the roof of the piazza, another across the street into the ladies' sitting room. He came back happy, with his mouth full of feathers. He goes to the pasture for the cow every night, separates our Jersey from the herd, and brings her to our bars, at the top of the hill, while the others go to the barn of a neighbor a half-mile away. And so important as he is over it; he fairly laughs."

"Penny's first exploit was in hunting up a flock of Plymouth Rock fowls that had strayed away into the woodland beyond the orchard one day last autumn. We were wondering what had become of them and called them, when away went Penny like a flash, and soon we heard him barking in a thicket on the edge of the wood. Following him we found he had the truants all huddled together, and he then proceeded to drive them to their quarters.

"A few days later, the cow, a most capricious creature, hid herself in a little nook behind some rocks in the orchard, and when we called her he went and found her. He has since kept it up, and as soon as she was turned out to pasture this spring he went for her every night. Now he only barks when he finds her and if she refuses to come to the bars. He drives her quietly if she behaves properly. He keeps our fowls at home and off the flower beds instinctively, and the neighbors' fowls at home."

Lost Fox Terrier.

GUELPH, Ont., July 1.—I wish to know if you would put the following in as a local, so that all your subscribers would take notice of same, as I am led to believe that a great number of stolen dogs has been recovered in this way, as all sportsmen are endeavoring to put a stop to the contemptible manner which some people have in procuring a good dog:

Stolen on March 16, fox terrier dog, eight months old, black head, white body, one side of neck black half-way. Answers to the name of "Sting." Any reader will confer a favor on a brother sportsman by advising me any information with regard to the above. Address R. H. RODGER, Guelph, Ont.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. T. Farrar Rackham, who has been long and favorably known as Spratts Patent traveling representative, will start on his regular trip through the South and West with Spratts new line of medicines, or rather the old medicines in a new and more convenient form. Many of the medicines are prepared now in the form of tablets, capsules and ointments, thus being more convenient to handle in every way, while retaining their efficacy unimpared. All remedies are in amber glass bottles, the cork covered with airtight capsule, and the whole wrapped in transparent parchment paper. In the list of medicines in the new form are tonic and condition tablets, distemper tablets, alterative cooling tablets, anti-ricket tablets, eye lotion tablets, jaundice cure tablets, vermifuge capsules, sprain and rheumatism liniment, hair stimulent ointment, eczema cure, two kinds of mange cure, cough pills, etc. They have perfected a new preparation whose merits they extol highly, their veterinary antiseptic soap, which may be beneficially used as an antiseptic and germicide, and may be used alike with curative results on man or beast in cases of cuts, bruises, skin diseases, etc.; and in cases of mange in the dog, and obscure skin diseases in general, it is said to be wonderfully efficacious. Mr. Rackham, besides being a skilful judge, bench show and poultry show manager, is quite expert in medicines.

MR. JOS. W. IRWIN, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us that his setter bitch has raised four dog and three bitch puppies. He says: "They are beauties, and I expect great things of mine. I have divided them with my friend, Judge Guinotte, of Kansas City. I have quite a string now of pointers and setters and Chesapeakes, all good ones. I hope next year to enjoy some fine sport. Last year quail were not plentiful in this section, but I hope for better results this year."

Keep in mind that entries of the Continental Field Trial Club close positively on Aug. 1. The purse is $500. The trials will be held on grounds at Lexington, N. C., Dec. 5. Lexington and Newton, N. C., are but a few hours apart, so that the E. F. T. C. trials and the C. F. T. C. trials can be attended without extra travel and with insignificant extra expense. Write to Secretary W. B. Meares, Hillsboro, N. C., for the club's artistic brochure, which contains a list of the club's officers and the stakes and their conditions.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. de L. B., Amherst, N. S.—Kindly tell me through the columns of your valuable paper where I can get carp fry and the probabilities of receiving it safe in Nova Scotia. Ans. Carp fry may be had in this city (of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market), shipped in cans at a cost of $10 per hundred and $2 for the can (a can will carry fifty carp), and the fish will go safely a four days' trip.

Poster, Ellenville, N. Y.—The provisions for posting private game parks are as follows in the New York game law; we omit the penalty clauses:

Sec. 210. No person shall trespass upon inclosed or cultivated lands for the purpose of shooting or hunting any game, or taking any fish from private ponds or streams, after public notice has been given by the owner or person entitled to the exclusive right to shoot or fish thereon, as provided in this article.

Sec. 211. The notice provided for in the last section shall be given by maintaining signboards at least one foot square upon at least every fifty acres of the premises sought to be protected upon or near the lot lines thereof, or upon or near the shores of any waters thereon, in at least two conspicuous places, or by personal service of a notice containing a brief description of the premises and name of the owner or of the person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon, and prohibiting the same.

Sec. 212. A person owning or having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish on lands, or lands and water, desiring to devote such land, or lands and water, to the propagation or protection of fish, birds or game, shall publish in a newspaper printed in the county within which such land or lands and water are situate a notice, once a week, for a term not less than four weeks in the county where the lands so described are situated, substantially describing the same and containing a clause declaring that such land or lands and water will be used as a private park for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game.

Sec. 213. There shall be posted and maintained upon such private territory notices or signboards, not less than one foot square, warning all persons against trespassing thereon. Such notices or signboards shall be placed not more than forty rods apart, along the entire boundary of such private territory, when the same shall consist entirely of land, or when it shall consist of both land and water they shall be placed so that there shall be at least one notice or signboard for every hundred acres thereof. When the private property consists of a lake, pond or stream only such notices shall be placed in at least four conspicuous places on or near the shore of such lake or pond, and one of such notices shall be placed on every half-mile of such stream in a conspicuous place on the bank thereof.

Sec. 214. When such territory or any part thereof is fenced, notices or signboards shall be placed on or near such fences not more than forty rods apart.

Sec. 215. Upon compliance with the foregoing provisions for preventing trespassing or for devoting lands to propagation of fish, birds and game, no person shall disturb or interfere in any way with the fish or wild birds or wild animals while on the premises so protected, except with the consent of the owner or person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Remarkable Score.

MR. G. H. HAULENBEEK, of New York, sends us the cut of a target, concerning which he writes: "You will doubtless be interested to know of the wonderful score recently made by Mr. Z. C. Talbot, one of the members of the Smith & Wesson Revolver Club. With a 10in. barrel, single shot, .22cal., at 20yds., he scored a very high score—99."



Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 13.—Albany, N. Y.—Forester Gun Club's annual tournament; targets. H. H. Valentine, Manager.

July 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

July 19-20.—Atlanta, Ga.—Two days' shoot of the Fulton Gun Club; targets. J. E. Avery, Sec'y.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 23.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's third annual tournament for amateurs. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, $500 added. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 4-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Ocean City midsummer tournament; two days at targets; last day at live birds. James R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament; targets. E. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club, J. B. Rogers, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League tournament, to be held on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Friday of this week, has ten events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, with a uniform entry of $1, with an additional sum for targets at 2 cents each. The average money, $15, will be divided into five parts—$5, $4, $3, $2 and $1. Targets furnished free to manufacturers' agents. All purses divided by the Rose system. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. The team race will be called at 1 o'clock. This contest is for the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. trophy, the conditions of which are five-men teams, each man shooting at 25 targets; the team making the best average during the season to become the owner. The King Smokeless Powder trophy, for the shooter making the highest score each month, ties to shoot off at the end of the season. The United States Powder Co. presents thirty-five 1lb. cans of Gold Dust, eight cans to go to the eight high guns in the programme event.

The Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, P. Q., has fixed its next tournament for July 1, 1899. It holds a shoot every Saturday afternoon, and extends an invitation to visiting trap-shooters to participate with the members in the sport. Its amateur tournament on July 1 was a pleasing success, as will be noted by reference to the excellent report of it published in these columns. Messrs. J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., were the only trade representatives in attendance, and the report indicates that they did excellent work for their firms. By the way, Mr. Cameron's scores indicate that he has made a great gain since the time he shot in the memorable three-cornered team race, in which Messrs. Keller, Banks and Van Dyke were captains.

The Marlin repeating shotgun, model of 1898, is the latest in the line of new guns presented for the consideration and use of the public by the well-known firm, the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. It is a take-down repeater, with all the valuable convenience which appertains to that model. The standard weight is 7lbs. The 12-gauge is chambered for a 2¾in. shell, but it will handle any shell of the shorter length. The barrels are made of high-grade steel, and are guaranteed for any reasonable load of smokeless powder. The Marlin Company have issued a circular, giving a very full description of their new repeating shotgun, which they will be pleased to send to applicants.

Joseph H. Swan, of New York city, better known to shooters around this city as Joe Swan, of the Brooklyns, was absent from that club's monthly shoot on Saturday last, July 9, thereby defaulting to B. Amend in the tie for the club trophy on June 11, which was to have been shot off on Saturday. Mr. Swan's absence was due solely to the physical impossibility that always confronts a human being when he wants to be in two places at once. At present he is aiding Uncle Sam, acting as one of the assistant paymasters at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, Tenn.

Jim Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., left last week on a business trip through the Southern States. With Joe George down on Long Island for the summer, and with Oscar Guessaz, now Capt. Guessaz, of the Second Texas U. S. V., tied up with his regiment at Miami, Fla., Mr. Hildreth expects to have a quiet time in San Antonio. We up North are now peacefully awaiting Mr. Hildreth's return, confident in the belief that his repertoire of anecdotes will have received some valuable additions prior to his Northern flight next fall.

The amateurs can cut some very pretty capers in the way of smashing targets, as well as the shooters who engage in it professionally. This was particularly in evidence at the fifth annual championship shoot of the Kentucky Gun Club, July 4, wherein Mr. Harry J. Lyons, of Louisville, a strict amateur, won the gold medal on a score of 49 out of 50, a .98 per cent. gait; and Mr. J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky., was second with 48 out of 50. Each used his Whitworth steel Parker gun.

The Muskegon Gun Club was organized recently at Muskegon, Mich. E. T. Pennoyer was elected president; H. A. Banknecht secretary and treasurer. The club has a membership of thirty-four. The treasurer was instructed to purchase a magautrap and a supply of targets. George L. Ervin was appointed as agent to obtain a lease of grounds near Lake Michigan Park. A committee to have in charge the erection of buildings on the grounds was also appointed.

The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association has added $500 to its prizes. This is a generous sum of added money, worthy of the earnest attention of shooters, and it, with the other liberal inducements, should command their stanch support. The programme will be ready in a few days, but to secure it promptly the shooters who are interested should address the secretary, Mr. Paul R. Litzke, at once, asking for it.

C. A. Mink, or Philadelphia, will be missed at the traps, for a while at least, and the cares of load No. 1020 has passed into other hands. The tall form of Mr. Mink will soon be in a squad breaking up things which oppose the progress of the American flag at the front. Straight shooting is what does the smashing, whether the objects be targets or enemies, and Mink was noted for shooting straight.

Next week, Tuesday and Wednesday, the two days' target shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, Atlanta, Ga., takes place. At Palmyra, Mo., the eighth annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association takes place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; targets and live birds. On Saturday, the Ogden Gun Club, of Ogden, Ill., will hold its third annual tournament for amateurs.

The Forester Gun Club's annual tournament, targets, takes place on Wednesday. The trophy shoot of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League takes place on Friday. At Elkwood Park the Half-Holiday Handicap, 25 to 30yds., 10 birds, $10 entrance, 21yds. boundary, is on the programme, while on Wednesday the Bird Allowance Handicap, 20 birds, $2 entrance, takes place.

The Ocean City, Md., tournament, to be held on Aug. 4-6, promises to be a pleasant affair. The attendance at last year's effort was sufficiently good to warrant another trial this summer, and from present indications the figures of last year will be left far in the rear. Mr. James R. Malone, of 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., will forward programmes on application.

The Gold Watch Handicap of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., will take place on the second and fourth Saturdays of July and August. The E. C. cup handicap will take place on the second and fourth Wednesdays of those months. Entrance to each is the price of targets.

W. H. Wolstencroft spent a few hours in this city on Saturday last, but was too full of business to engage in any trap-shooting exercises. This may have been just as well for the peace of mind of some of our shooters, for Billy is shooting now in something like his "usual good form."

The Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J., will hold an all-day merchandise shoot on Labor Day—Sept. 5. It will be open to all except experts. The programme will be issued later.

The return match between the Rockaways and Hudsons will be shot off early next week, at the grounds of the latter, in Jersey City.

The Marshalltown Gun Club defeated the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club on July 8, in a contest for the State trophy, by a score of 191 to 159.

The next shoot of the Brockton Gun Club is fixed for July 23.

Milwaukee Carnival Shoot.

SATURDAY, THIRD DAY.

Event No. 1 was at 15 live birds, $15, entrance, $25 added. The birds were a fair lot, there being but three or four sitters. The weather was hot. A strong breeze blew almost into the shoters' faces.

Jay Ell, 31	222220220222222—13	Yahr, 29	222221212*02122—13
E S Rice, 27	211202021121012—12	Roesler, 28	120102200211212—11
Budd, 31	201112022212211—13	Kettner, 28	1011220112200*0— 9
Kling, 29	222222220022222—13	J Dan, 27	102220222122220—12
Palmer, 28	22121*00222212*—11	Spross, 28	101*2012211*022—10
Hicks, 28	111112112122*22—14	Koch, 28	112111222221111*—14
Kiefer, 28	222201222?22002—12	Farmer, 29	222111102112111—14
Scammon, 28	220111222220022—13	Merrill, 31	221222222**2011—12
R Graham, 29	222222222?22202—13	Powers, 31	2112202*1122112—13
H Graham, 29	2222222222 0222—13	Baker, 28	1121222222222222—15
Marshall, 31	2222022222212222—14	Steck, 28	220220222222120—12
Bush, 29	222202222022101—12	Dieter, 31	2222**2120220 w
Gilbert, 32	2222222222222222—15	Meixner, 29	211021222222110—13
Hallowell, 29	221222212122222—15	T Graham, 30	2222222222222222—15
Rogers, 28	001222222222202—12	Peterson, 28	2222222202222222—14
Fish, 28	*22222202020 w	Barto, 28	2202212220221*0—12
Stannard, 29	222222022222*22—13	Cook, 28	21*221202211110—12
Planinton, 28	2222222222222222—15	Vergis, 28	2212222022211112—14
Levi, 27	22220122*220000— 9	Ruble, 30	2221212211222212—15
Orlofski, 27	222**2*22210 w	Henry, 28	122222222222*22—14
Vail, 28	111202111122112—14	Simonetti, 28	12112212122*212—14
Carkeek, 29	2222222222222222—15	Silverman, 27	01021*00201020 w
Fanning, 31	*01201222221222—12	Sperry, 28	21122101111112*2—13
Bingham, 31	2222002*220 w	Paddock, 29	021221012*11112—12
Heikes, 31	22222222*012222—13	Thomas, 29	1220211221112212—14

The Interstate at Meadville.

THE fifth tournament of the season of 1898 of the Interstate Association was held here July 6 and 7, under most favorable auspices. The shooting grounds were located on the Athletic Club grounds, within five minutes' walk from the center of the city. So far as grounds are concerned, they were all that could be desired, except as to background, and in this particular they were simply awful. Imagine the trap being placed in the cleared infield of a baseball ground, with a wide stretch of green grass just beyond, then a raised narrow stretch of bare ground of a bicycle track, and still another stretch of green grass, while in the extreme distance was a high board fence, lined with a row of dark trees, with several patches of clear space between, and you have some idea of the combination we had to shoot against. But there was one feature in regard to location of these grounds which is not often met with, and was fully appreciated by all the shooters; that was they were situated so close to the center of the city as to admit of the boys going to the hotels for dinner, instead of having to subsist upon the usual cold lunches handed out in most places. It is fair to say that the man who provided a cold lunch on the grounds, expecting to do a good business, got most sadly left.

The accommodations were all that could be desired, and this fact, together with accessibility of grounds, was what inspired the boys of the Meadville Gun Club to give up their own grounds temporarily. The magautrap faced almost due south, in consequence of which we had the full force of the sun all day long, and while not extremely hot, it was not cold enough to require a Klondike ulster. Taking it all in all, the Meadville boys gave us one of the most pleasant tournaments of the season.

The attendance was not as large as we had reason to think it would have been, the highest number in any one event of the first day being thirty, and averaging twenty-three.

The trade was represented by Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co.; J. S. Fanning, of Gold Dust fame, and H. P. Collins, representing Du Pont and Hazard Powder Co. Just imagine Paul North beating Jack Fanning for average on the day, but such was the fact, North breaking 143 and Fanning 139 out of 170. Du Pont Collins started the day's work well by scoring two 13s out of the first two 15-bird events, and then went into the air for the remainder of the day. Paul North was so elated over his good work in beating Fanning and Collins that he could not be induced to stay over for the second day. He jumped the town at the conclusion of the first day.

The visitors were represented by Messrs. Miller, Black and Colbert, of Butler, Pa.; Fleming, Read and Shaner, of Pittsburg; Hogan, Raney, Stanley, Elliott, Worthington, of Cleveland; Flick, of Ravenna; McNary, of Greenville; Pope and Kennedy, of Corry; Lay, Smedley, Bates and Graham, S. T., J. F., and L. E. Mallory, Jr., Parkersburg, W. Va., and Messrs. Prenatt, Keck, Clarke, Adams, Hellenbrecht, Johnson, Whitney, Buck and Hotchkiss, of Meadville.

It will be noticed that the old familiar name U. M. C. does not appear among the names of trade representatives. This was but the second Interstate shoot that U. M. C. Thomas missed in the past six years. He is too busy inspecting goods sent out by his company for the Government in our war with Spain.

Grant and Paul tied for first place the first day with 155 out of 170; Elliott second with 154, and James and S. T. Mallory tied for third place with 153.

James, Red Wing and J. F. Mallory tied for first place the second day with 160 out of 170; C. H. Miller second with 158, and Grant and Elliott tied for third place with 156.

The remainder of the story is best told in the scores of the two days, which follow:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
Miller	12	14	18	11	19	13	12	17	14	19
Fleming	12	12	14	11	13	11	10	15	13	15
Fanning	14	14	18	13	12	13	13	11	11	20
Brown	11	12	7	11	15	10	..	..	..	11
Black	11	9	15	10	18	13	11	14	..	17
Grant	12	15	20	13	17	13	15	17	14	19
Paul	14	14	18	15	18	15	12	18	14	17
James	14	13	20	13	20	14	11	19	11	18
Elliott	14	14	19	14	18	11	15	17	12	20
Red Wing	13	12	18	12	19	13	14	18	12	18
Prenatt	10	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Alexander	11	12	17	14	19	13	11	12	8	15
Collins	13	13	14	9	15	12	9	10	8	14
North	13	12	18	11	20	12	12	19	9	17
Flick	10	11	17	12	15	10	11	14	11	19
Reed	9	8	13	7	13	8	9	11	8	16
S T Mallory	14	13	19	12	17	14	13	19	13	19
Smedley	..	15	17	9	..	..	7	..	13	16
Bates	..	12	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..
Chlay	..	14	16	13	17	..	13	17	14	18
Plinney	..	..	12	11	15	11	11	13	12	19
L E Mallory, Jr	..	..	20	13	19	13	12	18	15	17
J F Mallory	..	..	17	13	20	15	15	19	14	17
T Kennedy	..	..	14	12	18	13	11	18	12	16
Keck	..	..	16	12	13	..	10	15	..	15
Graham	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clarke	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	12
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	..	..	13
Helenbrecht	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	14
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15
Whitney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Buck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Hotchkiss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

THURSDAY, JULY 7, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
Miller	15	14	18	14	19	13	11	20	15	18
Fleming	12	13	13	13	16	11	12	..	..	..
Fanning	14	14	19	14	18	13	14	19	14	17
Reed	10	10	13	5	14	9	10	11	11	15
Collins	9	11	15	12	12	12	9	16	10	17
Grant	15	14	17	13	19	13	14	19	12	20
Paul	15	12	19	14	17	11	12	17	13	19
James	14	15	19	15	20	13	15	17	15	17
Elliott	13	14	20	13	18	13	13	17	14	19
Red Wing	13	15	18	15	18	15	15	18	15	18
L E Mallory	14	11	17	14	13	15	11	17	14	20
S T Mallory	14	15	16	12	19	12	14	16	13	19
Kennedy	14	13	20	15	16	14	11	19	10	18
J F Mallory	15	13	17	15	20	15	14	20	12	19
Plinney	13	8	13	9	15	10	13	17	11	15
Edwards	13	10	14	11	14	6	12	16	10	14
Prenatt	12	13	16	11	13	15	13	17	12	17
Kreider	12	..	..	..	..	13	12	16	12	16
Harts	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	10	14
Hotchkiss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	12

PRYOR.

The Sherbrooke Tournament.

THAT the interest in trap-shooting is not on the decline in Canada was fully proved by the attendance and enthusiasm of the crowd on Dominion Day at Sherbrooke. The programme said 8:30, but at 8 A. M. there were two hot squads at it, and two extras were shot while awaiting the hour; and all day long squad followed squad with greatly to be commended promptness. We have never seen squads come up more promptly or with less waiting for that "last man."

The weather as usual at Sherbrooke was perfect. A light breeze blew in the faces of the shooters and the targets seemed a little slow in consequence, but the traps threw good birds, and all worked beautifully. For a wonder, the trapper boys behaved themselves, and the wisdom of putting a good-sized man on No. 3, where he could command his forces, was evident.

Following Westmount's lead, the club enlisted their wives as caterers, and the result was a nice sit-down lunch served in a big tent, to which full justice was done.

The merchandise side show was patronized to the extent of 185 entries and re-entries, and furnished lots of amusement, many trying their hand for the first time for targets only. The targets here were the hardest possible, and at 18yds. rise, consequently only three straight 10s were made all day. W. H. Eastman, of Barre, Vt.; Kirkpatrick, of Sherbrooke, and Barret, of Montpelier, being the lucky ones and taking first, second and third of the fifteen prizes.

Of trade representatives the club was pleased to see their old friends J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester Arms Co., and B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co. They never miss the Sherbrooke shoots, and none are more gladly welcomed.

Kirkpatrick's highly unexpected straight at the merchandise was made with Hazard powder, and caused a regular boom in the trade. Winchester and Hazard labels decorated gun stocks and caps, while Secretary Foss shot his Parker with a big bow of blue ribbon over his sight in honor of Hazard powder.

The Eastman brothers, from Barre, Vt., were with us for the first time, and we hope they will come again. C. O. Barret, of Montpelier, is a regular comer and can shoot as well as ever. Montreal sent only three men this time, several much desired faces being missed. Westmount sent four—Messrs. Cleghorn, Hanson and the two Outhets. St. Hyacinth's new gun club was represented by four good men, nice fellows and good shots. Sutton Junction was with us in the persons of A. W. Westover and Jos. Clark, old and valued friends of the club, as are Messrs. Hobbs, Taggart, Finlayson and Lindsay, of Magog, and Goodhue, Hovey, of Rock Island.

No. 11 was a team match for the Eastern Township trophy, five men, 20 targets, known angles. Sherbrooke retained the cup with a score of 87, Rock Island 73, St. Hyacinth 69, Westmount 64. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	12	13	14	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	20	10	15	15	10	15	10	20	Av.
N G Bray	..	12	12	9	..	19	9	..	13	..	13	8	17	.860
W H Eastman	9	12	10	7	12	17	10	15	13	9	12	10	18	.855
W L Cameron	10	12	14	5	13	17	8	12	15	9	10	8	19	.840
C O Barret	10	13	14	6	12	19	9	13	12	6	14	10	14	.840
C G Thompson	7	13	12	8	11	17	10	9	14	8	14	6	15	.800
J G Walton	9	11	12	9	12	18	7	11	10	8	15	7	14	.800
C D White	8	11	12	10	15	12	7	12	12	6	8	6	15	.800
J Stewart	9	12	12	8	11	17	7	10	12	8	..	6	17	.800
T M Craig	8	10	12	9	14	17	10	11	9	7	11	5	20	.790
E Hovey	7	12	11	8	11	18	3	11	13	7	13	8	15	.760
B A Eastman	7	15	9	9	10	13	8	11	13	8	11	7	17	.770
J B Goodhue	6	14	8	9	13	12	8	9	12	10	13	7	13	.750
A W Westover	6	8	10	6	13	19	..	..	..	7	..	5	18	.740
C Aubin	9	10	12	8	13	12	5	9	11	7	7	6	13	.680
Hobbs	10	11	10	9	13	16	5	..	12	..	..	..	..	.780
Kirkpatrick	9	10	9	3	9	15	..	..	10	..	..	..	16	.680
Jos Clark	7	11	9	6	11	15	8	12	11	9	..	..	15	.800
Taggart	6	14	6	..	..	17	..	..	12	7	..	..	11	.690
Norton	7	8	11	8	11	17	5	12	9	7	5	8	14	.680
J H Cameron	5	10	8	8	6	5	5	9	12	7	9	..	13	.570
W A Moreau	9	10	12	..	11	13	6	..	..	8	..	..	10	.690
J H Morin	5	9	9	4	13	19	5	..	..	7	..	..	16	.700
Turcotte	10	13	5	..	14	14	..	..	..	7	..	..	13	.740
Finlayson	8	..	..	..	15	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	.820
Beaupre	7	12	11	..	10	13	..	..	..	8	..	..	13	.710
Foss	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	..	..	7	3	4	..	.460
Morkill	..	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	7	11	.630
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	6	..	..	.400
Slater	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	4	..	9	..	..	..	.600
Outhet	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	.500
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	12	..	..	..	..	.750
Duncan	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	.300
E Outhet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	.200

July 1, 1899, is the date of Sherbrooke's next tournament, and already the club is planning for attractions. There are no crackerjacks in the vicinity, as the above scores show, but they are not afraid of anything, and are ready to shoot in any amateur company. They hope to see better shots at their next shoot, and in the meantime, by persistent practice, will do their best to get ready to beat them. No shoot could have gone more smoothly or with a greater amount of good fellowship than this last, and to all our friends who by their presence and staying qualities helped to make it a success we extend our kindest thanks and a hearty invitation to come again and bring their brothers.

The club shoots every Saturday afternoon, and visiting trap-shooters are always welcomed.

Sidell Gun Club's Tournament.

SIDELL, Ill., July 6.—The Sidell Gun Club held its fifth annual tournament July 4 and 5, and met with success. There were not so many shooters the 4th as there were on the 5th, owing to the many celebrations in the neighboring counties.

The weather was ideal. A slight breeze was blowing, and it was not too hot for the shooters, as there was plenty of shade.

The regular programme was shot off and extras added both days. Max and Wade Holton were the attractions the first day. They were fourteen and twelve years of age, and shooting as high as 82 per cent. Bluerocks were thrown from expert traps, and gave entire satisfaction. Athor had a streak of hard luck and could do no better than miss one bird out of 90, and finished first with .974 per cent. Lindley came second with .933 per cent. Gray shot a .933 per cent. gait, and shot a good race, considering that he is only a new shooter; he only shot half of the day. Sconce came next with .911 per cent. for the two days. Jack Parker was to have managed the shoot and advertise his firm's ammunition (the Peters Cartridge Co. and King Powder Co.), but failed to put in appearance.

Champaign won the team shoot, and there were three more exciting team races. The scores below will tell the tale:

Targets:	15	10	15	25	10	10
Jackson	14	5	9	15	8	..
F McDowell	10	..	..	..	..	..
Linder	9	8	12	21	9	9
W Miller	6	..	3	..	3	6
Lucas	12	..	..	15	..	..
Carson	..	7	12	18	8	9
W Holton	..	6	7	..	6	..
Rawlings	..	6	11	12	8	..
Redmond	..	8	..	17	7	..

Targets:	10	15	10	20	15	10	10	15	10	15
L Yearndt	7	14	9	16	12	8	6	14	9	14
R Wright	9	9	8	18	10	8	..	15	10	12
Athor	10	15	10	20	14	10	..	..	10	..
Lindley	10	15	9	19	15	8	..	..	..	..
M Holton	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Linder	9	15	9	16	12	7	..	..	..	..
Hiller	10	13	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
W J Sconce	9	13	10	18	14	..	..	14	9	13
Jackson	8	10	8	..	..	..	7	11	6	11
Gray	10	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Holton	..	9	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Cad	..	14	8	17	15	10	3	14	10	14
Redmond	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	10	..	..
Lucas	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..
Laurence	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Timmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..
McDowell	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Gere	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	9	15
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Rawlings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	13
Forker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

McDaniels	..	5	..	..	..	..
Targets:	15	10	15	25	10	10
H Sconce	..	9	15	23	10	..
Hiller	..	8	..	21	..	9
W McKinley	..	..	..	14	22	6	..
M Holton	..	..	..	8	..	8	..
W Moore	..	..	..	12	..	5	..
Sabrin	..	..	..	..	20	8	..
Dr Miller	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	21	..	..

Team shoot, 25 birds:
Champaign team—Yearndt 20, Wright 19, Athor 23, Lindley 22—84.
Sidell team—Cad 21, Linder 15, Sconce 20, Gray 23—79.
Team race, 25 birds:
Gere 22, Sconce 19—41.
Cad 21, Yearndt 19—40.
Team race, 20 targets:
Gere 19, Wright 16, Cad 18, Jackson 18—71.
Sconce 18, Yearndt 19, Carson 16, Lucas 16—69.
Team race, 20 targets:
Cad 16, Gere 15, Wright 15—46.
Sconce 19, Yearndt 18, Carson 19—56.
Cad 18, Gere 17, Wright 16—51.
Sconce 19, Yearndt 18, Carson 17—54.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Athor	115	112	Gere	125	117
Lindley	80	76	Gray	60	56
Sconce	215	195	Linder	105	83
Yearndt	240	203	Carson	100	83
Cadwallader	230	199	Wright	230	165

Capt. A. W. Money, of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., returned from his trip to England on Thursday last, July 7, having been absent just seven weeks. To all appearances the trip has benefited Capt. Money physically, although he was in excellent health when he left the States. While in England he did some shooting at Hurlingham and at the Gun Club, and divided one or two good sweeps. At The Gun Club on Saturday, June 18, he took part in the Northumberland Handicap Sweepstakes, $20 entrance, $150 cup added. There were fifty entries, and Capt. Money was handicapped at 30yds. At the end of the eighth round there were only four left with straight scores, and they accordingly agreed to divide the purse, about $900, and shoot off for the cup. Mr. Vernon Barker, who has been shooting remarkably well this year, and who was therefore handicapped at 33yds., was the first of the four to retire, losing his 11th bird, Capt. Money joined him in the next round, the third man, Mr. Ford Barclay, 26yds., dropping out on the 13th bird. Mr. St. James, who was lightly handicapped at 22yds., killed his 13th bird and won the cup. How good the birds were in this event may be judged from the fact that there were 119 kills to 49 misses recorded on the score book!

WESTERN TRAPS.

STILL DANGLES.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 2.—As see the columns of FOREST AND STREAM recently, the celebrated Chicago challenge trophy still dangles from the window of FOREST AND STREAM at this shop, Mr. Paterson having again encircled it with the gay ki'bosh. It is getting a shade monotonous, this steady retention of the medal, and as it seems to lose interest I suggest we meet pretty soon and amend the rules some more.

SOO SHOOT.

Over 100 shooters at the last shoot of the Soo Gun Club would seem to indicate that the tournaments with bars to them are growing in popularity among the rank and file. It seems much this way to me; an army can't get along without officers, but we can't all be officers. Even if we could, an army without a few privates is not much good. Omaha was an officers' shoot, and so was Milwaukee to some extent, though such shrewd ones as Frank Parmelee and Charlie Grimm could see nothing in it with 19 to beat each time. Cleveland and Soo shoots were privates' shoots, and the rank and file came out in numbers.

IOWA STATE TROPHY.

The rival cities of Marshalltown and Waterloo, Ia., are still keeping up the race for the State trophy, which is now in the hands of Marshalltown.

MUSKEGON CLUB.

The live little city of Muskegon, Mich., has just organized a gun club with thirty-four members, and will buy a magautrap and a bunch of targets. Mr. E. T. Pennoyer has been elected president and H. A. Banknecht secretary and treasurer.

PRETTY GOOD BUDGE.

Out at Pine City, Minn., which is somewhere, there is printed a little paper which comes out monthly and is called Bede's Budget. It costs but 25 cents a year, but its owner says, "It budges for all." In the current issue I observe the following little statement, which is a pretty good "budge" for all sorts of men to remember:

"Those who have been arraying the North against the South have suddenly stopped, and now let those who are striving to create hatreds between the East and West take a tumble to themselves. This is the United States, and we are the people."

ODDITIES IN MERCHANDISE PRIZES.

Not long ago a few old-timers were sitting and discussing together some of the current aspects and past phenomena of trapshooting. The talk turned upon the merchandise prize, which most of those present seemed to think was doomed to an early death among the greater shoots of the country. "Speaking of that sort of thing," said one, "reminds me of some of the odd prizes I have seen offered at trap shoots at different times. Of course such things as household goods, chairs, tables, stoves, etc., are common, but that is only the beginning of the things managements have been known to beg as prizes. I had a friend who once won a ton of coal at a shoot. It was in the summer, and he was a visiting shooter! Another time I knew a man to win 10lbs. of beefsteak, and again one country shoot had as a prize twenty bread tickets. Frames for pictures, crayon portraits, a dozen photographs, a silk hat, an umbrella, a half-dozen shirts, a pair of rubbers, are among other things I recall as hung up for the hard-working and deserving shooter who is out for 'pleasure.' I was myself once lucky enough to win a box of condition powders, though I am not sure they improved my scores any. A well-known shooter at a Pennsylvania shoot once accumulated a post-hole borer, a sort of machine with which a fellow might go out before breakfast and amuse himself a few lines. He rebelled at that machine, and said he was no post-hole digger, but a shooter, sir!"

"That's not so bad," said another shooter who was listening, "but I think I can raise you one and still be within the truth. I was at a shoot once myself where the management had gone out and hustled among all the local business men, and they had a long list of what you know the boys call 'plunder.' It all went off pretty well except for myself. I won a fine, new, glossy coffin for second average. When they brought me out that thing I felt awful strange. I didn't want to be impolite and tell the folks that I had no use for it, for of course, you know, that sort of thing is useful once in a while. I just apologized the best I could and gave the coffin to a negro, who made it into cradle for his twins. That shoot gave me a kind of shock some way, and I have never much believed in merchandise prizes since then."

CHICAGO, July 9.—The Fourth coming on Monday this year, gave the shooters of the clubs in this vicinity plenty of work at the traps. The weather, though warm, was accompanied with a good cool breeze, both on Saturday and Monday.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly contest at the traps on July 2, with a slim attendance, as many of its members left the city to spend the Fourth.

Following are the scores in the practice events, shot under the Sargeant system:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20
F Stannard....	13	14	10	12	14	..	H Vatter	11	9	7	10	9	..
C Smith	6	8	8	9	7	..	O Buck	..	..	..	..	..	14

No. 5 was the trophy contest at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified, and following are detailed scores:

F P Stannard, A .....1111111111111111111111111—25
C S Smith, C .....1011111111101110010111011—19
Vatter, B .....1001101100001111111111010—16
O J Buck, B .....1101110011101111111111100—19

F. P. Stannard won Class A on a straight score; O. J. Buck won Class B; Class C unaccounted for.

On July 4 the attendance was also small. The grounds were kept open for the accommodation of such members who desired to participate.

Following are scores of events, which were all shot from the magautrap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	15	10	23	Targets:	25	25	25	25	15	10	23
C Smith.....	11	14	12	17	9	5	11	Clark	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard	20	16	15	12	..	..	..	Steck	22	..	..	20	10	9	17
Stanley	16	15	17	12	..	..	..	E Pattison...	..	19	21	..	9	8	21
Matthews ...	16	21	17	..	..	..	..	Boyle	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
Shaw	14	19	22	..	..	..	..								

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

The Calumet Heights Club held its annual celebration and shoot on the 3d and 4th inst. The total attendance at the club numbered 112 persons. The weather was all that could be desired, and a most enjoyable time was had by all present.

The first day's programme opened with a 10 live-bird event, $3, two moneys, followed by a miss-and-out, $1. The birds were a good lot of swift flyers. Following are detailed scores:

A Paterson	2112221222—10	P Norcom	0210111120— 7
G Lamphere	2111111121—10	J Morgan	0001120110— 5
G Marshall	0211112101— 8	H Ferguson	1121*12120— 8
H Baedker	1112222*22— 9	A Harlan	0010101122— 6
C Hess	2*21122210— 8	K Marks	1000100011— 4
G Knowles	2201112111— 9	S Young	1112*01001— 6

Miss-and-out, $1, birds extra:

G Lamphere	1121	G Knowles	2220
H Baedker	1110	P Norcom	1110
C Hess	10	H Ferguson	0

The ties divided.

Following the live-bird event were the target races, shot in the face of a strong wind. No. 1 was 10 singles and 5 pairs; Nos. 2 and 5 were snipe; No. 5 was pairs, and No. 4 was a team race at single targets, all of which were thrown from the magautrap. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	5	Events:	1	2	3	5
Targets:	20	10	10	10	Targets:	20	10	10	10
G Lamphere	11	7	6	..	S Booth	13	..	..	5
C Hess	14	8	3	2	J Morgan	11	..	..	..
A Harlan	9	..	..	..	J Bruner	..	..	..	2
H Baedker	5	9	4	7	A Whitman	..	..	..	3
G Marshall	9	..	..	..	S Greeley	..	..	..	5
P Norcom	8	7	6	..					

The following are detailed scores in the trophy contest of 50 targets, unknown angles, classified. Class A won by G. C. Lamphere; Class B won by A. W. Harlan, and Class C won by J. A. Morgan:

Class A.

G Lamphere ....00010101111111111111011111001111111101111011111111111—40
S Booth .....11111011110011101001010111110010110000100010010000—26
H Ferguson ....10000001001111100010000001111111100111001110100011O—24
S Young .....11011111011111011111010100111101110011011111110111—38
P Norcom .....11110111110101101011111111101101101110111111001111—39
A Paterson .....11101101001101111111101111011000110111110111110010—35

Class B.

A Harlan .....00001001000101111001101110010100111111011111111111—31
G Marshall .....11000001000101101111010111111011101110010111010110—26
S Greeley .....11110111011901011101010011011000010110100100000010—27
C Hess .....11101100111000111101010001000001011111111111111111—33
H Baedker .....10001100000001001001100101000101001000001000001100—15

Class C.

J Morgan .....00101000101000101111011111111101000110100011100001O—25
L Davis .....00100110000110100100111101000000001010110110100110—21

The second day opened with a bright sunlight and a stiff wind blowing from the left quarter. The first event was 10 live birds, $3, two moneys. Following are detailed scores of the live-bird trophy events:

G Lamphere	1201111211—9	C Hess	2112122222—9
G Knowles	2112011212—9	P Norcom	1112122210—9
A Paterson	1011112101—8	J Morgan	1102112121—9
H Boedker	2110212110—8	G Marshall	0211102212—8
S Young	2111002202—7	J Bruner	0000000110—2

The following event was 5 live birds, $1, two moneys, birds extra:

G Lamphere	11011—4	P Norcom	11202—4
A Paterson	10210—3	G Marshall	11202—4
H Baedker	1111*—4	S Booth	01112—4
C Hess	12112—5		

Miss-and-out, $1:

G Lamphere	1112211—7	C Hess	1212220—6
H Baedker	20	S Booth	1122111—7

Following are detailed scores in the trophy event, at 50 single targets, from magautrap, classified. P. D. Norcom won Class A; S. H. Greely won Class B, and L. L. Davis won Class C:

Class A.

S Booth .....11101110110000110010010011000101110110110110000100000—24
G Lamphere ...10111011111001111110100111111000111111111110111100—37
P Norcom .....10011110111110010111111011111011101111011010111—37
A Paterson .....01010100101110110100101011111000100001011011101111—28
S Young .....10101011110010110011111100110010101101110111011110101—32

Class B.

A Harlan .....01110110000010100000100100110011000001011110101100—21
A Whitman .....11000001111000100000100000010001010000111001001100—17
C Hess .....01011011111011101110110010110000011101011111110101—32
S Greeley .....00111111010001011101010101010110101011011010010O—29

Class C.

J Morgan .....00000000100010010100000000001001100010000000100000— 9
L Davis .....11111000100010001010000001010000000000011000000011—15

GILBERT VS. MARSHALL.

On the return of Fred Gilbert from the Milwaukee shoot he acepted the kind invitation of the Hon. Thomas Marshall, to spend the Fourth in Keithsburg, Ill., where an elaborate programme had been arranged to celebrate Dewey's great victory. Music by the band, a game of baseball, a three-legged race, bicycle, hurdle, and other races, even to a boat race on the Mississippi, the day ending with a live-pigeon match between the gentlemen above named, and the evening opening with a grand display of fireworks, which continued well into the night. The race was at 50 live birds per man, and commenced immediately after the game of baseball ended. The score was: Gilbert 49, one dead out of bounds; Marshall 44, with 4 dead out of bounds. It is not known what the side bet might have been, but Gilbert flushed a new, crisp $50 bill on his return to Chicago without an explanation as to where he got it.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly contest on the club grounds, corner Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue, on the afternoon of July 9. The attendance was fair. There was a bright sunlight, and as a strong wind was blowing from the right quarter across the traps the targets were thrown unusually high and were somewhat erratic in their flight.

Following are scores in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	20	Targets:	15	15	25	20	20	20
F Stannard	14	15	21	20	..	..	Doc Carson.....	..	8	10	12	..	..
C Smith	9	9	9	..	9	..	J Houston	..	..	24	15	19	..
H Embree	7	8	9	..	..	..	E Steck	..	..	22	..	15	14
C Hess	6	10	..	..	..	..	J Glover	..	..	18	13	..	..
V Cunnyngham. ..	13	17	..	17	16		H Carson	..	..	24	..	16	16
O Buck	..	7	15	15	17	..	A Borroff	..	..	21	..	..	..
Dr Miller	..	7	13	..	16	12	H Morgan	..	..	16	..	13	6
Neta	..	4	9	..	..	..	W Stannard ...	..	..	21	19	17	18

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 were shot under the Sargeant system. No. 8 was made up of four miss-and-outs, 25 cents, all of which were won by E. M. Steck.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified:

Class A.

F P Stannard .....1111111111011111011111111—23
E M Steck .....0111111111011111111011011—21
R B Miller .....0101111111001110011001100—15
C C Hess .....1111111110000000010110100—13
J S Houston .....1111111111111111110101111—23
J Glover .....0100110110111111110111101—18
W D Stannard .....1101111111111110111110111—22

Class B.

C W Carson .....1011110011110110100111101—17
H F Carson .....0100111111111111111111111—22
O J Buck .....0010110101111111111101011—18
V L Cunnyngham .....1101010111111111111101110—20

Class C.

A C Borroff .....1011111101101111111111111—22
C S Smith .....0011010011110010011011110—14
Embree .....1111010100101000100000001—10
H B Morgan .....1111101101011100111011101—18

Class A won by F. P. Stannard; Class B won by H. F. Carson; Class C won by A. C. Borroff.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly contest at the traps on July 9, with a good attendance, quite a few targets were thrown, and some good scores made. O. von Lengerke and R. Kuss tied with a straight score in the trophy contest, with Dr. Shaw a good second after missing one out of the 25 shot at. Following are scores in practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	15	10	25	Targets:	25	15	10	15	10	25
C Richards	16	12	9	11	7	16	T Hicks	..	..	8	14	8	17
Dr Shaw	19	15	7	13	9	17	J Meek	..	..	9	9	..	..
Demaris	..	8	6	12	..	..	C Steiger	..	..	6	13	..	15
R Kuss	17	14	9	13	7	21	S Young	..	..	8	11	7	..
A Hellman	..	11	8	11	7	..	O von Lengerke..	..	..	11	..	..	
J Workman	10	..	..	..	..	..	A Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Comely	..	10	8	10	..	..	Smeades	..	..	4	10	5	15
J Nusley	..	8	8	9	8	..	J Amberg	..	..	..	..	9	..
H Fehrman	..	..	..	7	10	8	14	H Wiley	..	12	10	13	9	..
T Eaton	..	..	..	5	8	9	10	Northcat	..	..	..	11	8	..

No. 1 was 5 unknown traps, one man up; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 7 was 5 singles and 10 pairs.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. R. Kuss won Class A; C. Steiger won Class B, and J. Workman won Class C:

Richards .....1011110111111101111011111—21
Shaw .....1111111111111111111110111—24
Demaris .....1100110101101111011111010—17
Kuss .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Hellman .....1010011011110111001111110—17
Workman .....1111010011111111110110110—19
Comley .....0101111110101101000001010—13
Nusley .....1111111101101010111010110—18
Wiley .....1111110111011111101000110—18
Fehrman .....1110111111111111111011001—21
Eaton .....1010000101000010010001100— 8
Hicks .....1111111101011111111011110—21
Meek .....1111111100111101110100010—17
Stiger .....1100111011011111111111101—20
Young .....0110101111011011101011110—17
Von Lengerke .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Smith .....0011100101101111101010111—15
Smeades .....0101101110111111010001111—17
Amberg .....0111110111011111000000111—16
Smith .....1011001101110100110101111—16

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

On July 18 next Mr. Bernard H. Worthen—the Barney Worthen, of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C.—will join the vast army of Benedicts, everyone of whom should be glad to welcome as a brother such an excellent shot and good fellow as Our Barney.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 4.—The annual Fourth of July shoot of the South End Gun Club proved a grand success. The club shoot at 25 targets per man was the principal event, and the gold medal of Class A was won by Brooke Harrison. In Class B, James Gicker successfully defended the silver medal which he won on May 30. In Class C, Mr. Grossman again won the silver medal. The grounds present a fine appearance, and are considered by experts to be one of the finest in the State, having a fine background. The next shoot will be held on Labor Day, Sept. 5, when the club medals will again be shot for. Events at 10 and 15 targets occupied the rest of the programme, all thrown by the magautrap. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Capt Essick	9	19	9	17	7	6	8	8	10	8	6	9	8	8
Miles	8	..	7	12	5	7	2	3	6	9	3	..	..	..
Eshelman	10	18	6	12	6	4	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
W Miller	7	15	6	..	7	5	7	10	8	6	..	..	..	..
F Yost	5	19	6	..	9	8	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Dewey	2	..	3	3	3	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	5	10	4	..	4	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jonhoe	5	21	9	..	5	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Matz	7	..	6	..	7	9	8	8	..	..		..	..	..
Shaaber	7	18	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrison	9	22	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	7	13	7	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoads	4	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gicker	7	16	7	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Shultz	6	14	8	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sigman	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yeager	8	16	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Ball	2	11	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Grossman	6	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Miller	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weaver	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hobson	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Miller	6	20	5	..	9	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The Mt. Penn Gun Club held a club shoot to-day, the principal event being a 25-target race for a gold medal. The scores in the club event being: Harry Saylor 20, Yeager 18, Ball 16, Brown 17, Strohecker 14, Runyeon 14, Kuershton 16, Rhoads 17, Gerhart 11. Sweeps followed.

Pottstown, Pa., July 4.—The Shuler Shooting Association held its annual target tournament to-day. Sportsmen were present from West Chester, Boyertown, Royersford, Spring City, Phoenixville, New Hanover and other places. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	15	10	20	10	10
Wickersham	10	7	6	6	11	7	5	9	12	11	7	13	..	6
Benner	9	7	9	9	12	9	6	7	13	13	10	17	8	8
Slonaker	9	7	4	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	7	..	5	..
Wien	8	8	6	8	12	9	9	6	12	9	8	17	9	6
Grubb	8	7	..	..	9	9	8	5	8	11	7	16	9	5
Seidel	7	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheeler	7	9	8	9	14	10	9	6	14	13	9	18	7	..
Gill	..	.	..	9	13	7	7	10	8	9	8	..	5	..
Saylor	..	..	..	9	10	9	10	4	..	..	7	..	7	7
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Longacre	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	5	..	4	4
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	14	5	..	8	6
Trumbauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	13	8	17	6	..
Nettles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	10	6	14	8	..
Lenhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	8	7
Dotterer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	6	7
Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	4
Heuer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	..
Trego	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Schiefley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Pottstown, Pa., July 6.—Several interesting target events were shot at the Shuler Shooting Association grounds. In spite of the brisk wind, which made the flights of the targets erratic, good scores were made. Summary:

First event, 25 targets: Wickersham 19, Davis 22, Hawkins 11, Slonaker 19, Cole 16, Grubb 17, Bossert 13.

Second event, team match, three-men teams, each man at 25 targets:

Capt. Wickersham's team—Wickersham 17, Davis 23, Hawkins 21—61.

Saylor's team—Slonaker 15, Grubb 17, Saylor 22—54.

Third event, team match, three-men teams, each man at 25:

Capt. Wickersham's team—Wickersham 20, Davis 21, Hawkins 18—69.

Saylor's team—Slonaker 15, Grubb 20, Saylor 17—52.

Pottstown, Pa., July 9.—A battle royal took place to-day between the teams of the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, Pa., and the Shuler Shooting Association, of this place, in which three matches were required to decide the victor. The first match was at 25 targets per man, teams to consist of ten men, and resulted in a tie, likewise the second of 10 targets per man. In the shoot-off at 10 targets each the Shuler won by 6 targets. Both teams did remarkably good shooting. The next match will be held here July 23, with the same club. Summary:

Shuler—L. H. Davis 18, Saylor 19, Capt. Wickersham 20, A. Slonaker 19, Lenhart 19, Shaner 18, Grubb 17, Yerger 17, Trego 11, Smith 20—178.

Phoenix—Johnson 20, Erb 19, Dotterer 19, Leidy 17, E. L. Buckwalter 14, Phlert 20, Hodge 19, Lambert 15, Harris 15, J. Buckwalter 20—178.

First shoot-off, 10 targets per man:

Shuler—Davis 9, Saylor 8, Wickersham 6, Slonaker 7, Lenhart 6, Shaner 9, Grubb 5, Yerger 6, Trego 6, Smith 7—69.

Phoenix—Johnson 10, Erb 8, Dotterer 3, Leidy 8, E. L. Buckwalter 5, Phlert 8, Hodge 6, Lambert 7, Harris 6, J. Buckwalter 8—69.

Second shoot-off, 10 targets per man:

Shuler—Davis 10, Saylor 7, Wickersham 6, Slonaker 7, Lenhart 8, Shaner 9, Grubb 10, Yerger 5, Trego 6, Smith 7—75.

Phoenix—Johnson 8, Erb 9, Dotterer 6, Leidy 8, E. L. Buckwalter 8, Phlert 7, Hodge 6, Lambert 6, Harris 7, J. Buckwalter 4—69.

West Chester, Pa., July 4.—This afternoon the West Chester Gun Club held its monthly shoot. Several sweepstakes followed the regular medal match.

July medal shoot, 25 targets per man: Ford 19, Twaddell 20, Hoar 14, Gill 19, Brinton 19, Henry 19, Beebe 16, Lumis 18.

June scores, 25 targets: Beebe 14, Gill 14.

May score, 25 targets: Beebe 17.

Sweepstakes, 10 targets: Lumis 5, Henry 8, Twaddell 8, Brinton 6, Gill 5, Beebe 7, Ford 7.

DUSTER.

Centredale Gun Club.

CENTREDALE, R. I., July 7.—Our Fourth of July shoot did not come up to expectations in regards to number of entries, as only nine shot through. The reason was plainly evident, as the weather was the hottest ever recorded in this State, being 102° in the shade. It was so uncomfortably hot that several intermissions had to be taken to allow the guns, shooters and the poor trappers to cool off a little.

On account of the small entry the purse was reduced from $25 to $15.50, as follows: $5, $4, $2.50, and $1.50 to four high guns, $1.50 to longest run and $1 to second run.

The magautrap worked well, and some of the scores made were quite good under the conditions, as the birds were thrown about 60 to 70yds. The only straight was made by Griffith in the third event. Dr. Hammond really did the best shooting, but fell down in the event, which lost him first money. Sheldon, with his usual good, steady shooting, won first with 125, beating Dr. Hammond 2 birds; Griffith third and Bain fourth. Everybody was glad when it was over, so that they could go home and put on some dry clothes.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Griffith	11	13	12	15	14	9	12	13	8	13	120	.800
Root	13	12	11	9	11	8	12	9	10	13	108	.720
Hammond	13	13	13	13	13	7	12	13	14	10	122	.810
Moore	9	11	12	9	10	9	9	11	8	7	95	.630
Bain	11	12	11	12	9	10	13	12	10	13	113	.750
Corey	9	8	13	10	10	12	10	9	12	12	105	.700
Campbell	6	6	6	7	10	7	6	9	9	..	...	.460
Reiner	9	8	13	13	7	9	9	10	9	13	100	.670
Whittaker	8	7	10	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	.610
Arnold	4	8	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	....	.510
Sheldon	11	14	11	13	13	12	13	12	12	15	125	.830
Sherman	3	6	2	4	1	1	..	..	..	..	...	.200

Longest run, Griffith, 36. Second longest run, Sheldon, 19.

The events were very creditably refereed by Mr. W. N. Sweet, of the Centredale Gun Club. N. F. REINER, Sec'y.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

THE fourth match of the second series of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held at Wayne Junction, July 2, under the auspices of the Wayne Gun Club.

THE TEAM RACES.

The conditions of the team races were 25 targets, known angles, handicap, each team composed of six men. The scores:

Independent, 165.

W H W	1111111011111110111111111110	—25
Houpt	1111110111111111111101011111	—25
Landis	1111111101111111111111111111	—27
Cowan	0111111111111111001111111101	—23
Whitcomb	1001001011111111111111111111	—22
Ridge	1110111101111111111111111111	—25—147

Southwark, 184.

O'Brien	1110111111011111111111111101111	—28
Burt	1110111010011111001100011111100	—20
Ford	1110011101110101111111101110111	—24
Fisher	0111011110111110111110100111111	—24
McAfee	1001111111111111111101001111111	—25
Zimmerman	1011111101111111111010111101101	—24—145

Roxborough, 182.

R G C	1011011101101111111011001121110	—23
Giles	1101011111111101111011111111111	—27
McFalls	1100011011110110111011011111111	—22
Frees	1111111111111100111111111110011	—26
Gilmore	0001011111110100110111111111011	—21
Strumm	1110100111101111010111111111111	—24—143

Wayne, 182.

McMichael	0111111011110111111011010111101	—23
Daly	1101101111111111101101111111111	—27
J Dillon	1010111111111111111111110010110	—24
E Dillon	1101111111111001111111111111111	—27
Soistman	1011010011110110101001010000101	—16
Kane	0110111101111111111110100111	—23—140

Silver Lake, 176.

Numbers	0011111111111111001011111110111	—24
La Rue	0111101100111010010101111101000	—17
Smith	1111111101011000111011111101100	—20
Winchester	1111111101110111111111001111	—25
Woodstager	1101011101101111111111111110	—24
Humer	1101111111111111111111111111	—28—138

Washington, 194.

Johnson	1111101111111111111111101111110	—29
Heff	1111010110101100111011001110010	—20
Righter	0010010010010110011110001110010	—14
Motz	1101111010111111001110111110101	—23
Kriebel	1010111111111111011111110001110	—24
Keyser	1110111111111010100101111111111	—24—134

Florists', 168*.

Burton	1111111101111111101110111111	—25
Reid	1101101110111011101111111110	—22
S P Life	1111111111111111101011111111	—25
Harris	0111111111011111001111101111	—23
Anderson	1101111111111111111110111101	—25—120

* Five men shot at 140 targets.

Frankford, 178*.

Cameron	1001111111101111101101111111111	—25
Bourne	1111110111111111111111110111111	—27
Redifer	1111001101111111111111111111111	—27
Myers	1101011010011111111011110111111	—23
Krier	1000001001010000010111110101	—13—115

* Five men shot at 149 targets.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

The following shows the number of points won in the four monthly matches which have taken place:

	April.	May.	June.	July.	Total.
Southwark	6½	8	8	9	31½
Wayne	9	7	4½	7	27½
Independent	2	5	10	10	27
Roxborough	6½	6	6½	8	27
Frankford	4	9½	6½	3	23
Florists'	5	4	9	2	22
Washington	3	9½	4½	5	22
Silver Lake	10	3	2	6	21
Forest	8	*	1	*	9
Delaware	*	2	3	*	5

* Absent.

THE SWEEPSTAKES.

W. H. Wolstencroft made best average for 175 shots, .897 per cent.; Ridge .884 per cent. for 165 shots; Brewster .852 per cent. for 175 shots, and Houpt .847 per cent. for 145 shots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10
J Daly	7	4	8	12	7	..	..	..	8	..	9	13	..
F Quimby	..	6	6	4	8	5	5	6	8	..	..	..	..
Houpt	7	8	9	13	7	8	9	11	9	9	8	14	..
Brewster	7	8	8	13	9	8	8	13	10	9	10	11	8
W H W	9	9	9	13	9	9	10	14	7	10	9	14	8
Whitcomb	7	8	9	11	5	7	6	..	4	3	7	..	9
Ridge	..	9	8	12	10	8	9	13	10	9	10	11	9
S P Life	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	7	..	6	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..	..
Gyles	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	7	..	..	8	..	..
Gaughen	..	..	..	..	10	5	3	5	9	7	..	4	8	2
McMichael	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R G C	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	7	11	6	..	9	..	..
Landis	..	..	..	..	12	9	7	8	14	10	7	10	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	9	..	..
E Dillon	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	9	9	..	..
Burton	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	6	..	8	8	..	..	..
L D Senat	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	8	13	7	6	6	..	..
Newbold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	3	5	5	..	..
Gilmore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	8	..	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	6	14	7
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	6	..	..
McAfee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..	..
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	4	..	..
Redifer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	..	..
Cameron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	13	9
Woodstager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
La Rue	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..
Zimmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	6	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..
Keiser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..
J Dillon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..
Free	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	99	..	..	..
Santman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Van Nort	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Frances	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Stumm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Righter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Motz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Soistman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

Ocean City Midsummer Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the month of August trap-shooting is and ought to be at its best. The boys have all had several months' practice at the elusive inanimates, and should be and generally are in fine fettle.

The sea shore in August is delightful. Brilliant sunshine, the heat thereof tempered by cooling breezes; old ocean ever ready to embrace and engulf you in his fluid affection; the evening atmosphere redolent with the life-renewing ozone, which intoxicates, but does not inebriate.

The midsummer tournament committee, of which Mr. Jas. R. Malone is chairman, have therefore been particularly happy in their selection both as to time and place for their annual tournament. Time, Aug. 4, 5 and 6. Place, Ocean City, Md. Two days, the 4th and 5th, will be devoted to targets, and one day, the 6th, to live birds. Two or more sets of traps will be used, as the occasion may demand. Every facility will be at hand to promote the comfort and convenience of the shooters; events will be run off promptly, without any tiresome waits; the best target obtainable will be used, thereby insuring swift, steady and even flight, and sure breaks when hit; the background will be clear and unobstructed sky, and if there is anything additional required to make of this tournament a grand success it has but to be asked for.

A special fare of $2.50 for the round trip between Baltimore and Ocean City has been obtained over the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railroad.

Congress Hall will be headquarters for shooters and their friends, and a special rate of $1.50 per day has been kindly proffered by the management of this hotel. The building is contiguous to the tournament grounds, faces on the ocean, and is a very delightful stopping place.

Many shooters from Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York have signified their intention of being present, and it is anticipated that this will prove one of the most largely attended and successful tournaments of the season in this section.

Ocean City is the great Maryland seaside resort. The hotels and cottages are numerous; the beach, one of the finest in the world, is as smooth and grateful to one's pedal extremities, when relieved of the artificial covering, as is the early spring grass on a well-kept lawn before the sun has had opportunity to absorb the dewy globules pendant from each blade. The fisherman can fish to his heart's content and be sometimes rewarded by a bite. Shore bird shooting will be at its height, and great sport can be had by those thus inclined.

With the music from the various orchestras wafted o'er the breeze; the moonlight upon the water changing it into a sea of iridescent silver; the dreamy waltz in the pavilion, or the moonlight stroll upon the promenade, nothing is lacking to fill the evening hours with pleasure and delight.

For programme and further information, address Jas. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md

STANLEY.

Kansas State Association.

OLATHE, Kan., July 6.—I send scores of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, which, as will appear from the record, was a decidedly successful affair.

The programme was followed to the letter, except that the money was all divided. No jack rabbit system was used at all on any event so marked on programme. The Sargent system, with targets thrown at good, fair speed and angles, was used.

Showery weather interfered with attendance, but the shooters were numerous, and all enjoyed themselves.

The Ottawa Gun Club treated everybody royally, not a shooter had the shadow of a kick. The club lost $80 on the meet, but pluckily determined to try it next year, and asked for the Association meet for 1899, when it is hoped that better weather and attendance will retrieve their loss.

With but one or two exceptions all the best shots of Kansas were present. Sargent, Cornett, Cockrell and other Missouri shooters shot most of the programme.

I had the pleasure of winning the State championship on a clean score, and my team—Lemon, Lipscomb and myself—won the team championship by a very fair score—82 out of 90.

The detailed scores in the State team contest do not appear in the scores. Four teams of three men each entered. Goff, of Leavenworth; Erhardt, of Atchison, and Herr, of Concordia, entered as the Leavenworth Gun Club team, and were second with 80 out of 90. Erhardt and Herr were honorary members of the Leavenworth Gun Club.

FIRST DAY, JUNE 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	10	10
Herr	10	..	8	12	19	12	13	7	12	8	9
Reust	9	14	10	15	20	..	12	5	12	9	10
Cockrill	9	..	7	12	..	..	13	6	11	9	..
Erhardt	9	12	9	..	18	..	..	6	11	8	..
Lemon	9	15	8	..	17	..	..	6	..	..	..
Shiras	9	..	..	14	..	14	..	5	12	..	9
Topping	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	8	13	9	13	..	12	12	8	12	8	9
Dowden	8	14	7	12	..	12	11	5	..	7	9
Cornett	8	..	8	..	1	14	12	8	12	..	..
Lostutter	8	13	10	13	..	12	11	..	..	8	8
Beardsley	8	13	8	13	..	12	12	7	12	10	5
Green	8	13	7	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..
Brown	7	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	13	..	9
Pruitt	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	7	..
Lipscomb	7	14	7	15	17	12	11	5	..	..	..
Oelkers	7	..	7	..	17	..	11	5	..	7	..
Brewer	..	..	7	13	..	12	13	5	12	8	8
Johnson	..	..	7	15	17	12	13	5	13	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	12	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Sargeant	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	6	12	10	10
Hodges	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	8	13	7	..
Masters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Guy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Number of entries	21	18	20	18	16	18	20	18	22	21	13

No. 8, double rises.

SECOND DAY, JUNE 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	30	15	10	15	10
Cockrill	10	13	8	14	17	..	..	7	14	8
Cornett	10	12	7	14	17	..	..	9	15	9
Sargeant	10	14	8	15	19	..	14	6	15	10
Johnson	9	14	8	14	19	..	..	6	..	8
Martin	9	12	..	..	18	25	14	8	14	9
Herr	10	12	..	14	19	28	15	7	13	9
Hodges	9	15	7	13	19	30	13	7	15	9
Lemon	9	15	10	..	17	29	..	8	..	7
Shiras	9	12	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Brewer	8	..	7	..	18	24	..	7	14	10
Lostetter	8	12	10	..	17	..	..	6	12	..
Lipscomb	8	13	9	..	..	27	13	..	..	9
Reust	7	15	9	13	18	28	13	8	13	10
Pruitt	7	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	13	8
Beardsley	7	..	9	12	17	28	14	..	12	9
Oelkers	7	12	8	..	16	..	..	..	12	7
Anderson	7	13	9	..	16	..	..	..	12	..
Erhardt	..	13	7	..	19	22	..	6	..	9
Dowden	..	12	..	..	17	..	12	6	..	9
Green	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Smith	..	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	9
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..
Goff	..	..	..	..	..	..	28	..	..	13	10
Elwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
Bromelsick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	13	8
Hayden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9
Number of entries	20	21	23	19	19	21	23	18	22	23	

No. 8, double rises.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	10	10	10
Cornett	10	14	8	14	8	12	19	10	10	..	..
Beardsley	10	..	10	12	8	12	..	7	10	..	..
Lemon	..	10	15	10	13	8	12	..	..	..	..
Martin	10	..	10	..	7	15	16	10	9	8	8
Cockrill	9	12	8	..	9	14	17	..	8	..	..
Goff	9	..	9	13	9	13	..	10	..	..	..
Sargeant	9	14	9	14	9	12	19	10	8	..	..
Dowden	9	14	7	..	9	14	..	..	8	4	7
Hayden	9	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herr	9	13	10	14	10	..	17	9	..	..	..
Shiras	8	12	9	12	..	12	..	..	7	..	..
Hodges	8	13	10	13	9	14	18	8	8	..	..
Johnson	8	13	9	14	7	14	19	9	7	5	6
Bromelsick	7	13	10	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Brewer	7	13	..	12	10	..	..	8	..	7	6
Dawson	7	13	9	11	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Oelkers	..	13	8	12	..	12	18	8	9	7	..
Lipscomb	..	13	8	..	10	13	17	9	7	7	..
Lostetter	..	..	..	11	9	13	17	9	7	7	..
Fessenden	..	..	7	..	8	13	..	9	7	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	11	..	12	16	7	7	..	..
Erhardt	..	..	..	11	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
Elwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Robson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Number of entries	21	21	22	20	23	21	21	20	20	7	7

Nos. 10 and 11, double rises.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, June 30.—The following scores were made at the club's grounds on June 30. While the attendance was not very large, the scores were fairly good.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	25	25	*
Foxie	11	5	8	17	20	..
333	11	7	6	14	25	5
Bauman	12	8	8	21	24	5

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	25	25	*
Ditton	10	5	..	12	..	5
O'Leary	8	5	..	13	14	3
Wilson	..	8	..	17	..	..

* No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

The winners of badges were: Bauman, Class A; 333, Class B; O'Leary, Class C.

JOHN E. WILSON, Sec'y.

Kentucky Gun Club.

AT Louisville, Kentucky, on July 4, the annual tournament was given by this famous club, and as usual a great many devotees of the gun shot on those healthful grounds.

The main interest centered on the State championship medal, lately held by Ralph Trimble, and right gallantly was it fought for by the contestants. This time, however, it was destined to stay with the home club, our steadfast Harry scoring in faultless time and with greatest precision 49 out of 50 targets. By our Harry I mean the only one Harry in that section, i. e., Harry J. Lyons, Esq., who every now and then goes after cups, trophies and things in a way that completely astonishes the natives, to say nothing of himself.

Well, on this occasion he had to shoot a champion's gait, for right after him was that splendid shot, J. D. Gay, who rolled up 48 to his credit; so it was no walkover, nor can it ever be when so many fine shots compete for the much-coveted trophy.

There is a good deal of course in getting a good running start on anything, and as Lyons smashed 25 straight he certainly obtained a good lead. Yet they all had the same chance, but it is very awkward to most men to buck up against such awfully strong, accurate, dogged shooting; for instance, the Spaniards most presumably found it so at Santiago. So he went along on his next 25, and by some mischance slipped one little undersized one, and landed with 49.

For a strict amateur not so bad, especially when in very close, warm, sticky company, whose names I need not mention, as their previous records show what they have done.

Indianapolis sent down her hardest nuts to crack, and Partington went out on the day with 96 out or 100, Tripp with 94, and Griffith was the only man who scored 25 straight on the team shoot, which put the Indianapolis team highest with 72 out of 75. Being a State team affair, Indianapolis was barred from championship honors, shooting merely to show the boys how they trot in harness and altogether.

The Kentucky Gun Club team No. 2 carried the day, as will be seen by the score. So that everyone came out feeling pretty comfortable, as all the "fixings" did not go into one receptacle. Messrs. Harry J. Lyons and J. D. Gay, who scored highest in the championship event, both used their Whitworth fluid steel Parker guns, fully demonstrating how good these are when good steady men do the steering. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Gamble	12	13	16	11	12	15
Fallis	11	15	13	14	12	18
Lyons	14	15	17	15	13	19
Coyle	11	12	14	13	10	14
Powell	11	12	12	13	13	16
Keller	7	7	8	7	9	11
Tally	9	..	..	..	..	..
R Trimble	13	14	20	13	12	20
B Trimble	15	12	16	14	13	15
Martin	11	13	17	13	13	17
Nichols	12	13	16	13	14	16
Street	12	..	..	6	..	..
Hazard	13	11	18	12	11	7
Crockett	7	8	15	..	..	..
Gay	13	15	20	14	14	19
Tripp	14	14	20	13	14	19
Griffith	13	14	16	11	13	19

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Partington	13	15	18	15	15	20
Osgood	5	10	8	..	..	..
Ewing	13	9	14	13	11	14
Woodcock	13	14	19	15	14	19
Frank	15	14	16	15	15	20
Du Bray	10	11	17	12	13	16
Pragoff	14	13	20	10	10	..
Graves	..	11	15	11	..	..
Haun	..	5	..	5	7	..
Betts	..	..	16	12	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	11	7
Chadwick	..	..	..	..	10	14
Dodge	..	..	..	..	12	11
Williams	..	..	..	..	5	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	6	12
Winter, Sr	..	..	..	..	6	..
Semple	..	..	..	..	..	14

Event No. 8, team championship of Kentucky:

Kentucky Gun Club No. 1—Chadwick 23, Woodcock 19, Lyons 21—63.

Indianapolis Gun Club—Tripp 23, Griffiths 25, Partington 24—72.

Kentucky Gun Club No. 2—Alexander 23, Fallis 22, Phelps 19—64.

Paris Gun Club—Coyle 20, Gay 24, Dodge 15—59.

Georgetown Gun Club—Nichols 21, Betts 21, Graves 19—61.

Event No. 9, 7 live birds: Tripp 7, Ewing 7, Frank 7. Lyons, Tripp, Smith, Street, Betts, Du Bray, Dodd and Kellar withdrew with scores ranging from 0 to 5.

GAUCHO.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 5.—The weather here yesterday, July 4, was almost unbearable. Still a few of the enthusiastic ones came out and faced the traps. Some very good shooting was done in event 14. Stork broke 25 straight, which was good shooting for a boy of seventeen. Le Roy kept up a good average, only losing 4 out of the last 150; 500 loaded shells were divided in events 6-14, and with the handicap added everybody got some. Inclosed are the scores. The next shoot is on July 23.

The merchandise match, 25 targets, five moneys, was as follows:

Barrett	1101111111111111111111110	—22—4—25
Allen	1011111110111010111111111	—21—5—25
Carr	1111111101101011011110110	—19—7—25
Stork	1111111111111111111111111	—25—4—25
Taylor	1011001111111110010001111	—17—7—24
Allison	1111111111111101111111111	—24—3—25
Everett	1101011001110101100101011	—16—8—24
Grant	1111111111111111111110111	—24—4—25
W Murdock	0000011001101100011111111	—15—7—22
Howard	1111110110111111111111101	—22—9—25
W Woodard	1001101101101100110110111	—16—7—23
Le Roy	1111111111011011111111111	—23

The watch charm event, 25 targets, resulted as follows:

Barrett	1011011111101011101001111	—18—4—22
W Murdock	1111011010011110011100111	—17—7—24
Allen	0001111111110111111111111	—21—5—25
Scott	1111101011101011111011111	—22—6—25
W Woodard	1111111111101101011111111	—22—7—25
Carr	0100011101001110110111111	—16—9—25
Pratt	1100011001011010100001100	—11—9—20
Le Roy	1011111111111111111111111	—24
Grant	1111111101111011111111100	—21—4—25
Everett	0011010000100001001110010	— 9—8—17
Wood	1111111110111111111011111	—23—4—25

The scores in the sweepstakes follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	10	10
Barrett	9	5	6	6	9	18	6	10	7	12	6	13	10	22	6	8
Grant	3	6	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	11	6	..	8	24	8	7
W Woodard	4	6	8	7	7	22	7	10	9	13	8	11	8	16	..	..
Bartlett	7	9	8	8	9	..	8	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Le Roy	10	8	8	8	9	24	10	15	10	13	10	15	10	23	10	..
Stork	5	8	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	7	10	9	10	8	25	7
W Murdock	..	..	7	6	5	17	4	9	6	8	..	..	..	15	..	..
Stanley	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	7	11	7	12	5	12	10	21	7
Donaghue	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	2	..	7	11	..	..	1
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Carr	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	11	7	11	8	19	5
Pratt	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	5	4	12	5	16	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	17	8
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	22

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Trap at West Superior, Wis.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., July 4.—I inclose you the score made to-day. A cold breeze was blowing from Lake Superior, making it a disagreeable day in which to shoot, but some very good scores were made. A team shoot between Duluth and Superior was shot off, 15 birds each man, seven in each team. The score was: Duluth 88, Superior 66.

Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	*10	10	10	10
Delaware	9	14	9	14	10	8	9	10	8
Yale	4	8	7	8	7	6	..	..	..
Hogon	8	13	9	11	8	6	5	4	8
Fulton	7	14	9	12	8	4	9	9	10
Pierce	9	14	9	12	..	7	10	8	..
Harrold	8	11	4	11	8	..	8	7	10
Hart	10	10	6	13	9	8	8	9	..
Larson	9	11	6	13	8	10	8	7	..
Noisy	7	13	6	12	5	7	9	..	..
Warren	7	13	6	9	5	8	7	9	..
Nelson	10	13	9	13	9	5	9	8	..
Kennedy	8	13	10	10	6	6	6	4	7
Miller	..	11	6	..	4	4	..	4	..
Dixie	1	14	8	15	8	..	8	9	10
Marks	..	13	7	6	8	..	8	7	6
Link	..	7	..	6	8	1	..	..	..
Sharer	..	..	7	13	8	7	6	4	..
Bennett	..	..	6	..	7	7	5	8	..
Field	..	..	5	9	..	8	5	6	..

* Doubles.

L. R. F.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., July 2.—The Wolf Hill handicap, 25 to 33yds., 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, resulted as follows:

Wolf Hill handicap, 10 birds, $7.50 entrance, 50yds. boundary, handicap rise:

Barker, 28 .....2212022122— 9 P Daly, Jr, 29....200222220*— 5
E C Murphy, 30..2122121120— 9

Barker won in the second round of the shoot-off, Murphy's second bird dying out of bounds.

Sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10 entrance:

Barker .....1111221100 - 8 Daly 2111211111 10
Murphy .....2121211102— 9

* Withdrew.

July 9.—$5 miss-and-out, handicap:

E G Murphy, 30.....10 Culbertson, 25 10
D Bradley, 29 .....220 P Daly, Jr, 29 0
W R Patten, 28.....222

National handicap, 15 birds, $15:

E G Murphy, 30 .....222222221222020—13
D Bradley, 29 .....21211221202020 w
W R Patten, 28 .....120222122020 w
Culbertson, 25 .....012220022221120 —12
P Daly, Jr, 29 .....212211212222002—13

Five-dollar miss-and-out:

Murphy, 30 .....2212122122122211 P Daly, 29 22212121122222111
Bradley, 29 .....2212221221221222 Patten, 28 210
Culbertson, 25 ...122220

Twenty-five birds, $25:

Murphy, 30 1122210111020222122222201
Daly, 29 2202121222221220221222222
Bradley, 29 0112120112012200

HACKENSACK RIVER GUN CLUB.

Hoboken, N. J., July 7.—A live-bird shoot was held on the Hackensack River Gun Club's grounds on Friday, July 1. The light attendance is attributed to the severe warm weather. Much credit is due Mr. Heflich for furnishing such a fine lot of birds considering the season of extreme heat. Both events were 10 birds; 28yds. rise, A. S. A. rules, entrance $3.50:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Wm Hexamer	2012211222— 9	2212200220— 7
H Heflich	1221220011— 8	1112102102— 8
H Pape	21021*0222— 7	1010201022— 6
C Wengenroth	12210*2220— 7	.....
R Zoch	1110122012— 8	.....
L F Kleber	0120102201— 6	2201020120— 6
John Chartrand	1220211211— 9	1210012002— 6
John Little	2122012020— 7	2202210202— 7
John Outwater	.....	1021221211— 9
H W Kramer	.....	0110102011— 6

JOHN L. CHARTRAND, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., July 4.—The Forester Gun Club held a holiday shoot to-day. The hot weather kept some of the boys home, but enough got together to run off about a thousand targets before the rain stopped the fun.

The Forester Gun Club will hold an all-day merchandise shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 5. Prizes will be gunpowder and other articles. Open to all except experts. Programmes later.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hayes	8	5	..	..	..	5	9	6	4
D Fleming	7	5	7	7	5	7	8	7	3
Tarlton	7	5	5	5	4	6	6	8	7
P Fleming	10	7	6	6	6	9	9	7	10
Swindell	7	7	..	3	..	8	8	4	8
Backus	5	5	3	..	..	5	5	6	5
Winans	5	5	..	..	..	..	4	4	6
Jewell	..	5	..	..	..	5	6	4	7
Ripley	..	6	..	3	..	..	7	7	8
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	10	7

HIGHLAND PARK GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, July 7.—The monthly shoot of the Highland Park Gun Club resulted in the following scores:

Club shoot, 10 live birds:

H Quinn .....1110111122—9 Dr Leavitt .....*212021220—7
L T Hart .....211*221112—9 Jay Palmer .....2122010011—7
W F Moore, Jr.....2120122012—8 J Biehusen .....2100021100—5
Dr Stillman .....22021022*1—7

Club shoot, 25 clay birds:

Dr Stillman .....1111111001001111011111110—20
Dr Leavitt .....1001110101111111111011100—18
W F Moore, Jr .....1100111100110111001000001—13
L T Hart .....0001111010010100101101101—13
H Quinn .....0100110101101000001000010— 9

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., July 9.—Following are the scores made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Lequin	5	2	8	6	1	4	..
Dawson	5	6	5	6	7	6	6
Feigenspan	9	9	9	10	7	8	4
Terrill	5	6	..	..	..	..	4

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Morris	..	7	7	..	..	..	7
Day	..	..	6	6	9	8	..
Budd	..	..	6	3	5	6	7
Thomas	..	..	..	..	6	8	7

Team race, 25 targets:
Dawson 10, Feigenspan 19, Budd 15—44.
Terrill 15, Thomas 21, Lequin 14—50.

July 4.—The first regular club shoot, 25 targets, known angles, was held to-day. In the point handicap used, each contestant must break above the figures following the names in the score in order to count points on the season's shooting.

Hassinger, 18 .....1111111111111101111111111—24
Schorty, 20 .....1111111001111111011110111—21
Perment, 18 .....0111111101011111111001111—20
Fairmont, 20 .....1010101111111111110110011—19
Jones, 13 .....1100101111110111110111010—18
Young, 15 .....1110101101100101110101111—17
Fischer, 16 .....1110111100111110010110001—16
Wagner, 15 .....1111010011011011010010001—15
Baar, 18 .....0110110010010110111010001—13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Live birds:	7	7	7	7	7	7
Larkey	7	7	6	7	7	6
Leuthauser	6	7	5	7	..	..
Otten	6	5	7	6	4	5
Baar	7	7	7	6	7	6
Targets:	15	*	*	15	15	
Fischer	8	..	..	10	13	
Baar	8	11	14	11	10	
Schorty	14	15	10	13	13	
Bitz	6	..	..	7	4	
Lanfering	8	..	..	..	9	
Hassinger	15	12	15	11	11	

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Live birds:	7	7	7	7	7	7
Feigenspan	..	..	..	..	6	7	7
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Fischer	..	..	..	..	6	5
Perment	..	..	..	..	..	7
Targets:	15	*	*	15	15
Perment	4	13	12	4	7
Larkey	..	12	11	9	..
Feigenspan	..	..	..	11	..
H Richards	..	..	..	9	..
T Richards	..	..	..	7	..
Jones	..	..	..	11	10

* Ten pairs.

Arkansas and the South.

ST. LOUIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 29.—There not being any trophy in existence here now, which is subject to competition, the Du Pont Powder Co. has recently donated a medal representing the individual live-pigeon championship of the city. The first contest for this medal took place to-day at Dupont Park, the conditions being 50 pigeons per man, 30yds. rise, otherwise A. S. A. rules. Entrance $25, high guns, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. There were five contestants in this race, resulting in some great scores, John Cabanne winning on 49, while Dr. Smith and Winston cut up second money on 48. Barre scored 47 and Kling 46. The winner made a percentage of 98, and the lowest—Kling—92. Cabanne's lost bird was dead out of bounds, as were also the two that Winston failed to account for. The scores in detail were:

Cabanne .....2222222222222222222222*2*22222222222221221222222—49
Winston .....2212121212222221*2212211111222222222222222*122221212—48
Dr Smith .....1211111222201221122221221221011121112111111212211221—48
Barre .....1121121111121 1*2221112112211100122121121221121212121—47
Kling .....101011*1222022220221122222121022222211122222222222—46

PINE BLUFF GUN CLUB.

The Pine Bluff Gun Club is a very active organization, and to keep in line, so to speak, they have decided to hold an all-day tournament on July 21, with the inducements of 2-cent targets and $50 added money. The loyalty with which this club has always supported all the shoots given in this vicinity should assure them a good attendance. From Little Rock and vicinity they will certainly get a good delegation. The Pine Bluff Gun Club is a stanch supporter of the Rose system, and of course this basis of dividing the money will prevail at their shoot.

ARKANSAS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

After much deliberation the tournament committee has decided to make the added money at the eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association $500. This they confidently expect will draw a large crowd of shooters to Little Rock on July 26 to 28. Nothing like this sum of added money has been hung up at any tournament in the South this summer, so those who are contemplating attending a shoot in the near future would do well to send in their names for a programme and thus find out exactly what this energetic shooting organization has to offer. Programmes will be out in a few days.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 8.—At Louisville they celebrated the Fourth with a shoot, and as Dr. Britton, of Indianapolis, made high average he evidently thought it a glorious day. A. H. Frank, of Memphis, was second, only one bird behind the Doctor. Frank finished with the nice run of 64 straight. The programme called for 10 targets, of which Dr. Britton accounted for 96 and Frank 95.

Little Rock held a little shoot on the Fourth at the special request of the Hot Springs shooters, who were anxious to get some practice over the grounds, where the State shoot will be held. However, when the entries were made only one Hot Springs shooter was present, that old reliable standby John J. Sumpter, Jr., who again set the pace for the boys, carrying off the honors of the day. Nothing pretentious was attempted on this occasion, as the local shooters are reserving their energies for the State meeting. Targets were thrown at 2 cents, and a half-cent of this amount was set aside for average money; as there were about 2,000 targets thrown during the day this netted $10, which was divided by Sumpter, Pemberton and Thibault, as follows: $5, $3, $2.

Nos. 6 and 9 were 20-target events; the others being 15:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	15	13	15	14	11	19	14	13	17	14	160	146	.912
Pemberton	12	15	13	12	12	18	14	13	18	13	160	142	.887
Thibault	11	9	12	14	10	19	9	15	19	12	160	130	.812
Fletcher	12	11	9	11	9	14	12	11	15	9	160	113	.706
Duley	9	15	13	10	7	14	13	8	14	9	160	113	.706
Woodson	14	9	13	15	10	14	11	11	14	..	...	...	....
Phillips	..	8	11	9	6	12	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Daigre	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	13	12	7	...	...	....
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	18	11	...	...	....
Lenow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	12	8	...	...	....
Osborne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	16	8	...	...	....
Farmer	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Hobbs	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Baldy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	...	...	....
Britenstine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	...	...	...	....

Several extras were also shot.

The St. Louis tournament was a fairly successful one too, though the attendance was principally local. Hirshey was high with 150 broke out of 165. Taylor was second with 147 out of a like number shot at. Hirshey also beat Winston in a match at 50 pairs with a score of 77 to 73. Jack Winston is back in his elements again, as he has a match on with Dr. Smith, 100 live pigeons, for $500. This is the same Doctor who shot such a great race against Fanning last November. This match will be shot July 12.

HOT SPRINGS.

On July 1 the following scores were made. The visitors present were J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, who is sojourning there for his health, and Mayor J. A. Woodson, of Little Rock. John Sumpter, Jr., shot in his usual good form, and easily led the bunch.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	75	69	.920	Collings	75	63	.840
Williams	75	68	.906	Rix	75	55	.733
Elliott	25	22	.880	Smith	75	43	.573
Woodson	75	64	.853				

ARKANSAS STATE TOURNAMENT PROGRAMME.

This is now being mailed out to the shooters of the country. It consists of thirty regular and two State events; there being ten events each day, eight 15-target events and two 20-target events, the latter being Nos. 4 and 8. Entrance in these events will be $1.50 for the 15s and $2 for the 20s. There will be $15 added to each event. Wednesday, the second day, the State championship will also be decided. This is open only to members of the Association, and members of teams must be bona fide residents of the State. Four men to a team, 25 targets each, 100 to the team. At the last tournament Pine Bluff won the trophy. The individual championship will occur on the last day, Thursday, and will be at 50 single targets. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, is at present the holder of the championship emblem. These are the only two events that are not open to all. It will be seen that according to the programme the Association adds $150 each day, making a total of $450 for the three days. Then there will be $50 average money, which acounts for the $500 that the Association will add. Rose system of dividing the purses will prevail at this shoot. There will be four moneys in the 15-target events and five in the 20s. The following points will be paid for the respective positions: Four moneys, 7, 5, 4, 3. Five moneys, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2. The $50 average money will go to the seven high guns of the tournament, being divided as follows: $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $5. The Gleason and Capital hotels will be headquarters; at both of these hotels special rates have been secured. What concessions the railroads will make cannot be stated now, but it is expected that the customary rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip on the certificate plan will be granted. Efforts to bring this about are now being made. Ship your shells to the Dickinson Arms Co., and remember that the dates are July 26, 27 and 28.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held Tuesday, July 26.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, June 29.—The Boston Gun Club concluded its '98 shooting on Wednesday last, June 29. With plover and yellow-legs to occupy the sportsmen's attention by the middle of this month, and sundry vacation trips to distract attention from trap-shooting, the little stand at Wellington closes doors and windows for a few months, to be resurrected all the more enthusiastically next winter. Certainly the twenty-four weekly meetings have flown on the wings of the wind, and there is no scarcity of wind at Wellington. Each and every one has been packed full of solid pleasure and practice. The prize list, while of no extraordinary value, serves to center the interest, and permits of rivalry and antagonism in a pure-hearted way. Sweeps neither large nor small are ever called for or desired; yet the inquiry at the close of squads as to "how many did you break that time?" is asked with genuine interest and probably a little less envy or exultation, as the case may be, than if results touched the pocket.

As will be seen by final scores, Mr. Hollis secured first prize, and a very creditable win it was. The last three weeks have seen rapid improvement in his scores, and a yard or two handicap will be his portion undoubtedly next series. Mr. Woodruff was only headed the final contest, and his 127 is close to winning score in general excellence. Gordon and Horace tied on 124, but the former gained precedence because of slightly better attendance. Scores complete as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	6	5	10	10	10	10	15	10	5	10	10	10	5
Gordon, 17	7	7	5	1	3	9	9	6	8	14	10	5	7	6	..	..
Eastman, 18	5	9	8	3	2	9	9	5	8	11	8	4	7	5	6	3
Hollis, 17	9	8	10	3	4	8	10	10	9	14	8	3	6	8	..	..
Woodruff, 17	7	2	8	3	..	8	10	6	6	9	6	1	..	..	..	..
Nickols, 16	6	7	7	2	2	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hooker, 16	7	4	7	4	3	9	8	8	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
Poor, 16	4	2	3	..	..	6	6	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	10	10	10	6	4	9	7	8	5	13	8	4	9	7	7	2

Events 1, 6, 7 and 10, known angles; 2, 8, 13, 14, 15 and 16, unknown; 3 and 9, reverse; 12, unknown traps; 5, same, 25yds. rise; 11, straightaways.

Hollis, 17	1111111111—10	1111111111—10	1111111110— 9—29
Hooker, 16	1111011110— 8	1111001111— 8	1111101111— 9—25
Gordon, 17	1111111011— 9	1010101101— 6	1111111100— 8—23
Eastman, 18	1111111011— 9	1000011110— 5	1111011110— 8—22
Woodruff, 17	1111111111—10	1100110011— 6	0011110101— 6—22
Horace, 18	1000111111— 7	1111101110— 8	1000110011— 5—20
Benton, 14	0100010100— 3	0000100110— 3	1001010101— 5—11
Poor, 16	1011110001— 6	0000100001— 2	1011000000— 3—11

Prize totals in series just concluded, 10 shots, best five scores counting, possible 150:

		Discarded.
Hollis, 17	29 26 25 25 25—130	23 22 17
Woodruff, 17	27 26 25 25 24—127	23 22 21 19
Gordon, 17	27 27 24 23 23—124	19 17 13
Horace, 18	29 25 24 23 23—124	20 19
Spencer, 18	29 27 23 22 21—122	21 21 18
Miskay, 19	24 24 24 24 23—119	21 21 20 17
Hooker, 16	25 23 23 21 20—112	18 14
Poor, 16	17 15 15 14 12— 73	11 11 9 6
Benton, 14	17 15 12 12 11— 67	11 11 10 10

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 4.—The Audubon Club's shoot of July 4 was a perfect success. Thirty-five shooters attended it. The committee, which was composed of Charles S. Burkhardt, Edgar P. Reynolds and H. G. Middaugh, received the congratulations of all present. The novelty was $75 in merchandise prizes, which was given in five events, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6 and 9. There were from ten to fifteen prizes in each event, consisting of useful articles, from a gun case to a pocket knife. Some of the curious selections were a silver syrup pitcher, a hammock, a traveler's blacking kit, bamboo fishing rods, and silk umbrellas, etc. Events Nos. 3 and 4 were jack rabbit sweepstakes, and afforded considerable amusement. No doubt these events will become a regular fixture in the future.

Among the out of town shooters present were Mr. Green and Kirkover, of Fredonia; C. A. Ward, of Lockport; H. Clark, of Corfu; Joseph Sweet, J. Heltz and F. Anderman, of Smokes Creek; also Messrs. Jackson, Sherman and Burgwart.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	10	5p	10	10	15	15	15
C S Burkhardt	7	11	13	6	7	9	9	14	13	12
Porter	6	6	13	7	5	5	4	..	10	..
McCarney	9	13	12	8	5	7	4	10	9	..
E C Burkhardt	8	10	6	9	4	7	7	12	12	13
B Talsma	10	11	11	9	6	8	7	..	..	..
Clark	7	8	13	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	9	13	10	8	5	8	9	13	13	10
Sherman	8	10	11	5	5	7	9	11	7	..
Kirkover	7	14	13	9	7	10	8	15	14	14
Green	8	13	13	7	8	9	9	14	12	12
L W Bennett	9	13	9	7	8	6	5	12	11	13
J J Reid	6	11	9	5	5	7	4	12	8	11
Heltz	9	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..
Sweet	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Enderman	4	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Burgwart	9	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	13
A Coombs	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E B	4	11	12	6	4	7	..	..	10	..
P J Meyers	8	8	12	4	7	9	8	..	11	..
J E Lodge	2	11	9	7	5	8	7	..	9	..
Jacobs	8	9	7	7	6	7	6	..	7	..
J A Kennedy	6	11	12	8	4	8	..	12	10	10
C A Ward	10	12	12	10	9	8	..	14	9	12
Cooper	8	..	10	6	6	8	10	11	11	..
Foxie	8	..	11	8	..	10	..	10	8	13
333	8	7	13	4	4	6	7	13	8	11
Eaton	..	..	11	6	8	6	..	10	..	8
J Roesch	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	5	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	5	..	8
McArthur	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	6	12	8
Krotz	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	10
R H Hebard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	14

July 2.—There were no regular badge or cup events at the shoot of the Audubon Club to-day. Six target events were pulled off, the most interesting being Nos. 4 and 5, which were team events at 15 singles and 5 pairs, between teams captained by E. N. McCarney and R. H. Hebard, six men on a team. Each team won one event.

The following is a complete record of the badge season of the Audubon Gun Club, just closed, with winners and prizes:

Class A—First prize, C. S. Burkhardt, badge or trophy, valued at $20; second, E. C. Burkhardt, $15; average, L. W. Bennett, $15; most birds broken, C. S. Burkhardt, $10.

Class B—First prize, badge or trophy, valued at $20, B. Talsma; second, J. P. Fisher and George Zoeller, tied, $15; average, B. Talsma, $15; most birds broken, B. Talsma, $10.

Class C—First prize, valued at $20, J. J. Reid; second, value $15, W. R. Eaton; average, $15, J. J. Reid; most birds broken, J. J. Reid.

Total number of targets shot at during year of fifty-two shoots, 85,000:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15			15
E Burkhardt	6	10	10	20	15	12
C Burkhardt	14	14	11	18	17	12
J Reid	8	10	10	17	18	10
Schuler	6	9	10	15	15	8
McArthur	11	12	14	17	20	9
McCarney	12	10	12	18	21	13
R Hebard	12	-8	9	16	15	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15			15
U Storey	12	8	9	14	16	10
Burt	8	4	..	..	..	..
333	7	10	11	18	17	..
E Smith	..	..	..	..	18	20	..
D Sweet	..	..	..	..	14	13	8
Warren	..	..	..	..	19	23	11

Nos. 4 and 5 were at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 8.—The Haverhill Gun Club held its third annual shoot July 4, on the grounds at Hoyt's Grove, in this city. The day was bright and clear, and the weather very warm, and that will no doubt be considered sufficient reason for the absence of many of the members whose presence had been anticipated.

The Boston Gun Club favored us with the presence of four of its members, chief of whom was the favorite lady shooter Miskay. With her were her two brothers, Horace and William, and Mr. Hardy. This was the first appearance at our grounds of the two latter, but Miskay and Horace shot the day through with us a year ago, a fact they will never forget on account of the excessive heat of that day, if for no other reason.

Owing to the heat Monday no one felt disposed to hurry things very much, and as a consequence only about 2,500 birds were thrown throughout the day. Everyone went in for comfort rather than for hard shooting and high scores.

Miskay averaged high gun for the day, which was all the more to her credit from the fact of her meeting with a mishap at the beginning of the last part of event 11. In shooting at her first pair in this event she managed to discharge both barrels of her gun at the same time, receiving such a jar from the combined loads as to compel her to retire until the others had shot out the event. That she was pretty badly shaken up is shown by her score, one out of ten, which will readily be admitted by any one familiar with her usual excellent work at the traps.

Below are the events, tabulated, and the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	10	20	5	10	20	10	15	10
Bryan	6	9	9	11	6	9	19	8	8	7	17	5	3	14	7	12	9
Leighton	6	13	7	..	6	3	18	7	11	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	7	13	9	11	9	..	..	5	8	6	..	3	3	13	8	..	..
Horace	9	9	6	11	8	11	..	6	8	6	16	3	7	14	9	..	..
Miller	7	13	9	10	9	10	16	9	7	7	15	3	2	13	8	14	7
Orne	5	9	7	14	2	5	7	5	10	6	13	3	4	11	4	..	..
Eaton	..	..	0	5	3	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	14	8	18	2	1	13	10	..	..
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	14	8	13	3	4	12	8	..	..
William	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	12	8	12	5	3	16	3	..	..
Marble	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	11	5	14	..	..	..	..	..	7
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	5	12	2	3	..	6	..	..
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	11	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	11	3	3	9	4	9	6
Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	1	3	9	3	..	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Junior	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	0
Gardella	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	5
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
Hodgdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1

Event 8 was a team race of 25 birds per man, 10 unknown, 15 reversed: Bryan and Miller, after tossing for choice, chose a man alternately until all shooters present had been chosen. The race was productive of much merriment, and the finish a close one, Bryan's team winning by one bird, score 124 to 123.

Events 6 and 14 were unknown traps and angles, the latter shot from traps 2, 3 and 4 after the Sargent system.

Event 16 was shot gun below elbow till bird was in the air, and use of both barrels allowed.

Event 16, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bryan 7, Miller 6, Marble 6, Griggs 4, Gardella 8, Fernald 7.

Event 17, 20 targets: Bryan 17, Miller 14, Griggs 10, Gardella 10.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., June 30.—The Auburn Gun Club held their first annual tournament to-day. The weather was all that could be desired and the boys turned out well, about every club in the State being represented by their best shots.

Among the shooters from out of the State were O. R. Dickey, Cap. Wadsworth and B. Leroy Woodard. These three only shot the first eight events though, as they had to leave early in order to catch the train for Boston. They shot well, but were hardly up to their usual form.

Shooting began at 9:30 o'clock, and the last event was shot out by 5:30. The Parker gun was won by Mr. Preble, of Waterville, who got 25 straight. Mr. Preble then ran a 10 straight and a 15 in the next two events, making the longest run of the day—50 straight, 15 of which were at unknown angles.

In the seventh event, $50 guaranteed purse, Mr. Berry scooped the pot on 25 straight.

The club will put the money made at the tournament into the club house fund, and next spring will build a nice, large house, so as to give the boys better accommodations next year.

The visitors spoke highly of the Auburn Gun Club's first annual, and thought the dinner out of sight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Birds:	10	10	15	10	10	15	25	10	25	15	15	10	10	Av.
Herbert	9	8	..	10	..	15	24	10	22	..	13	10	9	.926
Dickey	9	8	14	9	10	13	23	8	..	13	..	..	..	.890
Puck	8	10	12	9	9	14	23	10	..	10	..	..	..	.872
Leroy	7	10	15	9	10	11	24	10	..	13	..	..	..	.905
Hunnewell	7	10	11	8	6	14	18	7	22	..	10	7	8	.733
Thompson	9	8	11	8	10	12	18	9	20	13	12	8	7	.802
Randall	9	10	14	9	7	12	21	7	17	8	..	..	..	.780
Arthur	7	6	11	9	10	11	22	8	23	12	..	..	..	.820
Chisholm	8	9	12	7	6	12	16	7	19	..	..	..	..	.730
Gray	7	8	15	6	10	10	19	8	14	9	..	..	..	.730
Payson	9	6	9	6	7	13	18	9	23	12	..	..	..	.770
Lord	9	6	12	6	6	9	17	6	..	8	12	8	..	.610
Libby	5	5	8	7	6	8	19	7	13	..	6	..	..	.570
Wyman	7	6	12	9	5	14	21	9	23	8	..	..	..	.780
Preble	8	10	11	9	7	14	21	10	25	15	..	..	..	.910
Stobie	8	7	12	8	9	12	21	8	21	11	10	..	..	.732
Honesty	9	10	8	9	7	11	21	9	20	..	9	..	8	.780
Greene	9	7	12	8	8	14	19	10	22	12	11	..	..	.822
Jones	8	6	12	8	7	12	18	8	24	10	15	..	..	.800
Bates	10	9	12	8	8	13	18	8	22	14	15	8	..	.850
Merrill	7	9	12	5	9	9	20	8	16	14	9	..	..	.732
Ray	10	9	12	9	8	12	23	..	18	..	..	..	..	.840
Norton	8	8	..	10	9	15	19	8	21	..	13	8	..	.850
Leary	6	8	..	8	7	13	18	6	..	..	11	8	..	.680
Dwinell	8	8	..	6	6	6	17	..	13	4	8	..	..	.620
Huntington	6	4	..	6	..	9	..	..	22	..	6	..	..	.620
Collins	6	4	..	6	..	9	..	..	22	..	6	..	..	.720
Barker	9	8	..	8	..	..	21	9	18	..	12	3	8	.760
Fletcher	8	8	10	7	7	11	..	8	19	..	12	6	7	.750
Ashley	8	8	..	9	..	12	..	7	17	..	11	..	..	.757
Tukey	7	7	..	6	6	12	20	10	14	..	..	..	..	.780
Bickford	8	9	..	7	8	11	17	10	21	..	12	..	10	.800
Cobb	7	10	..	10	..	14	24	10	24	..	9	..	5	.900
Morse	9	8	..	9	..	..	18	10	21	..	12	9	9	.820
Berry	10	10	..	10	..	13	25	..	18	..	13	..	..	.900
Wills	8	6	..	6	..	..	24	..	16	..	8	..	..	.712
Conners	..	..	14	7	7	..	16	8	17	..	11	4	6	.690
Cushman	..	..	8	6	..	8	15	8	16	..	8	7	9	.640
Wakefield	..	..	..	8	..	8	17	7	17	9	9	..	..	.620
Taylor	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	.420
Bean	..	..	..	8	..	11	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	.770
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	..	9	..	..	.750
Francis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	22	..	8	..	5	.760

L. A. BARKER, Sec'y.

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., July 2.—Ford and Fred tied for the medal with 45 out of 50. In the shoot-off at 15, unknown angles, Fred got 15 straight to Ford's 13. No. 1 was regular, the remainder being unknown angles; Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 constituted the medal shoot at 50 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Day	15	9	11	..	13	8	11	8	90	75	.830
Ford	12	8	12	8	13	10	14	8	100	85	.850
Rawson	10	8	7	5	14	8	13	9	100	74	.740
Coffin	12	6	12	5	11	8	9	9	100	72	.720
Johnson	12	7	12	8	12	10	11	8	100	80	.800
Fred	12	9	..	8	13	8	14	10	85	74	.870
Club average									575	460	.800

W. S. HOBBS, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

14. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham.
14. Seawanhaka, annual, Oyster Bay.
16. Beverly, fourth championship, Buzzard's Bay.
16-23. Larchmont, race week, Long Island Sound.
16. Corinthian Marblehead, championship, Massachusetts Ba
16. Shelter Island, ladies' day, Gardiner's Bay.
16. New Jersey Ath., invitation race, Newark Bay.
16. Seawanhaka, Roosevelt mem. cup, Oyster Bay.
16-17. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands.
16. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
16. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
16. Royal St. Lawrence, 20, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
16. Chicago, annual, Lake Michigan.
17. American, cruise, Ipswich.
17-18-19. East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
23. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
23. Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
23. Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
23. American, skiff class, Newburyport.
23. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
25. Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
25. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
30. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
1. Burgess, moonlight sail, Massachusetts Bay.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
3. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
3. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
6. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
6. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
6. Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
6-7. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
6. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
6. Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
6-8-9. Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
6. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
6. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
8. American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
9. Squam, open, Annisquam.
10. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

THE fate of perpetual prize cups is proverbial. In a recent hunt over records we have come across one that has been for some years forgotten. The Livingston memorial, originally established, we believe, by that good yachtsman and all-round sportsman the late Anson Livingston, was given to the Atlantic Y. C. many years ago; for some twenty years back it has been given as an extra prize for the single-stick class of about 46ft. l.w.l. in the annual regatta. Of late years it has disappeared from sight, and is no longer raced for. It is unfortunate that an old trophy of this kind should be allowed to pass out of existence, and we hope that some means may be taken to recuscitate it.

The Measurement Rule.

THE Yachtsman, reprinting an abstract of the report of the Seawanhaka special committee, disposes of the principal points as follows:

The committee has very carefully considered the matter, and unanimously think that the present American rule must be altered in order to get a more wholesome type of boat. They have not, however, decided upon trying a modification of the British formula, but have resolved upon recommending one of their own, which we consider rather crude. In order to verify this factor (area of midship section), a drawing of the midship section must be furnished, with the waterline accurately marked. It is also intended that the submerged profile, the vertical longitudinal section, exclusive of the rudder, shall not, without penalty, fall below 65 per cent. of a parallelogram constructed to touch its extreme dimensions. Now, for these drawings—for a drawing of the profile must be supplied—before him, an experienced designer could reproduce the whole design of any boat that he has seen with almost absolute exactitude, and for this reason we have called the proposition "crude."

After continuing at some length in the same strain, the criticism concludes: "We hope, in the interests of American yachting, that the report will not be adopted, but that the committee will see their way to achieve their evidently good intention in a more satisfactory way. The matter is, after all, a very simple one for those who have the British rule and its lessons before them."

We are tempted to apply the same adjective, "crude," to the Yachtsman's criticism, as well as to question its application to the Seawanhaka proposal. The important point of the committee's work is the presentation on the part of Mr. Hyslop of the one great evil of modern yachting and the weak point of all rules, the use of untaxed levers; and of his proposal of a remedy that is simple, direct, and far more promising of good results than any thus far suggested or tried. So far from being crude, the report in covering these two points goes beyond any similar work that we have thus far encountered.

In disposing thus summarily of a proposal of this kind, the Yachtsman lays itself open to the very same criticism, its work is "crude" in that it fails to discriminate between a very important principle and a possibly faulty arrangement of details. Even if we grant all that the Yachtsman urges on the ground that too much is asked of the designer, and we are not quite prepared to do that, there is little ground for condemning the entire report and recommendation.

The main point of the report is that the proposed formula demands the disclosure of the beam, draft and the area of midship section. In this it goes no further than many proposals made by competent authorities, and seriously considered by yachting bodies. If yachtsmen are intent, as they now seem to be, on a rule that will promote displacement, there is little less that can be asked for than the area of midship section. It is less than asking directly for the displacement itself, and really very little more, at least to the man who has once seen a yacht out of water, than the girth would be. Given the beam and girth, as in the Y. R. A. rule, any designer who has once seen a yacht can obtain her area of midship section very closely indeed by a little trial sketching.

Until it is accepted that the formula in itself is a good one, there is no need of discussing the minor details of its application; but, this point once reached, the latter could probably be met in some satisfactory way. At the worst, it would be possible to accept the statement of the designer, as to the area of midship section and lateral plane, subject to verification by actual measurement in the case of a protest; or, as the measurers are usually men of reputation and perfectly responsible, it might be made imperative that they should consider the sketch of section as confidential, to be filed securely with the club records, and accessible only to themselves.

As to the lateral plane, that is of minor importance, under the proposed tax it is probable that very few yachts would be built below the standard, of 65 per cent. In the case of all yachts built to the standard all that would be necessary is the statement of the designer that the area does not fall below the limit. The proposal to call far a sketch of the lateral plane was seriously made by the British designers under date of Nov. 8, 1892. It does not follow from the mere use of these factors that it is necessary to publish to all the world the actual midship section and sheer plan of every racing yacht.

We regret that the Yachtsman has not directed its criticism to the really important features of the report instead of an auxiliary one. We confess that, after a long study of the subject of remodeling the formula from many points of view, we do not share the Yachtsman's ideas as to the extreme simplicity of the task and the aid to be obtained from the Y. R. A. rule; to us it presents many difficult features.

We had hoped this week to continue our discussion of the Hyslop formula, but find it necessary to defer it. However, we have a criticism quite as hostile as that of the Yachtsman, but of a more satisfactory nature, from our correspondent, "Sextant." As it was received at a late date, we are unable to attempt any reply at present:

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the point of view of the opponents of the old type of measurement rules the report of the Seawanhaka committee will seem a distinct advance in the following particulars, viz.:

It favors a rule which is specifically intended to produce wholesome boats.

It defines wholesome boats in terms of dimensions.

It says it is hopeless to attempt to assign independent or relative values to beam and draft as factors affecting speed.

It maintains that in racing it is relative and not absolute speed that is desired.

And, by leaving some matters to clauses supplementary to the formula, it gives testimony to the point that it is neither necessary nor expedient to include all matters concerning measurement in a formula.

From the same point of view the report is open to criticism in sundry respects.

The formula is made of two parts. The first, $\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{S.}}}{2}$ which alone is effective with what we may term the committee's normal yachts, i. e., those having the desired amount of displacement. With such boats the remainder of the formula, $\frac{2\,(\text{B.} + \text{D.}) - 6\frac{2}{3}\sqrt{\text{M. S.}}}{2}$ equals O. With other boats the latter portion becomes effective. It is unlikely that yachts will have the precise amount and arrangement of displacement necessary to reduce the new portion of the formula to zero; therefore it will act as a whole and should be so considered.

The avowed purpose of the rule is to permit the building of "really good" yachts, having reasonable displacement, that can successfully compete with racing machines on "fair and equated terms." The accomplishment of this result by this formula depends upon the validity of the following fundamental proposition, viz.:

The relative worth of S. A., L.W.L., beam, draft, immersed midship section, immersed lateral plane, and weighted centerboards, as speed factors, is so accurately represented by the numerical relations of the several terms of the formula that no advantage in speed will be gained by sacrificing L.W.L. or S. A. in order to be able to reduce the area of immersed midship section and

lateral plane below the amount deemed desirable by the committee, or to get stability by weighting the centerboard.

No reasons are given in support of this proposition, although its truth is far from being obvious.

Concerning beam and draft the committee says: "It appears extremely doubtful if any rule which included beam as a separate and distinct factor * * * would meet with acceptance, and it appears to be nothing less than a truism that to assign to either of these distinct and separate values, or values relatively each to the other, is in the absence of more accurate knowledge wholly unwarranted." Yet the committee proceeds to assign relative values not only to beam and draft, but also to L.W.L. and $\sqrt{S.A.}$, all these elements being included in the formula with interchangeable values. That is to say: 1ft. of beam = 1ft. of draft = 2ft. of L.W.L. = 2 units of $\sqrt{S.A.}$; and beam is made as "separate and distinct" a factor in the formula as L.W.L. or S. A. or draft.

Without directly stating it the committee apparently opposes arbitrary restriction on sail, length, beam, draft and displacement; and favors so-called freedom of design. In view of the failure of all rules of the old type, and the fact that these rules have not given designers any more freedom than rules fixing maximum and minimum limits to the principal elements of design, it is a matter for regret that the committee has not given the reasons which impelled it to adhere to the old type of rule.

There have been sundry expressions of opinion by correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM that rules should not interfere with the freedom of designers, and that arbitrary restrictions are undesirable; but so far as the writer knows, no arguments have been adduced to show that the designer has any more freedom under the old type of rule than under rules like those of the knockabout associations which fix maximum and minimum limits to dimensions. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM testifies on this point in the issue of July 2, as follows:

"No rule can be framed that will not put at a premium some one class of yacht, the racing machine, the all-round fast cruiser or possibly even the slow cruiser. It has so happened in the past that every rule tested on an extensive scale has in time resulted in the production of an extreme racing type." * * * "This inevitable tendency of every rule has been fully recognized of late years by the various experts and committees called upon to suggest new formulas." In other words, designers have been free to make a single type of racing machines and nothing else.

These views have been repeatedly urged by correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM; and yachtsmen everywhere have been driven to rules with arbitrary restrictions or to one design classes in order to have any racing at all. If it is true that the formula type of rule with interchangeable factors gives designers no more liberty than rules which fix maximum and minimum limits to dimensions, then the only objection to arbitrary restrictions vanishes. Probably no one will claim that merely for influencing design in any desired direction the indirect method is so certain or desirable as the direct method.

For these reasons it seems to the writer that the committee has not done justice to itself or to its constituents in asking them to adopt the old type of rule, so many times discredited, and with all its uncertainties, without giving reasons for preferring it to a kind of rule that is absolutely certain in operation and easily understood by every yachtsman.

After defining its ideal yacht it is a pity the committee did not bar all other types from racing, instead of vainly trying to frame a rule that shall let the wholesome boat race on "fair and equated terms" with racing machines of all kinds. This rule is certain to produce a single type that will be faster under the rule than all others, and consequently will completely bar everything else from racing. The chances are that the new type will be something entirely unexpected.

No reasons are given for not recommending action on light construction, though there is a widespread belief that this is one of the vicious factors in the present condition of affairs.

In part justification of the old rule, whose continuance is recommended with some corrective factors added, the committee says: "The changes that have come about and the necessities that have arisen (since the adoption of the $\frac{L + \sqrt{S.}}{2}$ rule) are not in any degree a product of the rule."

Did not the rule foster such large sail plans and short L.W.L. in the small classes that it was found desirable to arbitrarily limit sail area in the last Seawanhaka cup race? Anything short of an adequate tax on sail encourages excessive sail plans. Under the proposed formula sail is only half taxed; and a premium is offered on large sail area and short L.W.L.

The notable omissions in the report are the failure to discuss fundamental principles of measurement, and the absence of any attempt to justify the adoption of the proposed formula and to demonstrate its usefulness. Yachtsmen are practically asked to adopt it on faith, as they have so many others which have proved worthless.

The new portions of the rule, $\frac{2\ (B. + D.) - 6\frac{2}{3}\sqrt{M.\ S.}}{2}$, and the provisions concerning lateral plane, are added with the expectation that they will permit the successful racing of yachts of wholesome type with fin keels, splashers and freaks of all kinds. This expectation is based upon the assumption that one unit of the difference between the sum of beam plus draft and three and one-third times the square root of midship section ($B + D. - 3\frac{1}{3}\sqrt{M.\ S.}$) is equivalent for speed purposes to 2ft. of L.W.L. or to two units of square root of sail area ($\sqrt{S.}$), and that one-fifth of the difference between the coefficient of lateral plane and the standard coefficient, 65 per cent., $\left(\frac{.65 - .04}{5}\right)$ is equivalent to as many units of L.W.L. or $\sqrt{S.}$ or to half as many units of beam or draft.

It is probably safe to assert that these assumptions are not founded upon any known laws of the resistance of partially submerged bodies moving in water. But on no other assumption can the use of this formula be logically justified. The formula presumes that all yachts of the same racing measurement have equal speed; and the factors which together make up R. M. are interchangeable on the basis stated. On the truth of these numerical relations between L.W.L., $\sqrt{S.}$, $\sqrt{M.\ S.}$, and the plane of lateral resistance, the worth of the new formula depends.

SEXTANT.

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.
Monday, July 4.

THE Annisquam Y. C., of Annisquam, Mass., has this year quite a strong 15ft. class, the result of the racing of Spruce IV. in these waters last year. Among the new boats specially built for the class is Lynx, Messrs. Cunningham, designed by G. H. Duggan; Schatz, Mr. Felton Bent, designed by W. P. Stephens, with others by Boston designers. Three men are allowed as crew, though the yachts are measured with but 300lbs. on board. A number of races are scheduled for the season, beginning on July 4 with one for the Hastings cup, and also the first of the series for the "half-rater" trophy. The race was started off the club house at 2:35 P. M. with six boats, Tobasco, H. H. Wiggins; Lynx, Messrs. Cunningham; Gaboo, Walter Adams; Schatz, Felton Bent; Gertrude, H. Damon; Scooter, D. H. Woodbury; Imp, Oscar Perkins. Mr. Butler Ames is with his regiment, so Spruce IV. was not present. There was a strong westerly wind; the course was a triangle, sailed twice. Lynx led from the start, but after being handicapped through mistaking the signals, Schatz pulled up and at the end of the second leg, to windward, was first; on the reach Lynx again took the lead, with Scooter, Gaboo and Imp astern of Schatz. On the windward work of the second round Schatz again took the lead and had a safe position when a heavy squall swept over the fleet. In the squall the truck of her mast gave way, disabling her so that she was forced to retire. Lynx took in her jib and lowered her peak, riding out the squall, and she and Gaboo finished, the latter lowering everything for the time. The others gave up. Lynx wins the Hastings cup and the first leg for the trophy.

Hull Y. C. 30ft. Class.

Hull—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, July 2.

THE Hull Y. C. opened its season with an invitation race for the 30ft. class, with five starters; the old Harbinger, built by Hanley in 1889; the fin-keel Handsel, Hanley's Ashumet, built in 1894; the new Hanley Meemer, and the Purdon Elfreda. The course was from off Hull around the lightship, 14 miles naut., with a moderate S.E. breeze and smooth water. Ashumet took the lead at the start, being passed by Handsel, and finally the two giving place to Meemer, she turning the lightship at 4:35:30, with Handsel 1m. 30s. astern. They ran in under spinakers, finally beating into the harbor. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	2 39 55
Ashumet, C. Fred Bache	2 43 24
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	2 44 46
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	2 49 55
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	3 03 48

Palmetto, schr., W. F. Palmer, carried Mr. T. E. Jacobs, of the race committee, over the course, timing the boats. Under the Hull Y. C. rule Handsel probably saves her times and takes second place.

Kingston Y. C.

Kingston, Mass.
Saturday, June 25.

THE Kingston Y. C. sailed the first race of the season on June 25 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

Fourth Class.

	Elapsed.
Maud, W. N. Meyers	1 14 50
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 23 45
Winnetuxet, Potter	1 26 08
Amie, M. S. Weston	1 30 20

First Special Class.

Wabun, G. W. Shiverick	1 22 50
Kittawake, H. N. Jones	1 23 30
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 24 45
Olympia, W. Steele	1 25 15
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 37 17

The winners were Maud and Wabun.

Savin Hill Y. C.

Savin Hill—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, June 25.

ON June 25 the Savin Hill Y. C. sailed a race for the 30ft. class with but two starters, Ashumet and Elfreda. The course was from off Dorchester around the Sculpin Ledge Buoy and Buoy 6 and return, ten miles, with a strong S.W. wind. Other starters were expected, but none were at hand. Ashumet led over the course, Elfreda making a good second until she broke down on the return. Ashumet's elapsed time was 1:46:48.

The judges were C. S. Willard, J. E. Corr and S. Ayers.

Fall River Y. C.

Fall River—Mount Hope Bay.
Saturday, July 2.

THE Fall River Y. C. sailed a lively race for the 15ft. class on July 2, for the Boyd prizes; the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
Taboo, West Borden	3 46 26	5 15 28
Columbia, Wood Bros	3 46 39	5 15 55
Eva, J. Whitehead	3 47 49	5 31 00
Paradox, Jeff Borden	3 47 51	5 41 21

Columbia lost her bowsprit near the end of the course, but made a close second.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

New Rochelle—Long Island.
Saturday, July 2.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. held its annual regatta, as usual, on July 2, over the regular club triangles, starting off Echo Bay. A fleet of forty-six yachts started, and all covered the course in spite of a provoking light easterly wind, which fell to a calm at one time, though a light south wind came up to help in the last boats. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Division, Start 12:35—Sloops—51ft. Class.			
Bansbee, Henry Doscher	43.50	1 15 10	1 15 10
Second Division, Start 12:40—Cabin Sloops—43ft. Class.			
Pontiac, H. Hanlein, Jr.	40.70	2 55 52	2 53 38
Huzzar, J. D. Baird	41.05	2 52 16	2 52 16
Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class.			
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	34.15	2 49 53	2 49 53
Margaret, E. S. Shuttleworth	33.93	3 27 48	. . . .
Cabin Yawl Class.			
Fidelio, E. K. Sanford	33.40	3 31 54	3 31 54
Open Yawl Class.			
Jane S., Dr. Francis Volk	29.25	. . . .	. . . .
Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class.			
Twilight, Eugene Lambden	29.82	. . . .	. . . .
J. F. Carroll, H. Piepgrass	N.M.	3 22 40	. . . .
Daisy, R. M. Hyde	29.66	3 55 35	. . . .
Bingo, W. N. Bavier	25.24	. . . .	. . . .
Third Division, Start 12:45—Cabin Sloops—35ft. Class.			
Cambrian, F. W. Smedley	24.00	3 54 18	3 52 25
Bonnie Bairn, F. H. Waldorf	20.31	3 19 17	3 09 13
Emyzol, A. Tissot	25.00	3 11 45	3 11 45
Open Sloops—25ft. Class.			
Ida, O. H. Chelborg	25.00	2 22 50	2 22 50
Open Sloops—20ft. Class.			
Gold Bug, C. D. Molloy	20.00	2 35 13	2 35 13
Keneu, M. Clark	20.00	Not timed.	
Akabo, Clark A. Miller	20.00	2 18 54	2 18 54
Open Sloops—15ft. Class.			
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	15.00	2 18 51	2 18 51
Fiddler, Nelson Voltz	13.50	2 39 37	. . . .
Fourth Division, Start 12:50—Cabin Cats—30ft. Class.			
Volsung, De Forrest Bros	28.70	2 25 03	. . . .
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.24	2 27 45	. . . .
Kit, T. J. Dunne	29.19	2 15 58	. . . .
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	2 19 46	. . . .
Cabin Cats—25ft. Class.			
Grace, John F. Lambden	22.55	3 08 07	. . . .
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.40	2 33 41	. . . .
Wanda, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	25.00	3 14 44	. . . .
Shippan, William Bradley	24.70	2 37 24	. . . .
Cabin Cats—20ft. Class.			
Amos, Charles Silkworth	19.70	2 22 11	2 22 11
Fifth Division, Start 12:55—Open Cats—20ft. Class.			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.98	3 19 35	. . . .
Sora, W. Hoey	19.65	2 56 22	. . . .
Viking	N.M.	4 00 20	. . . .
Open Cats—15ft. Class.			
Lark, C. G. Davis	15.00	2 26 43	2 26 43
Lobster, T. S. Flint	15.00	2 26 40	2 26 40
Sixth Division, Start 1:05—Knockabouts—Special Class.			
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	21.00	Not timed.	
Kenosha, Charles Voltz	21.00	4 01 45	. . . .
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	3 50 22	. . . .
Senta, Daniel Bacon	21.00	Not timed.	
Seventh Division, Start 1:10—Dories—Special Class.			
Tern, Mr. Greely	15.00	1 23 00	. . . .
Prize, Mr. Janes	15.00	1 17 39	. . . .
Ketch II., Mr. Ketchum	15.00	1 18 37	. . . .
Black Cat, Mr. Dayton	15.00	1 28 02	. . . .
Yellow Pup, Mr. Somerville	15.00	1 32 34	. . . .
Porgie, Mr. Downing	15.00	1 24 38	. . . .

The winners were: Banshee, Huzzar, Anoatok, Fidelio, John F. Carroll, Bonnie Born, Ida, Akabo, Edwina II., Kit, Wanda, Amos, Sora, Lobster, Mongoose and Prize.

Huzzar sailed her first race, having been launched the same morning. Prior to the start a meeting of the council of the Y. R. A. was held to consider a protest against the new catboat Wanda, as not complying with the restrictions of a cabin yacht. The protest was not sustained. After the race Volsung protested Kit for fouling at the first mark. The regatta committee included Messrs. C. P. Tower, Paul A. Meyrowitz, J. C. Lippencott, John W. Rough and A. P. Weston.

Boston City Regatta.

Boston—Boston Harbor.
Monday, July 4.

THE regular city regatta was sailed on July 4, at Boston, under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, with a good field of starters. There was a puffy, wholesail breeze from S.W., making a good race. In the 25ft. class Eleanor had a lead toward the end, but missed a mark of the course and was disqualified. The times were:

35ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Chieftain, M. R. Peterson	3 39 12
Violet, H. J. McKee	3 43 12

30ft. Class.

Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 58 37
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	2 00 45
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	2 06 27
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	2 21 23

25ft. Class.

Nettie, Walter Burgess	2 12 22
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 15 06
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh	2 15 14
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 15 56
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	Disqualified.
Rival, W. S. Nickerson	Withdrew.

21ft. Class.

Tacoma, Elmer Prior	2 11 46
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	2 13 55

21ft. Cabin Class.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	2 11 48
Thetis, C. D. Lanning	2 20 23
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 21 42
Omeme, W. P. Barker	2 26 30
Helen, T. Hagerty	2 31 31
Cruiser, Q. Tucker	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Duchess, C. D. Mower	1 54 39
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 54 49
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 57 50
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	2 05 56
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	Withdrew.
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	1 26 32
Ray, S. A. Freeman	1 30 26
Katydid, J. F. Small	1 37 07

Cash prizes and Association pennant and percentages go to the winners, subject to decisions on protests. Circe protests Duchess on measurement, and also for fouling Alpine. Vitesse is protested on measurement.

The committee included Com. E. W. Dixon, Atlantic Y. C.; Capt. William Daly, Sec'y A. T. Bliss, of the Y. R. A. of M.; Com. C. H. Chapman, Volunteer Y. C.; Com. W. H. Russell, Lynn Y. C., and Com. T. S. Young, Revere Y. C.

The Fouling of Marks.

IN connection with the race between Vigilant and Navahoe off Newport last season, on Sept. 4, in which the former was disqualified for touching a mark with the end of her boom, we discussed at some length the question of this class of what may be called a technical foul as distinguished from actual violent collision with the mark. The same subject is very ably dealt with from the opposite point of view by Mr. W. Baden-Powell, the canoeing editor of the Field, an old and experienced yacht and canoe sailor, and a member of the Council of the British Y. R. A. In spite of the difference in size between Vigilant and a 15ft. canoe, the principle involved is identical in both cases if we consider that the mark in the case of a yacht race is the usual light triangular raft of open timbers surmounted by a flag or ball.

While the punishment of absolute disqualification is undoubtedly too severe in some cases, such as that of Vigilant and the one mentioned below, of Nautilus, we still see no other practicable solution of the difficulty. The consequences of the fouling of a buoy are too serious; even though no material injury to boats or crews may follow, the removal or destruction of a mark may ruin an important race. Yachtsmen are always prone to take chances at a mark, and some very strong measure of restraint is necessary. It is hardly possible to make the man who has fouled a mark in the excitement of racing the judge of his own error, compelling him as punishment to lose time in a second rounding.

Hard as it is in some cases, we believe that the best interests of yachting are served by the rigid enforcement of the rule that a yacht in any way touching a mark, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by outside influence, shall be disqualified; and further, that it is the duty of every helmsman who is thus disqualified beyond question or doubt to instantly withdraw from the race in order to leave a fair field for those legitimately entitled to continue. Instances are found every day where skippers, after running down and overturning a mark, or nearly wrecking another vessel through a failure to give way when on port tack, calmly continue in the race, blanketing and obstructing the legitimate contestants. The evils arising from any loose construction or enforcement of the rule as it now stands are, we consider, far more serious than the hardship of an undeserved disqualification at times.

The question of the fouling a mark disqualifying the canoe which fouls it has often been discussed, and opinion is very evenly divided pro and con, the liability of disqualification. We certainly feel inclined to side with the non-disqualification set in regard to some kinds of fouling. Brushing aside prejudice and present usage, let us see how the matter stands from an abstract sailing point of view. The turning marks on a sailing course are necessary to define the shortest distance that may be taken, therefore they have to be "rounded"; but the touching of such a mark accidentally in rounding it, unless the mark is thereby damaged or displaced, cannot make the slightest difference to sailing results from a true sailing point of view, or from a sportsmanlike racing point of view. Surely no sportsman cares to take, or feels proud of taking, a prize handed to him on the fact that the boat which had fairly outsailed him over the whole of the course was disqualified by rule for having slightly touched one of the turning marks.

Going back a bit into history, the origin of disqualifying a yacht for touching a mark was a necessary measure for the protection of life and property; in the old days in most cases, and even now in some, the marks on a yachting race course were boats, with men in them, lying at anchor, and a recklessly handled yacht could easily wreck or sink such markboats. Then the great iron channel marks became the turning marks, and surely no one ever wished purposely, or even carelessly, to touch such a nasty hard mark, either with hull or spar; but when it comes down to a canoe race, around innocent little can buoys, placed in very confined maneuvering space of water, the disqualification for accidental immaterial fouling becomes simply ridiculous.

Of course it is necessary to place a penalty on such fouling as drags the mark out of place or as cuts it adrift; and also perhaps one vessel causing another to foul a mark with her hull should be disqualified, because in degree of speed and wind or sea such fouling, involuntary on the part of the canoe actually fouling, might bring grave damage to that canoe and be purposely done by the outside canoe. Taking one recent case of what we may call immaterial fouling of a mark, in the R. C. C. sailing race on Hendon Lake on May 30, sailing four rounds, nearly eight miles, in the fourth round, and within a quarter of a mile of the finish, a buoy had to be rounded "in the bight," a very confined little bay with shoal water all about the place. Nautilus, sailing third in the race, and well away from the next canoe, gybed at the buoy and rounded nearly her boom's length off, but immediately after the gybe the boom, by a sudden flaw of the fitful breeze in that sheltered portion of the lake, was flung back again for a moment, and the main sheet just tipped the can buoy. Her owner, of course, reported the matter to the officer of the day on arrival, and the next canoe, Vanessa, was awarded third prize; and Nautilus not only lost the prize, but the score for that race in the record prize, which goes from race to race. This is only one out of several such cases this season.

Now, on the strict reading of the sailing rule on this matter, and apart from usage, it may be doubted whether the intention ever was to disqualify for other than the hull fouling the mark. The rule says: "each canoe must go fairly round the course, and must not touch any buoy. Any canoe causing a mark vessel in any way to shift her position to avoid being fouled by such canoe shall be disqualified." Evidently in this rule the last sentence is simply copied from some yacht club rule (it was made before the Y. R. A. existed), and contemplates men in a markboat; but as to the "must not touch," it probably means "with her hull," because in the next rule, for completing the course, it is clearly set out "no bowsprit, spars, or other gear or fittings not part of the canoe's hull shall be taken into account." However, without troubling to imagine how the framers intended the rules to be read, we may come down to the practical question. Is it the general desire of canoe racers that rules are to be microscopically obeyed? Is the officer of the day bound to disqualify an owner who conscientiously reports an immaterial infraction of a rule, an infraction which he alone perhaps is aware of? If the answer is in the affirmative, we are afraid the confessional would upset some of the prize destinations at Hendon, and also, consequently, in the record; for instance, if a lifebuoy is carried below a fastened hatch it is an infraction of the rule that the lifebuoy "shall be ready for use," or where a canoe has not got her L.W.L. marked, or her flag has blown its end off and is less than required. The owner knows these things; is he not bound conscientiously to report them, even though immaterial to the performance? If reported, is the officer not bound to disqualify equally so as he does to the case of touching a mark? Possibly the best way to settle the mark-rounding matter would be to enact that if a canoe in any way touches a mark she shall go round it again, i. e., complete a circle there and then before going on to the next mark; but that if she drags the mark from its position she shall be disqualified, or if she sink the buoy she shall be disqualified and shall herself anchor about the spot and act as rounding-mark for the remaining competitors, so as not to throw the racers out for want of a mark.

In the table, Column 1 gives the coefficient of the midship section. Column 10 gives the amount of correction in the form of length which would be added to the present Seawanhaka measurement in the case of yachts of extreme beam or draft (or both), and limited area of section. Column 11 gives the amount of correction which would be subtracted from the present measurement in the case of yachts of fuller section and less extreme dimensions.

1 Coefficient of mid ship section.	2 Name.	3 Bm. at L.W.L.	4 Draft at M. S. + ⅓ excess.	5 Beam + Draft.	6 Area M. S.	7 $\sqrt{\text{M. S. Area.}}$	8 Proportion $\frac{\text{M.S.}}{\text{Bm.} + \text{D.}}$	9 $\frac{3}{5}\sqrt{\text{M. S.}}$	10 Excess B. + D. over $\frac{3}{5}\sqrt{\text{M. S.}}$	11 Excess $\frac{3}{5}\sqrt{\text{M.S.}}$ over B. + D.
.48	Puritan	21.70	8.15	29.85	84.90	9.21	3.24	30.70	....	.85
.48	Volunteer	22.10	10.00	32.10	95.00	9.75	3.30	32.50	....	.40
.37	Vigilant	23.00	13.00	36.00	110.22	10.50	3.43	35.00	1.00	....
.....	Defender	21.64	19.00	40.64	120.00	10.95	....	36.50	4.14	....
.46	Katrina	19.50	9.00	28.50	82.16	9.06	3.14	30.20	....	1.70
.43	Tania	19.80	8.65	28.45	73.40	8.57	3.32	28.57	....	.12
.52	Clara	9.15	9.50	18.65	43.75	6.61	2.82	22.03	....	3.38
.505	Cind'rella	15.80	6.56	22.36	50.96	7.14	3.13	23.80	....	1.44
.405	Gloriana	12.50	9.75	22.25	50.70	7.12	3.125	23.73	....	1.48
.375	Wasp	12.70	10.50	23.00	48.00	6.93	3.32	23.10	....	.10
.46	Emerald	21.00	10.25	31.25	99.15	9.96	3.14	33.20	....	1.95
.57	Colonia	21.75	14.45	36.20	117.36	10.83	3.34	36.10	.10	....
.414	Sea Fox	21.50	10.10	31.60	90.17	9.50	3.326	31.67	....	.07
.46	Lasca	21.60	10.12	31.72	100.84	10.04	3.16	33.47	....	1.75
.366	Amorita	18.00	11.40	29.40	75.20	8.67	3.40	28.90	.50	....
.42	Minerva	10.16	8.45	18.61	32.215	5.68	3.276	18.93	....	.32
.355	Liris	12.80	10.33	23.13	45.00	6.71	3.45	22.37	.76	....
.42	Nymph	13.66	6.15	19.81	48.00	6.56	3.03	21.87	....	2.06
.33	Norota	10.10	8.80	18.90	25.00	5.29	3.57	17.63	1.27	....
.392	Kathleen	10.00	7.50	17.50	29.33	5.42	3.23	18.07	....	.57
.305	Infanta	8.90	6.30	15.20	16.85	4.10	3.70	13.67	1.53	....
.375	Petrel	8.00	4.84	12.84	14.24	3.77	3.41	12.57	.27	....
.375	Audax	9.50	6.50	16.00	23.00	4.80	3.33	16.00	....	....
.....	Elephant	13.25	3.75	17.00	27.20	5.22	3.26	17.40	....	.40
.....	Dragoon	10.66	3.30	13.96	13.38	3.65	3.81	12.20	1.76	....
.28	Pixie	6.90	6.42	13.32	12.38	3.52	3.78	11.78	1.59	....
.20	El Chico	6.66	6.50	13.16	8.43	2.90	4.54	9.67	3.49	....
.....	El Heirie	5.00	.44	5.44	1.74	1.32	4.12	4.40	1.04	....
.....	Ariel	20.00	....	29.75	82.16	9.06	3.28	30.21	....	.46
.....	Iroquois	20.00	....	28.92	85.04	9.22	3.13	30.73	...	1.81

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Dorval—Lake St. Louis.

Friday, July 1.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. celebrated Dominion Day by a race for the Sir Donald A. Smith cup, and three short races for the 20ft. class. The former resulted as follows:

July 1, 1898.—Race for Sir Donald A. Smith cup prize.
Weather.—Fine.
Wind.—Moderately fresh; westerly.
Preparatory Gun.—11:10; start, 11:15; course A.

	Finish.
Molly Bawn, W. Kavanagh	1 18 40
Rita, C. O. C. Clarke	1 16 10
Good Luck, A. Hersey	1 18 45

The results of the 20ft. trials were:

First race—Start 11:35:

	Finish.		Finish.
Strathcona	12 16 00	Avoca	12 07 30
Speculator	12 11 30	Glenowen	Disabled.
Glencairn	12 08 05	Manitou	Disabled.

Second race—Start 12:40:

Strathcona	1 28 35	Glencairn	.. .. ..
Speculator	1 29 20	Avoca	1 29 45

Third race:

Glencairn	4 21 15	Strathcona	4 24 00
Avoca	4 23 40	Manitou	4 20 45

Fourth race—Start 4:50:

Glencairn	5 22 40	Strathcona	5 21 45
Avoca	4 23 40	Manitou	.. .. ..

Saturday, July 2.

Three more short races were sailed, each being won by Strathcona, sailed by Mr. Almon. The times were:

First race—Start 3:50:

	Finish.
Strathcona, Almon	4 37 22
Glencairn, Duggan	4 41 17
Speculator, Hamilton	4 41 45
Avoca, Shearwood	4 42 53
Glenowen, Davidson	4 44 11
Manitou, Drummond	4 48 18

Second race—Start 4:58:

Strathcona, Almon	5 32 53
Glencairn, Duggan	5 34 18
Speculator, Hamilton	5 34 40
Avoca, Shearwood	5 35 10
Glenowen, Davidson	5 35 35
Manitou, Drummond	5 35 55

Third race—Start 5:49:

Strathcona, Almon	6 23 21
Glencairn, Duggan	6 24 15
Manitou, Drummond	6 25 47
Glenowen, Davidson	6 27 18
Speculator, Hamilton	6 27 32
Avoca, Shearwood	6 27 55

The Radix Folding Centerboard.

WE have had inquiries for the Radix patent folding centerboard, and learn that it has been acquired as one of the best fittings manufactured by Messrs. M. E. Blasier & Co., of Utica, N. Y.

Larchmont Y. C.

THE uncertainty that has prevailed for some time as to the racing of the Larchmont Y. C. this season was by no means dispelled by the following notice, recently sent out:

"Certain members of the Larchmont Y. C. having expressed a desire to race on July 4, the trustees have decided that, while the usual annual regatta will be omitted, the regatta committee will manage races between any yachts that may desire to compete on that day, and will offer suitable commemorative prizes. Entries should be forwarded to the regatta committee on or before next Saturday."

As it happened, there were thirty-five starters, and had the race been duly announced as the club's annual event, there would probably have been nearly twice as many. The wind started in light S.W., shifting to N.E. and bringing up a squall from that quarter. Anoatok sailed in two different classes, winning in each. The times were:

First Division, Start 12:05—Sloops. Class L.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hussar, James D. Baird	3 43 35	3 43 35
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	3 40 26	. .. ..

Class M.

Anoatok, O. Sanderson	3 40 26	.. .. ..
Acushla, C. T. Wills	3 42 04	3 42 04

Yawls—Class M.

Albicore, Seymore J. Hyde	4 00 19	4 00 17
Fidelio, Ed J. Sanford	4 37 52	. .. ..

Second Division, Start 12:10—Class N.

Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson	2 28 40	2 28 40

Third Division—Start 12:15—Class P.

Bonnie Bairn, F. H. Waldorf	3 18 18	3 18 18

Class P—Raceabouts.

Mongoose, Simeon Ford	2 43 56	2 43 56
Mariposa	2 50 16	2 45 16

S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Class P.

Dipper, Arthur Iselin	2 52 16	2 52 16
Dacoit, J. R. Maxwell	2 54 37	2 54 37
Gloria, J. R. Maxwell	2 51 34	2 51 34
Frances, George J. Milne	2 59 02	2 59 02
Midge, F. W. Boyer	2 55 44	2 55 44
Folly	Withdrew.	

Fourth Division—Start 12:20.

Akabo, Clark A. Miller	2 36 14	2 36 14
Gold Bug	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Seawanhaka, C. H. Crane	2 37 28	2 37 26
Asthore, J. B. Jones	2 54 53	2 54 53

Class S.

Kit, T. J. Dunne	2 28 03	2 28 03
Volsung, De Forrest Bros	2 34 48	2 34 48
Dosoris II.	2 48 08	2 48 08

Fifth Division—Start 12:25—Class T—Catboats, 25ft.

Wanda, F. L. Bedford	2 29 18	2 29 18
Ella, A. H. Pirie	Withdrew.	
Shippan, A. H. Bradley	2 43 03	2 43 03

Sixth Division—Start 12:30—Class V.—20ft. Cats.

Dinga, A. H. Pirie	Withdrew.	
Sara, W. Hoey, Jr.	2 57 46	2 57 46
Minnetoska, A. Pryan Alley	2 58 00	2 58 00

Class W—15ft. Cats—Once Around.

Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	2 25 15	2 25 15
Turk, Charles G. Davis	2 22 26	2 22 24
Edwina II., J. Nelson Gould	2 16 27	2 16 27
Cora, H. Stevenson	2 41 07	2 41 07

The winners were Anoatok, two classes; Albicore, Newasi, Bonnie Bairn, Mongoose, Gloria, Akabo, Kit, Wanda, Sora and Edwina II.

Royal Canadian Y. C. Queen's Cup.

Toronto—Lake Ontario.

Friday, July 1.

THE race for the Queen's cup of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was a very perfunctory affair this year, only three yachts entering and two starting. One of these, Wona, is the old Burgess cutter of the 22ft. class, now owned by Eby Bros., of Toronto. The other, Verona, is a new boat, designed and built by James Wier, of Hamilton, for W. J. Biggar. She is in the 27ft. class, a wide, shoal hull, similar to Hiawatha and Kestrel, with deep wooden fin and iron keel. Hiawatha entered, but did not start. The wind was very light from the west and the day hot and sunny. The course was a ten-mile triangle on the lake, sailed twice. Verona lost some time through mistaking a mark, but won very easily. The times were. Start 10:32.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Verona	3 29 48	5 07 48	5 07 48
Wona	3 41 39	5 19 39	5 13 19

Verona won by 5m. and 31s., allowing 6m. and 20s.

Quincy Y. C. Handicap Race.

Quincy—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, June 25.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its first handicap race on June 25, the course being off Hough's Neck. A strong S.W. wind compelled the fleet to turn in two and three reefs, and several were disabled. Helen was dismasted, Arbutus broke her boom, and Stella Manning lost her bowsprit. The times were:

	Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, C. C. Collins	0 09 00	1 29 32	1 38 32
Thisbee, H. W. Robbins	0 07 00	1 35 20	1 42 20
Chatham, George Carey	0 09 00	1 37 56	1 46 56
Dorothy, F. F. Crane	0 05 00	1 50 12	1 55 12
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	0 10 00	1 46 26	1 56 26
Supero, C. H. Alden	.. ..	1 59 13	1 59 13
Kitty, J. A. Evans	.. ..	2 19 18	2 19 13
Stella Manning, E. B. Glover	.. ..	Disabled.	
Arbutus, Hall & Merritt	.. ..	Disabled.	
Princeps, J. L. Whiton	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Tantrum	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	.. ..	Withdrew.	

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

Hull—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, June 25.

THE first race of the Hull Mosquito Y. C. was sailed on June 25 in a strong S.W. wind, the course being off James' Pier, Hull. The times were:

First Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Aurora, A. F. Hayden	15.10	0 58 15
Rabbit, Fred Keyes	16.06	1 07 30

Second Class.

Isidora, Harry Cleverly	14.11	0 52 00
Noname, P. F. Folsom	....	0 55 45

Bubble, W. Field, W. Burwell, broke tiller, capsized.

Atlantic Y. C. Special Regatta.

Sea Gate—New York Harbor.

Monday, July 4.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed a special regatta on July 4, with prizes for working boats as well as yachts. The programme being: Eleven A. M., regatta for working boats; open to all schooners, sloops and mainsail boats used for working and business purposes, and in no way for pleasure. The vessels will be classed in three divisions, viz.: Schooners, sloops, and mainsail boats.

If two boats in each class, first, $25.

If three boats in each class, first, $25; second, $15.

If five boats in each class, first, $25; second, $15; third, $10.

If seven or more boats in each class, a fourth prize of $5 will be awarded.

Three P. M., special regatta for the following classes: Class J, Series A, and each class under Series B and C of Racing Rule I. (each class separately.)—Special knockabout class, special 30ft. class, dory class, special canoe class, open to canoes of all organized canoe clubs.

The working boat race was sailed in a fresh southerly breeze, the course being three rounds of a five-mile triangle; the times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flyaway	34.50	3 17 58	3 17 58
Lena	33.40	3 20 22	3 18 52
Loretta S.	31.60	3 24 45	3 20 37
Lydia	30.09	3 32 22	3 27 09
Birdie and Etta	28.00	Withdrew.	
Marietta	28.00	Did not finish.	
Caldena	26.00	Did not finish.	
Bessie B.		Withdrew.	

First prize, $25, won by Flyaway. Lena captured the second prize, $15, and Loretta S. won third prize, $10. All other boats that started received $5 each.

The dory class was started at 11:45, with but two entries, the times being: Pinkie, 12:52:55; Dixie, 1:02:23.

The afternoon race of the yachts was timed:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Series A—60ft. Class.			
Athlon, E. B. Havens		1 32 10	. . . .
Daphne, Geo. W. Copeland		1 45 15	. . . .
Series C—25ft. Class.			
Impudent, L. Boury	23.70	1 36 14	1 36 14
Grace E., W. A. Neidhart	23.90	Did not finish.	
Series C—30ft. Class.			
Dorothy, J. L. Johnston	28.61	Did not finish.	
Rex, F. M. Randall		Did not finish.	
Qui Vive, George Freeth	27.50	1 38 15	1 38 15
Martha M., R. V. Moore	27.50	1 37 00	1 37 00
Special Knockabout Class.			
Vortex		Did not finish.	
Gryphon		Did not finish.	
Cyclone II.		Did not finish.	
Gunvar		Did not finish.	

The winners were Athlon, Impudent and Martha M.

Com. Adams offered a special cup for the 60ft. class, and Eclipse was expected to start with Athlon and Daphne, but she did not. After the race a special meeting was held, at which the following amendment to the constitution was finally adopted:

Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member, and shall upon election pay annual dues, but no initiation fee.

Such membership shall continue only during the period of yacht ownership, and carries only the following privileges:

The right to fly the club burgee. To have private signal registered with the secretary. To enter yacht in club races, and the use of club stations and floats.

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, July 2.

THE Corinthian Y. C. sailed its 118th regatta on July 2 over a course from off the new club house around Bowditch Ledge Beacon and Half-Way Rock, with a good fleet of starters, including nine in the new raceabout class. The wind was light from S.E.; the times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Second Class.		
Nettie, W. Burgess	1 57 18	. . . .
Dragon, C. M. Barker	2 12 10	. . . .
Raceabouts.		
Tilt, W. O. Gay	1 47 18	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 47 29	. . . .
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	1 49 31	. . . .
Hazard, H. M. Sears	1 50 03	. . . .
Susanne, F. Brewster	1 50 55	. . . .
Sally III., W. B. Stearns	1 51 43	. . . .
Quill, J. F. Cole	1 52 33	. . . .
Dafila, W. D. Turner	1 54 55	. . . .
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	Disabled.	
25ft. Knockabouts.		
Rowenia, W. H. Rothwell	1 49 47	. . . .
Manissa, S. W. Boyson	1 56 54	. . . .
Class A.		
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 57 15	1 52 15
Tryphena, S. H. Foster	1 59 45	1 55 45
Class B.		
Carina, J. P. Clark	2 00 25	1 56 55
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 57 12	1 57 12
Ruth, R. Wiggin	2 02 10	1 58 50
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 00 50	1 59 20
Water Lily, F. C. Lyman	2 01 03	2 01 03
Arbuka, F. P. Bowdin	2 03 20	2 03 20
Maia, E. Paine	Withdrew.	

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, June 25.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a race on June 25 off Point Shirley. A strong S.W. wind kicked up a sea and called for two and three reefs. The times were:

	Elapsed.
25ft. Class.	
Nettie, Walter Burgess	1 13 40
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 15 56
Active, J. R. Hodder	1 22 00
Alert, John McConnell, Jr	1 34 41
Alma, C. A. Herne	Withdrew.
21ft. Class.	
Whisper, W. H. Simpson	1 20 30
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 23 12

Hermes is a new boat, sailing her first race, she made good showing, but tried to carry too much sail.

The judges were Messrs. A. T. Bliss, William Daly, Jr., and W. J. Kelly.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck—Buzzard's Bay.

Saturday, June 25.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its second race on June 25 in a strong S.W. wind, the yachts carrying three reefs. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cruising Knockabouts.			
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	21.00	1 19 18	. . . .
Kalama, David Rice	21.00	1 21 56	. . . .
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	1 23 50	. . . .
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	21.00	1 24 29	. . . .
Second Class Cats.			
May King, D. L. Whittemore		1 22 06	. . . .
Fifth Class Cats.			
Pedro, H. O. Miller	15.00	0 40 51	0 40 51
Imp, George Dabney	13.07	0 44 04	0 43 36
Helen, W. Swan		0 46 06	0 46 06

As told in the FOREST AND STREAM last winter, Amanita is a new knockabout designed by Crowninshield and built by Lawley for Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr. She has frequently been mentioned as designed by C. H. Crane for the Seawanhaka 20ft. class, but this is a mistake.

Saturday, July 2.

The club sailed its third race on July 2 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cruising Knockabouts.		
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	2 15 35	. . . .
Amanita, J. Crane	2 15 50	. . . .
Kalama, David Rice	2 17 50	. . . .
Eina, J. Parkinson	2 18 20	. . . .
Second Class Cats.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 04 12	. . . .
May King, Whittemore	2 12 15	. . . .
Third Class Cats.		
Melro, Whittemore	1 58 10	1 42 17
Daisy, H. Stockton	2 03 40	1 45 26
Sally Brass, H. Sargent	2 16 02	2 01 06
Fifth Class Cats.		
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane	1 28 02	1 14 48
Pedro, H. O. Miller	1 28 29	1 15 15
Lara, G. Washburn	1 31 13	1 17 59
Imp, G. S. Dabney	1 33 20	1 19 13

The Kolea is a new boat built by Phinney.

Open Sweepstakes, Buzzard's Bay.

Monday, July 4.

Rather a small fleet turned out for the open sweepstakes of the Beverly Y. C. on July 4. There was a fresh S.W. wind at the start, increasing to a hard blow before the finish. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Cruising Knockabouts.	
Edith, C. M. Baker	1 30 11
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	1 31 22
Kalania, Dand Rice	1 32 00
Eina, T. Parkinson	Withdrew.
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	Lost bowsprit.
Maid Marion, C. H. Jones	Lost bowsprit.
Fourth Class Cats.	
Maori, W. Phinney	1 54 18
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, Jr.	1 57 06
Fifth Class Cats.	
Pedro, Howard Miller	1 24 43
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr	1 42 10
Imp, Geo. Dabney	Lost bowsprit.
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane, Jr	Disabled.

Judges, F. E. Cabot, E. M. Farnsworth.

Burgess Y. C.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, June 25.

THE first championship race of the Burgess Y. C., its eighteenth race, was sailed on June 25 in a strong S.W. wind; the times being:

	Elapsed.
Second Handicap.	
Ben-My-Chree, W. H. Stewart	1 27 55
Petrel, E. W. Remick	Not taken.
First Class.	
Sassacus, A. W. Erickson	1 24 28
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain	1 28 03
Second Class.	
Pointer, B. C. Melzard	1 40 08
Bugaboo, H. B. Ingalls	1 47 27
16-Footers.	
Dove, F. G. Macomber	0 45 02
Dora, Stebbins	Withdrew.

Ben-My-Chree, Sassacus, Pointer and Dove each won a leg for the championship in her class.

Nineteenth Regatta, Monday, July 4.

The Burgess Y. C. sailed its nineteenth regatta on July 4 in a light S.W. wind, finishing with a squall. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raceabouts.		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 10 50	. . . .
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	2 11 00	. . . .
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 11 01	. . . .
Spindrift, W. H. Lothrop	2 11 43	. . . .
Sally III., W. B. Stearns	2 11 45	. . . .
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 14 46	. . . .
Quill, J. F. Cole	2 19 35	. . . .
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 31 20	. . . .
Dorothea, H. M. Lambert	2 31 53	. . . .
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	Withdrew.	
Susanne, F. Brewster	Withdrew.	
Handicap, Knockabouts.		
Carina, J. P. Clark	1 35 12	1 34 12
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 34 22	1 34 22
Arbuka, F. P. Bowden	1 36 55	1 35 55
Water Lily, C. F. Lyman	1 37 07	1 37 07
First Handicap.		
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 14 16	1 12 46
Dragon, C. M. Barker	1 42 22	1 42 22
Second Handicap.		
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 35 14	1 35 14
Ben-My-Chree, W. H. Stuart, Jr	1 41 00	1 40 00
Hera, W. P. Fowle, Jr.	2 25 05	2 15 05
Noconomo, Merritt & Rideout	Withdrew.	
Petrel, E. W. Renick	Withdrew.	
Class I.		
Sassacus, A. W. Erickson	1 43 21	. . . .
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain	1 37 37	. . . .
Faith	Withdrew.	
Class II.		
Pointer, B. C. Milzard	2 06 34	. . . .
Bubble, J. H. Goodwin	2 07 13	. . . .
Bugaboo, H. B. Ingsall	Withdrew.	
Class III.		
Oriole, C. Hovey	1 18 41	. . . .
Dove, F. G. Macomber	1 22 26	. . . .
Dora, C. B. Stebbins	1 24 44	. . . .
Starling, W. B. Stearns	Withdrew.	
15ft. Class.		
Jag	1 11 48	. . . .
No Name	Withdrew.	
Special Class.		
C. D. Kendrick	0 48 50	. . . .
F. Dupar	Withdrew.	
J. Stacey	Withdrew.	

The winners are: Raccabouts, Sintram $10, Chinook $5; handicap knockabouts, Carena, a cup; first handicap class, Rowena $50; second handicap class, Hera $5, Lillian $3; Class 1, Plover $5; Class 2, Pointer $5, Bubble $3; 16-footers, Oriole $3; special dories, Kendrick $3.

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.

Saturday, June 25.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its first championship race on June 25 in a fresh S.W. wind. The new knockabout Kid parted a shroud, losing much time. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Knockabout Class—Start, 3:15.		
Delta, R. B. Williams	4 19 30	1 04 30
Eleanor, Frank Moors	4 20 00	1 05 00
Nereid, W. R. Sears	4 21 38	1 06 38
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr	4 21 54	1 06 54
Kid, H. Bigelow	4 27 40	1 12 40
15ft. Class.		
Bee, F. W. Clark	3 26 00	. . . .

Saturday, July 2.

On July 2 a race was sailed for the same classes, in a light east wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Knockabouts.	
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 15 17
Nereid, W. R. Sears	1 15 46
Mildred, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 16 28
Eleanor, F. Moors	1 18 10
Moonson, J. A. Knowles	1 18 50
Kid, H. Bigelow	1 30 28
15ft. Class.	
Bee, F. W. Clark	1 11 29
Jap, B. L. N. Tower	1 12 00

Monday, July 4.

The club sailed two races on July 4, the times being:

Morning:

	Elapsed.
Knockabouts.	
Eleanor, F. Moors	1 00 30
Remora, C. H. Cousens	1 01 00
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 14 50
Nereid, W. R. Sears	1 14 45
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr	Withdrew.

Afternoon:

	Elapsed.
Knockabouts.	
Remora, C. H. Cousens	1 44 23
Nereid, W. R. Sears	1 44 39
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 44 58
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 45 20
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	1 45 31
Eleanor, F. Moors	1 46 04
15ft. Class.	
Bee, F. M. Clark	0 43 30
Jap, B. L. N. Tower	0 44 35
Skip Jacks.	
Hustler, D. Townsend	0 43 02
Argo, G. S. Tower	0 47 05

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

Boston—Boston Harbor.

Tuesday, June 28.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. celebrated Farragut Day by an open race off City Point, the wind being light from the east, with smooth water. The times were:

	Elapsed.
30ft. Class.	
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 46 10
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	2 01 10
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	2 12 26
25ft. Class.	
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 59 24
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 02 39
Nettie, W. Burgess	2 05 03
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 06 45
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 08 48
21ft. Class.	
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	2 07 45
21ft. Cabin Class.	
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	2 08 14
Omeme, W. P. Barker	2 17 54
18ft. Class.	
Duchess, C. D. Mower	1 28 47
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 39 27
Midget, M. C. Robinson	Did not finish.
15ft. Class.	
Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	1 38 26
Katydid, J. F. Small	1 46 29
Ray, S. A. Freeman	1 51 35
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln	2 10 04

The winners are: First prizes, Meemer $15, Little Peter $12, Privateer $12, Duchess $12, Vitesse $12; second prizes, Emma C. $10, Eleanor $8, Circe $8, Katydid $8; third prizes, Nettie $5, Ray $4.

Meemer is a new Hanley boat, sailing her first race, which she won easily. The race committee included Messrs. Sidney C. Higgins, chairman; James Bertram, Edward Marley, James T. Barry and George L. Paget.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

Wood's Holl, Mass.

Monday, July 4.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. opened its racing season on July 4 with the aid of a good S.W. breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Second Class Catboats.		
Clytie, Robert Veeder	0 59 04	0 58 55
Maud S., Robert Veeder	0 59 00	0 59 00
Frolic, Robert Veeder	1 04 19	1 02 37
Mary E., A. Crowell	1 08 21	1 03 32
Spritsails.		
Spry, E. E. Swift	1 07 27	1 06 37
Florence, A. M. Ferrer	1 08 42	1 08 05
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	1 08 44	1 08 44
See, C. Harding	1 09 16	1 09 16
White Dove, J. P. Sylvia	1 10 36	1 09 24
F. C., F. C. Foster	1 11 22	1 10 14
In It, R. Harding	1 13 21	1 12 51
K. T., A. M. Ferris	1 14 34	1 13 55
Carrie, H. K. Dyed	1 17 21	1 16 06
Arthur, A. Bragg	1 21 50	1 20 22
Duchess, H. S. Crowell	1 21 44	1 20 32
A., A. Nickerson	1 24 20	1 23 12
Effie, H. E. Hibbard	1 24 37	1 23 29

The Newport 30ft. Class.

THE first regular race of the special 30ft. class was sailed off Newport on Saturday, July 2, none of the fleet remaining about New York this year for the Sound races. The Dyer's Island course was sailed, sixteen miles, with a moderate S.W. wind, the times being. Start, 2:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 32 21	2 42 21
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 33 19	2 43 19
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 34 40	2 44 40
Vaquero III., Herman B. Duryea	5 35 30	2 45 30
Dorothy, Harry P. Whitney	5 37 20	2 47 20

Dorothy grounded, but came off uninjured.

Wawa was sailed by her new owner, Mr. Reginald Brooks, who recently purchased her from Mr. J. A. Stillman.

On July 4 there was a strong S.W. wind, and a course of ten miles up the bay, to Hope Island and return, was chosen, the prize being the Narada cup. Vaquero III. led all day and won as below. Start 2:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., Herman B. Duryea	5 11 35	2 21 35
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 14 14	2 24 14
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 15 04	2 25 04
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 15 45	2 25 45
Dorothy II., Harry P. Whitney	5 16 06	2 26 06

On July 5 the start was made at 2:47, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 57 40	2 10 40
Catalina, P. Jones	4 58 03	2 11 03
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 58 22	2 11 22
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	4 59 26	2 12 26
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 00 34	2 13 34

On July 6 a sweepstakes race was sailed over the Hope Island course, with a south wind, strong at the start at 2:53, but dying down later. The lee mark was timed:

Dorothy, 4h. 2m.; Caroline, 4h. 2m. 15s.; Vaquero III., 4h. 2m. 50s.; Hera, 4h. 3m. 2s.; Wawa, 4h. 3m. 26s.

Vaquero III. did the best work in the long beat home, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., Herman B. Duryea	5 58 16	3 05 16
Hera, Ralph W. Ellis	5 58 51	3 05 51
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 58 58	3 05 58
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 01 47	3 08 47
Dorothy, Harry P. Whitney	6 02 31	3 09 31
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	Disabled.	

Essex Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Newark—Newark Bay.

Monday, July 4.

THE Essex Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Newark Bay on July 4, starting in a light breeze and finishing in a heavy squall. The course was a ten-mile triangle. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Class A—Cabin Sloops.				
Sinner	28.00	2 38 00	4 42 00	2 04 00
Rosa	26.11½	2 39 00	4 50 30	2 10 25
Amy	24.02	2 39 00	4 56 30	2 14 20
Pastime	24.08	2 38 00	Withdrew.	
Class B—Cabin Sloops.				
Vagabond		2 39 30	4 33 30	1 54 00
Madge		2 40 00	4 50 00	2 03 00
Class D—Cabin Catboats.				
Mary	25.00	2 44 00	4 47 00	2 03 00
Emmie	20.00	2 44 00	5 08 00	2 18 30
Lucy	19.00	2 44 00	5 10 00	2 19 30
Emma M.	22.00	2 44 00	Withdrew.	
Class E—Open Catboats.				
Maggie P.	16.03	2 44 00	4 58 10	2 13 40
Chic.	16.09½	2 44 00	4 58 00	2 14 00
Lake	15.00	2 43 00	Withdrew.	
Seven or Eleven	15.06	2 44 00	Withdrew.	
Essex	16.07½	2 43 00	Withdrew.	

The winners were the Sinner, Vagabond, Mary and Maggie P. Vagabond wins the prize for best elapsed time.

The regatta committee included Messrs. William B. Garrison, chairman; William E. Wichelhaush, James J. Vreeland, and Fred Hartung, secretary.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.

Monday, July 4.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed its second race on July 4 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the course being twelve miles for the third class and six miles for the other classes. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Third Class.	
Rooster, M. McDowell	2 25 45
Gersha, W. T. Whitman	2 30 44
Scamper, S. E. Winsor	2 33 07
Secousett, H. S. Denson	Did not finish.
Fourth Class.	
Bobolink, Goodspeed Bros	1 28 00
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	1 34 40
Fedora, J. H. Hunt	1 38 00
Winnetuxet, W. F. Potter	1 40 25
If, N. K. Norwood	1 41 20
Maud, W. N. Mayers	1 43 10
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 44 05
Quasaug, C. Clapp	1 51 22
First Special.	
Inavet, L. A. Crowell	1 40 05
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 41 30
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 41 46
Waban, G. W. Shiverick	1 41 50
Olympia, G. W. Steele	1 42 00
Kittewake, H. M. Jones	1 42 30
Second Special.	
Solitaire, B. B. Baker	1 33 15
Aphrodite, G. Brewster	1 35 10
Unice Weston, I. Simmes	1 39 35

Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Center Island—Oyster Bay.

Saturday, July 2.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C. sailed the fifth race for its knockabout class on July 2, in a very light air, that freshened toward the finish. The times were. Start, 3:05.

	Finish.
Kewaydin, R. C. Wetmore	5 15 45
Mistral, Com. Rouse	5 48 50
Nakodo, F. D. Sherman	5 48 30
Dacoit, J. R. Maxwell	5 44 45
Midge, F. W. Boyer	5 50 32
Tafiu, George Bullock	5 45 25
Gloria, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	5 49 38
Bee, D. L. Dresser	5 47 08

Newport Y. C.

Newport—Narragansett Bay.

Monday, July 4.

THE Newport Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 in a strong and freshening S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Second Class.		
Pet, C. U. Coffin	12 34 30	1 14 30
Gordon, Bradford Gay	12 35 40	1 15 31
Third Class.		
Manila, J. D. Hidler	12 32 00	1 06 53
Niobrara, J. C. Scannevin	12 37 30	1 12 30
Fourth Class.		
Tarantula, Richardson Bros.	12 45 43	1 15 16
Vesper, C. S. Plummer	12 46 31	1 16 25
Truant, Andrew Bryer	12 47 39	1 17 30
Katydid, Albert Howard	12 55 00	1 25 00
Venture, J. S. Coggeshall	1 20 00	1 47 57
Norman, A. B. Sayer	1 30 00	1 58 57

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Rockaway Beach—Jamaica Bay.

Monday, July 4.

THE regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. on July 4 was partly spoiled by a thunderstorm at the time of starting, causing a postponement for an hour. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Class D—Open Cats.			
Mildred Myrtle	3 31 00	4 38 30	1 07 30
Lochinvar	3 31 15	4 39 19	1 08 19
Louise	3 31 45	4 43 24	1 12 24
Alta	3 31 46	Did not finish.	
Class E—Open Cats, 17 and under 20ft.			
Vitesse	3 35 30	5 30 00	1 50 30
Eunice	3 36 35	5 31 35	1 56 05
Chico	3 36 50	5 33 12	1 57 42

Bayswater Y. C. Open Regatta.

Far Rockaway—Jamaica Bay.

Saturday, July 2.

THE open regatta of the Bayswater Y. C. was sailed on July 2 in a moderate S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class Cats.		
Katherine, Com. Griffin	1 43 01	1 43 00
Alice May, M. Schuman	1 45 47	1 44 37
Louise, L. R. Joggles	Did not finish.	
Madeline, J. J. Healy	Did not finish.	
Second Class Cats.		
Ellsworth, J. Wilson	1 45 54	1 45 40
Lochinvar, J. F. Savius	1 47 20	1 47 20
Coquette, Guy Watts	1 49 40	1 47 50
Meta, Leander Pettit	1 50 04	1 49 05
Dewey, J. Kane	Did not finish.	
Aurisa, J. Nichols	Did not finish.	
Vitesse, F. Pearsall	Disabled.	
Sharpies.		
Ula E., R. W. Buckley	1 04 45	1 04 45
May E., J. Schuman	1 11 44	1 11 29
Maggie, J. C. Kane	Did not finish.	

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy—Boston Harbor.

Monday, July 4.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its second scrub race on July 4, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Helen, W. R. Sawtelle	1 42 23
Tantrum, Whittemore & Johnson	1 43 41
Thisbe, H. W. Robbins	1 43 47
Kittie, J. A. Evans	1 52 00

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For the past two months an odd-looking craft has been anchored off City Island, a plumb stemmed boat, with a good sheer forward, her rig being nearer to a ketch than a yawl. With no bowsprit and dirty white sides, she was a curious nondescript, and hard to recognize as the once famous 15-tonner Maggie, the pride of British courses twenty seasons ago, and later, about 1882-3, famous about New York and Boston. A few years ago she was taken by the Herreshoffs in part payment for another vessel, and they changed her from cutter to yawl rig, with mizen mast stepped well amidships. Last winter she was purchased by Sigmund Bruenne, a Hungarian who had accumulated some money after working for years as a peddler, and later as a clothing dealer in Trenton, N. J. The man was demented, his hallucination being that he had committed numerous crimes, for which the police were hunting him, and after living in New York for a time, where he was arrested on account of his peculiar conduct, he went to Bristol and purchased the yacht. She was provisioned for a year's cruise when she came through the Sound last April, with only her owner aboard, and anchored off City Island. The strange conduct of the man led to suspicions on the part of the police that he was spying on the work of the mining parties about the head of the Sound, and he was arrested, but released when his history became known and it was proved that he was a harmless lunatic. From all accounts he was entirely unfitted for the task of handling a yacht alone, especially one of 44ft. l.w.l., but he cruised on the Sound about City Island. On June 28, when in the East River, near Randall's Island, Maggie was in collision with a tug towing a scow. Her owner went aft, hauled in the dinghy, and attempted to drop a kedge into it; in so doing he fell overboard and was seen no more. The yacht, with her bow stove in, went on the rocks off Ward's Island, but was later hauled off and taken to a dock at Astoria. Bruenne is believed to have had no friends or relatives in this country, and to have left considerable money.

The centerboard sloop designed and built by T. R. Webber, of New Rochelle, for James D. Baird, of Philadelphia, was successfully launched on Saturday, July 2, being christened Hussar. The yacht is similar to Mr. Baird's Surprise, built by Webber last year; but a little larger, being built to the limit of the 42ft. class. Her dimensions are: Over all 50ft., l.w.l. 31ft. 6in., beam 15ft., draft 4ft., least freeboard 2ft. 6in., headroom under trunk 6ft. She has the usual wood centerboard working through a lead keel of five tons. She will carry a sail plan of 2,700sq.ft. The construction, as in all of Mr. Webber's yachts, is strong and durable, with no skimping of weight, the yacht being built for general use. She has excellent room below, a good cabin, three staterooms, galley and forecastle. The yacht was rigged complete on the ways before launching, and was under way as soon as the was fairly afloat, taking part in the New Rochelle Y. C. race the same afternoon and winning in her class.

The second of the two steam yachts built this past winter at Roach's Yard, Chester, No. 295, has been purchased by the U. S. Government, and named Sylph. She will be fitted for use in Cuban waters.

The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound has issued the official programme of races, which may be obtained of Thompson & Co., 55 Dey street, New York, price 5 cents. The Y. R. A. rules may be had at the same address, price 10 cents. Notice is given that the Y. R. A. will publish no new book of racing numbers this season, but the secretary has arranged for the correction to date, in manuscript, of such of the official classification and racing number sheets as may be sent to him for that purpose, the charge being 50 cents each.

Theodore C. Zerega, of this city, has been commissioned lieutenant in the United States Navy and ordered to command the patrol steamer Free Lance, now in commission at this port. This, we believe, is the first time that a civilian pure and simple has been placed in command of a Government vessel, and it is a high tribute to the ability of an amateur sailor. Mr. Zerega is a gentleman of independent means, a member of the New York Y. C., the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. and the Calumet Club. He is not a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, nor is he a professional seaman. But he has been a yachtsman all his life, has cruised on large yachts all over the world, and has sailed small ones, like the Kathleen, to many a brilliant victory. He was one of the original officers of the First Naval Battalion, serving for several years as Senior Ensign of the Third Division, then commanded by W. Butler Duncan, Jr., now commander of the battalion, but, absent on leave as senior watch officer of the Yankee. Mr. Zerega went on the supernumerary list of naval militia officers three years ago, and was called into active service again at the opening of the war as an aide, with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade, on the staff of Capt. J. W. Miller, commander of the naval militia of this State. It is stated that Mr. Zerega passed a higher examination than any other person, not an Annapolis graduate, who appeared before the examining board. His cousin, W. Irvine Zerega, one of the crack yacht sailors of Long Island Sound, is chief quartermaster on the cruiser Yankee.

We can heartily second all that the New York Times says, as above, of Mr. Zerega, who is one of the best of the many good yachtsmen that hail from Westchester county, New York. As a boy Mr. Zerega began his sailorizing in small, open boats and sandbag catboats about the head of the Sound, learning all that was taught in a pretty good school of practical Corinthian yachting. In 1883 he, with Mr. R. W. Rathbone, built the little cutter Surf, cruising and racing in her for several years. Since then he has owned or had under charter Minerva, Nymph, Peri, Kathleen and other yachts. He has cruised a great deal in the West Indies and European waters, on Yampa, Oneida, Utowana and other large craft. When the first experiment of a naval reserve proved a failure in New York, Mr. Zerega was one of the leaders in the formation of the Naval Reserve Association, through whose efforts the present Naval Reserve of New York and in fact of the nation was established.

The New York Y. C. has sent out the following concerning the annual cruise: New York Yacht Club, 67 Madison avenue, New York, June 30, 1898.—At the last general meeting of the club it was referred to the flag officers to decide whether the usual annual cruise should take place during the present summer. The flag officers have decided that the cruise should be omitted. They are of opinion that the comparatively small number of yachts in commission and the restrictions upon navigation in force at the principal ports would seriously impair the success of a cruise. But were this otherwise, there is another consideration which they deem controlling. The country is engaged in war, thousands of her citizens are risking their lives in her service, including, in the navy particularly, many who are members of this club. The flag officers feel sure that the members of the club will agree with them that at such a time the usual festivities of the yachting season should be suspended. J. Pierpont Morgan, Commodore; Lewis Cass Ledyard, Vice-Commodore; August Belmont, Rear-Commodore.

A very sad capsize occurred on Lake Ontario, off the little port of Mimico, west of Toronto, on July 3. On Dominion Day, July 1, a party of five, R. A. L. Gray, A. W. S. Roberts, A. Q. Caniff, W. I. Anderson and W. M. Brodie, all of Toronto, left that city for a cruise to Oakville. They were in a new boat, Aloah, a yawl of the 22ft. class, owned by F. M. Gray, former owner of Vedette, a well-known Toronto yachtsman. While returning from Oakville on July 3 the yacht was caught in a very severe squall when about three miles out on the lake just abreast Mimico, and was capsized while her crew were trying to lower the sails. The capsize was seen from the shore and in spite of the storm and a heavy sea several parties put off in skiffs and small boats. That headed by Dr. Godfrey, with three friends, was the first to reach the wreck, but Caniff and Anderson had already sunk, while the other three were nearly dead from exhaustion, Mr. Roberts requiring prompt medical treatment for his resuscitation at the hands of Dr. Godfrey. The three received no serious injury, recovering shortly after being cared for ashore.

The same storm passed over Burlington Bay and Hamilton, also with fatal results, an open sailing boat being capsized, and out of her crew of four three, Chas. Searle, Roy Sinnett and Chas. Williams, were drowned. At the same time the cutter Zelma, Com. Lucas, Royal Hamilton Y. C., slipped her moorings, and under trysail tried to beat out into the open lake, Mr. J. F. Monck being at the tiller. She was driven into the drawbridge and dismasted, two of Mr. Monck's ribs being broken. A great deal of damage was done to yachts, wharves, etc., and to persons ashore.

The schooner yacht Katie, owned by Daniel Sanzenbacher, of Toledo, was stolen from that city on June 25 and recovered at Kingston, Ont., three days later.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

FLOOD AND FOREST.

THE progress of humanity depends on man's familiarizing himself with the laws of nature, and adapting himself to the conditions of his surroundings; for to man is given the power to modify those conditions beneficially or prejudicially. But this power, always exerted unconsciously by a people at large, is rarely guided intelligently until the fatal results of misdirection are experienced. Asia Minor, and the tract extending eastward to the Caspian and southeasterly between the Caucasus range and Arabia into northern Persia, was once the garden of the world, and is now capable of supporting but a scanty population. It is the hand of man that has marred the fair face of nature. The region is one of scant rainfall, but as long as its mountains and a considerable proportion of its area were covered with forest the rainfall, not of the year only, but of many preceding years, was stored up in its subsoil as in a reservoir, from which it was pumped up constantly by the tree roots to be exhaled as vapor during the day and condensed as dew at night, giving fertility to the occupied area. In course of time the whole land was brought under cultivation, the mountains cleared of their forests, and the scant rainfall, instead of sinking slowly into the subsoil, rushed precipitately into the stream beds, and was carried rapidly away to the sea, and the subsoil waters sank lower and lower, until finally the country having only its scant annual rainfall to depend on for its fertility was degraded to the rank of a subdesert region.

One may point to a dozen different regions or countries in which man, by the destruction of the forests, has converted once fertile regions into barren wastes, subject to periodical floods and droughts; but in all these cases the great majority of men will pooh-pooh your conclusions as baseless speculations, and the combined ignorance of the world is a very heavy force to contend against. Ignorance is power, but it can make no headway against the evidence of the magnificent works undertaken in France for the arrest of whilom destructive floods, the regulation of the flow of the rivers, and the restoration to fertility of barren wastes by the restocking of denuded forest areas.

The first great work of this kind undertaken in France was the taming of the torrent of the Garonne, a river subject to periodical devastating floods which in the year 1875 did damage to the extent of $60,000,000, along with the sacrifice of over a thousand lives, and the success which attended the efforts to curb this stream inspired full confidence in the capacity of the State engineers to regulate the flow of rivers everywhere. The region drained by the Garonne is a hilly region fissured by deep ravines. For more than 300 years the wood cutting had been carried on in the most improvident manner, until it was all cut out, the higher lands converted into pasture land, and the lower slopes and valleys broken up for agriculture. Then began the work of destruction, slowly, imperceptibly, but surely. The slim soil of the ravines and of the hill tops dried in the sun was cut up by the hoofs of the sheep and cattle, and gradually washed away by the rains, which, instead of percolating slowly into the soil of the ravines, rushed precipitately down their slopes, carrying the soil along with them, and undermining and dislodging boulders and great masses of rock; the pasture grew poorer and poorer, the fields suffered from alternate flood and drought, while every rainfall caused a torrent in the ravines, which, rolling along with it a mass of sand, gravel, boulders and rock fragments, spread it out over the fertile valleys below, embracing them in the general destruction. In one province alone, that of Ardeche, some 70,000 acres of rich land were covered up and rendered worthless in this manner.

Now these ravines have been planted with trees, and the hill tops have either been planted or returfed, and now, in the works of a great French writer, one has only to look at the work so ingenious in its simplicity to understand how it is effectual. "Every liquid molecule, so to speak, is seized individually, the thin sheet of water flowing down is retarded in its course by a thousand thirsty little plants, by the lines of cultivated herbage, and by the hedges of shoots and trees. It is compelled to tarry a little on each terrace to slake the thirst of the ground, and when it reaches the lower end of a furrow it spreads itself out on the flattened bed there prepared for it. Stopped at every barrier, it loses its vital force on every hand, and finally, from resting place to resting place, and from descent to descent, it arrives after a thousand retardations, and still limpid in the channel which conveys it to the river."

All floods are but accumulations of rain drops, which ought to be slowly absorbed into the earth, each where it falls, and contribute to the perennial flow of springs and streams and rivers. Foods in this country are as much the result of denudation of forest area as in France. The evil has not yet been carried to the same extent in this country. The clearing has been as reckless, but it has not yet borne its full fruit. At the same time the devastations to which we are annually subjected by flood constitute a very considerable bar to progress.

It is more economical to spend ten millions in guarding against floods than to allow property to the value of one million to be swept away by flood. The ten millions once spent constitutes a perpetual safeguard; the flood which sweeps away one million hightens the liability to further loss.

And periodic floods carrying devastation in their train are but one of a numerous set of consequences resulting inevitably from reckless forest clearance. We clear the forest to enlarge the agricultural area, and the conditions which create floods leave the crops parched for want of moisture, so that if the one prime consideration were to increase the measure of agricultural produce of the country, the steps necessary to secure it would be, not the conversion of all the forest into cornfields, but the conservation of so much forest area as would regulate the supply of moisture for the agricultural area.

And this forest area must be judiciously distributed to effect the desired results. It is not enough to conserve the timber along the crests of the principal ranges. These constitute but a small proportion of the area of the continent, and they can do no more than prevent floods originating in their own area, and insure the lower country a certain measure of perennial river flow, even when its own rainfall has been carried off to the sea in floods. But this is not enough. The agricultural interests require local forests everywhere to create or maintain conditions favorable to them. Every State wants its own forests, every county wants its own forests, and every hillside and valley farm in interested in the maintenance of forest on the crest of the hill above it.

But no one is slower to recognize his dependence upon controllable conditions than the farmer, and the obstinacy with which the French peasantry opposed the State measures for retrieving the ever-growing evil, as set forth in the little volume "The Forest Waters the Farm," is both instructive and amusing.

And not only do forests regulate the flow of the rainfall back to the sea, and conserve a supply in the subsoil which, by creating dews, sensibly affects the precipitation over large areas; not only do they save the hills from erosion and the subjacent valleys from being buried under the debris from the hills; not only do they create springs which fertilize lands below them, but there is little doubt that they exert a very powerful influence on the arrest of wind storms.

Wind storms, like floods, if unobstructed, are apt to gather force as they go, but in transit through a forest country their force is broken. It is only on the ocean, the desert, and the prairie that wind storms accumulate their greatest force; and when we take into consideration the enormous destruction of life and property resulting from storms as well as from floods on this continent, and realize that it might be averted by means which would favor the future development of the country, it will be seen that there are few problems of greater national interest than forest conservancy.

SNAP SHOTS.

We invite careful reading of the thoughtful and well considered paper from the pen of our English contributor, Mr. J. J. Meyrick. It is a very clear and well rounded discussion of the relation of the sportsmen's interests to those of the public; or more accurately, it is an endeavor, and a successful one, to demonstrate the identity of those interests.

We have been printing from time to time a series of interesting and suggestive accounts of wild creatures in domestication: Mrs. Le Plongeon's sparrows, Mr. Perry's egret, Mr. C. M. Stark's coon, Mrs. Willson's cranes, and to-day Mr. Robt. P. Stark's hawks. Next week we shall have a sketch of Mrs. Willson's otters. Doubtless there are other tamed animals quite as deserving of record, and we should be glad to have their ways told in our National History columns.

The progressive element of the Florida press is showing an appreciative realization of the fact that the native game and fish of the peninsula constitute a source of wealth which has been squandered by lamentable shortsightedness and folly. This fact that the subject is now receiving editorial attention is significant of a changed public attitude. It is not too much to hope that even at this day, before it shall have become irrevocably late, an adequate system of conservation and restriction may be put into operation.

Dr. G. E. Hill sends us a letter, addressed by him to the Indian River Advocate, which is a well considered presentation of the case by one who has traveled extensively, and from experience and observation can testify to the dollars and cents aspect of game resources, with their opportunities and attractions for visitors and permanent residents. The sight of a flock of wild ducks, seen by him at Titusville eight years ago, he avers, was the accident which prompted him eventually to invest $15,000 in Florida real estate. What Florida had to offer the sportsman tourist even eight years ago—and the supply was barren enough even then, to those who had known it in the 70s—and the paucity of the present are contrasted, and the sound deduction—not sentimental, but practically commercial—is that in permitting the extermination of its wild creatures the State has unwittingly turned away tens of thousands of dollars.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Poacher's Victim.

Through thickest glade on early morn
Of June a trapper sought his trail.
But, oh! what scene of mis'ry born,
What piteous, bleating, moaning wail!

Dark pines and hemlocks spread a gloom
Of shadows brooding o'er the scene;
A fit abode for bloody doom
As e'er that woodman's eyes had seen.

On mossy bed, beside a brook,
Lay dead a doe with trickling wound,
While from her breast her suckling took
The last of mother-milk it found.

What wretch was he who fouled his soul
With dastard deed as vile as this?
Cursed poacher! May, like burning coal,
Ten thousand doe-eyes glare at his!

ERNST HELD.

In Fur Trade Days.

NOT far from my ranch, in a neat little cabin, built by the shore of a mountain lake, lives an old-timer, Joe Brown by name. He entered the service of the Hudson Bay Co. in 1851, when only a lad, and continued in its service for twenty years and more. Then, concluding that he had eaten enough of their pemmican and whitefish to last him the rest of his life, he struck out on his own hook trapping and prospecting, and visited in turn the gold fields of British Columbia, Oregon, California and Idaho, coming finally to Montana and the little cabin by the lake.

Joe is now a little more than sixty years of age, but I wish I was as young as he, although I lack more than twenty years of that. He climbs the steepest mountains with perfect ease; will ride fifty miles in a short winter's day and dance that night as long as any one. Or, if necessary, he will play the fiddle while the others dance. He seems to have mastered everything pertaining to the life of a mountaineer and plainsman. He is an unerring shot, a splendid roper, rider and packer; can build a house or a canoe; work a placer bar or a quartz vein; make and use traps and nets, toboggans and snowshoes; train and drive a team of dogs, and cook. You should sample one of his famous elk stews or fish chowders!

Joe is not a taciturn man by any means; still he isn't given to talking about the many adventures he has had. Occasionally, under the mellowing influence of a glass or two of hot rum—the real old Hudson Bay Co. drink—he will give a friend a glimpse of life in the old times, and it was under such circumstances that I got the following from him:

In 1858, he said, I was stationed at Fort Edmondton. Our factor was a man named Hardestie, a hard old Scotchman; gruff, rough and abusive, and withal a bit of a coward. Our main trade at that point was with the Crees and other northern Indians, although we were occasionally visited by the different tribes of the Blackfeet and by their allies, the Gros Ventres and Sarcees, who often came long distances, from the Missouri River and beyond, to barter their furs with us. The Crees and Blackfeet were deadly enemies; always at war with each other, with the odds in favor of the latter. Early in July of that year a war party of Crees started south on the war path and ran across a large camp of Bloods* on the Belly River. Immense herds of their horses were grazing on the hills a mile or more from their camp, and the Crees boldly rounded up a bunch and started off with them. But the Bloods were never to be caught napping; they always kept a number of horses picketed near their lodges, their best ones too, and the Crees hadn't got out of sight over the brow of the hills before the Bloods were right after them. The result was that most of the Crees were killed and not a few of the Bloods. Among the slain Crees one man was found who, while dressed like his companions in typical Indian custom, was evidently a French half-breed; some indeed remembered having seen him at Mountain Fort, the next post west of Edmondton. War was immediately declared on the Hudson Bay Co. If they sent their employees to steal the Blood horses they would be taught a lesson. So it wasn't very long after this fight that the inmates of the Mountain Fort awoke one night to find their place on fire and surrounded by Indians calling on them to come out and fight. But like most all of the Hudson Bay stations this fort was bounded on one side by a river, the Saskatchewan, a couple of batteaux were moored under the bank, and hastily embarking in these the factor and his employees, their wives and children, quietly floated down the river under the shelter of the high-cut bank, and reached the Cree camp safely next day. The fort was burned to the ground with all its contents, but the loss was not so great as it would have been a month or two earlier or later, for the winter's collection of furs had been shipped down the river, and the goods for the next season's trade had not arrived.

When Hardestie heard of the burning of the fort, he was scared. He said that it was but the beginning of their devilment; that the Bloods would send for their kindred tribes and destroy every post from the Rockies to Lake Winnipeg. We must make peace with them, he declared, if it took every dollar's worth of goods in the fort. An old fellow named Bird, who was married to a Blackfoot woman, offered to bring the Bloods in for a council, and started off with two pack-horse loads of tobacco, rum, powder and ball as an opening gift to the chiefs. He had no difficulty in finding their camp, which was only a few days' ride to the south, and in due time returned with the chiefs and about fifty of their leading warriors. We lost no time in ferrying them across the river to the fort, the small gate was opened, and as each one stepped into the stockade he handed his arms through the window of the trade room, where an employee stood to receive them.

The council lasted two days, during which the chiefs were kept liberally supplied with rum, and all of them were well fed. Hardestie gave them a large number of presents, and the morning of the third day, having buried the hatchet, as the saying is, they prepared to return to their camp. I was detailed to ferry them across to the south shore, and had taken over two boat loads, and was midway across with the third and last, when the Crees, who it seems had been hiding in the brush waiting for them, opened fire, and an awful fight took place. As soon as I saw what was up I turned the boat and put back for the fort, but for a few minutes I never expected to reach it. Some of the Bloods in the boat with me declared that this was simply a Hudson Bay Co. plot to get them into a trap so the Crees could kill them. One big fellow began priming his gun, saying, "If we've got to die we will have one white man anyhow," and when he said that a couple of young bucks drew their knives and started for me. Luckily for me though, the head chief, Ancient Sun, was in the boat, and he ordered them to leave me alone, saying he would brain the first one who disobeyed him. Well, we finally got back to shore, and I rushed up to the gate and shouted to have it opened. "No, no!" I heard Hardestie yell, "don't unbar that gate. This is only a ruse, I know. If we open the gate they will murder us all."

Maybe I wasn't mad when I heard him say that. But the bullets were beginning to fly around us, and we lost no time in taking to the brush. I don't know where the Bloods went. I cached myself under a fallen tree top not far from the fort. The shooting didn't last long, and after everything became quiet I went back to the stockade and they let me in. Along in the afternoon three or four of us ventured across the river and found eighteen dead Bloods lying around in the brush, everyone of them scalped and hacked to pieces. We dug a long, deep trench and buried them all together.

After this unfortunate end to our council of peace we scarcely ventured from the fort, and kept a guard on all night. But somehow there was no attack. Our fort was well built, with bastions at the corners mounted with small cannon, and probably it was these "heavy-voiced guns," as the Bloods called them, that deterred them from assaulting us. But the poor Crees suffered. The whole Blackfeet tribe immediately made war upon them; they hadn't a single horse left in two weeks, and lacking transportation could not move out to the buffalo, which had drifted away to the southeast some fifty miles or more, and had we not loaned them our little herd they must have starved.

Communication between the different posts was kept up in those days by a monthly mail service, on horseback in summer, by dog sledge in winter, but for some time after the massacre of the Bloods at our post no messenger arrived. As the days slipped by after the carrier was due Hardestie began to get uneasy, and finally he called the men up one morning and said that some of us must start right away for Fort Pitt, about 200 miles to the east. None of the men volunteering, I finally said I would go, provided I could choose my horse.

"Why of course," said Hardestie. "Take your pick, Joe, and I'll send young Baptiste with you to keep you company."

"No you won't," I replied. "If I'm going on this trip I'm going alone. It's easier for one to sneak along and keep hidden than it is for two. And as to the horses, I'll ride your black horse and pack my bay."

Next morning I started, riding Hardestie's black, a powerful, swift animal, and packing the mail, my bedding and a little food on my bay, which was almost as good. I made up my mind to keep off the trail altogether. The country for the first part of the way was fairly well wooded, and I rode about a mile to the left of it. The afternoon of the second day I approached a large prairie ten or twelve miles wide. I hated to go around it, and studied some time whether to attempt it or not. I finally concluded to take the safest route, and made a wide detour to the left. As evening approached I hurried along, in order to reach a little lake I knew of on the edge of the prairie. It was almost dark when I got to it, and hurriedly unpacking I hobbled the bay and picketed the black horse just outside of the brush which grew along the shore. I thought it would be safe to light a little fire here, as the brush would screen the light, and anyhow there was a high bank about 50 or 60yds. back, where the prairie abruptly terminated.

After drinking my pot of tea and eating some pemmican I made my bed and went to sleep. Just about daylight I was awakened by hearing my bay horse snorting and jumping. I grabbed my gun and jumped out of bed, and there, standing on the bank looking down at me, were fifty or sixty Indians, a war party afoot. They gave a yell of delight, and in a minute were all around me. It didn't take them long to go through my outfit, each one taking what he could lay his hands on. They not only took my gun, but one fellow grabbed up my coat, another my trousers and moccasins, my hat, and a great big, strapping fellow tore the shirt off my back; so the only clothing I had left was my drawers. I could understand enough of the Blackfoot language to know that most of them were in favor of killing me, and they had quite a wrangle about it. I made up my mind that my time had surely come. While the talk was going on an Indian I knew a little, Berry Child by name, said to me: "Don't you be afraid, they are bound to take everything you have, but they will not kill you. We will not let them." I felt a little encouraged when he said that; still whenever some fellow danced around in front of me, singing, yelling, pointing his gun at me or brandishing his knife in my face, I would think again that this was to be the end. Well, after they had apparently had enough fun, a big surly Blood named Little Otter stepped up, took hold of my shoulders, and saying "Go, go back to your home," game me a rousing kick that sent me sprawling. You can imagine how I felt. To be kicked, and by a dirty Indian, made me almost choke, I was so mad. I wished I had a knife or even a club, I would have turned on him. But I got up and walked off, never looking back, although I wanted to, and I expected every minute to be struck by a bullet or an arrow.

The prairie had been burned that year, which made the old grass sprouts short, stiff and sharp, and it wasn't long before my feet began to bleed and swell. I tore up my drawers—they were pretty thin—and wound them around my feet as well as I could, but they would keep slipping and wearing, and the second day were all used up. I got mighty hungry too. I did come across a few bushes of service berries, and that was all I had to eat. There was plenty of water though, and every little ways I would stop and bathe my feet. Well, you can bet I suffered. Naked and cold, hungry and sore, along toward the last I just stumbled along, and about 2 o'clock on the fourth day I reached the shore of the river in front of the fort, and shouted. I couldn't shout very loud, but they heard me, and pretty soon some of the boys came over and took me in. The first thing Hardestie said when he saw me was, "What's happened? Where's that mail?"

"Curse your mail," said I, "give me a pint of rum and something to eat," and I wouldn't tell him a thing just then. In fact I was too weak to talk.

The next spring the Bloods sent word to Hardestie that they wanted to make peace, and in a few days the whole tribe arrived and pitched their lodges close to the fort. A day or two after the council I was sitting in my room when the door opened and in walked Little Otter dragging a rawhide rope. The other end of it was tied to a fine big horse, which he brought to me as a peace offering. I felt like reaching down my gun and killing him, but of course I didn't. I accepted the present, shook hands with him, and we smoked the pipe together and had a little something to eat and drink. I may as well finish by telling you that in less than two weeks the horse was stolen and by this same Little Otter.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

* A tribe of the Blackfeet.

Fishing on the Fourth.

FOUR of us agreed that the war could proceed without our able criticism, so concluded to spend the glorious Fourth in the mountains. You are "in the mountains" anywhere in East Tennessee, but to the native, or denizen, there are degrees. We took the highest degree, going right into the heart of a spur range of the Great Smokies, to try for bass in the upper waters of Little River.

The distance—twenty-five miles—was driven between 2 and 5 o'clock on the hottest day recorded this summer, July 2. Our party was odd one man, made ill by the intense heat, so we were only three. The General, title genuine and achieved; Old Rex, the kindest gentleman alive, and called "Old" as a matter of affection by his many friends, and the writer.

We reached our destination in time to make a few casts Saturday evening, but only the General scored. A kind native agreed to put us up during our stay. We were in one of the mountain coves—small enclosed valleys—with the dark green timbered mountains shutting us in apparently on all sides. The crooked river winding around the rugged hills and steep bluffs seemed to end abruptly 50yds. up or down as you stood on the bank. The Sabbath day found us totally relaxed, and inclined to no greater exertion than lying in the shade of a grand old sycamore listening to the music of the waters playing on the shoal. We were surrounded by nature's grandest effects, but overtaxed bodies and minds demanded relaxation and perfect rest.

We were but a few moments' walk from an historical edifice—the first Baptist Church built in the State, now more than 100 years old; and with the added sanctity of having rung with the eloquence of the famous "Parson" Brownlow in the dark days of the "sixties," when he was often fleeing, but ever voicing defiance. But believing and realizing the words of Bryant:

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language,"

in sweet contentment we dreamed away the day. Bright and very early Monday morning, the Fourth, we went fishing. Rested, enthused and sanguine, we were all jolly as "sand boys" as we drove over the mountain to strike the river three miles up, where we had engaged to meet our man with minnows and begin to fish down.

Wading was the only way to fish successfully. The General and Rex were rigged out in old suits each, to take the water just as the exigencies of the occasion required; while I was in wading boots and intended to keep a discreet distance from the deep holes.

The General again scored first, taking a ½lb. bass on 150ft. of line that he had run out with the current, and firmly believing that he had a record breaker.

The mountains rose almost perpendicular on each side of the river, and the cool morning air was laden with the smell of the fresh spruce and pine. The swift current flowing over the slick rocks and boulders of the river bed made it a very difficult task for me to navigate the stream at all. Every few steps I would slip, roll, pitch, and grab handfuls of air, while my companions shouted with laughter. One-half mile of this work satisfied me and I waded out, intending to seek a deep pool that could be fished from "terra firma."

I had not caught a fish, and felt as though I had run a hurdle race handicapped. I had the satisfaction of seeing the General properly punished for laughing at my misfortunes before leaving them. Just as I had arrived at the water's edge in safety, the swift current caught his feet on a shoal, sliding them from under him, and shot him into the deep hole below with a force that sent him to the bottom, and kept him there several seconds.

He had to dive twice before he recovered his rod, and run a quarter of a mile down the bank before he overtook his new cork helmet; and his language was neither polite nor patriotic.

I cheered him vigorously from start to finish of his performance; but when he came back up the river's edge on my side, with his arm drawn back at half-cock and holding a big chunk of water-logged rotten wood in his hand, it occurred to me that there was a much better place for bank fishing about a mile further down, so gathered up my tackle and quietly slipped back to the road, while he trudged on up the bank peering carefully into each opening. My destination was the mouth of a creek where the water was deep and very accessible from the point of land between creek and river. Here, with a good smooth log to sit on, and a current to carry my bait where it looked likely it would do the most

good, I sat resting from my arduous labors. It was half-hour before my first strike, and he was but a trifle more fish than the small one that had fooled the General early in the morning.

My next capture, some time later, was a turtle of the hard shell denomination. He was heavy and vicious, and afforded me considerable sport until landed, and then it was a parallel case with the man that caught the bear—I wanted somebody to help me let him loose. He showed such an attachment for my hook that I finally cut it off my line and presented it to him together with a few inches of snood.

About two pipes after this episode I was recalled from the top of the mountain that towered above me—where in fancy I had climbed—by a splash in the water. A goodly bass had struck at my minnow, which was swimming near the surface, and missed. Again he struck, and missed; and then I saw him attack as I had never before seen a bass do. He leaped entirely out of the water and came down on the minnow, and got him.

Bass leaping out of the water after fleeing minnows is usual, but to see one leap out of the water and come down on a stationary minnow was a novelty to me.

A short time after this experience a horn, a small boy from the house, and my department of the interior united in an effort to convince me that it was dinner time in the "cove."

Desiring to avoid the embarrassment of comparing two fish with my companion's fine string, I hid mine away in a cool place and repaired to the house, where I found my two companions with a magnificent long string containing three bass. We were trying to account for our lack of success, when a rumble of thunder was heard over the western mountain, and then we knew that a thunderstorm was brewing, and the fish not feeding. Our hard luck had not impaired our appetites, and they live well in the cove.

'Twere better far to be able to eat such a dinner as Rex and the General ate that day, and feel no more ill effects from it than to be president of the Philippines. After dinner and a pipe of peace, during the smoking of which I argued the General out of his fixed and expressed intention of throwing me into the river at the first opportunity, we called a council to consider our plans for the afternoon. A heavy shower had fallen, but the clouds were breaking away and the sultry heat of the morning had been tempered and cooled most delightfully.

We finally agreed on a campaign for the afternoon. Rex and the General were to fish down the river a mile or more to where the road crossed it, and I was to fish my favorite place, the creek mouth, for about an hour, and then drive down, pick them up, and all start for home.

Starting me in to fish with the minnows on hand, my two companions, with a tall native, went up the creek to seine a fresh lot of minnows. In about a half-hour they worked their way back to me with a goodly lot of minnows, and a fine string of perch, bass and goggle-eye or rock bass. To my surprised look of interrogation they proceeded to explain that Rex and the native had done the seining, while the General had fished on ahead in all the likely holes, catching the fine string of fish aforesaid. For an instant I was an arrant skeptic; but a look in the General's eyes as he quietly shifted them from me to a sizable chunk of water-soaked wood, apparently his favorite weapon, considerably nearer him than me, converted me.

I did not then, and do not now, doubt the fact that the General caught more fish in one-half hour, with two men and a 20ft. seine splashing in the water within a few feet of him, than all three of us caught in a day of applying the most approved methods.

I am willing to give my reasons for my faith: First, my friends are truthful men and readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Second, it is against the law to seine fish in this State.

Now this new method of taking bass is not to be copyrighted, but, like the grand new scheme of our friend Hough, of the "Windy City"—who says lash and not lure your fish—is to be given to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

There was but one more incident in this eventless but enjoyable outing. Becoming interested in my earnest efforts to catch any of the few fish that had escaped the General's fatal rod and remarkable skill, I did not start down the road to our agreed meeting point until the sun was dropping over the mountain and it was decidedly cool.

The trysting place was not well known to me, and when I reached it came near driving by under the impression that some dew dippers had broached a keg of the "moonshine" brand, and were fighting furiously in a drunken orgy; but something familiar in the voices made me stop and hail the old mill on the bank of the river, from which the sounds proceeded. It was my friends, and they proceeded at once to give me to understand, in language more forcible than polite, that they had been shivering in their wet clothes for nearly two hours waiting for me to arrive with their grips containing dry clothes.

They had not had any success, and had hurried on down to the meeting place in hopes that I would be there; and had spent the time running up and down the old mill floor to keep up circulation.

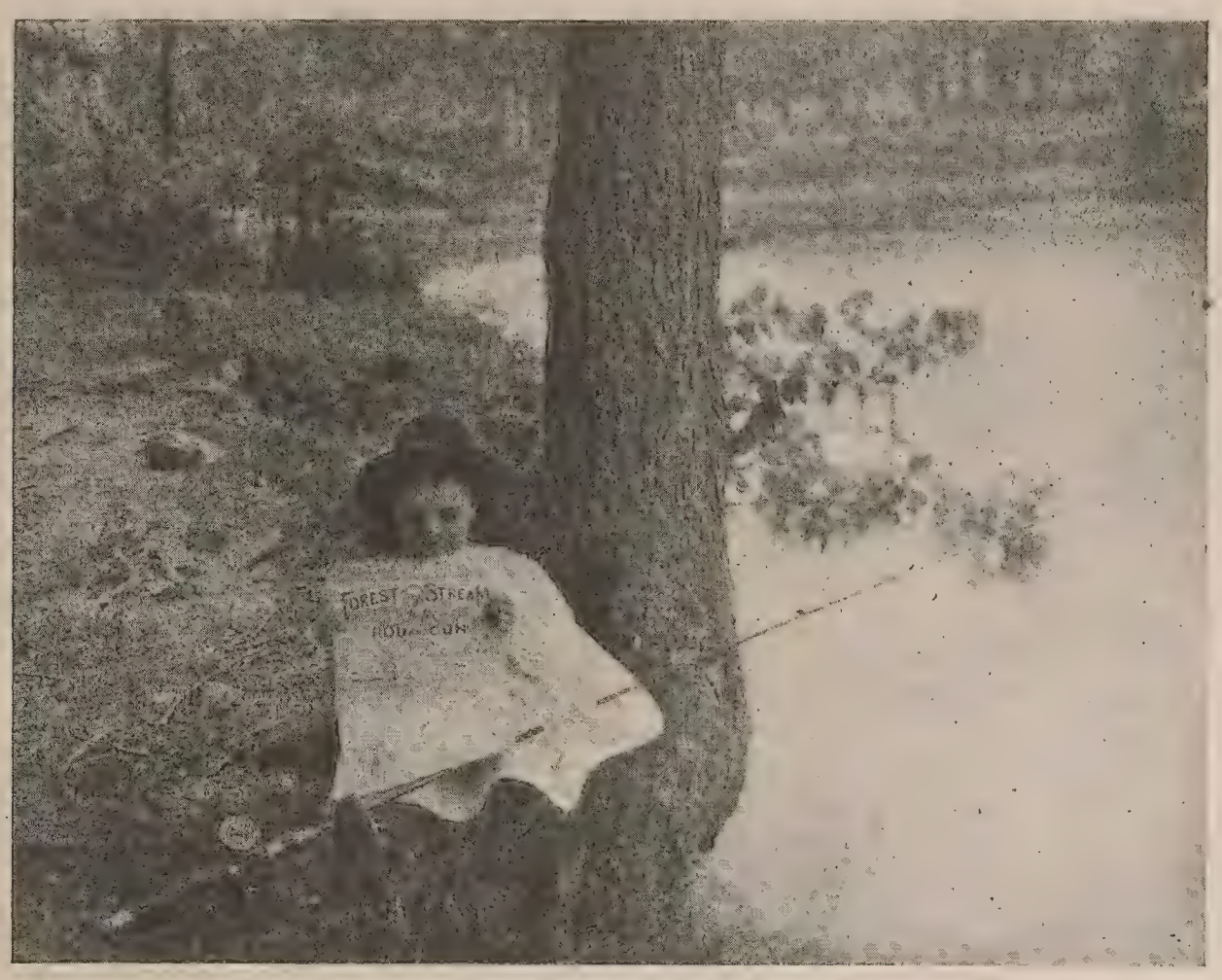
I was very much afraid that they would suffer some ill effects from their long exposure to the chill air in wet clothes, until I heard them express themselves freely, and then concluded that they were too hot to be hurt by a simple wetting.

By packing up all their wet clothes and tackle, I finally won them back into their usual amiability, and we pulled out for home.

Looking back on the trip it seems singularly eventless, but nevertheless I had many narrow escapes.

The General generously divided his new process caught fish with Rex and me, and we have agreed to go again as soon as he recovers from his cold and forgets his bad two hours in the mill.

LEWIS HOPKINS.



"WE ARE ADVERTISED BY OUR LOVING FRIENDS."
To the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM, with the compliments of Miss Eleanor Beegle.

Natural History.

Two Hawks.

WHILE out in the woods one day along in February of '97 I observed two red-tailed hawks sitting in the trees, but keeping a respectful distance from my gun. Thinking there must be a nest near by, I proceeded to look the matter up with the result of locating it. I made up my mind to visit it again late in the season, which I did about the 1st of May.

The nest was situated in the very top of a beech about 60ft. from the ground. Not having any climbers with me, I nailed cleats on the tree until I could reach the first branches, then, after considerable effort, reached the nest. It was a bulky affair, made entirely of small twigs about the size around of a lead pencil, with foundation of sticks 3ft. long and 1in. in diameter. The top was perfectly flat, about 3ft. across. There must have been over a half wagonload altogether. In, or rather on, the nest I found two young fledgelings and one egg. There were also one freshly killed downy woodpecker, the hind leg of a rabbit and some bones and feathers. While I was pawing over the nest one of the adult birds came sailing around with vengeance in its eye; but I was saved from an attack by one of the boys sending a charge of shot after it, which caused the bird to turn about and go to its mate to figure out a plan of attack. I secured the birds and egg, and reached the ground with no further incident except that I was nearly "bushed."

The birds were curious little creatures, perfectly white and covered with a down resembling a young lamb. They were not able yet to stand on their feet, and after a day readily took meat from the hand. I would cut up pieces of meat in small chunks and feed them so that their crops would fill out the size of a baseball. They grew rapidly, and in a few weeks were able to fly around some. I put them in a coop with a couple of crows, but one morning awoke to find one of the crows dead. The hawks hadn't eaten it, but simply killed. I suppose this was to stop the incessant cawing it was wont to keep up early in the morning before being fed. After that I tethered them by their legs to a post in the yard, giving about 30ft. of rope to exercise with. One became quite tame; the other always seemed to have a surly disposition, and did not like to be handled much. I taught the tame one to sit on my arm by giving it a piece of meat when it behaved well, so that it would sit there and allow me to carry it anywhere. I would let them loose at intervals for exercise, and after they alighted would catch them again.

They never seemed to notice the chickens that were continually running about, but their chief delight was a bird or rat—rat especially. When eating a bird they would always take it in their claws and give one bite at the nape of the neck, whether dead or alive, and crush its skull. They would pick most of the feathers off and begin under the wing to devour it by tearing off chunks and taking out the heart almost the first thing. After the forward half had vanished the remainder, including the legs, was swallowed whole. When a rat was given them, they always seemed to be ready for a fight, one grabbing one end, while the other would get a grip on the other end; and there would be a tug of war, both bristling up and squealing for all they were worth. A few hours after feeding they would eject a roll or ball from their crops, called a casting, which consisted of the indigestible parts of their foods, such as feathers, hair, bones, etc.

One of them got loose one day, and while flying around was shot by a man, who mistook it for a wild hawk. During the winter I kept the mate in a barn, and once put a chicken in for it to eat; but it never bothered the fowl, both roosting on the same perch, until I killed the chicken and cut it up, and then it ate it all right. In the spring, having occasion to go elsewhere, I let the bird loose; it took a circle around town and alighted on a passing freight train, where it was soon lost to view. I suppose ere this it has met its fate by dropping down near some one's dooryard, not knowing the danger of undue familiarity with strangers and guns. It may be identified by a strap sewed on its leg with a ring in it for tying it by.

ROBT. P. STARK.

MICHIGAN, July, 1898.

The Origin of Animal Instincts.

FOR more than a score of years I have unresistingly suffered violence to some of my most cherished convictions and theories concerning the habits and instincts of animals, and such kindred phenomena, by men who seemed to me old enough to know better, and with whom I would homologate, fraternize, go fishing and sit at their feet upon any other subject whatever. But even the worm will turn, when too persistently trodden upon selected spots, and that has at last happened to me. Many a time, for instance, have I suffered in silence from the publication of stories about the intercommunication of animals which would make angels weep. But I never rebuked even the theory that dogs have a wig-wag alphabet with their tails, and spell out to each other all sorts of messages, as the Army Signal Corps do with their flags—perhaps with one vertical drop for the end of a word, two for a sentence, and three for interrogation. Nor have I ever remonstrated at the martyrdom of fatigue inflicted by Prof. Garner upon the whole population of the United States except the newspaper reporters. But now I have drawn the line, and I am going to defend the memory and the theory, as I understand it, of Darwin from a growing misconception—from a burglarious interjection of an idea into it which he never advanced; and which is so illogical, so in the face of facts, that it is enough to disturb his bones in the grave. Perhaps it will give the clearest idea of how this theory is being distorted and perverted if I first give the particular instance of its misapplication, which has, as it were, blown up the Maine of my endurance, and precipitated this disturbance of the peace.

It occurs in the otherwise most amiable letter of delightful Fred Mather, in FOREST AND STREAM of April 9, when he accounts by heredity for the shyness of fish and game which have been much pursued. He says: "An old trout, often pricked, learns caution and transmits that quality to its progeny; the heedless young trout takes the first lure, and has no progeny to transmit its rashness to." Then, in reference to ducks, deer, etc., he says: "There is no instinct in it; it is reason pure and simple. The wounded that survived learned a lesson and transmitted it to their posterity."

Now there stands exposed a theory, often supposed to be Darwin's, and which too at a casual glance seems most simple and plausible. But it will neither stand analysis nor a checking up against facts. First, as to its logic. The fish pricked with a hook rarely seems to mind it. He is usually ready to bite again in five minutes. He has no clear conception of man and his works, or that he has escaped a great danger. It seems to me indeed at least as reasonable to suppose that his escape would tend to diminish his instinctive wariness, as that the slight prick would increase it. And for every wounded bird which survives and has further progeny there are hundreds unhurt to whom the explosion of the gun was, after all, only a harmless sound, and one which in certain circumstances they will easily come to disregard entirely. Birds and fish do not know what death is, nor do they figure out that missing ones are dead. The whole conception assumes for all animals reasoning powers which thousands of more conclusive phenomena show that they do not possess.

But, even if they did, there is a still further logical difficulty. Is it plausible to suppose that the progeny of the small percentage pricked, wounded and surviving will overcome the progeny of all others, and even their own born, before they received their injuries; and finally come to possess the territory? The danger from hooks or guns, it must be remembered, is not the only danger which thins their ranks. It is but one danger of many, and often comparatively speaking a very minor one. Especially is this true of fish. Eternity hardly seems long enough for the infinite happening of chances to bring about that every living trout, or duck, should have in his family tree more and nearer ancestral blood

of recovered cripples, of hook or gun, than of sound individuals. Clearly then, however it may be that birds and fish acquire their increased wariness, when much pursued, it is most illogical to say that it is by heredity or atavism.

Now let us see how the theory will check up with all the other facts that we know about heredity. According to this theory, ducks which have suffered pain, from mistaking a wooden decoy for a sister duck, and trout which have had their mouths snagged from sampling new varieties of fly, will transmit to their posterity, born after those experiences, an instinctive fear of the awkward, wooden-looking duck, and a decided suspicion of all insects with crooked and barbed tails. Now, if a few experiences of pain following certain appearances would impress the progeny of an animal with a dread of those appearances, we would have hundreds of examples of it occurring around us daily, and the fact would be generally recognized. One litter of pups, for instance, would be born which would run from the sight of a whip before they had ever known a blow; while another would run from the cook with a pan of hot water, without ever waiting to be scalded. Crucial test experiments would long ago have been suggested, devised and made. We would have a science of it, and would know the value of more or less reiterated experiences of father, mother, grandparents, etc. And there are many curious and useful results which could be brought about. But all experience shows that acquired knowledge is not transmitted to posterity. Children will never be born knowing the multiplication table because their ancestors know it. I am not denying the value of cross breeding and selection in producing the highest possible development of all natural instincts, abilities or powers, or any natural variations of any physical form. For instance, by selection we might breed a variety of dogs with very short tails. But we would never accomplish it by amputating the tails. Nor, if we always amputated with shears, could we ever breed a fear of shears in the progeny. Great is heredity and wonderful are its works. It is the great centripetal force of nature. But it is not everything. There is very much beside it in the problem. And especially it is not to be confounded with what we may call, for a name, the centrifugal force of nature. By that I mean the force which does adapt things to their surroundings, in very spite, as it were, of the opposing influences of heredity. It is this centrifugal force which teaches wariness to the fish and caution to the duck, when men begin to pursue them, without even waiting for a single generation to pass away. This is the force to which we owe the endless variety of natural forms in every kingdom of life. It has the disposition and the ability to conform every creature to its environment. If a simple access of wariness and caution is not enough, a new sense or a new organ are not beyond its powers. What is this strange, this wonderful force? Its existence cannot be denied, and since Darwin pointed out the marvelous wonders of its work, nobody tries to deny it. But what is it?

And now we can make clear the too common misconception of what Darwin taught, which I have before referred to as the casus of this belli. Darwin never pretended to say what this force was. But many, who claim to be his followers, assume to know all about it. They say that all changes and variations are produced by chance. And thus they have a beautiful and simple scheme for all things.

Chance produces infinite variety. Heredity seeks to perpetuate all that chance produces, but environment, otherwise called natural selection, steps in and culls out all varieties not distinctly beneficial, and lo! we have the universe as we see it. Great are chance, heredity, environment; and greatest of these is chance! No fish will suspect a hook; no duck will shun a decoy; no dove will fear a hawk—unless three of its grandparents out of four have suffered pain and wounds by hook, shot or talon, but still escaped with life before becoming an ancestor! Now perhaps it is possible that this trinity, of chance, heredity and environment, given the material and a planet eternally habitable to work in, might possibly organize some sort of a world. But I think chance would forever keep spoiling things faster than environment could adjust them. And certainly the world which we inhabit is not at all the sort and type of world which would be produced where chance was the initial force. For we are full of infinite fine touches, which chance alone could never impart, and which must have had their origin therefore in the original centrifugal force. If we study any single natural object, as for instance a mallard duck, we will find as many coincidences and adjustments in his structure, plumage, functions, etc., as we will find coincidences and adjustments of the letters of the alphabet in a printed newspaper. Every feather will have thousands of them. It would be just as reasonable to argue that a newspaper could have been produced by an accidental assemblage of type, and preserved by an environment of newsdealers who appreciated that it would sell, and naturally selected it, as to suppose that the infinite coincidences about the duck are the offspring of chance, assorted and preserved by environment. The cases are exactly parallel, and the mind which can accept chance as an element in the origin of the duck could accept it also for the production of the newspaper. The theory I hold in opposition to this theory of chance I can most briefly express by calling it a blue-print theory. That is to say, that all changes and modifications of natural forms, which have resulted in nature's present variety, were preceded by such an intelligent foresight and adjustment as would be paralleled in human affairs by making a preliminary blue-print. For only by such a device can we be sure of successful operation, and adjust delicate niceties of structure, function and ornament. One illustration is as good as a hundred. The venomous serpent is not the result of chance variations of the serpent type; some with fangs, but no poison, and others with poison, but no fangs, and at last an accidental union of the two in the same individual, preserved by environment. The long front tooth, the strange hollow bored through it, the poison gland, the reservoir, the modified bones and muscles and instincts, the chemical composition of the venom, and the adjustment of the dose to the intended victims must have all been considered and adopted together. Or, humanly speaking, there must have been a blue-print of him before there was ever a venomous serpent. There are too many coincidences of structure (all utterly useless and in the way when alone, but when combined forming a powerful weapon) for chance to have cut any more figure in his existence than it does in that of a loaded gun. Indeed the loaded gun is but a poor comparison, a wretched abortion of a machine, in comparison with the serpent. He is a mathematical demonstration that something which plans originates all nature's variety. Accident then must be utterly, at once and forever, ruled out of consideration in our study of the mysteries of her infinite array of beautiful and delicate machinery, and of her endless gallery of exquisite sculpture and painting. What we have called her centrifugal force—that which produces variety and imparts instincts, as needed, to creatures devoid of reason—is a force with far closer and more exact control than environment and natural selection could ever acquire, and all its work is stamped with blue-print characteristics—with the marks of intelligent foresight. What this force is it needs a greater than Darwin to say. But we may frame more or less complete working theories of its methods upon studies of phenomena, after we are once got rid of the idea that its essence is blind chance. To recur to the case of new instincts becoming necessary to animals, from the advent of new dangers. The facts seem to require a theory which shall provide as follows: That the instinct of each animal of any community shall promptly profit by any important or vital experience of any other animal of that community—even though and especially if the experience results in death. For it is certainly most illogical to provide for animals (as the heredity or the "three-wounded-grandparents" theory does) instincts founded only upon escapes. Escapes are misleading. Death experiences only are truly instructive. Now is it possible to frame any theory which will fulfil the requirements stated above? Something like the following, I am sure, has suggested itself in some shape to thousands of observers, and can be found more or less clearly expressed or implied by a very great number of writers. For a single example, Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, records phenomena witnessed among wild animals leading him to suggest the existence of a "Guardian Spirit" watching over each race. But the same idea is practically embodied, along with very much else which needs to be taken account of, in the following conception.

No one can carefully consider any living organization as a machine without feeling that beside the conscious ego which animates it there resides within it, be it man or animal, another and separate intelligence absolutely governing and controlling many of its most important functions. For a name let us call this second intelligence sub-ego, though clearly it was the first comer, and if either is to be considered as the owner of the body and the host it is sub-ego and ego is but the guest. As to the importance of its functions, like the Vestal Virgins, it is charged with the care of the very spark of life itself, which requires the perpetual fanning of many vital processes. The ego may sleep, or be drugged, or even become insane, but sub-ego is ever at its post. Nor is it any lifeless and automatic mechanism, as it were, a spring running a clock. It is an intelligence, repairing accidents and meeting emergency with resource. If flesh is torn, injured portions are thrown out and new flesh formed. If bone is broken, new bone is built exactly where and as needed. The tablets of memory seem to be in its keeping, and to naught else can we assign that mysterious power which has fixed limits to the size, strength and longevity of every race, upon the minute and exact regulation of which the very survival and present supremacy of the human race itself has depended. But it is not necessary for our present purposes to speculate further upon the powers, mental or physical, of the sub-ego, inviting and prolific as the field may be. All that need be here said is that, chance being ruled out, the onus is upon those who would reject the existence of a sub-ego to suggest a working theory more in accordance with observed phenomena. Until that is done sub-ego is a legitimate speculation. Its existence granted, all operations of animal instinct must be ascribed to it, whether habitual or newly acquired. They are but promptings to the ego from the sub-ego, which constructed and runs the mechanism of its body. And the evidence is overwhelming that the whole sum of the life and death experiences of every individual of its race is available in some way to each sub-ego. In other words, we must predicate some telepathic communication or its equivalent between the sub-egos of each race. So far the phenomena of nature will bear us out with evidence as endless as that supporting the theory of gravitation.

Finally, in our conception of the character of our original or centrifugal force there can be no compromise between the theories of chance and design. Design may avail itself of experience gained by chance to reach a higher foresight, but the two theories will no more mix in accounting for a duck than in accounting for a newspaper; and if one single phenomenon of nature requires design in our centrifugal force, it is as absurd after that to try and show how chance may have cut a figure in this or that phenomenon as it would be to debate and to split hairs over the influence of chance upon the development or improvement of steam engines.

To recapitulate. Individual acquirements are not transmitted to posterity. The three crippled grandparent theory is totally inadequate. Chance could no more produce the creation we see than the newspapers we read. Practically a blue-print of every species preceded its first appearance. A sub-ego precedes every ego, superintends its entire life and imparts all necessary race instincts. And finally there is in some manner the equivalent of telepathic communication between sub-egos of the same species. E. P. ALEXANDER.

"Puffins answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes round the bottom." "What did they tell him?" "To wear knickerbockers."—Tit-Bits.

He—"I only pay fifty cents an hour for this boat." She—"That's why I like it. It's a regular bargain sail."—Harper's Drawer.

A Mongolian Pheasant's Nest.

MALDEN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, I have taken great interest in the notes from all over the United States on the Mongolian pheasant for the last five years, and I thought perhaps some of my sporting friends might enjoy a few lines from near Boston. The Mongolian pheasant is found in a large part of the State; I have seen and heard of it on good authority seventy-five miles from Boston. But most all the birds seen are males. The reason of this is, I am told, that about nine males are liberated to one female.

I was taken to the nest of the bird I send you a photo of by my old-time friend of the field and woods, Minat, on the 2d of May, in the Medford woods. We have spent many pleasant hours with the rod and gun, but this was the first hunt with the camera we had ever taken together; and the results were as fascinating as with either rod or gun. I presume many a sportsman who enjoys nature has taken his friends out on a warm spring morning to let them take a peep at a partridge nest he has found on some of his rambles. When on such an expedition your guide halts and says: "There is the bird on the nest, right by that stump." For a short space of time, that you may think hours, you would have no sight for the bird; but at last you catch the sparkle of its eye and say: "Strange, but I could not see the bird at first sight." It is plain enough after you have seen it. It was just the same with the pheasant nest as with a partridge nest. I was within a few feet and could not see the bird, though she was in plain sight, so near was her color to the ground. The nest was on the east side of a pine and oak wood, on a small hill near a swamp, and in open ground. The only things to cover her were a few twigs that had been cut off and some very small blueberry brush. I could go all around her, and I put the camera within 4ft. of her. After I had taken her photo I pushed her from the nest and found thirteen eggs of very dark olive. When she left the nest, she flew a few feet, then ran a few yards, then flew out of sight. On the 20th of May I went to the nest and found no trace of the happy family; I do not think she was disturbed, and I think all the eggs were fertile.

I hope to hear more through your paper of the pheasant, as I think it will soon be a game bird all over Massachusetts. C. E. BAILEY.

[We regret that the interesting photograph could not be reproduced.]

An Unusual Nesting Place.

LAKESIDE PARK, N. Y., July 13.—While sitting on the porch of the Lakeside Park Hotel I noticed a bird that I thought was a house wren fly into the vines that cover the wire netting overhead, and looking up I saw a nest placed on the wire among the vines about 2½ft. above my head; examining it I concluded that it was not that of a wren and that it contained a young bird. A few minutes later I saw on the lawn a pair of song sparrows, the female without a tail; and I concluded that it was the bird I had taken for a wren. A moment after I saw her fly into the vine and feed a young bird that was sitting near the nest, and later saw her feed the one in the nest. I was then convinced that the nest was that of the song sparrow, of which I was skeptical, as I had never known this species to build its nest other than on the ground, or more than 2ft. above it; and here it was placed on the wire netting about 10ft. from the ground, and nearly within reach of one's hand from the floor below, where people have walked and sat hundreds of times daily for the past month. A young lady guest of the hotel told me that she had seen the bird without a tail hopping around on the floor and supposed it was a young bird, but did not know of the nest. Taking in consideration the shyness of the song sparrow, I consider this an unusual nesting place for this species.

There are many species of bird in the park surrounding the hotel and its cottages, and as they are not disturbed they are quite neighborly. I have seen three nests of the red-eyed vireo; that exquisite penciled basket affair hanging near the cottage. As I write this, a pair of kingbirds, a dozen or more of cedar birds, and a phœbe can be seen catching flies in front of the cottage we occupy. Although not of the fly-catching family, the cedar bird seems to hold its own with its two fly-catching neighbors. J. L. DAVISON.

A West Virginia Panther.

MR. ANDREW J. PRICE sends us this account, as given by a Pocahontas county paper, of the occurrence of a panther in the Cranberry Mountains of that county:

It has been so long since there was a well authenticated case of a panther being seen in the mountains of this county that the general belief has grown up that there was not a panther left. There seems to be no doubt that there is a panther in the Cranberry Mountains. The first heard of it was from Ed. Patterson, who saw the tracks of some large animal which had been following a deer trail in a muddy path.

Last week Andrew and John Moore went to Cranberry to fish. They are absolutely reliable, and are not given to exaggeration. They were shy of believing that they saw a panther, and the reader can judge whether it was one or not. They had fished down North Fork and had prepared to lay out at the forks. They got everything ready and started up the South Prong for a short fish. When they got up about half a mile, to the foot of the island, where the path comes in, they were standing close together, talking of turning back. It was nearly sundown. John had his eyes turned up the river and saw the animal jump across the stream about a hundred yards above him. He remarked that he had seen a deer. They immediately started up the back channel to get a sight of the animal if possible as it crossed the back channel.

They were fortunate to the last degree. As they reached a point nearly opposite where it was seen, the panther came out of the brush ahead of them and walked slowly away in a diagonal direction. They saw at once that it was not a deer. They thought at once that it was a cinnamon bear, but catching sight of its long,

prehensile like tail, drooping to the ground and turning up at the end, they spotted it as a panther. The animal continued to slowly nose the ground in front of them at a distance of about thirty steps, long enough for them to discuss the identity of the animal. They noted the reddish brown color, the round ears, the long lank body, and the quick movement of the foot, which was stayed just as it reached the ground. The size they put as three times as large as a big dog. The panther approached a log and put its forefeet upon it, and they had a good look at its foot. Its front legs were as large as a man's arm, sleeve and all. It was when the panther was in this attitude that it slightly turned its head and caught sight of the men. Like a flash of light, it sprung clear across the back channel and took to the mountain side.

Oh, the things you see when you haven't got a gun! What would the naturalist, who waits around to photograph animals, given to have been there when that panther had its front feet on the log. The boys say that it made no noise whatever as it ran through the woods. They went to see where it had sprung across the stream. It had sailed across, without raising perceptibly, a distance of about 25ft., and had alighted on a rock. The print of its wet feet was to be seen on the rock. From thence it had jumped ashore in a muddy place and it made a track in the mud like a horse. At nowhere else could they discover the imprint of its foot.

The presence of this panther will discourage fishing parties to Cranberry, where the trout are about exhausted. It will not be pleasant camping out when the fire burns down, with a mountain lion as big as a yearling steer prowling about the camp.

Game Bag and Gun.

Horn Measurements.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Record head." How shamefully this term is being abused, especially in the past three years; or since the giant moose from Alaska made his appearance in public and placed all former records (so far as moose are concerned) far in the shade.

What constitutes a record head? Certainly not the one that merely has the widest spread across the horns after being mounted, which seems to be the most popular plan of deciding by some innocent though wily taxidermists. Providing the head, or rather the horns, of a moose, elk or deer are measured fairly and squarely (for with these animals it is really the horns that are considered, generally speaking), several measurements are necessary. Many claim the largest head on record in consequence of the horns spreading to a greater width than any recorded. This means nothing unless one simply wishes to claim the record for spread alone. This single measurement is of little consequence when taking into consideration general size, beauty, massiveness, number of points and weight.

A man might claim a record for horns bearing greatest number of prongs, or for horns with greatest length or greatest thickness or weight. Any one of these features alone does not constitute a "record" in the general acceptance of the term. For instance, one of the first giant moose heads that astonished the public was exhibited about two years ago. It was one of the Alaska variety, and before it was mounted was measured fairly by noted authorities on such things, for instance, Dr. Merriam, of U. S. Biological Survey; Hon. Theo. Roosevelt and Geo. Bird Grinnell, of FOREST AND STREAM, men whose names and reputations would be accepted anywhere. The horns of this head, instead of having a tendency to spread apart, lay almost straight backward at direct angles with each other. Even in this form their greatest width was 70¼in. This was, of course, remarkable and unheard of, but still more so were the other measurements. The palms measured 29in. in width, not including the prong, or 35in. with prong (almost a yard), and each palm was 56½in. in length (simply the blade, not entire horn). The circumference of the horn at the burr was not extraordinary; but the number of prongs was marvelous, the horns were very uniform, the weight was very great, and taking everything into consideration the head and horns were allowed to be the largest and finest on record. Pictures and an account of the head were published by one of the leading sportsmen's mediums, granting it to be the "record moose head." But suddenly, owing to misleading pictures and statements, the glory due this head was doomed to short life, for the same journal in its following number printed an illustration with an account of another Alaska moose head, with horns spreading 73¼in., the spread being the only measurement given; but it was claimed to be the "record" regardless of other measurements, size, weight and general appearance.

This last mentioned head was sold for a large figure, and passed through New York for transshipment, and in order to satisfy themselves FOREST AND STREAM had its representative examine and measure the head. Although he found the spread to be apparently 73¼in., the blades measured only 18in., or little more than half the width of the 70¼in. head mentioned in their former issue. His own words to writer were that the head and horns were babies compared to the head the horns of which measured 70¼in. And the paper very promptly and fairly acknowledged the wrong done. I merely cite this instance to prove that the mere spread of horns goes for nothing, except as to that measurement alone. A man might have a swelled head and not hold the record for having the most brains.

Comparatively small, light-beamed horns might have an abnormal spread. In fact I have seen horns almost deformed by spreading remarkably wide apart. They were not necessarily large horns, but simply inclined to spread during growth.

In justice to all fair minded collectors and taxidermists I should be pleased to see heads and horns measured and judged according to their respective merits, by men whose knowledge and authority is beyond question. To avoid the devices of fakirs or unprincipled and unscrupulous men, horns should be weighed and measured in the rough, raw state before being mounted, as the natural skull can be seen and no deception can be used, such as has been resorted to recently to give spread and apparent size. The prices realized for the large Alaska moose heads were certainly very high, and such temptations are too great for some taxidermists to withstand.

Moose heads having an actual measurement of 58in. spread have been sold as 68in., and one head having an actual measure of 62in. was spread to 74in. by simply splitting the skull in the center, separating the horns, allowing them to spread to desired measure, and then fastening the split skull by blocking the opening in the center and bolting together. The scalp is, of course, then too narrow across the forehead and neck to be drawn over the falsified skull. This is remedied by skillfully setting in a piece from another scalp. This is most degrading to the art and profession of taxidermy, and disgusting to all fair minded people.

In the sportsmen's exhibitions of this year, both in Boston and New York, five or six heads of the Alaska moose were exhibited. They certainly all had large handsome antlers, but they were all offered for sale at prices according to their spread, when not a single horn was fast to its natural skull. Everyone had been sawn off, drilled and bolted on to a large iron pin that protruded from the unnatural or improvised skull. Let us have fair judgment and fair measurements on heads and horns, taking all features or points into consideration, not any one single point. A horse, a dog, in fact anything is not judged to excel in consequence of any one or two points. Every point is considered and then judgment is passed as a whole. Horns by right should be weighed if possible, taking as a basis the horns and clean, dry skull. Where skull or part is missing, or where it is covered with the flesh, allowances should be made.

Moose horns should be measured for spread on straight line across widest prongs, width of palm following the flat surface at widest part with and without prong; length of palm in same manner, measuring on under side; entire length of each horn, beginning at extreme end of prong nearest inside, following inside curve to the burr; circumference at burr, also between burr and blade, and number of prongs on each horn; then with description of general shape, etc., the whole can be judged. With elk, the weight if possible; widest straight spread across; total length of each horn from longest point following inside curve to burr; length on curve of each pair of prongs from main beam to tip, beginning at brow prongs and numbering them first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and more if they have them; circumference at burr and just outside of burr; general uniformity, form and massiveness. Caribou are so peculiar in formation and so lacking in uniformity that measurements are difficult, but I would say that with spread, length of each horn, circumference and especially number of prongs and statement as to how evenly distributed with each pair of palms, width of brow palms, if two and if locked or folded, general massiveness and uniformity, they can be fairly judged. Deer can be measured and judged the same as elk. Mountain sheep should be weighed with dry, clean skull, largest circumference taken at base, greatest length of each horn on outside curve, and as the extreme large horns of this animal are usually worn or broken off at the tips, it would be fair to allow the blue ribbon to the horns with greatest circumference in conjunction with finest form and most perfect tips. Antelope should be measured as follows: Length of each horn on line of outside curve, spread, circumference at base, general form and appearance.

Skulls could be measured in length from base to nasal bone, and width across the eye cavity, where they are complete. But to take measurements of a mounted head in many instances would be ridiculous, as very few taxidermists have any idea of proportions and anatomy; and given a nice fresh scalp most taxidermists stuff it considerably out of proportion, it is so elastic; and consequently measurements would be a farce.

With buffalo, I would emphatically state that the only authentic measurements should be from the skull and horns. Other measurements should be given in the flesh and sworn to. The idea of measuring a buffalo head (excepting size and spread of horns) when mounted is positively ridiculous.

The only fair way to measure heads and horns is in the rough, raw state, and not mounted.

I trust that the above remarks will lead toward the solving of a very interesting question, that can be very easily adjusted and handled by the sportsmen's associations of the different cities, official records being taken and kept, and that some influential sportsmen and lovers of fair play will interest themselves in seeing that credit is given where due.

WM. W. HART.

Maryland General and Local Laws.

PRESIDENT GEO. DOBBIN PENNIMAN, of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, writes: In our general game law most of the counties were exempted from the operation of the law as far as it might change any of their local game laws. The effect of this, of course, would be to make the general law applicable on all points not covered by the local game laws; and while we were not able to produce as much uniformity as we desired in the open and closed seasons for adjoining counties, on account of the great jealousy which exists in our State against general legislation, as it affects the local interests of the counties, still in many of the local laws passed for the counties during the session of 1898 there was a decided tendency to come as closely as possible to the seasons named in our bill. After the bill had become a law four of the counties, which were excepted when the bill passed, expressed their willingness to come under the general bill, but it was then so late in the session that this could not be arranged. I have no doubt that at the session of 1900, when the people throughout the State have had an opportunity to become familiar with the features of the general law, most of the counties will come in under its provisions.

Pelts and Winter Meat.

IT was in the fall of 1891 that Bert Reed, an old-timer in the Rocky Mountains, who was a neighbor ranchman, and myself formed a partnership to go trapping in the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming. It was our object besides getting furs to kill our winter's meat, and also meat for some of our neighbors, who could not get away from their ranches.

I left the ranch Sept. 22, with the agreement that Bert was to meet me at one of our old camp grounds in Stump Park in a few days. The morning I started the mountains were white with the first snow of the season, and by the time I had traveled up the mountains three or four miles I found the fresh, soft snow hanging heavily on the trees. My ranch being the furthest settlement into the mountains at that point, I was out of sight of any settlement from the start. The feeling of being alone entirely and going further each hour from civilization is one, not of loneliness, but of supreme delight to a lover of the forest.

About 12 o'clock I arrived at the spot agreed upon to await the arrival of my companion. We were each to carry a bed and complete camping outfit, so that if circumstances required we could operate in different localities, which required each of us taking a saddle horse and pack horse. After setting up the tent and making a comfortable camp, I spent the time scouring the country surrounding for a distance of several miles to ascertain the prospects for game and fur-bearing animals. For two days I followed up my investigations, finding some elk and deer signs, and an abundance of marten. On my return to camp on the third day I found Bert in camp, and felt a relief at being able to say something to somebody. After supper we discussed the best course to pursue, and decided to push further into the mountains the next day.

That night it snowed a little. The next morning, as we were eating our breakfast about daylight, sitting just under cover of the tent, and looking across a small, open park, we saw two deer standing looking at the smoke of our camp-fire; without getting up I reached back in the bed and got my gun and took a shot; but it was beyond my range, for I am not generally a dead shot at 200 or 300yds.; and after pausing an instant they went on to make more tracks and make some other hunter's heart glad. We were on our way at an early hour, as was our custom, and by noon were on top of the Continental Divide, which separates the eastern and western waters.

There we decided to camp and see what we could find; and after dinner we took opposite directions to learn what game was in our immediate vicinity.

After climbing a discouragingly high mountain to a distance of perhaps a mile from camp, I found tracks of elk, which I judged had been made early that day. The snow was gone only in patches, and it was difficult trailing. Across a ravine I saw a cow feeding along the side of the mountain about a half-mile away. I didn't look any more for tracks, but made my way cautiously in the direction of the game. When nearing the place where I had sighted the cow, a bull bounded to its feet not more than 30yds. from me, and making a few jumps stopped, turned and looked right into the .45-90. The distance being very short, I scored a hit, and he came tumbling down the side of the mountain straight toward me, and when he finally came to a "lie still" was but a few steps away. Turning around to look for the cow, I saw her standing 100yds. away, and fired; then another bull tore up along the side of the mountain, and I took a running shot at him, and "there were others," seven in all, that I saw, but I stopped shooting and commenced looking for results.

The one by my side I knew was mine. Going to where the cow had stood, I saw her lying dead near by, and then went to look for the third, but found I had made a clean miss. As by previous arrangement one of our neighbors was to come in two days later with a pack outfit to get meat, we felt ready to receive him; for two elk make a good pack load for four horses. At that time the greater part of the settlers in that region depended entirely upon the game for their meat, and as the game did not winter in the locality on account of the great depth of snow, it was necessary to lay in a supply in the fall to last all winter.

Bert had been informed where an elk had recently been killed, and that afternoon had taken his 43lb. bear trap and went to the spot where the entrails were, and spent the evening planting his "jewelry" for any stray bear that might come that way. When I reached camp about sundown with the elk antlers over my shoulders, the barn-door smile on Bert's countenance was suggestive of dreams of fresh meat in camp. The next morning we both went out to the bear trap and found, no, not a bear, but a red fox "in it with both feet." Both front legs were caught up close to the shoulder, and, of course, it could not move the trap out of its bed.

We remained in that camp a week, during which time several inches of snow fell, making good tracking; and we spent most of our time tramping over the mountains in search of bear tracks, as to that we meant to give special attention during the first snows. No bear tracks were found, but there was a great abundance of elk and deer. One morning early, while going in search of bear, and while passing near where I had killed the elk, and while it was snowing very fast, I crossed the trail of a band of elk which must have numbered at least fifty, and scarcely any fresh snow had fallen in their tracks; they were certainly less than ten minutes ahead, and were feeding as they traveled. It was a great chance to get meat, but we had plenty for that time, and I went on after bear tracks.

At another time, while coming in in the evening, when within five minutes' walk of camp, I crossed the fresh trail of five deer, and through curiosity circled around, taking in perhaps four acres, and found that they had not gone outside of the circle; but we needed no meat and I resisted the tempting offer.

During our stay there we caught six marten between bear hunts. We next moved our camp to Buffalo Park, a point several miles nearer home, and while moving, and within three miles of the intended camping ground, we crossed a bear track. The snow had gone off the south

side of the mountains by that time, but there was plenty of snow in the heavy timber and on the north side of the mountains. We were traveling north and the bear was headed west. It was night by the time we reached the camping ground and made camp. Next morning at break of day Bert started for the ranch for more grub and some things that were left behind, while I mounted a saddle horse and went to look after our bear. I was headed for a dense forest, where there was good tracking snow, and purposed making a detour westward, thinking to strike the track several miles west of where we had seen it. After climbing a very high mountain to the top, and starting into the timber on the western slope, I found a very fresh trail of half a dozen elk going in my direction. As there was a wagon road leading from the settlements into our present camp, and it was not more than ten miles distant, we had determined to get all the meat we could from that camp. So I dismissed bruin from my mind for that time, and dismounting, left my horse to graze on the rich feed in the bare patches where the snow was melted off, and went ahead cautiously. When only a few rods away from my horse, I saw in a low basin ahead a cow elk, which saw me at the same time; taking a hurried shot as it turned, I hit it hard. They were all off in a rush, except a calf, which seemed slow to get started, and as these make fine meat, and weigh at that season of the year about 150lbs., I shot it and killed it on the spot. After the band had run to a considerable distance a bull stopped and turned broadside. I fired three shots at him and cut not a hair, and have never been able to give a good excuse for such a clean miss.

Hurriedly dressing the calf, I went after the horse, unsaddled and picketed him, and went on after the wounded elk. After going with the bunch a short distance, it left them, and accompanied by a bull, started straight down the mountain side. Following a short distance, I found where the wounded one had been lying down, but had gone before I came in sight. The bull had gone up on the side of the mountain to keep watch, and he started running up the side of the mountain when I came in sight. Taking a shot at long range as he went between two trees, I hardly expected to hit, and he ran on out of sight. I followed on down the hill after the wounded one, and every few rods found where it had lain down; but the snow had thawed the day before and had frozen hard that night, making a hard crust, which could not be gone through without a great noise. Seeing it was useless to try to get in sight of it with the snow in that condition, I retraced my steps and decided to wait till the sun got high enough to soften the snow. Going back to the place from where I had fired at the bull, I went up to see what had been done. On finding his tracks I saw plenty of blood on both sides of his trail where he had run, and found him 50yds. away dead. After getting him in shape to save the meat I went on to look after my bear. Making the entire circuit of several miles through the woods to the west, where I supposed it would go, and not finding its trail, I came to the place where we had crossed its trail the day before, and followed it up a ravine and found there the carcass of an elk, on which it had been feeding for perhaps a week; and instead of going west, as its track had indicated, it had gone back where it came from, only up on the south side of the mountain, where the snow was all gone. Having satisfied myself that it was "living" round there, I started back to find the wounded elk. Striking the trail where I had left it, I followed it about two miles down the side of a very steep mountain, and on coming up with it found it very much alive, and keeping a sharp lookout for danger. Expecting to find it that way, I was moving with caution and got a good shot, and after crashing down the side of the mountain for 50yds. it fell to rise no more. By the time I got it in shape to preserve the meat, and reached my horse, which fortunately was directly on my way to camp, and then into camp, the shades of night had shut off from view the splendid surroundings. The park in which we were camped contained perhaps 400 acres, and was a most beautiful spot; it was surrounded by heavily-timbered mountains, and was one of my ideal camp grounds. After attending to the wants of my horses, and preparing and eating my supper by the light of the camp-fire, I rolled into my "feather bed," being alone that night.

The next morning I was up and ready for action at break of day, having bear on the brain. Packing the bear trap on one horse and riding the other, I proceeded to bruin's headquarters for supplies. The carcass which it was working at was in a ravine, which was at that spot barren of timber, consequently I had to pack timber several rods to build a pen, and by the time I had it all completed and the trap set and had returned to camp, the sun had again disappeared behind Old Baldy, one of the prominent landmarks of that section. I found Bert in camp with a fresh supply of grub, and ready to listen to my report for the past two days.

Means had to be secured for taking out the meat we had on hand, I therefore directed Bert where to find the bear trap, to see if it was all right, and I hit the trail for the ranch, about ten miles distant, to arrange with a neighbor to come in with a wagon and take out the meat. On my return to camp about noon I learned from Bert that the trap had been undisturbed. After dinner we went to the place where the meat was, and skinned and prepared it for packing, and set two traps at the entrails for foxes. Next morning we took the four horses and went by way of the bear trap; we found, by fresh tracks, that the bear had been near there, but had not disturbed anything. Going on to our meat we found a fox in each of our traps. In packing our horses, one of them, a stubborn old brute, lay down after we had him packed with half an elk, all ready to start, and we had to unpack him to get him up. Of course all that goes in with the business, and after some extra hard lifting and work, intermingled with pack ropes, it was all forgotten, to be remembered against the horse no more.

When we came in sight of camp that evening, about 4 o'clock, we saw old Elick Hilton there with his wagon ready for the meat, and after supper he started for a night drive to the ranch.

Next morning the weather looked threatening; it was very dark and a few snowflakes were falling. We started on horseback to visit our bear trap. Bert was riding ahead when he reached a rise of ground which overlooked the bear pen, at a distance of 80 rods, he stopped his horse, and shading his eyes with his hand from the now fast-falling snow, said: "I believe he's been there!" Riding up quickly, I saw at a glance that the pen was demolished. We left our horses and went down through the woods and across the ravine, as if the bear was behind us instead of ahead; for by this time it was snowing very fast, and we were afraid the trail would get covered and we would lose it. When we came out of the timber near the pen we saw that the clog was gone. We struck the trail of the clog before we reached the pen, and took the trail at a good gait, with visions of bear in every object in sight. The chase was too short, for we only followed about 75yds. when we came up with it fastened among some trees, quite gentle, much to our regret. It is said, and I believe truly, that when a bear is trapped by a hindfoot, as was this one, they are not nearly so full of fight as when caught by a front foot. There it was, a fine specimen of bear—a female Rocky Mountain grizzly, weighing 400lbs., and with a good hide, which netted us $25. The game was dispatched by a bullet in the head. Oh! how it did snow. We built a fire, for we had something of a job before us, as any one knows who has properly skinned a bear.

We both worked at it a while, and then Bert went to look after the fox traps, which had been set at the same place again, while I finished it. When he came back he had another fine fox hide to add to our day's catch. Then the fun commenced—packing the meat and hide of that bear on the horses. Nearly all horses are afraid of bear, and the scent of one will create a general panic among horses. Ours were no exception, and "there was a hot time on the hillside that day"; but we succeeded. By the time we reached camp, about 3 o'clock that evening, there was fully 6in. of fresh snow on the ground.

The next two days we spent in scouring the surrounding country for many miles in search of bear tracks. The second day, about 10 o'clock, I struck the trail of an old she and two cubs, and as they traveled mostly on the south side of the mountains, where the ground was bare, I followed them with great difficulty. They were not more than two or three hours ahead of me at most, as they crossed my tracks at one place, where I had passed before finding their tracks. I followed them till sundown, when they went entirely out of the snow, and all that was left for me to do was to turn my weary steps toward camp, fully ten miles distant, without a trail of any kind. But the night was a beautiful moonlight one, so that I traveled as easily as by day, and reached camp by about 10 o'clock. I had a fine marten skin for my day's work, having treed and shot it before finding the bear trail. Bert had not found anything of interest.

As the snow was gone to a great extent, we set about preparing to move camp about ten miles further west, to Hog Park. We arrived there in due time, and after making camp we each went out to take a survey of our surroundings before dark. I came in after dark, having gone about two miles north to learn the prospects for game, as we hadn't brought any meat with us. I found Bert feeling good, for he had gone out about 100yds. from camp and found fresh beaver sign, and we had hardly hoped to find any of them there. He had set a trap, and when we were ready for bed I suggested that we go and see if everything was right at the trap. On coming near we heard a great commotion in the water, which was about 4ft. deep, and soon saw a head come up out of the water; we had him, and he was so large and powerful that he could raise the bag of stones which was fastened to the trap to drag him down and drown him, and he would hold it up while he would get his head above the surface and breathe. That was the largest beaver I ever saw, and it would have weighed fully 50lbs. We went to bed feeling hilarious over our good luck. As that was a day for moving we had not counted on any profit, and the hide brought us $9 when we sold our bunch of fur.

Bert was an enthusiastic beaver trapper and understood it thoroughly, while I had no hankering for working about the water; so he followed his inclination next morning by going to some beaver dams several miles southeast of camp, while I went north to look for meat. Soon in the morning snow began to fall, and it snowed hard. The ground was bare when I left camp, and by 9 o'clock there was no less than 5in. of snow, and still snowing. About that time I had given up looking for game until the snow stopped. There was a small park about four miles north of our camp, which was better located for a camp than where we were, and I decided to go up there, while it was snowing, and see if anyone had camped there, with a view to making our next camp there providing no one had been there with horses to eat off the feed.

While making my way leisurely up the side of a very steep mountain through the blinding snow, I saw an object ahead of me which I thought looked like the head of an elk lying down. I looked at it so long and it remained so perfectly still that I began to doubt. It appeared to me as having its ears set forward and looking intently at me. I moved on a few steps and looked again as well as the fast falling snow would allow, still thinking it must be an elk lying down and covered with snow. While thinking hard what to do, the object, along with about a dozen of its kind, suddenly rose to its feet, and I saw, mingled with snowflakes, a fine bunch of elk. Hurriedly bringing my gun up, I discovered to my chagrin that the sights were full of snow, and by the time I had that cleaned out the chances were slim, but I took a snap shot and hit, but not hard enough to do any good. Their trail led through the small park to which I was going. When I got there, knowing the advantage of delaying pursuit until they would be off their guard, I stopped and took a survey of the park and surroundings, and found that there had been no campers in the vicinity. Then I sat down and ate my lunch, and after spending an hour started after my elk, determined to "get meat" or "get tired"; the latter I was quite sure of, for they were going directly away from camp. It had stopped snowing and the sun was shining; I followed them about two miles, and found where they had stopped, on coming into the edge of heavy timber, after passing through a long stretch of open country, where they had every advantage of a hunter in pursuit. Some had lain down; and everything indicated that they had spent at least an hour there, showing the advisability of not following them at once. They had gone leisurely up along the side of the mountain and I followed cautiously for about 80 rods, when I spied the hindquarters of one about 75yds. ahead. Waiting a moment to learn of its movements, I saw a fine pair of antlers move at the other end of the hindquarters, and then there stepped into partial view a magnificent bull, all unconscious of any danger, and affording a fine shot, and the .45-90 belched forth death to another of the noblest of American animals.

The others had been lying down, and jumped up in confusion and afforded some more good shots, but I was too far away from the ranch then to take any meat home, and I just held the old gun down tight so it wouldn't shoot, while the band passed safely out of sight. This was an ideal spot for bear, and after skinning the animal and taking off all four quarters, and trimming off such meat as I could, I left the carcass there without taking the entrails out, making a tempting bait for a wandering bear. I got back to camp about dark to find Bert feeling at peace with all the world; he had found some beaver sign a few miles from camp and had some traps out.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. I started on horseback toward the scene of action of the day before, hoping to find a bear trail, as there was a good tracking snow in the morning. When within 300yds. of the carcass I struck the largest bear track I have ever seen in any place. It was coming up from toward the carcass, and I at once supposed it had been at the meat, in which event I was nearly sure of finding it, for usually they do not travel far after filling themselves with fresh meat. Leaving the horse, I followed the back track to within 50yds. of the carcass, and there found an end to the trail. It had come so far and then turned about and stepped in its tracks, going back so exactly that it looked as if it had passed but once. Why it had not found the carcass when so near to it I never could tell. I went back, got my horse and started in pursuit. By 11 o'clock I found the tracks heading down the side of a very deep cañon, where the morning sun had so bared the ground that I was unable to trail it. By walking and leading the horse, and picking my way down the steep, rocky side of the cañon, I was able, after a tedious and in some places dangerous passage, to reach the bottom of the cañon, in which flowed the Grand Encampment Creek, a few miles above the present site of the Grand Encampment mining town, which is now enjoying a boom. There I found a small space where I could tie my horse with a few feet of rope, enabling him to reach a few bunches of grass. Leaving the horse there I hastened on across the creek, and climbed the cañon on the other side until I reached tracking snow, and after considerable searching found the trail, as I had hoped to, and pushed on with a zeal which only a bear track of such dimensions could give. I followed it on at my best pace for three hours, only taking my eyes off the tracks, and the vicinity in which they were leading, occasionally to note the too rapidly declining sun. Never did I so much wish to be alone in the mountains, without a horse to care for, in which event I could have followed till dark and then camped on the trail; but the horse must come out of that cañon before dark. The last half-hour I trailed on a good smart trot, and there was the trail still leading on, on, on, back tracking all the way, and the sun sinking low in the west. With a last look in the direction of the coveted prize, I turned about and made a long home run for the bottom of the cañon—the distance I would not try to calculate—reaching it just as the sun had ceased to shine on the mountain tops, and dusk was fast gathering down in the cañon. I found the horse shivering with the chill of the frosty evening.

I knew there was a hard task ahead of me—to get the horse out of the cañon before dark. Taking the picket rope in hand, I would climb up the steep slope the full length of the rope, or until I would come to a spot which offered footing sufficient for a horse to stand, then I would bid him come; and he would come, climbing, scrambling, plunging, sometimes on his knees and sometimes on his feet, but always coming, till he would land at the place selected, puffing and ready to stop. In this way we worked until darkness was fairly settled around us, when we reached the top. Then commenced a long plod to camp; riding where it was good footing, and walking over rough country, and guided through the wilderness by the bright moon. I came in sight of our camp-fire at about half-past nine. Tired and hungry? Well, yes, middling. Bert had had better success and had added to our stock of beaver hides.

The bright sun had spoiled the tracking snow and we agreed to move camp to the place before mentioned, about four miles north, and to turn our attention to trapping. Having established a good permanent camp in what was then a paradise for hunter and trapper, I started out to string a line of traps for marten, while Bert devoted his time to looking after beaver, having a long distance to go, since our last move was directly away from his beaver dams. We were taking a goodly number of marten, getting one or two every night at the elk carcass, which was on my line of traps, as I was visiting it every day to discover the first appearance of any bear that might find it.

Grub began to run low, and Bert agreed to go for a new supply, while I should tend the traps and take care of the furs. He was to be gone three days, going and coming by way of his beaver traps, which were about two miles off the trail leading to the settlements. On the morning of the third day that he was gone I went on horseback to the carcass which I was watching, and which was over two miles from camp. After looking at some traps along the route it was 10 o'clock when I got there, and found the carcass torn to pieces and dragged about, and my marten traps scattered around. On leaving the camp where we had last used the bear trap, we had had our horses heavily packed, and had left the bear trap behind. I was determined on getting the trap to camp that night; so rode back to camp, put the pack saddle on the other horse, and started in a hurry for our old camp ground. It was nearly noon when I started, but as there was nothing cooked to eat for

lunch I concluded not to take time to cook dinner, but to trust to luck to meet Bert on the road, as I knew he would have a supply of bread with him. It was about a mile from where he would leave the main trail in going to his traps to where he would come back to it again, and I hoped to reach the point where he would leave it ahead of him, and then I would be sure of meeting him. Covering that distance as rapidly as possible, I reached the spot only to find the trail of his horses where he had passed. There was no time to lament over having nothing to eat, and I went on, arriving at the old camp ground, where the trap was cached, about 4 o'clock in the evening. My own hunger reminded me that the horses might be hungry, and I turned them loose and allowed them a half-hour of the precious time to feed; then packed the trap and started for a fourteen-mile ride over a very mountainous trail. By the time half of the distance was covered it was so dark in the pine woods that I could not see my hand before my face, but trusted entirely to the saddle horse to keep the trail, letting go the reins, and covering my face with my arms for protection against underbrush. In this way we plodded on, and between 9 and 10 o'clock the welcome camp-fire showed among the trees in the distance and Bert rolled out of bed wondering what I was celebrating, as I had left no clue behind to give him a chance to even conjecture where I was.

The next morning we went to set the trap; we did so by building a Fig. 4 pen about 4ft. high. The second morning after this we found that the bear had been there, and reached over the side of the pen and dragged a piece of the carcass which would weigh 100lbs. over the side of the pen, tearing it partly down; had then dragged the meat away a few feet and eaten a small quantity and gone on its way rejoicing, I hope, for there was no rejoicing on the other side. We built the pen up 6ft. high and left the trap two weeks without his reappearing. During this time the weather was warm during the day, and very dry; we were successfully trapping for marten, and in the meantime Bert killed a fine, fat, calf elk, which made a grateful change in our meat diet from old bull meat.

It was our intention to go trapping in January on snowshoes with trail sleds, and as the big game all leaves that locality as soon as the snow begins to get deep, we had been caching some meat at the different points where we had been killing for our winter supply, and we were in need of at least one more elk to complete our supplies; but day after day we visited our traps and traversed woods abounding in game, yet were not finding any, hence we were anxiously looking for snow. One morning toward the middle of November we got up and found several inches of snow, with every indication of more from the way it was coming down. I started out over the line of traps early to give myself time to hunt for meat, and after going about two miles from camp found where a fine bunch of elk had crossed in the fresh snow evidently not more than fifteen minutes before. I went on and finished looking at my traps, taking two marten, then returned to the elk trail and proceeded to follow them with care. They were going straight down the side of the mountain, which was very steep and rocky, and in a dense growth of large spruce timber. The snow was piling down in great chunks, making it difficult to see. I had gone perhaps a half-mile from where I struck the trail when I saw the head of a cow, which was lying down, and she saw me at the same time and got up; then I heard more stirring in the bushes, and then a huge pair of antlers rose up from behind a large log, about half way between where I stood and where I had seen the first one; he had been lying down and was hidden from view as I approached. He got up facing me, with his entire body hidden by a log and some rocks, and with only his head and horns visible, at about 50yds. away. As I already had gun to shoulder when he got up, I had only to switch it a few inches to one side to have a bead between his eyes, and when the gun cracked the head went out of sight, and then such a crashing down the side of the mountain. One not having heard a band of elk go at full speed down a steep, rough mountain side would have declared there were hundreds of them, I think, from the tracks, there were about twenty. I went down and found lying where he had fallen truly the "monarch of the forest." It was the largest elk with the largest antlers that ever fell to my gun. The horns now decorate the walls of my father's dining room at the old homestead in Pennsylvania, where they are admired by many. By the next day the snow was too deep to hunt, and we went out and packed in the hindquarters and hide and head, caching the remainder of the meat there.

Grub was running low, and as it looked as if it was going to clear up the next day, Bert started for the ranch again for a two weeks' supply of provisions, while I kept on trapping. The snow commenced again soon after he left, and by the third day, when he was to be back, I had determined that we would be obliged to get out, as the snow was getting too deep for the horses to find feed and also too deep for travel. The morning of the third day I started out to lift my traps, as the snow was at least 15in. deep and still falling. The first trap was about a mile and a half from camp. I concluded to leave my gun there till I came back. When coming back and within half a mile of my gun, I saw a marten and chased it up a tree. Then I felt that I owed myself an apology for not bringing my gun. I threw clubs at the marten, thinking if I could get it down in the deep snow I might catch it. Finally it jumped and landed well out from the tree, and I chased it just about one-quarter of a minute, when I realized I had underestimated its running qualities in deep snow. It went directly the way I wanted to go, and I followed it about 80 rods and tracked it up a dead tree. I saw its head sticking out of a hole, looking down at me; and right there before its eyes, in broad daylight, I took two traps out of my haversack, set them both at the root of the tree, baited them and went away, leaving it still watching me. I found Bert in camp with our supplies, and he agreed with me that we would have to get out, as the time of year had come when we might expect to be snowed up any time. However, we had previously decided to pack the hindquarters of the two bull elk that had been killed at that camp over to the top of the Continental Divide, about ten miles further west, so that we could sled it over on the western slope, if we wanted to trap that far west later in the season. The next morning I packed two of the horses with elk meat and started out to cache it, while Bert following my directions went out to get the traps I had set for the marten. Owing to the depth of snow I had a hard day's work, and got back at dusk, finding Bert there with the hide of the marten that had watched me set the traps. Still the snow kept piling down, and it was with feelings of remorse that we tied our horses out on picket that night, for by that time the snow actually touched their bellies when they walked; yet it was rather light, and they managed to paw out some grass.

We were up three hours before daylight, brought in our horses and gave them a feast of hay, which was under our bed, for we had cut and dried it when first making camp. By daylight we were ready to start for home; and by steady plodding, without a stop for lunch or anything else, reached the ranch at 4 o'clock that evening; glad enough to have a comfortable stable for the horses, with plenty of feed, and a roof under which we could eat and sleep after living outdoors two months. After summing up our expenses, which were only what we had eaten, and counting our ingathering of furs, to say nothing of the store of hard-frozen meat laid up for winter use, we found we had netted a nice profit, besides enjoying to its full extent the pleasures attendant upon such occupation. Thus ended our fall hunting and trapping expedition.

I will give an account later of our winter trapping expedition, which began two months later, and was conducted on snowshoes with trail sleds.

EMERSON CARNEY.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Arkansas Non-Residents.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 4.—There is no exception whatever in the non-resident law. The fact that a man owns land or is a member of the club does not exempt him from the non-resident tax. I think the Memphis Club members stand in with the county officers of Crittenden county and thereby evade the tax.

I am not much in favor of the non-resident tax. What we have to contend with is the St. Louis and Chicago market hunters. The tax and non-export law were aimed at them. They had been coming into our woods and staying the year round and shipping game and fish in closed packages, and we had to do something. The result is that we have reached some people we did not want to reach, and we do not exactly know what to do with the visiting sportsmen. Like Nanki Poo, the market hunter does not carry his name on his pocket handkerchief, and we cannot tell him from a pot-hunter.

I am chairman of the committee on game laws appointed by the last session of the State Sportsmen's Association, and I am going to try and get at some reasonable solution of this matter, if the rest of the committee will have it so. My idea is to tighten up the non-export law. If we can stop that, the visiting sportsmen will not hurt matters. I want to put a penalty on the carrier so heavy that it will not be profitable to carry the game. No railroad will carry it unless there is money in it, and when you take that inducement away the non-export law is a success. The trouble with the present one is that the railroads are willing to pay a fine now and then to keep the business. We have got clear sailing under the provisions of the decision of the United States and State Supreme Courts, and I believe in using it.

At present there is no law protecting ducks and geese, and they are exported to St. Louis and Chicago by the thousand, and with them other game in the center of the package. I am going to prepare a statute that will protect all the game and make it unprofitable to ship them, and leave out the license clause.

That may not suit the rest of the committee, and then our statute may not go through the Legislature, but we will at least make an effort to get a consistent and reasonable game law that will protect the game and not be unjust to any one.

The market hunters are the disturbing element. They come in and camp in some secluded spot and arrange with a railroad company to stop at some flag station and take on their game and fish; and they keep that up all the year round. If the railroad is indicted it pays the $25 fine and keeps up the business. If the fine was $500, the jury would put it on just as quick, and the business would not pay. A jury will not put a heavy fine on an individual, but that reason does not apply to a railroad, whom they consider a fair subject for slaughter anyhow.

J. M. R.

North Carolina Bears and Deer.

A HERTFORD, N. C., correspondent writes in reply to an inquiry: "We have plenty of bears, but no dogs upon which to rely. Our packs of bear dogs have all been killed out. Rabies broke out among them, and the whole pack had to be killed, as they were all bitten. If your friend who desires bear territory has a good bear dog or two, I can give him points on good grounds for the sport, and if he has one or two good sticking and striking dogs can supply plenty of young inexperienced hounds to help in the running; but I have nothing to be depended upon when the game comes to a stand and shows fight. Young hounds always have business elsewhere at such times. We have excellent deer hunting about 1st of September or October, and plenty of good deer dogs. I had some excellent sport the past fall, in company with some gentlemen from Atlantic City and Philadelphia, hunting deer.

Big Yellowlegs and Dowitchers.

INNER BEACH, L. I., July 16.—A flight of big yellowleg and dowitchers is reported. The birds have come into the creeks and salt ponds, along the north side of Long Beach, and have been killed along Wreck Lead and on the sand bars in the bay near Broad Channel. Some very good bags have been obtained by the market gunners, and there is an opportunity for some excellent sport in this vicinity. Surf snipe are still very scarce.

The Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To sportsmen and politicians in the British Islands it appears at first sight very remarkable that of late years many States in America (the earliest home of modern democracy) have made laws to protect game from extermination. In this country one of the avowed and indeed foremost objects of the democratic or radical party has always been to obtain the complete abolition of all game laws.

The fact, however, of similar laws having been established in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, proves that the most democratic countries are giving up old prejudices and practically acknowledging that the preservation of game is beneficial to the whole community.

Reports published from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM and other American sporting publications appear to show that in some of the States there is still either a great repugnance to the institution of game laws or a great practical difficulty in enforcing them; and the results are most deplorable, large districts being almost entirely denuded of game.

I have never read any details of the arguments used against such laws in America, but in the British Islands the chief objections urged are:

1. That they are remnants of feudalism, conferring privileges upon some classes of the community which are denied to others; all exclusive privileges being contrary to democratic ideas of justice.

2. That the protection of game causes fighting between game-keepers and poachers, sometimes even resulting in murder. It also frequently causes the homes of the poor to be broken up, through men being sent to prison for taking game illegally.

3. That the preservation of game is a hardship to agriculturists, in consequence of large quantities of grain, roots and green crops being eaten.

4. That the destruction by game-keepers of birds and beasts of prey causes a degree of increase among insects, rats, mice and granivorous birds, which is most injurious to agriculture.

5. That killing wild animals for amusement causes great and unnecessary suffering. It is therefore cruel and should be prevented, like cock fighting, dog fighting, bull fighting, etc.

6. That the fondness for hunting is only an inheritance of a habit acquired of necessity by our savage ancestors. To indulge in it at our present stage of evolution demoralizes and tends to brutalize us.

7. That wild animals may be on one man's land at one time and on that of another shortly afterward. Consequently they belong to no individual owner, and therefore everyone has a right to capture or kill them.

It is doubtful if any of these statements will bear the test of impartial examination; and the amount of truth in some of them merely exemplifies the old adage that "the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use." Let us therefore take them as numbered:

1. It is perfectly true that the game laws of Europe were first enacted in the feudal ages, but surely that fact in itself is no argument against them. Many other laws then originated which are still maintained and give general satisfaction. It is also true that when political power was exclusively in the hands of kings, nobles and the prelates of the Christian church they reserved to themselves the right of killing game. Although they acted selfishly and frequently abused their power such facts can hardly be urged against the preservation of game in the present day, because plenty of men of very moderate means and in all stations of life now have the pleasure of shooting, hunting or fishing, and far greater numbers could have such enjoyment if game were preserved more extensively. Of course in thickly populated countries first-class sport is usually very expensive, but it is no more the exclusive privilege of the rich than that of living in large, gorgeously furnished houses, keeping large yachts, or having other kinds of amusement which cost much money.

Tyrannical as the game laws were in feudal times, their results were practically beneficial. If all men had been permitted to kill game there would soon have been none left, and thus a large amount of the food supply of the nations would have failed. The serfs doubtless cultivated as much land and raised as many pigs, cattle and sheep as the backward state of agriculture permitted, yet they were by no means too well fed, and at times there were severe famines. The nobles, with their armed retainers, by living to a large extent upon game, left all the more food of other kinds for the dwellers in towns and the serfs.

2. The assertion that protecting game by law causes crime is equally true if applied to laws for the defense of every kind of property. A man who keeps jewels, plate or valuable pictures in his house tempts burglars to break into it and sometimes to shoot those who interfere with them; and the burglar's family often loses its home through the husband being imprisoned for robbery.

In the British Islands those who wish to abolish the game laws make a distinction between poachers and other robbers, sometimes describing the former as poor fellows who capture game merely for the purpose of saving their families from starvation. Men who write like this are usually inhabitants of the large cities, and are personally unacquainted with poachers. The latter in nineteen cases out of twenty are in reality lazy, drinking scoundrels, who will not work when work is offered them, and who are as ready to steal farmyard poultry as game if they can do so without being discovered. Farmers have more than once told me that it is useless to offer work to a poacher.

3. Game is injurious to agriculture only when kept in excess. Even hares and rabbits in moderate numbers repay for the damage they commit; and winged game, while taking only a small quantity of grain, benefit the farmer by eating largely of the various insects and the seeds of noxious weeds. Pheasants especially consume incalculable numbers of the worst enemies with which the farmer has to contend. Mr. Tegetmeier, natural history editor of the London Field, mentions that in the crop of one pheasant were found more than 700 wire worms, and in that of another more than 400 grubs of the crane fly.

That most beautiful of American game birds, the ruffed grouse, lives I think entirely upon insects, wild berries, wild seeds, and the buds of trees, chiefly birch.

Farmers in this country sometimes complain of damage done by game, and of the latter being kept for the exclusive use of the landlords, but it must be considered that the rent they have to pay is lower than it would be if the landlords did not reserve a right to the game; and certainly any farmer possessed of ordinary common sense, when about to hire a farm, would protect himself by a written agreement from losses due to excessive preservation.

4. Objection No. 4 certainly does not apply to America, where it is universally admitted that the birds and animals which destroy game are far too numerous. In the British Islands it is quite true that they have in most places been killed by game-keepers in too indiscriminate a manner. Especially is this the case with regard to owls and some kinds of hawks, which live chiefly upon rats and mice; and the latter also upon grubs and beetles. The peregrine falcon and sparrow hawk should, I think, be exempted from the list of the condemned. They both destroy game, but the former is of great service to the cultivator in helping to diminish the numbers of crows and wood pigeons, while the sparrow hawk kills multitudes of the small granivorous birds which have of late years increased so as to do very serious damage to the cornfields.

Many game preservers are now well aware of these facts and are taking measures to limit the destruction of birds of prey.

5. It is very doubtful whether the game killed by sportsmen suffers more pain on the average than that which dies according to "nature's" methods—by disease, cold, starvation and the attacks of the carnivora. The latter are known to frequently eat their prey while alive, and in other cases the prey escapes wounded, either to recover or to die after lingering a longer or shorter time.

With regard to tame animals, if we take into consideration their sufferings when driven on country roads, carried long distances by rail, hustled through the crowded streets of cities, beaten with heavy sticks, worried by dogs, kept purposely without food or water for twelve or more hours before being slaughtered, and finally put to death by more or less painful methods; if we think of all these facts it seems certain that they endure more misery on the whole than the game animals killed or wounded by sportsmen, for these suffer no terror or pain until shortly before they are fired at. There is of course unnecessary pain inflicted through using guns and rifles deficient in power, firing at too long ranges, etc.; but that is the abuse of sport and not a necessary part of it.

6. There can be no doubt that the love of hunting is an inheritance from our savage ancestors, but what proof is there that indulging in it tends to brutalize? We do not find in actual life that sportsmen are more cruel or unrefined than other men. The simple fact that they would not like to shoot poultry in a farmyard or oxen in a field shows that the pleasure of sport depends not upon killing, but upon exercising the skill required in approaching game and handling the weapons used for killing it. Some of the most tenderhearted and good men in existence have been ardent sportsmen, and this is only what might be expected, for shooting and fishing bring us into close contact with the wonders and beauties of nature, which tend to raise our minds above the srdid, money-grubbing spirit of the present age.

Sport is undoubtedly pursued by many who are brutal and degraded, but it is not sport which has made them so. Such are the men who form the band of "trout hogs," the shooters (not sportsmen) who fire at bushes which they see moving, knowing well that they risk killing a fellow man, or that, if a deer be behind the bushes, he is quite as likely to escape with a broken leg as to be bagged.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Christian religion has never taught the necessity of kindness to the lower animals; or that it has not inculcated some sort of superstition which would have the same effect in causing us to dislike sacrificing life uselessly. The Hindoos are not in themselves more tenderhearted than the European races, but the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which they have held for countless ages, has suffused their minds with a feeling of reverence for the life of the lower creatures, which prevents bullying or killing them without real necessity. The votaries also of the Mahometan and other religions in India have, by long association with the Hindoos, become largely imbued with similar ideas.

The result of this has been vividly depicted by Hall Caine, the well-known writer. When describing his tour in India, eight or nine years ago, he said:

"Nothing gives more delight when traveling through rural India than the bird life that abounds everywhere, absolutely unmolested. They are as tame as in a poultry yard, making the country one vast aviary. Yellow-beaked minas, ringdoves, jays, hoopoes and parrots take dust baths with the merry palm-squirrels in the roadway, hardly troubling themselves to hop out of the way of the heavy bullock carts. Every wayside pond and lake is alive with ducks, wild geese, flamingoes, pelicans and waders of every size and sort, from dainty red-legged beauties the size of pigeons up to great unwieldy cranes and adjutants 5ft. high.

"We pass a dead sheep with two loathsome vultures picking over the carcass, and presently a brood of fluffy young partridges, with father and mother in charge, look at us fearlessly within 10ft. of our whirling carriage. Every village has its flock of sacred peacocks pacing gravely through the surrounding gardens and fields; and woodpeckers or kingfishers flash about like jewels in the blazing sunlight."

With regard to argument No. 7, even if it were conceded that the mere fact of animals being wild gives everyone the right to capture or kill them, the question is, does it give everyone the right to trespass upon the land where the game happens to be?

If so, then everyone has a right to trespass on any man's lawn, garden, or orchard, for such a purpose. But it is obvious that any claim to such a right would be universally repudiated. If allowed, the comfort of individual owners would be seriously interfered with, and the market value of all gardens, lawns and orchards, together with that of the houses to which they are attached, would be very much diminished, thus injuring the whole community. But a farm is as much private property as a garden, and its market value would also be lowered if people had a right to trespass upon it in order to destroy game. And when an individual, by industry and business talent, saves enough money to purchase several adjoining farms and thus form a large estate, it is evident that the same rules apply to this as to one farm, or a garden.

Leaving out the question of annoyance to the owner and the injury done to crops and fences, there is the fact that the game upon the land and the fish in the waters upon it are of value either as food for the owner and the enjoyment he experiences in hunting, or else because he can raise money by selling the privilege of hunting to others.

I do not know what the popular feeling about poaching now is in America, but in this country the hatred which the Radicals or Democrats have toward large land owners sometimes causes them to write upon that subject in a manner which would at once be pronounced absurd if applied to a garden or small farm belonging to a poor man. But watching the evil effects of poaching upon the property of the poor demonstrates clearly how injurious it is to the country at large.

For some years I lived in a part of England where there are many farms of only forty to eighty acres, cultivated by their owners, chiefly with the assistance of their wives and children. Poaching was very prevalent and the farmers often complained of how much they suffered, not only by the loss of the game, but by fences being broken so that sheep escaped from the fields, and by growing crops being trampled down. One man showed me a stream on his land in which trout had once been plentiful, but had then been completely exterminated by poachers. If he could have protected them he might have let the right of fishing annually to his richer neighbors. Another man, who owned about eighty acres, wanted me to hire the right of shooting. I would gladly have done so, together with that upon two adjoining farms, but on inquiry I found they were so incessantly poached that the right of shooting was almost worthless. My refusal was a disappointment to the farmer, for he was very poor and had a mortgage on his land. There would have been no game whatever had some not strayed occasionally from the grounds of two neighboring land holders who could afford to employ game-keepers. The few rabbits which the owners of the small farms trapped they sold in a neighboring town for a shilling each, and might have added considerably to their incomes in this way if there had been no poaching.

Mr. Armin Tenner sent an account last year to an American sporting periodical, describing how the small land-holders in some parts of Germany co-operate in order to preserve the game, and sell the right of shooting to sportsmen, dividing the money fairly among themselves. Possibly a similar system might succeed in parts of the States where the farmers do not care personally for the pleasure of hunting. In those States where game laws do not yet exist much might be done by enforcing the laws against trespass.

There appear to be some strange ideas, among a certain class of politicians, as to the meaning of what they term "natural rights." Apparently they consider that, as man in a savage or "natural" state, and living in an uncultivated country, can kill whatever wild animal he desires, the power to do so is a right which is denied him by tyrannical legislators in a well populated and cultivated country. Even the reason given for claiming such a right will not bear the test of examination. Although, as a general but not invariable rule, an individual savage can kill a wild animal without restraint, he can only do so on the hunting grounds of his own tribe; and wars are very commonly caused by one tribe encroaching upon the land claimed by another. Each tribe is, in fact, obliged to fight in order to avoid starvation. Here is, therefore, one restriction upon so-called natural right.

Again, if a tribe find that uncontrolled destruction of game is seriously diminishing the supply of food, it will, if sensible, make some rules to stop such an evil and thus place another limit upon "right." In truth, the term "right" simply means any action which is permitted to each individual by the tribe or nation in which he lives; and if a community consider any special action to be injurious to its best interests, it is quite justified in making a law to prevent it, thus abolishing the right.

For several generations after America was settled in by various races from Europe the idea of establishing game laws was unpopular, partly because great numbers of emigrants had come from countries where, the power being chiefly in the hands of the king and aristocracy, the game laws were exclusive and oppressive, and enforced by extremely severe penalties. There was also little necessity for game laws in a new country, because game was plentiful upon unoccupied land, and if each farmer allowed a neighbor to shoot upon his own land he was equally free to shoot upon his neighbor's land.

The case is quite different in the present day, owing to the density of population and comparative scarcity of game. It is clearly beneficial to the community for each farmer to raise the greatest possible amount of food from his land, whether by growing crops, grazing tame animals, or encouraging game to breed. But this cannot be done unless there be power to keep off trespassers and punish those who abstract any portion of the crops or of the tame and wild animals. It must surely be admitted, in common fairness, that if any portion of the population have a right to capture game, it should be those upon whose lands the game feeds and not those who neither own the land nor pay rent for it.

That game laws rationally framed and enforced would be highly beneficial to the mass of the population seems certain for the following reasons:

1. The farmers in countries like the States, where they own the land, would make a profit out of the game whether they shot and captured it themselves, or sold the right of hunting to others.

2. The prosperity of countries with extensive manufacturing and mercantile businesses depends largely upon the energy and talents of those who direct and manage them. When such men become jaded and worn out, or even ill, through excessive mental labor during the chief portion of each year, nothing restores their vigor and health so much as an outing accompanied with hunting or fishing. But when game and fish are enterminated, forest life is so much less attractive that a holiday is likely to be spent in yawning about hotels at fashionable watering places, with the usual deteriorating effects of late hours and frivolous amusements.

A temporary residence in a country district is far more beneficial to both the man and his family, morally and physically, besides causing money to be spent among the scanty rural population where it is urgently needed.

3. In all civilized countries there are numerous individuals who, having made a competence, decide upon retiring from business. If they can obtain a moderate amount of sport in the nature of hunting, shooting or fishing, they frequently settle in a country district, otherwise, finding rural life too monotonous, they continue to reside in a city or its suburbs. There is a great tendency in modern times for the population to crowd into cities, but it is highly advantageous to a nation for as large a population as possible to live in the country, because the money spent there increases the prosperity of the local farmers, trades people and others, and still more because the children, having plenty of pure air, exercise and wholesome food (besides being in perpetual contact with the refining beauties of nature), become far superior, mentally, morally and physically, to those reared in the enervating surroundings of cities, amid drinking saloons and depraved companions.

London is one of the healthiest cities in the world, yet so deleterious is it to child life that, as statistics prove, the population would become extinct in a few generations if it were not incessantly recruited from those reared in the country.

4. If the States continue to be denuded of game at the present rate, there will in a few years be little or no use for either shotguns or sporting rifles. There must indeed now be thousands of men who refrain from purchasing guns solely because of the scarcity of game. If, by the enforcement of judicious laws, the supply could be increased and maintained perennially, a great impulse would be given to the gun and rifle trade. The result of this would be the training of multitudes in the use of such weapons, so that, if required for the defense of the country, they could be made into far more efficient soldiers than would be possible in their present circumstances. Numerous conflicts between practical hunters and highly disciplined troops have proved that the fire of the latter is almost incredibly inferior in accuracy to that of the former.

Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, in his "Hints to Riflemen," published at New York in 1864, remarks: "I have been assured repeatedly, by officers who have taken very great pains in training their men beforehand, that the only men who were to be relied on were those whose long familiarity with the use of the gun was such that they instinctively held and pointed it in the right direction; while those who had had only such instruction as the soldier receives, in estimating distance, arranging sights, etc., were often seen in action firing into the ground or into the air, quite unconscious of what they were doing."

5. If game were preserved until it became abundant, multitudes of people would be able to buy it who now can rarely ever afford to do so. In England the numberless pheasants, artificially reared until old enough to take care of themselves, cost the large land-holders from ten shillings to a pound each by the time they are shot; but, being so plentiful, they are sold in the towns, retail, at two to three shillings each. Invalids and comparatively poor people are thus able to obtain a pleasant change of diet from the eternal round of beef, mutton and pork.

6. In most parts of the States game has decreased to such a degree that the only way of saving it from utter extinction appears to be that which FOREST AND STREAM has advocated for some time, viz.: prohibiting the sale altogether.

But such a prohibition need not be maintained more than a few years, if only public opinion could be so influenced as to allow of game protecting laws being universally passed and enforced. In a short time the result would inevitably be that not only would the native game, both large and small, again become plentiful, but the various species of foreign pheasants imported of late years by some patriotic Americans, instead of numbering, as at present, a few thousands, would exist in thousands of millions. To these may, and it is to be hoped will, be added other kinds of foreign game well worth acclimatization, such as francolins, bustards, black game, capercailzie, etc., so that every variety of ground on mountain and plain may have its fitting inhabitants.

Suppose, in addition to the above-mentioned measures, that the fish in all the lakes and rivers of the States be protected from being poisoned by the refuse of saw mills and chemical factories, and from decimation by dynamite and small-meshed nets, the effect must be that the total food supply of the country would be increased to an extent now incalculable. The poorest part of the population would thus be benefited, either directly by making butchers' meat cheaper, or indirectly by exporting larger quantities of it than at present to foreign nations.

J. J. MEYRICK.

SALTERTON, Devonshire, Eng., June 28.

Quail on Long Island.

FROM all sections of Long Island come reports of an unusual number of quail. It was supposed that the cold, wet weather of April and May would interfere with the hatching of the eggs or kill off the young birds, but nevertheless the flocks of half-grown quail are met with everywhere. On the south side of the island, even within the limits of New York city, the whistle of the quail is heard, and this is where there have been no quail for several years. It is said that rabbits and squirrels are also very plentiful. The outlook for sport in all parts of the island seem never to have been better.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Florida's Game Wealth.

THE foolish course pursued by the State of Florida in permitting the natural game resources to be destroyed without reason has been a subject of comment in these columns. An interesting personal experience illustrative of the changed conditions on the East Coast is related by Dr. G. E. Hill, who, in a communication to the Indian River Advocate, contrasts an excursion in 1890 and experiences in the same country in 1898.

Eight years ago, he writes, my son and I came to see the Indian River. We boarded the steamer St. Sebastian, which was then in command of Capt. S. A. Bravo, on the second trip she had ever made on the river. This is what we saw on the trip: The Indian River in April is so covered with wild ducks that they would only part to let the boat pass. Through the Narrows, as the boat came to them, we saw thousands of fish, shark, sea bass, trout, cavalli, and occasionally a pompano skipping the water like a deer. On the banks of the river we saw alligators and coons. I stood on the bow of the boat for hours to see the fish, ducks and other birds. Pelicans by the hundreds, cranes, majors, herons and plumed birds. Oh! it was a grand sight!

Four years ago I went down on a boat with a party of friends to Lake Worth; and I had nearly as pleasant a trip as before.

Two years ago I went down on the same boat, but the scenery had changed; the frost, gamester and fisherman had all been there. I returned home and with a party of people took a sail boat and made the trip to Jupiter. We went from there to Lake Worth on the old hand-car. I hired the mail boat that ran to Lantana to take me up the canal. I saw gators and all kinds of game. At Lantana my wife and I took a mule team and drove to Biscayne Bay. We saw game, gators, and a panther that was killed not over a mile from our camp that night. The fishing was great. We stayed at New River with the Indians a week. We had a fine trip; Lake Worth and West Lake Worth were on a boom.

My son and I, with our wives and a party of friends, boarded the same steamer, St. Sebastian, at Indianola, about March 15, 1898, Capt. Joe Smith in command, and went to Lake Worth. We had a fine time; there were a good many people on the boat, and I could not help noticing how eager they were to see a poor little lone flock of ducks. Some had guns, some fishing poles in their baggage. As the boat neared Pelican Island we saw a few pelicans. We stood on the bow of the boat going through the Narrows, where I used to see thousands of fish jumping to get out of the way; and down near Jupiter, on the flats, where there were so many to be seen in the shallow water. Where are they now?

In the far distance we saw the St. Augustine and watched her coming up, for we had nothing else to do. But what of her? That was not what we were looking for, we see steamboats by the hundreds in the North.

It was a novelty for a while to go through the canal, but were soon tired. We had a good time at the hotels at Lake Worth. We went to Miami and saw a mammoth hotel and fine grounds that have been made in two years. What of them? We can see them in the North. We hired a launch, went up the river and caught one little lone mackerel. We saw Flagler, Plant and their party come from Nassau. What of that? We have seen them before. On our return home we saw on the boat two little deer and they took on two pelicans near the island. Where were they going?

Instead of having pompano for the people on board to eat, they had some other fish. It used to be the pride of the boat to have pompano on the table every meal. Where are they?

At Indianola, four years ago, I was invited to go with the cowboys to round up their cattle. What did I see? Seven deer the first day. Plenty of signs of bear, sandhill cranes by the dozen, white and blue spotted cranes, blue herons, plume birds, hundreds of gators, ducks and quail. It was a pleasing sight. The cattle were all over the island and in fine order. You all know the Merritt's Island beef brings more than any other in Florida, on account of their pasture, and the cattle can get plenty of water. Where did they get it? Out of the gator holes. They had the instinct to locate the water and locate themselves in it.

The same two cowboys that invited me four years ago to go with them invited me again this year. They had, as they supposed, a few head of cattle left up there, and they had seen signs of a bear when they were up before. We were a party of four, with a pair of good hounds. Saddling the horses early, we rode hard until after the sun had begun to sink low in the west. Our horses and dogs had had no water since we left the settlement. Where we expected to find water in the gator holes the gators were gone and we found none. We saw many skeletons and at last found where a gator had once lived; so Mr. Nisbet said he would get off and try to find water, and we would camp there, but we could go up around the hammock and see if we could find a bear. We found neither bear nor cattle, and did not get back to camp until after dark. Water had been found by digging 6ft. Luckily we had carried a spade. The horses were saddled early next morning, and that day we saw a half-grown deer, but no bear, two small alligators, ten dead cows (I mean we saw their skeletons), and in every case by the old gator holes, where they once had gotten water; they had looked and looked in vain for it until they perished. We saw twenty-five skeletons of gators in one place, ranging from 1 to 13ft.

This is what we did not see: Ducks, sandhill cranes, or, in fact, birds of any kind, except now and then a blackbird or a king bird. I do not think I saw a dozen in all; why? No water.

One thing that took me on this trip was to see about investing money in cattle. The cattle range on Merritt's Island, the same as in other places in Florida, is spoiled, except for men who have means to put down artesian wells. Four years ago men on the Indian River did not come to me to borrow money. How many have come to me this year? Too many. How glad I would be to help them all out, and how easy it could be done now.

The freeze could not be helped, neither could the dry weather. But the people all over Florida, especially those along the Indian River or back from it, can raise all the money they wish, pay it back and still have plenty of means.

How? I will tell you. Wait a minute and listen. My son, our wives and I have been born in this world lovers of wild scenery and the love to hunt for it. We love all kinds of game, to have and pet them. We love horses and all kinds of animals, to see and care for them. It has cost us thousands of dollars, because we were born so. We have been nearly all over the United States, from Maine to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to see the country and the game in it. We have been on the Rocky Mountains, on the plains, have shot the buffalo and chased and shot the antelope; fished in the streams of the Kennedy and the famous trout streams of Tella, under the Pacific slope. My son last fall killed, no doubt, the largest moose that has ever been taken out of the State of Maine. Why did he go there? To shoot a moose. Why were they there? The laws protect them. You have but a short time to hunt, about six weeks, and then it is so cold no one can stand it any longer. There is a fine and six months in jail to kill a cow moose and the same penalty for killing more than one male.

In Newfoundland you have to pay a game warden or authorities one hundred dollars to kill a moose.

I was invited last fall to go to North Carolina to shoot geese, swans and ducks. We drove from Virginia beach thirty miles, and every foot of that country was leased by clubs. The Swan Island Club costs $1,000 to join and at that price they will take no more. No one can get in now, unless some member dies. Two hundred miles below that is the same kind of land, all leased only for hunting.

The game law is the same all over the country. All lands of any account are leased by the property owners at a big price only for the privilege of hunting and fishing. The city people are crazy to get away for an outing, and they are willing to join hunting or fishing clubs and will pay for it.

If this river, if Florida was protected, this would be the most valuable land in the world. Why? Because we have the climate, the best in the world, and it comes at the right time. In the north in the winter the people must get out of it and they like to see these things; if they cannot get them they are satisfied just to see them.

Protect your game and give them a rest for five years and as soon as that law is passed I can rent your land. You would have the use of it the same as now. I could form clubs in this country the same as others. You could borrow money and pay it from the rent. Suppose the same club would like you to see to it and keep them when they come down.

The flock of ducks that I saw in Titusville eight years ago and what I saw going down the Indian River has caused me to spend over $15,000 on the banks of the Indian River at Indianola.

Men, women and children, I beg you all to protect your game—fish, alligators, birds and every wild living thing that Florida supports. Put in men that will look the question squarely in the face; men who are not afraid to act; put in wardens who will work without pay, only the actual cost; put your wardens at such places that they will know what is going on. There is not a lover of hunting but what will help support this if they look at it right. If you do not act and act quick, Florida will be a thing of the past.

I have deer, squirrels, otters, coons, gators and plenty of animals on my place. I have never shot even a deer in Florida, they will do for me just to look at and the pleasure of seeing others look at them, for they expect to see them when they come to Florida. You can count on me to help protect the game with both time and money. Who will see me and go me one better?

The "Forest and Stream's" Platform Plank.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, St. Paul, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I appreciate the grand work FOREST AND STREAM is doing for the cause of game and fish protection.

You certainly exert a great influence throughout the country, and we appreciate the help we receive from FOREST AND STREAM here in Minnesota. We are doing what we can to stop the illegal traffic, and hope the day will come when FOREST AND STREAM's platform—to stop the sale of game—will be in operation in every State in the Union.

I fully believe Minnesota will adopt it in the near future. We have some sterling men in Minnesota who are convinced of its efficacy, and as they are men of influence and good standing in their respective communities, the good seed they are sowing will certainly bear fruit.

I wish to thank you again most heartily for your editorial in regard to the decision rendered by our Supreme Court. Such articles encourage men who are trying to enforce the law, making them feel their efforts are appreciated.

SAM F. FULLERTON, Executive Agent.

Norway Game Statistics.

IN Norway a careful account is kept of the big game killed. The average annual score for five years, 1889-1893, was 1,122 elk and 501 reindeer. In 1894 the scores were: 1,262 elk, 760 reindeer, 84 red deer. In 1895: 970 elk, 865 reindeer, 146 red deer. In 1896: 991 elk, 942 reindeer, 138 red deer.

Said Jno. E. Gunckel one day recently when charged with possessing a fisherman's reputation for veracity, "I want to say one thing to you gentlemen; I had an experience in the Lucas county courts once which not one of you ever enjoyed nor probably ever will, either. I was subpœnaed as a witness in an important case, and upon being called to testify raised my right hand to be sworn, as is the custom. 'Never mind swearing, Mr. Gunckel,' said the presiding judge smilingly to the court clerk—'he's a fisherman and couldn't tell a lie!' My testimony virtually decided the case, too. Now if any gentleman present has that sort of a reputation, speak up, or forever hold your peace."—Toledo Bee.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Eagletown and Cranetown.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.—The newspapers in Uncle Sam's country are full to the top and boiling over with war, and I have been led to hunt up some old war histories. I found one that I thought perhaps might be a little interesting to the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It records a very remarkable war that took place in this country as far back as April, 1719. The combat was fought between two families of large birds, both well-known natives of this country. It appears that at that time there was a large track of heavy timber land located in the southern part of Harford county, Md., bordering on the Chesapeake Bay, the woods being divided about the center by a small creek. One side was occupied by the great American eagle family as a rendezvous, where they built their nests and raised their young families. This rendezvous has always during my recollection gone by the name of Eagletown or Eagle Swamp; and during the nestling season it was dangerous for man or beast to trespass in Eagletown.

The other half of the woods was occupied by a large family of blue cranes, for the same purpose; and to this day it goes by the name of Cranetown. Although both of these families of birds have always been considered great fighters, they lived as near neighbors in peace for I suppose hundreds of years. But for some cause this is not mentioned in the history. They fell out, and this brought about the most savage bird war I suppose ever fought in our North American continent. The war lasted many days, with great loss of life and many cripples on both sides; but the eagle army eventually were victorious and captured Cranetown, and drove what was left of the crane army to seek shelter in some other State.

Eagles are the ruling family of birds in this country, for they are great fighters; but at the same time my experience with the cranes teaches me that single-handed a blue crane can whip an eagle. A large blue crane measures over 5ft. from the tip of his toes to the tip of his long, sharp bill, which is his dangerous weapon; and he fights at long range. I have known a wounded crane to whip three dogs; and I have known several valuable dogs to lose an eye in trying to capture a wounded crane. The bird always strikes for the eye of any living creature that attacks it; and a crane has been known to drive its long, sharp bill through the side of a small boat.

The history tells us that there were many eagles found on the battle ground with both eyes plucked out by the cranes. They can strike an object at a distance of 5ft., which makes them very dangerous to capture when wounded.

I must tell you a good joke that a man living near Cranetown played on his wife many years ago: This man was a farmer of the name of William Lester. He had a wife who took great delight in telling him about men and women who lived in the neighborhood who could never keep a secret; who if they heard anything would tell it all around the neighborhood. She had frequently said that, thank the Lord, she was not one of that kind. They had a neighbor named Nathan Crane; one day while out gunning Lester shot a large crane, and like many men who shoot many birds just for fun, which are of no use to them, he concluded that he was sorry that he had killed the poor, harmless crane. But a thought struck him all at once that he would have some fun with his wife about the crane. So he took the crane and covered it up with leaves in a bunch of briers; and when he reached home he put his gun away and put on a sad countenance, and walked up and down the room. His wife soon noticed that there was something wrong and put her arm around his neck and said: "William, what in the world is the matter? What makes you look so distressed?" "Oh," he says, "Annie, I can't tell you. I have done something to-day that will ruin me." She says, "My Lord! William, what have you done?" "Oh," he says, "I can't tell you; for if it is found out I will be hanged," when she commenced to cry. "Well," he says, "Annie, if you will promise to keep it to yourself I will tell you all about it." This, of course, she promised to do. He then told her that while out gunning he met Mr. Crane, who owed him some money, and that he and Crane had fallen out, and that Crane had struck him and he had shot Crane and had hiddden his body in the woods, and intended to go early in the morning to bury him. Accordingly, in the morning bright and early he shouldered his spade and left home, and his wife watched him until out of sight. It was not long before one of the neighbors came over to borrow something, and found Mrs. Lester crying. "Why," she says, "Mrs. Lester, what's the trouble? Have you lost any of your friends." "No," she says, "but my heart is fit to break with trouble." "Oh, my," she says, "Mrs. Lester, do tell me what's the trouble." "Not for the world could I tell you." But her neighbor worked on her to such an extent that she had finally to tell her, or burst with the secret; and so, after many promises from the visitor to say nothing to any one about it, she opened her heart and told her the whole circumstances. When the neighbor went home her husband soon saw from the sad looks of his wife that she had heard some bad news, and commenced to question her to know why she looked so sad. "Oh," she says, "I can't tell you; I have heard some very bad news." "It must be awful," he says, "if you have promised not to tell anybody." But he insisted on her telling him, and when she found that her husband was getting angry she told him that if he would promise to keep it to himself she would tell him the whole circumstance. He promised most solemnly; but just as soon as he learned that Mr. Lester had shot Mr. Crane he told his wife that such a thing as that should not be kept a secret. He saddled his horse and went to a justice of the peace and got out a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Lester. A constable was soon found, and they arrested Lester and dragged him to the woods and made him show them where he had concealed the body o

Crane. When they uncovered the big bird and dragged it out of the briers, we have been told, the whole crowd could have been bought for ten cents. Mr. Lester had a very quiet family for some time, and his wife had very little to say to her husband for many months after.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Working of Ponds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I be allowed to ask through your columns a few questions concerning the working of ponds, and the method of fishing the ponds when in that condition? I very much desire to solve the problem of the whys and wherefores of a pond's working. What is the cause of a pond's working? What good does it accomplish? How does it affect the habits of trout or any fish? What is the best method of fishing during the pond's working?

I have been for the last three years on Lake Twitchell, near Big Moose, in the Adirondacks, during the latter part of August and the first part of September. Last year the condition of the lake was exceedingly bad; an old guide saying he had never seen any lake in such a condition. What I term the workings were all over the bars and were from 3 to 5 or 6ft. tall, growing to within a few inches of the top of the water. They were of a substance somewhat yellowish in color, and of a thick, slimy nature. After a heavy wind the shores would be covered with a lot of black stuff washed ashore.

The trout in this water were slow and sluggish, and not particularly anxious to please the fisherman with a rise to his cast. When opened they had no visible traces of the food they were feeding upon, and they were very fat and in a good condition. It was their custom to break water at sunset, but this year they would even forego that sport. What caused this inactivity?

A. L. JORDAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a great difference of opinion in regard to the cause of specks seen all through the water in nearly all the lakes and ponds during July and August, and it is commonly said that when the water is in such a condition the fishing is poor, as is usually the case. We would like to learn through the FOREST AND STREAM the cause of these specks, and if they do have any influence on trout taking any kind of a lure. Some say the specks are caused by the lakes fermenting; others say they are caused by a plant blooming in the bottom of the lakes, and others by the blow from trees coming into the lake. Please set us all right on this point that I have heard discussed so long.

L. O. CRANE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find in Bulletin U. S. F. C., Vol. VI., p. 341, a paragraph upon the "water bloom" of ponds, from which I quote:

"Lower forms of algæ, of the varieties *Nostochaceae, Oscillariae* and *Chroococcaceae*, occasionally produce by their astonishingly rapid growth the so-called 'water bloom' (*Wasserbluete*), and transform the water into a blue-green mass resembling oil. Sometimes this 'water bloom' causes the death of all the fish in a pond; in other cases only certain varieties die, and frequently the fish are not at all affected by it. So far no experiments have been made with the view to ascertain which of the algæ forming the 'water bloom' exercise an injurious influence on fish. It is therefore very desirable that careful observation should be made in this respect."

In the United States no doubt similar effects are produced by related forms of algæ. It is usually stated that the seeds of certain water plants float at the surface of ponds and make the water cloudy until fertilization increases their specific gravity, when they sink to the bottom and continue their development.

The German authority quoted is Dr. Berthold Benecke, formerly living at Königsberg.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that I can answer quite fully your question in regard to what you call the "blooming" of ponds, but which is more commonly called "working or clouding."

This condition of the water does not always result from the same cause, but I am satisfied that it results from one single cause in the pure water lakes of the mountain regions of the Catskills.

In the Bay of Quinte the blooming of the water evidently comes from the spores of an aquatic weed or plant which abounds in all the shallow waters of that bay.

So far as I have had the opportunity for observation almost every lake, pond or water abounds in aquatic weeds peculiar to itself. Where the water is not over about 4ft. in depth these plants abound in a large amount of insect life, and where the water is deeper there is, as a rule, an entire absence of animal life.

In the waters of the Catskills, with which I am quite familiar, I have never known of a single case where these weeds or plants throw out spores of any kind which cloud the water.

Mr. Cornelius Van Brunt, who is quite an eminent microscopist, and I, some twenty years ago or more, took particular pains to find out what caused the clouding of the waters in two of the lakes of the Catskills, Balsam Lake and Willewemoc Lake, and in both cases we found that this clouding was caused by the spores of the fresh-water sponge, which abounded in both lakes.

The waters of these two lakes, like most of the lakes of the Catskills, were very pure, being spring water, and on the bottom of the lakes, at a depth of about 2ft. or 2½ft., this fresh-water sponge existed in considerable abundance, each sponge being not over 2 or 2½in. in length by 1 or 2in. in width, and when taken in the hand and squeezed there seemed to be nothing of them.

The clouding of the lakes was found to extend down from 6 to 12in., and to be produced by millions of spores thrown out by the fresh-water sponge; and as I understand it, they are thrown out with very great rapidity, and the lakes where these sponges exist remain clouded until there comes a decided storm, when the spores are precipitated to the bottom of the lake and the water becomes perfectly clear again in two or three days.

In my testimony in regard to Forest Lake, near Hudson, N. Y., I referred to the fact that this lake was free from cloud, and that from a personal inspection of the lake I had failed to find any fresh-water sponges. In regard to this examination I can only add that the examination of the waters of these lakes was made under a microscope of the highest magnifying power suitable for such a purpose, and that no spores were found except those produced by the fresh-water sponge.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

The Grayling.

(*Thymallus lewisi*).

THE grayling of Montana exists only in the three forks of the Missouri River—the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers and their tributaries. The first real effort toward its artificial culture was inaugurated by the U. S. Fish Commission during the past spring at Red Rock Lake, the headwaters of the Jefferson, an auxiliary station connected with the Bozeman (Montana) station. This sub-station is situated in Montana at the foot of the Continental Divide, while on the opposite side of the Divide, in Idaho, an auxiliary station for the collection of eggs of the cut-throat or Rocky Mountain trout was operated at the same time at Henry's Lake, the headwaters of Snake River.

As these sub-stations were under my supervision, my attention was naturally directed to the history of the grayling in Montana, and especially to its occurrence in the Jefferson and its tributaries, where it is especially abundant. Knowing that Lewis and Clark ascended the Jefferson to its source in the Rocky Mountains in 1805, I thought it extremely probable that those remarkably close observers had mentioned the existence of this beautiful and well-marked species. Upon investigation I found my surmise to be correct.

On page 545 of Dr. Elliot Coues' edition (1893) of the "Lewis and Clark Expedition," and page 411 of the original Biddle edition of 1814, I found the following:

"Toward evening we formed a drag of bushes, and in about two hours caught 528 very good fish, most of them large trout. Among them we observed for the first time ten or twelve trout of a white or silvery color, except on the back and head, where they are of a bluish cast; in appearance and shape they resemble exactly the speckled trout, except that they are not so large, though the scales are much larger; the flavor is equally good."

A foot note of Dr. Coues to this paragraph reads as follows:

"This species remains to be identified. The description indicates the *Oncorhynchus nerka*, the common blue-backed salmon of the Columbia and its tributaries, extensively used for canning, and ranking in commercial value next to the quinnat or king salmon, *O. chouicha* or *O. quinnat*. It attains a weight of 4 to 8lbs., and is usually of the color said; but the males in the fall become tinged with red. This salmon is also called *O. lycaodon*, and is one of the five well-established species of its genus; they are collectively known as Pacific salmon. But the genus *Oncorhynchus* is not represented in any Atlantic waters."

The locality where these fish were taken was near the headwaters of the Jefferson, where Lewis and Clark abandoned their canoes and crossed the Continental Divide on horses. At this point the grayling is abundant and coexists with the cut-throat trout almost to the exclusion of any other species.

There is not the least doubt in my mind that the foregoing description was intended for the grayling. As Dr. Coues truly says: "The genus *Oncorhynchus* is not represented in any Atlantic waters." Then the size, "not so large" as the trout, shows that some other species was meant. The description could not well apply to any other fish than the grayling, not even to the Rocky Mountain whitefish (*C. williamsoni*), for Lewis explicitly says: "In appearance and shape they exactly resemble the speckled trout, except that they are not so large, though the scales are larger." All of which is "exactly" true. Moreover he calls them "trout," and "white trout" they are called by some to this day. Furthermore he says: "The flavor is equally good." He might truly have said the flavor is much better—and both are superior to the mountain whitefish. Species have been predicated, and rightful names restored, on far less evidence than this. As a simple act of justice then, and in accordance with the law of priority, the name *Thymallus lewisi* should be substituted for the grayling of the United States, instead of *T. ontariensis* (Cuvier) and *T. ontariensis montanus* (Milner), for there is no real difference between the Michigan and Montana graylings.

It is not known where Cuvier's specimen came from, certainly not from Lake Ontario, to which locality it is attributed. The arctic form, *T. signifer*, seems to be distinct from that of Montana and Michigan, which I hold to be identical.

Lewis and Clark were both remarkable for clear, concise and correct descriptions of the animals and plants met with during their wonderful journey, many of which were new to science; but unfortunately others have reaped the honors of their discovery and description. In the matter of the grayling there is presented an opportunity to restore to those intrepid explorers one small tribute of justice and esteem; and at the same time to supplant the name of a foreign naturalist given to an American fish of doubtful locality, half a century after its discovery and description, from its native waters, by the pioneers who blazed the way for the course of empire.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

BOZEMAN, Mont., July 4.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Wild Fishers I Have Fished With.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Continued from page 48.*)

Ducks.

All ducks eat fish, frogs and other aquatic life to some extent, but there are birds which in popular parlance are called ducks which live exclusively upon fish. These I will not include with the ducks, but will refer to under another head.

The mallard and black duck are essentially puddle ducks and not divers for fish. They love to pass the ooze through their bills and sift out the snails and other life, as well as to eat grains of various kinds, seeds of water plants and other vegetation. The mallard being the original stock from which our domestic ducks are derived will give the reader an idea of its omnivorous feeding. All tame ducks will eat fish, if fed to them, raw or cooked, and every tame drake which has two curled feathers on its tail has mallard blood in it, for no other wild duck has this mark. The so-called "Cayuga black ducks" of the poultry shows, which claim to be "improved" wild black ducks, have the green head and curly tail feathers of the mallard, two marks of interbreeding. They are good birds, but are fraudulent in pedigree.

As one who for years bred wild ducks as a fad, and would like a chance to continue it, I can say that teals, pintails and wood ducks dearly love fish, frogs and tadpoles when they can get them. There is no duck or other bird, wild or domestic, which does not only relish, but require, some animal food in its menu, and what is more natural than that all water fowl should eat fish if they can get them?

Yet the mallard, black duck, teal, wood duck, canvas-back, redhead, pintail and others eat but a little quantity of fish. They may be classed with the *Omnivora* of the mammals, the hog, bear, raccoon and opossum, of which man is fond. There are no strict vegetarians among the ducks. When I brought out a few quarts of tadpoles to a brood of young wood ducks and let the "tittlebats" loose in the water, it was fun to see the little woodies go for them. They didn't mind my watching them if I didn't come too close, but a great, fat polly-wog was just the thing they needed to fill out their menu, and I loved to see the little woodies dive for them.

Once, after turning loose a quantity of tadpoles among broods of different ducks, and enjoying their pleasure of gobbling them, I thought what a temptation the smell of a broiling steak must be to a vegetarian, for these little ducks had been on a diet of bread and milk, lettuce and water cress, with an occasional boiled egg. The adult wood duck will eat small fish once in a while, but eats more of other things, acorns, chestnuts, snails, seeds, duck weed, water cress and such food.

The food of the old squaw, "south southerly," is mainly a little clam with a brittle, limy shell known as the "duck clam," but they also take fish.

The Fish Ducks.

The true fish-eating ducks are the mergansers, called also sheldrakes in America, but the sheldrake of Europe is a different bird. There are three of these: the big species, in which the male is black and white above and creamy below, while the female is gray (this bird is also called "goosander"); the red-breasted merganser, and the little hooded merganser, called also "little saw-bill" and "crested sheldrake." This last is a little bird about the side of a wood duck, and like that duck nests in hollow trees high from the ground; the male has a handsome black and white semi-circular crest, which it can raise at will.

These ducks have long, narrow bills which are so strongly serrated on the edges as to resemble teeth; they are good divers and live on fish as their main diet. All the mergansers, the whistler or golden eye, and the buffle-head or butter-ball nest in hollow trees.

Once, while fishing near the junction of the Neosho and Cottonwood rivers, in Kansas, I laid down my pole—it was a pole and not a rod—to step back into the bushes to cut a switch to catch more minnows with, and was absent perhaps ten minutes, when there was a great commotion at the place I had left. Running back I saw the pole flopping about as though a whale had hold of the line. The river was low and at this place there were alternate pools a few feet deep, and then a riffle where there was but a few inches of rapid water. My game would expose itself if it went up or down over a riffle and I could afford to let it have time. All this was thought out in a second, and then a large bird came to the surface and tried to fly, but the heavy pole brought it down and it again dove. The pole drifted down near the shallows, and I rushed in and seized it. Again the bird tried to fly, and I saw that it was a red-breasted sheldrake, but it had to drop to the water and go under. I pulled in on the line and the now tired bird resisted. Then came the question why I had tried to capture it, and if the beating I would get from its wings would be worth while? All this had happened before I had time to think much, but a knife severed the line within about 10ft. of the bird and left the hook in its mouth. The bird was exhausted and sat on the surface to gets its breath, but with an eye on the man with the pole. It slowly paddled to the other end of the pool, always looking back, and after resting awhile took wing, with the line dangling below.

Loons, Grebes and Hell-Divers.

I have seen trout and other fish which had holes in their bodies that looked as if speared by the sharp bill of a loon. Perhaps a loon may seize a fish in its bill, as ducks do, but the holes were grounds for suspicion. Often has the loon been a fishing companion, and an interesting one. I never killed but one, and that was in Kansas, and over forty years ago. It was flying and came down a creek too suddenly for a gunner to hail the stranger, ask his name and where bound, so I dropped him. The fact is I was out for meat; turkeys and prairie chickens were nesting, deer and antelope were out of season, rabbits were plenty, but poor and full of fleas and wood ticks, and I was meandering Coal

Creek for young mourning doves, paroquets or a stray male wood duck, which had left its mate to care for the offspring while he retired to moult and feed up in order to blossom out with a new suit in the fall. I was needing meat, and a stray loon flew into a light charge of No. 10 shot at short range and was knocked out in the first round.

Not until it came to hand was the bird known as one with which I had a nodding acquaintance. It was a fish-eater and was not classed among the birds that a man may eat. Pshaw! Man is a creature of prejudice! In Scotland he will not eat eels; in Connecticut he will not eat sturgeon, the royal fish of England, where the first one taken in the Thames goes to the Queen's table; in New York they will not eat lampreys, miscalled "lamper eels," which are delicacies in Connecticut, and in England some old king—I never could keep a record of kings—died from a surfeit of lampreys. With these prejudices in mind, and I hate all prejudices except those which I entertain, I decided to eat the loon.

There may be differences among loons, as there are between pigeons and squabs. I prefer an adult pigeon to a squab, there is better chewing on it, but if a man wants real hard chewing with a flavor of raw fish, let him tackle an adult loon. That bird could not be picked, it was skinned, and in its stomach there was a catfish recently swallowed, one partly digested, and the bones of another. The triggers of the pectoral fins of the catfish were set, but the stomach of the loon did not seem to be troubled by that fact. I do not shoot at loons and have decided opinions which cannot be gone into here about their diving at the flash from a gun.

The grebes are all fish-eaters, from the "red-necked," the "horned grebe," the "eared grebe," down to the little "hell-diver," known also as "dabchick" and "water-witch." These birds are all divers and fish-eaters, and have slender bills like the mergansers, but not as strongly "toothed," nor are they curved.

The breasts of these birds are prepared for adorning bonnets of women; they are beautiful, and so are the red-winged blackbirds and the orioles, but no woman within the sphere of my influence will wear a feather taken from a living bird, or from any bird that is not bred for its feathers, as the ostrich is bred.

In 1882, while officially gathering the fishes of the Adirondacks for a report thereon, I set a gill net in the upper end of Meacham Lake, near the bridge, and in the morning I had a little "hell-diver" in it. The bird had its head out of water and tried to dive, but was tangled in the net. It was unharmed, and knowing that it could not fly from the bottom of the boat we set it down there. It wriggled up under the bow seat and remained quiet. The bird was boxed and sent to Central Park, New York city, but it died, and Supt. Conklin told me that in the zoological gardens, both in Europe and America, all attempts to keep loons and grebes alive had failed.

The Herons.

These fish and frog lovers are often called "cranes" in some parts. But our two American cranes, the white or whooping and the sandhill cranes, never come to the eastern United States. The great blue heron is best known for its size, but the more commonly known species is the bittern, "stake driver," or "poke." Those mentioned are solitary birds which fish by day, standing in the pools, swamps or marshes as immovable as stumps until a luckless fish or frog comes within reach of their bills, when its fate is sealed. They do not love mountain streams, which seem to be left to the king-fisher, but haunt the still waters where they can wade among the lily-pads.

The most interesting birds of this group are the night herons, or "quawks." They are gregarious not only in nesting, but also go out in squads after sundown, calling to each other, and while they do not fish in groups they extend along a pond and drop at intervals, returning together in the morning, if nothing disturbs them. The "powder down" patches on the breast and under the wings of these birds are curious things. They are said to be phosphorescent, and I believe it, but can't prove it. There is a childish song, the burden of which is: "I believe it, for my mother told me so." Years ago my first tutor in natural history, "Old Port" Tyler, told me that the lights we saw in a dull and seemingly distant way were the lanterns of the quawks. Any man who has read my sketch of "Old Port" in "Men I Have Fished With" knows that he was a past master of woodcraft, with neither romance nor humor in his composition.

I have seen the lights among the lily-pads and along the shore, and have seen them appear and disappear. The "powder down" is plainly in evidence on every dead night heron, but it is not phosphorescent when the bird is dead. There's the rub. We've all seen "fox fire" in the woods at night, when decayed wood in a dry place becomes phosphorescent, and the light has the same quality as that which "Port" said came from the night heron. In all things connected with the habits of our birds, beasts and fishes I make an effort to sift what I know from personal experience from what I get at second hand, or "believe." As for the phosphorescence of the powder down patches of the night heron, I believe that I have seen the light from them. I believe, for Port Tyler told me so. Surely some of the anglers or ornithologists who read FOREST AND STREAM should be able to settle the "powder down" question; I cannot.

Here it is evident that the fishing birds have taken all the space that can be afforded for one paper on this subject, and the wearers of fur and scales must be considered later.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Long Island Bass.

A BLACK bass weighing 6¾lbs. was taken on July 11 from Big Fresh Pond, near Hampton Park, Southampton, Lond Island. It was caught by John Zugg, a farm hand employed at Hampton Park. Big Fresh Pond is a beautiful body of water about five miles in circumference and surrounded by trees of large growth, which extend down to its banks. Catches of bass from 1 to 3lbs. each are quite frequent.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The State Owns the Game.

The State of Minnesota, in the case of E. L. Thomas, respondent, against the Northern Pacific Express Company, appellant, lays down strong law in support of the proposition that the State owns its own game and fish. Thomas was an old offender, and had defied the fish commission for a long time. Tons of fish had been seized from him, and he had gone to the Supreme Court on a test case, which, if lost by the fish commission, would have brought about their ears dozens of cases which would have made a perpetual annoyance at least. As it is, the commission is supported in its position that the State never parts title with its game. The text of the decision reads as below:

STATE OF MINNESOTA—IN SUPREME COURT—APRIL TERM, A. D. 1898.

E. L. Thomas, Respondent, vs. Northern Pacific Express Company, Appellant:

When a common carrier has, on demand of the true owner having a right of possession, delivered to him the property bailed, it is a complete justification for non-delivery according to the direction of the bailor.

It is not necessary to give the bailor notice of such delivery, distinguishing the case in that respect from one where the property has been taken from the carrier on legal process against the bailor.

Where wild game has been caught or killed at a time or in a manner prohibited by statute, it remains the property of the State and may be reclaimed by it as the true owner. Where game unlawfully killed has been commingled with game lawfully killed, the burden is upon the possessor to prove as against the State what part was lawfully killed, and thereby became his property.

Order reversed.

This action was brought to recover damages for the failure of the defendant to deliver to the consignees several small consignments or shipments of fish, which plaintiff had delivered to the defendant, as a common carrier, for transportation and delivery to the consignees. The substance of the defense was that the fish had been caught in the State of Minnesota with nets, contrary to law, and consequently still belonged to the State, and that they were taken from the possession of the defendant by the State, through its agent, the game warden. In short, the defendant justified its non-delivery to the consignees by delivery on demand to the rightful owner.

The trial court found "that part of each of the shipments was fish illegally caught with a fish net, but from the evidence it was impossible to determine what amount was illegally caught and what was the value and quantity of the fish legally caught."

As a conclusion of law from these facts the court held that the plaintiff was entitled to recover of the defendant the value of all shipments, for the reason "that it did not appear that notice of such seizure was immediately given either to the plaintiff or the consignees."

The learned judge evidently confounded two entirely distinct defenses which a common carrier may interpose as a justification for non-delivery of property to the consignee, to wit: 1st, that he delivered the property on demand to some one else who was the rightful owner and entitled to the possession of it; and 2d, that the property was taken from his possession on legal process against his bailor, and that he immediately notified his bailor of the fact.

The first is always a sufficient defense of a bailee against the claim of the bailor, and there is no difference in this regard between a common carrier and any other bailee. The Idaho, 93 U. S., 575. Hutchinson on Carriers, Sec. 404.

To constitute the second defense, the bailee must promptly notify his bailor of the seizure, so as to give him the opportunity to defend his title. The law does not require a common carrier to defend a title of which he presumably knows nothing, but, in case of seizure on legal process, it does not require him to notify his bailor so that the latter may defend. Where the carrier delivers the property, on demand, to one claiming to be a rightful owner, he of course assumes the burden of proving, as against the claim of his bailor, that such person was the rightful owner, but we know of no rule of law requiring him to give notice to his bailor of such delivery. All of the authorities cited by plaintiff's counsel are cases where the property had been taken from the carrier by legal process. But in this case the game warden, as agent of the State, claimed and took it as its property.

Wild game belongs to the State in its sovereign capacity. No person can acquire any property in it except by catching or killing it at the time and in the manner authorized by law. If a person catches or kills it at a time or in a manner prohibited by statute, it still remains the property of the State, which may reclaim it. State vs. Rodman, 58 Minn., 393.

The court does not find by whom or with what intent the fish legally caught were commingled with those illegally caught. In view of the evidence they must have been intermingled either by the plaintiff or by the fishermen who caught them, and from whom plaintiff bought them. Neither does the court find that they were incapable of being distinguished, but merely that it was impossible to determine from the evidence what amount was legally and what amount was illegally caught.

We do not find it necessary to go into a general discussion of the law relating to the confusion of goods, nor do we think that a case where goods, a part of which confessedly belonged to each of two different persons, are intermingled is entirely analogous.

We have here a case where all of the property originally belonged to the State, and no one could acquire any right to or in it except by catching it at a time and in a manner authorized by statute. At least a part of it still belongs to the State because caught in an illegal manner. If any person claims that another part commingled with it was caught in a legal manner and thereby became his property, we think the burden is on him to show what part belongs to him, and not on the State to prove what part belongs to it.

Where game or fish illegally killed or caught is commingled with that which was legally killed or caught, any other rule would in many cases render it very difficult to enforce the provisions of the game law.

Order reversed and a new trial granted.

Mitchell, J.

A Michigan Angler's Luck.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., writes me on his return from his lodge on the Cascapedia, where he goes for salmon and trout fishing each year, and states that he had very good sport with both salmon and trout. The early fishing for salmon was good, and there were many fish in the river, but a log drive hurt the sport at the best stage of water. On one afternoon, between 2 and 5:30, Mr. Mershon killed five salmon, the smallest weighing 24lbs. and the largest 29lbs. They were rising well that day. In trout Mr. Mershon and his wife, also a very skillful angler, did very well, Mrs. Mershon killing some big trout on a 6oz. rod, and her score being about as high in numbers as that of any other rod of the party, though others had trout up to 6lbs. and 6½lbs., which weight Mr. Mershon did not quite reach. He goes on to append the score of one day's fishing, which gives reason for his feeling, as he expresses it, "a little too much fished out to care for any more just yet awhile."

"The following is a list of the trout taken by me on an 8oz. trout rod on Monday, June 27, 1898, being the last day I fished on the Cascapedia; nearly all, if not quite all, were taken during about two hours in the evening, of course with a fly. In the same pool while I was taking the trout that evening three large salmon jumped clear out of the water, but would not take the fly: One each of 2, 2¾, 3, 3¾, 4, 4½ and 5lbs.; two of 1¾, two of 2½, five of 1½ and six of 1lb." E. HOUGH.

Boston Anglers in Maine.

BOSTON, July 15.—White perch fishing is mentioned as very good indeed at some of the better perch ponds in Maine. The ponds in Smithfield have been panning out well in that direction, and several parties of Waterville fishermen, with a Boston friend or two, have been making fishing excursions there. Belgrade ponds are also noted for such fishing, as well as black bass. Winthrop lakes and ponds are turning out good strings of black bass. Norway Lake is also counted in the same number. White perch at Wayne Pond, at the town of the same name, are reported to be biting unusually well this summer. Camping parties are in order there. A party of Lewiston young men have been in camp there this summer for several weeks. They were Carl White, Carl Fuller, Thomas Pingree and Eddie Wellman. They report a large number of white perch taken, with very few pickerel. Camping on the shores of Wayne Pond gave them no end of fun, though the weather was hot and dry a part of the time.

Mr. H. B. Hill, of Boston, is at the Birches, Moosehicmaguntic, with his family, where the summer fishing is holding out remarkably well. Almost any morning a string of trout may be taken on the fly, if one has the courage to get up before the sun and early seek the right spots.

Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, of Boston, well known as one of the greatest lovers of the angle, has just returned from his second trip this season to Sebec Lake, Me., for landlocked salmon. His luck was again good, since he secured a couple of fine salmon with only a few fishing days. Extremely windy weather came to his lot for almost the whole trip, and but for the fact that his guide had a small steam launch he could scarcely have been out on the lake at all. Black bass fishing was also good, Mr. Woodman taking over thirty during the trip; some of them of very good size. He is delighted with Sebec Lake and its surroundings, and believes that it is destined to become a great salmon lake. Each year the number taken there increases, while there is a good increase in the size of the fish taken. The lake has five or six good sized ponds for breeding places and feeders; these ponds, the natural hatcheries of salmon. Mr. Woodman says that one would be surprised at the great number of small salmon to be found in those ponds and their outlets. Sebec Lake is nearly thirteen miles long and half as wide at some points.

July 18.—The salmon anglers are many of them absent at their preserves or those of their friends, while some are returning and others are going. Dr. H. F. Hamilton, of Hotel Vendome, and Mr. Haviland, of New York, are off for the celebrated Dawson Pool at the Restigouche. They will be absent for several weeks. Reports of good fishing continue to come from that river. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., is off for his salmon river, the St. John, at Gaspe, Quebec.

Trout and salmon fishing at the Rangeleys continues good for the midst of the heated term. Some good catches continue to be reported from the Upper Dam. Douglas B. Stewart caught a salmon there last week weighing 5lbs. 13oz. Mr. T. B. Stewart also increased his record last week with a trout of 4lbs. 10oz. Mr. J. C. Dougherty is there, as usual, and landed a trout of 4½lbs. the other day. SPECIAL.

Newfound Lake.

BRISTOL, N. H.—The fishing season still holds good at this noted lake. Among the catches, George Fowler took three trout averaging 11lbs. each, Frank Calley a trout weighing 15lbs., and S. Hentall took in four fish one forenoon—two salmon and two trout; another morning he captured a trout weighing near 15lbs. A salmon of 10lbs. was caught by a young man who had never fished at any lake; and still others were caught that we did not see. And so it will continue through the summer months, as fish can be taken during July and August by using plenty of line and lead.

The fish commissioners last fall at this lake took from adult salmon and trout about 1,000,000 eggs. Last May their able superintendent, Rendall Sleeper, returned to this lake 280,000 salmon fry and 700,000 trout fry; strong, vigorous, young fish. So the lake is kept restocked every year. Fishermen are invited to stop and try their skill. A good hotel is needed here at the south end of the lake. It would, if properly kept, be a paying house; such a site is now on the market.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

Carp Fishing.

DEVOTED disciples of Izaak Walton may wax eloquent over the fine sport of landing trout, pickerel, black bass or rock fish, but if such wish to experience royal sport, landing true game fish, let them try carp fishing.

Early one morning lately, with 10oz. rod, reel, stout line of good length, strong hook and potato bait, I sought out a shady spot along the banks of a rapidly-rushing stream to fish for carp. I finally found a location to my liking, well shaded from the sun's scorching rays, and concealed from the view of too inquisitive ramblers. Here I made myself comfortable, baited my hook, cast my line into the rushing current, and patiently awaited a "strike." Time flew swiftly; the sun mounted slowly, but certainly, toward the meridian; the solar rays left their impress on surrounding vegetation, animate nature gradually gave way to oppressive heat, yet the carp bit not. Finally, with my rod resting on my knee in position for quick handling, I became keenly interested in the study of insect life actively manifest on the surface of the water before me; my attention became so absorbed in this entertaining diversion that I momentarily forgot the carp, when suddenly a sharp, strong pull on my line at once telegraphed to me the fact that I was carp fishing, not bug studying, and I soon learned the difference.

Quickly rising to my feet, with my pole in hand, I watched my line run out with almost lightning speed as the fish darted toward the far shore. Then the sport began: I had him fairly hooked, and he meant fight. It was a royal struggle. Not for an instant dare I lax my vigilance and allow him slack line. Up and down stream he darted; at times "head on" right for me, when I kept my reel buzzing catching up the slack; then with a lightning flick of his vigorous tail he turned and darted like an arrow straight for the far shore—the line fairly smoking as it flew from the reel. Then I could see him, ever and anon, well out in the stream a few inches below the surface, cutting the swift current with ease, while his gold-bronze sides glistened in the sunlight—then, quick as thought, he sought bottom and escape.

Thus I fought him, up and down, across and return, at the surface, on the bottom, at rest, at rush, darting, maneuvering, constantly active and alert, till my arm was numb, my fingers were sore, my strength well nigh exhausted. He was all game, and even after an hour and a half of brave struggle, when finally I threw him upon the bank, panting and gasping for breath, he attempted to leap back into the water.

I filled and lit my pipe, sat down to rest, and with genuine pleasure viewed my prize. It was "only a carp" about 6lbs. weight, but what sport.

F. ALEXANDER LUCAS.

Minnow Casting for Bass.

I WAS much interested in the article by Jay Beebe, in issue of June 18, on minnow casting, for that has been my method of fishing for bass in the James River, Va., for several years. It has proved much more successful in my hands than either still-fishing or using the fly. In this method a dead minnow is as useful as a live one, and I have more than once used the same bait over again until it has had three bass scored to its record. In my opinion a splash by the bait in the water attracts the attention of the bass, and then as the minnow is moved along just under the surface the fish is very apt to take it in. It is good sport to see a 2 or 3-pounder rise to your bait almost as it would to a fly.

In fishing the James near the headwaters, where the stream is often more than 150ft. broad, I find it well to let the bait play on both sides of the boat; first casting well under the trees along the shore, and then well out toward the middle of the river. If one is not watching the bait at all times, a broken tip is not unlikely, for I have many times had a strike just as the bait touched the water after recovery from the forward cast, and even a small fish will do damage if you try to "yank" him out of the water at the end of 40 or 50ft. of line.

As to bait, a small catfish is preferable, as fish with weak mouths are easily snapped off; and if, before casting, the pectoral spines be removed close to the body, by a knife, there will be less delay in waiting for your fish to turn the bait and start to swallow it. W. H. F.

The Fly and the Day.

TOLEDO, O., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to Mr. Van Cleef's letter in the issue of the 16th: My own experience with the fly would lead me to believe that there can be no hard and fast rule which will hold good as to the use of dark and light flies. As no good horse can be of a poor color, so no really good fly can lose its attractiveness because of a few degrees more or less of light. The "taking" qualities of any particular fly, under any given conditions, are determined by a number of attendant favorable (or unfavorable) circumstances, most of which we know nothing about. Sunshine and cloud are two of these, but only two. JAY BEEBE.

A Yukon Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My Yukon articles have contained a good many misprints, but I have let them all pass without comment because without exception they have been due to my atrocious handwriting, and I am lenient with my own faults. If I could have convinced my conscience that the proofreader was responsible you would have heard from me before this, but as a matter of fact the intricacies which that worthy man has unraveled have won my admiration and counterbalanced the annoyance felt at seeing my stuff appear with a different meaning from that I had intended to convey.

I want to put it on record, however, before some one else rises to convict me of the error, that Chilcoot Pass is not fifteen miles below one of the sources of the Yukon River. A period instead of a comma and the substitution of "is" for "in" completely alters the meaning of the sentence, which should read:

"Fifteen miles below its source in Chilcoot Pass, at Lake Bennett, the river becomes navigable for boats 50ft. in length," etc., instead of: "Fifteen miles below its source is Chilcoot Pass."

A sentence has also been left out in describing the difficulties of navigation. The danger on the lakes was caused by the wind, and it was the rapids on the river that were made more perilous owing to the low stage of the water.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. W. H. Dye, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.
Dec. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Tony's Gale.

TONY'S GALE (44,686 A), whose portrait we publish this week, is a noted field trial competitor and winner, as the following record demonstrates: First in U. S. Derby, January, 1895; second in the Southern Derby, February, 1895; fifth in U. S. All-Age Stake, February, 1896; third in Eastern All-Age Stake, November, 1896; third in Continental All-Age Stake, and second in U. S. All-Age Stake, January, 1897; first in Eastern Subscription Stake, and second in U. S. All-Age Stake, November, 1897; second in U. S. All-Age Stake, and winner of the Champion Field Trial Association Stake in January of this year. He is large in size, though not of the largest, has a dashing style of work, and has deservedly many admirers. He is owned by the Eldred Kennels, 11 Broadway, New York. The portrait is from the photograph of a painting by Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, the well-known painter of field scenes.

Continental Field Trials.

HILLSBORO, N. C., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a trip through North Carolina and have seen and heard of more old birds carried over and more young ones hatched early than for several years. The prospects for quail in North Carolina, and plenty of them, are excellent. The readers of your paper must not forget that the Continental Derby closes Aug. 1. Let them hurry up their entries.

W. B. MEARES, Sec'y.

The Continental Field Trial Club's meet will begin Dec. 5, at Lexington, N. C. The judges are Messrs. E. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, and W. B. Meares, of Hillsboro, N. C. Mr. Meares is also the secretary. The stakes will be as follows:

Derby.—Monday, Dec. 5, open to all pointer and setter puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897. First forfeit of $10 due Aug. 1; second forfeit of $10 due Oct. 1; $10 additional to start. Entries positively close Aug. 1. Three purses, $250 to first, $150 to second, and $100 to third.

All-age Stake.—Open to all setters and pointers not having won first in any all-age stake of previous seasons at any recognized field trial. Entries close Oct. 15, with $10 forfeit and $20 additional to start. Three purses: $250 to first, $150 to second, and $100 to third.

Sweepstake.—Open to all pointers and setters regardless of previous winnings. $25 to start; entries close the night before the race. First heat to be one and one-half hours. Right is reserved to declare stake off if less than six entries are made; 60 per cent. to first, 40 per cent. to second, third dog to save his stake.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa., June 20.—Dear Old Friend: I have denied myself the pleasure of your companionship too long already, and now, as the season approaches and thoughts of tangled thickets and whistling longbills haunt me continually, I cannot endure it, so inclose $2 for subscription for six months. Game prospects are fine in this part of Pennsylvania. W. W. MCCAIN.



TONY'S GALE.
From a portrait by Edm. H. Osthaus.
Photograph copyrighted, 1898, by Theo. Sturges.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Western Canoe Association, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

American Canoe Association.

Nineteenth Annual Meet.

Stave Island, St. Lawrence River.

August 5-19, 1898, Inclusive.

To the members of the American Canoe Association:

The annual meet of the American Canoe Association will be held from Aug. 5 to 19, inclusive, at Stave Island, St. Lawrence River. The main camp will occupy favorable locations on both sides of headquarters, which will be placed on a grassy knoll at the western end of the island, and directly facing a small bay.

The ladies' camp will occupy a selected position, convenient to the general camp and headquarters.

Meals will be served by caterer Mr. D. McElveney, of Albany, at the usual rates of $1 per day.

A camp store conducted by Mr. A. B. Chaffee will be conveniently located, and camp necessities kept in stock. Orders will be taken for articles not on hand.

Mails will be distributed in camp at the secretary-treasurer's tent. Address United States mail and express matter: A. C. A. Camp, Stave Island, Clayton, N. Y., and Canadian mail and express matter: A. C. A. Camp, Stave Island, Gananoque, Ontario, Canada.

Carpenters and laborers have been engaged and lumber purchased, and tents, floors, etc., will be built for members at reasonable rates. Members will find their old tent floors, skids, etc., which were left at Grindstone Island, removed to Stave Island, where same may be obtained upon payment of storage charges. Lumber and nails will be sold to members who desire to build their own floors, etc. Members desiring floors are requested to send their order, stating size desired and in which part of the camp they wish it located, by Aug. 1, or as soon after as possible, to F. S. Thorn, chairman camp site committee, 394 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. After July 28 address A. C. A. Camp, Clayton, N. Y.

Tents, cots, camp-chairs and tables may be rented at reasonable rates by giving three days' notice to the chairman of the camp site committee, stating size of tent, etc.

Customs Regulations.—The same arrangements as have prevailed in former years have been made for canoes and dunnage coming from the United States. Duty must be paid on provisions.

Cruises.—Several short cruises will be arranged under competent guidance to some of the most beautiful spots in the Thousand Islands, and it is hoped that all members will come prepared to take part.

Signals.—The A. C. A. signal code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp. Copies of the code may be obtained from the secretary. Price 10 cents.

Water Parade and Illumination.—The officers urge all members to bring colored lanterns and flags and colored fire. The illuminated parade will take place if possible, also a review of the fleet, and a special effort will be made to illuminate the camp. Members are also requested to bring their musical instruments, songs, jokes and any odd costumes they may have.

Camp Rules.

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed each day as "officer of the day," who will have charge of the camp, and will be obeyed accordingly. He will appoint four members as pickets to assist him. The "officer of the day" and "pickets" will wear distinguishing badges.

2. An active member and four associate members will be in charge of the ladies' camp. (See ladies' camp committee.)

3. Members will register, pay their camp dues ($1) and obtain badges at secretary's tent immediately upon arrival.

4. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for the transaction of business from 10 until 11 A. M., and 1 until 2 P. M., each day, but will be immediately available at all other hours.

5. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee, and with due regard for the thoroughfares and lines. Daily before 10 o'clock tents and grounds must be put in order, all refuse, papers, etc., must be ready for removal by the camp cart. Members will be held responsible for the appearance of their tents and the surrounding grounds. Due regard to dress while at meals is requested.

6. Camp will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Guests may be invited by card, obtained of the secretary. Before 10 A. M. and after 5 P. M. no guest will be expected in camp except by invitation for occasions specially announced on bulletin board.

7. Neither guests nor members from main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or after 7 P. M. except by invitation, nor will the ladies be expected in the main camp before 10 A. M. or after 7 P. M. except by special invitation announced on bulletin board.

8. Visiting boats must land at the steamboat wharf, unless otherwise directed by officers in charge.

9. Revielle will be sounded at 7 A. M. The U. S. army bugle calls will be used.

10. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. Taps will be sounded at 11 P. M., after which quiet will be maintained in camp. Hours for meals will be noted on the bulletin board.

The observance of these few rules will greatly facilitate the officers in the discharge of their duties.

FRANK L. DUNNELL, Commodore.

A. C. A. By-laws, Sec. 2, Chap. I.: Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses; for general camp $1, and for division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the executive committee of the division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. Visitors when accompanying members may be admitted to the general camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, and to the ladies' camp on the invitation of an associate member and at the discretion of the committee governing it; provided that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay $2 each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members. But this shall not preclude the admission of any of the immediate family of a member.

Transportation Arrangements.

The Trunk Line Association, New England Passenger Association, Central Passenger Association, General Passenger and Ticket Department, the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company have granted the customary concessions, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates, which when indorsed and vised at camp will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop over) for three days (Sundays excepted) after the close of the camp, Aug. 19.

All certificates must be indorsed by the secretary-treasurer and the special agent.

The special agent of the Trunk Line Association will be at the camp to vise certificates on the following dates: Friday, Aug. 12; Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1898.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company have granted the rate of one and one-third fare, all points on their line to Clayton; this rate will not apply on their weekly steamer Hamilton, running between Hamilton and Montreal and touching only at Canadian ports.

Members arriving at Gananoque or Clayton by rail via R. W. & O., or by steamers of the Navigation Company (from Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Deseronto, Belleville, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points), will find the steamer Valeria at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule: The Valeria does not run Sundays, but the A. C. A. launch will connect with trains on those days.

Leave Gananoque 6:45 A. M., arrive at Stave Island 7:30 A. M.; leave Gananoque 2:45 P. M., arrive at Stave Island 3:30 P. M.; leave Clayton 10:15 A. M., arrive at Stave Island 11 A. M.; leave Clayton 5 P. M., arrive at Stave Island 5:40 P. M.

The rate on the steamer Valeria will be from Clayton to Stave Island and return 75 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle. From Gananoque to Stave Island and return 50 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle.

Round trip tickets from either Gananoque or Clayton will be furnished by purser of steamer Valeria.

The free carriage of canoes and duffle on the railways must be made a matter of arrangements direct with the railroad agents by the members, as it is out of the jurisdiction of the Railway Association. It is probable, however, that most of the roads will agree to carry canoes and duffle free, or as part of the member's baggage, the limit being 150lbs., and excess baggage weight paid on overweight. (The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company will carry canoes at regular tariff rates one way for round trip.) As a rule, a guarantee of twenty-five tickets (twenty-five from any one locality to Clayton or Gananoque) will entitle the holders to entire use of a free baggage car. Members of clubs or individuals should consult together and try to arrange this, allowing time for securing the use of such a car.

A baggage car will be provided by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for the accommodation of members from New York and vicinity, including New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the car will be at the Thirtieth street station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., July 30; Manhattan Station, 130th street and Hudson River, July 31 and Aug. 1; Yonkers, Aug. 2; Sing Sing, Aug. 3, arriving at Clayton Aug. 5, and return by the same route. Members from points outside of New York can ship canoes or duffle by freight, express or truck to Thirtieth street station, care Wm. E. Barlow. Mark transportation car for Clayton A. C. A. Camp. Members should advise chairman as soon as possible the number of canoes and quantity of duffle, so proper arrangements can be made.

All canoes, duffle, baggage, freight or express matters should be prepaid and plainly marked Clayton, N. Y., or Gananoque, Ont., A. C. A. Camp, Stave Island, via steamer Valeria.

Any other particulars regarding transportation will be gladly given by the undersigned, and the committee would be pleased to help clubs or members in securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to handling canoes and duffle.

The transportation committee: W. E. Barlow, chairman, 20 Ellis Place, Sing Sing, N. Y.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; Louis A. Hull, Newton, Mass.; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada.

Schedule of Races.

Races for Decked Sailing Canoes.

Event No. 1.—Record combined paddling and sailing, ½-mile alternately; 3 miles. Start under paddle. Time limit, 1½ hours.

Event No. 2.—Record paddling, ½-mile straightaway.

Event No. 3.—Record sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. The same rig and seat will be used in Events Nos. 1 and 3. The record races are prescribed by Rule No. 5 of Racing Regulations. In addition to the record prizes, a first and a second prize will be given for each race.

Event No. 4.—Trial sailing (see rule 5), 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. The contestants in trophy race are selected from this race. First and second prizes.

Event No. 5.—Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1897. First and second prizes.

Event No. 6.—Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. First and second prizes, in addition to the trophy.

Event No. 7.—Dolphin trophy sailing, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in trophy race will not compete.

Event No. 8.—One man paddling, double blade, ½-mile straightaway. First prize.

Event No. 9.—Tandem paddling, double blade, ½-mile straightaway. Two first prizes.

*Event No. 10.—Atlantic Division trophy.

*Event No. 11.—Central Division trophy.

*Event No. 12.—Northern Division trophy.

Races for Open Canoes (Under Rule No. 1).

	For one and two men.	For four men.	For War Canoes.
Maximum length	16ft.	20ft.	30ft.
Minimum beam	29½in.	29½in.	36in.
Minimum depth	10in.	12in.	17in.
Minimum weight	50lbs.	70lbs.	120lbs

One and two men canoes weighing less than 50lbs. may make up a deficiency of not more than 5lbs. by ballast. War canoe limitations do not apply to canoes built prior to Oct. 1, 1897.

Event No. 13.—Combined sailing and paddling, ½-mile alternately; 1½ miles under sail. Single blades. Open or partially decked canoes allowed. First and second prizes.

Event No. 14.—Sailing, 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open or partially decked canoes allowed. First and second prizes.

Event No. 15.—Sailing, 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours; for open canoes without side decks. First and second prizes.

In Events Nos. 14, 15 and 16 the sail area is limited to 40sq.ft. No rudder or seat projecting beyond gunwales allowed. One pair of detachable lee boards may be used. The paddle can only be used for steering except in Event No. 14 on the paddling leg. The same canoe, sail and lee boards will be used in Events Nos. 14 and 15. In Events Nos. 14 and 15 canoes may have the usual bow and stern decks of about 32in. and side decks of about 2in. wide with combing about 1½in. high. Canvas covers or other substitutes for decks will be measured as decks. As these races are provided for the sport of owners of general purpose open canoes, and are not for the purpose of developing the open canoe into a racing machine, any palpable evasion of the letter or spirit of the rules will result in the canoe being ruled out.

Event No. 16.—Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway. First and second prizes in addition to trophy. Paddle optional.

Event No. 17.—One-man paddling, single blade, ½-mile straightaway. First prize.

Event No. 18.—Two-men paddling, single blade, ½-mile straightaway. Two first prizes.

Event No. 19.—Four-men paddling (club or division), single blade, ½-mile straightaway. One first prize.

Event No. 20.—War canoes, ½-mile straightaway. First and second prizes.

Event No. 21.—Relay race (club or division), open or decked canoes (paddles optional), over sailing course. Three men from each club or division. Starters paddle to and around first buoy, and pass some article to second men, who paddle to and around second buoy, passing to third men who finish. Three first prizes.

* Sailing races held during first week of camp, provided they have not been sailed at division meets. Special conditions will be posted on the bulletin board.

Event No. 22.—One lady paddling, ¼-mile straightaway, single blades. First prize.

Event No. 23.—Two ladies paddling, ¼-mile straightaway, single blades. Two first prizes.

Event No. 24.—Hurry-scurry, paddle optional. First prize.

Event No. 25.—Upset paddling, paddle optional. First prize.

Event No. 26.—Swimming, 100yds. First and second prizes.

As many as possible of the minor events will be run off during the first week of camp, probably commencing on Wednesday, Aug. 10. These events are Nos. 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26.

Intending competitors in all races are recommended to carefully study the racing regulations as contained in the Year Book. Particular attention is directed to Rules Nos. 4, 6, 7, 9 and 13, which will be rigidly adhered to.

Five minutes before the start a signal will be given and a blue flag hoisted, and four minutes later a second signal will be given and a yellow flag hoisted, and one minute later a third signal will be given to start and an A. C. A. flag hoisted and left up.

Any canoe which crosses to the course side or the starting line prior to the third signal must return **above** the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the third signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be amenable to the sailing rules. Canoes may take any position for starting, and prior to the third signal may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). A green flag displayed signifies that buoys are to be left starboard, a red flag means to port. The regatta committee may vary the manner of starting at their discretion, but all sailing races should be started to windward when practicable.

Notice as to Punctuality.—The regatta committee and their assistants will make every effort to start races punctually on time, in justice to those members who are at the line ready. Any canoe entered may, if late, cross the line and join the race at any time after the start, but will not expect the race to await her arrival. All members will recognize the necessity of avoiding those delays, which tire out the punctual men before the race begins.

Special prizes are offered by the commodore for Events Nos. 14 and 20.

Regatta Committee: Percy F. Hogan, chairman, 243 Pearl street, New York; Raymond Apollonio, C. Howard Williams.

Camp Site Committee: F. S. Thorn, chairman, 394 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; George L. Kelley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Transportation Committee: William E. Barlow, chairman, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada.

Regatta Committee: Percy F. Hogan, chairman, 243 Pearl street, New York; Raymond Apollonio, Winchester, Mass.; C. Howard Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Literature Committee: H. H. Smythe, Atlantic Division; Frederic G. Mather, Central Division; Francis J. Burrage, Eastern Division; George A. Howell, Northern Division.

Entertainment Committee: L. W. Seavey, chairman, 593 Walton avenue, New York; J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada; E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.; Charles F. Kilhoffer, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ladies' Camp Committee: M. T. Bennett (active member), 3 Broadway, New York; Mrs. Louis S. Drake, associate for Eastern Division; Mrs. M. T. Bennett, associate for Atlantic Division; Mrs. C. W. Lansing, associate for Central Division; Miss Cartwright, associate for Northern Division.

Signal Officers: Walter J. English, Peterborough, Canada; R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.

Camp Surgeons: S. R. Upham, M. D., Claremont, N. H.; Nathan T. Beers, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Camp Photographer: A. A. Lewis, Claremont, N. H.

Bugler: Seventh Regiment, N. G., N. Y.

Atlantic Division.

Instructions to Members Attending the A. C. A. Meet at Stave Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 5 to 19.

For the convenience of members of the Atlantic Division A. C. A., a special transportation car has been arranged for and will carry canoes and duffle, free of expense, to Clayton, N. Y., and return. The car will be stationed at the Thirtieth Street Depot, New York City, of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company on Saturday, July 30; at Manhattan Station, 130th street and Hudson River, on Sunday, July 31, and Monday, Aug. 1; at Yonkers, Tuesday, Aug. 2, and Sing Sing, Wednesday, Aug. 3. Canoes and duffle may be loaded on the car at any of these points, the car remaining all day at the stations.

Mark all canoes and packages plainly with your name, care "Wm. E. Barlow, Transportation Car for Clayton, N. Y., A. C. A. Camp." Advise Mr. Barlow, Sing Sing, N. Y., as soon as possible, of the number of canoes and packages you will have, and from which point you will ship, so that proper arrangements may be made for handling and stowing same. Be sure and prepay all freight and express charges to the car.

Arrangements have been made for a special sleeping car, leaving Grand Central Station, New York City, for Clayton, Aug. 5, at 7:40 P. M. The pleasure of being amongst A. C. A. friends on this private car has always been one of the delights of going to camp, and it is hoped you will avail yourself of this privilege, at no extra expense, from the regular sleeping cars, and make early application for berth, inclosing two dollars ($2) to Mr. Henry M. Dater, 215 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y., not later than July 20, who will mail you sleeping car ticket. Purchase your regular ticket for Clayton at any New York Central & Hudson River Railroad ticket office, as stated in general circular, asking for "trunk line certificate" for A. C. A. camp, so as to obtain the concession in fare returning. Any further information will be gladly given, as to above, by writing to Mr. Dater, or the undersigned.

F. M. PINKNEY, 111 Broadway, N. Y.
Acting Vice-Commodore Atlantic Division.

NEW YORK, July 1.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

17-18-19. East Gloucester, cruise to Nahant.
23. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
23. Quincy, open, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
23. Burgess, ladies' race, Massachusetts Bay.
23. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
23. American, skiff class, Newburyport.
23. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian.
23. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 18ft. classes, Dorval.
25. Interlake Y. R. A., annual, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie.
25. Cape Cod, club, Provincetown.
27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
30. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

THE results of the Seawanhaka trial races, after five days, are very inadequate, unsatisfactory, and far from conclusive. As far as the two Crane boats are concerned, it is evident that Seawanhaka, as handled by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, is fast and a good all-round boat; but it is by no means certain how Cicada compares with her. Seawanhaka has been under way for over a month, and her crew has had time to become familiar with her. Cicada, on the other hand, has been out but a short time, and her owner and his friends had small opportunity to get her into racing shape or to become familiar with her; while they are strangers to the Oyster Bay waters. Under these circumstances it is impossible to compare her with Seawanhaka, boat for boat and rig for rig. The rigs, as noted in our report, differ considerably in proportions, and a good deal may be learned by a thorough trial of the two boats with different rigs and a change of crews from one to the other.

The question of ultimate possibilities of these two boats, both evidently fast, and of a third of Mr. Crane's design, now building at Ogdensburg, is of itself a sufficient puzzle for the race committee, but it is complicated by the performance of the Huntington boat, Akabo.

She has been sailing for some weeks, handled by the Huntingtons and her owner; she has been in several races, and presumably is in good racing form. She has shown great speed and a far better average performance than the previous Huntington boats, especially in light weather. In the first day's drift she quite held Seawanhaka to windward, under conditions in which Skate or Question would have been far astern; and she is fast in moderate as well as in very strong breezes. Theoretically she is deficient in windward work, failing to point or hold on with Seawanhaka. At the same time, after apparently crabbing off to leeward, she has managed to get out to the windward mark at about the same time as the others, sometimes a little sooner. Taking this into account, with her proved speed on a reach, and her very good performance down wind, it will take some further racing yet to prove which is the best boat to send to Canada. As to type, Akabo is more of a freak than the Crane boats, so far as that goes in these progressive days, and she is probably not quite so even in her all-round performance under a variety of conditions; but she has certain get-there qualities which demand a very careful trial before a final decision is reached.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is busy in its efforts to defend the cup for the second time, and in addition to the races already held, a new boat, designed by Mr. Duggan, was launched on July 11. So far as reports go, the new boats are at least faster than Glencairn II.; though it is doubtful whether they differ very much from that successful craft.

THE first of the present week witnessed the beginning of the work of removing the submarine mines from New York Harbor, the War Department having given discretion to the authorities in various northern ports to remove all mines, all danger of attack by Spanish vessels having passed. The regulations as to the closing of the harbor at sunset will probably be relaxed very shortly.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has taken a very wise step in requesting the opinion of yacht owners as to the advisability of an annual cruise this year, and if the attempt be made it will probably be quite as successful as anything of the kind in previous years. Com. Adams has sent out letters to owners, and if favorable replies are received arrangements will at once be made.

In our opinion there has been no ground whatever for the position taken by many yacht clubs, that the sport should be ignored entirely this season. The avowed object of all yacht clubs is to encourage yachting, and yet at a time when the sport is sorely in need of support a large number of clubs, led by some of the greatest, have deliberately abandoned both cruises and races. It is easily conceivable that in the case of a serious war the circumstances might be such as to call for the abandonment of all amusements and frivolous pursuits, as in the case of our antagonist in the present conflict; but as far as this country is concerned, there has never been a day since the Maine was blown up when the greater part of the people have been called on to depart from the ordinary pursuits and amusements of life. To judge from the result throughout the country, the consensus of opinion has been that, whatever demands the war has made upon the patriotism of the average citizen, except in the case of the comparatively small number actually engaged at the front, there has been no emergency which called for a departure from the ordinary course of life. There is in the business and social life of the country no evidence that war exists, or that matters are at all different from last year.

There are, of course, many who through anxiety over absent ones or actual bereavement have no heart for sport or amusement of any kind; but the average American, unless in actual service, is practically unaffected by the war. Just how a man displays his patriotism by foreswearing yachting and taking a trip to Europe or staying ashore to play golf and shoot pigeons is a matter that passes our comprehension, and yet that is what it actually amounts to; as yachting is the only sport which has been openly tabooed by its devotees on account of the war.

The condition of yachting at the present time, as for several years past, is such as to call for serious consideration on the part of all American yachtsmen. To mention only one detail, while the building and racing of yachts of large size goes on regularly every year in Great Britain, with a corresponding advance, on this side it has ceased entirely; there is no attempt at improvement in design and construction, the old racing crews have been broken up, and nothing is being done to keep up the supply of skilled skippers and seamen. In the event of an international race, which must come sooner or later in some way, America cannot fail to be placed at a serious disadvantage in the important matters of design, construction and above all in handling. The present season has been entirely wasted, and with results that are likely to be apparent next year.

The example of some of the large clubs in deliberately abandoning all their fixtures in advance has been followed in a little different way by many smaller clubs, which have accepted their dates, announced races, and then, with no warning to outside yachtsmen, made no preparation for a race, but let the whole thing go by default. Such unsportsmanlike conduct not only hurts a club, but hurts the sport at large.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Trial Races and Annual Corinthian Race.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.

July 11 to 15.

EVEN with yacht racing in a prosperous condition, the middle of July is the dullest part of the season, marking the interval between the early summer racing and the New York Y. C. cruise. This year, however, a fairly busy week was promised at Oyster Bay through the programme of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., including several days of interesting trial races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup; the annual race, for which quite a good entry list was ready; and a special race on Saturday for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup, this year offered in the 25ft. class, including the one-design knockabouts; a dance at the club house was also announced for Saturday evening. A series of unfortunate events marred this programme; the first trial on Monday failed for lack of wind; on Tuesday a very good race was sailed, but the gale of Wednesday prevented a trial race, and also kept away yachts which were expected for Thursday's race, reducing the starters on that day. On Friday, with a fine breeze, one of the contestants was crippled through the accidental burning of her mainsail, stopping the trial races before a thoroughly satisfactory test had been made; and on the same afternoon one of the old members of the club, James A. Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, died suddenly of apoplexy on the train while on his way home from New York. Mr. Roosevelt, who was seventy-four years of age, was the father of the late Alfred Roosevelt, who was killed in boarding a railway train in 1891, and in whose memory the Roosevelt memorial cup was established. The tragic event naturally led to the abandonment of Saturday's programme.

The conditions of the cup and trial races are practically the same as in previous years, with one important exception, that the crew allowance has been increased by one, the boats still being measured with 450lbs. of dead weight on board, but being allowed a crew of four provided the weight of crew does not exceed 600lbs. This gives an opportunity to carry an extra hand for the light sails, and also removes the inducement to select very heavy men. A slight change has been made in the method of measuring the head triangle, and in the trial races the method originated by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. last year, of sailing the races in several heats of one round each, with a short interval between, has been adopted. The courses were laid off, as usual, from the Center Island Buoy, two miles to windward or leeward, or a triangle of two-mile sides.

The number of competitors was smaller this year than ever before, practically but three boats. In the first trial races, 1895, with the 15ft. class, there were seven starters; in 1896 the same class showed twenty-eight starters; and in 1897 the 20ft. class brought out seven boats.

This year Mr. Clinton H. Crane has designed three boats, most of the work being done as a part of his studies at the School of Naval Architecture at Glasgow University. One of these is for a syndicate made up in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.; one is for Mr. H. L. Eno, and one, not yet completed, is for Mr. Crane. All were built and rigged by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. at Ogdensburg, and canvased by Wilson & Silsby, Boston.

The two which have been at Oyster Bay for the past month, Seawanhaka and Cicada, are very similar in model, the latter being the wider by about 6in. They differ from Momo in several important details. The general form of the hull is the same, as well as the dimensions, except that the bow is not snubbed in short, but is carried out as in Glencairn II.; at the same time the freeboard is some 2in. greater than in Momo.

The crown of deck has been increased considerably, the bathtub cockpit has been abandoned in favor of an open well of large size, without bulkheads, and the solid plate centerboards have been discarded for much heavier ones of composite construction, filled with lead.

The construction of the hulls is radically different from that of Momo, every effort being made to save weight. The planking is of white cedar in place of mahogany, reduced in thickness. Seawanhaka is planked with hollow-and-round strips, edge-nailed, as in Shark last year, and Cicada is of the rib-and-batten construction of the old Rice Lake canoes, light bent ribs, with thin strips nailed over each seam between them. The decks are of thin white cedar laid in-and-out instead of flush. The workmanship on hulls, spars, rigging and centerboards is excellent, the spars of course being hollow. The interiors of the hulls are trussed and strapped in every direction. Seawanhaka is painted white and Cicada is varnished all over. Neither has a bowsprit, and the sail plans are high and narrow, as in Momo. Both use the Y tiller of last year, and narrow, deep rudders, but the latter have more breadth below than in Momo and Al Anka.

Akabo, the new Huntington boat, is quite a departure from last year's Skate and Keneu. Her deck plan is almost a parallelogram, the point of the bow being cut off square and finished with a transom just like the stern. The sheer is reversed, the ends being slightly lower than the middle at the sides, in addition to quite a crown to the deck. There is the usual small oval opening in the deck. The bottom is perfectly flat in the middle, but the bilge is round and not square, as in Question and the early Huntington boats. The hull is carvel built, with a canvased deck. A short bowsprit is used, and the rig is lower than on the Crane boats. The centerboard is a plain sliding plate of metal—a fin with no bulb. The hull is painted a light tint.

There was another new boat in the first trial: Gold Bug, designed and built by Thomas Clapham. She is a peculiar craft, with double bottom and straight sides, a bow very much cut away immediately over the water, an ordinary wooden centerboard and a second centerboard dropping through her rudder. Her mast is made of two flat pieces trussed together. Asthore, a fin-keel, designed and built by Chas. Olmstead for the class last year, now owned by F. B. Jones, also started on two days.

First Day, Monday, July 11.

After a hot Sunday, Monday was clear and bright; cooler, but with no wind. The fleet went out about noon, and after a wait for a breeze it was determined to make a start. The wind, very light indeed, was from the south, so a mark was set two miles north of the Center Island Buoy, well out in the Sound, the start being thus to windward. The preparatory signal was given at 2:50 and the start at 2:55, all crossing on port tack, Akabo, followed by Seawanhaka, Cicada, Asthore and Gold Bug. Akabo made a good start and followed it by opening out clear of Seawanhaka. It was but little better than drifting, and the only point worth noting was that Akabo was doing the best work of the fleet under conditions in which the older Huntington boats showed at their worst. As they slowly neared the shore, the leaders caught a little more wind for a time, Akabo and Seawanhaka kept together and left Asthore, Cicada and Gold Bug a long way astern. At 3:45 there was no wind to speak of; Seawanhaka was close aboard Akabo, but the two were almost drifting. At 4 o'clock they were side by side, and a few minutes later they set spinakers to port to catch a light westerly air. They jibed over, drifted for a time, and Akabo lowered her jib, as it was evident that the race could not be finished within the time limit of 1 hour and 40 minutes.

During the day a new and handsome steam launch was running about, following the boats closely. She was the Squid, a Herreshoff boat, with N. G. Herreshoff on board, on a cruise through the Sound. After the race was stopped she ran out and took Cicada and Asthore in tow, and the launches looked after the other two; Gold Bug was towed in by a catboat, her consort.

Second Day, Tuesday, July 12.

Tuesday morning brought a complete change of weather, a hard N.E. wind and rough sea. Gold Bug did not attempt to start, her crew of two sailing on Asthore. Akabo was hauled out at Oyster Bay on Monday night, and the low tide and heavy wind delayed the launching, so she was late at the line. The weather mark was set just off Lloyd's Neck, as close inshore as possible, the wind being N.N.E.

First Round.

When the preparatory signal was given at 12:30 only three boats were in sight—Seawanhaka, Cicada and Asthore—all with three reefs in and storm jibs. Asthore made a very good start, followed by Cicada, but Seawanhaka failed to cross, a lashing between the block and the ring on her main traveler having parted just before the whistle. The others were recalled and Seawanhaka started to make repairs. At 12:50 a new start was made, Akabo being then near the line. Cicada and Asthore crossed together, on starboard tack, but Seawanhaka started inshore on port tack. Akabo did not start until hailed from the committee boat, being 2m. 43s. late. she luffed around the outer mark and started after Seawanhaka, carrying two reefs and a storm jib. She sailed very fast and pointed high, soon working into second place. Asthore and Cicada soon tacked after the others, and all stood well up the harbor mouth and then worked the shore along Lloyd's Neck, there being a strong flood tide. Akabo overtook Seawanhaka from the start, and they came for the mark close together, the handicap of 2m. 43s. having been cut down to a lead of but 17s. They tacked around the mark and started in with a heavy following sea. Asthore did very good work and was third boat, Cicada being a long way astern.

As soon as they were off the wind the leaders started to set spinakers, but it was some minutes before they were drawing. Just after rounding, Akabo ran down on a sea and stuck the starboard corner of her bow into a wave, burying her fore deck. Seawanhaka finally set her big spinaker and picked up in speed. Akabo had a smaller one, and not so well set, while Cicada set a balloon jib. Seawanhaka made a gain of 38s. on Akabo in the two-mile run. The times are given in the table below.

Second Round.

There was less wind and sea when the second round was started at 2:20. Akabo was first over, with Seawanhaka on her weather quarter, followed by Asthore. Cicada crossed alone at the inshore end of the line. Asthore held offshore, but the others started in as before for the bluffs. Five minutes after the start Seawanhaka started to shake out her third reef, the maneuver being very skillfully done, as it took little time and the

boat was kept going. Akabo followed with her second reef, but lost so much time that she dropped from first to fourth place, and in fact did poor work for a long time after the reef was out. They followed the same course as on the first round, Cicada doing much better. Seawanhaka and Akabo were but 15s. apart at the mark. Off the wind Akabo picked up and ran by Seawanhaka, while both were busy with spinakers, but Seawanhaka set her big sail and soon ran ahead again. Akabo was slow with her spinaker, and after it was set she had trouble with it. Seawanhaka gained 47s. on the run.

Third Round.

They started for the third time at 3:30, Seawanhaka first over, then Cicada and Akabo, Asthore having withdrawn. Seawanhaka had a good start on port tack at the outer end of line, but Akabo, as she came for the line, met Cicada on starboard tack and was forced about. They stood in toward the bluffs, and when they tacked 10m. later Akabo was well to windward. Seawanhaka shook out her second reef and Cicada followed. Akabo continued to gain until she had a lead of 1m. 39s. at the mark, while Cicada was but a little astern of Seawanhaka. On the way hme Cicada shook ut her last reef, but the others carried theirs tied in to the finish. Akabo tore a big hole in her spinaker, but the sail held to the line. As before, she lost about a half-minute to Seawanhaka. The full times of the three rounds were:

Tuesday, July 12, First Race.

First round, preparatory, 12:45; start, 12:50:

	1st Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seawanhaka	1 30 53	1 46 20	0 56 20
Cicada	1 36 10	1 53 20	1 03 20
Asthore	1 32 28	1 52 45	1 02 45
Akabo	1 31 10	1 47 15	0 57 15
		Beat.	Run.
Akabo gained and lost on Seawanhaka		+0 02 04	—0 00 38

Second round, preparatory, 2:10; start, 2:15:

	1st Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seawanhaka	2 53 30	3 08 36	0 53 36
Cicada	2 54 50	3 11 39	0 56 39
Asthore	2 57 40	3 16 02	1 01 02
Akabo	2 53 45	3 09 38	0 54 38
		Beat.	Run.
Akabo gained and lost on Seawanhaka		—0 00 06	—0 00 47

Tird round, preparatory, 3:17; start 3:22:

	1st Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seawanhaka	3 56 22	4 11 24	0 49 24
Cicada	3 56 41	4 12 40	0 50 40
Akabo	3 55 20	4 10 56	0 48 56
Asthore	Did not start.		
		Beat.	Run.
Akabo gained and lost on Seawanhaka		+0 01 39	—0 00 34

Akabo beat Seawanhaka 1m. 28s., allowing for difference over line at start.

The Squid followed the racers all day, starting East immediately after the finish. The deck of Seawanhaka is very light and not canvased. In previous sailing a plank on each side near the gunwale was split, and in the rough water the hole in the lee deck poured in a steady stream during the windward work, so that in spite of such pumping as could be done off the wind she had a good deal of water aboard before the finish of each round.

Wednesday morning broke with a hard N.E. blow, a heavy gale that did serious damage to yachts, piers and waterside constructions generally along the Sound and New Jersey coasts. The sea and wind were so bad at Oyster Bay that no attempt at a race was made, all hands staying ashore and blessing the man who started the club's new library.

Twenty-eighth Annual Race, Thursday, July 14.

The club's annual race has been postponed twice this year; the first date, June 25, being exchanged for June 29 in order to leave time for the knockabout race to New London. The sudden death of Vice-Com. Cruger made another postponement necessary, and July 14 was selected. A fairly good entry list was made for that date, but the storm of Wednesday, with a very light breeze on Thursday morning, kept away some of the entries.

The race was open to the 60ft., 51ft. 43ft., 36ft., 30ft., 25ft., 20ft., and 15ft. cutter and sloop classes, the open and cabin cat classes, the special 30ft. class, and the club knockabout class. The starting line was outside the lighthouse, two triangles of three and two-mile sides being laid off, the former for the 36ft. and larger classes, two rounds, making 18 miles; the latter, 12 miles, for all under 36ft.

There was a clear sunrise and a light southerly breeze on Thursday morning, the wind increasing by noon. At about 10 o'clock the schoolship St. Marys, which has laid at anchor off the club house for a month, refitting, set her blue peter, shook out her topsails and got under way. She stood up the Sound for a few miles, setting sail, then turned and started east on her long summer cruise to Greenland. With everything set, she made a fine picture as she passed the yachts.

At the line were Syce, Norota, Albicore and Anoatok, all in different classes and with no competitors, the largest starters being the 30ft. cats. The starters were:

30ft. class sloops: Daisy, R. M. Hyde, Jr.

25ft. class sloops: Mariposa, Herbert McCord.

20ft. class sloops: Seawanhaka, syndicate; Cicada, H. L. Eno; Asthore, F. B. Jones; Akabo, Clark Miller.

Knockabout class: Dacoit, H. L. Maxwell; Gloria, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.; Nakodo, J. T. Sherman; Taifu, Geo. Bullock; Tosto, Lloyd M. Scott; Midge, F. W. Boyer.

30ft. class: Dosoris, T. B. Vail; Dot, C. T. Pierce; Wanda, F. T. Bedford, Jr.

20ft. class, open cats: Minnetonka, A. Bryan Alley; Gosbird, R. Nevins.

The first leg was a reach, with booms to starboard, jibing at the first mark for another reach, followed by a beat in to the line. The preparatory was given at 1 o'clock, but the first class to cross was the 30ft. cat, with Wanda in the lead. Five minutes later Mariposa crossed, followed by the 20-footers Asthore, Seawanhaka, Akabo and Cicada. The boats ran off at a good speed, with smooth water and plenty of wind, the 20-footers overtaking the large cats. No times were taken at the first mark, but the second was timed:

First round, second mark:

Seawanhaka	2 18 28	Minnetonka	2 30 40
Dot	2 16 47	Gloria	2 31 55
Wanda	2 18 49	Nakodo	2 32 25
Dosoris	2 19 09	Dacoit	2 32 40
Akabo	2 19 36	Taifu	2 33 00
Daisy	2 19 36	Tosto	2 33 31
Cicada	2 19 50	Midge	2 34 27
Mariposa	2 24 45	Gosbird	2 43 30
Asthore	2 25 16		

They headed inshore on starboard tack, Seawanhaka well out to windward all the time, pointing high and footing fast. Akabo was looking quite another way, failing to point with the Crane boats, but her skipper made no attempt to pinch, and she slid through the water at a wonderful pace. Seawanhaka was bothered for a time by Wanda, but the cat made a short tack and got clear of the little 20-footer. Akabo was first to tack, under the Lloyd's Neck shore, going along the shore on port tack. The breeze was lighter in here than out at the line and over the first leg, though enough for whole sail; on this windward leg Akabo was not doing as well as in the very light air of Monday and the strong breeze of Tuesday. In spite of her very fast reaching, Akabo lost 1m. 57s. to Seawanhaka and 27s. to Cicada on this two-mile beat. As they neared the line they ran into more wind, and there was a threat of a squall to windward. The first round was timed:

First round—end:

Dot	2 54 10	Dacoit	3 11 52
Wanda	2 54 15	Gloria	3 13 32
Seawanhaka	2 56 00	Nakodo	3 14 51
Cicada	2 58 52	Tosto	3 15 02
Akabo	2 59 05	Midge	3 15 51
Mariposa	3 01 57	Taifu	3 17 42
Daisy	3 09 50	Minnetonka	Not timed.
Asthore	3 10 00	Gosbird	Not timed.

They found a fresh breeze as they reached out for first mark again, and as Dosoris withdrew at the end of the round Dot turned in a couple of reefs, Wanda following her, the knockabouts also tied in a single reef each. They were not timed at the first mark, but Seawanhaka was still in the lead; just after turning it, however, she tied in one reef. Running free, Akabo took one of her dives, heading for the moment somewhere in the direction of the Philippines. She was traveling very fast, however, and made up almost two minutes on Seawanhaka. The only times taken at the second mark were:

Second round, second mark:

Seawanhaka	3 28 24	Wanda	3 32 33
Akabo	3 29 33	Dot	3 34 10
Cicada	3 30 07	Mariposa	3 39 48

Others not timed.

On the last windward leg Akabo did much better, but still relied on her reaching and not on her pointing, it was an even thing as to the winner at the last, but Seawanhaka managed to cross Akabo's bows very near the line. The latter took a knockdown and sailed for some distance just on her edge, with rudder and centerboard out of water, and eight legs waving wildly in the air to windward, there seemed no possibility of righting her as she hung for a time, but she finally came out bottom side down, crossing the line but 16 seconds astern of Seawanhaka, and nearly 4 minutes ahead of Cicada. The final times for the fleet were:

30ft. Class Sloops—Start 1:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Daisy	3 09 50	1 29 50

25ft. Class Sloops—Start 1:45.

Mariposa	4 13 56	2 28 56

20ft. Class Sloops—Start 1:45.

Seawanhaka	4 02 39	2 17 39
Akabo	4 02 55	2 17 55
Cicada	4 06 40	2 21 40
Asthore	4 25 37	2 40 37

Knockabout Class—Start 1:50.

Dacoit	4 30 12	2 40 12
Gloria	4 34 10	2 44 10
Nakodo	4 34 36	2 44 36
Midge	4 34 55	2 44 55
Tosto	4 36 41	2 46 41
Taifu	4 37 55	2 47 55

30ft. Class Cabin Cats—Start 1:40.

Wanda	4 08 12	2 28 12
Dot	4 16 50	2 36 50
Dosoris II.	Withdrew.	

20ft. Class Open Cats—Start 1:45.

Minnetonka	4 55 26	3 10 26
Gosbird	5 28 40	3 43 40

After the race Dot entered a protest on the ground that she was not notified that Wanda had been moved up to her class, and that she only reefed because she saw that her class opponent, Dosoris II., had withdrawn.

Friday, July 15—Second Trial Race.

Friday was an ideal day for a trial, a fresh N.W. wind, with a light lop outside on the Sound, clear sky and warm sun. There was a good breeze from sunrise through the morning, and the race was called for noon. During the whole morning the crews of Seawanhaka and Cicada were busy in shifting the rigs from one boat to the other; Seawanhaka had a lighter and narrower rig than Cicada by about 2ft. in each dimension, and it was desired to try the effect of the different rig on each boat.

It was not until 1:45 that the preparatory signal was given, Akabo being out at the line with her second mainsail bent. The course was a triangle of 1 1-3 mile sides, starting from Center Island buoy, one mark being off Lloyd's Neck. The wind was N.W., and as the boats were sent to the outer buoy first, they had a reach, a run and a close reach over the last leg. Seawanhaka went over the line shortly after the run, at 1:50, with Cicada close on her weather quarter, and Akabo a little astern. They all traveled fast, but at the end of half a mile Akabo was ahead, while Cicada about held Seawanhaka. They were timed as they jibed at the first mark:

		Elapsed.
Akabo	2 00 02	0 10 02
Seawanhaka	2 00 43	0 10 43
Cicada	2 00 56	0 10 56

All handled their spinakers promptly and quickly, and they ran off easily before a good breeze, Cicada having the best of the run. The times were:

		Elapsed.
Cicada	2 14 48	0 13 52
Seawanhaka	2 14 57	0 14 14
Akabo	2 15 00	0 14 58

They luffed by the mark and trimmed for a close reach across the harbor mouth, Seawanhaka to windward, Cicada next, and Akabo reaching along in the lee. Akabo's speed on this leg was not up to her showing at other times during the trials; while Seawanhaka weathered the committee boat, Akabo had to tack for it, and at the same time she was well astern of the other two:

		Elapsed.	
	Finish.	Leg.	Course.
Seawanhaka	2 30 49	0 15 52	0 40 49
Cicada	2 31 21	0 16 33	0 41 21
Akabo	2 31 55	0 16 55	0 41 55

Cicada had shown better than in any previous race, both on and off the wind.

The next round was started at 2:55, being sailed in the opposite direction so as to get a true windward leg. Seawanhaka was first over, setting her spinaker to port, though the wind was not enough aft to warrant such a move. Cicada followed her very closely, setting balloon jib, as did Akabo. The latter, to leeward, soon ran ahead, but was passed in turn by Cicada, Seawanhaka losing time in bothering with her spinaker and finally taking it in. They were timed at the lee mark:

		Elapsed.
Cicada	3 06 52	0 11 52
Akabo	3 07 08	0 12 08
Seawanhaka	3 07 38	0 12 38

Cicada and Seawanhaka each stood by the mark before tacking, but Akabo turned short and was quickly off to leeward of the pair. There was a fresh, true breeze, with a light lop, and everything was favorable for a fair trial to windward. Akabo reached ahead very fast, but Seawanhaka was all the time working out to windward of her, with Cicada between the two. After nearly ten minutes on this first leg, Akabo went on port tack, but only crossed close under Cicada's stern, Seawanhaka being at the time perhaps 50yds. clear to windward of Cicada. Just after Akabo crossed Cicada's wake, Seawanhaka lowered her mainsail and gave up, the forward strut on her mast having broken. Her position at the time of withdrawal is somewhat important, from the fact that it has been generally reported that Akabo had already passed her. At the time when Akabo tacked Seawanhaka was fully as far to windward of Cicada, and well abeam, as Cicada was to windward of Akabo, though the latter was ahead of both the others. As Akabo only succeeded in crossing Cicada's wake, it was not possible for her to have been ahead of Seawanhaka at any time immediately preceding. More wind and sea were met as the two survivors worked out and Akabo did better work all the time, she was soon clearly to windward of Cicada. Both crews were hiking in the fresh puffs, with all the sail they wanted. At the weather mark Akabo showed a good lead, the times being:

		Elapsed.
Akabo	3 35 50	0 28 42
Cicada	3 36 34	0 29 42

Akabo started sheet and was off quickly for the line on an easy reach; Cicada stopped to set a spinaker which, with the course and the strength of the breeze, did more harm than good. The finish was timed:

		Elapsed.	
	Finish.	Leg.	Course.
Akabo	3 44 28	0 08 38	0 49 28
Cicada	3 46 14	0 09 40	0 51 14

Akabo wins by 1m. 46s.

The disabling of Seawanhaka spoiled a most interesting race under the circumstances, as the chances between her and Akabo were very even. She had a good weather berth and was doing well when she withdrew; on the other hand, the conditions were more and more to Akabo's liking as they went out toward the mark. They would have turned very close together, and Akabo would probably have shown a safe gain on the last reach.

After returning to the club house the committee announced that another race would be sailed next day; but Mr. Miller declined to sail again with the cotton mainsail, and asked for a postponement until the middle of the week, by which time a new silk sail could be had from Boston. This would have necessitated keeping the crews of the Crane boats together for the following week, a very difficult matter, and the committee decided to order a race for Saturday in any event. The news of the sudden death of Mr. Roosevelt reached the club house shortly after this decision had been reached, and the postponement of all of Saturday's events was immediately announced. The trial races will be resumed on Wednesday, July 20, continuing until a conclusive test has been made.

Canarsie Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Canarsie—Jamaica Bay.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 9 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

Class 1—Sloops.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cornelia	2 55 22	5 23 46	2 28 24	2 28 24
Plover	2 55 35	5 42 17	2 46 42	2 35 42
Class 2—Cabin Cats.				
Spray	2 53 00	5 34 06	2 46 06	2 41 06
Kate	2 55 00	Did not finish.		
Class 3—Open Cats.				
Comet	2 57 40	5 28 10	2 30 30	2 30 30
Selfish	3 02 01	5 22 21	2 20 20	2 20 18
Mildred	2 59 45	5 26 10	2 26 25	2 24 45
Myrtle	2 59 45	5 26 10	2 26 25	2 24 45
Tam o' Shanter	2 59 32	5 16 40	2 17 08	2 15 11
Class 4—Open Cats.				
Meteor	2 59 08	5 43 10	2 44 08	2 44 08
Ideal	3 00 06	5 31 58	2 31 52	2 31 12
Lochinvar	3 01 05	5 32 30	2 31 25	2 29 29
Bill Nye	3 02 20	Did not finish.		

The winners were Cornelia, Spray, Tam o' Shanter and Lochinvar.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day.

College Point—Lond Island Sound.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed its first ladies' day race on July 9 in a light S.W. wind, the weather clearing before the race after a rain in the morning. The times were:

Schooners.

	Start.	Finish.
Gaetina, A. E. Williamson	4 10 00	6 22 50
Sloops—43ft. Class.		
Nautilus, J. J. McCuen	4 10 00	5 54 40
Yawl.		
Vim, J. J.Honey	4 10 00	6 22 40
Cabin Cats—30ft. Class.		
Leisure, T. B. Myrick	4 15 00	6 01 46
Dolphin, G. H. Mount Rose	Did not finish.	
24ft. Class.		
Thisbe II., W. D. Reid	4 15 00	6 00 00
Paula, D. Sholtich	Did not finish.	
Open Catboats—25ft. Class.		
Gladys, C. W. Schlessinger	4 15 00	5 29 00

Winthrop Y. C. Carnival.

Winthrop—Boston Harbor.

July 7, 8, 9.

THE Winthrop Y. C. carried out very successfully a series of three races on July 7, 8, 9, to the enjoyment of many spectators in addition to the participants. The first day was devoted to a sham battle of Manila and to general sports, in addition to the yacht race. The latter was started at 3 P. M. in an easterly breeze that called for a single reef for a time. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 18 06
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 22 24
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 23 50
Tantram, F. Coleman	1 30 26
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 32 24

21ft. Class.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 17 57
Tacoma, Elmer Pryor	1 18 31

21ft. Cabin Class.

Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 15 56
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 16 24
Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 17 24

18ft. Class.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 18 58
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 19 49
Boboling, L. B. Goodspeed	1 23 20
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	1 40 16
Sphinx, A. Keith	1 42 12

15ft. Class.

Witesse, E. H. Clapp	0 48 17
Katydid, J. F. Small	0 49 25
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	0 53 13
Ray, S. A. Freeman	Withdrew.

Prize winners.—First prizes, Eleanor, $12; Cleopatra, $10; Harriet, $10; Alpine, $10; Vitesse, $8. Second prizes, Hermes, $8; Privateer, $7; Vamoose, $7; Katydid, $5. Third prizes, Little Peter, $5; Bobolink, $5.

In the battle of Manila the American and Spanish fleets were represented by boats, with the Cavite Fort. A spirited contest of half an hour, during which plenty of powder was burned, resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Owing to delay at the start, the tide fell and interfered with the battle, but the spectators enjoyed it all. Swimming and other races took place during the afternoon, resulting as follows:

Half-mile tandem canoe paddling race, single paddles (two starters).—Won by Wawbewawa team, Heele and May. No time.

Greased pole contest (eight starters).—Won by W. T. Harrison, Braintree.

Local swimming race (five starters).—Won by J. E. McNamara; A. M. Peabody, second.

Open swimming race, 100yds. (five starters).—Won by D. H. Holm; R. J. McCormick, second. Time, 1:37 3-5.

Tug of war, singles, one-minute heats.—First heat won by Howard Gerrish, disqualified; second heat won by Philip Fox.

On Friday there was again a good breeze, and a fine race resulted, the times being:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 22 02
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 23 55
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 25 01
Nettie, W. Burgess	1 29 36
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 29 54
Tantrum, F. Coleman	1 34 47

21ft. Class.

Recruit, F. C. Rice	1 12 31
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	1 22 09
Elsa, H. M. Crane	1 32 23
Yahoo, K. Horton	Withdrew.

Cabin 21ft. Class.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 12 40
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 17 18
Omeme, W. P. Barker	Disabled.

18ft. Class.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 24 44
Vamoose, R. M. Brenner	1 26 45
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 30 10
Woodbine, F. T. Wood	1 38 22
Zoe, J. McCarthy	Withdrew.
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Katydid, J. F. Small et al	0 46 55
Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	0 47 44
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	0 50 01
Ray, S. A. Freeman	0 51 08
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln	0 55 17

The winners were: First prizes, Eleanor, $12; Recruit, $10; Privateer, $10; Alpine, $10, and Katydid, $8. Second prizes, Hermes, $8; Tacoma, $5; Harriet, $7 (subject to protest); Vamoose, $7, and Vitesse, $5. Third prizes, Little Peter, $5, and Bobolink, $5.

Recruit is the new Purdon boat for the Quincy cup defender. Harriet and Omeme were in collision at the line, the latter withdrawing and each entering a protest. The miscellaneous water sports resulted as follows:

Open swimming match, 75yds.—First heat, starters: H. D. Holm, T. J. Driscoll, R. J. McCormack, G. R. Ainsworth, P. Fox; won by Holm, Fox second; time, 1m. 5¾s. Second heat, starters: W. T. Harrison, A. S. Potter, W. W. Holm, S. F. Strickland; won by W. W. Holm, Potter second; time, 1m. 5s. Final heat, starters: H. D. Holm, P. Fox, A. S. Potter, W. W. Holm; won by H. D. Holm, W. W. Holm second; time, 1m. 3 3-5s.

Local swimmers, 75yds.—Entries, H. Poole, J. E. McNamara, L. G. Wadsworth, F. H. Richardson, Robert Sample, F. J. Hibbard, W. E. Laman, J. J. Miller, A. M. Peabody. Won by J. E. McNamara, 1m. 6 3-5s.; F. J. Hibbard second, A. M. Peabody third.

Blindfold rowing race, quarter-mile, with turn.—Entries, H. O. Walker, Charles Gerrish, Charles Martin, Walter Bliss, J. R. McCormack, Philip Fox, George R. Ainsworth. Won by Charles Gerrish, Philip Fox second, George Ainsworth third.

Rowing race, mile, with turn.—Entries, Walter Bliss, Howard Gerrish, Gardner Freeman, Charles Gerrish, Clarence Martin, Philip Fox, George Ainsworth. Won by Clarence Martin; time, 9m. 11s.; Walter Bliss second.

Tandem tug of war.—First heat, C. E. Fox and Philip Fox vs. Walter Bliss and Clarence Martin; won by Bliss and Martin. Second heat, S. T. Strickland and G. R. Ainsworth vs. Gerrish brothers; won by Gerrish brothers. Final, Bliss and Martin won by 3ft.

Hurry-scurry race.—Starters, Harry B. Demmick, Philip Fox, H. D. Holm, W. M. Holm, G. R. Ainsworth, J. B. May, G. R. Heckle. Fox won, Demmick second.

Saturday was as good as its predecessors, clear and warm, with a fresh breeze, some boats reefing. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 17 57
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 19 43
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 21 46
Nettie, W. Burgess	1 27 15
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 30 02

21ft. Class.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 19 47
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	1 21 02

18ft. Class.

Duchess, C. D. Mower	1 14 46
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 24 59
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 26 06
Alpine, B. J. Blethen	Disabled.
Sphinx, A. Keith	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Katydid, J. F. Small et al	0 47 27
Ray, S. A. Freeman	0 53 12
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln	0 56 45
Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	Disabled.

The prize winners were: First prizes, Eleanor, $12; Cleopatra, $10; Duchess, $10; Katydid, $8. Second prizes, Hermes, $8; Vamoose, $7; Ray, $5. Third prize, Little Peter, $5.

The judges for the three days were: Ex-Com. J. Stearns Cushing, A. T. Bliss, Col. Fred W. Wellington, Ex-Com. Albert W. Torrey, Charles G. Bird, Lieut. John E. Cotter, Capt. William Daly, Howard Gould, Capt. Thomas J. Olys, Harry Hutchinson, W. A. McKenney, Dr. F. H. Osgood. James Bertram was official measurer.

The battle of Manila was successfully repeated after the finish of the water sports, and a hop was given in the evening. The carnival was in every way a success.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Riverside—Lond Island Sound.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 9, in spite of bad weather, a drizzling rain and a calm, making things very unpleasant in the morning. The start was postponed until 2 P. M., when the sky cleared and a moderate S.W. wind came in, making a good race. The times were:

Cabin Sloops—43ft. Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hussar, J. D. Baird	43.00	2 13 04	2 13 04

Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class.

Acushla, C. T. Wills	34.06	2 19 33	2 17 18
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	34.15	2 19 00	2 16 54
Vorant II., George G. Tyson	34.00	2 27 05	2 24 44

Open Sloops—20ft. Class.

Asthore, F. B. Jones	20.00	2 07 10	2 07 10

Open Sloops—15ft. Class.

Mermaid, G. N. Stanton	15.00	Did not finish.

Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class.

Wanda, F. T. Bedford	25.00	1 56 55	1 56 55

Open Catboats—25ft. Class.

Brant, J. C. Varian	21.20	2 24 00	2 21 44
Sirene, R. Outwater	25.00	2 16 09	2 16 09

Open Catboats—20ft. Class.

Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.87	2 26 19	2 26 19
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	17.90	2 42 37	2 38 14

Open Catboats—15ft. Class.

Lobster, F. J. S. Flint	15.00	Did not finish.

Knockabouts—21ft. Class.

Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	2 03 29	2 03 29
Mariposa, Herbert McCord	21.00	2 07 57	2 07 57
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	21.00	2 08 25	2 08 25

The winners were Hussar, Anoatok, Asthore, Wanda, Sirene, Minnetonka and Mongoose.

Corinthian Y. C. 119th Race.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, July 16.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a very good race on July 16 in a moderate N.W. wind, the times being:

30ft. Class—12 miles—Start 2:35.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	2 50 43	.. .. ..

25ft. Class—Start 2:35.

Nettie, Walter Burgess	2 32 22	.. .. ..

Class A—Handicap—21 to 35ft.—Start 2:55.

Dragon, C. M. Barker	2 39 05	2 39 05
Lillian, F. E. Whitney	2 53 10	2 49 10
Indra, H. Sharples	2 53 20	2 48 20
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	2 49 30	2 49 30
Vagrant	3 15 08	3 08 48

Special 21ft. Knockabouts—Start 2:45.

Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	.. ..	2 27 12
Susanne, F. Brewster	.. ..	2 28 24
Tunipoo, J. C. Brewer	.. ..	2 30 05
Hazard, H. M. Sears	.. ..	2 31 13
Chinook, C. F. Adams	.. ..	2 31 36
Sintram, W. P. Towle	.. ..	2 31 50
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lathrop	.. ..	2 31 58
Mongoose II., A. D. Irving	.. ..	2 33 06
Sally III., C. F. Lyman	.. ..	2 33 32
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	.. ..	2 35 36
Sparkle, I. B. Mills	Withdrew.	
Dafilee, W. D. Turner	.. ..	2 36 45

25ft. Knockabouts—Start 2:50.

Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	.. ..	2 30 58
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	.. ..	2 33 05
Wanaisa, S. W. Boyson	.. ..	2 43 20

Class B—Handicap—21ft. Knockabouts—Start 3:00.

Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 37 48	1 34 48
Carma, J. P. Clarke	1 37 53	1 36 53
Polly, Eliot Wadsworth	1 38 05	1 37 05
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	1 38 36	1 38 36
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	1 42 40	1 41 40
Aspenet, H. A. Morse	1 44 00	1 42 00
Arbuka, F. P. Bowden	1 48 10	1 46 10

21ft. Class—Start 2:40.

Koorali, R. Robbins	1 34 17	1 34 17
Katydid, J. F. Small	Withdrew.	

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., July 9.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held its Fourth of July celebration on Saturday, July 2. A heavy squall came up during the race. Results as follows:

First Class.

Albatross	1 48 37	Joker	1 58 40
Britannia	1 53 00	Penguin	Did not finish.

Winner, Albatross.

Second Class.

Swallow	2 04 03	Gypsy	Did not finish.

Com., H. E. Sewall, Sewall's Point, Fla.; Sec'y, P. M. Aston, Waveland, Fla.

The 30-footers at Newport.

ON July 9 a race was sailed in a light to moderate breeze over a triangular course, to Jamestown and Bishop's Rock, two rounds making twenty miles. The times were, start, 2:53:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 11 10	2 18 10
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 11 30	2 18 30
Carolina, P. Jones	5 12 08	2 19 08
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 13 12	2 20 12

On July 11 the wind was light, south shifting to S.E., and the Dyers Island course was sailed, eighteen miles. The times were, start, 2:51:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 25 12	2 34 12
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 27 47	2 36 47
Puck, Edwin D. Morgan	5 29 42	2 38 42
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 31 50	2 40 50
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 32 12	2 41 12
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 32 43	2 41 43

The same course was sailed on the following day in a fresh N.E. wind, the times being, start, 2:51:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 05 31	2 14 31
Carolina, P. Jones	5 06 20	2 15 20
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 07 06	2 16 06
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 07 19	2 16 19
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 12 02	2 21 02
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 12 27	2 21 27

On July 14 there was a strong S.W. wind, a run to Dyers Island, and a beat home; the times being, start, 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., Harry P. Whitney	5 13 19	2 18 19
Vaquero III., Herman B. Duryea	5 13 40	2 18 40
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 14 12	2 19 01
Puck, Edwin D. Morgan	5 15 07	2 20 07
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 15 56	2 20 56

A N.W. wind and sea made a lively race on July 15 over the same course for a cup presented by Reginald Brooks, the new owner of Wawa. The times were, start, 2:53:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 13 53	2 20 53
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 17 36	2 24 36
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 20 47	2 27 47
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 22 30	2 29 30
Carolina, P. Jones	5 22 52	2 29 52
Puck, E. D. Morgan	Not timed.	

Saturday's race was a sweepstakes, sailed in a light W. wind, the course being triangular. The times were, start, 2:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 21 37	1 31 37
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 25 56	1 35 56
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 26 07	1 36 07
Dorothy II., Harry P. Whitney	4 27 25	1 37 25
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	4 27 28	1 37 28
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 27 34	1 37 34
Puck, Edwin D. Morgan	4 27 48	1 37 48

Asahi, Bayard Thayer's 30-footer, has been sold to Lloyd Warren, of Newport, and will join the racing fleet.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Dorval—Lake St. Louis.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was in danger of losing its handsome new club house by fire on the night of July 15, but by hard work the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done. On July 9 three races were sailed in a fresh whole-sail breeze, the times being:

	1st race.	2d race.	3d race.
Glencairn	2—4 17 20	1—5 14 40	1—5 56 10
Avoca	4—4 20 00	5—5 15 10	5—5 59 20
Glenowen	3—4 19 00	4—5 15 30	2—6 00 10
Manitou	6—4 21 30	6—5 16 08	4—5 59 00
Speculator	5—4 19 10	2—5 11 20	3—5 57 20
Strathcona	1—4 20 25	3—5 20 25	6—5 58 05

Mr. H. G. Eadie officiated as officer of the day.

On July 11 a third new Duggan boat was launched.

On July 16 five short rounds were sailed, to windward and return, in a fresh and puffy N.W. wind. Single reefs were carried by some of the boats on the first two rounds. The prize was the annual challenge cup presented by W. A. C. Hamilton. The competitors were:

Commodore Ross' new boat—Sailed by Duggan.
Speculator—Sailed by Arthur Hamilton.
Strathcona—Sailed by J. C. C. Almon.
Manitou—Sailed by Vincent Pelletier.
Glenowen—Sailed by Cam. Davidson.
Glencairn—Sailed by Chas. Routh.

The times were:

First Round—Start 3:49.

Duggan	4 13 04	Speculator	4 14 20
Glencairn	4 15 04	Strathcona	4 14 12
Manitou	4 15 00		

Second Round—Start 4:22:05.

Duggan	4 40 40	Speculator	4 42 00
Glencairn	4 41 30	Strathcona	4 42 17
Manitou	4 42 10		

Third Round—Start 4:47:17.

Duggan	5 07 36	Manitou	5 08 55
Glencairn	5 08 12	Speculator	5 06 32
Glenowen	5 08 04	Strathcona	5 08 10

Fourth Round—Start 5:08:35.

Duggan	5 34 47	Manitou	Disabled.
Glencairn	5 35 16	Speculator	5 35 55
Glenowen	5 34 37	Strathcona	5 36 35

Fifth Round—Start 5:36:35.

Duggan	6 02 50	Speculator	6 03 05
Glencairn	6 03 55	Strathcona	6 03 25
Glenowen	6 04 38		

Mr. Duggan won every race in the new boat.

Plymouth Y. C.

Plymouth, Mass.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed an open race on July 9 in a good southwest breeze. The times were:

18ft. Class.

	Corrected.
Amie, M. S. Weston	2 03 46
Dolphin, N. Morton	2 18 04
Trouble, T. S. Diman	Did not finish.
Maud, W. N. Mayers	2 05 22

15ft. Class.

Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 16 28
Waban, G. W. Shiverick	2 19 25
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	2 28 13
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	2 16 06
Olympia, T. W. Steele	2 16 07

Kittiwake was handicapped at the start by being over the line at the gun. She had to return twice and lost some minutes.

Interlake Y. R. A.

THE Interlake Y. R. A., of Lake Erie, will sail its annual races at Put-in-Bay as follows:

Tuesday, July 26.—Triangular course, twice around; 32ft. class, once around; 52ft. class, 42ft. class, 32ft. class.

Wednesday, July 27.—Triangular course; 37ft. class twice around; 27 and 22-footers once around; Power boats and half-raters, to first stake and return; 37ft. class, 27ft. class, 22ft. class, half-raters, Power boats.

Thursday, July 28.—Five miles to windward or leeward and return; 52, 42 and 37-footers twice around; 32, 27 and 22-footers once around; 52ft. class, 42ft. class, 37ft. class, 32ft. class, 27ft. class, 22ft. class.

Friday, July 29.—Course to be decided by the regatta committee; free-for-all race for Hotel Victory cup and other prizes, with time allowance.

Prizes for Each Race, Two Races for Each Class.

52ft. class, first champion flag and $20, second $10; 42ft. class, first champion flag and $20, second $10, third $3; 37ft class, first champion flag and $20, second $10, third $2; 32ft. class, first champion flag and $20, second $10, third $2; 27ft. class, first champion flag and $20, second $10, third $2; 22ft. class, first champion flag and $15, second $7, third $2; 15ft. class, first champion flag and $10, second $5, third $1.50; Power boats, champion flag.

The managers of Hotel Victory presented to the I. L. Y. A., in 1896, a handsome silver cup for annual competition. This cup was won by the Hamilton cutter Zelma in 1896, and by the Toledo fin-keel Typhoon in 1897, for the best corrected time in the free-for-all.

This cup is to be sailed for each year until some yacht has won it three times, when it becomes the property of such yacht.

Free-for-all, first, Hotel Victory cup and flag; second, $15; third, $7; fourth, $2.

Note.—One race only for 15-footers and Power boats. See programme of races.

Entries for all races must be made with the secretary-treasurer of the Association at headquarters, before 5 P. M. of Monday, July 25, previous to that date address Detroit, Mich.

A measurer's certificate from the home club must accompany each entry. This rule must and will be enforced.

In all cases the number of competing yachts must exceed the number of prizes given.

Each yacht must gets its number from the race committee at headquarters, where the committee bulletin will be.

The triangular course for all yachts will be from stake boat between the east end of Gibraltar and the west end of Middle Bass, to and around stake boat 3½ miles N.N.W., thence to and around stake boat 3½ miles S.W. ¾ S., thence 3½ miles E. ½ S. to and across starting line between judges' boat and stake boat. In finishing, yachts must cross the starting line in the opposite direction from the start. All stake boats must be passed to port.

The direction of the course to windward or leeward and return will be placed on the bulletin board one hour previous to such race.

All starts shall be flying, and shall be one gun starts. The preparatory gun will be fired at 8:20 A. M. sharp, standard time. At the expiration of ten minutes (exactly) the second gun will be fired as a signal to start.

The starting gun of each class shall be the preparatory gun for the next class to start. Each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal of her class.

Entrance fees shall be as follows: 52 and 42-footers, $3; 37 and 32-footers, $2; 27 and 22-footers, $2; free-for-all, $2; half-raters, $1.50; Power boats, $1.

For additional sailing rules, etc., see Y. R. U. rules.

The race committee reserves the right to alter this programme or any other instructions at any time.

Commodore Alex. I. McLeod, of the steam yacht Louise, will be in command of the fleet.

Please observe the rules governing yachting etiquette.

The steam yacht Louise will be the flag ship.

Guns must not be fired on Sunday.

The race committee will be at headquarters, Monday, July 25, until 6 P. M.

All clubs belonging to the Association are especially requested to hand in a complete list of measurements of all yachts expecting to attend the annual meet.

Guns must not be fired from the accompanying steamers or boats within thirty minutes of the start, and not until every yacht has crossed the starting line. Steamers and boats following the yachts around the course are requested to keep to leeward and out of the way.

Meeting of yachtsmen and smoker at Beebe House Hall, Monday evening, July 25, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets for the I. L. Y. A. ball to be held at Hotel Victory on Tuesday evening, July 26, can be secured from the secretary of the home club, from the secretary-treasurer of the I. L. Y. A., or from the ball committee. All yachtsmen are requested to appear in uniform at the ball.

Inspection of yachts by the commodore and officers of I. L. Y. A. Wednesday afternoon, July 27.

Fireworks and illumination of yachts on Wednesday evening, July 27, 1898.

Awarding of prizes at headquarters, Friday afternoon.

South Boston Y. C.

South Boston—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, July 16.

THE South Boston Y. C. sailed a handicap race on July 16, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gypsy, Edward Rich	1 47 10	2 01 10
Fantasy, William Allerton	1 41 36	2 01 36
Emma C., Peter Coupal	1 37 01	2 03 01
Marguerite, William Cashman	1 53 40	2 07 40
Violet, Henry J. McKee	1 40 44	2 07 44
Madge, George D. O'Brien	1 59 22	2 11 22
Empire, Frank H. Cobb	1 54 45	2 17 45
Julia, Fred T. Munroe	2 06 30	2 20 30
Ideal, Herbert Bailey	2 11 10	2 25 10
Tosh, H. E. Haynes	2 19 11	2 29 11
Alice, F. H. Cheatam	2 26 38	2 30 38
Melba, Albert Beaumont	2 16 05	2 31 05
Edelweiss, James T. Bell	2 40 37	2 40 37
Omer, E. Merrill	2 59 27	3 14 27

Lake Y. R. A. Races.

THE annual races of the Lake Y. R. A., of Lake Ontario, will begin on July 22 at Kingston, and yachts from Toronto, Hamilton, Rochester and other lake ports are now on the way to the rendezvous. On July 22 and 25 the races will be for the first, 32ft. and 22ft. classes; on July 23 and 26 for the 37ft., 27ft. and 22ft. knockabout classes.

The prize list is:

First-class yachts of over 37ft. corrected length—First prize, $80; second, $50; third, $30; fourth, $15.

37ft. class—First prize, $45; second, $25; third, $10.

32ft. class—First prize, $40; second, $25; third, $10.

27ft. class—First prize, $40; second, $25; third, $10.

22ft. class—First prize, $25; second, $15; third, $10.

22ft. knockabouts—First prize, $25; second, $15; third, $10.

The sailing instructions are: Each yacht shall carry her association number on both sides of her mainsail. Entries according to form prescribed by Rule II., L. Y. R. A., accompanied by certificate of measurement, must be in the hands of the Association officer not later than noon of the day before the race. Entries and certificates may be mailed to W. Q. Phillips, Association officer.

Five starters or no fourth prize; four starters or no third prize; three starters or no second prize. The Royal Hamilton Y. C. having expressed a desire that the Walker cup should be competed for at this regatta by the 32ft. class, the yachts racing in this class will be given points in the two races as follows: All starters one point and first three points, second two points, third one point; the winner of the greatest number of points to be the winner of the cup.

Penataquit Cor. Y C.

Bay Shore—Great South Bay.

Saturday, July 16.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, L. I., sailed its annual regatta on July 16 in a wind which came from all quarters in turn. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—Class L—Start 2:05.			
Lorelei	4 24 33	2 19 33	2 19 33
Gayety	4 31 12	2 26 12	2 21 17
Muriel	4 30 18	2 25 18	2 19 00
Class M—Start 2:05.			
Squaw	4 33 10	2 28 10	2 28 10
Maysie	Not timed.		
*Kuckoo	4 39 50	2 34 50	.. .. ..
Jean	4 38 05	2 33 00	2 28 06
* Disqualified.			
Class N—Start 2:10.			
Lariat	Not timed.		
Champion	4 33 40	2 33 40	2 20 07
Surprise	4 59 13	2 49 13	2 39 17
Helen	Withdrew.		
Class R—Start 2:15.			
Evelyn	5 00 11	2 45 11	2 45 11
Damfyno	4 43 48	2 28 48	2 26 58
Class S—Start 2:15.			
Beulah	4 39 16	2 24 16	2 24 16
Sweetheart	5 11 02	2 56 02	2 53 00
Snapper	Did not finish.		
Viking	5 05 35	2 00 35	2 35 44

The winners were Muriel, Jean, Champion, Damfyno and Beulah.

Gayety protested Muriel and Lorelei for fouling, but the protests have not been decided. Murial is the Boston boat brought to New York this spring. She gets six minutes allowance from Lorelei.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

West Falmouth, Mass.

Saturday, July 9.

ONLY three yachts started in the special race of the Wood's Holl Y. C. on July 9, the weather being rainy and unpleasant up to the start. The times were:

Cruising Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Edith, C. M. Baker	0 55 05
Royal Blue, C. S. Denison	0 56 15
Kalama, David Rice	0 57 47

The judges were E. N. Farnsworth and C. H. Jones.

Saturday, July 16.

On July 16 a race was sailed in a light breeze by the cat class and the 16ft. spritsail class, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Catboats.			
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	18.00	2 22 55	2 22 55
Mary E., A. Crowell	12.10	Did not finish.	
Spritsails.			
See, C. Harding	14.00	2 18 25	2 18 25
Florence, A. M. Ferris	13.04	2 36 46	2 36 09
Spy, E. E. Swift	13.04	2 37 53	2 39 04
Emma, E. M. Ferris	13.02	2 44 50	2 44 50
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	14.00	2 46 00	2 46 02
Ace of Clubs, F. L. Gifford	13.01	3 13 31	3 12 23

Torania, W. L. Howes; Duchess, H. S. Crowell; Polly H., T. E. Fish; White Dove, J. R. Sylvia; K. T., A. M. Ferris, and Carrie, H. K. Dyer, withdrew. See was protested for carrying stays.

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its 2d handicap race on July 9 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Handicap.	Corrected.
Chatham, C. H. Carey	0 09 00	1 28 16
Hustler, C. C. Collins	0 09 00	1 31 37
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	0 13 00	1 34 26
Thisbe, H. W. Robbins	0 07 00	1 35 08
Arbutus, Hall E. Merritt	0 14 00	1 35 57
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	0 10 00	1 36 43
Helen, R. W. Sawtelle	0 07 00	1 36 51
Princeps, J. L. Whiton, Jr.	0 13 00	1 37 12
Autocrat, J. W. Nightingale	0 12 00	1 38 45
Jeanette, C. W. White	....	1 39 52
Supero, C. H. Alden	....	1 41 11
Kitty, J. A. Evans	....	1 49 53
Tantrum, Whittemore & Johnson	....	2 04 23
Stella Manning, E. B. Glover	Disabled.	

Stella Manning sprung her bowsprit. Thisbe sprung her bowsprit and headstay, but finished fourth.

The judges were Sec'y James S. Whiting, Arthur B. Holden and Dr. Fred E. Jones.

Burgess Y. C.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, July 9.

ON July 9 the Burgess Y. C. sailed two races, its second championship and a sweepstakes for the raceabouts. With a fresh S.W. wind a very good race resulted. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 56 21
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	1 56 40
Jilt, W. O. Gray	1 58 34
Hazard, H. M. Sears	1 58 36
Spindrift, W. S. Lothrop	1 59 41
Luganore, F. Brewster	2 00 00
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 00 25
Sally III., C. F. Lyman	2 01 41
Quill, J. F. Cole	Disabled.
Class III.	
Oriole, Chandler Hovey	1 16 58
Dove, F. J. Macomber	1 18 02
Dora, W. B. Stearnes	1 22 32
Class II.	
Bugaboo, H. B. Ingalls	1 43 50
Pointer, B. C. Malyard	1 50 40
Bubble, J. H. Goodwin	Withdrew.
Special.	
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain	1 33 04
Sassacus, A. W. Erickson	1 41 18
Second Handicap.	
Ben-My-Chree, W. H. Stuart, Jr.	1 38 02

Simtram wins first and Typhoon second. The championship winners are Oriole, Bugaboo, Plover and Ben-My-Chree.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck—Buzzard's Bay.

Saturday, July 16.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a race on July 16, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.
Cruising Knockabouts.		
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	21.00	1 45 20
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	1 45 31
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	21.00	1 53 10
Maid Marion, C. H. Jones	21.00	1 53 16
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	21.00	1 53 23
Dariel, H. W. Harris	21.00	1 53 32
Eina, J. Parkinson	21.00	1 57 20
Kalama, David Rice	21.00	2 09 13
Second Class Cats.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales	....	1 35 00
Nokomis, A. Winsor	Not timed.	
Third Class Cats.		
Sally Brass, Howard Sargent	21.00	1 58 50
Melro, D. S. Whittemore	Not timed.	
Fourth Class Cats.		
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.06	1 52 38
Hope, J. H. Ellis	....	2 03 12
Fifth Class Cats.		
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane, Jr.	15.00	0 42 48
Pedro, Howard Miller	15.00	0 43 32
Imp, George Dabney	14.04	0 43 42

Melro was not timed, her owner not being on board. Pedro protests Kolea for fouling a mark.

Mosquito Y. C.

Hull—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, July 9.

THE Mosquito Y. C. sailed a race on July 9 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.
First Class.		
No Name, P. F. Folsom	16.00	1 28 55
Rita, C. W. King	15.10	1 29 43
Isidora, Harry Cleverly	14.11¾	1 30 09
Ito, C. H. Smith	....	1 31 50
Tech, Fred Keyes	15.08¾	1 36 17
Second Class.		
Thelma, M. Cleverly	16.06	1 27 55
Rabbit, Walter Keyes	16.06	1 28 35
Secretary Long, J. J. Souther and L. W. Smith	17.00	1 39 40
Amora, A. F. Hayden	15.10½	1 41 45

Amora protests Secretary Long for carrying four in crew. The judges were C. A. Hosmer and A. D. Hosmer.

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.

Saturday, July 16.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on July 16, the times being:

	Finish
Knockabouts—Start 3:35.	
Eleanor, F. B. Moors	6 05 00
Nereid, W. R. Sears	6 13 50
Delta, R. B. Williams	6 13 55
Remora, Chas. Cousins	6 13 55
Mildred, A. Bigelow, Jr.	6 20 25
Buzz, Mr. Burrage	6 24 25
15ft. Class—Start 3:40.	
Jap, B. L. M. Tower	6 06 00
Bee, Stanley Clark	6 11 30

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Cartoon, sloop, the new fin-keel for the 25ft. l.w.l. class, was sailed around the Cape last week, in charge of Capt. James Barr, son of Capt. John Barr. Off Pollock Rip on July 14 she lost her deep balance rudder, and drifted until picked up by the schooner Iolanthe, of Gloucester, who towed her into Marblehead. She has been hauled out at Stearns' yard for a new rudder.

The Corinthian fleet, of New Rochelle, will hold a special race for an open class of knockabouts and the 20-footers on July 23.

The Sachem's Head Y. C. announces the following races: Club races will be sailed on the following dates: July 18, Aug. 1, 8, 15 and 22. These races will be started at 11 A. M., or as soon thereafter as wind and weather will permit. The club races will be arranged, as far as possible, to include all classes represented in the club. The vice-commodore has offered a cup to the boat of the Sachem's Head Y. C. winning the most races during the season. The secretary has offered a cup for the boat of the Connecticut River type which first wins it three times; the boat first winning the cup to have the fact engraved thereon, and hold it until it is won by another boat, and so on until some one boat has won it three times, when it becomes the property of the owner of that boat. Other prizes will be offered, and the con-

ditions governing them will be duly published. The second annual regatta of the Sachem's Head Y. C. will be sailed on Monday, Sept. 5, 1898 (Labor Day), at 11 A. M. This regatta will be open to all clubs of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound for boats 30ft. and under. Edward C. Seward, Emerson R. Newell, Charles R. Clark, regatta committee.

Special races of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed from Marblehead on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, July 23, 25, 26, 1898, each day at 2:30 P. M., unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement, for the following classes: 30ft. class, sloops not less than 25ft. and not over 30ft. l.w.l.; 25ft. class, cabin sloops or cat boats not less than 21ft. and not over 25ft. l.w.l.; raceabouts, according to the definition of the 21ft. racing class of the Knockabout Association; knockabouts, according to the definition of the Knockabout Association. All matters connected with the races, not otherwise specified herein, will be governed by the racing rules of this club, so far as they may apply. The races are open to all yachts which conform to the requirements of the respective classes. Entries in the knockabout class must be delivered in writing to the secretary of the regatta committee, at the club house, before 9 P. M. of the evening before the first race. Entries in the other classes may be made in like manner before 10 A. M. of the day of the race desired. The class of the yacht must be stated, and in the 25ft. and 30ft. classes the measurement must be stated under the Eastern Y. C. rule of waterline and sail area; such statement will be taken, subject to measurement under direction of the committee. Each yacht must carry a sail number on each side of the mainsail, as near the center as possible. Yachts may carry a Y. R. A. number, or a special number will be supplied by the committee on application at the club house. Prizes for each day (no "sail-over" allowed).—30ft. class, first prize, $25; second prize, if four or more start, $15; third prize, if seven or more start, $10. 25ft. class, raceabout class, knockabout class: first prize, $20; second prize, if four or more start, $12; third prize, if seven or more start, $8 in each class. In each class the club medal will be awarded to any yacht which sails in all three races and wins two first prizes. Special cup.—In the raceabout class a cup presented by Capt. Roger Upton will be awarded to any yacht which sails in all three races and wins two first prizes or a sail-off. Allowances in the 30ft. and 25ft. classes will be according to the rule and tables of this club; raceabouts will all race at scratch; for the knockabouts, handicaps will be fixed by the committee and published the morning of the race—one set for the series. Crews in the 30ft. class will be limited to seven persons; in the 25ft. class to six persons, and in the raceabout and knockabout classes to three persons. Sails will be restricted on the raceabouts and knockabouts by the rules of the Knockabout Association; in the other classes, only by the rules of this club. The rules of this club as to private signals and life preservers are waived for raceabouts and knockabouts. Protests must be presented in writing to the committee within one hour after the finish of the race. A race will be held on July 30, for schooners under 46ft. waterline and for sloops of seventh class. Henry H. Buck, chairman; Eben B. Clarke, Henry Howard, Odin B. Roberts, Francis A. Seamans, secretary, 57 Oliver street, Boston, regatta committee.

A meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at the headquarters, Stave Island, on Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8 P. M., for the election of a commodore and secretary-treasurer for 1899, and to transact any other business.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

July 19-20.—Atlanta, Ga.—Two days' shoot of the Fulton Gun Club; targets. J. E. Avery, Sec'y.

July 19-21.—Palmyra, Mo.—Eight annual tournament of the Missouri Amateur Shooting Association, under the management of the Palmyra Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Added money announced later. W. N. Bates, Sec'y.

July 23.—Ogden, Ill.—Ogden Gun Club's third annual tournament for amateurs. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

July 26.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, $500 added. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The following appeared last week in the sporting columns of a city daily: "A prominent figure around the sporting goods stores of this city during the early part of the week was Col. A. G. Courtney, a representative of the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y. There are few sportsmen more popular than the Colonel, and certainly none more welcomed at any trap-shooting tournament at which he may turn up. Although fond of shooting, he says that he 'would just as soon visit as go to the score!' Among his successes this year are his win of the E. C. & Schultze trophy at the Pennsylvania State shoot last March, and his 20 straight on live birds in the Dean Richmond trophy contest at the recent New York State shoot at Rochester on June 20. In the last-named event he and his side partners, Harvey McMurchy and George Mosher, were the dark horses, coming out of the ruck and winning the trophy hands down with the magnificent team total of 58 out of 60 live birds. Their nearest competitors were the Rochester team, with 55 to their credit. The other half-dozen teams were nowhere." All of which is very true except in the matter of title. In times of war nothing should be tolerated other than the most punctilious observance of correct title. The point is that the above refers to Admiral Courtney, not Colonel. Colonel—that is, Admiral—Courtney confided to a listening and respectful group in Von Lengerke & Detmold's last week that he had resolved to become an admiral since the war commenced on account of the great number of colonels, generals, majors, etc., which had been commissioned of late, and which somewhat cheapened the title he had worn so long and so well—so he became an admiral. When asked by an overinquisitive listener as to the deeds which warranted his promotion, the Admiral, without winking an eye, explained that in a recent shoot he killed a pigeon which fell in the water, which therefore came under the head of naval events, and as he had killed everything in sight, thereby beating Dewey and Schley and Sampson, his promotion was a logical necessity.

Mr. R. O. Heikes has challenged Mr. Fred Gilbert to contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the world. The conditions of the match are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rules; and 25 pairs; a most difficult proposition for any one to solve satisfactorily, other than those who are thorough experts. This match, if it is arranged between these famous experts, will engage national interest, and there is no doubt but what it will be very close, both of them being acknowledged as leaders in all the particulars of trap-shooting.

The programme of the second annual midsummer tournament, to be held at Ocean City, Md., Aug. 4, 5 and 6, is now ready for distribution. It can be obtained of Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore. The first two days will be devoted to target shooting; the third to live birds. Guns and ammunition shipped care of Mr. John Kelly, New Congress Hall, Ocean City, will be cared for and delivered at the shooting grounds. The shooting grounds will be ready on Aug. 3 for those who desire to practice. To reach Ocean City leave Baltimore, Light street wharf, Pier No. 11, at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. daily. This is a delightful trip down the Chesapeake Bay, on first-class steamers, with all modern accommodations. Eastern people not coming by way of Baltimore can take Pennsylvania Railroad, changing at Wilmington, Del., which runs direct to Ocean City. Arrangements have been made for reduced hotel rates, $1.50 per day; fare for round trip reduced to $2.50, by rail or water. All moneys in target events divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Amateurs stand at 14yds., semi-experts 16yds., experts 18yds. Targets 2 cents. Live birds 25 cents. The first and second day's programme alike provide for ten events, two at 10 targets, $1; three at 15 targets, $1.25; four at 20 targets, $1.50; and one three-men team race, 25 targets, $6 per team. On the third day the first and second events are at $5 and $7 entrance, high guns, birds included. All stand at 30yds. The third event is the Ocean City handicap, 24 to 32yds., 50, 30 and 20 per cent., birds extra, class shooting. Nos. 4 and 5 are miss-and-outs.

The programme of the eighth annual shooting tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association provides ten target events each day, eight at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; two at 20 targets, $2 entrance and $15 added to each event. The tournament takes place at Little Rock, Ark., July 26, 27 and 28. The Rose system will govern the division of moneys. On Wednesday, the second day, the team championship race will take place. The conditions are: Entrance $10 per team, four men to a team, 25 targets per man. On Thursday the individual championship race takes place, entrance $2.50, five moneys, ratio 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2. The winner of this emblem will be subject to challenge every sixty days. There is $500 added money. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The tournament will be held on the club grounds, in North Little Rock. Shells shipped care of the Dickinson Arms Co. will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. There is $50 average money for those who shoot through the entire programme, to be divided among the seven high guns, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $4. Professionals may compete; must win first or second to share in any division of the purse. The annual convention of the Association will be held on July 26, at 8:30 o'clock, at the State House.

At Watson's Park, July 15, the Chicago challenge trophy was again won by Mr. A. C. Paterson, in a contest with Mr. Henry Levi, by a score of 24 to 19, Paterson shooting at 25 birds and standing at 32yds.; Levi shooting at 33 birds and standing at 27yds., a remarkably heavy handicap to compete against. Up to date it has been a Paterson trophy instead of a Chicago trophy, but there is no doubt but what there is a determination to change the possession of it, as immediately after the contest a number of challenges were sent in for it, among the challengers being Mr. V. L. Cunnyngham, who has had some experience in such matters heretofore, and Messrs. Thos. P. Hicks and Ed Bingham. Either of the latter two would be sure to give Mr. Paterson a real race for the trophy.

Mr. Wm. Hayes, of Newark, who made such astonishing competition in the great rifle contests at the shooting festival, is also a shotgun man as well as a rifleman. He is one of the oldest members of the old Essex Gun Club. Tom Keller, of the King Powder Co., who was present at Glendale Park, in a brief note informs us as follows: "Semi-smokeless captured first place, won by Wm. Hayes, of Newark, who broke all records; second was won by M. Dorrler, and L. P. Hansen won third, both of whom shot King's Semi-smokeless. This trio are all Jerseymen, so Jersey beats the world." Tom Keller is shooting in good form of late, breaking targets as if no effort was required to do so, and making friends for his King's Semi-smokeless even easier than he breaks targets.

On Saturday, July 16, at Fanwood, N. J., the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was formed, with officers as follows: President, Mr. John G. Lindzey; Vice-President, Mr. T. H. Keller; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. U. G. Tingley, of Bound Brook. The Climax Gun Club, the Dunellen Gun Club and the Bound Brook Gun Club are the members, but this organization was intended as a nucleus for a greater organization, and all other clubs which are eligible are invited to join. The benefits to be derived from such organization are so self-evident that comment is unnecessary. The first shoot will be on the Dunellen Club's grounds, July 30. The next on the grounds of the Bound Brook Club, and the third on the grounds of the Climax Gun Club.

The programme of the sweepstake tournament on the grounds of the Brockton Gun Club, July 23, provides twelve events, known, unknown and reversed angles. Two events are at 10 targets, entrance 70 cents; six are at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance; two at 20 targets, entrance $1.40 and $2; one at 25, entrance $2.50. There is a total of $50 guaranteed, which will be shot for rain or shine. Twelve entries or over, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. North Easton cars leave Main street for the grounds fifteen minutes before and after the hour. B. Leroy Woodard, manager, Campello, Mass.

Elkwood Park is officially settled upon as the place for the next Grand American Handicap, April 11, 12 and 13, 1899. No grounds in America other than those of Elkwood Park have the necessary equipment to meet the multiplicity of exacting wants incident to the greatest trap-shooting event of America. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner's official announcement will be found elsewhere in our trap columns.

A very good 100-target race was that between Messrs. C. E. Forehand, of Worcester, Mass., and J. R. Hull, of Meriden, Conn., at Worcester, July 12. The scores were up in the expert class: Forehand 94, Hull 93. If both men continue to improve as rapidly as they have within the past few weeks there will be greater need of care on the part of the famous experts to watch their laurels.

The Hudson Gun Club has most delightful grounds. The greater part of the targets fly against a sky background. The electric pulls work with great satisfaction. Mr. L. Shortemeier, who was present at the last shoot of the Hudsons, was quite enthusiastic in his praise of the electric pull, and he showed special skill in pulverizing left-quartering targets.

Mr. Paul Litzke, in "Arkansas and the South," mentions that the $500 match between Mr. Jack Winston and Dr. Smith, of St. Louis, did not come off, but instead shot a target race for the target championship medal of the city. A match for $500 is never very serious until the forfeit is up; otherwise it comes under the head of "Important if True."

The new grounds of the Climax Gun Club are at the Fanwood Road House, a short distance from Fanwood Station, N. J. No pleasanter place can be found wherein to while away an afternoon either in shooting at the traps or in looking on.

The Sidell Gun Club, Sidell, Ill., will hold a tournament on Sept. 7 and 8, on targets. The amateur championship of Illinois, 100 targets, $75 added to the event. Write for programme to Mr. H. J. Sconce, manager, Sidell, Ill.

The Mount Shasta Gun Club, Shasta, Cal., is arranging for a two days' tournament, to be held in the early part of September next, one day to be devoted to targets, one to live birds.

The eight men who were in the final ties for the hammerless gun at the Chatham Gun Club shoot on July 16, Chatham, N. J., will shoot it off on July 30, at 2:30.

E. C. Cup Challenge.

NEW YORK, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have to-day received from Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., a letter containing a challenge to Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the world, now held by Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Heikes' challenge was accompanied by a check for $25, the forfeit necessary to bind the above challenge.

Upon receipt of Mr. Heikes' communication as above, we at once notified Mr. Gilbert of its contents.

The conditions of the match are: 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rules, one man up standing in the center, and 25 pairs. The rules governing challenges for this trophy call for $25 forfeit, the remaining $25 to be paid at least five days prior to the date of the match. The holder posts the cup against the $50, winner taking cup and money, and loser paying expenses of the match.

The Am. E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.,
EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y.

Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 15.—There were shooters who took part in the tournament of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, held on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club to-day. Of these five—Messrs. Courtney, Swiveller, Hull, Fanning and Keller—were agents, and therefore were privileged to enjoy themselves shooting at targets free of cost. Thirteen shot the programme through, which called for 150 targets. The five averages were: Mason first, Myers second, Halstead third, Tallman fourth, and Vanderbosh fifth; respectively .921, .850, .820, .790 and .770 per cent., $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1. All purses were divided by the Rose system. Targets 2 cents each, deducted from the purses. There were ten events on the regular programme, each with a uniform entrance of $1, with the price of the targets added thereto. The scores are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	15	10	20	Broke.
Courtney	10	13	19	10	8	19	11	14	10	13	127
Swiveller	8	11	15	13	8	11	12	13	6	13	110
Hull	8	14	15	13	9	18	13	13	9	20	132
Fanning	9	15	20	15	9	13	13	13	9	15	131
Keller	6	13	10	12	6	15	..	..	..	..	...
Sisson	4	8	11	8	7	16	10	7	5	11	87
Perkins	6	12	15	13	9	9	8	7	6	10	95
Tallman	9	9	19	13	7	16	12	12	6	16	119
Condit	4	10	15	10	7	18	11	12	9	17	113
Everett	6	11	17	7	10	14	9	9	5	12	100
Stansbrough	8	8	14	12	4	13	..	..	..	..	...
Mason	9	13	20	13	9	17	15	14	10	18	138
Myers	8	11	20	13	9	17	12	12	8	18	128
Kenyon	3	7	..	8	7	..	11	..	..	..	...
Wood	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Halstead	8	14	17	12	8	14	13	14	9	15	124
Vonderbosch	7	12	14	12	8	16	12	14	8	13	116
Williams	..	8	11	9	6	14	..	..	..	..	...

The team race for The American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co. trophy, for 5-men teams from clubs which are league members, each man to shoot at 25 targets, unknown angles, resulted as follows:

Marlboro.

F M Covert	1011101011111111101100111—19
T Rhodes	0111111100111111101111110—20
F W Vail	0111101101101001111110100—16
S Mills	1111100101110111111111011—20
J Rhodes	0111111111101001101011111—19—94

Peekskill.

Halstead	1111111110011110010101111—19
Vanderbosch	1111110111101011111101110—20
Mason	1010101011111111111110111—20
Loder	0110101010101100100010011—12
Snowden	0100000111101101010111100—13—84

Glenwood.

Mould	1100111001101110111101101—17
Wood	1100110101110100010111111—16
Henderson	1011011111111111110111111—22
Rogers	0000110100100001101111010—11
Stansbrough	1111011111111111101111110—22—88

Poughkeepsie.

Sisson	1001011001001100100101111—13
Perkins	1110111010111011100111111—19
Tallman	1011101111111101101111111—21
Sleight	1011001010110101011111111—17
Condit	1001111110111010101111101—18—88

R. R.

Courtney	1111010111110111001111101—19
Swiveller	1111110110111011111110111—21
Hull	1110111101111111111111011—22
Fanning	1111111101110111111111111—22
Keller	0011101110111110101111100—17—102

The trophy presented by the King's Smokeless Powder Co. was contested for in the team race. The United States Powder Co. presented thirty-five 1lb. cans of Gold Dust powder, eight cans to go to the eight high guns in the last programme event.

Trap Around Reading.

CAPT. ESSICK DEFEATS BROOKE HARRISON.

READING, Pa., July 11.—Much rivalry has for some time been existing between Brooke Harrison, the well-known local wing shot, and Capt. Wm. Essick, who is at present field captain of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, and who is also well known in local sporting circles as to their respective abilities for shooting bluerock targets. To-day's match was shot on the grounds of the South End Club, of which both contestants are members. On July 4 Harrison won the gold medal, defeating Essick in the club shoot, score 22 to 19; and this shoot to-day decided a wager which was made after that shoot. Capt. Essick won hands down in the 50-bird shoot, although both men shot very poorly. The weather was just the kind wanted for shooting, and the friends of the shooters, who had been informed of the match, and who were present, enjoyed the good breeze which came up from the river. Six matches followed the 50-bird race. Scores:

Event No. 1, 50-target race, for a purse:

Capt Essick	1100111111110101010111011111100111111111101110—38
B Harrison	1101111101011000100101111010000110111101111111100—32

Event No. 2, 25-target race, for a purse:

Capt Essick	1001101011010011010011111—15
J Shaaber	0101010001110101111111110—16

Event No. 3, 25 targets, for purse and targets:

B Harrison	0111010111111111111001101—19
J Shaaber	1011010101110111001111010—16

Event No. 4, 25 targets, for targets::

Capt Essick	0001101101111011101111001—16
Harrison	1011101111111110111110100—19

Event No. 5, 5 pairs of doubles, $1 entrance:

Capt. Essick ....11 11 10 10 00—6 Harrison .....00 11 01 00 10—4

Event No. 6, 5 pairs of doubles, for targets:

Capt Essick ....00 10 10 00 11—4 Harrison .....10 01 10 10 11—6

Event No. 7, 5 pairs of doubles, for targets:

Capt Essick ....01 00 00 11 00—3 Harrison .....11 10 11 01 11—8

Pottstown, Pa., July 13.—The Shuler Shooting Association held a target shoot to-day and some good scores were made. Practice at team shooting was the order of the day, so as to be in condition for the second match with Phoenix Gun Club at Phoenixville, July 23:

First event, teams of four men each, 15 targets per man:

W. J. Grubb's team—Hawkins 9, Saylor 8, Grubb 12, Stone 8—37.

Capt. Wickersham's team—Smith 10, Wickersham 12, Davis 9, Longacre 5—36.

Second event, teams of four men each, 10 targets per man:

Capt. Wickersham's team—Smith 7, Wickersham 9, Davis 10, Brown 6—32.

W. J. Grubb's team—Hawkins 7, Saylor 8, Grubb 7, Stone 7—29.

Third event, teams of four men each, 10 targets per man:

Grubb's team—Hawkins 3, Saylor 10, Grubb 9, Stone 6—28.

Wickersham's team—Smith 9, Wickersham 7, Davis 5, Brown 5—26.

The following events were at 10 targets:

Events:	4	5	6	7	Events:	4	5	6	7
Saylor	8	7	6	7	Davis	5	8	6	5
Wickersham	7	6	9	5	Longacre	4	..	..	..
Grubb	7	10	8	8	Brown	..	6	9	7
Smith	6	..	..	..	Hawkins	..	5	8	7

The following team shoot ended the shooting for the day. Teams of three men each, each man to shoot at 10 targets:

Wickersham's team—Smith 7, Wickersham 9, Davis 10—26.

Saylor's team—Brown 6, Saylor 7, Hawkins 5—18.

Grubb's team—Grubb 6, Stone 5, Longacre 7—18.

The Shuler Shooting Association received a challenge from the West Chester Gun Club to shoot a series of three matches: one at Pottstown, one at West Chester, and the third shoot on neutral grounds. The teams to consist of ten members, each man shooting at 25 targets. The Shuler Association at their next meeting will take action, and it is very probable that the two clubs will meet in the near future. The West Chester Club named July 23, but this will conflict with the date for the second shoot of the Phoenix-Shuler series.

Pottstown, Pa., July 16.—The Shuler Shooting Association held its weekly practice shoot over the magautrap to-day on its grounds at East End. Team and sweepstake shooting were the principal events. Several visiting sportsmen were present and took part in the different events. Summary:

First event, five-men team shoot, 25 targets per man:

L. H. Davis' team—L. H. Davis 21, Grubb 23, Scheffey 17, S. E. Davis 12, Reifsnyder 11—84.

Wickersham's team—Capt. Wickersham 17, Saylor 16, Lenhart 11, De Witt 17, Royer 13—74.

Second event, team shoot, five men, 10 targets each, regulars vs. Shuler reserves:

Grubb 8, Wickersham 7, L. H. Davis 7, Lenhart 5, Reifsnyder 3—30.

Capt. De Witt 6, Saylor 8, Scheffey 7, Cole 3, S. E. Davis 5—29.

The sweeps were as follows:

Events:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Events:	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	7	10	7	7	10	7	Targets:	10	7	10	7	7	10	7
Saylor	10	5	5	6	6	5	7	E Davis	6	5	6	4	..	4	
Wickersham	8	4	8	6	4	9	5	Grubb	4	7	5	6	8	5	
Scheffey	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Evans	..	..	..	..	4	..	4
L Davis	6	5	5	5	3	7	5	Lenhart	..	3	4	3	4	..	..
De Witt	5	3	9	..	..	..	..	Cole	..	..	..	..	6	3	5
Lenhart	4	3	4	3	4	..	..	Urner	..	..	..	..	4	5	9
Reifsnyder	3	3	3	..	..	..	..								5

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

Jersey City, N. J., July 4.—Following are the summaries of the Hudson Gun Club, of July 4. The next regular shoot will be the fifth and last match between the Hudson and Cuckoos:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	*	10	*	10	10	15	20	10	10	10	10
Schorty	9	4	5	7	3	5	8	12	..	8	9	10	9
Van Dyne	7	9	4	7	5	9	9	11	18	7	8	6	4
Kelly	7	4	5	..	..	7	8	..	..	5	7	..	9
Altz	5	8	1	2	..	7	8	13	..	7	6	6	3
Schields	8	5	2	6	8	3	7	14	18	7	8	7	9
Hughes	5	5	..	5	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	7	7	3	5	2	4	7	10	..	8	5	6	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	5	8	2	..	..	6	7	7	7
De Long	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	10	..	..	9	8	7
Johns	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	5	..	..
Bock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	..	8	8
C V L	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	4	..	..	..
Tommy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	4	5
Jones	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

No. 3 was at 5 pairs; No. 5 was the Star sweep.

July 16.—The Hudson Gun Club held during the week its second shoot for the month of July. The main event was the match between Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club and the Hudsons, which was won by the former. The Hudsons desire to thank each and everyone of the shooters present, and to call attention to the fact that the club holds shoots twice a month the year round. The next shoot will be July 31. No. 5 was the team shoot; No. 12 was 10 singles and 5 pairs. Summaries:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	25	15	10	20	10
Hassinger	8	10	8	10	24	7	6	8	19	11	8	14	..
Jones	..	..	7	7	21	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Schorty	8	9	10	9	24	9	9	9	24	14	9	13	9
Dudley	7	10	10	10	23	10	8	5	21	12	9	9	9
Johns	5	4	5	5	..	6	4	9	13	..	2	..	..
Van Dyne	9	8	10	7	20	9	9	8	19	14	8	11	5
Fischer	4	..	5	7	19	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Altz	6	6	6	6	..	7	5	7	10	..	..	..	..
Tommy	..	..	..	8	16	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
De Long	5	9	5	5	22	4	6	6	15	..	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	6	..	22	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Bock	..	8	6	8	21	6	5	..	16	..	6	12	5
Banta	8	7	8	8	14	8	7	..	..	..	9	8	5
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	10	6	..	..
Brewer	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Whitley	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	..	6	..	..
Schaefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..
Leuthenser	..	3	7	6	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Otten	..	7	4	6	15	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Diffley	..	5	9	6	13	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	7	6	5	20	6	7	..	20	..	..	..	..
Schields	..	7	7	8	17	7	8	..	18	..	..	11	..
C V L	..	10	10	7	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilde	..	..	..	3	..	..	1	..	15	..	..	18	..
E Heritage	3	9	9	8	18	7	6	..	15	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Doran	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rebhan	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bothroyd	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. L. Hughes.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., July 13.—The main event was the E. C. cup contest. Following are the scores:

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	Targets:	10	15	15	15	20
Morfey	5	13	13	13	18	Wright	7	12	13	15	18
Huck	8	13	11	13	..						

E. C. cup, 15 singles and 5 pairs, entrance price of targets:

Morfey .....111001100101111 10 11 10 10 00—15
Huck .....010111100110101 11 10 11 11 11—18
Wright .....001101111011110 10 11 10 10 11—17

W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., July 16.—The scores made at Elkwood Park to-day were as follows:

Half-holiday handicap, 10 birds, $10:

Dolan, 30 2222120122
Toland, 27 0121221111
Culbertson, 25 0201110
Murphy, 30 2222221122
Daly, 30 0222122222

Bird allowance handicap, 20 birds, $20:

Dolan, 30 22222122122210222222
Toland, 27 12221220122221222012
Culbertson, 25 20222221012021012111
Murphy, 30 22122221012212212210
Daly, 29 12222221011222112212
Patten, 28 10222222221202222222

Shoot-off:

Dolan 22222
Toland 20
Daly 22220
Patten 20

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dolan, 30	0	11222221	2211221212
Murphy, 30	0	21222120	222112011
Toland, 27	10	121220	.....
Daly, 30	22122212222	0	.....
Dolan, 30	0	.....	.....
Murphy, 30	22222122121	.....	.....
Patten, 28	2222222220	.....	.....
Culbertson, 25	.....	12221211	.....

Nos. 1 and 2 were $5 miss-and-outs; No. 3, 10 birds, $10.

ROCKAWAYS DEFEAT THE HUDSONS.

July 18.—The fifth and last of the series of five matches between the Rockaway Point Gun Club and the Hudson Gun Club was shot on the grounds of the latter to-day. Each club had two wins to its credit, so that this was the decisive contest. The Rockaways were victorious by a score of 179 to 167. Each shot at 25 targets. The scores follow:

Rockaway Gun Club.

Fischer .....1011011111111111101111100101—19
Lentheuser .....0111111111101111111111000111—20
Otten .....1010111001110011111001100—15
Diffley .....0010001100101101111111000—13
Woods .....0111110101111111101111110—20
Jones .....1011111111111111101011011—21
Hassinger .....1111111111111111111111101—24
Dudley .....0111111111110111111111111—23
Schorty .....1111101111111111111111111—24—179

Hudson Gun Club.

Heritage .....1101111110101001011100111—17
Bock .....1010111101111111111111110—21
Van Dyne .....1110011101101111111011101—19
Banta .....1011001110011010110100011—14
Kelly .....1111110111111101111110111—22
Delong .....1101111111111110111011111—22
Schields .....1101110011000010111011101—15
V L .....0111111101111101111110111—21
Tommy .....0111011000011101101101111—16—167

JEANETTE GUN CLUB.

July 15.—The July shoot of the Jeanette Gun Club took place to-day at the club grounds, inside the Guttenberg racetrack. The birds were an average summer lot, helped out of bounds somewhat by the fairly strong breeze blowing away from the shooters to the left. An old bird, once on the wing, went out in a hurry if not stopped quickly.

A number of the members labored under disadvantages. Mr. J. Vagts did not bring his gun with him and used one that did not quite fit him. This accounts for his 5 straight misses in the club contest. The right lock mainspring of Otten's gun broke and he used Mr. Steffen's Parker. Pop Bigelow didn't bring any gun either, but just used "any old gun," and won the Class B trophy with only one miss, using a U. M. C. machine load, 12ga., 3¼drs. E. C., 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot, with 11ga. wads loaded for the club. Mr. Rottman shot Mr. Chas. Meyer's high gun very well. Schorty shot in good form and won the Class A trophy from the 32yd. mark, using U. M. C. machine-loaded Schultze shells, but if the birds had been better he would not have got the 24 out of 25 that he luckily scored.

The club shoots a 50yd. boundary—an imaginary line between stakes—and every shooter will acknowledge that it is a more difficult one than a wire fence boundary, which oftentimes stops hard-hit, low-flying birds. Capt. Disch filled out the squad in the team race. He had not shot for years, and his score shows the lack of practice. The Captain has charge of arranging the boundary and is the official trap-puller of the club, and has been since the club was organized. It pained the members muchly to see our old charter member miss so often.

Club contest, 10 birds, club handicap, two classes:

Brunie, 28 .....1112202112— 9
Otten, 28 .....0111211110— 8
Schorty, 32 .....2121111222—10
C Meyer, 28 .....0111111122— 9
Ehlen, 25 .....2101221110— 8
Pape, 28 .....1200021222— 7
Mohrman, 25 .....0211101222— 8
Rottman, 25 .....1011121110— 8
J Vagts, 28 .....0000012102— 6
H Gerdes, 25 .....0011100201— 5
Rohlfs, 28 .....0121021000— 5
Bigelow, 25 .....1220222111— 9
Steffens, 32 .....2110022111— 8

Team race for birds and nominal consideration, club handicap rise:

Capt Brunie, 28 .....11112—5
Schorty, 32 .....12212—5
Otten, 28 .....21100—3
Vagts, 28 .....10111—4
Ehlen, 25 .....10212—4
Mohrman, 25 .....20000—1
Bigelow, 25 .....21111—5—27
Capt C. Meyer, 28...20111—4
Steffens, 32 .....01222—4
Pape, 28 .....21020—3
Rottman, 25 .....01202—3
Rohlfs, 28 .....10211—4
Gerdes, 25 .....20111—4
Disch, 25 .....00010—1—23

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

July 16.—The opening of the new grounds of the Climax Gun Club, near Fanwood, N. J., was an event out of the common in the good sport afforded at the traps and the good fellowship which prevailed. The grounds are most pleasingly situated close by the hotel of Mr. Geo. Thatcher, of minstrel fame. Thos. H. Keller, of the King Smokeless Powder Co., was the club captain, and he was unceasing in his efforts to keep the shoot going and making the event a pleasure for all in attendance. He succeeded admirably well in both. Mr. Neaf Apgar assisted in the cashier's department. Mr. Keller's son acted as scorer.

The Climax Gun Club and Dunellen Gun Club had a team race, 20 targets per man, seven-men teams, Climax winning by a score of 101 to 94. The scores in the team race follow:

Dunellen Gun Club.

Barron .....11111111110011101000—14
Jackson .....01110111100111011111—15
Giles .....01000100011101111110—11
Merrill .....00111000011111110001—11
Tingley .....01110011111110101001—13
Hoey .....11111101001011011111—15
Lindzey .....00111111111101011110—15— 94

Climax Gun Club

Money .....11100011111111111111—17
P Jay .....10010111010010111101—12
Apgar .....10011111111011110111—16
Smith .....11110011111111100111—16
Goodman .....10011111101101101111—15
J Ziglio .....01110111001110100101—12
Keller .....11010011111110001011—13—101

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Capt Money	8	9	7	7	9	8	Hoey	7	6	7	10	..	..
Banks	7	5	8	6	8	5	Dutchy	7	10	8	7	6	4
Barron	4	7	4	4	..	..	Goodman	7	8	8	..	..	..
Waters	9	10	7	8	5	4	Singer	2	4	..	..	..	..
Keller	8	7	9	7	9	6	Sandford	3	5	5	5	4	..
Lindzey	8	5	8	8	7	7	Osborn	..	3	6	..	..	..
Tingley	6	7	5	7	7	4	Apgar	..	..	4	..	..	..
Jackson	5	6	5	6	..	..	Giles	..	..	..	6	..	..
Merrill	5	6	8	6	..	..							

Team races, 15 targets:
No. 1: Lindzey 11, Dutchy 10, Keller 14—35.
No. 2: Waters 11, Money 12, Banks 12—35.
Tie, same:
No. 1: Lindzey 11, Dutchy 12, Keller 14—37.
No. 2: Waters 12, Money 14, Banks 14—40.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

Newport News, Va., July 6.—The scores made at the tournament of the Chesapeake Gun Club, July 4, 5 and 6, are given below. The targets were thrown by the magautrap. The 10-bird events had $1 entrance; the 15 $2, except No. 9, on July 5, which was $3; the 20 $3.

JULY 4, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	20
R G Bickford	5	11	9	7	10	..	..	..	..
Dr Jos Charles	6	14	9	9	16	8	11	11	18
G O Dahn	4	1	4	6	4	5	3	..	..
F R Latimer	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
W A Hammond	6	12	10	11	16	9	12	12	15
Mc G Sinton	9	12	13	12	11	5	10	..	..
T W Tignor	4	6	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
G B James	8	12	13	10	13	9	9	12	15
J Hautz	6	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
A F Fifer	8	10	..	..	..	7	..	8	..
E M Milstead	6	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..
A C Bargamin	..	..	6	..	1	..	..	..	16
Dr Creasy	..	..	..	..	10	2	..	..	7
J P Harrison	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..
F Small	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	12	16
E S Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

JULY 5, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	10	15	15	15
Milstead	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sinton	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	10	12	12	10	13	8	15	9	14
Ducker	9	12	13	14	13	8	14	10	14
Hicks	7	9	13	13	12	8	12	12	13
James	7	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Small	9	7	10	10	12	6	12	9	11
Dahn	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tignon	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Cooper	1	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charles	..	..	10	12	..	7	11	11	12
Bargamin	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..
Stearnes	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	10	12

JULY 6, THIRD DAY.

Event No. 1 was at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, high guns. The rest of the live-bird events were postponed on account of rain:

Ducker .....1111111—7
Hicks .....1111111—7
Hurst .....1011110—5
Garrett .....0010100—2
Hammond .....1010111—5
Sinton .....0111001—4
James .....1111111—7
Bargamin .....1010101—4

G. B. James.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

July 9.—The monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, had a fair support, considering that the dull season is now here. The main event was the club cup, at 50 targets. In this event there were ten competitors, all with a handicap excepting Mr. Banks, who was the only scratch man in the contest.

Amend and Waters, both with liberal handicaps, tied on 50. Amend, who now shoots a Winchester repeater, is improving greatly in his scores.

Following are the scores in the cup shoot, 50 targets, handicap:

Banks, 0 .....11111111110111111111111011—23
.....11111111111111111111110101—23 —46
Woods, 7 .....11111111111111111111111111—25
.....01110111110111001111111100—18—43
.....0000000 — 0—43
Adams, 10 .....01111110011111110100110111—18
.....11101101100001001101101111—15 —33
Dudley, 5 .....11111101111111100111101111—21
.....11111111111111111111111110—24—45
.....01111 — 4—49
Billings, 7.....01111111010011011111110110—18
.....00101111111111101101101111—19—37
.....0111011 — 5—42
Lane, 15 .....10011101011000000100010001—10
.....00001100001110011001111111—13 —23
Waters, 9 .....11111111111111101111111111—24
.....10111101101111111111111100—20—44
.....111110001 — 6—50
Denny .....00000100101100000111100101—10
.....00011111010011000101101101—13 —23
F A Thompson .....01110101110101111111111011—17
.....01110011001110001111111101—16 —35
Amend, 15 .....01111111010011111111111111—21
.....11111011111111101010111111—21—42
.....1101110111 — 8—50

Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, has been making a two weeks' trip in the East. He was in New York last week, thence going to Wilmington, Del., to visit the Du Pont powder works.

Seattle Gun Club.

Seattle, Wash., July 11.—Inclosed you will find the scores of our last shoot at the West Seattle grounds. Ellis and W. A. Hardy carried off the honors at the shoot yesterday afternoon. In the medal shoot at 30 birds Ellis got his last 20 straight. He dropped his 10th bird, making his score 29, but with his handicap he got the maximum 30. W. A. Hardy fell off his pinnacle of fame a little in this event, and could only finish with 22, but he never shot his handicap. Chellis got his two extra birds and made his score 27. Hall got 4 of his 5, which gave him 28. Spencer got 9 out of his 12 allowance, and was in the same hole with Bige—28. Moreton though pulled out of the fire with 8 out of 12, and finished second with 29 to his credit.

W. A. Hardy and Chellis shot a match for the Norton medal, and Hardy won after a hard struggle. Hardy got 22 out of 25 and Chellis got 21; then they both shot at the number of birds they had missed and tied at 24 apiece. They concluded to shoot it off in the next event and Hardy won with 13 out of 15, as against 10 for Chellis.

Stevens, Hood and Churchill did not attend the shoot yesterday. Ellis, Chellis and Hardy are all doing good shooting now.

Seattle came out on top at the Vancouver shoot, winning four out of the six trophies, and they are all displayed in the windows of the Hardy, Hall Arms Co., and certainly make a very pretty showing.

The boys have five trophies now, as they also have the State cup.

Christianson, of Butte, Mont., has been in the city since the Vancouver shoot, and was over with the boys yesterday and did very good shooting, getting 27 out of 30 in the handicap shoot from the scratch. The visitors are always welcome.

Events:	1	3	5	Events:	1	3	5
Targets:	15			Targets:	15		
W A Hardy	14	13	..	Ruppe	10	..	9
Ellis	13	13	13	Spencer	10	..	8
Black	10	10	11	Johnson	10	..	..
Christianson	13	11	14	Morton	10	..	..
Chellis	10	10	6	McDonald	7	..	..
Hall	9	9	..				

Club shoot, handicap, 30 targets: Ellis won the medal; Morton was second:

W A Hardy .....111110101110110011111101011101 —22
Ellis, 3 .....111111110111111111111111111111 —30
Black .....111011101010000110111111110011 —20
Christianson .....111111111111111100111011111111 —27
Chellis, 2 .....111110011111110111111110111111011 —27
Hall, 5 .....011101111111100111101111101101111 —28
Ruppe, 4 .....011111101011111111101011011101 —23
Spencer, 12 .....100111010100110111110110100111110001111111—25
Johnson .....111111101001011110000101101111 —20
Morton, 12 .....001111111011011011001011101111011111110010—29
McDonald .....100110010101111000001011111000 —15
Withers .....110110011111001001000100010100 —13

Gold medal contest, 25 targets, unknown angles. Each contestant shot at the number of birds lost:.

W A Hardy, 3 .....111111110111111111101111101101 —24
Chellis, 4 .....011011111111111111100111111110—24

Forester Gun Club.

Albany, N. Y., July 16.—The first tournament of the Forester Gun Club was held here July 13. The attendance was not as large as we anticipated. The day opened very cloudy, with every indication of rain; this alone kept several from attending. The wind blew hard in the face of the shooters, making the targets take some very erratic flights. Part of the background was a dark foliage and this in a measure is accountable for the rather low scores.

The trade was represented by W. L. Colville, who fully upheld the merit of the Gold Dust powder. There was a very pleasant expression in his dark eyes when he was informed that three out of the five averages were captured with this favorite brand. Mr. J. R. Hull, representing Parker Bros., makers of the celebrated Parker gun, was present, but arrived too late to take part in any of the regular events.

The programme consisted of twelve 15 bird events; entrance $1.30. Purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. In addition there were five merchandise prizes for average. The paid men were not permitted to win any of these. The average prizes were awarded as follows: Livingston, first; Valentine, second; Weeks, third; Arnold fourth; Doremus, fifth. The magautrap was used and it worked very satisfactorily in every way.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Livingston	13	14	13	14	14	13	14	14	14	12	12	14	180	161
Perkins	11	12	13	13	10	10	8	12	11	10	11	10	180	130
Weeks	14	10	13	12	13	14	14	11	12	11	11	12	180	147
Peguim	13	10	13	13	11	10	10	13	10	12	11	12	180	137
Wessels	10	11	12	13	12	10	12	11	10	10	15	11	180	137
Valentine	13	13	14	14	12	14	14	11	10	11	12	15	180	153
Swiveller	12	9	14	15	12	12	11	12	10	14	14	14	180	149
Doremus	12	11	13	14	13	10	14	11	12	10	10	10	180	140
Goggin	12	8	10	10	13	10	9	11	12	4	8	..	165	107
Betts	12	12	8	11	10	7	11	8	10	7	..	..	150	96
St. Charles	12	12	11	13	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	72
Wolfred	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26
Huyck	9	3	9	10	13	7	7	9	9	11	..	..	165	97
Arnold	..	12	9	14	11	12	12	13	13	13	12	12	165	133
Vermont	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	8	9	10	12	..	90	56
Maguire	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	8	8	9	..	..	75	49
Comodore	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	10	14	..	..	75	54
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	6	10	12	13		90	60
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	13	..	45	34
Wallburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	10	..	45	30
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	6	..	45	20

Harry H. Valentine.

Mount Shasta Gun Club.

Shasta, Cal., July 6.—The scores of Mount Shasta and Sisson gun clubs, made at Sisson, July 4, are given below. The free-for-all was at 20 bluerocks to the man, and the team shoot was 15 to each man. The team shoot was for a silver cup, and the free-for-all for entrance money divided. Mount Shasta Gun Club is now making arrangements for a big two days' tournament, to be held about Sept. 8 and 9. One day will be devoted to live birds and the other to bluerocks.

Free-for-all shoot, purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Deboie 13
Leary 18
Cochran 10
Warren 13
De Freese 16
Pabst 9
Deyo 14
Sidney 15
Dobrowsky 15
Rinckle 13
Van Arsdale 10
Lawranson 11
Dittmar 16
Grotefend 9
Bryan 14

Team shoot:

Sisson Team.		Mount Shasta Team.	
Deyo	11	Leary	10
Lawrenson	22	Dittmar	6
Sidney	8	Deboie	5
Warren	12	Debrowsky	8
Cochran	10	Grotefend	9
Rinckle	9	Bryan	10
Woods	10—72	De Freese	13—61

Thos. J. Edgecomb, M.D.,
Sec'y Mount Shasta G. C.

The Grand American Handicap.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Interstate Association has arranged all preliminary details pertaining to the seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament, and contracts have been signed for the holding of this great event at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., April 11, 12 and 13, 1899.

The requirements and exacting details connected with a tournament of the scope of the Grand American Handicap are of such a nature as would necessitate the securing of the most perfectly appointed shooting grounds obtainable for the holding of the event. The Elkwood Park grounds to-day are unrivaled. No finer arrangements could be made for live-bird shooting, and none equal to them exist in this or any other country. Therefore the Interstate Association feels confident that its selection of these grounds will meet with the hearty approval of a great majority of those who contemplate taking part in the tournament.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

WESTERN TRAPS.

THE CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

THE race for the Chicago challenge trophy took place between A. C. Paterson, holder, and Henry Levi, challenger, on Friday, July 15, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.

There was a large and enthusiastic crowd present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey, A. W. Adams, J. L. Jones, "Old" John Glover, Abe Kleinman, C. S. Wilcox, J. M. Gillespie, Ben Dicks, Bill Cutler, W. M. Wegg, C. P. Richards, C. C. Hess J. H. Amberg, Silas Palmer, Charles Hadwin, Joseph Beem, Mr. Howe, Rice and many others. Excitement ran high, and continued throughout the race. Mr. Levi had previously stated that with the handicap given he was certain to win, and it is said he even went so far as to wager something like one hundred dollars on his skill and ability to win, under the conditions existing. Paterson simply sawed wood with the result as shown hereafter.

The wind blew hard from the left quarter, and the sky was overcast. The birds were an excellent lot and got away quick, largely tailers and right-quarterers.

The best run made by Mr. Levi was on his last eight birds, which he grassed in fine style. Many good kills were made by both contestants. Paterson showed himself equal to the occasion even at 32yds., and made some remarkable second barrel kills, which drew applause from the audience.

Levi, who lost the toss, went to the score and killed his first and second birds in good form; his third and fourth, both right-quartering incomers, he missed clean. His seventh, a good, swift outgoer right quartering, he killed nicely with the first barrel. His eighth was a similar one, which took two barrels. His seventeenth was a swift left-quartering which was nicely stopped with the second barrel. Paterson made good kills on his fourth, fifth, fifteenth and nineteenth; his twentieth, the easiest bird of them all, was a left-quartering incomer which he shot behind, not allowing for the wind. Several good kills were made of low, swift outgoers.

Following are detailed scores of the contest. Henry Levi shot at 33 birds, 27yds. rise. A. C. Paterson 25 birds, 32yds. rise:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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Henry Levi
  3 5 5 5 3 5 2 1 3 2 3 4 3 5 2 3 5 5 5 2 4 3 5 2 2 4 5 3 5 3 3 2 5 2 3
  → ↗ ↘ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↙ → ↗ ↗ ↑ ↑
  2 2 0 0 2 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 * 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2—19

                5 3 5 4 4 4 2 4 4 5 1 3 3 1 2 2 3 2 4 3 4 1 5 1 5
                ↘ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗
A C Paterson.....1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 1—24
```

Levi shot a Jordan Krupp gun, with 3¼ and 3½ Schultze powder, No. 7 shot. Paterson shot a B. E. O. Remington, with 3½, 1¼ No. 7 shot.

On the termination of the contest, several challenges were sent to the proper persons. Among those were V. L. Cunnyngham, Thos. P. Hicks and Ed. Bingham. As near as can be ascertained, it appears that Mr. Cunnyngham was first in, and will be the next contestant. Mr. Cunnyngham has twice contested for the trophy, tieing the first time and meeting with defeat the second.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

THE Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, corner Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue, on the afternoon of July 16, with a fair attendance. The day was very warm, with a mild breeze from the right quarter and an overcast sky.

Following are the scores in the practice events, Nos. 1 and 2 were at 3 unknown traps; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were from the magautrap:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
"Doc"	13	12	6	10	13
A W Adams	14	12	14	10	13
E M Steck	13	11	9	13	12
"Nita"	9	9	10	10	13
F P Stannard	12	11	10	11	14
A C Borroff	8	11	..	..	..
L H Goodrich	..	..	..	15	13 12
A W Morton	..	..	..	..	11 10
Grieff	..	..	..	..	13 ..

Events:	1	2	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
Buck	12	10	12	11	10
J S Houston	13	11	12	..	..
R B Carson	6	9	9	11	..
H Vetter	12	8	12	13	13
H F Carson	13	8	14	9	12
Bockie	14	..	9	12	10
Valentine	..	1	..	..	..
C E Morton	..	..	..	9	3

Following are detailed scores in trophy contest of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles; classified, Class A, won by F. P. Stannard; Class B, won by H. Vetter, and Class C, won by A. C. Borroff:

Class A.

```
F P Stannard .....1111111110111101111110111—22
Steck .....1011101101111101100100011—16
Houston .....0111001111101011011011111—18
Adams .....1111111101111110111000110—19
Goodrich .....1101111010111011111111110—20
```

Class B.

```
H F Carson .....1001111101011010110111010—16
Vetter .....1101111111110111101001011—19
C W Carson .....1111111010110101101100101—17
R B Carson .....1110010111000001000011111—13
Buck .....1100101010111101101110111—17
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Class C.

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"Neta" .....1101000111110000100100000—10
Borroff .....0000110101101001111110101—14
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GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

THE Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, corner Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street, Chicago, on the afternoon of July 16.

There was a fairly good attendance, and the shooting continued well into the afternoon, notwithstanding the intense heat of the sun.

Following are scores in the practice events. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were known traps, unknown angles. No. 7 was 15 singles, known traps, unknown angles, and 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	
Nusley	9	6	5	7	7	
Shaw	13	9	8	9	10	17
Demaris	10	3	..	6	..	
Richards	9	6	9	9	7	12
Hellman	..	5	4	7	13	
Fehrman	..	9	7	8	12	19
J W Meek	..	..	..	..	10	13
T P Hicks	..	..	..	..	7	13 16
C Steiger	..	..	..	..	..	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	
Kuss	14	9	9	..	..	16
Workman	13	6	5	7	..	
Sweig	9	6	5	5	8	
Pollard	5	6	4	5	7	
Peffey	4	..				
Comely	..		..	6	10	
S M Young	..	..	..	..	6	11 15
Eaton	..	..	..	..	5	4 11
S Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	13

Following are the detailed scores in the trophy event of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles. Classified, Class A, won by Thos. P. Hicks; Class B, won by Chas. Steiger, and Class C, won by Workman, all three making good scores:

```
Nusley .....0101011001111101011001111—16
Shaw .....1111111111111011111101111—23
Demaris .....1111010001101111110111111—19
Richards .....1111111111111101101111—23
Kuss .....1111111111111111011011111—23
Workman .....1011011111101110111111111—21
Sweig .....1111001110000100001100011—12
Pollard .....1100001100111010010011100—12
Hellman .....1111111011011001101101111—19
Fehrman .....1011111111111111101111111—23
Stiger .....1111111111111101111111100—22
Meek .....1111111111010111111000011—19
Cornelson .....0001101011111000101001101—13
Young .....1111001101111111100111111—20
Eaton .....1101000110111111110011111—18
Hicks .....1111111111111011111111—21
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A. C. PATERSON.

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, July 11.—Subjoined are some scores made at the last shoot of the Dupont Gun Club. At this meeting a great deal of interest was shown and quite a number of visitors were present. About 1,500 targets were thrown:

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Schneider .....1111011111111111111—19
Watt .....1111111101110111111—18
Snapper .....1110111111101111111—18
Nason .....1111111111111110100—17
Welch .....1110011111111100111—16
Bishop .....1101111111111100110—16
Dvorak .....1101101011011111011—15
Townsend .....1011111110111010011—15
Brucker .....0110110111101001110—13
Curtis .....0110011101100111101—13
Johnson .....0110110110111010100l—12
J Bauman .....1111111000110100000l—11
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In a practice shoot the following good scores were made: Parmelee 20, Snapper 20, Welch 20, Brucker 19, Curtis 19, Schnieder 19, Snapper 17, W T Townsend 18, Curtis 17.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Snapper 23, Curtis 24.

JOHN-LEWIS.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 15.—The afternoon tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Tuesday, July 12, was unusually well attended. On the club house balcony were nearly 100 spectators, and among them such old-timers as E. S. Knowles, J. G. Rugg, E. T. Smith, A. B. F. Kinney, C. W. Walls, G. Russell, who came to see the 100-bird race between Jack Hull, of Meriden, Conn., and Charlie Forehand, of this city. Besides the large number of the home guard there were representatives from several towns. Uxbridge sent Johnson, Whitin, Day, Rawson; Leominster was represented by Rice, Burbank, Spring and Stone; Griffith and Campbell came all the way from Providence to see the race; Dickey represented Boston alone; of the Worcester shooters Snell, Buck, Davis, Forehand, Bucklin, Emory, Kinney, Roach Knowles, Tolman, Parker, Goodell, Tom Davis and Nick shot in the sweepstake events.

Things are moving in the right direction for a rousing two days' shoot here Aug. 3 and 4, with about $200 added money. Programmes will be mailed at short notice before the shoot. Following are the scores of July 12:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5		
Targets:	10	15	10	10	25	Shot at.	Broke.
Snell	10	15	8	10	23	70	66
Griffith	10	15	7	7	25	70	64
Hull	10	12	8	10	23	70	63
Forehand	9	15	7	8	24	70	63
W L Davis	10	14	7	10	17	70	58
Dickey	9	12	8	7	20	70	56
Day	6	12	8	7	22	70	55
Nick	8	11	6	9	22	70	55
Roach	7	12	7	8	19	70	53
Bucklin	8	12	6	9	19	70	53
Rawson	6	10	5	10	20	70	51
Campbell	8	15	5	7	14	70	49
Fred	6	10	7	6	20	70	48
Parker	6	10	8	..	20	60	44
Burbank	..	11	6	8	18	60	42
Kinney	..	15	5	7	19	60	46
Knowles	..	9	..	10	15	50	34
Emory	..	12	7	..	13	50	32
Rice	5	10	4	6	14	70	39
Goodell	..	..	..	10	19	35	29
T Davis	..	11	..	8	16	50	35
Walls	..	..	8	..	25	35	33
Buck	8	..	6	8	..	30	22
Smith	..	11	5	7	..	35	23
Johnson	10	10	9	5	13	70	42
Stone	..	6	6	4	..	30	16
Harrison	7	13	..	..	..	25	20
Spring	..	6	7	6	..	30	19

Following are the scores of Messrs. C. E. Forehand and J. R. Hull. The finish was very strong, Forehand scoring 49 out of 50; Hull 48 out of 50. The judges were Messrs. W. L. Davis and Fred Bucklin; referee, Jay Swell.

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Forehand .....11111101111111111011111111110011011111111111111111111
                1111111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111—94
J Hull .....11101011111011101111101111111111111111111111111111
                1111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111101—93
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Arkansas and the South.

THE Memphis shoot, which took place July 9, was a nice interesting affair. There were not many visitors on hand, the only out-of-town shooter being W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, but the local shooters turned out to a man. The chief event of the day was the E. C. cup race, 50 targets per man, which was won by Dr. Gragg, who scored 46. He was easily first, no one being even in hailing distance. Edrington and Elliston were second, with 41, while Poston, Bennett, Neely, Duncan and Walker scored 40. Frank, Schmidt, Tate, Scaife, Scruggs, Joiner, Weaver and Saunders had 39 to their credit. There were a number of others who scored 38 or less. Abe Frank was master of ceremonies, and perhaps for this reason he was up in the air. The balance of the day was put in shooting sweeps, and a very pleasant time was had by those who participated.

ST. LOUIS.

That $500 race between Dr. Smith and Jack Winston did not come off as per schedule, but they shot a target race for the target championship medal of the city. It was a handicap event, consisting of allowing each contestant to shoot at the number of targets he misses in the original event, and a few in addition. In the main race Winston scored 87 and Dr. Smith 77, thus Winston was permitted to shoot at 13 birds and the Doctor at 28. Winston scored but 7 out of his allowance, making his total 94. The Doctor broke enough to beat Winston 1 bird, thus still retaining possession of the medal.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., July 9.—Johnson was the winner of the medal, his score being 42 out of 50. Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 were regular; the remainder unknown angles. Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 were the medal shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Fred	10	8	10	..	12	7	13	7	90	67	.740
Coffin	7	8	9	6	9	8	10	6	100	63	.630
Rawson	10	9	9	6	11	7	11	7	100	70	.700
Ford	10	8	11	7	9	7	14	6	100	72	.720
Johnson	12	8	11	9	14	9	12	7	100	82	.820
Day	11	9	11	7	11	8	11	10	100	78	.780
Gibson	..	..	10	6	10	9	11	6	75	52	.700
Club average									.665	484	.728

W. S. HOBBS, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—Yesterday was medal day for most of the Shell Mound clubs. Attendance was not great. Messrs. McLaughlin, Young and Gorman are in New York attending the triennial Bund shoot. They were missed by their fellow shooters of the Columbia Club, but we get reports of their good work in the great shoot. The only extra good scoring yesterday was done by President Rodgers, of the Columbia Club. He is a member of the Germania Club and shot his medal score after taking one sighting shot. In this club 20 shots, no re-entry, 25-ring target, one score a month, are the conditions. His score was 451 rings; first 10 shots, 226; second 10 shots, 225.

The marksmen here are much delghted over the decision of the Bund to hold the 1901 festival in San Francisco.

Scores of the day:

Rifle, Columbia target, 200yds.: Champion class—A. H. Pape 56, F. E. Mason 65. First class—O. A. Bruner 61, A. B. Dorrell 82. Second Class—M. J. White 120, G. M. Barley 134. Third class—E. M. Moor 91, C. F. Waltham 111, G. Mannel 123, Mrs. White 176.

Members' rifle medal, re-entry matches, 200yds.: A. B. Dorrell 59, G. Mannel 83.

All comers' rifle medal: Dr. Rodgers 50, F. E. Mason 75.

Bushnell military rifle medal: C. F. Waltham 45.

Columbia target, medals for members only, pistol, 50yds.: Champion class—Dr. Rodgers 43, M. J. White 56, A. B. Dorrell 65. First Class—F. E. Mason 56, G. M. Barley 72. Second class—Mrs. M. J. White 70, C. F. Waltham 95. Third class—J. P. Cosgrave 58, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 103.

Re-entry, open to all comers, Siebe medal: A. B. Dorrell 45, 54; G. M. Barley 56, 58, 68, 69; J. P. Cosgrave 68.

Twenty-five and .22cal. rifle, for ladies, 50yds., and Roos trophy for ladies: F. E. Mason 19, 20, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 26; Mrs. G. Mannell 30, 38, 39; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 34, 38, 39.

First champion class, Dr. L. Rodgers, 451; second champion class L. Bendel, 411; first class, John Thode, 381; second class, E. Goetze, 414; third class, W. Goetze, 380; first best shot, D. B. Faktor, 23; last best shot, F. P. Schuster, 25.

A. H. Pape, 437, champion medal; second class, Frank Koch, 398; third class, Otto Lemcke, 395; fourth class, John Beuttler, 362; first best shot, F. P. Schuster, 24; last best shot, A. H. Pape, 25.

ROEEL.

Rifle Contest.

THE Calumet Heights Club held its annual celebration on the club grounds, at Grand Calumet Heights, Ind., on July 4. The rifle range was open the entire day, and quite a few participated in the contests for prizes. Following are the scores made, Class A, 200yds., off-hand, any caliber rifle. The trophy the first day was won by A. W. Harlan, and on the second day by L. L. Davis, C. C. Hess winning the merchandise in the 10-shot event, with S. H. Greeley in the 5-shot event:

Dr Harlan	4	8	5	4	4	5	3	7	3	5—48
Davis	2	0	2	8	5	7	3	4	6	2—41
Lamphere	5	3	5	1	3	4	0	3	0	0—24
Bruener	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5— 5
Paterson	2	0	0	4	5	2	0	0	2	0—15
White	0	2	0	4	0	0	0	3	5	0—14
Hees	0	6	3	5	4	5	5	2	2	8—40
Dr Harlan	3	5	7	3	0	5	2	8	3	3—39
Whitman	1	4	2	1	1	6	3	2	2	3—25
Davis	7	9	7	6	1	2	6	1	5	2—46
Lamphere	5	7	4	8	4	2	2	1	1	3—37
Bruener	0	5	0	0	3	2	0	0	1	0—11
Dougherty	1	3	5	4	3	4	4	3	3	3—33
Hess	0	3	3	6	4	2	4	3	6	3—34
Paterson	4	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	4	0—14
White	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 3
Schmitt	2	5	2	3	2	0	1	7	3	2—27

July 4.—Men's prize contest, 10 shots, 200yds.:

Harlan	2	0	3	0	0	2	4	3	6	2—22
Davis	8	6	2	1	2	3	8	4	4	0—38
Hess	7	0	5	5	2	4	7	9	3	4—46
Paterson	0	3	2	2	6	1	3	1	0	1—19
Schmitt	4	3	4	4	6	3	2	4	3	6—39
Dougherty	4	7	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	2—17
Whitman	2	0	6	5	0	0	4	1	1	0—19

July 4.—Men's contest, 5 shots, at 180, 160, 140, 120 and 100yds.:

Paterson	1	3	3	5	2—14	Greeley	1	2	7	1 5—16
Twitty	3	0	6	1	0—10	Dougherty	6	2	2	5 0—15
Hess	0	1	4	3	3—11	Davis	3	3	0	3 3—12

The following are scores in Class B, won by Mrs. W. E. Schmitt, 10 shots, 100yds., .22cal.:

Mrs Lamphere	1	2	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0— 9
Mrs Schmitt	4	4	6	2	5	3	3	6	5	2—40
Mrs Morgan	3	3	3	3	3	3	2	5	5	1—31

Ten shots, for merchandise prizes:

Mrs Schmitt	3	2	5	2	3	3	7	2	3	7—37
Mrs Morgan	4	2	3	3	9	3	3	3	3	6—39
Mrs Lamphere	2	2	0	0	0	7	6	3	2	0—22
Mrs Andrews	2	3	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—11
Mrs Dougherty	2	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	2	0—14
Mrs Young	1	2	3	0	4	0	3	0	0	0—14

Ladies' prize contest, 10 shots, 100yds.:

Mrs Schmitt	0	3	4	3	5	5	4	3	3	3—33
Mrs Lamphere	0	3	2	4	0	4	2	1	3	0—19
Mrs Morgan	0	4	2	5	9	3	5	2	0	0—30
Mrs Dougherty	2	0	0	0	0	3	8	0	0	0—13
Mrs Young	2	0	0	0	2	3	1	0	0	0— 8
Mrs Harlan	3	2	2	3	0	3	2	2	0	0—17
Mrs Andrews	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0— 2
Mrs Twitty	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0— 6

Ladies' prize contest, 5 shots, at 90, 80, 70, 60, 50yds.:

Mrs Schmitt	8	6	5	4	10—33	Mrs Young	4	4	3	0 0—11
Mrs Lamphere	1	2	3	0	0— 6	Mrs Harlan	7	3	2	2 0—14
Mrs Morgan	5	2	3	3	4—17	Mrs Andrews	2	2	2	3 7—16
Mrs Dougherty	7	3	3	2	0—15	Mrs Twitty	3	2	0	0 0— 5

A. C. PATERSON.

Mr. Talbot's Score.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to that 99 score of mine: It was made under the following conditions at the Smith & Wesson pistol range: There is a standing offer to the club of $50 for a score of 100. We are all trying to capture it. The night I shot this score Mr. Albert Smith, who is acting for Mr. Wesson as official scorer, said: "I can beat you to-night." I replied, "I am glad you think so, for I know just what to do now." This was the first score of the evening. I started with a 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—99. Mr. Smith was scoring each shot through the telescope. There are several of the members who have made 99, and some of us are going to make the total 100. We shoot Wednesday and Friday evenings. I have shot many scores from 96 to 98, but only one 99. If any shooter doubts the score I refer him to Mr. Albert Smith, of Smith & Wesson.

Z. C. TALBOT.

285 Quincy Street, Springfield, Mass.

The National Schuetzenfest.

IT was voted that the next festival of the National Sharpshooters' Union be held in San Francisco, Cal., three years hence. Cincinnati, Boston, Hoboken and New York were making an effort to secure it, with San Francisco and Hoboken racing for it at the finish, San Francisco securing it finally by a vote of 27 to 19.

The veteran William Hayes achieved the much-sought distinction of king of the festival, thus demonstrating that though he has been a practical rifle shooter for many years, he belongs to the "isers" and not the "has beens."

Answers to Correspondents.

J. D. H., Elizabeth City, N. C.—You will find in Fred Mather's two papers on black bass fishing in our issues of April 30 and May 14 full instructions for the various ways of taking this fish.

W. V. W., Charlottesville, Va.—Can any of your readers tell me how to catch turtles. I guess they are "snapping" turtles. Ans. Bait with meat a place in the pond where the turtles are found, and after a few days of this bait a set line (with large hook) with meat.

B. I. N., Cortland, N. Y.—We have just taken in a few trout from the river here which seem filled with a small white thread worm or hair snake. Do you know anything about this, or is it quite common in some waters? Ans. Parasites are not uncommon in fishes; intestinal parasites are harmless; certain of those found in the flesh should be avoided, through their capacity for harm is counteracted by thorough cooking.

E. S. L., Troy, N. Y.—I have a mouse that sings as sweetly as any canary; some of his notes are similar to the twitter of a woodcock in breeding time. Have you ever heard of such a thing before? Ans. Yes; many instances of singing mice have been recorded, and we have had in our Natural History columns notes of several. Mr. Hough's book of "Singing Mouse Stories" is based upon the conceit of visions called up by the enchanting music of a singing mouse.

Spa, Grand Rapids, Mich.—In a fly-casting contest A and B tie for first with a score of 90, C scores 89½, D scores 88. C is declared winner of second prize, D of third prize, while A and B are ordered to cast off the tie, which is won by A. Now in the absence of any special rules to govern this contest (only general rules to govern, as in any similar event), who is entitled to second prize? Does it belong to C, or does it go to B? he having made a higher score than C? Ans. In the absence of any agreement beforehand, this is a question which cannot be decided by any fly-casting precedents; but giving consideration to actual performance and merit it is clear that second prize should go to B, whose score was higher than that of C.

F. L., Haslin, N. C.—Please tell me about when I should plant wild rice and how to sow it. Ans. We quote what has been printed in earlier issues: "Wild rice is very prolific and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom; is not too cold, and has not a strong current and is not more than 8ft. deep. It will succeed in any of the Middle States and northwest as far as latitude 50°. Rice has been found doing well on the prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is tinctured more or less with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh-water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, i. e., in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established. Its failure to grow in so many cases is due to the fact that the seed has been impaired by too long keeping, and in a number of cases the seed used has been threshed by the Indians, who scorch the grain to facilitate the operation. A few months seems sufficient to destroy the vital germ, so that, though spring sowing has succeeded in some few cases, the trial of winter storage is usually too much for this delicate grain."

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

ZOOS AND THE PUBLIC.

When a representative of the New York Zoological Society appeared before the Board of Estimate to ask for the appropriation of funds for constructing the buildings, the Mayor protested: "The law allowing us to appropriate money for this garden was made before we came into office," said the Mayor, "and we always obey the law." Nevertheless, the system which has grown up during the past few years of allowing private corporations to control public affairs is wrong. The city is rich enough and old enough to own its own public library, as well as its own zoological garden." Which is very true; but if we were to wait for the city of New York to provide its own zoo on any adequate scale and under any other than pull and spoils management, we should wait until most of the wild animals of all the continents were extinct.

Moreover, the scheme of management by an incorporated zoological society is one of which the wisdom has been abundantly demonstrated by European experience with such institutions. Of the fourteen largest public zoological gardens in Europe, including those of London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Dresden, Hanover, Frankfort, Breslau, Amsterdam, Antwerp, The Hague, Vienna and St. Petersburg, all but those of Paris are maintained by zoological societies; and the attitude of the municipalities toward them as institutions affording public entertainment and instruction is shown by the fact that eight of the gardens are located on lands which have been set apart for them in public parks without the exaction of any concessions whatever as to free privileges for the public. With the exception of the Jardin des Plantes, of Paris, none of the gardens of Europe are ever opened to the free admission of the public, while the New York Society proposes to admit the public to the park absolutely free for six days in the week, including Sunday.

The enterprise of the Zoological Society is in the highest sense public spirited. In extent and scope, value of the collections, thoroughness and intelligence of equipment and management, the park will be developed upon a scale rendered practicable only by the generous gifts and endowments of individuals, and it will be subject neither to restrictions placed upon it by a board of estimate governed by considerations of the tax levy, nor to the incompetence or dishonesty of political jobbers. As the undertaking of a responsible incorporated society, the enterprise will be conducted in a way impossible of attainment under political control, and its collections will be enriched by presentations from contributors who would never dream of entrusting their gifts to the ignorant, blundering, brutal and outrageous mismanagement which has marked the control of the Central Park menagerie.

THE ABIDING CHARM.

WE observe that the bicycle dealers are given to speculating and debating very seriously whether wheeling is a fad or a recreation of abiding popularity. Every sport has in it somewhat of the nature of both of these qualities, for every sport has followers who take it up as a fad or craze and pursue it so enthusiastically and devotedly that they are perceived by their sober-minded fellows to be daft on it. This is a common manifestation of the human nature that is in man, and of the proclivities and passions which sway him. There is a political parallel in the recurring campaigns, when most of the people of the country permit themselves to become worked up over life-and-death issues, which they discuss and quarrel over, and deliver orations about from early dawn to dewy eve, until election, and then forget all about. Again a reading fad or craze seizes the community, and thousands take to reading "Trilby" or "Quo Vadis," or some like worthless trash, for no better reason at all than that everybody else is doing the same thing. Human nature is as prone to fads and crazes as a herd of cattle to stampedes in the night. In these later days we have had archery and lawn tennis and wheeling manias just as in old time they had dancing manias or went on crusades to the Holy Land.

The sports of shooting and fishing also have their imitative followers, who take up the rod or the gun because it is the thing to do so, or because, by adopting the outward forms of the sport, they think to experience the gratifications and rewards which they see enjoyed by other people. Whether or not one shall remain a wheelman or shooter or angler depends altogether upon what he finds in it, what its rewards are to him individually, and whether he actually proves for himself the genuine and lasting pleasures each affords.

The hold that shooting and fishing have on the sportsman is due in a measure to this, that in their very nature these pursuits draw one away from his every-day familiar scenes, and conventional routine and surroundings, and give him something fresh and new to see, to breathe, to smell. For when one goes into the woods everything contributes to the novelty and freshness and gratefulness of the surroundings—landscape and foliage, the sunlight and the shadow, the glint and shimmer of the light on the water, the fragrance of the forest, the woodsy odors of bark and moss and shrub and mold.

No man can be an angler who does not actually in some degree enjoy the practice of angling. There are, of course, tens of thousands of unfortunate individuals who care nothing about taking a fish, and never could bring themselves to care for it. An angler must be born, as Walton said; he must have within himself the latent possibility of an angler's enjoyment in the art, though for years it may lie latent and unsuspected. Without this, though he follow the sport as a fad and according to rules and regulations, providing himself with every equipment of the sport, and acquiring skill in its practice, yet the essence being wanting his participation will cease with the passing of the whim. It is the same with shooting; the imitative sportsman is known to all of us; the man who shoots because it is the correct thing to shoot, who seeks to kill game that he may kill time. He who follows field sports in this fashion rarely has an eye for the things in nature which delight and lure on the genuine sportsman; the satisfaction of unraveling the intricacies of a baffling trail is wanting in his experience; he never finds the exultation of success in a difficult cast or shot; in short, those very elements are denied him which give lasting interest and charm and fascination to field pursuits.

Every sport then may be reckoned as at some time or other in its development a popular fad, whose recruits will stay in it to become veterans or will shortly abandon it for some new fancy. Whether or not they shall continue the pursuit will depend altogether upon whether they shall find in it that gratification which comes of something besides going through the forms. Monkeys have been trained to imitate the ceremonial ways of man, but no monkey ever got beyond the imitating from a purely monkey point of view.

As shooting and fishing, of all outdoor sports, have in them the richest rewards for their followers, so are they the most enduring of popular recreations. Count up the fad sports; the list is long or short, as you may be old or young; the older one may be the more crazes can he recall; but no man's memory runs back to a time when shooting and fishing had not their followers; nor will that time come, to put it in the old, old formula—while the sun shines and the rivers run to the sea.

NO PERSONS.

THE Legislatures of most of the States will convene next winter, and game law amendments will be the order of the day. It would be an excellent plan in nine of every ten States to undertake the task of converting the existing statutes into harmonious, consistent and intelligible laws, without attempting to change the actual intent of any of the provisions. To bring order out of chaos would be an achievement in itself. Game and fish legislation is often slovenly, stupid and ridiculous as English composition.

Here, for example, is a specimen piece of blundering in the New York woodcock and grouse clause, relative to the lawful number which may be killed in a season. It was manifestly the intention to prescribe that no person shall kill more than thirty-six birds in one season—though whether it was intended that the limit should be thirty-six woodcock and grouse, or thirty-six woodcock and thirty-six grouse, there is no way of finding out. But the law reads: "No person or persons shall kill, catch or take alive more than thirty-six of the above-named birds, under the above provisions, in any one year." That means that only thirty-six birds may be killed in a year; this is the legal limit for the State of New York. After the first thirty-six woodcock and grouse, or woodcock or grouse, shall have been killed, it will be unlawful for any one to kill another bird. This is the English of the law, and is what it says, but is not what the Legislature intended it to say. In effect, the "persons" provision will be a dead letter; and each "person" will be permitted to take his limit.

In fact, there will be no way to prevent a shooter from exceeding his limit. The law is one which cannot be enforced under existing conditions. The only method by which such a limitation could be made practically binding upon those whose conscience might not provide the required restriction would be in a system of individual espionage of every man with a gun. Without a game protector to accompany him in his outing, the shooter himself alone—and no one else—knows how many birds fall to his gun in a season.

SNAP SHOTS.

If the American fisherman can get away from business to improve the angling opportunities afforded by this continent, he may enjoy a wonderful variety of grand fishing. Mr. F. H. Burton, whose tarpon prize in Biscayne Bay, Florida, was recently illustrated in our columns, has now returned from the Grand Discharge, where he has been taking ouananiche on a 6oz. fly-rod.

Shooting mishaps may be classified under the general divisions: (1) The man target, shot at by the hunter who thought that it was game. (2) Didn't-know-it-was-loaded. (3) Bunglers. (4) Fence, boat and wagon, usually the gun pulled muzzle foremost toward the victim. (5) Unaccountable, unforeseen, purely accidental and not to be provided against.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Calamity.

"SEE the calamity!"

The exclamation came with a shout from an irreverent small boy that did not know he was "hooting at" the minister and one of his chief supporters, meekly and gladly following the example of an apostle.

Calamity is a name more or less locally applied to a two-wheeled canoe cart, towed behind a buggy, on which in this case bounced a crate folding canoe and a bundle of blankets; while in the buggy bounced ourselves and the grub and kit. Literally bounced, for the road was rough and the horse of the kind that makes a long road short.

Twenty-eight miles that morning found us hailing Uncle Solomon before midday for stabling for the horse and transportation for the dunnage over the remaining eight miles, six of which was tote road, to the lake.

A hearty host and a hearty meal are good companions for hungry travelers, but we lingered little, desiring to be far on the way to camp before long shadows fell.

That team was a queer combination, if we include the load. A preacher and a tinsmith, crate canoe and camp outfit, pulled by a contrary horse which was driven by a member of the State Legislature, for such was Uncle Solomon.

For two miles all went smoothly, the smooth road extended that far; then we turned to brooks and rocks, logs and stumps, mud and mire. Patient Uncle Solomon managed the balky horse finely until half the distance was passed, when the beast thought he had been bossed long enough, and cut short the matter by running against a rock of forbidding height, with the result of breaking the shafts and spilling the load.

Uncle Solomon wisely determined to go home horseback. We unwisely determined to carry in the rest of the way.

Now, that road was crooked and branched in many places. We did not know, until experience proved it, that Uncle Solomon had taken us on to a wrong branch of the road.

Everything was awkward to carry. We had said in our might, "Bother the horse," but he had bothered us instead. All the fun was in prospective; the only realization just then was the sweat of our brows as we slumped and stumbled along. That was an elastic road. It stretched out.

Just as shadows were merging into blackness, we caught sight of water where we did not expect it, and turning away from the trail, found ourselves alongside of a small duck pond, through which the outlet of the lake we sought flowed; but that lake was miles away.

Heavy clouds were sweeping over the sky, and rain was beginning to fall. Fortunately we had struck the pond at a clearing made by the wangan camp of the spring river drivers, and a pile of camp wood and the tent poles they had left made it possible for us to be quickly sheltered and enjoying a rousing fire, while we prepared a hearty supper.

Fifteen minutes' work took all the roots and stumps out of our bed, and we cut brush enough and dried it piece by piece in the fire, to make a comfortable shakedown. You don't catch experienced campers rolling and twisting in discomfort all night unless they are beastly lazy.

It rained all night, but we did not know it until the next morning. From the time that Ad. blew out the lantern until daylight we were in sweet, restful oblivion.

To stretch the canoe, joint the rods and paddle to where the stream swirled into the lake was but a few minutes' work. How the trout did bite! A dozen satisfied us for the present, and they were hardly done swimming in water before they were swimming in pork fat, with just enough butter added, as they were nearly done, to brown them.

Glorious fire, sheltering tent, delicious trout, A1 coffee, huge appetites. What a combination!

After breakfast the tent came down and we prepared to go up stream. A flat-bottomed folding canoe, but 12ft. long, is not much good to pole up rapids, as we found out by experience.

The first plunge we tried succeeded in plunging us head first into the deep pool at its base, from which we were compelled to rescue fry pan and kettle by diving for them. The grub firkin and bedding floated.

As the stream came down too much to permit us to go up in the canoe, we found the driver's path on the right bank and carried for half a mile. From here all was easy. We passed over one lake, then through a thoroughfare of dead water, and found ourselves at last where we had expected to be last night, in the old log camp near the spring brook. This camp was sheathed with splits and had a shingled roof, almost a palace in a wilderness.

After a day of successful fishing and a night of rest, the longing to explore came upon us, and we determined to run the stream and lakes to Chase's Mill.

A late start brought us to the original duck pond just in time to see a buck of respectable size taking his bath and lunching on the tender weeds along the water's edge. Before he saw us we had drifted so near him that he stood astonished for an instant and then, telegraphing his heels that the case was urgent, my! how he did make the water fly!

Just below the pond we found rapids down on a line until darkness compelled us to camp. This was easily done, in a beautiful thicket of fir and cedar, intermingled with white birch. The lantern gave us abundance of light, and the little axe quickly provided for our comfort.

Thanks to the man who invented the baker tent! Stripping off our wet clothes, we donned the dry undergarments that common sense had brought along, and while we slept the fire warmed us and dried our clothes.

Three miles more of navigable stream, from which we picked out many a fine trout as we passed along, then we took the last plunge into Rockabema Lake and swinging to the landing prepared dinner. This lake has some large trout in it. We had no bait pail, but packed the trout already caught in the firkin, and with the dip net caught a host of red fins and silver chub from an eddy near by. Putting the little fellows in the fish basket, we fastened down the cover and laboriously towed the basket to a good fishing ground some distance from the inlet.

"This is a good place, Ad. Give me a bait."

Ad. pulled up the basket, opened it, and looked in, also looked blank. Every shiner had gone out through a strap hole.

"Calamity. Calamity!"

We got more bait, and also some fine large fish to make the string look big when we showed off at home, then ran the remaining two miles of stream; hired conveyance across seven miles of country to Uncle Solomon's, hitched up the frisky horse, and started in the darkness for our distant home.

The first mile was all down hill. The horse was hard bitted and we let him go, with the result that at a particularly hard jounce the pole of the calamity broke short off and flop went the contents of the cart.

Did some one have an experience like this early in that vehicle's history? And was that the origin of its present name?

Yankee grit came along just as that pole came off. Luckily by the roadside we found a crotch that lashed into place on the cart and made as good a pole as heart could wish.

Our calamities were ended, but not our ride. The reflector lantern gave us good command of the road. The anxious horse drove better and better as he neared his stable; good companionship shortened the hours.

The last experience that night was to rouse up the cook and give order to:

"Have some of those small trout fried for breakfast, sure."

KTAADN.

The Colonel.

IT is over.

In the ripeness of time he has passed away to the happy hunting grounds.

He was eighty-five years old when he died, they tell me, but who would have thought it? So strong was he, so upright and so active to the very last moment, when the works of that most mysterious of nature's workmanship, after eighty-five years of unceasing motion, suddenly stopped and refused to move further.

And the old-timer has made his final bivouac to awaken no more until the dawn of that fairer day.

We laid him to rest in the place of his choice, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable live oak, on the very spot where, two and sixty years before, he had stood rifle in hand and faced the murderous Mexicans throughout two long bloody days, in defense of the helpless babes and hearthstone of his neighbor.

He had seen life. Yes, there was nothing left in the pitcher for him to drink when it was broken at the fountain.

He had hunted the buffalo across the plains of the mighty West when they were as thick as the leaves of the forests when the autumn frosts have stripped the trees of their summer garb.

He has lassoed the flying mustang, and stalked the good red deer, with no one to dispute his lordly claim save the savage red man of the plains.

He had been hunter, scout and guide when the white-winged fleets of prairie schooners navigated the pathless plains, long before the civilizing bands of steel had heralded the onward march of progress across the trackless wilderness.

He is an honored figure in the panorama of his country's history, and while no braggart, he loved to take down from his scant shelves a certain history from Bancroft's pen wherein the great writer pays him a glowing tribute as a soldier and patriot.

He was a hunter to the last.

How often, by the glow of the cheerful camp-fire, have I listened in wrapt silence to the quaint and simple stories of the past as they fell from his lips. It seemed like an echo of the ghosts of the dead this listening to living words of history, of times almost as remote, in point of progress, as the crusades from the reform.

It sounded so strangely weird and unusual, those tales of the days when the telegraph and the telephone existed only in the dreams of the inventors; when it took six months to cross the plains; when the cap and patched ball were the pride of the hunter's heart, and the flintlock still held an honored place in the affections of the woodsmen.

He had kept a kind of diary of the more exciting portions of his life, and a short time before he died it was my fortune to prevail upon him to give me the collection of dingy scrawls, a precious heritage to the lover of old portraits of the past. I am going to cull those portions that I deem of most interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and they shall be the subject of future sketches.

As an index to the old Colonel's daring nature, I will narrate an occurrence which happened a short time before his death.

He owned a plantation about a dozen miles from town, and was in the habit of spending much of his time there, as it was on the borders of the San Jacinto canebrakes, the best place in the whole country for hunting. He had a pack of about twenty dogs, and half of them followed him around wherever he went. One day the old man started back to town, attended by a single servant and the usual retinue of dogs. While riding through the bottom the dogs struck a fresh trail, and he could not resist the music of their baying, so, urging his old mule to a run he followed, with the negro boy at his heels. After two or three miles' chase the hounds brought the quarry to bay in a large moss-festooned live oak.

Dismounting, the Colonel managed to locate the object of their ire in a crotch of the tree about 20ft. from the ground; it was a big panther, one of the fiercest brutes that infest the Texas forests. He was in a quandary as he stood there looking the grinning creature in the eyes. He was without arms of any kind, and the negro had nothing of an offensive or defensive nature save an old spring back jack-knife, and that would be of little use against the cruel claws of one of the most active of animals.

However, he could not stand letting the beast get away without something of a brush, anyhow, so cutting a long sapling the old man split one end, and by means of buckskin thongs, cut from his saddle, made the jack-knife fast in the cleft, thus forming a crude spear. He then ordered the negro to climb up the tree a few feet within reach of the panther and punch him out, but Sambo claimed he could not climb "wuth a cent." The Colonel threatened him with his whip, but terror stripped it of its potency to enforce his master's commands, and he protested that he dared not go where so brave a man as the "Kunnel war 'fraid to go."

This was all that was required to bring the Colonel's dander up to the right pitch, and shinning up the tree as lively as a youth of twenty, he gave the panther a vicious jab in the neck with his rickety spear.

Now, according to the Colonel's knowledge of the animal, as a well-behaved, gentlemanly panther, and according to his calculations and expectations, it should have jumped among the dogs and fought a battle royal for life and liberty, or succumbed gracefully to its fate, but it is always the unexpected in life which happens.

The panther turned loose all holds, and came down upon the astonished Colonel like a bag of bricks.

The Colonel, taken by surprise and at a disadvantage, let go his grip on the tree, and they hit the ground on the same spot.

Had the Colonel been alone, I fear me there would have been little more to tell, but the dogs were there, old Tige, Hector and Tip, and a dozen others of the younger members of the tribe, the doughty champions of a hundred fights, and while they loved their master well, their untutored canine hearts were too doggily bred to stand back and look on while he was having all the fun to himself. So when he and the panther struck the ground the yelling pack arrived on top, and those that could not find a place to grab hold of the panther grabbed each other and their master.

For about thirty seconds everybody was happy, and the air was filled with fur and scraps of clothing, and profanity, but after a while the Colonel managed to turn loose and withdraw from action, a sadly demoralized and much scratched combatant.

As for the faithful Sambo, he suddenly bethought himself of his wife and babes and growing crops, and left for home.

In the meantime the fight was on, all rules disregarded. The varmint tried to get back on the tree, but could not climb with his wonted ease while handicapped with about fourteen hundredweight of dogs linked to him like a string of sausages, so he became resigned to the inevitable and concluded he would as leave fight anyway.

The scale of battle swerved up and down on either side, now it was the dogs and now the panther that would be on top of the revolving mass. Presently old Tige, the Colonel's pet pup, withdrew, one of his ears had vanished and a major section of his scalp was pulled down over his eyes. He would fight anything on earth he could lay his eyes on, the Colonel said, but it was a mean trick to render him hors de combat by blindfolding him with his own hide, and the Colonel could stand it no longer, especially as Tige's discomfiture seemed to have its effect on the younger dogs.

Taking his heavy quirt, leaded at the butt, the Colonel wound the lash around his waist, and drew close to the fight to watch for a chance to get in his work. Then the panther turned up on top, and the old man let drive with all his might, but unluckily they reversed just at the wrong moment, and the mighty blow fell across the spine of Tige's only living son, and the spine gave way with a snap. But he was more fortunate the next time, and managed to plant a disabling blow across the creature's hindquarters, which paralyzed its use of the terrible hind claws, and the dogs were not slow to recognize their new ally and take advantage of his work, and so after a few moments' pounding with the quirt and mauling by the dogs, the brute became quiet enough for the Colonel to cut his throat.

And then the procession wound its way sadly townward; the Colonel, as he afterward put it, looking as though he had taken a trip through one of his own cotton gins, and the dogs were minus most of their ears and skins.

The panther was one of the largest I ever beheld, and few men would have cared to tackle the ugly thing even though backed by a dozen dogs.

I have the Colonel's memoirs of the more exciting incidents of his lifetime. He placed them in my hands to satisfy a desire on my part to read something of the frontier in early days, and after his death his son kindly permitted me to keep them, knowing the liking the old man had taken to me.

He had been the friend and companion of John C. Calhoun, had fought a duel at the age of seventeen, and killed his man, and in consequence had been forced to fly to the then wilds of Texas, and had taken an active part in the stirring incidents of Texas history, as well as played a glorious game of cunning and skill with the beasts of the woods and the plains.

He was the friend of Crocket and of Bowie, and together they had roamed the plains when the buffalo and the mustang was as plentiful as the leaves of the forest in autumn time, and had lerned woodcraft from the cunning red man, the children of the woods.

And so the last of the old-timers is gone, and we will soon have to look to tradition alone for our tales of what has been.

DAVID LLEWELLYN.

TEXAS.

Thorns vs. Tacks—"I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a wheel," said the stern parent. "You are a thorn in my flesh."—"And you," replied the disappointed youth, "are a tack in my path."—Chicago News.

Yukon Notes.—IX.

Winds and Waves.

LAKE BENNETT occupies a fiord-like cleft in the mountains running due north for the first twelve miles, and then turning almost at right angles to the east. Just beyond the angle in the lake the West Arm enters, though, as in the case of the Taku arm of Tagish Lake, the arm is really the main lake by right of size and conformity to the general direction of the lake basin. The Windy Arm of Tagish is perhaps more honestly entitled to be called an arm, though it does not appear to have any exclusive monopoly of the winds over the other channels of the mountain lakes, Bennett and Tagish. These lakes and their bifurcations are mountain troughs, serving as funnels for the wind, and in the passes of the Coast Range the word wind means something more than is generally understood by men who were not raised over cyclone cellars.

It means a force that shoves and boosts, that carries a man along like a chip on a mountain torrent till an eddy is reached and then whirls him round and round and tosses him in a corner flat, breathless and devoid of the conceit that comes with the ability to walk on two legs. Perhaps the bather who has been buffeted by the surf on a rough day can realize better the hold such a wind has on a man.

It pulsates like the billows of the ocean, and when the rush is greatest one might as well try to stand against a cataract of water.

In Chilcoot Pass last winter we were repeatedly knocked down by the wind, and it was there that I got my full and realizing sense of its power. On the lakes, when frozen, the ordinary winds are sufficient to move heavily loaded sleds, provided with sails, over a surface that is anything but smooth. When it blows a little harder the sledgers have to look out. McNeally, the venturesome leader of the men working their way down to Dawson over the ice, was out one day without a sail when Boreas let out a few extra notches in the wind, and man and sled were whisked up and carried away. McNeally had the sled tied to him or he was in harness and could not get loose, which amounted to the same thing, and for a while he thought his checks had been called for, as he was being carried rapidly toward a part of Lake Bennett which was still open water. Fortunately a little stony island intervened, and he managed to throw the slight of the sled rope over a rock and so checked his dangerous course.

Shipwrecks before the lake closed were of hourly occurrence. Scarcely a party succeeded in crossing without swamping and damaging their supplies. The boats, as a rule, were overloaded. The builders had little idea of their carrying capacity when knocking them together, and when the time came for loading no one would hear of leaving a pound of the outfit behind, no matter if the gunwales were awash.

A popular young fellow, athletic and handsome, named McManus, and a Russian who was a member of the same party, were drowned at the time we crossed Bennett. In all we had personal knowledge of six other cases of accidental drowning, and heard rumors of a great many more.

A Lesson in Rowing.

The morning following our midnight experience with a gale we were on the water again at 6 o'clock. The wind had abated and the lake was comparatively smooth. We tried sailing for a while and Mac got along fairly well until nearly noon, when he drifted on a lee shore again. The wind had died away almost entirely, and there was nothing for it but to row. But here there was a hitch. Mac knew no more about rowing than he did about sailing, and he had two boats to propel, which for a beginner is about twice as hard a task as rowing a single boat. I think he could have managed from the start with only one boat, but the rear boat of the tandem gave no end of trouble. Following in the ground swell, it had an aggravating way of running ahead diagonally at the most inopportune times, jerking Mac's boat around at right angles with the course he wished to pursue, and tangling him up hopelessly at times. It was no uncommon thing for the two boats to be lying side by side pointing in opposite directions, with Mac in a brown study over the problem, which on paper would have been plain as day, but which for practical solution required the cultivation of hand and eye, which is second nature.

In a matter like this training is everything and advice and theory of the smallest possible value. Realizing this fact at length, we hit upon a plan which gave Mac the help he stood in need of, and by means of which he soon mastered the elements of rowing and managing a second boat towed astern. We made our four boats fast in single file as the night before, mine leading and Mac's following, and after I got them started Mac dipped his oars in and for a while tried going through the motions of rowing without pulling hard enough to throw his boats out of line. He soon gained confidence, and before long he was doing half the work of propelling our little flotilla. Occasionally his boat became unruly, but fastened as it was I could easily jerk it round into line, and for the first time since starting our rate of progress was satisfactory.

Mac had plenty of aptitude for outdoor life, and it only required a little coaching of this kind to make an oarsman of him. Down at Fort Selkirk one day in November he fired his rifle for the first ime, and in a few hours he had killed three or four red squirrels with half a dozen cartridges.

At nightfall we turned at right angles with our former course around a rocky promontory, and found ourselves in the main part of Lake Bennett.

A pall of fierce, black clouds was rapidly approaching, carrying in their wake as we soon learned wind and snow, and it was highly desirable that we should gain some shelter before the storm broke. Nothing in the nature of a harbor was visible, but before we had a chance to become very miserable at the prospect we espied, just astern, the tiniest kind of a bay—Mac called it "a dent in the rocks"—and into this we steered as night settled down and the snow began to fly.

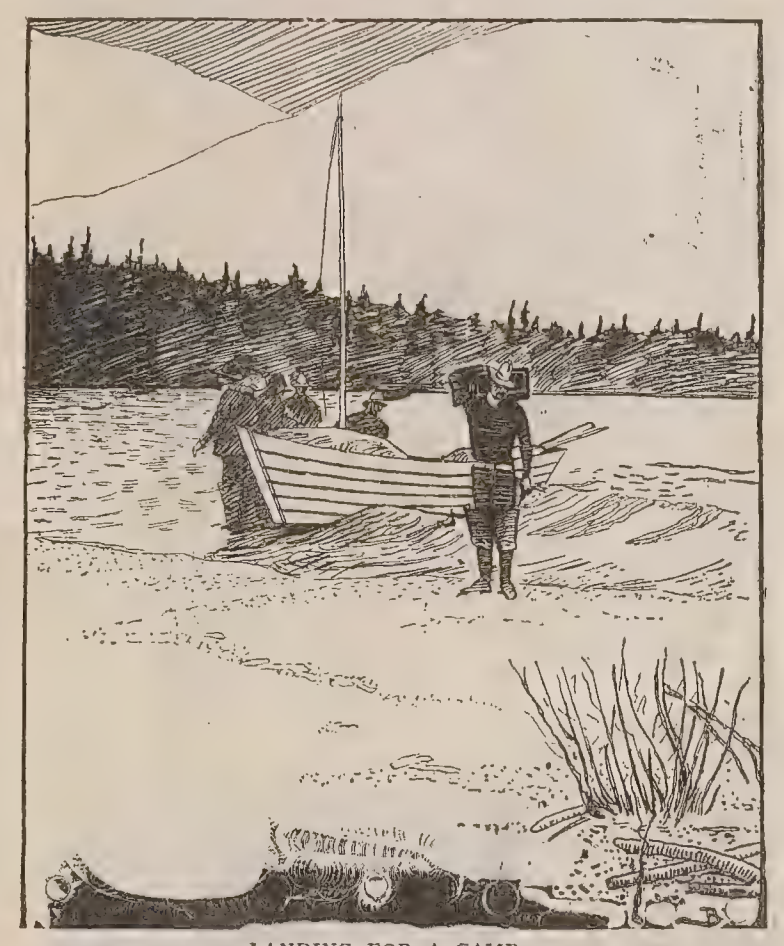
Never was a harbor of refuge more welcome. The little bay had an entrance less than 100ft. in width. Across this we stretched an inch cable, making it fast to rocks at either end, and at intervals we tied the boats to the cable. The Indians had had some kind of a fishing station here, and there was a space leveled off on shore just large enough for our tent. Firewood was not lacking, and as soon as we had finished our preparations for the night we had a rousing good supper, rolled oats, hot biscuits, horse meat, bacon and brown gravy, stewed peaches and tea. We also started some beans for another meal.

Horse Meat on the Bill of Fare.

Perhaps the horse meat needs explanation. In cold type the thing seems to need defense. To men who had seen all the brutality and suffering of the trail the idea was at first repulsive to a degree. Death came to the poor animals in horrible form, and the mute evidences on all sides were not conducive to a sharpened appetite.

It came about in this way: Herrington went over to Shallow Lake one day to try to collect a debt owed us for freighting, and stopped over night with a man named Kline. Incidentally Herrington has since joined Kline's party.

At supper he had some savory steak, juicy and tender, which possessed a characteristic flavor that, while it was grateful to the palate, proved conclusively the article did not come from any of the sources commonly called



LANDING FOR A CAMP.

The typical Yukon boat is a craft 30 or 35ft. over all, made of whipsawn unseasoned planks. It is commonly built lap-streak and the seams caulked with oakum and daubed with a line of pitch a couple of inches wide, giving the boat a striped appearance. Square sails are generally provided, and from two to four sweeps for rowing, and a long oar at the stern for steering. At nightfall the boat is beached, the cargo taken out and cached on shore above the reach of waves, and camp made. In many cases last fall tents were not pitched. The night was divided into watches, with one man constantly on the lookout for storms or thieves, while the others of the party stretched themselves on the ground around an enormous camp-fire, which was kept blazing brightly all night.

upon by the butcher. Herrington decided it was venison, and the conviction made the meat taste the nicer. He was loud in his praise of the steak, and Kline and Cusick and the others were evidently pleased at his appreciation, but in one way or another they managed to turn the conversation to other channels until after the meal was over.

When they told him what he had been eating Herrington felt almost as badly as if it had been crow or turkey buzzard. The laugh was on him, and he wished the meat and what he had said about it were both in the oblivion from whence they had originated.

But the words could not be recalled, though Herrington avers in his present condition the meat very easily might have been. A moment's reflection showed him the only thing to do was to bluff it out, and so he redoubled his praises of the dish.

He not only did this, but he also inveigled me into eating some of it the following day, and then together we foisted the meat on the remaining members of the party. The upshot of this matter was that after the first qualms of outraged confidence were over we all were obliged to confess that the meat was good—far superior to the stringy ox meat of the trail. We procured part of a hindquarter and loin, and for several weeks horse meat was one of the leading items of our bill of fare.

Mr. Kline had slaughtered a fine young horse in first-class condition, especially for food. He had no ailment and was properly bled and dressed. There seemed to be no reason why such meat should not be good, and as a result of eating it I have come to the conclusion that prime horse is one of the best of meats.

Long Working Days.

I am giving in detail a diary of our movements at the start, not so much that they are worthy of record as because they are typical of what other people were doing. Every man leaving in October knew that he must work night and day if he could hope to reach the gold country before the Yukon closed, and work days of twenty-four hours like ours at starting were not uncommon. I talked with one party of three men who had rowed and sailed without rest from Bennett to Marsh Lake, nearly seventy miles. They had had unusually good luck in making time, but had been more than two days without sleep.

After our first twenty-four hours of work Mac and I had three hours' sleep. The second day we were in our boats twelve hours and had about eight hours' rest. The third day we rowed all day and till 3 o'clock the following morning. It took us till 6 A. M. to care for our boats, pitch camp and breakfast, and we were up again at 10 A. M.

A mail carrier coming up the river from Dawson in a canoe propelled by two Indians sighted our boats, anchored in front of camp, and because he knew the Mounted Police had some canvas boats inferred that we must belong to that body. He had mail for the police and he hailed us from the water so long and persistently that at last an impression was made on our numbed senses and we awoke. I went down to the water to see what the man wanted, and he began inquiring for Inspector this and Sergeant that. It dawned on me that he had broken our precious rest through a blunder, and I grew hot under the collar. The mail carrier had an inflated bossy way that was riling, and I wished for a good ripe rotten egg to throw at him. Unfortunately eggs of any kind are scarce and costly on the Yukon, but after I had talked to the man awhile I felt more comfortable, and it is just possible that he learned there are other ways of locating a police camp than by green canvas boats. A fellow who has rowed all night is apt to be a little cross when he is waked for no reason and asked fool questions by a man who acts as if he owned you and was boss of creation besides. While we were making preparations to start Mac pointed out a diving duck in a little bay just below our camp. A rifle was at hand, and taking advantage of the moments when the duck was under water I walked out on a sand spit to within easy shooting distance. I fired and the bullet hit the duck, carrying away part of its neck and chest. It had seen me and begun to dive, and despite the terrible wound it actually got under water, and for a second it looked as if I had missed, the next moment, however, the duck was floating helplessly on the surface. Ducks were wild along the Yukon last fall, and were no easier to shoot than elsewhere. They were kept continually on the move by passing boats, and most of the shots offered were at long range.

Chance Meetings.

A number of little things about the boats required attention, and it was two in the afternoon before we got off from our Caribou Crossing Camp. It was a beautifully calm afternoon, and we set for ourselves the task of getting beyond the Windy Arm of the Tagish.

As we rowed along we found ourselves in company with half a dozen other boats, each carrying a crew of five or six men.

In one of these boats was Fred Simpson, of Mission San Jose, Cal., the man who carried 1,700 newspapers through to Dawson, from which he cleared about $1,200, selling most of the papers of a date six weeks back for $1 apiece. The next time I saw Simpson was on a dog sled on the frozen Yukon near Rink Rapids in January. He was traveling with one of the members of the Canadian Provincial Legislature from Maple Leaf, Alberta, and had sprained some of the muscles of his foot, so that he could not walk. Later, by the merest chance, I traveled from Skagway to Seattle on the same steamer with him.

In another boat was the Myers outfit, from Rochester, N. Y. They had passed us at our dent-in-the-rock camp, and the following morning were destined to rouse us from much needed rest, much as the mail carrier had done, only in their case we felt no ill will, as it was the occasion of a hearty good-natured greeting. Mr. Myers told us that his party had bought canvas boats for the descent of the river, but discarded them when they saw the rough water of Lake Bennett.

We crossed Lake Nares, and passing through the connecting stream entered Tagish. It was an ideally tranquil scene that met our gaze. The low land at this end of the lake is well wooded with brilliant green forests of fir, spruce and pine, which, with the towering mountains behind, were reflected in the Swiss blue waters of the lake. On a yellow beach of shingle boats were drawn up here and there, and men were walking to and fro, some carrying stores or supplies ashore, some pitching tents, others caching the cargoes above high-water mark.

Columns of smoke ascended among the trees, and from time to time we heard rifle shots from the eastward, where no doubt some one had found a flock of grouse, interspersed with the sound of chopping from all directions or the fall of some tree destined for fire or bed.

Some one on the nearest shore called out that there was a good camp site near by, and advised us to land. The thought of a hot supper and pleasant bed was enticing, but our work was laid out before us, and we did not turn aside.

Hour after hour we rowed, while the sound of camp life gradually subsided till presently there was no other sign of life beneath the full round moon except occasional camp-fires on the beach.

A breathless calm enveloped us when we passed the Windy Arm. The only ripples breaking the silvery expanse were those made by the passage of our boats. The night was eerie, and we tried to penetrate the distance, which limited our vision, and discern if somewhere there was not a trap set for us, some ambush of wind and wave, cunningly devised for our destruction.

We could find no good bottom for our boats or suitable protected bay for anchoring them, and it was well along toward morning that we finally found a slope of clay and beached them near the spot, I believe, where Henderson murdered his partner.

That was an atrocious crime, loathsome in detail and cruel in execution. The miners fastened the murderer to a tree with a long chain until he was turned over to Capt. Harper, who happened along with a detachment of Mounted Police bound for Dawson. The dead man and his slayer were put in the same boat, and it is recorded that living and dead lay side by side on the bottom, the murderer sleeping and evincing no sign of regret for his deed.

In January I saw Judge McGuire at the Little Salmon River. Henderson's case was one of the first that would be brought before him after reaching Dawson. He said that he hoped he would be relieved from trying him, and thought it likely that justice would soon be meted

out by a higher tribunal, as the man was "rotten with disease," and only had a short time anyhow to live.

How Storms are Brewed.

The Taku or Big Windy Arm of Tagish is estimated to be thirty miles in length, or nearly twice as long as the so-called lake. It runs between bare walls like ranges of limestone which are absolutely devoid of vegetation, and which are appallingly steep and lofty. Looking at the sheer descents one holds his breath and imagines how it would feel to fall from the summit down into the absymal voil below.

While looking at the mountains an irrelevant incident occurred to memory that had no connection whatever with the Yukon. In one of the New York shooting galleries those present were discussing the case of a man who had fallen from a high factory chimney, breaking through scaffolding and glancing off house roofs in his descent. When found the man was still conscious and had strength to ask how far he had fallen. Bubb Rosenbaum, who won high honors at the recent National Schuetzenfest, in a moment of quiet that followed remarked, "If that had been me I'd have asked the distance to the nearest morgue." It takes an original genius to find humor in matters that terrify the average run of mankind. To me there is nothing more frightful than the nightmare idea of a fall from some great height.

Our worst forebodings of the night before were realized when we came to cross the Taku Arm. We were favored by quiet water until nearly across, when of a sudden we heard a noise in the distance like an approaching railroad train. Far off, next the horizon, an inky line appeared. The surface of the lake began undulating with a ground swell, which momentarily increased till before we fully realized its import our boats were tossing in a wildly agitated sea. We were directly opposite the Arm and on a lee shore, and to cap our troubles a snow squall came up which, combined with the approaching night, completely blotted out from sight the shore.

In less that five minutes from the time we saw the first indications of storm, or rather heard them, the white curling waves were washing completely over our decked freight boats, which appeared to be more under water than out, and we were drenched to the skin by the spray.

There was only one way of escaping the waves, and that was to row across the lake to the lee of the point, marking the northern boundary of the Arm. The further we continued on in our present course the rougher the water threatened to become, and a retreat was out of the question. The lake is nearly two miles wide at this place, and our only guide for the greater part of the distance was the wind. The water was a tumbling, scathing chaldron, the waves apparently coming from all directions at once, instead of in regular swells, and as we could see no landmarks we had to depend entirely upon the wind for direction, keeping our course according to the angle at which it struck our cheeks and backs.

The most soul-harrowing part of the performance was the way in which the freight boats acted, at times jerking back as if they would pull the stem and stern pieces of the combination out, and at other times running ahead as if intent on ramming the towing boats and sending them to perdition. One had to be constantly on the alert to meet the blow when it came. This was accomplished by throwing the leading boat a trifle sideways, so that the rear boat would not hit squarely, but glance aside.

I felt for Mac, and gave him what encouragement I could. It was a hard experience for a man who knew nothing of the water.

The latter part of the time we had a beacon light to guide us. As the snow began slackening we could see the fitful flashes of a camp-fire on the shore we had left, and this gave us a good stern mark to row by.

Eventually we ran into a little cove with gentle lapping waves, and soon after located a small stream, giving us an ideal landlocked harbor. To reach this we had to jump overboard and wade and tow our boats through a narrow channel in a bar 50yds. or so out in the lake, and when we reached the stream we had to break ice that would bear our weight before we could get the boats in.

When they were tied up to the bank we felt we could sleep easily in the assurance that they were perfectly safe from wind and wave. As the snow was again falling heavily we carried our tent ashore and pitched it a few yards back from the boats.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Ransacker's "Bees."

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a wife who enjoys a streak of real wit as an epicure does an oyster, but who can wade through the funny things (so called) of Twain without so much as a loud smile affecting her stoical face. She hasn't the sporting tastes of her husband and seldom wastes a glance at the numbersome FOREST AND STREAMS that are always lying loose about her, but one evening as we were reading the table began to shake like an infant South Carolina earthquake, and I wondered what was up. I looked at my wife and saw that she was shaking and hiding her face as if ashamed of her weakness.

A new number of FOREST AND STREAM was in her hand, and I asked her what she'd found to do her up like that; but it was some time before she was calm enough to utter "Bees!" I asked her to read it, but she couldn't do it, and handed it to me. I immediately looked for "Bees" and found 'em, and before many minutes had gone the way of all time I was in the same convulsive condition that she was in.

With the exception of now and then a touch in the Pickwick Papers, the wit of Dickens is dull compared to "Bees," and leaving out Bret Harte nothing in our language is spicier, and should such a fountain of wit be shut up in the dull recesses of the Shasta Mountains? Never!

Let Ransacker go out in the world where frolic and fun abound, depict every little incident in his inimitable way, and he will cast the reputation of Mark Twain into darkness that may be felt. DIDYMUS.

Natural History.

Florida Otter Pets.

THAT Florida is a fur-producing State will strike many readers with surprise. Such nevertheless is the case. It is the home of the otter, whose fur is valuable and always commands a good price in the market, quotations on Florida otter skins, cased, ranging from $5 to $8 each.

The otter is a quaint, attractive, cunning and decidedly affectionate little animal. Terrestrial and aquatic, he is an interesting anomaly. In his native haunts he is one of the shyest and most timid of wild creatures. In the domain of civilization he is bold, venturesome and ever ready to investigate and make acquaintance with friends and foes alike. He has a type of beauty distinct and wholly his own. His exquisite glossy coat is a rich seal brown; his face is quaint and winsome. His eyes are small and jet black, and set forward in his head. The nostrils are large and open, and a considerable portion of the muzzle is bare. His ears are small and set on the side of the head, giving him a cunning appearance. The mouth is large and full of snow-white teeth—the front teeth are small and set close to each other; four large tusks and twenty peculiarly shaped grinders complete the set. His whiskers, though not so pronounced, greatly resemble those of the seal. The body is long and flexible, the legs short and stout. The paws have each five toes, with sharp claws, which enable him to dig, climb or hold his prey. The otter when grown is about 4½ft. in length, of which 1½ft. is



THE OTTER'S HAUNT.

tail. The tail is flat and very broad at the base—tapering to a point. The weight of a full-grown otter varies from 20 to 25lbs. The female has young once a year, the number varying from three to five, although instances are known where eight young have been found with the mother. Very little, if anything, of the habits of the Florida otter is known to science. Every effort has been exhausted in attempts to collect useful data on the character of this artful little denizen of the swamps.

Florida is the natural home of the otter, but like the American bison of the West, and the alligator of the South, he is fast being exterminated. In the swamps of the Everglades, where few but the stealthy footed Seminole wander, he is still found.

For years it has been an ambition to possess a pair of these animals, in order to study the habits of so timid and wild a creature. All the trappers of the section had been solicited for their aid, while the Seminole Indians, who know every nook and corner of the great swamp, have been untiring in their efforts to obtain a pair of the young, word frequently coming from the chief, "Me hunt, hunt. Little otter no find. Little boys hunt; no find."

After many efforts two very young otters were secured, but of such a tender age as to render it necessary to rear them by hand with the bottle. As soon as they passed the infant stage, when they ate and slept, and slept and ate, they became a continuous study, developing into most interesting pets, showing quickness and affection both surprising and gratifying.

The study of these little creatures, fresh from their native haunts, and whose wild instincts for countless generations have been affected by no human influence, has resulted in many interesting developments as to their character, intelligence and acute perceptions.

Scarcely possible would it be to find a more playful animal than the otter; he is never still except when asleep, but is ever rolling, tumbling or chasing some moving object. Occasionally this rollicking pair have been allowed to come into the house, when the spirit of discovery has displayed itself strongly. Curtains and rugs would be investigated, and buckets and pans thoroughly examined. Their love for bright objects was one of the first characteristics observed. A silver dollar was a delight; picking it up in his mouth, the one would carry it away, the other closely following until a quiet nook was reached. Lying on his back, with the silver piece upheld by the forepaws, he would chirp and chatter over it like a playful child, the mate dodging and tumbling, awaiting her turn at the coveted plaything. After playing until they were tired, they would seek the fur rug, twist and turn upon it for a while, then like a restless, nervous child, gradually grow quieter and quieter, until the little black eyes would close. A few more turns and rolls, a few more nervous quivers, and the young otters were asleep, as limp and unconscious of the surroundings as if they were dead. As drowsiness came on each would hunt a paw, and the two otters, curled into a circle, sucked their paws and dreamt the hours away.

The affection displayed by the otter for his mate is indeed full of poetry. Sleeping or waking, playing or eating, they are never separated. Should one in rolling or tumbling stray away, unseen by the other, quickly the "chirp, chirp," a call only used for the mate, is heard, and the lost one returns, and the rejoicing is as great apparently as if the separation had been for a length of time, caressing, leaping, sporting, into the water and out, as joyous as it is possible for two creatures to be.

The otter is a methodical little animal, and a very cleanly one too. In his domestic state, and especially after a heavy supper, he sleeps late. When all nature is asleep he crawls from his nest, stops to yawn, then a few steps and another long, open-mouthed yawn, till he is fully awake. Into his bath he goes, head first, when he dives and swims, stopping frequently, as if by instinct, to peer out and see that no enemy is near. As his little head is seen above the pool, with the glimmer and gloss of the water upon him, he might easily be taken for a young seal. Coming from his bath, he is miserable and uneasy until he has dried off, which he can do so thoroughly by rolling in the sand, looking in a few minutes so slick and dry that one is surprised. After the bath he is ready for his breakfast, and the grotesque little face appears at the wire-netted fence begging with all the seductive entreaty an animal could show. No other animal, lest it be the squirrel, feeds in such an attractive, fascinating manner. Taking a bite daintily, he throws his head backward and his paws forward, and with an expression depicting supreme satisfaction on his face, shows two rows of white teeth at each movement of the jaw, and chews and chews the most tender morsel as if his life depended upon the proper mastication of it.

Few animals equal the otter in agility and address; his long flexible body is enveloped in a skin so loose that he almost seems able to turn himself over in it. His forebody is like the seal's, his paws are webbed and fitted for swimming, which he does with the greatest celerity. The fur is short, glossy and closely set to the skin, so as not to interfere with his movements in the water, where he displays the greatest grace—floating, swimming, gliding, circling or diving. Encyclopedias describe the otter as awkward on land. Far from it, as has been demonstrated in his romps with the setter dog, where he is quick and agile, and every movement is full of ease and grace. In this he differs from the seal, while in many other ways his physical characteristics are very similar. He can dart or turn himself in the water with as much celerity as a fish, and is therefore an expert fisher. Small fish he eats while in the water, while large ones he brings out on dry ground, where his first act is to break every bone in the body, then beginning at the tail he eats toward the head.

The otter in a domesticated state is easily taught to fish for his master and to retrieve to hand, for in bringing captive fish to shore he is only following his natural inclinations. In his native haunts he feeds on fish, turtles, frogs, snakes and young birds, but in captivity soon learns to prefer cooked food as well as fruits, often refusing raw fish to dine on bread and milk, eggs, cabbage, sweet potatoes, peaches and watermelon or oranges.

In his Everglade home the otter is a lazy little animal; he inhabits some hole in the bank of a lake, generally choosing one which already exists, seldom if ever burrowing for himself. In his domesticated state he has progressed enough to make his own bed, carrying moss, shavings or paper to the spot which suits him best. With the instinct of the woods clinging to him, he continually changes his sleeping quarters, often making three or four moves in a day.

A gentleman of Florida, who once owned a family of otters, says of them: "They played about the house with the dogs, were petted by the children and indulged in all sorts of cunning antics. They were great climbers, climbing for the mere pleasure of it. During the heat of the day they would go off to the lake to bathe and to fish, returning after a few hours."

Frequently they would wander to the field back of the house, and when their owner thought it time for them to come home he would send his dogs after them—otters and dogs playing along the way as they returned. Were any strange dogs to attack the home dogs, the otters rushed right into the fight, making the bravest allies.

The Florida otter, while native to a tropical climate, can endure but very little exercise in the sun, as was learned while attempting to get them in focus of the camera. They were very hungry and eager to go to eating, but could not endure the warm rays long enough to be gotten into position. No amount of force or coaxing could keep them in place, and they would retire to the shade panting and exhausted.

A few years ago, before the hunter and the trapper had made such sad havoc with the wild animals of Florida, it was no uncommon sight to see a family of otters playing along the banks of the Kissimmee River. At the first sight of the boat, down they would glide into the water, occasionally raising their heads above the surface, but so alert were they that the rifle balls passed over them. Some hunters have a superstitious belief that the otter possesses some magical power, by which he dodges shot and ball. Sportsmen tell of the spell of an otter's eyes—a pathos, a tenderness which make gun murderers hesitate. A noted huntsman, after describing the sensation produced by the gaze of an otter's eyes, says: "The otter, I think, hypnotized me,

for I did not shoot, although my impression is that we looked at one another for a minute or two."

In the lakes and streams of Florida are floating masses of tangled vegetation, and just as the sea otter rests and floats on the narcocystus of Asiatic seas, so does the Florida otter ride and float on the matted beds of lily-pads and hyacinths of Florida waters.

"Sliding" is one of the peculiar characteristics of the habits of the otter. When the otters slide is the time when the Everglade trapper is on the alert, for this is the mating season, the time when the animal is bolder and more sportive, and the time too when the fur is at its prime. They never slide at any other time of the year. The sliding is apparently for sport, the "slide" becoming as smooth as glass by the constant use. The otter makes his home on a watercourse whose grassy borders reach back and extend over a low marshy ground, which is thickly dotted with tall lilies, brakes and cypress trees. Here the female builds her nest, so cunningly devised that an old trapper might pass it by many times without any suspicion of its location. A hunter who captured a nest of three young otters describes it as being built in the shape of an Indian shack, made of tall marsh lilies, and so dextrously woven and closed at the top as completely to conceal the occupants within. The inside of the nest was lined with leaves and grasses, from which snug retreat the baby otters were taken, they to partake of a life of civilization and its consequent sorrows, the mother to go through a period of mourning for the loss of her young.

The opportunity to purchase a second pair of these wild and timid little creatures was presented, and with the thought that they might be consigned to a worse captivity we bought them and turned them loose with the first captives. It was a delight to see the affectionate greeting they received—all immediately making friends, biting and licking each other in the most affectionate manner. The imprisonment for a day or two was painful, but at the end of that time they accepted their captivity with as much complacency as two kittens, eating out of the same pan with the older otters. They teased the cat, who considered it beneath her dignity to rollick with an uncivilized creature, and with a blow from her paw they would scamper off, but the next moment would find them teasing and chasing the setter pup. During the first day of their captivity, while yet feeling a mute rebellion in the imprisonment, one of the pair escaped from the wire netted inclosure and hid himself in a keg. Being discovered suddenly, and feeling himself powerless to retreat, he looked up with a pleading, pitiful expression, and as we peered still closer into his face he gave one long cry, so human in its sound, so like the wail of a frightened infant, as to cause every fiber of our nature to pulse with tenderest pity for the little captive.

The jealousy in the nature of these wild animals was always apparent when there was the slightest provocation for it. With each other, it was as with two generous-hearted children, not an objection to the one being petted, but the manifest desire, "love me too." When one was being fondled, with a quickness that was surprising came the coaxing and pleading from the other for a similar attention. Were the cat or the dog to receive too much consideration, very soon came a very different reminder from the sharp little otter teeth that the act was objectionable. Their devotion to each other



READY FOR BREAKFAST.

was indeed touching. When the one received a whipping for some offense the mate sat by crying pitifully, apparently much more affected than the culprit who was receiving the punishment.

With reference to these captive otters the question has been frequently asked: Have they reasoning capacity? Yes, not of the same character as the dog, but they are guided by a keen, quick, artful perception. A dry crust of bread will be carried to the water and softened; a piece of meat accidentally dropped in the sand is quickly washed and carried to a grassy plot before eating.

One of the most pleasing recognitions of their intelligence is observed in the home coming of their owner. It is the custom of the pet cranes, who occupy the large yard, to welcome him with a loud whooping call, at which signal and before he is in view of the otters they fairly leap and tumble over each other in their efforts to reach the south end of the inclosure, the nearest point to the master's entrance to the yard, and a place they never frequent except at such a time. They quickly learned that after the greeting of the birds their owner must soon appear.*

The careful study of the otter has shown what marked individuality he possesses, exhibiting characteristics as diverse as are observed in a group of children. A picture, quaint and always pleasing, may be witnessed many times during the day. The male, large otter that he is, continues his baby habit of sucking his paw—the female has long since outgrown the habit. Getting into his tub and in a half standing posture, with his forebody leaning on the edge of the basin, with head resting on his right paw, he sucks the left with an utter disregard of surroundings. Always by his side, but outside the tub, pensively sits his mate, with her comical little face resting against the netting, waiting until her liege lord has had his nap.

One of the most touching scenes, and one that must ever send a dull thud through the heart of the writer as the recollection of it recurs, was the death scene of little Juliet. Was the name prophetic when the happy little pair were christened Romeo and Juliet? How quaint they were as they played around the yard, as happy and as joyous as two kittens. "Where thou goest



A HAPPY FAMILY.

Young Otters, Setter Pup and Cranes.

I will go," was their watchword. A night came, however, when the gentler one took sick and died. The living one soon realized that something wrong had happened, and tried to arouse the mate by caressing and licking the body. Finding this of no avail, he left the bed and no amount of coaxing would induce him to return to it. All day long following the death of little Juliet the male called and cried, and when night came his sorrow grew intense. The scene was a simple one—a tropical yard, dimly shadowed, and a half-grown otter in the foreground—nothing more; but the pathos in that "chirp, chirp," as he hunted for the mate that never would answer, was an exquisite pain to the bystanders. Strong men on the battlefield can witness the death of a comrade with a tearless eye, but there is a peculiar pathos attending the grief of a dumb creature. As the little otter silently wandered from one side of the wire-netted fence to the other, every fiber of his little body was tense with earnest listening. Standing erect, with his forepaws holding on to the netting, he would peer out into the night, startled at every quiver of a leaf. Moving a few steps, as if bewildered, he would seek the open space in the yard, and rising on his hindlegs listen with a passionate earnestness and with an expression so like humanity on his face that to those who watched the moment was one of intense grief. Like a discordant note came the song of the mockingbird as he mimicked the crying otter. The agony of that moment was tragical, and the memory of it too sad to dwell upon.

Every effort was made to interest the sad little creature, but for days he seemed to have only one absorbing thought. The other pair would come to him and caress him, as was their usual fashion, inviting a roll and a tumble. He would turn his little black eyes from one to the other with a pitiful look of anguish, and quietly walk away. He did not repel; he simply refused to be comforted. When exhausted he sought some secluded spot, refusing to sleep with his playfellows, as had been his custom before the death of the mate, when the four cuddled in one nest. To follow him or attempt any kindness was indeed a hollow mockery and only tended to increase his sorrow. With a heart yearning for the sorrowing little creature, the irresistible impulse was to divert him; in short, it seemed impossible to remain away from him. Being approached as he crouched in some corner he would raise his head, and with a pitying cry, like some human creature, seemed to plead to be let alone with his sorrow. Around his little eyes and running down his face were tears—the tears of a dumb creature for his mate.

The study of the least of God's creatures must open a window into the sphere of spiritual sympathy, teaching pity and gentleness for all living things.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Florida.

* See "Florida Pet Cranes" in issue of July 16.

THE University of the State of New York has just issued as Museum Bulletin 20 a very interesting and practical monograph on the elm-leaf beetle, by E. P. Felt, acting State entomologist. The bulletin treats of the ravages, life history and enemies of this destructive beetle, and gives the best methods of protecting the trees. It is hoped that this bulletin will have a wide distribution among our citizens, who, acting on the valuable suggestions given, may thus save many of the trees at present threatened with destruction. The bulletin will be sent postpaid to any address by the University of the State of New York, Albany, on receipt of 5 cents.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(*Continued from page 444.*)

THE LEOPARD (*Felis pardus*, Linn). NATIVE NAME, *Shabel.*

Leopards are pretty well distributed all over Somali-land, and are the most dangerous of all its wild animals. A leopard is very bold and fearless, and does not hesitate to enter a zareba or village, and seize upon any man or beast he can conveniently reach. They do not appear to attack camels, and these animals pay no attention to a leopard even if crawling in their midst, while a lion's roar will cause them to stampede. Leopards are wonderfully agile and very powerful considering their size; for, like the lion, the Somali leopard is smaller than his brethren from other places. I have known one of these beasts to take a carcass (entire) of a spotted hyena, full grown, and carry it up a tree and deposit it in a fork 15ft. from the ground. The wonder was not only how it was possible for him to carry such a heavy mass up the tree, but how he could even lift it from the ground. But the fact that he did it was evident, for the carcass was up the tree, and the sand beneath was tracked all over by the leopard's feet. Although smaller than the usual size of leopards from other localities, there is no other difference, and it is absurd to make even separate races either of the lion or leopard found in Somali-land. I went all over this question years ago with ample material at my command, and there is no character existing upon which more than one species can be established. Thickness of coat and length of hair vary with the climate; size is no criterion, for it is not the same even in members of one family, while color is equally unreliable, it often depending on individual condition. Nor is there any osteological character to be found upon which more than one species can be based. No two skulls are exactly alike, but while they have a general structure and shape, there is endless individual variation. Leopards make their dens in caves in the sides of high rocky cliffs, and their hoarse cough can often be heard during the day. Like all cats they prefer to commit their depredations at night, although on several occasions we met them hunting in the daytime. They doubtless kill many of the young of various species of antelope and of the wart hog, for leopards are very fond of pork. We surprised one just at dusk stalking a herd of oryx, among which were a number of young ones about half-grown, and on observing us he made the best time through the bush of any animal we met with in the country. His bounds were prodigious, and as he had a good start we could not overtake him on our horses before he managed to disappear in the bush. Many sheep and goats of the natives are carried away by this bold robber, and it is said young children also are killed by it when it steals into the villages and even huts at night.

THE CHEETAH (*Cynailurus jubatus*, Schreib). NATIVE NAME, *Shabel.*

The natives do not seem to have two names for the leopard and cheetah, although I think they recognize them as distinct species. The young are so much alike that it is not to be wondered that they consider them all the same, and some young cheetahs we had alive were considered by all my men to be only the ordinary leopards. We never met with this species, except perhaps on one occasion, in Ogaden, where an animal was seen running at a considerable distance from us, and was first thought to be a wild dog (*Lycaon pictus*), but afterward we came to the conclusion that it must have been a cheetah. I bought some fine skins from the natives, some of which were said to have been killed



WAITING FOR THEIR BATH.

in the Golis range, not many miles from Berbera. The skins I obtained were of the usual style in color and markings, and of course being in a very hot country the coats were rather thin, which would not be the case if the animals inhabited elevated districts with cold temperature, as witness the so-called *Felis lanea* (Sclater), which, though dwelling in South Africa, possesses a heavy coat to protect it from the cold of the lofty country it inhabits. The same effect upon the quality of the coat produced by a low temperature is seen in the tigers and leopards from the Amur and various other high elevations in China, etc., where the fur becomes so long and thick as to almost woolly. I think the cheetah is rather scarce in Somali-land, although the young are not infrequently kept alive by the natives for sale to the caravans passing through their territories to the coast.

SPOTTED HYENA (*Hyæna crocuta*, Erxl). NATIVE NAME, *Wardba.*

The spotted hyena was met with everywhere we traveled, except in the wild ass country to the west of

Berbera, where its place was taken by the following species. At least that seemed to be the case, as all the hyenas we saw or killed there were of the striped species. As we penetrated the country these animals became more numerous, and in parts of Ogaden they fairly swarmed. Males seemed to preponderate, and we did not succeed in getting an old female, although we shot a good many of the beasts. Of all animals I think the spotted hyena is the most loathsome and repulsive. It is usually covered with scabs and sores, caused either by fighting with each other or from the impure condition of its blood, or perhaps both, and some individuals were so offensive that it was very disagreeable not only to go near them, but even to stand to leeward of their carcasses.

The hyena is exceedingly cowardly, and does its best to save its malodorous body from getting into any danger, but it is a great sneak, and woe betide any unfortunate native it comes upon sleeping at night, for with one snap of its powerful jaws it will carry away the whole face of its victim, this being the place usually attacked. Donkeys, sheep, etc., are usually seized by the belly from behind, and the bowels torn out. The power of a hyena's jaw is tremendous, and with a single snap they are able to inflict dreadful wounds, while their appetites are boundless, and they are always asking for more. In the role of scavengers these animals with the vultures perform a most useful and necessary service in removing all carrion and offal from the ground, and birds and beasts often have a race as to which shall arrive at the attractive feast first. This hyena, among its other accomplishments, is possessed of a powerful voice, which it is accustomed to display in two ways; one by a succession of long drawn out mournful notes, beginning low and ending in a high key, and the other by sounds resembling the laughter of a maniac. The first is that usually heard when the animals are calling to each other, or when they come about the camp at night and scent the meat or whatever excites their longing desires; while the latter seems to be uttered generally when the creature is laboring under great excitement either caused by hunger or sexual emotions. It is a good-sized beast, low in the hindquarters, which are weak, but with powerful shoulders, neck and head. Altogether it cannot be regarded as possessing any attractive qualities, and can only be tolerated on account of its usefulness as a scavenger. The natives always expressed great delight whenever we killed one of these beasts, as they commit such havoc among their flocks and herds, often even carrying away the young children. From the crafty, cowardly way of the creature the natives are not often able to get near enough to kill them with spears, and so are too happy to witness their destruction by the more certain and far-reaching rifle. Although this species is found quite near to the coast, even visiting the vicinity of the markets at Berbera at night to steal scraps of meat, it is not found in any considerable numbers until the interior is reached.

STRIPED HYENA (*Hyæna striata*, Zimm). NATIVE NAMES, *Dedar, Werra.*

This striped hyena was much less frequently met with than the previous species, although it appears to be about as widely distributed throughout the country. We did not find it on the Haud, although it is very probable that it is there, but the list of places recorded where we preserved specimens shows that it was met with from the vicinity of the sea to the furthest point in the interior reached by us. There are two recognizable forms of this species, known to the natives as dedar and werra. The latter, they say, is much more destructive than the other, and kills their sheep and goats apparently merely to indulge its propensities for slaughter, destroying many more animals than it can possibly consume at one time. It is smaller than the dedar and the stripes are more numerous and intensely black, standing out clearly and distinct from the other colors of its coat. The natives also say it is abroad much oftener by day than the spotted hyena, and does not wait for the cover of darkness to commit its depredations. The striped hyena is a much more cleanly animal than its relative, and I never saw one covered with scars and sores, as is often the case with the spotted hyena, nor does it seem to possess a like offensive odor. It may be that it lives more on freshly killed animals, and has not an especial liking for carrion, but this of course I cannot vouch for. I have known it to eat carcasses of animals killed the same day and thrown outside our camp, but as this animal is a hyena it is fair to presume, I suppose, it would have eaten them even if tainted.

It is rather a handsome animal, the fur is long and thick, and the tail bushy, and when the stripes are well defined it does not present an unattractive appearance. There seems to be a very considerable difference in the shape and size of the skulls of this species, which is probably merely an individual variation, but as that belonging to the adult specimen of the werra was destroyed and the other belonged to an immature individual I could not make a satisfactory comparison with the adult skulls of the dedar. The difference in size and markings between the two forms may have no specific value, but it requires investigation when sufficient material is available.

JACKAL (*Canis anthus*, F. Cuvier). NATIVE NAME, *Dowdo.*

This jackal was very common all over the country, and was constantly met with in our hunting trips. It was not especially shy, and would often trot carelessly along in full view and within easy rifle shot. If at such time one whistled, the little animal would stop and gaze at the intruder on his grounds often for a long while, and if not shot at, after satisfying its curiosity, would continue on its travels. But should a rifle bullet go whizzing in its vicinity, then it stood not on the order of its going, but went at once. This and the succeeding species are very destructive to the kids and lambs in the flocks of the natives, and may possibly, if several act in concert, kill sheep and goats, though I fancy the latter, especially the rams, would with their horns be more than a match for this jackal. It seemed to be constantly on the move, going along in the quick, slouching trot so characteristic of this class of animals, and only breaking into a canter when alarmed. It follows the hyena and helps them dispose of any carcass lying about, and sits at a respectable distance from the lion when engaged with his prey in hopes of obtaining some scraps left by the lord of the jungle from his feast. The jackal is keen of scent, and quickly discovers the presence of any flesh in his vicinity, and loses no time in getting to it. Its voice is often heard in a long drawn, plaintive howl, especially at night, when it finds courage in the darkness to draw near the camp and serenade its inmates, excited by the smell of meat to this effort of questionable melody and song. This species may catch small animals, possibly does, and also various species of the jungle fowl, although I have no proof of this, but as it is constantly hunting for something to eat I doubt if it passes any living thing of which it is capable of making a meal. When captured alive it shrinks from any one who approaches, and in only a few instances have I seen it assume the aggressive and attempt to bite. When taken in a trap it generally lies quiet, and it was the exception when one struggled to free itself. With the hyenas and vultures, the jackal is a humble assistant in the necessary duties of a scavenger, and helps to remove all fleshy material from remaining exposed to the baneful effects of the sun.

Preserving Iowa Records.

IN a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM I read with much interest an article on "Changes in the Fauna and Flora of Iowa," by Clement L. Webster. In perusing this interesting and valuable paper, an additional interest was experienced from the fact that it has been my good fortune to have had an intimate acquaintance with its author, and to know much of his work.

FOREST AND STREAM has long urged the necessity and



CLEMENT S. WEBSTER.

great importance of gathering up and preserving every available fact relating to the fast fading, primitive fauna and flora of all portions of our great country, realizing the impossibility of securing a few years hence much that is of priceless value in this line. To this journal certainly the scientific and sporting world owes much.

Would that those competent to do so would follow out the suggestions of the FOREST AND STREAM, and also emulate the example in this regard already set by Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster was born on the frontier of Iowa "way back in the fifties," and "grew up with the country." He is a born naturalist, as well as one by profession; and his love for the "wild things of nature" has been a marked characteristic since his earliest childhood. His early and trying experiences with poverty and hardships in a pioneer country, instead of crushing and destroying his early love, had the effect only to intensify it, until it finally grew to be the crowning passion of his life.

Very early in life he conceived the idea of keeping accurate notes regarding the things in nature which interested him. A study of the fauna and flora of the region then, and accounts of it for long years previous, as given to him by old hunters and trappers of the region, he treasured up and preserved.

From that early day when northern Iowa was first taken possession of by the whites, to the present time, his records in this and other lines have been kept up, until now he has a mass of facts, notes and drawings of priceless value.

Comparatively little of this valuable material has been published; but for a long time he has been engaged in writing out and systematizing the facts, and making beautiful colored drawings and sketches (for he is an artist of recognized merit as well), and binding all into large volumes for permanent preservation.

Facts of the greatest value and scientific interest relating to the primitive fauna and flora which existed in Iowa long before the first white man came, have been gathered by Mr. Webster from the large number of ancient moundbuilders, burial mounds and earthworks which he has carefully explored in the region.

The material, mainly scientific, which he has collected during these years, and which is for the most part yet unpublished, would fill at least ten or twelve printed volumes. His published reports and papers even now number more than 100 titles, and have appeared mainly in leading scientific journals of the country; and he is now recognized as one of the foremost among our younger scientific workers.

One work of his, now going through the press, and which will prove of much value and interest, is devoted to the pioneer history, the general natural history, etc., of northern Iowa.

The subject of this sketch has traveled quite extensively in the West, Southwest and in Mexico; and a better or more genial camp fellow I never met. He is a true sportsman, and an ardent lover of field sports and camp life; but is bitterly opposed to the wanton destruction of game or animal life of any kind. He combines traits as a naturalist and a sportsman such as are not usually met with.

His earlier and later hunting and other experiences are most interesting, and often very amusing. He has contributed numerous articles to FOREST AND STREAM.

FLORIDA.

European Starlings on Long Island.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., July 15.—Early this spring I heard a new voice among the trees, and after much prying about succeeded in identifying the performer. "Wheezy, wheezy, wheezy!" then a long run down the scale to a finish of finely drawn out notes. Day after day from the tops of our largest oaks and chestnuts came the unfamiliar strain. I finally located one of the birds in a wild cherry, and to my surprise discovered it to be the European starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*). Pairing commenced about first week in May, about the 10th the song ceased entirely, and save for an occasional glimpse of the birds as they passed in the tree tops their presence was unnoticed.

I knew they were nesting, but could not definitely locate them, as they confined themselves almost wholly to the larger trees. Finally I managed to locate three pair in a general way, and of these one was at last found, but not until the young were hatched and I could follow the old birds on their return from foraging.

The nest was at least 40ft. from the ground, in a hole in the trunk of an oak. A large limb had some time been broken off, and though the bark had almost closed the wound, there was a hole left where the decayed wood had weathered away. The cavity concealed the nest, and was large enough to entirely hide the parent bird from view when she entered with food.

The nestlings remained in this snug retreat until seemingly fully able to fly, for although I saw but two of them take their departure, there was apparently none of the weak preliminary flutter often seen in many of our native bird children.

The first flight was a strong one, and landed them some 50yds. away in a tall chestnut. This flight was taken between 9 and 10 A. M., and at intervals thereafter they would launch out, accompanied by both parents. They flew silently for short distances, circling back to point of departure, save once, when one youngster with a burst of speed darted off quite a distance, rising as he went. When he turned to come back, the immensity of space between his perch and himself seemed to appal him, and for an instant he lost his head. With a terrified squawk he dropped like a plummet some 10ft. In a flash one of the old birds was beneath him, encouraging him in quiet tones. He at once seemed to take heart, and steadying himself, regained his perch a moment later, where he squatted panting with open bill.

I have seen at least twenty of these birds this season.

They seem to hold aloof, and do not fraternize with our natives. Passing most of their time in the taller trees, I have found them difficult to observe satisfactorily. On the ground they hold themselves very erect, walk about sedately, or run for long stretches at good speed. Their flight is steady, with strong wing beats, and they have a peculiarly graceful upward glide when approaching to alight.

I had heard of the English starling being seen in this vicinity a year ago, but not having observed them myself, did not care to write you on hearsay evidence.

We have an unusual number of birds with us this season.

Nesting has been practically undisturbed in our vicinity, and at this writing the second brood of robins are testing their voices. I have not seen as many of our native songsters in ten years past. Perchance they have the news that our friend Hornaday and his associates mean business when they say, "our birds must be protected." At any rate, their cheerful notes are ringing in the trees and among the hedges as I write.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The Angler's Reverie.

Ah! my heart is sick with wishing
For my old fly rod—
Wishing for my next vacation,
Health and rest and recreation;
Do you think it odd?
How I long to go a-fishing
With my old fly rod!

Oft in Willowemoc's Valley
And the Beaverkills
We have wandered and have waded,
From the dawn till daylight faded,
O'er the Western hills,
With the speckled trout to dally
And forget life's ills.

Evermore shall we remember
The swift Delaware,
When the bass were freely rising
To our lures so appetizing;
Oh, what sport was there!
Through October and November
In the clear, cool air.

Shall we have such days entrancing
In the coming year?
Will the trout rise to our hackle
And the bass strain well-tried tackle
Till a break seems near?
Lo! the season is advancing—
It will soon be here. —*Summer Home.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Indian Mode of Hunting.

I.—Beaver.

WA-SA-KEJIC came over to the post early one October, and said his boy had cut his foot, and that he had no one to steer his canoe on a proposed beaver hunt. Now nice, fat beaver, just before the ice takes, is one of the tidbits that come to the trader's table, and having spare time just then I volunteered to accompany him, knowing I would get a share of the game.

As we made our way over the several small portages between the large lake on which the post is built and the one in which he had located the beaver, he told me there were two lodges on the lake to which we were making our way.

We pitched our tent on the last portage, so as not to make a fire near the beaver. Beavers have very poor eyesight, but very acute hearing and smell, and once they are frightened the sport for that night at all events is finished.

We had something to eat and then started for the lake, leaving our tent and things ready to return to after dark. Smoking and talking are forbidden when one is in a beaver lake; care also must be taken that the paddle does not rasp the side of the canoe.

The beavers had built an immense dam across the discharge of the lake, and left a small cut in the middle for the overflow to pass. Here Wa-sa-Kejic placed a No. 4 Newhouse trap in about 4in. of water. On a twig 9in. high and set back about a foot from the trap he placed a small piece of castorum. The smell of this attracts a beaver. Then he lengthened the trap chain with three strands of No. 9 twine, tying it to a stout pole, which he planted very, very securely in deep water, out from the dam.

The beaver, when he finds himself caught, springs backward into the deep water and dives to the bottom; here he struggles to get away until shortness of breath compels him to rise to the surface, and this is repeated until the weight of the trap is too much for his exhausted condition, and he dies at the bottom, from whence he is hauled up by the hunter when next visiting his traps.

After placing the trap on the dam Wa-sa-Kejic opened another ready for setting, tied the poles, and had everything ready; then giving me implicit injunctions not to make the last noise, told me to steer the canoe quietly to the lodge, which was fixed in a small bay out in the lake. When we reached the beaver's house, he carefully placed the trap in the same depth of water as he had done the previous one, with this difference, that he omitted the castorum, because, as he told me afterward, the beavers went on top of the house every night, the young ones to slide down into the water, and the old ones to do any necessary plastering.

Another trap was set at the next house, and from there we paddled the canoe a considerable distance from the beaver works, and figuratively rested on our oars until sundown.

We were now going to try still-shooting them. Before night sets in about sundown each fine evening in the fall the beavers leave their lodge, first, to eat the young willows along the shore, and after satisfying their hunger to patch the dam, plaster their houses and cut young trees to store up for their next winter's food!

They come to the surface on leaving the lodge, and unless something frightens them swim on the surface in and out along the borders of the lake until they see a favorable spot to go ashore; and here they set to nibbling the bark of young birch or poplar, and if the hunter is careful may be shot at close range.

As I said before, talking while hunting beaver is forbidden; and the hunter conveys his wishes to the steersman by signs, thus: To draw his attention he oscillates the canoe slightly; to move the canoe ahead the motion of paddling made by throwing the open hand inboard; to alter the course of the canoe is done by signing with the hand either to the right or to the left, as desired; to stop the canoe's headway when getting too close to the game is done by gentle downward patting of the hand, etc.

Being already versed in this dumb language, we shoved away and took up a position near the lodge, but to the leeward of it, and waited. The sun having already gone down behind the forest, on the other side of the lake, we had not long to wait until a beaver broke water and swam away in a direction from us. Wa-sa-Kejic shook his head, as much as to say, "We will go after that fellow later on." The first was followed quickly by a second, a third and a fourth! Then, after waiting for fully fifteen minutes and no other appearing, Wa-sa-Kejic made signs to go ahead; this we did slowly, without taking the sharp-bladed paddle from the water.

Presently we heard a noise as if a pig were supping up from a trough. This was one of the beavers crunching up young twigs in the water. The canoe was edged slowly toward the land, with Wa-sa-Kejic on the alert, both dogheads full-cocked and ready for action. Presently the downward motion of the hand was given, the gun brought deliberately up to the shoulder, and the next instant the explosion, followed almost as one shot by the second barrel! A thick smoke hung between us and the shore, but we could hear kicking and splashing of the water; that told the shot was true. The beaver had ceased to struggle by the time we reached the shore. "But for what was the other shot?" I asked Wa-sa-Kejic.

"For that," he answered, pointing to another beaver, stone dead on the bank; and then he laughed, for there was no necessity of keeping quiet any longer, for the shots had frightened any other beaver in the vicinity.

"We may as well go to camp now," continued Wa-sa-Kejic, "and we will see our traps in the morning."

From the fact of our having come ashore late, and perhaps more because of the hearty supper we made off of roast beaver, we did not awake until the sun was high. We immediately partook of a hasty breakfast of tea Gallette and pork and went to see the traps.

"Fortunate?" Well, yes! We found one in each trap; and returned during the afternoon to the post. The Indian gave me the meat of two beavers for myself.

He left his traps set to visit at some future time, because there were several animals yet in the lake.

Describing the mode of killing beaver would not be complete unless we explained that of "trenching." This method of killing them is largely practiced by the Indians after the lakes and rivers are frozen over. I cannot do better than to describe a small lake that Wa-sa-Kejic and I went to trench in December. This beaver lodge I had found the very last day of open water, for that night the wind turned round north and froze up everything! As it was close to the post, and I had found it, I simply made a bargain with Wa-sa-Kejic to do the trenching for a pound of tea. In those days tea was tea in the remote interior, and meant many a cheering cup to the Indian.

Wa-sa-Kejic whistled his dogs after him when we left camp in the morning. The lake lay in the hollow of a mountain of considerable height, and could be compared to an inch of water in the bottom of a teacup. Before we were half down the precipitous sides we saw the dogs nosing around the shore, scenting for the beavers in their "washes" or breathing holes. Wa-sa-Kejic, when he cast his eye around the small body of water, said, "This is an easy lake, and the beaver will soon all be dead."

He now produced an ordinary socket chisel of 1½in. point, and in a few minutes had this handled with a young tamarack about 6ft. long. We each carried an axe, and the first order I got was to cut some dry sticks that stood at the discharge, each stick to be about 4ft. long. These, as fast as cut, the Indian drove across the creek after he had cut a trench in the thin ice from shore to shore. This was to prevent the beaver from going down the creek.

The next thing was to break open the lodge from the top. This was done to scare the beavers out into the lake and make them resort to the washes. The beaver washes have their entrances under water, and go up sometimes a considerable distance from the shore, terminating generally under the roots of a tree. The beavers flee from wash to wash, as the hunter finds them out, and as each wash is discovered by the dogs (which scent the beavers through the frozen surface) the hunter stakes up the entrance to prevent them from returning.

Beaver washes vary in number according to the formation of the lake, from two to three up to twenty. The practiced eye of the hunter tells him at once if the lake has few or many. And this is why Wa-sa-Kejic said we would soon kill the beaver. At last the three dogs remained pointing and listening about 12ft. from the shore under a spruce of considerable size. The Indian set to work to stake up the entrance, which he did as fast as I could furnish the sticks.

On the shore of this barricade he cleared away the ice and snow, making an opening about the size of a barrel head, and then he paused, and pointing to the water said, "See that! That's the beaver breathing!" This was shown by the water's surface gently rising and falling.

He now took off his coat, and baring his right arm up to the shoulder he gave me the ice chisel and told me to pierce the ground where the dogs were pointing. I had hardly given a blow or two before I saw Wa-sa-Kejic stoop over the hole and plunge his naked arm into the water. Instantly it was withdrawn, and a big fat beaver, securely seized by the tail, was struggling in his grasp. A blow of his axe on the spine finished him in quick order, and this was repeated from time to time as I continued to enlarge the hole where the beavers were huddled together under the roots.

We got six out of this wash, and two out of another, which constituted all that were in the lake. Two each made a very good load for us going home, and the next day I sent a man with a flat sled to bring home the remaining four.

The three principal modes of killing beavers are by shooting, trapping, trenching.

MARTIN HUNTER.

SAGUENAY COUNTY, Quebec.

A Miscellaneous Bag.

A Sketch of Sport in Scotland.

Written for FOREST AND STREAM by W. R. Gilbert.

ALTHOUGH the blasé sportsman may sneer at small bags, and vow that a hard day's tramp is not to be compared with a "hot corner," where rocketing pheasants come galore, and hares stream out in ropes; or with two guns in a "butt" with grouse coming in countless numbers; still I venture to say—after a long experience—that no shooting equals the delight of getting a mixed bag, fairly worked for and therefore fairly earned, in the last months of the year. The charming uncertainty as to what game is going to get up next is delightful. Not that I wish to decry big shoots; given a jolly set of fellows, they are good fun, but they do not seem to linger in one's mind as does the day we got a little of everything. This is the sort of day I mean; enjoyed through the kindness of my old friend M.

"Well, what would you like to do to-day?" queries my host, as I come down to an early breakfast served in the lodge on his Scotch shooting. "Shall we have a few grouse drives, try the lowlands for partridges, beat the coverts for woodcock and a few stray pheasants, or what?"

I did not take long to make up my mind, even with such a menu put before me. "If you leave it to me, I vote for trying for a mixed bag; I am sure we ought to get a few snipe in the meadows, and there ought to be some woodcock in after this frost."

"Very well," returned M., "so be it. I think I can give you a sight of most game even if you don't get a shot; but I am afraid the ducks may be gone, the frost sending them down to the sea."

We were soon on our way, accompanied by Mac, the keeper, three boys to beat, a retriever and a little cocker spaniel. The first ground tried was the kitchen garden and laurels round the lodge, as the gardener reported seeing a "good few cock pheasan's there the morn." They were not to be found, however. We decided to have a couple of short grouse drives, so sending the beaters round, we went to take up our "butts" on the moor, about two miles distant. On our way we expected to get a shot at snipe, but all we flushed was a large covey of partridges, which got up out of shot. Just before we reached the moor we came to a pond noted for holding ducks. True to its traditions, it did so now, for as we got within 25yds. up rose three mallards, of which we secured two. We then crept to our positions, and had time for a whiff of the weed, when I saw three packs of grouse skimming over the heather toward where M. was stationed, but unfortunately they turned down out of shot. Then "Ma-a-rk" came borne on the frosty air, and five grouse flashed by me about 35yds. to my left, but my two barrels resulted in misses. "Ma-r-rk" again, and I could see two old cock grouse sailing down wind straight at me. When within 40yds. I show myself; they turn, showing up the white under their wings, and both succumb to the first barrel. More birds come, but scarcely within shot, and I only succeed in getting three more birds. Another short drive follows, and results in M. getting a brace and a half of grouse and an old gray hen, while I had to be content with firing a volley of regrets after several packs that would not face the guns.

"Now for the snipe," I say. We clamber over a wall and wend our way to a boggy tract of land below. We beat this well, but to no purpose, save killing a hare, until we come to the very edge, where up get two "long bills"—a long shot—going away unharmed, showing their satisfaction by giving vent to their peculiar note.

Soon after I did better, getting seven birds out of ten shots. By this time we had come round to where our second drive had ended. "Now," said M., "you get forward. There are sure to be some woodcock here, and they generally lie in those bushes and heather at the top of the glen." I climbed over a highish wall, and made my way on through heather knee deep. Hardly had I gone 50yds. when an old cock grouse sprang up under my feet, giving a defiant crow; being taken unawares I carefully missed him with the first barrel, but got him with the second. We never saw a thing till getting to the end of the beat, when some black game came sailing over, too high to shoot.

Then was heard the welcome "Ma-a-rk cock"; and the bird came sailing down the glen—an easy shot; but woe is me, for I missed both barrels, over anxiety to bag him accounting for the disaster. More than one sportsman can "shake" with me, when they remember having missed just such an easy shot at cock. We found two more birds before finishing the beat, each of us getting one. Then to lunch.

We were soon on the tramp again, our way leading over sedgy, swampy pastures. Hardly had we entered when a rabbit fell to M.'s gun. After I had killed a big hare, and missed a long shot at a grouse, and M. had bagged a snipe, we went on to another bit of snipe ground, which resulted in our bagging three snipe and two jack snipe.

Having now a fairly mixed bag, we thought we would try and add one more variety by getting a partridge. We tried several stubbles and also a couple of turnip fields, but saw nothing but some plover, which rose out of shot. We walked till we were tired to get a shot at those partridges, but luck was against us; first the birds that we did see were very wild, and then when poor M. did have a beautiful right and left he never touched a feather. We had now come to a very small covert, which generally yielded a woodcock, but on this occasion the game was absent, but we managed to get an old cock pheasant and a wood pigeon.

M. and myself were now both rather uneasy in our minds as to the chances of getting a partridge, when on the opposite side of the hedge we heard the well-known call. We peeped over, and instantly up rose two large coveys, a very long distance, but we were so anxious to get a bird that—"tell it not in Gath, mention it not in Ascalon"—I fear we pulled into the "brown." One bird was the result. That poor unfortunate bird did us a lot of good, we had secured a specimen of nearly every game bird inhabiting this wild district, save the duck.

Liege Firearms.

CONSUL GILBERT sends to the State Department from Liege this table, showing the number and description of firearms tested at the proving station in Liege for the years named:

Description.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.
Guns:				
Double barrel ...	198,780	227,432	224,071	208,301
Single barrel	266,713	330,776	300,264	315,144
Flintlocks	27,052	18,460	18,680	13,146
Military rifles	130,696	74,255	80,410	50,628
Revolvers	388,450	407,612	416,681	436,166
Pistols:				
Pocket, by pairs..	2,515	600	1,031	761
Cavalry, by pairs..	25,559	28,581	22,711	13,341
Total	1,039,765	1,082,716	1,063,848	1,037,487

The official value of firearms exported from Liege to foreign countries during the year 1896 was $3,160,713; during 1895, $2,960,000; in 1894, $2,500,000; which shows an increase of more than 25 per cent. in two years. The importations of firearms into Belgium from all countries in 1896 were to the value of $312,000, and consisted almost entirely of old military rifles.

Gun barrels are subjected to three proofs for black powder, and four for smokeless powder.

North Carolina Quail.

HASLIN, N. C., July 4.—Birds are nesting and hatching well with us and we should have excellent shooting as usual next fall. F. P. L.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Lost Park Buffalo.

The killing of the buffalo cow in Lost Park, Colo., last June has attracted much attention, and as is well known, State Warden Swan some days ago caused the arrest of two Leadville gentlemen, charging them with the act. The result of the case is not yet determined. The Miner, of Leadville, Colo., gives the other side of the story in the following words:

"One of the gentlemen is Frank W. Bartlett, the taxidermist, of 112 East Third street. On being interviewed he stated that a few weeks ago he and his wife and child, accompanied by Henry M. Blakely, the dry goods man of East Sixth street, went to the Lost Park country for an outing. A number of other parties had talked of going along, but when the day for starting came the above named persons only were prepared to go.

"When they arrived at Mr. Derley's place, near Lost Park, that gentleman and his wife accompanied them. The party camped on Rock Creek during their stay and never saw a buffalo, not even a track of one, while they were there. They never heard of the killing of the buffalo until they came out of the park. Mr. Bartlett remarked, when hearing of the affair, that they would accuse him of the killing because he was a taxidermist.

"'Sheriff Wilson, of Park county,' said Mr. Bartlett, 'placed Mr. Blakely and myself under arrest and we gave bonds in the sum of $500 to appear at the September term of court to answer the charge. We deny having killed a buffalo, and we are prepared to prove our innocence.'

"Mr. Blakely in his interview said they had neither seen nor heard of a buffalo on their camping out trip, and that the whole affair seemed to him to be the work of some malicious person who would be called to account for the prosecution and attempted persecution."

It is to be hoped that justice will be brought to the proper parties, whoever they may be. The gradual killing of the Yellowstone herd is one of the disgraces of the West, and the butchery of one of the little band of buffalo still left in Colorado, a female at that, and suckling a young calf, is also a disgrace to the State of Colorado, every man of which ought to be proud of the fact that his State has a few, a very few, specimens left of an animal hardly to be found anywhere else in the whole world.

Prairie Chickens.

Those gentlemen of Illinois who think that the chicken law of this State is "unconstitutional," and that they can shoot chickens on Sept. 1, or earlier if they feel so inclined, would do well to proceed with extreme caution. Warden Loveday stands on the date of Sept. 15. He will make it interesting to all sheriffs, attorneys, justices of the peace and other persons of high degree, as well as common people, who may feel a need of prairie chickens too urgent to be restrained until Sept. 15.

There is reason to suppose that we shall have a fair supply of prairie chickens scattered here and there over a wide extent of the State of Illinois. By the date of Sept. 20 most of the shooting at these birds will have been done. There are so many guns and so many good shots nowadays, both in town and country, all of whom are well posted as to the chicken country, that the supply of these big birds is sufficient to last but a short while. In this regard I think the State of Illinois is not very different from that of Minnesota or Nebraska. I have reports from both of these States that the chicken crop this year is unusually good. This is the stereotyped form of chicken information in the West these days. A month or so before the season the birds are reported "more numerous than they have been for years." Ten days after the opening date the story runs that the birds must have been killed off by a wet spring, or a dry summer, or by minks, hawks or some other evil-minded creatures. I presume that there are about as many prairie chickens in Illinois as in Minnesota. Mr. W. S. Phillips, of this city, is just back from a trip through the West. He says that Nebraska is full of quail and prairie chickens, the latter being especially abundant in the northwestern part of that State. He also says that there is a great deal of sporting travel going on in the West, numbers of parties going into the mountains. From other sources I hear that the season in Nebraska has been exceptionally favorable for prairie chickens. There has been a good crop, probably as good a crop as that State will ever again see in its history. It is also the case that shooting of market hunters and so-called sportsmen is even now going on over a wide part of Nebraska. When the opening day arrives the crop will have been largely harvested.

Rough on the Gun Club.

The Sioux Falls Press, a newspaper published in one of the best chicken regions of the country, gives utterance to some harsh comment on the methods of the members of the local gun club, which comment I trust is entirely erroneous. While it does not reflect a spirit appropriate to the present, I know that such acts as those charged were at one time all too prevalent over a great portion of the West.

The Press remarks:

"It's about time for the president of the Sioux Falls Gun Club to quote the game law of the State, and warn gunners not to shoot prairie chickens out of season. The members of the gun club in the past always accepted the president's warning as a license to go out into the fields and bag a few birds. In fact, all citizens inclined to field sports of this character played the warning in the light of an invitation to accompany the members on their first appearance among the young birds, and no longer stood upon the order of going, but went boldly forth and shot everything in sight. Whatever poaching has been indulged in thus far this season has been performed very quietly. Still it is known that several wing shots have been out and brought in young prairie chickens. It is nearly a month yet before the expiration of the game law in South Dakota, but the birds in many coveys, it is reported, are nearly full grown. Joe Dunn, of Ellis, who is authority on prairie chickens, says these game birds are much more numerous and larger at this date than any year since his advent into the country. He requested that this information should not be promulgated, 'because I have a couple of young dogs I want to train before the gun club members enter the field,' was the excuse he offered for the suppression of the chicken situation. They are all on the same lay. Every chicken hunter regards it legal to disregard the game law."

Sporting Resources of the South.

I have often been glad to note the fact that the game of the South is more abundant and apt to continue more abundant than that of the North. I was talking over this fact the other day with Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., who was in Chicago on a brief visit. Mr. Irwin says that close about his town he has the finest of bass fishing and quail shooting. He can still get some prairie chickens earlier in the season on the prairies, and within a few hours' run can get into a camp where bears and deer will be hung up. He says that last year he made some long trips further into the South and found some splendid country. FOREST AND STREAM earlier printed his story of the sport they had while stopping at the Sea View Hotel, at High Island, Texas. He says that the mallard shooting there was magnificent, and the snipe shooting the finest ever seen. He intends some time to visit this country again, and also to join a gentleman who owns a plantation in Louisiana, where the wildfowl shooting is fine. The High Island country, so Mr. Irwin tells me, is along the sea marsh, less than fifty miles from where I was shooting a few years ago with Billy Griggs and the Stevensons, where I am sure I had the finest snipe shooting I ever saw in all my life, not trying for any ducks, although they were there in thousands. There was no place at our point where shooters could get in or could be accommodated, and I am glad to call attention to this High Island country, and to give the indorsement of so practical a sportsman as Mr. Irwin.

Speaking of the South, I am sorry to have missed this week the call of Mr. J. Bowmar Dabney, of Vicksburg, Miss., superintendent of education. Mr. Dabney is a son of Coahoma, who lives at Clarksdale, Miss., and I should have been glad to talk with him about snakes, bears and other things.

An Odd Case.

An odd case in game protection is that of J. A. Marks, of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Marks is a trap shooter, and while attending the trap shoot at Grand Rapids, Mich., in the early part of last month, he shot a plover which flew past the firing line where the shooters stood. Many saw the act. Mr. Ben Bush, of Kalamazoo, filed complaint, and State Deputy C. E. Brewster will arrest Mr. Marks and push the case. As the latter was a guest of Grand Rapids, which was holding open house that week, the local sportsmen did not feel like pushing the case.

Minnesota Quail.

It is gratifying to know that as the prairie chicken lessens in number in Minnesota, the quail appears to be increasing. Unless all appearances prove deceitful, the sportsmen of Minnesota will have fine sport on quail over a large area of the southern portion of the State, where in the old chicken days no one would have thought of looking for quail or shooting them if any had perchance been found. The Bob White will long outlive the prairie grouse in America.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Hunting Deer in South Florida.

DEER—They were everywhere. But we had been out on seven or eight camp hunts, and I still had my first running deer to see. The dogs had run deer off the hills and out of the swamps; different members of our various parties had shot within hearing, and afterward told of large bucks seen. I had covered stands and sprinted fast miles till guard duty and foot racing had become a vocation, but after awhile I feared that I would never even see a deer. Indeed, I still carried all the shells taken on the first trip.

A person fond of nature might have found means to amuse himself in another part of the country, but I found it lonesome out in the pine forests of South Florida, where I seldom heard a sound, except the lull of tree tops and the occasional low of a cow. One morning I did detect a covey of quail approaching under palmettoes, the tree behind which I hid, and was glad that being on a stand by the law of the hunt prevented shooting at them, for I soon became interested in their peculiar actions, preceded by musical warning notes when they discovered my presence. First a large, ragged, plumed cock, probably the hero of every fight in his tribe for years, ascended a burnt log and inspected me cautiously, then other males joined him, and all of them nodded and chattered for some time in a very human way; but I think it was wrong for them to tell those girl-birds down in the leaves such outrageous yarns, for when the males descended, how everybody did foot it to the nearest thicket. When one is on a stand, however, such incidents as this one even are rare.

The membership of our hunts varied each time that we went into the woods, and the three others with the Doctor and me on the trip I was to see my first deer had never been out with us before. We had made camp on the side of a flatwoods belt several miles wide, beyond which there was a nearly impassable swamp, and one morning three of us crossed into the flat several miles above the camp, while the other two of the party entered some distance below with the purpose of hunting to meet. The two foxhounds with us soon led on a fresh trail in a fast half-mile race over grass slippery with dew to a circular cypress pond of about three acres, then turned back to flush a number of large gobblers. When Morgan had urged the hounds into the pond again, he ran for the upper end of it, and Ben for the other end, while I remained where dogs and men had left me.

Now the dogs were yowling with certainty in their tones, then they shouted with wild jubilation as a large animal seemed to plunge through the shallows in the timber; all of this had occurred so often; if it would only come my way this time, and there it was. Oh, such a big, big creature, as it broke from the timber 40yds. off and cleared the belt of palmettoes in leaps that seemed sky high! Would I ever get those gyrating gun barrels to bear on that gray mass of erratic motion? What luck that the first time my aim and the bounding stag seemed to be in unison. Morgan was in the line of destruction as he still ran off at the top of his speed; then, as the deer struck an evener gait beyond the palmettoes, there was the report of a gun, perhaps my own, when the animal flinched slightly and resolved itself into a gray streak that extended to the swamp half a mile away, as I delivered a second load into my end of this evasive line.

How hard it was to face the intelligent eyes of those dogs when they came and I broke them off. I could not have changed their opinion of me, it seemed, by reminding them of when, time and again, they had chased coons up trees or had done other unsportsmanlike things for deer dogs; my failure had cut too deep into their hearts to be easily rubbed out. Then Morgan came up. Morgan, with whom I had eaten so many sweet potatoes and had bunked in such a friendly way back to back, closer than brothers, cool nights when the fire was low, and the withering look of pity he gave me made it seem possible for me to crawl through the barrels of my gun. But both of us had noticed a fact which I had attributed to impudence and Morgan to a wound—the deer had waved its tail twice while in sight, so we urged the dogs on the trail and soon heard them, to my great relief, baying some distance in the swamp beyond.

I have a dim recollection of wading a cow path into a dense swamp, where I found Morgan and Ben with kindness in their faces standing over a large buck that lay on a green hummock, while our dog Tom, the noblest foxhound that ever sent music to reverberating hills, licked my gun hand in an apologetic manner. They wanted me to shout, I believe, but I felt as if it would be more agreeable to my condition at that time to go where I could straighten out alone the events of that unusual morning; that first sight of a deer, the eccentric action of my gun when steadiness was most needed, those random shots into a gray atmosphere, the drumming of my heart afterward, and the bitter disappointment with a subsequent reaction. I would shout to-morrow and the next day, for all time to come if they wished it, but just then I wanted to recover my lost nerve.

H. R. STEIGER.

DE LAND, Florida.

The Destructive Skin Hunter.

WHEREVER big game has entirely disappeared from districts where it formerly abounded, and wherever whole species have been exterminated, the mischief has in nearly every case been done, not to procure food, but solely to obtain the creatures' skins. It is not the big-game hunter, or the savage, or even the agriculturist, who destroys the creatures, but the "skin hunter." In every "new country" this wasteful and relentless enemy of animal life has always appeared with the regularity of some recurring plague, and made it his business to destroy every creature larger than a hare.

The advent of the skin hunter takes place at a particular period of development in recent settlements. He is never among the early pioneers, but is a kind of parasite in half-occupied territories, often intensely disliked by the resident squatters, as he destroys the game on which they partly depend, though he sometimes succeeds in converting these to his own evil ways. In South Africa, for instance, the early Boer settlers, like the early pioneers of North America, killed the antelopes for meat, and used their skins for clothing. They ate the venison, and from the hides they made suits of leather—"shamoyed," not tanned—supple, soft, and comfortable garments, well suited for the life on the veldt. The number of animals killed was limited by their own personal needs and those of their families.

About 1850 the Boers learned that the myriads of antelope, quagga, and zebra which wandered over the plains had a marketable value other than as food or supplying leather hunting shirts. The skin hunters taught them that, though the bodies of the creatures might be left to rot on the veldt, the hides, not tanned or dressed, but merely stripped from the body, were marketable, to supply the European demand for leather. The country was just sufficiently opened up to have arrived at the stage at which the business of the skin hunter pays. Freight is high, but not too high; and, though hides of countless cattle and sheep may be had for little enough in the settled districts, the skins of the wild animals cost nothing at all, except the value of powder and shot.

Even this was economized in South Africa. "The Boers of the pastoral republic became perfect adepts at skin hunting," writes Mr. Bryden. "They put in just sufficient powder to drive the missile home, and carefully cut out their bullets for use on future occasions. So lately as 1876, when I first wandered in Cape Colony, I well remember the wagon coming down from the Free State and Transvaal loaded up with nothing but the skins of blesbok, wildebeest, and springbok. This miserable system of skin hunting has been and still is, where any game remains, pursued in all native states of South Africa. Between 1850 and 1875 it is certain that some millions of these animals must have been destroyed in the Transvaal and Orange Free State." The slaughter was so prodigious, and the variety of wild animals so great, in these wild regions of South Africa, that the result made a sensible difference in the leather industry of Europe. The markets were filled with skins which, when tanned, gave leather of a quality and excellence never known before, but the origin of which, as the material was still sold under old names, purchasers never suspected. Hides of the zebra and quagga arrived in tens of thousands; and good as horse hide is for the uppers of first-class boots, these were even better. Smart Englishmen for years wore boots the uppers of which were made of zebra and quagga skin, or from the hides of elands, oryx and gemsbok disguised under the names of "calf" or patent leathers.—London Spectator.

The Arkansas Tax.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 23 is an article from J. M. R. that breathes forth a true sportsman's spirit. The present non-resident tax in Arkansas is a failure. Men who are mean enough to do real damage to the game interests of the State are none too good to manipulate their schemes to evade the tax. Those who pay it are those who would not injure the game interests of the State if there was no tax. J. M. R. has the right idea exactly. Stop the shipment of game. Make it impractical for the railroads and market hunters to combine for the defrauding of game interests of the State, and then those who hunt for the mere pleasure of the outing will never seriously affect the quantity of game.

Arkansas is beyond all question the finest game State in the Middle West. The swamps, canebrakes and vast stretches of woods will prove a sure retreat for many years to come, if the horde of game hogs that now make their living out of game butchery can be effectually checked.

There are several clubs of sober, staid, solid citizens in Kentucky and Tennessee with whom I am personally acquainted, who have been wont to take an annual outing in Arkansas. They usually stay about two weeks. They keep only what game they need while in camp. They buy all their provisions from Arkansas merchants, and hire the wagons and teams of Arkansas citizens to haul them out to camp and back again. They leave two or three hundred dollars every fall with the Arkansas people. The game they kill would not be worth the tenth of what they pay out, and they pay it cheerfully just for the pleasure of the outing. Now that non-resident tax has put a stop to all these men, and leaves all the more game for the market hunters, who are not worth one cent to the State! Is it good business management for any State to thus work a total prohibition on men who do cheerfully pay for all they get, while they leave a loophole for those who abuse their privileges, trample underfoot the law, and destroy all the game and fish they possibly can?

I assure J. M. R. that he has the sympathy of the non-residents in his desire to save the game, and at the same time treat clean, white men fairly. PRO BONO.

Bears in the Dismal Swamp.

THE Dismal Swamp perhaps holds more bears than any place of its size in America, and there is little trouble about bagging them in the late summer and early fall. I have not hunted them in fifteen years, and hardly know what is considered the best way of doing so now. In those days we used about a dozen fine dogs and two or three hounds. Bob Flora, of Shawboro, N. C., on the Norfolk & Southern R. R., told me about shooting a big bear with No. 8 shot, killing it instantly, only a few days ago.

I used to hunt near Moyock, north of Shawboro, on the same road, but my old friend Wm. Cox, who had killed over 300 bears, is dead.

Mr. M. C. Poyner, of Moyock, could no doubt tell you the best bear hunter in that section now and the best time to hunt them. J. B. WHITE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Bass Fishing in the Greenbrier.

IT is with a full heart that I write of the bass of Greenbrier River, for to that king of game fishes I owe a great deal of what has made life worth living. Unfortunately I am addicted to the fishing habit. I am one of the worst victims in this whole section. I do to point a moral and adorn a tale. I rely for the excitement and the stimulus that such an anglomaniac requires on the wild fight for freedom the bass makes when I have ensnared him. I can scarcely remember when I had not yet tasted of the fruit of knowledge. If it had been given me to extract a fish or two with a pole better fitted for a "hand spike," I would have led the life of an exemplary citizen, and in time probably been elevated to the position of justice of the peace, but as it is now I have sacrificed fortune and position to revel in the delights of those who endeavor to get a fish on an angle. I take it that it is owing to circumstance principally that makes the fisherman. No man who ever gave a fine fish half a chance could resist the temptation to experience the exquisite sensation again and again, until he is only saved from his worthless ways by winter.

But this is not intended for a rhapsody. To get down to facts, we return to the Greenbrier. This river is perhaps 170 miles long. Its whole course lies parallel to the Alleghany Mountains in West Virginia. Its waters are as clear as crystal. I live 100 miles from its mouth. The stream here has an average width of about 100yds. Its fall is uniform and about 8ft. to the miles. A man in a boat can easily see the bottom through 10ft. of water.

About 1880 a fish commissioner came idling along and saw the stream. He put some bass in it, and when he dies we will erect a monument over his grave. The food was plentiful, and in five years the river swarmed with the fish. They were of the small-mouth variety, as is best suited to clear streams with rocky bottom. The fish commissioner had placed the bass in the stream near the mouth, where he could reach it from the railroad, and went his way.

In a few years they had gone 100 miles up stream, far from the madding crowd and the farmers of Pocahontas county, a county without a railroad, had a new problem to solve. The day of going down to the river on days when the water was muddy and hauling out big catfish was past. We all have our gifts, and some of the Pocahontas people went to catching them as if to the manner born, while others went down to their graves trying to catch a bass.

I well remember my experience in 1886, when I struck my first bass with a birch pole, and found him all "hot sand and ginger." In those days, when I had mastered the art, the taking of a basketful was as certain as taking meat out of the smoke house, and many a time, when things to eat were scarce, my mother has sent me to the river to catch bass, as many a less gifted youth has been sent to the barn to gather eggs.

That was in the first flush of the bass fishing. I have been told that it is the history of every stream where the conditions are favorable. The new fish increase with too great rapidity, and a term of years is required to bring down the number to a normal quantity. Now the number is quite sufficient to make it interesting to those who can take them.

It is clearly recognized here that bass fishers are divided in two classes: They who can and they who can't. The ones that catch them get great quantities, and those who can't none at all.

I very early realized that it was necessary to cast a long line. In those days I had read of fly-rods and seen Englishmen fish down the river with rods that cost pounds. I went to the woods and searched for days until I found a rod nature had grown for me that had a spring to it, that I look back to now with pleasure, since I have reveled in fly-rods of my own. With it I could throw a line 35ft. at least, and perhaps take a bass weighing 2lbs. Giving him the "spring of the pole," I would wade to the shore and land him high and dry on the shingle.

It was with boyish, fiendish, socialistic glee that I have caught bass after bass, when the effete summer boarder with rod and reel, and other highly important paraphernalia, stood alongside and caught nothing. This carries out Washington Irving's picture of the bare-footed boy who with pin hook and worm caught more fish than a gang of well-equipped sportsmen, who no doubt were well bottled up and cared not whether the fish bit or not.

I have seen these presumptuous mortals try their hand on bass. They came from the pegged down fishing on the banks of a carp pond, and tried their hand on the sensitive natures of the bass, and found they could wait forever and get no fish. It could be truly said of them they "toiled" all day and caught nothing.

The gifted fisherman toils no more than any other artist who depends upon a skillful touch and delicate handling.

Our bass season opens June 15. Then minnows are the best bait. Patent minnows are used by a number with some success. One of the best old men in our country took a patent minnow and sank it in a pool 20ft. deep, and let it lie on the bottom for three hours, and didn't get a bite! He had more respect for bass fishers after his failure. Crawfish, tadpoles, young frogs, bacon, grasshoppers, hellgramites, are all used with great success, and later in the season the fly-fisher gets in his work. Under favorable circumstances from ten to thirty good sized bass should be caught in the Greenbrier in half a day's fishing.

My experience with bass has taught me that they will choose their own time to bite, and it is a privilege that cannot be denied them. As a rule, when mountains begin to cast their evening shadows on hot summer days, bass can be caught, but the most likely times often bring the fisherman no return. There is no way to tell when they are in the mood. I verily believe, however, that an hour after the slightest rise in the water will stop any fishing.

My scheme is to be prepared to offer bass all that the market affords, and by this means I have, after hours of fishing, changed defeat into a comparative victory. But it takes forging to do it.

This seems more of an autobiography than I could have wished, but I know about this subject by experience. I believe that 5lbs. will weigh any bass ever taken in the Greenbrier. We hear of heavier fish, but their weight cannot be proven. I caught my largest bass at the mouth of Knapp's Creek, and it weighed 4¾lbs. on the steelyards, but I have never caught another that weighed more than half so much. It was on a sultry morning when the sun was shining red through the clouds. I was fishing in the deepest water for miles, and using carefully selected crawfish. I had caught sixteen and during the time I had been trying to cast underneath a limb which projected above the water from a sunken tree. The place looked likely enough, and I at length succeeded in placing the bait there. The bass came to the top of the water, and when I saw it I was rattled. I had a light rod and a cheap reel. The bass was safely hooked and the reel fouled, and for about two weeks I stood in the water and let the bass have the "spring of the pole." It was a very glorious sight, and when the bass turned he seemed to light up the whole pool. Finally the fish was tired out, and having it safely landed, I quit fishing. I had had enough. It has been the dream of my life to catch another such a bass on a light trout rod in this cold, clear mountain stream, but ten years have passed without it materializing.

My next largest bass was caught in a manner that is now illegal: I drove it ashore and picked it up with my hands. This river is a great stream to gig suckers and catfish. The pine torches throw a bright gleam upon the water, and every pebble on the bottom is revealed with a distinctness that outclasses the sunlight. The light on the water, with the impenetrable darkness beyond, forms a scene very weird and beautiful. The fish blinded lie still and are speared. The bass go crazy. Occasionally one is gigged as it lies dazed, but they generally shoot away and hardly a night passes but what a bass or two scoots out on dry land and is picked up. One night a party of two were gigging up the river. We entered a cove, and heard farther up a weighty splashing. As we advanced a big fish came charging down, fairly making the water foam. Nearly opposite the light he struck the neck of land on the river side, and no doubt thinking the river lay before him, charged the other bank and struck a clump of bulrushes. In a moment I was on him and dribbled him out upon the bank as I would a football. The fish was the catch of the night, and would have probably weighed 2½lbs.

If your gifts run toward catching bass you can find good sport in Greenbrier River. They push their frontier lines further up the river each year, and have driven the trout back into the forks. The old-time fish have been sacrificed, but it was a grand exchange.

MARLINTON, W. Va. ANDREW PRICE.

Wild Fishers I Have Fished With.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Continued from page 71.*)

THE list of birds with which I have fished, as recorded last week, was quite long, and the pelican and cormorant might have been added. When we think of all the birds, mammals, reptiles and insects that live wholly or in part on fish, in addition to the piscivorous kinds of fish, we see why it is necessary for some fishes to produce many thousand eggs in order to preserve their species from extermination.

The Muskrat?

The question mark denotes that I am in doubt about this animal being the least bit of a fish eater. Its food is largely vegetable in the warm months, but I do not know what it lives on during the winter. I have always suspected it of eating fish, because we know that it eats the *Unio*, or fresh-water mussel, and has often left mounds of their shells in evidence. How many hundred stomachs of this animal I have opened in search of fish is not recorded, but a great number were examined without finding a fish bone.

This sociable rodent is more like a beaver than a rat. Every angler who fishes in ponds has observed it swim to the beds of flags or rushes, cut a bundle and swim off with a mouthful to help its kindred build a house for winter, and later in the season has seen the house rising above the water like a haycock, but with no entrance above water. Those muskrats which I have killed were mostly burrowing about my trout ponds, and in summer, for in my fur trapping days in Wisconsin, long years ago, we were on small streams where there were no ponds such as the musquash loves. I have fished in his company hundreds of times, but cannot say that he eats fish. Can any one prove that the muskrat eats fish in winter when vegetation is scant?

The Mink.

Once upon a time I was a boy and looked with joy to the day when I could fish or shoot with the village Natty Bumpo, "Old Port" Tyler, if he would allow. We had been shooting rail down the Popskinny, and had rowed up near the bridge to get a shot or two at the evening flight of ducks. The boat was made fast, and we were taking a bite when I touched the old man's arm and pointed to a small animal on the opposite shore, about 100ft. distant.

"That's a mink," said Porter, "an' about three months from now his hide'll be a-dryin' back o' my house. If I didn't trap for fur I'd kill that fellow now, for they're the meanest an' cruelest animal on four legs. A mink 'll kill for the fun of it, an' keep on when he can't begin to use what he has killed, and I believe that a mink would kill every living thing on earth, if it could, and starve to death to-morrow. An' I dunno but there's some men that's just like minks; I see 'em a-shootin' away at chipmunks an' all the little song birds, as well as the hawks an' owls, and anything that lives. Now I never shoot at anything 'less I want it."

The mink had gone, but the words of the old trapper remained. Years after, when a mink got among my tame wood ducks and killed fourteen, the whole flock, Port Tyler's sketch of the character of the mink came up as I sat down and cried like a child. Then my heart hardened when my terriers told me that the fiend was among the loose stones that were the foundation of an old house then used as a fish hatchery. Men could not get under the building, and several times the dogs drove him out, but we dared not shoot on account of the dogs, and the villain dodged back. Next morning I had him in a trap, and the many tortures that I had planned were given up. The terriers shook his life out, but he should have had thirteen more in order to pay for my beautiful pets.

A mink loves muskrat meat, and the trapper prefers this for bait. Once when Henry Neaville and I were fishing the sloos of the Mississippi, in Grant county, Wisconsin, we saw a mink capture a muskrat and roll into the water with it, but while musky has a formidable set of incisors, they are no match for the canines of the mink.

A steel trap is a cruel thing, and I have taken animals which brought a feeling of compassion, but never such feeling for a mink. I have taken them when they had frozen to death in the trap, and when their leg bones were crushed, but I have a more tender feeling for a rattlesnake than for a mink.

When I had trout ponds at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., I saw a mink enter a pond, and by the time I could get a gun it was out and galloping off with a 2lb. trout. A charge of duck shot and the skin of that mink changed ownership. I got $3 for the skin, and had the trout for dinner. It is said that a mink can roll itself into a ball and drift down under a fish and seize it; that it catches fish we know, but how it does it is another thing. These wild animals do things when men are not about, and it is only by chance that a man has an opportunity to see them take their food, and then it might happen under the nose of a man who took no interest in watching or in recording it—the kind of man to whom a primrose by the river bank was just an ordinary every-day primrose.

The neck of a mink is as large as its head, and is all muscle. I have known one to kill an adult tame goose, and if any reader ever got a walloping from the wings of a goose, wings which have broken a man's arm, they can form some idea of the strength of a mink. I have kept them in confinement, and a few years ago sent one in a tin-lined box with a wire-cloth front to Washington, and the mink actually chewed through that wire and escaped on the way. The late Prof. Goode wrote me: "I would not have believed this if I had not seen the hole in the wire."

Once, while camping with a party of three, on the Hudson, there was a great commotion on the opposite shore of a little brook, a flopping, squealing, squawking babel of sounds, and then all was still. In the morning there was the body of a night heron, or quawk, with its throat cut, and the tracks of a mink. The mink will eat but little flesh if it can get plenty of warm blood; that is

why it kills off a whole henroost or a flock of tame wood ducks in a night.

The Swamp and Water Hares.

To turn from the contemplation of a bloodthirsty mink to the timid and harmless hare is a pleasure. The fact that my countrymen call all hares "rabbits" does not deter me from telling them that if there are wild rabbits in America they have been brought here, for the true rabbit is gregarious, like the prairie dog, and lives in colonies, constructs burrows and brings forth its young blind and naked. Our little "cottontail" does not burrow, but uses holes in the ground as its "form." Our American hares are like all hares, solitary. We have about five species, including the "jack rabbit" of the West, the "great northern hare," which is white in winter, our common "molly cotton" and two which live about the water and swim when they wish to swim.

This explanation seems necessary when the hare is included among the "wild fishers I have fished with." When I first went fishing in the Southern States, I did not know of the existence of any more hares than the three enumerated above. One summer day I was lazily fishing a Louisiana bayou in company with a white-headed darky of most uncertain years, whom I knew only as "Uncle Eph." I love to fish with men of this kind, because they are natural, and therefore are interesting studies. They know how to catch fish, and are filled with practical knowledge, say 40 per cent., mixed with 10 per cent. of tradition and 50 per cent. of superstition. Then, with only such a man for a companion, the party is complete. The addition of another white man would make the "Uncle" suspicious when he found that the two were enjoying if not guying him, and another colored man would make him jealous and taciturn.

As I came around the bend I saw an aged colored man sitting in a dugout in the shade of several large gum trees, and he was fishing with a cane pole. As I paddled past in a lighter dugout, he applied himself to baling out his craft with a tin cup, without a sign of being aware of the presence of a stranger. Here is a character worth cultivating, I thought, he has seen me, but does not care to have his privacy intruded upon. Just my man!

"Good morning, Uncle, are the fish biting well to-day?"

He dropped his cup, and touching what he regarded to be a hat, for he had been born a slave, replied: "Mawnin', sah. Dey doan bite too fas'," and then turned his attention to his one suspender and plainly intimated that the interview should close. I pulled in alongside him, and asked him if he would; he did, and we were friends.

In answer to a question, he said: "Dey calls me Unc. Eph 'bout yah; fo' I was raised in Tangipahoa, an' since I'se been free I'se done lived by fishin', but I could do de same if I wasn't 'mancipated. I done seen yo' 'bout de village, and I knows dey say yo' is a Yankee, but I do' know dat 'mancipation is good fo' de ole man, who is like de ole hoss w'at is tu'ned out to die. How yo' t'ink?"

I had been busy in rigging up for fishing, and while I had heard what the old man said, did not reply, for I wanted to hear him talk. As the minnow was put on the hook, with the hook below the dorsal fin, and I was ready for a cast, an animal, which I thought to be a muskrat, swam past and I cast my hook over it. Why I did this is a problem that I can't answer to-day. I did not want a muskrat at that time. Its fur was not good, and better meat could be had. If the French saying is true, that an Englishman says: "It is a fine morning, let us go out and kill something," that must be the reason why I threw my hook over the back of that swimming animal and caught it in the back of the neck. It cried as I reeled it in, and when I saw that it was a hare the hook was taken out and the little animal swam across to the other side.

"Uncle Eph," said I, "how do you suppose that rabbit got in the water?"

"W'y, sah, he jess walk in w'en he wants fo' to swim. Did yo' nebba see a rabbit swim befo'?"

"Never did. The rabbits don't swim where I came from. I've seen them on the snow over frozen swamps gnawing willow bark and other things, and have seen them on swampy ground in summer, but never heard of one going into the water, they must be a different kind down here."

"Yas sah, I 'spects dey is. We got two kinds 'bout yah, one he got a slim head an' a white tail, an' de odder he got broader head an' no w'ite awn he's tail. De w'ite tail one we calls watah rabbit, and w'at yo' cotch was swamp rabbit, he got no w'ite awn hees tail."

I had often learned a little about birds, beasts and fishes from just such men and had also learned that they were often mistaken in some things, but my rabbit was not gray, nor was it white below like the familiar "cottontail" of boyhood, and there was a chance that the old man was right and that the yellowish brown animal which I hooked was a different species. While fishing afterward I saw several hares swimming and knew that they had not tumbled in accidentally. Study of this family in books, years later, shows that "Uncle Eph" was correct; the "marsh hare" (*L. palustris*) has no white on belly nor tail, and its skull is half as wide as long, while the "water hare" (*L. aquaticus*) has a white tail and a narrower skull. Both species are colored a yellow-brown.

To carelessly throw a hook over what was thought to be a muskrat and to pull a crying rabbit out of the water was not only a new experience, but it led up to an inquiry which developed the fact, new to me, that we have two species of swimming hares in America.

The Dragon-Fly and its Larva.

Uncle Eph. had not spoken for some time; we had each been busy with our thoughts and our fishing since the rabbit episode. He coughed, probably to attract attention, and said: "Look a' dat ole snake feedah a-crawlin' up dat grass, he gwine bus' out an' fly 'way soon." I turned and there on a stem of some water plant was the pupa of what is popularly known as dragon-fly, devil's darning-needle, demoiselle, snake-feeder and mosquito-hawk. I was familiar with this interesting insect in its different stages, had seen thousands of empty pupa cases clinging to aquatic plants above water, but had never seen the insect in the act of casting the pupa case. Here was a chance.

The pupa was slowly crawling, and Uncle Eph. having fixed my attention, ostentatiously rinsed his tin cup and dipped up some of the warm water to drink. The scheme worked, and while he knew nothing of microbes, disease germs and such unwholesome things, he knew in his simple way that swamp river water was not considered wholesome by most white men, and then when they were forced to drink it they added some germ-killer to it. When he resumed conversation he was more fluent and said: "Now dat ah t'ing he got mighty tired a-clim'in' outen de watah, an' he stop fo' to get hees breff. He's been a-crawlin' roun' de bottom awn his six laigs fo' two yeahs, an' now he gwine fly. See how he stretches an' tries to bu'st. Dah, now! Hees back split open an' now hees shiny head an' big eyes come out an look 'roun'; now he drags hees laigs out fum de skin an' crawls out, an' dah he shakes out hees wings an' dries 'em an' den he crawls up and drags out hees long body, longer dan what he was befo', dat w'at puzzles me, wha he keep all dat long body and dem wings in da little shuck wat he lef' on de grass?"

This was something I could not answer, and after watching it emerge from the pupa to the perfect or imago state, I watched this insect take wing and dart about our boats after insects. Its appetite seems to be insatiable. I have transfixed one with a pin through the thorax and then fed house-flies to it until I was tired. It would be a big contract for an able-bodied man with nets, or other machinery, to feed one able-bodied dragon-fly. I never saw such an appetite attached to any animal. It feeds ravenously as a larva, after hatching from the egg, when it breathes through its tail, like the larva of a mosquito, but has a formidable extension of its nippers which has two joints, the first at the extreme under side of the head, bending back, and the second under the thorax. This apparatus terminates in a pair of sharp pincers, and can be thrown out to seize a fish fully ¾in. distant. Once I put a larva of this insect in a bowl with five young gold fish about 1in. long, and in an hour it had devoured the last one. It feeds in the pupa state, a thing which few insects do.

"Why do you call that insect a snake feeder, Uncle Eph.?"

"'Cause he got a bargain wid de snake not to eat him if he bring de snake big fat bugs. Now a snake like some o' dese bugs dats got big, hard, shiny scales on top dey wings, an' de snake can't cotch 'nuff, so he bargain wid de snake feeder to bring him fat bugs, an' de snake spare hees life. W'at yo' call 'em wha you live?"

"Most people call 'em dragon-flies, but the boys call 'em the devil's darning-needle, and believe that they will sew a boy's ears up."

"Yah, hah! Dattah's funny, fo' a fac'; sow up dey years! He ain' got no needle and no string, but w'en he's a wum in de water crawlin' awn legs he's got sho' nuff pinchers, an' he pinch a little fish o' a frog, he will; I see 'em do it." I was much pleased with this keen observer, but pushed off when he began looking for his cup again.

Tortoises and Turtles.

In America we popularly call them all "turtles," and the distinction of "tortoise" for the land and fresh-water kinds is almost unknown, while the principal exception is that delicate box of gelatinous meat, the diamond-back terrapin of the salt-water marshes. I never knew the box tortoise to eat fish, and I have had them in captivity for years; they seemed fond of fruits, melons and tomatoes.

All the pond and river turtles are great fish eaters. They will float up quietly under a fish and make a grab for it. Some years ago I was using a live minnow for black bass, on Long Island, when I saw a great snapping turtle take the minnow and go below. A few pulls showed that a trout rod would never stir a 30lb. turtle from the mud and weeds, and I kept weaving the rod from side to side in order to cut the snell on the reptile's jaw in order not to lose the entire leader. The game worked, and a hook was the only loss. I have taken these brutes on night lines set for eels, but there were hooks selected for that work, and no gut snells.

The large, soft-shelled turtles of the Great Lake region and the South are also savage fellows. A young man who was fishing near me in the Pamunky River, and using strong tackle, pulled in one of these critters and held it up to show me. Soon he yelled for help, and I rowed over to him and found the turtle fast to his shoe and biting his foot. He was in too much agony to help himself, and I did not know what to do. The first impulse was to seize the long neck and shut off the turtle's wind; as I did this I realized that it could do without breathing for an hour or two, and all the while the man was in agony with the cruel beak forcing itself through the thin upper of his shoe and into his foot. On a seat beyond him lay one of those strong dirk knives which are sold to would-be sportsmen as "hunting knives." Fortunately it was sharp as well as strong, and the way I vivisected the lower jaw out of that turtle put all my strength, and would have won applause from the cruelty society. The young man fainted at the finish, but a little water and fanning brought him around. When his shoe was removed there was much blood in it, and on taking off his stocking I found that the little toe was nearly severed, and the next one was injured. I bound up his foot in his handkerchief and towed his boat to White House landing, where he had friends. He lost one toe, however. He said that the turtle had swallowed the hook, and he had cut the line to let him have it, when the turtle began running around to escape, and he kicked at it. "Well," said I, "you keep that hunting knife as a reminder, not only of the loss of your toe, but as the first instance known where such a knife was found to be useful."

Passing from turtles, which are truly dangerous, down to the little "skillypots" which sun themselves on logs is like descending from tiger hunting to shooting rabbits. The turtles before mentioned never sun themselves on logs. They may float on the water a few minutes when they come up for air, but they remain in the water at all times, except when eggs are to be laid on land for the sun to hatch. Here is a grand division not noticed in the books. From the big "sliders" of the South to the painted and spotted pond turtles of the North, they are all fish eaters.

Last September I fished Lake Hopatcong, N. J., with Capt. W. A. Clark and Charles W. Romaine, both of Newark, N. J. Black bass was the objective, but incidentally Romaine hooked a "painted tortoise" of about 6in., nearly the limit of their growth. When you know that Clark chewed hardtack and "beef dried on the hoof" with me in the long ago, and that our friend is just "of age" and not familiar with reptiles, you will understand how it was when he had a fierce bite and reeled in when he could. The line was under the boat, but the landing net was ready, and I landed the little turtle in the boat. This was a new problem to Charley; he could unhook a fish, but a fish had no such jaws of hard bone that might take a fellow's finger off.

The turtle was seeking a way to escape, and Charley was holding a stiff rod on it. "What shall I do?" he asked.

"Stick your finger down his throat and tickle his gullet and he will throw up the hook," said Clark.

Charley looked at me in despair and said: "I don't want that thing, and I don't want to lose my tackle; what shall I do?"

There had been fun enough, so I took the turtle in my left hand, pried its jaws open with a pocket knife, unhooked the little fellow and tossed it overboard. As it paddled down into the weeds unhurt, there was a streak of bubbles behind it, which seemed to be a sort of jubilation at its escape. Charley drew a long breath, but made no remark. "Charley," said I, "you see a special providence in this; you did not understand the management of turtles, and Capt. Clark, having left one arm at Cold Harbor, Va., could not have done it, but you asked me to join you, and there you are. Charley, my boy, remember this day, and always invite me when you go a-fishing."

Water Snakes.

Few sportsmen know more about snakes than to have about half a dozen names to cover them all, yet few men see more snakes than the men who fish and shoot. yet Jordan, Manual of the Vertebrates, gives us twenty-four genera and fifty-three species in the northern United States. Of these there are four which haunt marshy places and feed mainly on fish and frogs, although none of them would neglect a bird if it offered, whether the bird was nesting on the ground or feeding. And the other species may also take fish for all I know, while it is sure that none of them would decline a frog.

These four piscivorous serpents have come frequently under my notice at times when I have been fishing alone from a boat or a log as a "contemplative angler." That is the way to see not only snakes, but other life, and I have fished with the four fish eaters and have seen them fish. I do not kill all snakes; in fact, I love to pet the "puff-adder" or "hog-nosed viper," for it is kind and likes petting; it is not poisonous, as the majority say it is, but it flattens its head and threatens, then I pick it up and we are friends. But the "four," the "big four," and we might add, "the dirty four," I kill them on sight. Two of them are as poisonous as the rattlesnake, and the others are vile beasts.

The common water snake of the North (*Tropidonotus sipedon*) grows to a length of 4ft. It is of a dirty brown color, with darker squares. It ranges from Maine to Texas, and is found along the streams, a cross, disagreeable reptile. From 1868 to 1876 I had trout ponds at Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., and this snake was a pest. The soil was a stiff clay, and a crawfish hole would never cave in, but made a good place for *Tropidonotus sipedon* to hide in. On approaching the ponds in summer there would be many of these snakes seen to dodge into the water and hide under the overhanging grass. It was fun to see lady visitors screech when I threw off my coat and plunged the left arm under the bank, bringing out the angry beast, which, if not taken too near the neck, vented its wrath in sinking its teeth into my hand. But it was only like a brier scratch; not half as severe afterward as the prick from the spine of a catfish, but when my good right hand took the reptile by the head and twisted it from its body, some people thought it cruel. To me it was "cruel" to see a snake take a trout, especially one that I had raised. Yet that snake filled its place in nature; the main trouble is that man writes up all these things from his point of view, just as I am doing.

The other non-poisonous water snake which I know, although others are recorded, is the Southern one, *T. fasciatus*, which has dark vertical bands on its sides, and has a reddish-brown belly. This snake is seldom found north of Georgia. I knew it quite well, having looked it over for poison fangs and found it to be harmless, so when a lady from Ponchitoula landed one and was about to spring out of the boat, I called to her to swing it over to me. She did so, and I was tempted to bite the animal's head off, just for bravado, but merely unhooked it and killed it with my heel.

The Northern sportsman should remember this: Our North American poisonous serpents have triangular heads and also have a deep pit between the eye and the nostril, like a second nostril. The snake known as a copperhead in the North and cottonmouth in the South (*Ancistrodon contortrix*) has the top of its head a coppery-red, and a lot of V-shaped blotches on its back. If I am not mistaken, it is called "pilot" and "rattlesnake's mate" in Pennsylvania. It is very poisonous, but is not as common as it was. While fishing for black bass in the Delaware River, one crawled out of the water with a perch in its mouth so near me that I killed it with a stone.

From Illinois south dwells the water moccasin (*A. piscivorus*), said by Jordan to be the most dangerous of our snakes. I have seen them hanging on bushes over the water ready for fish or frog, and have killed several that had fish in them. When fishing in Southern waters I keep a good lookout for these animals, which give no warning rattle, but carry small doses of sudden death ready to be injected into the leg of a peaceful angler.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Another Chance.

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM, Wisconsin, July 15.—J. B. H. and I have come back once more to our little lake and our hill and our oak trees. The tent pins of the little tents are in the same holes they held last year and years before. This is the tenth annual camp of J. B. H. and myself, although it does not seem so long as that since we began to explore this country about Mukwonago. This year is much as the other years. The small axes stick in the same tree, the same nails support the dish cloth, and the gridiron and the lantern, the same aluminum frying-pans glisten in the sun, and the same little black coffee pot does not glisten at all, but leans its fat body against the same log which has for four years served us for a seat. The little lake is not changed, but is beautiful as ever, and our spring is as clean and cold. The sun sets red and big as it did the first time we came here, and the lake is as empty of summer resorters as it ever was. Not a cottage holds a duck-trousered dude to bother us; not an oar wrinkles our lake; not a tent shows in all the circle of green about it except our own. We might go further and fare worse. We have fishing and resting as much as one may need, and it is not for us to break records. Nowhere have we seen a prettier spot, or one more free from resorters, mosquitoes and other insects. Why then should we long, or why wander blindly on beyond the comforts of living? In this I agree, and think with him that our camp is perfect. For J. B. H. no daily mail and no telegrams cause distraction from the simple routine of pleasure, and he cares not that we have no place for writing in all our camp. I have tried our table, but it is too low. There is not a box about the place, and only one chair, which appertains to J. B. H. exclusively. The best makeshift for a writing table I have yet found is the bottom of our biggest frying-pan, the latter held upon my knees. Thus I write, now and again looking out from our hilltop, whence I can see J. B. H. in our red-painted punt at anchor on the bar in front of our camp, his straw hat now and again rising and bending over as he puts some small fish in the live box. It is the very picture of contentment that he makes. He had four fish when last I heard from him, and wanted to know when I was coming out. Alas! if frying-pans were typewriters!

It is ten years since we first came to the country, and now J. B. H. is growing old. The years show their mark too plainly now. Once 6ft. tall and more powerful than it is given many men to be, he now is thin and stooped, and his feet are heavier, which chafes the spirit of him, which still is strong. The path of the face of our hill is too steep, so we have engineered a double Z, on which he takes his time, bearing never any burden now. Yet his eye is keen, and he casts a decent line, and would stay here all summer if I could be in camp so long. We take our time in all our sport, and not the least of our pleasure is the hour about the fire; for, though the day may be hot and lazy, the night is always cool.

We talk, and speculate, and philosophize, wishing we might be with the army at the front of the war; wishing that the war were over; wondering why there is any war in the world, and wondering at the smoothness of the world after the losses of all its wars. In our fire sometimes fly myriads of gnats, nameless, incomputable; and these we liken to the hundreds of thousands slain in the wars told of in the Scriptures, hundreds of thousands, nameless, uncomputed, leaving the world smooth and careless, spinning on just the same. I tell J. B. H. that it does not matter, man or gnat, but he thinks it does. He says that every man has another chance, some day, somewhere, where his mistakes are not weighed forever and ever against him; where perhaps he has wings—not wings such as we see given angels in books, perhaps, but wings sufficient to bear him up above the things of no avail. When I tell him I can see only the war of life, and nothing to indicate that weakness will ever mean strength, or that failure will ever grow into success, he picks from his sleeve the winged fly which has come up out of the grub in the water. This, he says, is and was not, and has lived in three elements—air, earth and water—life enduring with it always, until now it has become a creature beautiful, care free, with wings tenderly brilliant, such as may carry it far from the broken husk it has abandoned. For this reason J. B. H. thinks those who have fallen in war or in the unchronicled fight of life may some time have another chance. Nearing fourscore now, and with limbs that lag, J. B. H. has never preached, except silently. Yet this was what he said, by the fire, and as in his life he has cheered many, perhaps what he says may cheer some who are weary, and who may one day see the imago that has risen from below.

Vicissitudes.

We have had some vicissitudes of a mild sort in our angling. It is too late for frog-casting in the shallows, so we pursue the bass in deep water. Making a trip through the crooked channel which connects our lake with Eagle Lake, where Billy Tuohey's hotel offered fresh bread and eggs for our larders, we observed that there were some good bass in the deep bends of the creek. One bass I saw which I thought would weigh over 5lbs., and thinking to capture Billy's gold medal for the biggest bass we went back the next day and made overtures with a frog about as long as your arm. This the bass promptly took and carried back some yards under the floating bog, whence we never could evict him. In preparation we had put on a brand-new line, with a swivel and a No. 3 gimp sproat, the line so strong that one could not break it in his hands. Any one finding the above concealed about his person will please return it to the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM. The bass wrapped the line around the grass roots and twisted it off in some way, and though he twice rose for us in later days, we never got him into the net, and Billy still has his medal. But we caught four other bass in the creek one day, one that weighed 3¼lbs., not a very large one from the standpoint of Camp Forest and Stream.

Our crappie bar we discovered to be in the same place this year, and it has proved good for all the fat crappies that we need. Fishing here one day with small minnows, in about 15ft. of water, we struck some heavy fish that seemed bound not to come up to see us, and preferred to dig into the weed beds. J. B. H. much bemoaned my lack of skill in this bout, but half an hour later the opportunity for redemption came. Apparently the same fish struck again, and this time the light rod lifted him till we could see he was a pike of goodly size. On the pocket scales he weighed but 5lbs., but J. B. H. said the scales were obviously and glaringly wrong, as any one could see the fish would weigh 8lbs. at least!

Conveniences.

At Camp Forest and Stream all things are ready at hand when needed. A little pond in the woods near by yesterday yielded us a dozen nice bait frogs, which we took on the fly, not bothering to net them. A sandy beach near at hand on our lake shore always has a big school of minnows swimming up and down waiting for us to come and catch them. At first we caught them a score at a haul in our minnow seine, but then they grew wise, hugging the bottom and dodging under the lead line most exasperatingly, so that often we got none at all after a careful draw. We have reinforced our seine with mosquito bar, and meditate planting side wings to impound our prey the more readily. At times we need minnows badly, as the other day when we had invited seven guests—cottagers from Eagle Lake—to dinner, and when they arrived before we had the fish caught for dinner. Yet fortune favored us so that we fed all abundantly on crappie that evening, to the pleasure of those who had never before eaten of skinned crappie. We have discovered this summer that it improves our fish to skin them, and we no longer scale fish, but skin them. It is a very easy operation. A double rip from head to tail on each side of the back fin, and a similar cut along the belly, and the skin pulls off in two halves, taking off all back of the pectoral fins. These latter fins no one can eat, but for many generations fish mongers have sold them and servants have cooked them. We just leave them for the turtles in Camp Forest and Stream. Moreover, when you have taken off your two halves of your fish skin, you can begin at the back end of your back fin and pull it it out whole, with the bones which project down from it into the best part of your fish. When you have thus prepared your fish it has shrunken to one-third its original size, but you have thrown away nothing which is useful to you, and the remainder is sweet and free from muddy or fishy flavor. Bass should always be skinned, and we so prepare pickerel, perch, crappies, rock bass and all other sorts of fish that fall into our hands. What with catching our minnows, catching our fish and cooking them, we manage to put in the greater part of the day without any trouble. If we happen to get any big fish, we carry them to neighbor Schwartz, who has a family larger than ours. Some days we do not fish at all, but fix things, or make stools, or mend the table. One way or another the days glide by very easily and quickly, so that already we see the unwelcome end approaching. We build our table and our stools so that they may be here next year.

Last night the wind fell at sunset, and the lake was absolutely still, mirroring all the green hills about it and all the rosy clouds above it, so that our boat floated in a wondrous medium, surrounded by wondrous things, intangible and unreal in their beauty, as must seem the things of the new world into which arise creatures abandoning the imperfect bodies of an earlier sphere.

American Fisheries Society.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23.—The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Fisheries Society met at Omaha, Neb., in three days' session, July 20, 21, 22. No evening sessions were held, members preferring to spend the time in the enjoyment of the beauties of the Omaha Exposition. The following members were present at the opening day: Messrs. George F. Peabody, Appleton, Wis.; Seymour Bower, Detroit, Mich.; J. J. Stranahan, Put-in-Bay, O.; J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, O.; E. N. Clark, Northville, Mich.; James Nevin and Prof. E. A. Birge, Madison, Wis.; C. Spensley, Mineral Point, Wis.; President Lew May, Omaha; Secretary Herschel Whitaker, Detroit, Mich., and J. A. Dale, York, Pa.

The programme for the reading of papers was established as follows:

First Day.—Dr. H. B. Ward, professor of zoology, University of Nebraska, "Aquacultural Experiment Stations and Their Work"; James Nevin, superintendent Wisconsin Fish Commission, "The Propagation of Fish"; Livingstone Stone, superintendent U. S. Fish Commission Station, Cape Vincent, N. Y., "The Origin and Infancy of the American Fisheries Societies."

Second Day, Morning Session.—Hon. J. W. Titcomb, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, Vermont, "Desirability of State Organizations for the Promotion of Fishculture and the Passage of Legislation by the Several States for the Propagation and Protection of Food and Game Fish"; J. J. Stranahan, Superintendent U. S. Fish Commission Station, Put-in-Bay, O., "The Microscope as Practically Applied to Fishculture"; Dr. H. C. Bumpus, professor of zoology, Brown University, R. I., "The Identification of Adult Fish that have been Artificially Hatched."

Second Day, Afternoon Session.—Dr. J. A. Henshall, Superintendent United States Fish Commission, Bozeman, Mont., "The Artificial Culture of the Grayling"; Hon. F. B. Dickerson, Commissioner of Fisheries of Michigan, "The Protection of Fish and a Closed Season"; Jacob Reighard, professor of animal morphology, University of Michigan, "How Can Biological Investigation of Fresh Waters be Made of Most Value?" J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, O., "Fish and Fishing."

Third Day, Friday, Morning Session.—F. N. Clark, Superintendent United States Commission, "Notes in Connection with the United States Fish Hatcheries in Michigan"; Prof. E. A. Birge, dean of College of Letters and Sciences, University of Wisconsin, "The Relation Between the Areas of Inland Lakes and the Temperature of the Water"; Herschel Whitaker, Commissioner of Fisheries of Michigan, "Some Popular Errors Needing Correction"; Dr. Bushrod W. James, Philadelphia, Pa., "The Protection of the Pacific Coast as Related to its Food Supply"; Seymour Bower, Superintendent Michigan Fish Commission, "The Justice of a License Fee for Commercial Fishermen and for Anglers."

Western Season Waning.

The Western angling season is now about at its worst. The coming of the grasshoppers will mean good fishing for large trout on some of the better streams, but the bass and muscallonge season is now at low ebb. In August the fishing will improve and remain good until cold weather. Some big-mouth bass continue to be caught in the lakes north of us, and I hear of one very fine string of bass taken by Mr. F. R. Bissel, of Chicago, at La Crosse, Wiss. These were small-mouth bass, and the catch was fifty-five in two hours, certainly a fine one. Mr. Carter, chief engineer of the Northwestern R. R., tells me that he is going to try the Mississippi between La Crosse and Winona next week, and he expects fine sport for bass. For the most part, the lake bass fishing is not so good, having been marked this season by extreme patchiness. The bass in lower Wisconsin spawned all the way from April into July, and the fishing has been good and bad alternately. At Billy Tuohy's place, on Eagle Lake, Waukesha county, Wis., there was some bass fishing a week ago, a Mr. White, of Chicago, taking on one day nineteen bass, and on another twenty-three. This was by skittering a frog. I have not heard a great deal from the Wisconsin muscallonge country. The last word from the Minnesota muscallonge country, at Kabekona Camp, stated that muscallonge had quit biting. On June 28 Mr. A. B. Proctor, of Kansas City, killed a 24lb. lunge, and Frank S. Proctor took one weighing 20½lbs. On June 29 Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hunter, of Chillicothe, Ill., killed two fish weighing 11½ and 12lbs. On the same day Mr. A. B. Porter, of Evanston, Ill., caught in Baby Lake a muscallonge weighing 30lbs. When Billy Mussey came back from that country he brought one muscallonge with him weighing 31lbs., and had others weighing 14lbs., 16lbs., etc.

Reports from the Nipigon country of Canada state that but few parties have as yet appeared, though there will be more on the stream in the month of August. The largest Nipigon trout of which I hear thus far this season is 4½lbs., taken by Mr. Ward Ames, of Duluth.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boston and New England.

BOSTON, July 25.—A large party from the Boston Young Men's Christian Association is camping on the shores of Sebago Lake. They are fishing to some extent, but there is not yet any particular record of catches. Mr. R. O. Harding has been absent for some weeks, by reason of illness, but late reports are encouraging. He has been stopping at Ossipee, New Hampshire. He writes E. H. Wakefield, Jr., that the boys are still trying Dan Hole Pond for landlocked salmon, and that a couple of them, from a town in that section, took a salmon last week weighing over 15lbs. They also hooked on to another big one and lost him. Richard is in for trying the pond again, though it is very late, and Wakefield is tempted.

Codfishing off the south and north shores is now in order, and Boston merchants and business men get a good deal of pleasure out of such fishing, when they might be unable to get away on longer trips to the trout and salmon waters. Mr. Mathew Luce, with his boatman, Johnson, is at it again this year, and taking a good many pounds of fish. He fishes purely for the love of the sport, while the fish are invariably saved and well cured. They go to Mr. Luce's friends and where they will do the most good. Bluefishing trips are still in order to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. The capture of a big swordfish off Nantucket Shoals the other day gave some Boston bluefishermen a taste of that sort of big fish game. The smelt fishermen are also getting some good strings down the harbor. The owners of steam launches and other craft have several points where they go for early morning smelt fishing.

A letter from Mr. John Fottler, Jr., yesterday at his place of business stated that his first salmon this season had just been taken on his river, the St. John, at Gaspé, Quebec. Messrs. John E. Devlin, L. B. Dana and son are with Mr. Fottler. The weather has been dry and made the fishing poor for some days, but a good run of salmon is expected since the rains.

Mr. E. C. Stevens has just received, from Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., the king pickerel of the season. It was sent him by a friend at that point on a fishing trip. It was almost upon a level with a man's arms extended and weighed 14½lbs. This lake is noted for its big pickerel, one having been taken there formerly weighing up into the twenties of pounds.

Now the other fishing resorts are all reported to be green with envy—or foliage—since Belgrade Mills, Me., is expecting Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson to help take the black bass and white perch. This report may not be correct, but the Maine papers are sending it broadcast. Those renowned sporting gentlemen could scarcely find a better location for bass fishing, if recent reports are to be credited. Bass fishing all along the Belgrade and Winthrop chain of lakes is reported to continue good.

The Maine papers are shouting the praises of Miss Lenora Jordan, of Blue Hill. She, with a number of little girls—so one paper has it—went the other day into a woodland pasture after raspberries. The girls had been in the woods but a short time when they came upon two cubs, which the little girls mistook for woodchucks, till they run squealing up a tree. The children's shouts brought Miss Jordan, who was picking berries at some distance, and also the mother bear. The young woman screamed. Then catching her breath she uttered another volley: "Run, girls, run! Run, girls, run! A bear! A bear-r-r! Oh-o-o-o! Run, girls, run!"

They did run. So did Miss Jordan, and so did the bear. But they ran in different directions.

Lenora made straight for the house, while the children scattered in different directions into the woods. When she arrived at the door she found that nobody was there to hear her call. Instead of fainting away as most girls would, she went to her brother's room and took his rifle and ran back to find the children. When she got into the woods she could hear them crying at some distance away. While making toward them she again encountered the animal and a well-directed rifle ball stopped the beast, which was making rapidly toward the girl, on its hind feet, erect. She then threw down the rifle and crowded through the bushes till she found all of the children, and saw that they were unhurt. The men in the fields heard the screaming and the rifle shots, and came to the scene. They found the young woman almost in a dead faint, with the children crying about her. She directed them to where the rifle was fired, which they soon found, also the bear, dead from the effects of the young lady's well-directed shot. The cubs are reported not to have been found yet, but the hide of the old bear will help to buy the young woman—only nineteen—a bicycle.

SPECIAL.

Tuna and Tarpon.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your issue of July 2 an interesting communication from Mr. Chas. Frederick Holder, describing his play in landing with rod and reel a tuna of 183lbs. at Catalina, California.

I claim some experience in angling for the "silver king" and other large fish, having landed this summer already, with rod and reel, twenty-eight tarpon, from the waters of Aransas Pass on the Texas coast, and am therefore much interested in some of the statements made by Mr. Holder, and without any disposition to be hypercritical with reference to "fish stories" as a rule, I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of some of these. In an experience of a number of years I have never been able to find a 21-strand line which would tow a yawl boat with two men in it against the oars of the boatman; and if Mr. Holder has secured such a line I should like to know its make and where I can procure one. I have used the Conroy and the Hall (considered among the best), and in fact many other lines in the market, and none of them will tow an ordinary skiff against the oars of the boatman with a 100lb. tarpon at the other end, yet Mr. Holder states that his 21-strand line towed his yawl boat against the oars of his boatman for six or more miles—sometimes against a heavy sea. I have no doubt the tuna is a magnificent game fish, and that it is difficult to land one weighing 183lbs., and that the angler who does so on a 21-thread line is quite expert in never permitting the fish to get a pull on his line strong enough to tow his boat.

I am not disposed to credit the statement that the tuna is superior sport to the tarpon. It does not leap in the air after being hooked, and the dead pull of any fish in the water must fail to excite the same pleasurable sensations as the first furious rushes and wild leaps of a tarpon on the Gulf coast, and I am doubtful if as great skill and cool judgment be required to hold the tension upon the tackle necessary to ultimately kill the tuna in the water as is requisite to the handling of the "silver king."

All fish with the propeller tail, like the tuna and others of the mackerel family, are strong, fast swimmers, and good fighters, but my experience with them is that they soon grow tired and are afterward easily brought to gaff.

The statement that the tuna can fight for three or four hours and then be as fresh as when hooked seems incredible; if such were the character of the tarpon, no fish over 5ft. long would ever be landed with rod and reel. After a three or four hour fight the angler must be weary, and if the fish by that time were not considerably exhausted I feel sure he could not be landed.

I write this to you with no purpose of entering into a controversy with Mr. Holder, and would send direct to him for the desired information if I had his address.

A. W. HOUSTON.

Canadian Angling Notes.

SOME very excellent sport has been had lately by ouananiche fishermen at Lake St. John, especially in the Grand Décharge. Among other fortunate anglers at this point may be mentioned the Count of Turin, and Captain Levita, of the Royal Artillery, Halifax. One American fisherman and his wife, in little over a week at the end of last month, killed over 300 of these fish, and a well-known Quebecer took over seventy last Sunday week, but returned most of them to the water. Larger fish are probably to be taken now in the Peribonca, the Mistassini, the Ashuapmouchouan and Lac á Jien and Tschotogama. The young fish in the hatchery at Roberval are doing well, and Mr. L. N. Joncas, Superintendent of Fisheries and Game for the Province of Quebec, who has inspected them, reports them as exceedingly healthy. The splendid ouananiche pools in the Grande Décharge, hitherto the property of Mr. W. A. Griffiths, have been purchased by Mr. B. A. Scott, of Roberval, for $5,000.

On most of the salmon rivers the sport has been very indifferent this year, though a few anglers, including Mr. Adams, of the American Net and Twine Company, report good luck in the Gaspé district. Mr. Cabot, of Boston, has just gone home after enjoying good sport on the Grand River, of Gaspé, and his partner, Mr. Joncas, of Quebec, with a party of friends, will fish it during this coming week. Mr. J. Fottler, Jr., of Boston, is on the St. Johns River. Mr. Frank Ross has enjoyed fair sport on the Magdalen, accompanied by his son, F. Ross, Jr., and Mr. Campbell Howard, of Montreal. Some of the Restigouche fishermen have done fairly well, and others have had no sport at all. A Montreal angler took only three fish in three weeks' fishing, and a Quebecer who returned from the famous stream quite recently had but one trout to his credit, and no salmon at all. Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston, and some of the members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, made good catches, however. As a rule, the water lowered rapidly in most of the streams this year, and became too clear for successful fishing. On the St. Marguerite the season opened fairly well, and Mr. Elton, of Waterbury, took seven large fish in six days. It soon fell off, however, and taken all in all the fishing here was quite poor, and most of the fish caught bore marks of having recently escaped from the nets. The Trinity, which was fished by Mr. Morton Paton and friends, yielded between forty and fifty fish. The Moisie did remarkably well. The catch averaged over forty fish per rod, and that of Mr. Edson Fitch averaged 21lbs. per fish.

Messrs. R. R. McCormick and W. F. McCormick have had good sport in the vicinity of Lake Edward, and also on the Tourilli tract. In the waters of the last-mentioned locality they found an abundance of trout, but on this last trip none were taken over 2½lbs. Yellow perch are being freely taken now in the shallows of Lake Edward, and as the month of August approaches the large trout in this lake may be expected to take bait again. The fly-fishing in the adjacent lakes, which yielded so well in the spring, has been neglected for the last three or four weeks, on account of the plague of flies in the woods, which was never worse than this year. It is now, fortunately, abating.

Messrs. McCormick are about to leave here for Lake Chibougamon, which discharges into the Nottaway River. This splendid body of water is within a few days' journey of grand Lake Mistassini. The intrepid anglers will probably be five to six weeks on the trip. They will go up by the Ashuapmouchouan and Chigobiche rivers, and descend by the chief branch of the Ashuapmouchouan. They expect to meet with good sport, for an Indian who has been up to the lake has brought back the skin of a speckled trout over 30in. in length. They take four canoes and eight guides.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Fishing Camp Plunder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sent you to-day a couple of pictures I made of my camping outfit. I had been camping for the month of October down near the mouth of Fox River near Wedron, Ill., and when I was about to put away my plunder for another year I thought perhaps a picture of the outfit might be pleasant to look at until it was time to get it out again; so I moved everything out of one of my rooms and in one corner I hung the fly of my



DUFFLE.

Photo by Mr. Chas. Hayward.

tent, and covered that with my minnow seine, and threw my tent and the rest of the plunder in front of it. The picture pleased me so well that I took two smaller plates and made a sterescopic view of it. I send you one of each. There is nothing extravagant about the picture, but I think it is a pretty fair outfit for this section of the country.

In my month's camp out on Fox River I had pretty fair luck with the black bass; my best day was eleven that weighed 31lbs., the largest being 3¼lbs., all on flies. I never, in my experience, caught a string of an average so even. I expect to spend about six weeks in northern Minnesota next fall, and if I have any experience worthy of mention will let you know.

CHAS. HAYWARD.

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Maine, July 12.—The season here is one of the best ever known. The trout never rose better. Dr. Eastman, from New York, and his friends are bringing in fine catches every day, and the average weight is more than usual for this time of year. Mayor Dodge, of Worcester, with his wife and party of gentlemen, have had fine sport on stream and lake, and have taken some fine views, and also Dr. Denton, of New York, who is quite successful as an amateur. The weather has been fine for a few days, a little cooler than is usual for July. I have been here for several years, and never saw a more delightful spot or had better sport with rod and line than this season.

MEDICUS.

Growth of Black Bass.

SOME light on the oft-repeated question as to how fast bass usually grow may be afforded by the fact that in the spring of 1889 I received through the Fish Commission seven cans containing about fifty each of small-mouth bass for stocking the waters of Sand Lake, Mich. The little fellows varied from 2 to 4in. in length at that time. In the summer of 1894 several specimens were taken with hook and line, the largest weighing 4lbs., making a gain of nearly 1lb. per year. The lake was the natural home of black bass of the large-mouth variety, pickerel and perch—all minnow eaters.

JAMES H. BRAYMAN.

How Things Used to Be.

Is it not a fact that the man who now sits in a reserved seat at the circus or occupies a chair on the grand stand at a baseball match feels that he sees less and derives not the enjoyment he did when, as a boy, he peeped under the canvas or squinted through knot holes in the fence. The elephants look smaller and the batsmen don't slug the ball half as hard as they did thirty years ago. When you got up before daylight and with home-made pole and can of worms you slashed around in the water all day, stopping your hunger with a piece of dry bread and oily cheese, you somehow enjoyed the fishing more and you caught larger fish than you do to-day. You spend a day on a trout lake seated in a comfortably arm-chaired boat, propelled by a guide second to none. Your tackle is of the best and most modern in every way. Your rod is like a watch spring, and as true as the finest of tempered steel. But somehow or other the struggling trout, despite the fact that he bends the tip across the butt, gives you no such nervous thrills as did the brook trout on the end of your alder pole in your boyhood days.

Your guide knows the likely spots so well that before you have been fishing an hour you find yourself freeing the fish from your landing net and dropping them with a flourish of the hand again into their native element. You didn't do that when you were a boy. No. You worked hard for your trout, and when you got them you saved them, and when you made your count at the end of the day, if you had one or two more than young Jones, your rival, you felt happy. You threw no trout back into the brook those days; they were far too precious.

You get under a shady, moss-covered, wooden giant on the beach and puffing away at your cigar watch the guide fry your trout, and at the proper moment see him draw from the box of ice stowed away in the bow of the boat your ice-cold bottled beer. But it doesn't somehow or other taste half so good as the bread and cheese and cold spring water of your boyhood days. Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

The trout may be larger, of course, than those in the old farm brooks, but proportionately they do not fight as they used to years ago. They give up more quickly, you think, and have not the sand in them of the trout of your youth.

They surely have degenerated as far as spots and coloring are concerned, for they are not near as gorgeous as those from your old-time brooks. Where is the fault? Is it really as you suppose as to the size of the fish and their prowess, or are you in the same position as the college graduate, returning ten years after to his alma mater, and wondering how the colleges dare now to turn out such kids as graduates! Or is it a case of visiting your old village after thirty years of absence, and finding things which you left very large and imposing now diminutive and commonplace? The church steeple of unknown height now proves to be of ordinary meeting house dimensions. The ball field of magnificent distances dwindles down to a village common of such limited proportions that you wonder how you played ball and failed daily to wreck the window lights of the surrounding dwellings. Is it because you have been to the great cities and have seen greater sky-piercing steeples that the village belfry looks so small and lowly? Or is it because your ideas have so broadened in maturer years that you now see things as they are, uncoupled with the elusive adjunct of imagination?

We think it is the latter. The flush of youth, with all its attendant pleasures of excitement and imagination, has lent enchantment to all the actions and surroundings of childhood and boyhood.

Every trout was a whale, and every spring hole of 4 or 5ft. in depth a sea of unknown size. The knights of the olden fables fighting fiery dragons in the enchanted woods of wonderland were in reality not to be compared with the active-minded, healthy youth abroad for the first time in the stream-bisected woods, creeping and crawling through the underbrush with worm-baited line carefully wound round quivering pole as he thrusts it through the tangled opening and carefully lets drop his worm in the dark and shaded water, where the moss-covered rock shelves out into the stream. The king of the brook taking the wriggling worm, a lively royal follows between boy and trout, that, if properly described, would put to shame the old chroniclers of the feats at arms of Saladin, Godfrey, Tancred and Robert Cœur de Lion.

And when the quivering, gasping, conquered trout is at last stretched upon the moss-clad bank, his coloring standing out like so many garnets, opals and sapphires from his silver-frosted sides, the excited hero of a boy fisherman stands over him with perspiring brow and shaking hand as no mail-clad knight of old in fortunate tourney watched his unhorsed adversary as he lay outstretched and helpless on the jousting sands. Could we wipe out the intervening years between manhood and youth and bring into our sports and outings the zest, enthusiasm and imagination of youth, things then would be encircled in a halo of pleasure where to-day they at best appear blasé and commonplace. It is the ennui of life that is upon us, only that and nothing more.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weekly contest to-day resulted in the following record:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
L. H. Bellows	114	86 1-3	94	86
L. I. Blackman		75 1-3		84 2-5
B. W. Goodsell	109	94 2-3	94 2-3	95 1-5
H. G. Hascal	111	90	93 1-2	95 4-5
E. R. Letterman		49		96 4-5
C. A. Lippincott		85		92 1-5
C. G. Ludlow	105	83	92 1-3	69 4-5
G. A. Murrell		68	88 1-2	97 2-5
F. N. Peet	113	85 2-3	94 1-2	88 1-5
G. W. Strell		57		

Holders of Medals: Long Distance Fly—I. H. Bellows. Distance and Accuracy—B. W. Goodsell. Accuracy and Delicacy—B. W. Goodsell. Bait Casting—G. A. Murrell.

G. A. MURRELL, Sec'y.

The Canochogala Trail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As was told the other day, the Adirondack League has put a man at North Lake for the purpose of stopping any one, not members or guests of that organization, from passing over the Canochogala Lake trail. My informant expressed the action as, "The League is getting pretty gay." The woodsmen, who at first protested that the League had no right to prevent people from hunting on their vast tract of forest land, who still believe that the woods were made for all men to hunt in, are more wrathful than ever.

When the cloth and tin trespass notices first showed white down the trails in those woods, forbidding hunting and fishing there, the men were startled as they had never been before. They did not know what to make of it. They saw the only virtuous pleasure open to them vanishing behind a screen so powerful that they dreaded to investigate it. They felt, too, that man's right to property must be respected.

Since these notices appeared, no outside party has gone to that region, so far as I know, to hunt on what was undeniably League land. They have hunted north of it, but not on it. The right-thinking have never for an instant looked for trouble with the League. What they wished to know was what are the League rights and what are theirs? The matter has not been satisfactorily answered. The riparian and forestry rights seem to be yet a matter of dispute.

Now comes this question about the trail—a question which only affects the woodsmen and a few "city folks" directly. Yet to these woodsmen it means a very great deal. The only deer region worthy of the name, accessible to woodsmen of Herkimer county at all, is closed to them if the Canochogala Lake is closed.

The trail had been in use for dozens of years. It had been followed by the fathers of the old-time hunters now living. Moose hides have come over it still wet with the animal's moisture. Every year since moose days the trail has been followed by scores of men, often a dozen at a time. It was blazed, that it might be followed in the winter time in the days when it was lawful to crust deer, and the old-time blaze marks have been renewed from time to time as the bark crusted over and obscured them.

It had been in use so long, indeed, and followed by so many each year, that no one ever dreamed that it would ever be closed to the public seeking the State lands in the neighborhood of the State dam in Moose River.

"The term highway," according to Bouvier's Law Dictionary, "is the generic name for all kinds of public ways, whether they be carriage ways, bridle ways, foot ways, bridges, turnpike roads, railroads, canals, ferries or navigable rivers." A trail, the woodsmen contend, is a "foot way," a highway in the light of the law. They turn, with eyes that are pitiful in their eager look, to the New York Laws of 1890, Chapter 568, Section 100. The section says:

"Highway by Use.—All lands which shall have been used by the public as a highway for the period of twenty years, or more, shall be a highway, with the same force and effect as if it had been duly laid out and recorded as a highway, and the commissioners of highways shall order the overseers of highways to open all such highways to the width of at least two rods."

The woodsmen hope that this will keep the only way they have of getting to the Moose River country open, if the League does not generously grant them the opportunity of freely passing along the trail.

The State authorities cut and cleared a wagon road to Canochogala Lake along the old trail a year ago, renewing a road cut through years ago. The road was a necessity, because that was the only route by which lumber and other supplies for the raising of the dams, which make Canochogala Lake a reservoir for the storage of water needed in the Black River Canal during dry seasons. The attendants of the dams must pass over the trail if they would get to that lake.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY, July 18.

A Small Fish Remembered Sixty Years.

GORHAM, Maine.—For twenty-five years I have read your clean and noble paper. The "Men I have Fished With" has called up memories of my boyhood days in Maine; and I am back again to spend the few years that are left for me this side of the river that has no trout.

Some sixty years ago my mother kept me from school one day to carry the dinner of my father and brothers to the upper field, a mile from home. As there were three brooks near the field, strange to say, somehow or other I had a line and hook in my pocket; and getting a worm I moved to a well-known hole called the stump hole, where my older brothers were sure to get a bite. My line was quickly jerked under the foam, and I struck with all the strength a six-year-old boy could put on.

I threw a beauty of a trout into the air. He broke the line and fell on the bank a foot or two from the edge of the pool. I threw myself on the fish and slipped my straw hat over it; but the hat did not cover him, so lying down on the hat I yelled for help. Two big brothers and father soon assisted me to secure the prize.

Many years have passed and many salmon and trout have I taken since that first trout, but its beauty and sweetness still linger. To-day you can get but minnows and memories where once the trout were plenty.

L. McL.

Here is Heterodoxy.

IF I dared to do so I would say (not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith) that there is a lot of humbug about a great deal of fly-fishing talk that we see sometimes in print, especially as pertaining to black bass. In fishing for bass I would not give one lively 3in. chub for several flies, though I have caught bass with fly and minnow both at the same time—that is to say, a double catch. Still I am a

FLY-FISHERMAN.

An Apathetic Angler.

THE typical old native sat dreamily upon the banks, and two rude poles were set just in front of him. There was no style about his angling outfit. His rods were the old familiar pawpaw, and his lines were coarse and strong. There was no red-pointed float in sight; the lines were just cast out with old iron for sinkers, and big trout-line hooks, baited with little sunfish, attached. The old man was gray and bent, and worm and weary looking. There were deep lines on his weather-beaten face, and his hands showed marks of toil. Half reclining, half sitting, under the shade of an elm, I first thought he was sleeping.

"Any good luck, uncle?" I called out from my boat.

"Naw."

"Isn't this a good place for fish?"

"Recken. Water ginerally is."

"Well, is this good fishing water?"

"It looks likely—never tried it afore."

"Haven't you caught anything yet?"

"Reckon I have."

"What kind?"

"Chills."

"No fish?"

"Naw."

"Expect to catch some?"

"Mebbe."

"Don't you care?"

"Naw."

"What do you fish for then?"

"Fur fish."

"If you don't care for fish, what do you fish for them for?"

"Fur a rest."

Just then the end of one of the pawpaws began bobbling up and down.

"You've got a bite there, uncle," I said.

"Let 'em bite. I'm restin'," and the pole began swaying, and the line fairly whizzed through the water.

"It's a big one," I said.

"Reckon it be. When I'm tired I allus get big ones," and then the old native rose up slowly and painfully, and, after tugging away for a second or two, lifted a big jack salmon out on the bank.

"The durn fool fish oughter know I'm tired an' bin a chillin'. I allus said them jacks never had no sense, now I know it. Just lay right there till the ole woman comes down an' gits ye. I'm tired an' I want ter rest," and then the old fellow sat down again beside the tree.

"Are you not going to set that line again and take care of your fish?" I ventured to ask.

"Naw," he drawled. "I'm tired and want ter rest. I've been a-chillin', and just come down here to hear the red birds sing, and the quails whistle, and to see the water run, an' the sun go down beyond that bluff. No fish; just rest is what I want."

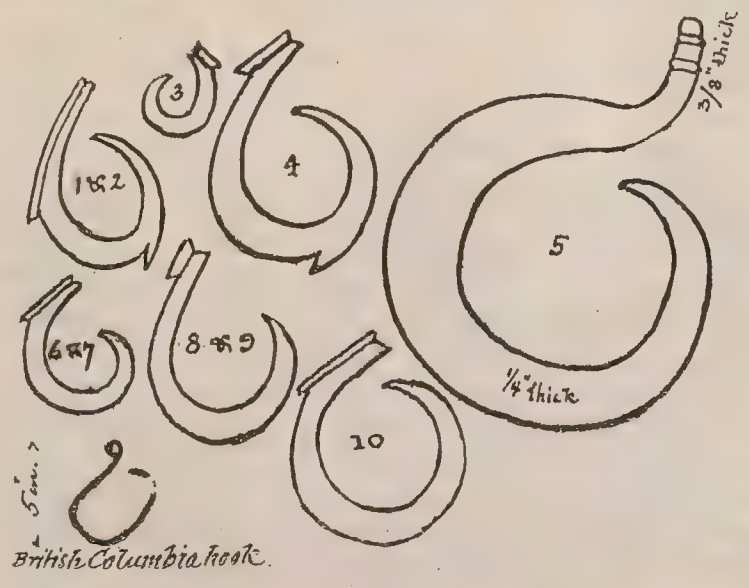
And then I left him sitting by that old elm, while the big jack salmon floundered about in the dry leaves.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Indian Fish Hooks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Chamber of Commerce here are exhibited numerous relics found generally in the burial places of the extinct race of Indians who inhabited the shores and islands of southern California. Among these are eleven perfect specimens labeled fish hooks, of which I have made full size pencil sketches; the first five shown are made of bone and the others of abalone shell. They are all beautiful specimens, the edges rounded and smooth, the points polished and sharp, and all parts perfect, and the curves easy and graceful.

You will notice that the points generally reach to



about one-quarter of an inch of the shaft, and by almost no possibility could a fish be hooked by one of them.

It is judged by those who consider them fish hooks that they were used as gorge hooks, the fish taking the hook and bait into its stomach.

Those that say they are not fish hooks, but personal ornaments, call attention to the small space between the point and shaft, and ask in what way could a fish be hooked.

You will readily see that if a fishing line was attached to the shank, the draft would be at right angles to the point of the hook and not in line of it.

Will you be kind enough to have an expert pass upon the sketches and inform us as to what purpose and how they were used.

There are also two one-quarter inch hooks used in the British Columbia Islands for catching large halibut and dog fish, which measure about 5in. one the diagonal, and approximate the form of the first mentioned hooks.

J. MILTON TITLOW.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

The Fly and the Day.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., July 20.—Black bass seem to be decreasing in the Connecticut River; I hear of very few being caught, but the pike-perch, introduced from Canada in '75 or '76 by my old colleague on the Fish Commission, the late A. H. Powers, are said to be on the increase. I was called to the door one day last week to identify one by a young friend of mine, who did not know what he had caught, as it was new to him. It was a very good specimen, weighing 3¼lbs. Pike and pickerel are said to be quite plenty in the river, but the brooks are all drying up, and I fear there will be no trout next year, though this has been an uncommonly good season for them, and many fine baskets have been taken.

I read Mr. Van Cleef's letter with great interest, and so far as the results of actual fishing go am quite inclined to agree with him that the old rule is a fallacy. I do not know about bright flies hatching out more freely on bright days, and dark flies on dark ones, but I do believe the trout are guided to some extent by the natural flies on the water at the time. I have been successful on large bodies of water on bright days with such flies as the professor and the scarlet-ibis, when the trout would not touch a Montreal, while on small ponds of clear spring water nothing would answer but a black-gnat or some such small fly, particularly if the water was shallow. I have found the white-miller and coachman both excellent after sunset, and am especially partial to a white-hackle on a scarlet body for evening fishing.

I think the depth of water has something to do with the question, and that deep waters call for both a larger and a brighter fly than shallow ones. I should like to hear the views of our friend A. N. Cheney, who is a more thorough expert than I claim to be on this question.

VON W.

The Ouananiche Spell.

OUANANICHE fishing is like the opium habit, once acquired it drags its victim further and further from all the other pleasures of life, and impairs his mental equipoise until he becomes a monomaniac on the subject and loses all sense of responsibility. To indulge this propensity he will face cold, wet, hunger and flies. His impedimenta of rods and tackle show an utter want of regard for expenditure, and his last cent will go for a ticket to Lake St. John and return. If he fishes from the shore, watch his behavior as the first thrill of a ouananiche hooked passes through his tautened line and rod into the arm, and directly to the brain. An unrestrainable delirium seizes him, the face flushes, the eyes flash, the nostrils dilate and the whole body seems possessed of springs. He rushes wildly up and down the rocks and talks excitedly to himself. His madness communicates itself to the fish, incessant flashes of silver fill the air. Out and across the boiling waters of the rapid the crazed fish wildly dashes in its frantic efforts to escape its implacable enemy, and only when completely exhausted will it allow itself to be reeled in and fallen upon bodily by the insane angler, who rends the air with exultant shrieks of laughter. If he fishes from his canoe the guides will watch him with assiduous care to prevent him from throwing himself overboard in one of those wild paroxysms of excitement. He is incurable, and the milder delights of trout fishing pall upon his shattered nerves and diseased brain.—G. H. Fairchild in Quebec's Adirondacks.

New Hampshire Fishing.

HUDSON CENTER, July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your letter written to Samuel Webber, asking about bass fishing south of Concord, was sent to me to reply. It is true there are bass in many ponds south of Concord, but not what we call good fishing. At Sunapee, Winnepesaukee and Wentworth lakes, all north of Concord, fine bass fishing can be had. We have never had good bass fishing south of Concord.

We have had one of the best trout seasons for years, for both lake and brook trout. Fishermen are having great sport at Sunapee Lake; landlocked salmon are showing up in good numbers there. Ike Rawson, one of Sunapee's best guides, told me ten days ago that there had been twenty-five salmon caught in his boat this season. Four Loch Leven trout have been caught in Sunapee this season, the largest by Dr. F. H. Thurston, of Manchester; it weighed 10½lbs. The smallest was 7lbs. There is no question that these are the result of a plant made by Dr. John D. Quackenboss, of New York city. Some fine catches of aureolus or white trout are being made there. Winnepesaukee is one of the best lake trout waters in the State, and is sure to be in the near future one of the best landlocked salmon waters in New England.

Excellent brook trout fishing may be had at Diamond Ponds and other waters in the north country.

Deer are increasing wonderfully in the lower part of the State. We hear of but few woodcock and ruffed grouse.

N. WENTWORTH.

A Poet's Brook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many years ago there appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM a piece of poetry with one verse something like this:

I've angled in many waters;
On many a summer day.
On many a murmuring river,
On many a tangled way;
But the voice of that brooklet has never
Lost its pathos and charm for me,
As it ripples and runs forever
To its home in the mighty sea.

Can you not give us this in the FOREST AND STREAM again?

W. O. WATSON.

[We cannot place this poem; but we agree with Mr. Watson that it is worthy of reprinting.]

Some Wisconsin Fishing.

TOMAHAWK LAKE, Wis., July 21.—W. T. Davis leaves to-day for Chicago; was here sixteen days, fished ten days, caught 365lbs. fish, largest day's catch 75lbs., largest musky 24lbs., largest pike 11½lbs., largest bass 4lbs.

Green Lake, Wis., July 21.—Fish caught to-day by A. D. Morris, Chicago, twenty-six pickerel; by Platt and Foster, St. Louis, 40 pickerel, one 12, one 10, several 8-pounders.

Green Lake, Wis., July 12.—Some reports of luck are: Geo. A. Gilbert, 25 pickerel; Geo. E. Highley and J. F. Richards, 31 pickerel; Mrs. E. W. Heath, 32 pickerel; I. A. Schoon, 24 pickerel, 1 bass.

July 13.—Two parties from St. Louis, 45 pickerel; Norton, 23 pickerel.

July 15.—Mrs. Heath, 25 pickerel; John Maudlin, 14 pickerel.

July 16.—Mrs. Heath, 32 pickerel.

Meenah and Menasha, Wis.—Mr. S. D. Anderson, of Chicago, caught twenty black bass Saturday (16th) P. M. in about an hour; there were several other catches made, but of no special interest.

The following record, made at Gogebic from July 10 to 17:

Monday, July 11.—Mr. H. E. Dick and two sons caught nine black bass, weighing 19lbs; Mr. Withington caught 5lb. bass.

Wednesday, July 13.—Mr. Fuller caught thirteen black bass, 18lbs.

Thursday, July 14.—J. L. McLain and J. H. Stover caught in Pelton Creek 110 brook trout, weighing 18lbs.

Friday, July 15.—Mr. Chas. Truax caught 124 brook trout, 22lbs. weight (dressed), in Slate River.

Saturday.—Messrs. McLain and Stover caught 124 brook trout, weighing 18lbs.

Chas. Truax caught in Slate River 86 brook trout, 15lbs. weight (dressed).

Tuesday.—Chas. Truax caught 65 brook trout, 8lbs. weight (dressed).

J. F. K.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 23.—Not within many years has coast fishing been better than at present, and indications are of the best for the continuance of the same, our rivers and bays are fairly teeming with fish life, attracted thither by the enormous quantities of bait and bait fish. There is almost a surfeit of weakfish in Barnegat, 400 to 500 to a boat in a single day is a common report, and of large size and well conditioned fish. One night recently I was astounded at the condition of affairs there. Schools of menhaden many acres in extent were in evidence everywhere, and the continual threshing of the weakfish at the surface as they dashed among them made music to the enthusiastic ear.

While the striped bass are apparently lessening in number, still enough are being taken to keep the pursuit up. Kingfish, which had almost entirely stopped biting two weeks ago, are back at the old stand, and are taking the hook freely again. Some splendid catches have been made the past week, and finer specimens I never met with. Bluefish are very abundant off shore, and are beginning to make their presence known in the surf, which is a great delight to all, as their place in the affections of the angler is second only to the bass. Their bulldog propensities are well brought out in a contest with rod and reel, and they are always an object of eager pursuit. I am still nursing a crippled thumb, received more than ten days ago in a battle with a savage blue, but he made a very fine dinner.

LEONARD HULIT.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ESSEX, N. Y., July 16.—The perch have begun to school and are on the surface. Fishing with a submerged fly is in order and will afford good returns.

The other evening I took two ladies out in a boat and they caught fifteen perch and one wall-eyed pike, the latter almost 18in. in length. The fishing occupied one hour and a half.

A man fishing near Salmon Rock recently caught a landlocked salmon 4in. long. He said that he saw a number in the water, and at the same time a very large pike. The pike, in his opinion, was feeding on the young salmon.

J. B. B.

North Carolina Streams Flooded.

SAPPHIRE, N. C., July 18.—We have had incessant rains, which have roiled the water and swelled the streams, so that there is no trout fishing. The roads too are badly gullied, and once the mail rider couldn't cross the ford. Mornings are apt to be bright, but heavy showers fall by noon and a soaking follows.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

Along o' My Old Reed Rod.

I'm sittin' on th' old wood dike,
Along o' my old reed rod;
A-watchin' th' ripples come an' go,
A-watchin' th' fresh twigs nod.

This is th' sixtieth consec'tive spring
A-fishin' this good old stream;
Th' sixtieth year th' waters sing
To cozen me into er dream.

Th' sixtieth consec'tive spring, dear Lord,
An' I cannot deem it er waste;
I ne'er have taken ag'in th' law,
Nor never been in haste.

An' every time there came a May
I've guessed it was th' last;
But sixty summers rolled away—
Th' autumns come an' passed.

An' when th' final reckonin' comes—
'Tis my dearest prayer, dear God—
Grant it to be on th' old wood dike,
Along o' my old reed rod.

W. H. B., JR.

Long Island Fishing.

SAYVILLE, Long Island, July 25.—The score for one day here last week was 400 bluefish. One of the fish weighed 12lbs. The catches for numbers and for size of fish have been remarkable, and the fishing still continues in the Great South Bay.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. W. H. Dye, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.
Dec. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

A Chase to a Finish.

THE scene of this story is about three miles from Troy, N. H. One morning a farmer friend of mine on looking down toward his wood lot saw a large red fox half climb, half tumble, over a wall and come very slowly toward him for five or six rods and lie down. The fox had hardly stopped when a hound poked his nose over the wall and crawled up to the fox and tried to bite him; but every time the dog was near enough to bite the fox would crawl along a rod or so. They worked this way until they got to the next wall, over which the fox went, but the hound fell back, completely done for. The farmer thought it about time to help out his dog, so getting a cane he walked over to the fox and gave it a rap on the head. Picking up the fox, he showed it to the hound and tried to call him to the house, but the poor dog could not get up; so with the fox under one arm and the hound under the other my friend went to the house. The dog stayed with him until he was thoroughly rested, and then went away, as my friend told me, he supposed for good; but on the



HIS FIRST POINT.
Photo by Mr. G. Hills.

Monday before Thanksgiving Day it returned in an unexpected manner. On that day my friend had been dressing chickens for market, and had a few hanging all nicely picked in the well-house, and all in sight of his dinner table. All at once he saw a dog come running into the yard, and the next minute it had jumped up and ran away with one of his fat chickens. This was done so quickly that he had hardly got out of doors when dog and poultry were both gone. Following the way he thought the dog had gone, he met two hunters in a team, and on inquiry and finding out they had a dog with them, he demanded pay—and good pay too, he told me, for he was pretty mad. "The hunters were true blue," he said, "and telling me to wait, they up the road calling their dog, for they said they had a foxhound bitch with them, and could not believe that she would touch a chicken. But all the same they came back to the team in a few minutes, leading the dog and bringing my chicken half eaten up. With their pocketbooks open and saying they were sorry in the same breath, I stopped them and said, 'Boys, that dog is too good a dog to mind any little tricks like that.' For it was the same bitch I had fed and sheltered the winter before; and I added: 'Come in and have some dinner.' While we were eating they told me they were from Massachusetts; and their dog was a fine young bitch two years old at the time and was called Chase's Spot."

Perhaps if she has not run herself to death she may be living, and some of the readers of this paper may have shot at game in front of this staying foxhound.

FRED.

Points and Flushes.

Aug. 1 is the date of the closing of both the Continental Field Trial Club's Derby and the Manitoba Field Trial Club's all-age stake. Mr. W. B. Meares, Hillsboro, N. C., is secretary of the former club, and Mr. W. C. Lee, Winnipeg, Man., honorary secretary of the latter.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

27-28-29. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
29. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
30. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
30. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
30. American, ladies' cruise, Newburyport.
30. Taunton, ladies' cruise, Taunton, Mass.
30. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
30. Woods Holl, open, Sussett Harbor.
30. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
30. Indian Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
30-Aug. 7. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise.
30. Royal St. Lawrence, 25, 18 and 15ft. classes, Dorval.
30. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
30. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
31-Aug. 1. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
1. Burgess, moonlight sail, Massachusetts Bay.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
3. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
3. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
6. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
6. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
6. Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
6-7. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
6. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
6. Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
6-8-9. Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
6. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
6. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
8. American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
9. Squam, open, Annisquam.
10. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

THE outcome of the Baltic races, held early this month, was a victory for Germany which may have important effects upon further international racing. The competitors in the Ib. class, not over seventy sail units by the German rule, included three new yachts, the Fife boat Senta, the Payne boat Tutty, of fifty-eight and fifty-nine sail units (practically 65ft. R. L. by the Y. R. A. rule), and a new German boat, Kommodore, of fifty-five sail units. The Fife and Payne boats are new craft, both built in Great Britain this year, while Kommodore, owned by a syndicate, of which Krupp, of gun fame, is the head, was designed by R. Hagen, of the Germania

Werft, Kiel, the builders of the yacht. The German boat, sailed by a German crew, scored a fair and decisive victory over the two British-built craft. At the ceremonies attending the races, Mr. Cecil Quintin, owner of Merry Thought, winner of the Emperor's cup in the Dover-Heligoland race, offered, with the aid of some other British yachtsmen, to build and race in German waters next season a yacht of the same class, of British design, and manned and sailed by a British crew, against a representative German yacht; promising that whether successful or otherwise the yacht would be presented to the Imperial German Yacht Club as a training ship for yacht crews. The German Emperor immediately guaranteed to contribute £1,000 toward the German boat, and an additional sum of £1,500 has since been subscribed by German yachtsmen.

In such a contest as this, in a useful and practical size of yacht, and comparatively close at hand, British yachtsmen are likely to find all they want in the way of international sport, without going on their knees to the New York Y. C. for generous concessions and special interpretations which will allow them to challenge for the America's Cup.

There is much food for reflection on this side of the water in the material progress in yachting which the continental nations, led by Germany and France, have made of late years. The importation of the American skimming dish, which began in the fifties, stopped years ago; and the importation of British yachts, beginning with the old, narrow cutters and continued later with all classes of modern racing machines from Meteor down to Mr. Linton Hope's lightest productions, is decidedly on the wane, as the native products have improved in all classes. The stimulus of international rivalry, which was missing so long as British yachts met nothing but vessels of their own nationality under the French flag in the Mediterranean and the German flag in the Baltic, is rapidly increasing with the production of such craft as the French Esterel and the German Kommodore. It can hardly be supposed that either of the three nations, Great Britain, Germany or France, is blind to the great value of international matches as a needed stimulus to yachting, or that either would be in the least loth to see the establishment of an international trophy in which America should have no part whatever. To be sure, the Coupe de France was carried to England with no great difficulty, and the proposed race with Germany may possibly prove a mere temporary affair; but at the same time the indications are that if something is not done speedily toward a race for the America Cup on perfectly fair conditions, and in a much smaller class than the 90ft. cutters, its place in international sport will be taken by some newer trophy.

MR. JOHN HYSLOP, official measurer of the Seawanhaka, New York and Larchmont Yacht Clubs, sailed for London on July 16, on a visit of several months. In his absence H. C. Wintringham has been appointed to act for him by the New York Y. C., and W. P. Stephens by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This is Mr. Hyslop's first visit to England in twenty-seven years. He takes a wheel with him, and will make land cruises in different parts of the country.

THE first day's racing of the Lake Y. R. A. meet at Kingston resulted in a win for Merry Thought, owned and sailed by Com. Jarvis, over Canada, by 2m. 12s. elapsed and 27s. corrected time. Merry Thought is of heavy construction, but has been thoroughly overhauled and rerigged by Com. Jarvis.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Trial Races.

Oyster Bay—Long Island Sound.

Third Trial Race, Wednesday, July 20.

THE continuation of the Seawanhaka trial races being postponed to July 20, as told in our report last week, a new silk mainsail was ordered from Wilson & Silsby, of Boston, to replace that burned on Akabo on July 15. Akabo was towed over to her builder's yard at New Rochelle, where her bowsprit was lengthened about 2ft., to bring her nearer to the allowed area. Seawanhaka was safely hauled out on the beach, Mr. Crane taking advantage of the time to run up to Ogdensburg to inspect his third boat. The club has this year laid down a very good marine railway, principally for the benefit of the knockabouts, but capable of handling larger yachts. This was not used for Seawanhaka and Cicada, however, Mr. Crane having laid a temporary set of wooden rails on the smooth, sandy beach, with an ordinary four-wheeled railway baggage truck as a cradle. Seawanhaka was hauled up on this nearly every night, being struck over to one side when the same cradle was needed for Cicada. A stout derrick was provided for handling the very heavy centerboards, in shipping and unshipping them, and for masts as well. By means of a ladder lashed upright on the gangway leading to the landing stage, it was possible at low water to reach the mastheads when the boats were afloat, for any changes or repairs. The arrangements this year for caring for the racing boats were better than ever before, and the crews worked hard, the bottoms being constantly polished and every detail of hull and rigging kept in good shape. On Saturday Cicada went over to Westport in tow of her escort, the sloop Imperia.

By Wednesday morning Seawanhaka and Akabo were ready off the club house, the latter having received her new mainsail on Tuesday, but there was no wind and no Cicada. The club steamer Seawanhaka, with the race committee on board, ran out to the Center Island Buoy and sighted the missing boats becalmed well to the westward of Lloyd's Neck. She steamed over and towed them to the line, and about 1:45 a very light breeze came in from S. by E. By 2:15 it was strong enough to warrant a start, and the preparatory whistle was given, followed by the start at 2:20. The course was two miles to leeward, N. by W., so as to make it unnecessary to run out into the Sound for the start. The maneuvering was done with spinakers mastheaded to port, Akabo coming to the line too soon and luffing up along its length. When the whistle sounded she had lost way and was almost motionless, her crew working to head her on her course. Seawanhaka, crossing a little after the signal, cut the line under good headway, setting her spinaker at the same time. As she crossed her boom end touched that of Akabo, but they cleared without damage. Cicada came over a little late, but with good way, carrying it and soon running ahead of Seawanhaka, while by the time Akabo was really under way she was in the last place.



COURSES OF SEAWANHAKA TRIAL RACES, OFF OYSTER BAY.

The triangular course this year was but 1 1-3 miles to a side instead of 2 miles, as shown in the chart.

The boats were heeled, with crews to leeward, and spinaker booms were braced well forward. At the end of the first ten minutes Seawanhaka, in second place, just held Cicada, but Akabo had dropped some 300yds. astern. The wind was quite light, and a different breeze was visible down the Sound, vessels coming up before the wind. Cicada was becalmed at 2:43, her spinaker being taken aback, and at 2:45 she jibed her boom over to the port quarter and reset her spinaker on the other side. Seawanhaka was caught just a minute later than Cicada, and finally Akabo, coming up astern, took the new wind.

The short portion of the leg which remained was soon covered on a reach, and the outer mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Cicada	2 50 59	0 30 59	
Seawanhaka	2 51 29	0 31 29	0 00 30
Akabo	2 57 12	0 37 12	0 06 13

They started in on an easy reach with balloon jibs set, but at 2:57 the two leaders were headed by a moderate southerly wind, down came the big jibs and working jibs were set for a beat home. Akabo after rounding came on port tack, up the Sound to the westward, the other two working in with shorter legs. Seawanhaka steadily gained on Cicada, while Akabo, off by herself, was apparently doing very well. As she closed in for the mark, however, she fell in company with a working schooner, getting under the lee for a time. At 3:12 Seawanhaka was to windward, and clearly ahead of Cicada, Akabo being still too far astern to threaten either. The wind, now well west of south, was steady and put them plank-sheer to, and with smooth water and a clear summer sky the conditions, both for the men on the boats and the spectators, were ideal. The round was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Whole round. Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	3 29 22	0 37 53	0 02 11	1 09 22	
Cicada	3 29 35	0 38 36	0 02 54	1 09 35	0 00 13
Akabo	3 32 54	0 35 42		1 12 54	0 03 32

As the times show, Akabo covered the leg in the least time, but the wind over the whole course was so fluky and variable that this race, as a whole, was not a satisfactory test. Akabo did not fairly lose as much as the times show on the first leg, or gain as much on the second.

Second Round.

Very little time was wasted between the rounds, and at 3:50 the preparatory was given, the course being as before. The wind was moderate, a little west of south and fairly steady in force and direction. It was not a dead run, but the windward course was sufficiently close to give the needed test. This time the three made a fine start, all over the time with a rush, with spinakers ready to port, as the whistle sounded at 3:50. Cicada was first, followed closely by Seawanhaka, then Akabo; but all made good starts. For a time Akabo dropped astern of the other two, but she picked up before the end of the round, and the turn was very even, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	4 15 59	0 20 59	
Cicada	4 16 06	0 21 06	0 00 07
Akabo	4 16 13	0 21 13	0 00 14

They started with Seawanhaka and Cicada jammed on the wind, while Akabo with lighted sheets went reaching out to the westward on port tack. The wind freshened as they worked toward the shore, until Cicada, when about half-way in, turned in her first reef. After sailing different courses for some time, Seawanhaka and Akabo finally drew together, the latter reaching fast and well ahead in distance, so that when Seawanhaka went on starboard tack, heading for the line, Akabo had a good berth to windward. There was now a fresh scupper breeze and the two were under perfectly fair and even conditions for a windward test. As they went along it was plainly perceptible that Seawanhaka was doing by far the better work, and the proof came after a time, when Akabo dropped directly into her wake. While Seawanhaka kept on until she weathered the finish on this tack, Akabo was forced to make a short extra hitch. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Whole round. Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	4 49 01	0 33 02		0 54 01	
Akabo	4 49 55	0 33 42	0 00 40	0 54 55	0 00 54
Cicada	4 53 37	0 37 31	0 04 29	0 58 37	0 04 36

Cicada's loss is in part due to the useless reefing, an error of judgment. There were apperances of a squall in the N.W., and it was expected that it would break during the third round, but it held off, and the wind held steady.

Third Round.

The preparatory for the third round was given at 4:56, with the start at 5:01; Seawanhaka for the third time making a particularly good start. Akabo was second over the line, but she soon had trouble with her spinaker as the boom was slacked well forward, three of her crew working forward of the mast at one time in the effort to save the spar. With spinaker booms well over the port bows, and the sails sheeted to leeward, they all traveled fast, Seawanhaka soon being 50yds. in the lead. Akabo and Cicada fought it out for a time, the latter passing ahead to windward about the middle of the leg. As they neared the buoy Cicada again reefed as in the previous round, there being a good breeze and the squall still threatening in the western sky. The mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	5 20 07	0 19 07	
Cicada	5 20 44	0 19 44	0 00 37
Akabo	5 21 03	0 20 03	0 00 56

Again on the wind Akabo went ahead, and really passed Cicada, while the latter was shaking out her reef, but Seawanhaka was in her usual windward posi-

tion. While Seawanhaka did most of her work on starboard tack, Akabo, as before, made a long port tack up the Sound, the two being far apart for a time, with Cicada between. When they came together Seawanhaka was well ahead of Akabo, and after a time on the same tack Akabo drew back and to leeward. She was caught again in too close proximity to a working schooner. On the last long tack Seawanhaka weathered the line, while Akabo had to make a short tack to cross. The times were:

		Leg.		Whole round.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	5 55 00	0 34 53		0 54 00	
Akabo	5 56 02	0 34 59	0 00 06	0 55 02	0 01 02
Cicada	5 57 33	0 36 49	0 01 56	0 56 33	0 02 33

On the windward work Akabo lost but 6s. to Seawanhaka. The times for the three rounds were:

	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	2 57 23	
Akabo	3 02 51	0 05 28
Cicada	3 04 45	0 07 22

After the race Mr. Miller, owner of Akabo, expressed himself as being satisfied with the fairness of the test, but the race committee suggested that an extra race be sailed next day.

Extra Trial Race, Thursday, July 21.

Thursday was another fine day, with a light wind, N.E. by E., when the boats reached the starting line at noon. The weather was clear and warm, and the water smooth, with the tide on the ebb. The usual triangular course was laid off, with one mark off Lloyd's Neck, but the legs were shortened to 1 1-3 miles, or 4 miles for the round. The start was to windward, the preparatory at 1:15 and the start at 1:20, Seawanhaka leading over the line, with Cicada and Akabo in order, all on starboard tack. They soon came about and stood inshore, Seawanhaka and Akabo working well up the harbor, while Cicada made a long starboard tack outside. Seawanhaka gained on Akabo, and when the latter fell in with Cicada at 1:40 Cicada went across her bows. The mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	1 49 09	0 29 09	
Cicada	1 50 55	0 30 55	0 01 46
Akabo	1 52 46	0 32 46	0 03 37

Balloon jibs were set on the second leg for a reach to the outer mark, the times there being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	2 11 47	0 22 38	0 01 33
Cicada	2 12 00	0 21 05	
Akabo	2 16 45	0 23 59	0 02 54

Cicada gained considerably on Seawanhaka on this leg, and still more on Akabo. The last leg was a reach, covered in quick time, as below:

		Leg.		Whole round.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	2 26 41	0 14 54		1 06 41	
Cicada	2 28 35	0 16 35	0 01 41	1 08 35	0 01 54
Akabo	2 31 50	0 15 05	0 00 11	1 11 50	0 05 09

Akabo's best work was done on this leg, as she lost but 11s. to Seawanhaka.

Second Round.

The second round was started under the same conditions except that the wind was lighter at 2:40, Cicada crossing first, Akabo second and Seawanhaka third, all together and moving slowly. For ten minutes they did little more than drift, then a nice southerly wind came out of the harbor, catching Seawanhaka first and Akabo immediately afterward, and sending them reaching at a good pace for the first mark. Seawanhaka and Akabo were sufficiently close to indulge in several sharp luffing bouts, interesting to the spectators, but of little gain to either boat. They all luffed by the Lloyd's Neck mark:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	3 01 41	0 21 41	
Akabo	3 01 50	0 21 50	0 00 09
Cicada	3 02 13	0 22 13	0 00 32

The new wind was now settled steadily to work, and with booms to starboard all reached out for the second mark. Seawanhaka and Akabo fought for the lead in a series of lively luffing matches to the gain of Cicada, but they were all bunched at the turn, as below:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Cicada	3 19 25	0 17 12	
Akabo	3 19 34	0 17 44	0 00 32
Seawanhaka	3 19 42	0 18 01	0 00 49

Working jibs were set before luffing round the mark, the way home being to windward. Seawanhaka began to work out from under Cicada's lee, while Akabo, to leeward of both, was reaching ahead. At the end of five minutes Seawanhaka was clear by 30yds. of Cicada's lee bow, while Akabo was 200yds. to leeward, but well in front. When she came about, some five minutes later, she was able to cross Seawanhaka's bows, while Cicada had dropped to Seawanhaka's weather quarter. The wind freshened to a good wholesail breeze for these little boats; as they worked along Akabo failed to hold Seawanhaka, and the round ended as in previous ones, with Seawanhaka crossing on a long tack, while Akabo fetched the lee end of the line and had to make a short extra tack. The times were:

		Leg.		Whole round.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	3 43 02	0 23 20		1 03 02	
Akabo	3 43 31	0 23 57	0 00 37	1 03 31	0 00 29
Cicada	3 43 46	0 24 21	0 01 01	1 03 46	0 00 44

Third Round.

The third round was started at 3:55 with more wind, the three going over together, Seawanhaka in the lead, with Akabo, traveling very fast, a little astern. As soon as Akabo struck Seawanhaka's lee she slacked up, and the two were presentuly luffing up the harbor. When they had had enough of this sport Akabo was first to bear away, but Cicada was now the leader. The first mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Cicada	4 07 09	0 12 09	
Akabo	4 07 12	0 12 12	0 00 03
Seawanhaka	4 07 28	0 12 28	0 00 19

They luffed around and started to reach for the second mark. Akabo took a bad knockdown, but luffed out all right. Cicada was 200yds. ahead of Akabo in the middle of the leg, and the latter led Seawanhaka by 30yds. As they neared the mark Akabo ran up so that all turned together:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Akabo	4 24 04	0 16 52	
Cicada	4 24 20	0 17 11	0 00 19
Seawanhaka	4 24 27	0 17 19	0 00 27

Once on the wind, Akabo started for the westward on port tack, the others again inshore of her. At the end of ten minutes all were strung out on the same tack—port—Seawanhaka being at least a quarter of a mile astern of Akabo, but to windward of her wake; Cicada in a line between them being about 150yds. from Akabo's weather quarter. As they went on, Seawanhaka steadily improved her windward position, pointing high and eating out in a most excellent manner. Akabo was a long way from her, so that a close comparison of loss and gain was impossible until all neared the mark. It was now cloudy and cool, with a threatening of a squall in the northwest, but the wind held steady, all the boats wanted. When Cicada and Seawanhaka met, the former passed clear ahead. As Akabo came down from the west it was plain that she had lost considerably, as before, in spite of her speed through the water. The finish was timed:

		Leg.		Whole round.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	4 53 04	0 28 17		0 58 04	
Cicada	4 53 14	0 28 54	0 00 34	0 58 19	0 00 15
Akabo	4 54 12	0 30 08	0 01 51	0 59 12	0 01 08

The times for the three rounds were:

	Elapsed.	Loss.
Seawanhaka	3 07 47	
Cicada	3 10 40	0 02 53
Akabo	3 14 33	0 06 46

This day's racing shows the advantage of sailing trial races in a series of separate rounds; Akabo lost a good deal through a very bad start in the first round, and had the race been sailed in three continuous rounds she could not have made this up, and would never have been near Seawanhaka after the start. As it was, the two were close together many times, with equal opportunities to each. The numerous opportunities for timing show exactly what each boat did; and the slight flukes at different times are thus practically eliminated.

Taken all together, the series of trials has resulted in a very satisfactory test of the three boats, and has shown beyond question that Seawanhaka was the proper and safe choice. Since her first race at Larchmont, on July 4, in which she was defeated by Akabo, she has steadily improved in performance, and Mr. Crane and his crew have done better work with each successive race, both in the handling and in the starting. In the latter particular Mr. Crane has been very successful, putting his boat over the line promptly and also in the proper position and with good way on. The change of rig with Cicada on July 15, the lower and broader rig being shipped on Seawanhaka, and carried through the later races, proved its superiority to the high and narrow rig, a distinctive feature of Momo last year; and it will be carried in the cup races.

Cicada suffered in the trials through the fact that her crew had not sailed her at all, and the four men were not used to working together in this type of boat. Under these circumstances a close comparison with Seawanhaka is impossible, but it is, we believe, the opinion of Mr. Crane that Seawanhaka, with 6in. less extreme beam and a little harder bilge, and less flare to her side would, under equal conditions of handling, prove the better boat in the end. It may be said of Cicada's crew that it improved greatly in its work in the last races. It is unfortunate that the two boats were not ready in season for thorough private trials prior to the actual trial races, being sailed against each other with both crews and rigs changed from time to time. Such an experiment would have shown conclusively which combination of boat, crew and rig was the best, and also would have put both boats in better racing form for the trial races.

Owing to the accident to her silk mainsail, Akabo sailed the last two races with a brand new sail. While it showed a good deal of fullness, it was by no means a bad sail, and very little allowance need be made on this score. When first measured, Akabo's total sail area was about 25ft. under the limit (500sq.ft.), the two Crane boats each being about 12ft. under. To make up this deficiency Akabo's head triangle was increased by her designer, a remeasurement on July 20 showing about 12ft. less than the allowed area, or the same as the other boats. The sail plan of Akabo showed a very short hoist and long boom and base line.

In spite of her good work at times and her high speed through the water, it was plainly demonstrated that, even if her peculiar method of going to windward were a safe one to trust to in an international race, she was actually not as fast as Seawanhaka over the ordinary windward and leeward or triangular courses. During the whole series, including the annual race, twelve separate starts were made and twelve finishes timed; while thirty-three legs were sailed, of which all were accurately timed, except the first leg on each round of the annual race. The three boats competed on every leg except that Seawanhaka withdrew on the last leg of the July 15 race. Out of the eleven races thus finished by both Seawanhaka won nine and Akabo two; while of the thirty-two legs sailed by both Seawanhaka won twenty-one and Akabo eleven. A comparison of the total times shows that the elapsed time of Seawanhaka for the entire series of races was less than that of Akabo by 14m. 55s.

While it is absolutely impossible to gauge the relative advance made by both sides, America and Canada, since last year, it is certain that Seawanhaka is a great improvement over Momo in model, construction and rig, and also that Mr. Crane, with the aid of a very good crew, is handling her decidedly better. She is now on her way to Dorval, Mr. Crane going to Ogdensburg to superintend the finishing of his third boat, which he will take down the St. Lawrence direct to Dorval in time to try her with Seawanhaka before the cup races.

Racing Over Measurement.

THE executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts has given its decision on the protests on measurement against Katydid and Vitesse in the city's open regatta, July 4. The decision on the Katydid protest is as follows:

"Katydid (yawl) was properly entered and sailed in the 15ft. class, her official measurement, after allowance for rig provided for in Rule 8, being under 15ft. Under the option allowed in Section 2 of Rule 6 she was measured without ballast.

"On July 4 Katydid, having taken aboard extra ballast without notice to the secretary of the Association or to the judges of the Fourth of July race, as required by Section 7 of Rule 6, sailed in an Association race. An official measurement taken at that time showed that she was too large for the class by a good margin. The owner of the Katydid admitted that he deliberately violated the rule.

"The committee rules that Katydid be, and hereby is, disqualified as to all Association races and racing for the period of twenty-one days, beginning July 4, 1898."

As to the Vitesse, the committee decides as follows:

"Vitesse was properly entered and sailed in the 15ft. class, her official measurement being under 15ft. Upon remeasurement, after the race of July 4, she was found to be too large for the class.

"The facts, about which there was no controversy, appear to be as follows: Vitesse, after sailing several races with an official measurement of less than 15ft., was sold to the present owner, who received from the former owner the certificate of measurement, together with a statement in writing that the weight of ballast was just the same as that which the boat had when measured. The present owner has not changed the trim of the boat in any way and had no reason to believe that she exceeded the limits of the class. Further, since the remeasurement of July 4, Vitesse has been again remeasured with the same ballast and fittings and found to be under 15ft.

"Upon these facts the committee are of the opinion that there has been no such flagrant breach of the rules as is provided for in Rule 27, but that Vitesse must be, and is, disqualified as to the race of July 4, for the reason that she at that time measured more than 15ft. The purpose of the measurement rule is to measure the longest length at which a boat sails any race, and any owner who sails his boat with more weight aboard than she had when measured, from whatever cause, should be disqualified if the class limit is exceeded."

Corinthian Fleet Y. C. Special Races.

New Rochelle—Long Island Sound.

July 22, 23.

THE Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, held two special races open to knockabouts and the 20ft. class, the prize for the former being the Dewar cup, one leg for which was already held by Mongoose. On Friday there was a strong E.N.E. breeze, the course being the usual club triangle. Akabo was present, and having no competitors she stowed her jib and sailed as a cat against Minnetonka and Lobster, allowing them a handicap of 8m. each. She beat them and the knockabouts very easily, the times being:

Knockabouts—Start 3:43.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	1 40 12	1 40 12
Mariposa, Herbert McCord	1 41 44	1 41 44

Mainsail Yachts—Start 3:48.

Akabo, Clark Miller	1 29 33	1 29 33
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	1 47 47	1 33 47
Lobster, T. S. S. Flint	Did not finish.	

The winners were Mongoose and Akabo.

On Saturday there was no wind in the morning, and Indianola and Mariposa were not able to get to New Rochelle. The race was sailed in a very light easterly breeze, the times being:

Knockabouts—Start 3:18.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	1 01 17	. . . .

Open 20ft. Sloops—Start 3:13.

Akabo, Clark Miller	0 56 33	0 56 33
Asthore, F. B. Jones	0 58 35	0 58 35

Mongoose holds the Dewar cup permanently.

Annisquam Y. C.

Saturday, July 16.

THE second race of the 15ft. class of the Annisquan Y. C. was started at 12 M. on July 16, in a very light northerly wind. The fleet split tacks and after slow work Schatz turned the first mark with a lead, and finished the first round with a lead of 1m. 30s. on Lynx, and 3m. 30c. on Gertrude, with Gaboo and Scooter astern, Imp and Tabasco having withdrawn. There was a good breeze on the beat out the second time, and Schatz had three minutes on Lynx at the weather mark. On the way home the wind fell and Lynx ran up, the finish being timed:

Schatz, Bent Bros.	3 12 30
Lynx, Cunningham Bros.	3 13 30
Gaboo, Walter Adams	3 17 15
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	3 18 15
Gertrude, Harry Damon	3 19 15
Tabasco, Harry Wiggin	Did not finish.
Imp, Oscar Perkins	Did not finish.

Owing to the drift at the start, the race occupied 12m. more than the time limit, three hours, so will be resailed.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

Wood's Holl, Mass.

Saturday, July 23.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a championship race for knockabouts and spritsail boats off Quissett on July 23 in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

Knockabouts.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Royal Blue, C. Dennison	21.00	2 02 22
Micaboo, C. Harding	21.00	2 10 21

Spritsails.

Success, J. F. Perry	2 16 30

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

THE 30-footers sailed a race off Newport on July 18, the course being from Brenton's Cove around Beaver Tail and Bishop's Rock, sailed in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were, start, 2:49:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 05 32	2 16 32
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 06 12	2 19 12
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 06 50	2 17 50
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 09 38	2 20 38

On July 19 a sweepstakes race was sailed, the times being, start 3:04:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 55 50	1 51 50
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 56 19	1 52 10
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 56 52	1 52 52
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 57 28	1 53 28
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 58 30	1 54 30

On July 22 the Dyer's Island course was sailed in a strong N.E. breeze, the prize being a trophy offered by the Newport Y. R. A. The times were, start 2:59:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 43 03	2 46 13
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 46 37	2 47 37
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	5 48 08	2 49 06
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 52 19	2 53 19
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 52 37	2 53 37
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 54 30	2 55 30
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 57 31	2 58 30

A race was scheduled for July 23 at Potter's Cove, for cups offered by Wm. Bannigan, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Y. C., but the steamer, with the fleet in tow, broke down and all returned to Newport. In the afternoon a sweepstakes race, $20 entry, the second to save her fee, was sailed in a fresh S.E. breeze over a course from off Castle Hill, the course being to Beaver Tail, to Seal Rock, back to Beaver Tail and Seal Rock again, thence to the finish, about twenty miles.

Vaquero fouled Dorothy and withdrew, the times being, start 2:13:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 11 10	1 58 10
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 13 38	2 00 38
Dorothy II., H. Whitney	4 13 50	2 00 50
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	4 15 42	2 02 42
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 15 50	2 02 50
Vaquero II., H. B. Duryea	Did not finish.	

On July 25 the Jamestown-Bishop's Rock course was sailed in a light S.W. wind, with several mishaps. Dorothy crossed before the gun and failed to return. Hera and Dorothy collided, and Vaquero and Wawa each fouled a mark. The times were, start 2:57:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 00 01	2 03 10
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 01 12	2 04 12
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 02 40	2 05 40
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 03 24	2 06 24
Wawa, R. Brooks	Withdrew.	
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	Withdrew.	
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Withdrew.	

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed a very successful open race on July 23 in a fresh east wind. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 36 56
Emma C., P. C. Coupal	1 48 51

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 25 20
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 26 03

21ft. Class.

Recruit, F. B. Rice	1 07 00
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	1 14 45
Elsa, H. M. Crane	Withdrew.

21ft. Class.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 10 21
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 12 10
Autocrat, J. W. Nightengale	1 12 24
Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 13 15

18ft. Class.

Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 14 33
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 15 05
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 16 24
Fantasy, W. Allerton	1 18 22
Helmi, W. C. Harrison	1 20 35
Woodbine, F. T. Wood	1 26 53
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	1 21 32
Chewink, G. D. Silsbee	1 28 08
Attilla, A. L. Lincoln	1 34 19

The winners were: Meemer $15, Emma C. $10, Hermes $12, Eleanor $8, Recruit $10, Tacoma $5, Privateer $10, Arab IV. $5, Circe $10, Vamoose $5, Vitesse $8, Chewink $4.

The judges were: Com. Fred B. Rice, chairman; Vice-Com. Edwin E. Davis, ex-Com. John W. Sanborn, ex-Com. Charles F. Pettengill, Dr. Frederick E. Jones, Fleet Capt. George G. Saville, Walter B. Burrell, James S. Whiting, secretary.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE first of the trial contests of the Royal St. Lawrance Y. C. was sailed on July 23, three short races filling up the afternoon. The wind was moderate, S.W., with a light sea. The course was a triangle of 2½ miles. The wind was light in the final race. Mr. Duggan sailed his new boat, which is described as something of the double-hull type, far uglier than last year's boats. As the times show, he led over the course and won in every race:

First Race—Start 3:57.

	1st mark.	2d mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Duggan's	4 06 30	4 18 00	4 27 16	0 30 16
Glencairn	4 07 15	4 20 35	4 31 11	0 34 11
Strathcona	4 07 35	4 19 15	4 28 31	0 31 41
Speculator	4 08 23	4 19 47	4 29 55	0 32 55

Second Race—Start 4:41.

Duggan's	4 51 50	5 00 00	5 16 15	0 34 30
Speculator	4 52 10	5 02 35	5 17 37	0 35 37
Strathcona	4 52 22	5 04 10	5 18 50	0 36 35
Glencairn	4 53 45	5 05 50	5 20 25	0 37 55
Manitou	4 54 17	5 04 39	5 19 40	0 35 25

Third Race—Start 5:25:25.

Duggan's	5 40 40	6 08 35	6 18 32	0 52 07
Speculator	5 41 25	6 17 20	6 23 47	1 03 22
Strathcona	5 42 20	6 12 31	6 23 12	0 56 42
Manitou	5 42 50	6 15 36	6 26 34	1 00 37
Glencairn	5 44 10	6 19 00	6 31 02	1 04 15

The races will be continued next Saturday.
Mr. Duggan has another new boat now in the shop.

Eastern Y. C. Special Races.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.
July 23, 25, 26.

THE first of the series of three races arranged by the Eastern Y. C., the conditions of which were printed last week, was sailed on July 23 with a fleet of twenty-eight starters. The wind was light E.S.E., with a little roll to the sea. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	32.41	3 00 02	2 53 23
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.98	3 01 12	2 54 13
Ashumet, C. Fred Bache	38.25	3 00 14	3 00 14

25ft. Class.

Cartoon, H Parker		2 57 30	.. ..
Little Peter, H. Moebs		3 06 19	.. ..
Sally IV., L. F. Percival, Jr.		3 14 42	.. ..
Dragoon, C. M. Barker		3 16 09	.. ..

Raceabouts.

Hazard, H. M. Sears		1 55 20	.. ..
Tanipoo, J. S. Brewer		1 55 43	.. ..
Spindrift, W. S. H. Lathrop		1 56 50	.. ..
Jilt, W. O. Gay		1 56 59	.. ..
Fancy, C. F. Lyman		1 58 18	.. ..
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving		1 59 11	.. ..
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d		1 59 42	.. ..
Gosling, North & Clark		1 59 59	.. ..
Suzanne, Frank Brewster		2 00 25	.. ..
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer		2 01 41	.. ..
Sintram, W. P. Fowle		2 02 19	.. ..
Dafila, W. Turner		2 08 08	.. ..
Darthea, E. C. Lambert		Disabled.	

Knockabouts.

Lorelei, J. S. Cochrane		2 10 28	2 08 12
Polly, E. Wadsworth		2 09 07	2 09 07
Carina, J. P. Clark		2 13 59	2 11 43
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody		2 14 54	2 11 57
Mayona, C. S. Stearns		2 16 12	2 14 35
Aspenet, H. A. Morris		2 20 20	2 16 28
Comet, J. S. Lawrence		2 20 48	2 16 58
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin		2 20 05	2 18 28

Elfreda, Cartoon, Hazard and Lorelei each wins a cash prize and a leg for the series medal. Hazard wins a leg for the Upton cup. Second and third prizes go to Tanipoo and Spindrift and Polly and Carina.

Beverly Y. C.

Buzzard's Bay.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a race on July 23 on Buzzard's Bay in a light S.E. breeze, a new Herreshoff knockabout, Gadfly, making a very successful début, though protested for fouling a mark, the protest not being decided. The times were:

Knockabout Cruisers.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gadfly, Mr. Geary	2 28 44	.. ..
Edith, C. M. Baker	2 31 25	.. ..
Eina, John Parkinson	2 32 42	.. ..
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	2 33 34	.. ..
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	2 34 37	.. ..
Kalama, David Rice	2 38 48	.. ..
Aminita	2 40 20	.. ..

Second Class Cats.

Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 26 29	.. ..
Nokomis, A. Winsor	.. ..	.. ..

Third Class Cats.

Melro, D. L. Whittemore	1 42 53	.. ..
Sally Brass, Howard Sargent	1 50 07	.. ..

Fourth Class Cats.

Hope, J. H. Ellis	2 23 00	.. ..
Daisy, Howard Stockton	2 23 22	.. ..

Fifth Class Cats.

Imp, George Dabney	2 21 15	2 19 57
Pedro, Howard Miller	2 20 47	2 20 47
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane	2 22 23	2 22 23

After the race Capelin, with only young Mr. Eustis on board, was struck by a squall and capsized. Her skipper climbed on the bottom and finally righted her and sailed in.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.
Saturday, July 23.

THE open race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on July 23 in a strong east wind, with smooth water. The open boat Rooster and the cabin boat Geisha sailed together, each having no competitor. Bobolink was disqualified for fouling Maud on the line at the start. The times were:

21ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Rooster, M. McDowell	2 17 16
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Bobolink, Goodspeed Bros. (disqualified)	1 14 42
Maud, W. M. Mayers	1 19 21
Oidono, Chas. Clapp	1 21 22
Fedora, J. H. Hunt	1 21 28
If, M. K. Norwood	1 21 58
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 22 16

Special Cat Class.

Olympia, G. W. Steele	1 26 30
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 28 55
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 30 07
Walrus, G. W. Shiverick	1 30 16
Frolic, J. C. Dawes	1 30 39
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 30 41

Gaff and Spritsail Boats.

Solitaire, Baker	1 22 26
Alice B., J. F. Lowe	1 32 12

The winners were Rooster, Maud, Olympia and Solitaire.

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, July 23.

THE first handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed in a fresh S.E. breeze on July 23, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nettie, W. Burgess	0 42 40	0 41 40
Active, J. R. Hadden	0 41 33	0 42 33
Alma, C. A. Heney	0 47 38	0 44 38
Ray, S. A. Freeman	0 50 00	0 45 00
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	0 48 43	0 45 03
Alert, J. McConnell	0 49 07	0 46 07
Winona, W. I. Kelley	0 59 55	0 46 25
Pippin, W. Traiser	0 58 53	0 52 53
Miss K., Clark	0 58 32	0 53 32
Anita, F. H. Byrne	1 01 00	0 35 50
Florrie, H. Wait	1 03 00	0 59 00
Grace, Jenkins	1 03 33	0 59 33
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	Disabled.	

Nettie won first prize.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

Hull—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed its third race in a light east wind on July 23, the times being:

First Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Mojave, Berry	17.10	1 30 32
Thelma, M. Cleverly	16.06	1 41 50
Rabbit, Walter Keyes	16.06	1 42 10

Second Class.

Tech, Fred Keyes	16.06	1 32 05
No Name, P. F. Folsom	16.00	1 41 45
Rita, C. W. King	15.02	1 42 37
Isidora, H. Cleverly	14.11	1 44 32
Fantee	....	1 49 30
Bubble, W. B. Field	12.00	1 52 25

The winners were Mojave, Thelma, Tech and No Name. Tech protests Rita for fouling, and Isidora protests No Name for fouling a mark at the start.

Burgess Y. C. Ladies' Race.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Burgess Y. C. devoted July 23 to the ladies, with a race, followed by a reception in the evening. The times were:

Class I.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sassacus, A. W. Erickson	1 43 30	1 42 00
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	1 53 35	1 35 30

Class II.

Pointer, B. C. Melzard	1 44 00	1 40 30
Bubble, J. H. Goodwin	1 45 05	1 41 35
Dove, F. G. Macomber	1 45 45	1 41 45
Dora, Charles Stebbins	1 46 10	1 42 10
Ben My Chree, W. H. Stuart	1 42 30	1 42 30

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.
Saturday, July 23.

THE race of the Cohasset Y. C. on July 23 was sailed in a fresh east wind, the times being:

Knockabouts—Start 2:55.

	Finish.
Remora, C. H. Cousens	4 49 40
Delta, R. B. Williams	4 51 00
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	4 52 05
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr.	4 52 26
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage	4 53 40
Nereid, W. R. Sears	4 56 36

15ft. Class—Start 3:00.

Jap, B. L. Tower	4 18 19

Skipjacks—Start 3:00.

Merlin, Richard Townsend	3 52 00

Monsoon protests Delta for fouling a mark.

Cape Cod Y. C.

Orleans—Cape Cod.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Cape Cod Y. C. sailed a race for its smaller boats in the Town Cove on July 23, the wind being S.E. moderate. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Helen, A. Fulcher	18.03	1 23 57	0 57 37
Quahaug, Capt. Rogers	14.06	1 28 37	0 57 38
Little Daisy, D. Fulcher	14.05	1 29 30	0 58 31
Elsie, Capt. Penniman	14.06	1 29 25	0 58 56
Henrietta, Rich	14.06	1 30 53	0 59 54
Little Brave, Geo. Ryder	18.03	1 26 50	1 00 30

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, is having good sport with its knockabout series of races, the score up to July 9 standing as follows:

	Spider.	Farceda.	Kid.	Grilse.	Fly.
June 4	..	4	3	2	1
June 18	5	2	..	3	4
June 25	6	3	4	5	2
July 9	3	4	5	..	2
Total	14	13	12	10	9

Recruit, the new Quincy cup defender, was measured on July 21 and proved to be 5in. over the limit of 21ft. l.w.l. It is reported that she has proved weak and will require to be strengthened for further racing.

A regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 21 at Delmonico's, in Beaver street, with Com. Morgan in the chair. Mr. H. C. Wintringham was appointed acting measurer in the absence of Measurer John Hyslop. The following members were elected: Honorary, Rear-Admiral Dewey, U. S. N.; navy members: Capt. Charles D. Sigsbee, formerly in command of the Maine and now of the St. Paul; Lieut. James C. Gilmore, of the St. Paul; W. V. N. Powelson, Ensign C. S. Bookwalter, of the St. Paul, and George B. Wilson. Flag member, Mrs. Bessie Pardee Van Wickle, owner of the steam yacht Marjorie. Active members, A. Bleecker Banks, Joseph S. Fay, Jr., John D. Crimmins, Jr., Seymour J. Hyde, William P. Eno, J. C. Rhodes, Reginald Brooks, Thomas Hugh Kelly and Frederic R. Coudert.

Brunhilde, schooner, J. M. Masury, arrived at Norfolk on July 22 from Rio Janiero, where she was transferred to the British flag. She reported trouble with her crew and desired to land them, but was placed in quarantine.

Gaviota, yawl, owned by Col. David E. Austen, Atlantic Y. C., has had her name translated from Spanish into its English equivalent, and is now named Sea Gull.

The Quincy Y. C. has lately purchased from the Massachusetts Humane Society the lifeboat John Adams, with all of her life-saving apparatus, and she is now in commission, ready for instant use off the club float.

The tenth annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be sailed on July 30. The classes are the 43, 36, 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls; 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of cat boats; 21ft. racing knockabouts, and the one-design dory class. These are open to yachts enrolled in recognized clubs. Entries will be received by F. B. Jones, chairman, New York, or at the club house, Greenwich, Conn., up to Friday, July 29.

Waikiki, naphtha yacht, H. C. Roome, New York Y. C., arrived at New York on July 13, after a cruise, begun last November, down the Atlantic coast, through the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, through the lakes and St. Lawrence, and thence down the coast to New York. She is but 54ft. long.

The new one-design schooner Clorita, P. T. Dodge, was launched on July 9, and is now in commission in New York waters. Her sister boat, for C. P. Buchanan, is not yet launched.

Levanter, steam yacht, has been sold by Alfred Marshall to J. M. Sears, of Boston; Mr. Marshall replacing her by a new 30ft. cabin naphtha launch. Levanter was designed and built by the C. L. Seabury Company, and has proved a very fast boat.

The Beach Haven (N. J.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Harlan Page, Philadelphia; Vice-Com., John T. Burton, Tuckerton; Sec'y, John T. Fox; Ass't Sec'y, J. G. Downs; Treas., Samuel R. Cowperthwaite; Trustees, John T. Fox, John T. Burton and Timothy Seaman; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Edward H. Williams, Philadelphia; Chaplain, S. R. Cowperthwaite.

Owing to the death of James A. Roosevelt, the race for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., was postponed to Saturday, July 30, when it will be sailed from the gun at 3 P. M. over knockabout course No. 2, Oyster Bay. The race is open to the 25ft. class, club boats only, including the one-design knockabouts.

Margarita II., steam yacht, A. J. Drexel, has just been sold to King Leopold of Belgium, who had partly purchased Mayflower, of the Goelet estate, at the time the latter yacht was sold to the Government.

A special race of small catboats was sailed on New York Bay on July 23, over a course of three miles, from the foot of East Forty-sixth street, Bayonne, around the Robbins Reef Buoy, two rounds, making twelve miles. The starters were: Chic, 16ft. 10in., John Wilson, Bayonne; Maggie P., 16ft. 3in., Clarence Lissenden, Staten Island; Cinch, 16ft. 7in., Charles Foster, Brooklyn, and Adele Rae, 16ft. 6in., Charles Rae, Harlem. The wind was from the east, light, but freshened during the race. The course was to windward and return. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chic	2 59 00	5 38 30	2 39 30	2 39 30
Maggie P.	2 57 30	5 39 30	2 41 30	2 40 45
Adele Rae	2 58 00	5 40 00	4 42 00	2 41 35
Cinch	2 55 30	5 39 30	2 44 00	2 44 00

America, schooner, Paul Butler, is fitting out for a cruise to Cuba, carrying Mr. Butler's sister, Mrs. Ames, who will visit her husband, Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, and her son, Lieut. Butler, the canoeist, now Adjutant of the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers.

The June number of the Badminton Magazine contains an interesting yachting sketch, "Across the Channel in a Four-Tonner," by Maude Speed, telling in detail of a trip from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, to Cherbourg and back. Mrs. Speed is the wife of the Rev. H. Fiennes Speed, of Yarmouth, the author of "Cruises in Small Yachts and Big Canoes," so well known to our readers. Mr. Speed's "big canoes" of fifteen years ago, Viper and Water Rat, have been replaced by a snug cruising cutter of four tons, Lerna, of which he is skipper, and Mrs. Speed steward and cook. Their vacations are spent afloat, in cruises about the Solent, up and down the Channel, and even into Dutch waters.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, of Jersey City, N. J., has issued a little handbook entitled "Graphite as a Lubricant," describing the pure graphite manufactured by it for lubricating purposes, and specially adapted to all high speed machinery, such as launches and steam yachts. The firm also manufactures all varieties of graphite for vessels' bottoms.

Our boys of Company G did an act the other day that shows they have true American hearts. Out on the parade grounds is seen a little group of sticks, and if you notice when the 3,000 soldiers are on the field drilling they never approach those little sticks stuck up in the ground. If you go to the spot you will find a lark's nest, built before war's alarm had been sounded. Here in the armed camp the bird, her nest and six eggs are safe. Members of Company G found the nest as they swept across the field in company formation. The boys opened ranks and passed on. Succeeding companies of soldiers opened ranks as they passed the spot. Then our boys set up sticks around it, and now the mother bird sits on her eggs, an emblem of peace, while all around are the trappings of war.—Austin (Minn.) Herald.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Wilkes-Barre.

THE Keystone Rifle Association, of Pittston, and the Wilkes-Barre Rifle Club met at the new rifle range of the latter club, near Hanover Park, recently and held a shooting contest. The ranges are situated between Lee Park and Hanover Park. One is 200 and the other 500yds. The shooter can ascertain how near he comes to the bullseye by flag signalling, which is maneuvered by the man who has the target house in charge.

There were eight contestants on each side, with W. A. Banfield as captain of the Wilkes-Barre Club and G. W. Burns captain of the Pittston Club. The Pittston Club won by 242 points.

After the contest a clam bake was held in a ravine near the range. The scores:

Wilkes-Barre—W. A. Banfield 118, H. H. Hughes 116, H. G. Liem 144, H. Y. Klinges 47, G. A. Schied 81, J. Miller 82, A. A. Kaiser 144, F. J. Niemyer 113.

Pittston—J. P. Delhontey 146, Phil Raider 127, T. B. Moffat 122, D. O. Snyder 169, J. T. McAndrew 140, J. J. Farrell 126, E. R. Shephard 133, G. W. Burns 135.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

PASSAIC, N. J., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the approval of Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, president of the National Rifle Association, it has been decided to postpone the meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association and the National Rifle Association this year until next. This course is taken because of the absence from their homes of the large majority of National Guardsmen, who ordinarily participate in the competitions.

BIRD W. SPENCER,
Treasuror and Executive Officer.

Bisley Rifle Meeting, England.

THE National Rifle Association meeting of 1898 at Bisley began on July 10. The German Manlicher rifle seems to be on top at most of the competitions where it is allowed against the English Government Lee-Metford rifle.

At the revolver and pistol ranges the Council of the National Rifle Association have made one of those rules which make them so beloved (?) by the competitors. Two rival makers of automatic repeating pistols have given prizes at 20 and 50yds., open to all repeating pistols and revolvers, meaning of course to give their pistols a chance to show how they compare in accuracy with revolvers. The Council have added to these rules that the pistols used must have not less than 200-foot pounds muzzle velocity. The result is that one of these pistol makers finds his pistols are barred for his own prize by his own (or rather made for him by the Council) rules from competing for his own prize. Now there is a rumor that the other pistol maker is also barred for the same reason, so the revolvers will have these prizes to themselves, and instead of the competitions being an advertisement for the automatic pistol makers they will be just the reverse, as the result of the competitions will look to the superficial observer as if the revolvers won all the prizes when pitted against the automatic pistols.

Mr. Walter Winans is not shooting revolver this year at Bisley or at any of the clubs.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 26-28.—Little Rock, Ark.—Eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, $500 added. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 27-28.—Meriden, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

July 29-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 4-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Ocean City midsummer tournament; two days at targets; last day at live birds. James R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 9.—Hobart, Ind.—All-day shoot of the Hobart Gun Club. C. M. Townsend, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of Sherburne Gun Club, at targets. L. D. Branard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament; targets. E. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-8.—St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Gun Club's twenty-first annual tournament at Minnesota State Fair grounds during fair week. H. C. Lawrence, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-9.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s fifth annual tournament; targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Postponed.

— —.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in hese columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Tiee in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Hough, in his excellent report of the Missouri State amateur shoot, relates a peculiar instance of the vagaries of class shooting. As is customary when there are three moneys, the division was 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The money to be divided amounted to $8. There were five ties for first, three for second, and two for third, each of whom won 80 cents. The sole strength of class shooting is the strong hope it fosters in the shooter that he will be the lucky man to get in a place alone, and thereby make a "killing" or an interesting part of a killing. The disposition to take 100 to 1 chances seems to be universal. Mr. Hough further mentions that the next tournament of the Association will be held at Kansas City, under the auspices of the Washington Park Gun Club.

Mr. A. W. Adams, of the Eureka Gun Club, has returned to Chicago after quite a visit in the East. He and his brother, Mr. Platt Adams, of New York city, are very earnest and skillful trap-shooters, the latter though afflicted at times with that most annoying destroyer of good scores, fudging. However, by persistent effort Mr. Adams has steadied down to even work, as shown by his win of the Troisdorf cup at the New Utrecht shoot last Saturday, which he won after shooting off two ties for it. Both of the Messrs. Adams are enthusiastic amateur photographers, and some of the views taken in the country about New York show a high degree of artistic skill and rare good taste in the selection of subjects.

Under date of July 21, Mr. John M. Lilly, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "Mr. Alvin Grube, of Southport, Ind., challenged Mr. E. E. Neal, of Bloomfield, Ind., for the possession of the Grand Hotel cup, supposing that the race could be shot at Indianapolis, but as Mr. Neal, owing to the wishes of his friends at home to see a championship race, has decided to name Bloomfield as the place for holding the shoot, the challenge has been withdrawn without prejudice to either party. This action places the cup open to challenge to any one who can comply with the liberal conditions governing the contests for the trophy."

From certain signs appertaining to the Chicago challenge trophy, in its few moments of doubt in respect to its ownership, or holdership while Mr. Paterson was perfecting title to it, it would seem to be that the conditions have been entirely wrong. We would suggest setting Patti back to 43yds., and give his opponent 59 birds to shoot at, so as to equalize conditions. Patti has now won it five times, and with a sixth win, which seems to be impending, if he is so successful, it becomes his property.

The Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will hold its next team match and tournament under the auspices of the Frankford Gun Club, Bridesburg Station, July 30.

Mr. L. D. Branard, secretary of the Sherburne Gun Club, Sherburne, N. Y., informs us that his will club will hold a two days' shoot, Aug. 10 and 11, at targets.

Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust powder fame, has been traveling about from place to place at a lively rate. One week we read of him building up scores in the West, the next week he may be in the East. At present he is in New England, where he is likely to remain for about six weeks, making a tour in the interest of his company, the U. S. Smokeless Powder Co., of Batavia, N. Y. On Thursday of last week he was at the shoot of the Bellows Falls Gun Club, Bellows Falls, Vt., a new club comparatively, having been organized a few months since. Shooting at 100 targets, 75 unknown angles and 25 expert rules, Jack scored 95 out of 100, a pretty fair score for any one to make who can cut first-class capers with the shotgun.

Under date of July 24, Mr. L. H. Davis, Pottstown, Pa., writes us as follows: "The second of a series of target matches between teams of twelve men representing the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, and the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown, took place here yesterday. The home club won by the score of 216 to 206. Pottstown has won both matches shot, and the third will take place here on Aug. 20. On Aug. 4 the first of a series of matches with the West Chester Gun Club will take place. The conditions of yesterday's match were 25 targets per man, thrown from the magautrap."

The programme of the target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club, Sherburne, N. Y., Aug. 10 and 11, provides thirteen events for each day, six 10-target events, six 15-target events, and one 20-target event, the total entrance for each day being $11.75. There is $15 average money, $5 each day, and $5 general average money for both days. Shooting begins at 10 A. M. Manufacturers' agents are barred.

The fourth monthly shoot of the Greenfield Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., is fixed for Aug. 3. The programme consists of ten events, each at 15 bluerocks, entrance $1. Targets 1½ cents. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Take Second avenue electric cars, transferring at Greenfield avenue direct to the shooting grounds. John C. Knobe, Secretary, Greenfield avenue, Pittsburg.

Mr. F. V. Van Dyke, the popular expert of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., is taking a much-needed vacation at Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y., where he expects to remain about a month; or longer, if he derives the expected benefit from it. Van has been somewhat out of health of late, and a sniff of the country breezes and dwelling where there is sunshine and song birds will do him incalculable good.

Mr. C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, Colo., again won the State championship medal, at the Colorado State shoot, by the excellent score of 49 out of 50, the contest being shot at 40 single targets and 5 pairs. There were eleven competitors who finished the race, and of these Messrs. J. W. Garrett and G. G. Pickett were the next strongest competitors, each scoring 45 out of the 50.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the efficient manager of the Interstate Association, stopped over in New York on Monday for a few hours, and had time to shake hands with a few of his friends in that hamlet. He was en route to Meriden, to run the Interstate shoot at Meriden, Conn., this week, Wednesday and Thursday.

The Cleveland Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., will hold its eighteenth annual tournament Sept. 21 and 22. Programmes will be ready for distribution about Aug. 20. Address Mr. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y, 516 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.

Mr. Harry Thurman, of Philadelphia, was in New York last week, Wednesday, on a business trip. We were told that he left the city, therefore did not take it with him, but took a lot of orders for his sterling articles of manufacture.

The club cup will be contested for at the Brooklyn Gun Club shoot, fixed for Aug. 13. John Wright, the club's manager, is already bestirring himself to make the shoot pleasant and worth attending.

The Bound Brook Gun Club, in the return match, defeated the Dunellen Gun Club last Saturday by a score of 43 to 41, five men to a team, each man shooting at 10 live birds. There were very few good birds.

The E. C. cup, contested for at the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., has the second and fourth Wednesdays of August fixed for its consideration. Entrance, price of targets.

Will K. Park's apologue of the Wolves and the Lambs is quite neatly done. Paradoxical as it may seem, the lamb oftentimes becomes a wolf so soon as he has the wolf's ability.

Mr. G. W. Loomis, of Omaha, Neb., under date of July 22 informs us that the Indian tournament announced for Aug. 24 to 27, inclusive, has been postponed indefinitely.

The Hobart Gun Club, Hobart, Ind., will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Aug. 9. C. M. Townsend, Sec'y, Hobart, Ind.

BERNARD WATERS.

Schmelzer Arms Company Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We take pleasure in stating that the Schmelzer fifth annual shooting tournament will be held in Kansas City on Sept. 6 to 9. The events will be at live birds, inanimate targets and glass balls, as well as rifle shooting contests. We propose catering to both the manufacturers' agents and the amateurs. The amateurs will be known as Class A shooters, and will be eligible to participate for all merchandise prizes.

All professionals and manufacturers' agents will be known as Class B shooters, and will not be eligible to contest for any of the merchandise prizes offered, but will be charged as their entrance, in all 15-bird events, $1.50; in all 20 and 25-bird events, $2. The management will deduct from Class B shooter's entry 2 cents per target, the remainder of the entrance money to be divided among the winners in Class B on a basis of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

While a Class B shooter will be barred from participating in the amateur events, an amateur will not be barred from participating with the Class B shooters. The amateur will be required, however, to elect at each event which class he desires to contest in, and will not be permitted to enter both classes in the same event.

We will give in the neighborhood of $1,000 in merchandise prizes and about $250 added money. The Schmelzer cup, representing the world's championship on inanimate targets, will also be contested for at the request of the present holder, Mr. Chas. W. Budd, the entrance fee to the contest will be reduced to $7 per man. J. F. SCHMELZER & SONS ARMS CO.

Sterling Tournament.

STERLING, N. Y.—The annual tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club, July, was a success in every particular, shooters from all parts of Central New York being present. L. V. Byer, of Rochester, N. Y.; Chas. Wagner, and R. B. Hunter, of Fulton, shot exceptionally well. The twelfth event was a team race between the Sterling and Fulton gun clubs, the former winning by 6 points. After the team race a match was shot between R. B. Hunter and Chas. F. Wayte, the score being: Wayte 15 straight, Hunter 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	15
L V Byer	9	13	7	15	8	12	8	12	9	12	8	18	..
C Wagner	10	12	7	10	7	13	7	10	9	13	9	18	..
R B Hunter	7	12	8	10	9	12	6	11	8	10	9	17	..
Hopkins	4	9	6	7	7	9	6	8	7	..	8	..	..
Miller	8	9	5	4	3	..	7	..	7	..	8	..	..
L R Hunter	5	10	6	..	4	10	7	11	8	7	7	16	..
J Knapp	5	10	6	14	7	9	5	10	..	..	7	..	..
Tassell	5	9	7	9	5	..	..	13	7	..	8	..	..
J C Hunter	6	..	7	..	6	..	9	5	5	..	5	15	..
J Hunter	5	10	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	9	4	19	..
J Ingersoll	3	6	4	8	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Boland	6	..	9	..	6	..	7	11	4	..	..	..	..
C Wayte	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	24	15
Chapman	5	..	10	..	6	..	4	8	7	..	7	21	..
C W Polly	3	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
H M Reed	..	..	7	..	4	..	..	12	8	..	6	18	..
E Wadsworth	..	..	2	6	4	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	5	..	6	..	3	5	5	..	..	..	..
M Burke	..	..	5	..	6	..	7	..	7	..	7	..	..

Missouri State Amateur Shoot.

PALMYRA, Mo., July 21.—In the year of 1818 the hunting grounds of Daniel Boone on both sides of the Mississippi River were still an almost unknown wilderness, abounding in wild game and wild men. West of the river, in the State of Missouri, the white settlements had only begun their growth. It was in that year away back in the beginning of this century that the first white man, wandering across the forest beyond the river, discovered some sweet springs of running water, which induced him to stop and build his home. Others joined him, and thus was begun the city of Palmyra, located in the region of big timber, good grass and good water, which, like its counterpart east of the river, has been engaged ever since in producing fine horses, fine whisky and beautiful women. In seventy years Palmyra has grown only to the size of 3,000 inhabitants, and its wide spaces are dotted with quaint old dwellings, which carry one back to a distant day. It is a quaint and comfortable town, in a rich country, and tenanted by a people who know how to live. To-day one of the citizens of the place told me that he well remembered times when the Indians roamed all over that country. The wild deer vanished but recently, and the turkeys, which the frontiersman loved, hung on until eight years ago. Quail and other game still exist. Naturally the men of Palmyra would be sportsmen and fond enough of a gun to be interested in its modern exercise at the traps. Thus it came about that Palmyra secured the eighth annual meet of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, which has been successfully concluded after occupying the dates of July 19, 20, 21.

The Palmyra Gun Club is a small one, composed only of ten members: Messrs. John W. Lemmons, W. N. Bates, A. B. Drescher, Frank Diemer, H. A. Hollyman, J. Howard Kelley, T. E. Pratt, W. B. Markell and Frank Bernhard. These gentlemen proved themselves entirely able to take charge of a big and busy tournament and run it smoothly and skillfully. Rarely does one see a more pleasant or better managed shoot. There was no delay, no friction and no kicking. Some forty-five different shooters were present, of whom a goodly per cent. shot through the three days' programme. Once more it became apparent that the unpaid shooters of the country are entirely able to hold a big and successful meet and run it skillfully and pleasantly. This shoot was all right. The handling of the squads was good and rapid. The cash window under Mr. Bates was rapid and correct. President Lemmons was everywhere and always efficient. The two magautraps under Charlie North, of the Cleveland Target Co., kept things moving, and the programme of each day was concluded easily and without hurry. The weather was also kind, although the first day was a trifle warm, and a heavy wind blew down the tents during the first night. Of course it should be remembered that this shoot was in the South, and in the summer time, so that it was not to be expected that the live-bird shooting would show much sport. Really this was the only dull and uninteresting feature of the programme, the birds proving too heavy and slow to entitle the live-bird shooting to the name of high-class sport. The grounds of the Palmyra Gun Club are ideal ones, situated at the top of a racetrack, which offered abundant grand stand room to supplement the several tents. Trap-shooting is not hackneyed at Palmyra, and large numbers of spectators, including many ladies, came out daily to witness the sport.

Among gentlemen present from out of town were the following, not all of whom may be distinguishable under their shooting names: Messrs. A. J. Howell, Alton, Ill.; Wm. Linley, Royal Wright and A. J. Miller, Urbana, Ill.; C. B. Clapp, Moberly; G. W. Hayden, Paris; J. W. Gullick, Alf. Dickson, Brookfield; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; Dave Elliott, J. W. Bramwell, E. A. Hickman, John J. Cornett, J. W. Smith, R. E. Bellcour, Miss Nettie King, C. M. Lasley and H. B. Collins, St. Louis; M. F. McDonald and H. M. Davis, Richmond, Mo.; J. W. Barre, Louisiana, Mo.; R. N. Howell, Woodland; E. O. Hiles, Lewistown, Mo.; H. G. Lee and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis; A. J. McQuaid, Canton, Ill.; Thos. O. Donnel, Quincy; Wm. Gilbert, Philadelphia, Ill.; Frank Stockton and Tony Connors, Hannibal, Mo.; Dr. Hixson, Moberly; L. H. Korn, Bushnell, Ill.; W. T. Craig, Jacksonville, Ill.; F. M. Cochran, Platte City, Mo.; H. C. Threlkeld, Brookfield; Chas. A. North, Cleveland, O.; John Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; R. E. Morse, Eureka Springs, Ark.

These guests were received with that hospitality which only a Southern town can show, and they themselves were as companionable and clever as only shooters can be. The two big shooting towns of Kansas City and St. Louis sent strong delegations of their best. Kansas City is easily the live-bird town of the West, and I should not be much surprised if St. Louis came close to being first at targets, for at Du Pont Park alone I am advised that 30,000 to 40,000 targets are shot each month. From St. Louis came the only lady shooter present, Miss Nettie King, well known at Southern traps during the past year. From that city also came Dr. Smith, one of its best amateur live-bird shots, and Mr. Taylor, of the Du Pont Co., also handy with a gun. Wilmot, of Lexington, who has held the State medal for three years, is a cool and steady shot, who might prove warm company for any of the good ones.

The State championship at live birds was won this time by McDonald and Davis, of Richmond, shooting under the names of Green and Menefee. They concluded not to shoot out the tie, but to divide the next year's entrance money. The amateur team championship at targets signified by the L. C. Smith cup was won by Hayden, of Paris, and Dr. Clapp, of Moberly, who made the best team among many good ones.

The annual election of officers was held at the meeting of Tuesday night, and resulted as follows:

President, Nelson Jarrett, Kansas City; Vice-President, J. R. Wilmot, Lexington; Secretary and Treasurer, Walter Bruns, Kansas City. The next tournament will be held at Kansas City, under the auspices of the Washington Park Gun Club.

A reference to the scores will show that in some cases a stiff gait was shot. The liberal purse of $350 added money hung up by the management was pretty widely divided, and no one made any very great killing. Nothing was offered for high average, and the money was disbursed by adding $15 to each event. One live-bird event was shot each day, at the end of the target programme. Following are the scores:

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	Broke.	at.	Av.
Dr Clapp	19	19	17	14	18	15	19	13	134	150	.893
Menefee	17	18	17	14	19	19	18	13	135	150	.900
Bales	16	17	16	13	17	18	17	13	127	150	.846
Wilmot	17	19	18	14	19	20	18	14	139	150	.926
Green	17	19	18	13	19	20	17	10	131	150	.873
Hill	17	16	19	14	19	16	18	13	132	150	.880
D Elliott	16	18	16	12	19	19	16	13	129	150	.850
Hickman	20	19	17	12	17	18	19	10	132	150	.880
Allen	16	17	20	14	18	19	16	13	133	150	.883
Cockrell	16	16	17	10	15	17	13	12	116	150	.773
Howell	17	17	16	15	15	18	16	12	126	150	.840
Barr	16	17	18	13	19	18	18	14	133	150	.886
Athos	18	17	19	12	19	19	15	14	133	150	.886
Lindley	13	17	12	11	15	15	12	13	108	150	.720
Wright	14	16	16	13	16	18	18	14	126	150	.840
Hayden	15	15	18	14	19	14	19	14	129	150	.860
Nipper	18	16	17	11	17	17	16	12	125	150	.833
Drescher	16	15	16	11	17	17	18	13	123	150	.820
Collier	15	14	16	11	18	16	12	14	116	150	.773
McQuaid	20	16	16	15	19	15	17	11	129	150	.860
Dr Smith	17	19	19	13	17	17	14	7	123	150	.820
Collins	15	13	17	14	19	18	13	12	121	150	.806
Taylor	15	16	16	11	18	13	16	13	118	150	.786
McFadden	18	13	16	15	14	16	16	12	120	150	.800
Bellcour	15	13	14	8	15	12	13	10	100	150	.666
Korn	17	19	16	12	17	16	14	15	126	150	.840
Burrows	13	13	18	10	13	14	17	13	116	150	.773
Diemer	18	16	16	8	..	..	17	13	88	110	.880
Cornett	19	18	16	9	18	16	20	15	131	150	.873
Hollyman	14	15	..	9	..	..	..	..	38	55	.673
Gilbert	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	40	.750
Brown	17	16	15	10	15	17	19	13	122	150	.813
Castle	14	..	..	11	..	12	..	..	37	60	.616
Bramhall	12	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	27	40	.675
Scott	16	..	16	14	..	16	..	..	60	75	.800
Black	..	..	8	11	11	..	..	5	35	70	.500
Miss King	..	..	..	10	..	15	12	9	46	70	.657
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	15	.533
Wilkinson	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	9	20	.450
Threlkeld	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	22	40	.550
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	20	.400
Markell	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	20	.400
Gulick	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	13	20	.650
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	18	35	.514
Corray	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	20	.500

Event No. 9, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, $15 added: Hickman 10, Bramhall 10, Dr. Clapp 10, Drescher 9, Wright 9, Nipper 9, Collins 9, Taylor 10, Cockrell 10, Allen 8, Menefee 7, Dr. Smith 10.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8		Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	Broke.	at.	Av.
Dr Clapp	19	20	18	19	17	18	14	125	135	.926
Menefee	16	19	15	18	17	17	12	114	135	.844
Haydon	19	18	18	25	17	19	13	124	135	.918
Wilmot	17	16	17	19	19	18	13	119	135	.881
Green	19	20	16	17	18	18	15	123	135	.911
Hill	16	20	16	16	17	15	14	114	135	.844
D Elliott	16	19	15	19	18	18	11	116	135	.859
Hickman	17	19	16	17	20	18	15	122	135	.903
Allen	16	20	19	18	18	20	13	124	135	.918
Cockrell	15	15	18	16	13	11	14	102	135	.755
Craig	18	19	18	19	18	20	14	127	135	.940
Nipper	19	15	19	17	16	18	15	118	135	.874
Drescher	12	19	17	16	14	14	12	104	135	.770
Burrows	16	18	17	15	14	17	12	109	135	.807
Korn	15	18	17	19	18	16	13	116	135	.859
Dr Smith	17	18	15	19	18	18	14	119	135	.881
Collins	12	18	15	17	19	16	13	110	135	.811
Taylor	20	17	17	19	18	18	14	123	135	.911
McFadden	16	17	17	14	16	16	12	108	135	.800
Bellcour	12	14	16	16	13	12	11	94	135	.696
Howell	19	20	18	19	16	18	11	121	135	.896
Athos	19	19	18	20	15	17	15	123	135	.911
Lindley	17	15	16	19	15	17	12	111	135	.822
Smoke	17	16	11	18	15	16	12	105	135	.777
Wright	17	18	17	15	17	17	13	114	135	.844
McQuaid	15	18	18	19	19	16	12	116	135	.859
Hixson	15	19	16	12	13	16	14	105	135	.777
Barre	16	19	16	18	14	16	14	113	135	.837
Cornett	17	18	20	16	16	18	14	119	135	.881
Miss King	13	15	15	17	14	18	18	100	135	.740
Stockton	17	20	19	18	18	17	12	121	135	.896
Gilbert	17	..	..	..	18	..	..	35	40	.875
Diemer	..	..	..	20	19	12	..	..	51	60	.850
Hollyman	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	8	36	55	.654
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	10	44	55	.800
Bramhall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	15	.533

Event No. 5, L. C. Smith cup, for teams of two men, open to members of the Association, 25 targets per man, entrance $5 per team, $25 added, 50 per cent of entrance money goes to present holder of cup, balance divided 25, 25, 20, 15 and 15 per cent.:

Allen 22, Hickman 23—45. Menefee 23, Green 22—45. Dr. Clapp 23, Haydon 23—46. Dr. Smith 19, Taylor 24—43. Wilmot 24, Stockton 20—44. Hill 22, D. Elliott 19—41. Nipper 20, Drescher 19—39. Collins 24, McFadden 21—45.

Clapp and Haydon won.

Event No. 9, State medal, open to members of the Association only, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, $15 added, 50 per cent. of entrance money goes to present holder of medal, balance divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.: Dr. Smith 12, Taylor 14, Collins 15, Wright 13, Alberson 13, Green 15, Menefee 15, Allen 14, Wilmot 12, Dr. Clapp 11, Cockrell 14, Bramhall 14, D. Elliott 11, Hickman 13, Nipper 13, Corray 14.

Menefee, Green and Collins shot off their tie at 5 birds, of which Collins killed 3, Menefee and Green 4 each, the latter agreeing to hold the medal jointly. Wilmot and Smith decided to shoot out the tie on 12 and had a spirited encounter. Smith miss his 24th bird. Wilmot killed 25 straight in the tie and won.

THURSDAY, THIRD DAY, JULY 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	Broke.	at.	Av.
Dr Clapp	20	18	18	14	18	20	20	14	142	150	.946
Menefee	18	19	19	14	18	18	19	15	140	150	.933
Hayden	17	18	18	14	14	18	17	15	135	150	.900
Wilmot	20	19	18	14	18	16	18	11	134	150	.893
Green	18	17	18	15	20	20	17	13	138	150	.920
Allen	20	17	18	15	19	20	18	13	140	150	.933
McQuaid	19	17	19	12	17	17	16	13	130	150	.866
Korn	17	19	20	13	19	18	20	14	140	150	.933
Cornett	19	18	19	13	16	19	18	14	136	150	.906
Miss King	12	17	15	14	11	15	13	12	109	150	.726
Nipper	18	20	16	13	15	12	19	11	124	150	.836
Hixson	18	17	17	13	13	14	19	12	123	150	.820
D Elliott	17	17	13	13	15	18	16	14	123	150	.820
Burrows	16	16	17	11	19	16	..	10	105	130	....
Craig	19	17	18	15	18	18	19	15	139	150	.926
Gilbert	..	..	16	..	13	..	..	..	29	40	.725
Scott	..	..	14	..	..	17	13	13	57	75	.760
Taylor	..	..	16	15	17	16	17	11	92	110	.836
Dr Smith	..	..	18	15	18	20	17	13	101	110	.918
Drescher	..	..	13	12	12	15	14	..	66	95	.695
Spaulding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	15	.533

Event No. 9, Dudley Hotel, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, $15 added: Taylor 8, Smith 8, Allen 10, Green 10, Scott 9, Clapp 9, Cockrell 9, Markell 7, Menefee 9, Wilmot 8, Diemer 9, Hixon 7, Kempf 6.

The birds in the above event were very dull, and many could not be induced to fly by the most persistent flagging. In the tie on 12 Taylor, Smith and Wilmot shot at strings of 5. Taylor did not get into the second string, which was concluded with Wilmot 10, Smith 9. There is friendly rivalry between the latter two shooters, which may result in a race later on if a meeting place can be agreed upon

Extras at targets and live birds filled in each day, with entries of ten to twenty-five shooters. At the close of Thursday's shooting the gentlemen gave exhibitions on doubles and trebles from the magautrap, and rapid-fire squad shooting for the benefit of the spectators. Dr. Smith did some trick shooting, breaking a pair, changing the gun from right to left shoulder, shooting with gun upside down above head, etc.

ODD CASE IN CLASS SHOOTING.

In one of the extra sweeps on Thursday an odd division of the money attracted the attention of every shooter present. There were ten shooters entered, at 10 targets, $1, and the scores were as follows: Clapp, Menefee, Hayden, Green, Allen, 10 straight; Hixson, Elliott and Markel, 9; Wilmot and Tupper, 8. The money was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., the purse with birds out being $8. Thus the five straight men divided $4, taking down 80 cents each. The three men in second place divided $2.40, also taking down 80 cents each. The two men in the third hole divided $1.60, so that again the winning of each was 80 cents. This is the most singular instance of the vagaries of class shooting which ever came under my notice, and I doubt if its like is apt to be seen again.

IT IS HEALTHY.

It is to be said of the Missouri State Amateur Association that it is in perfect health, and that the meeting at Kansas City next year is apt to be a strong one. These shoots, having but two State events, and offering good added money to outside shooters, are practically open tournaments, with professionals barred. They are in their way successful ones, especially if the meeting of this year may be taken as a criterion.

E. HOUGH.

Colorado State Shoot.

THE ninth annual tournament of the Colorado State Game and Fish Protective Association was held at Denver, July 7, 8 and 9. The attendance was small, for the reason that the July celebrations were held a few days before, and therefore a great many of the best shots could not attend. J. J. Hallowell, of Bridgeport, representing the U. M. C. Co., and C. E. Latshaw, of Chicago, were the only shooters outside the State who attended, and they left a good impression with their newly made friends.

The programme consisted of nine 20 and three 15-target events each day. Bluerocks were used, thrown from a magautrap.

John W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, won high average for the day, with C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, a close second. Following are the scores for the first day's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
J W Garrett	18	19	17	15	18	20	19	14	18	19	18	13	.924
C L Funk	18	18	19	14	18	18	19	14	17	19	18	14	.915
Geo G Pickett	18	11	18	12	19	19	19	13	18	19	19	14	.884
E A Clark	15	19	19	13	20	18	18	14	16	13	19	11	.862
A E McKenzie	18	12	17	15	17	17	17	15	17	18	13	15	.840
C E Latshaw	14	14	12	12	18	18	18	14	19	19	16	9	.813
F A Ellis	15	16	19	12	16	18	16	11	16	13	18	14	.810
J F Sedam	13	14	14	13	15	17	17	14	16	17	16	12	.790
Dr Hall	16	18	15	12	15	18	15	7	17	15	16	11	.770
O Moore	8	15	14	10	16	10	17	13	14	14	10	12	.739
A F Miller	13	16	18	12	17	16	14	14	17	..	..	..	.768
J J Hallowell	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	19	13	18	11	.818
G A Mann	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	19	16	14	9	.773
A B Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	16	16	15	10	.756
Geo Tritch, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	16	15	14	10	.670
B Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	17	18	16	14	.891
W H McCreery	16	14	17	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.777
J J Lower	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	11	..	..	..	.621
E L Deibert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	..	9 .600

SECOND DAY, JULY 8.

The second day saw a larger attendance than the first, and found the interest far more enlivened by the contest for the State championship, which was won by C. L. Funk, of Pueblo. He also won the high average for the day; J. F. Sedam, of Denver, was second, and J. W. Garrett third. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Funk	18	18	17	15	17	18	19	14	20	19	19	15	.929
Sedam	18	19	18	14	19	18	20	13	18	19	16	13	.911
Garrett	17	18	19	15	17	18	17	12	17	18	20	14	.902
Moore	15	18	18	13	20	17	12	14	17	20	19	13	.893
Clark	19	16	16	14	18	17	19	15	17	17	18	12	.884
Latshaw	17	20	19	15	16	17	18	11	16	17	12	15	.853
Lawton	9	16	16	12	19	19	17	13	16	19	20	14	.844
Hallowell	18	17	10	13	18	19	16	15	17	17	12	15	.840
Haywood	19	17	18	10	15	18	18	9	17	16	16	15	.839
Daniels	18	14	12	15	17	14	19	12	17	15	17	14	.823
McKenzie	17	18	20	9	18	19	16	13	17	16	..	14	.800
Pickett	14	19	20	14	17	17	17	15	20	15	..	..	.884
Hall	12	15	19	12	17	13	17	10	15	9	..	..	.732
Holmes	..	15	15	12	17	13	10	10	16	7	..	..	.769
Ellis	16	12	18	11	16	14	19	11	..	..	..	..	.780
Miller	16	14	14	14	14	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	.723
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	17	15	18	14	.819
Harwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	18	9	.716
Harp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	..	12	..	.709
Ryer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	..	.629
Meckling	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Warren	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	15	13	12	..	.688

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The individual State championship was competed for to-day after the sixth event was finished. There were but fifteen entries, and four of these withdrew after shooting 20 targets. The medal had been held by Funk, of Pueblo. Each man shot at 40 singles and 5 pairs of doubles. All those in the contest shot fairly well, except Bryan Haywood, of Denver. The only reason I can give for his bad shooting is that he had to entertain the visiting shooters while they were in Denver. Following are the scores as they were shot, C. L. Funk winning the medal:

C L Funk.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111011111—49
J W Garrett.....1011111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111011111—45
G G Pickett.....1101111111111101111110111111111111011111111011111111—45
J F Sedam.....1111111111101111110111111111110111111111010111011—43
A B Daniels....1011010101111111111111111111111111111111110010101011—41
J T West .....1111101111011111111111011111111111111111101010110—41
A E Clark.....1111001101101111111111111111011111111011110101010111—40
A J Lawton .....1111111111111111111111111010001001011110110011110—39
A E McKenzie..1011111111111111111001111100111100001110110010011—37
A F Miller .....1011000101111111111111111100111000011100010000101010—30
B Haywood .... 0000010000000000000000010010001000010000110000000— 7

THIRD DAY, JULY 9.

The third and last day there was better shooting done. J. F. Sedam, of Denver, who won the interstate championship on live birds at Kansas City in May, got in the game and showed the younger shooters that age was no drawback. J. W. Garrett made the longest run for the three days, breaking 79 straight. C. L. Funk, J. F. Sedam and J. W. Garrett tied for high average to-day. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Funk	20	18	19	13	18	20	19	14	20	19	19	15	.951
Garrett	17	20	20	15	20	19	19	15	17	19	19	14	.951
Sedam	17	20	20	13	20	19	20	13	20	19	18	15	.951
Hallowell	19	18	17	15	20	20	17	13	19	18	17	14	.920
Clark	18	19	20	13	19	16	16	13	16	20	19	14	.907
Lawton	18	19	18	14	17	18	18	10	16	20	20	15	.902
West	16	18	17	13	18	19	19	13	19	18	19	12	.893
Moore	12	12	18	14	17	19	17	15	16	18	18	15	.857
Holmes	14	15	18	15	18	15	16	13	16	16	18	12	.849
Pickett	19	17	18	..	17	20	18	13	18	18	..	..	.895
Gray	14	8	11	..	16	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	.642
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	17	17	16	13 .819
Tritch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	13	16	16	10 .727
Mann	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	17	15	14	15 .727
McKenzie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	18	16	12	.. .673
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	12	..	..	.. .709
Deibert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	.. .700

There were but five men shot the entire programme. C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, won high average for the three days. J. W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, was second.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
C L Funk	675	629	.932	J F Sedam	675	597	.884
J W Garrett	675	625	.928	O Moore	675	559	.828
E A Clark	675	597	.884				150.

Arkansas and the South.

PINE BLUFF TOURNAMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 22.—The Pine Bluff Gun Club held a one-day tournament on July 21. While the attendance was not large, it was conducive to much good fellowship. The club members as usual exerted themselves to their utmost to make the event both pleasant and agreeable to visitors. It was generally admitted that they succeeded admirably.

The programme consisted of ten events, eight 15-bird events and two 20s. The club added $5 to each of these, and in addition threw targets at 2 cents. But this is not all. At noon all the shooters repaired to the Truelock Hotel, where they dined as guests of the club.

The shooting was spirited and interesting. When the programme was shot out it was found that Sumpter and Clements had tied for high average with .893, Coles coming next with .850 per cent.

The out-of-town shooters who participated were John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs; John M. Pemberton, John T. Fletcher, J. K. Thibault and Col. J. A. Woodson and the writer, from Little Rock.

The money was divided according to the Rose system, the entrance being $1 for each event and targets extra.

The weather was clear and hot. The targets were thrown hard and low. There were a number of extras shot, and the scores made in the programme events are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	15	14	12	17	14	14	14	20	11	12	160	143	.893
Clements	14	13	14	18	15	14	13	16	14	12	160	143	.893
Coles	14	12	12	19	12	11	14	17	12	13	160	136	.850
Thibault	14	10	14	18	13	12	12	14	14	12	160	133	.831
Woodson	14	9	15	17	12	9	13	17	12	13	160	131	.818
Howell	10	14	11	16	14	14	11	15	11	15	160	131	.818
Pemberton	13	12	14	15	12	12	11	14	14	13	160	130	.812
Fletcher	7	9	7	14	10	10	12	11	8	10	160	98	.612
Lloyd	13	6	9	15	6	10	9	10	7	11	160	96	.600
Arnold	6	7	13	18	13	8	..	14	7	14	145	100	.689
Marsh	10	10	11	14	11	8	11	..	..	..	110	85	.681
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	50	34	.680
Langford	9	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	21	.466

HOT SPRINGS DOINGS.

The Hot Springs shooters, though few in number, have been very active of late, and are doing much preparatory work to get fit and well to win the team championship medal at the State shoot, which on form they seem to stand an excellent chance of capturing.

The following scores were shot on July 7:

		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	21 25 22	75	68	.906
Rix	19 23 23	75	65	.866
Williams	22 21 21	75	64	.853
Collings	22 18 19	75	59	.786

On July 14 the club put the following scores:

		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	25 23 20	75	68	.906
Williams	18 24 23	75	65	.866
Collings	20 21 18	75	59	.786
Rix	19 17 21	75	57	.760

DONALDSONVILLE, LA.

The gun club at this place is out with the announcement of a tournament for Aug. 20 and 21. Merchandise, medals and $100 will be the inducements for the two days.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Mr. Fred Gilbert has accepted Mr. R. O. Heikes' challenge in respect to the E

WESTERN TRAPS.

DRAKE WINS IN THE C. A. A.

At the last monthly competition of the live bird club of the Chicago Athletic Association, held Thursday of this week, John B. Drake, with a handicap of two birds, defeated the field and Geo. Thorne, the winner in June contest. Ten members were on hand. Mr. Drake stood at 27yds., and killed 14 birds out of 15, or 16 out 17, handicap in. Mr. Edwards was second, 14; Dr. Frothingham third, 13. The club medal has had three holders in three shoots.

STILL DANGLES.

The Chicago challenge trophy still dangles from the window of the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM, see last week's paper. Mr. Levi felt sure he would get this trophy away from Patti, but he fell by the wayside, as have all contestants up to date. Should Mr. Paterson be equally lucky one more time, the hardware is his'n.

ALPINE GUN CLUB.

At their last shoot, at Ben Fogli's grounds, Alpine Gun Club, of Chicago, made the following scores, which show steady improvement over first efforts:

Medal shoot, 25 targets.

Corrieri	0111110111111001011111101—23
Barto	1111110101011110101101100—17
Simmonetti	1101111111111111011111111—23
Chersia	1011101010001111101110100—15
Maraviglia	0000001111011101011001100—12
Plouech	0110010011110101010111010—14
Checolo	0110111010100101010110010—13
Frugoli	1010100101010100111100111—15
Bacci	1111001101011110101010111—17

Shoot-off on tie of 23 at 5 targets: Corrieri 5, Simmonetti 3.

Sweepstake $1 entrance; ten targets.

Barto	8	10	9	8	Bacci	8	8	7	8
Simonetti	9	8	8	9	Corrieri	8	9	..	..
Chersia	9	8	8	9	Lesti	6	..	..	..
Checolo	7	8	7	..	Chappe	7	..	..	..
Toni	6	9	8	8	Languasto	5	..	..	..
Maraviglia	7	8	..	..	Plouech	..	7	..	..

R. SIMONETTI, Sec'y.

TERRE HAUTE SHOOT.

The tournament at Terre Haute, Ind., July 19, was a pleasant and progressive affair, enjoyed by all, and all the contestants were satisfied down to the ground. Among others from abroad were Messrs. Bryant, White, Balmer, Elure, Scott, Perry, Kirk and Miller, of Vincennes; Jobe, of Brazil; Buffo and Morris, of Clinton; Davis, Smith, Draper and Cotton, of Paris, Ill.; Dietrich, of Waveland, and James E. Bell, of Indianapolis.

Dietrich, of Waveland, carried off top honors, and his percentage shows a warm pace for any shooter to follow. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Dietrich	..	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	8	9	9	.940
Tetzel	9	8	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	9	8	10	.910
Bell	10	9	7	10	9	9	10	9	8	9	10	9	.910
Cromwell	7	9	7	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	9	9	.880
Stone	10	9	10	9	8	7	8	6	7	9	9	9	.850
Mitchell	7	10	6	8	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	9	.800
Bindley	10	7	9	8	9	8	6	7	7	8	6	8	.770
Buffo	7	7	5	6	6	8	8	10	8	9	8	9	.750
Davis	6	7	10	10	9	9	9	8	9	9	6	..	.840
J Smith	10	9	9	10	9	8	10	9	9	9	10	..	.920
Jobe	8	10	10	9	6	9	10	8	6	..	..	..	.840
Miller	..	..	..	7	7	7	6	6	7	9	6	9	.680
Perry	..	..	..	5	9	8	7	9	4	7	5	7	.580
Balmer	..	..	..	9	8	8	7	8	10	8	6	9	.810
Kirk	..	..	..	9	7	9	9	9	10	8	9	10	.880
Scott	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	8	8	7	..	9	.820
Elure	..	..	..	4	8	6	6	9	8	7	..	..	.650
White	..	..	..	7	6	7	7	4	6	..	..	..	.680
Bryant	..	..	..	8	6	8	8	9	6	..	..	..	.750
Draper	8	7	..	6	8	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	.710
George Smith	..	..	..	7	7	7	6	7	6	7	6	..	.660
Cotton	8	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	.730
Failey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	7	.730
Strong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	6	.600
H Foulkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	.550
Morris	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.600
G Foulkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	.700

CENTRAL OF DULUTH.

On last Saturday Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., made the following scores, in 8 events, 10 birds each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Culver	7	9	8	8	7	7	8	19
Wm G	3	3	4	5	5	4	2	4
Hart	8	8	9	7	9	10	8	7
Chase	6	4	5	6	7	7	..	..
Warren	10	8	9	9	8	8	..	..
Duchess	8	9	9	9	7	8	..	..
Nelson	8	9	10	10	9	..	..	..
Glenwood	4	5	4	5	6	..	..	..
Bang	1	5	3	..	..	..	..	..

COMING EVENTS.

Du Pont Gun Club, of Omaha, will hold a tournament in the early fall, 4 days, birds and targets, amateurs only, $500 added money. Date is not yet fixed, but this is worth watching. Address Joe Goldsmith or George Moore.

Du Pont Gun Club, of St. Louis, will hold a big wide open live bird sweep, 50 live birds, for a $300 medal, the first week in August. No bars.

Hobart Gun Club, of Hobart, Ind., will hold an all-day shoot at targets, Aug. 9.

Sidell Gun Club, of Sidell, Ill., will add $75 cash to the entrance in the State championship event. The club puts out a nice programme for their tournament, Sept. 7 and 8. The shoot ought to be good.

Carroll Gun Club, of Carroll, Iowa, offers liberal purses for its tournament, at birds and targets, Aug. 10 and 11. Professionals and agents barred.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on the club grounds, corner West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue, last Saturday afternoon.

The attendance was fairly large, considering the warm weather. Several good scores were made during the day, Dr. Shaw carrying off highest honor in the trophy contest, with a straight score. The doctor has been shooting in splendid form for the past few weeks.

Considerable shooting was indulged in by those present, and Captain Kuss kept them in line without much loss of time.

Following are scores in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	10	10
Fehrman	13	9	13	13	11	13	8	6
Brown	3	0	0	0	..	..	..	..
Richards	13	9	10	8	13	13	7	5
Shaw	15	9	12	..	14	..	6	7
Pollard	8	7	8	..	7	9	..	..
Smedes	..	7	12	11	10	12	5	..
Meek	..	..	..	12	11	12	..	..
Workman	..	..	..	11	..	..	3	..
Hellman	..	..	..	11	11	13	..	..
Kuss	..	..	..	13	13	14	8	8
Eaton	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	4
Cooper	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..
Paterson	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..
Wiley	..	..	..	12	15	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	11	14	3	5

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 8 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 3 was 5 unknown traps, one man up; No. 7 was a team shoot, which was won by Shaw's team; No. 9 was at 5 pairs.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy events, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. Class A was won by Dr. Shaw, Class B was won by Samuel Young, and Class C was won by J. Workman:

Fehrman	0111111101111010111101001—18
Brown	0000010000000001000010001— 3
Richards	1111101111111111111110111—23
Shaw	1111111111111111111111111—25
Pollard	1001110011001010111111010—15
Smedes	1111111011110001010110111—18
Meek	1100101110111111000110111—17
Workman	1110101011111100110111111—19
Hellman	1011101101011111111100111—19
Wilcy	1111110110100111110110111—19
Kuss	0111111111111111011111111—23
Young	1111111101111111011111111—23
Cooper	0101001111111101111001101—16
Russell	0001010000100100111111111—13
Eaton	0000111000031010101101000— 9
Patterson	0111111100111111010011111 19

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular bi-weekly contest, on Watson's Park grounds, Saturday last, consisting of live-bird and target shooting. The birds were good and got away quickly. The wind blew strong from the left quarter. The first event was at 10 live birds, resulting in a tie between J. H. Amberg and G. Parker, Jr., which was not shot off. Following are detailed scores, 10 birds, 30yds. rise:

H Levi	2102001211—7	A W Reeves	1211100011—7
J H Amberg	0120221222—8	Smeades	1020202022—6
G Parker, Jr	121221102*—8	J Watson	2200012122—7
M Goldsmith	1001011110—6	*Matticks	0102212111—8

* Visitor.

Following the live-bird event was the trophy target contest of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, which was won by J. H. Amberg on the score of 21 out of 25. Following are the detailed scores:

H Levi	0111110010011100111000111—15
J Amberg	1110011111111111101011111—21
M Goldsmith	1111110010101110111111101—19
A W Reeves	1111101111111100111101111—21
Smeades	1001000110101101110111110—15
J Watson	0010011101100010110001001 —11
G Parker, Jr	0101110111001101100110011—15
Woodruff	1010000100000001001110001— 8

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

The Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, held its monthly contest at live birds on the grounds of Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on the afternoon of July 20, with a small attendance. The race was at 20 live birds, 30yds. rise, with a handicap of added birds. Amberg won first place. Silas Palmer, who is a new member, has not shot a sufficient number of times to receive a handicap allowance. There was a left quartering wind, and the birds were a good lot. Many good stops were made, and quite a few were scored dead out of bounds. Following are detailed scores of the contest:

J H Amberg	*22212112221220211 22—18—1—19
C S Wilcox	20022112221222200212—16—2—18
H H Frothingham	20021112021*1*222222—15—0—15
J M Gillespie	1201*12101112112*121—16—1—17
Mr Howe	01111002210*102*2112—13—3—16
Silas Palmer	22110110212201120201—15—0—15

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Chicago Athletic Association held its monthly contest at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on the afternoon of July 21. The race was at 15 live birds, handicap of distance and added birds. Mr. J. B. Drake won the honors of the day, killing 14 straight and missing his 15th bird; he had a handicap of 2 birds, one of which was all that was necessary to make his score straight. The wind blew mild from the left quarter, and there was a strong sunlight the greater part of the time. The birds were a good, fair lot, such as are usual to these grounds. Following are detailed scores:

G A Thorn, 30	202*21201102101—10—0—10
J F Turill, 26	100200010100010— 5—3— 8
C E Felton, 25	220*1120 w — 5—1— 6
E S Rice, 28	00002 w — 1—1— 2
J A Edwards, 27	22022221*221101—12—2—14
J B Drake, 27	122221211221210—14—2—15
F B Stone, 27	**1002122100202— 8—3—11
H H Frothingham, 29	2220220112122 11—13—0—13
G O Russell, 29	010100202010000— 5—1— 6
R H Donnelly, 27	022112122110200—11—1—12

After the trophy contest several 10-bird events for $10 and the birds were shot, with the following results:

R H Donnelly	1111122110— 9	Donnelly	2101120221— 8
G A Thorn	1202221010— 7	Thorn	2002120220— 6
R H Donnelly	1012201202— 7	Edwards	2010210100— 5
G A Thorn	1211111112—10	Donnelly	0010011120— 5

Donnelly won shoot-off.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The rush of challenges for the Chicago challenge trophy has occasioned considerable interest to the minds of the many shooters about Chicago. Quite a number of eligibles attended the last contest, some even had challenges written while the shoot was in progress, to be ready far mailing on their arrival down town. One conveyed the result of the contest to his lieutenant down town by telephone, and it is believed another occupied the time and attention of a carrier pigeon. All challenges were standard, and registered with special delivery stamps. So near together are they that the services of the trustees will have to be obtained to decide who shall be the one to participate in the next contest. Even the records of Uncle Sam's post-office have been consulted. Of course many of the Chicago shooters are desirous of competing, and it seems too bad that the trophy should not last at least one year before becoming the personal property of any one shooter. It cannot but be hoped that the trophy will continue to remain open to challenge after the next contest, as such would do more toward covering the purpose of its intent than to have it won at this time. The holder though says he desires to respect the wishes of his fellow shooters, but will endeavor to win just the same.

A. C. PATERSON.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 23.—Since the Fourth of July tournament held by the South End Gun Club, of this city, there has been considerable rivalry between its members as to the best shot at targets in the club. Several private matches have been shot, but at the last meeting of the South End Gun Club it was decided to again place the three medals in competition in three classes on Labor Day, Sept. 5.

Some of the best shots in this city are trying to again arrange for another team shoot. In 1896 the South End Club's team, consisting of five men—Capt. Essick, Eshelman, Shaaber, Harrison and F. Yost—defeated teams from the Independent and East End clubs, but since the teams have never met at the traps. The South End Club has some fine shooters, and should challenge Boyertown or Shuler Club, of Pottstown, for a match or a series of team shoots. All I suppose that is wanting would be a suitable trophy.

Lebanon, Pa., July 23.—The Keystone Gun Club, of this place, has accepted the challenge of the Chambersburg Gun Club, and will journey to Chambersburg July 30 to meet in the first match. This club has been quite successful in team matches, having beaten Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown, in two series.

Pottstown, Pa., July 20.—The Shuler Shooting Association held a practice shoot to-day. Team shooting was a feature and good scores were made:

W. J. Grubb's Team.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	15	10
Slonaker	12	9	9	6
Grubb	11	7	11	8
Trumbauer	13	3	9	10
Smith	8	8	8	9
Longacre	8	8	7	5
Totals	52	35	44	38

Capt. Wickersham's Team.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	15	10
Davis	13	8	9	10
Wickersham	11	5	12	7
Shaner	10	7	10	4
Yerger	9	6	10	4
Stone	8	8	8	6
Totals	51	34	49	31

The teams were then changed, and the regulars shot two 10-target matches against the Shuler reserves, each team winning one match. The scores follow:

Shuler Regulars.

Events:	5	6
Targets:	10	10
Slonaker	3	9
Grubb	10	6
Wickersham	8	9
Longacre	7	5
Totals	28	29

Shuler Reserves.

Events:	5	6
Targets:	10	10
Davis	8	4
Shaner	7	6
Smith	7	6
Yerger	7	5
Totals	29	21

Seventh event, team shoot, four men per team, each man at 10 targets:

Davis 8, Grubb 7, Wickersham 7, Shaner 10—32.

Slonaker 7, Smith 6, Longacre 4, Yerger 5—22.

Sweeps at 10 targets and at 4 pairs doubles ended the day's sport:

Eighth event, 10 singles: Slonaker 9, Davis 9, Trumbauer 7, Wickersham 6, Shaner 6, Grubb 5, Smith 5, Yerger 4, Longacre 4.

Ninth event, 4 pairs doubles: Slonaker 5, Shaner 6, Grubb 4, Smith 6, Yerger 4, Longacre 4, Cole 4.

Pottstown, Pa., July 23.—The second of a series of three target matches between the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, and the Shuler Shooting Association was held on the grounds of the latter at East End. The first match resulted in the Shuler Club's favor. The teams consisted of twelve men each, each man shooting at 25 targets thrown by the magautrap. Sweepstakes followed. The scores were as follows:

Shuler Shooting Association—Wheeler 23, Benner 23, Wickersham 20, Davis 17, Saylor 17, H. Wein 17, Grubb 18, Shaner 18, Slonaker 16, Smith 19, Urner 17, Lenhart 11—216.

Phoenix Gun Club—Hagenbotham 19, Dotterer 22, Harris 16, Johnson 24, Erb 16, Pehlert 15, Hodge 12, Dunlap 18, Leidy 13, Williams 18, Buckwalter 21, Lambert 12—206.

Sweepstake shooting followed, of which the scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Pehlert	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	8	7	10	9	..	..	..
Benner	8	8	9	8	9	9	8
Shaner	8	10	6	8	5	5	5
Lenhart	8	7	9	6	8	4	..
Wickersham	7	..	9	7	..	5	9
Grubb	7	7	8	7	..	8	7
Hagenbotham	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Sheeler	6	8	9	6	10	7	..
Slonaker	6	7	..	..	..	8	6
W Wein	6	..	4	5	..	..	..
Harris	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Urner	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Dotterer	5	5	5	8	6	7	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Saylor	5	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hodge	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
H Wein	5	8	9	7	7	6	..
Erb	5	7	..	..	..	8	..
Leidy	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dunlap	..	4	8	..	8	7	..
Buckwalter	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	5	..	4	..	8	..
Levengood	..	4	7	8	..	7	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	7	6	..
Longacre	..	..	..	..	..	4	5
Yerger	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CHATHAM GUN CLUB.

CHATHAM, N. J., July 16.—The prize hammerless shotgun put up by the Chatham Club attracted quite a crowd of local shooters to the grounds on Saturday, July 16. The afternoon was a perfect one for shooting, a gentle breeze serving to temper the warm summer afternoon, but still not enough to affect the flight of the targets. The scores were possibly materially better than usual on this account, but it is more likely that they were unusually good because the boys had their nerve along and were determined to be in at the finish for the prize.

The management was rather too liberal with the handicaps. Out of eighteen entries, ten were tied with 50 each, including their handicaps.

In the shoot-off two of the men—Budd and Sickley—dropped, leaving eight still tied for the final. By agreement the final shoot-off will take place on Saturday, July 30, at 2:30:

First shoot-off, 25 targets, one-half original handicaps:

	Score.	H'cap.	Total.		Score.	H'cap.	Total.
Drake	24	3	25	Caterson	13	12	25
Feigenspan	23	4	25	Sicley	21	2	23
Geoffroy	25	2	25	Unger	15	12	25
Colquitt	22	6	25	Williamson	20	6	25
Elder	16	10	25	Budd	20	4	24

Second shoot-off, 25 targets, one-half original handicaps:

	Score.	H'cap.	Total.		Score.	H'cap.	Total.
Drake	22	3	25	Elder	17	10	25
Feigenspan	23	4	25	Unger	13	12	25
Geoffroy	24	2	25	Williamson	20	6	26
Colquitt	24	6	25	Caterson	13	12	25
Phillips	32	8	40	Adams	32	12	44
Drake	44	6	50	Colquitt	44	12	50
Berry	22	25	47	Elder	31	20	50
Feigenspan	44	8	50	Caterson	25	25	50
Fleming	39	8	47	Sicley	47	4	50
Geoffroy	49	4	50	Ripley	32	14	46
Jackson	35	10	45	Unger	28	25	50
Page	40	8	48	Williamson	45	12	50
Nichols	24	25	49	Budd	42	8	50

R. B. BUDD.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., July 23.—There was a southeasterly wind, a very hard light for shooting and a threatening of rain all the afternoon. In two events, each gun below the elbow, Capt. Money broke 9 out of 10 each time, and was easily first. In the prize shoot C. Matzen scored 50. The conditions of the prize shoot were 50 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system, allowance handicap:

C Matzen, 18.	1111110110111111111011110001110110111111111111100	—40
	11110010111 w	—10—50
W Huck, 5 ..	1111110111111111111011101111110011111111011101110101	—41
	11111	— 5 —46
Capt Money, 3.	1111101111103111110111011111111111111010110111111	—42
	110	— 2—44
H Money, 4.	1111111010111011111111101111110011111110011011111110	—40
	0011	— 2—42
E Banks, 2...	0111111111001111111010111110100111111111111011111001	—39
	11	— 2—41
K Frank, 8..	1011011111101111011110010110011110111111001101111100	—35
	01111100	— 5—40
H Spiegele, 11.	0011100111010111110111011111100000100110110111111100	—31
	11111000101	— 7—38
Schaller, 20...	0100010111010010001011101100000000011101100110100	—21
	001110110100000 w	— 6—27
C Lenone, 10.	1110010111100001000000111011111000000111001110100000	—24
	0010000001	— 2 —26

Practice sweeps were shot as below, Nos. 1 and 6 being at 10 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	20	15	10	15	25	20	25	25	25	25
Capt Money	12	11	8	13	23	16	22	20	21	19
H Money	15	12	8	13	19	11	..	..	21	23
E Banks	..	13	7	11	24	15	23	21	24	23
Huck	..	10	9	13	21	..	..	..	18	..
Schaller	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Lenone	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
Spiegel	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Matzen	..	..	..	..	..	21	9	..	..	..

TRAP AT ELKWOOD.

Long Branch, N. J., July 23.—Twenty-five birds, $25:

		Ties.
Murphy, 31	2221222122112010121102222—22	2220
Daly, 30	0222220222221221222102222—22	2222

Twenty-five birds, $25:

Murphy, 31	2220211222222112120111122 —23
Daly, 30	2222202110222212222022222 —22

Three pairs doubles, $10:

Murphy, 25	01 01 10	11 10 10
Daly, 25	10 11 11	11 10 11

Ten birds, $10:

Murphy, 30	22121110	Gagnon, 28	112121112121
Mart, 26	12112222212	Daly, 30	22221122220

Five pairs, $10:

Gagnon, 35	1211220112	Gagnon, 35	100010
Murphy, 35	120210	Murphy, 35	111111
Daly, 35	2022121220		

DUNELLEN VS. BOUND BROOK.

Dunellen, N. J., July 23.— There was but little wind. The weather was threatening, and a light misty rain fell. The background and birds were dark, and the latter were hard to see, particularly the left-quarterers. The birds were an ordinary lot, some few being good. In flight they were generally outgoers and left-quarterers. The Bound Brook Gun Club proved to be the winner by a score of 43 to 41. This was the second shoot between the two clubs. Each man shot at 10 birds. Anderson drew a good bird, his 7th. Tingley and Geddes' birds were all easy; Hoey's 3d and 9th were good; Lair's 4th, 5th and 9th were good. Baron had a good one in his 6th. Lindzey's 4th and 6th were good ones. Nelson had two fairly good ones. Giles' birds were easy.

The scores:

Bound Brook Gun Club.		Dunellen Gun Club.	
Anderson	2122222121—10	Barron	2222210212— 9
Tingley	2222212212—10	Cramer	2222221222—10
Hoey	2102221211— 9	Lindzey	2220120222— 8
Geddes	22011021*1— 7	Nelson	0011*11121— 7
Lair	2200021122— 7—43	Giles	0011101211— 7—41

The fifth annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. will be held at Kansas City on Sept. 6 to 9. The events will be both on live birds and targets. Rifle contests will also be a part of the meeting. The programmes will be ready for distribution about Aug. 1.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

NATURE'S COMPASS SIGNS.

OUR issue of Nov. 20, 1897, contained a paper by Mr. Geo. S. Dearborn on the woods signs, which to the practiced eye indicate the cardinal points of the compass. Briefly outlined, Mr. Dearborn's notes stated that:

1. The bark of coniferous trees is lighter in color, harder and dryer on the south side of the tree, while it is darker, damper and often covered with mould and moss on the north side. The gum from knots and wounds is hard and amber colored on the south side of the tree, sticky and dirty on the north.

2. On rough barked trees, the nests and webs of spiders and other insects are found in the crevices on the south side.

3. A preponderance of the large branches will be found on the south side; while the needles are longer, more slender and darker green on the north. Cedars and hemlocks "always bend their slender tops of new growth toward a southern sky."

4. In hardwood trees fungus and moss are on the north side; the longest branches are on the south side; the leaves are larger, damper, more tender, and of a darker green on the north side; nests of insects are on the south side; in the Southern States the air plants are on the north side.

5. The heart of a tree is nearer the north side; stumps and stubs decay and waste away first on the north side.

6. Ledges of rocks and boulders are comparatively bare on the south side, or have a harsh, dry moss; while the north sides are damp and mouldy, and have soft, damp mosses and ferns.

7. The forest floor on the southern slopes of hills, ridges and clumps of trees is noisier under foot than on the northern.

8. In open country wild flowers, especially long stemmed ones, incline toward the south; the ground near clumps of bushes, rocks, mounds and hummocks is greener and moister on the north side; and on this side grow the mosses and ferns.

These are some of the chief points noted by Mr. Dearborn; and the conditions as stated are dependent upon the influences of the sunlight; which is to say that the southern exposure to the warmth of the sun is a determining factor; and the rules laid down are, of course, subject to a multiplicity of exceptions caused by local conditions. It is only where the sunlight and the shadow can mark tree and rock and earth that Mr. Dearborn's rules are applicable.

Just how much reliability there may be in these natural compass signs every woodsman, experienced or amateur, may determine for himself by actual personal observation and study. To take note of branch and bark and gum, and lichen, moss and fern, pine needles and the sun seeking wild flower will prove a fascinating and endless study for the days in forest and camp. Test the facts and the theory, and send FOREST AND STREAM a record of your findings. We print in another column some notes on the subject.

GAME CONDITIONS IN THE WEST.

THE account of the game conditions in the Yellowstone Park, given in our Chicago correspondent's game letter this week, is of much interest, and implies great energy on the part of Capt. Erwin, the superintendent, and of Lieut. Linsley, who for some years has had under his special charge the protection of the Park game.

The slight increase reported for the buffalo herd is encouraging; but the fact that no calves were seen is difficult of explanation. If the buffalo were seen in July, calves should have been with them, if any were born this spring. It seems hardly probable that the buffalo calves have been destroyed by panthers or lynxes, since elk calves are so much more numerous, and would be so much more easily obtained than buffalo calves. The excellent elk calf supply is encouraging. It is the overflow from the Park elk herd that is to supply the game country adjacent to the Park, and so long as the reservation is preserved as a secure breeding ground for this species the numbers of elk killed without the Park will not appreciably affect the stock. The trifling loss reported among the antelope indicates that good work was done last year in killing off the coyotes. They should be destroyed whenever it is possible. They do much harm and no good.

The most interesting point in Mr. Hough's letter is that in his annual report to the Governor of the State the game warden of Colorado purposes to recommend the Maine idea of licensed guides, these to be commissioned as special game wardens. This is certainly an indication that the world moves, and that at last some portions of the Western public are awakening to the fact that in its game and fish a State has proprietary rights which are salable for a valuable consideration. Game Warden Swan estimates that last year the sum of $15,000,000 was spent in Colorado by hunters and fishermen. We have no means of knowing on what figures this estimate is based; it appears absurd, but however that may be, we all know that the sums spent in these recreations are vast in the aggregate, and that it is worth while for any community or set of communities to preserve the conditions which induce the spending within their borders of such great sums. Maine was the first State to appreciate how really valuable a commodity her game and fish were. It will be interesting if Colorado, one of the most progressive as she is one of the oldest of the far Western States, shall now or soon come to comprehend what was learned years ago by the canny and intelligent down-East Yankee.

To those who remember the West of old times, when there was a frontier and beyond that frontier a wilderness, occupied only by wild beasts and wild men, the idea of licensed guides and a modern system of game protection is not a pleasant one. Yet we may as well adapt ourselves now to existing conditions and face the situation. There is no longer "wild country, country uncharted and untabulated"; we kill our game now nearly as they do in the deer forests of Scotland or on the preserved mountains of the Tyrol. The old ways of life are gone, gone as utterly as are the buffalo and the wild Indian, and they will never return. If there still remain a few nooks in the mountains where the hunter or angler may yet live as he used to live, such places are growing fewer each year, and before long will all have disappeared. This is an utilitarian age; domestic cattle have taken the place of the buffalo; ranchers dwell by the streams where once the Indian village stood. The grass and the water are being turned into money through the medium of domestic animals and the plough, why should they not be turned into money by the wild creatures native to the soil and the rod and rifle? Sooner or later this will surely come to pass, and those States which are the first to take steps to adopt a wise system of game protection will be the first to reap its profits in dollars and cents.

THE AMERICAN LOG CABIN.

AMONG the projected institutions of Washington is a series of national galleries of architectural design, to represent, by means of reproductions of typical examples, the characteristic architecture of Egypt, Greece, Rome and other lands and periods from remote antiquity down to the present day.

The National Museum has miniature reproductions of Zuni houses and other aboriginal types, and in the National Zoological Park is a full-size model of a Maine Indian birch-bark lodge, constructed, we believe, under the supervision of Joe Francis, of Oldtown. This is suggestive of a wide field for such work, which might well grace the slopes of that beautiful Park. A series of characteristic American Indian dwellings—lodges, tepees, wigwams; of earth, bark, skins and palmetto; representing Eastern, Western, Northern and Southern tribes—the people of the pine forests, the mountains, the plains and the everglades—these would add immensely to the picturesqueness of the Park, would have a permanent interest and would popularize with the simple directness of object lessons a knowledge of the peoples who occupied the land before us.

The one architectural object which most of all is deserving of commemoration, not only in some fitting site at the nation's capital, but in our large public parks everywhere, is the American log cabin. Poetry and romance invest the log cabin. It is the rude structure which has everywhere marked the advance of civilization. About it have been waged the wars of races. It has been the frontier fortress, the outpost planted in the enemy's country, and held against desperate odds by the high daring, the tenacity and the grit of the expanding nation's best manhood. The story, too, of woman's courage and faith and fortitude is a story inseparable from that of the American log cabin, and one worthy to be written in those characters of gold which the ancients reserved for their sacred writings. The log cabin has sheltered the sterling homespun virtues of an honest, simple and unsophisticated people, those who in the days of the beginnings gave character and stamp to communities and States. It has cradled statesmen and poets and leaders of the people. It is the characteristic and historic dwellings of America, and as such it deserves to be perpetuated in popular memory and affection by typical forms set up in public places.

In his interesting record of the occurrence of the European starling at Bay Ridge, which is within the boundaries of Greater New York, Mr. Townsend reported an unusual abundance of bird life, representing our native songsters. This condition prevails over a very large range. The year is notable for the numbers of birds which have returned in their old-time hosts, as if there had never been such an industry as the bird plumage supply of millinery. This new state of affairs appears to be due to natural causes, since there has been no change of the conditions of pursuit by man which has been held to be so destructive. Whatever the reason, the birds are back once more.

The Pennsylvania public printer is suing to collect his bill of $57,662 for printing the State's "bird book." If there is any virtue in lavish expenditure of public funds and squandering money without stint, every man, woman and child in Pennsylvania should by this time be a bird sharp.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Thieves' Ledge.

It was the chief Clam who started it. Howard was his front name, while as for his last Clam will do as well as any other, since we were all brothers in misfortune, and it is the singular, not to say plural, habit of brothers to have a common denominator all the world over. And our particular denominator, at least as far as the purposes of this story are concerned, was Clam. In other words, we three, Howard, Robert, the auburn haired, and the writer, were the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end—likewise the middle—of the "Clam Club."

Now it might be supposed from this that we belonged to the Board of Aldermen, and went on exploring expeditions to determine the exact amount of tideway that ruffled the waters between Hull Gut and Siasconset, including a shore dinner at government expense. Or that we inspected the dumping scows that improve the channel to our harbor by semi-occasionally dropping a dozen tons or so of refuse into it; or that we followed the lighthouse launch on its rounds, from the spider-legged tower of Bug Light to the tall, needle-like obelisk of Minot's—with the accompanying shore dinner. Or that we examined into the condition of the penal settlement at Deer Island, with no immediate determination of taking up our own residence there, although it might be a fitting habitation for some of our fellow members, and ending by a cautious advance toward the muddy and tortuous channel, that must be threaded before are reached the grand crescent in the sea, and the fleecy breakers that so softly wash and swash in hissing coolness up the sunny sands of rare Nantasket; where too are brave shore dinners; likewise rival hissers by the sea, except soda fountains; likewise, too, a brass band.

But nevertheless a truthful narration determines the fact that we were not members of the Board of Aldermen as yet; although in strict accordance with the proverb of the ancients, to call no man happy until after he is dead, it would not be wise to prophesy that we were not reserved for that or some other exalted fate. The prospects seem to point that way, according to another equally well-known proverb in regard to certain ones who were at least not born to be drowned. But this brings us back again to our starting point, for we certainly were members of the Clam Club.

The Clam Club, then, was a collection of units who were unitedly a single unit as to the advisability of leaving the glorious Fourth to celebrate itself if we could contrive to escape beyond its tin-horned noise. We also had decided that the best way to accomplish this was to join hands with the Y. M. C. A. in chartering a tug; to run said tug down Boston Harbor until abreast of Minot's Light, where lay a rocky expanse of bottom called Thieves' Ledge, and then and there to cast overboard such benevolent invitations to the inhabitants to come in out of the wet that no thing that wore a fin ought to doubt the integrity of our intentions. So we chartered the tug overnight.

That was a singularly quiet morning for the Fourth! Waking, dozing, half expecting a cannon cracker to go off beneath the window at any moment, it was not until the sudden bleat of a tin horn aroused us that we became conscious that it was raining furiously and the streets were all awash. Was there ever such luck for a Fourth of July?

Of course the tug was countermanded, when suddenly the wind shifted, and in ten minutes there was a bright sun overhead, and we sprang to the telephone.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rng!"

"Bing!" came the laconic reply.

"Hello, Central! Give me 479—2."

"Bing—bing!"

"Is this 479?"

"Yes."

"Fire up, Captain! Reckon we'll go after all."

"After what?" came the still, small voice upon the wire.

"A-l-l, all; anyhow, regardless, weather or no. Sabe?"

Apparently the Captain didn't "sabe" in spite of the string of synonyms which Robert had fired at him in the hope of his comprehending one of them. So the monologue continued. Finally:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

A pause.

"Oh, thunder! We don't want you! Hello, Central! we wanted 479—2, and you've given us 479; we want the tug boat Josephine, and not a blamed soap factory! Try it again!"

"Bing!"

"Is this Captain McLane?"

"Good; I've been trying to get you this ten minutes, and they gave me the soap factory down at the point; altogether too patriotic. 'To Greece we give our shining blades'—some other day. Say, fire up! Get the bait! We'll go!"

"Bing!" and Robert came out of the box and began to dance a hornpipe before he wired messages to the other boys.

N. B.—Boys by brevet; youngest still in the thirties.

The tug boat Josephine lay with her fenders over the side, steaming away as quietly as an old tea kettle on the kitchen fire. Central Wharf was in a bustle. There were at least fifty boys of other varieties and of all sizes roaming over it when we reached the boat, and promptly took up a comfortable position on the roof. Everything was dripping, the water below looked oilier than ever, and the harbor was resonant with grum whistles as the steamers shrieked their appreciation of the weather and the day. The shipping in the stream were all decked in bunting or at the very least had their colors hoisted. Even the dingy, spritsailed dory of a longshoreman had a penny flag at the masthead, standing stiffly as a shingle right up into the wind's eye, instead of floating on the breeze like its magnificent but silken aristocrats of neighbors. It was "something" to be able to defy the gales like that. An imp of a boy on a coal barge near was unable to resist the temptation and let drive a chunk of ebony straight at the erratic emblem of liberty, which, true to its motto of eternal vigilance being the price thereof, deftly swung out of range as the dory rose and fell on the swell of the distant ferry boat, its owner threatening dire vengeance on the grinning apostle of smut "if he dared to do it again."

Meanwhile the crowd of boys upon the wharf surged suddenly on board as though there was great danger of being left behind. A deckhand was leisurely thrusting 6ft. rods of curved iron in occasional holes on the edge of the upper deck, and began to stretch an awning from their tips.

A boy came hastily down the wharf.

"Where's the Cap'n? Hi! Cap'n McLane! them clams hain't come!"

"What?"

The captain looked as though he could not believe his ears.

"Nor the hooks 'n' lines nuther; an' what's more, old Bill says as how you said as they wouldn't be wanted, and his mate locked 'em up an' has gorn a-coortin', bein' as it's a holiday."

Shades of the Pilgrims and John Endicott! Such language in classic Boston, under the very walls of Harvard University—when the earth is tipped just right.

Captain McLane is naturally a good tempered man; more, he is a long suffering man, and he carried a cargo of Y. M. C. A.s and three others. But at this juncture he felt himself to be the apex of a pyramid or the focus of a blowpipe in which was centered all the pent up impatience of fifty eager boys. He represented those boys; and when he got through with his remarks relevant to the stupidity of longshoremen in general and old Bill's mate in particular, there wasn't a boy on board who would not instantly have cast his vote in favor of the Cap'n to justly represent him individually in the halls of Congress. But it cleared the air, and for an hour we waited in measurable patience for the missing lines and clams, as light skirmishers had been speedily sent out for more. The hour lengthened into two, and still we swung lazily at the wharf, exploding firecrackers in the water, listening to the boom of distant guns—and getting into mischief. Fifty boys can get together without mischief; but it is about once in a century, and some other fifty must have absorbed the honors of the nineteenth era, and moreover they didn't have fifty rubber catapults among them as we did. But it was the coal barges that started it, as an idea.

It is wonderful what a range a healthy rubber sling can attain; and after the coal episode the very next longshoreman was suddenly transported in mind back to his soldiering days and made to believe that he once more stood half-way up the heights of red Fredericksburg. He was drifting slowly by, trimming his sheets as flat as possible as he hugged the wind. It was too tempting. Fifty pairs of hands stole to their side pockets, and straight across the intervening water flew, at the snap of the cords, as many torpedoes of the largest size, striking the boards of the dory with a thundering crash. Well, that old soldier let fly his sheet and came straight for us! I never saw a madder man. A boat hook lay ready to his hand, heavily shod with iron, and it was clear as harbor mud that he meant to use it.

"We're in for it, boys," said Howard, coolly. "Repel boarders, or he'll have some of us into the drink!" and the snap of a cord lent emphasis to his words.

On came the boat. A flaw of wind caused it to heel slightly, exposing the brighter yellow of the bottom, while the sun fell full upon the dark sail, gilding the canvas with a dazzle and a skimmer. With a crash a score of torpedoes exploded on the sides, as with a deft turn of the helm the rest of the flying missiles were caught in the yielding cloth and glanced with a harsh rasp along the seams before they shot harmlessly into the sea. Right, left, the swift boat swung at her master's motion. A second more and it would be alongside. Suddenly a swift change swept across the rugged face of the longshoreman. The fire died from his eye. Bringing the boat into the wind again—a proceeding that made us pause in turn from sheer astonishment—from the bearded lips came these startling words:

"Be you the Y. M. C. A.? You be? Wall, when you fellows kneel down to-night an' ask God to take care of ye, suppose you take a minnit ter think wut sort of Christians ye ware in the mornin'!"

The next instant, with a flirt of the helm, his sail had caught the breeze, and the fleet old boat was rods away, leaving us looking at each other, blank and ready to punch our own heads. What was to be done? Evidently nothing; not so evidently either, as one proved. The boat was nearly 100yds. away, when Howard drew something hastily from his pocket, flung back his arm with a round sweep and hurled a glittering object across the water. It "scaled" as a flat stone would in a broad curve wide of the boat, then as though attracted to it by some mysterious force, it swung inward, struck the sail at about the first reef near the mast and dropped with a clear ring that was distinctly audible in spite of the distance safe in the bottom of the dory—a freshly minted silver dollar!

"Howard, you always think of the right thing," said Robert, a little grimly for him, "but if you had considerately told us, too, before it was too late, you would have spared me the painful duty of kicking myself around the block at the first convenient opportunity."

There was a laugh and a cheer—"Our sentiments exactly."

And what was this, an answering cheer? From up the long wharf two boys came running, hot, dusty, covered with perspiration, with the queer, three-legged gait peculiar to haste and a two-boy burden. What were they shouting? "Clams—oh!"

Ten minutes later the Josephine was steaming swiftly down the harbor.

Cling! went the captain's bell, and the churning propeller stopped.

Cling, cling! and it gave a turn or two backward, then cling, and it stopped again. Over with the lines! and in a twinkling each hook was baited with a fat clam without a jacket, two dangling hooks to every line, with 1lb. of lead 6ft. above them on the main line. Heavy? Not too heavy; for, unless the line was dropped straight down by the vessel's side, the swift tide carried it far out, and the fishing was vain. "Drop it straight down; don't c it till the lead strikes bottom, then pull it up a foot bite? Robert is a lucky one! Yard by yard the comes in over the rail at racing speed, and wi whoop up flies a crab as big as a dinner plate. No to laugh, for up in the bow come half a dozen sc and at the stern somebody has just hauled in a si hake! Robert ties the arms of his rubber coat ar him like an apron to keep the water from his knees, drops a line again. A bite, Howard? How that whizzes in! and up comes a brick—no, a terra cotta wrong yet except in color, for no brick was ever so ly outside of a Donnybrook fair, no tile ever yawned so wide a mouth as does this splendid rock cod, a cheer runs like a line of fireworks from stem to s But something is the matter with my line. It has f with a weed perhaps; a careless tug—shades of Jo for a minute that line makes me dance a Highland as it cuts into the fingers; then up it comes in turn on the deck a 10lb. haddock flops and quivers, no gray fish of the market slab, but one that see flash of quivering blue flame of the daintiest, most cate coloring seen in the world outside of a rai This is the true sport of deep sea fishing, the utte certainty of what each bite will bring forth, perh prize, perchance a savage shark, or perhaps but o the orange-podded seaweeds that look like nothi much as a burglar's "billy."

"Lines in!"

"What's that for, Captain?" For answer the ca points seaward, and over the distant point a cold, sea fog is swiftly sweeping in, dense as a granite in seeming. "Cling!"

For answer there came a low, crashing sound, a the first half-turn the splash of the propeller stoppe part of the engine had given way.

The captain gave a startled exclamation and through the tube to the engineer, but the answer wa reassuring. The damage itself was slight, but it take time to repair it, and time was the one thing could not be spared just now. "There's no help f in with that awning, men; up with the foresail; ma halliards, Sam!. You, Bob, cast loose the mainsail—us knife on the stops; no time to waste! Jump, men, oh!" and in a twinkling the canvas covers were ca the booms and the two gray sails crept up the mast ghosts. Then with a suddenness that was startlin wraiths of mist came swirling across the deck and ted out the world just after the keen old seaman s back to the compass and took his bearings before t landmark was lost in the smother. There was a trifle of wind, hardly enough to keep steerageway.

"What'll we do if that fails us?" said somebody.

"Oh, we can anchor if it comes to that; but not t There's too many fool skippers drifting round for drop mudhook right here in the ship channel whi travels a foot an hour."

It was almost like a prophecy, that statement. words were hardly out of his mouth when there c startled yell from the deck outside, and out fro dense cloud of drizzling mist loomed up the to sails of a huge coasting schooner, black with coa like a raven of evil, coming in with the fog, crept along the water like an animated blanket, s by the guidance of a pilot who had ascended to t of the foretopsail far above the heavy stratum of that covered our own derrick-like masts; heading st for us.

"Hard a-port!" came a voice from far aloft, in a to the yell. "Hard down!"

Slowly the great pyramid swerved aside with a ly sweep, aside from the fatal directness of her course enough to avoid a direct collision, but not e for clearance. The huge beam of a bowsprit like a in rest plunged ripping through the mainsail, s with a huge twang the shrouds, and lunged strai the foremast. There was a creak, a crash, a snapp timbers and a hurricane of yells, then with a swi poor little foremast toppled forward over the bow the mammoth old five-master, with hardly a scar, c grinding past and vanished in the mist, leaving us ing at one another as though it was all a dream, most unpleasant dream at that.

"Where's the captain?"

Sure enough, where was he? Nay, where w wheel house? for the mast lay across what see pile of kindling wood, from the depths of which series of muffled shouts for help. We rushed for heaved the fragments right and left. Presently H gave a shout—he had uncovered a foot. "Are yo Captain? If you ain't just wriggle your toes!" T kicked! At that we all gave a cheer and dug the l and presently got out the other foot. Then som dicious hand got hold of a coat tail, and there mighty rip, together with some emphatic remark the woodpile. Finally we fairly lifted him out uppermost and stood him right side up with scratched, dusty, red in the face, but unmistakal captain. His first act was to rush for the lower de shout:

"Bob, where's that boat compass?"

"Ashore, sir!"

The captain whistled a long whistle, that had s of feeling enough to raise a gale of wind. The n stant he was back on the upper deck clearing aw anchor, which dropped with a sullen plunge fr bow.

"Why, Captain, I thought you said you w anchor?" said somebody, amazed.

"Got to! binnacle's smashed. Compass busted!" laconic response, as he turned to give orders for loose the raffle around the bows. The rest of u long breaths, while Howard, after assuring himse he could be of no especial assistance, calmly got fish line, and presently had a big cod whopping the deck, an example which stimulated the ideas others thitherward.

Well, we stayed there till nearly the turn of t swaying at anchor. The engineer reported that gine was all right, and still we swung head to the with the lapsing waves drifting great orange an masses of seaweed across the cable. We were t of supper most seriously, and still we swung.

gan to wonder if the stars were out aloft, and whether they had yet begun the fireworks on the Common, and we were right there still, when suddenly we heard a voice hailing us over the quarter.

"Tug ahoy! Be ye in trouble?"

It was a queer, gruff voice, which seemed not altogether unfamiliar. The mate, with classic emphasis not unknown at Harvard, replied:

"You bet! No compass."

"Sho! I've got one, if you'll gimme a tow up!" and out from the fog came a lean old dory with a well-remembered patch upon the sail and a well-remembered old sea dog in the stern. There was a stunning cheer, an enthusiastic, hungry, Fourth-o'-July "Hi-ya-r-r-r-r" that astonished the gulls which circled above the mists and sent them scurrying homeward with weird tales for their little ones as to ye manners and customs of those strange, huge bipeds with wings like penguins and feet like ducks, that could neither swim nor fly.

A tow indeed!

We lifted him on board, dory and all. We filled that craft with fish. We told him we didn't mind coals of fire a bit when they came in that form, and we well nigh burst the seams of his trousers pocket with dollars that bore the stamp of our glorious buzzard, till the abashed and forgiving old soul could only grin, shake as many hands as he could grasp at one time, a dozen or two, and say: "Sho! let up now! I never laid it up agin ye!"

Then as we started up the engine and buzzed away homeward he turned to Robert and cried:

"Land sake, what hev ye got on?"

The "boy" had, at the moment of collision, taken his rubber coat, folded it up like a bag, tied the mouth tightly with a string, and inflated it like a great puff ball, and now was wearing it across his shoulders with the arms tied around his neck.

"Why," said our brother Clam, "I was afraid that there wouldn't be enough life preservers to go round, so I—" Here we interrupted the sagacious youth abruptly by an uncontrollable roar of laughter and a cheer.

"Hi-ya-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

BOSTON.

A North Carolina Point of View.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

I HAVE just rounded out three entrancing weeks at Sapphire, in the Blue Ridge. The environment is superlative. From the top of Toxaway, 5,000ft. elevation, I can count 600 peaks, forty of them 6,000ft. high. From the highest point of vantage in the Catskills we have only sixty, and none of them above 4,000ft. There is no such forested preserve in all the United States as I survey. It is all one compacted mass of verdant superincumbent foliage. Not a stick of timber has been cut for market. No railroads invade. There are no burnt tracts, no brules, no windfalls, no areas which mark the sweep of tornadoes. It is the fountain head and storage reservoir for all the agricultural lowlands which lie betwixt it and the Atlantic Coast. Were it not for these highlands in the clouds, there would be indifferent harvesting below, and all the farm spaces would be torn up by torrents, like the Garonne in France. There are scarcely half a dozen houses visible from all points of view together. I stand on the top of the lookout tower on Mt. Toxaway summit, which occupies a central position like the focal point of a cyclorama, and on every side I see the stupendous environment of hills, all green in the foreground, beautifully green with ever changing shades of blue in the distance. When clouds float over them you can hardly distinguish shadow from valley; and ever and anon there is a shower. Below us, three miles away, is Sapphire Lake, reposing in the lap of the forest. There are only two other lakes in all this mountain region: one at Highlands, eighteen miles away, and the other on the same Toxaway estate, which embraces 26,000 acres. On the latter's shore is located the new Fairfield Inn, just now opened, which compares favorably with any up-to-date hotel. A carriage drive surrounds it, a precipice laces it, and a cataract forms into its upper end over a stupendous ledge; and it is indented with bays and points of land.

Away up here, where I stand in the clouds, on Toxaway summit, five turkey buzzards are cruising overhead, and I am prompted to guess what would tempt them to scale so great a height. A few minutes ago there was but one; after a while two more appeared, and later on the others joined. Whence came they, and why? Ha! I have it; there is a sheep pasture close at hand, and a dead lamb taints the air! Nothing escapes a buzzard's notice. Your readers have discussed this quality, the vulture's keenness of sight and scent, and some have declared for one and some for the other, and the most observant perhaps for them both. But to my notion, given but one single buzzard hovering over Toxaway in all this grand environment of wilderness, and in five hours thereafter all the feathered scavengers of Charleston's streets might be here on signal; not purposely conveyed, but simply flashed from tell-tale wing to repeating wing from distances inappreciable, like the gestures of a semaphore. Birds of prey fly high for the perspective, and they measure distances at sixty miles an hour. It is said that the customary foraging grounds for buzzards on our continent have been deserted since the spring, and that all the ill-omened crew have hied to Cuba, following the armies and the slaughter. It is not improbable, and I would like to see the statement verified, for it would help determine that their means of communication are by flight motions imparted along a line of perspective, and not by direct sight or scent of detected objects. It is not probable that either perceptive faculty could bridge the broad salt-water space between Florida and Cuba, except at lofty elevations.

Up here on the rounded apex of Mt. Toxaway are many partridges and turkeys. The former feed with the domestic fowls sometimes, and I hear the brooding calls of both of them now over in the whortleberry patches. Game is not shot on this preserve except by permit of the Company, and is therefore tame and abundant. Pine root hogs run wild, and I find their tracks mingled with deer tracks on the flats and shoulders of the mountains. An expert can easily tell the two footprints apart, and it is interesting to compare them, lest the tyro when hunting deer waste time on a hog trail. There are special localities which deer frequent in considerable numbers, and sometimes in bands. Berries are abundant and will be until the middle of August. They attract bears. Panthers are seen at rare intervals. One of the resident mountaineers is now watching his stock yard for one which is making himself disagreeable in his vicinity. Rattlesnakes are occasionally killed, and there are many mink and muskrats, and a few summer ducks and cranes. There is no doubt about the value of this property as a game preserve. It has been patrolled continuously for seven years. Portions are much intersected by trails of prospectors for minerals, of which there are corundum and mica in abundance, and it is good practice for the student in woodcraft to trace them, though he is apt to get lost temporarily unless he can read the lay of the land. It is inconvenient sometimes to cross deep streams where there are no bridges, but I usually manage to climb a slender sapling and swing myself across, if the stream be not too wide.

Three times I have made the ascent of Toxaway afoot, accomplishing the three miles and a half in two hours, and the down trip in less than an hour, which is fairly good time for a man in his sixty-fifth year. But then, an old bushranger like myself, who can read the woods like a book, can cut off the bends of the carriage road by traverses and so save distance. This drive up the mountain has the easiest gradients of any I know of. Yesterday, by keeping the carriage team at its place, after the fashion of the old stage drivers, like Hank Monk, on the overland route twenty odd years ago, we came down in half an hour.

The average size of the speckled trout which are caught in these wilds is remarkable. It would be a quarter of a pound, I think, and individuals are frequently caught weighing 2lbs., though the largest are in the lakes, which have been lavishly stocked within two years past. Anglers know that the trout of the Eastern hill streams are never large. They do not average 4oz. in weight, or 6in. in length, wherever taken. But in the large meadow brooks, like the Ondawa in Vermont, or in the Long Island streams, they grow heavier. Perhaps, as as axiom, the larger the stream the larger the trout? In the Androscoggin, or in the Green Mountain brooks which plash over the rocks through the woods and hill pastures, the inky-black beauties would hardly find space to grow larger; accordingly, if one outgrows his pool, he just drops down to more spacious quarters. But in such wide streams as River Phillip in Nova Scotia, the Batiscan in Quebec, the Nipigon in Ontario, and the Killikinnick in Wisconsin, they grow to be monsters, and in proportion here where the streams are large. Facts like these serve their purpose in regulating the legal size of trout to be caught in specified localities. Really, I suppose the mountain streams of eastern Tennessee, West Virginia, and North Carolina to be more prolific of large trout than any other part of the Blue Ridge or the Alleghanies. They are the head waters of large rivers like the French Broad and Tennessee.

Let it be conceded that I do not put my pen to paper "for what there is in it" to me, where the interests of sportsmen are concerned, though I do write for what there is in it for all of us, and I say: Give me ozone! Give me fiber and elasticity, and a home camp where the woodbine twines, and I will climb Toxaways and high peaks for many years after the joints of the young laggards who ride up on horseback are stiff with the gout. It is true that I have talked up this country a good deal for two years past, but the misfortune is that no one whom I have approached in person or by letter seems to care to come. Not one! There are goodly numbers here, but they are not of my calling. What is the reason? Was age any objection to old Moses when he led the Hebrew tourists through the wilderness? Time was, a quarter of a century ago, when I was a good enough bellwether for sportsmen to follow, if ever I gave the cue; but now I am too poor a hand even to toll ducks. *N'importe!* I would not swap one whiff of my pure Sapphire air for any midsummer atmosphere within the limits of the United States, her colonies included.

A branch of the Southern R. R. system, starting from Hendersonville, has penetrated to the town of Brevard, within twenty-seven miles of the Toxaway hostelries, of which there are three, including the spacious lodge on the mountain, all of which communicate by telephone; so that the sojourner can sit in the clouds, if he likes, like Olympian Jove, and flash his orders to the deep down levels below, taking his tea straight meanwhile, and contemplating mundane affairs as mere incidents of existence, and not as events of momentous and supervening consequence. Boys, come up and see us! *Auf Weidersehen.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 25.

[We saw a goodly supply of buzzards in Virginia the other day.]

Highways and Byways.—I.

JUST at the opening of the trout season I started on a wagon trip of over 500 miles in length and of a month's duration. The route was through the mountainous counties of eastern Utah, over the reservations of the Uintah and Uncompahgre Utes, and incidentally over the very trail of the Robber's Roost and Hole in the Rock gang of outlaws that have for the last four years terrorized not only a portion of this State, but also the adjacent districts of Colorado and Wyoming.

A ride of a day and a half brought us through Provo and Daniel's cañons to the summit of the Wasatch range and the western boundary of Strawberry Valley, the most attractive portion of the Uintah Reservation. Between Provo and Daniel's cañons lies Provo Valley, a great, well-watered basin, boasting three flourishing settlements, a creamery, and hay and dairy ranches galore. This region we drove through on the afternoon of our first day from Provo. It was June 14, and although we knew that there was excellent fishing over the entire course, we did not take our rods from their cases. Eight miles above Charleston we passed the last ranch. For the next five days we did not catch sight of a human habitation save the barracks at Ft. Duchesne, and these are well nigh deserted, having but two squadrons of cavalry in lieu of the regiment that was quartered there before the war.

As the sun came over the mountains we were climbing up hill on our second day's journey. Daniel's Creek seemed an ideal trout stream. It also gave promise of being only two months later just the place for chickens. The brook roared and tumbled between walls that were green with stately pines. It meandered through flats where silver-barked aspens invited us to swing our hammocks. It sung its song, now to columbine, now to buttercup, but all its allurements could not make us forget that Strawberry was just ahead. At 11 o'clock we crossed the Rim of the Basin. Presto! Torrent, timber and wild flower disappeared by magic. Before us lay a great rolling valley, sixty miles long and twenty wide, grass-grown and netted by willow-fringed streams. The elevation of Strawberry is 6,500ft., and the surrounding peaks are snow-covered until late in July, so that when this part of the reservation is thrown open it will be valueless except as a stock range.

Beside the road was a spring, and as we journeyed down the brook that flowed from it other springs contributed their mites to the constantly increasing stream until, when we camped at the Forks, about 1 o'clock, we were tempted by a diminutive river a rod or two wide and 18in. deep. For once upon the trip I declared that I did not care for dinner. Jointing my rod, I started for the nearest riffles and pools. Alas, for my hopes! I rang the changes on my casts from dark to light, from bright to dull, all to no purpose. But what flies failed to accomplish, plebeian grasshoppers, sunk to the bottom of the shadiest pools, did effect, and a mess for supper was soon assured. Of course we started about 3 o'clock on our afternoon trip, but it did not amount to much. Every mile or so we would come to a little creek that could be easily stepped across. Here under the shelving banks and amid the sedge roots the largest, gamiest trout were wont to lie. I remember well that both last year and the year before it was no trick to fill a creel in a couple of hours. But the trout lay no longer. Half a dozen fish traps on as many streams solved the mystery. The fish traps were not of Indian fabrication, and the piles of offal that lay near each proved that the market poacher had been at work.

It is too bad that every tale of outing from Utah has to be interlarded with accounts of violation of the game laws. The finding of these fish traps brought forcibly to my mind that during the last week of May a man by the name of Davis, for years a notorious violator of the trout law, left Provo with two companions for Strawberry. A few days later the outfit retailed a load of trout in Park City, the net proceeds being in the neighborhood of $90. Two more wagon-loads were thus disposed of before the open season. Now this was not done secretly. The State fish and game warden was informed of it; the Commissioners of Utah county knew it; the local press commented upon it, and yet nothing was done to bring the offenders to justice. The reservation where the fish were trapped and dynamited is directly under Uncle Sam's surveillance, and possibly the local authorities would not care to make arrests there, but the fish were sold in Wasatch and Summit counties, whose Commissioners should have protected the interests of the people and have shown that their office is something more than an empty title.

Noon of the third day brought us to Currant Creek, and here we found excellent fishing. From this point to Ft. Duchesne the road traverses a rocky and sandy desert, given over to rattlesnakes and coyotes. Twice we approached the Duchesne River, which appeared to be a most admirable sucker stream. Far to the north and east the main chain of the Uintahs was as white as though it were January instead of June. So we journeyed, crossing Lake Fork, which the officers of the post reserve for their own private sport; crossing the Uintah, once supposed to be the main Duchesne, and at length one mid-afternoon Ashley Valley burst upon us. Its principal settlement, Vencal, is embowered in orchards, and the whole valley is waving wheat and lucerne. The surrounding hills are streaked with immense deposits of coal and asphaltum, and the higher mountains contain rich lodes of copper, but all this is 120 miles from the nearest railway station. Opposite us as we enter Ashley Valley is the mouth of Ladore Cañon, the pass by which Green River bursts through the mountains, and beyond that is the White River country and the famous hunting grounds of Colorado.

Every irrigating ditch in Ashley Valley contains its quota of trout; so except when the water is high and muddy, ranchers and town folk can alike fish successfully on their own property. Fly-fishing is not in vogue. When the valley was first settled not an angle worm was to be found in its limits. An enterprising freighter brought in a boxful from Provo Valley and planted them in his garden. This was four years ago, and the angle worm crop has increased until now this species of bait is to be found on several farms. The ranch at which we stopped made a specialty of bee culture, there being 250 stands in the apiary. The boys of the place used drones for bait, and those were certainly more attractive to the trout than [illegible] worms or grubs.

Notwithstanding the [illegible]ning at the door, the people of Ashley enjoy camping out as well as those of cities. It is but thirty miles to the lakes that nestle in the summits of the Uintahs—the lakes where the giant trout lurks, by whose shores the elk still feeds and the grizzly roams. We did not have time to visit the hunter's paradise, but we managed to spare a day for a more wild and romantic spot. Taking a pack animal for our impedimenta, we climbed to the eastward for half a day and then suddenly dropped down almost a precipice into Jones' Hole, one of the most inaccessible box cañons of the Rockies. It has but one means of approach, and has been a favorite rendezvous of the Robber's Roost outfit. The cañon is four miles long and from one-fourth of a mile to 150ft. in width. At the upper end is an immense spring, and numerous tributary springs form a respectable trout stream that wanders through aspen groves and alder brush. The brook never freezes; it is lined along its entire course by watercress, and the supply of trout seems limitless. As we entered the Hole we met a party going out that had camped the night before, and had caught eighty-three in the evening and morning fishing, besides what they had eaten for

supper and breakfast. Even the sight of doe and fawn could not divert us from the matter in hand. These trout had never been allured with anything but bait; it was an open question whether or no we could educate them to the point of leaping for flies.

The royal-coachman has proved a failure. Queen-of-the-water, grizzly-king, professor follow suit. I change my cast to March-brown, cowdung and black-gnat, cast up and let the flies swirl slowly down along the edge of the watercress. Just what followed I did not see, but there was a twitch of the hand, a thrill of the right arm, the song of the reel, and I was fighting to keep a couple of half-pounders out of the entanglement of cress and long moss in which they had an irresistible desire to hide. So the battle was begun. The March-brown and the cowdung had done the work, and all that afternoon we fished down the little stream until the cañon walls narrowed into a chasm, and with a parting laugh Jones' Hole Brook leaped by hundred-foot steps down into Ladore Cañon and was lost in the muddy waters of Green River. We did not catch all that we might have done, but we caught all that we needed for night and morning, some for our good hosts in the valley, and we salted a few to help out the inevitable canned beef and bacon, the bugbear of the return trip. The largest trout that we caught weighed 2¾lbs., but half a pound was a fair average.

Our return trip to Provo lay down the Green River and San Raphael, across Fish Lake Mountain and into Sanpete county. Where there was desert we found cactus and prairie dogs. The streams of Emery county have been washed by cloudbursts until they are absolutely devoid of trout, only along the Basin's River did we find a few little brooks that afforded an hour's sport. The conditions will not improve until our laws are enforced.

SHOSHONE.

PROVO, UTAH, July 15.

Natural History.

Monkey Food and Monkey Health.

THE lion and the tiger, and in short most of the beasts known to students of natural history, so far as their physical condition in captivity is concerned, have come under man's intelligent attention; but the animal which is more closely akin to him than all the others he knows less about. Possibly this kinship may allow for the fact that man does not care to prevent, and is content to share with his cousin german, the monkey, the diseases attendant upon an artificial diet. However this may be, an apathetic state of ignorance exists among the persons who hold positions of authority in our public zoos and menageries, which condemns the monkeys committed to their mercy to lives of untold misery and deaths of agony.

These gentlemen will tell you with complacency that apes, chimpanzees and all simians of differing species and varying values rarely live for more than a brief space of time in captivity. The climate has in each instance to bear the blame, whereas in reality the climate has very little to do with these untimely takings off, beyond finishing what man's callousness and ignorance have begun. The climate, for instance, will develop pneumonia, that being a prevalent disease among monkeys, but the climate has not supplied the animal's system with the purulent poison which comes from a diet of bread, milk, peanuts and refuse stuff which the monkey in his native state would be too wise to touch.

I know of no sadder illustration of the condition, the ill condition of the monkey, than that which exists right here in the New York Central Park zoo. Visitors to Central Park, and citizens living in the vicinity of the arsenal where the monkeys are kept, make loud and constant complaint that the monkeys are a disgusting nuisance, because of the odor which comes from their house, and makes the air foul. If these sensitive souls would berate the governing powers of the Park Department, and not their helpless victims, the matter could soon be rectified. I use New York's zoo as an example, that being looked upon as the finest in the country, but I am sorry to say the grievance is general. All over the United States, wherever monkeys are kept in large numbers, people complain of the stench from their cages. Any physician who makes smell an important factor in his diagnosis of disease would know that the odor with which the monkey house reeks comes from catarrh of the animals' bowels. Wherever bread is fed to the monkeys this condition must prevail. The soda, saleratus, alum and yeast cause fermentation and an irritation of the entire mucous membrane. All sorts of sanitary measures may be taken, cages may be scrubbed and scoured; but so long as the accursed and pestilential bread goes into the monkeys' mouths the existing evil will prevail.

A monkey in health is the cleanest and neatest animal in existence. They hate filth, and from my own observation I know that the monkeys of all genera are naturally healthy, in fact the easiest of all animals to keep in health, because of a superb natural vitality.

Under intelligent conditions all the larger monkeys should live on an average from twenty to thirty years, and even longer; but let any humane person study the death rates of our zoos and menageries, and he will find something to think about. If the present system is one of economy, it is a mistake, for in the long run it costs more to replace the animals than it would have cost to keep them alive. Possibly the dealers are aware of this fact, and have a keen eye to their own interests when they recommend a diet that means death.

The proper food of the monkey is fish, fruit, eggs and vegetables. Bananas are the staff of life to them, and I have saved a diphtheritic monkey's life on the juice of the pineapple. Tapioca, boiled with sugar and water, is cheaper than bread, and far more wholesome and nutritious. Cassava bread would be a prime factor of health, and I wonder that it is not imported in bulk for the use of zoos and menageries. Eggs, both raw and hard-boiled, are capital; corn is of importance, being fattening and cooling, and should be given freely, on the cob in summer and dried in winter. Tomatoes are remedial, and greatly liked by monkeys; likewise potatoes, onions, carrots and all green vegetables and fruits. Rice should never be boiled, as it clogs the bowels.

The larger monkeys demand that their vitality be sustained on fish, live if possible, clams, mussels and lobsters. A monkey only drinks water when there is fever in his system, for this reason watermelons should be given as often as possible. Nature never meant milk for monkeys. It turns to casein in the animal's stomach. The worms which leap to life from this and lactic acid are ravenous. The monkey mopes, becomes emaciated,



OWEN'S APTERYX.

has a racking cough and eventually succumbs to the effects of the "climate."

Doubtless the superintendent and the keepers of the monkeys know as well as I that the present system of feeding is all wrong, but the needed reform cannot come from them. It must come from the top, from the gentlemen who make up and control the Park Department. They are the ones to take the matter in hand, and to extend to the monkey the same generous treatment which makes Central Park's collection of lions and tigers the finest in the country. Fed as I have suggested, the much maligned monkey would soon cease to be an olfactory offense, and a pretty penny would be saved to the treasury.

I have said that monkeys hate filth; I should have added that they love a bath and are champion swimmers. The Javanese monkeys in particular take to the water like fishes. They dive, strike out, float on their



MANTELL'S APTERYX.

backs, swim under water with wide open eyes, and put man's aquatic exploits to shame. Notwithstanding this, I do not think that there is in all the world a zoo which provides a swimming place for its monkeys.

If Mr. William T. Hornaday, under whose humane and scientific supervision the animals are to be cared for in the new Bronx Park zoo, would see to it that in addition to the other comforts of the monkey houses, wherein he promises that "the monkeys shall look finer, be happier, and live longer than in any other zoological garden in the world," a bath should be built, not only would the visitors be provided with prodigious sport, but the monkeys would be living verifications of his own words.

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

JULY 23.

An "Unnoted Trait" of the Robin.

ANOTHER peculiar trait of the robin, unnoted except by so keen an observer of bird ways as Maurice Thompson, is that, with all its friendly and confiding relations with the human family during the time of nesting and rearing its young, in the fall of the year it becomes a wild bird, betaking itself largely to the woods and even the secluded parts of the mountains, at this season showing little disposition to be on familiar terms with man, giving a note of alarm and flying high and swiftly when surprised at his approach.—New York Tribune.

Nonsense. The robin's autumn wildness has been familiar to mankind for generations; when Mr. Thompson noted it he noted only what his grandfather and his great-grandfather had noted before him.

An Amiable Lynx.

GARDINER, Mont., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With this I send four films, pictures of a lynx and dog that are great friends. They play for hours every morning. They interested me so much that I took my camera up there for a few shots. I arrived there after they had been playing for an hour. They are the property of Geo. Mack, the town barber, shoemaker, taxidermist, hunter and picker, but not an "old-timer." The dog is a water spaniel about a year old; the cat Tom is about the same age and was captured while very young.

The first picture taken was of the lynx alone, when it was watching a tame kitten in a very friendly way. Soon after the dog was told to "shake up Tom!" but Tom did most of the shaking. They would roll and tumble around, get hold of each other's necks and ears, and once in a while hurt a little, by the yelps and growls. Tom's favorite hold was the back of Fan's neck. Fan played the usual dog fashion, turning her rump to Tom when she was getting the worst of it. A strange dog came up while they were playing. Tom was on his back; he put both arms around the strange dog's neck in a very friendly way. The strange dog suddenly discovered what it was, and backed away very much astonished. You could not get him anywhere near the lynx after that, but the lynx was still friendly.

George feeds the lynx on woodchucks—rock chucks they call them here. Tom will toss one of the largest up in the air and play with it as a kitten does with a ball, while lying on his back. Tom is quite friendly with most every one; but there are a few he gets very angry at the sight of, growling and spitting at them when they come near. He recognizes his friends at sight.

This is the first instance I ever saw of a lynx being friendly with any other animal. I have never before heard of anything of the kind.

I had considerable trouble getting the pictures, as everyone who saw me at work wanted to "stand 'round." This attracted the attention of the cat and even the dog played in a half-hearted way, not as they would in the cool of the morning or evening, when it was not quite light enough for snap shots.

Later.—The cat escaped the next morning after I took the pictures. I was up there with my camera by sunrise. Tom had just gotten away with quite a long chain attached to him, and soon the whole town was looking after him; and though seen a few times, he soon disappeared in the sage brush. He visited town for several nights, but lately no one has any trace of him. It's feared Tom has gotten his chain fastened in some brush or tree and so has met a miserable fate. I'm sorry Tom escaped, as I was very much interested in him and wished to get all the pictures of his friendly antics with the dog possible.

E. HOFER.

[We regret that only one of the photographs sent by Mr. Hofer can be reproduced.]

Some Animal Pets.—I.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—In the number of the FOREST AND STREAM of July 9 I noticed and was immediately interested in the "Story of a Coon" by Mr. Stark. Having a prevailing weakness for all animal pets, and having indulged it to a great extent, I am always interested and attracted by such experiences of the contributors of FOREST AND STREAM, and especially anything on coons, for I profess to be what is called a coon sharp. I have had all sorts and kinds of animal pets, but never one that gave so much amusement as a coon.

As with Mr. Stark's coon, my Zip came to me when young. He was old enough to drink milk, and soon became very tame. He would go scampering all over the house, and with an insatiate curiosity into everything, sniffing and patting it with his paws. The moment I sat down to read he would jump up in my lap and go through every pocket, taking everything out, including my watch, which puzzled him. He would hold it to his ear, take it down and try to get into it; finally tiring himself out, he would curl up in my lap and go to sleep, only to awake and go through the same rigmarole again.

As he grew older he developed a disposition to keep unseemly hours. Neighbors complained of the loss of chickens. Suspicion fell on Zip, and when interrogated he would assume a look of such guileless innocence that one would declare he understood perfectly. But as Zip could not prove an alibi he was secured at the end of a long light chain. The first time it brought him up he seemed surprised, but exhibited no irritation nor discontent; in fact, he was what Artemus Ward would have designated "a cheerful little cuss" under all circumstances. He was chained to a post of the piazza, and a raisin box was nailed near the top, in which he slept. He finally got so fat that the box was too tight a fit to enable him to curl up, so he would lie flat on his back with his head and feet hanging over, and seemed to enjoy it. Nothing interested him more than when we would put a raisin in a bottle and give it to him to play with. He would poke his nose in the mouth of it, then try his paw; then would squint through the neck at the raisin, then roll it, then try again; and so he would work at it for hours, until getting tired he would climb up to his box, take a nap, come down and go at it again. I have given it to him after breakfast and found him still at it when I came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. As a reward for his perseverance I generally brought him a few raisins or figs, of which he was very fond.

He always did just as Mr. Stark tells us his coon did, putting everything given him in the way of food into his pan of water, and patting it with his forepaws until he had made thick soup of it before eating.

Zip had an antipathy to big dogs. Little ones he would play with. When a big one came on to the piazza he would scramble up to his box and not come down until the dog left. He had great curiosity when visitors came, would go the length of his chain, which allowed him to stand on his hindlegs on the door sill and peer in, the door being always open in the mild climate of Texas. One day a visitor in backing out of the room, not seeing Zip, set his foot rather heavily on his paw. Zip resented by grabbing the gentleman by the seat of his

trousers, flesh included, much to the gentleman's astonishment and a loss of cloth.

One night Zip slipped his collar and raided a neighbor's chicken roost. Hearing trouble in his chicken department, the proprietor slipped out with his gun, and seeing by the moonlight some kind of an animal he let drive, and on picking it up it proved to be old Zip with a chicken in his mouth, conclusive evidence of guilt not to be gainsaid.

Assuming that more or less of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are interested in the habits of animals, I will devote my next chapter to my experience in domestic pets, especially bears, armadillos, peccaries, Mexican leopards, wildcats, etc. During a residence of two years in Texas I had them all; in fact, had a private menagerie, much to the wonderment and disgust of my only two or three neighbors, who were far less companionable and interesting than coons and armadillos, and not greatly their superiors in intelligence. PODGERS.

Another Florida Pet.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading Mrs. Moore-Wilson's sketch of her cranes in FOREST AND STREAM, I thought you might be interested in the story of another Florida pet, and so send you the inclosed photograph of a Florida pet bear resting contentedly in the arms of one of her friends. Jennie, for that is her name, was about a year old when the picture was taken, and had never been confined in any way, but had been brought up in the companionship of the whole family, servants, dogs and all; and consequently developed into a fully domesticated bear. She played with the dogs, one of which, a setter named Flora, exercised quite a motherly care over her while she was a little cub; but she found a more congenial companion as she grew older in the pointer Norman, with whom she could play as long as she liked. She would climb in at the windows, and would often be found upstairs curled up on a bed.

If she were left alone she would cry for very lonesomeness. She would play with all the family, although sometimes inclined to be a little rough. Up to this time she had never left the house or yard, but after a while she began to wander around the neighborhood, returning always after a short call; but still as the neighbors did not always appreciate a friendly call from a bear her owner very reluctantly had to confine her.

The tameness of even crows when they are not disturbed is well shown just now by a flock, or family perhaps, of about a dozen who claim equal rights with ourselves to the figs in the yard, and their musical notes are heard quite early every morning as they are taking an early breakfast. When we go out in the yard they fly away, very much as an ordinary blackbird would, alighting in a higher tree in a neighboring yard, and after a while going about their usual avocations in the more distant woods, but returning regularly every morning for the ripe and delicate figs. The Florida crow has a more delicate and softer note than his Northern cousin, developed, I suppose, in the more balmy air.

Towser, the society dog, of whose habits I gave you some account last winter, has now joined himself to the Can't-Get-Away Club and goes on the train every day to the South Beach, sometimes spending the night there, but generally returning to the city, where he can meet his very numerous friends and acquaintances.

W.

Nature's Compass Signs.

A correspondent writes: I believe that the several points Mr. Dearborn mentions to guide one, as trees having more limbs on the south side, and more moss on the north side; gum being softer on south side, tops of cedar and hemlock pointing toward the south, hearts of trees being nearest north side, etc., have no more existence in fact than the widely believed condition of the goose bone, feathers on partridges' legs, thickness of corn husks and hornets' nests, and muskrats' houses, have to do with the weather. They exist only in imagination. In over fifty years' traveling the woods in company with some of the best men (both Indians of several tribes and white men) who ever trod our Maine woods I have yet to see any man who ever received the least assistance from any of the sources he mentions. Trees, as a rule, do not branch more to the south. Spruce and fir, whether crowded or in open spaces, branch nearly equally on all sides; pine and hemlock and all hard woods branch most toward the nearest open space; being crowded on one side they reach out toward the room offered on the other.

Trees moss up sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, sometimes all round, according to the slope or the exposure. One might hunt a week in the woods to find a tree with gum on both sides, unless some tree on a spotted line, as the gum exudes from cracks or wounds, and trees very seldom are cracked on both sides; and if any tree were cracked on both sides, in cold weather the gum would all be frozen so hard no one could tell.

I have had many thousands of both cedar and hemlock trees cut, and can say positively that neither have tops pointing in any given direction; usually they point straight up. I have had more than 10,000 cords of wood cut, and the heart is in the center, except in cases when trees, especially pine, grow with the south side exposed to the sun on the edge of an open space.

The whole thing is theory, with no facts, but if all stated were true, it would not help a man any if he were in doubt as to his course in either a rain or snowstorm, which are the only cases in which a real woodsman needs any help, as in a thick snowstorm or rain one cannot see which sides are most mossed, or which way tree tops point. All the men I ever traveled with either depended somewhat on a compass, or went by intuition; that is, they find their way just as an animal does. They carry the north point in their heads. I have been with excellent woodsmen who depended entirely on a compass, and equally good ones who never carried a compass. Most carry a compass, and on no account ever look at it unless it is very cloudy or storms, or is very dark. When very dark, they light a match and take a look just to see if they are varying much. I have traveled hours at a time when too dark to see a man 10ft., unless he were dressed in white. We never think of any of the things that article mentions, but we note carefully the course of all brooks and every high land, and the courses of the ridges, when we first travel a new country.

Some men are born woodsmen; some learn; many can never learn. Our guides tell me that not one man in ten they guide can go a mile straight back from a road and turn around and get back within half a mile of where



BAY LYNX.

Photo by Mr. E. Hofer.

he started, without a compass. A compass is usually of no use to a man who is lost, as he will not believe it.

Hermit says: I agree with Awahsoose, that moss on the north side of a tree is an uncertain method of finding the points of the compass. Mr. Dearborn's paper, if reliable, will cause me to learn a new system of woodcraft, and I should be unwilling to do that, for my woodcraft grew up with my life from boyhood. My father sold out a store in Oldtown, Me. (where he traded largely with the Indians), when I was four years of age, and practically moved into the wildness. My first lesson in woodcraft was a daily hunt for the cows with several country boys during the summer. The cows had the range of North America, and it was no small job to find them before milking time. Wolves and bears killed scores of sheep in Penobscot county, and deer were not



A FLORIDA GROUP.

plentiful until the wolves disappeared years later. My woodcraft received a stimulus from a hunter. He was not just right in his upper story, and was known as "Squire Thomas's fool," but William was no fool in the woods, and for ten years I worshipped his knowledge of woodcraft. He could tell one how not to get lost.

Forestry in America.

SOME people seem to argue as if there was an inherent weakness in our republican form of government that disqualified it from taking care of its forests. France and Switzerland are republican, yet they have no trouble in managing their forests so as to derive from them a continuous net income. Within its proper sphere a republic is as strong as any government. If a republic can carry a letter for a private citizen from Maine to California for two cents, it can take care of its forests. Let anybody meddle with the United States mails and they will see whether or not a republic has power! So there are opponents of forestry who talk as if science was something this country has no need of. Forestry science, they say, will do for Germany, but not for America. But if such people had equipped our navy, Commodore Dewey could not have gained his splendid victory. It was because his ships were up to date in science that he could accomplish such a brilliant result. In those departments of our Government in which we are up to date in science we are the equal of any other country; and if we will apply science to forestry we will, not soon, but in due time, have as good a forestry system as any other country.—C. C. Andrews, Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota.

East African Mammals.

BY D. G. ELLIOT, F.R.S.E.

(*Continued from page* 86.)

BLACK-BACKED JACKAL (*Canis mesomelas*, Schreb). NATIVE NAME, *Dowdo.*

We did not meet with this species until we were south of the Golis Range, and from there, during the remainder of our journey, it was frequently encountered. Its habits are the same as those of the common jackal, but I don't remember ever to have seen the two species consorting together. It is a much handsomer animal than its relative, the dark back contrasting finely with the color of the flanks. I have seen as many as four together in the early morning trotting along, evidently returning to their dens after a night's foray, but as a rule, like the preceding species, they are solitary in their habits, and it is not often that more than one is met with at a time. The peculiar markings of this jackal make it very conspicuous, and it was not difficult to distinguish the species even when at some distance away. The two forms inhabit similar areas, and it was a very common occurrence to meet with both in the same locality. It might be reasonably supposed that hybrids might be produced from animals so closely related, living practically together, but I neither saw any myself nor heard of any having been seen by others. Like its relative, the present species has a wide distribution on the African continent, and is in no wise confined to Somali-land.

FOX (*Otocyon megalotis*, Demarest). NATIVE NAME, *Golo Waraba.*

This pretty species was first seen by me at Mandera, at the base of the Golis Range. It is, like all of its kindred, very shy and averse to exposing any part of its body to the gaze of man. I usually met with it when hunting the lesser koodoo, and would catch a glimpse of it as it stealthily crept along amid the aloes that covered the ground, stopping occasionally to look at me, but showing at such times merely a portion of its head over the thick clumps of long leaves. Of course, being after nobler game, I could not shoot it on such occasions, and many favorable opportunities for securing specimens of this species were thus lost. This fox is generally seen singly, rarely in pairs, but more than two I have never seen together. The very long and broad ears give this animal a peculiar appearance, and its short legs make it appear much smaller than it really is. Of course, although we saw this species frequently at times when we could not shoot it for fear of starting nobler game, we never could find it when especially hunting for it, and this accounts for my only bringing back a single specimen; and at one time indeed it seemed very likely that we would have to return without any examples at all. While by no means common it cannot be considered a very rare species in Somali-land, but its cunning disposition and secretive ways will always cause it to be a rather difficult animal to procure unless in traps.

Two Strange Birds.

As the collector of specimens, in whatever field, very commonly rates himself according to his proprietorship of some one which is unique, or of great rarity, so the possession of a living apteryx confers a sort of distinction upon a zoological collection; although it must be confessed that any advantage derived therefrom lies chiefly in pride of ownership, for so far as the instruction of the visiting public is concerned all that is open to them is the spectacle of a mysteriously empty cage, bearing a suitably descriptive label upon its front. This by reason of the nocturnal habit of these strange birds, which is so incurably fixed that during the two months' occupancy of a cage in the gardens, by two individuals of different species, all that has been seen of them has been a flitting glimpse during the dark hours of night, excepting on the occasion when they were forcibly taken out of their burrow of straw and brush just long enough to be photographed by R. D. Carson, of the Zoological Society.

The classification of birds is still somewhat kaleidoscopic in character, but as we "catch the transient hour," the apteryx, or kiwis, constitute the last order *Apteryges* of the subclass *Ratitae*, which includes all the other terrestrial wingless birds, such as ostriches, emus and cassowaries. In these birds, without power of flight, the sternum is flat like a raft (Latin *ratis*), in opposition to all other birds; the *Carinatae*, in which, having developed wings, the action of the great pectoral muscles in flight or in swimming has pulled out the sternum, so to speak, in its central anterior line into a high ridge or keel like that in the bottom of a vessel (Latin *carina*).

The five or six known species of kiwi are confined to New Zealand; that strange land, almost without native mammals, but which has produced nearly as many struthious birds as all the rest of the world, from the gigantic *Dinornis*, but lately extinct, down to the little apteryx, smallest of the group, which is now becoming so rare that it is obviously following in the path of its larger relative. They are said to inhabit moist or swampy localities, thickly grown over with ferns, making a nest either in hollow trees, crevices among rocks, or sometimes excavating for themselves in the ground. In such soil they find plenty of insects and worms, which form the greater portion of their food supply, and these they probe for in the soft ground with the long, slender bill, after the same manner as the better known woodcock of our own climes.

In captivity, where a sufficient supply of worms is beyond possibility, they thrive fairly well on finely-chopped meat, a few earthworms being added by way of a course of sweets; but in the morning, after rain enough to moisten the ground, the bottom of their enclosure is seen to be covered with the punctures made by inserting the bill in the ceaseless search for a larger supply of their choice dainty.

The external appearance and attitudes of these birds, as is shown by the photographs, may be said to be truly grotesque, to which an element of the unreal or uncanny is added by their stealthy, noiseless and shadowy

movements, amid the darkness which shrouds their hours of exercise and refreshment. I know of no other bird nor mammal so strictly and absolutely nocturnal as these kiwis. Most owls are sometimes seen in full light of day, and even the bat comes out in twilight, but apteryx creeps forth only when twilight has faded into deep darkness, and retires again to his straw nest at the first suggestion of coming dawn; and when, on occasions, they are lifted out into the sunlight, some degree of force is required to control them, and the instant haste of their retreat when released has in it something indescribably ludicrous.

Of the two species represented by the pictures, *Apteryx mantelli* is the larger, being some 22 to 24in. in extreme length; the bill being about 5in. and the tarsus about 3in.; the color being in general a reddish brown. *Apteryx oweni* is smaller, not exceeding 14in. in length, and is grayish brown, banded and spotted with white. The former species inhabits the North Island of New Zealand, while *oweni* is known only from the eastern part of the South Island.

By no means least among the anomalies of these strange creatures is the fact that the unfortunate female —upon whom it would appear that some Pliocene foreshadowing of the curse of Genesis must have rested—is condemned to produce an egg weighing nearly one-fourth as much as herself and having one-fifth of her linear dimensions.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Philadelphia, July 11.

As to Grasshoppers.

DURING my sojourn in Nebraska twenty years ago I had the good fortune to witness a flight of grasshoppers, of which I had heard so much in the East, of their destructiveness and dreaded visitations. The ground, fences, trees, houses, in fact everything that had an outside, was in a manner covered with them.

It was interesting, if not amusing, to see them like flakes of snow rising before pedestrians in Omaha. Wells were covered to keep them out, and along the shores of the Missouri millions of them were struggling and drowning. Their flight would begin about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue for perhaps six hours. What I want to call attention to is the great distance one can see these little marauders. That they can be seen a mile or more away I think I can clearly show. The miscroscopists tell us that of the largest spider's thread it would take 10,000 to make the size of a human hair. The reader, as well as I, has doubtless seen a spider's thread floating high in the air 100yds. away, when it was in such a position as to reflect the sun's rays to the eye. I have seen a spider's thread floating from a telegraph pole 120 paces distant. I suppose I could have seen it much further than that. The thread was clean, no dew nor dust on it. The wings of the grasshopper will reflect many thousand times the number of rays that a spider's thread will. During a flight of hoppers not one could be seen in looking away from the sun, which showed that they were pretty high. But when I looked toward the sun, myriads of them were revealed. The insects darting around the electric lights give some idea of the appearance of the hoppers between one and the sun. The lower stratum seemed to be hundreds of yards high, through which were seen far beyond the glistening wings of the migrating hosts, more than a mile distant. It was an interesting sight. Perhaps the hopper himself was not distinguishable, but the light from his wings was seen, and in common parlance I saw a grasshopper one full mile away.

N. D. ELTING.

Game Bag and Gun.

Bluish-Greenish Gray.

FROM 100 to 200ft. across, covered with small mesquite, cacti and loose stones of volcanic origin, the draw lies before us. On either hand rise steep hills, gray, lifeless and barren, except for the same mesquite, cacti and stone. Not a drop of water is in sight, and the late fall sun is beating fiercely down from a cloudless sky, as it always does in this country 300 out of the 365 days in the year. Gray is the prevailing tone; the stones are gray, the mesquite likewise, and even the cacti are more gray than green. Now that we note closely, the sky itself is of a grayish blue shade that seems to be but a reflection of this draw. Yet we know from experience that the game we have come for, the little Mexican or blue quail, makes its home in just such places as this.

We have no dogs with us, for dogs are useless on this game, as the birds rarely lie to cover, and they would soon be incapacitated from lack of water, so they have been left at home.

Something is moving about the foot of that larger mesquite bush—yes, it's a quail; in fact, there are several of them, and as we rapidly approach they resolve into a bunch of some thirty or thirty-five, excitedly moving about close together. Now in hunting the Mexican quail it is necessary to do some running, as will develop later on. We may just as well make a beginning now, so strike a dog-trot with me and let's see how close we can get to them before they take to the air. Here we are at 40yds. The temptation to take a pot-shot at the bunch is strong, but that is not our style—there they go now, and at the crack of the guns three birds fall out, while the rest scatter out over the draw head of us. No dogs to retrieve for us, so we seek dead ourselves. There is no trouble in finding the first bird, but what has become of that second bird of yours? You saw him drop just about there, but he does not seem to be in sight now, and you have looked carefully around that spot for half a minute, and he ought to be right there—and so he is; you have had your eye on him a half-dozen times, but his colors blended so harmoniously with the soil and stone—bluish-greenish gray—that you overlooked him. This is not the last time you will experience difficulty in finding the dead birds.

Let's see what sort of birds we have shot. They are somewhat different from our old friend Bob White. About the same size, you would say, but that is because you have been shooting in the North. Color is not near so brown as Bob; in fact, almost the only brown about them is of a rusty shade, marking the edges of the back feathers and those of the head, the latter mounted by a well defined crest, whose feathers are from ¾ to 1in. long. The wings have a light brown cast to them; the body appears to be more of a bluish gray than anything else. They are rather pretty little birds nevertheless, and have bright black eyes.

But our cursory glance at the birds has given the bunch time to get some distance ahead of us, and if we expect to see them again we must get a move on. A hundred-yard dash at a good clip, and we are among them again. Now comes our best shooting. As several get up before us we single our birds and bring them to grass in good style. Hastily gathering dead, we do some sprinting worthy of a professional, for we know that the birds will not settle down at the end of their flight, but keep going, doing a little sprinting on their own account, and if you do not think they are good at it, just follow us while we let out another notch. It is not a short run this time, as the birds are keeping ahead of us and we must cover 300yds. before getting within range. But we see our birds ahead scooting in and out among the mesquite bushes and cacti, and as one, hard pressed, takes to the air, I get a fine single on him, and at the report the others are alarmed and get up, scattering in front. A crack or two and they are all out of sight again, scattering badly, while many have taken to the steep sides of the gray hills.

Not much chance of getting more good shots, but we proceed leisurely ahead, keeping a sharp lookout for stragglers. There seem to be none left, but there ought to be at least one—whir-r-r-r-r! Right behind us too; almost stepped on him; the little cuss must have been hidden behind the broad leaf of that cactus or that prickly pear; but if we want him it is time to pull down on him, as he is fast getting away. Hardly know where to look for the next one, but we'll keep good lookout for a stray. Ah, there's one, just out of range! Now comes the tug of war, for we must see who is the better runner. No telling when we can put him up, as he will try to keep just so far ahead, we might as well take it easy at first and let out gradually as we go. How the little fellow runs, dodging in and out among obstructions, and all the time keeping an eye on his pursuer. Guess he must have been deceived by our gait, for we are gaining on him; yes, are almost within gunshot; but it will be necessary to let loose some more steam if we expect to get near enough for a shot, and we let out another notch. That last 100yds. must have been done pretty lively, as we have gained on him considerably, and he is in fair range, if he only would get into the air, but—what! a four foot, thorny mesquite right in front! We can't stop and go around; 'twould cost too much time; only one thing to do: Take it like any other hurdle, thorns and all. As we land on the other side the extra maneuver seems to have frightened the little chap, and with a sudden bound he is in the air and nearly out of range. No time to stop, so as we soar over an ugly spiked cactus a snap shot is taken, with the result of a clean kill, and the satisfaction of that last shot more than pays for the exertion of a quarter-mile run in the hot, dry, thin air, after one poor lone little blue quail.

Such about is blue quail hunting in New Mexico; and each succeeding covey started would be but a repetition of the story of description. I know of no other bird in the hunting of which the peculiar attributes of the sprinter are needed so much as in the chase of the Mexican or blue quail, for it is more of a chase than a hunt. I think I would recommend, as an outfit for the quail hunter in this country, as fitting and almost necessary, a pair of spiked runner's shoes, bicycle cap, and for nether garments 18in. armor plate guaranteed to resist penetration by mesquite thorns and cactus spikes. And above all a record as a sprinter of 10 1-5 seconds for 100yds.—

E. A. HERSPERGER, C. E.

EDDY, New Mexico.

Indian Mode of Hunting.

II.—Lynx.

SNARING is the principal way in which the lynxes are killed by the North American Indians. After a heavy fall of snow, however, if an Indian crosses a fresh lynx track, he immediately gives chase, even if he has only his belt axe.

The hunter only follows very fresh tracks, and in a short time comes up with the big cat. As soon as the animal knows it is pursued, it either climbs a tree or crouches under some thick shrub. If the hunter finds it up a tree, he sets to work at once to cut down the tree (that is if he has no gun). As soon as the tree totters he makes his way in the direction which it is to fall. The lynx clings to the tree until near the ground, and then springs clear. While he is floundering in the snow, the Indian bravely runs in and knocks him with his axe. Of course, if he has his gun, he simply shoots the cat and it tumbles dead to the foot of the tree. The feat of running down a lynx and shooting him with a bow and arrow is what all Indian youths aim to accomplish; they are then considered hunters.

Lynxes are always found in greatest numbers where their natural food supply is most plentiful. They feed usually on rabbits and partridges, and these are to be found in young growth of such trees as pitch pine, birch and poplar.

The Indian also, when he is dependent on rabbits, lives on the border of such a country, and has long lines of snares which he visits two or three times a week. Along this snare road at certain distances he has his lynx snares, which are nothing different from those set for rabbits, except being much larger. Yes, there is another difference: Instead of the snare being tied to a tossing pole, it is simply tied to a stout birch stick, 3 or 4ft. long by about 2in. in diameter. The extreme ends of this are lodged on two forked sticks, and the snare hanging down in the middle is then set, tied to small dry twigs on each side to keep it in position.

At the back of the snare, at about 2 or 3ft., the head and stuffed skin of a rabbit is fixed under some brush. The skin is filled with moss, or pine brush, and is fixed so as to look as much as possible like a live rabbit in its form. The head being to the skin gives it the natural shape and smell, and the lynx, walking leisurely along the snowshoe track, notices the game and makes a spring for it through the snare. In his headlong bound he carries snare and cross stick along with him, and as soon as he feels the cord tightening about his neck he not infrequently becomes his own executioner by getting his forefeet on the stick and pulling backwards as hard as he can. The more he struggles, the madder he gets, and pulls the harder to free himself, but this is, on the contrary, only making matters worse. The loop of the noose gets matted into the soft, thick hair of the throat, and there is no "slack" after that; in a few moments the great cat is dead.

Sometimes the lynx carries the cross stick in his mouth and climbs a tree. This is invariably the last tree he ever climbs, because once up the tree he lets the stick drop and it hangs down, generally on the opposite side of the limb from that on which the lynx is. As the cat goes down the tree on one side, the cross stick goes up toward the limb on the other and gets fixed in the crotch. As soon as the cord tightens about his neck he tries the harder to get down, and is consequently hanging himself.

Lynxes are very stupid. They will even put their foot into an open and exposed steel trap; and the better-off Indians often use small No. 1 traps instead of snares. This, however, is only done latterly, and by the very well-off Indians. As a rule Indians only have traps for beaver, otter, fox and bear.

Lynxes are very rarely seen in summer, keeping close to the thickest bush. In any case, the skin is then of no value, and they are far from being "a thing of beauty," with nothing but a bare skin.

In the prime state they are largely used on the continent as linings, and each skin is worth about $4.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Stocking with Game Birds.

SHELDON, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Blessed be the FOREST AND STREAM; for besides being brimful with the best of information and entertainment, it oftentimes saves us both time and postage by enabling us by one letter to answer a full score of correspondents. I am constantly receiving letters from correspondents in all sections of the country making inquiries about the most desirable game birds to import into their respective localities. During my absence for a few weeks this class of letters has accumulated to such a number that it prompts me to give a brief reply through your columns, and if any of those interested fail to read their answer, their punishment is just and deserved. Moral—Read the FOREST AND STREAM.

The most desirable game birds to import into our country may be divided into two general classes, seed eaters and bud eaters, not migratory, but local in their habits. The seed eaters are most suitable for the range of country occupied by the Virginia quail, the Southern and Middle States, where the snow does not fall to a sufficient depth to cover the seed-bearing vegetation. We would recommend the various varieties of pheasants and the pinnated grouse. The Mongolian pheasant would be the best bird for the Middle States. If turned out in lots of sav five or six hens and one cock, and thoroughly protected for several years—then with an open season say from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, and a restriction of shooting to only between sunrise and sunset, also the number of birds to four or five to each gun during the first week of the open season—these birds would become abundant even in the vicinity of the larger towns and cities.

The bud eaters are the ones adapted for our Northern States—the home of our noble ruffed grouse. In the heavily wooded districts the most desirable bud-eating game birds are the capercailzie and black cock. When ordering these birds, give special instructions that they must be delivered unmutilated—not with clipped tail and wings. For the farming districts the sharp-tail grouse would live and propagate if they could get thorough protection against the pot shooter. Early in the season they are easily potted while sitting on the fences; and during the colder months we have seen them budding in the orchards within a few yards from the highway where teams were passing every few minutes.

We have released here in northern Vermont both West Virginia quail and Mongolian pheasants. The quail, when in parts of the country where there is sumac, have lived through our winters without assistance; that is every winter until last winter, when the extremely wet season during the preceding summer prevented the sumac seeds from developing, and we believe that most of the quail perished from lack of food.

Our experience with the Mongolians during the past winter was not a pleasing one, as every bird released was lost, with the single exception of a hen that was picked up in the highway with one wing nearly severed from its body, caused by flying against a barb wire fence. This bird is now in the aviary, sitting on a full nest of eggs. After the winter snows came the released pheasants would on pleasant days come in around the buildings for food. They disappeared during every storm, and after the storm had passed by would reappear in a nearly famished condition. At last, during a long continued storm, they made a final disappearance, and in the spring their feathered skeletons were found about the fence corners, where they had skulked, starved and frozen. The birds in the pens, where they had regular feed and water, were during the most severe weather—when it was 30° below zero—bright and lively.

Without doubt there are other Asiatic game birds that would be desirable to introduce into some sections of our country, but as we have not had any experience with them we cannot speak with authority on the matter. In States like Vermont, where our Game Commissioners have the power to appoint one or more wardens in each town, they could, with but little expense, lease large tracts of land from the farmers for game preserves, where both imported and native game could breed and rear their young unmolested. In fact, in many localities this is the only way that our game can be saved from total extermination. The breeding grounds are constantly being encroached on, and the game during the open season is more and more persistently

hunted by the owners of the tens of thousands of new breech-loading guns that are being scattered broadcast through the country every year. With these facts before us, it is the duty of every fish and game association to use their influence in assisting the wardens to secure in every town sections of land for game preserves where no shooting unless that of fox hunting shall be allowed at any season of the year, and there should be no delay in this matter, for a thing that is worth doing and is of such vital importance should be done at once.

N. P. LEACH.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Plans and Problems at the Yellowstone Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—I am in receipt of another interesting budget of information from a gentleman who is thoroughly posted on matters at the Yellowstone Park, and who comes to the FOREST AND STREAM in order to make known to the public the condition of things in that interesting locality, remembering that no other paper has taken the same intelligent interest in park matters that has been given by the FOREST AND STREAM. On the whole the report is favorable. The elk and deer are in good condition, the antelope have not suffered so much during the past winter as in the winters before, and even the buffalo, few as they now are, seem to be more numerous than was supposed. The writer of these notes sets forth some of the features of the great problem of summer and winter protection in the park, and it is gratifying to learn that progress is making, albeit a gradual progress, in overcoming some of the difficulties which have always existed. The inadequacy of the available number of scouts is best known by those army officers who have in turn fulfilled the somewhat thankless duties of superintending the park, or by those of the public who have gained some idea of the immensity of the country to be policed. The correspondent who is so good as to submit these notes goes on to say:

"Capt. James B. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, has been detailed as superintendent of the park, relieving Lt. Cress.

"Capt. Erwin is very energetic, and is taking hold of park affairs hard. He is especially interested in the protection of the game, and is giving this subject the large amount of his attention which it deserves. The appropriation of $40,000 for the improvement and protection of the park is now available, and Capt. Erwin's plans include the permanent employment of one more scout, and the setting aside of a sufficient sum for the employment of special scouts and detectives when needed. He also proposes to cut out and reblaze all the old trails in the park and some new ones, making an aggregate of some 400 miles. This will greatly facilitate communication between the different parts of the park and the protection of the game.

"It is also planned to build four new summer stations for the shelter of detachments of troops engaged in guarding the park in summer, and twenty small cabins for the shelter of scouting parties traveling on skis in winter.

"This snowshoe work has always been so difficult and dangerous that it has not been thoroughly performed. In the spring of 1894 a soldier perished and his remains were not found for fifteen months. Last December a soldier was frozen to death, and another one had a closer call than many men live to tell of, while cases of frozen feet, etc., are of frequent occurrence.

"To travel on skis all day, packing one's food, axe, pistol, etc., on his back, and to sit around a fire in a snowhole all night, catching a few moments of sleep now and then, is a hardship which cannot be expected nor obtained from men many times in a month.

"Last fall General Young had thirteen cabins fixed up and supplied with an axe, shovel, frying pan and coffee pot, and two comfortables each. Each one was also stocked with a small amount of bacon, hard bread and coffee. These cabins were of the greatest assistance last winter, but some of them were old and poorly constructed, nearly all were too small to comfortably shelter more than two men, and most of them had fireplaces built of green logs, which soon burned out. They served, however, to show the necessity of a series of comfortable shelters, and if Capt. Erwin is allowed to carry out his plans, every square mile of the park which is inhabited by game or fur animals can be watched and guarded next winter by snowshoe parties, who will not have to sit around a fire and chop wood all night to keep from freezing to death.

The Park Game.

"Few people realize how rapidly the question of game protection in the park is increasing in importance and in difficulty. The surrounding country is being rapidly settled up, and the number of Eastern sportsmen who come to the vicinity of the park to hunt is increasing each year. The inevitable result is that the game outside of the park is decreasing in numbers. The better the game in the park is protected, the more numerous does it become, and the more does it lose its fear of man, thus becoming an easier prey to poachers. So the service of protection is like a growing colt, the more you feed him the more he needs, and he would probably be stunted in his growth were it not for the fact that he is constantly increasing in value, and therefore it pays to feed him well. I know a hundred men, and many of them not old men either, who have seen countless herds of buffalo on these Western plains. If one had told these men twenty years ago that in 1898 the American bison would be practically extinct, he would have been regarded much as Professor Totten is now. Therefore, I will not ask FOREST AND STREAM to publish my prediction that in 1918 a pair of elk horns such as we build fences of now will be worth $100.

"All the game in the park seems to be doing well. The elk and deer wintered better than usual, owing to the very mild winter, and the crop of young is very large. A scout reported last week that in one band of 300 elk cows there were 250 calves. Several cows have been seen followed by two calves.

"The loss of antelope last winter is estimated as not over five per cent. More moose have been located than ever before. There is no reason to think that any buffalo have been taken by poachers in the last year, or that the herds have been disturbed in any way. The main bunch was carefully observed this month by Morrison, the regular scout, who reports about thirty in the bunch, but could find no calves nor any sign of calves with the herd. I am unable to account for this, as there were several yearlings, showing that they bred last year. Besides this bunch there are probably fifteen or twenty more buffalo in the park, ranging in several small bands.

"The fishing, notwithstanding the large numbers taken last year, is better than ever before. A 3lb. brook trout has been taken from Grizzly Lake, and Dr. Wheaton, of St. Paul, took a rainbow trout from the Madison River which weighed 4¾lbs., and measured 23in. The usual big catches of mountain and brown trout are reported from the Firehole River, and lake trout as big as pack mules are seen in Shoshone Lake.

"Bears are very numerous around all the hotels, and they furnish much amusement to the tourists. All the beaver colonies are thriving and are spreading out, and building new dams and houses.

"A new entrance to the park has been opened up by the Monida and Yellowstone stage line, which is now operating a daily line of first-class Concord stages from Monida, Mont., on the Oregon Short Line, into and through the park. Their equipment is unexcelled in the world, and they reach the Fountain Hotel at noon on the second day. The first night is spent at Grayling Inn, in the Madison Basin, where the grayling fishing is probably the best in the United States. This new route is being well patronized, and will doubtless gain in popularity as its attractions become known.

"DELAWARE."

Colorado Game.

Game Warden Swan, of Colorado, is anticipating more trouble from the Utes this fall. It is stated that these Indians are making plans for another trip into the neighborhood of Lily Park this coming fall, and that they are very much disposed to make trouble in revenge for the killing of their people last year. Warden Swan has asked for United States troops to be despatched to the vicinity of the earlier troubles, hoping the presence of the Long Knives will overawe the belligerents. I was talking with a gentleman the other day who had some information about the state of affairs in the part of the Colorado country which is most visited by the Utes, and I am disposed to think that as between the Indians and the white game poachers there would be few stones cast if the guiltless had to begin the throwing. It seems much a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. The Indian says, "I saw it first," and the white man says, "I am going to have it myself." As there are rather more white men than Indians, the result is foregone, and about all we can ask it that the white ranch folks who go as deputies and protectors will try to give their red brethren a fair deal when the scrap takes place.

Colorado Licensed Guides.

It is somewhat curious to note that in his annual report to the Governor of Colorado, Game Warden Swan will take the position of recommending for Colorado the Maine idea of licensed guides, these to be commissioned as special wardens. Warden Swan points out the large number of licensed guides in Maine, and hopes for a similar state of affairs in the State of Colorado. He estimates that last year the sum of $15,000,000 was spent in the State of Colorado by hunters and fishermen.

These facts and figures are somewhat startling. The State of Maine is an old, old part of the Union, and it is advertised as the great sporting ground of the East. The system of licensed guides may be only a legitimate part of the development of the business system which has governed the sporting resources of that State for some years. This is no doubt very well. It is necessity. Without such careful system the sporting resources themselves would have been destroyed. In the West, however, it has long been our boast that things were different. We have been proud of the fact that we had a region where a man could get lost if he wanted to, and where perhaps he could not get a guide if he cared to do so. We have felt that wild sport meant wild country, country uncharted and untabulated, country which had its own secrets and its own ways. It is this sort of country which really appeals to the man who has a hunter's instinct of getting away from business places and business methods. It is the desire, I take it, of the real sportsman to prefer, other things being equal, a wild country to a well-known one. The bag of grouse killed on a preserve has not the same value as the bag killed in a region where fences are unknown. The deer killed under the tutelage of a licensed guide will never have the same value as that killed by the sportsman himself in a country which he discovers for himself, and which he loves because he fancies it for the time his own.

Yet the days have passed by in the West as in the East. They have changed and we have changed with them. The West must some day come to the ways of the East. Some day we must hunt our elk in Colorado or Wyoming as they do the stag in Scotland. The wild lands and the wild animals of the West have all too soon come to the day when they need protection. There is no wish to criticize the position of Commissioner Swan in his recommendation of licensed guides. On the contrary, it is true that perhaps the time has come for such appurtenances. But such a time is a sad one in the history of that West which once was wild.

Typhoid Moose.

They have a singular complaint this summer out at Hibbing, Minn., a sort of fever which the doctors describe as similar to typhoid fever, and which they ascribe to the general eating by the population of venison and moose meat in the hot weather. The medical profession of Minnesota is taking great interest in this matter, and I may also add that the Game and Fish Commission of the State is also evincing concern. I do not know whether the State health officer will do anything toward remedying the health of the good folk at Hibbing, but I believe that the State game warden will do rather more toward improving the general state both of health and of morals in that community. They seem to be long on poetic justice at Hibbing.

Sportsmen in Politics.

Mr. Mart. Whitcomb, of Minneapolis, Minn., an ex-president of the Minneapolis Gun Club, has received the nomination of one of the political parties for sheriff of his county. Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, some weeks ago received the nomination of one of the political parties for representative to Congress from his district. Mr. Organ is very well known in the sportsmanship of Chicago, as all readers of the sporting press may testify. He and Mr. Whitcomb were boys together long ago, and they still take annual shooting trips together. They may both be elected, for you can't tell what is going to happen these days.

The Sooner.

The Gun Club of Aberdeen, South Dakota, has this summer been doing its best to stop the violations of the prairie chicken law. On July 23 action of the club resulted in the arrest of L. A. Gregory, who paid $20 for the privilege of shooting illegal prairie chickens.

I imagine that the American citizen is the most independent being on the face of the earth, as he has every right to be; and I imagine also that one of the dearest rights of the American citizen, especially of the West, has always been to shoot prairie chickens whenever he blame pleased. It will take legislation by Congress and a million United States marshals to shake the American citizen out of his belief in this divine right. That is to say, the American citizen of a certain class, which is by no means the highest class of our humanity.

Duck Island Club.

Duck Island Club, of Illinois, held its semi-annual meeting at Peoria, July 26, and transacted business connected with the preparation of the shooting grounds along the Illinois River for the coming shooting season, which will soon be at hand. This is one of the strong shooting clubs of the State.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

BOSTON, July 30.—Shore bird shooting has not yet been much of a success along the Massachusetts coast. Since the open season begun, July 15, some of the local gunners have spent some time along the beaches, but with indifferent success. So far only a few peep have been obtained. Summer yellowlegs have not yet put in a general appearance, though expected shortly. L. W. de Pass has been out once or twice off Scituate, but he reports the birds scarce. Essex county gunners have done but little yet. The weather has been decidedly wet and hot, and gunning, if done at all, has been done under difficulties. Two young men came up from the north shore this morning. They had been down for several days. The fog, rain and general volume of humidity had driven them home. They got very few birds indeed; try the same location later.

Reports are conflicting concerning partridges in Maine. Generally close observers claim that such birds are positively scarce. They did not stand the severe winter well. Fishermen and others, who have had occasion to be in the woods a good deal this spring and summer, say that they have seen very few partridges and still fewer broods. On the other hand some of the papers—those that always boom fishing and shooting in that State, if they say anything at all—claim that the "woods are full of young partridges." A gentleman in the habit of traveling in Androscoggin and Oxford counties a good deal each year, and an observer of fish and game from pure interest in it, says that he has never seen fewer partridges than this season thus far. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners are actually fearful of the utter extermination of that noble game bird. More restrictive legislation will doubtless be proposed at the session of the Legislature this winter.

SPECIAL.

Forest Preserve Officials.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The following were to-day appointed by the Secretary of the Interior as forest superintendents at $2,000 a year: J. Blatchford Collins, of Miles City, Mont.; Cameron W. Garbutt, of Sheridan, Wyo.; James Glending, of Salt Lake City, Utah; George L. Robb, of Iowa; Eugene B. Hyde, of Spokane, Wash., and John D. Benedict, of Danville, Ill.

The following were appointed forest superintendents at $5 a day: J. B. Wilhoyt, of Grayson, Ky.; John B. Webber, of Osage City, Kan.; W. H. Odom, of McFarlan, N. C.; W. C. Bartlett, of California; Charles Deloney, of Evanston, Wyo.; N. Langell, of Jacksonville, Ore.; Warren D. Robbins, of Grangeville, Idaho, and W. H. Durfur, of Oregon.

The following were appointed forest rangers at $50 a month: Levi R. Davis, of Rotchford, S. D.; Sidney Scott, of Eugene, Ore.; M. D. Markham, of Forest Grove, Ore.; Max Schulpius, of Oregon City, Ore.; Z. A. Davis, of Eugene, Ore.; Alfred A. Dula, of North Carolina; George Petriquin, of Roseburg, Ore.; Frank Allen, of California; Ben Huntington, of Oregon; William Isaac Lacey, of Independence, Ore.; Charles M. Paine, of California; Howard French, of Dome Lake, Wyo.; Peter Enders, of Shell, Wyo.; Roy J. Peck, of Buffalo, Wyo.; Glen C. Shepard, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Assistant special forest agents for the California national parks were appointed as follows: Archie C. Leonard, George Byde and Henry A. Skelton, of Wowona, Cal.; Joel J. Westfall, Charles T. Leidig and Arthur L. Thurman, of Yosemite, Cal.; Geo. G. Mackenzie, Thomas S. Carter, Darwin S. Lewis and David Lockton, of Raymond, Cal., and Joseph R. Borden, of Borden, Cal.

When deer were plentiful everywhere in the forests of New England, they were killed ruthlessly and sweepingly; but, as they grew scarce and their flesh and hides became higher-priced, laws were made for their protection. Massachusetts ordered, in 1698, that no deer be killed between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1. Other colonies had similar laws. Men called "deer-reeves," or "informers of deer," were appointed to see that these laws were enforced, to watch for signs of deer, and prosecute all unruly hunters.—New York Evening Post.

Sea and River Fishing.

Trout Flies and Trout Whims.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter caught me in the preliminaries of getting ready to go a-fishin' on our "annual" to the North Woods, and it has kept me so busy "figgerin' an' runnin' 'round" getting things together for a party of ten or a dozen for three or four weeks in the "bresh"—with only a short time in the shank of each evening to do it in—that I have had little time to think or write about the question of "dark flies on a light day," light flies on a dark day, or dark and light flies on dark and light days, as the case may be.

My experience in fly-fishing has been very limited, for the reason that nearly, if not all, the streams I have fished for trout have not been "fly" streams, owing to the brush and trees infesting and overhanging the banks, and I am not competent to express an opinion about the merits of dark flies on a light day or light flies on a dark day.

Speaking from personal experience, my favorite fly for a starter is the barnyard hackle—pale red preferable as to color—or the festive grasshopper, and when I have taken the first trout I make a fly of a ventral or anal fin, and never fail to get some trout with it, whether the day is dark or light.

I am aware that for this heresy the æsthetic angler of the Starbuck school (?) will read me out of the brotherhood (albeit they all sneak in the humble worm and the hopper when their "light-as-thistle-down" fly fails to bring a rise), but sentiment cuts no figure with me in trout fishing or any other fishing; I fish for the sport of it, pure and simple, in my way, and if I have to fool an old trout with a worm or a fin from one of his brethren by poking my rod through the overhanging bushes to reach him in his hiding place, I console myself with the thought that I am fishing for that trout, and not for sentiment or to court the criticism of some budding know-it-all fly-fisher, who claims it is unsportsmanlike to take a trout otherwise than with the fly. However, this is a digression from the question of dark or light flies.

Looking at it from a "hoss sense" view—claiming little experience in fishing with the fly—I would say that Bro. Van Cleef's position about dark flies is about my notion of it, and I am at liberty to quote the Colonel in support of it. The Colonel is an old fly-fisher from "'way back"; has fished the home of the big trout—the Nipigon River—several seasons, and ought to know whereof he talks.

He says: "The tastes of trout are more mystifying than the whims of women. (The Colonel is an old bachelor.) Sometimes they want one thing and sometimes another. Some dark days the trout will take a dark fly, like a brown hackle; some other dark days they will take a light fly, and some other days they will take neither dark nor light flies." (Mem.—This is the time to get in your work with the barnyard hackle, if you're not too æsthetic.)

"Other days when the sky is overcast they will take light flies a part of the time and dark flies some other part of the day. I have fished persistently with light-colored flies all the afternoon of a dark, lowery day, using a white-miller at the last, with no rises; then, as twilight came on, I put on a brown hackle and took trout after trout till it was too dark to see the fly or the rise of the fish. You can never tell what sort of a fly a trout will rise to till you try; but my opinion is that dark flies are as a rule more taking than light-colored ones, taking no account of the condition of the weather or the dark or bright aspect of the day.

"My experience is that trout are a mighty uncertain quantity, and that in fishing for them more depends on the humor or whim you find them in than on the deftness of the cast or the color of the fly used."

There is an opinion that is worth far more than mine, and I'm going to indorse it, for I have a heap of respect for the Colonel's judgment in matters pertaining to fishing. However, if I find a stream while we are in camp next month that I can "fly-fish" I will try both light and dark flies and note the result.

We leave here—the same old gang—on Saturday, July 30, over the C. H. & D. and Michigan Central for Detroit, where we take one of the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.'s steamers for Alpena, thence twelve miles by rail and thirteen miles by wagons to Hubbard Lake, where we had our camp in 1894. On that trip we took a good many bass that weighed up to 4 and 4½lbs., and we want to see if there are not some left of the same "heft" or over.

I intend spending a week on a stream that is said to be a fine trout stream, about eight or nine miles west of our camp, in the heart of the wilderness—I don't know whether it can be fished with a fly or not—and will likely drop the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a line to tell them of the luck of an old "trout crank," who believes there is as much "art" in fooling a trout with a fin from his mate as there is in buncoing him with a "bunch o' fool fe'thers."

KINGFISHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anent the discussion of the article of Mr. Van Cleef upon the use of dark and light flies on light and dark days respectively, I would merely state that that theory, like some others, belongs I fear to the past, and which close students of the art of fly-fishing in these latter days of angling on well-whipped waters and less abundance of fish may truthfully testify to.

It is a rather dangerous undertaking for any one to refute the universally accepted rules of the old masters of the art, and with all credit to their teachings not all of these established rules emanate from them; but admitting that this is a progressive age, it should not be supposed that successful angling has failed to keep pace with the period, for we do know that fish are not as abundant as formerly; and (if we may believe) by reason of increased fishing each generation of the species fished for becomes more shy and wary for the matter of self-preservation.

Without any desire to encourage a discussion of the subject and with the same hesitancy as that with which Mr. Van Cleef offered his suggestion, from my own experience I would place more of these theories beside the generally accepted one of light flies on dark days and vice versa in the category of changed conditions, just a few of which most frequently met with are these:

1. That in waters in which fish are not specially plentiful or otherwise it is possible to take them during the middle of the day, also in low water and in bright, hot weather. I refer of course to stream work, and class this as a consistent practice except in muddy water.

2. The utter impossibility of raising for a second or third time a fish once scraped I have long since from experience been inclined to doubt; and this dangerous assertion is not vouchsafed from isolated instances or from such where the one particular fish was not always in view.

3. That fish may be taken when not strictly feeding or hungry can be proven by any one possessing knowledge of their habits and skill in manner of manipulating to surmount such an obstacle.

4. That in working for a fish from below or across the fact that the fish sees you offers little obstacle to his capture, if you understand the art of approach and know just how far, in order to manipulate the drop and play a fly as nature alone instructs. This is one of the essential points of dry fly work, the shorter line especially in stubborn cases; and don't spoil an opportunity under the mistaken theory that the fish does not see you; he is sharp enough, that is admitted; but he has a streak in his make-up called in English "curious," and has also foolish moments—and there's the rub.

It is not to be expected that the great majority of anglers are or would be converts to these and other changed conditions, brought about by the evolution from prolific to almost depleted waters, for the acme of angling with a fly—a sportsman's share under any conditions except muddy water—is not to be learned in a week, a month or a year. The exactions of a business career in this age of keen competition are too severe to permit every angler time and opportunity for such close study; hence it is dangerous to mention any of these subjects without calling down criticism. However, it may be stated that no angler has a license to continued success unless he possesses full knowledge of the resisting powers of his tackle, the good quality of which should create trust therein. This trust in turn quietly but surely affects the creel; and when one is confronted by adverse conditions the reduced percentage of loss in chances is apt to bring angling nearer to the happy medium than all the cry of depleted streams. A rod especially should be of such pitch as to respond to all the various evolutions necessary to work out successfully the problem which each separate pool presents as to rapidity of surface water and obstacles of brush or overhanging tree and bush; for the first principle of the cast forward and back is not a positive preventative of the possible loss of flies or leaders; and any close student has a stock of other casts which will, and thereby finds many fish in difficult spots unsought by others. Certain patterns of flies known to the oldest anglers are still doing duty. That they have been superseded by others more successful in taking qualities needs no argument. That these same flies fail to be catalogued in tackle stores is easy of solution from the fact that they are for the most part originated and tied by the close student of insect life, though they are not always a representation of known species. The many able English works on that subject cover a wide field. They have their origin in the ability to focus nature's panorama into a delicate harmony of color with material most of which, as some of us know, is to be found and procured with the greatest difficulty.

Admitting that good flies are a necessary part of the outfit, their selection or use, in fact in all fly-fishing there is no better instructor or tutor than the one which is always with you on the creek—nature herself, just watch closely and imitate; and as to some of the axioms born when fish were more plentiful, and when less study and conniving were necessary to success, you will first learn to doubt them, then to believe in that doubt, and not because, contrary to all precedent, so and so said so.

Referring to the early days of fishing when prohibitory laws were unknown, what the writer would like to trace through the assistance of these columns is the identity of the notorious individual who counted his catch by the so many dozen, and set that method of work up as an everlasting pinnacle of skill—a fad which unfortunately for the good of sportsmanship is still in evidence. In the old days mature fish were prolific, and the great bulk captured was of that kind as a rule; the decrease was therefore not so sudden, but the latter day slaughter of the infants by the fish-hog is a blow at the very foundation of future supply, and for what?

M. G. SELLERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

Vermont League Meeting.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The midsummer meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League will be held at Isle La Motte, Aug. 3. The invitations include all members of the League and members of branch clubs with their lady friends. Members of the League or of branch clubs are also requested to invite any friends who have made application to join the League upon this occasion and have signed the form of application inclosed herewith.

The steamer Reindeer has been chartered to take the members of the League and branch clubs, their guests and the ladies to the island and return. The dinner will be served in a tent with large seating capacity, and the business meeting will be held immediately after the dinner. The place of meeting, at Lieut.-Gov. Fisk's, is the same as on former meetings, and the Ladies' Aid Society will furnish the dinner as heretofore. No further particulars on this subject are necessary for the information of those who have been there. There will be no unusual departure from programmes of former midsummer meetings except that the invitation includes the ladies, and it is hoped that they will honor the League by their presence.

T. M. DEAL, Sec'y.

A Summer Idyl among the Sea Trout.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think I am a dabster with a rod and reel! And for more than a quarter of a century I have found no one to beat me when "armed and equipped as the law directs," for the sleepy flounder at Cape May, or making ready at Anglesea for the bounding mackerel or the skipping sea trout! Alas! I have had to lower my colors; I am no longer "high hook." And it was Rev. Jos. G. Reed, of St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, N. J., who reduced me to the ranks (figuratively speaking) by catching this week eighty-eight sea trout to my sixty-four.

But, in extenuation, I must "have leave to print my remarks" and defend myself, by saying this gifted disciple of the good old Izaak Walton, Bro. Reed, is a piscator from way back! I knew him in my youth. His father was a veteran and ever successful angler at Atlantic City; and it was the late Dr. Reed, who died full of years and of honor at ninety-two, and myself who first taught the Senatorial Matt Quay to stand in the surf of the sounding sea off Brigantine Beach half the day in order to bag half a dozen black drum; no mean sport, for it requires endurance and real sportsmanship and staying qualities!

I ceased to be "high hook" in the following manner:

Geo. Bennett came to my cottage in the Grove and said: "Colonel, I am now ready to show you where the sea trout doth most abound. Be ready at 6:40 A. M. Friday." This was a beastly hour to get up and dress and make ready my Bethabara rod! But what is that to a wide-awake angler in touch with the sea when sure of a full day's sport among the finny denizens of the deep. And I now recall, *en passant*, what President Arthur said (and he deserved the "grand old name of gentleman"). "I have always made it a rule," said Chester A. Arthur, "to trust a woman who loved flowers, and to tie to a man who loved a rod and reel."

But to return. I renewed my youth like the eagle's in this wise; and since Gibbon says: "A man cannot talk long of himself without vanity," I shall be short. I accepted Brer Bennett's invitation and was at the Ocean Grove depot at the witching hour of 6:40 A. M., with nothing to gratify or satisfy the inner man save one cup of coffee (the color of Sammy Bettle's quaker coat) and two eggs; a light lunch accompanied the lemonade.

The party was not too large, to wit: Rev. Jos. G. Reed, Geo. Bennett, Jno. M. Dey, Ed. Flitcroft and J. M. S. The train dropped us at Barnegat Pier in half an hour; a cat-rigged yacht was waiting for us, and for lack of wind the skipper had to propel his boat chiefly with a pole.

But at 10 A. M. Bennett threw over the killick and we went at it. I had little doubt I should be, as was usual on such occasions, "high hook" of the party. And as I was guilty of some badinage and persiflage at the expense of the other anglers, I noticed the Methodist pastor exchange a meaning glance with Brother Geo. Bennett, who was one of his sheep. That glance boded no good for me. And it must be confessed that Pastor Reed, who was a good fisherman when Atlantic City was a baby, had his own beautiful 9oz. lancewood rod with Dutch snoods and Limerick hooks, while the rest of us took pot luck, catch-as-catch-can as to rods, reels and Cutty-hunk lines; the poles so antique that Noah had doubtless cut two of 'em to take in the ark with his beasts on a rainy day!

The southwest wind fairly blew the hook into the fishes' mouths.

Brother Reed led the game from the first. "Let no guilty fish escape" was his war cry, and every bite on a soft shell crab bait meant a 1lb. weakfish, which would go skittering along the surface of the bay, only to find the bottom of the cat-rigged yacht. In vain I did my level best to vie with this skillful scholar "in the contemplative man's" amusement. I put on another hook; I pulled in two sea trout. Then I began to crow; but Bro. Reed caught two trout on one hook while I unhooked my two fish. His score was sixty-eight able-bodied fish; mine was fifty-eight up to 1 o'clock, when I bethought myself of a Spanish trick—a kind of a *ruse de guerre!*

I said I was hungry and proposed lunch all around. Up to this hour I was "high hook" next to piscator Reed; the other three were, on an honest count, a good deal behind me. Such a lunch! Nothing stronger than lemonade. Since scientific temperance is taught to Hobson et al. at the Annapolis Academy, I am for temperance-piscatorial lunches. With a cameraderie, part of the inheritance of every lover of forest and stream or of rod and reel, we each divided with one another what we had brought, and it was good enough for the President of the Sandwich Islands.

We indulged the *dolce far niente* for one hour, when Pastor Reed gave the order to fish! But like Bret Harte's hero T. J., when struck with a "chunk" of yellow sandstone in the estomac, the "subsequent proceedings interested me no more." In this instance I was a "Truthful James." Bro. Reed, with his 9oz. rod, began to pull 'em in till he scored eighty-eight, and there was fire in Brer Bennett's eye. He wanted "to wipe my eye." He went on from one degree of glory to another. He scored seventy-two. I had only sixty-four, Jno. M. Dey had sixty-six, but Ed. Flitcroft's score was only sixty-four. But it is not all of fishing to fish. I had enough, and carried home enough to gladden the hearts of two or three Ocean Grovers. I consoled myself with the reflection that Pastor Reed had the best rig. He was an artist after Izaak Walton's own heart, and I never pretended to be an artistic fisherman. But I have now ordered a lancewood rod, with a silk line and a Chestertown hook, and I have told Bros. Reed and Bennett to beware! The skipper spread his sails; the Favonian breezes helped us and we reached the pier in time for the 3:35 P. M. train for home long before the "looming bastions" became "fringed with fire"; and thus ended a summer idyl among the sea trout.

Some time I may tell you briefly how Pastor Reed and I have found deep pools in Deal Lake, near Benson's Park, when amidst "shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied," and in sweet sylvan shades, more beautiful

than the summer lakes of Switzerland at Interlaken, we have filled our basket with the beautiful perch and toothsome sunfish, while the clouds were blushing in purple and in gold around the morning sun, which climbed the sky like a strong and rejoicing bridegroom.

JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL.

Wild Fishers I Have Fished With.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Concluded from page 90.*)

No man has a better chance to observe wild life than the angler, especially one who practices still-fishing, so-called in contradistinction to fly or bait-casting, trolling, etc. He is silent, and the birds, beasts and reptiles come near him, often unaware of his presence. The gray squirrel is apt to discover the angler at some distance, for it knows every stump, log or other inanimate thing in all parts of its limited range, and then such a scolding as the angler gets beats any of its kind at home when he has ruined his clothes and caught no fish. This scolding is of the nature of barking, as a dog barks, and it often brings other squirrels to join in the chorus, or a crow will alight near by to learn what the row is about. If the angler keeps still the curiosity of the squirrel is aroused, and it approaches to get a nearer view and to scold away. Once while I was sitting on a log which lay parallel with the stream, a gray squirrel with a nut in its teeth jumped on the log and ran almost within reach before it discovered the intruder, and then such a scare! It dropped the nut, and with long leaps reached the nearest tree, from whose branches I was assailed by all the vile names in a squirrel's vocabulary.

The Fisher or "Black Cat."

During the winter of 1855-56, while I was trapping in western Wisconsin with the old Canadian, Antoine Gardapee, to whom I give three chapters in "Men I Have Fished With," I made the acquaintance of this animal, which naturalists call *Mustela pennanti*, but which has a lot of common names, as pekan and black fox, as well as the names I have given above. Antoine always called it by its Ojibwa name, o-jig. It is one of the great weasel family, but looks more like a fox than a mink or a weasel, with body about 15in. long and tail of equal length.

I brought the skin of one on my first trip to my line of traps, and Antoine said: "I'll tole you, Miss'r O-jig hees skin a'n't wort' so much, an' I'll hope he a'n't too plenty, 'cause he's so bad for de trap w'en we use fish bait. He mos' so bad as old carcajou, he break deadfall for fun, sometam he break 'em, not all a tam; I t'ink some o-jig wusser 'an others."

"But Antoine, the American trappers call this animal the fisher, and I took the trouble to open its stomach, and the only bones I found looked like bones of mice."

"Yes, he eat-a da mouse, an' I 'spec' he on'y like-a da fish w'en somebody catch-a da fish for him; I don' never see him catch no fish, but, like da mink an' da sable, he come out to feed in night tam: an' we don't get good chance to see him if he fishes, but I see hees track, like-a sable, on'y bigger, an' I'll see where he dig in da snow under da log for mice."

The sable of Antoine was the pine marten (*Mustela americana*), a closely related species, which wears more valuable fur than its relative. During that winter we took several fishers, but had no traps destroyed by them. Two wolverines did us damage, and I have told how I killed one and how Antoine killed the other. We each had about thirty miles of traps to run, up one stream, across a divide and down another stream, home, one man being out from one to three nights, while the other kept house and made ready for his tired partner.

Once on my return Antoine looked up from mending his snowshoes to greet me, and I showed him a frozen trout. He glanced at it and said: "You go fish? No?"

"Look at it again, Antoine, and see the marks of a fisher's teeth in it. His skin is in the pack. I took him from a steel trap, and he could not have gotten it from any of our deadfalls or hanging baits, because we only use suckers for bait. This trout was beside Miss'r O-jig, who was dead, and that fact and the tooth marks are good evidence that the fisher sometimes fishes."

Antoine turned the trout over several times, examined the tooth prints carefully, knocked the ashes from his pipe and said: "Yes, Miss'r O-jig mus' been a-fishin', 'cause where he get da trout? Gimme dat tobac."

The Otter.

When the snows melted in the spring and Antoine and I broke camp with our furs we had two trips to make to reach our boat, and then wait a day to swell the seams of the boat. During that time I fished a little, but the waters were swollen and muddy, and I caught only catfish, which have a way of feeling baits on the bottom with their long barbels. Sitting on a log, some animal splashed into the water below me and on the other side of the river, perhaps 100ft. away. I watched up and down for it to come up, but there was no sign of it. The splash was too heavy for a muskrat, and that animal enters the water silently. Could it have been a pike after minnows?

I had left Antoine back with our plunder where the boat had been, and had forgotten both the splash in the water and my partner, when he said: "Look-a dat otter go up da bank wid a big fish!"

I did not know that Antoine was near me until he spoke, for the fallen leaves were wet, but I looked and saw a fine otter, fully 5ft. long, slowly going up the bank carrying a fish of half that length, probably a pike.

"Antoine," said I, "that otter slid in the water some time ago; it seems half an hour, but I can't say how long. It might have come up to breathe several times, for all I know. How long can they stay under water?"

"Well, I dunno rightly, I don' carry no clock; but I'll t'ink he'll stay und' 'bout ten tam so long as you. How long you stay und'?"

"Once I stayed under two minutes and three-quarters, so they said, but it seemed a half-hour to me. Bill Atwood beat all the boys, and was under full three minutes."*

"Well, den, how many minutes ten times w'at you stay und' ?"

"Just twenty-seven and a half minutes, or nearly half an hour. You don't mean to say that an otter can stay under as long as that?"

"Well, mebbe he stay half so long, I dunno, but if it was too week back I stop here and take de hide off Miss'r Otter, but he's too late an' da fur no good, mebbe. I see hees slide on da bank where he tobog down in da water, but I no put in da trap, hit's too late."

The Bear.

On two occasions a bear and I fished close to each other. One was in Louisiana, and is recorded in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12, 1898, when I was out in the fall with a shotgun for yellowlegs and shore birds. The bear passed me on the other side of a small brook, and I kept so still that it did not see me. It was looking for fish, and I afterward saw where it had caught one, the scales being in evidence.

The other occasion was in 1882, when I was appointed to be the ichthyologist of the Adirondack Survey by Supt. Verplanck Colvin. In my report on "Adironack Fishes," pp. 35, 36, I describe two new dwarf suckers found spawning in mountain streams which feed Utawana and Big Moose lakes. It was on the latter, near a shanty called "pancake hall," that I disturbed a bear which was catching the spawning fish. I did not see this fellow as I went up the tumbling stream, but it either saw or heard me. It gave a snorting "woof" and made some noise as it retreated into the brush. A few steps further and there was a small pool crowded with these little fish, and on the bank lay enough heads, tails and other debris to account for many hundred fish caught.

There are four things which a bear does that I would give a big red apple to see him do. They are: To catch fish, rob a bee tree of honey while the bees were active, pick or eat raspberries, and put out his tongue on a big hill of pismires and eat them as they swarm upon it. I have seen places where a bear has done all of these things, but a bear is modest and would stop if he knew a man was looking at him. In FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27, 1897, in a sketch of Dr. Spencer M. Nash, it is related how a bear had dug into a hill of these large and formidable ants in order to have them attack his tongue, but a bear is like a pet dog or a child, and will never show off its accomplishments before strangers. But of the four things mentioned I think the gathering of raspberries would be the most interesting. Imagine the briers in tongue and claws! But a bear does not mind trifles like that when it can eat live bees among the honey.

Eels.

The eel would not be selected to appear in this company as a fish that has fished with me, in preference to other predacious fishes, but for the fact that its methods differ in some respects from those of all other fish-eating species.

In the auld lang syne my old boyhood teacher of woodcraft, the old Greenbush trapper, Port Tyler, said unto me: "Come along o' me to-night and bob for eels inside Van Wie's Point light, an' then we'll row up to the island and sleep in Rivenburg's barn, take up my nets in the morning and row up to the city. How's that?"

"It's a thing that's tempting, Porter, but I can't do it; must be in Albany by 8 A. M., dress, breakfast, and get to business an hour later. No! Sorry, but can't do it!"

"Then you're all right. It's daylight about 5, an' I can take up the nets, get breakfast and land you on the Albany dock at 7. Now what excuse is there?"

"None, if you have the bobs made it's a go."

And so we drifted along down the river some half-dozen miles, I partly rowing, while my friend strung the worms and made half a dozen bobs, which he buried in a pail of fresh soil. There is little use in bobbing until after sundown, and time was plenty. We were pulling them in, and the huge sturgeon were jumping freely, for the Hudson was a grand sturgeon stream forty years ago, and soon one jumped just outside the dike and within the range of the light. It looked to be as big as a whale, and its splash rocked our boat.

"I suppose the sturgeon jump in play, don't they, Porter? They can't catch flies, as a trout does, with that round mouth, a foot behind their noses."

"No, they don't jump in play; the eels make 'em jump."

"Eels? How's that?"

"Well, now, some people won't believe it, but it's true, an eel will enter the body of a sturgeon and eat out its insides if it can, an' if it has eggs it eats them first. An' I'll tell ye how I came to find this out. I had ketched two big sturgeon in a gill net, an' it was Wednesday, an' I wanted to keep 'em alive until Thursday night, so as to market 'em early on Friday; so I just slipped a line through their gills an' staked 'em out in deep water to keep 'em alive. Thursday afternoon I rowed down after my fish, an' there they was both dead an' their innards eaten plump outen 'em, an' no outside mark. I was just gettin' into sturgeon fishin', an' as Friday was the day to sell fish I thought I'd beat the eels next time, so I made some canvas jackets about 5ft. long, with strings to tie over their backs, an' then the eels went for the sturgeon's gills an' killed 'em.

"That was hard luck, Porter; did you give up trying to keep sturgeon alive?"

"No, I made a long float, with holes, covered with fine wire cloth and a door in one end, an' I could land live sturgeon in Albany before daylight; that is, if somebody didn't steal 'em, as they did sometimes."

While taking up his nets in the morning the old man showed me several fish in his gill nets that had the abdomen and intestines eaten out. "That's the work of an eel," said he.

While fishing for minnows for bait in brackish water I saw an eel come out of the salt meadow grass and glide into the water. I have seen where they have crossed the road between the harbor and mill pond, and have found them in my wooden trout ponds, where they could only get by travel over land. I have dug them out of 2ft. of muck and have seen the young travel in the moss in the top of an arch, out of water, because the water was too swift to stem. The eel is the most muscular of fishes; its habits are the least known of our common fishes, and its persistence in overcoming obstacles to its ascent of rivers is not equaled by any other fish, the salmon not excepted.

* At the old Aquarium, Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, 1876, we had a "water queen" who stayed under fully five minutes, being timed by many watches, but she spent many minutes in inflating her lungs to their extent, and thus filling her blood with oxygen. We boys were not up to that trick.

The House Cat.

Not exactly a "wild fisher" at all times, but often wild enough to figure in this company. Pussy is very fond of fish and dreads water, yet she will often risk a wetting to satisfy her appetite for fish. While fishing for trout between the mill ponds at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and leisurely casting in a pool a splash drew attention to a large cat just emerging from the water with a handsome trout. She was wet all over, and must have struck her game where the water covered her back. I had neither gun nor pistol, and pussy lived to report. When I have a gun I make it a point to kill every cat that I find in the woods. My love of robins and other birds has brought me to hate this domestic tiger, which kills them.

A maiden lady in the village usually had from twenty to thirty cats, and although she fed them well there was no brook trout on their menu. Near her father's stables there was a private trout stream, and the owner gave me the privilege of taking eggs for the State. My men reported that every morning there were remains of trout on the bank, where cats had eaten them. I rigged a dozen steel traps in places where cat tracks hinted that they would do the most good and said nothing to my men, for they had relatives near. Knowing the racket a cat in a trap would make, I was there before daylight in order that there should be no disturbance of my neighbor's sleep. Three cats were my only reward, and as that didn't pay the scheme was dropped.

I am not sure that the killing of birds and game is my only reason for killing cats. I would not hurt nor injure one any more than I would the pestiferous imported sparrow, but I would annihilate the race if I could. I hate the self-satisfied air the cat has, and its condescension in letting you pet it, so different from the joy of the dog at a caress. Mark Twain had some such feeling toward the camel.

A cat which was bountifully fed once bursted a cage and killed a mockingbird of mine, and the song of that bird was of more value than the lives of all the cruel cats that ever lived. That particular cat never became an old cat.

The Frog.

This animal is generally supposed to spend the time in summer in rendering Wagnerian operas and catching insects, but I have taken from its maw small frogs, young turtles and fish. One day, when Jack Sheppard and I were fishing an Adirondack lake for trout, a great bullfrog plunked in the water and soon climbed the log again, swallowing something.

"That fellow's got a fish," said Jack.

"Don't believe it. His splash would scare a fish, and he can't swim fast enough to catch a fish. Let's catch him and see."

"For the cigars at Bennett's?"

"For the cigars. He never got a fish in that short time, after that plunk."

Jack reeled in his line until it was about the length of the rod, while I slowly paddled and drifted up to the batrachian. Jack swung the fly above his nose, and he was our frog. "Make it half a dozen cigars?" Jack asked.

"All right; make it a round dozen."

I had on a previous day remonstrated with Jack about not killing a frog before he cut it in two and skinned the legs; the sight of the living portion annoyed me, and as he was my guide I forbade the practice. He unhooked the frog and handed it to me. A blow on the head with a heavy knife-handle and a cut into the brain stopped all feeling, and then he opened his inner works, and there was a little sunfish about 2in. long.

"Jack," I remarked, "you've won, but as you were booked to win in any event, as I buy the cigars every night, you have not won much, but I am the real winner, because I have learned something. Now let's not waste this fellow, but stop trouting and get frogs enough for breakfast. How did that frog catch that fish? That's what I want to know."

Jack tossed the little fish overboard and merely remarked: "It's funny how they do it, but they do."

"Jack Sheppard! I asked you a plain question that should have a straight answer, and all I get is the refrain of a music hall song. How did the frog catch that fish? Did it catch it when it made the dive from the log or did the frog dive to the bottom and come up under the fish? That's the question."

Jack threw the skin of the legs overboard and followed it with the body of the frog, laid some fresh grass over the trout in the creel, placed the legs on the grass, looked up and remarked: "I'll be durned if I know."

In this series of articles there has been a feeble attempt at a correct classification of the birds, beasts, insects and other animals mentioned, and the frogs should not be slighted.

To the careless non-observer a frog is a frog, like the primrose on the river bank, "only this and nothing more." A bullfrog simply means a large one, but there are small bullfrogs, for it is a species and not a condition of size. Following Jordan, outside the six species of tree frogs, which are popularly but erroniously called toads, we have, from New York to Texas, eight species of frogs, and only one, *Rana catesbiana*, is the big bullfrog. It varies in color, but may be known by its large ear drums and the absence of bright colors. The tadpoles are very large and light colored; larger even than the body of the young frog, into which they transform.

The Raccoon.

This very scientific fisher has been left for the last

because it is the wisest and therefore the best fisher of them all. The Germans call this animal the "wash bear," from its habit of washing things before it eats them. As the coon is omnivorous, it may be questioned if it washes birds, and I know that it does not wash green corn, the "roastin' ear" of the South. The old darky song says:

"Ole Mistah Coon's a mighty man,
He carry a bushy tail;
He steal ole massa's cawn at night,
An' he husks it awn de rail.

De squirrel hab a bushy tail,
An' stumpy grows de hair;
De ole coon's tail am ringed all 'roun',
An' de possom's tail am bare."

Here is a condensed natural history, and such simple songs made negro minstrelsy popular forty years ago, but what they sing to-day is characterless.

Next to the fox, if not before it, the coon ranks in cuteness. I saw one wade in on a riffle and go up stream, turning a stone with one forepaw and grabbing any fish or crayfish which might dart out with the other. It was in the summer, when the streams were low in Louisiana, and I had been fishing, but at that time was sitting on a log taking a bite at noon. A bunch willow concealed all but my head, and when the coon came in sight I suspended mastication and tried to suppress breathing, for a fellow may be out for years and not get a chance to see a wild animal search for its food as if it were not observed. There was no desire to kill the coon, as it was midsummer, and neither flesh nor skin were worth [illegible] then I'm that sort of fellow that when not pressed for meat would spend half a day to see a chipmunk dig its hole, and think the time well spent.

The coon proceeded cautiously with one paw ready to grab before a stone was disturbed; then the stone was quickly upset and a grab made and a crayfish was captured; just how I could not see, but in a way that avoided the two great pinching claws, which were then broken off, and the crustacean scrubbed and eaten, as some darkies eat peanuts, shells and all. This accounted for the number of these claws seen on the riffles. I wonder if all coons break off the claws from crayfishes before they wash and eat them.

Coons also kill and eat the small pond turtles, the painted and spotted ones of the northeastern United States, and perhaps the larger "sliders" of the South. I have never seen them eat a turtle, but have seen the empty shells picked quite clean along the shore, and usually surrounded by coon tracks, forming good circumstantial evidence.

While fishing in Kansas a coon came out of the woods and washed a frog within 30ft. of me, and scrubbed it well, and went back into the brush.

"Oh, Mistah Coon's a cunnin' t'ing,
He ramble in de dark;
An' de only t'ing dat 'sturbs his mind
Is to hear ole Ringo bark."

A Fishing Cousin's Letter.

NEW YORK, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed letter from my cousin, W. H. Young, of Trenton, N. J., to me has been read with so much pleasure by several of my friends and myself that I thought others who love to read a good letter about fishing would be glad to see it in your paper. If you use it you will give great pleasure to many of your admiring readers.

D. JONES.

TRENTON, N. J., July 23, 1898.—My dear Dave: Well, old boy, I think I can now tell you a fish story that you will enjoy, first, because it is true, and secondly, because I had a hand in it. To go back a month of more—I forget the date, but it was in the "month of roses"—I had the great pleasure to land a bass from behind the identical rock at Goose Island where you caught one two years ago. I drifted down to just above the rock, anchored and cast a helgramite behind the rock on the edge of the swirl of the current, and he took it at once. He made a fine fight and was very gamy, but my new line (for which I thanked you in my letter to you at Bridgeton, and for which I again thanked you while this beauty was on the other end of it) was true and held him firm. He weighed just 3¾lbs., and so far is the Dewey bass at Nelson's boat landing. Have since then landed others of 1, 1½ and 2¼lbs. But there is another one, a dandy, a daisy, the one I have been looking for all my life and could not find, but who was kind enough to look me up, and we both were ready for business when the junction was made. On the 14th of this month I went to the Water Gap; Godley and wife were there, stopping with relatives, and I went to the hotel. We fished all day Friday and Saturday and caught lots of bass, but nothing over 1 and 1¼lbs. The baits used there are helgramite, stone catfish and eels.

Monday we were to come home on the 2:22 train, but of course we went fishing in the morning and started out at 7 o'clock. We floated down from the rapids above to the point of the island below the boat landing. There we anchored and still-fished and caught some. We changed our place three or four times, always a little lower down, and drifting to it. When we got in the boat Mr. Graves, the boat-keeper, put in two of his reed poles, saying, "If you strike a big fish these poles will set the hook better than your rods can, and I advise you to use them." So we had put catfish on and looked for results. We fished with bugs and caught six bass. About the time to pull up and go home my rod (the Graves pole), which had a 5in. catfish on (the loose line I had run off and laid in the bottom of the boat), started off slowly, and I immediately took charge of that rod and all others came into the boat. The line still was moving off down the river, and I could tell by the steady pull that my friend had found me. I think 30 or 40ft. of line went out, and toward the last it went so fast that I had to let him take it himself from the reel; then he stopped and turned it, and put it where it did him the most good. As he started off to look for more dinner, I gave him his check, reminding him that he had not paid me for what I had furnished him; but he tried to get away, and tried so hard that I could not prevent him for a time. It seemed as though I had sunk the hook in a floating railroad tie, he was so heavy and irresistible in his rushes. The reel screamed and sounded like a buzz saw going through a saw log. He made at least a half-dozen fierce runs; of course I took him up between times or the line would have given out. He did not show himself once, but kept down deep. Once it seemed that he was on bottom and tugging away, just as a dog in playing with a rope in his mouth will brace himself and shake his head and pull back with all his strength. I had some difficulty to start him, but by taking up one anchor and swinging around I changed my position and put the strain on from a new point. Oh, what a relief to feel that he had started again, but I would have given something at that time to have seen him, for I knew he was the largest bass ever come to my rod. Godley was all anxiety, and watched with bulging eyes every move of the line as it cut through the water. He was kept busy changing the boat, and was full of devout good wishes for the successful boating of the "mystery," for the fish had not yet broken water. At length nature was compelled to give him to his captor, and the strain became less and less, and up he came slowly to the surface, saying a last good-by to the scenes of his childhood as he passed them for the last time. As he lay on his side some feet from the boat, utterly unable to move that powerful tail, he did look to be a monster, a fit champion of the bass family of the Water Gap. Slowly and cautiously he was led to the side of the boat, while Mr. Godley tenderly raised his gills and laid him softly down, and we sat there and admired his beautiful proportions and graceful shape. Evidently he had swallowed the bait, for it was dead as a mackerel and had run up the line 6 or 8ft. The hook had caught him in the corner of the mouth, just under the skin, and he could not have broken away unless I had been cruel to him, which I was not. He was the fattest fish I ever saw; very thick through the body—22½in. long, 16in. girth, and weighed just 6lbs. He created a deal of excitement at the Kittatinny House, as we had to pass there to go to my hotel, the Glenwood.

There, Dave, that is the biggest bass I ever expect to get, and I can say that I am satisfied. Let others have their turn, and I am willing now to take the ones of lesser degree. "I have dined and fate cannot harm me."

W. H. Y.

Michigan Fishing Waters.

DETROIT, Mich., July 20.—At East Tawas, a pleasant little town on Tawas Bay, in Iosco county, Mich., the central point of a remarkably fine trout country is found, and the place is convenient headquarters for scores of fishermen. The Au Sable is a few miles further on, and is too well known already to require even a mention. The streams hereabout are all good streams and afford excellent sport. True, there are many who go up into this country to fish who are not fishermen. Everything that comes to their hook is fish. The fingerling is eagerly chucked into the creel, and when a ½-pounder comes along they don't get him. The beautiful bay that spreads out before East Tawas, a part of that great lake of the painted Hurons, is dotted with sails, and the beach, a long stretch of gleaming white sand, finds plenty of bathers taking a dip at all hours of the day.

At Alpena, which lies at the head of Thunder Bay, you may be prepared to hear of some of the big black bass catches. Long Lake, a fine, large inland lake, some six or seven miles from Alpena, is the favorite black bass resort. A fine macadam road leads to this place, and there are plenty of boats and boatmen. Speaking of this road, it is worthy of mention that, as a piece of business sagacity which other localities would do well to imitate, the county has constructed these macadam roads in various directions radiating from Alpena, for which purpose the county was bonded for $100,000, and they never made a better investment. The farmers are benefited incalculably, and the mercantile community shares the immense advantage of direct and quick communication with the district tributary to this county town. Long Lake is a great fishing ground and a most attractive spot. The small-mouth bass caught here last August and September were the largest and handsomest specimens of this great game fish that I have ever seen, not even at St. Clair flats have I seen their equal; while the pike and pickerel and muscalonge afford the most exciting sport. I wish Fred Mather's article on the relation of rods and lines, in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 28, could be read by every fisherman who fishes for bass in these great natural homes of this magnificent game fish. But is it evident that what he says is not known to many of them. It is a great mistake that those who profess to be so fond of fishing and shooting do not subscribe for and read regularly some first-class journal devoted to these sports. Half the pleasure of these is lost by losing the interchange of views and experiences of those who are intelligent and careful observers. A man may think he knows all that is worth knowing, but here is where he gets badly left. "Everybody knows more than anybody." And sometimes a kid, such as El Comancho writes so charmingly of, can give a veteran points that will amount to a revelation.

The fish hatchery of the U. S. Fish Commission, located at Alpena, has been enlarged and improved since my last visit; a change has also been made in the superintendent or foreman. Mr. Tulian, who was formerly in charge, is now in charge of Colorado hatchery, and Mr. S. W. Downing succeeds him. Mr. Clarke, of the Northville hatchery, now has both this and the Alpena hatchery. From Mr. Downing I learned much that is interesting relating to the operations at this point, among others that he planted in 1896 35,000,000 whitefish fry, and in 1897 32,000,000, which were distributed as follows: Frankfort, Mich., 2,500,000; Manistique, 4,000,000; Warehouse Point, North Shore, Lake Mich., 2,500,000; Straits of Mackinac, 2,500,000; North Point Lighthouse, 4,000,000; Hammond's Bay, 2,000,000; Crow Island, 2,000,000; Sugue Island, 2,000,000; East Tawas, 2,000,000; Beaver Island, 3,000,000; Thunder Bay, 3,000,000. Mr. Downing is putting everything in fine shape for next season.

There are said to be no less than three distinct species of lake trout in Lake Huron. I have seen two of them, which vary materially, while there are many variations of color, according to the runs and locality from which they are taken. The Mackinac species predominate, and these the local fishermen here say are the true *namaycush*. Next in number seem to be the "buckskins," as they are called; this species varies from the former in that it has a tough, leathery skin, which gives it its name, and is also lighter in color and weight. Then come "the racers," which are growing scarcer every year, and when they are utterly extinct no one will complain—certainly not the fishermen, for they are a perfect terror to all other species; just what has caused the rapid decrease is difficult to tell, for there is no known fish that can get away with them in an evenly matched open fight. They are reputed to be terribly destructive; have a head and mouth of immense proportions—altogether disproportionate to the size of the body as compared with the other species.

KEUKA.

The Sea Lion Case.

THE sea lion which has been on exhibition at Asbury Park in the summers since 1896, and in the winter of 1896-7, was on view at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, with the card, "Kindly loaned by Mr. James A. Bradley, of Asbury Park," was the subject of a long and interesting argument on escaped animals yesterday before Justices Beekman, Giegerich and Gildersleeve, of the Appellate Term of the New York Supreme Court.

The action was brought by James R. Mullett, a sea captain who has spent a number of years in capturing and dealing in sea lions, to recover the sea lion from Mr. Bradley, and in default of the animal $500 damages for converting it to his own use. The case came up originally before Justice McKean in the Eighth District Municipal Court, who dismissed the action, and Capt. Mullett brought it up on appeal from that decision.

Capt. Mullett testified that as the result of study and experience he had ascertained that such sea lions cannot live in the Atlantic, and are never found there in their natural condition. They are caught off the coast of California, and he had found that the only ones that will live in captivity are those caught at the Santa Barbara Islands, in the Pacific, where the one in suit was taken. They have a sea lion at the Falkland Islands, but it is different from the California sea lions. The sea lions are lassoed on the rocks when asleep, a matter requiring much experience and adeptness. About 50 per cent. of those taken in captivity die, so that one which has been a year in captivity is much more valuable than one recently taken. Capt. Mullett said he has written accounts of these things on orders from the Government. When asked about the intelligence of these animals, he said: "They are the most intelligent animals in the world, and they make friends sooner than a dog or a horse."

He testified that he took a great fancy to the animal in suit, beside which he had slept the fourteen nights that it took to bring it from San Francisco. It got so tame that it readily obeyed his call. He had lent it to William A. Conklin, formerly in charge of the animals at Central Park, and Conklin put it on exhibition at Glen Island. The animal escaped and was caught a few days later by some fishermen in a pound net out in the ocean near Mantoloking, N. J., about seven miles down the coast. The fishermen sold it to James A. Bradley for $50. Capt. Mullett said that the sea lion is worth $500 at least. Capt. Mullett did not learn until the summer of 1897 that Mr. Bradley had his sea lion. He knew it because one of its flippers was injured. When he asked Mr. Bradley for his sea lion, Mr. Bradley "was very stiff" and said that he knew the law, was a lawyer himself and that he would not give up the animal if it cost him $1,000 to retain it.

The defendant contended that the animal was *ferae naturae* (wild), and that ownership was lost on its escape. Among the cases cited by his counsel, F. W. Mount, was: Bracton, De Legibus Angliæ, Book 11, Chapter I., Section 2, edition of Sir Travers Twiss, Q. C., D. C. L., vol. I., page 65, reading:

"The dominion over things by natural right or by the right of nations is acquired in various ways: in the first place, through the taking of those things which belong to no person, and which now belong to the King by civil right, and are not common as of olden times, such, for instance, as wild beasts, birds, fish and all animals born on the earth or in the sea or in the sky, wherever they may be captured, and wherever they shall have been captured they begin to be mine because they are coerced under my keeping, and by the same reason, if they escape from my keeping and recover their natural liberty, they cease to be mine and again belong to the first taker. But they recover their natural liberty then when they have either escaped from my sight in the free air and are no longer in my keeping, or when they are within my sight under such circumstances that it is impossible for me to overtake them."

Quotation was made from Blackstone, who, after speaking of deer in parks, hares and rabbits in an inclosure, doves in a dovehouse, pheasants and partridges in a mew, hawks that are fed and commanded by their owners and fish in a private pond or in trunks, says:

"These are no longer the property of a man than while they continue in his keeping or actual possession; but if at any time they regain their natural liberty his property instantly ceases unless they have the *animum revertendi*, which is only to be known by their usual custom of returning." A further quotation by Blackstone was made:

"If pheasants escape from the view or fishes from the trunk, and are seen wandering at large in their proper element, they become *ferae naturae* again, and are free and open to the first occupant that hath ability to seize them."

A case in 5 Coke, 104, was cited: "If a man makes coney boroughs in his own land which increase in so great a number that they destroy his neighbors' lands next adjoining, his neighbors cannot have an action on the case against him who makes the said coney boroughs, for so soon as the coneys come on his neighbor's lands he may kill them, for they are *ferae naturae*, and he who makes the coney boroughs has no property in them, and he shall not be punished for the damage which the

coneys do in which he has no property and which the other may lawfully kill."

In 7 Coke, 15, it was said: "All white swans not marked which have gained their natural liberty and are swimming in an open common river might be seized to the King's use by his prerogative, as the swan is a royal fowl; and all those the property whereof is not known do belong to the King by his prerogative; and so whales and sturgeons are royal fish and belong to the King by his prerogative."

The Duke of Rutland had pheasants, and a neighbor used to spread food on his grounds to draw them to his property. The Duke fired guns and fireworks over his neighbor's property to scare the birds back, and the neighbor sued the Duke. Lord Bramwell, in his decision, held that the Duke was in the wrong, and said that if he wanted to keep the birds on his property he should have offered greater inducements in the way of food than his neighbor.

The American case of Newkirk vs. Buster in this State was also quoted. It was an action brought to recover the value of a deer skin. Newkirk wounded a deer about six miles from the house of Buster in the Adirondacks, and followed the track of blood until nightfall. The next morning he came up to Buster's house, where the deer had been killed the night before. He demanded the deer, but got only a verdict for 75 cents for the hide, but it was reversed on appeal, the court holding that Newkirk did not have the animal under his control by the wound given.

In the sea lion case, the plaintiff's lawyers, Kisch & Roberts, urged that the sea lion had not returned to its habitat, and they made the same quotations from Blackstone to show that an animal could not regain its freedom until it had got back to its natural conditions. As sea lions cannot live in the Atlantic, it was urged that Capt. Mullett owned the animal just the same as if it had been caught astray in the woods. It was stated that if a lion should escape from a circus and was caught wandering about the streets of this city, the owner would have the right to recover him, because the lion had not got back to its natural conditions.

The judges, who seemed greatly amused over the argument, reserved decision.—New York Sun.

Luck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to be generally conceded that there is quite an element of luck or chance in angling, but probably this is because we do not possess as thorough an understanding of the subject as we might. Much depends upon the construction which we put on the words. Webster defines luck as "That which happens to a person: an event, good or ill, affecting a man's interest or happiness; a course or series of such events regarded as occurring by chance." Chance is said to be "The absence of any defined or recognized cause." In common parlance among fishermen the two words are often used to convey the same idea—that is, an occurrence which they believe to have been completely out of the pale of law is ascribed to luck or chance. It frequently transpires, however, that events which appear casual at the time, or the work of chance, because unforeseen or inexplicable, are sooner or later found to have been due to a well-defined cause. Hence it will be both safe and wise when a thing is beyond our comprehension to avoid haste in declaring that there was an absence of cause. Emerson tells us: "All successful men have agreed in being causationists, they believed that things were not by luck, but by law—that there was not a weak or cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things—the cause and effect."

It would be a difficult task, though, to convince some men who have had experience in angling for trout in the Adirondacks that luck has nothing to do with success. In fact, it is a very ordinary thing in that region to hear the words luck and success used interchangeably. When one fisherman encounters another on lake or stream, it is customary even among strangers to exchange salutations, be they ever so brief, and what is more natural than that they should display an interest in each other's catch of trout. A stereotyped expression on such an occasion is: "Well, what luck?" and the angler is likely to be greeted in the same manner a dozen times while returning to his hotel at the close of a day's sport.

But there is also a marked tendency among people in the great wilderness to use the word luck to indicate a mysterious something with which it is believed law has nothing to do. Were it not for his belief in luck or chance, the expert fisherman would be puzzled to account for the remarkable success which novices in the art of angling not infrequently meet with. It would be humiliating indeed to the man who has, for a score of years or perhaps nearly half a century, visited the woods annually in quest of trout, to be obliged to admit that certain happenings "were not by luck, but by law." He has angled early and late, in all sorts of weather, with all kinds of tackle, at different seasons, in various parts of the wilderness, and possibly has never caught a speckled trout weighing over 3lbs. Imagine his mortification, therefore, but for this convenient word "luck," when his daughter, whom he persuaded to accompany him and for the first time try her hand at fishing, promptly hooks a superb 4-pounder, which is safely landed! Are the veteran angler's years of experience to count for naught, or are his knowledge of the haunts and habits of the trout and his skill in enticing, hooking and landing them of no value, that in accordance with some law a girl should so speedily accomplish what he has been unable to? No, he cannot be a causationist after an occurrence of this kind—"it was simply a piece of unadulterated good luck." Of course he is proud that his daughter made the capture, but he would feel happier over it if the fish weighed an ounce or two less, instead of a whole pound more than the largest he ever brought to creel. And he may be a generous, kind and loving parent, too, in spite of this somewhat envious feeling for which he believes chance alone is responsible.

It frequently happens that a person who is just learning to play cards wins the first game or two, and fortune occasionally favors the amateur angler in an equally surprising manner. If causationists are disposed to argue that the angler's daughter referred to inherited something of her father's skill, and that in consequence her capture of the big trout was traceable to law, other instances can be cited where equally inexperienced persons, whose ancestors were not fishermen, have met with astonishing success. For example, some young fellow, who has never before fished for trout, has been known to sally forth on a lake or stream equipped with tackle wholly unauthorized by precedent, and while angling in an apparently unlikely spot haul in the biggest fish taken in that water during the season. It is a matter of record that just such unexpected things as this come to pass in the Adirondacks as well as elsewhere, and how can they be accounted for in any other manner than by attributing them to luck? Certainly there is no way that is more satisfactory and popular with the masses. Where or what is the law that would compel or induce the monarch of speckled beauties to take the hook of the unsophisticated maiden or that of the other tyro in preference to the carefully arranged and skillfully handled lure of the adept? "Law indeed!" indignantly exclaims the veteran fisherman, "It's no such thing! It's luck, pure luck, and that is all there is of it!"

It is noticeable also, even among anglers whose dexterity is acknowledged to be nearly equal, that there will be one man who, for some reason, or rather without apparent reason, will invariably catch more trout or bigger ones than any of his companions do. The fortunate one may believe his success is due entirely to his superior skill, but the others will surely think it is only luck, even though they are considerate enough to keep their opinion to themselves. "Pitch a lucky man into the Nile," says the Arabian proverb, "and he will come up with a fish in his mouth," and the truth of this seems to be illustrated by the good fortune which some Adirondack anglers have and which cannot be wholly accounted for on the score of extraordinary proficiency. Per contra, there are fishermen of considerable dexterity who, for some inexplicable cause, if cause there be, "play in hard luck," to express it tersely. Perhaps they may be as successful in enticing the trout as their fellow anglers are, but just at the critical moment something goes wrong, the rod snaps, the line parts, the hook breaks or tears out, the quarry finds refuge under a log or tree top, a slippery rock causes an involuntary plunge into the water, or some other unforeseen event occurs which gives freedom to the biggest fish of all. Where is the angler who will unhesitatingly admit that there was carelessness or contributory negligence on his part on such occasions? If one be found he can safely be put down as a thoroughly conscientious man, for to most persons the temptation to attribute the loss of a large fish to hard luck is very greaf. Sometimes people who are ordinarily scrupulously truthful will be able to persuade themselves and others, even though they may feel they have been a little incautious in handling a fish, that its ultimate escape was not so much due to this fact as it was to ill chance.

In view of the widespread belief in luck, which is manifest among those who angle in the Adirondacks, it appeals singular that there should be so little actual superstition in connection with fish and fishing. Of course nearly everyone who catches trout has more or less faith in signs, but they are usually such as are born of observation, and for which reason stands sponsor. The guides and other woodsmen have sayings in regard to fishing, in some of which they impose a great deal of confidence, but in nearly all cases they are based upon knowledge gained from long experience.

For instance, in some parts of the wilderness they say that "the trout won't bite when the water is in bloom," and in other localities that "there is no use in fishing when the mustard is on the water," expressions which have the same meaning. In early summer there is a period of several days' duration when the water in the lakes and streams is literally filled with the pollen from the pines, or other evergreen trees, and it is to this condition that the sayings relate. So great is the quantity of pollen that finds its way into many of the lakes that for some time after it has ceased to fall and the water has cleared, long ridges of the yellow dust, often 2 or 3in. in depth, will be seen along the shores, where it has been washed up by the waves. It is a fact well known to everyone who has essayed to catch trout when the water is filled with pollen that the results obtained at such times are apt to be disappointing, although there may be occasional exceptions to the rule. For some reason, which no one seems to very clearly understand, the trout usually prove reluctant to take the fly or bait, and hence the local aphorisms referred to.

The saying that "it is unlucky to fish up stream" may not influence anglers to any great extent, but the fact remains that nearly all who have had experience invariably prefer fishing down stream. It is quite a common occurrence for a man to walk up a creek for miles, passing en route deep pools where trout are sure to be lurking, without so much as putting his rod together until he reaches the point where he proposes to begin to fish toward home. In nine cases out of ten there is not a trace of superstition associated with the action, for it is not the saying itself that governs his movements, but the fact that practical experience has taught him the advisability of adopting this course. There are more reasons than one why it is better to fish down stream. In the first place, it is much easier; for if the creek is wide enough to make wading necessary, the advantage of going with the current will at once be apparent, and if it is one of the many boisterous mountain brooks which trout so delight in, the angler will be obliged to step or jump from rock to rock in following it, and he will find that he can descend far more readily than he can climb. Again, in going down stream one is enabled to command a better view of the pools and still waters, and is therefore in a more favorable position to determine where to make his casts. His advantage on the rifts is still more evident, for oftentimes his lure will be carried by the current to the precise spot which he desires to reach. The favorite hiding places for trout are under sunken logs and big boulders, and it will be noticed that in the majority of cases there is an opening on the upper side. The speckled beauties like to lie with their noses up stream, and the desirability of having the bait or fly approach from this direction is obvious. When all these facts are taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at that some one who had tried it declared it was unlucky to fish up stream, that others who subsequently made the experiment corroborated the statement, and that finally it came to be accepted as a maxim.

In some portions of the woods where the principal fishing is in a river or large creek, which the angler has to wade to get the best results, there is a familiar saying to the effect that "You will have no luck with trout until you get wet." That there is reason in this aphorism is very plain, and it is often used by the guides as a civil means of informing novices that they cannot expect to catch many fish while walking along the bank of the stream.

There are fishermen who believe that in some unaccountable manner the moon exerts an influence on the trout, and that they will bite the best when it is in the first quarter. It is also thought that the poorest time to fish is during the two or three days just before the new moon. It is doubtful, however, if the most firm adherents to this theory would attempt to explain why fair Luna should thus affect the appetites of the speckled beauties, although they claim to have learned from observation that there is something in it—and perhaps there is. Who knows?

On some of the larger lakes in the Adirondacks anglers will note the direction of the wind during a gale, and after it has been blowing hard for a few hours will fish for speckled trout near the shore opposite that from which the wind comes. Good success has frequently been known to attend such action, but whether or not the direction of the wind had anything to do with it is another question. Some fishermen maintain that the trout during a heavy gale drift, perhaps unconsciously, toward the further shore, with the constant trend of the waves, while others think the fish go there in quest of insect food, which they know will be more plentiful in that part of the lake where it is naturally carried under the combined influence of wind and water. When we consider the known facts in this connection there appears to be some foundation for the saying that "The wind blows the trout toward shore."

In some localities in the wilderness fishermen pay considerable attention to the direction of the wind in the morning, and frequently allow it to decide whether they shall go after trout then or wait until it shifts. But they are just as likely to want the wind in the southeast or northwest when they angle as they are to have it in accord with the points declared favorable in the poem. As a matter of fact, no rule or set of rules in regard to the most auspicious winds for fishing can be formulated that will be universally applicable in the Adirondack region. Owing to the mountains, valleys and forests, the currents of air are almost constantly changing, and on a day when, in a given lake, the trout are biting freely with the wind blowing from the northwest, they may be exhibiting the same activity in another lake, only a few miles distant, where the wind is in the southeast. It is true, nevertheless, that in many waters the direction of the wind appears to have an important bearing on the fishing, but local rules will be found of more value than those set forth in verse.

There are also various truisms relating to the early portion of the trout fishing season. Many anglers assert that in the Adirondack lakes "the best time to catch trout is just as soon as the ice goes out," and that in the streams the most satisfactory results will be obtained immediately after they become free from "snow water." There is a familiar saw to the effect that trout will bite the best when the butternut leaves or those of the alder are "as large as a mouse's ear," and another, applying more especially to streams, that "the time to go after trout is when the lilacs are in bloom."

The most successful anglers in the wilderness are close observers and quick to take advantage of what they read on the open pages which nature spreads out before them. It is said that in Sweden fishermen who see the print of a flat foot in the sand consider it unlucky, but in the Adirondacks no such superstitious thought would be suggested, although the footprint would be duly noted. If it happened to be near a trout stream in which he intended to fish, the angler who saw it would observe in which direction the person who made it was going, and whether the track was fresh or not. He would readily determine whether it was made by a man, woman or child, and very soon discover if more than one person had been over the ground. These points would have more significance for him than the fact of the print being made by a flat foot. If the recently-made tracks of one or more men were discernible, indicating that they had preceded him up or down the stream, it might cause him to change his plans for the day and go elsewhere, or he might make a detour for the purpose of striking in ahead of the others.

Nearly all of the signs and sayings that have been alluded to thus far are of some value, and deserving of the attention of anglers who are ambitious to capture the speckled beauties, but there are a few so-called signs which savor strongly of superstition. One of the most common instances of this nature in some sections is that "If you spit on the bait before casting it in the water it will bring good luck." Of course none but the most credulous will believe that the saliva has any efficacy to tempt the trout, and even though it had, it must of necessity be washed from the bait the instant it strikes the water. Notwithstanding this fact, it is not unusual to see the experiment tried.

Occasionally an angler is found who has peculiar ideas about particular articles of clothing or fishing tackle, thinking that with them he has better luck than he otherwise would have. By way of illustration, he may, on two or three occasions, while carrying a certain fish basket, make excellent catches of trout, and the next time he goes out he may have another creel and meet with poor success. In some cases experiences of this kind will cause the angler to show a marked preference for the basket which he thinks brings him good luck. Some fishermen can not see a crow fly across the road or stream in front of them without thinking it unlucky.

A party of fishermen from Herkimer county, who visited Honnedaga Lake, in the Adirondacks, several years ago, had a curious way of attempting to charm or attract the trout. When they had selected a spot where

they proposed to fish, and had anchored their boat, one of them would throw a small coin into the water for the purpose of bringing good luck. This act would be repeated whenever they changed locations or captured an uncommonly big trout. They had very good success in fishing, but it is difficult to see how in this enlightened age a person could be found who would believe the coins had anything to do with it. This strange performance brings to mind an Eastern practice mentioned by a famous historian, who says that at Cape Mussendom, at the entrance to the Persian gulf, the Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoanuts, fruits or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.

In conclusion it will be appropriate to quote the words of one who has for more than a score of years enjoyed annual expeditions in the Adirondacks and met with gratifying success in angling for speckled beauties: "You will have the best luck catching trout when they are biting well. The best times to fish for them are early in the morning, early in the evening, and just before a warm rain."

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., July 17.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Record Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—We have a certain interest in the West in the record weight of black bass taken each season. I believe that J. B. H. and myself, in our earlier FOREST AND STREAM camps around Mukwonago, Wis., caught about as heavy an average of bass as any of which I have ever heard among my friends. This occurred because we got into a bit of water which was so difficult of access that it had hardly been fished for years. In one string of thirteen fish, which J. B. H. caught one afternoon, we had four fish which weighed over 5lbs. each, one which weighed over 6lbs., and none that weighed under 3lbs. These were all big-mouth bass. At our camp Mr. B. Waters, of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, once caught ten bass one afternoon, of remarkable weights, which I do not now recall distinctly, but I think he had two that weighed over 6lbs. each and several over 4lbs. each, with almost no small ones. At another time Mr. Waters caught in our neighborhood a bass weighing 6lbs. 2 oz., dividing the Natchaug Silk Company's season prize for the heaviest large-mouth bass. On the year following that, a young man by name of Ben Bugbee, who was camping with J. B. H. and myself, caught a big-mouth bass which weighed 6¾lbs. in Chicago two days after it was taken. We thought Ben was certain of first prize that year sure, but I remember he was knocked out by a bass which was taken on the St. Clair Flats which weighed over 7lbs. I think that before this summer the record of the St. Clair Flats for small-mouth bass, and indeed I think the record of the country, was 7lbs. 2 oz. This record no longer stands. On Friday, July 22, in the North Channel, St. Clair Flats, Mr. Dan Davies, of Detroit, caught with rod and reel a small-mouth black bass weighing 8lbs. It was 24½in. long, and had a bust measurement of 17½in. The witnesses of the taking of the fish and its measurements and weight are Mr. Thomas Neal and Mr. H. A. Avery, deputy warden. It will be a long time before a larger bass than this is taken in this part of the country.

Trout in Montana.

The Rod and Gun Club of Helena, Mont., has been active in its attempts to maintain the good fishing in streams adjacent to that city. The club will receive 300,000 trout from the Fish Commission to be deposited in the several streams.

The trout fishing in the neighborhood of Helena has been better this year than for some time, and many grayling have also been taken. The anglers look forward to yet better sport in the future, and believe that the general tendency in protective matters is for the better. The grouse crop is also reported to be good and the general outlook promising.

About Baiting.

A correspondent sends in the following comment:

"In your issue of July 23 I notice an article by W. H. F. on minnow casting for bass. He says catfish minnows are preferable on account of the toughness of their hide. If he will get some yellow fin minnows, run the hook through the mouth, out the gills, then turn the hook so as to pierce the minnow in about the center, I think he will be better satisfied."

Nature seems to have endowed the minnow with two tough places made purposely for the insertion of the hook, one at the lips and one directly under the back fin. An old angler from New York first showed me how to put a minnow on a hook as the above correspondent describes, except that instead of piercing the body of the minnow he passed the point out through the tough skin under the back fin. Baiting a minnow in this way kills the minnow, of course, and a bait so put on a hook is more suitable for crappies, perch, rock bass, etc., than for black bass. A minnow so baited has a whirling motion in the water which is more apt to attract a pickerel than a black bass. A minnow baited through the lips is, of course, presented to the bass in a more natural manner, and is more apt to be taken. It is also more apt to tear away from the hook, and less apt to hook the fish which strikes at it. In all my fishing in the West I have never known any one to use any sort of catfish for bait. I am told that small perch make a good bass bait, but have never tried it. Billy Tuohy, of Eagle, Wisconsin, tells me that in the winter fishing through the ice a black bass will pass by half a dozen minnow baits and take a perch bait in preference. I have heard it said by another angler that in using perch bait in casting for bass the perch ought to be scaled, but I should not regard this as essential. Of course, the bait would be killed after a few casts, and the scaling could then be done, if one cared to paint the lily.

Texas Tarpon.

The tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass, Texas, has been fair during the month of July. General Wade Hampton and party, including Miss Hampton, Hon. A. W. Houston and his son, enjoyed good sport in the week ending July 20. General Hampton took eleven tarpon and his daughter eight. Mr. Houston caught fifteen and his son twenty-one. Nothing startling in weights came out.

Michigan Streams.

Mr. W. B. Mershon writes me regarding the sport on the club stream, Kinne Creek, Mich.: "I do not know of a stream in the world that is fished as hard as Kinne Creek. One of the boys was up last Monday and got twenty-nine nice fish. This is pretty good so late in the season, after the thousands of fish that have been taken out of the little stream this year."

Mr. Mershon was invited to take a day on the famous Fontinalis stream, preserved by the Fontinalis Club, in the upper part of the lower peninsula, and I easily agree with him in his remark that this is an "ideal stream," for it was my good fortune to be a guest there a few years ago. He says: "I had good luck at the Fontinalis stream, though it was the hottest day I ever spent on a trout stream, and I was unfamiliar with the holes. A man starting at the upper end of the stream, and fishing hard for two days could not cover it all. I got thirty-nine nice trout."

Records.

I remember seeing printed some years ago in the Information Wanted columns of FOREST AND STREAM the statement that the record distance of fly-rod casting was 106¼ft. Since that time all these casting records have gone glimmering, Mr. Leonard at New York and Mr. Mansfield at San Francisco fairly doubling what was once considered a good stiff cast with the fly. I have before me last week's records of the Fly-Casting Club, and I notice that Mr. Bellows cast 114ft., Mr. Hascal 111ft., Mr. Peet 113ft., Mr. Goodsell 109ft. Out of five entries in that event the lowest record was that of Mr. Ludlow, 105ft. At an earlier club event Mr. Peet, with a favorable wind, cast 125ft., crowding Mr. Mansfield very close in open air work. These club records are not properly to be called records, since they were not made in open competition, but they are interesting as showing the development of certain possibilities of the rod in later days.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The best day's catch that the writer has thus far learned of the present season consisted of forty good-sized trout, the catch having been made near Slaterville, this county. Some spirited sport ought to be had on the streams found in the neighborhood of the villages here indicated. At the source of Fall Creek, not far from Peruville, a goodly supply of trout is said to abound. Many large-sized trout have been taken from this stream. At McLean, six miles south of Cortland, is a well-known trout stream, and about now delightful sport may probably be had there by those who know a thing or two concerning the ways of the fish. At Harford Mills flow some inviting brooks. At Slaterville, Speedsville, Candor, Enfield and Cortland trout streams are in evidence, and yield, when trout are in the mood, decidedly handsome results.

In lower Fall Creek, just removed from the city limits, a number of exceptionally fine creels of bass were taken, the first of the season. One party took in a few hours' angling ten bass that averaged 1½lbs. each. Later on bass anglers move out into the deeper and wider waters of Cayuga Lake. Perch and pickerel fishing has been disappointing at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake this year. Old fishermen hold that the enormous supply of carp now congesting the southern extremity of the lake, the Ithaca Inlet, and streams contributary thereto, is responsible for the pronounced scarcity of the various well-known fish formerly inhabiting these waters. Some very large specimens of carp have been taken by local fishermen. A 22lb. carp gave an angler a noble battle the other day. Many devotees of the sport enjoy taking these big carp on a light fly-casting outfit. These fish, perhaps by virtue of some peculiar effect or influence imparted by the cool, invigorating waters of the lake, exhibit some remarkably exhilarating game qualities, giving, when hooked, a finish fight of a most desperate and fiery character. It is a rather common sight at certain hours of the day, usually late afternoon and early morning, to observe on the inlet here hundreds of carp, many of them veritable leviathans, breaking the surface of the water times without number, working in well described circles in one instance, and again moving directly up or down the stream. These fish, regardless of their gamy fighting habits, are already regarded as a nuisance. They are mud wallowers, as tasteless as the traditional baked sawdust, and a menace to the angling resources of any body of water they may chance to inhabit. They increase in numbers very rapidly, and in respect to the occupancy of such a big body of water as Cayuga Lake they are practically beyond the power of extermination. The carp problem is certainly a most difficult one for local anglers to dispose of.

At Farley's and Union Springs, along the east shore of Cayuga Lake, plenty of satisfying perch fishing may be enjoyed, and perch and pickerel fishing at Canoga, directly opposite Union Springs.

M. CHILL.

Maine's Fishing and Hunting.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—Fishing in the Maine lakes has again been remarkably good for nearly all of the month of July. A year ago it was considered that July broke the record for fishing in that month, but this year has been nearly as good. Since the rains and wet weather the fishing has seemed to improve. Moosehead reports are good, with plenty of fish in the big iron pan, where the scores are counted and weighed. At the Rangeleys better fishing has never been recorded the season through to date. Of late the fishing has been especially fine at the Big Lake, Mooselucmaguntic. Some remarkably good catches are reported at the Birches, including trout from 3 to 7lbs. A blueback is reported to have been taken recently by trolling; something almost unheard of, these fish only appearing for a short time in the fall when they run up the streams to spawn. Lately there comes a complaint of the small size of the bass taken at the Belgrade ponds, fish up to 3lbs. being rare.

The reports mention a multitude of deer seen at nearly all the fishing resorts, and great hunting is expected this fall. A Moosehead hunter and guide has recently returned from an extended trip, and reports 400 deer counted while absent. A party visiting the Richardson ponds, from the Upper Dam, last week, reports seeing twenty deer while on the trip. Again the farmers of the back settlements are complaining of crops injured by deer. Pleasure seekers, driving through the country, not many miles from the cities even, are frequently rewarded by the sight of deer quietly feeding in the fields or by the roadside. Teams do not seem to alarm them much, and frequently they will allow carriages to approach within a few rods.

Concerning moose and caribou the reports are much less encouraging. A gentleman returning from a trip to Moosehead and the West Branch last week—an excellent moose section—says that he saw no moose and very few tracks or signs.

SPECIAL.

Mullet, Tarpon and Porpoise.

IN his address on the fishery interests of the Florida East Coast, Mr. Geo. W. Scorie told the Tampa Fishery Congress of the relations existing between the mullet and tarpon supply. He said:

I beg leave to ask any of those who do not agree with me in regard to the spawning of the mullet, whether they have ever visited the Atlantic Coast between Melbourne and Canaveral light? My theory is that the mullet do not spawn in the river, but away from the inlet, and my assertion is based upon the fact that among 660,000 caught and handled in my fish house from May 15 to Nov. 1, not one mullet was seen which had thrown its spawn; but at the same time during the latter part of May and again at this very present time at my fishery at Canaveral Bight, I receive information that large schools are daily passing insore, all indicating that they have spawned. Canaveral Bight is the great spawning ground of the East Coast. Millions of mullet have passed there within the past week; and besides, the spawn is found all along the shore. Therefore, when enthusiastic hotel managers and others persuaded our legislators to formulate laws so as to protect the mullet to give food to the tarpon, that they may be kept in good condition from one season to another, to be used as an advertising medium for those liking the sport of catching tarpon during two or three months of the year, you will not wonder that it is under great difficulties that enterprise has to forge ahead here in Florida.

One hundred and sixty-five tarpon and thirty-seven sharks were caught and killed in my pound in three weeks at Canaveral Bight. In one tarpon cut open were found thirty-eight large and seventy-two small mullet. In one shark were found 182 mullet; in a school of drumfish caught and gutted for market, the smallest weighing 9lbs., the largest 17lbs., six fish were picked out and gutted, and found to contain seventy-three mullet, an average of twelve mullet to the drumfish; that, with 300, and you have 3,600 mullet, or thirty barrels, at a commercial value of $100, that the drumfish destroyed.

In the lagoon last summer a large school of porpoises destroyed more mullet than were caught by the fishermen. You, familiar with the fishing of the St. Lawrence River, know that at this time the Canadian Government is considering a way to kill the porpoise, must it not therefore occur to your mind that some remedy must be found for the protection of the mullet other than the fishermen, especially so when you consider that no mullet caught on the East Coast between Nov. 15 and Jan. 15 showed spawn. Still wise men passed a law stopping fishing when the fish were through spawning; further, the spawning is all done outside the river. The fish come into the river to feed, and also run for the inlet to get away from the shark, tarpon, etc., and whenever heavy rains freshen the river they go for the inlets to get into their natural water—the salt waters of the ocean.

In Upper Vermont.

GREENSBORO, Vt., July 30.—The campers on the shores of Caspian Lake, and visiting fishermen from neighboring towns, have had great luck during the past week. Dr. Carl Perkins, of St. Johnsbury, and B. Greenman, of Hardwick, captured a 13½lb. lake trout one day last week, breaking the record of the season. Saturday, O. S. Cogswell, of St. Johnsbury, captured a 6lb. lake trout in the same lake. Fishing is good in all the lakes in this part of the State. The lakes and streams are remarkably low, owing to the protracted drought. Brook trout are found in the dark pools, especially under the waterfalls so numerous in this part of the State. Local fishermen say they bite best when grasshoppers are used as bait, although the campers and boarders, as the visiting fishermen are called, use a variety of flies successfully. Minnows are used mostly for the lake trout. Black bass are found in some of the ponds. Bullheads, yellow perch, sunfish and pickerel satisfy the small boys, and are caught in nearly all of the streams and ponds.

What Flies Shall he Use?

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take the liberty to write to you with regard to fly-fishing for bass. I have a cottage on a lake about six miles long, which is connected with Lake Michigan by a channel. There are many bass in this lake, both large and small-mouth. We also have many white or silver bass in the lake. I have done considerable experimenting with the fly, but have been unable to take any fish by this method. I understand through Chicago friends that nearly all the bass fishing in Wisconsin is done with the fly, with satisfactory results. I have never yet met a fisherman in this State that claimed to catch black bass with the fly to any extent in lake water. I have done fly-fishing for trout in all the principal streams in the lower peninsula, with most satisfactory results, but I cannot get the bass. If you can furnish me or refer me to some authority on fly-fishing for bass I would be very much obliged to you.

A. S. A.

Nessmuk.

KELPIE has sent us for reading some letters which were written by Nessmuk to Antler, and from them we are permitted to quote these characteristic paragraphs:

In Pennsylvania.

You would not know the Pennsylvania counties, of which you speak, at the present time. Lumber, oil, bark, railroads, etc., have got the lead, and the grand old forests are spoiled for you and me. It is well. Untold wealth has waited and wasted for ages, and now when it is needed and can be utilized it is not to be expected that it will remain untouched, that a few old woods loafers may catch trout and kill deer occasionally. But all the same, I feel it, and hate log-butchers, bark-peelers, tanneries, pipe-lines, tram-roads and the whole cursed outfit most cordially. Well the deer and the trout pretty well lasted my time, and I can afford to keep the peace.

In Florida.

But the laziness of the land, the listless carelessness of the Cracker, is over and around me as a misty halo—and the days go and come, and I lose run of the week and even of the month, and don't care a sou marque.

Harvey Cedars.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I observe in your issue of July 16 a note from Mr. Leonard Hulit on New Jersey shore fishing, in which he says: "From Harvey Cedars the reports continue to be of the best. Mr. Walter Davis spent the Fourth there, and landed eleven red drum or channel bass, aggregating 240½lbs."

This is an error. There were three men in the party with Mr. Davis: H. T. Green, J. Sullivan and L. P. Streeter. We fished two days and the catches were as follows:

July 3.—W. W. Davis, 3 fish, 23, 24 and 22lbs.; H. T. Green, 1 fish, 26lbs.; J. Sullivan, 1 fish, 20lbs.; L. P. Streeter, 3 fish, 22, 22, and 18lbs.

July 4.—L. P. Streeter, 2 fish, 25, 22½lbs. Total, 10 fish, 224½lbs. I sent eight of these fish to a friend in Asbury Park, who distributed them among acquaintances, and somehow the report was circulated that Mr. Davis had caught the fish. L. P. STREETER.

A Dictionary of Trout and Bass Flies.

MR. MALCOLM SHIPLEY, of Philadelphia, sends us a "Dictionary of Trout and Bass Flies," in which he has described 450 and odd flies in such a way that from the particulars given one may identify the artificial flies of the day. The descriptions give colors of body, wings, hackle and tail. Thus one coachman is described: Body brown herl, wings white, hackle brown, no tail. The arrangement is a classification of body color; and a full index affords ease of reference. The dictionary is likely to be well received as a convenient and useful guide.

St. Clair Flats Record Bass.

PORT HURON, Mich., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Detroit Free Press of yesterday reported that Dan Davies, who has been bass fishing in the North Channel with Thomas Neal and H. A. Avery, deputy game warden, last Friday caught the largest small-mouth black bass of which there is any official record. It weighed 8lbs. after being out of the water nearly an hour, was 24½in. long and 17½in. girth. It required nearly twenty minutes of very skillful handling on the part of Mr. Davies to land it. North Channel is at St. Clair Flats. J. R. C.

Massachusetts Low Waters.

CHICOPEE FALLS, Mass., July 27.—The Chicopee, Connecticut and Westfield rivers and their tributaries are lower than they have been in years, and fishermen are reaping a rich harvest. Yellow perch, pickerel, bullheads and suckers are being caught in large numbers in the deep pools in the rivers. One party caught 163 fish in the Chicopee River one day last week. Fishermen say that the low water and the actual drying up of some of the smaller streams will have a disastrous effect upon the fish, and that they will be scarce for a year or two in consequence.

Wisconsin Fishing.

WOODRUFF, Wis., July 26.—J. S. Bockee and David G. Bockee stayed at Trout Lake thirteen days; fished ten days at Trout Lake, Little John, Webb, Muscallonge, White Sand and Olloquash lakes; caught over 100 pike weighing from 2 to 9lbs., mostly large; fifty black bass from 1 to 3lbs., and three muscallonge; could have caught many more fish if we had cared to fish all of the time. K.

Montana Fish and Game.

BOZEMAN STATION, Mont., July 25.—We have had a cool summer so far—to-day the hottest of the season, 86°—and most of the summer too cool. Trout fishing is now at its best, though not phenomenal, in other words, "hog" catches have been made. Grayling and whitefish fishing is fairly good. Dusky grouse and "chickens" (sharp-tailed grouse) promise to be plentiful.
J. A. HENSHALL.

Lake Champlain.

BURLINGTON, Vt., July 30.—Fishing was perhaps never better in the lake than it has been recently. The list of fish caught includes black bass, perch, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, rock bass and muscalonge. Some large catches of bass have been made off the docks in this vicinity. The best fishing grounds are reached with sail or row boats.

The Missouri Dogfish.

ST. LOUIS, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am encouraged to drop you a line after reading Mr. F. A. Lucas' enthusiastic account of his catch of a carp in your issue of 23d inst. I am a firm believer that the bass, black or green, are really the game fish of American waters, tarpon, tuna, etc., to the contrary notwithstanding. With any kind of bait they are found to take hold and make a great fight for their lives or freedom. But there is a fish in these diggin's—Missouri swamps and rivers—which I hold, with many others, are equal to them all; that is the much-despised dogfish or grinnel, as many call them; another name is the cypress trout. If our friend of carp experience will just tackle an 8 or 10lb. swamp angel or dogfish, as I have done, with a 10ft. rod and line to match, and let him "skive" around among the drift logs, slashing everything movable in his efforts for freedom, I am inclined to think he will give the dogfish the preference. In summer and sometimes late spring and fall fishing they are numerous in our rivers. Although we do not enjoy catching them, they always give us a fight and keep us guessing as to whether we have a big jack salmon or some other monster of the deep, as they never come to a show until they are obliged to.

But with all his fighting qualities, we prefer to pull out a 2½ or 3lb. bass to a 10lb. grinnel.

JOHN G. P.

Florida Summer Fishing.

MR. FRANK M. TYLER, of Fort Pierce, on the Indian River, Fla., writes to our correspondent, Mr. E. S. Young, under recent date: "Everything is lively here now on account of the war. Fishing is fine. I killed a tarpon on July 8 at Inlet; first of the season. They are plentiful now, and about first of August I expect to get one or two more."

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. W. H. Dye, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.
Dec. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Manitoba Derby.

WINNIPEG, July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inclose you supplementary list of our club's Derby stake, which were received by mail after former list was sent you. This makes a total of forty:

Pedro, liv. and w. ticked pointer dog, whelped July 23, 1897 (Virden Shot—Jessie), R. H. O'Hara, owner.

Sancho, liv. and w. ticked pointer dog,, whelped July 23, 1897 (Virden Shot—Jessie), D. McEwen, owner.

Lena, b. b. w. and t. setter bitch, whelped May, 1897 (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, agent.

Dewey, b. w. and t. setter dog, whelped May, 1897 (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, agent.

Sampson, b. w. and t. setter dog, whelped May, 1897 (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, agent.

Waddell, lem. and w. setter dog, whelped February, 1897 (Count Gladstone—Lillian Russell), D. E. Rose, agent.

Glad's Girl, lem. and w. setter bitch, whelped February, 1897 (Count Gladstone—Lillian Russell), D. E. Rose, agent.

Lad of Jingo, liv. and w. pointer dog, whelped June, 1897 (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), D. E. Rose, agent.

Dan R., liv. and w. pointer dog, whelped January, 1897 (Love's Kent— ———), D. E. Rose, agent.

WILLIAM C. LEE, Sec'y-Treas.

Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

ROXBURY, Mass., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will announce that the tenth annual foxhound trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 17, 1898. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

DALLAS, Texas, will have a dog show in connection with the State Fair, Oct. 4 to 8. There will be $2,200 in premiums. Mr. Geo. W. Clayton (P. O. Box 914, Chicago) is superintendent and manager.

About 100 miles below Abbyville we passed Burcket's Ferry. Standing on the bank of the stream was an old man with a long gray beard. He supported himself with a stick and was trembling in every limb.

"You see that old man," said the captain, "his right arm and tongue are paralyzed. The story is a sad one and a lesson to men who are extravagant in their words. The old man had been running this ferry for many years, but he runs it no longer. About a year ago he was a strong and vigorous man. He was fond of deer hunting, and always left a horn at the ferry to be blown when any one desired to cross. He was on a deer hunt a year ago. The dogs were in the head of the chase, and he was thoroughly enthused, when suddenly the sound of the horn called him to duty. He wheeled around to return to the ferry, leaving the dogs to run the race out, and with an oath said:

"If I don't give up that ferry, I hope to be paralyzed."

"As he uttered the words his right arm fell lifeless to his side, and his tongue refused to articulate. He was paralyzed."—Atlantic Constitution.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, midsummer series, Mass. Bay.
3. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
3. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Chicago, race to Mackinac Lake, Michigan.
6. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Marion.
6. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
6. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
6. Wollaston, open, Boston Harbor.
6-7. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
6. Norwalk, club, Long Island Sound.
6. Mount Hope, open, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Woods Holl, championship, Hadley Harbor.
6-8-9. Oshkosh, Green Lake cup, Felker cup, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto.
6. Royal Canadian, first and 22ft. classes, Toronto.
6. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
8. American, Newburyport day, Newburyport.
9. Squam, open, Annisquam.
10. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester Harbor.
10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.

THE mines in New York waters were all removed last week, those in the Lower Bay being lifted, all but four being recovered in good condition. A number of the mines about Fort Schuyler and Willett's Point were exploded, many people being present to witness the spectacle. A 500lb. anchor was suspended from a raft over one of a group of mines connected by cables. A small amount of explosive was set off on the raft, dropping the anchor, which fell on the mine and canted it and the connected mines as well over to a horizontal position, causing them to explode. The restrictions on vessels entering or leaving the harbor have been entirely removed, and yachtsmen will have no further trouble. The yachts Free Lance, Restless, Aileen and Viking will be placed out of commission this week, their work of harbor patrol being ended.

THE description of the Malay prahu which we publish this week is peculiarly interesting and appropriate from the fact that this strange type of craft, the fastest sailing boat afloat, is now practically an American institution. It may be that we shall some day see a gigantic prahu as a defender of the America Cup.

THE London Times of Aug. 1 announces that the Royal Ulster Y. C. will shortly send a challenge for the America Cup. A particularly silly and improbable story in connection with a challenge from this club was published in April, 1897, and the present report is probably a revival of it.

Fox Lake Y. C.

Lake Villa—Fox Lake.
Saturday, July 23.

THE Fox Lake Y. C. sailed two races on July 23, a free-for-all handicap in the morning, sailed in a light breeze, and the fifth of the cup series in the afternoon, practically a drift. The times of the morning race were: Pistakee, 1:33; El Comancho, 1:33:17; Gadfly, 1:34:23.

In the afternoon race Mabelle led for a time, but was disabled by the loss of her rudder. The times were:

Class A—Start 3:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pistakee	4 59 43	1 14 55
Gadfly	5 00 13	1 15 13
Louise	5 02 37	1 17 37
Emily G	5 08 49	1 23 49
Mabelle	Did not finish.	

Class B—Start 3:50.

American Girl	5 19 55	1 29 55
Victoria	5 24 55	1 34 55
Sleepy Tom	5 25 59	1 35 59
Margaret	5 47 30	. . . .

Class C—Start 3:55.

El Comancho	5 18 29	1 23 29
Faraway	5 26 33	1 31 33
Starling	5 28 48	1 33 49
Weary Waggles	5 31 53	1 36 53
Aeolus	5 34 28	1 39 28

Cape Cod Y. C.

Orleans—Cape Cod Bay.
Saturday, July 30.

THE Cape Cod Y. C. sailed the second of its series races on the Town Cove on July 30, in a moderate S.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quahaug, E. Rogers	13.08	1 39 00	1 08 47
Swan, A. T. Newcomb	17.07	1 34 40	1 09 18
Dolphin, Davenport	15.05	1 37 54	1 10 02
Helen, A. Fulcher	18.03	1 34 45	1 10 03
Elsie, Penniman	14.06	1 39 35	1 10 22
Little Brave, G. Ryder	18.03	1 35 31	1 11 03
Little Daisy, D. Fulcher	14.05	1 44 50	1 15 41

The Measurement Rule.

The Yachtsman, under date of July 14, comments as follows on the measurement question in this country:

The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is evidently most anxious, by a change of the measurement rule, to end the peculiar state into which yachting in the United States has fallen; and, as we mentioned some weeks ago, it has already suggested a formula to effect this object. It is a strange thing, but beyond dispute, that at present yacht racing in America is almost stagnant; and at the same time there is every inclination amongst yachtsmen to pursue the sport. This can only be due to the fact that the racing machine has completely spoiled the sport.

A precisely similar state of affairs existed in this country in 1885, when the 1730 rule was in its last stage. So much was this the fact that no appreciable recovery in the largest class took place for years; and the Field actually considered large yacht racing dead forever. Happily, this has not turned out to be the case, but there was every reason for such a despondent view at that time. We trust that America is only passing through the same dull time, and from the same cause.

There is no doubt, from the popularity of the one-design classes, that a satisfactory rule is the sole remedy for the present state of affairs, and the Seawanhaka committee is perfectly alive to that fact. The rule, whatever it is to be, should be settled before next winter; and as we have frequently said, there ought to be no difficulty in framing a satisfactory measure. Our own rule has its weak points, which are perfectly well known, and therefore it is not likely to be adopted as it stands; but a modification of it is so simple that it would be wise to use it as a basis.

This was supposed to be one of its best features when the Y. R. A. first adopted it, but since then the Association has not only forgotten this fact, but has absolutely rendered it useless. That, however, will have no effect in America, for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is not composed of ancient mariners, but of yachtsmen who know what they want and know how to get it.

The committee, however, has followed the example of the Y. R. A. council in asking for the opinions of individuals, but it will probably diverge from the English method by attaching weight to those opinions now that it has received them. A catechism of five questions bearing on a change of rule was sent out to various qualified yachtsmen, as follows:

[These questions have already appeared in the Forest and Stream.]

The replies to these questions are somewhat lengthy and discursive, but they are published by the club. The universal opinion seems to be in favor of a yacht on board of which one can live in comfort, and there is complete condemnation of the "fast" type known only to the Y. R. A.

With regard to taking elements of speed, it is clear enough nowadays that whatever element of speed is not taxed will run to seed. Every rule known to history proves this conclusively, but of late years it has become necessary not only to tax dimensions, but the actual shape of the yacht, i. e. the shape of midship section and profile, in order to produce a "wholesome" type. We gather that in America there is a tendency to discountenance girth measurement, but Mr. Benzon's system of taxing the difference between chain girth and skin girth seems to us to be faultless, and should be well considered by the Seawanhaka committee before another plan is adopted.

The above comments are very much to the point, far more so than the Yachtsman's critique of the Hyslop formula, reprinted in the Forest and Stream of July 16. We hope that it will yet take up the formula, apart from the secondary details of the committee's report, and discuss it on its merits as compared with other recent propositions.

While the growth of the racing machine under existing rules is the main cause of the existing condition of American yachting, it is not the sole one; and we do not share the Yachtsman's optimistic anticipations of a speedy revival upon the adoption of a good rule. This it is true is the first step, and no revival can come without it; but at best the measurement rule must be classed as negative rather than positive legislation. It is easy enough in a way to say to yachtsmen: "You shall not build other than good boats"; but it is manifestly impossible to say to any man: "You must build a yacht"; if this were possible the clubs might go still further and compel all members to forswear the seductive golf stick and the wily wheel and to devote all their spare time and money to yacht racing. Unfortunately, the best of the older yachtsmen have got out of the habit of building yachts, and it is too late for the mere removal of the cause, however effectually done, to produce a positive and opposite effect.

The immediate results of the adoption of a new rule, even as good a one as can be looked for, will be precisely the same as in any important measure of national legislation; it will fail to produce an immediate and beneficial effect, it will be hastily and superficially judged both by its friends and enemies, and the party responsible for it will be roundly condemned.

There is fortunately a prospect of a speedy termination of the present war, followed by that long-promised but often deferred revival of business this fall, and this will greatly aid that reaction which is almost a matter of course under any but the most unfavorable conditions after the depression which has culminated in the present season. Should events take the favorable course now probable, there will be a moderate revival of building and racing next season, which will afford a good opportunity for a practical test of a new rule in some of the classes. At the same time, we have little hope of the building up of anything larger than the 51ft. single-stick class; certainly there is no prospect, under any circumstances, of a revival of the 90-footer.

The Yachtsman's suggestion of the adoption of the new Benzon formula is, as a definite proposition, very much to the point at present; the time has gone by for the general discussion of many issues, and the question at stake is as to just what specific formula shall be adopted.

Mr. Alfred Benzon is a Swedish yachtsman, we believe, at least a resident of Copenhagen, who has given a great deal of thought and study to the measurement question; and who is interested in the growing system of yachting in and about the Baltic. He is the author of the formula now used by the German and Scandinavian clubs, adopted in 1893 for a period of five years, a formula similar to the present Y. R. A. rule. In view of the expiration of the limit of the present rule, Mr. Benzon has recently given much time to the measurement question, and this spring published a very interesting pamphlet, comparing all existing rules, suggesting a number of possible modifications to meet the new conditions of racing design, and also including in his comparisons several suggestions such as those of Messrs. Herreshoff and Hyslop.

Mr. Benzon has for some years advocated girth as a factor, his existing formula using what is commonly called "chain girth," or the girth as measured by a chain passed from rail to rail under the keel, at its deepest part, when the yacht is afloat. The British Y. R. A. rule, on the other hand, uses what is termed "skin girth," or the girth measured, when the yacht is ashore, by a tape laid close to the skin from side to side.

Presumably for the reason that neither of these methods of using girth has proved effective, Mr. Benzon has proposed a new factor, the difference between the "skin girth" and the "chain girth," and he suggests a variety of formulas embodying this principle. The one formula in particular which he recommends, as does the Yachtsman, is as follows: $\frac{L.+B.+G.+d.+\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$. In this formula G. represents the skin girth measured on land from deck to deck, less three times the least freeboard when the yacht is afloat. The factor d. is the difference between the skin girth and the chain girth.

It is, of course, impossible to discuss a new and complicated proposition of this kind offhand, and what is worse, Mr. Benzon's pamphlet, of which we have just received a copy, is in German. The different types, from the skimming dish to the deep and full-bodied cutter, are shown in the diagrams, and the different formulas, twenty in all, are applied to each type. Unfortunately the Hyslop formula is so incorrectly given as to make a comparison with the others worse than useless; the formula ascribed to Mr. Herreshoff fares little better.

The character of Mr. Benzon's work for a better rule is such as to demand a careful study before judgment is passed upon it; but short of this, the argument against the use of girth in any form, as set forth in the Forest and Stream of July 9, is a strong one, and is indirectly in favor of what we consider the more direct, scientific and effective formula proposed by Mr. Hyslop.

The present time, with the Seawanhaka trial races just concluded and the Montreal races, the A. C. A. meet, the Quincy challenge cup races, and other events near at hand, gives us very little time to devote to this important question, but we shall be glad to give space to all who care to discuss it through our columns.

Eastern Y. C. Open Races.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Monday, Tuesday, July 25, 26.

The Eastern Y. C., of Marblehead, concluded a very interesting series of three open races on Tuesday of last week, the first of these, on July 23, being reported in our previous issue. The races were open to all yachts of the 30ft. and 25ft. classes, Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, the raceabout class and the knockabout class. On the first day the wind was light S.E., with a little sea, the winners being Elfreda in the 30ft. class; Cartoon in the 25ft. class; Hazard in the raceabout class, and Lorelei in the knockabout class.

On Monday morning Cartoon was measured for the first time, and proved to be 6in. over the class limit of 25ft. l.w.l. Being thus barred from her own class, she went up into the 30ft. class, receiving time allowance on her actual measurement by Seawanhaka rule, as the Eastern Y. C. has not abolished allowance. The courses were, for the 30ft. and 25ft. classes, from off Marblehead Rock around a buoy off Half-Way Rock, thence around the E. Y. C. sea mark and return by same course, thirteen miles naut. The raceabouts and knockabouts sailed around the Half-Way mark, two rounds making nine miles naut. There was a moderate south wind, lighter offshore, and a light chop sea. While the 30-footers carried topsails, Cartoon has only the jib and mainsail rig. Cartoon made a good start and held first place over the first leg, but on the second, with wind and sea heading her, she dropped to fourth, Handsel being first, followed by Elfreda and Ashumet. After a run under spinakers, the order at Half-Way Rock was: Ashumet, Handsel, Cartoon, Elfreda. The final times were:

30ft. Class.

	R. M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cartoon, Howard Parker	29.75	2 50 14	2 40 29
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.98	2 50 25	2 43 41
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	38.25	2 45 10	2 45 10
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	32.41	2 52 14	2 46 00

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 57 40
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 00 22
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	3 05 30
Dragon, C. M. Barker	3 12 58

Raceabout Class.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 34 55
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	1 36 14
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 37 19
Mongoose, A. D. Irving	1 37 46
Spindrift, W. H. Lothrop	1 38 24
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	1 39 24
Hazard, H. M. Sears	1 39 30
Gosling, J. O. North	1 39 32
Suzanee, Frank Brewster	1 41 09
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	1 43 47
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	1 44 19
Chinook, C. F. Adams	Withdrew.

Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorelei	1 54 17	1 52 17
Polly	1 55 10	1 55 10
Gossip	1 55 22	1 55 22
Jenny Wren	1 57 28	1 54 54
Mayona	1 57 54	1 56 28
Spinster	2 00 04	1 58 38
Aspenet	2 02 59	1 59 33
Nike	2 14 21	2 11 47
Comet	2 15 03	2 11 37
Ruth	2 15 33	2 14 07
Widow	Withdrew.	

The last race was sailed on July 26, in a light and variable wind, with rain. The course for the larger boats was around the sea mark and return, going by Half-Way Rock and Pigs Buoy each way. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	R. M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	38.25	3 35 07	3 35 07
Cartoon, H. Parker	29.75	3 47 51	3 37 44
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	32.41	3 53 27	3 46 58
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.98	4 06 34	3 59 35

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	4 23 46
Little Peter, H. Moebs	Withdrew.

Raceabout Class.

Mongoose, J. D. Irving	2 29 53
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	2 29 56
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 30 00
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	2 30 01
Darthea, E. C. Lambert	2 30 05
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 30 26
Dafila, W. D. Turner	2 32 33
Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 32 34
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 38 40
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	2 38 57
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 39 20
Suzanne, Frank Brewster	2 39 47
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 40 03

Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 41 35	2 37 57
Aspenet, H. A. Morse	2 43 22	2 38 31
Nike, C. A. Cooley	2 43 29	2 39 51
Carina, J. P. Clark	2 43 30	2 40 40
Lorelei, J. S. Cochrane	2 43 34	2 40 44
Polly, E. Wadsworth	2 47 17	2 47 17
Spinster, L. M. Clark	2 51 45	2 49 44
Water Lily, J. K. Safford	2 52 29	2 50 28
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 53 17	2 51 16
Widow, J. S. Farlow	3 01 13	2 57 35
Gossip II., Waldo Haskell	Withdrew.	

The winners of the series were: 30ft. class, first day, Elfreda, first, $25 and one leg; second day, Cartoon, first, $25 and one leg; Handsel, second, $15; third day, Ashumet, first, $25 and leg; Cartoon, second, $15. Twenty-five foot class, first day, Cartoon disqualified; Little Peter, first, $20 and one leg; Sally IV., second, $12; second day, Hermes, first, $20 and one leg; Little Peter, second, $12; third day, Hermes, first, $20 and one leg. Raceabout class, first day, Hazard, $20 and one leg; Tunipoo, $12, and Spindrift, $8; second day, Jilt, first, $20 and one leg; Tunipoo, second, $12, and Sintram, third, $8. Third day, Mongoose, first, $20 and one leg; Tunipoo, second, $12, and Fancy, third, $8. Knockabout class, first day, Lorelei, first, $20 and one leg; Polly, second, $12, and Carina, third, $8; second day, Lorelei, first, $20 and one leg; Polly, second, $12, and Gossip, third, $8; third day, Jenny Wren, first, $20 and one leg; Aspenet, second, $12, and Nike, third, $8. Lorelei is the only boat winning a club medal. The Upton cup was not won, a sail-off being necessary.

Saturday proved a poor day for yacht racing, almost all the wind being concentrated in one violent thunder squall. Only four schooners were present at the line, and in the 25ft. class Little Peter had no competitor, so a handicap was arranged between her and Harbinger, the latter allowing 4m. The schooners sailed from off Marblehead Rock to the sea mark, to Boston Lightship and return, 25½ miles naut. The others sailed to the Groves, the sea mark and home, 15 miles. The 30ft. class was started at 11:55, the handicap boats at 12:05, and the schooners at 12:23.

The wind was very light from S.W., and Cartoon, with no topsail, was at a disadvantage, doing poorly and finally giving up. Near the finish the fleet was overtaken by a bad squall, but all came through safely, though the judges' tug picked up the crew of the 18-footer Duchess, capsized while in another race. The times were:

Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Loyal, N. C. Nash	4 56 45	4 54 33
Hope Leslie, L. Minot	5 02 05	4 57 33
Adrienne, H. P. Smith	4 58 57	4 58 57
Frolic, H. H. White	Did not finish.	

30ft. Class.

Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	3 47 50	3 47 50
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	4 12 06	4 02 00
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	4 48 00	4 37 19
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	Withdrew.	
Cartoon, H. Parker	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

Little Peter, H. Moebs	5 19 06	5 19 06
Harbinger, W. Bache	5 29 24	5 25 24

The race commmittee included Messrs. Buck, Clarke, Howard and Roberts.

Manchester 15ft. Class.

The 15-footers have taken root at Manchester, Mass., as well as at Squam, and quite a fleet of small racers is now at home in the harbor. Mrs. T. Dennie Boardman has presented a silver cup, named the Chubb cup, for a series of races, the first of which was sailed on July 26 in a light and fluky south wind, three rounds of the inside course. The times were:

	Elapsed.
"00," Boardman & Brown	1 57 56
Freak, C. Fitch	1 58 39
Phogoette, J. R. Bremer	1 01 36
99, Gerald Boardman	1 01 44
——, E. V. R. Thayer	1 01 45
Jag, J. A. Lawrence	1 02 42
10, Boardman & Lewis	1 02 50
Witch, Norton Wigglesworth	1 03 02
Atom, Ames Bros.	Withdrew.
Stiletto, R. F. Tucker	Withdrew.

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.

Saturday, July 30.

The Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on July 30 in a light S.E. wind, only one round being sailed in consequence of a heavy thunder squall. The times were:

Raceabouts—Start 3:40.

	Finish.
Delta, R. B. Williams	4 36 50
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	4 38 00
Kid, H. Bigelow	4 38 10
Nereid, W. R. Sears	4 38 20

15ft. Class—Start 3:00.

Bee, F. W. Clark	4 11 00

Skipjacks—Start 3:05.

Merlin, R. S. Townsend	Not timed.
Marette, D. James	Did not finish.

The Flying Proa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the close of the unpleasantness between the South and the rest of the States, the writer hereof, being one of the few who were debarred from parole, went out into the world to find employment for his energies, and to rough it for victuals and clothes until the time should arrive when he could become a citizen of our common country. Educated as a physician, he was fortunate enough to secure a position on board a British steamer then engaged in the coolie trade to South America and the West Indies, and in this capacity spent several years up and down the China seas and among the islands of the Pacific, now grouped under the head of Oceanica. He has been in the Philippines frequently, and in Manila probably a score of times, and it was in that harbor that he got the opportunity of seeing and closely examining that marvel of sailing crafts, the prahu; or, as incorrectly called, proa.

The word prahu is pronounced very much like "prow," as spoken down on Cape Cod, the h being silent and the u enunciated like oo in cool, hence the word "prow," the common nautical name for the craft, has no reference to that portion of a vessel, but is the nearest approach to the native or Malay name for the boat.

The prahu originated (as I was informed by a surgeon in H. M. Indian service, whose long residence in the East and knowledge of Hindustani and native languages and dialects, including Malayu, made him a mine of information on all matters pertaining to Indonesian history, ethnology and affairs generally*) in the Laccadive group, though just why there, when the same conditions obtain in all the islands and groups of the Indian and Pacific oceans, and the craft so admirably fulfills them, I cannot see.

By what fortunate chance or by what inspiration this marvelous model of naval construction was evolved must ever remain a mystery. Certain it is that, as in the Australian boomerang, the highest mathematical knowledge of our vaunted civilization, while it can follow out by intricate calculations and demonstrate to a nicety that both are built upon the lines of the highest science, yet would never have suggested either.

The prahu is diametrically opposed to all of our ideas of naval construction. While with us bow and stern are widely different, in the prahu they are alike. With us, on the contrary, the two sides of our vessels are exactly alike, with her they are as unlike as they could possibly be made—one, the port, being bellied or rounded out, while the lee side is as flat as boards can be. I can scarcely give a better idea of the shape of the prahu than by saying that if we took a purse-net seine boat, both ends of which are sharp, and sawed it in two longitudinally from stem to stern, and nailed a board sufficiently wide and long to the open side, we would have the models of two prahus, as shown by the outline sketch A.

It is obvious that a craft of this shape, left as it is, has no stability. It would at once list and fill, and probably sink; so to prevent this it is fitted with outriggers of light but strong bamboo, at the extremity of which is a log, sharp at both ends, of palm or other heavy wood, but usually of the body of the cocoanut palm, which is exceedingly hard, close-grained and heavy. The shape of this log is that of a solid pirogue, or of a log that has been shaped for a canoe, but not yet dug out. This is lashed to the extremities of the bamboo poles, so that the distance from the hull of the prahu can be regulated to the load of the latter, being approached when the load is light and removed when it is heavy, thus giving the craft an immense breadth of beam, and one always suited to the occasion.

The mast is stepped in the exact center of the flat (lee) side, and the craft sails equally well with either end as bow or stern. It is in tacking and windward work that the wonderful fitness of the prahu for these seas (where a steady wind can always be relied upon, according to the season) is shown. The prahu, under these circumstances, tacks frequently, and to facilitate matters a steersman or helmsman is kept constantly at each end. When the craft wants to go about the rais (sea-Arabic for captain) gives the order, the prahu bears away and brings what was the stern end of the boat to the wind, the heel of the sail is shifted to the opposite side, the boom swung in the opposite direction, and presto, the maneuver is accomplished, and off she goes like an arrow from a bow, stern formost, the same side, the flat one, however, remaining always the weather one.

The sails are (or were, in my day) invariably of matting, and triangular in shape, the boom being of bamboo.

As to the hull of the prahu, there is not a nail or piece of metal used in its construction. The planks are sewed together with fibers from the native plants, so many of which abound in those regions, rich in strong and durable fibers. The interstices are caulked with coir (cocoanut) oakum, and the whole is made water-tight by a plentiful use of the native resins and gums. The framing, what little there is, is pinned together with wooden pins.

The prahu passes through rather than over the waves, and the first sight of one of the little craft careering along, like a race horse, through the waves, its nearly nude crew perched, if the breeze is heavy, out on the outrigger, its helmsmen standing straight and stiff, like crows in the rain, at either end, is one never to be forgotten while memory lasts.

As to speed, the prahu in any sort of weather can sail around and around out swiftest yachts, and still keep ahead of them. She glides, on the lightest breath of air, through the water like a living thing, and in a gale her speed is astonishing, and while, it must be confessed, not the most comfortable craft in the world, she is the safest.

I remember, now some twenty-five years ago, coming on deck one morning, and seeing the sail of a prahu just visible above the horizon dead astern. We were steaming and sailing, and making some eight or nine knots. In about two and a half hours she was alongside, passed us like a flash, and in two hours more she was hull-down dead ahead.

In constructing the prahu, as in building everything else, the tool most used is the parang, a heavy knife, narrow at the handle, but widening out at the tip to about 3in. The parang is the constant companion of the Malay, whether he be orang laut (man of the sea), orang malayu (the more civilized Malay), or orang benua (the wild or mountain man), and he uses it for hewing, cutting, cleaving and mortising, as knife, axe, adze and saw, and occasionally as weapon; but the weapon of the Malay is the kris or crease. With this he hews out and shapes and joints the slender boards of which the hull is made.

I am convinced, from the observations of five years spent up and down the China and Indian seas, that if we of the West, with our mechanical skill and resources, would take the prahu as a model, and construct a vessel in which the principles involved are developed, the result would be a marvel of speed. The prahus are comparatively small, as may easily be understood from what has been said, since the largest can be no longer than planks hewn from one log. My memory does not serve me very well at this length of time, but as well as I can remember, I never saw one more than 45ft. long, and possibly not this length, since it is a well-known phenomenon of memory that it always exaggerates the dimensions of buildings, vessels, etc. (as anyone who has returned to the scenes of his boyhood after an absence of even a few years can testify. Buildings that were remembered as enormous structures turn out to be very small, and distances once thought long are found to be relatively trifling).

Hitherto attempts have been made to utilize twin hulls, bridged across by a deck over the water, but such attempts have always proven failures as far as speed is concerned, because the hulls, being duplicates of each other, and each having bellying bows (B. B.), heaped up the water between them, and thus retarded progress. If, however, the proa shape of hull were taken (C. C.) with the flat sides inward, this objection would not obtain, and in my opinion the result would be a fast craft. The wheel or screw might be placed in the center, and probably to advantage, though I am not engineer enough to say whether it would be or not.

I cannot say that the prahu is a comfortable craft, according to our European ideas of comfort at least, though many a time I have envied the bath that the chaps on the outrigger were getting as the prahu dashed through the waves on a light breeze, while we were loblollying around in the intolerable heat.

With this craft, as I have described it, the natives put to sea in weather in which no European vessel of twice its size and staunchness could live more than a few minutes, and borne on by the "trades," go from island to island with the directness of the flight of a pigeon, and with nearly the speed of one.

That the prahu is of Malay origin can scarcely be doubted, tradition to the contrary, and from the following facts: The Malay dwellings throughout Indonesia and Australasia resemble prahus in their shape and construction—insomuch indeed that a Malay village looks for all the world like a lot of stranded prahus. The Malay word for "village" is the same as that for "boat" (of any sort), or balangay, a fact which recalls a period when Malays migrating or pirating, sea-rovers that they are, on reaching a new place of habitation, or seeking shelter for a period on shore, drew their boats up out of the water, turned them over to one side and made dwellings of them.

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

[For several years past Mr. Robert Tyson, of Toronto, an old canoeist, has been experimenting with the proa idea, producing a very comfortable and fast sailing boat. No attempt is made to attain the exceptional speed of the proa, the object being a boat as simple and convenient as the sailing canoe, but more comfortable.—EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.]

* This description, so far as it goes, fits very closely our old friend Dr. C. M. Douglas, the canoeist; possibly our correspondent has met Dr. Douglas in the East.—EDITOR.

Manchester Y. C. Midsummer Series.

Manchester, Mass.

July 27, 28, 29.

THE Manchester Y. C. held its midsummer series of races last week, beginning on July 27. The races were open to yachts of the 30ft., 25ft., 21ft. and 18ft. classes, Y. R. A., and raceabouts; cabin and open yachts sailing together in the 21ft. class. Cash prizes were given, with the Y. R. A. percentages. The courses were:

For 30ft., 25ft., 21ft. classes, course 1—From starting line, leaving Hardy's Rocks to starboard; thence to black buoy off Martin's Ledge, leaving it to starboard; thence to black buoys Nos. 5 and 7, off Coney Island and Coney Island Ledges, leaving them to port; thence to black buoy 11, off Little Haste, leaving it to starboard; thence to finish line.

Course 2—Reverse of course 1.

For smaller classes, course 3—From starting line to black buoy No. 5, off Baker's Island; thence to black buoy 11, off Little Haste; thence to finish line, leaving all marks to starboard.

Course 4—Reverse of course 3

On Wednesday the conditions were very poor, a light S.E. breeze and heavy fog, but a start was made at 12:30. A very good race was sailed, considering the weather, the times being:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	1 34 33
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	.. ..

25ft. Class.

Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 41 11
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 41 28
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 42 43

Raceabout Class.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 48 33
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 51 37
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving	1 51 55
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	1 42 32
Chinook, Adams Bros	1 54 35
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer, Jr.	1 55 40
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	1 55 58
Quill, J. F. Cole	1 56 55
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	1 57 47
Darthea, E. C. Lambert	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 52 08
Duchess, C. D. Mower	1 52 38
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 52 39

Prize winners were: First prizes, Ashumet $15, Little Peter $15, Jilt $15, Circe $10; second prizes, Beatrice $10, Sintram $10, Duchess $5; third prize, Mongoose, $5

The 21-footer Snipe II. was at the line ready to start, but had no boat to sail against.

The judges were: Messrs. G. M. Mansfield, A. G. Wood, W. A. Tucker, James Bertram, A. Henry Higginson.

The Manchester 15ft. class mustered half a dozen starters, but they were lost in the fog, and none finished.

On Thursday the conditions were still worse, rain being added to the fog, so that the race was postponed to the following morning at 10:30.

On Friday morning the postponed race was started in a light and fluky south wind. Though the course was covered by all but the 15-footers, the race was very fluky and unsatisfactory. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 15 27
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 17 30
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 17 51
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	3 10 37

Raceabouts.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 23 30
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 31 21
Quill, John F. Cole	2 33 17
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 34 27
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 34 39
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	2 34 47
Gosling, Clark & North	2 35 19
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 38 00
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	2 45 43
Spindrift, W. S. H. Lothrop	Withdrew.

21ft. Class.

Snipe II., Boardman Bros.	2 13 30
Bud, S. N. Small	2 18 02
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	2 40 46
Fesit, N. R. Blaney	2 43 37

18ft. Class.

Circe, F. L. Pigeon	2 20 28
Duchess, C. D. Mower	2 26 28
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	3 40 00

The judges were: G. W. Mansfield, A. G. Wood, A. H. Higginson and W. A. Tucker.

There was so little wind in the afternoon that the second race was postponed to Monday afternoon, the race for the Cronhurst cup, set for that time, being changed to 10:30 A. M.

East Gloucester Y. C.

Gloucester, Mass.

Wednesday, July 27.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed a club race on July 27 in the evening. The wind was light from the east and there was a heavy fog. The times were:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Torment, Pomeroy Bros.	1 26 20
Skedaddle, Merchant	1 46 50

Second Class.

Ariel, A. W. Gosbee	1 22 20
Luna, S. D. Hildreth	1 26 56

Third Class.

Doris, J. L. Proctor	1 40 33
Ideal, J. R. Jeffery	1 56 12
Hoodoo, C. McCurdy	Did not Finish.

Kingston Y. C. Special Race.

Kingston, Mass.

Tuesday, July 26.

THE Kingston Y. C. sailed a special race for the 15ft. class on July 26, over a 6-mile course, in a moderate S. W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Olympia, W. Steele	1 45 53
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 49 07
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 50 32
Waban, G. W. Schiverick	1 51 38
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 53 10
Frolic, J. C. Dawes	1 53 20

Lake Y. R. A. Annual Meet.

Kingston—Lake Ontario.

July 22-26.

THE meet of the Lake Yacht Racing Association at Kingston was a most successful affair, including as it did a combination of really good racing with a jolly social reunion, and an unusual absence of discomforts and annoyances. The port of Kingston is well adapted to the requirements of a meet, the harbor being some six miles long and two wide, completely landlocked and good water everywhere. All starts and finishes were off the house of the Kingston Y. C., the course consisting of two sides of a triangle, each three nautical miles long, the yachts sailing to an outer buoy and back, and then to another buoy and back. This gave the Kingston people a good view of the entire racing from the shore, a point of some importance, as the visiting yachtsmen were under no small obligations to the town's folk. In addition, the course was an excellent one from a racing standpoint, the landlocked surroundings and easily found marks forming an agreeable change from the somewhat prosaic job of hunting up buoys which are difficult to lay and difficult to find in the open lake.

The first three days brought moderate to fresh winds and bright weather, the fourth failing to some extent in the matter of wind, but the races on this occasion were decided on the first round, in accordance with the rules of the Association. It was always possible to start the yachts so as to give windward work to the first buoy, and a run back with a broad reach to the second buoy and a close haul home. This was variety enough to satisfy the most chronic grumbler.

The most prominent feature of the racing was the turnout in the first and 42ft. classes, which sailed together with five starters; of these Vreda, the largest of the lot, was hardly in racing form, but the rest were in excellent shape and sailed to win. Merry Thought, owned this year by Com. Jarvis, is a three-year-old boat built for a cruiser, a roomy craft of 46.31ft. corrected length and large displacement. She had the advantage of the good tuning up and clever handling that Com. Jarvis always gives his boats, and made decidedly close racing with Canada, now commissioned by Geo. H. Gooderham, after a year of retirement, and entered at 44.79ft. racing length under the rule which penalizes her form of midship section. In the first race Merry Thought got the lead at the start and kept it all day, Canada coming up very close at one time, but at the finish Merry Thought had 27s. the advantage over and above her allowance to Canada. Zelma made a good third in each race, Aggie coming in for fourth prize.

The 37ft. class furnished only a couple of duels between Dinah and Viva, the latter winning, although a measurement protest has been entered against the last race. The 32ft. class included only old boats, Norma, Erma and Nox, the latter going up from the class below. Norma won both races, but in the second was disqualified for fouling a buoy.

The 27ft. class saw some hot racing. Last year Kestrel came to Kingston and won, and was promptly bought by Dr. Black, of that place, who went to considerable expense to fit her out this season to compete against Verona, a new Hamilton craft, by the same builders. Verona proved a winner, but the first race sailed in a tame breeze was a neck and neck affair with Kestrel, she being at one time ahead. In the light weather of the second race Verona had a more decided advantage.

In the 22ft. class the Rochester boat Pedro had things all her own way, the entry list being poor. The 22ft. knockabout class showed no new craft built since its establishment, but Veritas, designed by W. P. Stephens, is an excellent example of the type of craft it must produce. In a good breeze she took first place easily the first day, but yielded it to Enid in the lighter weather of the second race.

Aside from the racing, the splendid hospitality of the Kingston Club and the citizens generally made the meet an affair to be remembered for a long time. Special credit is due to Com. Richardson, Secretary Macnee and President Strange, of the L. Y. R. A., for their unremitting attention to the visitors, and as a result everything passed off without a hitch.

The following are the official times of the racing:

July 22.

First Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merry Thought	2 12 10	3 12 10	3 10 05
Canada	2 46 40	3 46 40	3 42 50
Zelma	2 58 23	3 58 23	3 50 42
Aggie	3 06 55	4 06 55	4 02 47
Vreda	3 04 13	4 04 13	4 04 13

32ft. Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:10.

	Finish.
Norma	4 31 45
Erma	4 35 18
Nox	4 39 45

22ft. Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:20.

Pedro	2 05 00
Venus	2 12 55
Widgeon	2 19 38
Omega	2 25 02

July 23.

37ft. Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:00.

Vivia	2 41 56
Dinah	2 43 59

27ft. Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:10.

Verona	3 26 08
Kestrel	3 29 40
Hiawatha	3 37 45
Nautilus	4 09 45
Geisha	Did not finish.
Dolphin	Did not finish.

22ft. Knockabout Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:20.

Veritas	1 26 03
Chickadee	1 36 15
Euroclydon	1 40 05
Enid	Did not finish.

July 25.

First Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Canada	2 11 00	3 11 00	3 07 10
Merry Thought	2 12 10	3 12 10	3 10 05
Zelma	2 20 28	3 20 28	3 12 47
Aggie	2 24 28	3 24 28	3 20 20
Vreda	2 23 38	3 23 38	3 23 38

32ft. Class, 24 Miles—Start 11:10.

Norma	3 22 50	Disqualified.	
Nox	3 28 12	. .. ..	. .. ..
Erma	3 31 09	. .. ..	. .. ..

22ft. Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:20.

	Finish.
Pedro	1 35 35
Venus	1 47 00
Gloria	1 49 10
Widgeon	1 55 52
Omega	Did not finish.

July 26.

37ft. Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:00.

Vivia	3 27 02
Dinah	3 32 10

27ft. Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:10.

Verona	3 41 25
Hiawatha	3 42 12
Kestrel	3 53 32
Geisha	4 07 20

22ft. Knockabout Class, 12 Miles—Start 11:20.

Enid	4 03 55
Veritas	4 16 20
Euroclydon	7 00 00
Chickadee	Did not finish.

W. Q. PHILLIPS.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

THE 30-footers have raced regularly during the week at Newport, beginning on Monday, as reported last week. In this race Dorothy started ahead of the gun, but did not hear the hail from the committee boat, no recall signal being set. The committee decided that she was disqualified, the prize going to Carolina. On July 26 the Jamestown course was sailed twice in a light south wind, the times being, start 2:53:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	5 12 40	2 19 40
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 14 24	2 21 24
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 16 44	2 23 44
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 19 26	2 26 26
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	5 19 40	2 26 40
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.	

On the same day the 15-footers sailed a race, Paprika, formerly owned by Sherman Hoyt, starting under the new ownership of J. B. Thomas, Jr. The times were, start 4:04:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paprika, J. B. Thomas, Jr.	5 08 20	1 04 20
Taboo, Noyes Brothers	5 12 57	1 08 57
Paradox, E. Dodge	5 15 37	1 11 37
Mariner, J. Conover	5 15 57	1 11 57

On July 27 the fog was so thick that no attempt was made to start the postponed race for the Ellis cup. A sweepstakes race was started, but none of the boats could find the outer mark.

The Ellis cup race was postponed to the following week, and the race of July 29 was a sweepstakes. The course was from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and Jamestown, with a fresh S.W. wind. The times were, start 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 08 17	2 13 17
Carolina, P. Jones	5 08 47	2 13 47
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	5 10 21	2 15 21
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 22 25	2 27 25
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 23 07	2 28 07
Vaquero, H. P. Duryea	Did not finish.	

Vaquero parted a shroud and withdrew.

A race for a cup presented by Mr. H. B. Duryea was scheduled for Saturday, but was postponed, as Messrs. Whitney and Vanderbilt could not be present, a sweepstakes being substituted. The wind was again S.W.; the boats sailed first to the Jamestown mark, then to Dyer's Island and return. The times were, start 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 09 17	2 14 17
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 09 50	2 14 50
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 11 40	2 16 40
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	5 11 57	5 16 57
Carolina, P. Jones	5 13 56	2 18 56

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, July 30.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a club race on July 30, in a light and variable breeze, followed by a heavy squall. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	2 24 20	. .. ..
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 27 36	. .. ..
Spindrift, W. S. H. Lothrop	2 29 38	. .. ..
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 32 02	. .. ..
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving	2 32 35	. .. ..
Sparkle, I. D. Mills	2 40 53	. .. ..
Dafila	Did not finish.	
Tunipoo	Did not finish.	
Hazard	Did not finish.	
Jilt	Did not finish.	
Suzanne	Did not finish.	
Fancy	Did not finish.	
Darthea	Did not finish.	
Gosling	Did not finish.	

Knockabout Handicap.

Aspenet, H. A. Morse	2 08 10	2 04 10
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 10 19	2 09 19
Polly	Did not finish.	
Mayona	Did not finish.	
Ruth	Did not finish.	
Comet	Did not finish.	

Cruisers.

Sally IV., L. F. Percival	2 29 35	. .. ..
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	2 32 42	. .. ..
Indra	Did not finish.	
Dragon	Did not finish.	

Wood's Holl Y. C.

Wood's Holl—Quisset Harbor.

Saturday, July 30.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a very good race in a light breeze on July 30, the times being:

Knockabouts.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gadfly, W. G. Geary	....	2 03 40	. .. ..
Edith, J. M. Baker	....	2 05 06	. .. ..
Royal Blue, C. S. Dennison	....	2 09 10	. .. ..
Nulma, A. C. Harrison	....	2 09 20	. .. ..
Eina, J. Farkinson	....	2 14 32	. .. ..
Dariel, H. W. Harris	....	Disabled.	

Spritsails.

Dude, H. E. Hibbard	14.00	0 59 45	. .. ..
Florence, A. M. Ferris	14.00	1 08 15	. .. ..

Special Match.

Linda, G. B. Wilbur	19.02	2 22 45	2 22 45
Vireo, C. Forbes	18.01	2 27 22	2 25 36

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich—Long Island Sound.

Saturday, July 30.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. made all necessary arrangements for a good race on July 30, its annual regatta, but the weather was most unsatisfactory, in the morning a calm, with a hot stifling atmosphere, and during the race a severe squall, which capsized the centerboard catboats Volsung and Punch.

The preparatory signal was given at 1:30, the wind being very light, with indications of a thunderstorm which were more than realized during the second round. The first round was timed:

Tern, 2:26:23; Black Cat, 2:26:28; Ketch II., 2:26:36; Tyler's unnamed, 2:30:20; Kit, 2:36:28; Akabo, 2:38:02; Volsung, 2:39:23; Wanda, 2:39:34; Dosoris II., 2:39:58; Asthore, 2:40:48; Acushla, 2:41:06; Anoatok, 2:41:33; Dragon, 2:41:42; Qui Vive, 2:43:28; Vorant II., 2:45:42; Montauk, 2:48:42; Mongoose, 2:58:07; Sirene, 2:58:55; Lucille, 2:58:30; Indianola, 2:59:03; Spray, 3:12:53; Minnetonka, 3:16:29, and Gosbird, 3:31:52.

Volsung goosewinged in the squall and capsized; Wanda, an easy leader in the class below, abandoning the race to aid her. When Punch capsized, Akabo and Minnetonka went to her aid with Mr. Muller's launch Wolverine. The two young tars on Minnetonka, in spite of much lost time, finally finished and won in their class; Akabo also won. The times were:

Cabin Sloops, 36ft. Class—Start 1:35.

	R. M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Acushla, C. T. Wills	34.00	2 21 25	2 19 09
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	34.15	2 21 39	2 19 37
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	Did not finish.	
Dragoon, F. Freeman	....	2 20 51	. .. ..

Cabin Sloops, 30ft. Class—Start 1:35.

Bingo, W. N. Bavier	25.24	2 24 04	2 21 04

Open Sloops, 20ft. Class—Start 1:40.

Eos, C. M. & G. Lowther	20.00	Withdrew.	
Montauk, A. Thompson	20.00	2 16 06	. .. ..
Akabo, Clark Miller	20.00	1 46 12	. .. ..
Asthore, F. B. Jones	20.00	2 05 58	. .. ..

Cabin Cats, 30ft. Class—Start 1:45.

Kit, T. J. Dunne	30.00	1 41 35	1 41 35
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.24	Withdrew.	
Volsung, J. & H. L. De Forest	28.70	Capsized.	

Cabin Catboats, 25ft. Class—Start 1:45.

Wanda, F. T. Bedford, Jr	25.00	Did not finish.	
Qui Vive, George Freeth	25.00	1 59 29	1 59 29
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.40	Withdrew.	
Shippan, A. M. Bradley	25.00	Withdrew.	

Cabin Cats, 20ft. Class—Start 1:45.

Amos, C. E. Silkworth	19.70	Withdrew.	

Open Cats, 25ft. Class—Start 1:50.

E. Z., Ketchum & Meek	24.50	Withdrew.	
Sirene, R. Outwater	25.00	2 05 18	2 05 18
Spray, Holly et al	25.00	Did not finish.	
Elsie, R. H. Gillespie	23.52	Did not finish.	
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.50	Capsized.	

Open Cats, 20ft. Class—Start 1:50.

Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	19.87	2 38 40	2 38 28
Dorothy, J. E. Sanborn	19.50	Withdrew.	
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	....	Withdrew.	

Open Cats, 15ft. Class—Start 1:50.

Coot, A. D. Prince	14.50	1 43 31	1 42 43
Lobster, F. J. S. Flint	15.00	1 20 15	1 20 15
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	15.00	1 24 20	1 24 20
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	....	1 20 47	. .. ..

Open Class, Knockabouts—Start 1:55.

Mariposa, Herbert McCard	21.00	Withdrew.*	
Mongoose, S. Ford	21.00	1 58 22	1 58 22
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	21.00	1 59 07	1 59 07
Lucille, Daniel Bacon	21.00	Did not finish.	

* Parted bobstay.

One-Design Dories.

No Name, C. T. Wills	Withdrew.	
Tern, W. B. Greeley	0 56 18	0 56 18
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum	Withdrew.	
Black Cat, C. R. Dayton	0 57 08	0 57 08
Sea Dog, J. H. Downing	Withdrew.	
No Name, H. W. Tyler	1 00 50	1 00 50

The winners were: Dragoon, Bingo, Akabo, Kit, Sirene, Minnetonka, Lobster, Mongoose and Tern. The race in the 25ft. cabin catboat class will be resailed.

The race committee included Messrs. F. B. Jones, C. P. Tower, D. W. Merritt and C. E. McManus.

Chicago Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Chicago—Lake Michigan.

Saturday, July 23.

THE Chicago Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 23 in a fresh N.E. wind, which died out near the finish. The times were:

Schooners—Start 2:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allow.	Corrected.
Nomad	6 05 30	4 05 30	Not meas.	
Toxteth	5 58 50	3 58 50	Not meas.	

Sloops—Start 2:40.

Vanenna	5 05 15	2 25 15	. .. ..	2 25 15
Siren	5 14 30	2 34 30	0 02 18	2 32 12

Sloops—Start 2:10.

Trix	4 10 25	2 00 25	. .. ..	2 00 25
Blade	3 40 20	1 30 20	0 06 40	1 23 34
Arline	4 09 44	1 59 44	0 02 40	1 57 04
Chetopah	3 58 50	1 48 50	. .. ..	1 48 50
Spray	3 57 05	1 47 05	0 00 20	1 46 45
Myrine	4 26 30	2 16 30	. .. ..	2 16 30
Bonnie	3 56 30	1 46 30	0 01 57	1 44 33

Owing to delay in getting off the dry dock, Vanenna was obliged to ask for a postponement of the start for her class.

The judges were: Fleet Captain Harry P. Finney, Dr. Frank R. Greene and Charles C. Stewart. Joseph Ruff was timekeeper.

South Boston Y. C. Handicap Race.

South Boston—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, July 30.

THE handicap race of the South Boston Y. C. on July 30 was sailed in a heavy thunder squall, which struck the fleet on the second leg. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	2 00 25	2 26 25
Gypsy, Edward Rich	2 25 48	2 43 48
Marguerite, W. P. Cashman	2 34 16	2 47 16
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	2 25 48	2 48 48
Alice, Fred Chreeham	2 48 40	2 52 48
Emma C., C. A. Coupal	2 26 33	2 54 33
Julia F., T. Monroe	2 48 21	3 01 21
Empire, Frank Cobb	Withdrew.	
Madge, George D. O'Brien	Withdrew.	
Elizabeth, Charles Babbage	Withdrew.	
Edelweiss, J. T. Ball	Withdrew.	

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Dorval—Lake St. Louis.

Saturday, July 30.

THE second series of trials of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was sailed on July 30 in variable winds, moderate to a calm. Only three boats started, as crews could not be made up for Glencairn and Strathcona. The times were:

	1st leg.	2d leg.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Manitou	4 08 35	4 14 15	4 22 00	0 30 50
Duggan	4 10 40	4 14 35	4 22 15	0 30 35
Speculator	4 14 10	4 18 45	4 26 15	0 34 25
	1st leg.	2d leg.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Duggan	4 55 25	5 01 05	5 10 00	0 33 30
Speculator	4 55 54	5 01 20	5 10 50	0 34 25
Manitou	4 56 35	5 01 55	5 11 33	0 33 15
	1st leg.	2d leg.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Duggan	5 35 20	5 41 00	5 51 10	0 31 55
Speculator	5 35 50	5 41 41	5 52 05	0 33 05
Manitou	5 37 00	5 43 10	5 54 15	0 35 10

Com. Jarvis, R. C. Y. C., has been invited to sail one boat in the trial races, but declined, owing to pressure of business.

Burgess Y. C. Open Race.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Saturday, July 30.

THE Burgess Y. C. attempted to sail its annual open regatta on July 30, in a light breeze followed by a heavy thunder squall. The 18-footer Duchess capsized while running off under jib alone, her crew being taken off by the Eastern Y. C. committee boat. The yacht was afterward brought into Marblehead Harbor by her crew, with her bowsprit broken. All the other starters gave up.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Revolver.

THE revolver, in its present form, is not the result of the invention of any one man, although Col. Colt was the first to make it a practical weapon; but rather the result of a long series of evolutions from the old single-barrel pistol.

When the pistol was first made it was soon found that there was need of a way to fire several shots in rapid succession, long before such a pressing need was felt in the rifle.

The pistol is only used, as a rule, at close quarters; so if the first shot is a miss there is no time to reload to take another shot.

Double-barreled pistols and then three, four or more barreled ones were in consequence made, but in the early stages these barrels were all made of the full length of the pistol, and each barrel loaded as a separate pistol.

The double-barreled ones had a lock for each barrel, the three-barreled ones were often made with the barrels one below the other (the double barrels being either horizontal, or more rarely vertical to each other).

When more than three barrels were used, they were generally grouped in a cluster round a solid core, never, or hardly ever, with a center barrel surrounded by others, as this would present a mechanical difficulty in firing the center one.

I remember, some years ago, seeing a French pin fire revolver which fired twelve shots. The chambers in the cylinder seemed in a double tier, with two barrels, one for the inner circle and the other for the outer circle, but I did not have a chance to examine it closely as to the construction.

In order to fire the various barrels of the pistol, one of the earliest forms had a firing pin, which was put opposite the cap of each barrel in succession (this was not possible in the wheel and flint lock days). Another form was to have the hammer come opposite each barrel in turn, first moved by hand, and later by mechanism, automatically; this form was used in flint locks, and is retained in some modern pistols and multi-barreled rifles.

The first actual revolver had the barrels revolve so as to come opposite the hammer in turn. This was found mechanically weak, so the revolving cylinder with chambers coming opposite a barrel common to all in turn was evolved, and this, with modifications, is the form of all modern revolvers.

The reason the original idea of a set of barrels was abandoned for a cylinder with chambers opening on to a barrel common to all is the following:

At the first glance it would be thought that the former plan is the best. A barrel complete in itself shoots not only harder (owing to there being no escape of gas, such as unavoidably takes place between the barrel and cylinder of the latter plan), but more accurately (as there is no joint between the cylinder and barrel). Nevertheless the cylinder revolver is not only lighter, owing to there being only one barrel instead of several, each the whole length of the pistol, but it can shoot much more accurately. At the same time, each barrel of the "pepper box," as the old revolving barrel pistol was called, shot individually better and more accurately.

The reason of this seeming paradox is as follows:

Any one who has shot or regulated a double-barreled rifle knows how difficult it is to get the two barrels to shoot parallel, both horizontally and vertically, to each other; each barrel may shoot perfectly in itself, but when joined together one barrel will be found to shoot higher than the other, or they will shoot across or away from each other. Fixing the two barrels mechanically parallel to each other is no use, as, there being no more resistance to the recoil where the barrels touch each other, they shoot away from each other (or apart), and they can only be regulated by hand at great expense and trouble. If this difficulty is found in double barrels, it is infinitely increased as the number of barrels is increased. In fact I do not think any amount of regulating can make four or more barrels shoot together.

For this reason the revolving cylinder has been almost universally adopted, in spite of the varying escape of gas inevitable, and of the fact that the chamber occasionally does not come opposite the barrel, owing to fouling or dirt getting into the action. If there is an extra escape of gas at a shot, it makes that shot weaker, and consequently low, and if the chamber does not quite come round far enough, a shaving is taken off a side of the bullet, causing irregular flight and an inaccurate shot. In my opinion the revolver of the future will have an arrangement for making the connection between the chamber and barrel gas tight during each shot, so as to make it as accurate as a single-barrel pistol. The cocking arrangement also needs improvement. It has either to be cocked by hand, causing loss of time, and what is more important, loss of aim; or it is cocked by the trigger, which latter plan, though more rapid, gains rapidity by loss of accuracy, as it is impossible to "hold" on to the object and at the same time lift the hammer by the trigger. There ought to be some way of the revolver cocking itself by the discharge; this cocking only to take place when wanted.

A revolver with these two improvements would be, in my opinion, superior to any repeating pistol, as it would balance properly, which no repeating pistol I have seen does, and would be of much more compact shape. Also the stock should be more in line with the barrel (like the duelling pistol), instead of below it, as so many revolvers are made, especially those of the "bull dog" pattern.

The way revolver shooting is practiced in the Western States of America is the only real way to learn to shoot a revolver. In this country revolver shooting is practiced as a sort of game, like croquet, tennis or golf.

I personally do not think the deliberate sort of shooting of much use. The only useful practice is rapid shooting and a moving series of competitions, as a revolver is only used for war or self-defense at extremely short range and in very rapid firing.

There are many enthusiasts who make good scores at small stationary bull's eyes, and are constantly improving at that sort of skill, who could not hit even the outer edge of the target if called on to take a snap shot from either on foot or horseback.

In all shooting competitions, as in fact in all competitions which were originally intended to be practiced for some useful purpose, there is a constant and seemingly inevitable tendency to drift into unpractical lines, and a development in just that direction which is useless for all practical purposes.

In racing it gets into breeding racing "machines" which cannot carry a child's weight; in pigeon shooting, clay bird shooting, and rifle shooting, it only teaches a knack for those particular sports, which is of no use in the field. In the same way revolver shooting at stationary targets spoils a man's handling of a revolver.

If I had to train a man to shoot a revolver for practical use, I would rather take one with good eyesight and a steady hand, who had never fired a revolver before, than some of our crack revolver prize winners. The former may learn to shoot properly; the latter never. I consider the Series 3 (rapid firing, six shots in twelve seconds), which the National Rifle Association have adopted at my suggestion, a very practical revolver competition, but unfortunately very few men enter for it, preferring the stationary targets.

As revolver shooting clubs have to study the likes and dislikes of their patrons, it seems inevitable that revolver shooting will have to continue on the same old unpractical lines of deliberate shooting at stationary targets.—Walter Winans in Encyclopædia of Sports.

The National Schuetzenfest.

SINCE the competition in the National Schuetzenfest was concluded, now nearly a month ago, FOREST AND STREAM has been endeavoring to obtain the official scores. In the first week we were informed by the secretary the scores were being prepared by him and his assistant, and the former assured the representative of FOREST AND STREAM that the scores published by the daily press and such weekly papers as published them were entirely erroneous and unreliable. The second week the plea then was that the assistant was incompetent, and had made many errors; that some scores were entirely missing, and that therefore the president of the Association had issued strict orders not to give out any scores till further orders. Still, each time the secretary, Mr. Roedel, faithfully promised that FOREST AND STREAM would have the scores the following week, and that finally they would certainly be forthcoming last Saturday. Calling then as per appointment, the secretary curtly informed the representative of FOREST AND STREAM as follows: "I cannot let you have them. It is against my orders." Then turned his back and resumed work on the scores, as he had been working on them betimes for weeks, with indefinite prospect of ever ending.

The hundreds of riflemen who participated in the Schuetzenfest have a keen interest in all that truthfully pertains to that competition; also the public at large would have been pleased to have the correct scores both for perusal and reference; but all this counts for nothing against the official pomposity and self-importance of a president who inferentially considers that the office was specially created for him to air his whims and exalt his vanities therein, to which the calm procrastination of the secretary is ably supplemented.

This will explain why the correct scores have not appeared in our columns. We have the assurance of the secretary that no correct scores have been published. So masterful have been the officers of the Schuetzenbund in inaction and egotistical secrecy concerning the scores that they now have ceased to be a matter of interest as a news feature.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at their range, July 24. Conditions 200yds., any rifle, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared high cockalorum with a score of 212 on the king target. Nestler was high on the honor target with a score of 63. Payne's 223 was high for the Uckotter trophy. Weather very warm, and a tricky wind prevailed. Payne shot King's semi-smokeless:

King target:

Gindele	22	18	22	21	19	22	20	23	24	21	—212
Weinheimer	23	22	16	19	10	15	22	18	7	17	—169
Payne	23	19	19	23	18	16	24	24	19	25	—210
Nestler	23	18	20	20	19	24	20	22	21	19	—206
Topf	16	24	18	15	13	12	16	17	18	21	—170
Simon	20	18	15	21	23	19	14	15	13	19	—177
Drube	12	16	19	23	24	14	21	14	20	24	—187
Lux	14	15	6	13	1	22	16	11	25	23	—146
Hasenzahl	22	15	22	14	21	9	16	18	16	24	—177
Strickmier	19	23	21	16	16	21	23	19	17	19	—194

	Honor	Target.		Special Scores.		
Gindele	21	19	22—62	219	206	202
Weinheimer	19	10	15—44	178	169	167
Payne	23	18	16—57	223	212	208
Nestler	20	19	24—63	202	191	191
Topf	15	13	12—40	187	186	171
Simon	21	23	19—63	184	170	165
Drube	23	24	14—61	189	188	183
Lux	13	1	22—36	149	152	147
Hasenzahl	14	21	9—44	198	207	195
Strickmier	16	16	21—53	159	187	184
Phaller	..	..		128	133	...

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 3-4.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Aug. 4-6.—Baltimore, Md.—Ocean City midsummer tournament; two days at targets; last day at live birds. James R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 9.—Hobart, Ind.—All-day shoot of the Hobart Gun Club. C. M. Townsend, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of Sherburne Gun Club, at targets. L. D. Branard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament; targets. E. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 13.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Central New Jersey League shoot. Mr. U. G. Tingley, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Canton, Ill.—Nineteenth annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Aug. 23-26.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Meriden, Conn.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-6.—Reading, Pa.—Mt. Penn Gun Club's merchandise and intercounty trophy shoot; targets.

Sept. 6-8.—St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Gun Club's twenty-first annual tournament at Minnesota State Fair grounds during fair week. H. C. Lawrence, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-9.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s fifth annual tournament; targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.

Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 18-20.—Nashville, Tenn.—At Belle Meade Stock Farm; $500 added.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at targets; two days at live birds; $500 added.

Postponed.

—— —.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Miss Annie Oakley grows in popular favor each year. This season she has added some new features to her Wild West exhibitions of skill with the shotgun. Buffalo Bill's Wild West arrived in Chicago recently, and in a column notice of that event the following was devoted to Miss Oakley: "Annie Oakley is especially interesting this year. She wears a jaunty doll skirt habit of military blue, trimmed with silver braid and lined with white pique, from under which flutters the most fascinating assortment of lingerie, which might fill with envy the top tray of a ballet girl. Annie's aim is unerring, and she has some saucy antics added to her soubrette part of the gunning which are mischievous and attractive. Aside from her usual feature of the show, Miss Oakley does a charming bit of haut ecole, riding upon a spirited brown broncho, which dances and bows and maneuvers prettily and dangerously, with Annie holding the whip and spur over him in a most learned way. She wears a dark blue costume, long as the plainswomen ever wear them, and she is accompanied by a bevy of rancheras, who sit in the saddle as comfortably as home-made ladies do in a rocking chair. Annie bethought herself of a ride in the procession yesterday, and for her courtesy received a drenching from her vaquero hat to her pearl-buttoned leggings, but it did not worry her any except to 'muss up' her tent."

Mr. Thomas P. Hicks has annexed the Chicago challenge trophy to his possessions until such time as it may be captured by some other shooter—not an easy proposition by any means. Mr. Hicks is a good class shooter, and is likely to give any contestant a warm competition for it at any time. In the contest for it last Saturday Mr. Hicks won it, defeating Mr. A. C. Paterson, who has heretofore held it against all comers since it became a matter of contest. Patti shot at 25, standing at 30yds., and missed one bird. Hicks shot at 27, also standing at 30yds., though he was allowed a yard less by the committee. Patti shot his other matches well, but he was also lucky in being sometimes against very weak competitors. It is better for the prestige of the trophy that it remain longer in competition, and have more association with well-contested friendly struggles for its permanent possession, and such there now will be before it is taken from Mr. Hicks, who is able to give a competition worthy to be sought, as has Mr. Paterson given.

On Friday, Sept. 9, the day following the Interstate Association's tournament at Haverhill, Mass., O. R. Dickey, manager of the Boston Shooting Association, with grounds at Wellington, Mass., just outside Boston, will give an all-day shoot, assisted by Elmer E. Shaner, of the Interstate Association. At this shoot Mr. Dickey proposes to have a popular programme, comprising about four 15-target events and two 20-target events, with four 25-target events interspersed. The four 25-target events will constitute a 100-target event, the main prize in which will be a cup to the winner. Each 25 targets will be a separate event, with a fixed entry fee, or with an optional sweep attached to it. Mr. Dickey's shoots are always well managed, and as everybody can always get plenty of shooting and plenty to eat at the Wellington grounds, this tournament, coming as it does right on the heels of the Haverhill shoot, ought to be well attended. The programme will be out shortly, and anyone can get a copy by addressing Mr. Dickey, Wellington, Mass.

The term "added money" is many times a misnomer as used in trap-shooting events. When the shooters are taxed a higher price for targets in order that the "added money" may be forthcoming it is money then which simply is guaranteed. Money so raised comes mostly from the weaker shooters, the ones who are in the third or fourth places in the money, or who do not win at all. It is a tax on them in the interest of the good shots, and a tax from which they receive no benefit whatever. Besides the sweepstake moneys, it is an additional amount set apart for the good shots.

Little Rock, Ark., was again fixed upon as the place for the next Arkansas State tournament.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trap-shooting tournament, given for the Waterville Gun Club, Waterville, Me., Aug. 17 and 18, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of Mr. E. T. Wyman, secretary W. G. C., Waterville, Me., or of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa. There are ten events provided for each day, seven of which are at 15 bluerocks, three at 20, and to each of the latter there is $500 added money. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. The headquarters during the tournament will be at the Elmwood Hotel. Electric cars leaving the hotel every half-hour take the shooter within five minutes' walk of the grounds. Guns and ammunition sent to Secretary Wyman will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of expense. Reduced rates will be given over the Maine Central R. R. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system at the ratio of 4, 3, 2, 1.

The Chicago Chronicle, in its account of the Hicks-Paterson debate over the challenge trophy, sapiently says: "The terms of the shoot were arranged on a 12-gauge basis, and as Hicks shot a 10-gauge he was assigned a handicap of 2 birds, with a 29yds. rise, while Paterson shot at 25 birds, with a 30yds. rise." This solves the long-sought-for principle of a just and universal handicap. Still, following the principles of this handicap still further, if Hicks had used a 4-bore he would have been placed at 25yds., and would have had 6 more birds to shoot at, while on the other hand if Patti had shot a 16 or 20-gauge, the handicap would have settled the matter to a nicety. When the giant brain of the daily press reporter swings on its pivot to focus on matters of gun or dog, something unique is sure to be produced.

Mr. John J. Fleming, captain of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., writes us as follows: "The Forester Gun Club, of this city, are making arrangements for an all-day handicap merchandise shoot on Saturday, Sept. 5, the shoot to begin at 10 A. M. sharp. In our merchandise event, first prize will be a trap gun, 50 targets, known angles, rapid fire system. Another event, called the Gold Dust, 25 targets, known angles, optional—sweepstakes throughout. In the other events professionals are barred from taking part in prize or sweepstakes. Targets 1 cent. Lunch and shells can be had on the grounds."

On Saturday of this week, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., the Elkwood Futurity will be shot. The conditions are 50 birds, $50 entrance, cup and 40 per cent. to the winner; 25 to 33yds. handicap. The conditions will be changed to 25 birds, $25 entrance, if no objections are raised. On Aug. 10 the Daly cup will be shot for; all stand at 30yds., 15 birds, $15 entrance, cup and 40 per cent. to the winner.

Next week the Hobart Gun Club holds a shoot on Tuesday. On Wednesday and Thursday the Sherburne Gun Club, Sherburne, N. Y., holds a shoot; also the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn. On Thursday the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League holds a trophy shoot on the grounds of the Marlborough Gun Club, Marlborough, N. Y.

The match fixed for Aug. 2, at Pittsburg, with the peculiar conditions that each contestant was to shoot at 500 targets in one afternoon, Messrs. Elmer E. Shaner and John Knode on the one side against Bessemer and W. S. King on the other, has been declared off.

The Michigan Trap-Shooters' League have decided to hold a grand tournament at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 23 to 26, inclusive. The policy of the managers is to bring out the amateur shooter and to encourage the poorer shots to engage in the sport.

This week the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Worcester, Mass., holds a tournament on targets, on Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the midsummer tournament takes place at Ocean City, Md.; two days at targets; one at live birds.

On July 27 Messrs. Huck and Wright shot off their tie of July 12 in the E. C. cup event, and tied again on 22. In the main event for the E. C. cup the scores were as follows: Wright 24, Huck 21, Paul 22, Frank 20, Jersey 6.

Keep in mind the Brooklyn Gun Club shoot, Aug. 13. John Wright has been seen to be in numerous brown studies of late, and when he is so occupied he is elaborating shooting surprises.

The Parker Gun Club will hold its fourth annual Labor Day tournament on Sept. 5, on its grounds at Hanover Park. All communications addressed to Mr. C. S. Howard, the club secretary, will receive prompt attention.

Mr. J. C. Thompson, Jr., secretary of the Canton Gun Club, Canton, Ill., informs us that his club will hold its nineteenth annual tournament on Aug. 17 and 18.

See Litzke's report of Arkansas State shoot for important changes and amendment to Arkansas game laws.

The match between Messrs. Gilbert and Heikes for the E. C. cup will be shot at Watson's Park, Aug. 13.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., will hold its regular monthly shoot on Saturday of this week.

Arkansas State Tournament.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 29.—The attendance at the eighth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association was by no means up to the magnitude which one would expect at a tournament with such a liberal amount of added money, which had been so judiciously distributed throughout the entire programme. Another thing which would lead one to expect a good attendance at this tournament is that the added money by far exceeded that hung up at any shoot in this section during the present spring and summer. However, it must not be inferred from this that it was not a success, for such was by no means the case. The light attendance in no way interfered with the carrying out of the programme. Everything was carried out to the letter. The visiting shooters expressed themselves as highly elated over the manner in which everything was conducted, and further stated that it was their intention to return again next year, when the ninth annual shoot is held, so that in all probability the attendance will be much larger. One thing is certain, that since our war with Spain began the trap-shooting interest has suffered considerably here in the South, and it is possible that the lack of attendance was due in some measure to it, though I know of very few trap-shooters who have joined the army.

DIVISIONS OF MONEY.

The money at this tournament was divided by the Rose system, four moneys in the 15-bird events, five in the 20-bird event. The ratio was 7, 5, 4 and 3 when there were four moneys, and 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2 when there were five divisions. This of course did away with the lucky hole that some people like to harp on, but at the same time it enabled those to stay in the competition who certainly would have been forced out by the old percentage system. As it was, it seldom occurred that when one shot into money he failed to draw out more than his entrance, even though he only got fourth place. The added money of course made this possible. This always exceeds the price of the targets.

VISITING SPORTSMEN.

There were present W. A. Leach, F. B. Baptist, Joe P. Matthews and J. A. Webber, of Fort Smith; Dr. S. P. Collings, Dr. A. U. Williams (Dobbins), C. N. Rix and John J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs; W. H. Langford, E. C. Arnold, J. A. Coles, E. A. Howell, Geo. W. Clements, Dr. H. E. Williams and J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff; Jeff Davis, Russelville. These were the visiting State shooters. Then there were J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; F. Brady, Waxahachie Tex.; Dr. A. A. Forsythe, Monroe, La.; E. M. Lindsey and J. T. Welch, Robeline, La.; Frank P. Poston (Parks), Memphis, Tenn.; Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn.; and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., the only trade representative, of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Association met in annual convention Tuesday night, in the council chamber of the City Hall, President Langford presiding. This was one of the most enthusiastic and best attended meetings the Association has ever had. The most important business transacted was the adoption of a suitable game law to present to the Legislature next winter. Mr. John M. Rose, chairman of the game law committee, had drawn up a good bill, which after some slight amendment as to the open and close seasons was adopted. The principal feature in this bill consists in the absolute prohibition of the shipment of game out of the State, though the sportsman may carry the same out with him. The open season on deer is to be from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; turkeys, Oct. 1 to May 1; quail, Nov. 1 to March 1. Prairie chickens are to be protected for five years, after which the open season is to be Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Doves, Aug. 1 to March 1; ducks, Sept. 1 to March 1. Mongolian and English pheasants are to be protected for ten years. Trapping of any game or song bird is also prohibited. Efforts will also be made to create the office of game warden, though according to the constitution of the State such is unconstitutional, as it specifies that the Legislature shall create no new offices unless by a constitutional amendment. Messrs. John M. Rose and Paul R. Litzke were appointed a committee to put the bill in proper shape to present to the Legislature.

Mr. John M. Rose was authorized to have 2,000 copies of the game law printed, and also publish in connection therewith the new law protecting song birds. Mr. Rose stated that he could readily have them distributed and posted up in all parts of the State.

Little Rock was again selected as a meeting point for next year, and the following officers were unanimously elected: W. R. Duley, President; J. K. Thibault, Vice-President; E. T. Reaves, Treasurer; and Paul R. Litzke, Secretary.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 26.

The shooting done by the principals to-day is of a very high order for amateur shooters at least. While the pace cut out by some of the contestants would be considered creditable performance for even the professional class. Dr. Forsythe is at the top of the heap with .925, closely followed by Matthews and Jackson, with Sumpter next. Then comes Thibault, Pemberton, Coles, Dickinson and Taylor in a bunch, all of whom have .881.

Thibault made the best run of the day, 53 straight; he began this in the eighth event, where he scored his last 12 straight, and then continued until he lost his 12th in the first extra, which was shot after the programme was concluded.

The weather was cloudy, but pleasant, and there was very little wind to interfere with the flight of the birds. Only twenty-nine shooters participated, though of this number twenty-four shot the entire programme.

Nos. 4 and 8 were 20-bird events, while the others were 15s. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Forsythe	14	13	14	19	14	15	15	17	13	14	160	148	.925
Matthews	12	14	14	17	14	14	13	19	14	14	160	146	.913
Jackson	14	15	14	18	12	13	15	20	12	13	160	146	.913
Sumpter	13	14	12	19	14	13	14	15	14	15	160	143	.893
Thibault	15	12	13	18	14	11	13	15	15	15	160	141	.881
Pemberton	13	15	14	18	13	14	13	17	13	11	160	141	.881
Coles	12	13	13	17	15	12	14	16	15	14	160	141	.881
Dickinson	13	12	13	19	13	14	12	19	14	12	160	141	.881
Taylor	11	15	13	19	14	15	12	15	13	14	160	141	.881
Brady	14	14	14	18	12	12	14	16	14	12	160	140	.875
Welch	15	11	9	20	13	14	13	20	11	13	160	139	.868
Woodson	14	14	14	16	13	13	14	19	11	11	160	139	.868
Clements	14	13	12	18	11	12	14	18	12	13	160	137	.856
Howell	13	13	14	18	8	12	13	19	13	14	160	137	.856
Collings	14	13	14	19	14	9	11	17	12	13	160	136	.850
Duley	13	13	11	14	12	11	13	16	14	14	160	131	.817
Parks	15	13	14	16	12	10	11	16	11	12	160	130	.812
Lindsey	13	10	13	19	11	12	11	17	12	12	160	130	.812
Arnold	13	13	11	17	10	10	11	15	11	12	160	123	.768
Kirk	14	13	11	17	11	12	11	13	11	8	160	121	.756
Irwin	9	11	10	14	13	11	12	15	13	12	160	120	.750
Fletcher	11	8	13	18	12	13	12	13	10	10	160	120	.750
Leach	12	10	12	16	13	6	9	16	6	9	160	109	.681
Baptist	10	8	8	20	8	8	9	12	10	14	160	105	.656
Breitenstein	..	8	10	13	11	11	9	15	13	13	145	103	.710
Daigre	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	13	30	21	.700
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	30	18	.600
Davis	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	..	..	30	16	.566
Hobbs	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	30	8	.266

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27.

The conditions were similar in many respects to those of yesterday. There was a good wind blowing, and as a result the averages are not near so high, though quite a number of contestants did fine work. Sumpter and Forsythe were high. Jackson was third, and Coles and Matthews tied for fourth and fifth places. There were no long runs made, and misses occurred entirely too frequently for the shooters. Andy Meaders, of Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. A. U. Williams and C. N. Rix, of Hot Springs, and W. H. Langford, of Pine Bluff, were new arrivals. These brought the number of participants up to thirty, of which twenty-two shot through. In addition to the ten regular events the four-men team championship was decided. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sumpter	13	14	14	19	11	15	13	17	14	12	160	142	.887
Forsythe	14	15	12	17	14	4	11	20	13	12	160	142	.887
Jackson	14	10	13	19	14	13	13	15	15	13	160	139	.868
Coles	14	14	15	16	12	12	13	18	13	11	160	138	.862
Matthews	13	14	14	17	12	11	15	17	13	13	160	138	.862
Clements	11	11	13	13	12	14	13	15	15	15	160	137	.856
Dobbins	9	12	12	19	13	13	14	15	12	15	160	134	.837
Welch	11	11	14	17	13	10	13	16	14	13	160	132	.825
Collings	11	13	14	15	15	14	12	14	13	9	160	130	.812
Taylor	9	10	12	16	13	11	14	20	11	14	160	130	.812
Woodson	11	13	13	17	10	13	11	14	11	13	160	126	.787
Brady	12	12	12	16	12	12	10	17	11	12	160	126	.787
Howell	13	11	10	18	13	12	10	17	10	11	160	125	.781
Pemberton	12	14	10	13	13	12	9	14	12	15	160	124	.775
Dickinson	10	12	11	16	12	12	11	17	11	12	160	124	.775
Lindsey	14	11	13	16	7	12	11	18	11	10	160	123	.768
Thibault	11	12	10	16	10	12	12	15	10	11	160	119	.743
Meaders	10	14	12	12	12	10	11	17	9	11	160	118	.737
Schaer	12	8	12	12	10	14	10	15	13	12	160	118	.737
Duley	11	12	10	14	11	11	9	15	12	11	160	116	.725
Leach	10	11	8	16	14	13	13	13	9	8	160	115	.718
Baptist	10	11	12	14	10	8	7	10	8	13	160	104	.650
Rix	10	8	12	13	9	10	10	10	..	..	130	82	.630
Breitenstein	..	..	8	10	10	8	9	..	10	..	90	55	.611
Alexander	12	12	11	6	11	..	..	12	..	..	75	58	.773
Langford	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	16	.566
Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	14	..	..	35	24	.685
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	30	21	.700
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	35	18	.514
Diagre	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866

AVERAGE MONEY.

Fifty dollars average money went to the seven high guns, being divided $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $5. Jackson won first, Forsythe second, Coles third, Matthews fourth, Sumpter fifth, Clements sixth and Taylor seventh. Taylor would not accept the $5 he was entitled to, but donated it to the Association. This was a gracious act on his part, and will be duly appreciated by all the members. The race for general average was also a hot one, and it was by virtue of good shooting on the part of Jackson and Coles that the former was able to win first and the latter came from sixth to third and led all the other State shooters. It will be seen that seventeen shot through the entire three days' programme, which is a very creditable showing for the number of shooters who participated in the tournament.

GENERAL AVERAGES

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Jackson	146	139	142	480	427	.889
Forsythe	148	142	133	480	423	.881
Coles	141	138	142	480	421	.877
Matthews	146	138	131	480	415	.864
Sumpter	143	142	128	480	413	.860
Clements	137	137	130	480	404	.845
Taylor	141	130	127	480	398	.829
Dickinson	141	124	130	480	395	.823
Welch	139	132	122	480	393	.818
Pemberton	141	124	126	480	391	.814
Collings	136	130	121	480	387	.806
Woodson	139	126	122	480	387	.806
Howell	137	125	125	480	387	.806
Lindsey	130	123	131	480	384	.800
Thibault	141	119	116	480	376	.783
Duley	131	116	117	480	374	.779
Baptist	105	104	94	480	303	.631

THIRD DAY, JULY 28.

Down here in the South a good breeze is always welcome, especially in the summer time, but the one that prevailed here today bordered too much on a gale to suit the shooters who were participating in the tournament. The fits and squalls with which this wind did business was responsible for so many ragged scores, so that the shooting was really better than it looks in type. Coles and Jackson did the most consistent shooting, and tied for first honors, but there is a wide gap between these and Dr. Forsythe, who is third. Dobbins was fourth. The entries fell off some, so that but twenty-five participated, while twenty-one shot through. J. T. Lloyd and Dr. H. E. Williams, of Pine Bluff, are the new faces on hand to-day.

The feature of the day was the individual State championship race.

INDIVIDUAL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

In many respects this was a most spirited contest, for when it looked irretrievably lost to Sumpter he came to the front in great shape and won out by the narrow margin of one bird. In the first string of 25 he scored but 18, while Coles fininshed with 22. Such other good shots as Matthews and Dickinson each had 21. However, in his last string of 25 Sumpter did some great shooting, scoring 24 and finishing with a total of 42, which in the gale of wind was equal to 47 on a calm day. It appeared certain that Dickinson would tie him, but he lost his last bird, a little easy straightaway, which put him out with a total of 41, one bird shy. Clements also scored 41, while Woodson and Matthews got 40. Taylor and Dickinson shot another string of 50 for practice to fill up a squad, and on this occasion each of these scored 43, but as Dickinson's score did not count, and Taylor is not a member of the Association—not being a resident of the State—these scores went for naught, and Sumpter again takes possession of the medal, which the Association relieved him of for the brief period of two days by redeeming it. This trophy is subject to challenge, and it is now to be seen whether any one will try conclusions with John. It remained in his possession since January, when he won it from Clements without anybody troubling him for it. Matthews would like to give Sumpter a game, but he wants him to come to Fort Smith to shoot the race, which John naturally declines to do.

The conditions of this event are 50 singles, unknown angles, entrance price of targets. The upper row of 25 was shot last. The scores:

Sumpter	1111111111111111011111111 –24	
	11101110110111101110000111–18—42	
Dickinson	0101101111101111111111110—20	
	0111111110111011111101111—21—41	
Clements	1111111111111001100101111 –21	
	11111011111111111100111101—20—41	
Woodson	1110111110011101011111111—20	
	1010111111101111101111110—20	40
Matthews	1101110111111011111011001—19	
	11111111101101111111110111—21	40
Coles	0011110101110101101101111—17	
	11111011111111111011111101—22—39	
Howell	1010011111011101111110111—19	
	0111110010111111111100110—18	37
Pemberton	1101000101101101111111111—17	
	11111010101111111111111100—20—37	
Thibault	1111101101111110011111111—21	
	0010011101111111110011001 16—37	
Dobbins	0111101101111101101100 –17	
	1101110011111111011111101—20—37	
Duley	1010000110111110000111111—15	
	1111111100100101111111111—20—35	
Collings	1111110111100010111001111—17	
	1010100111111111111100010—17 –34	
Lloyd	1110110111110111011011000—17	
	0111011111001111010011101—17—34	
Baptist	1111001111010011101101000—15	
	0100111001110010111110011—15	30
Fletcher	1110111011011111100000100—14	
	1111001100111111010100110—16—30	
Leach	1010111100111001101111111—18	
	0010010101101011011100001—12	30

TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Three cities were represented by teams of four men in this event, which was won by Little Rock on the poorest score ever made in the history of the Association. For some reason or other the shooting in this event was very erratic. Only two shooters on the winning team and one each on the other teams shot anywhere near their true form. This is the second time that Little Rock has won the trophy. Pine Bluff won it last year, but owing to circumstances that could not be overcome they were unable to enter a team this year, though they had three men present.

The conditions of the race are four men to a team, 25 singles per man, unknown angles, entrance $10 per team:

Little Rock Team.

Dickinson	1110111101101111101111111 –21	
Duley	1111111101101111011111111 –21	
Thibault	1110111110100111001011111—18	
Woodson	1010001110111101101011111—17 –77	

Hot Springs Team.

Dobbins	1101111111111111111100111 –22	
Sumpter	0110110110111111110101111 –19	
Collings	1110101001110111111011101 –18	
Rix	1011100110000010111110111—15—74	

Fort Smith Team.

Matthews	1111011101111111111111111—23
Leach	0101100010101011111001110l –14
Webber	0111010011100101010010011—13
Baptist	0110100101101000001010001—10—60

The sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Coles	14	12	14	17	12	15	13	19	11	14	160	142	.887
Jackson	14	13	14	17	15	12	13	18	14	12	160	142	.887
Monroe	14	12	11	16	14	12	11	17	13	13	160	133	.831
Dobbins	13	14	14	17	12	12	11	14	12	13	160	132	.825
Lindsey	14	12	12	16	8	14	11	18	14	12	160	131	.817
Matthews	10	14	14	17	12	13	13	18	12	8	160	131	.817
Clements	12	12	12	17	13	11	10	16	14	13	160	130	.812
Dickinson	14	11	13	16	8	11	10	14	10	13	160	130	.812
Sumpter	13	12	13	15	13	11	10	17	11	13	160	128	.800
Taylor	13	11	11	17	11	14	11	14	13	12	160	127	.793
Pemberton	11	10	15	17	10	12	10	15	12	14	160	126	.787
Howell	12	14	14	16	11	12	11	12	12	11	160	125	.781
Welch	12	12	8	12	12	12	12	14	15	13	160	122	.762
Woodson	13	10	9	17	8	10	14	14	14	13	160	122	.762
Collings	11	12	12	16	11	12	11	15	9	12	160	121	.756
Fletcher	11	13	11	16	13	10	12	10	12	13	160	121	.756
Meaders	13	11	12	18	11	11	10	12	12	8	160	118	.737
Duley	15	10	10	11	12	13	9	15	11	11	160	117	.731
Thibault	13	13	9	11	11	10	12	13	12	12	160	116	.725
Lloyd	11	12	9	17	13	9	10	9	7	8	160	105	.656
Baptist	12	6	9	12	7	6	9	12	12	9	160	94	.588
Brady	12	11	11	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	80	61	.762
Leach	10	5	9	..	..	7	9	11	12	10	125	73	.585
Williams	8	8	12	8	4	7	9	..	..	..	110	56	.509
Daigre	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	11	.783

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

July 27.—The Deal Handicap, 10 birds, $10 entrance, handicap 25 to 30yds., resulted as follows:

Patten, 28	1221202202	White, 27	201121110
Culbertson, 25	1121122222	Gagnon, 28	2212122211
Murphy, 30	2121120210	Daly, 29	022222221

Irroy prize, 5 birds, ties miss-and-out:

Patten, 30	1212222222222220
Culbertson, 30	01221
Murphy, 30	22222222222222222222222110
White, 30	10111
Gagnon, 30	12120
Daly, 30	22212222122222112222222222
Seymour, 30	222222210
Francott, 30	12021

Five dollar miss-and-out:

Gagnon, 28	2111	Daly, 30	2210
Murphy, 30	1211		

Ten birds, $10:

Murphy, 30	21121201	Gagnon, 28	121002

GREENVILLE GUN CLUB.

Kell's Point, Jersey City, July 25.—All stood at 28yds. The first event was at 10 birds:

Dodds	1111111011—9	Vreeland	1011110111—8
Collins	1010111111—8	Knobloch	0111111111—9
Erhardt	1101000110—5	Agneau	0110010101—5
Steurer	0111111110—8	Lembeck	1111111110—9
Hieber	1101001110—6		

No. 2, miss-and-out:

Dodds	0	Vreeland	0
Collins	110	Knobloch	1110
Erhardt	110	Agneau	110
Steurer	1111	Lembeck	10
Hieber	1110		

W. C. COLLINS, Sec'y.

The Meriden Interstate Tournament.

THE sixth on the list of Interstate tournaments for this year was given for the Parker Gun Club, at Meriden, Conn., July 27 and 28. The event was a success far beyond the highest anticipations of those present, and ranked well as a large tournament, as a list of the competitors, given herewith, will show. They also were persistent contestants, many shooting through the programme. No one made any very large winning, as is commonly the case when so many shooters are nearly alike as to class.

The club grounds are close by Hanover Park, in a beautiful setting of hills and vales and woods, a few minutes' ride from the hotels where the shooters were quartered. Through a most pleasing landscape to look upon, the varying colors, and depth and absence of shadows, made the shooting somewhat difficult on that account, which was somewhat added to by the dull light. The traps too were irregular in their good working.

As to the management, it was as near perfection as is necessary. Squad followed squad with such promptness and regularity that as one squad finished shooting and dropped out man by man, the next squad swung into place, and the call of pull and lost or broke went on uninterruptedly. As the last squad of an event finished, No. 1 squad of the next was all ready to begin, and so it went on smoothly to the end. Before the shoot, Mr. Shaner made a brief but pointed speech, informing the shooters that the blackboard had the official score; that any objection in respect to alleged errors must be made promptly, and that the referee's decision was final. It is specially worthy of note that the shoot was concluded without a claim of an error being raised by any shooter. The tournament was admirably organized as a whole, and each man in his special department conducted it skillfully. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, had control of affairs. Mr. C. S. Howard, secretary of the Parker Gun Club, was cashier, assisted by Mr. F. Stevenson, Jr., while Mr. L. C. Parker attended to the clerical work. Mr. Marshall Butler attended to the manifolding; Mr. D. F. Power officiated at the blackboard. Mr. J. M. Taylor refereed, assisted by Mr. L. J. Gaines. The trap pulling was admirably done by Mr. Samuel Tyler. Mr. Gaines was also chairman of the executive committee.

There were ten events on the programme for each of the two days, though the tenth event of the first day was carried over till the second day, and was shot off on Thursday morning.

The programme for each day was alike, namely, six 15-target events and four 20-target events, entrance $1.50 and $2 respectively. There was $100 added by the Parker Gun Club, and a prize cup, value $50, for competition by the paid representatives, making the highest score, shooting the entire programme both days. At the end of the first day Messrs. Tucker and Fanning were 3 targets apart, the former having missed 9, the latter 6, with no one dangerously near, so that their competition on the second day was watched with the greatest interest. It was very close indeed, both shooting well in a manner, yet always very close together, so that the final result was in doubt almost to the end, Fanning winning the cup on the very narrow margin of 1 target.

The price of the targets was 3 cents—too high, it seems to us, on any basis of equity. Each manufacturers' agent who shot through the programme of 340 targets thus was charged $10.20, quite a sum in the aggregate paid by all the agents, and with no possible return other that the competition for the cup. As the 340 targets could be easily thrown at 1 cent without loss, this left a profit of $6.80 contributed by each agent, too much of an exaction. At the Interstate tournament at Macon the barred experts were charged 2 cents per target; at Brunswick, 2 cents the first day, 1 cent the second day; at Meadville, 1 cent throughout. It might be assumed that the large number of representatives present was proof that they liked 3-cent targets, but they did not. The popularity of the event and its promoters was the cause, not the 3-cent targets.

The averages of those who shot through the programme of both days is as follows: Fanning .953, Tucker .950, Tallman .910, Banks .900, Wheeler .897, Fulford .891, Jordan .891, Dickey .890, Parker .888, Keller .868, Money .851, Courtney .804, Norton .656.

In events Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 each day $10 was added to the purse. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 of the first day were known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 of the second day were known angles; others, unknown.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS AND OTHERS.

The barred class was strongly represented, no less than eighteen being on the ground, while seventeen of the eighteen competed in the events, paying 3 cents apiece for each of their targets like little men. Among the number were: Capt. A. W. Money and Edward Banks, of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; Tom Keller, King Powder Co.; Ed Taylor, Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; H. P. Collins, Du Pont Smokeless; B. H. Norton, Hazard Powder Co.; Capt. J. A. H. Dressel and U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co.; W. R. Clark and J. B. Savage, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Admiral A. G. Courtney and B. Leroy Woodard, of the Remington Arms Co., both of whom were assisted in showing off the guns of their firm by E. D. Fulford, who used a Remington gun and Schultze powder; J. S. Fanning, of the U. S. (Gold Dust) Smokeless Powder Co., who came to the front as winner of the silver cup; Parker Bros. were well shown up by S. A. Tucker, runner up for the silver cup; W. F. Parker, one of the members of the firm; J. R. Hull, and O. R. Dickey, who always shoots a Parker and E. C. powder.

LAMBLIKE PARTICIPANTS.

The list of those who took part in the sweepstakes is a long one. A partial list runs as follows: H. M. Levengston, Saratoga, N. Y.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, Boston, Mass.; C. M. Clark (Chase), St. Louis, Mo.; Merritt, Jordan and Coates, Springfield, Mass.; Lambert, Miller and Leighton, Haverhill, Mass.; C. B. Bristol, M. H. Clark, Robertson and Sherman, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. Hammond, N. F. Reiner, Stannels and Griffith, Providence, R. I.; Mills, Bristol, Conn.; Snell, Buck, Nick Parker and A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.; Allison, South Weymouth, Mass.; H. L. Edgarton, Willimantic, Conn.; French, Roberts and Hummerston, Thomaston, Conn.; Dr. P. H. Mason, H. P. Dain and E. F. Hill, Peekskill, N. Y.; I. Tallman, A. Tallman and E. J. Foster, Millbrook, N. Y.; C. M. Stevens, Guilford, Conn.; C. W. Tuttle, Auburn, N. Y.; E. L. Post, New York city; J. R. Blamey and Bolt, Holyoke, Mass.; Holmes, Pawling, N. Y.; H. C. Bridgers (Tar Heel), Tarboro, N. C.; Patten, Thompsonville, Conn.; Norwood, Gibson, Knight and Ray, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Avery, Davis and Merriman, Meriden, Conn.; Hazard, Southington, Conn., etc.

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY.

The sky was overcast with clouds, and there was a dull light, further dulled by an atmosphere laden with humidity, very "muggy" in fact, conditions very unfavorable for those who shot with glasses. About the most noticeable shooting on this day was that of the squad composed of Fulford, Levengston, Clark, Wheeler and Puck, which in the fifth, a 20-target event, scored 97 out of 100.

In the evening a very pleasant entertainment was given the shooters at the home of Messrs. W. F. and L. C. Parker, which was most thoroughly enjoyed and enjoyable.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	12	12	18	14	17	13	11	16	10	18	141	.830
Money	13	14	16	12	14	13	11	16	12	19	150	.883
Dickey	11	12	19	13	17	14	15	19	14	17	151	.888
Le Roy	12	14	17	13	17	12	14	16	11	19	145	.853
Banks	14	14	18	15	16	14	15	18	15	18	157	.923
Tucker	14	14	19	13	19	15	14	18	15	20	161	.947
Parker	14	12	18	12	17	14	15	17	12	17	148	.870
Keller	15	12	19	14	19	13	12	18	13	19	154	.905
Fanning	15	14	18	15	19	15	13	20	15	20	164	.964
Hull	13	13	19	14	18	14	13	19	15	17	154	.905
Fulford	8	14	19	12	20	13	14	18	13	20	151	.888
Levingstone	15	15	17	12	19	12	13	14	15	16	153	.900
Puck	11	12	18	12	20	10	13	17	12	18	143	.840
Wheeler	14	13	19	14	19	12	14	11	15	19	155	.912
Chase	14	12	16	12	19	13	14	19	12	17	148	.870
Collins	11	10	14	10	14	11	5	12	13	16	116	.682
Norton	8	8	15	10	13	10	11	14	10	11	110	.647
Merritt	13	11	17	12	16	13	15	16	13	16	142	.835
Savage	15	14	17	14	17	11	12	16	14	19	149	.876
Bryan	11	14	20	14	20	14	13	16	13	19	154	.905
Mills	13	14	16	15	17	14	13	18	14	20	154	.905
Snell	10	14	19	14	16	12	14	19	12	17	147	.865
Alison	15	14	19	12	19	14	12	17	12	16	151	.888
Buck	14	9	12	11	16	10	12	17	12	12	143	.841
Nick	14	11	17	11	19	8	15	13	13	16	137	.800
Griffith	14	13	17	15	18	12	13	17	13	17	149	.876
Hammond	13	11	18	12	20	12	15	18	14	18	151	.888
Jordon	12	15	19	15	18	12	10	19	13	19	152	.895
Conn	14	13	18	14	17	8	13	16	13	16	142	.835
J Tallman	13	13	18	13	19	14	15	18	12	19	154	.905
Blainey	11	13	15	15	14	11	14	17	13	16	139	.818
Stannels	11	12	12	6	16	9	15	11	9	..	...	....
Reiner	12	11	15	12	16	6	11	..	..	..	...	....
Bristol	14	13	18	19	18	11	13	..	..	16	...	..
Miller	11	10	17	11	11	13	10	..	..	..	...	....
Clark	14	13	17	11	17	12	11	18	7	..	...	....
Leighton	10	8	12	12	18	9	13	..	..	..	...	....
Avery	9	12	20	11	20	13	12	18	15	..	...	....
Stevens	15	12	17	13	15	12	15	..	..	..	...	....
A Tallman	5	3	15	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	...	....
Foster	9	14	17	13	14	..	12	16	..	..	...	....
Bolt	14	13	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...	....
Post	13	13	17	13	17	13	12	13	..	..	...	....
Hummerston	12	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Roberts	9	..	14	..	15	..	12	16	..	..	...	....
French	9	..	15	..	16	..	13	14	..	..	...	....
Coats	..	11	14	..	14	11	12	..	..	..	...	....
Holmes	..	9	15	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Tuttle	..	13	..	14	15	13	..	16	..	..	...	....
Sherman	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
W R Clark	..	..	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	...	....
Norwood	..	..	..	..	12	7	7	..	..	..	...	....
Knight	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	..	..	..	...	....
Ray	..	..	..	..	15	12	7	14	..	..	...	....
Gibson	..	..	..	..	6	13	1	1	..	..	...	....
Merriman	..	..	..	..	16	13	12	..	..	..	...	....
Robertson	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...	....
Patten	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	7	..	..	...	....
Hazard	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...	....
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	...	....
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	...	....
Dain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...	....
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...	....
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	...	....

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY.

The weather was most unpromising and unfavorable, being rainy more or less throughout the day. The light consequently was very variable, seldom good, and the intermittent changes made varying conditions. Shooting was suspended some of the time on account of heavy rain, yet the programme was finished in spite of unfavorable circumstances of weather. One of the matters of chief interest was the close competition between Messrs. Tucker and Fanning for the cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	12	12	20	11	17	12	14	18	13	17	146	.859
Money	15	15	20	12	15	11	13	11	13	18	143	.840
Dickey	12	14	17	15	20	15	13	17	12	18	153	.900
Banks	14	13	17	11	17	14	12	19	14	18	149	.876
Parker	13	14	17	14	19	13	14	19	13	18	154	.905
Keller	14	12	16	13	17	11	11	18	11	18	141	.830
Fanning	14	14	17	14	20	15	14	20	14	18	160	.945
Hull	15	12	18	15	18	13	14	16	15	18	154	.905
Fulford	14	13	19	13	20	13	12	18	11	18	152	.895
Chase	12	14	17	14	17	11	15	18	14	18	150	.883
Norton	9	11	13	12	14	12	12	13	5	12	113	.665
Merritt	12	15	17	10	19	12	12	16	15	18	146	.859
U M C	13	13	13	11	12	13	11	18	11	14	129	.759
J Tallman	15	14	17	13	19	14	14	17	13	20	156	.918
Mills	15	11	17	13	19	15	14	17	12	15	150	.883
Jordan	10	13	17	14	20	12	14	19	14	18	151	.888
Tucker	14	15	17	15	19	15	13	19	15	20	162	.953
Le Roy	15	15	19	14	19	14	14	15	..	..	...	....
Levingston	13	13	18	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Puck	13	12	19	14	17	11	14	14	..	..	...	....
Wheeler	15	14	19	13	20	14	13	..	..	..	...	....
Collins	14	13	17	12	16	8	11	12	..	..	...	....
Savage	13	11	17	12	18	12	10	..	..	..	...	....
Bryan	12	15	16	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Taylor	13	10	16	14	15	9	..	..	..	..	...	....
Fruit	9	14	17	12	16	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Ray	10	12	..	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Griffith	13	13	20	15	16	14	..	..	..	..	...	....
Hammond	15	14	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Stannels	9	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Conn	15	14	17	14	17	13	12	..	..	..	...	....
Coats	12	13	15	10	17	9	8	..	..	..	...	....
Snell	14	11	19	15	17	11	..	..	..	..	...	....
Allison	10	14	18	11	16	14	15	..	..	..	...	....
Buck	13	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Nick	12	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Tuttle	13	15	16	15	20	15	14	..	..	..	...	....
Hill	6	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Kinney	11	15	10	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	....
Mason	10	11	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Blamey	10	13	15	11	17	11	..	..	..	..	...	....
Dain	15	14	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Bristol	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
A Tallman	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Foster	11	14	..	15	..	14	13	12	10	..	...	....
Norwood	12	12	..	10	12	9	..	..	..	..	...	....
Knight	8	12	..	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Gibson	9	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Tar-Heel	14	12	15	14	16	14	14	18	..	..	...	....
Wilcox	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Billard	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
S Hart	..	..	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Patten	..	..	14	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
H Hart	..	..	17	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Cutler	..	..	18	12	18	14	12	..	..	..	...	....
Videon	..	..	..	13	16	13	11	14	..	..	...	....
Avery	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	11	...	....
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	...	....

HOWLS AND BAAS.

Capt. Money says that Dickey's targets may be all right to look at, and may be good breakers into the bargain, but that there's no fun in inspecting them when stored with wasps, which disagree as to the propriety of such inspection. On Wednesday morning Dickey took Capt. Money into the upper story of the club house to look at some cases of the Boston target stored therein. Some boys had torn down a wasps' nest, also located therein. Neither Dickey nor Capt. Money was aware of the fact until one wasp stung Capt. Money in his left eyebrow, and also hit him in the cheek just below the left eye. Result: A patch of wet mud on the wound for a few minutes, followed by applications of ice lasting two whole days. And by the way, wasp stings may act as a tonic. Note Capt. Money's run of 69 out of the first 70 that he shot at on the second day, and therefore what he might have done had a wasp stung his right eye.

Jack Fanning thoroughly deserved his popular win of the silver cup offered for competition among the manufacturers' agents. Jack shot well and steadily all through the two days, but Tucker scared him somewhat right at the finish.

All the boys expressed their satisfaction at the good showing made by Tucker in his fight for the cup. "Now," say they, "Tuck can never talk about being a 'has been,' nor deny that he can shoot targets." Results talk, and Mr. Tucker's reports as to his target shooting ability can go no longer.

Admiral Courtney, who had been advanced ten numbers for gallant performances at the trap during the tournament, was reduced twenty-two numbers for losing his target in the tournament. Seriously speaking, the Admiral did more than any one man, outside of Tom Keller, to make the shoot the pleasant social gathering that it undoubtedly was.

Tee Kay of course acted shamefully all the time, keeping everybody on the alert as to what he would do next. In addition to furnishing lots of amusement for everybody, Tom shot a war-house gait, and did not slacken in his speed until the end of the second day, finishing with more than a decent average.

W. F. and L. C. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros., entertained a large crowd of the shooters at their home, which is situated on top of a hill that struck terror into the hearts of those thick of wind or short of limb. The reception at the end of the climb was payment in full for every puff of breath demanded by the steep ascent, the three-handled mug being a special feature of that same welcome.

The lunch man made a mistake in thinking that shooters only wanted "any old thing" at any old price. He found out his mistake on the second day, and lost sundry half-dollars. Trap-shooters are willing to pay for a good article, but they are reluctant to pay for an article that is inferior.

Elmer Shaner has a speech that he always makes at the commencement of every tournament. When he first made that speech some five or six years ago, it was so well worded and so much to the point that he has never changed it, but lets it rip from his tongue with an eloquence that Bob Ingersoll might envy. And Shaner means every word that he says.

U. M. C. Thomas has only missed two Interstate Association tournaments since they were first started. He got mixed in his dates this time, however, and only put in an appearance on the second day, and then wanted the tournament prolonged so that he might have two days' shooting. He was willing to quit though when Fanning landed the U. M. C. high base shell to the front in the race for the cup.

H. P. Collins and B. H. Norton had a hot race for a long time, but Collins' staying powers proved too much for Norton, and the former finished an easy winner by virtue of a 14 out of 15 and a 13 or two to his credit.

Banks was not in his "usual good form" on the second day, but the rain and extreme humidity made it hard work for men wearing spectacles to locate low targets against the thickly wooded background. He blames Tom Keller for several targets lost on the first day, basing his claim on the heavy cross-buttock that Tom threw him with just after lunch on Wednesday. The fall was funny to look at, but when a 189lb. man alights on his head there's a jar to the earth as well as to the man who fell. T. K. was narrating the incident to Fanning, and added that otherwise he (Fanning) might not have been leading in the average, whereupon Fanning asked Tom to throw him (Banks) again on the second day, adding: And throw him hard, Tom!"

Leroy was out of trim on the first day, his shells not having arrived on the scene of action. When he got them on the second day he showed "what might have been."

Dickey, who has been out of form for some few months, has now found his grip again. Notice his scores on the second day, particularly during the last half of the programme for that day. He is now in it, and will remain there.

Dr. Hammond, of Providence, R. I., shot up well, and more than held his own. He promises to be on deck again at next year's Grand American Handicap. Another certainty for the Grand American Handicap of 1899 is J. R. Blamey, of Holyoke, Mass., who also shot in about every event that was scheduled for this tournament.

This is not the first Interstate Association tournament that Harry Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C., has attended; not by a long shot. On this occasion he just dropped in by chance, being up north on business and without a gun. He shot W. R. Clark's Winchester, and shot it well too. If Tar Heel handles his law books as skillfully as he handles a pump-gun he will win all his cases, and his success in life is assured.

Chase, of St. Louis, Mo., is a comer for a fact. He handles his beautiful gun, built for him recently by Gastin Renette, of Paris, with more certainty than he did when at the New York State shoot in Rochester about six weeks ago. He is fond of shooting; in fact, he would almost sooner shoot than eat—yet he has a fair appetite too. With a few more months of practice Gastin Renette will cause trouble to wolves and lambs alike.

Just eleven shooters sat down at one table in the Winthrop Hotel dining room on the night of the second day of the shoot. They were the guests of J. S. Fanning, who wanted them to share in the moistening of the cup that he had just won. The party was composed of Capt. Money, Elmer E. Shaner, O. R. Dickey, Edward Banks, Admiral Courtney, E. D. Fulford, Tom Keller, C. M. Clark, W. F. Tuttle (of Chicago), and U. M. C. Thomas (toastmaster). The cup was well moistened, and the speeches were on a par with the fare provided—strictly A1.

Such accurate scoring, such exemplary promptness and courtesy in the cashier's office, and such excellent refereeing as that which characterized this tournament cannot be beaten anywhere.

Seven States were represented at this tournament: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont, Missouri and North Carolina. The above list does not include the States represented by manufacturers' agents, otherwise we would have to include New Jersey, California and Maryland, making a grand total of ten in all.

The promptitude with which squad after squad stepped to the score without the slightest delay was a special feature of this tournament. There was no break between events neither, No. 1 squad stepping into the places of the last squad of the previous event, thus preserving a rotation that enabled Elmer Shaner to throw about 7,000 targets per day from traps that worked none too well. (N. B.—They were not Mr. Shaner's traps, his old reliables.)

Lambert, of Haverhill, who shot under the name of Bryan, made many a good score, and did considerable booming for the Haverhill Interstate tournament, Sept. 7-8. Mr. Lambert was assisted in this direction by Messrs. Miller and Leighton, both good shots from the Haverhill Gun Club.

Neither the rain nor the extreme humidity could keep Mr. C. B. Bristol, the daddy of the New Haven Gun Club, from taking part in the shoot on both days of the tournament. On the first day he was accompanied by M. H. Clark, the president of the club.

Allison, of South Weymouth, Mass., is shooting better than ever, and is a truly dangerous lamb for any of his fellow lambs to tackle. The way he ground his targets to pieces on the first day was a caution and a warning that no would-be match-maker should disregard.

In the 20-bird event, the fifth of the first day, Messrs. Fulford, Levengston, Clark, Wheeler and Puck made a very superior squad showing, scoring 97 out of the 100 targets shot at.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Enclosed please find scores of Saturday, July 30, shoot. We had a small attendance, but had a bang-up time. Messrs. J. P. Adams and W. E. Skidmore tied for the Troisdorf cup. The former withdrew in favor of Skidmore, who now has two wins. Mr. Platt Adams won the prize, a handsome shell case. The shower put an end to the shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	35	
Milliken	7	8	..	5	..	4
P Adams, 7	6	8	8	7	35	6
Wright	5	..	6	..	..	3
J P Adams, 8	9	4	6	7	27	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	35	
Skidmore, 7	9	10	7	4	29	8
Lane, 12	..	6	3	3	31	..
Billy, 7	..	..	..	..	34	..

No. 5 was the shell case event. No. 6 was at doubles.

Troisdorf cup event, 25 targets:

J P Adams, 6.....1111111011111111101010001—19
Skidmore, 5 .....1111111011011111011111111—22
P Adams, 5 .....1111101111111011101100011—19
Milliken, 7 .....1101011111000011011110101—16
Lane, 7 .....0101100110011000011001010—11

W.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB

Brooklyn, L. I., July 26.—The shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended. Nos. 3 and 4 were handicaps. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
Steffens	8	9	13	..	..
Short	8	7	13	9	10
H W Voss	8	10	13	14	9
H Forster	7	..	..	..	9
Breit	3	4	14	14	..
Trostel	7	6	7	..	..
Weber	7	5	9	11	..
Bade	5	..	..	..	..
J H Voss	9	..	..	..	..
Schlicht	7	10	9	..	..
Deedy	3	4	8	..	..
Van der Bosch	12	15	12	..	13
Dannefelser	..	9	10	10	..
Major	..	9	9	12	7
Sands	..	6	12	9	9
Young	..	4	..	..	..
Schorty	..	14	13	15	11
Wizzer	..	6	..	13	8
Mecker	..	8	11	11	8
Wheeler	..	6	7	12	5
Summit	..	12	15	13	10
Karl	..	..	12	11	..
Maesel	..	..	10	3	..
Dacinch	..	..	10	10	..
Bahn	..	..	11	11	..
Watfel	..	..	7	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
Lang	..	..	..	10	10
Hexamer	..	..	15	14	12
Stetsle	..	..	7	..	..
Foster	..	..	13	14	..
Himmelsbach	..	..	13	12	..
Stutzle	..	..	13	12	..
Muench	..	..	12	10	11
Metz	..	..	10	13	..
Laney	..	..	..	14	..
Doeinck	..	..	..	14	..
Madison	..	..	..	10	..
Blauvelt	..	..	..	7	..
Van	..	..	..	13	..
Young	..	..	..	9	..
Van Allen	..	..	..	15	..
Wolff	..	..	..	10	10
Knodel	..	..	..	8	8
Kreeb	..	..	..	14	..
Gerlinger	..	..	..	8	1
Breman	..	..	..	10	..
Selg	..	..	..	11	..
Schaeffer	..	..	..	11	5
Narquart	..	..	..	..	4
Richter	..	..	..	..	10
Amend	..	..	..	..	14
Newman	..	..	..	..	5

A new trap-shooting club, the Adrian Gun Club, was formed recently at Adrian, Minn., of which Mr. F. E. Porter was elected secretary-treasurer. One clause of the rules adopted by this club is as follows: "Outsiders shall pay 25 cents for each ten targets." Such a rule discourages participation on the part of outsiders, and thereby discourages possible club members. While outsiders should not enjoy all the privileges of club members, a club on the other hand should not become ultra commercial in dealing with them. Again in ordinary club shoots it is a mistake for this new club to have this rule: "If the shooter fails to adjust the safety, to load or cock his gun, or pulls the wrong trigger, the target shall be scored 'lost.'" "No bang, no bird" is better in ordinary shoots, where there is no considerable sum of money at stake, and particularly so if the club sets forth that its purpose is sport and good fellowship.

WESTERN TRAPS.

PATERSON LOSES THE TROPHY.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—The unbroken series of victories by which Mr. A. C. Paterson has so long retained possession of the Chicago challenge trophy was yesterday interrupted by Mr. Thos. P. Hicks, who stood at 30yds. with a 10-gauge gun and killed his 25 birds straight, also killing his 2 handicap birds, or 27 straight. Mr. Paterson was unlucky enough to miss one bird and so could not come in even for a tie. Both men shot in superb form. Mr. Hicks, as earlier stated in these columns, was among those who earlier made attempts to land challenges for this trophy, but on the first occasion, as he informed Mr. Paterson, was not in time with his challenge. His later attempt was more successful. Immediately at the conclusion of Mr. Paterson's last race Mr. Hicks took the first train down town and mailed his challenge, yet, as he informed me yesterday, he saw on the mailing table even as he passed his own challenge in through the window, the challenge of another contestant. Mr. V. L. Cunnyngham, earlier defeated by Mr. Paterson, and Mr. Ed Bingham also challenged for the trophy, but of the three the challenge of Mr. Hicks was the one accepted by the trustees. Mr. Hicks is one of the three trustees himself, but there were enough without him to pass impartially upon the questions of challenge and handicap, in regard to which I have heard no criticism. Mr. Hicks was allowed 29yds. and 2 birds, Mr. Paterson being placed at 30yds., but the former finally chose to stand at 30yds. and use his old Westley Richards 10-gauge, in which he has the greatest confidence. His judgment as the result seems good, for he shot in splendid style, and if his handicap was wrong his shooting was the severest criticism upon it, though it is not likely he or anybody else will soon kill 27 straight again at Watson's. Mr. Paterson himself shot at 8 practice birds, killing them all, so that he only missed 1 bird out of 33 during the afternoon. He also was in perfect form, and the race was a very interesting and pleasant one to see.

The real secret of the high scores lay in the fact that the birds were not fast, but on the contrary very dull. Out of several hundred birds John Watson selected 180, and told the trappers to pick out the brightest of these. The birds themselves were good, but the weather killed the flying. The day was hot and muggy. During the morning there was a goodish breeze, but at just about 2 o'clock a light sprinkle of rain came and the wind fell absolutely, not rising again to any great extent. John Watson expressed regret that his birds made so poor a showing, and said it was due to the heavy, hot condition of the air. With a good wind the scores would not have been so high. What air there was moving came left to right across the score. A pleasant little gathering witnessed the shooting, and congratulated Mr. Hicks upon his admirable showing. He certainly shot in rattling style. As Billy Mussey once remarked to Mr. Bennett, of Kansas City, "It is hard to beat a man when he kills them all."

The shooting called out no special features, though several times Mr. Hicks made long stops, which brought out just applause. He centered his birds well, and handled the 10-gauge as quickly apparently as another shooter would a 12-gauge. Mr. Hicks' 4th bird required the flag. His 5th was stopped high, badly cut up with the first barrel. On his 6th he was careful with his first barrel and did not need the second. His 7th was killed at over 40yds. in handsome style. His 13th bird was fast and got far out, but luckily he got a wing tip with his first barrel. Again on his 16th bird he was lucky enough to get a piece of wing; this time with his second barrel, meeting much applause for the long stop. Meantime Mr. Paterson was continuing to shoot in the splendid form he has of late been showing. His 6th bird was a slate blue, a twister. He led it to the right just as it ducked to the left, and again it led to the left just as it switched back to the right. It went away untouched, and with it Patti's chance. His 14th bird was a fast one and came in ugly, but was caught in time. His 19th was stopped by good use of the second barrel. His 21st was hard to find with the first, but was centered nicely and saved. Nothing especially hard was asked of him, as not a dozen good starters went out of the traps, something very uncommon at this park and very different from what Patti has met on one or two other occasions, when he did as good work as one often sees. It was good work for both men, for even dull birds are not easy to kill in runs like those shown to-day. In his earlier races Mr. Paterson has made the following scores in order: At 26 birds, 25 scored; at 25 birds, 20, with 3 dead out; 21, with 2 dead out; 21, with 4 dead out; 23, 24, 24, he having shot seven times for the trophy, including the Cunnyngham tie. He would have been glad to win the medal permanently, but will take the sportsmanlike ground of allowing a few others to have a chance at it before challenging again. If Mr. Hicks can hold it as long as Patti did he will do very well.

In the shooting to-day Mr. Hicks used in his 10-gauge gun 4¼ and 4½drs. Du Pont powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. Mr. Paterson shot the same Remington gun which has brought him his earlier victories, using 3½drs. Du Pont powder and 1¼oz. 7s. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

T P Hicks.. 4 3 5 4 5 4 4 1 5 5 3 1 2 2 1 4 3 5 4 4 4 2 2 5 5 2 5
10ga. 30yds. ↙↑↘↓↖↖→↖↙↑↘↘↑↗↙↖←↗↗↙↑↗↗↓↗ ↘↗
2 birds all'd. 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2—25 1 1—27

A C Paterson. 2 3 2 4 2 4 2 5 3 2 3 5 1 1 4 2 1 5 2 4 2 1 4 4 1
12ga. 30yds. ↖↗→→→$→←→→$←↙↘↗↖↑←↖→↘↗↖↑↙ ↖↑↙
2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 —24

AT OMAHA.

At the last weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club, of Nebraska, there was shooting at targets, sparrows and pigeons, and seven men were on hand. Scores:

At 25 targets: Loomis 19, Fogg 17, Parmelee 17, Plummer 17, Townsend 16, Brucker 15, Kimball 16, Hardin 16.

English sparrows, 10 birds, $5: Parmelee 10, Hollowell 10, Kimball 9, Fogg 8, Townsend 7, Plummer 7, Palmer 7, Nason 6.

At 15 live birds, $5:

Loomis .....111111111111111—15 Parmelee .....111110011101111—12
Hollowell .....111111111101111—14 Plummer .....111011111101111—13
Smead .....111101111111111—14

CINCINNATI GUN CLUB.

The new club house of the Cincinnati Gun Club is under construction in St. Bernard suburb of that city. The grounds inclose four acres, and there will be two sets of target traps and one of live-bird traps. The building is 20 by 30ft. in size, and will be handsomely finished and handily arranged. The club has 160 members and the stock is still selling readily. The following are the officers: R. S. Wadsworth, President; Julius Fleischmann, Vice-President; J. A. Penn, Recording Secretary; Fred Dreihs, Financial Secretary; Hon. John B. Mosby, Treasurer; Milton Lindsley, Captain. The Board of Directors consists of the above named officers, with Emile Werk, Henry Robinson and A. C. Dick.

The club will give a tournament, probably Sept. 8-9.

COMING EVENTS.

Mr. W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, Tenn., writes: "We wish to claim the dates of Oct. 18, 19, 20, for a shoot that we are to hold at Belle Meade Stock Farm, Nashville. There will be about $500 added money, and we will shoot two days at targets and one day at live birds. I hope these dates will not conflict with any other shoot and that you will announce same."

Mr. J. C. Thompson, Jr., secretary, writes: "Please announce the nineteenth annual tournament of Canton Gun Club, of Canton, Ill., Aug. 17-18."

Breda Gun Club, of Breda, Ia., holds its second annual tournament, Aug. 2-3, with good attractions.

Sheboygan Rod and Gun Club, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., will hold a tournament Aug. 14.

Milwaukee Gun Club expects a good entry to be on hand tomorrow, second day of its tournament, now in progress. Men are on hand from Waupaca, Sheboygan, Oshkosh, Green Bay, Eau Claire, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Columbus, Appleton and Escanaba, Mich. The divitions of money will be 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

WEST SIDE, OF SAGINAW.

At the club shoot of the West Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, Mich., last Monday, Bliss, Meissenberger, Messner and Bastian were tied on 22 for the club medal. They shot off at 25 targets and Bliss won, breaking 24. Brechtelsbauer won the Ditmar medal with a score of 24 out of 25.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly contests at the traps on the club grounds, corner Vincennes avenue and Seventy-ninth street, on the afternoon of the 23d, with a good attendance. The shooting was comparatively easy, and many good scores were made. Aside from the trophy event, the team races created considerable interest.

Following are the scores in practice events:

All events were shot from the magautrap.

Events:	1	2	3	4	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	7
Targets:	15	15	10	15	10	Targets:	15	15	10	15	10
A W Adams	13	13	9	14	9	O J Buck	..	10	6	11	10
Neta	6	4	3	..	..	E M Steck	..	13	9	11	10
R B Carson	7	9	8	11	..	H F Carson	..	9	9	9	10
Doc Carson	9	9	10	15	8	A C Borroff	..	13	10	..	..
F P Stannard	..	10	9	15	8	Watters	..	..	9	13	5
W D Stannard	..	14	9	14	9	V Cunnyngham	..	..	10	..	..
Embree	..	5	5	..	..	C Antoine	..	..	8	14	7
H Vetter	..	10	5	14	9						

Team race between choice, F. P. Stannard and Ed Steck, at 25 targets, for the price of targets, which was won by Steck's team:

F P Stannard .....24 E M Steck 22
W D Stannard .....23 C Antoine 23
O J Buck.....17 A W Adams 22
H Vetter .....19 Dr Carson 19
W Watters .....19—102 H F Carson .....23—109

This was followed by another at 15 targets:

Dr Carson ..... 9 O J Buck 13
W D Stannard .....15 E M Steck 13
F P Stannard .....14 C Antoine 14
H F Carson .....14 W Watters 10
H Vetter .....13—65 A W Adams .....15—65

Dr. Carson's team won in the shoot-off.

Following are detailed scores in the trophy contest, at 25 targets from the magautrap, classified. Class A was not shot off, Class B won by V. L. Cunnyngham and Class C by W. Watters.

Class A.

F P Stannard .....1111111011111111111111110—23
Neta .....0011010000001110010000000— 7
Steck .....1111111111111111111111101—24
Adams .....0110011111111101011011101—18
W D Stannard .....1011011111111111111011011—21
Antoine .....1111011111111111111111111—24

Class B.

H F Carson .....1011111111101111100111110—20
Dr Carson .....1110001110111111011111111—20
Buck .....0110011001101111100111010—15
R B Carson .....1110101010111111111101011—19
Cunnyngham .....1100111111111111111111101—22
Netter .....1111100110111111111110101—20

Class C.

Burroff .....0111111011111101001100000—16
Watters .....1100111111111111111111110—22
Embree .....1100001111101000001110101—13

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its weekly target contest on last Saturday afternoon on the club grounds, corner Fifty-second avenue and West Monroe street. The day was most perfect and the attendance quite good. Some good scores were made. The hero of the day was Al. Hellman, who shoot in Class B, and won the medal in his class on a score of 24 out of 25. While the hero of yesterday, at Watson's Park, commonly called "One Barrel Hicks," who did so remarkably well in his shoot for the Chicago challenge trophy, only scored 20 out of 25.

Following are scores in the practice events:

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7 were known traps, unknown angles. Nos. 2 and 8 were unknown traps and angles, one man up.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	15
Dr Shaw	10	8	15	..	..	..	..
De Maris	9	..	11	11	..	..	..
C P Richards	15	4	11	13	11	13	9
Smeads	..	5	8	13	8	13	7
C Steiger	..	7	9	14	11	..	6
H Wiley	..	5	11	12	..	..	..
Cooper	..	5	10	7	..	..	..
R Kuss	..	..	12	14	13	14	12
J M Meek	..	..	10	8	7	..	..
O Von Lengerte	..	..	14	13	11	..	..
Nusley	..	..	11	13	12	..	..
J Workman	..	..	9	11	7	..	..
Comelson	..	..	5	11	7	12	8
A Hellman	..	..	11	9	13	..	..
S Young	..	..	13	9	12	14	6
T P Hicks	..	..	12	15	12	13	..
Eaton	..	..	..	9	13	11	7

Following are the detailed scores in the trophy contest, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. Class A was won by R. Kuss, Class B by A. Hellman and Class C by De Maris.

Shaw .....1010101110001111111101010—16
De Maris .....1110101111111100111010111—19
Richards .....1110100100111110000010011—13
Smedes .....1001010111010110011011000—13
Stiger .....1110111010111111111110010—20
Wiley .....1101110110111101111111110—20
Cooper .....1011111111010011011111101—19
Meek .....1111101011011011111011011—19
Kuss .....1111111111111101111111101—23
Von Lengerke .....1111110001110111011111111—20
Nusley .....1010111111111111110101011—20
Workman .....1011110010010111110001000—13
Cornelson .....1000010100011100011001101—11
Hellman .....1111111111111011111111111—24
Eaton .....1010111111010110100010011—15
Young .....1111101111111110011111111—22
Hicks .....1111111101110111011100111—20

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly contest on the club grounds on Saturday last. The scores were good in most events. Several team races were shot, and all of the shooting was from the magautrap. Following are the detailed scores in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25
A W Adams	13	15	24	..	24	..	..	23
Neta	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
E M Steck	14	..	..	19	22	..	22	..
Dr Carson	13	14	..	21	20	..	24	..
Murrow	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
H F Carson	10	12	19	..	23	..	23	..
R B Carson	13	15	..	17	..	20	..	12
F P Stannard	14	15	23	..	..	22	23	..
H Vetter	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J S Houston	..	15	24	..	..	..	..	..
H B Morgan	..	13	17	..	..	16	12	..
C C Hess	..	..	15	..	18	..	..	16
L H Goodrich	..	..	21	..	..	21	..	20
A C Borroff	..	..	24	..	..	23	..	22
Chas Antoine	..	..	..	22	20	..	20	..
V L Cunnyngham	..	..	..	22	..	21	..	24
Judge Steck	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
A C Paterson	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	20

Following are detailed scores of the trophy contest, at 25 targets, unknown angles, classified. The tie in Class A was not shot off. H. Vetter won in Class B and H. B. Morgan won in Class C.

Class A.

Adams .....1111111111110011111111111—23
Stannard .....1111101111111111011111111—23
Houston .....1101110111111011111110111—21
Steck .....1101110010100101111111101—17
W D Stannard .....1110110110111111111111111—22
C C Hess .....0110010001011111111111111—18
Goodrich .....0000110111111111001111111—18

Class B.

H F Carson .....0111111011111110101101111—20
R B Carson .....1111110011101111101011110—19
Vetter .....1011111111110111111011111—22
Dr Carson .....1111110111111111111110101—22
Chas Antoine .....1111111111011010111111—22
V L Cunnyngham .....1111001111111111111101111—22

Class C.

Murrow .....1001010011111101111110000l—15
Neta .....0010000001001000000111001— 7
Morgan .....1111011101111111110111111—22

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Mr. V. L. Cunnyngham has challenged Mr. Thos. P. Hicks for the Chicago challenge trophy; and he expresses a desire that he be allowed to shoot for it again.

A. C. PATERSON.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 23.—The scores of to-day's shoot of the Brockton Gun Club are given below. J. S. Fanning, of California, was present, and as usual made friends with all the shooters. He won second average. The scores averaged high, although the targets were thrown fully 65yds. Le Roy shot in his usual good time. Our next shoot will be Aug. 6:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	15
Henderson	10	15	7	13	20	9	21	14	19	12	24	13
Howe	8	12	7	9	17	12	18	12	14	11	19	12
Dickey	7	14	7	13	20	14	23	13	19	11	20	14
Fanning	10	14	7	15	19	15	22	14	19	13	25	12
Griffith	9	13	7	12	17	14	22	10	13	14	20	13
Leroy	8	14	10	15	19	14	23	14	19	14	23	14
W A	8	13	..	11	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barrett	8	11	..	12	..	..	19	..	..	..	17	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	13	19	14	23	12
W Woodard	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	21	..
Grant	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	22	..
Worthing	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	13	18	11	22	12
Ames	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	13
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..

	Extras.							
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	Merchandise.
Henderson	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	.....
Howe	10	9	10	7	..	8	5	.....
Fanning	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	.....
Leroy	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	.....
Barrett	6	6	5	..	13	..	..	.....
Allison	..	..	9	8	..	10	9	.....
W Woodard	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20—7—27
Grant	..	..	6	..	12	..	..	.....
Worthing	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	22—4—25
Ames	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23—2—25
Allen	..	6	4	7	..	9	8	21—5—25
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17—6—23
Stanley	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	12—9—21
Leonard	4	..	..	..	5	..	..	15—9—24
Stork	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	17—4—21
Donaghue	..	..	..	4	..	5	3	.....
Cook	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	.....
Wood	..	..	..	6	..	6	8	.....

Le Roy won first average, Fanning second, Henderson third, Dickey fourth, Griffith fifth, Howe sixth. A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—The first shoot of the season for the president's medal resulted as follows:

Twenty-five targets, unknown angles, magautrap:

		Points.
C D Ball	1001111011111101101101111—19—17—36	..
Harris	1111101111001101001110111—17—21—38	1
Craig	0100100010101111011110111—15—18—33	..
Flowers	0011001100111001010101111—14—10—24	..
Jones	0011010100101111111000111—15—20—35	..
Wescott	0000000100010100100000100— 5— 3— 8	..
L Ball	0101100010010001001010000— 8— 8—16	..
Colflesh	1111111111111100010101111—20—22—42	3½
Engle	1111111011111111101101111—22—21—43	..
Smith	0011101111101111111110000—17—22—39	2
Burton	1111111111111111111111111—25—22—47	6
Cartledge	1111111111110110101111000—19—17—36	..
Park	1111101111111111111101111—23—19—42	3½
Bell	1111101101111111010101000—17—15—32	..
Anderson	1101111111111111111110111—23—22—45	5

Twenty-five targets, known angles, five expert traps:

C D Ball	0101110111101111010011101—17
Harris	1001111111111101110111111—21
Craig	0111101111000011101111111—18
Flowers	1001000101001000010110101—10
Jones	1001111111101111101111101—20
Wescott	0000000110000000000000010— 3
L Ball	0110100100010000000001110— 8
Colflesh	1111101110111111111110111—22
Engle	1111001111101111011111111—21
Smith	1011111101111111111111011—22
Burton	1001111111111111111111110—22
Cartledge	1101111000001110111111101—17
Park	1111101101111000010011101—15
Anderson	1011101110111111111111111—22

Burton won with a total of 47.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 30.—Harry Coleman and Michael Keichler, both members of the Henry Clay Association, shot at 50 live birds per man at Heiner's Whistle, near the city, yesterday. At the end of the fiftieth round both men were tied, each having killed 45 out of 50. To decide a bet they shot at ten more birds, which resulted in Coleman killing nine to his opponent's ten. The loser is to furnish a supper to twenty of the members of the Association who furnished the birds

Pottstown, Pa., July 30.—Members of the Shuler Shooting Association held a target tournament on the East End grounds today. The targets were thrown by the magautrap, and some good scores were made. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
Urner	23	..	7	8	5	9	9	Davis	15	..	..	5	..	..	..
Grubb	18	9	9	8	8	8	7	De Witt	15	6	6	7	..	..	..
Slonaker	18	5	7	9	6	7	8	Longacre	13	6	4	4	8	6	7
Trego	19	5	4	..	..	..	..	Lenhart	13	6	5	8	7	..	..
Wickersham	17	7	8	6	4	5	6								

DUSTER.

Mr. H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes us that on July 28 a match was held there on the club grounds, targets thrown by a magautrap. Each contestant shot at 100 targets: Tracy 87, Pumpelly 90, Kendall 92, Brown 97. The two first named are members of the Owego, N. Y., Gun Club.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. W., Plainfield, N. J.—The Krag-Jorgensen rifle is made by the United States Government at Springfield, Mass. It is not sold by dealers.

W. C. D., Jr., Stottville, New York.—Last month as I was walking along the post road a few miles south of Poughkeepsie, in this State, I saw a blacksnake that so far exceeded in size any that I had seen before that I am rather curious to know how large these snakes do grow. I have always thought a 3½ or 4ft. blacksnake a large one, but this snake was nearly 7ft. long and 8in. in circumference. I shall be thankful for any information that you can give me. Ans. In this latitude a 6ft. blacksnake is counted a large specimen.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Golf.

THE Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., 313 Broadway, New York, have just issued a very interesting book on golf, containing full rules for playing the game and many valuable hints and instructions. The book will be sent free on application.—*Adv.*

INVITATIONS were sent out last week by the John P. Lovell Arms Co., of 163-165 Washington street, Boston, Mass., inviting sportsmen to the informal opening of their new store on Wednesday evening, Aug. 3, from 8 to 10 o'clock. The reception, which takes place after this paper has gone to press, will be a pleasant affair.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1898.—No. 2.

OHIO.

Act of April 12, 1898.—Sec. 6964. Whoever shall at any time catch or kill any quail wild turkey, ruffed grouse or pheasant, prairie chicken, woodcock, squirrel, Mongolian pheasant, or English or ring-neck pheasant, for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State, or for sale in the markets of this State, or shall transport or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond the limits of this State, or for sale in the markets of this State, any quail, wild turkey, ruffed grouse or pheasant prairie chicken, woodcock, squirrel, Mongolia pheasant, or English or ring-neck pheasant, killed within this State, shall be fined as provided in Section 6968, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird trapped or possessed contrary to the provisions of this act.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

ESSENTIALLY A THIEF.

THE term sooner has come to have a recognized place in the language of the field, as designating those gunners who take advantage of their fellows by shooting game before the lawful season opens. The word is not elegant but it is expressive and definite, and happily characterizes this breed of unfair and dishonest gunners. For the act of the sooner unquestionably is unfair and dishonest. The very motive of shooting before the season opens is by unfair means to get ahead of other people, to anticipate them, and by open robbery of their opportunities to deprive them of their legitimate share of game, and the pleasure of its pursuit. The sooner thus stands forth as one not only devoid of those finer feelings of courtesy, consideration and fair play, which should characterize every man and control him in the field as in the social circle, but as lacking also in common honesty; for it is in essence as dishonest to cheat another of his lawful shooting privileges as it is to defraud him in business, or to steal his purse. True, the law does not recognize the sooner's action as on a level with theft, but we challenge anyone to show that the two offenses are not inherently similar in principle.

Nor may the true nature of this shooting out of season be covered up by the claim so commonly advanced by its lawless perpetrators, that they are only exercising a natural right which antedates and supersedes game statutes, and gives them privilege to do as their selfish natures prompt. The public is coming to understand these things more clearly; to see through the dishonest pretense of the natural-righters; and to recognize that those who shout the loudest for their individual natural rights to shoot are the very ones who most brazenly ignore and invade the natural rights of other people. The only natural right to shoot possessed by any man in this country is the right to opportunity—equal with that of all other men and invaded by no other man—to shoot in a way, at a time and in a place open to him by the laws of the land. No man under heaven has any natural or acquired right to take advantage of other men by shooting before the law is off or after it is on. We repeat that he who does so does what is essentially mean, unfair and dishonest, and in respect to such action stands on a level with a common thief. One of these days we shall hear less of the sooners, for, this true nature of their offense recognized, they will have been reckoned with and suppressed.

Meanwhile, this year and next year and every year, game commissioners and protectors and wardens and private citizens will do well to create and establish right public opinion on this subject by taking in and doing for the sooners as the law directs.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

COMMISSIONER TITCOMB'S suggestion that certain selected small trout brooks in Vermont should be set aside permanently as refuges and nurseries is in line with advanced opinion in fish protection and fishculture. The plan is an ideal one; and its realization would mean a permanent fish supply. The one drawback is the difficult problem of carrying the system into effect by providing an actually efficient protection of the reserved waters, so that a brook thus set apart may prove really to be a supply nursery for the public advantage, and not simply a rich find to be looted by sneaking poachers.

The fact is patent that some such expedient as public protected waters and game grounds must be resorted to if we may hope to preserve public fishing and shooting worthy the name. Opportunities which the State, the county, the village have failed to improve have in countless instances been seized by private enterprise for individual advantage. The desirable waters open to public fishing are becoming more restricted every year. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the rule is that all good fishing waters in Pike and Monroe counties are shut up, controlled by lessees and posted with trespass signs. So rapid is the change going on in these famous angling regions that in a few short years, it may safely be predicted, there will be practically no public fishing worth the name. The prevailing system here and in other parts of the country shortly will be of closed streams and lakes. In fact, one who has noted the developments of the last fifteen years cannot fail of conviction that fishing as well as shooting soon will be a privilege to be bought in other ways than by purchase of a railroad ticket to public waters.

The rivers and the lakes will remain open, but the smaller streams beloved of the trout fisher will be closed. This is not to say, however, that there will be just as many anglers and just as much angling. The sport will be established on a basis differing from the happy-go-lucky system of past and present. Waters pass into individual and club control because individuals and clubs stand ready to take them up. When the commercial value of trout fishing as a privilege to be bought and paid for shall be fully appreciated, we need not be apprehensive that there will be a supply fully equal to the demand. And the system will so adjust itself that the cost of an outing on a protected stream, when the tangible results of the fishing are considered, will not exceed the sum one must now expend when visiting public waters. In other words, while the sport may be more expensive, there will be more substantial reward for the outlay.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

AMONG the appropriations in the sundry civil service bill is one, hardly noticed as yet by the newspapers, which is of real importance. It provides for the payment of forest inspectors, supervisors and other employees, and the amount set aside for this purpose is $75,000. The appointments, some of which were given last week in the FOREST AND STREAM, are made directly by the Secretary. It was certainly high time that some provision was made for the maintenance of our forest reserves, and each step taken in this direction is one in advance, and tends to strengthen the movement for forest preservation. That money has been appropriated to pay a force of forest employees, and that these employees or some of them have been appointed, is most encouraging. The paragraph in which the appropriation is made reads as follows:

Protection and Administration of Forest Preserves:

To meet the expenses of executing the provisions of the sundry civil act, approved June fourth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, for the care and administration of the forest reserves, to meet the expenses of forest inspectors and assistants, and for the employment of foresters and other emergency help in the prevention and extinguishment of forest fires, and for advertising dead and matured trees for sale within such reservation; Provided, That forestry agents and supervisors, and other persons to be designated by the Secretary of the Interior for duty under this appropriation, shall be allowed per diem, subject to such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, in lieu of subsistence, at a rate not exceeding three dollars per day each, and actual necessary expenses for transportation, seventy-five thousand dollars.

The long and bitter fight against the reserves thus ended not only in continuing the reserves, but in providing a force for their maintenance, and funds to pay this force. While it may well be that this force at first will not accomplish great things for forest preservation, the fact that it has been established cannot fail to greatly aid the progress of the work.

There is a law in New York which forbids, under heavy penalty, having in possession live song birds, including the robin. As an illustrative commentary on the prevailing ignorance of this law, or indifference to it, may be cited a robin case which came up in one of the courts in this city last week. A sixteen-year-old boy, Adam Redwitz, was arraigned for having stolen a caged robin from Charles Mucha, an uptown shoemaker. In a struggle between Redwitz, Mucha and the neighbors, the robin was nearly pulled to pieces, but finally escaped and flew away. The magistrate held that, as no one had seen the boy steal the robin, it might have been at liberty when the boy took it, and in that case, having won its freedom, it was nobody's bird, and could not be subject of larceny. It appears not to have occurred to the magistrate, nor to any of the authorities, game protectors or others, that the man who claimed ownership of the bird was himself subject to a fine for its possession. Probably not one magistrate in New York to-day knows that the law forbids the possession of robins.

The pursuit of the upland plover shows an anomaly in the field shooting code, for while it is forbidden and tabooed to shoot birds other than flying it is the practice of upland plover shooters to pot them on the ground. The mode is defended by the plea that the plover is so shy and wary that it is permissible to circumvent him and to take advantage of him without giving him any law. Men who would scorn to bag their quail by a ground shot have no compunction whatever about the plover, and among their fellows make no concealment of their ground shooting. This has its parallel in duck shooting, in which pursuit some men—perhaps a majority of the duck shooters of the country—kill the birds on the water; or endeavor at least to get one shot at the bunch on the water with the first barrel, and a second shot as the birds rise in the air.

One of the fascinations of black bass fishing, as the angler becomes more and more experienced in the art, is a growing appreciation of how meager and baffling is one's knowledge of the fish. When a veteran fisherman is asked to tell us what he knows about bass, he is very likely to respond by telling us of the things that puzzle him, that he does not know and cannot find out. This is an undertone of Mr. Van Cleef's paper this week on the black bass of the Bay of Quinte. As in so many other things, it is only the novice in bass fishing who knows it all.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Days and Nights in West Virginia.

As I stepped into the Continental in the middle of June my hand was grasped by a Southern friend, who immediately proceeded to take possession of me. When I informed him that I was worked out, in his cheery way he remarked: "Come and go home with me, and I will knock off work and go fishing with you." The affectionate request was again repeated, and in an hour's time my arrangements had been made to go South with my friend, who is one of the figures in politics and business in that country. On the splendid Chesapeake & Ohio by 4 o'clock in the evening I was flying toward West Virginia, of which State my friend had been the preceding Governor. The trip was most enjoyable as we sped through the historic battlefields of Virginia to the scene of Stonewall Jackson's great battles, and then over the Alleghany Mountains into West Virginia. We alighted ere long on the banks of the Kanawha River at the beautiful old town of Charleston, which is situated at the confluence of the Elk and Kanawha rivers. I was immediately taken to the home of my friend, and the next day we were to go fishing.

One of the first things to remind me as I entered the home of my friend, that I was no longer in my Northern city home, was my introduction to the bloodhounds. It was my first experience with these strange animals. My friend explained that the inspection which was made of me by them was one of curiosity alone. First came majestic Bevis, a huge, tawny, lion-like looking fellow; the inevitable day and night companion of my friend. Soon he was reinforced by Jason, a long-eared, solemn, red-eyed fellow. They smelled me, sniffed at my clothes, looked me over, and walked around, making a most thorough investigation of me in every way, but never allowing me to touch them. By some influence it was soon known that a stranger was in the house, and Malta, another beautiful one of the same breed, added her presence to the company of long-eared inspectors. Her coming was the signal for another thorough investigation from all three. I was evidently in dog life being thoroughly "taken over," and when my friend showed me to my room, as is the Southern custom, the whole crowd trooped up the stairs with us. It seemed to be accepted as a matter of course, and when I merely suggested injury to carpets and rugs my friend remarked with somewhat injured voice that "My wife will only allow four of them to come into the house."

This old-fashioned house, surrounded by trees, with its broad porches, big rooms and wide hall, filled with the souvenirs of campaign and field, would delight the heart of Mr. Hough. My friend is a mighty hunter and great fisherman. Huge fish spears, fishing nets, guns, and boating oars, and heads of fish and fowl adorn almost every part of the lower house. He has a great collection of the old-fashioned mountain rifles, famous in Kentucky and Virginia as being the best guns ever laid to a man's shoulder. He has a magnificent weapon, 6ft. 2in. in length, which belonged to the grandfather of the famous Anse Hatfield, of whom more anon.

Another one played the chief part in a strange and terrible tragedy, which my friend related to me, and which some day I will give to the FOREST AND STREAM. I asked him to allow his collection of rifles to be shown next year at the Sportsmen's Exhibition at Madison Square, and he has consented to do so. He has here an elephant gun, weighing 50lbs. and carrying a 2½oz. ball, being one of the guns carried by Stanley on his second African expedition.

I was interested in one piece which hung upon his wall. It was an Irish shillalah, from Donnybrook, Ireland. I for the first time found that the shillalah had to be made within certain lengths and weights: Not over 2ft. 2in. in length, 2½in. in diameter, and 4lbs. in weight. A strong leather thong is passed through the end which is run up half-way to the elbow, and the stick is grasped like a quarter-stick. At some future date I will give the readers of the paper an account of some of the adventures from Florida to the Rocky Mountains which my friend graphically related to me while sitting surrounded by those souvenirs.

On the next day the Governor's private car and a railroad flat, upon which were two boats, were hitched to an engine, and there was a shriek of the engine, a rattle of the wheels, and we were carried into the wilderness. We were taken without stop into Clay county, where the car was put on a siding and left in one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. This seemed to me the paradise of the lover of the forests and the idealism of the life of the hunter. We were in the absolute depth of the mountain forest, yet having with us the conveniences of a beautiful home, the best cookery and the most pleasant beds. We immediately began putting the boats in the river. When I saw the Rushton boat, double ended, copper riveted, shoved into the river, I was carried back to my old St. Lawrence home. The Governor could not fish with me to-day, and I was turned over to the tender mercies of his fisherman, an ebony-hued son of Ham by the name of Frank Lee. Soon my friend bade me good-bye, and I was left to his tender mercies. The plan was for me to go up the river and in the evening catch my host, who was engaged in professional matters about six miles up, and then we would come down together.

I used the fly exclusively. My boatman, one of the most magnificently built men I have ever seen, knew every rock of the beautiful river. With a deft stroke he took me to the most inviting places. Without looking he seemed to know where lay the bass, and the sport was as fine as I have ever witnessed on any of the waters of the United States.

Before we were out of sight of the car I struck, and a splendid black warrior came out of the water with the "Baltimore" hanging to the edge of his lower jaw. "You hev jes' got him an' no moh," remarked Frank, and I knew it. Up the river and down he went with 75ft. of line out. With a quick side jump up, and a crosswise fall back, he tried to get away. I have never as yet determined whether this sidewise fall back on the line was the result of accident or design. It was marvelously like design, but it did not work this time. A peculiar feature of the black bass of this section is that there is no sulking. It is with a rush and a fight to the end. So it was here. There was not a minute of the twenty that I was engaged in this fight with this splendid fellow that he was not in it with a rush. Every art was tried. He sent the swirls of the line cutting through the water, and then with a dive in the pools, once clear under the boat, when he nearly got my line. But the inevitable end was at hand. The boat was allowed to drift into quieter waters out of the rushing swirl of the shoal, and just under the lay of a big rock, and with the bright sun glinting through the trees, Frank deftly captured him in his net. He weighed 2½lbs. In any of the quiet Western or Southern waters a fish making such a fight as this would weigh 4 or 5lbs. When I met my host in the evening he told me that the difference between the bass even in the nearby rivers was perfectly perceptible. His experience was that the bass from the Ohio River, where the waters were quiet and somewhat warm, was a heavy, thick-shouldered and short fish. That the bass up the Elk River was longer, thinner and more like a fighting machine. The bass in the Guyandotte, which stream is cooler and more rapid than either the Elk or the Ohio, is a gamier, longer, more slender fish than either of the others. His jaws have more of the tigerish expression, and he is a typical game fighter, and this comes from the fact that his means of existence are harder and he has a greater struggle for life in the swift, cool, rapid waters of the Guyandotte.

We went up the stream about six miles, and at every shoal there was a battle. At one shoal I hooked the king of the water. In the rush of the water it was impossible to hold him in the boat, so I went into the water and followed him. Now in one channel, now in the shoal, and again in the deep water, part of the time I was on shore and the next minute in the water half up to my waist. He was finally led into the running water at the foot of the shoal, and there the little 8oz. rod beban gently, but firmly, to bring his lordship to the shore. After five wonderful rushes I led him into a little pool, and he was mine.

Following the meanderings of this beautiful river, that evening was spent in the delightful sport. It was a wonderful day, and when we landed for my friend we had twenty-seven splendid bass. We added six more on the trip to the car, and the last two hours, with the lengthening shadows falling on the placid waters, will always be one of the brightest spots on my mind. That night was spent in the car. The Governor's black cook was a marvel with the bass.

The night was even more pleasant than the day. It was one of the scenes which enshrouds itself around one's memory for all the days. The servants had brought out the chairs to a fragrant grassy place just out from the shadows of the trees. The night of the South had come; a kind of opalescent night known only to these Southern latitudes. Below flowed the beautiful river, its dim outlines appearing as a ribbon of gray; its murmering voice now falling in almost regular cadence on the ear as the soft night breezes caught it up and brought it to us on the mountain. Ever and anon its rhythmical flow was broken as the pike with a rush grasped its prey, or the bass with sudden splash made its stroke for the minnow, or the red horse or gar made their fierce dash on the bar for their prey. A splash and a rush, and the tragedies of the waters were over, and the sweet cadence of the water again resumed its place on the quiet night tide. Near to us could be seen the dim outline of the car with a dim light just seen in the dining room. Away at the farther end could be heard the soft voices of the negroes as, impressed by the influence of the night of the woods, they spoke to each other in the musical voice of this Southern race. The mountains were silent, yet it was that whispering silence which carries with it tone and voice,

> "That sad and solemn sound,
> Sometimes heard overhead and sometimes under ground."

The night wind brought with it not only the sweet mysticism of the Southern night, but with it came the soft odor of the grape blossom, the delicate fragrance of the cucumber tree, the magnolia of the Virginias, mingled with the aroma of the chestnut blossom. Ere long the shrouded night began to give way to a silvery gray. Away on the other side of the river appeared a radiant line of silver on the dim mountain top. It broadened and grew and glorified the tracings of the mountain, spreading its way down over the river and changing its gray into silver.

> "And yet so still is all
> That if a bird's nest slipped its airy tether
> There would be sound and feeling in the fall
> Of one light feather."

With the soft moonlight flooding this wondrous valley came the myriad notes of the whippoorwill. In all my wanderings in the woods of the world I have never seen an awakening of the woods compared with that which I witnessed in the moonlight in the midst of the West Virginia mountains. On every side came the sweet murmuring sound of the whippoorwill mingled with the twitter of the night thrush, and all added their glory to the moonlight flooding the mountain, river and valley.

> "Night! and the South! and June!
> Silence—and yet the sound of many voices!
> And now, dashed down the darkness, tune on tune,
> And melody rejoices!
>
> Clear through the awakening night
> The music rushes—all the joy-bells jingle;
> And every leaf is trembling with delight
> Born of that singing!
>
> Night! and the South! and June!
> The wind awakes; the river sings its story;
> Up from the black hills climbs the brimming moon
> In full-blown glory!"

As we sat there drinking in the wondrous moonlight panorama of silver-tinted river, mountain and valley, my friend with a wave of his hand said: "Do you blame me for not giving up this for the life and ambition of the city?"

Frank Stanton, our Southern poet, was right when he said:

> "I wouldn't nigh be guv'ner, though it's kinder great to be,
> An' the Georgy Legislatur' ain't a drawin' card fer me!
> An' as fer that old Congress—now, what's its biggest seat
> To a feller on a river bank with lilies at his feet?
>
> Jest let 'em take the offices an' keep 'em in a whirl!
> I'd ruther have a vi'let from the sweet hand of a girl
> Than run the whole United States! So let the country roll!
> For a streak o' April sunshine is a-lightin' up my soul."

I have often wondered from what source the Southern poetry drew its inspiration. I know now it is from the marvelous witchery of the nights.

The next day in the early morning, with my friend at the bow and I at the stern, we continued the sport, and when we arrived at the car in the evening we had a string of thirty-two beautiful fish. The river is picturesque, and the beauty of the sport was added to by the surroundings of mountains and forest and sparkling river. The sport was ideal. We found the most of the bass at the foot of shoals, just where the curling water ran into the pool, and with my friend on one side and I on the other we frequently caught fish in the same pool. In the evening I caught a double, and it was grand sport. With the two big fish fighting and pulling each other here and there in the water, a great part of the time the fight was in the clear shallow water, where we could easily see the contest.

In the evening the proposition was made that we spear for red horse and gar in the fast water. It was one of the most weird, exciting and ghost-like evenings I have ever spent. We secured a long canoe, such as our forefathers used in these waters. This one was at least 50ft. long, beautifully curved at both ends, and hollowed out of a single tree. I was amazed at the deftness with which the lines were rounded on this canoe. It is managed entirely with poles, and at each end there is a crate which is filled with cannel coal. This makes a tremendous light, as the coal is composed largely of oil. We started the canoe in the upper part of the shoals and let her fly like a whirlwind, keeping her straight and spearing the fish as they lay on the bar in the shoals. The river is filled with pike, a great number of red horse and gar, and it requires a quick eye and a powerful arm to drive the big spear into these muscular fast-water fish. I was unsuccessful in killing any of the fish, but ere long my friend had struck a tremendous pike, and in the swift water was having the fight of his life. His object was to hold the spear into the fish until he got into quieter water and force the fish along with his canoe. It takes great muscular power and great steadiness to stand in the rocking boat and drive the spear deep enough into a big alligator gar, or a large red horse or pike. He killed a pike 4½ft. long and a half-dozen of the horny headed gar, and two red horse. The scene was certainly weird and ghost-like. The flames lighted up the whole river and the banks on either side. Amid the flying waters was the long, thin boat, manned by two powerful mountaineers, using their poles to keep her straight, while in the bow was the tall form of my friend, bare headed and bare armed, driving the spear into the fighting fish. The lights cast an uncanny glare over the silent mountain and the quick going river. Several times when a shoal was particularly full of fish the men sprang out of the canoe, ran her up stream along the shore and then drove her down through the rushing waters. It was a sport very exciting, but I must confess requiring too much exertion for me, but my friend seemed more at home here among the fierce waters than he did in the quiet waters with the fly-rod.

In the morning we went to Charleston, and on the way we visited Mount Pisgah, one of the high points of the Alleghany Mountains. It is in the mountains of Elk.

Winding around the mountain over a beautiful road overhung with fragrant foliage, almost tropical in its efflorescence, we came to a camp-meeting ground and to a beautiful hotel. Indeed a lovely place in the wilderness, the lower hill country, the winding river and the wealth of mountains appearing like some immense beautiful pictures through the occasional arches of the forest. Then on another mile over the shoulder of the mountain and the view from lordly Pisgah came like a revelation. When the wonderful sight broke upon me in the grandeur of the soft sunlight, and the sacred name was told me, I was carried back to God's prophet as he looked from the mountain to the Promised Land, and the beautiful words of Alexander came thronging to my mind:

> "And had he not high honor—
> The hillside for a pall;
> To lie in state while angels wait,
> With stars for taper tall;
> And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
> Over his bier to wave,
> And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
> To lay him in the grave?"

Without irreverence I could well say that the old servant of the Lord could have found here a resting place almost worthy of his grandeur. As far as the eye could reach there was a scene of mountains wooded and rounded to their full height. Here and there, in sight, are four great rivers and many lesser ones. Over the Kanawha River, fifty miles away, a storm was raging, hiding the river valley under its lightning and clouds. We were above, but in full view, of the black clouds enveloped in their garments of lightning. To the south all was silent as the yellow Southern sun fell lovingly upon mountain and valley. From many narrow valleys came a thin veil of mist, denoting a river, above whose bosom the mist lazily floated and dallied. In the distance, as it waved to and fro, it seemed as a veil upon a beautiful woman's face. East and south could be seen the mountains of Virginia and Kentucky, and over them brooded a silence as of the night time. Away off could be seen many places on the mountain sides where under the gleaming cliffs the mountain man had made his home. Ever and anon could be caught the gleam of the beautiful Elk River as it followed its winding valley, and away off like a cloud of bright winged birds could be seen a cloud of gray mist hovering above the falls of the Kanawha. It was a wilderness of wooded mountain with an occasional clearing marking the field of corn

or the buckwheat or the barley on the mountain side. This was one of the most loved homes of the Indians, and the beautiful, quiet mountains around me, whose only shadows came from the fleecy clouds, or the vulture's or the eagle's wing, were the scenes of some of the most deadly tragedies when the original inhabitants were thrust further toward the western sun.

They have here in the State House one of the most interesting historical societies, and through the courtesy of my friend I was enabled to obtain much unpublished information concerning Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone lived in this county, and represented Kanawha county in the Legislature in 1781. Boone was put in charge of the garrison here in 1774, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel. When he went to Richmond he went there on foot, accompanied by his rifle and his hunting knife. He lived about four miles from West Charleston, just opposite the Daniel Boone salt furnace. Dr. Hale has gotten a vast deal of information concerning Boone, and has been indefatigable in obtaining all the information possible concerning this noted man in this section. Mr. Jared Huddleson, son of Paddy Huddleson, told Dr. Hale of his first acquaintance with Boone. A stranger came to the house and asked to stay all night, and in the morning he went out to hunt for beavers, and he told Huddleson that he had found fresh beaver signs near the house. They went out and caught five the first day, and in a few days had exterminated the whole colony. Boone saw the signs of the beaver on three saplings, which formed a triangle, and he caught the beavers before they had cut down all three of the saplings, and one of them is a red oak still standing. After that they went down the river to Gallier county, and there they caught a number of beavers. Afterward Boone gave his friend his tomahawk and his beaver trap, which he called "Old Ike." The beaver trap is here in the Historical Society, and is a splendid work of its kind. The trap is a heavy wrought iron trap, without teeth, made to be sprung down on both sides, and strong enough to hold a bear, a beaver or a fox, and he used it for all three purposes. The trap was made by Isaac Van Bibber, an expert blacksmith in this country in the early days. Van Bibber was afterward killed in the battle of Point Pleasant. He gave the trap to Paddy Huddleson, who afterward gave it to his son, Jared Huddleson, and by him it was placed in the historical rooms through the efforts of Dr. Hale. It is perfectly preserved, and is one of the most interesting relics I have ever known. There is no question as to its authenticity, and it has for all the years been in the control of the Huddleson family, who are the most respectable people in this county.

This was one of the most interesting sections of this country, as it is yet. It was the dividing line between the West and the South, and the Indians always went by this route when they went from Ohio and Illinois to massacre the Virginia settlements. This was the place where they made their salt, and it was here also that the whites came to have their salt made in the early days, and both sides watched for the other when they were engaged in this useful occupation.

They have here one of Boone's original surveys, written in his own hand and signed with his name. I have seen and had in my hand the original paper, and for the edification of our readers I will give it to you in full. Boone was a great surveyor, and surveyed a number of lands while he was here. He had fought all over this territory and thoroughly knew the whole of it. He did the marking with his tomahawk and they have here a number of the lines which he ran, marked with his initials, "D. B." Several of these are here in the office, and are noted relics of this noted man. Below is the survey with all the peculiarities of spelling:

"June 14th, 1791.

"Laide of for Willeam Allin ten acres of land situated on the South Este Side of Crucked Crick in the County of Canhawway and bounded as followeth: Viz., Beginning at a rad oke and Hickury, thence North 56, West 23 poles to a Stake; thence South 56 Este 23 poles to a Stake, thence South 34, West 58 poles to the Begining.

Daniel Boone."

On one of his trips up the Gauley River, which is one of the rivers flowing into this lovely country, Boone went to the great yewpine forest and was struck there with the magnificent growth of the yewpine, which was commonly known as the yewpine or black spruce. He trimmed off one of the small tree tops and brought it home to show his friends in this section as a specimen of new pine, and polishing it down made it into a walking stick, which he gave to his friend, Matthias Van Bibber. It has been carefully preserved in the family, and was given to Mr. John L. Cole, a relative and connection of the Boone family, and is now here in the Historical Society. It was worn by the hand of this great old hunter, and was one of his constant companions.

I wish I had the space to give you some of the incidents of Boone's career in this county. Among other things I found out that which I never knew before, that Kit Carson's mother was a relative of Boone, and that they were of the same stock, and second cousins. Simon Kenton, the great Indian fighter, and Boone's closest companion, also lived in this county, and here he hunted and trapped and sold his pelts at the mouth of the Kanawha. It is right strange that this county should have been the home of two of the greatest Indian fighters that the world has ever known. Boone, when he left here, embarked for Missouri right at the mouth of the Elk River at its junction with the Kanawha, which is about 500yds. from where I am staying with my friend in the city of Charleston.

But to go on with the Historical Society. They have here also his gun, which is probably one of the most famous weapons in the annals of this country. The Van Bibber family is a very noted family in this section, and as I have said before, it is one of the families with which Boone was connected in his life in this county. The rifle is known as the Van Bibber rifle. Its stock and barrel are 5ft. 4in. long; it carries an ounce ball, and was originally full stocked, but in a fight with a wounded bear, which sprang up just as he got close to it, the muzzle part of the under-stock was torn off by the teeth of the fierce animal, and Boone then covered it with a heavy stock to the hand holt. It is brass mounted, and is in perfect order, and has about 2½in. drop. I notice that this drop is peculiar with all of the rifles of this description.

As I have said before, Matthias Van Bibber was Boone's closest friend here. Van Bibber carried this rifle at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1775, and he also carried it in the war of 1812. With this rifle is the original powder horn and bullet mould, and a fine old shot pouch, but Dr. Hale informs me that this was not the original shot pouch. A pocket compass with a sundial attachment, and a steel square-pointed needle for fixing buffalo hides and an attachment for carrying beaver bait, with a tally stick for keeping the days of the week and the month on the part of a Western expedition, and a part of Van Bibber's commission in the war of 1812, are also in the collection. The rifle is in splendid condition, and could be used to-day if necessary, and Dr. Hale is inclined to think that the gun was constructed in this country. The lock is an English flint lock, and is one that has been in continual use. Dr. Hale handed me a flint that had been in the gun at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. He received it from James Van Bibber, who says that it has been carefully preserved in the family since that time. This is possibly one of the most interesting collections of Boone relics in this country, and thousands of dollars have been offered for the collection, but of course refused. Dr. Hale has devoted a great deal of his time getting together this collection, and is thoroughly conversant with the whole history of Boone's experiences in this county, and from him I have gotten the information which I have given you.

Here they have also what is known as the Dick Pointer gun, with which the negro slave killed a number of Indians who were getting under the house in an attempt to take Fort Donnally, which is about ten miles from Lewisburg.

Boone's father and mother moved from Berks county, Pa., to the banks of the Yadkin, N. C., and on the stone fireplace of the home place Daniel Boone carved his name. This has been known for a long time, and Dr. Hale went down there some three years ago and recovered the jamb, and has it here in the Historical Society collection. It will be noticed that Boone sometimes signed his name Boone and at other times Boon, and here he cut his name Boon. The old residence was burned down and the jamb was cut out of the hearthstone. On a beech tree near the Yadkin home Boone had also cut his name, which on the bark is still legible, and Dr. Hale has also placed this in the Historical Society collection.

They have here a fine engraving of Boone, taken from a painting. It shows the make-up of a splendid character, which has been lost sight of by his biographers. Instead of a mere hunter and trapper and Indian fighter, he was a wise counsellor and a clear-headed man in all of the great affairs then taking place in this country. He had a splendid mouth, a handsome forehead, a vigorous nose and a strong, determined chin, and his hair to the last was full and heavy and is entirely white, and in his deep eyes there is the mark of a strong and able man. When this portrait was taken he was about eighty years old. It is a grand face, without a weak spot in its make-up.

The collection of relics in this society is one of the most interesting in this country. It has been gotten here in this strange country, which seems to have been a kind of debatable ground throughout all times. They have here the most extensive mounds, from which have been taken strange and weird relics of the other times, and on the banks of the Kanawha River, not far from here, are the remains of quite a large city, and just above here on Armstrong Creek is a wall which extends for several miles along the crest of the mountain, and no one can exactly understand the reason of its construction. It is splendidly preserved, but for all purposes of defense it would be useless, and there is no burying of any of the inhabitants under it or about it. At some day when I again visit this country I will give you a more detailed account of some of this interesting collection.

As I passed out of the room I was forcibly reminded that we were in the South. On the right-hand side as we went out there was an oak post which had rotted at the top, the lower parts being well preserved. Upon inquiry I found it was a whipping post which for years had known service in the punishment of slaves. This whipping post is a peculiar illustration of this people among whom I am staying at present. They are the soul of kindness and hospitality, and yet under all there is a strain which makes them approachable only to a certain extent. I have a Southern friend who is gentleness itself to children, the soul of chivalry to women, yet he has been "out" twice, and has been engaged in half a dozen most desperate affairs. The Southern people are the most interesting people I have ever met, and everywhere I hear expressions of approval that the days of slavery and the whipping post are over.

My host, after a few days at home, was engaged in some business matters over on the Guyandotte, the home of the Hatfields, and there in the midst of that mountain people I spent three of the most interesting days in all my experience. At my earliest convenience I will give the readers an account of fishing on the Guyandotte among the Hatfields and McCoys.

E. P. Messerer.

A Tacoma restaurateur has found a way to keep venison on his bill of fare all the year round. He buys wild Hudson's Bay sheep from Fort Nisqually and cooks the meat in such a way that it tastes gamy and very much like deer. A few days ago Game Warden Keihlmeyer swooped down on the restaurant, got a piece of the meat for evidence, and had the restaurateur and his wife arrested on a warrant issued by Justice Smalley. At the hearing the process of venisonizing mutton was explained by the defendants, and the court, being satisfied that the State game laws had not been violated, dismissed the case. The names of the defendants were suppressed. Their restaurant is thronged every day by Eastern tourists clamoring for "venison," and it would be a shame to spoil their game, especially as it is not considered a sin to "do up" Easterners.—Morning Oregonian.

The Lucky and the Unlucky.

Podgers' story of fate in Forest and Stream of June 23 well illustrates that which, for want of a better name, people call "luck." But what is luck? Can anyone explain why certain individuals, or things, are constantly lucky, while others are unlucky? We see some people continually losing and others winning at raffles and similar games of chance, where skill cannot possibly have any influence; and in shooting and fishing matters are still worse. Good sportsmen, working hard in places that are noted for game, are often unsuccessful, while men of no experience and taking little trouble to find game may be very fortunate. Many cases of this kind are so remarkable that they are enough to make one superstitious.

The most extraordinary instance I ever knew of long continued luck occurred in 1863, when I was stationed in Montreal. I had obtained two months' leave of absence, and was in the act of starting alone for the River Ottawa, in order to travel into the Hudson Bay territory, when an Irish gentleman (J.) met me at the railway station, bringing a letter of introduction from a friend, who asked me to assist him in obtaining a chance of shooting some deer.

J., as I afterward found, was a first-class shot with the scatter gun, but totally without experience at large game. In addition to a shotgun he had brought from home a double-barreled muzzle-loading rifle of .577 bore, about 9lbs. weight, and constructed for the charge used in the army rifle of that period, viz.: 70grs. of powder and a solid conical bullet of 530grs. From constant practice, he had become a good and quick target shot, and well acquainted with the trajectory at sporting ranges.—which was very necessary, for the bullet made a high curve in its 100yds. flight.

My only weapon was a muzzle-loading .14 bore shotgun, weighing 8½lbs. It had been made 1½lbs. heavier than usual in order to carry ball, with which it was very accurate up to 60yds. As we were starting in the beginning of September, J.'s best chance of sport was with hounds.

After buying a cotton tent weighing 10lbs., and a few other articles for use in camp, we went to a district some distance south of Ottawa city, and joined a party of settlers in an outing to a beautiful lake, where we stayed a few days. Only one deer was found, and it swam near the canoe in which a settler was paddling J., who shot it.

We then traveled for a whole day by steamboat, stage coach and buckboard to a newly-built village, where we heard that deer were numerous. We put up at the only hotel, and became acquainted with several of the settlers, who were fond of hunting. They used to put their hounds into a tract of bush three or four miles broad, between the village and a river, which was about 80yds. wide. In this there were numerous shoals at which the deer usually crossed when pressed by the hounds, and each hunter was stationed to watch one of them.

The first day a large doe galloped to the runway where I was standing, and I killed her with a shot through the shoulders. After that I never had a chance at any game larger than a duck or grouse during the whole month in which J. and I traveled together. On the following morning two deer went to the shallow which he was watching, and he bagged both with a bullet from right and left barrels. On several occasions the deer did not cross at the places where the hunters were waiting, but altogether ten more were killed. The runways were chosen for each man, apparently by chance, and no one could tell beforehand at which of them a deer would pass; but wherever J. happened to be, there the animal went on nine out of the ten occasions. He well deserved his luck, for he killed every one, and although his rifle was a large bore, yet the velocity was slow, and it was necessary to hit in or near the right place in order to insure bagging.

After leaving the village, we traveled by buckboard and canoe to a small log-built hotel on a portage at the head of a lake, eight miles from the nearest clearing, and remained there more than a week. The owner had no gun, but kept a hound, which he put into the bush near the lake on three or four different days. Only one deer was driven out, a fawn, which ran through some shallow water, and of course went within shot of the canoe where J. was sitting, and was killed.

One evening J. was strolling alone, rifle in hand, near the hotel, and met a deer, which he shot. The following evening he killed another deer in exactly the same way.

During a solitary ramble I had found a swamp containing numerous bear tracks about two miles from the hotel, so one morning we went with the owner and his hound to try and bag a bear. While passing through some some dense bush the hound gave tongue, and after running a short distance the sounds came from one spot, making us think he had brought a bear to bay. While pressing forward to get a shot I found myself some distance ahead of the other two, and within about 40yds. of the hound, but could see nothing, owing to the closeness of the bush. The hound and his quarry then moved rapidly away, and the hotel keeper, hearing them approaching, advised J. to stand still. In a few moments a deer passed within 5yds. of them and J. killed it.

A day or two afterward I left J. and proceeded as far up the Ottawa River as the time remaining at my disposal allowed. I saw J. at Montreal when he was returning to Ireland. He had bagged altogether seventeen deer, some of them with fine heads, which he had preserved.

One of the most unlucky men I ever knew was an intimate friend and good sportsman at the same station as myself in the north of Bengal. If he invested money in a commercial enterprise it was almost certain to fail. If he bought shares in an established concern that was promising well, the market price would fall immediately. If he bought a good horse some accident was certain to happen which no foresight seemed able to prevent.

The strangest of his misfortunes occurred when we were shooting together from elephants in the Terai jungles, near the foot of the Himalayas. We had dismounted at midday to take lunch under some trees, leav-

ing our guns and rifles in the howdahs, as the safest place for them. (Every sporting howdah is fitted with a rack for guns, the butt of each resting in a kind of socket and the barrels reclining in a deep groove.) While we were eating there was a loud explosion in my friend's howdah, and we found that his 60 guinea, double .50 bore express rifle had been thrown out of the rack, and that one of the hammers was broken off the lock.

So far as we could judge, it appeared that, when falling, the firing pin struck against something, so as to explode the cartridge, and the violent recoil had knocked the hammer, which was at half-cock, against the edge of the seat.

Almost every elephant relieves the monotony of his leisure time by some special way of fidgeting. One constantly jerks his ears; another rocks backward and forward diagonally between a fore and a hindleg; a third raises the trunk above his head and lets it fall between his forelegs; but we could not discover what peculiar kind of fidgetting had thrown the rifle out of the rack. Any other man's rifle would have remained in it.

The Hindoos, believing as they do in reincarnation, account for a man being fortunate, or the reverse, by saying that he is being punished or rewarded for the good or bad acts which he did in a former life on earth. Perhaps this may be the true explanation of that which we term "luck."

J. J. MEYRICK.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

Highways and Byways.—II.

THE trip across the reservation had much more of business than of pleasure connected with it; so immediately upon my return I determined to put a week or two of loafing into the year's history. Diamond Cañon, the stamping ground of the last two years, was the place chosen, and a party was at once made up. Unfortunately the day before the time fixed for departure the son of my companion was thrown from his horse and so seriously injured that his father did not dare leave home. This left me to do the honors for a party of five ladies. In bygone days my wife has insisted upon taking her rod and wading wherever I would, but this year she lay on her cot under the pines with hectic flush and hacking cough that all too painfully made me realize that the mountain outing is not for my pleasure alone. Then we had two "schoolmarms"—one an invalid, the other the most absolutely helpless creature in camp that it has ever been my lot to meet. She could read poetry and rave over scenery, but she could not peel potatoes, kindle a fire nor make coffee. It was a relief to find that the other two young ladies had been raised on a ranch, and so far as camping and camp cookery were concerned were "up to snuff." So much for the personnel. In order to vary the monotony I persuaded my friend Leo B. to help me pitch camp and stay with us for a couple of days.

A 6 o'clock start and a 3 o'clock stop! Four o'clock found the two tents pitched beside an ice cold spring on Little Diamond; the stove set up in a natural bower; the teamster in the act of departing, while Leo and I ride with him as far as Big Diamond to try the evening fishing. Candor compels me to acknowledge that our first attempt resulted in a dismal failure. No matter what flies we tried they were eagerly grabbed by—shiners. Leo did succeed in securing a couple of 8in. trout, but what were they for such a crowd? However, we enjoyed an evening about the roaring camp-fire and determined to retrieve out fortunes on the morrow.

The shadows were yet long as we commenced to whip the stream that yesterday had doomed us to disappointment. The morning brought us no change of fortune. After we had fished for a mile up Big Diamond a man on horseback rode up to us. I had met him here during the two previous summers. He has camped on Diamond for thirteeen summers, and had never before had such a run of ill luck. He attributed the poor fishing to a saw mill at the head of the right-hand fork. The proprietor, in spite of a warning last year, persisted in dumping his sawdust into the creek. Leo and I determined to try the left-hand fork. For five miles we rode up the stream, through groves where beautiful summer camps were located. All the fishermen complained of existing conditions.

At the highest camp we tied our horses and started abruptly to the left on a narrow trail that led up, up, almost to the clouds. The torrent that roared beside us looked inviting, but when we tasted of the water there was a sulphurous flavor that hinted of proximity to Gehenna. After an hour's tramp the odor of sulphur filled the air, and we arrived at three large sulphur springs almost in the tiptop of the Wasatch. We had come to the dividing line between The Basin and Strawberry. Above the sulphur springs the valley opened into a great grassy flat, where the brook wandered now lazily in the open, now dashed into dark pools beneath the upland willow brush. There were no shiners here, just plain brook trout, and enough of them to make it interesting for three short hours, and then we wended our way downward with a full creel. How the other campers envied us, and how we exaggerated the perils of the trail, and how tired and hungry and self-satisfied we were when we returned to camp on Little Diamond at 10 o'clock in the evening, every one who has had a similar day's enjoyment well knows.

Leo departed the next day, and I was left as guardian of an overwhelming amount of femininity. I did not dare wander far from camp, but almost every evening I would walk down to Diamond and secure enough trout for breakfast.

Little Diamond did not yield one fish to my efforts. It was with a feeling of absolute [illegible] that I left my rod resting against the tent and my gun in its case and devoted the morning hours to the fauna of the up-country. Even though late in July, many species of birds were just nesting, and at dawn and vesper twilight the songs of thrushes and warblers blended with the music of the stream.

Close by our camp a dead willow bent over the stream. In its forks a thrush (resembling an olive-breasted thrush) had fashioned its delicate nest. What place could be more secure? A dense canopy of green from a stately box elder screened the home from preying hawks, owls and magpies; the nodding branch above the riffle rendered safe from hungry rodents and cunning snakes. Here the mother laid four beautifully speckled eggs. Day after day we would sit and watch her. At first she was worried at our presence, but after a while she became better acquainted and would allow us to approach within 5ft. of her. In fact, I think she rather expected a daily visit. Early one morning a fisherman passed by. He had worked hard for the two trout that were in his possession. I did not covet them. He had as much right to use birch pole and angle worms as I had to split-bamboo and grizzly-king. He came to the overhanging willow. It barred his way. The mother thrush flew up with a piteous little cry. That nest was safe from everything but man. He saw it[illegible] speckled eggs almost ready to burst with the pent-up life within; saw and for an instant the divine struggled with the brute; then with an oath he dashed the branch from his path. The nest tipped. On the rocks below four broken egg shells shimmered for a moment as the sunlight came through a fretwork of green, and then the silvery waters carried them away, and the recording angel jotted down one more tragedy.

Days rolled by. About our tents little pouched rats threw up their mounds, and as we caught them with simple nooses and fed them the weeds that they relished they became as tame as kittens. Even the squirrels lost all fear of us, and I have almost come to the conclusion that for the highest enjoyment in the woods rod and gun should be left at home. A week in camp and then a messenger with an imperative summons to another portion of the State. So ended the vacation of '98.

SHOSHONE.

PROVO, Utah, July 25.

Natural History.

Bird Nesting with a Camera.

PROVIDING there be water of some kind near at hand, the red-winged blackbird is not hard to please when he comes to select a nesting site. A tussock of grass in the middle of a swamp will answer his purpose very nicely, and he will build his nest in the center of it. A clump of reeds rising from the water of a pond will afford him an excellent site in which to swing his hammock, but a wild rose bush growing in the moist earth along the bank of a river will suit him just as well.

If I wish to photograph a red-wing's nest, it is to some such place as I have described that I take my camera.



NEST OF RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

Photo by Ernest Harold Baynes.

If I have any special reason for keeping my feet dry I wear rubber boots, as a good look at the home of this bird generally means more or less wading.

I was out on a little photographing expedition the other day, along the bank of the Noroton River, near Stamford, Conn. Just above the dam over which the river flows to join the waters of Long Island Sound there is a large pond, into which a long narrow promontory runs from the north. This neck of land is composed of soft, rich ground, and is covered with a heavy growth of bushes. Beneath them is a carpet of skunk cabbage and hellebore, and along the margin in the early spring there are brilliant patches of marsh marigold. It was to this place I came in search of the nest I wished to photograph. On the mainland, not far from the promontory, was a tall tree, and on the topmost twig a reg-winged blackbird swung in the wind. At short intervals he uttered a joyous call of "kong-quer-ree," which was doubtless a signal to his mate. The phrase is translated by Mr. F. M. Chapman as meaning "all's well." As I approached, his confident announcement was changed to a suspicious "chut, chuck," and then he launched himself into the air with a shrill and prolonged cry of alarm. As he did so his wings were spread, and he showed the brilliant crimson epaulettes from which he takes his name. Crossing over to the promontory, I pushed my way through the dense growth, pulling my camera and tripod along behind me.

I had not gone far when there was a flutter of bird's wings on my left, and the next moment the hen red-wing, a plain streaked bird, hung poised in the air above me. There, in a wild rose bush, and perhaps 4ft. from the ground, hung the nest, and in it were four beautiful blue eggs curiously streaked and spotted with black.

First of all I cut away with a jackknife several branches which overhung the nest, and let in a flood of sunlight. I then cut two long, straight poles and slung them up horizontally, a few inches apart, and almost directly over the nest. I made them as firm as I could by tying them to the bushes with cords, and by bracing them from below with stakes, which I cut with my knife. I placed the camera on the poles with the nozzle pointing down between them at the nest, and then made a trip to the mainland for a large flat stone. Fortunately there was an old decayed tree stump close to the rose bush, and by placing my stone upon it and climbing to the top I was in a position from which I could just manage to focus the camera. I was using a very slow plate, so I gave it a short time exposure with full sunlight, and obtained the picture from which was taken the illustration given herewith.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

The Great Carolina Wren.

(*T. ludovicianus.*)

THIS summer of 1898 has proven an unusual season in an ornithological way with me, inasmuch as I have chronicled the appearance of the European starling* here, and have renewed with much pleasure my old acquaintanceship with the Carolina wren.

I have at last succeeded in establishing a degree of intimacy with this bird that quite delights me.

We have had an unusual number of feathered friends with us this year, both local and transient, who have gladdened our few remaining woods and groves with song, and among them came this shy, alert, superb songster.

An occasional visitor, his advent in years gone by has always stirred me to unwonted effort in the endeavor to establish a familiar footing between us, but often as I have tried the result up to the present has been fruitless.

Some three weeks since I heard his unique call in the misty twilight of early dawn. The bird was far away, but his clear inimitable tones drifted to me through the open window like an elfin melody. A heavy, steamy fog shrouded the outside world, it was a silent dawn but for the soft purr of the dripping leaves; still nothing seemed to depress the cheery far-away little voice that weaved itself with my dreams.

A day or two of careful work convinced me that his favorite haunt was in the garden among the bean poles. And here, with opera glass in hand, I posted myself one morning about 11 o'clock to await his arrival. All the morning I had heard him on his range gradually working my way, but the supply of insects must have been abundant, for he was half an hour overdue.

I was on the watch for him, but even so he took me by surprise.

Mosquitoes were bleeding me most viciously as I stood among the vines, but realizing that the "flirt" of a handkerchief would put an end to my investigations, I had just taken the somewhat risky chance of lighting a cigar.

As I flipped the burned match away, there came the dart of a little body, a flutter of tiny wings, and within 8ft. of me, on a swaying tendril, set aswing by the impact of his tiny feet, was my rusty-coated little friend.

His eyes were upon me, and the quick, nervous flip of his expressive tail seemed to bode a sudden termination of the interview. Here was a fix! If I stopped smoking the mosquitoes would drive me out, if I continued the wren would be off to a certainty. However, I decided to chance it and puffed slowly on. For perhaps two minutes he eyed me, shifting his position up and down his tumbling perch, with sudden, jerky motions.

Presently he skipped to the tip of a pole some 2ft. nearer, again peering curiously down at me.

No need for my glass here, so save for an irregular puffing of my cigar I stood motionless.

Suddenly, to my great delight, he seemed to lose all sense of fear, and quickly fluffed himself into a little ball of ruddy, brown feathers, up went his graceful little head and that wondrous voice of his set me all aglow. The sting of mosquito bites vanished on the instant, and again after the lapse of years I felt that thrill that comes to all bird lovers in the fascination of their first ornithological studies.

I have toughened up somewhat during life, but for that moment I was a lad again.

God bless my little friend for it.

Oh, how he sang to me! I cannot describe it. For twenty years I had waited for this opportunity to listen and enjoy his musical ecstacy with him, but never before had he gratified my wish.

He made a lengthy toilet there on the tip of the pole, pausing every few moments to fling a ripple of song into the air, then in a flash he was in a nearby apple tree, poking about for insects. I saw him take a white moth from a crevice in the bark and next instant he had a small, green worm from the under side of a leaf, he clung vireo-like upside down as he ate it. Every second or two the old garden rang to the music of his call.

Something seemed to interest him in an old knothole he discovered, for again and again he would make a quick run along the limb and look in there, only to back away with a queer little chatter.

After a half-hour of restless fidgeting about, he seemed to have exhausted the subject of the apple tree and away he rippled to the woods close by. The soul of the garden seemed to go with him. Curious as to what could have attracted him in the knothole, I investigated and found a fat, comfortable looking old tree toad squatted blinking just inside the opening.

This bird is not a common visitor with us. I have seen perhaps a dozen in the last twenty years; never having found the nest, I cannot say they breed here.

Their usual call bears a striking resemblance to that of the Virginia cardinal, differing in that it is not quite so prolonged.

Extremely restless, continually on the move as it reaches for food, its action is much like that of the vireos in the curious positions it assumes.

All the individuals I have observed seem to have had

* See FOREST AND STREAM, July 30, 1898.

range which was daily traversed as long as they re-ained with us.

I have followed this particular fellow day after day er his so-called range, till, as I have related above, he last decided to reward my persistence with a song in s own charming manner.

You know "nothing is worth having that is not worth iving for." I have long and faithfully striven for just ch an intimacy with *T. ludovicianus* as the summer of 98 has given, and the result has repaid me a hundred ld.

I have but one regret, 'tis that I was alone, with no low enthusiast to enjoy with me the marvelous music the Carolina wren at close range.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

AY RIDGE, N. Y., Aug. 1.

Some Animal Pets.—II.

I HAVE learned, as the result of long experience in weakness for domestic pets, that they will get cross they grow older, especially those redeemed from a ld state. As long as they are young they are amiable d interesting, but no amount of domesticating seems to event their gradually resuming all the characteristics their nature, which crop out by degrees until the time rives sooner or later when they become dangerous, children particularly, who are wont to tease them.

You would naturally suppose that the period for the ost prolonged amiability would be that of the deer stead of that of the bear, but such has not been my perience. The deer became dangerous at an earlier riod. They are lovely pets when young, and so con-ue for a year or eighteen months; after that they are t to be trusted; and strange to say the doe is the first become vicious. The bear, as we all know, is a play-fellow, and continues to be so for some time after he s obtained his growth, and does not exhibit dangerous alities to any extent; but the trouble with him is that gets so infernally rough in his play that one's clothes ffer, to say nothing of scratches more or less severe. e seems to have no judgment in the use of his claws, has a cat. I have had many a suit of clothes reduced a condition that the neediest tramp would reject, d yet bruin considered it all the height of fun. Dogs m dearly bought experience became shy of him, and clined a game of rough and tumble. The exception of imals disposed to develop into unamiable traits was little armadillo that I had caught when quite young. was a serious little fellow, and spent most of his time der the house, at least during the day. At night he uld come out and roam all over the house, dragging corrugated tail over the bare floor with a sound like agging a length of stove pipe. It was fun to see a g dash for him; his turtle-like shell, which, when one dertook to grab him, seemed a surprise to the dog; d the attack did not concern little piggy in the least. e seemed to be saying, "Go ahead, doggy, and try it if it amuses you," which it did not after a trial. gs would usually lie down and look at him, and no ubt were saying to themselves, "Well, what manner animal are you?"

As I say, he was a serious minded little chap, and at-nded strictly to his own business, which consisted rooting around the kitchen back door in quest of raps, and when the supply was short going into the chen and looking appealingly to the cook, who usually ve him a slice of bread, which he took in his mouth d carried under the house. He and the cook were eat friends.

There is one animal that I defy any human being to ne or get on friendly terms with, and that is the propriately named wildcat. A Mexican brought me kitten one day rolled up in a sack, exhibiting his nds bloody and covered with scratches. I had always ard that it was impossible to tame a wildcat, but I ought I would try the experiment, and placed him in wire cage. As small as he was, he would spit and owl if one came near him, and would not drink his lk if any one was present. As he grew up he seemed grow more devilish. I tried starving him, but it de no difference. I kept him for six months, by ich time he attained full size, and ferocity was no m for his devilishness. Finally one day, with the p of my Mexican boy, Santos, we dragged the cage ride the yard, and were debating whether to shoot n or take the cage down the river and throw him in. st then along came a neighbor who owned a big ll dog. "Hold on," said he, "let me go to the house d get Tige; it will be just fun for him."

said, "I hope you don't value the dog much."

"Value him? I have been offered $150 for him."

"Well," I said, "then don't turn him loose on this mint. If you do there will be a used up dog."

But he insisted on it. So Tige was brought, and was d to get at the cat. The man held the dog while I fastened the door. Out bounded the cat, and Tige nt for him. For about five minutes there was one nfused ball of dog and cat in the air, and yowls and owls. At last Tige got the cat at the back of the r: there was a crack and the cat was dead. But such looking dog as Tige was. He limped out of the ht covered with blood and scratches, one eye gone d a generally used up dog. I said, "How about that o? Sorry you did not take it?"

"No," replied the owner, "after that fight I would not e $200 for him."

Tige might have said with the Cave Roller:

> "Now the game is o'er and the coast is clear,
> Straighten up my nose and help me find my ear."

PODGERS.

AN FRANCISCO.

Captive Albino Robin.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., Aug. 4.—From a robin's nest the porch of his house, a young friend secured an bino specimen which is now almost full grown and perfect plumage. It is snow white, with pink eyes. I ve seen albinos of other species, but never of a robin. is a rara avis. E. N.

Mink and Grouse.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your paper is received with pleasure at my house, and Mr. Mather's articles are read with pleasure and profit. I agree with him as to the destructiveness of the mink. What was said about minks in the issue of July 30 reminds me of the following incident: Together with my son I was following the track of a mink up a little brook, the ground being covered with snow, and came to where the track turned abruptly away from the stream and led to a brush heap about 25 or 30ft. distant. On the brush heap were scattered the feathers of a ruffed grouse. The track led back to the brook and on up. Evidently the mink had scented the grouse from the brookside, and must have been pretty hungry, as none of the flesh was left.

C. M. PHILLIPS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Indian Modes of Hunting.

III.—Foxes.

THE fox as a rule is a most wily animal, and numerous are the stories of his cunning toward the Indian hunter with his steel traps.

Starvation makes them catch in deadfalls, but they must be very starved indeed before they pull a piece of frozen bait and have a weight fall on their back. The skins of foxes killed during starvation are never so valuable, as the hair then lacks the rich gloss. When small game is plenty, such as rabbits and partridges, and foxes are few, the skins are of a deep richness not seen under other circumstances.

There are several different and distinct colors of foxes of the north country. They are all of the same family, with the single exception of the white or arctic fox. These, apart from their difference of color, differ very much in their characteristics. They are not cunning; on the contrary, they are positively stupid. They will readily catch in deadfalls, and will walk into an open, uncovered steel trap in daylight! Again the flesh of the arctic fox is eaten as readily as that of the hare or white partridge; all other foxes are carrion; even a starving Indian would give them the go-by.

Of the other or true fox we have many colors and shades of color, and I give them in their cash value rotation, beginning with the black or pole fox: First, black or pole; second, black silver; third, silver gray; fourth, black cross; fifth, dark cross; sixth, ordinary cross; seventh, light cross; eighth, dark blue (i. e., lead color); ninth, light blue; tenth, bright red; eleventh, light red; twelfth, arctic white; thirteenth, pale red.

Number thirteen is the poorest quality of the fox family, and is worth less than the arctic white fox.

January is the best month for trapping. First, because the fur is then at its primest, and second, food is harder to get and the fox consequently more likely to enter a trap.

Of course any number of trap will catch a fox, but not every trap will hold him. There is such a thing as the trap being too large and strong, as well as too small and weak! When too large and strong it catches too high up the leg, and being too strong it breaks the bone at the same time; and then in cold weather it's only a question of a few minutes for the frozen skin and muscles of the leg to be twisted off and Master Fox runs away on three legs, ever after to be too cunning to be caught in a trap. On the other hand, if the trap is too small and weak it catches the fox by the toes, and he either pulls his foot clear at once or the toes, becoming frozen and insensible to feeling, are twisted off; and this, if anything, is a harder fox to circumvent than the one with half a leg.

The proper trap to use is a Newhouse No. 2. When properly set it catches just above all the fingers, as it were, or where the paw or foot would correspond with the thick part of the hand. There there is a good, solid hold of muscles, sinews, etc. There, once the jaws are fixed, they hold the fox to the death.

Fox hunters are very particular to keep everything connected with the trapping away from the house or camp, even wearing an outside pair of moccasins, which are peeled off and hung up with the snowshoes.

The hunter generally places his trap or traps on some bare point jutting out into the lake, or some narrows, or near a clump of willows at the edge of barren grounds, or any other place his judgment tells him a fox is likely to pass. The fewer signs the better; therefore instead of the chain being tied to a picket, a stick 4 or 5ft. long is slipped through the ring on the chain up to the middle. Here it is securely fastened, so that it won't slip either way. A trench the length of the stick is cut down in the snow with the head of the axe, and the pole laid therein about a foot beneath the surface. Snow is then piled in and the whole packed hard.

The trap is now opened, and the snow packed down with the back of the man's mitt, large enough to lay the trap and spring therein. The trap is now open and about 2in. lower than the surrounding snow. The hunter now begins carefully to lay five flat balsam bows or clusters of needles from the palate out to the jaws until the whole is covered; then very gently he either dusts light snow over this until it has the same appearance as the rest or he takes up two large pieces of frozen snow and rubs them together over the trap until all is covered.

Chopped up frozen meat or fish, a supply of which the trapper is provided with, is now sprinkled or thrown about, beginning 15 or 20ft. off and gradually getting more plentiful as the trap is neared.

With a brush broom the hunter dusts his snowshoe tracks full as he recedes from the trap until he is off 30 or 40ft.; after that no further precaution is necessary for an ordinary fox. But for an extraordinary one I could relate a hundred different ways of setting traps and bait to overreach the wily old fellow; but in most cases it is time wasted, the fox eating the bait and turning the traps over night after night, much to the vexation of the hunter.

It is a pretty sight to see a black or silver gray fox jumping in a trap on the pure white snow. I went one time with Wa-sa-Kejic to see his traps in the barren grounds back of the post. I was following in his snowshoe tracks steadily, and we were just topping a small swell in the country, here and there clumps of black willows. All at once he stopped so suddenly in his tracks that I fell up against him.

"There," he said, "look at that!" My eye followed his finger, and there, jumping and struggling to get away, was a large black fox!

"Let me shoot him," I exclaimed, drawing my gun cover as I spoke.

"Oh, no," he replied, "we will only do that if he pulls himself clear of the trap." And with that he drew his belt axe and walked with a steady step down on the fox. The closer he got the more the fox struggled, but he was well and freshly caught, and the trap held him fast.

Wa-sa-Kejic gave him a tap on the nose with the helve of the axe, which had the effect of stunning him. The Indian then seized him with his left hand by the throat, and with his right hand felt for his heart; this he drew gradually down toward the stomach until the heart strings gave way; there was a quiver, and the fox was thrown down on the snow limp and dead.

What a pleased look the Indian wore as he stood there, evidently oblivious to my presence for the moment, as he gazed down on the most valuable skin it was possible for him to trap. What a number of necessaries and luxuries this would procure for his family. He would get from the factor at the post $80 for that one single skin! What a number of any other skins it would take to amount to that sum!

MARTIN HUNTER.

Woodcock and Plover.

ONE sultry afternoon the last day of July, 189-, a gunning skiff rowed out from the Pennsylvania shore of the broad Delaware, with three men and a veritable boat load of miscellaneous articles. They had not far to go, for their objective point was a graceful little sloop yacht lying about 200yds. out in the stream, and glad were the occupants of the skiff that the distance was no greater, for they were anything but comfortable amid the confusion of guns, bags, boxes, baskets of fruit, and a big chunk of ice amidships wrapped in blankets and newspapers.

On the last seat sat the rower, there being no other seat available. He was a typical Delaware River man—fisherman and gunner—employed to take charge of the yacht Signet, to which our party were rowing. Of medium height and size, wiry and bronzed by continued life on the river, such is a brief description of Carmen, one of the best shots, undoubtedly the best plover hunter in the country, and considered by his present employers an invaluable assistant in the field, and the best of company on a yacht.

On the extreme stern of the skiff, with one leg along the gunwale and the other stuck out over the baggage, was Bill, the youngest of the party. He was one of those overgrown boys that are sometimes termed all legs, and his were certainly long as well as remarkably thin, albeit straight, and as had been shown on many a shooting trip, strong and tough enough to carry their owner as far as the next man. Bill was an enthusiastic sportsman, a hard worker, a tolerable shot, and was not easily discouraged, but always extremely elated over any success, no matter how small.

At the bow was the Colonel, a man of medium size and some ten years older than Bill. He was the best hunter, the best shot, and the life of the party; in fact, most every time he spoke the others had to smile, and when he told one of his famous stories after supper Bill would almost go into hysterics, while Carmen would chuckle to himself at intervals for an hour afterward.

The only other occupant of the boat was Ready, Bill's Irish setter, of whom we will have more to say later.

By the time Carmen had melted an indentation in his icy seat, the skiff had reached the yacht, so our sportsmen jumped, and while Carmen put the things aboard they went below to change their city clothes for something cooler and more appropriate for shooting.

By the time they got under way the sun was scarcely two hours from the horizon, and as the wind was very light they calculated by the time they reached the mouth of Sculltown Creek on the Jersey shore there would be little more than an hour of daylight remaining in which to shoot. In addition to this it was apparent that on the high water they would have a thunderstorm; and so it proved, for hardly had they come to anchor in the creek before the wind came out in puffs from the northwest, and the heavy clouds above them burst with all the fury of an August thunder gust.

But the rain made no difference to either the Colonel or Bill; in fact, the change in the weather made it more pleasant for their work. As the time was short, leaving Carmen to prepare supper, they jumped in the skiff, called Ready after them, and rowed up the creek a quarter of a mile to the end of a row of willows which grew at the end of the fast land, and between it and the marsh along the river.

Here was what is termed a rift, which is the collection of driftwood and debris left by the tide at high water. This rift was in some places right under the willows, in others 20yds. further out toward the river, and on both sides was it hemmed in by cat-tails and reeds. In dry season the woodcock, not finding the woods sufficiently moist, come down to such places as this, where the high tides keep the ground damp and succulent, and here they are often shot in considerable numbers, there being but a limited amount of space to hunt over, as the rift is seldom 10yds. wide, and the birds come out of the cat-tails and from under the willows at night to feed on the more open ground.

The evening of which we now speak was particularly favorable, for the reason the tide, now high, would drive in any birds there might be on the marsh outside the rift, while the thunderstorm had made it appear as if the sun had set already, thereby having a tendency to bring the birds out from under the willows at an earlier hour than usual; and so it was that our sportsmen started up

the rift with high hopes and in the best of spirits, in spite of the drenching rain.

Nor were their expectations doomed to disappointment, for they had not gone 20yds. before Ready, who was beating the cat-tails between them and the willows, flushed a bird, which flew out toward the Colonel with that most thrilling whistle that makes one's blood rush through his veins with renewed vigor; and now as the bird turns up the rift the report of the Colonel's gun announces his death, and a bunch of brown feathers floating in the air shows where the noble bird lies.

Bill now takes a turn toward the willows, thinking perhaps another bird may be skulking beneath their shade, and sure enough as he stoops to get under a low-hanging limb a bird rises from under his foot almost, but poor Bill just now is on his hands and knees, and before he can get his gun up the bird is out of sight behind another tree, so our young hunter talks to himself in a most emphatic way about the hard luck of a woodcock getting up when he is crawling under a limb, etc., and makes up for his misfortunte by cutting down another soon afterward which offered a fairer shot.

Soon, however, daylight began to leave them, but before they stopped shooting they had picked up eight good birds and missed several more in the gathering darkness, until they knew Carmen would have a good supper waiting for them.

With a change of dry clothes on, an hour later they were very comfortable in the snug little cabin, with the table full of good things in front of them, and the rain falling on the roof above, making it seem all the more cheerful inside.

Two woodcock apiece, with a dish full of fresh sweet corn on the ear, and some fried sweet potatoes, composed the bulk of the meal, which was added to by a big bowl of claret punch, brewed by the Colonel. While for dessert they each reveled in a heaping saucer of peaches and cream, and last, but by no means least, the Colonel handed around his cigars he had brought from New Orleans, and which were simply superb, and with these to smoke the evening indeed passed swiftly and pleasantly until some one noticed that the hour was late, and they remembered they were to rise with the sun the next day, and so retired to dream of the wily plover.

When the alarm went off at 4:30 o'clock it seemed to Bill a terrible hardship to leave the comfortable bunk, but finally with many yawns and stretches he dressed himself and went on deck, where he found the Colonel and Carmen discussing the best way to hunt.

The upland or grass plover are among the most shy of birds, and at the same time most stupid, for while they will often rise before the sportsman can come within 200yds., provided they see him, on the other hand they will allow him if concealed from their sight to shoot many times in succession before they will fly away, and will also come readily to the whistle of the hidden or even motionless hunter, provided he is expert in imitating their peculiar and plaintive note, which can be heard on a quiet morning or a calm night several miles away.

Even as our sportsmen were arguing the best course to take they were startled by a shrill familiar whistle, which made them rush for their guns, but by the time they could load it was too late to shoot at a bunch of seven that had darted over the creek within 60yds. of the yacht and lit in the meadow a quarter of a mile beyond.

This, however, decided their plan of attack, for they concluded to try to get a shot at those birds first, and then go on up through the pasture fields.

"And now for breakfast," remarked Bill, who always was ready to eat, as he led the way to the cabin and pitched into some ham and eggs and a big cup of good strong coffee Carmen had all ready for them.

This time Ready was the only one to be left behind, as Carmen was too valuable an aid in the field to leave on the yacht, while the dog would have been in the way and of no use anyhow.

Putting the skiff in a little sluice in the bank of the creek, and tying her there, our sportsmen crawled carefully up the bank and looked over, knowing that if any plover were there they would at once fly off if they saw them; and well it was they had taken this care, for about 100yds. out in the field were not less than a dozen birds running around and feeding, but occasionally lifting their heads high above the grass, looking for danger, for all the world like diminutive wild turkeys except in color.

The field in which they were was a large one, with ditches on three sides, and the bank on the fourth, while the birds were just about in the middle. The only way to get at them was for one to crawl along the ground after the others had taken positions surrounding the birds as much as possible. Consequently Bill ran down behind the creek bank until he had reached the other side of the ditch dividing the field from the next one, and sneaked along behind the cover of the reeds growing in the ditch, and so around the field until he reached the opposite side from where he had started, and where the Colonel had remained hidden behind the bank.

In the meantime Carmen had gone around to the other side of the field, and when he saw the others had taken their positions he started to crawl slowly toward the birds, keeping as low down as possible and dragging his gun behind him. Finally he managed to get within 60yds. of the nearest bird, and taking aim he knocked him over with his first barrel. At once the other birds saw him in his raised position, and up they jumped, but before they could get away his second barrel crippled another.

The rest of the flock fortunately flew in Bill's direction, and came near enough for him to kill two with his first barrel and another with his second.

Carmen, not seeing any more birds in the field, jumped up to get his crippled bird, which was fluttering around and likely to get away, when to his surprise he flushed another pair nearer the bank, which flew past the Colonel at full 70yds. distance. By good fortune, however, at the report of his gun one was wing-tipped and fell in the creek, where he had little trouble in getting him. Quite encouraged, our friends now walked on up the meadows, keeping about 300yds. apart, and the one in the middle about 100yds. behind. In this way any bird getting up was likely to give one of them a shot, for as soon as the well-known whistle was heard, which is often the case before the bird is seen, they knew a plover had got up, and each would get down as low as possible and try to whistle the game in his direction. By so doing they had picked up several birds, one at a time, but were not finding any large flocks, and they were becoming tired and discouraged.

Therefore after a consultation it was decided to turn back toward the yacht, now some four miles distant, and try the meadows further back in the country.

After walking a mile without seeing a plover, Bill, who was on the end of the line, saw a bunch of fifteen or twenty light in a field where there were ten or twelve small hay mows, left there by the farmer probably, to be gathered in his wagon. This was very fortunate, for they afforded good hiding for our sportsmen, and therefore provided a good chance of securing several birds.

The Colonel and Carmen each took a side of the field, and succeeded in crawling in and hiding themselves each in a pile of hay, while to Bill was left the task of crawling on the flock. The birds were not within shooting distance of any of the hay stacks, so it was no easy matter; but there was one chance, which, if practicable, was likely to prove successful.

The birds were feeding within 20yds. of the ditch dividing the field, but as the water was high and there happened to be no reeds in this particular ditch there was nothing left to do but get in the ditch and keep well down in the water. This Bill decided to do, but it was slow work. The bottom was very muddy and of uneven depths. Occasionally he would tread in a musk-rat hole that would nearly cause him to swim, but by careful, hard and cold work, just keeping his head and his gun above the water, he at last came opposite the birds, which were entirely unaware of his presence.

Picking out a small bush on the bank, he carefully crawled to it, and slowly pushed his gun barrel through. The plover were feeding not 30yds. away, and he counted sixteen birds, nearly all within range. Getting two in line, he let one barrel go and remained perfectly still. Two of them fell dead and the others stopped feeding, but didn't get up, not seeing anything to alarm them. Carefully slipping in another cartridge, he killed two more without changing his position.

The birds were getting uneasy, some running around and flapping their wings. Again the fatal shot killed a pair of the closest birds, and the rest could not stand it any longer, and up they got, badly scared, but not before Bill cut down another—his seventh bird: The other nine flew straight for the Colonel's blind and not over 10yds. high. He waited until they passed all bunched up and then killed four with his two barrels. This ended the shooting for that day. Birds enough had been killed, for there were twenty-one plover brought back to the yacht. Six were cooked for dinner and fifteen plover—a pair of cocks—were taken home.

NORMAN PRENTICE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

A Winter Trip in the Rockies.

I WILL give a brief account of the winter trapping expedition which followed our fall expedition, as related in the July 23 number of FOREST AND STREAM. It was entirely novel to us, and was more for experiment and information than for profit. It had long been a question in our minds whether the fur animals migrated as did the big game, at the arrival of the deep snows; this, along with other things, which we wished to learn by observation, led us to plan the trip.

We had always been accustomed to using the long Norwegian snowshoes in that locality, but we at once agreed that for pulling a trail sled we must have web-shoes. Then came the question of trail sleds. These we made after our own ideas: about 20in. wide, 6ft. long, with runners 4in. wide. We couldn't agree as to the kind of soles for the runners; we therefore each had our own way. I burnt mine over a slow fire, rubbing tallow on them until they were a dark brown color, the same as we prepared the soles of our Norwegian snowshoes. Bert tacked tin on the soles of his, as being his idea of the best way, thereby giving a chance for experiment. The result was not very decided. During certain conditions of the snow mine would run with greater ease than his; while with other conditions of the snow, caused of course by temperature, his would run easier. Then we disagreed about putting tongues in our sleds, I put a good, strong tongue in mine; he wouldn't have one in his; the result was the first steep mountain side we undertook to go down we had to take an hour off and, with a limited kit of tools, put one in his to keep it from running over everything in sight. Not knowing how far we might go, or how long we would want to stay, we took provisions to last us six weeks, with what meat we would get. Bert took a rifle and I took a .45 cal. revolver. Our outfit consisted of about 160lbs. each.

The night before we started a light snow fell to a depth of 10in. Any one who has traveled on snowshoes knows what that meant for us. At every step we would sink about the depth of the fresh snow. We both took our first lessons on web-shoes the evening before we started, and felt handicapped, but started out boldly on a Monday morning in January. With our disadvantages we could only go a few rods at a time. Night came on, and after a very hard day's work we were about one and a half miles from home. We went back to spend the night at home rather than to make camp, as it was easy traveling in our beaten trail. The next morning we cached half of our loads at the place of starting and made better time, getting about three miles further. Then began our first experience in camping in deep snow. We shoveled down through 4ft. of solid, hard snow a hole 7×12ft. for our 7×9 tent, allowing 3ft. in front for a camp-fire.

The next day we went back and brought up the remainder of our outfit, and left it packed on our sleds, and the next day we took the same loads several miles further on, cached them and returned to camp at dark. The next morning we broke camp, and moved three miles beyond our last cache, and after shoveling down through 7ft. of snow we found what we were hunting for—bare ground—but unfortunately we came down on top of some old logs, which made an inconvenient camp. The next day, in a continuous snowstorm, we went back for our cached supplies, and by night were again in camp with our entire outfit, and felt ready to take a breathing spell and look around us.

It had been dawning upon us before this time that fur animals were scarce, compared with what they had been in the early fall preceding. We went out and set a few traps, but were not encouraged to put out many. The first morning we took one marten, and as there were very few tracks, we moved camp four miles further, and there began hostilities against a few foxes and lynx, which we found to be in the vicinity.

This was the nearest point to the first cache of meat we had made in the fall. Taking a trail sled we went for a load of meat to the spot where we had cached it up in the top of a hollow stump about 8ft. above ground, thinking it would be safe from all animals not having "climbers" on at least. Finding the spot as nearly as we could tell by the lay of the ground, we found only a smooth, white surface of snow, unbroken by any old stumps or any mark of any kind as a guide. This was on top of a very high mountain where the snow had drifted some.

Seeing a marten track we followed it a few yards and found where it went under the snow. Taking off one of my snowshoes to use as a shovel, I dug down about 3ft., and struck the top of the old stump, and in it were the bare bones of the meat we had so carefully put "up" out of reach of the larger animals.

Nobody knows how funny I felt when I discovered that I was walking around at least 11ft. above terra firma. Of course we were disappointed, and the inward craving for elk meat became stronger as soon as we found we were destined to go without it; and we unanimously agreed that we would have to depend upon snowshoe rabbits and grouse for meat. We started back to camp, and as we were on top of a very steep and high mountain, the down-grade toward camp extending full a mile, I suggested that we get on the sled and ride down, as there was only a scattered and scrubby growth of timber. Bert said walking was good enough for him, but I thought riding was preferable, so I tied my snowshoes on the sled and started. I didn't time myself by the watch, but am certain that in two minutes I was at the foot of the mountain. Such a ride. I never claimed that I thoroughly enjoyed it, not so much as it had lasted longer, but there was no disputing that I got into camp away ahead of Bert, and of course I told him I had had a good ride.

We spent a couple of days there, but found no martens and the foxes and lynx would not do as we planned they should do. Having investigated a few miles further on and finding some marten tracks, we agreed to move camp again. The morning we were to break camp, Bert went out a short distance to get a trap which he had set for lynx, and soon came back with a wolverine or carcajou, which was in his trap. (Will FOREST AND STREAM give correct name?) It was a fine specimen of this rare animal; not very large, but the darkest we had ever seen; the prevailing color of it being seal brown and black. They are rarely found in that locality, and we were doubly glad to get it, as a sportsman from Illinois, whom Bert had guided on a hunting trip the preceding fall, had left special orders to try to get him one.

The next camp ground was on the bank of the Grand Encampment Creek three miles below its source; there we shoveled down through 8ft. of solid, hard snow, in the heavy timber where there was no drifting. This was one of the facts we were wishing to learn, as different persons had different information to give as to the depth of snow in the mountains. The snowfall of that winter we think was about an average, and at that season of the year it should be at its greatest depth.

It was a unique looking camp. The snow being soft we shoveled steps to go down into the tent; the tent could not be seen until one would go up to the edge of the hole and look down, as the snow was far above the top of the tent. We got our wood by chopping down trees, cutting them into lengths, and carrying them down into our den, which required no small amount of labor as it was extremely cold. One night in particular we were obliged to keep up a fire all night to save ourselves from freezing. We learned, after going home, it had been from 40 to 50 degrees below zero that night. The thermometer was scarcely ever above zero during our trip.

There was only one camping place in our trip where we had to melt snow to get water. There were water holes open every few rods all along the streams, whether the streams were large or small. The snow would be level on top, with scarcely any depression to indicate where the streams were. The open holes were generally small, with the side walls of snow, perpendicular, and generally 12 to 15ft. from top of the snow to the water.

Sometimes we would shovel steps down to get to the water, but generally would cut a long pole, leaving a hook on the end, hang our pail on the hook and let it down, and

"Dripping with coolness it rose from the well."

We took but one marten while in this camp, and we agreed thereafter to uphold the idea that the marten at least migrated to some extent in the late fall, and presumably follows the big game.

We were able to get all the meat we could eat by killing snowshoe rabbits and grouse, which were in surprisingly good condition, and as palatable as one could wish. I enjoyed it specially for the revolver practice in shooting rabbits, which were plentiful, but quite wild, seldom offering a shot while sitting.

After all our moving about we were only about fourteen miles from the ranch. After spending two weeks in camp, and having no success, we broke camp and moved four miles nearer home, camped over night and agreed to go the remaining ten miles the next day, even though we had to leave our sleds on the way and go back after them. We ate our breakfast at the first dawn of day, and started on a trip that will be hard to forget. Most of the distance was down grade, but we were obliged to follow a stream which led us through the roughest country that it was possible to find. By continuous hard tramping and pulling, upsetting our sleds many times, and suffering other grievances, we pu

our sleds up to the door of my cabin just at dark, so tired nd worn out that I think we felt in our own minds hat only fools would undertake such a trip. However, feel gratified now that we made the trip, and saw the Rockies wrapt in their winter mantle, which to me was urious and interesting.

Since then we have ridden past some of our camp grounds on bare ground, and sitting on an ordinary sadle horse we could, by reaching up, just lay our hand n top of the stumps of the trees we cut for wood. They re a source of wonder to people finding them, and not nowing how they were cut.

We found grouse to be very wild and harder to approach than on bare ground, which is doubtless due to heir being hunted harder by animals.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

New Brunswick Notes.

THE salmon fishing season in this Province, which will close on the 15th inst., has been above the average of former years in regard to the supply of fish. While he catch on the Restigouche has been relatively small, shermen on the Nepisiguit, Northwest and Southwest Miramichi, and Dungarvon, have had excellent luck. A eculiar feature of the fishing on the Southwest for the ast four years has been the almost total absence of adult almon, whereas grilse, averaging about 4lbs. in weight, ave been quite plentiful. Last year was an "off" season o far as this river is concerned, owing to an immense am of logs which filled the stream for miles and stopped he fish from getting up. Mr. Edgar Hanson, of Fredricton, returned from Boiestown the other day after a wo weeks' trip. He brought home about fifty grilse, but o large salmon, and saw very few of the latter in the ools. On the Dungarvon, however, a tributary of the outhwest, a party from Fredericton, consisting of Dr. Coulthard, James S. Neill, Joseph Walker and Dow immons, brought home about thirty salmon, of which en were adult fish. They also bagged a large number of rout running from 2 to 4lbs. in weight.

Tourist travel has been very light in New Brunswick his summer, owing doubtless to the war. But there will e no falling off in the attendance of sportsmen when the ig game season sets in. I have up to date personally ocated about forty parties in different sections of the Province. The fine display made by New Brunswick t the Sportsmen's Exhibition last March, and the almost uniform success attained by our American friends who came here last fall, are having the effect of bringng in many hunters who never tried this Province beore. Owing to the improved methods of protection now ursued by the Government, under the able management f Surveyor-General Dunn, the supply of moose and deer s certainly on the increase. Caribou, which are becomng so rare in Maine, are probably not more than holding heir own in this Province. Some of the guides say hat the decline of the caribou is owing to some kind of nsect that preys upon them. The caribou has not the ame fondness for water as the moose, and hence is greatly afflicted with insectivorous pests in warm weather.

The lakes at the head of Tobique will be visited by many visiting sportsmen this fall. One of the guides in hat region, Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, while erecting camps there in July saw forty-eight moose and ten deer. He states that twelve of the moose were adult bulls. Plenty of bear and caribou "sign" were noted, but none of the animals were actually seen. A Boston sportsman returned the other day from a trip of an unusual sort with the veteran guide, Henry Braithwaite. He accompanied the latter for several weeks in his bear trapping operations. Henry caught eight bears. The Boston man enjoyed the experience immensely. He said he preferred a trapped bear to a loose one.

Nine out of every ten sportsmen inquiring about New Brunswick want to come in September. This makes it hard for all of them to secure good guides. Very few seem to care for snow hunting in November and December, which is by far the surest way to get a moose.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 4.

From Currituck.

CURRITUCK, Aug. 1.—The bay bird shooting for the last half of July has been excellent. Mr. L. L. Lorrilord, of New York, spent the last ten days at L. R. White's place; he bagged 800, mostly yellowlegs and dowitchers. It has been an easy task to kill 100 birds to the gun in a few hours any day. Messrs. L. Overton and J. L. Turner, of Coin Jock, killed two very large black bears on Thursday of last week; the bears came up to the house and each took a hog weighing about 100lbs. and started back to the woods for their feast, but were overtaken and killed with bullets fired from ordinary shotguns.

Mr. Bob Flora, of Shawboro, also killed a bear in a very novel manner. He used buckshot in the first barrel, which did not go through the skin, but dropped him dead with a charge of No. 8 shot with the second barrel. This was done by cutting the cartridge in half between the two wads which covered the powder. It was a hard story to believe until I saw him fire a load through an inch board at 60yds. This is worth knowing, for one never knows when he may run across a bear or deer while hunting quail near the swamps anywhere in the South.

Although we have hunted in this section for the past thirty years, we never knew that rail, or sora, as they are called in Virginia, raised their young in Currituck until this summer, but we have seen them at all ages and in large quantities during June and July. We also saw fifty young black ducks one day last week, which is more than we ever saw before. MORE ANON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Prairie Chickens of the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 6.—Optimism is not in order in dealing with the prairie chicken question of to-day, however desirable it may be as a general thing in human affairs. The time was when, as the chicken season drew near, friends might say to each other joyfully: "Let us take our guns and dogs and go out for a pleasant and sociable shoot." In those days it was not a question of a scramble, but the shooters who planned for a few days of sport might be sure that they would not be disappointed. It was not a question in those days of early or illegal shooting, for the birds were so abundant that the illegal demands did not lessen the supply beyond the requirements of sport, although the common law of the shooters ran to the effect that birds might be killed as soon as they were half or two-thirds grown. The results of those easy, fatal days of certainty and abundance are known in the history of sport in this country.

To-day all this is changed. Shooters cannot say to each other, "Let us celebrate opening day with a little assembly of our own." There is no certainty that any place can be found where the shooting will be good on the opening day of the season. It is to-day not a question of choosing a place, but of searching out a place. The illegal shooting outweighs the legal shooting, and those sportsmen who wish to observe the law have first of all to consider the results of shooting which begins a month or two months before the legal season opens. That optimism which sees in the fact that we still have prairie chickens in the West any augury of the fact that the supply will ever again be anything like sufficient to supply the demand is too credulous to claim respect. We have too many guns in the country now, and these guns are in part owned by too many greedy and unreasoning men to permit us ever again to look for the pleasant little chicken party where the shooters might sally forth confident that they would get their game. In some localities the law has been and will be enforced, but usually the law has been best enforced where the birds were scarcest. Some few favored sportsmen will have good shooting on the first week of the opening season in this State and other Western States, but for one party which goes out and returns successful there will be a score of parties who will come back disappointed of even reasonable results.

These statements I take to be facts, based upon considerable experience and a wide inquiry. That they are unfortunately true I believe to be attributable to that selfishness of human nature which still hangs on to the old common law of killing a chicken as soon as it can fly. Out in the West a couple of decades ago, if we were driving along the road across the prairie, with no gun in the wagon, and if we saw a flock of young chickens fly up and light again in the grass, it was not uncommon to go after them and secure a mess for supper by no better means than the lash of a long wagon whip. The young and tender bird, fluttering up out of the grass, was so dull of flight that the lash of the whip brought down straight on its line of flight would very often cut it down with broken neck or wing. There was no law forbidding the killing of these birds at any time, because it seemed they could never be appreciably diminished in their numbers by any means whatever.

The years have passed since then, and with them have changed many things. But that same helplessness of the young prairie chicken in July and August still remains unimproved in the way of nature. The thoughtlessness of human nature still remains in many cases also unchanged. Regardless of the law, regardless of the changed conditions, there are still a great many men in this country who will take their guns and begin cutting down the young prairie chickens from the time they are able to top the grass in their feeble efforts to fly. I do not hesitate to say that if a decent chicken date could be set for the Western country, and if that date should be absolutely respected, we should still have left in this country plenty of shooting on these birds, not only for the hogs, but for the gentlemen of the land. It is to-day a question of illegal shooting, and not a question of the natural supply. When we were boys in school we decried that spirit of cowardice which took advantage of odds. As boys we were sportsmen. We said, "Two on one ain't fair!" The thousand-to-one odds against the prairie chicken are not fair. Give it a chance and it will take care of itself, as will a boy, or as will any other animal. This bird has not had its chance.

In Illinois.

In the State of Illinois we have the curse of sooner shooting, though there are still prairie chickens and possibilities of prairie chickens in considerable numbers in different sections of the State. There was one Illinois judge, Judge Ramsey, of Whiteside county, who did more last year to injure the prairie chicken in Illinois than can be done for its benefit in the next ten years. This judge had a criminal case before him under the chicken law, and decided that the law was unconstitutional, and that shooters might begin killing prairie chickens on Aug. 15 instead of Sept. 15. This sort of law pleased hundreds of shooters in this State, and the effect of this decision is still distinctly noticeable to-day. For instance, I have before me a letter on this head, a sample of many which have been received at this office, and the like of which Warden Loveday tells me have come into his office in very great numbers. This letter reads:

"Fulton, Ill., Aug. 5.—As some parties here tell me they intend to go out and shoot prairie chickens on the 15th of the present month, on the decision of Judge Ramsey, of this county, given last fall, will you please tell me if that decision was upheld or reversed by a higher court. D. N. Allison."

Of course, the answer to this letter is that the chicken date in Illinois is Sept. 15, in spite of Judge Ramsey, who has not yet the honor to be the whole Supreme Court of Illinois. The case brought before him was a criminal case, and hence no appeal could be taken from it. But as I have earlier stated, Warden Loveday will prosecute all cases where persons are discovered shooting before Sept. 15. I would advise all sooners to respect this latter legal date, else they may learn a thing or two about the wrinkles of the law which shall not prove to their liking. Warden Loveday will this season prosecute not with criminal cases, but with civil cases, bringing an action for debt in the name of the State of Illinois. Thus, if a man has any property, he may find his sooner shooting a direct tax on this property. Where a man has no property, he will be prosecuted criminally, and the warden will take his chances, on the basis that there may be judges in this State who do not quite agree with Judge Ramsey. It will therefore be wisest to wait till Sept. 15.

The Law and the Land.

I have talked with Warden Loveday to-day about the chicken prospects, more especially in regard to the early illegal shotoing. He is just back from a week's trip out in the State. He says that at Galesburg there is a very bad state of affairs. Shooting chickens has already begun, and many of the best men, leading business men of the town, are going out right along after the birds. At Bloomington affairs are a little better. There is a new club there, which has raised some money, and asked for an outside deputy, not trusting to the services of any local man. At Pontiac the law is better observed this year than it was last. At Mendota matters are very bad, and there is a great deal of open defiance of the law. At Minonk matters are equally bad, and also at Assumption. A great many complaints of sooner shooting came from Pekin. At Champaign the sooners have been at work two weeks. At Anawa the illegal shooting has been very pronounced. At Beardstown there is a very nest of illegal shooters, and at Kinderhook matters are about equally bad. The shooters of Keithsburg, Ill., are many of them already going out after prairie chickens. In Kane county the law has been well observed. At Macomb the better class of shooters has prevailed and the law has had fair observance. An amusing letter from one of Warden Loveday's deputies came in to-day. The latter says to his superior officer that if he can get the "sports" to hold off till Sept. 15 he will not begin shooting himself. "But if they are a-goin' to shoot Aug. 15, I feel as if I had ought to shoot too," he says. This naïve confession may have done good to the soul of that deputy, and it shows very clearly the mental attitude of all too many shooters.

Mr. Loveday tells me that in the low country of the State the birds were drowned out last spring by early rains. Some of them nested again, and these late coveys are not any bigger than quails at this date.

So far as he is able to determine, Warden Loveday thinks very few illegal chickens are coming into Chicago market. He has seized only five illegal birds. Young prairie chickens are worth $9 a dozen on the market here, but are hard to get. The demand for them, from clubs, etc., is very strong.

Warden Loveday is planning an extensive campaign against the illegal prairie chicken shooters of this State. He will need to send out deputies, lawyers, witnesses, etc. It costs money to go to law, and Mr. Loveday wants more money. Hearing that the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has a certain amount of money set apart for the purposes of game protection, Mr. Loveday is writing to the president of that Association, asking help for his summer campaign against the sooner shooters. There is a chance here for the sportsmen to do some good. A glance over the list of towns above mentioned will discover the fact that some of the places where illegal shooting is going on are towns where clubs of sportsmen are organized which send delegates to the State Association. If the latter can help the warden it will be helping the better element of sportsmanship in these towns.

In Texas.

Chicken shooting began in the State of Texas on Aug. 1, and reports from that State are on the whole not very roseate. It is stated that the birds have been pretty well shot out in some parts of the country, and that in other parts a great many ranches have been posted. Of course, for a State so large as Texas it is absurd to make any general statement. The above reference comes more especially from the section about Houston, which was once a very good chicken country. The new law of Texas, forbidding the shipment of chickens from the county in which they are shot, will receive its first serious test this summer, and by some it is considered not an unmixed benefit.

In Oregon.

The sooner is abroad in the State of Oregon, and reports come from the neighborhood of Portland that a little hustling would uncover a lot of illegal shooting. In the Willamette Valley grouse, quail and pheasants are all a good crop, and if the shooters will hold off until Sept. 1 they can all have sport. The State of Washington opens its season two weeks earlier, and many Oregon shooters go across the line.

In North Dakota.

Advice from Forman, N. D., states that chickens were never more abundant than they were this summer, that the law has been well observed, and the prospects for opening day, Aug. 20, are very good indeed.

In South Dakota.

In South Dakota the chicken season opens Sept. 1. A report from Mitchell, S. D., states that the sooners have been at work for over two weeks. This week Warden W. B. Dodson succeeded in arresting Thomas Fullerton, Peter Burns, Dick Smith and Ted Wedehose, who all pleaded guilty and paid $10 apiece for the birds they had killed. This has rather cast a gloom on the sooners around Mitchell, and I shouldn't wonder if they thought the law was unconstitutional.

In Wisconsin.

The State of Wisconsin is not by any means to be sneezed at as a prairie chicken country. The law opens there on Sept. 1, but, of course, the sooners cannot wait. In the neighborhood of Ipswich the shooters have paid no attention to the law. The wardens made a raid and

captured several men. Further raids will be made, and whatever may be the crop of prairie chickens in that vicinity, there seems to be no doubt whatever about the crop of sooners.

Ohio Warden Law Unconstitutional.

A large and gaping hole, through which any gentleman may toss a dog or drive a coach and four, seems suddenly to have opened in the game law of Ohio. The law has been discovered to be unconstitutional in regard to a certain clause, and inasmuch as this clause happens to be that governing the appointment of the fish and game wardens in the various counties, it would appear that the question of game protection in that State is in a very simple condition, in which the man with the longest legs has the best chance.

It all happened over a squirrel which William Walker killed on Aug. 30, 1897, just one day before the law was up. He was fined, and he went to jail, and the costs ran up to $122.24. The auditor of Delaware county refused to pay these costs. Then came the lawyers, and just to relieve the situation Judge Wickham decided the law was unconstitutional, which seems to have pleased everybody all round, except those who think that nowadays a State should have game wardens and game protection.

The point of the decision was this: "The court holds that Section 409, O. L., providing for the appointment of fish and game warden, is unconstitutional in that it provides for the creating of a county officer otherwise than by election, as provided by the constitution of Ohio."

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Only One Way to Trap Coons.

"If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods, he told you what never happened," said a Pohcuck coon hunter. "Coons can't be trapped except in one way, and I never found a coon hunter yet who knew how it was done. You may track a coon to his home in some crevice of a rock, which is a favorite retreat for him if he can find one; place your trap in front of the hole and disguise it as much as you may—cover it a foot deep with leaves if you like—but that coon will never leave that hole as long as that trap is there. He will starve first. He can smell the iron of that trap, and he seems to know it will be death to leave the hole, and he prefers death by starvation to being trapped. I have tried iron traps and snares and all sorts of devices, but never could succeed in fooling one of these little beasts into getting caught by any of them.

"It isn't often you seen a coon in the daytime, but you may, if you know where to look for them. If there is a creek anywhere in which crawfish abound, you may see some epicurean coon fishing for them almost any day, along in the afternoon, if you hide at the side of the creek and keep very quiet. The coon is particularly fond of crawfish. The way he fishes for them is to wade in the creek, generally going down stream. The crawfish live under the stones on the bottom. The coon feels with his forepaws under each stone he comes to, thrusting one paw under from one side and the other paw from the other side. It is a comical sight to see a coon fishing for crawfish. He keeps his head high in the air, moving it up and down and to and fro, his eyes evidently gazing at nothing, every sense seeming to be concentrated on the business beneath the water. You can tell instantly when he has fastened on to a crawfish, for the expression on his face changes at once from the dumb, vacant stare to one of brightness and animation. He draws the crawfish out of the water, and standing erect on his hind feet, rolls it smartly between his paws. This crushes the shell and claws of the crawfish and makes the sweet meat accessible. The coon eats his capture with great relish, and then begins the search for another one.

"While watching a coon fishing in this way one day, I got the idea of trapping coons. I thought that by placing a steel trap on the bottom of the creek where coons found the crawfishing good they might be deceived, and more than likely caught. I made the experiment. I sank two traps at different places on a favorite crawfishing route for coons, and the same afternoon found a coon in each trap. I have trapped hundreds of them since then, and that is the only way you can trap a coon."—Fur Trade Review.

Dead River Region Game.

Stratton, Me., Aug. 2.—Replying to numerous inquiries from readers of the Forest and Stream in regard to a truthful statement as to the game to be had in the Dear River section of Maine, I will say that moose are quite plenty, and under the present existing law will continue to increase. I think the chances will be very good to secure some fine specimens this fall, after Oct. 15. Black bears are quite numerous, and a large number have been trapped during the present season. Deer are too numerous to mention, and every sportsman coming into this section is sure to get his number of bucks which the law allows. Caribou are not plenty; occasionally one. Ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, are much more plenty this season than last; and the outlook is fine for bird shooting after Sept. 20. The ducks promise to be an average crop. Specimens of fur-bearing animals are frequently seen, such as wildcat, blackcat, fox, lynx, beaver, otter, marten and mink. I shall be pleased to furnish reliable information to sportsmen intending to visit this section on a hunting trip this fall.

A. M. Jones,
President of the Guides and Sporting Camp Owners' Association.

Not all of Shooting to Shoot.

Titusville, Pa., Aug. 1.—The Herald of to-day records that ex-Councilman Charles F. Emerson had a thrilling experience out on the old Tidioute grade Saturday afternoon. Mr. Emerson was woodcock hunting and had just brought down a bird. In proceeding in the direction of the spot where it had fallen he walked right into a veritable nest of rattlesnakes. So intent was he in the search for the bird that he had not heard their warning rattles and was unaware of his danger until he caught sight of one of the reptiles directly under his feet. Jumping aside, he pulled up his gun and shot it before it could strike him, and turning around served another of the venemous creatures in the same manner. Mr. Emerson brought the two big snakes home, where yesterday they furnished indisputable proof of his exciting adventure. They had six and seven rattles respectively and measured 25in. and 28in.

Sea and River Fishing.

Black Bass of the Bay of Quinte.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am well aware that your correspondents are expected to write for the purpose of giving your readers the benefit of the knowledge which they possess and not for the purpose of showing their ignorance, but this article is intended to be simply a confession of ignorance as to the habits and peculiarities of black bass.

I have fished for black bass more or less for over forty years, and many years ago was conscious that I knew all about them, but I don't now.

I used to know when they were through spawning and breeding their young in shallow waters, but do not any more, for our astute legislators have changed the time and the movements of the bass in these particulars, and they are now regulated by implication of law.

I used to think that, all other things being equal, experience and skill in casting the fly would always count for something, but they don't.

A few years ago we had three days during the first week in June exactly alike in character and temperature, and on the first two days I whipped a noted bass lake faithfully, taking but few bass, only two or three of which were of fair size. On the third day two persons who had never cast a fly in their lives visited the lake and learned of my success. Each of them had a long reed pole and a line of about equal length, and between them two flies which some one had given to them. They "slashed" over the same ground fished by me, and brought in twenty-seven small-mouthed bass, all of good size, a number of them being between 2 and 3lbs., in weight. If asked how this happened I can only give my usual answer, "I don't know," but it is not an unusual experience.

I have not fished long enough for bass, however, to become utterly ignorant, and still know something about them, and to show some things that I do not know it is necessary to state some of the things that I do know.

That black bass usually seek deep, still waters as winter approaches and remain dormant and to a large extent imbedded in the mud during the winter is a fact which has long been well known; also that as the waters become warmed by the sun in the spring they leave their winter haunts for their usual spawning grounds, and when these grounds are situated in the inlet or outlet of a lake they will migrate a long distance. In Lake Erie they go down the outlet nearly to the falls for spawning purposes, and large numbers of the bass in Lake Ontario descend the River St. Lawrence for scores of miles to reach their spawning ground, and from personal observation and examination, as well as from the information derived from others, I am satisfied that black bass will migrate down a river for the purpose of reaching suitable spawning grounds fully as far as shad will ascend the rivers on our coast for the same purpose.

Not long after the spawning season is over, and beginning probably in the latter part of July or the first part of August, the bass in the St. Lawrence begin their return to the lake, the fishing falling off first at the lowest point and continuing to fall off as they work up the river.

A party of anglers recently informed me that they had made their home for many years at Marysville, which is situated near the head of the river, about three miles from Kingston, for the reason that they were always sure of good catches late in the season, and always after the river below had ceased to furnish good sport.

Some two or three years ago, while examining into the habits of the bass in this river during the latter part of August, I happened to know that a party of anglers then fishing at a point some ten or twelve miles below Clayton made up a small purse, which was to belong to the person bringing in the largest black bass on the next day, and the purse was awarded on a fish weighing 6oz., and that shows or indicates at least that at this time the bass had largely returned toward the lake below and at this point.

At this time the fishing was more than indifferent as far up the river as Clayton, and it was found by personal test that it improved as we approached Marysville, at which point it was still excellent. It is, therefore, safe assume, in my judgment, that the above views as to the gradual return of the bass to Lake Erie in the latter part of the season are correct.

How far the bass which had been hatched in the St. Lawrence River when old enough to spawn return to the spawning grounds of the parent fish, as we know is the case with shad and salmon, is a question yet to be determined, but in my own judgment such is their habit; and if I am correct the depletion in the St. Lawrence can be easily accounted for.

In this river the fish have been taken both legally and illegally in such large numbers during many years past that comparatively few bass visit this river for the purpose of spawning, and it is not likely that those fish which have their habitat in other places will frequent the St. Lawrence for spawning purposes any more than the shad which are produced in the Hudson River would for the same reason change to the Connecticut, where the fish have become scarce.

If this is true, the evil suggests its own remedy, and that is that the bass in the St. Lawrence must be protected and the catch limited, or in a very few years that magnificent ground, the Thousand Isles, will afford no attractions to the angler for black bass.

But this is not what I started out to write about in order to show my lack of knowledge; it has been given largely to emphasize or explain my ignorance in regard to black bass in the Bay of Quinte.

This bay, as well known to most of your readers, commences not far westerly from the city of Kingston in the Province of Ontario, and extends along the northern shore of Lake Ontario for some ninety or one hundred miles, the head of the bay being about due north of Rochester. It is a sheet of water ranging from a half or three-quarters of a mile to two or three miles or more in width.

On the southerly side lies what is often called "the Garden Land of Canada."

The lands on the shores are in a high state of cultivation, and give evidence of great thrift and prosperity on the part of the owners.

About three miles from the head of the bay and at the mouth of the River Trent is situated the City of Trenton. Some twelve miles to the east is the city of Belleville, both on the north shore, and further down the bay is the city or village of Northport, from all of which some of the finest bass grounds in the bay can be easily reached for a day's sport.

The head of the bay is connected with Lake Ontario by the Murray Ship Canal, which is some six miles in length, and through which the line steamers to and from Toronto usually pass in order to avoid the rough water in the lake. With the exception of the channel, which is deep enough for all lake vessels, the bay abounds in numerous bars or shoals having usually a depth of water of perhaps 10 or 12ft., and from about the last week in August until in October these shoals and bars abound in large bass, running generally from 2 to 4¾lbs. in weight, the latter being about the limit of size, although larger ones have been occasionally taken.

I have taken and have seen taken many bass of the latter size, but have never seen one taken there that exceeded this weight. An average catch of 3lbs. is not unusual, and an average catch of 2½lbs. is very common in a catch usually ranging from ten to twenty bass in a day, and these are exclusively small-mouthed bass, no large-mouthed bass being found on the shoals, and just here I am moved to confess my ignorance and ask where do these fish come from? Inquiry of those who reside on the shores fails to solve the problem, and all the information which I have been able to gather from the inhabitants, as well as from those who have visited these waters in the summer, is to the effect that large bass are very seldom seen or taken there until about the beginning of September.

The water is hardly deep enough for them to remain in during the winter, nor, as their habits are generally understood, would they be apt to stay when they can so easily reach the deep waters of Lake Ontario. If they have no other home and hibernate in these waters in the winter they would be there in the summer and would naturally be caught, but those taken in the summer are essentially smaller than those taken in the fall.

In some of the issues of Forest and Stream last year or the year before reports of bass fishing in the Bay of Quinte were published during the summer months, in all of which, as I remember them, the fish were reported as being comparatively small and the catches were about the same as those in the St. Lawrence River at the same season of the year.

It seems hardly probable that they come from the St. Lawrence, as such large bass are rarely if ever found there any more, for the reason that these waters were long ago largely depleted of their large bass, and also because the bass in this river have very generally worked their way back into Lake Ontario before the fishing in the bay is at its best, which is from the middle of September to the middle of October.

Do they come from the lake in the early fall for the purpose of reaching their favorite feeding ground and then return in the latter part of October? Possibly, but if so then we have something yet to learn as to the habits of these fish.

How far these feeding grounds are peculiar to the Bay of Quinte I have no means of knowing. It is claimed by the oarsmen who have frequently visited these waters that the bottom where the shoals exist is covered in the fall, but not earlier, with grasses and aquatic weeds which are a few inches high, and which abound in small fish, and that these attract the bass. In "dragging" or "drifting" with a small minnow for bait the bass usually take the bait near the bottom and just above these grasses or weeds.

As a general rule the bass do not appear to run in schools, but are more or less scattered over the shoals. On one of my last trips, however, my companion took in one day on a very limited portion of one of the shoals eleven bass that weighed 31lbs., which indicated that he had struck a school, all of them being large fish.

On one afternoon during a previous trip the water became too rough for drifting, and we were obliged to anchor our boat, which we did close to or directly over a bar, which was near the surface, and we soon caught on short lines some fifteen or twenty fish of all sizes ranging from less than a pound to over 4lbs. in weight, and this indicated not only a school of bass, but also that the smaller ones are not afraid of the large ones, and do not keep out of their way; and this was only a repetition of a like experience on one or two other occasions when forced to anchor, but when drifting over or near this same bar I have never taken anything but large and usually very large bass.

If I am correct as to these facts they do not throw any additional light (but rather shed darkness) on the solution of the question, where do these large bass come from, and why are large ones almost exclusively taken and small ones so seldom taken when drifting over these shoals?

J. S. Van Cleef.

Poughkeepsie, July 30.

To those who contemplate visiting the Bay of Quinte for the first time I think that I ought to say that not only but St. Lawrence oarsmen should be employed. There are several of these oarsmen at Clayton who are thoroughly acquainted with all the good grounds in this bay. The local oarsmen are not provided with the Clayton boats and are without experience in caring or catering for anglers.

J. S. V. C.

The Vermont League Meet.

The third annual midsummer meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at the grounds of Lieut.-Gov. N. W. Fisk, at Isle La Motte, Aug. 3, with an attendance of about 300 members of the League, their ladies and invited guests. The meeting was in every way successful. While it was impossible to entertain so distinguished guests as those who honored the meeting in 1897, the gathering was not lacking in entertainment of a social nature. It was the intention to omit everything of a post prandial character, but at the close of the business meeting there was so emphatic a call for two or three speakers that they were forced to respond.

The trip to Isle La Motte was made upon the steamer Reindeer, leaving this city at 12:25 and reaching the island about 2:30. The day was exceptionally fine, with a brisk, cooling breeze from the south; and all found the ride northward pleasant in the extreme.

After having gained appetite from the two hours' sail the dinner was the event of the day to everyone, and in this part of the itinerary nothing was wanting. The meal was served in a great tent in which had been placed long and commodious tables. Under the deft hands of the Ladies' Aid Society the tables had been trimmed with wild flowers and flags, presenting a very neat appearance.

As host and hostess Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Fisk left nothing to be desired. They were everywhere, looking after the pleasure of the guests in a thorough and gratifying manner, and even threw open their pleasant home to still further extend the welcome.

When the dinner had been accorded the attention which its quality merited, cigars were passed and President J. W. Titcomb outlined the work of the League, and said in substance:

"Without detailing to you what the League has been doing in the past, or what has been accomplished, I wish to explain some of the issues which present themselves and which should be of interest to all Vermonters, whether members of the League or not.

"First, in regard to game. Notwithstanding the slaughter of about 150 deer last October, the reports indicate that these animals are increasing rapidly. Many farmers report seeing them, and does with fawns are very tame, often entering gardens adjacent to farm houses. The League has expressed its disapproval of the open season in October, and the general sentiment of the State indicates that the law will be changed at the next session. One important feature to be considered in connection with deer legislation is a provision to protect deer against pursuit by dogs. At present any dog which has been licensed and wears a collar can pursue deer with impunity, and its owner is not liable. Not a week passes without complaints coming to me of deer pursued by dogs, and at all seasons of the year. In summer, when does are heavy with young, they are pursued as relentlessly as during the natural hunting season. Many deer have thus been killed. In early winter, after the ice has formed on the ponds, the dogs drive the deer on to them, where they either break through and drown or flounder about at the mercy of the dogs. There are men in this State who let their deer hounds out, and where a deer has been thus killed or crippled will sneak out in the night and get the venison.

"When the bill providing an open season was presented in the Legislature, it was argued that it would create a sentiment in favor of protecting deer during the close season. The commissioners now have cases pending where deer were shot over salt licks, trapped and snared in warm weather, and fed out to the help in saw mill boarding houses, with no attempt at concealment except the silent code of honor among thieves.

"No other game needs especial legislation or change in laws unless to provide an open season on upland plover.

"The fish in Lake Champlain, the chief attraction to summer tourists, are being ruthlessly slaughtered during the spawning season by the use of seines. I refer to the practice of seine fishing in March and April in the contiguous waters of Vermont and Canada, when the wall-eyed pike are following along the shores and entering the tributaries of the lake to spawn. The catch of pike during one spawning season from reports of Vermont fishermen indicate a destruction not only of tons of these valuable food and game fish, but by practical computations of over 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 eggs each season. This is a question of legislation which can be controlled by the representatives of the towns most directly interested. So long as the representatives of Grand Isle and Franklin counties consider the revenue of 25 or 30 seines, netting the fishermen from $6,000 to $12,000 annually, to be worth more than the larger sum of would-be summer visitors, so long will the present law exist. While it would be a seeming injustice to prohibit seine fishing in Vermont while Canada continues the practice, it is our fault that the Canadian law now exists. Canada stopped this practice four years ago upon agreement with your commissioners, and only resumed after legislation was obtained in Vermont compelling the commissioners to issue seine permits to all applicants.

"Through the instrumentality of the League the constitutionality of one of the game laws has been tested and upheld. I refer to the law authorizing the commissioners to stock and close waters for a period of years. When its constitutionality was questioned it tended to weaken all other game laws. The opinion of the Supreme Court, recently rendered, strengthens the entire chapter of game laws. The particular law affected was not in itself important, but can now be made so. At present a stream is stocked and closed for a period of two or three years. At the expiration of the closed period the stream is overcrowded with fishermen, and the work of restocking the waters is undone in one season. It would be better to permanently close the small tributaries throughout the State, and keep them as breeding preserves for all time, thus assuring us a stock of trout which could work into the larger streams. Of course such a law as this could not be enforced except in communities where public sentiment would sanction it, and it might be best to have towns vote as to the advisability of the method.

"The 6in. law on trout is observed in some sections and disregarded in others, is gaining ground as people come to know the real reason for such legislation. Trout do not generally spawn until they have attained a growth of six inches in length, and if the smaller trout are caught out, natural reproduction ceases. It is impossible to attempt to keep up the waste entirely by artificial stocking without a larger expenditure than we would feel warranted in calling upon our Legislature to appropriate.

"I will mention one other subject in which all the ladies should be interested. Many of our streams, which were formerly the habitat of the brook trout, have become depleted by the changes in natural conditions surrounding them. I refer to the destruction of our forests. The forests subserve two purposes—supply of a most necessary raw material, and amelioration of the conditions of climate and water flow. Experts on the subject can produce figures to show that by proper regulation, restricting the size of trees to be cut, etc., the forests can be made more remunerative to the lumberman than when entirely stripped at one time, as is the prevalent custom. One lady has suggested that the subject of protecting our highways from disfigurement by proper pruning of shade trees instead of cutting them down entirely have the attention of the League. This forestry question properly belongs to a forestry commission, and many States now have an efficient forestry board and are legislating in this direction. The subject affects the objects of the League only as it affects the water supply in our streams. The sawdust question is akin to the forestry question, but I will not take up your time with this subject excepting to say that the pollution of our streams with mill refuse and sawdust does more injury than any work of our hatchery can repair."

The call for the meeting was read by Secretary Thomas Deal, of St. Albans, and twenty-seven names were proposed for membership, and their election made by an authorized vote of the secretary.

Lieut.-Gov. Fisk proposed the name of John H. Flagg, of New York, as an honorary member, and he was elected. Ex-Gov. Woodbury suggested the name of Admiral George Dewey as an honorary member, and he was elected by a rising vote in which the ladies were allowed to join. Henry L. Dodge, of San Francisco, who was present, was also made an honorary member of the League. Senator Proctor, ex-Gov. Woodbury, Congressman Grout, and Judge Powers spoke briefly. Our report is taken from the Burlington Free Press.

St. Lawrence Anglers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at the Thousand Island House, Alexandria Bay, on Wednesday, Aug. 3, and great interest was manifested in the proceedings. The Association is an earnest, active and influential organization, consisting for the most part of representative citizens of the northern counties, and prominent professional and business men from various parts of the country, who have summer homes in the island region. Among those in attendance at the annual session were: W. C. Browning, Royal E. Deane, New York city; Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; General J. B. Van Petten, Claverack; Frank P. Denison, Syracuse; Col. O. G. Staples, A. C. Cornwall, W. H. Thompson, Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay; G. M. Skinner, R. P. Grant, Clayton; C. E. Britton, Gananoque; Col. W. M. Griffith, Utica, and others. Considerable attention was devoted to the subject of the State park on the St. Lawrence River, and the desirability of having the balance of the $30,000 appropriated by the State to purchase land there expended for that purpose without unnecessary delay. It was 11 A. M. when President Browning called the assemblage to order. W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected secretary of the meeting. The minutes of the last annual session and of three special meetings of the executive committee were read and approved.

Appropriate resolutions on the death of Hon. C. W. Hackett, of Utica, chairman of the Republican State committee, who was a valued member of the Association, were adopted.

W. H. Thompson, secretary of the Association, in his annual report said: In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the executive committee, I wrote several captions and sent them to parties at the foot of the lake, asking the Legislature to close the waters, and we have not had a single response. The only thing that was done was by personal efforts at Albany. We got our members of Assembly, Hon. E. R. Brown and Hon. O. J. Clark, interested, and Section 132a of the laws of 1898, prohibiting netting from April 30 to Oct. 1, was passed. It was that or nothing, and we accepted the compromise. Last year the Association, by resolution, asked the Commissioners of Fish, Game and Forests to purchase the following named points and islands for the use of the public: (1) Cedar Point, with right of way from same to State road, about twenty acres in all, situated about seven miles above Clayton on the American mainland, and owned by A. D. Percy. (2) Delaney's Point, sixty acres or more, situated at the foot of Grindstone Island, owned by the heirs of J. J. Delaney. (3) Cement Point, about three acres, at the head of Grindstone Island, owned by Moses Herse. (4) De Wolf's Point, about ten acres, on the north shore of the Lake of the Isles, owned by Frank de Wolf. (5) Island Mary, at the foot of Wells' Island, owned by the Westminster Park Association. (6) Kring's Point, about thirty acres, in Goose Bay, owned by George Kring. (7) Day's Point, about ten acres, near Chippewa Bay, owned by S. W. Day. (8) The inside Chippewa Point, owned by S. Allen. The commisison has purchased Kring Point, the foot of Cedar Island, De Wolf's Point, Mary Island, Delaney Point and Cement Point. At a meeting of the executive committee of the Anglers' Association Messrs. Cornwall, Grant and Thompson were selected to look after the Legislature in the interests of the St. Lawrence Park, and with the aid of our members of Assembly, Messrs. Clark and Brown, we secured an appropriation of $10,000 for improvements, building docks and making skiff landings on the property purchased for park purposes. We find it has been a very laborious task to get the commissioners to invest the $30,000 appropriated. The Anglers' Association has a membership of about 250, about 200 being fair paying members. During the past year the Association lost these members, deceased: George M. Pullman, C. W. Hackett, J. Y. Walch. The report of the secretary was adopted.

Three or four resignations were accepted, and six new members were admitted.

President Browning inquired how much of the $30,000 appropriation for purchasing lands for the St. Lawrence Park had been expended.

Mr. Cornwall thought about $14,700 had been expended thus far.

President Browning, in his annual address, paid a handsome tribute to the memory of Hon. C. W. Hackett. In regard to the fishing in the St. Lawrence River, Mr. Browning said: "Earlier in the season I heard some complaints concerning the bass fishing, but lately it has improved greatly. Some of the catches are now phenomenally large in the upper part of the river and the lakes. The fishing is wonderfully good. One gentleman told me he caught seventy-four bass, and never saw anything like it before. Another gentleman said he had never before seen the fishing so good for five miles above Clayton. We had no fishing earlier in the season, when it is usually expected. Whether the cold weather had anything to do with it or not I do not know, but the fishing is good now, whereas it is usually good in early June."

President Browning—In previous years large quantities of black bass have been sold in New York markets in cold weather, but during the past season I haven't been able to find any.

Col. Griffith—Don't you think that was due to the repeal of Section 230 of the game laws?

President Browning—I wouldn't wonder if it was. There used to be barrels of them in the markets, and dealers said they bought them for two cents a pound.

Col. Griffith—Reports are received which lead us to believe that the repeal of the cold storage section is having a good effect.

Treasurer Grant submitted his annual report, which showed that the amount of cash on hand last year at this time was $266.26; on hand at present, $359.22. He explained that the increase was mainly due to the handsome donations made by individual members last year. The report was adopted.

Mr. Cornwall, chairman of the executive committee, reported that several meetings of that body had been held during the year, and things had been looked after as closely as possible.

Mr. Thompson said that while he was in Albany he was asked what he thought about allowing the setting of lines in the river from Ogdensburg to Chippewa Bay. He replied that he thought it would be very objectionable.

Mr. Heath—There does not seem to be much progress in the land business, and I think the Association ought to appoint a committee to push the matter along. I suggest that we have a committee with the president at the head to endeavor to have the balance of the money appropriated by the State to buy land expended for the benefit of the river. Delays are dangerous. A committee should be appointed to co-operate with the State officials and bring this matter to a consummation.

Mr. Grant—We recommended the purchase of certain places along the river, and they virtually ignored us. This $30,000, whatever is not expended in two years, reverts back to the State. We should have had a local commission.

Mr. Heath thought it would have been as well if the recommendation of the Association in regard to the places it desired to have purchased had not been published.

Col. Griffith—There are always two sides to a question. The comptroller is particular, and he has to be. He will not turn the money over to the commission until the papers are correct. You have taken months to perfect titles. The commissioners are not all to blame for the delay. In regard to Mary Island, I urged its purchase, and other places where the title was correct. Something ought to be done before Oct. 1. The money lapses at the close of the fiscal year, which is one year from October. The second appropriation was put in for improvements only, and can hardly be used for purchasing land. Some of the commissioners are exceedingly anxious to finish up this matter. I agree with Mr. Heath regarding the advisability of appointing a committee. We have lost a hard worker by the death of Mr. Hackett, and the rest of us will have to work harder.

Mr. Heath—We should try and get this money expended for the benefit of the river.

Col. Griffith—The commissioners said they would try and get up to the river while I am here, and if the Association desires me to do so I will write them to come soon.

There was some talk about the St. Lawrence county people wanting a point below Ogdensburg purchased, and Messrs. Browning, Griffith and others thought it would be wise to acquiesce.

Mr. Thompson said the Association obtained the lowest prices that parties would take for the places it wanted purchased. "That was the reason," said he, "why we mentioned a price."

Col. Griffith, who is private secretary of Governor Black, was elected an honorary member of the Association.

Mr. Grant offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, that a committee be appointed by the president to co-operate with the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest in the further purchase of land, in accordance with the law of 1897, appropriating $30,000 for the establishment of a State park.

Resolved, that it is the desire of the Association, without in any sense wishing to advise this commission, that the completion of the proposed purchase be made before Aug. 1, 1899.

Messrs. Heath, Griffith and Grant were appointed as the committee called for in the above resolution.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Wm. C. Browning, New York city; First Vice-President, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; Second

Vice-President, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee, A. C. Cornwall, Col. O. G. Staples, Walter Fox, Alexandria Bay; George C. Boldt, New York; George H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, John Foley, Clayton; Col. W. M. Griffith, Utica; F. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.; C. G. Emery, New York; R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; Hon. G. R. Malby, R. E. Waterman, Ogdensburg; Charles E. Britton, Gananoque.

On motion of Mr. Grant the executive committee was authorized to act on any questions of legislation that might come up during the year.

It was stated that the executive committee last year applied for 2,000,000 muskallonge fry, and that 750,000 were received and distributed in the St. Lawrence River between Clayton and Alexandria Bay. The fry were from the Chautauqua Lake hatchery.

Mr. Thompson said good results had already been observed from stocking the St. Lawrence. He did not think it best to make any more requisitions for wall-eyed pike, however.

Mr. Heath said the largest muskallonge he had ever seen caught in the river weighed 35lbs.

G. M. Skinner said he recently had the pleasure of presenting a 35lb. muskallonge to the wife of Vice-President Hobart while at Alexandria Bay.

Mr. Britton invited the Association to meet in Gananoque next year. He said they had taken a step in the right direction on the Canadian side during the past year, and had secured an overseer of overseers. On his motion it was decided to recommend to the president of the Association that the next annual meeting be held in Gananoque.

The propositions to have copies of the minutes printed and circulated, to have official buttons made and to make a slight change in the by-laws, were referred to the executive committee.

The Association concluded its business shortly after 1 P. M., and by invitation of Col. Staples the members repaired in a body to the dining room of the Thousand Island House, where an elaborate banquet was served with the compliments of the genial proprietor. At the plate of each guest was a little silk flag, the Stars and Stripes covered with a network of silver thread and attached to a long pin. Underneath the network was the inscription, "1,000 Island House." The menu cards, gotten up expressly for the occasion, very appropriately bore the official design adopted by the Anglers' Association for use on its stationery. The long table at which the guests were seated was beautifully decorated with flowers and contained also an artistic centerpiece, the chief feature of which was a mammoth salmon.

The anglers extended a unanimous vote of thanks to Col. Staples for his generous hospitality.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 4.

Men I Have Fished With.

LXIII.—Dr. James A. Henshall.

In Forest and Stream of a fortnight ago, p. 70, there is an article on the grayling by Dr. Henshall, in which he claims that the grayling of Michigan and Montana are the same species, which he calls *Thymallus lewisii*. He fails to say who described the fish under that name, but claims that it is "in accordance with the law of priority," which may be true, but he gives no references. Years ago I fell so deeply in love with the Michigan grayling, when it bore Cope's name of *T. tricolor*, that I do not long to see the name lost; in fact, few of us like to accept new names in place of the old. A few years ago Dr. Henshall made researches in Paris which showed that American scientists had gone astray on the nomenclature of the two species of black bass, and they opened their eyes, wiped their glasses, examined the evidence and accepted the Doctor's conclusions, and the matter was straightened out, and will remain straightened. Remembering this, I will wait for "more about the grayling" before risking an opinion about that fish until we know what the Doctor may have up his sleeve.

How Black Bass Leap.

If there is any fish that he loves, it is the black bass, and he loves both species equally. In the long ago we were guests of the Castalia Club, and were trouting in the waters of that gigantic Ohio spring, and the trout were doing their part to perfection. My friend had just unhooked a lusty trout, but his mind turned in an instant, for he asked: "Did you see what Rob Roy said in Forest and Stream about the leaping of the black bass?"

"No doubt I did, for I read the paper carefully, but make no pretension of committing it to memory, nor of arguing at length with a man who differs with me. How long ago was the article published to which you refer?"

"In the latter part of 1884 or early the next year, can't place it exactly; you must have seen it."

"Very true, but, my dear Doctor, if you will release your mind from the fly which you hung up in that bush and are trying so hard to recover, and will concentrate it on what Rob Roy said about the leaping of black bass, I will not only regard you as sane, but will consider, cuss and discuss the leaping powers of black bass with you, as far as I am able. At present I am ignorant of the question before the house."

The Doctor gave an impatient yank, leaving the fly in the bush, intimating that he had lost more time than a fly was worth, and as he selected another lure to replace the lost one looked up and said: "Why, Rob Roy says the big-mouth never leaps after being hooked; that is simply nonsense."

"Certainly, 'it needs no ghost, my Lord, to come from the grave to tell us this,' even I know better than that. Any more?"

"Yes, in his effort to elevate one fish by running down another, which is equally as good, he says that the small-mouth leaps often, and to a height of 3, 4 and even 5ft. What do you think of that?"

"Doctor," I replied, "I can only say that 'this beats all my goin' a-fishin.' I've seen both species leap from the water when hooked, but 5ft.! Gee whiz! That's nearly as tall as we are; no, I never saw a black bass reach up 4ft. into the atmosphere."

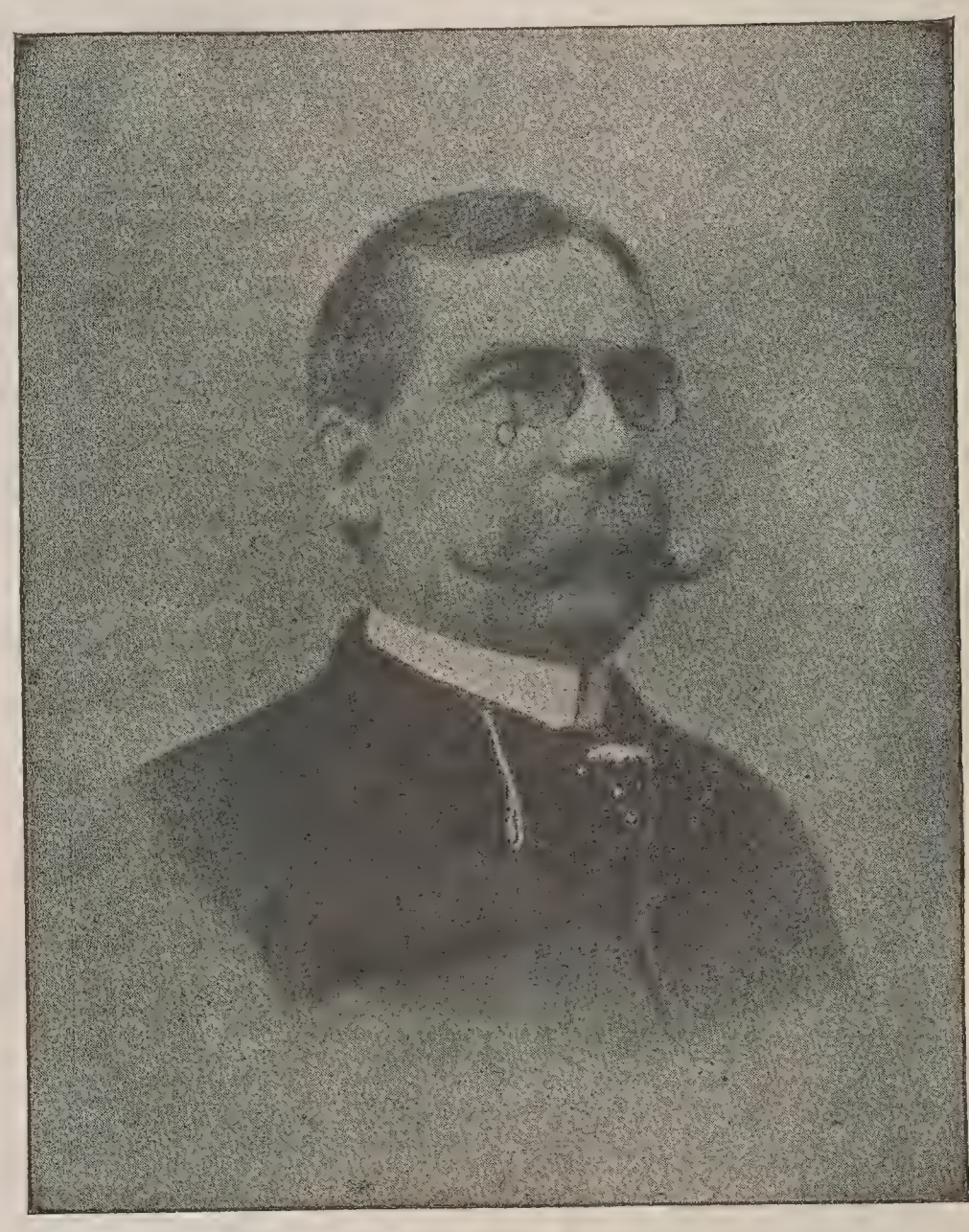
"Having admitted so much, did you ever see one of these fishes leap 3ft. when hooked?"

"The fact is, Doctor, that when it has been my fortune to hook a black bass, it has been on the end of a line so long that I could not get out a rule nor tape to measure the leap, but if your object is to extract from me what I would be willing to make affidavit to, why, I would put 1ft. as the average leap and add half that distance as the maximum."

"Just my figures, and I have fished for black bass in all parts of the Union where they are found; have talked with anglers and fishermen, but never heard of such leaping before."

"All right, Doctor, after we get down to the club house and have dinner let us compare notes on bass flies. Our friend Mr. Bacon is fishing up this way, perhaps to suggest that we work down stream and prepare for dinner."

There were other statements made by Rob Roy which the Doctor promised to discuss, but the show-down of trout and the dinner banished them all, and as we smoked we talked with our friends on almost every subject except the leaping powers of black bass, and there the subject dropped.



DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

Book of the Black Bass.

A sketch like this cannot be turned into either a fulsome obituary notice nor a book review. It could not be an obituary because the Doctor is still living in a most vigorous manner, and two years ago was appointed superintendent of the U. S. Fish Commission, in charge of the hatchery at Bozeman, Montana.

But his book, "The Book of the Black Bass," will be all the monument and "obituary" that any man might crave. It is the most distinctively American of any fishing book ever published. It deals with a grand pair of American game fishes which had received scant attention from angling authors; not more than had been accorded to the perch and similar fish until Henshall made the declaration that: "Pound for pound, the black bass is the gamest fish that swims." Then Americans began to regard these fishes in a new light and Henshall was dubbed "the apostle of the black bass."

The book covered over 460 pages, and went into so much detail of nomenclature, habits, tackle, baits, flies and all that pertains to these fishes that we anglers thought that the subject was exhausted, but in the same year, 1889, he gave us 200 additional pages in another volume, entitled "More About the Black Bass," as a supplement to the first volume, and with the Queen of Sheba we found that not half had been told. Dr. Henshall put the black bass among our gamiest fresh-water fishes, and properly labeled it "the game fish for the million," for the trout waters are not so accessible and the trout are not as plenty. His book at once set fish commissioners at work stocking suitable waters with these fishes, and when the lands are denuded of timber and the trout streams have dried up a future generation of anglers will rise up and call the Doctor blessed for booming two neglected fishes into the first class, where they rightfully belong.

Having read his book several times, the only adverse criticism I would make is on the title, which should have been: "Book of the Black Basses," thus clearly indicating that there were two species.

His Views on Bait-Casting.

When the National Rod and Reel Association was alive and holding annual tournaments in Central Park, New York city, the Doctor was anxious to have a contest in bait-casting from the reel, and formulated a set of rules for it, and sent them to me, as secretary of the Association. They were not adopted, for two reasons: There were not prizes enough for another class, and if there had been prizes there would have been no entries, because the "Henshall style" was not practiced in the East at that time. Many Eastern anglers cast a minnow that way now, i. e., by dropping the tip of the rod below the elbow and checking the reel with the thumb. We had two classes for salt-water striped bass casting which differed only in the matter of weight of the sinker, and the casts were made by reeling up to about 1ft. and casting over the shoulder. The Doctor was indignant that his favorite cast should be left out, and wrote me a sharp letter under date of Oct. 9, 1885, but as I knew that he was right, but a little in advance of the Eastern anglers, whose committee did not make a class for black bass casting, for reasons already given, the letter did not disturb our friendly relations.

Dr. Henshall said: "I was about to start for New York, but the postponement of the tournament knocks me out, as I had an engagement to fish the 'sunken lands' of Arkansas, and also to do some ducking for a month, beginning Oct. 20. * * * My regret is somewhat modified, however, at the action of the committee in altering the rules of the black bass minnow casting so as to allow 'overhead' casting. Was this to combine black bass and light striped bass casting? A poor economy, I should say. It is well enough to leave out the latter altogether, as the contest for heavy bass casting is sufficient and is characteristic. Angling for small striped bass is done in a variety of ways, and the black bass rules should not have been changed in the manner noted. Throwing a bait overhead is the mode used by every boy and negro in the South, who do not use reels. I am afraid that the committee do not understand black bass fishing as well as they ought."

The Doctor was merely a little "previous." This correspondence occurred over a dozen years ago, when his excellent mode of minnow casting was practically unknown to the anglers of the effete East, while to-day hundreds of the brethren from New York to Maine use it. Henshall was a missionary, confident in his own belief, but impatient of a delay in its acceptance by others who heard it for the first time. To-day he can see that the tree which he planted has borne fruit, if it did not do so on the next year after he planted the seed. As a rule young men do not plant trees, they have no time to wait; the Doctor was younger then and wanted his seed to become a tree and bear fruit at once. He is older now and can look back with a pleasurable pride at what he has done in the way of placing black bass fishing on a higher plane, and can realize that it took only a dozen years to do it.

A Happy Man.

It has been said that a man's happiness lies within himself, and the genial, jolly subject of this sketch proves it, for he has a keen sense of humor, a fund of anecdote and not only loves music, but can "do it." When at my Long Island home he mentioned some old darky song which I had forgotten, and went to the piano and rendered it as Luke West or "Old Dan" Emmett might have done when we were boys. He took to fishing, shooting, sailing and canoeing as recreations from the arduous routine duties of a physician, and later took up

the study of fishes and zoology in general as a means of recreation. These he found so engrossing that he was forced to abandon them or give up his practice, and he chose to stick to his later love and gave up medicine. This is how he came to look up the type specimens of the black basses when in Paris, for they were first described by the French ichthyologist Lacépède, and the original, or types, were taken away by him. The Doctor was one of the Fish Commissioners of Ohio for several years, and made a study of fishculture, which he is now putting to practical use.

I ran against the Doctor in Chicago at the World's Fair. "Come on," said he, "let's go down on the Midway, the 'streets of Cairo' open to-day and you'll enjoy a sniff of the camels." Soon his attention was attracted by hearing a familiar voice crying: "Come, ride-a my donk'; Yankee Doodle donk'; best-a donk' in Ki-i-ro!"

He immediately recognized the same donkey boy he had employed many times in Cairo, Egypt. "Hello, Abdallah! Do you remember me?" he asked.

After looking a few moments the boy's face lighted up with a broad grin, and he exclaimed: "Oh, yes. You been old Kiro; you Doc. Oh, yes, me ver' glad see you."

The Doctor shook his hand heartily, for the poor fellow seemed delighted to meet some one from old Cairo; and calling to another donkey boy, shouted: "Hey! Ibrahim! Come; run; here Doc., been Kiro!"

Ibrahim came quickly, whom the Doctor recognized as a boy who was employed at the hotel in Cairo, and said: "Oh, yes, Abe, from Shepherd's Hotel; I know you well."

"Yes, dat right, Sheppad's Hotel," he replied. "But all same donk' boy now; good donk' boy."

They were both pleased to see some one who had been to "Old Cairo," and offered their donkeys to the Doctor for a free ride, but he assured them he never rode donkeys in America. He asked: "Well, how do you like the United States?"

"Oh, him big country; good beer; good whisk' too!"

"Come on," said the Doctor, "these boys have progressed rapidly in this country; by the time they leave Chicago they will be mentally equipped to open jack-pots on the pyramids."

"Jack-pots," said I, "I've heard the name somewhere, what are they, Doctor, anything like eel pots, set for pike or jack?"

The Doctor was absorbed in a rollicking Irish jig which a piper was playing in front of the Irish Village, and answered, abstractedly: "No, they're set for suckers, one fellow opens them and another fellow gets the net results."

Dr. Schliemann and Fred Douglass.

After the waiter had taken our order, an amused expression came over the Doctor's face as he beat triple bob-majors on the table ith his fingers' ends, and it continued so long that I said: "That may be a very funny story you are telling yourself, but I can't see the point."

"My dear boy, those donkey boys have brought up reminiscences, and, pardon me, I forgot myself for the moment. The particular thing of which I was thinking is not too awfully funny, but just a little so. You see, when I was in Egypt I became acquainted with Dr. Schliemann, the great investigator of Greek antiquities, who had been spending the winter up the Nile. We went to Athens on the same steamer, and among other passengers were Mr. Fred Douglass and his wife. Mr. Douglass was placed at the head of the table by the Egyptian steward, who no doubt thought him, from his venerable and commanding appearance, to be some great African dignitary. During the dinner on the first day out, Mr. Douglass, turning to Dr. Schliemann, who was seated at his right, asked: 'Do you intend to make much of a stay in Greece?'

"'Yes, I guess so,' replied Dr. S., who looked like an ordinary German business man.

"'Well, you'll find it a very interesting country,' returned he. 'I have never been there, though I have always been much interested in Greece. Of course, all countries are more or less alike in their physical features; they all have their air and sky, their hills and plains, their mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers; but it is not so much that as the history of the people who live or have lived in a country that interests us.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' replied Dr. Schliemann.

"'Now, from my earliest reading I have been particularly interested in the history of the ancient Greeks.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' assented Schliemann.

"'Now I find I have forgotten a great deal of my Greek history, but lately I came across a little book that has proved invaluable to me, not so much for the information it contains as that it recalls so much that I had forgotten concerning Greece and the Greeks.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' said Dr. S., poking me with his elbow.

"'Now, if you, sir, intend to make much of a stay in Greece, I would advise you to obtain a copy of this book, it is Murray's Guide to Greece.'

"About this time Schliemann was taken with a fit of coughing so violent that Douglass looked alarmed, but when it finally subsided S. said: 'Yes, I guess so.'

"It was excruciatingly funny, and when Dr. Schliemann and I afterward met the author of the book so earnestly recommended, Prof. Murray, on the way to Mount Parnassus, the staid Scotchman laughed immoderately at the recital of the incident, and said it was the best joke he ever heard, which is saying a good deal for a Scotchman."

The Man.

Dr. Henshall is of English descent, two of his forefathers being Rev. Samuel Henshall and Rev. John Wilkinson, joint authors of the "Domesday Book." He was born in Baltimore in 1842, and inherited a taste for terrapin, canvasback duck, rare, and oysters *au naturel*. Those of us to whom rare wild duck is, like caviare, olives and some decayed cheeses, an acquired taste, will appreciate the advantage of being born near the wild celery beds of Chesapeake Bay, where the canvasback reaches that perfection which it attains nowhere else. A man so favored is an epicure by birth.

As a boy he went to Cincinnati and studied medicine, and after graduation married and moved to Kentucky to practice, about the time the Civil War came on, where he broke down from overwork on both "Blue and Gray," and then removed to New York, and later to Wisconsin, where, under the *nom de plume* of "Oconomowoc," he began to write for FOREST AND STREAM of the charms of black bass fishing, and devised a rod which is still on the market as the "Oconomowoc," the name of a little village of which he was president.

In January, 1887, he wrote me from Havana, saying that Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, and he were on their way to Spain for a cruise in the Mediterranean during the winter, returning in spring for salmon fishing in Scotland. He promised to write me an account of the trip, and as only some eleven years have gone by since his promise, I am watching the mails for the letter, which may come, if it was ever mailed.

The Doctor removed to Tampa, Florida, about 1894 on account of the health of Mrs. Henshall, and in September of 1896 he wrote that her health had been "much



YOUNG AMERICA.

benefited by her sojourn in this generous climate." To-day I read that our troops are to be removed from Tampa for sanitary reasons.

The Doctor as a Smuggler.

While we were smoking on my piazza the Doctor said: "Those Florida Crackers are a queer lot; a few years ago I had charge of a scientific exploration in Florida, with the schooner Grampus, and did the work along shore in a mackerel seine boat rigged with two masts and sails. One night, when anchored off the fishing ranch of Mr. McIlvane, on Sarasota Bay, a fierce southwest gale sprung up, causing a very heavy sea which would have swamped the boat in a short time. As there was no lee or harbor on that side, it became necessary to cross to the opposite shore of the bay. Getting under way at daylight, with but a small bight of the foresail, the boat fairly flew with the gale astern, the sea curling over both gunwales. In forty-five minutes we reached Long Boat Inlet, eight miles away, where it was as smooth as a mill pond under the mangroves. While mooring the boat, two old gray-bearded fishermen approached, one carrying a bottle.

"'Good mornin', Cap.!' said he.

"'How are you, men?' we replied.

"'Well, me and my partner 'ave bin gittin' up before daylight all week to ketch the tide, and I'm most dead with rheumatics; I want to git a little rum.'

"'You have come to a poor shop for rum,' I answered.

"'Oh, I only want a quart,' he persisted.

"'I have no rum; I would not object to a drop myself just now, as we are soaking wet and pretty cold.'

"'Oh, it's all right, Cap.; just let me have a quart.'

"'See here, men,' said I, 'this is a Government vessel; don't you see the flag that man is just hoisting? And positively, I haven't a drop of spirits aboard, or you should have it, and welcome.'

"The old fellow's face was a study, and ludicrous to behold, with disappointment and disgust contending for the mastery, as he said: 'If you 'aven't got smuggled rum aboard, and the rev'nue of'cers ain't after you, what in Sam Hill did you cross the bay fur in this gale?'

A Lost Bass.

The Doctor's stay on Long Island was short. I took down my old-time banjo and pulled every cork in the house, but he resisted all temptation. Yes, he would fish in the mill pond toward evening for the big-mouth black bass, and then there was a gathering of rods, reels, fly-books and a sending of men for the salt-water fiddler crabs, because we were not honored every day by such a black bass angler.

My man brought frogs as well as fiddler crabs, and we ventured our lives in a scow on the mill pond. We tried flies and all sorts of lures, but the bass declined them all, but we persevered until sundown.

Just as we decided to give it up the Doctor had a rousing strike, and by the way the reel sang before the rush could be checked we knew that he was fast to a good one. When the rush was stopped, the rod bent and quivered for a moment, and then the quivering ceased; the line was around the stem of a water lily some distance away. The Doctor kept a strain on the rod as we neared the spot, and when I pulled up the lily stem the bass was gone.

As we left the pond and walked toward the house, the Doctor broke the silence by asking: *"Quo hades vadis piscis?"*

I truthfully replied: "Durned if I know."

FRED MATHER.

The Brown Trout in Tasmania.

ZEEHAN, West Coast, Tasmania.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have not done much in the way of sport since I left home some eighteen months ago for the mining fields on the West Coast of Tasmania. The West Coast, or, more correctly speaking, the western half of the island, is nothing but a wild, rugged, mountainous region, the mountains reaching an altitude of 5,000ft. The great hills and deep valleys are clothed with dense beech and pine and eucalyptus forests and scrubs, and are full of small lakes, with one or two of considerable size. This county also has a large water system in its rivers and numerous creeks, which empty into the southern Pacific Ocean on the coast, whose shores the mighty rollers of the Southern Ocean never cease to surge and roar. The moisture-laden winds that come off the ocean cause a heavy precipitation of rain, amounting to 100in. annually.

This region possessing such a wet climate, and there being no pasture lands which can support any ordinary animal, but only wombats, a few brush kangaroos and other insignificant marsupials which nature has made fit to find an existence in such a cheerless country, there is no wonder that it supports a scanty fauna and avifauna, and is not worth the sportsman's time and trouble pursuing game.

Being a lover of the gentle art, I had the good fortune to have some of best sport any man could wish to have during my holiday; and after not having a rod in my hand for nearly three years, I took it up again with increased enthusiasm.

The brown trout has been acclimatized in Tasmania. The rivers are for the most part fairly rapid, clear streams, alternating with still, deep pools, and the rivers and streams in the west country are of a coffee color from the peaty soil in which they take their rise and flow through. The river in which I caught my fish is somewhat different, being a small insignificant stream, and for the most part sluggish, opening out into long and deep reed-fringed pools, which are inhabited by hundreds of magnificent brown and what I think to be a hybrid species—neither a brown trout nor a salmon trout, but at all events a finer fish than the brown trout, better shaped, gamier and better eating.

Until this season I had never killed anything like the quantity of fish, especially in the large, still waters, on account, I think, of the scarcity of food in winged insects, but we have experienced an unprecedentedly dry summer, which has brought with it among other unwelcome things, such as bush fires, etc., a small plague of grasshoppers. It is to the presence of these insects I owe my good sport, as the trout feed exclusively on them as they fly into the water. Upon examining every fish I killed I found their stomachs full of grasshoppers. The flies I chiefly used were the red-spinner, Alexandria, March-brown, Cocky-Bondhu, and to these I attached the hopper.

The best time for fishing I found was from 7 A. M. till 1 P. M., because a cold sea breeze would set in about midday and not a fish would rise after that. I suppose that the sudden change in the temperature or the atmospheric conditions stopped the fish from rising. I found that the best days for fishing were when a stiff westerly breeze was blowing (the river flowing from east to west); they would rise well, as on account of a strong ripple on the water they could not so easily see you.

Altogether I caught 150lbs. weight of fish, and my brother also caught about the same; so that is 300lbs. weight of fish between us, so that it was a good season's angling.

V. LEGGE.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The score of our seventh contest, held this afternoon, is as follows:

J. D. Belasco..... ..		..	..	82 3-5
I. H. Bellows.....113	95 1-3	96		95 2-5
B. W. Goodsell.....109	92 2-3	95 5-6		91 1-5
H. Greenwood	..	..		96
H. G. Hascal 105	89 1-3	91 1-2		96 1-5
N. C. Heston..... ..	90 2-3	93 5-6		87 1-5
E. R. Letterman..... ..	80 2-3	77 5-6		91 3-5
C. A. Lippincott..... ..	97 1-3	93 5-6		88 3-5
C. G. Ludlow.....100	92 1-3	94 1-6		86 1-3
G. A. Murrell..... ..	91 1-3	90 1-2		93 1-5
F. N. Peet.....114	94 2-3	94 2-3		97 3-5

Holders of Medals: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, C. A. Lippincott; accuracy and delicacy, I. H. Bellows; bait casting, F. N. Peet.

Young America.

TYPICAL young America to-day is a fisherman, equipped as no boy before him has been fitted out for fishing. This particular individual of the type is Master Max Martin, son of Mr. H. W. Martin, of automatic reel inventive genius; and the fish represents 18lbs. of Maine trout.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—President Nat. H. Cohen, of the Illinois State Fish Commission, is good enough to put me in possession of some facts of a very gratifying nature regarding the supply of bass in the waters of this State. It surely seems that the commission is doing great work with the fish life of the overflows of the lower part of the State, and the results can not fail of notice later in an increased supply of game fish in all parts of Illinois. Naturally Mr. Cohen has a word to say for his friend, the carp, and it is just that the impression should be corrected, if it be wrong, that the carp is cleaning out the bass. Personally I hear from other sources that the carp are ruining some waters, such as the Kankakee River, which Mr. Cohen mentions, once a grand bass water, and now spoken of as continually muddy from the stirring up by the multitudes of carp. I can not tell how true this report may be, and think the ditching of the river at certain points may have something to do with its roily condition. Not that I love the carp, even after Mr. Cohen's encouraging comment upon him, which, of course, he is in position to make under his own observation, and with authority. He says:

There has been no time in the history of the Illinois Fish Commission that black bass has been so abundant. The year will prove that carp is not so destructive to our game fishes as the majority of people have been led to believe. On the contrary, they have supplied food for the enormous amount of bass that the present year will produce. The commission has been at work for thirty days, and have averaged over 2,500 bass a day, and could have taken more if the capacity of our boat would permit. Every pond, lake and bayou tributary to the Illinois River is filled with this year's bass, and if all could be taken at the proper time they would supply the United States. The commission has so far distributed 50,000 fish, not fry. These bass are from 2 to 6in. in length, able to take care of themselves, and some are ready to take the hook. If nothing prevents, and the ponds do not evaporate too soon, we expect to gather 500,000 this year. U. S. Commission Car No. 3 will take from the hatchery at Meredosia 10,000 bass, to be planted in the Kankakee River at Custer Park. Over twenty plants have been made in central and southern Illinois this season. The lakes of the northern part will be supplied later. The commission feels gratified in having been able to accomplish so much work, and with such promise of great results.

We took 30,000 out of one pond with only 14in. of water in it, and it would have gone dry in two weeks. We have several other locations that are equally as prolific. I send you this statement for two reasons, first, to let you know that there are more bass this year than for twenty years. Some of them are as long as yearlings.

We are not trying to stock any more streams with carp, but the public should know that they are not quite as black as they are painted.

Wisconsin Fish.

Fay Buck writes me from his Divide Resort, Manitowish, Wis.:

"Mr. Lampson and friend, from Columbus, Ohio, landed 182 black bass, 27 weighing over 3lbs. The fishing this summer has been good. July is not a very good month for muscallunge, but we have landed quite a number weighing from 10 to 15lbs."

Tuna Club.

The Tuna Club, of Los Angeles, Cal., has twenty-four members, each of whom has taken a tuna weighing over 100lbs. The club is contemplating putting up handsome medals for record fish, first, second and third, these to be awarded next season. The tuna records are to be kept in a regular record book.

Tarpon Club.

The Tarpon Club, of Texas, organized last winter, and mentioned at the time in FOREST AND STREAM, now has over 300 members, and applications which would run the list up to over 400 if all were admitted. The elaborate club house at Aransas Pass is in advanced state of construction. Our sleepy old village of Rockport, Texas, is going to be spoiled by becoming fashionable, I am afraid.

Ohio Fish Commission.

Fish Commissioner Fallon and State Warden Reutinger, of Ohio, last week made a royal tour in the official car, coming over into the State of Indiana, where they spent some days looking into the methods of the State hatchery of Indiana. They were well entertained, and expressed themselves as pleased with the trip.

Kentucky Anglers.

A special sleeping car carried a large angling party from Louisville, Ky., early this week, members of the Kaintuck Club, who were bound for Magnetawan, Can., for a long camping trip, which surely ought to be a pleasant one. The following gentlemen were of the aggregation: Judge T. L. Burnett, Judge Emmet Field, Judge J. C. Dodd, Dr. C. W. Kelly, R. B. Thomas, R. H. Blain, S. T. Jones, J. C. Durrett, John S. Jackman, E. F. Camp, E. S. Monahan, E. H. French, J. E. O'Bryan, E. H. Hewett, W. M. Smith, J. C. Burnett, J. D. Loughridge and C. C. Early.

Good Bass Fishing.

I hear of two points this week which are affording good bass fishing. One is La Crosse, Wis., on the Mississippi River, always very well worth keeping in mind by any bass angler. The second place is at the La Grange dam on the Illinois River, where the bass fishing is extraordinary. The Fish Commission of the State are to be accredited with this latter fact. Mr. Frederick N. Peck, a newspaper man of Chicago, starts this week for Helena, Mont., where he will join friends and have an extended trouting trip.

E. HOUGH.

1240 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club.

AVALON, Cal., July 29.—The intense interest among anglers in the leaping tuna, who have visited the island of Santa Catalina to enjoy the sport of taking one of these fish, has resulted in the formation of a tuna club, the object of which is to discourage hand-line fishing and to reduce the sport to an exact science.

A result is already seen in the fact that but one or two tunas have been taken this season by hand-liners, while hundreds have been hooked with rods—nearly all breaking away, owing mainly to the inexperience of the fisherman or the "tuna fever" into which the novice is thrown by the gallant rush and fight of this king of fishes.

The Tuna Club is a close corporation, and apparently very select; having but twenty-four members—but it can be said that every man has earned his membership. The requirements are that every member shall have taken a 100lb. tuna with a fairly light rod and a line not larger than a 21 strand or thread Cuttyhunk. So far but twenty-four members have qualified and there is a remarkably large waiting list. The president is the angler who takes the heaviest fish, and he holds office until he is defeated. The first vice-president is the member who takes the greatest number in a season. Then come the members in the order of their weight rank, all being vice-presidents. The club offers a gold medal which is fished for each season, but remains the property of the club. This is for the largest fish, and there are second and third medals, to be held by the second and third catches. The list of members to date is as follows:

	Pounds.
June 1, 1898, C. F. Holder, president, Pasadena	183
June 25, 1898, S. S. Fraser, San Francisco	176
June 3, 1898, W. M. Rockwell, Redlands	168
June 19, 1898, W. F. Loud, Pomona	156
August, 1896, Col. C. P. Morehouse, Pasadena	150
June 22, 1898, E. L. Doran, Los Angeles	153
July 28, 1897, Greer Campbell, New York	140
June 15, 1898, M. C. Arnott, Elmira	148
July, 1898, W. J. Landers, San Francisco	138
July, 1898, Dr. H. K. Macomber, Pasadena	137
July 1898, Fitch Dewey, Detroit	136
July, 1898, C. R. Scudder, St. Louis	130
July, 1898, J. G. Chapman, New York	129½
July, 1896, H. A. Vachall, London	125
F. E. Brett, Mankato	120
W. S. Goodfellow, San Francisco	116
J. M. Studebaker, South Bend	115
E. A. Doran, Los Angeles	110
Thos. S. Manning, Philadelphia	105
H. L. Loomis, Los Angeles	105
F. V. Rider, New York	103
P. H. McMahon, Randsburgh	103
Nat F. Wilshire, Los Angeles	102
C. A. Wucomin, Los Angeles	101

Mr. E. L. Doran is the first vice-president, having taken sixteen fish in the season, and several others have taken four or five, but all base their membership on one fish.

My letter to FOREST AND STREAM has occasioned so many inquiries from fishermen that I may perhaps add a few additional notes on the tuna. The fish is probably identical with *Orcynus thynnus* of the Atlantic; but owing to the fact that its prey is the large California flying fish, its habits are different; in other words, it is a remarkable leaper, not only after it is hooked, but at all times. It will bound 10 or 15ft. into the air. I have seen it strike a flying fish in the air; and a reliable boatman in casting had a tuna leap from the water and seize the bait in the air before it struck. They have been known to leap over boats, and I have retreated before a large school that were leaping, fearing that one might land in the boat and go through it; a very easy matter.

We troll for the fish within 100 or 200ft. of the rocky shores of the island, calling to mind the bass grounds of the St. Lawrence, only here the water is extremely deep a few feet from shore. The fish lie off shore at midday, coming in in the early morning; best fishing being from daylight until 8 or 9, and from 3 P. M. until 8 at night.

The season may be said to be from May or possibly April until November—June being in my experience the best month. The fish stop biting as a rule at the full moon and stop mysteriously at other times. At about July 15 there is a decided falling off in catches, but I am confident that this is due to the roving character of the tunas, and they are caught from fast launches at all times. A launch is not necessary. Some of the finest catches are made from boats slowly moving. But behind a launch the fisherman covers more ground. The bait used is a large 16in. flying fish. The tuna strikes at full speed and at the eye of the fish, so that the killing hook should be here. Some leap into the air and come down upon the bait; others come boiling along at the surface and generally two are together.

I agree with Mr. Beard, who faithfully fished for the tuna, that it is the "game fish" of the world, well deserving the encomiums he has given it. In this connection it is interesting to note the effect of the fish upon anglers. The average man in my experience is helpless in from ten to thirty minutes with his first fish, and almost invariably loses it. Some I have seen are utterly exhausted in ten minutes, partly from physical exhaustion and partly from the nervous strain. After fighting my 183lb. fish four hours I was almost completely exhausted, and for a week suffered from the strain. With the second and third catches it is different. One profits by the remarkable experience, yet two-thirds of the fish hooked escaped from skilled members of the Tuna Club, due I think to the fact that during the intense excitement of the rushes, too much force is put upon the brake, and the thread-like line parts. In former years I lost scores of these fish before I learned that the friction of the brake burnt the line—now the first move is to wet the line and brake.

As to reels and rods, Julius and Edwin Vom Hofe, of New York, both make the ideal tuna reel, and the only one obtainable here that will withstand the terrible strain. The reel should should be large enough to hold 900ft. of wet 21-strand line. In rods, any good striped bass rod will serve the purpose. What is known as an ironwood bass rod is used, also the noibewood bass rod, or Hall bass rod. I have found particularly adapted for the sport a heavy 16oz. split bamboo. In lines the Cuttyhunk is the most enduring in my experience. My large tuna, the record fish, was taken on one of these lines, the fish towing a heavy boat by it against my boatman's oars for at least ten miles. I do not know the maker's name, but the test was a tribute to his tackle. On such tackle (rod and reel) a member of the Tuna Club has at the present writing landed a 327lb. black sea bass, bringing the fish to gaff in fifty-five minutes.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

Boston Anglers.

BOSTON, Aug. 5.—Salt-water fishing is increasing in popularity among merchants and business men. Buzzard's Bay is popular, though regarded as uncertain; but sometimes giving excellent results. Two gentlemen of the wool trade, and a well-known newspaper proprietor (their names I am not at liberty to use), were on Buzzard's Bay the other day, for scup and tautog. The fishing was not of the best, the day being very hot. It was proposed to go over and call on Joseph Jefferson, the renowned personification of Rip Van Winkle, as well as lover of the angle. They were most graciously received and handsomely entertained, because they were fishermen. Two of the Cleveland children were at Mr. Jefferson's cottage, and the sportsmen had a good look at a couple of good, healthy babies, without any sort of "flummery" or useless formality. Mr. Jefferson has an ideal cottage and establishment. His pictures are worth many thousands of dollars. In one door he has a transparency of Booth, and in another one of William Warren. He delights in fishing; fishes almost every day, in fact, when the weather permits. The next morning after this visit the Boston sportsmen received a basket of trout, with the compliments of Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman is back from another trip to the preserve of the Megantic Club. The club is well patronized this season. There are twenty-eight people at Big Island Pond, nine at Chain of Ponds, and twelve at the main club house. The fishing has not been good at Big Island Pond of late, doubtless by reason of the extremely hot weather. At the main club house, Megantic Lake, the bass fishing has been excellent. In one day twenty-seven bass were taken by one party, the largest weighing 6lbs.—a remarkably large fish. Another day fourteen bass were taken by another lucky party. Deer are remarkably plenty, and are well protected, the club having wardens, whom everybody respects. Partridges are also plenty, which is remarkable, considering the scarcity of these game birds in other parts of the State. Prospects for fall shooting are excellent.

A Fish Pays a Church Debt.

Aug. 8.—The salmon fishermen continue to return. Generally the late fishing has been scarcely fair in the New Brunswick and Quebec waters. Messrs. Robert Bacon, of New York, and Gorham Peters, of Boston, are back from the Grand Cascapedia. They had only fair fishing, with a good deal of extremely hot weather. The Dumaresq party is back from the Dawson Pool at the Restigouche. In the party were Messrs. Herbert Dumaresq, T. R. Hoyt and L. R. Howe. These gentlemen control the celebrated Dawson Pool. They had moderately good fishing, getting seven salmon each. Still there was a good deal of the time when the fishing was very poor, and anything reasonable was done to keep up the interest. Old gentleman Dawson, for whom the pool was named, lives there with his wife and guards the fishing interests zealously. A little church stands in the town, in which both he and his wife are interested. On the meeting house was a debt that has hung like a deadly incubus for some time. Though but $100, it has troubled the good people a great deal. The sum is a large one for the good folks of that country. Mr. Herbert Dumaresq registered a vow one day that if he should take a salmon of 29lbs. he would pay the church debt. Little did he think that the good fish of the pool might be on the side of the church. The next day he went a-fishing and soon hooked a monster. After a tremendous struggle the fish was landed, and behold it weighed 36lbs., and was borne in triumph on a board up to the little town. Mr. Dumaresq was prompt in lifting the church debt, and Mother Dawson and the other mothers of the little church declared, with tears of gratitude in their eyes, that "The Lord sent that fish!" But the sportsmen have another reckoning with Mr. Dumaresq as they tender their congratulations. They tell him that he owes that little church seven more contributions for his promise was registered at 29lbs., but the fish weighed 36lbs. At any rate, it was the biggest fish of the trip, and one of the biggest of the season in any waters, and Mr. Dumaresq, real sportsmen that he is, is greatly pleased.

SPECIAL.

Great Fishing off the New Jersey Shore.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 7.—Coast fishing has developed all that was predicted earlier in the season. From all points come the most encouraging details. Every stream along the coast is productive of the best fishing, while the ocean proper is prolific of fish life. Strange as it may seem, the ebb tide is now the most productive of results. While the striped bass have given the angler the go-by, still the weakfish and kingfish are extremely abundant, and every day and night bring good results to the angler of experience.

A most important matter is now claiming the attention of all anglers. A fish locally termed the croaker is taking the hook freely about one mile at sea. As the description of the fish does not agree with the description of that fish as properly known, I have offered a special price for a specimen, so that the matter may be satisfactorily settled. A description of the fish, together with memoranda of baits, etc., will be given in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM in a later issue. The absence of pound nets has re-established our old-time fishing, and to all who enjoy a catch either in the ocean or estuary I would say the time is now ripe, and will so continue until Oct. 1.

LEONARD HULIT.

Mahopac Bass.

THE largest black bass taken this season from Lake Mahopac, New York, was caught by Mr. Clifford P. Lukens, of New York city, in the last week in July. It measured 21½in. and weiged 5½lbs.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XIV.

The Willington covers that I have mentioned were, in the good old days, a very paradise for the sportsman who was familiar with the many nooks and corners loved by the birds. But to the stranger it was often nearly barren ground, for the most likely looking spots, with few exceptions, were not the chosen haunts of the game. I well remember a most inviting bit of alder cover that bordered a meadow through which ran a little brook, but no birds were ever found here. I have worked out the ground nearly every time I have been in the vicinity, but always with the same result, and often have I resolved that I would never try it again, but as a well-known sportsman has written, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." My eyes no sooner caught sight of the spreading alders, with the wealth of waving ferns and emerald grassy nooks spread so lavishly beneath, than with renewed hope the dogs were given the word and again would we thread the beautiful aisles in perfect confidence that this time we would surely find them at home. But, I regret to say, the only result was renewed resolve that we would never again be tempted to explore the beautiful but illusive place.

About a quarter of a mile beyond this charming spot was a patch of about an acre that, so far as looks were concerned, held out no inducement whatever for the sportsman to explore it. The cover was of straggling growth, interspersed with thorns and briers, while the ground was fully one-half covered with stones, making a very uninviting looking place to search for birds, but they were there nevertheless, and we have often brought to bag a full dozen woodcock in this most unpromising spot.

The very cream of the whole of the extensive range of covers was the old "chaparral," as it was called by the select few who had the good fortune to share with my old friend, Fred Eaton, the pleasure of exploring the many nooks and corners of this sure abiding place of the shy woodcock. I shall never forget my first two visits to the delightful resort. Although nearly a half-century has passed, those two delightful days of royal sport still bring to me bright memories of the good old times, and fond recollections of my life-long friend. I had met Mr. Eaton the previous June on the banks of a trout stream, and somehow we took to each other, although he was a man of middle age, while I was only a boy. He promised to be at my home the evening of Oct. 9, so that we could take an early start the next morning, for he assured me that the 10th was the day of days for woodcock, as he had abundantly proven by his experience in the past twenty years. At last the longed for day arrived, and just at dusk Mr. Eaton came, and we were soon seated in front of the old-fashioned fireplace, where we remained until nearly midnight fighting our battles over again and comparing notes regarding the game supply in the different localities with which we were respectively acquainted. He could devote only a few days each season to his favorite sport, and nearly all of his shooting was over grounds that were comparatively well known, for he could not afford the time to investigate unknown covers; but the Willington country he had discovered some years previously while trouting, and he took no little pride that so rich a domain was all his own. We started a few minutes past 1 o'clock, and arrived at Mr. Eaton's usual stopping place shortly after 5 o'clock. Our genial host, Mr. Dolly, and his wife met us at the door with hearty welcome, and before we had returned from taking care of our horse the good dame called us in to breakfast.

Shortly after sunrise we were on our way to the chaparral, which lay a short distance below the house, rather a straggling looking cover with an occasional poplar some 20 to 30ft. in height, a few large clumps of birches and stray clusters of scrub oak, the whole surrounded and connected by a smaller growth of birch and witch hazel, making a fairly good looking cover, but one that came far short of what I had been led to expect. I said nothing to this effect, however, for which I was soon profoundly thankful. My dog came to a point just as he was about to enter the cover, and when I went around to drive the bird outside no less than four of the beauties rose nearly at the same instant, and about three seconds later every one of them was back to earth again. Somehow I had taken it for granted that Eaton could shoot, and I had no fears concerning my own performance, for I had taken my degree as a snap shot two years before, but Eaton, as he afterward told me, had doubts that a boy could acquit himself even fairly well among the birds, but this rather difficult double set that matter at rest, and a satisfied look spread over his smiling face as he tersely ejaculated "good boy." This was my first introduction to the chaparral, and long before we had explored its many nooks and corners I had nearly as much love for the dear old place as Eaton, for we found an abundance of woodcock, and enjoyed ourselves as only a sportsman can when, with congenial companions, a perfect day and abundant sport, he adds one more red-letter day to the list he so fondly recalls as the years pass by. Hallowed memories these, that weary tramps and days of unsuccessful sport only serve to brighten and make more dear. This was in truth a red-letter day to us. Mr. Eaton was just my ideal for a shooting companion, and I judged from his appearance as well as the expressions of satisfaction that fell from his lips that he was well pleased with me. After we had worked out the cover we returned to the house, smoothed the plumage of our birds—there were sixty-three of them—and feasted our eyes upon the goodly array.

Upon comparing notes we found that this beat, by several birds, all previous records that either of us had made. Eaton had only one day off and we were forced to return, much against inclination, for we had seen during the day quite an extensive tract of good looking country that we were anxious to explore. We agreed, however, that we would visit the old chaparral the next season upon the same date, and make arrangement for plenty of time to look over other covers in the vicinity.

The anniversary of our three score and three day, as Eaton called it, found us again entering the cover before the sun was far above the horizon, and again we found the birds at home, for when we took account of stock we counted fifty-nine. Mr. Dolly rated us soundly for this falling off, and at his suggestion we returned to the cover and beat out a small patch which we had not explored. This patch of about two acres was really a portion of the chaparral, as it was only across the road from this cover. We soon secured the four birds necessary to tie our previous score, and without trying for more we returned to the house, for Eaton said that we should both be more pained than pleased to have the score wiped out that had afforded us so much pleasure during the past year. Not only this, but in the years to come, when the memory of these glorious days should come to cheer us, there would be an added charm in the thought that by staying our hands we now would have two of them instead of only one.

We had upon this trip decided to explore some of the very inviting looking country in this vicinity, so the next morning we took an easterly course in the direction of quite an extensive tract of alder and birch covers, which we worked out thoroughly; then swinging north, beat all the covers within our range until it was time for lunch, after which we turned west, and at sunset found ourselves upon the hillside above, and only a short distance from our starting point. We had worked over much barren ground, but upon the whole were well pleased with our success, for we had found quite a number of corners and little runs where birds were fairly abundant, and had learned the places to avoid when next we came here.

Shadow.

[to be continued.]

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Shall New York have Trials?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why cannot New York State have its field trial? With as many thorough sportsmen and good dogs as there are in our State it would seem as if a field trial would be supported. Many of us who dearly love our dogs and the sport of seeing them "tried out" cannot afford the time and money that it takes to go South to attend the trials now on the calendar. Then too many of our State dogs are broken for such shooting as we enjoy in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and would not do for the fast Southern work, while they would give a good account of themselves where hunting to the gun and all that goes to make up a first-class shooting dog would be considered.

I was one of the original six who, under the direction of Mr. Jacob Pentz—then connected with the Turf, Field and Farm—organized the Eastern Field Trials Club, took the best dogs we had at hand, went down to Robbin's Island and held the first trial of the club. I remember my black and white setter bitch Daisy divided third with one of Dr. Fleet Spear's dogs, and we had a grand good time all around. The little town of New Suffolk made us very welcome, and we went there again two or three years until the club outgrew its use for Robbin's Island and moved its trials south. A large number of the original members quit the club at that time, and I have never heard of a club in this State since. We had some delightful days at those first meetings of the E. F. T. Club. Some time I must write you two or three articles on the happenings at the first trials and of some of the grand sportsmen that enjoyed them, and how the first lady attending a field trial came to get there.

But I am drifting. Why cannot we have another club and hold a trial that shall determine which is the best hunting dog, as we want dogs to hunt here in our State, where speed shall not be the winning card, but where the dog that hunts best to the gun, is obedient with the least noise from his handler, that takes all sorts of ground with dash and without fear, that is stanch in the briers as well as in the open, and that shall retrieve nicely, shall be the dog to take home the "blue." Of course he must have speed, but it must be educated speed controlled by the knowledge of the work he is at and the pleasure of his handler. He must be a dog that will go out and stay out so long as is required of him, and go just where he is directed.

I believe a State club could be gotten together on these lines, and I also believe that a first-class place could be had for holding the trials.

Gardiner's Island, on Gardiner's Bay, eastern end of Long Island, would be a grand place if arrangements could be made for the trials there. It has been my privilege twice within the last few years to go to Gardiner's Island, and Mr. Lionel Gardiner, the thirteenth (I believe) descendant and owner of this beautiful island, is a fine gentleman and a grand host. The last time I was yachting in these waters, coming down from Greenport through Plum Gut, I noticed Mr. Schermerhorn's big steam yacht lying off Gardiner's Island, and was told he had leased the shooting privilege of the island. As to this being correct I do not know; but either gentleman might be willing to give the club the privilege of a few days on the island, especially as no birds to speak of would be killed. The last time I was on the island, on passing from one meadow to another to look at some of Mr. Gardiner's fine colts, we started bevy after bevy of quail, leaving no question but what there would be an abundance of birds. This would be an ideal spot for a trial if it could be had. We would be obliged to stay at the nearest point across the bay on Long Island shore and go to and fro by boat; but this could easily be arranged for, and a suitable boat could be had probably at small cost, besides making a delightful little variation in the usual routine of the trials. If this place could not be had—and I have not reason to think it could other than I know that it is in the hands of gentlemen and I believe thoroughly good sportsmen—there are other club preserves on Long Island that might be obtained. It would at least be worth a trying to locate a place if the idea seems to meet with approval. If we find it does I shall be pleased to give you my ideas as to what would be required of the judges, dogs, and also of the members, to make the trials a success—one of value to us all in bringing out the best dogs for our shooting, and the greatest amount of good clean sport. Your valuable paper could do much toward the club's success. E. A. Spooner.

New York, July 25.

A Missouri Fox Chase.

Pittsfield, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among my papers I have come upon this letter from Daniel Morris to Ensign M. Smith, both of Missouri. I have accompanied these two genial and enthusiastic sportsmen and hunters upon several very enjoyable hunting trips in the Southwest. I send the letter, thinking you may consider it of sufficient interest for publication.

Frank Paddock.

On our wolf chase we had one of the finest days of sport I ever put in in southeast Missouri. The famous Jake Davison and myself left Poplar Bluff about 9 P. M. Tuesday, the 17th, horseback, with the noted thirteen, which were quite anxious for a chase after anything that would even try to make an escape from them. Everything went quite well except now and then a dash by the entire pack at some scent which by chance may have been left by some varmint near the roadside; but by keeping a close lookout and using some sharp talk to Mr. Snort and Miss Gay, with now and then a little of another kind to old Drive, as you are aware he has quite tender feelings, we managed to arrive at the end of the journey, where we went into quarters until 7 A. M., when Miss Gay woke me by letting me know that it was quite time to be out. Up I got and seized my old ram's horn and gave it a sound that caused the little dog to think I was off, and in she came. By a little sweet talk the dogs were persuaded to stay until a few moments before 8, when here came the Ham delegation, about fifteen, with as many dogs. Some five or six others joined in, and we were all soon mounted and off toward the wolf den. As I had been there before, the crowd looked to me to guide the hunt, and so I did. After we had gone down the rock road I advised the party about how I thought the wolves would run if we should find them where they were before; so the men all did fine; every man held his place until the signal was given to reassemble. Myself and young Ham, with two others, filed off to the left on top of the hill, where the wolves were having a good repose, doubtless from the exercise taken the night before.

Every now and then I would talk a little to the dogs. Snort wanted a deer chase. I had to scold him. All at once there was a break and a dash, and of all the yelling I ever heard the best took place about this time. Every dog seemed to know what was up. There was no drawback in any of the dogs. Everyone went in with a vim. One would have thought the noted thirteen were trained to do this kind of work; but I give the Ham dogs the credit for the start. They all did well. About fifteen minutes, and bang! went a gun, and in ten minutes more bang! went the second shot, and five minutes more bang! went the third shot. It was now evident that something was hurt, as two of the three shots were from double-barreled shotguns: one in the hands of old man Ham and the other in the hands of old man Tucker. This was sufficient to draw myself and men toward the rock road, where the men were stationed, and to my wonder and surprise every man was at his post, ready for any emergency at or near his stand. This spoke well for the men and was very encouraging to me.

I waited a few moments, and lo and behold! we heard the sound of a horn. In response, I sounded the old ram's horn, which I sometimes carry on such occasions. This was sufficient to all the men to come: and they did so in haste. Old man Ham, "I mean the Representative Ham," was the lucky man. He had killed one wolf.

The next thing in order was to get the dogs and horses to water, so we marched in double file to Indian Creek and were cooling off to the pleasure of all the dogs, "for it was very hot," when to my wonder and surprise just across the creek there was a voice, and lo and behold, it was old man Tucker, and he hallooed out: "Boys, I have killed one wolf and wounded the old bitch, and devil take the luck, if my horse did not throw me: the first time she ever did such a thing in my life, but I got it, boys: here is the hide. Your dogs scared it and one red dog was running them when they come down this way, and I just took this one in."

It was now near noon, and we all took over one hour's rest, during which time the crowd managed to tell a few wolf stories, and at the same time several of the men had brought a lunch along and there was plenty for every one to eat and be happy. P. M. 1:30 I commanded: "Now, men, let us cross over the creek where Tucker wounded the old bitch, and see if we can't start her up all right. All ready? Here goes! Look out! do not shoot anything only what you shoot at."

On we went across the creek all in abreast, only some 300yds., and: "Hold up boys, that dog smells a wolf! Go, Snort!" Bow, wow, wow, went fifteen or twenty dogs all about the same time. Bang went a rifle; fifteen or twenty men all brought a yell, and of all the fine running you ever saw, and of all the nice voices of dogs, fully thirty dogs all going at once, excited by the voices of so many men, together with the report of the rifle, which had been fired by one of our party, only to miss the wolf, but to give the dogs the start, which proved to be the finest race which ever took place in this

country. Away they went up the creek, over the hill, across the country toward the railroad, clear out of hearing. To follow was suicidal, so myself and Mr. Ham just stood still for more than thirty minutes, when, "Hush! do you hear them? Hush! they are coming back this way. Don't you hear them?" "Yes, I do," says the old man, and in less than ten minutes they came in sight of us, nearer and nearer, every dog to his work. Never was there such wakening times in this woods.

"Just listen! Don't they run? Here they come! Look, old man! Don't let him cross up there! Here they come! Here they come! Here they come!"

Old man Tucker just over the creek brought a squall; but it was too late. Little Gay had nipped the wolf in the flank, and the devilish thing turned to retaliate, only to face old Drive and two black dogs belonging to Ham. I was there myself to see the dogs string him out and see the other dogs come in, one, two, three at a time, until all the dogs were there. Every one would give the wolf a shake as they came in, and by the time they were all through the wolf was quite dead. While this was going on one man, who had gone up the creek to follow the dogs while they were running, dropped another wolf, which was trying to steal away from the report of so many dogs. The horn was sounded, and the men all came in to witness what had taken place, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

DAN.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

10. East Gloucester, open; Gloucester Harbor.
10-11. Chicago, open, Mackinaw.
13. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
13. Queen City, 19ft. class, Toronto.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Long Island Sound.
13. New Jersey Ath., cup, Newark Bay.
13. Cohasset, open, Cohasset Harbor.
13. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
13. Corinthian Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
13. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Burgess, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
13. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
13. American, cruise, Newburyport.
13. Taunton, cruise to Newport.
13. Shelter Island, open, Gardiner's Bay.
13-14. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Port Richmond.
13-18. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka international cup, Montreal, Lake St. Louis.
13-14. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Green Bay, annual, Green Bay, Wis.
18. Miramichi, Stewart pennant, Oak Point.
18. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narrangansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

THE certainty of a challenge from the owner of a new 90ft. cutter has put to rest with many others of its kind the silly story that the new schooner Rainbow was built to challenge for the America Cup. As this came from the Boston fiction factory, and had absolutely nothing but ignorant conjecture to support it, we have never taken the trouble to deny it; but the one fact that the new yacht is built to rate 20A1 at Lloyds is enough to demolish this carefully constructed fake as thoroughly as an American steam yacht would a torpedo boat destroyer. No yacht which is classed at Lloyds can win the America Cup under existing conditions, and no British yachtsman is such a fool as to try the experiment.

ON Saturday of this week the first race of the international series for the Seawanhaka cup takes place, on Lake St. Louis, Montreal; the defender being the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and the challenger the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The former is represented by G. Herrick Duggan, the winner of the cup at Oyster Bay in 1896, and the latter by Clinton H. Crane, the winner of the Seawanhaka trial races in 1896-7-8. The competing yachts are not yet known; Mr. Duggan has for the defense the successful Glencairn II. of last season, and four new boats of his design. The third of these, the one which he has sailed in the trial races, has just been named Dominion by her owner, Com. James Ross. She is, from all accounts, a double-hulled craft, a complete innovation in these races. The final selection will be made from the entire fleet, presumably one of the three new boats. Mr. Crane has two boats at Montreal, Seawanhaka, winner of the trial races, owned by the Seawanhaka syndicate, and an entirely new boat, just completed by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, and shipped down from Ogdensburg to Montreal, where he has joined the two. The new boat is owned by him, in connection with his father and a third owner. The challenger will be selected from the two prior to next Friday night.

The contest this year promises to be more even and more interesting than that of last year; Mr. Crane has profited a great deal by the experience of two seasons, especially by the actual racing on Lake St. Louis last year, and he shows a marked improvement in his work, both in designing and handling. Just what progress Mr. Duggan has made cannot be known until his new boat is on view, as from the reports he has evidently tried a radical experiment.

The races will be sailed under the same general arrangements and conditions as last year. Yachtsmen who may visit Montreal will find the club steamer at Lachine, four miles from the city, and easily reached by rail; the accommodations at Dorval, nine miles out, are limited to the yacht club house, and that will be filled by the members and those immediately connected with the races, so that others will have to depend on the hotels in Montreal. The trip to Montreal is a pleasant one, and those who make it are little likely to be disappointed; the sailing is even keener in these small craft than in large yachts, and from the reduced proportions of the course the boats may be followed throughout every moment of the race, while with a glass even the personal work of each member of the crew may be closely scrutinized. Only those who have watched both understand the added interest in this sort of racing compared with that of large yachts, which are of necessity seen only at intervals and imperfectly. Save in mere area of canvas, the small craft are in every way as interesting as the large ones, and even faster in proportion to their size.

THE Western Sports, of San Francisco, is doing good work in the direction of the abolition of time allowance, as already accomplished by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and in part by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. As a preliminary to this, however, it is absolutely essential that there shall be some established classes under a good measurement rule, to which men can build with some degree of protection from the racing machine and immediate out-building. Excellent as it is in itself, the mere abolition of time allowance has no effect whatever on type or form, and some restrictive rule is necessary unless each class is to be turned over to the freaks as soon as the racing in it becomes at all interesting.

POOR Britannia! At his examination on Aug. 1, in London, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, ex-promoter, testified that after he had purchased the cutter Britannia from the Prince of Wales for his associate, Mr. John Lawson Johnstone, he had been compelled to keep her himself, because she did not come up to Mr. Johnstone's expectations; which, it has been said by the way, were that she was a steam yacht. And yet Mr. Johnstone has figured in English journals as a yachtsman, and even attained the dignity of having his biography, with favorable mention of his proprietary specific, cabled across the ocean as that of a possible challenger for the America Cup. Mr. Hooley's revelations as to payment of money to men of all classes, from editors to earls, is amusing and instructive as to the true inwardness of the up-to-date business man and his methods.

AN unverified report comes from the other side to the effect that Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who has just sold his steam yacht Margarita to the King of Belgium, is negotiating for Valkyrie III., with the intention of bringing her to America. Should there be trial races in the 90ft. special class next year, the presence of Valkyrie III. alongside of Defender and a new defender would add materially to the interest in the races, as it was very plain that, as matters went, the yacht was never shown at her best in her two trials in this country in 1895. At the same time, the mischievous Payne bill stands in the way of such an experiment. Another report, which is more likely to be true, has it that Mr. Drexel will build a still larger steam yacht than Margarita.

The Measurement Rule.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of July 16 appeared a long and interesting criticism of the recent report of the Seawanhaka special committee by our correspondent Sextant, whose views on the measurement question are well known to our readers. Covering as it does a large number of points, this letter is by no means easy to answer within reasonable limits of space; and the many demands on our time during the racing season have thus far prevented even the attempt. Without presuming to speak in any way for the committee, we shall try to make clear some of the views held by those opposed to Sextant and Mr. Hill in the matter of the general principles of measurement, as well as some points dealing with specific details.

Near the end of Sextant's letter we find the following, by way of summary of the points made by him against the report: "The notable omissions in the report are the failure to discuss fundamental principles of measurement, and the absence of any attempt to justify the adoption of the proposed formula and to demonstrate its usefulness. Yachtsmen are practically asked to adopt it on faith, as they have so many others which have proved useless." Taking up the first of these points, relating to the fundamental principles of measurement, Sextant will probably agree with us in giving the first place to the broad issue between the two types of measurement rule: the "old type," such as the Seawanhaka and the present Y. R. A. linear rating rules, composed of variable factors, and the type advocated by himself and Mr. Hill, with arbitrary and fixed limits.

The consensus of opinion throughout the yachting world to-day is so strongly in favor of the former as, in the opinion of many, to render any further discussion of this question unnecessary. This type of rule has been in use from the earliest days of yacht racing, and if we follow the measurement question back year by year for half a century we shall still find the one idea expressed by practically all disputants, of measuring the "size" of racing yachts by summation of certain variable components. There is no end to the differences of opinion as to what should constitute "size" and what the factors and constants should be; but there is a general agreement on the suitability of this type of rule.

While this type of rule is in universal use to-day in America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and while nearly all who are working for the improvement of measurement rule have accepted it as the basis for their investigations, the other type, the rule based solely on arbitrary restrictions, is not in use as a general rule, nor has it any number of supporters. It is true that of late years, and in consequence of the patent failures of many formulas of the old type, numerous classes have been established under arbitrary limitations of "one-design," or certain tabulated restrictions, and with good success in the majority of cases. At the same time there is no important yachting body which has yet discarded its general formula, of the old type, to replace it with a restrictive rule, or rather a series of restrictive rules, to cover all its classes. Such work as has been done in the direction of arbitrary restrictions has been special and supplementary, and not primary and original.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has in the past two years encouraged a thorough discussion of the entire measurement question at its regular club meetings, at special meetings of men known to be interested in the matter, by the reports of its race committee and by letters to different yachtsmen. In this general canvassing of the whole subject, bringing out a great variety of views, there has been no demand whatever for a change from the old type of formula. It may be fairly assumed that this fact, with the knowledge of the general feeling of foreign yachtsmen, has influenced the late special committee in limiting its labors to the field of the existing type, of a formula composed of variable components.

The strongest argument which can be made against the formula type of rule and in favor of the restrictive type is that the former has repeatedly failed, while the latter has in many cases proved successful. This argument has been advanced by some of the Boston yachtsmen, who are opposed to the present Seawanhaka rule, as compared with the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rule of simple L.W.L., but are willing to consider a proposal for the general adoption of restrictive rules. To us it is a very weak one, for the two reasons that the cause of the failure of the old type of formula is in every case so plainly obvious, and the success of the restricted classes is under special conditions, which will not exist under a general application of the restrictive plan to all classes, with no other rule.

Our correspondent disposes briefly of the matter by the preamble, "In view of the failure of all rules of the old type," but we would reply that all such rules have not failed from the outset, but some of them have worked very satisfactorily for years, only failing when, through advance in design, construction, etc., they have been put to the test of entirely different conditions.

The Seawanhaka rule, adopted in 1883, was an excellent rule, and was direct and positive in its results, producing a better type of yacht than either of its immediate predecessors, the old New York Y. C. "cubic contents" rule on the one hand, and the British "tonnage" rule on the other. From 1883 to 1891 its influence was beneficial; as long as no inducement existed to cut down the area of the midship section while retaining extreme dimensions for the sake of the untaxed levers, beam and draft. As soon as the fin-keel came in, through causes not necessary to discuss at present, the rule failed. The reason for its failure was not because it was based upon variable factors, or even because false values were alloted to those factors; but because it did not include other factors made necessary by the course of designing. In the same way the British rating rule was a complete success for about five years, and it cannot yet be said beyond question that existing rules, the Y. R. A., the German and French rules, are failures; or that such defects as they may have are beyond remedy by a judicious readjustment of factors and constants.

To any one familiar with the progress of measurement legislation the world over the reasons for the failures of formulas in the past must be perfectly evident. They rest entirely with the yachting public, which either has not wanted other than racing machines, has not known what it wanted, or when it has wanted the right thing has not known how to get it, or has been opposed by vested interests. In too many cases yachtsmen have wanted absolute speed at whatever cost, and have successfully opposed the minority, who have seen the inevitable result of such a course, the present condition of yacht racing in this country. In many cases yachtsmen have started out bravely enough to amend existing rules so as to produce the much-talked-of "wholesome boat;" they have even gone so far as to listen carefully to those most familiar with the subject and to do some independent thinking, until they have

arrived at an intelligent understanding of the existing conditions, the prospect of the future, and the possible remedy. All has gone well until the time came for action, when, at the critical moment, some one owner of a racing yacht, or ex-racer probably, after neglecting to attend any previous meetings, is present with his friends to vote down a proposal which he cannot or will not comprehend. Such cases as this—and they are discouraging enough—will be recalled by all who have honestly labored for the improvement of measurement rules.

The old Thames tonnage rule is a typical instance of the cause of failure of the formula type; its theory of using the three main hull dimensions as a measure of "size" was good in its way, but the practical application was faulty, the assumption that the depth of every yacht was equal to half of her beam being false in the most extreme degree. The facts of the case were so plain and simple that they could not be overlooked or denied; while beam was taxed heavily, depth was practically free, the ratio being worse each year, the rule was wrong in theory and bad in practice, and for years worked actively to produce a poor type of yacht and to destroy yachting in all its branches. In spite of all this, it was not until 1886 that British yachtsmen, after suffering under its bondage for nearly half a century, consented to the abolition of the tonnage rule. It is safe to say that while a rule based only on the three dimensions would be useless to-day, had depth been given a real and approximately true value at the outset, many of the evils of the tonnage rule would have been avoided.

The Seawanhaka rule was at the date of its adoption far ahead of the times; the immediate question with its sponsors was not whether the formula was as good as could be made, but whether yachtsmen could be induced to accept anything as good as it really was. The New York Y. C. refused to adopt it as originally proposed, and altered the constants so as to encourage excessive sail plans, only adopting the Seawanhaka constants in 1889. It is quite possible that those then interested in the work, a very able and progressive committee, might have formulated a better rule; but it could not have been adopted and their work would have gone for nothing. The same is true of other rules of the type, they have been compromises, unsatisfactory in most cases to their sponsors, who at the final moment were confronted with the unpleasant alternatives of marring their work by concessions to ignorance, prejudice and selfishness (vested interests) or of seeing it rejected entirely.

The conditions to-day are very different from those existing even three years ago, much less at more remote times. There are to-day no vested interests, because there is no yacht racing; yachtsmen who have refused for years to recognize the evil tendencies of faulty and inadequate legislation have been at last compelled to face the inevitable results, to accept them and to reason as to their causes and the remedy. It seems to us that the situation is more hopeful than ever in the past. The specific statement has been made by the yachting public that it desires a rule which will encourage a useable type of yacht and not a racing machine; the means to this end have been generally discussed, the defects of the rule which made the fin-keel possible are far better understood than ever before, and in every way there is an opportunity such as has never existed for the presentation and general adoption of a formula which includes all the vital factors of measurement. Under these conditions we at least are well content to continue to work in the old line, rather than to start entirely anew in a totally different direction.

Now to take up the other side, the restricted classes; their success has been due perhaps less to the intrinsic merits of the plan than to the fact that, from causes which should have been avoided, as pointed out above, the other method has failed. If the Seawanhaka rule had been amended in time, in 1891, by the addition of such a factor as would have prevented the reduction of area of midship section, or a similar course had been taken in England, there would have been no restricted classes. From the very nature of the case, the restricted type of rule has been tried under totally different conditions from those affecting the ordinary formula. In establishing a restricted class there are, of course, no vested interests to stand in the way of all wholesome regulations; and in order to join in such work a yachtsman must have reached a point where he no longer looks upon absolute speed as the sole end of yachting, and where he has given some thought to existing evils as exemplified in the racing machines that he has abandoned, and to the proper and practicable means of avoiding them in the wholesome boat which he proposes to build. Starting under such favorable conditions as these, the result naturally should be far more satisfactory than in the case of a formula altered and patched at the last moment in order to secure its adoption as a compromise. If the old type of rule could be tested under the same conditions as are an essential to the existence of the restricted class idea, the result would be far different from the experiences of the past.

While much has been done by the restricted classes, it must not be assumed that they have been a universal or unqualified success. One of the most conspicuous instances in this country is the Boston knockabout class, starting on the best possible basis of a clearly defined type of yacht, already in existence and general use; the aim of the founders of the class being to protect it from degeneration into a racing machine. What the knockabout was in 1894 is shown by the definition then adopted as a part of the restrictive rule governing the class, "a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keels), decked or half-decked, of fair accommodations, simply rigged, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one headsail." What the knockabout had become in 1897 is known to many of our readers, an extreme fin-keel racing machine, of elaborate and costly construction and useless except for racing; and this, in spite of restrictions that were devised in good faith by competent men, and were quite as stringent as could possibly be adopted at the time. The fin-keel has dominated the class, the lateral plane has been cut away with unsparing hand in spite of the restriction as to the rudder hung on a sternpost, and the type has departed entirely from its original purpose, however well it may fulfill a different one. There is nothing in the experiment of the knockabout class to warrant the belief that any better results could be expected in a general application of the same system to all classes of yachts.

Though in presenting these views we offer them merely as our individual opinions, they probably represent fairly well the ideas of those yachtsmen who favor the present type of formula, and in this way as an answer to the first part of Sextant's criticism.

As to the justification of the proposed formula, and a proof of its probable value, it may be said that the result of a practical test of fifteen years is to show that the values of L.W.L. and S.A., in the Seawanhaka formula are as nearly correct as they can well be when applied to a wide range of sizes; and, on the other hand, that the rule is faulty in the lack of some factor or factors related to the bulk of the body of the boat. Many proposals of amendment in this direction, by means of displacement or some equivalent factor as a divisor, and in other ways, have been made; but in nearly all of these the leading idea has been to place a premium upon absolutely large displacement, giving internal room. The plan presented by Mr. Hyslop and favored by the committee is, we believe, more scientific and at the same time promises better practical results than any other thus far advanced on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hyslop was the first to point out a fact that will be promptly appreciated by all interested, that the speed of the modern racing machine, both of the fin and the skimming dish types, is due to the free use of an element which is quite as justly an object for taxation as the other elements of speed—the lever by which stability is obtained. This lever may be either vertical, as in the fin on which the bulb is carried, or horizontal, as in the beam of the skimming dish on which the crew does its hiking; or a combination of both. When one or both levers are used in combination with a fairly full section they, in a general way, produce a desirable type of yacht and represent work honestly done in her propulsion at a given speed. When, however, either or both is associated with an abnormally small area of midship section, in the modern canoe or flat-iron type of hull, the yacht is necessarily a racing machine, with no accommodation, and obtaining her speed, as assumed with the same L.W.L. and sail area as the first boat, without performing the same useful work. If this proposition be true, it is only fair that the lever should appear in the formula with the L.W.L. and S.A. There are numerous other factors which could be employed, and there may be some which would be still better, but of all that has thus far come before us Mr. Hyslop's diagnosis of the case seems the most searching, scientific and accurate, and his general proposal of a remedy the most promising. As to the details, the summation of the beam and depth, and the comparison with the area of midship section reduced to a linear factor, they were suggested by him as a part of his original investigation, and as far as can be predicted short of actual test in use they are about right. The constant may be placed at any point, according to the type of yacht desired; the suggested figure is derived from a study of existing yachts, as in the table on page 58 in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 16, the average of well-known yachts of wholesome type.

It is hardly fair to say that yachtsmen are asked to adopt the rule on faith, it has been widely advertised for some time past, and no action will be taken until the fall; the reasons for it are set forth in the report, and any yachtsman of ordinary intelligence can apply it to different types of yachts and satisfy himself of its probable operation. The only final test of any rule is the actual designing, building and racing of yachts; short of this a good deal must be taken on faith; but in the present case we submit that everything possible has been done to present the proposal clearly to all yachtsmen, and to induce them to criticise it freely. What the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and its race committee and special committee desire above all else is a general and careful study of the subject by yachtsmen in order that some positive progress may be made in the fall. As matters are now, we doubt whether anything is to be gained by a further discussion of Sextant's point, the type of rule; there is much more to be done by a concentration of all efforts on the line of work which yachtsmen always have followed, and still seem inclined to adhere to, the production of a satisfactory formula composed of variable factors.

We cannot agree with Sextant that the designer has no more freedom under the Seawanhaka rule than under the knockabout and similar rules; he has an infinitely wider choice both of general type and of specific dimensions, a fact that hardly seems to require proof. So far as the liberty of the designer to drive his tandem or triplet deliberately through the spirit and letter of a rule, it must be curtailed in his own interest, if not in the interests of yacht owners and the sport at large, or he will be left indefinitely where he is now, with no clients; possibly forced to resort to the designing of bicycles or golf sticks. The object of a rule in this respect, as we understand it, is to place before all designers equal opportunities for the employment of the factors of speed, leaving as much liberty as possible to each in the combining of these factors. The liberty which allows a designer to put a fin-keel in a class of wholesome and full-bodied boats hurts him in the end, though its immediate effects are more disastrous to others.

In the last paragraph of his letter Sextant points out that the assumptions of values for the different factors in the proposed formulas are not founded upon any known laws of the resistance of partially submerged bodies moving in water. This is quite true, it may also be said that they are in no way related to the binomial theorem or the Dingley bill; but it does not follow that the result must be a failure in practice. We are constrained to admit that there is in practice, as every yacht designer knows, a broad line between scientific naval architecture and the successful designing of racing yachts. The former alone, however perfect its theories, never has and probably never will produce successful yachts; in fact the efforts of eminent naval architects in the field of yacht designing, as in the case of J. Scott Russell, have been conspicuous as failures rather than in any other way. While the science of naval architecture is the foundation of yacht designing, and a thorough knowledge of its truths is indispensable to the successful designer, he must in the end rely on practice, experience and largely on empirical methods. This is peculiarly the case in the matter of measurement rules. The investigations of naval architects, interesting and useful as they are in many ways, have really lent little aid to the actual making and amending of formulas and restrictions; and the best work yet accomplished has been largely empirical; the result of experience, observation and sound common sense rather than of elaborate computations of abstract theoretical values. In this respect the present proposal is on a par with many others, as not claiming in any way a high scientific origin. The values are deduced from actual practice as embodied in the moderate type of wholesome yacht which it is desired to encourage, and the extremes of racing machine and slow cruiser, which it is desired to discourage. The new factors employed are all simple and easily handled, but it is believed that they will prove effective for the immediate future, and at the same time be capable of readjustment to meet developments of design that cannot now be predicted.

It would be necessary to continue to an indefinite length in order to argue fully all the points made by Sextant, and our space will only allow us in conclusion to touch briefly on a few specific statements. He says, "In other words, designers have been free to make a single type of racing machine, and nothing else." That this has been the ultimate result of every rule is simply because, as already pointed out, the rules, as compromises, have been faulty in the first place, and vested interests have opposed all attempts to remedy promptly the weak points of the rules as they have developed. There is at the present time good reason to hope that the yachting public is willing to adopt a better formula (one including more factors of advantage), and that it is at last awake to the necessity, after securing a good rule, of constantly studying its operation and practical results, and possibly of amending it in time to stop undesirable developments. If this course is followed, the rule will not result in the production of a single type of racing machine.

Another objection is that the committee has not recommended the summary barring of all types of yacht save the one which it is desired to encourage. As far as we have been able to gauge the opinions of yachtsmen of all classes, there is no desire whatever for the establishment of a series of standard designs, one for each class, to which they shall be compelled to build, all other types being barred. This is practically what Sextant's plan, as we understand it, calls for, whether in the shape of actual one-design classes, or of restricted classes only; provided the restrictions are real and not nominal. The expectations are that the proposed formula will produce a general type of yacht possessing a reasonable amount of accommodation, and a freedom from some undesirable details which detract from general excellence in a greater degree than they add to speed; and at the same time that designers will be allowed considerable liberty of choice as to keel and centerboard types and general dimensions and details; as much so as was the case in the days of the 40ft. and 30ft. classes, the centerboards and keels being built about in equal numbers, and racing on as perfect equality as could be expected. As yachtsmen, even those elected to the high honors of measurement committees, are but human, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the present attempt may prove as great a failure as any that has preceded it, but while those at present interested in the work can claim nothing in either ability or honesty of purpose over others who have failed, they at least have a far broader field of view through the recent developments of yacht designing, and the general discussion of both design and measurement, and they are working under far more favorable conditions.

The question of light construction and its regulation is in itself so great in extent and so important that to deal with it adequately would require at least as much time and labor as the committee has been able to expend on the entire subject of amending the formula. To have dealt exhaustively with this part of the subject was simply out of the question under the circumstances, but the committee has pointed out a method of relating the subject of light construction to the formula that is new and original, and most promising in theory. When it comes to the actual practice, the same serious difficulties are met with as in other schemes for regulating construction.

The proportions of Glencairn I. and II. are instanced by Sextant as proving that the values assigned to L.W.L. and S.A. in the present Seawanhaka rule are incorrect. We cannot admit for a moment that the results in the small open classes, in which live ballast is the controlling factor of design, are to be considered as in any way conclusive as to the merits of a formula for decked yachts of such size as to afford cruising accommodations. These little machines are entirely apart from the yacht class, and it is quite possible that a totally different rule may be needed for them; though even then it is hardly likely that they can be squeezed within the meaning of the term "wholesome." The general opinion of yachtsmen seems to be that in the yacht classes, from 30ft. upward, the present values of L.W.L. and S.A. under the Seawanhaka rule are as nearly correct as can be had to cover a range of sizes from 30 to 115ft. We have heard no demand for a heavier tax on sail, and to propose such at the present time would probably awake a lively opposition. We have for many years labored for heavier restrictions to curtail the immense sail plans seen at times on successful yachts; but at the present time we see no need to increase the direct tax on sail in the formula. The indirect penalties, which must be considered in connection with any rule; the proposed inclusion of the sail carrying levers in the formula, the existing crew limits, the general prohibition of club topsails not taxed in the rule, all act to one end, of producing a compact and easily handled sail plan. Much more can be done by the careful regulation of these contributory factors, for instance, by keeping the crew limit in each class down to the number required to handle the boat and sails in a seamanlike manner, than

by a direct increase of the constant of sail area in the formula.

While we have by no means followed that injunction which we freely give to our correspondents, as to the beauty of brevity and condensation, at the same time we have hardly covered all of the numerous points raised by Sextant. There are none, however, that we have intentionally avoided, and we shall be glad to discuss further any which he may be inclined to point out.

Our attention has been called to a typographical error in Sextant's letter, on the fifth line from the bottom of page 57, where the expression $\frac{(.65 - .0x)}{5}$ is printed $\frac{(.65 - .04)}{5}$.

The America Cup.

WITHIN the past week the yachting situation which, in the absence of the New York Y. C. cruise and the Goelet cup races, and other Newport festivities, ordinarily occurring at this date, has been extraordinarily dull, has been enlivened by definite and reliable news of a new challenge for the America Cup, promising a match in 1899. The details, cabled to New York early last week, and announced "exclusively" by all of the daily papers, are that Sir Thomas Lipton is about to issue a challenge, under the endorsement of the Royal Ulster Y. C., for a match next season. This latest venture will be distinctively Irish: the challenger is an Irishman, born in Scotland; the yacht, to be designed by Will Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, Scotland, will be a 90ft. l.w.l. cutter, named Shamrock, and will be built at the great shipyard of Harlan & Wolff, in Belfast; the skipper may be William O'Neil, an Irishman who has won his reputation as one of the first of British skippers in Silver Star, Irex and Iverna, under the flag of Mr. John Jameson, the Dublin yachtsman.

The idea of challenging for the America Cup has been in the mind of Sir Thomas Lipton for some time past, and within a year it has been discussed with the Royal Ulster Y. C., and also with Mr. Will Fife, who has been at work on the design for the challenging vessel. The preliminary arrangements are now all completed, and steps have been taken to open immediate negotiations with the New York Y. C. To this end the secretary of the R. U. Y. C., Mr. H. C. Kelly, will sail in a few days for New York, accompanied by Messrs. H. G. McGildowney and Charles Russell. Mr. McGildowney, who is connected with the firm of Harlan & Wolff, is a racing yachtsman and amateur designer, having designed the old ten-tonner Melissa, built in 1886, and raced by him for several seasons, and later having designed and also built the 20-rater Maledetta. This special committee will be fully empowered to represent Sir Thomas Lipton, and to negotiate for him and the R. U. Y. C. with the New York Y. C. There is little doubt that the negotiations will be carried to a successful end, and that a match will be sailed next year. On Aug. 8 a cabled notice of an intention to challenge was received by the N. Y. Y. C. A special meeting being called to consider it, on Aug. 11.

The Holder.—The New York Y. C. at the present time needs and wants a challenge for the America Cup. In spite of the emphatic declaration made a year or two ago by its special committee, and endorsed by the club, to the effect that it was not a racing but a cruising organization, the fact remains that no yacht club can be prosperous without yacht racing, and that racing has ceased in the New York Y. C. This particular year proves nothing, fortunately; the war has stepped in to throw a veil over the condition of racing in the larger classes, but the failures of the annual regattas in the past two years, the abandonment of the fall regattas, and the neglect of the Goelet cups, show the need of some powerful stimulant, both for the sake of the club itself and of yachting at large as affected by it. What racing there is at the present time is exclusively under the influence of associations composed of numerous smaller clubs; these associations make the racing rules and manage the races. If yachting revives next year under such favorable influences as are now promised, outside the America Cup, it will be in the classes under 60ft. R.M., and under the patronage of the associations, and not of the New York Y. C. There is no prospect whatever of a spontaneous revival of building and racing in the larger or even the medium classes of schooners or cutters.

In the America Cup the New Y. C. has the most powerful instrument for the promotion of yacht racing ever in existence. Held upon perfectly fair terms, as its original and lawful owners originally dedicated it, in their own words, "a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries," there need never be any lack of challengers; and both the New York Y. C. and American yachting at large may reap the benefits of international competition. The need of such a stimulus was never greater than at the present time, unless perhaps in 1885, and then the conditions were radically different. What was needed then, and what really resulted from Genesta's challenge, was a stimulus to American invention and progress in yachting; but such is not the case at the present time, it is racing and not designing that requires aid.

While an international match in any size of yacht cannot fail to benefit the New York Y. C. in bringing it once more into the first place in the attention of the yachting world, and the general public, it depends entirely on the question of the size of the challenger and defender whether the resulting benefit shall be limited to the New York Y. C. alone, and then to but a moderate degree, or whether the races shall bring permanent benefit to the club and to yachting at large as well.

The Chalelnger.—Thomas Johnstone Lipton was born in Scotland, of Irish parents, about fifty-one years ago, and began life as a storekeeper on a very small scale. Through his inherent ability as a business man he gradually built up a business, including a number of small retail stores, for groceries and provisions, in time extending it until he controlled a very large part of the tea business of the world, "Lipton's teas" being famous everywhere. He also controls very large interests in the provision, beef-packing and similar lines, furnishing supplies for the British army and navy. His fortune is estimated at $50,000,000. During the Queen's Jubilee he donated a sum of $125,000 for the benefit of the poor of London, and in return received the title of baronet. A little later he gave a similar sum to the Indian famine fund. His business brings him frequently to America, and only a few weeks ago he was in New York, the rumor of a possible challenge from him being then circulated, with his denial of any immediate intentions.

As an aspirant for the highest honors of the yachting world, Sir Thomas Lipton possesses none but negative qualifications. He has never owned a yacht, he has never belonged to a yacht club until he joined the Royal Ulster a few months since, and he has, in the course of a very busy life, taken no interest whatever in yachting or yacht racing. He is, from all accounts, rich, ignorant as far as the sport of yachting is concerned, and complaisant, in that he is ready to accept any terms conceded by the New York Y. C.

It would obviously be most unfair at the present time to criticise his motives or to condemn his venture into yachting as animated by anything other than a love of sport, and we sincerely hope that he may in good time become a yachtsman in every sense of the word. At the same time it is quite evident that he is in no sense a representative British yachtsman; and in our opinion he is in no way qualified as the leader in an enterprise of such magnitude as that of challenging for the America Cup; an undertaking whose success, in the minds of good sportsmen, is not measured by the final possession of the trophy, but by the manner in which the whole contest is conducted. Such a task requires a thorough knowledge of yachting and yacht racing in all their branches, a knowledge only gained by long experience. Nothing is more true than, as Gilbert says in "Patience,"

"One can't buy high æsthetic tastes like trowsers, ready made,"

and on the same principle one cannot buy yachting experience put up like tea in pound packages. It would no doubt be highly interesting, to the spectators, to see Hank Haff, Charlie Barr, Billy O'Neil or John Carter forsaking the wheel and tiller to bull the tea market or to speculate in dressed beef, but the result might not prove so satisfactory to the participants.

Every experienced yachtsman knows that, however perfect the work of designer, builder, sailmaker and skipper, the personality of the owner stands out prominently in the case of every successful yacht, as in Gen. Paine's work with Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, and Mr. Iselin's success with Vigilant and Defender. We should have a far better opinion of Sir Thomas Lipton's judgment, and far stronger hopes of his success as a challenger, even though not a winner, if he had begun by a preliminary season of racing at home, where he could find a very ample field in the 65ft. class, instead of attempting as a novice to make his yachting début in a star part.

The Challenging Club.—It has so happened in the course of the development of international racing that the exact relations of the club and individual have not been so clearly defined as is desirable. Technically the match is between two clubs, and individuals are not recognized in the main negotiations; though necessarily they are in the actual racing, as owners of the respective yachts. It seems in every way desirable that a greater degree of responsibility than now exists be laid upon each club for the conduct of its representative. We have always held that, in the case of Lord Dunraven, the New York Y. C. had a perfect right to look to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and to it alone, for an explanation of the charges made by its representative; and that the Squadron was in duty bound to call the latter to account. Without reference to the manner in which such a procedure might have resulted in this particular case, it seems to us that the principle of each club assuming entire responsibility for all actions of its representative is founded on sound sense and general sporting usage; and that it should be made a distinct point in all international contests.

In the present case the Royal Ulster Y. C. should vouch directly for the standing of the representative to whom it entrusts its burgee; the more so as he is of necessity unknown to the holder. We presume that the club is prepared to do this, that it has already, in electing Sir Thomas Lipton a member for the express purpose of challenging for the America Cup, satisfied itself that he is in every way qualified to represent it worthily; but in view of the lax usage in the past, and of the *contretemps* attending the last match, the point is one that demands definite and specific attention.

The status of the Royal Ulster Y. C. in itself is, of course, thoroughly satisfactory; the club is an old one, founded in 1866; its commodore, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, though distinctively a non-racing man, stands at the front as a cruising man and thorough yachtsman, and its vice-commodore, Major R. G. Sharman-Crawford, is a well-known yachtsman.

The Size of Yacht.—The question of the size of yacht more desirable for both parties is a very important one, and it is still open in spite of the announcement that the challenger has already decided upon the maximum limit of the new deed, 90ft. l.w.l. In view of the experience of 1895, the continuance of the racing in the special 90ft. class will be most unfortunate on this side of the water. Special classes are bad enough in the small sizes, and they are much worse when the L.W.L. runs to 90ft. There is nothing about the America Cup contests which should put them outside the jurisdiction of such rules as are universally recognized by American clubs, including the New York Y. C. The classification of the New York Y. C. is by racing measurement, and as a mere matter of consistency the same standard should govern the Cup races. In practice there is no gain to either party, at least there was not in the last contest; and the special 90ft. class, whether a fiction or a reality, should be abolished and the regular classes of the club substituted.

What is of real importance is the matter of absolute size of the two representatives, which, of course, will be the same. Experience has proved that anything approaching 90ft. l.w.l. is not wanted in this country, and that no amount of fostering and nursing can make such a class popular or permanent. If this size is retained, it simply means that true racing yachtsmen are excluded from the competition, and that one or more of the wealthier members of the club, at best merely owners of steam yachts, must, as a matter of patriotism, pay for a single syndicate boat. It is most unlikely that any individual racing yachtsman will to-day attempt to outbuild Defender, or even that any members of the club will put up the large amount of money necessary to construct a suitable defender, unless from a feeling of duty or compulsion. One boat must be built, but it is unlikely that there will be more than one; and after the races are over there is no future for the vessel, successful or otherwise, but the scrap heap.

Whatever benefit accrued to American yachting through the construction of racing cutters of over 70ft. l.w.l. ceased long ago, with Volunteer. In the eleven years since passed there have been launched six yachts, Vigilant, Navahoe, Colonia, Jubilee, Pilgrim and Defender. Of these one has been rebuilt and converted into a racing schooner, two are still in commission as cruisers, one has been converted into a steam yacht, and two have been laid up for three seasons, probably never to go into commission again. Conceding all that can be claimed as to the value of such experiments as Vigilant and Defender, and the gain to American designers, it is still plain that yachting at large has gained nothing from the occasional and spasmodic construction of costly syndicate yachts; and a closer investigation will show that more harm than good results. In 1895, in spite of the general interest in the international races, there was little interest in yachting; racing was on the decline, and comparatively few yachts were in commission. The money that should have gone into yachting went partly into the pockets of the owners of excursion boats. The secondary results of the big syndicate boats were plainly visible in 1894, after the Vigilant-Valkyrie II. contest, and again in 1896, after the Defender-Valkyrie III. matches. In marked contrast is the activity in all sizes and classes immediately following the building of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer.

The cause is not far to seek. The last three, though nominally of the 90ft. class, were of comparatively moderate cost, and suitable, through reasonable draft, for general use as well as racing. They were within the means of the wealthier yachtsmen, and at the same time fitted the general wants of yachtsmen, and held their racing value for some years. Defender, on the other hand, and the others of her class in a lesser degree, cost to build and run a sum such as no individual will put into a racing yacht, and she was utterly worthless for general use. Even as a racing machine her value disappeared with the end of the Cup racing, as she had no opponent in the home events.

The construction of a new and more extreme Defender, as now promised to meet the proposed 90ft. challenger, must act as a bar to the possible building up of smaller and more permanent classes, and to any general revival of yacht racing.

If any beneficial and permanent results are to be derived from the revival of international racing, the first step must be the change of the size of yacht to something much smaller than 90ft. l.w.l. At the present time the only approach to vested interests exists in the 51ft. class, too small in itself for Cup racing, and the field is clear for a free choice of size from 90ft. downward. The best size, all things considered, would be either the 70ft. R.M. or the 60ft. R.M. class of the New York Y. C., the former if enough yachtsmen could be induced to build to it. A modern yacht of 70ft. R.M. would have, with steel or composite construction, about the internal accommodation of the old Puritan, with much greater speed, the cost of construction and running would be materially less than in Defender; the club's limit of draft for the class, 13ft., makes a yacht that is useable and raceable within practical limits, without requiring the services of a steam tender and professional pilot at all times. Under the rules as they now stand, such a yacht would be an extreme racing machine, it is true, but still the certainty of good sport for a time, with the possibility of being chosen to defend the Cup, would probably induce the building of several boats, in place of the one which will probably be the sole dependence of the holders if the race be continued in the special 90ft. l.w.l. class.

There is not the slightest possibility that the New York Y. C. will rise to the situation in yachting, bad as it is, with a proposal to build to a smaller class, with some limitations on form and also on weight of construction; but if such could be done, it is altogether probable that a great and permanent revival of racing would follow. Once given the assurance of continued racing in the 70ft. class, in yachts in which a certain amount of accommodation was made compulsory, and in which the extreme construction was limited, there are many yachtsmen who would be tempted to build again and race as of old.

The advantages of a smaller class are almost as great to the challenger as to the defender. On the other side of the Atlantic the 90ft. class has died a natural death, a little more lingering, but quite as much as death as on this side. Britannia, Ailsa and Satanita have ceased racing and gone over to the yawl rig, to be followed sooner or later by Meteor, and Valkyrie III. has laid idle for three seasons. What life there is in yacht racing stops at the 65ft. L.R. class, just a size smaller than our 70ft.; above this is only the 75ft. l.w.l. cutter Bona. A new 90-footer can of necessity have nothing near her size by which to try her, while a smaller yacht can go in with the 65-footers, already a live fighting class.

There is so much to be gained on both sides by limiting the size to such as experience has proved can be maintained as a permanent class that we hope this matter may be thoroughly and carefully discussed by both parties before any final arrangements are made. As to the question of which side might have an advantage in retaining the Defender-Valkyrie size, it would be splitting hairs to no purpose. Defender is out of the question, unless to be rebuilt as a trial boat, her crew is scattered, and on the other hand British designers have had ample experience in the same size, and the racing

has continued so much longer there that there is a large supply of trained hands from which to pick a crew.

The New Deed.—In spite of Sir Thomas Lipton's statement that he will agree to any terms, the first point to be decided between the New York Y. C. and the Royal Ulster representatives is likely to prove a difficult one. No one knows to-day just what the new deed of gift does or does not mean, or on what terms the last matches were sailed, and as far as we can see the whole question of interpretations and concessions must be gone over anew before anything approaching an agreement can be reached. Thanks to the good work done by Lord Dunraven in behalf of the New York Y. C. prior to the last match, British objection to the new deed is now well broken down, and the holders of the Cup are in a position to dictate any terms to would-be challengers.

The Payne Exclusion Bill.

We republish with pleasure the following from the Paris Edition of the New York Herald:

One result of the war will be the increased demand that is sure to be made upon the shipbuilding resources of the United States when peace is concluded.

It is certain that orders will then flock to America from Europe. Builders in the United States have proved they need fear no competitors. Their work has withstood the test of battle and that is the severest it could be subjected to.

It is therefore time that the Payne bill were repealed. Such a step would be a sign of friendliness, as the act was originally aimed at handicapping the shipbuilders in Great Britain.

The moment has come when the United States should throw off the shackles of old-fashioned ideas and enter the lists upon the merits which the present war has shown to be so strong. The repeal of the Payne bill would show that the United States knew their power—that they had confidence in the excellence of their men and the work they could turn out.

It would also be quid pro quo for England's attitude toward the United States. If she had only held up a hand, Europe's back would have been stiffened for interference, and the United States would have had to fight down cis-Atlantic opposition.

England's firmness has materially helped the United States and has won for her the hearty dislike of Europe. A friend in need is a friend indeed. England has proved her sympathy by her action, and the United States ought to show that they appreciate the service rendered them.

American shipyards will have more work on hand than they can do when peace is made. Many of the owners who have sold their yachts to the United States Government will want new ones when hostilities cease. They will not feel like waiting as long for their craft as they will have to do while American yards are all occupied with turning out warships for England, Russia, France, Germany, Japan, China and other nations who will want to have their navies put upon the same footing of superior effectiveness that the United States marine has proved to be.

The Payne exclusion bill is a blot upon the long and honorable history of shipbuilding in America, a confession of cowardice, incapacity and narrow prejudice, which is totally at variance with the honorable record of marine triumphs now covering well nigh a whole century. Unable, through causes for which they alone were to blame, to compete in a fair field with British designers and builders, the American builders went before Congress, unfortunately with successful results, with a cowardly petition for the protection of their own faulty work by the complete exclusion of the work of their more skilful competitors. The bill, as finally passed, suggests in its rigid provisions the customs regulations of Spain and China rather than of free and progressive America, providing for the complete exclusion from American waters of yachts of foreign build.

Though directly intended to apply to steam yachts, the bill also covers sailing yachts, and makes it impossible for an American to bring to this country a foreign yacht for trial with the home-built craft, as was done with such good results to sport and to the home builders in the cases of Maggie, Ulidia, Jessica, Minerva and Clara.

The bill is thoroughly bad in its effects upon yachting as a sport, and it works additional harm, in that the American builder, free from all fear of competition, is under no necessity to improve his work, but the owner, after paying the highest price, must put up with such defective craft as are floated each season. The worst feature however, is its evident animus of open hostility to other nations, especially to Great Britain.

There has never been a time in the history of this country when, if fairly put to the test, Americans have failed to defeat all competitors on the seas in fair competition. It was so of old in the early naval wars, later on the same story was repeated with the clipper ships, and to-day the new vessels of the American navy are bringing fresh laurels to their builders by their good work under severe conditions of actual war. That such results have been reached in our war vessels is due to the fact that the American Government at the outset bought its designs in the open market and placed the American builder under the absolute necessity of producing something better in order to win the heavy premiums paid for special excellence. As soon as the builders awoke to the condition of affairs they met them by throwing into the work that energy and inventiveness which is the national characteristic. To-day no Payne bill is needed to protect the warship; on the other hand, our builders are busy with contracts for foreign powers.

In steam yachting a very different condition of affairs has existed, and is yet by no means a thing of the past. The average steam yacht owner, with an ignorance of yachting which is proverbial, knows nothing of what he proposes to buy except that she is to be larger, faster or more magnificently furnished than some yacht which he has seen. The many important details which in the case of a house he would settle personally in frequent conferences with a high-priced architect are ignored entirely by him; and his dry nurse, the captain, who has probably instilled in him a contempt for and distrust of the professional yacht designer, is given carte blanche to negotiate with such a builder as he may select. What wonder is it that under such circumstances the builder does the very least he possibly can for the money, patching up some old blue prints for the hull designs, and some old patterns from the loft for the engines? It is this sort of work which, though not universal, is kept constantly before the yachting public in disputes between owner and builder over the final completion of contracts, or through the rebuilding of yachts before the first coat of paint has worn off the bottom, which the Payne bill was designed to protect. Those American builders who are doing honest work in the careful and systematic designing of yachts, and in building for a reputation instead of for the immediate return alone, know perfectly well that they have nothing to fear from foreign competition, and that as long as yachting is popular they will have orders to build.

At the present time there is, even from the narrow and selfish point of view of the American builder, no necessity whatever for the Payne bill. He can be reasonably sure of all the work his stocks can accommodate, and much of it more profitable than the yacht trade. Of the latter there is likely to be more than enough for the yards for some time to come, everything points to a general revival of business that will make yachting possible, and of a revival of the sport for its own sake. Considering the hostile feeling awakened by the Payne bill on its passage, there is probably nothing which would serve as well at the present time, when the shipbuilders of America are enjoying a well-deserved victory through their battleships, as the frank and voluntary repeal of the obnoxious measure.

The Tail Wags the Dog.

The following is a characteristic sample of those broad and liberal views on yachting which are the pride of the Boston Herald. Speaking of the coming races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, it says:

Some writers call the boats "20-footers," thereby giving the impression that the above length is that of their waterline. They actually measure about 17ft. 3in., and carry about 500sq.ft. of sail, which ratios, according to the Seawanhaka rule, make them "20ft. racing length" under a rating rule. It is fairer to the public, in order that the length of the boats racing in Canada be known, to call them 17ft. waterline length, with a restricted sail area of 500sq.ft. The class lengths governing the racing in the M. Y. R. A. are made on waterline lengths, and not on a rating rule, consequently our yachtsmen will not be benefited by the Canadian racing so far as the development of fixed waterline length boats goes.

It is quite true that the boats are called "20-footers," not only by "some writers," but by all yachtsmen, that being their official designation. The standard of "corrected length," as it was formerly called, or racing measurement, as it is now officially designated (length and sail area by the Seawanhaka rule), is now the recognized yacht measurement of America, formally adopted by the Atlantic coast clubs, all the clubs of the Great Lakes, the clubs of the inland lakes and on the Pacific coast. It is the one rule of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka, Larchmont and Atlantic clubs, of the Y. R. U. of N. A., the Lake Y. R. A., and the Sound Y. R. A. The one exception to its recognition is the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, which, after various experiments with length measurements, now has under trial the plain L.W.L. measurement.

To say that a yacht is a 15-footer, a 20-footer or a 51-footer conveys to any well-informed yachtsman but one idea, that the figures relate to her measurement by the Seawanhaka rule. This goes without saying, but if any other rule is meant, it must be specifically stated. It is safe to assume that the public, with better and more reliable sources of information at hand than the Boston Herald, knows exactly the meaning of the term. The Y. R. A. of Massachusetts has, for reasons which seemed proper to it, adopted a different measurement from that in general use, but at the same time it has made no such claim as that of the Herald, that its rule, a purely local one, is the sole standard of American yachting.

"Dunraven Influence."

The daily papers, in connection with the new challenge, are devoting much more space than it deserves to what they call "Dunraven Influence," and which they assume will be a powerful factor in discouraging the negotiations for a match. The following, from the last issue of the Yachtsman, is cabled across as an example of "Dunraven Influence":

That the challenge is to be unconditional, and that Sir Thomas only wants the better yacht to win, shows that the challenger has but a nebulous idea of how the America Cup races are arranged. Without conditions, that is to say, by some variation of the new deed, the better boat, if she be challenged, has a very scant chance of winning.

So long as he gets the races arranged, the knight is content that the objectionable new deed should be forced down British yachtsmen's throats, and all the crooked conduct of the New York club in that matter is a thing of no moment to this latest aspirant for notoriety.

The challenger himself is the authority for the statement that he has no regard for the very important questions of principle involved in the long dispute over the new deed and the accompanying actions of the New York Y. C., and that he is willing to compromise the interests of those yachtsmen, British or American, who have opposed both as a discredit to the noblest of sports. So far from being at variance with Lord Dunraven in this, he is following directly in the steps of the noble earl. It was "Dunraven Influence," exerted persistently from 1889 to 1895, that removed the once formidable objections of the Royal Yacht Squadron to the new deed and put the New York Y. C. again in possession of a challenge from the squadron. "Give the devil his due" is a good old adage, and all that he has since done cannot wipe out the work of Lord Dunraven toward the recognition and restoration of the new deed of gift.

New Steam Yachts.

Within a very short time the fleet of converted steam yachts now in service will be sold by the Government; only a few, in particular Mayflower and Gloucester, being retained in the navy. It is quite probable that all of the yachts offered will find a ready sale, of course at moderate prices, as much work will be required to refit them as pleasure craft. At the same time, yachtsmen are already placing orders for new yachts to replace those sold in this way. The big steam yacht for Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., designed by J. Beavor Webb, is now well under construction. The owner of Aileen, Richard Stevens, has placed an order with the Delaware River I. S. B. & S. E. Works, Roach's yard, for a steel steam yacht 150ft. over all, designed by Gardner & Cox. It is reported that P. A. B. Widener, former owner of Josephine, now Vixen, will have a 250ft. steam yacht, to be built at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington. C. L. Seabury & Co., the builders of the steam yacht Kanawha, recently sold by John P. Duncan to the Government, have an order from that gentleman for a twin screw steel yacht of 225ft. over all, 192ft. l.w.l., 24ft. beam, 14ft. 6in. depth, and 10ft. draft. A speed of twenty miles is guaranteed for a run of two consecutive hours. She will be schooner rigged, with three masts and leg o'-mutton sails, with a squaresail on the foremast. Her power will include two triple compound engines, 14, 23¾, and 43 by 24, with four Seabury water tube boilers. She will be constructed under the rules of the U. S. Standard Association, and in addition to a very convenient arrangement of space she will be fitted with a complete outfit of auxiliaries, electric plant, ice and condensing plants, etc.

The Cruise of the May.

The steam yacht May, Com. Alexander Van Rensselaer, has neither been sold to the Government nor laid up, her owner apparently finding ample use for her even in war times. In the last days of July she was at Oyster Bay, with Com. Van Rensselaer and the race committee of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, on board, to arrange the details of the interclub races of the knockabout fleet, beginning Aug. 22. She returned to Philadelphia on Aug. 2, where sixty tons of supplies, including provisions, surgical instruments, shoes, hammocks, liquors, pipes and tobacco, American flags and other articles, were shipped as speedily as possible. On Aug. 6 she sailed for Porto Rico, where the supplies will be landed for the use of the troops. Com. Van Rensselaer a short time since offered the yacht to the National Relief Commission, free of all expense, to carry supplies to Porto Rico, and on the offer being accepted at once proceeded with the necessary arrangements. He sailed on the yacht, accompanied by Mrs. Van Rensselaer and her daughter, and three of his associates on the Relief Commission, Messrs. William Porter, Louis Vanuxem and G. G. Groff. The May is the Watson yacht brought to this country by E. D. Morgan before the passage of the Payne exclusion bill.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

San Francisco, July 25.—A fair number of marksmen appeared at Shell Mound yesterday. Conspicuous among those present was D. W. McLaughlin, who has just returned from New York, where he won medals and coin galore at the triennial Schuetzen Bund festival. Through the efforts of California representatives the next meet of the Bund will be held in San Francisco.

At the monthly bullseye shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club prizes were awarded on the following scores: John Gefken 232, Louis Haake 320, D. B. Faktor 646, D. Salfield 697, H. Zecher 735, A. Jungblut 897, H. Lilkendey 941, F. P. Schuster 962, John Tiedemann 1,091, F. Rust 1,135, C. Nobmann 1,357.

The following scores secured prizes at the monthly bullseye shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein: J. Beuttler 232, Otto Burmeister 470, A. H. Pape 543, H. Stelling 577, William Ehrenpfort 711, Henry Meyer 801, John Gefken 929, H. Lilkendey 934, J. C. Nobmann 938, F. P. Schuster 975, Otto Lemcke 1,001, John Horstmann 1,126, Frank Koch 1,134, John Tiedemann 1,158, Louis Haake 1,173, J. W. Gietze 1,339, John de Wit 1,434, D. B. Faktor 1,496, F. L. Pape 1,520, Henry Zecher 1,538.

At the monthly medal and class shoot of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club the following scores were recorded: Members' rifle medal—A. B. Dorrell 48, 60; M. Carillo 121. Bushnell military rifle medal—A. H. Pape 47. All comers' rifle medal—A. H. Pape 54, 57; Dr. Rodgers 60. Columbia target, open to all comers, pistol, Siebe medal—J. P. Cosgrave 58, 64; G. M. Barley 61. Twenty-two caliber rifle, 50yds., Roos torphy for ladies—A. B. Dorrell 18, 20, 22; Mrs. G. Mannel 31, 34; Mrs. M. J. White 38, 40.

Roeel.

Columbia Rifle Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 2.—At the club's range in the Reynold's Arcade, the scores below were made to-day in the regular shoot of the Columbia Rifle Club:

McChesney	22	23	24	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	—239
Willard	19	20	22	23	23	24	24	25	25	25	—230
Gifford	21	22	22	22	23	24	25	25	25	25	—234
McCord	23	24	24	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	—243
Andrews	20	21	22	23	23	23	24	24	25	25	—230
Gliddon	20	21	21	22	23	14	21	25	25	25	—230
Hendrickson	23	23	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	25	—239
Fredericks	20	20	22	23	23	23	24	24	25	25	—229
Compton	18	21	22	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	—231
Candee	19	19	20	21	22	22	23	24	24	25	—219
Joslyn	20	21	22	22	23	24	24	24	24	25	—229
Wray	19	23	24	24	24	25	25	25	25	25	—239
Clark	18	22	22	22	23	23	23	23	25	25	—226
Mosher	21	21	22	23	23	22	24	24	25	25	—230
Hawks	21	23	23	24	24	24	24	24	24	25	—236
Osborne	20	21	21	22	22	23	24	24	24	25	—226
Ingersoll	19	21	22	22	22	23	23	23	24	24	—224
Kershner	20	22	23	23	23	24	24	25	25	25	—234

Zettler Rifle Club.

Brooklyn, Aug. 6.—The members present shot three strings of 10 shots, off-hand, 200yds., at Cypress Hill Park to-day. Mr. Fred C. Ross, the famous rifleman, did some very steady, regular shooting. The scores:

F C Ross	225	225	224	674
H Holges	225	223	219	667
R Busse	229	222	215	666
I Martin	229	217	218	664
B Zettler	212	210	208	630
A Kronberg	221	203	201	625
C G Zettler	209	208	207	624
G Krauss	196	185	187	568
G Bruckelheimer	157	142	142	441

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 10-11.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of Sherburne Gun Club, at targets. L. D. Branard, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament; targets. E. C. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Marlborough, N. Y.—Trophy shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Marlborough Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 13.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Central New Jersey League shoot. Mr. U. G. Tingley, Sec'y.

Aug. 17.—Chicago, Ill.—Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap live pigeon diamond badge shoot, Watson's Park.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Canton, Ill.—Nineteenth annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird handicap, 25 birds, $10. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-26.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 25.—Bristol, Conn.—Fourth annual tournament of the Connecticut State League. H. J. Mills, Pres.

Aug. 27.—Hingham, Mass.—Hingham Gun Club's one-day tournament.

Aug. 29-31.—Union City, Oklahoma.—Union City Gun Club's tournament. F. M. Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Sportsman's Club Labor Day shoot; open to all.

Sept. 5.—Meriden, Conn.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-6.—Reading, Pa.—Mt. Penn Gun Club's merchandise and intercounty trophy shoot; targets.

Sept. 5-6.—Rock Island, Ill.—Rock Island Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Sept. 6-9.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s fifth annual tournament; targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.

Sept. 7-9.—Aledo, Ill.—Aledo Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Sept. 9.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot on grounds of Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 18-20.—Nashville, Tenn.—At Belle Meade Stock Farm; two days targets; two live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at targets; two days at live birds; $500 added.

Postponed.

—— —.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication n hese columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Tiee in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club provides ten events each day, five at 10 targets, five at 15, $1 and $1.50 entrance. August 17 and 18 are the dates, and shooting commences at 9 o'clock. A magautrap will be used. Targets 2 cents. Purses divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Five dollars in gold will be given each day to the shooter making the highest average in the day's programme. The club informs its patrons that reduced fare can be secured on all roads by purchasing tickets to the Winona Assembly grounds, which is but a short distance from Warsaw, Ind. Guns and shells shipped in care of Mr. J. S. Camfield, the club secretary, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. In respect to experts and manufacturers' agents the club says: "For the past four years the Lake City Gun Club has made its tournaments open to the world, and we are proud to note that we have had with such crack shots as Heikes, Gilbert, Powers, Trimble, Winston, Fanning, Mackey, Ruble, Bush, Young, and many others—all of them perfect gentlemen, whom we would like to see at our tournament this year. By making our tournaments open, however, many amateur shooters in our section of the country have remained away because they did not feel able to compete with experts and manufacturers' agents. This year the management has decided to give a tournament for amateurs only; and while experts and manufacturers' agents are barred from competing for prizes, they are welcome to display their goods and shoot for the price of the targets, assuring them that we have made this decision with the kindest feeling for all."

The programme of the ladies' day tournament and flag raising of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, fixed for Tuesday of this week, is something unique in its composition. We regret receiving it too late to review it more fully. The following play on the names of the club members will be appreciated for its humor by those who are familiar with them. Under the heading "How to Get There" are the following directions: "Take Monroe or Park avenue cars, take a canal boat, take the tow path, take your bicycle, take your gun and throw lead into the canal boat, but get there. (Brin)g your wife or sweetheart to (G)lovers' retreat, and next day you would Hadley know her, she'll be so much Weller. Byer a street car ticket, don't let her walk thro-h the Lane! Nort-on your life. It's easier to Wride, and she might get in the Myer, and Borst a shoe lace; in which Case don't try to Palmer off for a Mullan. She may be Schleyer than Sam's William Goat just back from Fulton with a Tassell on his neck. You can't Foley McCord. Don't stop at Cappie's, we'll have something better. Music will be furnished by Hadley's Band. There'll be a hot time." The shooters are cautioned as follows: "Now get there on time. Start at 1 o'clock, and don't trust to your wife's watch. Nothing is so ignorant as a man's left hand except a lady's watch."

The shooting this week, so far as special events are concerned, are the all-day shoot of the Hobart Gun Club, Hobart, Ind., Aug. 9; the two days' shoot of the Sherburne Gun Club, Sherburne, N. Y., Aug. 10 and 11, and the Central Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, Duluth, Minn., also on Aug. 10 and 11; the trophy shoot of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, Marlborough, N. Y., Aug. 11; the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 13; Auburn Gun Club's tournament, Auburn, Ind., Aug. 11 and 12.

The Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J., will hold a 25 live-bird handicap on Aug. 23, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. The grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from New York, either by the Erie R. R. to Rutherford, N. J., or D., L. & W. to Lyndhurst. Trolley cars reach the grounds from Newark, Jersey City and Paterson. T. W. Morfey, secretary.

Read this and then paste it in your hat for future reference, all who intend to participate in the Interstate tournament at Waterville, Me., next week, so that you may not forget to take your fishing tackle along, or do the next best thing, borrow the best rod, lines and reels belonging to your friends. This is a clipping from the programme: "The members of the club and citizens in general will be very glad to welcome the shooting representatives of the Interstate Association, and will do all in their power to make their stay in the city a pleasant one. On Aug. 19, the day following the tournament, the visiting sportsmen will be invited to join an excursion to the largest lake in Kennebec county for a day's fishing. A steamer will be provided for the accommodation of the party. At this lake it is not uncommon for twenty-five or even fifty bass weighing from 1 to 4lbs. each to be taken by one rod. Visitors who can conveniently take angling equipments will do well to bring them along."

The Sidell Gun Club, of Sidell, Ill., has issued its programme for its two days' tournament on targets, Sept. 7 and 8. Of the twelve events of the first day, six are at 15 targets, entrance $1.50; four at 10, entrance $2, and one at 100, the latter having $75 added, entrance $5, and only amateurs allowed to compete in it. There are twelve events for the second day, five at 15 targets, three at 20, one at 25, entrance $3; one at 10, entrance $1. One is at 50 targets for the Vermilion county championship, and a $25 gold medal, entrance $3. The last event is a team shoot, four men to a team, 25 targets per man; entrance per team $10. Targets 2 cents each. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; twenty entries or over, five moneys. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Shells shipped to Mr. W. A. Gray, secretary, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. No bang, no bird. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

The tournament of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, to be held on the grounds of the Marlborough Gun Club, Marlborough, N. Y., Wednesday of this week, has ten events, three at 10, four at 15, and three at 20 targets. The entrance fee is uniformly $1, with the price of targets at 2 cents each added. Manufacturers' agents will be charged 1 cent for targets. The average money will be divided into five parts, namely $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1. All purses are divided according to the Rose system. The team race will be called at 1 o'clock; $5 will be given to the winning team. We would suggest to the secretary that to secure the full benefit of a review of the programme it would be better to send it in so it could be published the week preceding the tournament. At this tournament The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. trophy, the King Smokeless Powder Co. trophy, the Parker Bros. cup, and merchandise donated by the United States Powder Co. will be matters of contest.

The Worcester Sportsman's Club will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 5, and intend to carry out their programme to the letter. The competition is open to all. The well-known sportsman, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, has added to each event on the programme a sufficient sum of money to warrant the attendance and interest of shooters. Take Greendale cars and stop off at Huntington avenue. There are ten events on the programme, five at 10 targets, 70 cents entrance, $2 added; two at 15, 80 cents and $1.30 entrance, $5 added; one at 20, entrance $1.40, $5 added; two at 25, entrance $2, $5 added. The programme can be obtained of Mr. A. W. Walls, 6 Woodbine street, Worcester, Mass. No doubt but what this shoot will prove a gratifying success, as did the last one, of Aug. 3.

Under date of Aug. 4 Mr. H. J. Mills, president of the Bristol Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Bristol Gun Club, Bristol, Conn., will give the fourth tournament of the Connecticut State League on their grounds, Aug. 25. Also it will give one of those sheep roasts of which all shooters who have attended speak so highly. All are invited. And to those who have never been to one of these sheep roasts, for which Bristol is so noted, I will say that they will never regret it if they come." Guns and shells sent to Mr. H. J. Mills will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

At the Ocean City, Md., tournament, held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, the attendance was quite good, the two days' target programme calling out about thirty shooters. On the live-bird day, Saturday, Aug. 6, the chief event on the programme was the Ocean City handicap, 20 birds, $15, birds extra. There were ten entries, of which number W. Fred Quimby, Col. Thos. Martin, of Bluffton, N. C., and Jas. R. Malone killed all their birds and divided first money. E. D. Fulford was the only 19, and he won second money, $45, alone.

Under date of Aug. 4 Mr. F. G. Hogen, president of the Cleveland Gun Club Co., Cleveland, O., writes us as follows: "We are to hold our eighteenth annual tournament Sept. 21 and 22. The programme will consist of ten events, 150 targets each day. We add $10 to each event, or $200 to the programme, and it is also our intention to give at least twenty desirable average prizes. The indications are that we will have at least fifty shooters."

Well browned with good sunshine, hearty looking and bright of eye, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott dropped into New York last week, and concerning shooting matters he said that he had his eye on the principals in the Heikes-Gilbert matches, and in certain contingencies he might invite them to a debate for the trophies, in which his Winchester and Blue Ribbon powder would be his main argument.

Next week the main shooting events are the tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club, Waterville, Me.; the Lake City Gun Club's tournament, Warsaw, Ind.; the nineteenth annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club, Canton, Ill., all on the same dates, Aug. 17 and 18.

Under date of Aug. 5 Mr. H. C. Lawrence, secretary of the St. Paul Gun Club, St. Paul, Minn., writes us as follows: "The annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, which was to be held at the State Fair grounds, Sept. 6-8, has been declared off, owing to unavoidable circumstances. The 15th Minnesota Volunteer Regiment is encamped on the grounds, and occupy our club house."

The Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap live pigeon diamond badge is the title of a trophy launched by Montgomery Ward & Co., open for competition to the trap-shooters of Cook county. It is specially intended to encourage amateurs, as is fully set forth in Mr. Hough's communication in "Western Traps" this week.

The popular shooter and efficient salesman of the Hunter Arms Co., Mr. Harvey McMurchy, was in New York a few days last week. His description of California trout fishing and wildfowl shooting makes one feel that fishing and shooting in the East are meager and spiritless in comparison.

At Elkwood Park, on Saturday of this week, the chief event is the Elberon Handicap, 15 birds, $20 entrance, birds included; all stand at 30yds. Shooting commences at noon. Wednesday of next week is fixed for all-day sweepstake shooting.

In the Eureka Gun Club's shoot, Chicago, Aug. 6, C. Antoine was high man in Class A, he scoring 24 out of 25 targets. Dr. Carson, with a similar score, was first in Class B, and Burroff was first in Class C with a score of 22.

The tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club takes place on Saturday of this week. John Wright has gone into training, so that he may devise even more pleasing shooting entertainment for those who will participate.

On Aug. 27, the Hingham Gun Club, Hingham, Mass., will hold an all-day tournament. A handicap event, 100 targets, will be the main feature.

The next tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Aug. 27.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on Labor Day in September.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

July 30.—The Peters Cartridge Co., through their Eastern representative, Thomas H. Keller, gave a handsome cup to the Central New Jersey League, for competition. F. Hazlewood, Jr., made his first appearance, and as he has never fired over 100 shots he did fairly well. The next shoot takes place at Bound Brook, Aug. 13.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	15	Targets:	10	15
Keller	10	12	Merrell	..	9
Tingley	7	12	Croter	5	9
Hovey	8	12	Osborne	..	8
Cramer	8	11	Jordson	..	10
Baron	10	..	Apgar	..	13
Tuckly	7	..	Hobart	..	9
Lindzey	7	15	Baron	..	13
Lode	..	9			

Team race:

Climax Gun Club.

D Darby .....1101010001100101110111111—16
Hobart .....1111111100011111111111101—21
Apgar .....0111111111111111100111111—22
T H Keller .....1111111111111111110111111—24
T H Keller, Jr .....0111000001000000011100000— 7—90

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Anderson .....1111100011111111111111011—21
Hovey .....1111011111110111011111001—20
Merrill .....1011111111111100111111011—21
Jackson .....0111100111111011101111111—20
Tingley .....1011001001010110110110101—14—96

Dunellen Gun Club.

Lindzey .....1011111110111011111101111—21
Giles .....1011101011011011111110111—19
Runyon .....1011111111111100110111111—21
Cramer .....1111010111111111111111111—23
Barron .....1111111111101001011011100—18—102

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Elkwood Park, July 30.—The Kelsey cup, 25 birds, $25, resulted as follows:

Daly, 29 2221222222222202222122222
Ellison, 28 2212221121221221222221122
Murphy, 30 2121211221122222211222022

Oceanport handicap, 20 birds, $20:

Gagnon, 28 22211012221212220122
Ellison, 28 2110222110120
Daly, 29 0222221012211121212
Murphy, 30 2021121212221221222

Five pairs, $10:

Ellison, 25 .....0111101101 Murphy, 25 1011100111
Daly, 25 .....1111111111 Gagnon, 25 11110111

Ten birds, $10:

Ellison, 35 .....22002 Murphy, 35 2222221122
Daly, 35 .....20202 Gagnon, 35 201222112

Ten birds, $10:

Murphy, 35 .....21121221212 Gagnon, 35 12222211110

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 6.—Ten birds, $5:

Toland, 27 .....2110221111 Van Schoick, 25.....2122122222
Daly, 30 .....1220212122 Patten, 28 010202120

Elkwood Futurity, 25 birds, $25:

Culbertson, 25 2122210111222222012122220
Toland, 27 2122222212000110212200211
Daly, 29 2110220022222222122200222
Van Schoick, 25 0211202010010121120221
Patten, 28 0100200202222222222202220

Ten birds, $10:

Culbertson, 26 .....220212211210 Patten, 27 222022222220
Toland, 27 .....2122120120 Stone, 25 222222202222
Daly, 30 22222022110

Ten birds, $10:

Culbertson, 26 .....022121110 Patten, 27 22222022222
Toland, 26 .....12220022 Stone, 25 22222222200
Daly, 30 220210

Three pairs, $5:

Culbertson, 25 .....10 11 10 Patten, 25 .....11 11 11
Toland, 25 .....11 11 10 Stone, 25 .....01 10 01
Daly, 25 .....10 10

Ten pairs, $10:

Daly, 25 .....11 11 11 11 00 10 11 00 11 11
Patten, 25 .....11 00 11 11 11 01 11 01 01 11

Five pairs, $10:

Daly, 25 .....11 11 01 11 11—9
Patten, 25 .....11 11 10 01

CHATHAM FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Chatham, N. J., July 30.—The ties for the prize Syracuse hammerless were shot off to-day. Only five of those who were in the tie appeared for the final. Elder and Unger were absent. The final event was at 50 targets, handicaps same as previous events, except that each contestant shot at the number or targets which in the first event was an allowance of deads. Drake, of South Orange, won the gun with a straight score. His work was clean and very creditable, as the shooting was much harder than on the previous Saturday. Geoffroy was not up his 98 per cent. gait, only breaking 48 with his allowance of 4 birds. Colquitt and Fiegenspan both shot a very plucky race, each scoring 49.

After completing this event a little race was shot for a couple of small prizes, 25 targets. Geoffroy won first.

Shoot-off for second prize, 10 pairs: Colquitt 5, Dukes 6, Budd 5.

Sweepstakes, 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Drake	8	..	..	..	..	Geoffroy	9	8	..	10	10
Williamson	8	7	..	6	..	Colquitt	..	8	..	10	6
Fiegenspan	10	10	..	9	8	Sprague	..	5	7	..	..
Page	5	8	9	8	7	Jowitt	..	..	7	..	..
Budd	5	..	7	6	..	Dukes	..	..	..	..	4

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Newark, N J., Aug. 6.—Following are the scores made to-day by the South Side Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Day	6	9	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferganspan	5	9	6	8	9	6	9	8	7	8	9
Terrill	8	6	5	5	6	..	..	6	7	8	5
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	7	5	5	7
Budd	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	4	6	6	7
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..
Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	8	7

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., Aug. 6.—The weather was pleasant and favorable for good scores. The main event was the club monthly shoot, 50 targets, handicap, James and Asmus tieing on 49. Following are the scores:

Banks, 2 .....10111111111010111111111011011111111111111111111111—45
11 — 2—47
Money, 3....11110011110111111011101101001110011111111011101011—36
000 — 3—39
Hall, 5 .....11111111000101111111101111111111101111111111111111—43
01111 — 5—48
P Adams, 11..01101111100101011111011011011111101000111100101l—33
01100011111 — 8—41
Wise, 8 .....10001000110111111101110110001111111010011111111O—34
00001110 — 3—37
Huck, 5 .....11111111111100111011101111111111111111101111111l—45
00111 — 3—48
Waters, 7.....10111101110000111111001111111101111111111111111l—41
1101110 — 5—46
Billings, 8....11111010101000110010100111011011001100101100110l0—28
10101100 — 4—32
Asmus, 10....01001111111111111111111011111101111111111011100100—40
1011111111 — 9—49
James, 12.....00101010100110111111100100111111110010110011000111—40
011101111101 — 9—49
Spiegel, 11...01001111010110101110000101111111011111110101111111—34
1100011100l — 6—40
Pierson, 20...01000000111101010010100001000010100000000011100000—16
01101001101000000000 — 7—23
Matzen, 12...10011110100100001010101100011111111111001000111111O—29
110001110110 — 7—36
Lenone .....10001000010011100010110010000110100001001100011100 —19
Thompson ..11011110101010111111110100110000011000011101100101 —29

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
Money	11	11	12	..	11	13	Banks	..	15	14	14	14	12
Taylor	12	11	..	9	12	..	Waters	..	14	7	10	12	13
P Adams	11	12	11	13	..	..	Hall	..	..	..	15	15	13
Huck	10	13	12	..	..	..	Matzen	..	..	..	8	9	9
Wise	10	8	..	11	..	..	Spiegel	..	..	..	10	10	9
Asmus	12	12	12	..	10	..	Lenone	..	..	..	5	..	5
Billings	11	12	13	9	..	..	Plate	..	..	..	..	12	11
Thompson	9	10	9	7	..	..	Pierson	..	..	..	..	..	7

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, Aug. 6.—Only a few members participated in the Brooklyn Gun Club shoot to-day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Kemble	8	5	5	7	6	8	Milliken	4	5	3	8	4	5
B Amend	6	7	7	6	6	6							

It's a Matter of Teeth.

In a neck of the woods in an isolated part of Egypt, which is in the southern part of Illinois, there dwelt a certain wise man, called a Cadi, who was learned in the law; and strange to say, considering his profession, he was a lover of justice also.

He had a very rare accomplishment in addition to his acute knowledge of law; that is to say, he had more than an ordinary allotment of common sense, and could pass judgment on the questions of every-day life without reference to precedents, thus being governed by the circumstances as they existed and not by whether the like had happened before, and what action thereon had been taken by some long-forgotten legal predecessors, all of whom, whether wise or foolish, rich or poor, honest or dishonest, etc., rated alike in the art of precedent making.

He, having much hard cider in his cellar, gained the affection and confidence of his neighbors, who were wont to sit on their haunches on the woodpile, condemned barrels, swill buckets, old plows and such like other things as were scattered around the door-yard promiscuous-like, waiting to be invited, leaving the post of honor, the shade of the house, for their oracle to repose in while he pondered over the village problems daily presented for his sagacious rulings.

At such times, lost stolidly in thought, he much resembled the just Cadi of whom we all read in our school days, not those whom we saw at the World's Fair a few years since. However, there were a few minor exceptions which rather heightened his judicial aspect. Instead of a turban, he wore a soft felt hat, filled with dust and many sweatings about the hat band, with colors much faded by constant wear in sunshine and storm since his boyhood. Instead of crossing his legs and sitting on a divan, he placed his feet, encased in cowhide boots—which showed his robust bunions in sturdy profile—upon a shelf where the milk pans were drying, sitting the while on a work bench conveniently placed for the purpose and smoking a black, broken-stemmed clay pipe instead of a nargileh.

One hot afternoon, when the shade of the house and the company of his admirers were more than commonly grateful, and while he was solving some intricate questions on the perpendiculars of rainbows and the starting point of the south wind, two horsemen rode up.

"'Light," said the Cadi, without rising from his comfortable seat. "Hitch your horses, strangers. Where might you be goin'?"

Both men dismounted with a heaviness of manner which denoted a long ride. Walking up in front of the Cadi regardless of the open-mouthed onlookers who were roosting on such improvised seats as happened to be comfortably shaded, the taller one of the strangers said in earnest tones: "This man's a wolf!" at the same time pointing his finger at his companion.

"And what might you be yourself?" said the Cadi.

"I'm a lamb," was the reply.

"'S that so?" said the wise man. "P'raps yer wouldn't maind tellin' to the jury here how it all happened," and he winked at his habitual admirers as if to ask a suspension of judgment till he started his judicial brain a-whirling on its pivot.

"Well, you see, it's this way. We are trap-shooters. This man is a professional or an expert, it doesn't matter which to me, for the result is the same in either case. I am an amateur. I put up my money for sport, and this wolf comes along and takes it. That's what makes me a lamb and him a wolf."

"Does this wolf steal on you in the darkness of the awesome night, or sneak on you with wolfish cunning in the daytime?" asked the just judge.

"Can't say that he does. He puts up his money openly, same as I do, but I am an amateur, and he is an expert. He is a 90 per cent. man, while I am only an 80 per cent. man. There surely is something wrong somewhere when this state of things exists; and, existing, that it is permitted."

"Hum! I see! I see," said the Cadi. "I'm a 90 per cent. shooter myself; so I know all about your case. Let me interlocute yer somewhat. If you shoot for sport, why do you put any money up?"

"Oh, it's a lot more interesting when I have up some money. I feel then the spirit of the competition."

"Ah!" said the Cadi. "Then it is the money too that you are after. When the 90 per cent. man wins your money, what does he do with it?"

"I regret to say that he then puts it in his pocket. That's what hurts. We lambs don't want him around, and that's the very point upon which we want the judgment of so fine a jurist as you are famed to be."

"If you, an 80 per cent. man, were the best shot, what would you do to the 70 per cent. man?"

"I wouldn't do a thing to him."

"Now," said the wise Cadi, "when you, an 80 per cent. man, win the money of a 70 per cent. man, what do you do with it? Give it back to him perhaps?"

"No, I don't. But that's different, for we are amateurs. If the 90 per cent. men were out of the way, we amateurs would have a better chance, and the noble sport would be saved."

"Don't you think," said the Cadi, "that the 70 per cent. men then would object to the 80 per cent. men, same as the 80 per cent. men now object to the 90 per cent. men? The real difference is in the relative skill of the individuals, and not in the name of the class, for the term amateur may mean expert or novice. If the men who were better shots than 80 per cent. were all ruled out the 80 per cent. men then would be the experts, and the same relative position to the rest would then be held by them that the 90 per cent. men hold now. You object to being beaten by the 90 per cent. men, yet you take great satisfaction yourself in beating the men who shoot at a less degree of skill than yourself. You claim that you shoot for sport, though putting up your money in manner like to that of the professional, also shooting like unto him, yet talking meanwhile much of sport in theory while your center of effort is around the money in your practice. While losing your money to a better shot than yourself on the one hand and complaining thereat, you do the same thing to a shot weaker than yourself and are joyous thereat. The term lamb is a misnomer, for the lamb looks different and acts differently from the wolf, and most of all it does not invade the wolf's range and deliberately enter into a struggle with him. You are not a different species. You are all pleasant, amiable wolves, differing in size, teeth—some big, some little—but all with more or less of the commendable purpose of succeeding as much as possible within the true limits of the sport. I would further add—"

"Pardon me, sir, but I do not think that you quite understand what I came here for; and anyway you do not think as I do, and I don't believe a word of what you are saying. But I would like to take your decision back to the boys to show them that I came here in good faith, if you can deliver it in two or three words."

"It's all a matter of the sharpest and longest teeth," said the Cadi; and then turning to his friends he said, with a sigh, "We find the same thing in our business everywhere. I often think of the touching words of the poet on this subject," said the Cadi, as a grumous tear slowly sank from his left eyelid. "Let me read to you the following verse," and he took a scrap of paper from his pocketbook, and tuning up his voice he continued:

"'So, naturalists observe, a wolf
Has larger wolves that on him prey;
And these have larger still to bite 'em,
And so proceed, ad infinitum.'"

"It's on the barn," said Si Simpson, who was the acknowledged wit of the party.

"What is?" said the Cadi.

"The roof," said Si.

"It's on the house this time," said the Cadi. "What'll you have, boys?"

Trap Around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 1.—A meeting of the members of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, was held yesterday at the residence of Mr. Abner S. Laird, 330 North Sixth street, when preliminary arrangements for a two days' merchandise shoot at their headquarters on Mt. Penn were made. President William Smith called the meeting to order and Howard S. Dippery was secretary. The club decided upon Sept. 5 and 6 as the dates for the shoot, and already has 100 fine prizes subscribed by the different business men of this city. The principal event will be a team shoot for a handsome cup, which was presented to the club over a month ago, and which trophy the Mt. Penn Club will offer as an intercounty championship for teams of five men each. The members of these teams must be bona fide members of the shooting club they represent. The secretary was instructed to send communications to the following clubs, inviting them to compete in the team and also the two days' shoot: Florist Gun Club, Silver Lake, Frankfort, Southwark, Roxborough, Wayne, Independent, all of Philadelphia; Mahanoy City Gun Club, Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville; West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester; Shuler Shooting Association, of Pottstown; Penn and Social gun clubs, of Norristown; Twin City Gun Club, of Royersford and Spring City; Boyertown Rod and Gun Club; Allen Gun Club and John Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown; Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon; Independent, South End and East End gun clubs, of Reading.

The following were appointed a committee to take charge of the shoot and make the necessary arrangements: Albert Yeager, Harry Saylor, Howard Hill, Warren Brown, Abner J. Laird and Howard Dippery.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 6.—The Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, who are making arrangements for their two days' merchandise shoot, Sept. 5-6, have received many fine prizes and trophies, which will be shot for by shooters from all parts of the State. One of the principal events of the shoot will be the intercounty championship for teams of five men each, for a fine silver trophy, which is donated by the club.

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 4.—The first of a series of three club shoots for the intercounty championship between West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., and Shuler Shooting Club, of this place, was shot to-day at East End, the shooting ground of the Shuler Club. The background for shooting is fine, but to-day the glaring sun and a strong wind made target shooting very hard, and the record shows very low scores for the shooters. The West Chester Club arrived in Pottstown at 10:25 A. M., and were quartered at the Shuler House. The following gentlemen constituted the party: Messrs. F. P. Gill, F. H. Eaches, Thos. Ferguson, Thos. Sellers, Geo. R. Foulke, Wm. B. Jackson, John H. Twaddell, J. H. Lumis, Lewis Brooks, Benj. Plase, J. M. Hoar, Thos. Eaches, Fred Geisel, Paul Brinton. At 2 P. M. sharp the shooting began, when the first sweep, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, was began. At 2:30 the two captains, Messrs. Gill and Wickersham, met and tossed, the West Chester captain winning and deciding to shoot his men first in the squad. The targets were thrown by the magautrap, which worked very well and gave entire satisfaction. Each team consisted of ten men, each man shooting at 25 targets. The Shuler Club had an easy victory, winning by 35 birds. The scores of both teams are very low and far below average. Messrs. C. F. McMichael, of Pottstown, and Harvey Cronser, of West Chester, officiated as referee and judge. Forest and Stream correspondent, who was present, was selected as official scorer. Sweeps followed, and continued until darkness set in. The score of the club shoot was as follows:

West Chester Gun Club—Sellers 14, Twaddell 13, Hoar 10, P. Brinton 14, Gill 15, Henry 13, Ferguson 14, Ford 18, Lumis 14, Foulke 17—142.

Shuler Shooting Club—Benner 20, Sheeler 17, Miller 23, Trumbauer 19, Wickersham 15, Saylor 15, H. Wein 12, L. H. Davis 17, Grubb 17, Slonaker 22—177.

The sweeps were as follows:

Events:	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7
Grubb	6	9	7	6	5	9	..	5
Benner	..	8	6	8	4	8	10	3
Brey	9	10	..	8	8	6	8	6
Saylor	10	5	7	6	..	..	6	..
Trumbauer	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ford	9	8	7	..	..	..	8	..
Foulke	8	5	9	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	8	8	7	7	6	6	4
Twaddell	8	4	5	..	..	..	..	..
Brooks	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Slonaker	8	..	..	8	9	..	7	..
Hoar	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Jackson	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L H Davis	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lumis	6	7	..	..	..	..	9	..
Brinton	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Lenhart	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sellers	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Gill	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Wein	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wickersham	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaner	..	7	..	7	6	8	5	6
Sheeler	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shuler	..	..	5	..	5	..	6	4
Pennypacker	..	..	..	5	..	9	..	..
McFarland	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	3
Yerger	..	..	..	5	5	5	..	3
McMichael	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..
Bull	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

Springfield, Pa., Aug. 1.—This afternoon the sportsmen of this village met in McCord's field, near here, and held a target match, Sergeant system. The folks of this town had decided at a town meeting held some time ago to hold a grand holiday and raise money, by holding a festival, to be used for lamps and for improving the village. Springfield or Blue Rock Post-Office is a quiet little town, located in Chester county, near the famous banks of the Brandywine Creek, the home of the bass and sunfish. It is at this place, Springfield, that the Du Pont Powder Co., of Wilmington, have their proving grounds, at which all the grades of smokeless powder are tested. To-day was a gala day for the residents, as well as visitors, who came to have a good time. The morning was taken up by baseball, tennis and croquet games, the afternoon being taken up by target shooting and horse races. The sportsmen of the town decided to hold a target shoot, and purchased three bluerock traps and several hundred targets. The result is a gun club has been organized, and it is expected that at the next meeting, to be held in the second week of August, fifty names will be added to the list already signed. Mr. Ira McCord is the chief mover of the shooting club, and he has kindly consented to allow the club the use of what is known as McCord's field free of charge for its future matches. Thus far no officers were elected, which has been left until next meeting, but in the meantime the members are hustling for new members. The scores follow, all events at 10 targets per man, one man up to shoot at a time, except event No. 8, which was at 3 pairs doubles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
O Bull	3	3	5	3	4	3	3	3
H Harple	3	3	3	2	..	..	..	..
Templin	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C McMichael	1	3	3	4	4	5	5	3
I McCord	1	1	1	..	2	1	2	1
Connor	0	2	1	..	..	..	..	..
C Harple	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
S Smith	4	4	2	3	..	..	..	..
Garvine	..	2	4	..	..	..	..	..
Lumis	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weaver	..	..	..	2	2	3	3	2

Boyertown, Pa., Aug. 6.—The Boyertown Rod and Gun Club, of this place, held a live-bird and target shoot to-day. Sportsmen were present from Pottstown, Royersford, Red Hill, Pleasant Point and Norristown. The events resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Benner	9	10	10	..	7	7	Saylor	..	..	9	..	10	7
H Wein	9	7	6	7	4	..	Wickersham	..	..	8	10	8	8
Yerger	8	9	6	7	..	..	Grubb	..	..	7	8	8	8
W Wein	7	8	..	..	..	..	L H Davis	..	..	6	6	6	8
Nuss	7	7	..	..	..	..	De Witt	..	..	5	6	..	..
Lenhart	5	..	9	7	6	9	Longacre	..	..	5	6	7	9
Scheifley	..	6	..	..	..	..	Ritter	..	..	8	4	4	

Norristown, Pa., Aug. 6.—The Social and Penn gun clubs, of this borough, held the first of a series of five shoots to decide the interclub championship at targets. Each club was represented by three of its best shooters, and each man shot at 50 targets thrown from a magautrap. The score follows:

Social Gun Club—Smith 44, Shambough 42, Derr 35—121.

Penn Gun Club—Ritter 43, Franklin 35, J. R. Yost 34—112.

The regular club shoot of the Social Gun Club for the gold medal then followed, and was won by T. V. Smith, who broke 23 out of 25 targets.

Duster.

Noel Money's Bear.

The legion of friends in America of Mr. Noel Money will be delighted to read the following from him, which is an excerpt from a private letter, which we have been permitted to use: "Just a line to let you know I am fit and well. I am writing this in my tent in the mountains close to the boundary of China, a grand place, full of game. Yesterday with my little .303 rifle I killed two bears at 90yds., right and left; neither ever moved afterward. It was a very pretty bit of sport. The .303 is a most wonderful weapon, both in its effects and in its accuracy. But about the Bears. We heard that twenty-two Tartar horses had been killed in a snowstorm in the winter about twenty miles away, so I went over, as I knew that as the snow was going fast there would certainly be bears eating the horses, and I could shoot them at night. After a search I could not find the horses. About 4 P. M. I turned back toward camp alone; my Tartar continuing to look for the horses in other directions. I saw on the face of the hill opposite me, about one and one-half miles off, two bears moving slowly along. The wind was wrong, so I started to ride as hard as I could to get around them. Soon I saw the bears were suddenly frightened at something, and were making off in a slanting direction toward me. I galloped over the most infernal ground for about a mile, then tied my horse up and ran down hill for half a mile as hard as I could, in the meantime not having seen the bears for fifteen minutes at least. When I reached a big rock pretty well blown and looked over I was immensely pleased to see the bears going full speed about 90yds. below. I gave a shout to stop them, and then shot the first one in the neck. He stood still, listening, and then I shot the second, also in the neck, as he looked at his companion to see what was the matter. Neither moved, but for a kick or two. It was a jolly bit of sport; great luck perhaps, with good shooting, but above all a piece of good hunting. I don't believe many men would have had hunting instinct to cut those bears off, or wind and legs enough to get there in time. I killed another big bear a few days ago at night sitting up over a dead horse. The other day I saw a huge bear on a hill, and started to stalk him. I must have got him had not a fool of a Tartar with a bag and animals, who were behind, shot at a hare. Off went the bear; very bad luck, as hares are extremely rare in the mountains. Bears are very big here, and this one was a monster. I shall probably go to England in November or December for a few weeks, and then back here again. It is very hot now and the mosquitoes are something awful. I would rather have a dozen New Jersey mosquitoes at me than two of these gigantic beasts, which bite like bull dogs." Mr. Money attained an enviable and deserved reputation in America as a most charming gentleman, but when it came to practical field sports, there were abilities he displayed which were not fully approved. For instance, in ruffed grouse shooting in the mountains of New Jersey he would take boulders, stumps, logs, etc., in his stride with no more apparent signs of distress of wind or limb than if he were taking a leisurely saunter before breakfast. The writer has a vivid recollection of one such experience, in which he was leaning up against a tree on a hot day, answering "cooey! cooey!" to the "cooey! cooey!" cry which meant to come together. Mr. Money suddenly appeared at the top of the hill and was much amused at the sudden zeal which seized the shooter in climbing the hill when caught resting, and thereby hangs quite a story. It is told of Mr. Money by Mr. Hunnewell, I believe, that when Mr. Money was in Maine, now nearly three years ago, their fox hunting party all started in hot pursuit of a favorite speedy hound, which was in mad pursuit of a fox. The athletic form of Mr. Money quickly drew to the front, and one by one or two by two the wearied hunters dropped out of the race. They formed in groups, sitting down to rest, discussing the circumstances and waiting for developments. After a time the chase was heard returning; the voice of the hound, however, having changed, and containing many notes of distress. It drew nearer and nearer, at length breaking cover. Noel Money was running at ease a few lengths ahead of the hound, which he was urging on, and the fox a few yards ahead, with eyes askance, watching the man and paying no heed to the dog.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

Worcester, Mass.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club's tournament, held on Aug. 3, was one of the best attended tournaments ever given by the club. Mayor Rufus B. Dodge, of Worcester, and Mayor E. B. Hoitt, of Marlboro, accepted the hospitality of the club, and participated in the shooting for exhibition purposes and to entertain the ladies, many of whom graced the event by their presence.

Messrs. J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros., and Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust powder fame, were the shooting stars. Fanning won great applause by breaking 50 straight in the last two events of 25 targets each, but withdrew in favor of the ties on 23, who were Hull, Bowker, Hanson and Eager, the latter winning.

One of the most interesting events was that between the two mayors, who first shot at 10 birds to determine a handicap. Mayor Dodge broke 3 out of 10, Mayor Hoitt 7 out of 10. It was decided then that the former shoot at 16; the latter at 10. Result: Mayor Hoitt 9, Mayor Dodge 5.

Events 1, 3, 5, 8 and 11 were reversed. Nos. 2, 7, 10 and 13 were unknown. The remainder were regular.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	25	25	25
Fanning	6	10	8	8	21	9	9	10	23	9	8	9	23	25	25
Hull	9	8	8	7	21	8	9	10	21	9	8	9	24	23	22
Snell	10	10	9	9	20	10	10	9	23	7	8	10	24	..	..
Forehand	..	10	7	8	24	8	7	9	23	10	8	8	22	..	..
Walls	6	8	8	9	18	9	9	7	22	8	7	9	19	..	22
Griffith	9	9	9	10	16	10	9	9	19	6	8	6	16	..	..
Bowker	8	9	8	9	17	9	7	8	17	6	7	9	19	23	..
Brown	4	7	3	8	13	4	10	4	23	6	..	8	23	19	18
Knowlton	8	9	7	10	20	8	9	8	22	10	7	8	..	..	..
Chapin	4	1	5	7	20	8	5	7	23	10	3	6	..	..	..
Campbell	3	7	4	5	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jourdan	..	7	6	6	19	9	8	6	18	8	7	9	20	..	..
Buck	..	7	8	5	..	7	8	10	..	6	4	..	..	..	..
Coats	..	7	6	8	11	6	5	4	..	9	..	9	18	..	..
McLellan	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	21	8	10	9	21	..	..
Hanson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	18	23	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	8	15	..	..
Nack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	17	..	..	
Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	24	..	17	
Rawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	14	..	14	
Locke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	21	..	21	
Eager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	21	

Uxbridge Gun Club.

Uxbridge, Mass., July 30.—The medal shoot was at two 15-target events, regular, and two 10-target events, unknown angles. Owing to the shower, this was the only event shot. After 25 birds had been shot at Mr. Day, the holder of the medal, who was then well ahead, and shooting in good form, offered to call this no shoot and postpone it until next week, as the rain seriously inconvenienced the shooters; but they insisted upon shooting through the event, and the medal belongs "to him, and his heirs and assigns, to have and to hold forever."

					Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Ray	13	9	13	8	50	43	.860
Carl	10	8	14	7	50	39	.780
Fred	11	5	13	5	50	32	.640
Rawson	9	5	..		25	14	.560
Coffin	13	8	12	7	50	40	.800
Noyes	14	7	10	9	50	40	.800
Club average					.275	208	.750

W. S. Hobbs, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

NEW HANDICAP TROPHY FOR CHICAGO.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 6.—We are to have a new live-bird handicap trophy for Chicago, something which we certainly need. The history of the so-called Chicago live-bird challenge trophy is well known. The most sportsmanlike part of that history is that portion pertaining to the actual shooting at Watson's Park. The city end of the trophy is not so free from criticism. It is not and never will be accepted by the shooters of Chicago as a representative emblem, for the conditions, even changed as they have been, do not seem to all the shooters to be open, stringless and free from taint, as conditions governing any amateur emblem should certainly be. Such as those conditions are, the trustees and the shooters have tried to respect and enforce them, but there has been too much petty spite and too many petty methods concerned with that unlucky trophy ever to allow it to attain very much dignity. Mr. Paterson brought it into news value by a long run of victories. Mr. Hicks defeats Mr. Paterson in a well-fought race. The shooters themselves have been the best part of that trophy, but there was wide-open room for another, one more harmonious in conception and more likely to evoke a gentlemanly and sportsmanlike feeling.

Realizing this need and seeing this opportunity, the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, have come into the breach and offer a new trophy, which is very apt to forge rapidly to the front in interest at this city. There are several shooters in that big house, including Mr. Geo. Thorne, secretary; Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, advertising manager, etc., etc., and these gentlemen have been shooting a bit lately, and have taken an interest in our languishing condition here in the Chicago shooting world, where certainly grim-visaged discord has had a lead-pipe cinch for many moons. With quiet carefulness, the house has gone over the matter, and it seems to me the result is a set of conditions which we may call fair, sportsmanlike and worthy of respect. I beg to give a synopsis of these as formulated in a letter at hand early this week:

"On Wednesday, the 17th of this month, we will give the first of a series of trap-shooting events at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., at 2 o'clock P. M. There will be twelve of these shoots, given on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, until the series is completed. These events will be open to all shooters in Cook county, Ill., and will be known as the Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap live pigeon diamond badge shoot. To the one who wins the badge the greatest number of times in the twelve shoots it is to become his personal property. The winner at any event is to receive the badge, and can wear it until some one wins it from him. This badge will be a very suitable memento for the occasion.

"Each shooter is to shoot at 20 live birds, and be handicapped anywhere from 26 to 32yds., according to his known shooting ability, and to have such allowance of birds extra to shoot at as the handicapper shall give him. No shooter is to know his handicap distance before the shoot, but when he enters his name to shoot, the referee, Mr. John Watson, will tell him the number of birds he is to shoot at and the distance he is to stand from the traps.

"At each shoot there will be a second and third prize given by us. The second prize will be the refund of the entrance money, $4, to the one making the second highest score, and the third prize will be 100 of our best hand-loaded trap shells, loaded with any grade and quantity of powder the winner may elect, valued at $3. There will be no division of prizes. All ties must be shot off at the number of birds and distance stated by the referee.

"We want to stir up the shooters in Cook county, and we believe this will be the means of doing it. We desire especially to have amateurs attend these shoots, and the handicapper will do all he can to put them on an equality by placing them at a distance, and giving them enough extra birds to shoot at, so they will feel that they stand an equal chance with the best shots in the county."

ODDS AND ENDS IN THE WEST.

It will seem strange not to see a good trap shoot out at the State fair grounds at St. Paul, Minn., in the month of September, but it seems we are not to have it this fall. The St. Paul Gun Club announces the abandonment of its dates, as there are too many probabilities that the shoot could not be made a success. The medal of last year, indicative of the State championship, will be held over to the following year in its present hands. This was to have been the twenty-first annual shoot of the St. Paul Gun Club, but I trust there is nothing ominous about that coincidence.

Next week sees the sixth annual shoot of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., Aug. 10-11. The shooting is at unknown angles, Rose system, 150 targets daily.

At the last week's club shoot of the Central Gun Club the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15
Flynn	5	6	7	2	3	4	Noisey	10	9	8	10	11	12
Greener, Jr	7	5	8	8	8	8	William G	..	5	2	9	7	2
Brown	4	3	5	..	..	..	Wassen	9	10	9	6	14	11
Duchess	7	9	6	10	5	..	Nervey	4	6	8	8	4	..
Bennett	7	8	8	10	9	7	Greener	9	9	8	7	13	12
Nelson	9	9	8	9	14	14							

Crookston, Minn., will hold a two days' shoot, Aug. 16-17. Amateurs only.

Milwaukee Gun Club's tournament, concluded Sunday last, was a fairly successful amateur event, with some sixty or seventy different entries in the two days. A number of amateur shooters came in from adjoining towns. It was practically all targets, some at the Jack Rabbit system. Haertle, Deering, Lea, Meunier, Farmer, Marsh, C. Schmidt and Cantillon were among those taking top honors.

Mr. W. A. Gray, secretary of Sidell, Ill., Gun Club, writes me regarding the big amateur tournament of that organization, to be held Sept. 7-8: "This promises to eclipse any of our former efforts, if we are to judge by the number of entries coming in for the 100 live-bird event, in which we offer $75 to the winner." I should think that a big live-bird sweep with such conditions ought to bring together a lot of good amateurs, and though the birds will be going better by the month of September, I venture to predict that it will take a score of over 90 to win the prize. Sidell programme looks inviting.

Canton Gun Club's two days' shoot, earlier mentioned, Aug. 17-18, will use the Sergeant system. The programme says this shoot showed forty guns present the last tournament, and more ought to be on hand this time. I looked over the programme to learn whether or not it was wide open. On the top of it is the suggestive word "Amateur." There is a good deal of that sort of thing this season.

Jack Parker managed a good shoot at Lansing, Mich., last week for the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. The next tournament of the organization will be at Grand Rapids, Aug. 22-23. Grand Rapids won the team shoot last, Davison, Widdicomb and Holcomb scoring 59 out of 75. Detroit was second with Parker, Marks and Stone, who got 57. Jackson with Thompson, De May and Tracy had 54. Mason, Lansing and Howell followed in the order named.

Stone, of Detroit, won the expert medal contest in a draw with Widdicomb, of Grand Rapids, each breaking 23 out of 25 birds. Parker scored 22, Waruf 21. Scott, of Grass Lake, won the semi-expert trophy, scoring 21 out of 25. The amateur contest was won by Casper Schelling.

King Smokeless Powder trophy was won by Thompson, of Jackson, who broke 22 out of 25.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—The medal shoot of the Garfield Gun Club to-day resulted in the following scores, Kuss winning the Class A medal, Young Class B, Demaris Class C:

Workman	10111011100011011111101100—16
Demaris	11110111100111011111101010—18
Shaw	11101110110111111110111101—20
Richards	11101100111111111111001111—20
Cooper	11110011101010011111111111—19
Meek	00011101111100111110101111—17
Nusley	11100001110010011011011110—14
Kuss	11111011111111011111111101—22
Fehrman	11101001111111111111111101—21
Comley	11011111101001111001100000—15
Wiley	01111001111111111101111100—19
Helman	11111100101111111011011111—20
Stiger	01001111111011011011010101—17
Palmer	10000101111010011101100001—13
Young	01111011111111011011101111—20
Cornelson	11011100111101010100111110—16
Eaton	10011101101101001010011111—15
Smith	00011111111111110011011111—19

Sweepstakes, No. 1 was five unknown traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Workman	2	9	14	14	Wiley	..	8	8	..
Demaris	0	10	12	..	Comley	..	11	7	12
Shaw	3	13	..	..	Helman	..	12	14	10
Richards	3	11	14	13	Stiger	..	9	8	10
Cooper	3	8	10	13	Palmer	..	10	5	6
Meek	..	11	11	8	Young	..	10	12	11
Nusley	2	8	10	8	Cornelson	..	10	9	..
Kuss	..	12	14	7	Eaton	..	..	..	8
Fehrman	..	13	14	9					

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 6.—The following scores were made to-day by the Eureka Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15		Targets:	15	15	15	
Adams	11	13	12	14	Cunnyngham	..	12	13	15
Neta	11	8	..	9	Antoine	..	13	12	14
Doc	8	11	13	15	Buck	..	10	12	13
R B Carson	10	12	10	12	Steck	..	13	10	13
F P Stannard	10	12	14	15	Borroff	..	9	..	10
Vetter	..	14	14	13	W D Stannard	..	..	12	12
H F Carson	..	10	9	13	Hunter	..	..	8	..

Medal shoot, 25 targets:

Class A.

F P Stannard	10111111111101011101101 10—19
Steck	11011110111111111111111110—22
Adams	11110111111101111111110110—21
Antoine	11111111111111111110111111—24
W D Stannard	00001101111011111111111110—18
Houston	11111011001100111000101 01—15

Class B.

H F Carson	11111101110101111111111111—22
Dr Carson	11111010111111111111111111—24
Buck	10011111101111100111111111—20
R B Carson	10011011111110001110111110—17
Vetter	11101011001111111011111110—19
Cunnyngham	00000001110101011101111110—13

Class C.

Burroff	11111110111011111111101111—22
Neta	01010111101010000101011010—12
T Hunter	01101111110111010011010 10—16

Team shoot, 15 targets:

Antoine	111110011110011—11
Adams	111011111111111—14
F P Stannard	101111111111111—14
Steck	000110111111000— 8
Cunnyngham	011011111011011—11
Houston	111101111111111—14
R B Carson	110001111111100—10
Hunter	111111111100000—10—82
C W Carson	010111101110111—11
H F Carson	111011001111101—11
W D Stannard	011111110111111—13
Borroff	000000001111011— 6
Vetter	010111111111111—13
Buck	111010110000101— 8
Neta	101010110110000— 7
Lumsden	000100000110100— 4—69

Team shoot, 20 targets:

W D Stannard	11111111101111010111—17
Adams	11110011000111101111—14
E Steck	11111101111110111110—17
H F Carson	01111011001100000100—12
Vetter	01011111111111010101—15
Buck	10011111111011111111—17—92
Houston	10110111110111100111—15
F P Stannard	11111111111111111111—20
Antoine	11110101110101111111—16
Cunnyngham	11111111111100111111—18
Hunter	00110111111000100001—10
Dr Morton	01100110111111011011—14—93
Weart	01001011101101101101
Adams	11011011111101010110
W D Stannard	10111101111111011111

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

July 30.—The fifth shoot of the second series of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Frankford Gun Club. There were two sets of traps, one of five expert, one set in the manner of the Sergeant system. There was the remarkably good showing of nine clubs on hand, and about fifty contestants in some of the sweeps.

The team match began about 1 o'clock.

The Washington Gun Club won on a score of 158. W. Bourne won the Peters Cartridge Company trophy. The business affairs of the competition were in charge of Mr. Howard George, assisted by Mr. Ed Beck, secretary of the Frankford Gun Club.

The Forest Gun Club shot with a four-men team.

OPEN SWEEPS.

Events:	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10
H Ridge	15	10	9	9	15	9	6	10	14	8	10	9
D Myers	13	9	..	8	..	..	6	..	..	7	4	9
W Torpey	11	9	5	10	11	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Pechin	..	9	9	5	7	14	7	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	14	9	7	10	12	9	9	..	12	7	9	7
W Bourne	10	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Redifer	..	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R G C	..	..	6	9	10	8	7	8	..	..	..	..
W H W	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9
E Kirk	..	..	5	7	13	9	8	*	..	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	5	7	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr George	..	..	8	7	14	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
E Dillon	..	..	..	10	14	7	7	..	15	..	8	8
W Dillon	..	..	..	9	13	8	5	4	9	..	8	8
Burton	..	..	..	8	..	9	7	9	13	6	..	..
S P Life	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	9
Cameron	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
La Rue	..	..	..	..	9	..	5	8	7	..	..	..
Senat	..	..	..	..	13	..	4	8	7	8	..	..
Fisher	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
McAfee	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	10	..	..	..	8
Woodstager	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Powell	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Dillon	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	12	6	6	6
Swartz	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Humer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Butts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..
Shelden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	8	8	6
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	5	6	8
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Street	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	9	..	..
Paine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	5
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	4	6
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	8	6
Free	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	8
Daly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Van Loon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10
Van Nort	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
H B Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	4	9
Bender	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Leonard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
G Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Team match, 25 targets and handicap, known angles, six men to a team.

Washington, 198.

F Smith	00111001111111111111111100—19	
	11111101	— 7—26
Motz	11111111111101000111111111—21	
	01111011	— 6—27
H Johnson	11111101111111111101110111—22	
	11111111	— 8—30
Torpey	00001010111101111101100010—13	
	01001111	— 5—18
Pechin	10111111111101011111111001—20	
	01111101	— 6—26
P Johnson	11111111111111011111011111—23	
	11111111	— 8—31—158

Silver Lake, 173.

Humer	11111111111111111111111110—24	
	1111	— 4—28
Winchester	10111111110111111111111110—22	
	1111	— 4—26
Numbers	11111101111111110111111110—22	
	1011	— 3—25
Woodstager	11001111010110111111011111—19	
	1101	— 3—22
McAfee	11101111111111110111111111—23	
	1111	— 4—27
Lane	11110011011111110111110100—18	
	111	— 3—21—149

Southwark, 177.

O'Brien	01111111111011101101111101—20	
	11111	— 5—25
Fisher	01100110110101111111111111—19	
	11110	— 4—23
Shelden	10111101011111111111100111—20	
	11111	— 5—25
La Rue	10101101111100111001111101—17	
	0110	— 2—19
Ford	11101111110111111111111011—22	
	1011	— 3—25
Burt	11111110111110111011111111—22	
	1111	— 4—26—143

Frankford, 179.

Cameron	10110011101001011101111110—16	
	11111	— 5—21
Meyers	11011101111101011011111011—19	
	10101	— 3—22
Swartz	01100110101111111110111111—19	
	11011	— 4—23
W Bourne	11111111111111111111111111—25	
	01111	— 4—29
Butts	10111100101111111111010111—19	
	11111	— 5—24
H George	01010111101011100111011111—17	
	1011	— 3—20—139

Florists, 161.

Burton	11101111101111111111111100—20	
	11	— 2—22
S P Life	10111111111111111111111100—21	
	00	— 0—21
Bell	11110111101111101111111110—21	
	10	— 1—22
Smith	11110111110111111011101111—21	
	11	— 2—23
Cartledge	11001111111111111011111111—22	
	11	— 2—24
Anderson	11111111111111111011101111—23	
	1	— 1—24—136

Independent, 153.

W H W	11111111101111111111111111—24	
	1	— 1—25
Cowan	11101111111111011110001111—20	
	1	— 1—21
Ridge	11111111111111111111111101—24	
	1	— 1—25
Henry	11101111011010011111011110	—18
Leaming	11111001111111111010110010	—18
H Thurman	01010101111111111111111111	—21—118

Roxborough, 176.

R G C	11011011011111011110111111—20	
	01111	— 4—24
Giles	11001111101001111111111110—19	
	11111	— 5—24
Free	10101101111111101011011000—16	
	1001	— 2—18
Powell	10111001111111011111000010—16	
	101	— 2—18
McFalls	11111111101111110011111111—22	
	1101	— 3—25
Morrison	01011111011011010010110000—14	
	1111	— 4—18—127

Wayne, 181*.

E Dillon	11000110111011111011111111—19	
	111111	— 6—25
Daly	11011111111111010111111111—22	
	10111	— 4—26
J Dillon	10010111111011011011011010—16	
	01101	— 3—19
Morris	00011011111111110111111111—20	
	10111	— 4—24
Green	00000010101111110011011110—13	
	01110	— 3—16—110

* Shot with five men at 151.

Forest, 208.

Hancock	00100001110110000110110 00—10	
	0101100101	— 5—15
Van Nort	11111111111011000011001011—18	
	1111111111	—10—28
Bender	11011111010111011111011001—18	
	1110111110	— 8—26
Cheyney	11001011011111110111111111—20	
	1111110011	— 8—28— 97

The Delaware Club failed to have a team present.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

The following shows the number of points won in the five matches:

Southwark	6½	8	8	9	8	39½
Independent	2	5	10	10	5	32
Washington	3	9½	4½	5	10	32
Roxborough	6½	6	6½	8	4	31
Wayne	9	7	4½	7	3	30½
Frankford	4	9½	6½	3	7	30
Silver Lake	10	3	2	6	9	30
Florists	5	4	9	4	6	28
Forest	8	*	1	*	2	11
Delaware	*	2	3	*	*	5

* Absent.

Greenfield Gun Club.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 3.—Good averages were made by most of the shooters to-day at the club's regular monthly shoot. Fleming led with an average of .880, and Bessemer was a good second with .860. Pillow, Pills, Born and Cochran had each an average of .800 or over:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Pillow	12	13	12	11	14	15	13	12	11	11
Atkinson	12	14	14	8	12	14	14	11	9	10
Pills	14	15	11	13	10	14	13	9	14	12
Fleming	33	14	11	13	12	14	15	15	11	14
Bessemer	13	12	14	11	12	13	14	13	14	13
Born	10	12	12	12	14	12	14	14	13	9
Reed	13	8	5	7	11	10	1	11	10	11
Cochran	8	11	13	14	11	9	11	11	10	..
Hy-Po	11	12	10	11	13	12	10	14	10	

Sidell Gun Club.

Sidell, Ill., July 30.—The Sidell Gun Club received their magautrap last week, and placed it in position at their new shooting grounds. We held a practice shoot to-day. Quite a crowd witnessed the initial shoot over the magautrap and everyone was well pleased. The breakage was exceedingly light. The scores were cut down quite a little from the general average. Below are the scores of the club. I send you the programme of our next tournament. We mean to make it a good one, and the 100-target event ought to bring out the boys:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	10	15	20	10	Targets:	25	10	15	20	10
Linden	20	7	11	16	8	Rawlings	..	7	11	17	7
Gray	18	6	10	17	9	Lawrence	17	6	10	..	6
Green	..	8	..	..	3	Saline	18	7	10	14	5
Sconce	22	8	13	18	10	Moore	..	5	11	15	8

H. J. S.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. Baldwin, Newton, N. J.—The killdeer is a plover, and in the game laws is included under the heading "Plover, Snipe, Blackbirds, Bay Birds, Shore Birds," etc.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

VOL. LI.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

THE COLORADO BUFFALO.

IF any State or county or township within the United States had ranging within its borders a small herd of mastodons, we can imagine that the residents of that section would be immensely proud of their unique possession. Everything possible would be done to foster and care for this herd, every attempt to injure it, or any of its individuals, would call forth a burst of indignation from the whole community, and all the machinery of the law would be set in motion to punish the individual who had thus flown in the face of public sentiment. Every increase of the herd would be an occasion for rejoicing. It would be guarded with the same care that is given to the collection of animals and birds in our public parks and zoological gardens.

In two or three places in this country there are small groups of mammals which are nearly extinct, and whose possession ought to be to any State a matter of the greatest pride. One would imagine that to these buffalo found in Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana there would be no more danger from residents of the State in which they are found than there is to the animals in the Philadelphia Zoo from the policemen employed there; that local pride and regard for the good name of their State would be sufficient safeguards from all hunters at home, and that the only possible danger to these little herds would be from outside marauders, jealous of the eminence of the State distinguished by such a possession. The buffalo herd mentioned by Mr. Byers should be as safe from dwellers in the State of Colorado as is the great bull in the Denver Park, and no effort should be spared by the State authorities to protect it. The public sentiment of the State is strong for such protection, and we can well imagine that active efforts by the authorities to enforce the law will not be wanting. Even more effective than these efforts should be the co-operation of the residents of the section where the buffalo roam. If these settlers can be made to feel that these buffalo are theirs, to be cared for and protected, he will be a bold man who shall try to kill one. A feeling of local pride and proprietorship in this little herd will do more for its increase than anything we can think of.

It is almost twenty years since we have seen this little herd of buffalo, and as shown by Mr. Byers, it has had its ups since then, and its downs. We hope that its numbers have not been overstated in the note referred to, and that it may continue to increase. If the numbers of her buffalo have been correctly stated, Colorado today has very likely more wild buffalo than any State in the Union.

JERSEY MERCY.

"JERSEY JUSTICE" is a proverbial term expressive of hard and bitter punishment. Jersey mercy then might be taken to mean mercy of that brand whose quality is not strained, and "blesseth him that gives and him that takes," provided he gives and takes honestly.

The monthly reports of Fish and Game Protector Shriner are chiefly records of Jersey justice, giving long lists of arrests, prosecutions, fines and incarcerations for Sunday gunning, killing song birds, net and set-line fishing, robbing birds' nests and the like; but the story is hardly ever devoid of an admixture of merciful dispensations, such as the remission of fines, suspension of sentence, or return of confiscated apparatus to guilty defendants. One noteworthy record of a magistrate's kindness of heart is contained in Mr. Shriner's current report. It was in the cases of Andrew Fitzman and two Italians, who were brought up before a Passaic justice for violating the game laws. Their guilt was established and they were fined; but the justice subsequently reported to the commission that he had been unable to collect the fines, and the men being desperately poor, and having large families dependent on them, he had deemed it inexpedient to jail them, and had set them at liberty with an injunction to sin no more. This was manifestly a creditable entry on the commission records, and the course of the Passaic magistrate was approved by those who believe that justice, even Jersey justice, should be tempered with mercy. The only individual dissatisfied appears to have been the deputy game garden; and he having instituted an investigation, succeeded in demonstrating that Passaic official mercy is of a very unique and peculiar character when manifested in game cases. It turned out that the Passaic justice had actually collected the fines from the poor men with large families, had put the funds so accumulated where they would do him the most good, and had made a lying report to the commission. His pretense of mercy was a cover to thievery. Indictment, a fine of $200 and costs, and restitution of the moneys belonging to the commission followed in due order; and the facts are set forth in Mr. Shriner's current report.

CANADIAN SALMON RIVERS.

IN another column is published a letter addressed by Mr. Chas. Stewart Davison, of this city, to the Department of Crown Lands at Quebec, respecting the condition of the salmon fisheries of the Province. We invite careful reading of the communication. It is a comprehensive review of the past and present of Canadian salmon fishing, an intelligent consideration of the causes which have effected existing conditions; and a clear statement of the remedies which, and only which, can restore the fisheries and preserve their value.

Mr. Davison's prime purpose in printing his letter in FOREST AND STREAM is to elicit from other salmon fishermen of experience on Canadian streams such experience and testimony as in addition to his own may enforce the argument here made for a new system of conservation on the part of the Provincial authorities. The interests at stake are of such magnitude that the duty of contributing to the information of the Department should be recognized and met. We trust that Mr. Davison's public spirited efforts may thus be seconded.

SNAP SHOTS.

The summer weekly half-holiday idea is gaining ground. From the larger cities, where Saturday afternoon is commonly observed as a half-day "off," the custom is extending to smaller towns. Here one obstructive factor to be reckoned with, reasoned with, argued with, cajoled and won over, is the tradesman who refuses to shut up shop when the rest do. Manifestly in a small town the merchants must all act together, that one by keeping his shop open may not take unfair advantage of the rest, who close. This, however, is something that will adjust itself as the holiday principle takes stronger hold.

City people realize the advantages of holidays and vacations more than do country dwellers; yet it is a mistake to assume that town folks require change more than their country cousins. Life on the farm would be fuller, richer, and more attractive, if the year-around routine were more frequently broken by holidays and vacations. In large part farmers do not get the good even of such established holidays as Fouth of July; for, instead of taking a day off and going fishing, the chances are that all hands, including the boy, get in hay or give themselves up to some such joyous pursuit. The true principle is to get all the good we can out of life as we go along; and that means a holiday now and then, even for farmer and farmer's boy.

Mr. Titcomb's account of the organization and methods of the Vermont Fish and Game League is a valuable contribution to the ways and means of game and fish protection. It is a story of successful effort; and the success has been attained by hard work. It may be said here, as the modesty of the author of the paper naturally prevented being said there, that the one man was Mr. John E. Titcomb. The conception of the League was his; his were the methods of its establishing and direction; and to him in generous measure belongs the credit of its achievements.

A Western fish commissioner who is preparing his biennial report, and wishes to impress the people of his State with the value of the fisheries, asks if there are any reliable data as to the commercial value of an acre of water. It is stated by some authorities, he says, that an average area of water will produce five times as much as an average area of land; and again, that an acre of water will produce a ton of fish per annum. We have all seen these statements, or variations of them; but they amount to no more than many other loose assertions made by people who talk at random and without much thought as to what such a declaration actually means. Are there any reliable statistics showing the value of an acre of water devoted to fishculture? Is it a proposition admitting of definite statements?

Following their beautiful volume of the report of 1895, issued last year, the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests now send out the report for the fiscal year ending Sept. 31, 1896. In proportions, style and illustration the present volume ably maintains the high character set by its predecessor. Opinions may differ respecting the advisability of appropriating such sums as must be involved in the publication of these public documents; but that is something for the Legislature to determine, and if they vote to have fish and game and forestry reports which are fine examples of book making as well as series of statistics and intelligent papers descriptive of intelligent work, the fortunate recipients of the book will be unlikely to do otherwise than congratulate the commission on its privileges.

It is unfortunate that so great an interval should elapse between the period concerned with the report and its issue; but this appears to be a condition inseparable from public documents. A noticeable fact in this connection is that certain recommendations contained in the report have already been adopted and acted on by the Legislature, notably Chief Protector Pond's declaration of a change of conviction respecting the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, and his recommendation that the practice should be abolished—as it has been by the law now in operation.

Aside from the report proper, the volume contains some papers of interest and value, among them: "The Black Bass and its Distribution in the Waters of the State," by Mr. A. N. Cheney, who writes also of "Brook Trout and the Conditions Favorable to Their Propagation," and "The Pike Perch." "The American Saibling," by Prof. John D. Quackenbos; "Oysters and Oyster Culture," by Commissioner Edward Thompson; "Notes on New York Fishes Received at the New York Aquarium," by Dr. T. A. Bean; "Ruffed Grouse, Woodcock and Quail," by H. A. Surface, of Cornell; "A Forestry Experiment Station," by Wm. F. Fox, and "Stream Flow in Relation to Forests," by Geo. W. Rafter. There are colored plates by Denton of Sunapee trout, male and female; brook trout, male and female; pike, perch, landlocked salmon or ouananiche, and lake trout. There are numerous other views of the Adirondacks and fishing and hunting incidents.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Death Gulch.

Gardiner, Mont., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About ten days ago one of the Government scouting parties reported eleven dead bears in Death Gulch, on Cache Creek in the Yellowstone Park. As I was in want of fresh air, I thought I'd make a trip to the gulch, and if possible get a few pictures. Arthur Barron and I, with our saddle and two pack horses, started one Sunday morning, the first pleasant day for over two weeks.

Our ride of twenty-five miles to Yancey's was interesting, but we saw very little game, nothing worth mentioning. Most of the game had moved away back from their winter range. We camped one night at "Uncle John's," the next day started for Soda Butte station—twenty miles. On the way we saw our first young elk calf on Specimen Divide; it crossed our road just in front of us. There were hundreds of elk in sight lying down and feeding. While we were passing one large band near Big Specimen, we heard a bull whistle. There was no mistake. I turned to Arthur and remarked, "Who says bulls never whistle except during the running season?" It is very seldom one does hear one whistle out of season, but they can if they wish to. We saw a very few antelope, all but one were very wild; this one buck watched us pass at 150yds. without moving; the others ran as soon as we came in sight. They said, "There come some of those Gardiner fellows who shot at us last winter," and "lit out," only "touching the high points." I did not see any young ones, and had no time to hunt them.

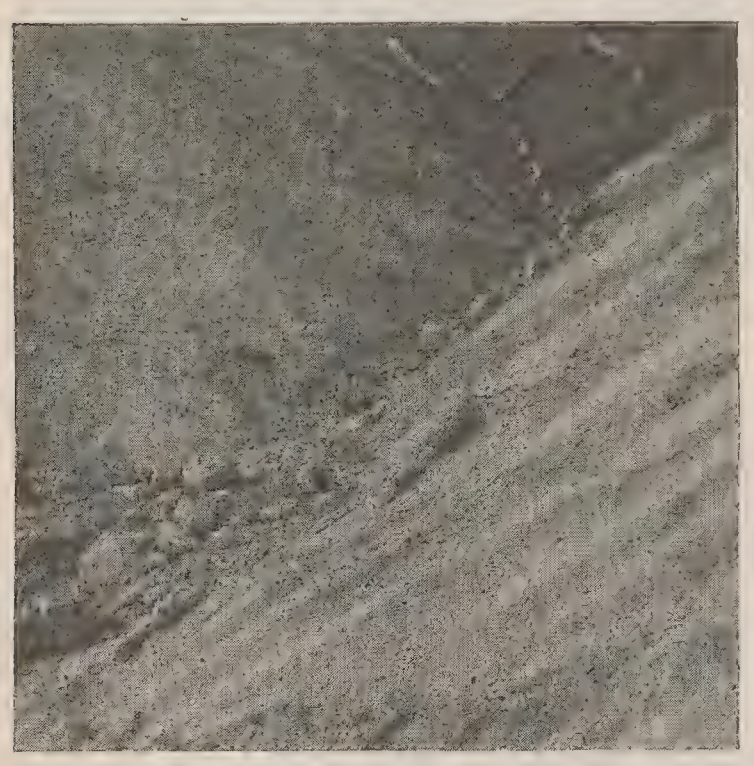
We camped Monday night at Soda Butte, where we enjoyed one of our mountain snowstorms. In the morning the whole country was white, the snow covering the ground to a depth of 1½in., the larkspurs, violets, small yellow lilies and other flowers sticking up through the snow, and frozen. There was a skim of ice over puddles in the road. We got an early start from the Butte, and crossed Soda Butte Creek by a ford before the snow began to melt much. On the bench where the old game-keeper's cabin is we saw our first game, an antelope, that ran as soon as it caught sight of us. We saw a large band of elk across Lamar River, but too far to count. A mile further, as we climbed to another bench, turning up Lamar toward Cache Creek, we began to get close to elk. First were three bulls, their horns just beginning to branch out; one, a spike, had only one horn; we could not see even a lump where the other ought to have been; the one horn was about 18in. long. They did not see us until we got quite close, although they would raise their heads and look our way. We were riding up a little gulch almost under them. We counted twenty-eight elk in the band. We saw other bands, some to our right below us, others just ahead in the trail, and some up on the mountain side. As we came in sight they moved on all in one direction, until there were a few over 200. At one time they were in one long string along the trail climbing the open mountain side. They all stopped to have a look at us and the soldiers with Scout Morrison, who were overtaking us on the trail. Arthur and I were sitting on our horses counting the elk, when one old cow suddenly started off down hill toward the mouth of Cache Creek, and away from the other elk; soon others began to follow until about half of the herd went with her. I counted 110 in this part of the band. Some of the others hesitated which way to go, because the head of the band was going out of sight up over the high ridge. One or two more went down, and about thirty kept along the hillside, while others went on up. Just before we reached Cache Creek we saw other bands of elk, and quite large bands. Even at our camping place we found a few on the creek bottom; in all there were not less than 400 between Soda Butte and Cache Creek. A large proportion were last year's calves—yearlings.

Morrison and the soldiers threw off their packs in the pine timber above the trail, while Arthur and I left our packs in the open by some willows. Picketing our horses, the soldiers let their two pack animals—Mike and Butte, two mules—follow, and we all started for the gulch, about two miles up the creek. We rode up the left bank to a small park just opposite the mouth of the gulch, and in this we saw a few elk at a lick. We crossed Cache Creek by a rough ford, tied our horses in some timber. One of the mules, Butte, refused to follow, preferring to camp in the park, where the feed was good, at the same time having the other horses in sight. We all climbed the steep mountain side away from the gulch until we were about 200ft. above the creek, when we came to the edge of Death Gulch. We walked up about 100ft. further, then went down into it. We had no fear of poisonous gases, as there was a strong wind blowing. True, the sulphur fumes were not very pleasant to smell, and the carbonic acid gas made our heads ache a bit; but it was not strong enough to be dangerous.

I found quite a stream of water running down the gulch from the melting snow above and the recent rains. The wash from the water was so great that it had carried off all the small things like flies, birds and some parts of the bears. There were parts of eleven bears in the gulch; but the stock has been many years getting up to that number. A cub had been carried off by a large bear, whose tracks I saw all around the edge of the gulch, and going into it, and whose bed I saw under a pine tree; but the bear itself I did not wish to see, unarmed as I was. Judging from its tracks it was a huge fellow, and would tip the beam between 600 and 700lbs. I would have liked to have his picture. There was a dead red fox in the gulch that was in a very good state of preservation. The last bear to have lost his life there had been skinned by the soldiers, but the skin proved worthless. I took shots at the fox and three of the bears with a small camera. The fox may show up, but there was so little contrast between the color of the dead bears and the dirt in which they lay that I can't expect much of a picture. The water had carried sediment over the bears, and the sun and water had bleached their already grizzly hair until they were of a color of the bottom of the gulch. Arthur and the soldiers gathered a few claws, which showed that the bears were all grizzlies.



POSED FOR THE CAMERA.



DEATH GULCH.

Photo by Mr. E. Hofer.

I climbed the other side of the gulch to get a general view. The gulch is a very narrow V-shaped cañon-like cut in the mountain side, the sides are very steep, and in some places almost perpendicular. The whole country is like much of that to be found in the Yellowstone Park—the formation having been altered by the gases working up through. At the time of my former visits to the gulch there was no water running out of it, but that was during the dry season. Then there were noted as victims to the gas flies, butterflies, small birds, a rabbit and five bears. Often porcupines are overcome by the gases. All these small things are carried off by the water during the spring, when the snow above is melting. I think there is little danger to visitors if they will not stoop too low. The poisonous gas cannot be deep at any time, for the fall of the gulch is very rapid. It is possible for just the right kind of a breeze to dam up the gas for a short time, or a snow bank may act as a dam, since the ground is not what is known in the park as "hot country," though very much like it. There was a circular boiling spring close to where we left our horses; it looked like thousands of hot springs in the Park, but the water was cold. On Cache Creek and in the bottom of the creek is lots of old geyser formation, and gases are coming up through the water continuously. The gulch was first described, I believe, by Mr. Walter Harvey Weed, of the U. S. Geological Survey, in 1888, when the remains of five bears, one elk and several small things were found.



IN DEATH GULCH.

Showing Bear Skull and Bear.

After I had climbed out of the gulch I took a few views and started for the horses. Looking across the creek, I saw the mule Butte and two elk feeding in the little park where the lick was. I hurried down to the horses and forded with mine, ran along under the bank to a good position, and made some exposures on the mule and elk feeding together. Soon the others came and we returned to our baggage. We put up tents and got lunch. As the day was clear I did not attempt to change spools in the "daylight camera" until dusk; then I found that the film had not run smoothly on the winding spool, but had run to one side. I don't know how many pictures are spoilt; but I put in a new cartridge and in the morning made another trip to the gulch for pictures; but I lost the mule and elk picture. There is no danger of dead bears running off, but mules and elk are not feeding together every day where they can be photographed.

After making the second trip to the gulch, we packed up and drove to Big Specimen, where we camped in the rain. During the night it blew a gale, and as the tent was in a very exposed place, we thought it would go down; but it stood the storm well. It is what I call a teepee tent, being more like a lodge than a tent, and it stands all kinds of blows. In the morning I took a shot at the beautiful little falls of Amethyst Creek. I tried to get a shot at a grouse, but the plaguey thing would not stop a second in the sunshine, but only in the shade. I was close enough to get a good picture, but there was no use snapping at the bird in the shade.

About 10 o'clock we packed up and started over Specimen Divide by the old trail, my intention being to get a shot at a young elk. I found a band where I expected to, and where I had captured several for the National Zoo. The elk were quite a way from timber, and by hurrying we made one of the cows cache her calf out in the grass; another left hers in the edge of the timber—quaking asp and spruce. I made exposures on the first calf as it lay; and then went to the other, but it would not pose. It was a very unwilling subject. Arthur had to hold it up so that I could get a shot or two. Then it started to follow me until I pushed it down. When we left we saw the mother elk watching us at a distance. She found her young all right. I was surprised to find so few calves. Two years ago at this time I had seen over a hundred in the same section, and now there are more elk. I judge from this that the calves are not dropped so early some years, this depending on conditions of food and climate during the autumn or running season.



BABY ELK.

Bears and mountain lions have been making some trouble this spring. The mail contractor, whose home is at Soda Butte, complains of losing one calf and two yearlings by a lion; and he has a bull whose neck has some ugly cuts in it, and whose flank shows the marks of a lion's hind claws. Mr. H. E. Klamer has lost several sheep by bears, and I have mentioned in a former letter the loss of a horse at Norris by a bear.

At Yancey's a bear has been around so often that Uncle John dare not keep his calves penned, so we had to use condensed milk there, while the cows were running out with their calves.

We saw considerable beaver sign while on our trip, but it rained so often and was so cloudy I did not get any photographs of the dams and houses, as I intended. I got home Sunday in a rainstorm, but very well satisfied with my trip if I only get a picture out of it.

E. Hofer.

We append Mr. Weed's description of Death Gulch, as contributed to the New York Evening Post:

The writer, who has spent the past six summers studying the geological phenomena of that region, discovered the now famous Death Gulch last year, and submits the following description of the same as the result of personal observation:

It is situated in the eastern portion of the Park, in an extremely rugged mountainous region; a country seldom visited save by occasional travelers to the mining camp of Cooke, or hunting parties en route to the weird scenery of the "Hoodoo" country. The mountains are from 10,000 to 11,000ft. high, and the streams flow through narrow valleys and cañons, with precipitous walls 2,000 to 3,000ft. high, that often show great numbers of upright fossil tree trunks, standing where they once flourished on the flanks of some ancient mountain before they were covered by the ashes and stones of volcanic eruptions. The Lamar River is the largest stream draining this region, and it is on a considerable branch of this that our American upas valley was found. As usual in this, the home of the wapiti or elk, a well marked trail leads up the creek, affording easy traveling on horseback through open meadows and thick grove

of pine. About two miles up Cache Creek the trail leads into a little glade in the midst of thick pine timbers.

Even at first sight there appears to be something unusual and peculiar about this little opening in the pines; in the center is a shallow depression that is bare of verdure, the surface white with an encrustation that proved to be salt, while the converging and deeply worn trails leading to it, and the numerous game tracks, show it to be what in the hunter's vernacular is called a "lick." It is the dried bed of an ancient hot spring that is now a shallow alkali pool in the early spring. Crossing this little meadow, we found the creek cutting its further edge, while the white slopes on the opposite side, and the smell of sulphur in the air, suggest at once to those familiar with "Geyserland" the presence of hot springs. Picketing our horses where they might graze upon the salty grasses that grow about the "lick," we descended the bank to the border of the creek, and found its waters flowing between smooth white walls of polished marble, and an expansion of the stream bordered by this creamy white rock forms a natural bath reservoir that even the luxuriousness of ancient Rome could not have equaled. In the center the water is boiling furiously, the bubbling mass rising several inches above the surface of the creek; but the water is quite cold, the commotion being due to the copious emission of gas from some vent in the bed of the stream. Over this spring a stranded log reaches from bank to bank, and served as a foot bridge, which we crossed with that sure-footedness born of the knowledge that our clothes could no longer be spoiled by a wetting should we fall in.

On the further side of the creek we first notice a low mound of red material evidently iron ochre, and just beyond is a spring now depositing this substance. The water, clear as crystal and icy cold, issues from the center of a little bowl of ochre, surrounded by the brightest of green moss. We were curious enough to taste this water, and found it slightly acid, highly charged with gas, and tasting like our soda water. But it is the surface of the little basins and pools, filled by the overflow of this spring, that interests us most, for the surface of the water is covered with an ever-varying iridescence whose brilliant tints put to shame the hues of the peacock's tail, and surpass the changing fires of an opal. This feast of color, with its kaleidoscopic changes, fascinated us, and many minutes were spent watching it before ascending to the summit of a little platform overlooking this spring. The slope is formed of a gray rock, whose riffled surface at once suggests the terraces of travertine, the so-called "formation" of the Mammoth Hot Springs. It is indeed the same deposit from hot springs, but altered and crystalline, the material nearer the stream resembling a coarse moss, petrified into white, nearly transparent crystals. The lower layers are, however, nearly as dense and hard as flint, and it is this material that forms the marble banks of the creek, where its surface is polished, until it is as smooth as glass, by the stream itself.

But it is neither this deposit nor the bank of sulphur a few yards further up the creek that distinguished this place from all others in the Park, though the sulphur contains cedar logs embedded in it that are ready for lighting, the wood being so impregnated with sulphur that a splint of it will burn like a match, while the black water oozing from under the bank would make a really "jet-black" ink. It is an innocent-looking little gulch that runs down the slope at right angles to the creek, that makes the place worthy of this notice. This little ravine, scarce 50ft. deep, has steeply sloping sides of chalky white decomposed rock, as soft and loose as sand or clay. A little water runs down the narrow bed of the gulch, cold and sour, puckering the mouth with the peculiar astringency of alum. Turning aside to explore this place, we ascended the ravine, finding it rather difficult walking in the little stream bed, and hard work getting up several draps, where the stream forms miniature falls of 5 or 6ft. Above one of these tiny cataracts we first noticed a white, or rather creamy, seductive-looking substance in the stream bed. This was so like genuine country cream that it was hard to believe it a purely mineral substance, but such it is, and formed about the minute oozing springs which issue from the bottom and sides of the gulch. It was here too that we first noticed a sulphurous odor and a slight oppression of the lungs—the irritating effect of the fumes of a sulphur match accompanied by a choking as if from lack of air. We paused a moment to rest, and found ourselves strangely fatigued for so short a climb; but several gusts of the fresh northwest wind filled our lungs with new vigor, and we continued our clamber up the gulch.

With heads bent and eyes eager to note the curious deposits in the ravine bottom, it was not until quite close to him that we noticed an immense grizzly bear but a few yards ahead of us. Startled by so sudden and so close an encounter, we instinctively gave a leap up the steep slope, well knowing that the up-hill side is the safest when a bear is near and no trees handy. But while we scramble a second look is more assuring, and though the shaggy head rests as if asleep in the warm sunshine, something in the expression and attitude induced us to utter a trial shout which elicited no response from Brer B'ar. Instantly relieved, and laughing at our fears, we slid down the slope and landed beside a huge specimen of the most formidable of all the wild animals of the Rockies—a silver-tip grizzly—whose long claws and sharp teeth showed evidence of having done good service. Fat as butter, and possessing a thick coat of fur that would have sold for a small fortune in a New York furrier's, he seemed ready for his long winter nap. Rolling him over, we could find no bullet holes, no mark of violence; the only sign of injury being a few drops of blood beneath his glistening black nose. That he had been dead but a short time was certain, for there were no flies, and the carcass was fresh and natural-looking.

How had he met his death? was the question we asked each other, and at first it seemed an enigma. But, stranger still, beside him lay the decaying remains of yet another bear, also a grizzly, and above this, a few yards up the gulch, the fur and bones of other bears, five skeletons being counted besides the ribs and shoulder-blades of an elk. While looking at this strange sight, reminding one of the death chamber of the Chinese or the burial place of the Parsees, we find ourselves faint and dizzy, and suddenly realize our own danger. Climbing quickly up the slope until the fresh breeze restores our strength, the mystery is solved. It is carbonic acid gas that had filled our lungs, and, had it overcome us, might have added our skeletons to those of its victims now lying in the gulch. Descending again, we risk possible asphyxiation to test the gas with a strip of lighted paper, which it quickly extinguishes—confirming our belief as to its presence. Above the elk bones we found several dead birds, a rock hare, and numerous lifeless butterflies, besides a red squirrel—a pretty little fellow, suffocated, like the others, while crossing the gulch.

The explanation is now simple enough. The hot springs which once flowed from these slopes are now things of the past, but leave their record in their deposits and the white slopes of decomposed rock; but they are succeeded by invisible emanations of gas, mainly, no doubt, carbonic acid. This, as is well known, is heavier than air, and if emitted abundantly will collect in hollows and depressions in the slope, and any animal unwary enough to venture into the ravine when the air is still risks suffocation by the gas. It was doubtless the remains of some such unfortunate that tempted the first bear, whose remains served in turn to attract another, and he yet another, until seven in all have perished. The gulch is, therefore, a veritable death trap, a natural charnel house, whose victims are not yet numbered.

Hastening from this scene of desolation to the bench above, we are in thick pine timber, whose balsam odor is refreshing to our lungs, while the shrill chirrup of a squirrel, scolding at our intrusion of his estate, and the noisy call of a Canada jay, assure us that we are beyond the reach of the invisible hand of Death, and again in the land of the living.

WALTER H. WEED, U. S. Geological Survey.

Natural History.

Owls, Mice and Moles.

Questions in Economic Zoology.

IN their simplest form some of the questions put to nature by the economic zoologist of to-day are easily answered. Take, for instance, the status of certain insects popularly known as the potato bug, June bug and cut worm, which the veriest tyro in entomology or agriculture recognizes as an unmixed evil. But when we consider the higher types of animal life in their relations to man's interests, the problem becomes more complicated. In many instances, as that of the crow, or of certain species of hawks and owls, or of such quadrupeds as the weasel, the mole and the jumping mouse, as well as in some species of reptiles, there is such an intimate blending of what we are pleased to call either "noxious" or "beneficial" that some are tempted to think it none of our business to interfere. Indeed, many honest people are convinced that our efforts to regulate economic conditions only increase the evil.

Under the old regime of selfish ignorance there has been abundant cause for such a charge, but now, thanks to the persevering efforts of our scientific men, and the wise National and State legislation which has established our Departments of Economic Zoology in the United States, we can say most emphatically that it is our duty as well as our business to spend and be spent in this branch of research. This is evident not only from the utilitarian but also from the æsthetic and altruistic standpoints. As a result of the enlightened study of the food-habits of our North American hawks and owls, we find that many, nay, the majority, of our birds of prey, outlawed and persecuted since Pilgrim times, have been our friends in every sense of the word. It is already difficult to believe that this verdict is largely the result of studies carried on in the United States during the last decade.

But, as Dr. A. K. Fisher has wisely quoted in his prefatory remarks on "Hawks and Owls from the Standpoint of the Farmer," "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." In the present paper it is my wish to call attention to some of the facts which have been overlooked or too greatly discounted, owing to the phenomenal growth of this economic movement. Before doing so, however, let me state emphatically that these should not be construed as weakening the arguments for bird protection adduced by the United States Department of Agriculture. Such an interpretation would be entirely at variance with the truth as well as the object of this essay.

One of the most subtle delusions in our estimate of the good or evil done by a certain species is a tendency to cling to old-fashioned and often false views of the economy of those species upon which it subsists. Take, as an instance, the barn owl, whose wonderful record as a mouser has suddenly set him so high in the estimate of the up-to-date farmer and zoologist. What evidence have we that the commoner species of vole or meadow mouse (*Microtus pennsylvanicus*), which haunts our pastures in the Middle and New England States, and forms nine-tenths of the barn owl's food in that region, is, as universally supposed, an unmixed evil to agriculture? Of course the popular verdict is dead against the mouse in this instance. But it is a fact that not one per cent. of the study devoted to owl stomachs has yet been directed to the food habits of this mouse. In fact, no scientific investigation of the diet of the meadow mouse has yet been published. Its claim to a position in nature's economy, quite on a plane with many species which we now consider useful, or at least harmless to man's interests, is one which the economists would do well to consider.

Independently of diet, what have we discovered as to the benefits derived from the burrowing of mice and moles in the soil? Do not their myriad tunnels and runways have a place in the economy of tillage and drainage of far greater significance than we are yet aware? Among the undigested remains of meadow mice which the barn owl ejects from his crop we find about ten per cent. of other animal material, consisting largely of the skulls and hair of the short-tailed shrew (*Blarina brevicauda*), the common and the star-nose moles (*Scalops aquaticus* and *Condylura cristata*), the white-footed mouse *Peromyscus leucopus*), and the jumping mouse (*Zapus hudsonius*). All these, if given a chance, would enter a plea of "not guilty" before the bar of economic zoology.

The cases of the shrew and the moles are pretty sure to secure a favorable verdict, but even with these, as we shall see further on, the evidence on both sides is as yet too circumstantial for a final decision.

The jumping mouse, because of its scarcity, cuts so small a figure in the calculation that the economic count against him, even if it can be proved (and that is very doubtful), is fully offset by the æsthetic and scientific interest which it awakens in every lover and student of nature.

The white-footed mouse or "deer mouse" of our woodlands and clearings forms a small part of the food of many of our rapacious animals. It will, ere long perhaps, be made the subject of economic study, and it is safe to predict that such an omnivorous forager will set a good many investigators by the ears before his real status can be determined. From what I have seen of his habits, I doubt not the deer mouse, with many others of his ilk, will eventually line up with the American crow on the fence of economic controversy.

Now and then our king of mousers, the barn owl, sets foot on a house mouse or a rat, and we feel sure of the utility of such a step, but we must not forget that one or two per cent. of its food consists of birds. We naturally exclaim how glad we are it is so small, on the principle that bird-killing (by birds, of course) is the unpardonable sin. But even here our standards are often sadly inconsistent, as many of the birds devoured by rapacious animals are of far less apparent value to man than the devourers. The question is further complicated by the frequent instances where our hawks and owls prey upon each other. There are other interesting matters in the diet of a barn owl which must discount somewhat the exaggerated valuation of his services to agriculture, but for all that the economists have in him a trump card. Let us now turn to the mole question.

Until lately we have known very little of scientific fact about the diet of our common mole (*Scalops aquaticus*). Under the direction of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, an expert examination of about forty stomachs of the common mole shows that only one had intentionally devoured vegetable food, and that all had largely depended on earthworms, June bugs, click beetles and other "injurious" insects, earthworms forming the bulk of their diet.* There are more than two ways of judging these facts from the standpoint of economic zoology. Mr. Harry Wilson, the gentleman who conducted the inquiry, decides to his own satisfaction that any animal, if proved to be insectivorous, and not herbivorous or granivorous, is beneficial to the farmer. On these grounds he is content to rest his case, acquit the mole of wilful trespass, and commend him to the tender mercies of the husbandman. But the market gardener and the florist and the owner of a level lawn exclaim: "Not so; we will grant that he does not eat our seeds, vegetables, bulbs and grass roots, but he uproots and undermines them, and makes a thousand passageways in which noxious mice and shrews may forage and destroy."

One observer, Mr. E. H. Darlington, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, voices the opinion of another and a surprisingly small class. In answer to the questions: "Do you consider the mole injurious to growing crops? In what way?" tabulated in the bulletin referred to, he answers: "By the destruction of earthworms." Mr. Darlington is the only one of forty correspondents who suggests that the earthworm diet of the mole is an injury to crops. Probably a much smaller proportion of people than one in forty ever considered that phase of the question. We have become accustomed to watching the robins doing yeoman service above ground in this line, and unconsciously have got to thinking that the earthworm was made solely for dietary purposes. Darwin, however, has beautifully demonstrated† the hidden economy of the earthworm, and how its value as a converter of decay into food is only exceeded by its agency in tillage and the manufacture of arable soils.

In the light of this evidence, the fact, now fully recognized by zoologists, that the mole is not a vegetable feeder marks but one step in our investigations of its economic status. A second step in the right direction is the important discovery that it destroys a large number of insects. But the burden of proof, strictly speaking, yet rests upon the admirers of the mole. To these we would put three significant questions: (1) In its widest acceptation, is the mechanical action of moles on the soil more beneficial than injurious to vegetation? (2) Is the insect food of moles chiefly composed of species classed as injurious by recognized authorities? (3) Is the destruction of earthworms by moles an indirect injury to agriculture or a beneficial check to the excessive increase of the earthworm? The writer believes that the mole will eventually triumph in this controversy. The mole has been cleared of many unfair accusations of ignorant and short-sighted people, and no doubt can satisfy the anxious inquiries of would-be friends. We have good reason to predict that our humble and industrious *Scalops* is unwittingly pursuing a wise economy in its varied relations to soils, drainage, forestry, agriculture and animal life, maintaining that wonderful balance of nature which man, above all other creatures, has conspired to disturb.

As we take up, one by one, the instances of so-called "noxious" and "beneficial" animals, placing ourselves in that unselfish attitude to creation which seeks the greatest good for the greatest number, and as far as in us lies searching out with diviner insight the end from the beginning, how strong the conviction comes that the wisest verdicts of economic zoology may fall short of the truth, and are often fraught with disaster. The dire results of exterminating, in some cases by decree, in others by neglect, the so-called noxious animals and many of the insectivorous birds, in certain parts of Europe, is an object lesson for America. From the tyranny of the game-keeper and his titled master we may

* "The Economic Status of the Mole," Bulletin No. 31, Penna. Dept. of Agric., 1898.

† "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms," Charles Darwin. New York, 1882.

hope to be spared, but the lawlessness of the lumberman, the poacher, the plumassier, the oologist and the small boy with a gun is an ever-present menace. Against these wasteful tendencies of a lusty young nation, revelling in the careless wealth of boundless possessions and of natural resources which once seemed inexhaustible, we rejoice to observe a growing protest. The Agassiz Association, the Audubon Society, the A. O. U. committee on the protection of birds, the changing game laws of our States, the forestry associations, the boards of public instruction, the natural history societies and writers of to-day, and above all the national and state departments of agriculture in their bureaux of economic zoology, are a mighty and providential power for the reversal of the brutal misconception of nature which grew apace with the young life of our nation. Fortunately we have called a halt before our losses were irretrievable. We are getting slow to believe what the prophets have told us, and are relying less on what may be termed the feudal instinct of self-preservation than on hard-pan facts of zoology. We are giving beast and bird and creeping thing the benefit of the doubt. We are telling the panic-stricken farmer to keep on going slow when he sees a snake in the grass, a crow in the cornfield, a hen hawk or an owl in the meadow, or a weasel in the woodpile. But we must go further, striving to teach not only the economy which adds to wealth, but that also which adds in a larger sense to the sum of human happiness. Who can calculate the benefits, mortal and immortal, which accrue from the mere presence of created things among us? The song of bird is not more cheering, more instructive, than hum of bee or low of kine to many a soul. Can we not recall the delight and surprise of a nearer acquaintance with some shy, outlawed creature of the woodlands, which prejudice or mistaken economy has put under the ban? In the serious problems of extermination and prevention which confront him, it is undoubtedly the province of the economist of the future to carefully weigh these considerations.

It is argued by some that nature contains within herself remedies for her own deliverance, and that when man unreasonably oversteps the bounds there is sure to be a healthy reaction. In other words, that we will learn the best economy by our mistakes, and the sooner the mistake is made, the better. As a result of precisely this happy-go-lucky policy some of the noblest and most useful native mammals of America are practically exterminated, our forested mountain lands have been transformed into a rocky, fire-swept wilderness, our water supply into an uncontrollable menace, and the useful songsters of our towns and villages are now evicted by a pert, voracious horde of English sparrows. The fast-and-loose economy which once permitted such abuses in America, we rejoice to say, has had its day; its results, alas, will outlive many generations.

SAMUEL N. RHOADS.

Some Animal Pets.—III.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—You will find you have struck a very responsive chord in your suggestion that your contributors should write of their experiences in animal pets, and you will be obliged to set aside special space, for people who have owned domestic pets and like to talk about them. The theme is a pleasant one, and the proneness to recount instances of their intelligence is like unto that of the young father of the first boy to entertain his bachelor friends with the smart sayings and doings of the wonderful child. My friends have been spared this infliction for the best of reasons, but I confess my equivalent weakness for almost anything in the way of animals, and in studying their habits and peculiarities, and "that reminds me" that some day I will tell you the story of my first and only appearance on the race track as an amateur jockey; but as Kipling says, that is another story that may come later.

When I was living in Texas, a Mexican brought me one day a little Mexican leopard cub or kitten, about four weeks old, that he had caught. It was about the size of a half-grown cat, with soft, spotted fur. At first it refused all sustenance, but by perseverance I at last persuaded it to take milk, and it thrived wonderfully, and became very tame, and would play with a ball or spool for hours, the same as a kitten. It would crawl up into my lap and take its nap, at night sleeping on my bed. It grew rapidly, and in a few months attained its full size, and was allowed to roam about the house. It showed great aversion to strange dogs, but was sociable with my old pointer, who tolerated it as simply one of the family, though not displaying any great partiality for it. However, there were no ruptures between them, but if any strange dog came about "Jimmy," as I called him, would make it warm for him.

As Jimmy grew older he became stouter and heavier, and at night would claim more than his share of the bed, and would lie across me until, his weight becoming oppressive, I would roll him off on to the floor. I tried to make him sleep on the rug alongside of the bed, but he would crawl upon the bed again during the night. One night, after pushing him off repeatedly, I gave him a good cuffing, whereupon he growled and showed fight. I got my riding whip and punished him severely. He crawled under the bed and sulked. I determined to conquer him, and hauled him out and made him lie on the rug, though very unwillingly. In the fracas he scratched me severely. From that moment there seemed to be a suspension of cordial relations. He gradually became sulky and cross, and began to show the natural characteristics of his nature, and seemed only awaiting a good excuse to test the question of supremacy. It was evident that he was rapidly asserting himself, and that it would be dangerous to attempt any further punishment. He had always taken his meals from the same dish with the dog, but now would snarl and show his teeth if Ponto came near where he was eating. He still had the run of the house, and dragged the rug off into a corner to sleep on, and never essayed to get on the bed again.

He was now about two years old and a beautiful animal, but it became apparent that he was rapidly resuming his natural characteristics, and it would be only a question of time when he would be a dangerous companion, and serious consequences might come from the association, so I determined to dispense with his society. An opportunity occurred soon after. A traveling showman offered me $100 for him, which I accepted; and we parted without any manifestations of regret on either side. It was only another illustration of my theory that it is universally the case that all animals redeemed from a wild state develop their natural characteristics as they grow older. How long this one might have retained his amiability had not our little difference of opinion occurred, I cannot say; possibly months, but it was bound to come sooner or later, and probably not much later. The treacherous nature of the cat family was sure to crop out eventually.

I am not dead sure that even in mankind there is not a suspicion of this similar disposition to become disagreeable as we grow older, for who of us have not a little experience with old aunts and uncles who get crabbed and cross as they run to years. We are unfortunately limited in our disposition of them. We can't set the dog on them, nor sell them for $100 as curiosities, the prejudices of polite society in these days not permitting such methods, more is the pity.

PODGERS.

About Bears.

I HAVE been much interested in all of Mr. Mather's articles, as he evidently tells what he has seen and knows. In his last he speaks of wishing he had been able to see how bears pick raspberries and catch ants. Although I have been nearly as unfortunate as he in my experience with bears, I can tell him how these two things are done.

I used to have a dear friend, Mr. Henry Clapp, of Brownville, Me., who in many respects was like Mr. Mather's friend, Port Tyler. Once when I visited his place to get him to take a woods cruise with me he had two young bears, which he had taken in the spring, and whose actions he had been carefully studying. He told me that he had often led them to the woods and watched them obtain various kinds of food. He said that in picking raspberries they stood up and drew the bushes toward them with their paws, but picked the berries with their mouths. A hunter of my acquaintance told me of seeing one pick blackberries in the same way. I once, in coming around a turn in a narrow stream in a canoe, came suddenly upon a bear engaged in picking a black, shiny berry, commonly known as bear berries. The bear did not wait for me to take any observations, but it was plainly to be seen that the bushes, which reached over the water, he had drawn with his paws. I have often seen where they have been gathering beech nuts before they fell; they would draw one fork of a limb toward them and split it off, and then reach out and draw in the other fork, often breaking limbs 2in. or more through.

Mr. Clapp told me that his bears showed a great deal of judgment in catching ants. They did not tear a stump or log to pieces at random, but on finding a log which looked likely they would strike it hard with a paw, and lay an ear close to the side. If there were no ants there they left it, but if they could hear the ants running along their passageways they would at once tear the log in pieces and quickly run their tongues along the grooves and catch many of the ants before they had time to scatter. He said that they were extremely quick in their movements while any ants were in sight.

I had the pleasure of seeing these bears eat their first green corn. They had never seen corn before, and when a husked ear was given one he turned it over and over, and looked curiously at it, very much as a coon will look at a strange thing. Then he held it with one paw and scratched it lengthwise with the other. On seeing the milk start (for the corn had not hardened) he carefully lapped it, and as soon as he got the taste of it ate it, very much as a pig would have done. I saw one eat freshly cut oats. He held a bunch with one paw and let the heads drop between the spread claws of the other paw, as a person would between his fingers, and then shutting the claws stripped the heads off and conveyed them to his mouth.

Mr. Clapp told me of often seeing them do a thing which I have never known any one to see done by a wild bear, but which they undoubtedly are in the habit of doing, or else these would not have done it. They would climb a tree which had a limb running out at right angles and walk out on the limb, then would lower themselves down by their forepaws and bite hold of the limb and swing back and forth, holding by their teeth. Then they would catch with their paws and draw themselves up. They would repeat this performance a great many times.

There is a mistaken idea that a bear cannot climb a small tree. Mr. Clapp had a cedar pole some 15 or 16ft. high and not over 6in. in diameter at the butt set upright in the ground, and both of these would climb it as easily and quickly as cats.

They refused fish when fresh, but ate them greedily as soon as they began to grow tainted.

In regard to eating honey, I think that our Maine bears seldom get any except from domestic hives, which they frequently plunder in the night, and what they get from bumble bees. Jock Darling once shot a bear in July, which, as he told me, had strawberries and bumblebee honey in his stomach. A friend who was bee hunting told me of finding a bee tree which showed where bears had tried to gnaw in it several different times, but the wood was so thick that they had been unable to get at the honey. I have seen where they have torn stumps in pieces to get at nests of wasps, but probably all they obtained was the grubs.

There are many things which bears do which I, like Col. Mather, should like to see them do, but I fear that my wishes will never be gratified. M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

Nature's Compass Signs.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read Mr. Dearborn's notes on woodcraft and some dissenting comments upon them. In the lowest grounds of the Mississippi bottoms, where little or no undergrowth grows and the woods are called "open swamp," the phenomenon of moss on the northern sides of trees, with clean bark on the southern side, is quite marked. The rule is not invariable, but the preponderance of trees coming under it is quite decided. The woodman, casting his eyes to the northward, will see light colored tree trunks, as characteristic of that view, and per contra, will see dark color looking southward.

In drizzly weather he will also note that the north sides of the trees are damp, while the south sides are dry.

There is great sameness in the topographical features of large areas of these flat swamps, and I have occasionally availed myself of the "moss sign" to direct my course.

On the higher grounds, where canebrakes or thick underbrush prevail, I have found it difficult to detect any marked difference in the growth of moss on the different sides of the tree trunks. As to the other distinctive features mentioned by Mr. Dearborn, as presented by the north and south sides of trees, I am inclined to regard them as fanciful or theoretic only.

COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

The Vermont League.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society by John W. Titcomb.]

NATURE liberally provided the waters of the world with food for man, and has been lavish in allowances for waste both from natural and artificial causes and the improvidence of man. With the progress of civilization, the increase of population and the change in natural conditions caused thereby, with the consequent increased demand for fish food, the lavishness of nature is set at naught. It will be conceded that the fish in the waters are intended for the use of man. Their protection, then, is simply a safeguard to prevent the supply from being exhausted, and to make the production, whether artificial or natural, as useful to man as possible.

It will be conceded by all members of this society that the artificial propagation of fishes has passed beyond the experimental stages, and that it is political economy for States to engage in fishculture. It will also be conceded that nearly all fish must be protected at certain seasons of the year, and that immature fish must be protected at all seasons if they are expected to reproduce their kind and nature is to assist in the work of the hatcheries. How many of our State legislatures are convinced as to the desirability of propagating and protecting fish to the extent that wise laws prevail which are not subject to radical changes or repeal at each recurring legislative session? Nearly, if not all, the States have some kind of protective laws; some wisely drafted, and more that have no reason for existence. Protective laws, so called, often defeat the very object for which they are enacted. It is a common custom for legislators who want more liberal laws, which, for example, provide for the use of nets in waters where nets should be excluded, to draft a bill reading somewhat as follows: "An act for the protection of fish in Lake ——," and then follows a bill providing for the extermination of fish in said lake.

In listening to many valuable papers read during the National Fisheries Congress at Tampa last January, of interest to both sportsmen and commercial fishermen, I was impressed by the fact that almost every paper, scientific or otherwise, alluded to the question of legislation and the condition of public sentiment. If the paper did not allude to legislation, the discussion which followed its reading would do so. Examine the laws of any State and many will be found which are practically void. I do not refer to fish laws in particular, although this class of legislation will be found in the above category quite as frequently as any other. Two reasons will be found for the lack of observance of void legislation. First, the laws may not be wise ones and have no good reason for existing. Second, public sentiment is opposed to the laws, either because they are unwise or because the people are ignorant of the real reasons for their enactment. This public sentiment may or may not extend throughout the State, and it may be limited to one town or one county in the State. If public sentiment throughout the State is opposed to the observance of a law, its enforcement is practically void. If one town or county is opposed to the law, it is for purely local, selfish and short-sighted motives, but it tends to make the law ineffective if its enforcement is left to local officers. It frequently occurs that the small section of a State in which the law is unpopular can send a strong enough representation to the Legislature to obtain its repeal against the best interests of the State at large. All such work injures or weakens the efficiency and popularity of protective laws in general. The average legislators becomes disgusted with the frequent introduction of bills for the propagation and protection of fish, and pays little attention to them unless such bills are called to his attention as directly affecting the interests of his constituents. He often goes to the capital with certain objects in view and interests himself in executing those objects by the passage of certain bills regardless of other interests. I do not intimate that he is dishonest, but his energy is exerted in the interest of his own constituents. He has not time to investigate proposed legislation on the fisheries, for instance.

If, then, the Legislature does not believe in the propagation and protection of fish, an organized effort must be made to educate legislators as to the value of such work. The political economy of such legislation must be demonstrated, and an appeal made to their pockets. This work should begin by educating the entire people of the State. The education of the people and the shaping of good legislation go hand in hand. The representative of a community is usually chosen because he has been successful in the management of private interests. If he sees that his constituents are interested in certain legislation, he will interest himself sufficiently to act intelligently upon it. I have attempted to show the necessity of organization to promote the objects of this society. I will now describe an organization which has been doing successful work for nearly eight years. It has been said that fish and game protective societies seldom live more than two or three years. Such is too often true, but if they are managed upon a strictly business basis their period of usefulness will continue as long as the objects and aims need fostering.

At the risk of appearing egotistical because I was one of its promoters, I will describe the Vermont Fish and Game League, how it was organized and what it has accomplished. While its work is confined to a State with commercial interests of comparatively small importance, the same kind of an organization can be effected suited to the needs in other States. Some States already have similar organizations.

Methods of Organization.—The first steps taken were as follows: A circular letter was sent to every postmaster in the State, asking him to name all the citizens in his town who would be interested in a State organization for the protection of fish and game. A reply card was inserted. An alphabetical index of all names received in reply to this circular was booked, and a second circular was sent to all whose names were thus booked, inviting them to pledge themselves to join a proposed League with the above-named objects, to agree to pay a certain fee (in this case $5) when 100 names had thus been pledged, and with the understanding that no articles of incorporation would be procured or organization effected until the 100 names were pledged. The same circular requested each recipient to send in names of eligible members. Frequently the same names were sent in by several sportsmen in one community, showing the desirability of keeping an alphabetical index of all eligibles to avoid repetition in sending out circulars and to have as complete a record of eligibles throughout the State as possible. In response to the second circular 111 names were pledged, and articles of incorporation immediately procured, and organization was effected. A meeting of charter members was called, a constitution and by-laws (previously prepared) were adopted, and officers were elected. Of the 111 charter members, all but one redeemed his pledge by paying into the treasury $5. From the date of organization, in 1890, to the present time the membership has constantly increased, until the present membership is 563. After the first year the membership fee was reduced from $5 to $3, and the annual dues from $3 to $2. Town and county protective associations were admitted as branch clubs, and permitted to send one delegate as a voter in all business meetings. Regular meetings are held annually, and special meetings from once to twice per year. At the annual meeting a dinner is given after the business is transacted, followed by post-prandial exercises. The last three years a so-called midsummer meeting has been held on an island in Lake Champlain. At these meetings many notable men are gathered. On the occasion of the last meeting President McKinley was present as a guest. Politics are not allowed to enter into the work of the League or to be discussed in the meetings, nor to enter into the post-prandial exercises.

The subjects in which the League is interested are kept constantly before the people by means of cloth posters giving a synopsis of the laws, pamphlets containing the chapter of game laws in full, by frequent circular letters to the members scattered throughout the State, and by the voluntary aid of all the newspapers published in the State.

The people must know the reasons for the fish and game laws, and that they are not designed for the especial benefit of the fishermen, but for all the people. There would be no protective law, no close season on fish and game, without a good reason for it. When the people are convinced that as a matter of political economy fish and game must be protected, they should understand that the laws are framed with especial reference to the habits of each species thus protected. Take by way of illustration the statutory limit on fish which can be legally caught—the 6in. law on trout, for example. All the people should know that trout will not reproduce in our streams until they have arrived at an age when they will have attained a growth of 6in. or more. They would then understand that, if allowed to be caught before they are 6in. long, reproduction ceases, and, with the excessive fishing now prevalent, all trout will be killed before arriving at the stage of reproduction, and total extermination follows. Artificial propagation and stocking cannot replenish the waste. The same applies to the statutory limit on salmon, lobsters, etc. The statutory limit for each species to be legally caught should be one which will permit natural reproduction at least once before capture, or there is little argument for the law.

When the League was organized eight years ago public sentiment was at a low ebb so far as fish and game interests were concerned. With its inception an appropriation for a State hatchery was secured, and liberal appropriations for its maintenance and extension have followed. Through the interest awakened by the League a national hatchery was located in Vermont. The game laws, which were in a wretched condition, were codified and revised by a committee from members of the League, presented to the Legislature in the form of a bill which at the same time repealed all existing legislation of the same nature, and became a law almost without a dissenting vote. Our legislators are beginning to consider fish a matter of political economy that these interests should be fostered, and the League loses no opportunity to present to the public and to the sceptic the arguments which will appeal to their pockets.

I would not have you think that our laws are perfect, or that what has been accomplished was attained without hard work on the part of the administrative force of the League. We have asked of our Legislature what we thought we could obtain. As public sentiment increases, more desirable legislation will be asked for.

The poacher, like the poor, is always with us. He is only kept in check by rigid enforcement of the law whenever opportunity offers. When necessary, we do not hesitate to send to the city for a good detective and pay the costs out of the League treasury. In Vermont the League is the strong right arm of the Fish and Game Commission.

If any one is led by the arguments in this paper to organize a similar society, let him consider well two important features. The work connected with its promotion and future success is tremendous. No salaried officers exist, although in a State of such important fishery interests as, for example, Florida or Louisiana, there should be enough of support to pay the salary of a stenographer.

Work of this nature, once successfully undertaken by one or two actively interested persons, cannot be dropped by them after the organization has been put into working condition. One man does the most of the work. He should be familiar with the fisheries of his State and not be prejudiced in favor of either sportsmen or commercial fishermen.

We believe in the social side of the organization as contributing largely to its success, but our membership is too scattered to meet socially more than twice a year.

My First Chicken Shoot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in reading Mr. Hough's notes on chicken shooting in your issue of Aug. 13, and they brought vividly to mind my first chicken shoot, which was thirty-two years ago this August while I was visiting friends in Milwaukee, Wis. The opening day for chicken shooting was the 15th, a few days after my arrival, and I was invited to be one of a party of five. The only names of the parties that I can now recall are of the late Rev. C. D. Helmer and a Mr. Matson, a prominet jeweler.

We took the evening train of Aug. 14 for some small place west of Watertown, Jefferson county, Wis. I remember that it was about as far beyond as Theresa, my old home, is from Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., after which the Wisconsin county and town were named. A Jefferson county, N. Y., man turned this name to good advantage during the fifties by starting a wildcat bank, the bills of which were a facsimile of the Jefferson County Bank, of Watertown, N. Y., excepting the "State of Wisconsin," which was so small as not to be noticed; these were sent East and put in circulation, and for some time passed readily for the New York money, until the crash of '57. But this is not chicken shooting. I think we had got as far as the small town where we stopped over night, and the next morning took conveyances five miles north, where we were met by two men with two pointer dogs only eight months old. Here the party divided, three with one dog, four with the other, myself with the latter.

The first field was a wild grass meadow, with a small stream running through it. We had not gone far when the dog came to a point, and the four shooters closed up around him. No bird flushed, and we thought the dog had made a false point; but when told to "hie on" he did so and caught the chicken. He did the same thing twice afterward during the day. They were well-grown birds, but had never been hunted and did not propose to leave their native heath. Sometimes three or four birds would get up at a time, and all four guns would crack, and part of the birds would drop; but it was impossible to tell which gun had secured them. Again only one bird would get up, and as all would shoot no one could claim it. At noon we went to a farmhouse, where some of the birds had been taken for dinner, and such a chicken potpie as we had I had never eaten. Helmer asked, "Well, Davison, how many chickens did you shoot?" I answered, "Not any." "Can't you shoot chickens?" he asked. I told him that where there were four shooters over one dog and all shot at the same bird I did not claim any. I do not remember how many birds were taken during the day; the party of four returned to Milwaukee that evening, while I took the train west to Sun Prairie, where I stopped over night, and the next morning tried to combine business with pleasure by buying a lot of 20,000lbs. of wool, but the owners and I could not get together by a cent and a half per pound, and the deal did not come off.

A friend drove me to Madison before noon, where I met a German groceryman whom I had known in Little Falls, N. Y., in 1885. Almost the first question he asked was, "Do you want to go shoot chickens?" I told him that was just what I wanted. I had dinner with him, and he hitched up his horse to his grocery wagon and we drove about ten miles back toward Sun Prairie. Here we put the horse under a stone fence, and had not gone more than fifty rods when the dog came to a stand. A chicken got up, which Oppel shot; another which I got; then another for Oppel; another for me, by which time Oppel had reloaded, when the fifth bird got up only to go down before his 20-gauge gun. In an hour we had so many birds that his bag (I had no bag) was getting too heavy to carry, and we left them beside the stone fence and then started out again. While going through a wheat stubble a single bird got up and flew straight away from us; I was behind Oppel, when he shot both barrels and missed. I had stepped to his side and raised my gun, when he shouted, "Don't shoot—too far." But it came too late; I shot and the bird dropped. He said it was the biggest shot he had ever seen on a chicken, and I have always been proud of that shot. Well, all good times must have an end. We stopped shooting when it began to grow dark, and when we got to where we had left the other birds we found we had twenty-two chickens. Oppel declared that I had shot as many as he. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we reached Madison, and thus ended my first and also my last chicken shoot.

J. L. Davison.

Lockport, N. Y.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XV.

One incident of this day we greatly enjoyed and have often laughed over since. We were crossing some open ground, when we came to a cornfield through which we were passing, when we were met by the owner, who anxiously inquired if we were hunting snipe—this name was quite often given the woodcock in those days. When we told him that we were in pursuit of them, his face lighted up and as he pointed to quite an area of the field that had been devastated by crows, he exclaimed: "Drat the snipe, they have eaten more than ten bushel of corn, and I hope you will just clean 'em out." Then pointing to the bit of stony ground covered with thorns and briers that I have previously described, he told us that the birds lived there through the day, and came at night and feasted on his corn. He then offered to go and show us where they were, and we started for the place, the old man anathematizing the birds at nearly every step. When we came to the cover the dog pointed just at the edge near a large thorn, and when I went around the bush the bird rose and Eaton dropped it. No sooner did the old man see it fall than he started for it, shouting: "Give it to him; that's one of the condemned varmin; give it to him." The bird was only winged and made an effort to escape, but Nemesis was after him, a big boot swung back, and then launched itself at the luckless bird with a swish and vim that would not be denied, and the next instant every bone in its body was smashed and the battered remains went sailing through the air, while the old man fairly danced in ecstacy as he exclaimed: "Take that, you condemned thief. Steal my corn, will you?"

Eaton very nearly had a fit, and I was not much behind him, and it was some time before we recovered; in fact, we never did get over it, for the mirth-provoking incident still works its spell, and I can still—through the mist and haze of more than four decades—see the expressive working of the old fellow's countenance as he dances in glee at the death of the long-billed thief that had stolen his corn. This is the only time that I have heard so serious a charge preferred against the gentle woodcock, although farmers have often come to me with a request that I would shoot the doves, grouse or quail that were eating their corn. I was ever very sensitive to the cry of distress, and am pleased to say that in every instance I did my best to rid my farmer friends of the destroyers of their peace. Not that the crows did not suffer at my hands all the same whenever they came near enough, for I have long had a deep-seated antipathy to the sleek-looking rascals, and seldom lose an opportunity to thin their ranks. When a boy, I was shooting them in a neighbor's cornfield, where one old campaigner seemed to take delight in fooling me, until I became quite interested, and I determined to have her at all events; but it was of no use, I could not get near her. Finally I followed in the direction she usually went, into a grove of pines, hoping to find her nest. After a short search I discovered it full of nearly grown young ones, so I took a position within easy shot and waited for her. When she came I saw that she had something in her bill, and as I cut loose and brought her down I found that she had a young ruffed grouse. Now these birds have always been especial favorites of mine, and as I gazed upon the poor little murdered fledgeling I made a solemn promise to myself that this foul crime should be avenged, and this is why my gun swings into position and my finger presses the trigger whenever one of the sleek-coated marauders comes within range. But I am wandering from the Willington covers.

The third day we took leave of our friend Dolly and his good wife, and drove north nearly to the Stafford line, when we turned west and crossed the river into the town of Ellington; then, after exploring some good looking covers we turned south and drove nearly the length of the town of Tolland, finding a number of capital woodcock covers as well as grouse resorts. Night found us within a few miles of the hotel, and turning in the proper direction we were soon there, and found that our stopping place was the jail as well as the tavern. We thought this rather a queer combination, but as the landlord appeared to be the right sort we paid no further attention to the matter until about midnight, when I was awakened from a sound sleep by the tramp of feet passing my door, and a buzz of something that was going on, so I arose and went to the door to learn what was up. It appeared that one of the prisoners—a horse thief, if I rightly remember—had escaped, and the racket that had disturbed me was caused by the muster of all hands to go in pursuit, and I soon heard the different parties leaving and the whir of the wheels as our landlord—who was also the sheriff—took his departure, and soon all was quiet and I again closed my eyes. We had been informed in the evening that there was an abundance of quail in the vicinity, so at daybreak I dressed myself and went down for the purpose of going outdoors to see—or rather hear—if the report was true, for quail can nearly always be heard and located at this hour while giving their morning call. When I entered the sitting room I found two of the men, who had just returned from searching for the runaway, hovering over a blazing fire, and learned that the morning was decidedly frosty and that there was little chance to recapture the convict; for the country had been well searched, and not the slightest trace of him could be found. As I drew the bolt and opened the back door, the runaway prisoner stood before me shivering in the frosty air, and as I bade him a cordial good morning he ducked his head in acknowledgment, then with a sheepish look he said that he had come back, almost frozen; and he shambled into the house. Just as he was passing me I was seized with an inspiration, and in response to the call I grabbed him by the collar and yanked him into the sitting room, and with the most important air that I could assume I handed him over to the fragment of the *posse comitatus* seated by the fire. You should have seen them when, with a tightened grip on his collar, I shoved my captive toward them. With wide open eyes they both jumped as one man, and grabbing each an arm and a firm hold of his collar, they hustled the shivering wretch away to the strong room. The next season I again

visited the place, and as I sat by the fire in the evening I was greatly amused to overhear a man say to his companion: "No, he don't look it, but they say he found the thief stealing his horse, when he grabbed him and brought him into the house by main strength, and gave him up to the officers." In after years I found that I was known to about every one in the vicinity as the boy who captured the thief single-handed. Now I had done this just to see how the two men would act, with no thought as to ulterior results, but like many another who has unthinkingly performed some act that he thought of little importance and awakened to find himself famous, I found myself a hero, and the more my innate modesty prompted me to disclaim any merit for the performance, the more did my admirers appear to think me deserving; in fact, this greatness was thrust upon me, for I do not believe that I was a born thief-taker and most certainly I had achieved nothing of the kind, so I just wore my honors meekly and received the adulation of my admirers with my accustomed modesty.

There was one resultant feature of this episode that afforded me abundant pleasure and satisfaction: every farmer in the whole region appeared to be pleased to have me shoot over his grounds, and many a sweet spot for birds did my good friends point out to me during the years that I frequented the dear old town. While there were no extensive covers that were well stocked throughout, there were little runs where grouse loved to stay, and many nooks and corners in the extensive alder covers where woodcock could nearly always be found in proper season, while quail were fairly abundant all through this section.

For several years the grounds in both Ellington and Tolland, together with those of Willington, were known to our set as the Willington grounds, but after the old chaparral and some of the other noted places near it were discovered and laid waste by the market shooters we sorrowfully abandoned those covers, and for a few years this section of country was known to us as the Tolland grounds, although many of our best covers were in the adjoining towns of Ellington, Coventry and Mansfield, for we had thoroughly explored a vast amount of good looking country in this section, and discovered quite a number of "favorite covers," so many, in fact, that we could not visit nearly all of them during the three or four days usually allotted to a visit to this section, but within a few years after we had been crowded out of the Willington grounds the town of Tolland became too densely populated with shooters to suit us, and, much to our regret, we were obliged to abandon many of the dearly loved covers that we had worked so hard to find and that had afforded us so many happy days of royal sport. Of course we did not begrudge any one the pleasure of shooting over our premises, but we did blame some of them for the persistent manner in which they haunted a favorite cover until not a feather remained, for utter desolation will surely follow when this course is pursued for a season or two. Take, for instance, the old chaparral. In all the years that our set shot there, two to four visits were all that were made in any season, and upon every occasion, year after year, birds were found there in abundance; but after two seasons, during which the market shooters shot it out nearly every day, scarcely a bird could be found within its borders, and it has remained barren ground to the present time. But the little patch previously described as the home of the corn stealers has not been found by these destroyers, and among its rocks and brambles a goodly number of birds may yet be found, at least this has been the case up to a few years ago, since when I have not visited the place.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mongolian Pheasants in Virginia.

LEXINGTON, Va., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Complying with your request, I write you of my experience in introducing the Mongolian pheasant into Rockbridge county, Va. In March, 1897, I secured two pair of young birds, through my friend, Col. Jno. D. Letcher, who was at that time located at Eugene, Oregon. The box or coop, in which they were shipped, was about 20in. square, the sides and ends were of woven wire which was covered with gunny sack, and a tin trough was fastened in one end. The birds were thirteen days en route, but were strong and healthy when received.

They were placed, a pair each, on two secluded farms in a bend of North River, in woven wire coops 8×20×3ft., with a small house at one end to afford shelter and seclusion. One pair was located some distance from the farm buildings in a grove, and no one was allowed to approach them except a little girl, who attended to feeding and watering them. This pair became reconciled to their situation in a few weeks, and occasionally an egg would be found in the coop. The irregularity in finding the eggs excited some interest and closer observation, when it was discovered that snakes were feeding on the eggs. After a number of snakes had been killed in close proximity to the coop, the eggs were gathered with more regularity. We saved one setting of eggs, and in the absence of something better placed them under an ordinary barnyard hen. My information is that the pheasant here will not sit in captivity. Only two of these eggs were hatched, and the young birds were trampled upon and killed by the hen.

The other pair was placed nearer the house, in a more public place, and they were, if possible, wilder at the end of three months than when first received. They were then removed, their coop being placed beside the other pair. Instead of enjoying each other's company, as was supposed would be the case, the male birds quarreled incessantly, and neither pair did any good. Since then I have heard that the males are desperate fighters, that when two or more are confined together there will soon be but one left. In November one of the hens escaped; after unsuccessful efforts to trap her, six weeks later her mate was turned loose, and nothing further was heard from them until May, 1898, when they were seen together.

In May of this year the hen in captivity built a nest and began to lay. The first thirteen eggs gathered were set under a bantam hen, and there were hatched out nine birds; one died, and the other eight are now as large as full-grown partridges, and perfectly healthy.

It was very difficult at first to find something the young birds would eat; flies constituted their article of diet the first two weeks; then they would take cooked eggs; this was followed later by grits, bread, etc., and now they will eat anything other fowls will. I shall turn out several pairs as soon as they are fully grown, the others I shall keep in captivity, so as to be better able to distribute them.

The young birds were gentle when first hatched, but are growing wilder; the old birds are the wildest I have ever seen. They are about the size of our native pheasant, but are a much prettier bird.

F. W. HOUSTON.

Buffalo in Colorado.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a little buffalo information, which may interest if it is second hand. If the number reported is true, it probably entitles Colorado to the credit of having the largest band of buffalo in the United States. If the "62" were "cows and calves," it also follows that there were bulls not far away in one or more small bands; probably altogether from fifteen to thirty of them.

A cow belonging to the Lost Park herd was killed recently, and our game warden has two "prominent citizens" of Leadville under $500 bonds each to stand trial for the offense.

We have a splendid buffalo bull in our city park here.

WM. N. BYERS.

The Republican of Aug. 2 says: Some of the early inhabitants of the northwestern part of the State have returned to view their former hunting grounds. Henry Schaffnitt, a reliable citizen living at Steamboat Springs, has written to the game warden stating that a herd of sixty-two buffalo cows have been discovered grazing within thirty-five miles of Steamboat Springs. Game Commissioner Swan cannot account for the appearance of the herd, as it was not seen previous to the present time, and buffalo are becoming so scarce that an actual count of the number in the country is possible.

The reports of the discovery of a large herd of buffalo near Steamboat Springs in the northwestern part of the State, whose appearance cannot be accounted for, have made interesting reading for old residents of Colorado, who remember when great herds of these animals roamed the State. W. N. Byers, who has followed the history of the few remaining herds of the State, says positively that the buffalo discovered are Colorado animals, and that he has known of them for the past thirty years.

Besides the herd near Steamboat Springs, there is only one other herd of wild buffalo in the State, and that is the Lost Park herd. Mr. Byers has known of and followed the history of this herd for the past thirty-nine years. He is very much interested in the remaining buffalo in the State, and urges strongly that the State Government give them the best possible protection from hunters. In speaking of the buffalo near Steamboat Springs, Mr. Byers said:

"I can give you positive information regarding those buffalo, which will show you that they did not come from any other section of the country than that which they are now in. These buffalo are the remnant of a herd that ranged in Middle Park as long ago as thirty-five years, to my knowledge. At that time they frequented the open part of the Park and occasionally one or more of them were killed by white men or Indians.

"About 1865 or 1866 they were ranging about the mouth of the Troublesome River, ten miles below Hot Sulphur Springs. At that time settlers were gradually moving into the Park and their advent drove the buffalo back into the hills, and toward the western rim of the Park. The winter of 1875 was an exceedingly severe one in the Park, and large quantities of snow fell, covering the country to a great depth. The buffalo were at that time on the headwaters of the Muddy River, which Fremont called the Milk River, about thirty miles north of Grand River.

"In the latter part of this winter, when the snow was still very deep, the herd was discovered by a band of Ute Indians. The Indians attacked them in the deep snow and killed nearly the entire herd, a few only escaping into the underbrush, and in this way avoiding slaughter. In the spring of 1876 three or four men who had settled at Hot Sulphur Springs went up to where the buffalo had been killed and brought back several loads of tallow from the carcasses of the dead animals. The men reported that the Indians had apparently surrounded the buffalo in the deep snow and had killed seventy or eighty on three or four acres of ground. The men thought that only a few of the herd had escaped.

"The buffalo were next seen on the headwaters of the Troublesome, fifteen or twenty miles from the place of the slaughter by the Indians. The Porter brothers, who had been buffalo hunters on the plains until the buffalo were exterminated, went into Middle Park, and turned their attention to killing game for the market. This was in 1877 or 1878. They found the little band of buffalo on the Troublesome, and killed four or five of them. They brought the meat to Hot Sulphur Springs and attempted to sell it. Information was filed against them for killing the buffalo, and a constable was sent to their camp to arrest them. They resisted arrest and drove the constable away at the point of their revolvers. Soon after this they left the country, apparently from fear of prosecution under the game laws of the State, in the district court, which was to convene thereafter at Hot Sulphur Springs.

"After the episode with the Porter brothers the buffalo continued to range on the headwaters of the Troublesome, and some of them crossed the mountain range into North Park. Some of these were seen on the North Park slope by Judge Spicer in the summer of 1883. He went up to capture some elk calves, and while there saw about ten buffalo, but supposed that there were more in the neighborhood.

"Soon after that prospectors invaded that section of the country in considerable numbers, and their presence drove the buffalo west along the crest of the main range to the neighborhood of where these buffalo are reported to have been seen a few days ago. The last definite report that I have had of the herd was from a young man who was hunting there four years ago this coming fall. He reported having seen, I think, ten buffalo, and he also thought that there were others in the vicinity. That is the last definite report that I have had of them, but I have been given to understand that they are still in the same section of the country.

"It is very gratifying, if true, to learn that the herd has increased to sixty-two, and if it continues to be protected it is probable that it will continue to increase. It is not natural for small, isolated herds to grow much in numbers, the tendency being usually the other way. People who have had knowledge of this herd have not been inclined to publish the fact, but since the announcement has been made by the newspapers I am willing to give this brief history of one of the two small buffalo herds roaming in a wild state in Colorado. They are being closely watched, and if any one is found hunting them, or reported to have done so, they will be prosecuted and punished to the full extent of the law."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Prairie Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—Last week I had occasion to write something about the early and illegal shooting of prairie chickens in this and other Western States. It is still the same story. Each week brings out more indications that the sooner is at work and will continue at work, so that by the opening of the season we shall have once more the same story of broken coveys and wild birds. By this no reproach is cast upon the wardens, for they have a colossal task before them, and deserve credit for the bare fact that we have any chickens at all left in the West.

I refer more especially just now to the State of Illinois, which is notoriously bad this year, and very much worse than ordinary, for reasons already set forth in the matter of a (pretended) confusion of chicken dates. I get word this week that around Kewanee birds have been shot in considerable numbers, more than thirty days ahead of the law. At Kankakee, only about fifty-five miles south of Chicago, a restaurant is suspected of serving the illegal game as a regular thing, though this is not yet proved. At Rochelle, last Saturday, Deputy Hizer arrested John Oleson and Gus Williamson for shooting prairie chickens. Trial continued. At Quincy it is stated that the disregard for the law was "never so great as it is this year." Judge Ramsey, of Whiteside county, has done one of our noblest game birds more damage which a thousand Judge Ramseys can never repair.

Passing of the Chicken in the Nations.

Every shooter of the West knows what a paradise for small game the Indian Nations once were, and can recall the stories of the enormous bags once made by any shooter who cared to make them in that prolific land. It seemed indeed that the chickens "never could be shot out." It was the common story that there would "always be chickens away down in there, it was so far away." Perhaps there are some shooters who think the old abundance is still in that region, and that on some lucky day they may be able to get a trip down there and have a "real good old chicken hunt" where the "birds have not been shot out." To all such I would refer the clipping from the Denison, Texas, Gazetteer, which I append. Denison is near the northern end of Texas and not so very far from what was once a grand game country in the Nations. The writer of the article in the Gazetteer does not seem to be a crank or a particular rabid sportsman, but makes the statements in a cool and matter of fact way, as a piece of news. It will be unwelcome news to those who have not already learned it.

"A few years ago," says the paper, "prairie chickens were plentiful within a day's drive of Denison, but that time is past. With the rapid settlement of the country the birds have disappeared. The best chicken shooting used to be at the Cale and Caddo prairies. There is fair shooting there yet. While in the Choctaw Nation last spring, the writer learned from settlers that a great many birds were in the Jones' pastures, which are about fifteen miles east of Caddo. Carriage Point was another favorite resort, and thousands of birds have been killed there. It is now said that there is not a covey in the entire section. The best hunting country in the territory was on the prairies in the Creek Nation, at Checotah, Honey Spring, Summit and Muskogee. A few years ago hundreds of Denison sportsmen visited annually the chicken grounds of the Creek and Choctaw Nations and made enormous bags, but the birds have been 'shot out,' and good sport in that section is a thing of the past."

Minnesota Chickens.

The chickens of Minnesota this year are a fair crop, the weather conditions over a good part of their natural breeding grounds having been more than ordinarily favorable for them. The district wardens have been vigilant, and the gradual education of the people of Minnesota by the able game commission is slowly beginning to be felt, so that the violations of the chicken law are nothing like what they formerly were. It is confidently stated that the crop of chickens will be a great one, and that sportsmen may count upon good shooting. This, I am sure, is true, as true as any such statement can be for any chicken country. Yet this does not mean that all shooters will have good shooting, nor that all shooters will find country where the birds have not been shot into before the opening day. I know there are chickens still in Minnesota, for I had a very nice little shoot last fall with one of the local deputies and we found plenty of birds to satisfy us. But what we need in Minnesota, as we do in every Western State, is more law, more wardens, more popular respect for the chicken law, less of this old-time thievery of the State's property. It was said that the safety of the frontier required the killing off of the buffalo. Is it the belief of the man with a gun that a like extermination should be meted out to the big grouse, lest it give aid and comfort to sportsmen?

Gokey, of Dawson.

My friend Gokey, of Dawson, N. D., has got him

new typewriter, and we correspond that way now. Gokey writes to me: "It has been some time since I heard from you, and I thought I would write to see if you are going to have on your shooting clothes this fall. Hunt them up and come on out here. The lakes are full of ducks, and lots of them are tagged for Gokey & Co. I hope to see you and Mr. Waters here again, so I can wipe your eyes. [He didn't do it. He was under the wagon!] Chickens are more plentiful than for several years, and the lakes and sloughs are full of ducks and geese. I have a number of engagements with parties booked from Boston and New York, but if you will come I will find time to care of you."

I hardly think it likely I will see the wonderful shooting country around Dawson again this fall, but I know I should like nothing better were it possible, and I shall never forget the afternoon that Mr. Waters and I had with State Warden Bowers and Gokey, of Dawson. It's a bit far-offish to sit in an office and write about sport; but that was the real thing.

The Bannocks are Out.

Telegraphic advices of Aug. 12 state that some forty Bannock Indians have appeared in the Jackson's Hole country, and have been slaughtering elk. Deputy Warden Pyle has wired Gov. Richards that the Indians have successfully resisted arrest. Secretary of the Interior Bliss has advised Gov. Richards to call out troops from Ft. Washakie to drive back the Bannocks.

Michigan July Grist.

State Warden Osborne, of Michigan, reports that in the month of July just past he made twenty-six arrests and secured fifteen convictions for violations of the game and fish laws.

A North Dakota Game Region.

Mr. J. E. Galehouse, Jr., deputy warden at Carrington, N. D., writes me that he is in one of the best goose, duck and chicken regions of the State, and adjacent to canvasback waters which are as good as any. "The young of the above birds," he says, "are in plenty this year, and the year promises to surpass former years in their numbers, especially of chickens and grouse." Mr. Galehouse will answer inquiries for chicken country.

Mr. Charles Stewart Stobie will leave about Sept. 1 to join his friend, Major James B. Thompson, of Denver, Colo., they two outfitting at Glenwood and going north into the country about the middle fork of the White River.

The item last above given is simple enough in the statement, but it is well worth more than the statement. Mr. Stobie is going back to the West because he loves the West, and has known it for very many years. In the old, old days, when the old Crawford Opera House, of Chicago, was headquarters for the artists of this community, Mr. Stobie was an appreciated member of that Latin quarter. He was an associate of Earle, Elkins and others of the Chicago artists, who have made a name or gone over the range. Away back in the early days there was a real West, and Mr. Stobie was drawn to it, as many men would be to-day if such a country existed. He has to-day the real right to the title of old timer, although he carries his years so lightly that he does not seem to date back to the early days.

Yet he was ten years among the Ute Indians, living with them and studying them, and learning them as few men have ever done. He knows the old-timer's chart of the West, and was on the buffalo range at the time the first skin-hunting parties began to come in and to kill the buffalo for their robes alone. He saw the passing of the buffalo, and saw the changed conditions which have hedged in the hunting of the Indians and of the white men. He has gone back to the West from time to time, though latterly his home has been in Chicago. He ought to be satisfied to dwell in the cities, but someway the fascination of the old days comes along once in awhile and takes him back into the mountains, which are still peopled, at least with the ghosts of the past. In the old days Mr. Stobie's frequent associate and hunting companion was Major Thompson, and the two are going back for a look at their old country. They will have some good bear dogs along, and expect to get a lion or two, and perhaps have some fun with a bear.

Speaking of mountain lions, Mr. Stobie relates to me the third instance I have known where a mountain lion has really been known to attack a man. Of course, a great many such stories have been printed, but I mean the authentic stories, describing real incidents. Mr. Stobie says that one time, when he was riding horseback along a rocky trail, he heard the swish of a lion's tail in the leaves, and looked up barely in time to lean forward as the lion sprang at him. The animal missed its aim and fell beyond the horse, Mr. Stobie firing at it with his revolver as it fell, but not hitting it, as the horse sprang away. The creature seemed to have the idea that it could eat up a whole horse, and incidentally a man. A great many rather vivid things used to happen in those days, and Mr. Stobie tells me of one little bear fight in which he saw some mounted Indians mixed up with a grizzly, or rather a silver tip, which Mr. Stobie does not consider to be a grizzly. The young braves crowded in about the bear, trying to do the bow and arrow act with it, and one of them got too close. The bear made a swipe with its arm, and struck the pony of one unlucky Indian upon the haunch, stripping all the flesh off the hip of the horse clean to the bone, and knocking both horse and rider in a heap. At least one observer of the incident came away impressed with the strength of an able-bodied bear.

I should be depriving myself of a pleasure if I did not speak of the visit of Mr. Stobie to the art rooms where some of his paintings are on exhibition. Here I saw the cowboy of the West, as he was and still is in some parts of the West. I saw the Indians of the old days, the chiefs painted and decorated in their war shirts and bonnets, the latter as they used to be made in the days before the white men came, not as they are made now for sale in curiosity shops. Here you saw the real color and the atmosphere of the West, and its former people stood before you, so that the first thought was one of thankfulness to Mr. Stobie, as to a very few other men of this country, that they are securing to future generations the opportunity of seeing what this country once was and what were its inhabitants. A great many men are now doing that sort of thing in one way or other, but Mr. Stobie can tell some of them, very calmly, about how such and such things used to be before they were born! It always sort of cools me down to have anyone tell me about things that happened before I was born. Of course, the first impression of a human being is that what happened before he was born, or which will happen after he is dead, cannot be of much real importance to the world, but there were happenings in the old West of which people will some day read on the printed page, or on the pictured canvas, with an interest more absorbing than that which they now accord.

A Real Hot Lynx Story.

In the columns of the daily press you get a great many stories of terrific encounters between men and wild beasts. I have had occasion to say that I have heard of three cases where a mountain lion has attacked a man. In one of these cases the beast thought the man was a deer. In the Sunday papers I have read of many cases where "panthers" have had awful fights with men, the men always coming out victorious, and with their dialect uninjured. In the Sunday papers you read of bear fights happening in Maine and Pennsylvania, or elsewhere within the natural range of the New York Sunday papers, in country where there never was any bear but a black bear, which latter animal never did have as much fight to him as a healthy hog. You read also of horrible fights with immense lynxes, which latter usually weigh at least "80lbs." In the lynx fight there is always a great deal of blood shed, and the hero goes to Congress, or something of that sort.

I wonder how it would seem to readers of the fakes of the daily press on such matters to read an actual lynx story, just as it really happened, without any coloring? I have such a story before me now, from the hand of Fay L. Buck, a young man who lives at Manitowish, Wis., where I met him and went out trapping with him one winter. Fay Buck is a powerful young fellow, a fine woodsman and guide, and the best about him is that he tells the truth. He is about as much afraid of a lynx as he is of a woodchuck, and it appears that when he wants any young cats of that kind he doesn't mind the mother of the litter very much. This is his story:

"I had a little experience with some lynxes the other day which may be interesting to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I went out to pick some raspberries for my guests, when about half-past ten in the morning I heard a peculiar noise a short distance away, and being rather inquisitive, I went over to see what was going on. To my surprise I found an old lynx and two young ones. As soon as they saw me the two young lynxes started to climb trees, each one a different tree, and the old one ran off.

"Now, how was I to capture the young ones alive? I had a string or piece of heavy fish line about 2ft. long, and I made a slip knot in one end and tied a stick about 3ft. long on the other end, in the middle. I took off my shoes and proceeded to climb the tree. The first lynx was up a little dead maple tree, close to a birch stub. The limbs on the tree were dead and would break off when I touched them, which made climbing very difficult, but, of course, the little fellow went to the top, and so did I. He appeared to be very much annoyed, but by a long struggle I got the slip noose of my string on his hind foot. He then jumped over on the birch stub, and I let go of the stick which was at the other end of the string, and the weight of the stick on his hind foot slowly took him to the ground. I managed to be at the bottom of the tree as soon as he was, and to my surprise the old lynx was hid and I did not see her until she sprang. She struck me in the back just before I let go of the tree, and she tore my shirt half off. I whirled and struck her with my fist, and picked up a club, and she jumped one side. I then picked up the young one that was fastened to the string, and carried him off about ten rods, where I left him. This drew the attention of the old lynx while I went back after the other young one, which was at the top of a large burnt hemlock.

"This was not a very encouraging job, as my shirt was about half gone, but anyway I proceeded as before. I got to the top, and the limb the little fellow was on broke and he fell to the ground and hid under some brush. I got down carefully, threw a stick across him and stepped on the stick until I slipnoosed his hind foot. Then I had the two young fellows safe.

"There was an old burnt lumber camp close by, where I found an old tin boiler with a cover to it. I put the two lynxes in it and carried them home. My berry picking was quite successful, I thought. The old lynx followed me for about a mile. I have the two young ones, which are about two months old, in a cage about 8ft. square, and they are doing well. I was a pretty sight when I got home."

This is a real lynx story, written by a man who has not gone to Congress, and who is not the oldest inhabitant. It's a pretty good story, and it is true.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Deer in Vermont.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Aug. 11.—The rumored complaints of farmers whose crops were being destroyed by deer, and the stories of deer being herded with cattle and hanging around the mowing lots to pick up the hay left by the rakes, and of locomotive engineers who were compelled to slow down to avoid breaking the law regarding killing deer out of season, would lead a stranger to suppose that the State of Vermont had become one great deer park, and that an amateur sportsman could kill all the deer he wanted anywhere during the open season. The facts are that deer are plenty, and good sport may be had by experienced gunners, who seek them in the territory where they abound, but in many parts of the State deer are as scarce as they are in New York city. I saw Mr. John W. Titcomb, State Game Commissioner, and he said: "The increase in deer is due to the natural increase of wild animals when protected by the State for a reasonable number of years, and the turning out of a number of deer by private sportsmen a number of years ago. Last year there were perhaps 150 deer killed in the State, 104 of which were reported to me. The largest number, thirty-one, were killed in Windsor county; twenty-six in Rutland county, and four were reported from Essex county, and three from Orleans county. This would lead to the conclusion that the deer were bunched in the region west of Rutland in the southern part of the State. I believe there are more deer, and that there will be better sport in this State this fall than anywhere within the same distance of New York city."

Many experienced gunners say that while Rutland county may contain more deer than Essex, Orleans or Franklin counties, yet they would advise amateur sportsmen to go into the extreme northern part of the State and start in say at Hyde Park, Barton, or some smaller towns in those counties. It is always advisable, and in some places absolutely necessary, to employ a guide.

EXEGISIS.

The Distinction is Merely Technical.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read every copy of the FOREST AND STREAM from its first number and (while I may be easily pleased) I have never read an editorial that I could take any exceptions to, on the contrary, have been able to endorse them most heartily.

Yours this week, "Essentially a Thief," is all right with one exception, it should be a thief. No man has a right to shoot or fish until the day of the open season, and any man who does it is a thief pure and simple. I can't understand how a man can steal game or fish and excuse himself. I know men who would not think of breaking any other law, would not steal anything, but do not hesitate to violate the game laws and steal game and fish.

I hope the time will come when men will not sneak into a cover two or three days before the open season any more than they would into your barn and take your horse.

The good work has been going on in your office for years, trying to bring men up to the high standard which all sportsmen should occupy, and as we all know your efforts have not been in vain. Let the good work go on. Pound the game thieves, stick to the old plank, stop the sale of game, go for the market shooters and go for the violators of the game laws as you have in the past, and you will have your reward. H.

HUDSON, N. Y., Aug. 11.

California Game.

REDLANDS, Cal., Aug. 1.—The writer, with two others, has just returned from a burro trip to Bluff Lake, Bear Valley, etc. We took along two cameras, and got a lot of views. We saw lots of gray squirrels and mountain quail. I saw one brood of quail that were fully grown and another just large enough to fly. There were three deer killed in the mountains south of Gus. Knight's Bear Valley resort last week. One of our party saw a deer and also a mountain lion. We did not fish any, as the trout are all about caught out. We only killed a few doves and squirrels, the former before we left the valley at home. Several parties here have been out for deer, but no deer have as yet been killed by any of them. There is a warden in the mountains, and he keeps pretty close watch over the game. There are lots of valley quail and rabbits, and there has also been some dove shooting. The band-tail pigeons have come down out of the mountains, and some shooting may be had in the elder brush around Yucaipe.

REELFOOT.

To Study the Yellowstone Park.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Commissioner Binger Hermann, of the General Land Office, will leave Washington to-day for his home in Oregon. Before returning he will visit the Yellowstone National Park and reservations in California, with a view to studying the needs of those parts of the public domain.

Honesty the Best Policy.

I.

Amateur Sportsman—"Confound it all! Been out all day and haven't shot a thing. But I'm not going home empty-handed, and here comes just the boy I'm looking for.

II.

"Say, boy! I'll give you twenty-five cents each for those birds. You'll take it? Good! You have eight. Here are two dollars.

III.

"Oh, say! Talk about being proud when I walk back through the city with this string of birds! Of course I will have to do some tall lying, but that doesn't count. Put them in my bag? Nit!"

IV.

Stranger—"Good aft'noon, neighbor! Had putty good luck to-day, eh?"

Amateur Sportsman (loftily)—"Oh, fair!"

Stranger—"Shoot 'em all yourself?"

Amateur Sportsman (tartly)—"Certainly I did. Do you think I hire a man to do my shooting when I go gunning?"

V.

Stranger—"Well, I'm glad to hear it! I'm game warden of this county, and them birds is out of season. It will cost you just five dollars each fer shootin' 'em. Come along with me to the 'squire's office and settle up."

VI.

Amateur Sportsman (making for the train to the city)—"Confound it all! This sporting business isn't what it is cracked up to be. Forty dollars, besides my expenses! And they confiscated the birds, too!"—Puck.

Sea and River Fishing.

roprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise in Forest and Stream.

Where to go.

One important, useful and considerable part of the Forest and Stream's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The Canadian Salmon Rivers.

As is explained in another column, the following letter has been sent to us for publication, in order that being here printed and thus coming to the attention of those whose interests are concerned, other salmon anglers may be prompted to communicate to Mr. Davison facts and opinions which may corroborate or correct the statements and views set forth. Mr. Davison's address is No. 56 Wall street, New York.

New York, July 22, 1898.

Hon. E. E. Tache,
Ass't Com. of Crown Lands, Forests and Fisheries,
Quebec, Canada.

My dear Sir: Complying with your request, I put in writing the matters concerning salmon fishing in Canada, the future preservation of salmon, and the comments on existing influences tending to diminish the supply, which I laid before you orally a few days since.

I am the more pleased to do this as I understand that recent decisions concerning the jurisdiction of the Province place the control of these matters in the hands of the Provincial rather than the Federal Government; and that the opportunity afforded is to be availed of to initiate measures looking toward continued and increasing activity in the care of this valuable asset of the Province of Quebec.

As you know, the westerly limit of salmon in Canada has been steadily receding. The conditions which affect the question are constant, nor have they as yet been successfully met. The result must be a continued diminution in the supply, with the ultimate disappearance of salmon as a game and food fish from your waters, if indeed not from the entire Atlantic coast.

The evil has now reached a point which brings the end in sight, and the situation is at the critical period—so much so indeed that further temporizing will result in the near future in a serious loss both of revenue and food supply, which it will be difficult to replace.

A Review of the Past.

The natural history of the fish justifies this conclusion. Before going into it I call to your attention the paper prepared for the Canadian Institute by the Rev. W. A. Adamson in 1856 on "The Decrease, Restoration and Preservation of Salmon in Canada," the interesting character of which essay it would be difficult to overestimate.

In speaking of then attendant conditions he says: "It is unnecessary to magnify the importance of this fish as an economic production or as an article of commerce. As a food it is beyond comparison the most valuable fresh-water fish, both on account of the delicacy of its flavor and the numbers in which it can be supplied. By prudence, a little exertion, and a very small expense now (1856) it may not only be rendered cheap and accessible to almost every family in Canada, but also an article of no small commercial importance as an export to the United States, *in which country, by pursuing the course which Canada has hitherto imitated, this noble fish has been almost exterminated.*"

Continuing, he points out that twenty-five or thirty years before every stream from Niagara Falls to Labrador and Gaspé Basin abounded with salmon, while at the time of his writing none are to be found west of Quebec except a few in the Jacques Cartier. He points out the natural disposition of man to destroy at all times and seasons that which has life and is fit for food, refers to the neglect to construct fishways in the dams; and points out how (at that time) the St. Marguerite and Petit Saguenay, the Escoumain, Port Neuf, Rimouski, Metis and others rivers were blocked by dams.

A somewhat earlier paper by W. Henry, Esq., inspector general of hospitals, on the habits of the salmon family, also contains much of interest and warning. He speaks of the fish as being then still found in the Kennebec and the Connecticut, and of an occasional stray fish in the Hudson and the Delaware. He refers to the fact that at the time of his writing many thousands ascended the Ottawa, while a large body pushed up the main river all the way to Lake Ontario, and following the north shore of the lake, were often speared in the Bay of Quinte and at the mouth of the Trent, and caught in considerable numbers about Toronto in the streams running into the northwest extremity of Lake Ontario. He speaks of seeing a salmon leap in 1833 in the Niagara River, when crossing the ferry just below the Falls, though it was then already a rare occurrence, and he begs for "some legislative protection for salmon" as being "much required in Canada," stating that their numbers are "sensibly diminishing." This diminution he places at a loss of a quarter of the whole within the ten years preceding his writing.

In a valuable paper on fishing in New Brunswick, by Col. Sir J. E. Alexander, F. R. G. S. and A. R. S., written in the fifties, the author, speaking of the Miramichi, says it should be "better protected and not poached, as we observed it was." Also that it has always seemed to him that "there was wonderful shortsightedness or remissness in many quarters as to the preservation of fish, particularly of the best of all, the salmon." Says they are "now sensibly diminishing yearly." Mentions mill dams which lack fish ways, nets set across the stream barring the fish from the rivers, and the spear and torch completing the work of destruction "at a time too when the fish were quite unfit for food"—on the spawning beds and after spawning.

The same author, speaking of the St. Johns in New Brunswick, then an excellent salmon river, says that not a fish was caught above the dam of the Nashwaak, "where for forty-six miles they used to be in abundance"; and mentions that on the Nerepis, another tributary, there was no dam, with the result that a large number were barreled at the mouth of the river annually. Speaking of the Salmon River, another tributary of the St. Johns, he records the destruction of its fish also, by a mill dam.

Also I call your attention to the report of the Commissioners of Crown Lands of Canada for the year 1860, when the protection and regulating of the salmon fisheries in lower Canada was for the first time undertaken. It mentions an immediate "increasing run of salmon into the principal breeding rivers," and "hopes for a vigorous persistence in the policy approved as beneficial."

Finally in the interesting volume (edited by Col. Alexander, published in 1860), "Salmon Fishing in Canada" (by a resident), which deals with the author's angling experiences from about 1840 to about 1860, the author says on this general subject: "It is, however, a regretable fact that the extermination of this noble fish has been commensurate with the civilization and settlement of the country * * * and it is no small reflection upon the legislatures of the country that they have suffered such a valuable article of commerce to be so wantonly and recklessly destroyed."

Speaking of the Godbout in the year 1853, this author mentions that during the whole of that season "the Hudson Bay Company had twelve barrier nets across different parts of this beautiful stream. Some were actually in the very best of the pools. A suicidal policy," etc.

Results of the Policy of Conservation.

This being then the record and warning of those times, let us consider how far the policy initiated in 1860 of conservation has been effectively applied, and with what results.

The record to-day is not an encouraging one. Salmon have disappeared since then substantially from every river west of the Saguenay (there is an occasional salmon still in the Malbaie [Murray], but the exception may prove the rule, I suppose), and there are, moreover, at least several rivers which can be named between Tadousac and the Atlantic on both the north and south shores which are no longer much, if at all, frequented by them.

The next batch of your rivers from which the salmon will now very soon disappear are the six tributaries of the Saguenay (or seven, counting the little Riviere Rouge, which, as I mentioned to you, salmon appear to run into). These six, the à Mars, Eternity, St. Jean (Chicoutimi), Petit Saguenay, and the North and East St. Marguerites, are exposed as to their salmon supply to an extreme of peril by reason of the fish being compelled on leaving the St. Lawrence to pass through the waters of the Saguenay before reaching their respective rivers. During the past three years the poaching evil has increased enormously in this vicinity. As was said to me by a well-informed habitant of the locality. *"Ils se sont enrages a rayee."* This has been attributed, I regret to say, to a local slackness in relation to the enforcement of the Government regulations, while prosecutions of detected offenders have been substantially valueless. For example, I might cite a well-known case a couple of years or so ago of eighteen individuals summoned before a magistrate, and who upon conviction were fined $2 each, they having taken (in that instance by netting a pool) thirty-two salmon.

One of the troubles in the main Saguenay arises from the fact that there are a number of small sailing vessels (goellettes, schaloupes, etc.) regularly engaged in the trade of carrying cord wood to Quebec from the Saguenay. Habitants in the adjoining townships cut and stack the cord wood at convenient places on either bank of the river, and these small vessels, taking considerable time to the trip, often anchoring at night, proceed down the river collecting the wood at one place and another, and transporting it to Quebec for sale. It is hardly exaggeration to say that during the past three years it has become almost a matter of course for many of these boats (as also for other schaloupes belonging in the Saguenay villages) to carry a net as part of their equipment. In the early morning, as they progress down the river, the embouchures of the tributaries and other likely spots are investigated; if salmon be found a net approximately closing the mouth of the river is promptly set from a convenient point, and in a few hours a substantial return in salmon is the result, especially if there be a spring tide.

To give you actual example. This present season (1898) the mouth of the river next to the one I fished was netted the day before the lessee arrived; while as for our own river we were much interested to learn (ten days after arrival) that it had been netted on the morning of Monday, June 27 (we arrived somewhat after midnight on the 25th). Indeed on passing down to the mouth of the river in a canoe after midnight on the 25th I saw in the distance the anchor light of the goellette, which there is every reason to believe was the boat which netted the embouchure twenty-four hours afterward.

Habits of the Fish.

Were it not for the natural history of the salmon, one might look with a little more equanimity on the destruction of the fish in a particular river, but the facts relating to salmon have become, by long and patient study of this now best understood of fish, too clear and too well established to admit of doubt. It is not too much to say that the closing of a river by a barrier net or mill dam for five years will definitely exterminate the fish in that river for all time until the particular river is restocked, and that it will take four years of rigid protection from the time of thorough restocking before the river is restored to any productiveness.

Assume, as is now more or less conceded, that each river has substantially a "double supply" of fish—by reason of a portion of the smolts not going to sea until the second year (in the third year of their existence), as also from the probable fact of the non-return until the next year of a certain proportion of the grilse of each year; even with this allowance, five years of either closing by a mill dam or barrier net, or five years of thorough extermination by netting on the coast and in the main river, with subsequent netting in the pools and ultimate spearing on the spawning beds, must necessarily exterminate the fish of that river.

The salmon, while a sea-going fish, nevertheless has as a distinguishing characteristic the instinct of returning each to its own river.

Spawning occurring during the autumn, the young of the early spring pass a period of at least a year as fry and parr, a second period of about a year as parr and smolts, and visit the sea for the first time at the end of the second or during the third year of their existence, returning from their first visit as grilse, and from their second visit as full-grown salmon, to spawn in their turn in the river of their birth.

Assuming that there are at any given time not in excess of two years' supply for the particular river at sea, and three years' supply in the river (in the various stages of development mentioned above), it would follow that persistent netting and spearing or exclusion for five years will definitely remove any given river from the category of a salmon river; and since, except for the accidental wandering of an occasional fish, no other salmon will enter the river, it is apparent, as said above, that a river once despoiled cannot be reinstated without restocking, nor until the fourth year thereafter will it produce full-grown fish.

Results of Poaching.

It may be asked, however, whether poaching can be so persistent as to take all the fish. Consideration of the facts answers the inquiry substantially in the affirmative. Salmon, in the spring as the water warms, come in from the sea. Reaching shallow water, they coast along the shores until they reach the river in which they belong. Ordinarily they wait at its mouth for a day or two, sometimes even till a spring tide aids or induces their entering. On entering their own river they mount a rapid or two and reaching a pool select each a spot at its foot—often in front of some submerged rock, which will divide the current for them—awaiting some rise in the river, from local rain or other cause, to impel them to mount again to upper pools. As the summer progresses they drift to the spawning beds and lie more or less inactive. The majority (probably) return late in the fall to the sea. A certain proportion, however, remain in the river, and return to the sea only in the early spring (another evidence of the probability of there being a two years' supply of salmon for each river at sea at any given time).

All this is well understood, and in it is found the opportunity for the destruction of the fish by improper taking which has now become so serious an evil.

Poaching Methods.

Salmon poaching in Canada may be subdivided roughly into four classes: (a) the illegal setting of nets under Government fishery licenses—i. e., keeping them set longer than permissible and at forbidden times; (b) illegal netting from points on the coast and at the embouchures; (c) netting the pools in the river themselves; and (d) spearing.

The first two classes are substantially the same. The fish coasting along the shore of the Gulf or the St. Lawrence run the gauntlet at numberless projecting points of either a licensed fishery net or of an unauthorized net, extending from the shore. These fisheries are often or generally situated, and the illegal netting is done principally at the mouths of rivers, where the fish belonging to the particular river naturally trend still closer inshore and turn into the embouchure. If a salmon has fortunately been too far a-stream to be taken, or has succeeded in freeing himself from the net and doubling the end of it (and fish are not infrequently taken on the fly bearing the net marks on their necks), and has been fortunate enough to pass each net of the many between the point where he first reached the Atlantic coast and the mouth of his own river, he then becomes exposed to the further perils mentioned.

Necessarily the further to the westward a given salmon must proceed before reaching the river in which he belongs, the more nets he must dodge. The westward stream of fish steadily diminishes as it proceeds. The salmon belonging in the Esquimaux may lose but a very small percentage of their number before they reach that river, while but an inconsiderable fragment of those destined for a river well to the westward can hope to elude the dangers of the ever recurring net.

Assuming, however, that a fish has escaped; has reached his river; has not been taken (while sporting at its mouth or attempting to enter) by the poacher's hastily dropped barrier net, or the illegally constructed or improperly set "licensed" net; has mounted to a pool; and with his companions is lying at its foot. It hardly takes ten minutes to stretch a net across the upper end of the pool, allowing it to drop throughout its length to the bottom of the river and with its top level with the surface. Under even unfavorable circumstances the most that need be done in the way of preparation for stretching the net would be to fell a tree on each side of the river so that their trunks will extend down into the water, that the ends of the net may be attached to them. The poachers, passing then down to the foot of the pool on either side, by beating the water with saplings and throwing stones into the center of the stream, start every fish up stream in alarm. A few seconds afterward all the salmon in the pool are fast in the net. To draw the net takes but a few minutes. Indeed I am credibly informed that the entire operation of netting a pool can be thoroughly performed with ease in half an hour, substantially without noise and without lights.

This routine may be a little varied by the local circumstances of a particular pool, but is substantially the same in most cases, and it is apparent that it is wholly

beyond any such remedy as has been attempted in one river, i. e., the sinking in the pools of casks filled with stones, with spikes driven through from the inside, in the hope that the nets would be torn and destroyed and netting the pool made ineffective. This would be of some use were the nets literally "drawn" in the pools.

If in giving these details I were telling any secrets or giving any information not known to hundreds of poachers in the Province of Quebec, I might be reluctant to furnish the particulars, but the information is common to all, these methods are practiced by many, and a recognition on the part of the department of the methods of poaching followed in the Province is a condition precedent to exercising restraint thereon.

The final tragedy for the salmon—spearing—is more largely practiced to the eastward, where there are still some considerable number of fish left. As to the more westerly rivers, they shrug their shoulders and say it is too much trouble and hardly pays any more—the fish have become too scarce to make it worth while.

The manner of taking fish by spearing is of course well understood by all. The outfit is simple. Five cents worth of iron will make a spear-head; a sapling answers for a shaft; a roll of birch bark makes a flambeau, and a canoe (or even two logs lashed together on a still-water) completes the outfit. It is perhaps more generally practiced later in the season, when the fish are lying on the spawning beds or are in the still-waters, and many of the fish taken by spearing are therefore unfit for food.

As for any diminution in the supply of salmon through the legitimate rod and line catch, it is sufficient to say that the number of salmon taken on the fly throughout the Province of Quebec (which realizes substantial revenues from the lessees of waters for that purpose) is so utterly inconsiderable as to be of no importance whatever. Were this catch multiplied by ten and continued for a thousand years it would make no impression upon the number of salmon.

The facts which I have given can be easily confirmed. For example, I had no difficulty in ascertaining that netting in the Saguenay began this year on May 20, the fish taken being believed to be those which had remained in the rivers through the winter and were drifting down to the sea. On one day this spring in passing some twenty miles along the Saguenay a local habitant tells me he passed seven nets set. Another habitant dwelling on a river told me this spring that last year, being aroused about 10:30 at night by his dogs barking, he went out of the house and found seven individuals with canoes, spears and other paraphernalia (N. B.—He told me also the town they came from) mounting the bank of the river to proceed to the upper pools.

No ordinary preventives possible to lessees can, lacking the active assistance of the Government, improve this state of affairs. A guardian's house at every pool, necessitating anywhere from four to a dozen or more permanent guardians on each river, will not suffice, if prosecutions are adjourned until lessees, being absent, must journey many hundred miles to attend a trial, and if the results of successful prosecutions are nominal fines or discharges. Nor can a guardian be on watch both day and night continuously, even if there be one at every pool; nor can a single guardian successfully oppose a number of (let us say armed) men encouraged to persevere by a lax administration of the laws regulating the improper taking of fish.

In saying what I have I would add that I have been actuated more by the consideration of the importance to the public of the preservation of the fish than by any personal interest; for I have, as you know, given up any idea of fishing any longer in rivers to the westward, and a sufficient supply still exists in some of the extreme easterly rivers to afford tolerable fishing for some years to come.

Practicable Remedies.

As to remedies, they are, if earnestly followed, simple and easy of application. There should be:

First. (a) Comparatively few Government licenses.

(b) No license to set a net within 400yds. of the embouchere of any river should be granted (for the reason that nets at the mouth of a river take substantially that river's supply instead of taking toll from the general supply for all rivers); in other words, netting within an estuary should not be allowed.

(c) Licensed nets should not be allowed to be kept set for more than three appointed days in each week, and the days should be uniform throughout the province.

(d) There should be absolute forfeiture of any fishing license for infringement of these rules.

(e) The extinguishment (by capitalization or purchase) of seigniory rights—if the same are not subject to Government rules—would in the end be a profitable investment of Government funds.

Second. Two small and (even moderately) speedy steamers should be employed from May 1 to at least July 15 patrolling the shores. These steamers should have no appointed time for visiting localities, nor should they follow any regular order of visit; and they should not limit their patrolling wholly to the daytime. Those in charge of them should be properly authorized to search without a warrant any suspicious vessel for nets or salmon (I refer you to this year's amendments of the New York game laws, and the discussions which led thereto as to the necessity of authorizing game constables to search on suspicion).

Third. The sale of salmon should be regulated. There would be but little difficulty in establishing a Government depot in Quebec, Montreal and other points where salmon are sold as a commercial product, or in allowing their sale or exportation only by licensed merchants, who should be under bonds not to purchase from unauthorized vendors.

Fourth. There should be, of course, forfeiture of any salmon illegally taken, and forfeiture of any nets illegally possessed or improperly set or constructed or found illegally in use.

Fifth. A rapidly ascending scale of fines, and in the case of a persistent offender imprisonment.

Sixth. The department itself should undertake the prosecution of offenders upon information from lessees and others. (This is a matter of very considerable importance.)

Seventh. Guardians of rivers should be authorized to seize and destroy nets, spears, canoes and other implements illegally being made use of, and should be authorized to arrest without warrant and convey before the nearest magistrate anyone found actually offending or on the leased land under suspicious circumstances, and such magistrate should be required to hold the accused to bail in a sufficient sum to secure his attendance.

Eighth. Fishways and sawdust:

(a) No mill or other dam should be allowed to be erected in any river below the lowest impassable falls (the location of which should be established for each river by your department) without an approved fishway being constructed therein.

(b) The detailed plan of the proposed fishway for any proposed dam should be filed with your department, and the dam should not be permitted to be constructed until the proposed fishway was approved.

(c) The owner of every dam containing a fishway should be required to certify on oath to the department between the first day of April and the first day of May in each year that the fishway was unobstructed and still remained passable for fish, and that the same had not been obstructed or impassable since his last previous certificate.

(d) All fishways should be at least once in three years inspected by your department.

(e) As to all dams now existent below the first impassable falls, the owners or those benefited by the existence thereof should be compelled to construct proper fishways on plans approved by the department by the first day of May, 1899. Penalty for failure should be heavy and rigorously exacted. (All such dams now abandoned should be blown up.)

(f) The discharge of sawdust into any river is wholly unnecessary, and should be more rigorously prohibited than it is at present (substantially all your rivers are at least potentially salmon rivers, and are certainly trout rivers). No statement that a river is not a salmon river should excuse the discharge of sawdust into the stream—by the way, one often sees considerable amounts of floating sawdust in the main Saguenay, which hardly adds to its picturesqueness or attractiveness for the tourist.

Restocking.

There remains now the further subject of restocking depleted rivers (which ought to be wholly unnecessary).

I call to your attention that the restocking conducted under your department is, as I understand, wholly by means of placing fry in the rivers or their tributaries. This, while an earnest and desirable effort, is largely useless, taking into account the necessary trouble and expense, as compared with restocking with in the case of trout, fingerlings, and in the case of salmon, parr. A hundred fingerling trout or a hundred parr are probably worth more in a river than 5,000 fry. Even if the loss at the hatcheries of raising them from fry should be 50 per cent., the gain from stocking with parr would be enormous. This is well known, and indeed any experienced fish commissioner would gladly give you figures and details. I believe that Mr. Cheney here in New York State, to whom the angling fraternity owe so much, has conducted some interesting and I think successful experiments in this direction, which, if I remember rightly, he looks on as dictating by their results in what direction future effort in restocking should be made; and the director of the hatchery at Tadousac, with whom I had the pleasure of speaking on the subject a year or more ago, I think agrees with these views, and it is only the lack of facilities for raising parr at the establishment that prevents the idea being put into effective operation.

Another point of importance in this respect is studying the local conditions in relation to the placing of fry in particular rivers. For example, as to one river it appears that for lack of full knowledge of local conditions the stocking has been done by depositing fry annually for some years in a certain lake. This lake I happen to know. It is a dark, narrow tarn among the mountains, perhaps a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It produces an active, robust and dusky, though small trout. It connects with the particular river by a little stream perhaps five or six miles in length, with several very steep descents. The conditions are such as to make it improbable that any perceptible percentage of the fry, if they survive to make as smolts the attempt (and I doubt if one in a thousand of the fry has escaped the trout), could reach the main river alive. The outlet of the lake is very small, is at one extremity, and but a few feet of water per hour flows through it. Upon inquiry, I learned that it had been believed or reported that there were no trout in the lake; also, that the road did not continue beyond it, but unfortunately neither supposition is the fact.

It may be said that it has not been demonstratively as yet established that parr placed in a river (instead of fry) would acquire as to it the "animus revertendi," but it is at least sufficiently probable to make it a neglect of expediency not to make the experiment; and a three years' experiment in a single, now wholly depleted, river would establish the fact definitely one way or the other. Moreover, as to restocking, no river not literally "poached to death" needs stocking. Natural increase will much more than keep up the supply of salmon so far as rod and line fishing and legitimate netting on the coasts under proper regulations are concerned, while as for rivers which are thoroughly poached, it seems mere waste of money and of effort to restock them without dealing with the poaching question, and without regulating the excessive and illegal netting. Moreover, unfortunately the existence of hatcheries and the earnest effort now made toward restocking produces necessarily a feeling that the salmon industry is being fully cared for, and almost discourages further or more practical effort.

It would be far better for the future of this valuable asset of the Dominion to abandon the hatcheries and regulate the poaching, than to continue the hatcheries and do no more in the future than has been done in the past to protect the natural supply of fish. I doubt if the Province of Quebec will appreciate—until the moose have been slaughtered in their yards, the caribou killed off for their hides, the smaller animals snared and trapped at all times and seasons, and the salmon exterminated by poachers—how many visitors are brought annually and how much money expended within her borders by those attracted by the game in her forests and rivers. When that time comes the expense and difficulty of rehabilitation and the loss of revenue in the meantime will afford a lesson.

In closing, I venture to direct your department's attention to the excellent results of the system of comparatively uniform protection to game produced in so short a time in Maine; one of the most interesting features of which is the hearty concurrence of the guides and others, who, it had been supposed, would think their interests lay in the opposite direction, and the ease with which the people of that State have been educated to a better appreciation of what policy was the best for their material interests.

I remain with great respect yours, etc.,

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

English and American Anglers.

BY FRED MATHER.

THAT the American inherited his love of angling from his English, or rather British, ancestors is true, for angling in other countries is in a crude state, and is regarded rather as a means of getting fish than as a sport. Yet there is quite a difference in the anglers of the two countries, in temperament more than in methods, and I will try to sketch the differences.

The Scholarly Angler.

England has held a majority of this class since, and even before, the days of Walton. Under this term may be included men of literary tastes to whom their own fishing experiences only serve to whet an appetite for the subject outside of books which merely treat of baits and tackle—men who are familiar with the works of Oppian, Berners, Walton, Dennys, Badham and the host of English writers who delved in the literature of early Greek, Latin and other writers, and dug up mislaid gems for the delectation of latter day anglers.

The late Thomas Westwood published a little monthly brochure called "The Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record," in which he embalmed all the strange happenings to anglers, as well as other things which he found in old publications. In 1884 Mr. Westwood said:

"There has been much talk of late of the scholarly angler. Where, we should like to know, is the scholarly angler's habitat? What manner of man is he? What are his ways and doings? We had an ideal of our own on the subject—the scholarly angler, we decided, must be a man of parts and learning, of course. He must be instinct with fine enthusiasms and many-sided aspirations—not an angler merely, but a naturalist, a philosopher and a 'bibliophile' as well. He must be open-eyed, stalwart-limbed, cheerful-minded—an athletic Christian, and such an Admirable Crichton as we find described for us in the 'Pleasures of Princes' and John Denny's 'Secrets.'

"With this ideal before our eyes, we set out in search of our scholarly angler—in the towns, under the trees of Academe, by the rivers that anglers love. We sought for him as pertinaciously as Diogenes sought for his honest man, and with no better result. He eluded us. Then we inquired of comers—we buttonholed some of our friends and acquaintances. Some of them smiled, some were sarcastic, all insisted that our ideal was misleading us—that we were on a wild goose chase, that if scholarly angler there were he must be of a totally different type—old and decrepit, the dust lying heavy on his erudition and in his heart, infirm of limb and feeble of vision—that, in short, he must be the man Shakespeare has described as a 'lean and slippered pantaloon, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything.' * * *

"And thereupon we dropped into a dream—a dream of old days; and in this dream we came suddenly face to face with our ideal in the flesh, and his name was Charles Kingsley, the name, my readers, of a man of men. Here was our Admirable Crichton, who verily saw 'books in the running brooks,' and wrote them. Here was the athletic Christian who would rise before the lark to fish the streams of Devon with a soul as fresh as the morning—who was neither, to his last hour, old and decrepit, nor an 'Okinetos the Unmoved,' nor a pillar of salt in a Sahara of sand—who had all those fine enthusiasms and many-sided aspirations we spoke of, and who has left us his 'Chalk-stream Studies,' with many another piscatorial page that the world will not willingly let die. Is the race of Charles Kingsleys utterly extinct among us? Have we sunk so low that not a remnant is left? Methinks our paper blushes at having to record the question.

"Anglers of England! your name is legion—you throng the water-courses—your clubs and associations are past counting—are you satisfied with the mere gross, material pleasure of the sport? You have all read Izaak Walton—have you not discovered how much of good and great there is in him apart from such questions as bottom fishing and ground bait? Will you not raise yourselves to a higher level and become 'Gentlemen Anglers' in a fuller and more intellectual sense than heretofore? * * *"

This ground was so well covered by Mr. Westwood that I preferred to quote his words instead of giving his ideas in my own way. But mark what he says in a postscript: "We have cited, by name, a splendid angler, *par excellence*, but we confess we could have added severals others, had we not feared to offend their modesty. * * *"

Let me add: First among the scholarly anglers of England was the late Thomas Westwood, who wrote the above, and who, with Marston, Davies, Francis and others, formed a galaxy of English scholarly anglers. In our own land I share Westwood's fear of offending the modesty of many who may be classed under this same head, but the names of Endicott, Lanman, Prime and Hallock loom up at once, while every issue of FOREST AND STREAM seems to extend the line.

English Anglers.

While I have fished on the continent of Europe, my lines have never fallen in waters covered by the Union Jack, save in Canada, and that is too near home to count for much, but I have talked and corresponded with prominent anglers in England, and, what gives one a better knowledge of such things, I have for years read the angling journals of England.

The English angler is more gregarious than the American; and here arises the necessity of defining the term "gregarious" as applied to anglers. The English angler, as a rule, belongs to a club which has a lot of officers, and meets at stated times to have a dinner, sing songs, listen to after-dinner speeches and have a good time. In his club he meets men whom he knows, but has never fished with, but he looks around the club room and see trophies on the walls; "head of a 26lb. pike taken by Mr. ——," etc., and mentally hopes to record one some day that will go Mr. —— a pound or two better; a laudable ambition which may, or may not, according to the individual temperament, be actuated by friendly rivalry or by the meaner spirit of jealousy.

Taking up the English Fishing Gazette of May 14, 1898, I find over four columns of "Reports from Clubs," which include fifty-four clubs. As a sample I will quote a few at random, but the fact that "prizes were distributed" must be borne in mind:

Alma Angling Society, Coach and Horses, Portsmouth-place, Lincoln's-inn-fields.—On May 10 the ninth annual dinner and distribution of prizes took place. Much credit is due to Mr. Wilson for the splendid spread put on by him. Mr. Pailes, with his well-known ability, presided. After the tables were cleared several toasts were given: "The Queen," "Alma," "Prize Donors," etc. Mr. Pailes presented the prizes, to the value of £40. The chief recipients were Messrs. Hopping, Utting, Drew, Guittard, Dyer, J. Seymour, Black, Tomkinson and Hall. A good list of prizes was booked for the ensuing season. Harmony followed, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne."—J. Chambers.

Blackfriars Angling Society, Rose and Crown, Commercial-road, Lambeth.—We take our twelfth annual supper and distribution of prizes on Monday, May 23, at the above address, when all are cordially invited. I should thank all gentlemen that have promised prizes to send them on to me before the above date.—J. Foster.

Eagle Angling Society, Red Lion, High-road, Tottenham.—On May 7 Mr. J. Collier had three fine trout, scaling 5lbs. 5oz., 3lbs. 8oz., and 2lbs. respectively. On 10th inst. we had our annual general meeting, when the officers for the ensuing season were elected: Mr. E. T. Elder re-elected as president.—W. L. Price.

This shows that the English angler is more gregarious than his American cousin. They love to congregate when not fishing, have dinners at which angling songs are sometimes sung in the true Waltonian style. I doubt if any American-born angler ever heard an angling song, or could sing one if he had heard it. As in America, there are thousands of anglers in the British Isles who do not belong to clubs, but clubs are more common in England than here.

The Fly-Fishers' Club.

This London club is the only one of its kind in the world. There is nothing that approaches it in any way. It is not a fishing club, owns no waters, and does not meddle with laws nor the stocking of streams. Its objects are purely social, and it is largely composed of "scholarly anglers."*

The club is about fourteen years old, and has the elegant rooms at 10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, which were formerly occupied by the Savage Club. The constitution and purposes of the Fly-Fishers' Club may be briefly stated to be:

To bring together gentlemen devoted to fly-fishing.

To afford a ready means of communication between those interested in the delightful art.

To provide in the reading room, in addition to the usual newspapers, periodicals, etc., catalogues and books, foreign as well as English, having reference to fishing, particularly to fly-fishing, so as to render the club a means of obtaining knowledge about new fishing places and vacancies for rods, and a medium of information on all points relating to the art.

I have before me the last annual report of the committee and of the annual dinner. Mr. William Senior, well known under the pen name of Red Spinner, is the president for 1898-9. The annual subscription for London members is two guineas, and for country members half that sum. There are 275 members, and the following items appear in the treasurer's account for 1897:

Rent for one year	$1,375
Printing, books, periodicals, etc	542
Expenses of annual dinner	185
Total expenses	$2,102

There is a balance in the bank of $1,115, which shows that the club is on a solid financial basis. The report of the dinner, at which the retiring president, Mr. R. B. Marston, presided, is given in full, except the *menu*, and the speeches must have kept the table in a roar.

The last pages of the report give the tariff in the club room and hotel dining room, for members and their guests; and it is both appetizing and cheap.

I have talked with several New York gentlemen in bygone years about forming such a club in New York. Many favored it and promised to join—if I would do all the work of organizing. Selah!

Frank Buckland.

In July, 1880, this well-known English naturalist and fishculturist met me on board a German ship at Southampton. I was returning from the International Fisheries Exposition at Berlin, too ill to go ashore, and Buckland came to see me. He was a very popular writer who put scientific facts in a way that they could be read, but he was superficial, tried to cover too much ground and never made the mark in the scientific world that his father, the Rev. William Buckland, did.

Buckland had a grudge against me. Two years before I had taken some quinnat salmon eggs to Germany by order of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the U. S. Fish Commissioner, and my instructions were to leave a package of 50,000 for Buckland at Southampton, if he met them at the ship on my cablegram, otherwise to take them to Germany and leave them. I obeyed orders, and as Mr. Buckland did not appear at Southampton, the eggs went to Germany. He cabled me at Bremerhaven to return the eggs, but I had no authority to do it, and that was the cause of the grievance. Under other circumstances I might have liked Buckland, but on this occasion his tone and bearing did not strike my fancy. After my explanation he said:

"I had hoped to get these eggs, and had telegraphed to Seth Green for them, and he answered that they were on the way; I don't understand it."

"Mr. Green," I replied, "sent your request to Prof. Baird, and he ordered me to bring you a lot to be left at Southampton, provided you met them, or had an agent to receive them; otherwise they were to go to Germany."

"Well, but, Seth Green"—

"Has nothing to do with the case. The eggs were sent by Prof. Baird, and my orders came from him."

"But," said Mr. Buckland, "as Green is at the head of fishcultural affairs in America, I don't understand the case; he told me that you would deliver the eggs to me. Who is this man Baird?"

I was reclining on a lounge, but this question brought me up and I said: "Mr. Green is merely the superintendent of a hatching station of the State of New York; a man whose intense egotism has caused him to work the newspapers to blow him off as far as he can work them; Prof. Baird is the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the Commissioner of Fisheries of the United States, and is so well known among the men of science of the present day that not to know him argues yourself unknown."

That answer angered Mr. Buckland, and he left. Doubtless he looked up Prof. Baird's record after that, but his ignorance of American fishculture was surprising in a man who had dabbled in the science in England.

Buckland was an abler man than Green, and had greater advantages in the matter of education, for Green, while he could barely read and write, possessed an original capacity in the matter of grammar and spelling. Yet Buckland and he had one thing in common, the inordinate desire for newspaper notoriety.

Buckland had been a strong man physically, but did not appear so when I saw him; he died a few months later, Dec. 19, 1880.

Thomas Satchell.

Here was a scholarly angler of the first water. Associated with Westwood in the publication of that splendid work, "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," which not only gives the title, date and place of printing of every book on fishing, angling and fishculture that they could find any record of had been published, in any language, with comments on their value, and brought up to date, the *vade mecum* of the scholarly angler.

A response to a letter, and the sending of some titles of American fishing and angling books, was the flirtation that led to acquaintance, and when I was sent to Germany in 1880, as recorded, he came over to see me. If Buckland was brusque, Satchell was his foil, for a more pleasant gentleman I never met; but embarrassment followed his assumption that I was familiar with the piscine lore of the Greeks, and I was forced to tell him that the little Latin and less Greek I had learned at school had passed into oblivion, except as it had been revived in the nomenclature of fishes, and the Ojibwa was more familiar, because later acquired.

Then we came down to plain everyday angling, and I opened all the cases of American exhibitors, and let him handle the rods, inspect the flies, lines and all that comprised our great exhibit. I put lines on reels and reels on rods, and assumed the rôle of "fish" while his severely critical eye followed the bend of the rod and noted the resistance of the reel. As I was not working for any dealer in rods, I put up trout rods of all the makers who had sent them in our care. Mr. Satchell went from one to the other, and back again, and finally said: "If I was on the jury, I would hesitate to decide which was best, but it is the best display of fine tackle that I ever saw."

The Hotel Bauer, corner Friedrich Strasse and Unter den Linden, was my camp, and I asked Mr. Satchell to a fish dinner there. Of all the things which a man may eat in Berlin, outside of game birds, fish is the most expensive diet. Of course, England has all the fishes that Germany has, and the only novelty was in the cooking, and Mr. Satchell had expressed curiosity in that line. The fried soles and the boiled salmon were in no way different from the manner in which those fishes are usually served, but, on the advice of the *chef* of Hotel Bauer, the *piece de resistance* was a 2lb. carp, boiled in beer and served with a thick, semi-sweet black sauce in which some dark beer, like Culmbacher, was said to give zest to an otherwise flavorless fish. I saw that my guest was nibbling after I had quit, and I said: "Satchell, you are trying to eat that mess out of compliment to me; you don't like it, but hesitate to say so. Drop your fork and we will have the next course." The kellner removed the fish almost intact.

When the squabs and the Burgundy came on my friend's eyes brightened, for he knew that the worst, if not the *wurst*, was over, and amid the coffee and cigars he asked: "Are you fond of carp served in that manner?"

"Never struck it before, and am not in a hurry to run up against it again; the *chef* recommended it, and I was curious, as you were. No doubt a man can acquire a taste for carp in beer, as he acquires other tastes, but I am content with the experiment."

"Will you believe," queried Mr. Satchell, "that after I had landed at Bremerhaven and walked over to Geestemünde to see the fishing boats from the North Sea come in, and saw fine live cod, and bought a small one, that I could not find a café in the place where they could broil me a cod steak?"

"I would be surprised if they could. The Germans fry steaks and chops, and in the whole land there are not a thousand grills, or gridirons, as we Yankees call them. Some time I'll tell you how Prof. Goode and I tried to have an American shad broiled in Berlin, but it's a long story."

Mr. Satchell met me again at the ship at Southampton, and if I would only stop a fortnight, or even a week, he would show me [illegible] ish trout streams, and all the grills that I cared to have brought into our service. I reflected: The savage man does what he wishes to do, and is the only free and independent man. If I were a savage I would spend months on English angling waters, if my host would stand it, but there was a demand for my services some 3,000 miles across a damp spot called "Atlantic," and on this occasion my visit to Albion was limited by the stay of the ship.

American Anglers.

The American angler is not gregarious, that is, not in his angling character. Individually he may be an enthusiastic member of some secret order; or may belong to the Fat Men's Club, the Hoboken Turtle Club, the Thirteen Club, or any other organization except a social club. Not that many anglers do not belong to clubs and pay their dues promptly, but that ends it. Their interest in a club is usually to get fishing in protected waters, and in a club of several hundred the angler has a few friends who arrange to fish when he does, and he does not know many other members.

In order to make this statement specific, let me instance the case of a New York city man who is a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, of Canada. He fishes every year, takes a friend or two, and with his Indian guides spends some time on the river, sends his salmon to the club to be packed for friends, and goes home. I have mentioned this angler's name to many members of the club who live in New York city, they "have heard the name, but do not remember meeting him."

The American angler, if not solitary, rushes off with a friend, time-table in hand, and fishes with one eye on his rod and the other on the time-table, and gets back on schedule time. He may, if he is in the railroad car and sees an angler with rod and creel, approach him and enter into conversation in order to learn of new grounds, or what lines are successful there, but he is not "gregarious" in the sense that means "brotherly."

Of course, I am speaking in a general way, for I know a club or two which have fishing privileges, and in the winter have a dinner in the city, when there is a genuine angler's greeting and a good time; it has been my good fortune to be a guest on several of these occasions, but their rarity only emphasizes the fact which I have stated. The exception proves the rule. After many attempts the officers of the defunct Rod and Reel Association managed to have a dinner follow the tournament, and a jolly affair it was, but the attendance was small, most of the members had some reason for hurrying off at sundown, but then that association was not properly organized.

America has no Fly-Fishers' Club.

America has no such institution as the Fly-Fishers' Club, of London, yet it has plenty of material for it in several great cities. A city club where meetings would be held in the winter months, a great angling library, an annual dinner, and an occasional smoking concert. In such a club friendships would be cemented, new waters would be discussed, and summer trips planned. There would be no question of children and servants occupying choice rooms at the fishing grounds, and all complaints regarding the cuisine and service would be made to the house committee, who would straighten out all kinks.

Once I broached this subject to half a dozen "scholarly anglers" and they approved the scheme, but killed it at once by suggesting that I go to work and organize such a club. As this would have been a large contract for a man who had both time and money to spend on it, the scheme went no further. I said that if each of the six would get five eligible men for charter members, I would do the same, and we would make a modest start, but that was more than they were willing to do. Those same men would toil all day under a June sun with feet in cold water for what sport could be got from a score of trout, and were also jolly, companionable men who heartily approved of my scheme, but had not interest enough in it to get a few charter members.

We all accept the axiom that "it is not all of fishing to fish," but somehow interpret that saying to mean that there are other pleasures on the stream, such as scenery, the fauna and flora, and the bull which drives the angler over the fence. But all these things the angler finds only in the few angling months. How about the winter? The intelligent and "scholarly" British angler has provided for this. He cannot angle in winter, but he does not forget that he is an angler. His fishing waters may be in any portion of the United Kingdom, and he may never fish with any member of "The Fly-Fishers' Club," but he is "a brother of the angle," and enjoys companionship with those who have been voted to be eligible, and he loves to attend the meetings and take part in the discussions, or to withdraw into a corner and discuss the tying of flies with a crony or two.

The average American angler is not convivial, and by this I mean that he lacks that element, so pronounced in the Germans, of cordial goodfellowship, and of what the French call *cameraderie*. Outside of angling the American has hundreds of social clubs, but in all our land there is no great angling club, which gathers in anglers because they are anglers, and does not ask them where they fish, nor try to influence legislation. There are plenty of organizations which are formed to regulate the laws and to fight the battles of game protection. Their existence is one of continual warfare, and they may be trusted to carry it on. I would like to see an angler's club organized which would accept and obey all the laws, absurd or wise, and when the fishing season was over resort to the library of the club, or at least attend its dinners and listen to the fishing stories, duly attested by a responsible notary public, without comment; a club largely composed of "scholarly anglers," and there are enough of them to form such a club. They are men who fish and read, but seldom write, but whose minds are stored with both ancient and modern piscine lore.

If I am right in the statements herein made, and there are really and truly enough scholarly anglers to form such a club in New York, on the lines of the London club, then by all means let such a club be formed. Fifty gentlemen anglers as charter members would start a club that within a year would number as many as the London club, 275, and by carefully guarding the mem-

* I could never resist using this phrase in this connection, for, with several other Americans—Cheney, Harris, Henshall, Poey and Wells—I am on the list of honorary members. The fly goes round with the wheel.

bership might exceed that number and become one of the most popular of clubs, where the angler could always find a congenial companion, either in human or book form, and where he would meet congenial companions, which, after all, is the essence not only of club life, but of life itself.

A Water Pollution Nuisance.

THE residents of New Jersey in the vicinity of the polluted Arthur Kill, on Staten Island Sound, have petitioned the New Jersey Fish Commission for relief:

Gentlemen: We, the undersigned, have to bring to your attention the fact that an intolerable nuisance exists at present on the shore of that part of Staten Island Sound known as the Arthur Kill. This nuisance is destructive, in the highest degree, of the fish and crustacea which come into these waters; it has made crabs and fish caught there unfit for food and detrimental to health; and it is ruining what was for many years one of the famous waterways of the State.

This nuisance is being created by the Liebig Manufacturing Company, a concern which operates works on the shore in Carteret, New Jersey. This concern uses phosphates and permits refuse to run into the waterways in clear violation of the law. The result of this illegal practice is that the water is often tainted to so great a degree that it is foul and nauseating to those who navigate it either for business or pleasure.

We therefore petition you to cause such action by your officers intrusted with the duty as will cause this great, harmful and deadly nuisance to cease and determine.

Commenting on this, Protector Shriner writes: "This is not the first time that attention has been called to this matter, but the fish and game laws do not provide any remedy. The petitioners are mistaken in their statement that the law is being violated. There are several laws on the statute books prohibiting the pollution of water. The most important is a statute making it a misdemeanor to pollute any stream used for a water supply for any municipality; this law does not apply in the present case, and if it did it would not be within the purview of the duties of fish and game wardens to enforce it. There are two laws among the fish and game enactments which prohibit pollution of waters. One applies only to certain waters of Staten Island Sound; it prohibits the refuse from fish guano factories from being discharged into the sound. Investigation shows that the Liebig company uses no fish, but that it manufactures its fertilizers from rock. The general fish and game act prohibits the discharge into the waters of the State of any deleterious or poisonous matter in quantities sufficient to interfere with the habits of fish, but this same law defines that waters of the State shall be all waters where the tide does not ebb and flow. Consequently this law is not applicable in the present case. I am convinced from interviews had with officers of the Liebig Company that they have done everything possible to reduce to a minimum the objectionable features of their industries, and they have assured me that they are willing to listen to any reasonable suggestion and to carry it out. They have established a large industry and employ several hundred hands. Whether the damage they do to fish is not more than counterbalanced by the benefit accruing to the State by the establishment of a large industry is a matter which the Legislature may be called upon to determine, as I have been given to understand that the next Legislature will be petitioned to pass an act prohibiting all pollution of the waters of the sound.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Improving.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—From now on fishing should be improving, as the worst of the angling season usually ends with us about the middle or close of August. Word from the Kabekona Camp, Minnesota, says the 'lunge are again beginning operations to some extent. On Aug. 4 Mr. Scott Bentley caught a 21lb. muscallunge in Baby Lake, and two days later, in the same lake, Mr. Nick Young, of Burlington, Iowa, caught another, also weighing 21lbs. On Aug. 5 Messrs. Wm. G. Newby, of Ft. Worth, Texas, and R. H. Foat, of Weatherford, Texas, caught eight bass weighing 26lbs., and one bass that weighed 6lbs. Mr. H. G. McCartney, of Chicago, owner of Kabekona Camp, with Mrs. McCartney, start to-morrow evening for a stay of some weeks there. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey are at present making their second visit of the season at that point. Mr. Mussey's health is poor, and he may not return before September.

Casting Records Again Broken.

Last week, at the club contest of the Fly-Casting Club of San Francisco, Mr. W. D. Mansfield cast 130ft. 6in., and Mr. H. C. Golcher 115ft. Mr. Golcher is credited with 130ft. on more than one earlier occasion. This is out-of-door casting, and it is apparently about the limit of single hand rod work.

Can't Ship Trout out of Michigan.

Mr. John Libby, of Greenwood, Mich., got together a nice lot of brook trout, which he shipped to the Palmer House, a hotel in Chicago. Mr. Libby had heard of the Paris Exposition in 1900, and he wanted to go, so he needed the money. The fish wardens seized his trout and shattered his plans for the exposition. Jury trial, at Cadillac; $10 and costs.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—The fishing parties are not all over, though it is late in the season. Mr. W. Jones, wife and children, with Dr. Webber, wife and family, have gone to Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, Maine, for two or three weeks' fishing and camping. They are the guests of Mr. N. G. Manson, owner of Camp Leatherstocking, who is to join them on Monday. They do not expect great fishing, but Mr. Manson and his head man, Oscar W. Cutting, are seldom without a fine mess of trout when they are wanted. Nights and mornings, on the right locations, are almost always rewarded with a few good rises, even in midsummer, in that location. Mr. Manson will doubtless remain for the first of the hunting season at least.

Bass and pickerel fishing parties are still in order, but the extremely wet weather has deferred several camping parties. A number of students had Lake Maranacook in mind for a camping party this week, but the rain every day has put it off for another week. Mr. Frank N. Ganong, of the Boston Herald business corps, with Mrs. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fawcett, and Mr. and Mrs. George N. Richards, all of Boston, are off to-morrow for Win Pope's camp, Emery's Grove, Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me. They will stay for a couple of weeks, camping and fishing. They expect to be well settled in camp on Sunday, Aug. 14. Great bass fishing is expected. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ellsworth have returned from a couple of weeks' outing on the ponds of Winthrop and Monmouth, Me. They report good bass fishing, though the fish generally run small. Norway Lake, Me., is giving out some good catches of pickerel and bass.

SPECIAL.

Weakfish on Trout Hooks.

ARVERNE, L. I., Aug. 13.—Weakfish have been biting freely in the bay, and some fine strings are reported. Jack Williams recently made an extraordinary catch before breakfast. He was rowed by Capt. Jencks, and used a spoon with No. 5, 0, trout hooks. He had fifteen strikes and landed fourteen weakfish. The largest weighed 8½lbs. and the smallest 4¼lbs., the total catch weighing about 100lbs. The fish were caught in the runway near the trestles of the New York and Rockaway Beach Railroad.

EXEGESIS.

Trout for New Jersey.

PROTECTOR CHAS. A. SHRINER, of Paterson, requests that applications for consignments from the 50,000 trout fingerling distribution be sent in to him at once. The distribution will be made about the middle of October.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-5.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trial Matters.

THE subjoined clipping from the Free Press shows a most pleasing improvement in Northwest field trial matters. It treats of the matter as follows:

"The interest in field trials now displayed by the general public is most gratifying to the different clubs of the Province. Possibly never before have the entries for the different events in September been as large. A glance over the list published recently by the Free Press of the Manitoba club tells the tale of how local fanciers are awakening to the fact that they can produce as good and as successful stock as their neighbors across the line, their entries this time far outnumbering those of the latter. True, the Americans have shown indomitable pluck in coming so many hundred miles the past years to do battle with the pick of Manitoba dogs, but have often too proved the victors. However, Manitoba dogs have been steadily improving and without doubt this year a different tale will be told, last year the championship only being wrested from us after a hard fight. Sept. 5 (Labor Day) the Western Canada Kennel Club start their third annual amateur trials, and from present indications it promises to surpass its predecessors. Their trials are strictly amateur, competing dogs having to be owned and handled by amateurs solely. Wednesday, Sept. 7, begins the Manitoba club's twelfth annual international trials, extending the balance of the week. American handlers now have their charges in active training at different points in the Province, Manitoba handlers being located nearer Winnipeg, where the birds are reported just as plentiful as in the outlying districts. As a fitting finale the Northwestern Club will hold the competition for the handsome championship cup, now on exhibition in Messrs. Robinson & Co.'s store window, in as close proximity to Winnipeg as the sufficiency of the necessary game will allow, thus giving the citizens an opportunity of witnessing how this grand sport is conducted. As only first and second prize dogs of the continent are allowed to compete, the merit of competitors should be of a very high order."

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made Aug. 7 by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions, 200yds., any rifle, at the German ring target. Strickmeier was declared king with a score of 224. He also wins the Uckotter trophy with the same score. Hasenzahl was high on the honor target with a score of 67. Weather warm, and a 3 to 5 o'clock gusty wind:

King scores:

Gindele	17	20	19	20	22	17	18	19	22	22—195
Weinheimer	19	22	18	22	19	22	23	24	22	21—213
Houck	15	23	15	4	12	8	18	21	15	20—151
Nestler	13	20	19	20	21	16	17	18	25	21—190
Payne	23	19	16	22	20	22	25	24	18	20—208
Roberts	23	24	11	21	24	25	22	20	18	14—202
Drube	15	13	13	20	20	20	24	21	14	14—174
Topf	21	17	23	15	18	18	21	22	13	22—190
Randall	21	19	18	17	15	17	18	19	22	25—191
Trounstine	22	15	22	8	2	14	21	8	15	13—140
Hasenzahl	15	16	21	21	22	15	20	23	21	24—198
Strickmeier	23	24	23	23	24	25	23	21	19	19—224

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	19	22	24—65	217	200	200
Weinheimer	17	19	13—49	190	188	186
Houck	25	1	21—47	181	176	164
Nestler	25	17	13—55	214	207	202
Payne	18	22	24—64	216	208	207
Roberts	22	14	22—58	188	185	185
Uckotter	22	20	12—52	192	176	157
Drube	25	14	22—61	188	184	172
Topf	22	11	15—48	183	172	159
Randall	11	22	23—56	198	195	178
Trounstine	17	21	12—50	191	184	179
Hasenzahl	23	21	23—67	211	209	207
Strickmeier	19	25	18—62	210	205	197
Phahler	..	..	..	176	129	179

"Resting on his Laurels."

UNDER the above heading the Sussex Daily News, England, has the following to say of Mr. Walter Winans:

"Bisley this year misses, for the second year in succession, the presence in active competition of the most remarkable competitor of the whole 2,000 now present. Last year the death of his father kept Mr. Walter Winans from appearing in the revolver matches and the running man and running deer sporting rifle contests, while at the present meeting he is resting on his laurels, though daily driving over from his summer home in Surrey, behind the fine black animal which, harnessed to an American buggy, is so much admired in and around Brighton. At Bisley Mr. W. Winans gains distinction in a manner which would be miraculous in the case of a Service rifle marksman; that is to say, he maintains his supremacy year after year with the revolver. Although he has fired a few rounds with six-shooters, he is not competing, and while other revolver shots may not be displeased at his temporary retirement, the loss in entrance fees will be considerable to the Association. Trotting and driving contests are chiefly occupying Mr. Winans' attention this summer, and he contemplated appearing at the forthcoming agricultural show at Brighton had the rules allowed the use of the buggy vehicle."

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 17-18.—Waterville, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Waterville Gun Club. E. T. Wyman, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Warsaw, Ind.—Lake City Gun Club's tournament. J. S. Campfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Canton, Ill.—Nineteenth annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird handicap, 25 birds, $10. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-26.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 25.—Bristol, Conn.—Fourth annual tournament of the Connecticut State League. H. J. Mills, Pres.

Aug. 25-26.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Tenth annual target tournament of the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club. F. E. Wood, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Hingham, Mass.—Hingham Gun Club's one-day tournament.

Aug. 27.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Silver Lake Gun Club, Point House Road. J. O. Schutz, Sec'y.

Aug. 29-31.—Union City, Oklahoma.—Union City Gun Club's tournament. F. M. Johnson, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication n hese columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Tiee in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. John M. Lilly, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., made a pleasant call in FOREST AND STREAM office on Tuesday of this week. He was homeward bound on that day. He reports trap matters somewhat dull at present, as is to be expected at this season of the year, but the forthcoming winter tournament of the Limited Gun Club is expected to be very successful.

Mr. Platt Adams used some of the Laflin & Rand new smokeless powder at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Saturday, and expressed himself as being delighted with it, both for its absence of smoke and thoroughly good execution. He also has discovered a remedy which has counteracted his flinching, which he has promised to reveal to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the near future.

Mr. M. F. Lindsley, of the King Smokeless Powder Co., is one of the hardest-worked men in the powder business at present, though the other ballistic experts are by no means idle. Neither Mr. Lindsley nor Mrs. Lindsley (Wanda) have been shooting much this year, though we learn that Mrs. Lindsley intends to begin practice in earnest in the near future.

A very closely contested match was that between Messrs. Heikes and Gilbert, at Watson's Park, Chicago, last Saturday. No conditions could more thoroughly try out the skill of the contestants than those at 50 unknown, 50 expert and 25 pairs. Heikes won by a margin of 3 targets, 140 to 137. The whole story is told in realistic detail by Mr. Hough in "Western Traps."

Mr. J. O. Schutz, secretary of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Philadelphia, writes us that the programme of the next shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, fixed to take place Aug. 27, under the auspices of the Silver Lake Gun Club, are ready for distribution and can be obtained of him. The grounds of the club are on the Point House road, Pennsylvania R. R. Coaches from Second and Mifflen streets.

Nearly every writer would be tempted to call attention to the wide circulation of his journal if he received communications from foreign countries, but we are so accustomed to such things in this office that we accept them as a matter of course. The following is from a correspondent who dates his communication June 21, at Penhalonga, Rhodesia, South Africa: "The issue of FOREST AND STREAM dated May 7 has just been received, and I notice under the head of 'Drivers and Twisters,' page 377, first article, a call for some remedy for flinching, or 'fudging,' as the sudden shrinking at the moment of firing is called. Perhaps the following plan, modified to suit, would prove effective in shotgun shooting, as it is in rifle shooting at targets. An old Wimbledon man has given it to me as the plan he used in training his Irish team for competitions, and his team was successful in their tours: In every packet of ten rounds of ammunition were put three dummies, and these packets were served out on practice days. The dummies were made by first extracting the bullet, and the powder was then removed and treated with a solution of saltpeter to destroy its explosive power, the powder was replaced and the bullet refitted and the dummy put in the packet. No one could then tell a dummy from a good round until the trigger was pulled. The advantages are many over the sighting drill. The most prominent being that the shooter was prepared for the recoil concussion, and shrunk, shut his eyes, etc., etc., with the dummy as with the real, and could then see what error he made, and knowing his error the correcting could follow. If this will serve to help any of my fellow shooters of the rifle or brethren of the shotgun I will be greatly pleased."

Jack Fanning's score of 98 out of 100, made at Centredale, R. I., Aug. 9, is pretty near to getting them all. Gold Dust, with Jack Fanning's eye to guide it, is doing great things at the traps of late. Since the Meriden shoot Jack has been moving about lively and shooting industriously. His first shooting thereafter was on the grounds of the Providence Gun Club, at Olneyville, R. I., where he scored 90 out of 100 notwithstanding that the day was very windy. Next at the Pascoag Gun Club's grounds he scored 96 out of 100. After breaking 98 out of 100 before an enthusiastic audience of ladies and gentlemen at Centredale, as above mentioned, he scored 96 out of 100 on the grounds of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, Aug. 13. After the single target events, Fanning gave an exhibition of double target shooting, which pleased the shooters and spectators greatly. Fanning's work has added a new impetus to trap-shooting in the places where he visited. He will be in attendance at the Interstate at Waterville, Me.

Mr. Carl von Lengerke has devised a new system of shooting to try out to the utmost the skill of those who believe that they are thoroughly good shots, whether the belief is founded on fancy or fact. His system requires that two sets of traps be placed before the shooter, one set of five being for targets, expert system; the other being a set of five traps for live birds. The shooter standing at the score does not know whether he is to shoot at a target or live bird until the trap is pulled, when he must shoot at whichever is offered. The shooter has an equal number of targets and live birds, but as they necessarily do not come alternately he is never certain before the trap is pulled which he will have to shoot at. Any one who feels that he would like to try a match after the manner of this system will hear something to his advantage by challenging Mr. Carl von Lengerke, care Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trap-shooting tournament, given for the Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 7 and 8, can be obtained of the club's secretary, Mr. Geo. F. Stevens, P. O. Box 245, Haverhill, Mass. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Mr. Chas. A. Griggs, No. 8 Main street, will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge. A first-class lunch will be served each day at a reasonable price. Shooters may enter for the price of targets, 2 cents, in any of the events. To reach the shooting grounds take the Main street electric cars to Dustin Square. The headquarters for the sportsmen during the tournament will be the Eagle House and Hotel Thorndike, each $2 per day. There are ten events on the programme for each day—six at 15 targets, entrance $1.50; four at 20 targets, $2 entrance.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, known to his shooting friends by the endearing sobriquet "the Dominie," has not been heard of for many weeks, till recently a letter from him informs his friends that he is in Pittsburg, Pa., which city has so much smoke that it is difficult to see the targets clearly within any reasonable distance of its suburbs. The Dominie says that if his watch holds out as a good timepiece, he will arrive in New York on Nov. 10, and thereat we all rejoice.

Programmes of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club Labor Day shoot, Sept. 5, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. W. Walls, 6 Woodbine street, Worcester, Mass. Guns and ammunition sent in care of Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, 44 Front street, will be delivered at the grounds free. All purses will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The programme has 150 targets at a total of $11 entrance for the day. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Dinner will be served on the grounds.

Mr. R. E. Rust, in a communication dated Aug. 11, writes us that "The Eau Claire Gun Club has arranged for the match between Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert for the iron medal, to take place here at their park on Aug. 27. The match to be at 100 live birds each." We are further informed that there will be sweepstake events also.

Mr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Texas, has been shooting in the East recently. At Ocean City he was among the leaders in the race for highest average. At the Brooklyn Gun Club last Saturday he made some excellent scores, notwithstanding that he was shooting an entirely new gun, a Greener, most of the time.

A Labor Day shoot will be held by the Schenectady Gun Club, Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 5. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock sharp. There are twelve events of 15 targets each, entrance $1.25. Targets 25 cents for fifteen. Money divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Take cars for Belleview.

Mr. Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, returned last week from a trip to Europe, where he spent some weeks. He looks hale and hearty, as if the climate, water and eatables abroad agreed with him perfectly.

The Forester Gun Club will give a merchandise handicap shoot on Sept. 5. All professionals will be barred from merchandise or money events. The captain, Mr. John Fleming, 59 Milford avenue, Newark, N. J., informs us that programmes can be obtained of him.

At the fourth attempt the Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, succeeded in winning the Provincial League trophy, on Aug. 11, from Montreal. The signs indicate that there will be a return match for it again soon.

At Fort Smith, Ark., on Aug. 12, Mr. Joe Matthews defeated Mr. J. J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark., for the State individual medal, by a score of 42 to 41, at 50 singles, unknown angles.

Mr. Harry J. Sternberg, secretary of the Rain Makers' Gun Club, Corning, N. Y., writes us that his club will give its first Labor Day shoot in Corning on Sept. 5, at targets, in East Side Park.

The Mount Penn Gun Club's tournament, Sept. 5 and 6, promises to be an extraordinary success, twenty-five or more clubs having signified their intention to participate.

On Saturday of this week, at Elkwood Park, the Pennsylvania Club cup is the main event; handicaps, 25 to 30yds., $25 entrance, cup and 40 per cent. to the winner.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Labor Day, Sept. 5.

Ocean City Midsummer Tournament.

OUR shoot, Aug. 4, 5 and 6, was very nice, everyone being pleased with it. It was run off without a hitch during the three days. We expect to make it an annual, and it no doubt will increase each year. It was started last year late in the season, and had only twelve shooters. There were thirty this year. Ocean City is an ideal place to hold the shoot; those who were here no doubt will say that the arrangements were perfect. There were 7,840 targets thrown, and 530 live birds trapped. The birds were furnished by Mr. J. R. Malone, and were a rare good lot of summer birds.

All moneys in target events were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. The amateurs stood at 14yds.; semi-experts 16yds.; experts 18yds. Targets 2 cents. Live birds 25 cents.

The target events were alike for each day: two 10-target events, $1 entrance; three 15-target events, $1.25; four 20-target events, $1.50; and one three-men team race, 25 targets, $6 per team.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4. FIRST DAY.

The ten events were shot smoothly through. Shooting commenced at 9:30. Mr. Hood Waters added a new pleasure to the event by rejoining his old friends, he having returned from Seattle. He made a good beginning, breaking 131 out of 145, an average of .903 per cent. Wagner and Hawkins were each .855, Floyd .848, Fulford, Gardner and Gent .827, Trego .811, Dr. Lupus 786.

The weather was clear, a strong wind blowing in the afternoon. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 were extra events at doubles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	10	10	10	10	20
Brooke	8	9	15	11	13	10	20	17	8	..	..	..	..
Hobbs, 16	10	13	16	14	..	11	19	18	8	..	9	8	18
Bond, 16	9	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gapington, 14	4	11	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pentz, 14	10	13	16	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boyle, 14	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trego, 14	8	12	19	12	17	13	14	15	8	..	..	..	..
Storr, 16	7	14	16	14	16	13	..	18	9	..	..	..	..
Fulford, 18	9	14	16	12	18	10	15	17	9	4	4	7	17
Debullet, 14	9	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner, 18	10	11	15	14	10	14	15	17	9	..	..	..	..
Hood, 18	9	15	18	11	18	14	19	18	9	9	7	9	17
Hawkins, 18	8	14	16	13	18	14	17	15	9	5	..	..	..
Marten, 18	6	11	12	11	14	11	17	16	10	9	7	7	15
Gardner, 16	8	12	15	14	16	13	15	18	9	..	..	..	..
Floyd, 16	8	12	17	14	17	13	18	16	8	..	..	..	..
Lupus, 16	9	13	17	12	15	11	16	15	6	..	..	..	..
Gent, 16	8	12	16	15	18	13	16	12	10	6	..	..	..
Hicks, 16	7	13	18	12	14	10	11	18	7	7	5	6	16
Stansbury, 14	..	10	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Evans, 14	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clover, 14	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Springer, 14	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sams, 14	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	..	6	..	..	..	..
Franklin, 14	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Covengton, 14	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gordon, 14	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard, 14	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Malone, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..

Event No. 6 was the three-men team race, entrance $6 per team, every man to be a member of a regularly organized gun club:

Team No. 1.

Franklin	1111101111111110011111001—21
Marten	0111101111111111001011110—19
Trego	0100110111011011011111111—19—59

Team No. 2.

Fulford	1110110111111111111111111—23
Gardner	1111011110011111000111110—18
Floyd	0101001111111011111010111—18—59

Team No. 3.

Hobbs	1111111011101110111100111—20
Malone	0101101111111100111111111—20
Hicks	1111101001011010111111111—19—59

Team No. 4.

Hood	1111111111111011010101110—20
Bond	1111110001100101111011111—18
Hawkins	0110101011010111100111111—17—55

Team No. 5.

Lupus	1111101111111111111000101—20
Gent	0110011110111011111110001—17
Storr	1100111101011001011111011—17—54

Team No. 6.

Howard	1010011011111111101110011—18
Gordon	1101100101000111111101011—16
Covengton	1000100010001110100011001—10—44

FRIDAY, AUG. 5, SECOND DAY.

There were twenty-five participants in the competition on this day. The wind was milder, and scores improved in consequence. Floyd was high average with .931; Hawkins, of Baltimore, was second with .924; Storr third, .903; Marten fourth, .833. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	10	15	5p	15
Fulford	3	11	16	12	17	14	19	18	10	11	6	12
Wagner	8	12	16	13	19	12	17	15	6	10	5	14
Hood	7	13	15	15	17	11	13	17	6	14	8	..
Hawkins	9	15	20	13	20	15	17	16	9	14	7	15
Marten	6	15	20	15	17	11	16	19	9	15	9	14
Gardner	8	14	17	13	17	13	15	18	7	10	..	..
Floyd	10	13	17	15	19	14	18	20	10	14	8	12
Lupus	8	11	13	13	17	14	17	18	9	13	..	11
Gent	9	14	20	13	17	14	16	..	..	14	..	..
Hicks	9	13	20	11	16	13	18	14	8	12	..	10
Storr	10	15	16	13	20	13	16	18	10	..	..	13
Hobbs	8	14	18	14	18	10	17	..	..	..	9	..
Edell	5	13	11	..	..	7	12	12	6	11	..	..
Gordon	8	12	..	..	..	9	15	..	..	12	..	..
J L Pentz	7	10	..	..	..	..	18	20	8	12	..	..
Covengton	6	7	..	..	..	10	15	8	..	8	..	..
Brooke	8	13	15	10	17	14	15	10	6	..	..	..
Keller	10	8	17	15	18	13	17	18	9	14	6	..
Debullett	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bond	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Linthicum	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Watts	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Malone	..	..	..	14	19	11	..	19	8	..	..	10
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	18	7	..	..	10
Trego	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	19	10	..	..	..

Nos. 11, 12 and 13 were respectively $1.25, $1.50 and $1.30; No. 12 was 5 pairs. No. 11 was shot as a starter in the morning.

The team race was No. 6 event, and similar in conditions to that of the previous day. The scores:

Team No. 1.

Fulford	1111011011111111111111111—23
Gardner	1101111111111110011111111—22
Floyd	1111111101101011111111111—22—67

Team No. 2.

Hobbs	1111111111111011111111001 –22
Malone	1111111110111111000011111—20
Hicks	1011111011101110101111111—20—62

Team No. 3.

Gent	1110111111111111111101110—22
Lupus	1010111111111111111111101—22
Storr	1110011111111111101111111—22—66

Team No. 4.

Wagner	0111111111111111111111111—24
Marten	1111101110111111111111111—23
Keller	1001111111111110111111110—22—69

Team No. 5.

Brooke	1111101111111011111111101—22
Hawkins	1011111111110111101111101—21
Hood	1111100101111111110101111—20—63

Team No. 6.

Trego	1111111011111111111111111—24
Vance	1111111011111110011011111—21
Edell	1010111011111111101111000—18—63

This day concluded the target events.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, THIRD DAY.

In the Ocean City Handicap Messrs. Marten, Quimby and Malone made straight scores, Fulford taking second money alone on a score of 19. Events Nos. 1 and 2 were at 5 and 7 birds respectively, $5 and $7 entrance, high guns, birds included. All stood at 30yds.; No. 3 was the Ocean City Handicap, 20 birds, $15 entrance, class shooting, moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., birds extra, handicaps 24 to 32yds.:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Hicks	22222—5	2221022—6	Gardner	22201—4	112*211—6
Quimby	2122 —5	1201212—6	Dixon	10112—4	1012221—6
Marten	11211—5	2112222—7	Gorden	21022—4	2011022—5
Hawkens	12111—5	1211121—7	Covington	11021—4	1111200—5
Wagner	12211—5	1211120—6	Vance	012*2—3	222*220—5
Gent	22212—5	1212212—7	Keller	0202*—2	2201220—5
Fulford	21212—5	1122112—7			

No. 3:

Quimby, 29	1122112122222121212112—20
Marten, 30	121 2222222222121222—20
Malone, 30	2121112222121121122—20
Fulford, 31	12*2211212221122222—19
Dixon, 27	220222022112222 2222—18
Hawkens, 29	0111111212212112101—18
Hicks, 29	1002222221221022222—17
Vance, 26	212211 1012211222200—17
Gent, 28	1012210212202101101—15
Gardner, 26	0201220111011120201*1—14

Miss-and-outs: Nos. 2 and 3 were programme events. No. 1 was extra:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Marten	11121—5	2220—3	20w
Hawkens	21211—5	2212—4	12121—5
Quimby	22221—5	....	.....
Fulford	12221—5	1212—4	12122—5
Hicks	12222—5	1*w	12122—5
Dixon	11210—4	2220—3	1220w
Vance	10w	121*—3	10w
Hicks, re-entry	0	....	.....
Turpin	0w	....	.....
Covington	....	1122—4	.....
Gent	....	1212—4	10w
Malone	....	1220—3	22221—5

The Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., Aug. 6.—A match for the Province of Quebec championship cup was shot between J. B. Goodhue and T. M. Craig, at Stanstead, Quebec, on Aug. 6, resulting in a win for Craig. Scores were:

Craig.

Known angles	1111011011111111110101—16
Unknown angles	1101110111001111111—16
Pairs	11 10 01 11 11— 8—40

Goodhue.

Known angles	0011101100111010111—13
Unknown angles	1110011110111111111—17
Pairs	10 11 10 10 11— 7—37

The cup was instituted at Sherbrooke's annual of 1897. Winner to defend it successfully five times before owning it. Craig won it then, and afterward defeated Walton, Thompson and Goodhue, losing it to W. L. Cameron, of Montreal, at Sherbrooke's annual this year. Goodhue went to Montreal and got it, and has since defeated Eaton, of Montreal, and Thompson, of Sherbrooke, losing it to Craig, as above. Craig now has three defenses to his credit and Goodhue two, and it looks as though the struggle would be between those two. They were to try it again at Sherbrooke on the 13th, the event adding much to the interest of the club's usual fortnightly badge shoot.

C. H. Foss, Sec'y.

Sherbrooke won the Provincial League trophy from Montreal on Thursday, Aug. 11. It was their fourth attempt to get it since Montreal won it on Dominion Day, 1896, at Sherbrooke's annual. The day was fine for shooting, and at the preliminary sweeps, which were shot just previous to the match, nearly everybody appeared to be in pretty good form; but, as the scores show, when the match was on one or two dropped, as somebody or other most always does. Montreal does not intend to let Sherbrooke's guns get very cold though, for they are coming right out after the cup, and it will probably be up again in September.

After the shoot was over Montreal entertained Sherbrooke at dinner at the Balmoral Hotel. Shooting is a good appetizer, and the excellent menu was thoroughly appreciated. Below are the scores:

Conditions: 20 targets, known angles:

Montreal.

C Aubin	1111101101011101110—15
R B Hutcheson	1111111101110110101—16
D W Caudlish	1100000110000101010— 8
E C Eaton	0001111001011110111—12
W L Cameron	0111011111011101111—16—67

Sherbrooke.

C G Thompson	1111101111101111111101—17
T M Craig	1011111111101001001O—13
J B Goodhue	0111111111001111011111—16
J G Walton	0111001110101111101—14
N G Bray	1101011101111101111111—16—76

Capt. Thompson, of the Sherbrookes, felt very much elated over the victory, and on the way home couldn't keep his hands off the other members of the team. Craig downed him in a scuffle which followed one of his pranks though, and the featherweight from Rock Island went through his pockets and relieved him of what little he had won in the sweeps and divided it with one of the others. Thompson claimed to have lost $1.75, but there's no evidence to show that he had over 65 cents when he left Montreal, and nobody's going to do anything about it.

Now the boys are talking about trying to get the trophy held by Montreal for 15 targets, unknown traps, gun below the armpit, but they've got to practice some, for in a friendly race on those conditions Thursday Montreal beat them by 10 birds.

Marlborough Tournament.

THE tournament of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Marlborough Gun Club, Marlborough, N. Y., was a very pleasant and successful gathering of shooters. Ogden and Dain tied for high average. Halstead was second; Von der Bosch third; Mason fourth; E. Hill fifth. Von der Bosch won the King Smokeless Powder trophy.

There were only two teams present, that of the home club and the Peekskill Gun Club. A protest was entered against Van der Bosch as a team contestant, on the ground that he was not a member long enough to qualify according to Rule 11 of the by-laws, which requires that each member of a team shall have been a bona fide member of his club at least six months prior to the first annual tournament of the league.

There were manufacturers' agents present. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	15	10	20
Mason	8	14	14	12	8	17	11	11	7	16
Dain	9	15	18	14	10	16	13	13	10	18
E Hill	8	10	18	13	7	15	10	11	7	12
Halstead	9	12	18	15	9	18	13	13	10	18
Ogden	10	13	17	15	9	19	11	14	10	18
Vail	10	..	..	11	..	15	12	10	6	..
Kenyon	8	11	16	..	3	..	13	..	..	..
Smith	8	11	16	11	9	18	15	..	..	..
Wisner	8	11	12	4	5	9	10	10	7	..
Van der Bosch	10	11	19	13	7	18	9	12	10	15
A Hill	5	12	13	12	6	12	12	12	..	..
Richmond	4	10	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
F Covert	7	13	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..
E Covert	..	7	..	11	..	16	..	..	..	..
J McConnell	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
J Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	18	12	6
W McConnell	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	11	..
Mills	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..
T Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	12	14
Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	..
N McConnell	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	5
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Hartshorne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8
Southard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	5
Briggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Mason	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dain	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
E Hill	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Halstead	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Ogden	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Vail	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kenyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wisner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van der Bosch	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Covert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Covert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J McConnell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Rhodes	6	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W McConnell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mills	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fuller	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N McConnell	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hartshorne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Southard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Briggs	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Team race for American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. trophy, five-men teams, 25 targets each, unknown angles, team making best average of season to become the owner:

Peekskill Gun Club—Halstead 22, Dain 22, Southard 21, Van der Bosch 23, Mason 17—105.

Marlborough Gun Club—T. H. Rhodes 18, J. Rhodes 19, Vail 18, Mills 17, F. Covert 19—91.

Florists Gun Club.

MISSINOMING, Pa., Aug. 9.—The contest for the club cups, 25 targets, known angles, from five traps; 25 unknown, from magautrap, resulted as given herewith. The weather was cloudy; no wind:

	Known.	Unknown.	Handicap.	Total.	Points.
Jones	15	24	18	57	3
Daniels	18	21	18	57	3
C D Ball	19	18	12	49	2
V Dorp	10	15	20	45	..
Wescott	5	5	20	30	..
Bell	16	19	10	45	..
Smith	23	23	10	56	3
Burton	22	22	7	51	3
*Engle	22	22	*	..	..
Park	23	23	7	53	3
Cartledge	17	22	5	44	..
Anderson	25	24	6	55	3
Colflesh	18	18	10	46	1

* Visitor.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

WESTERN TRAPS.

HEIKES WINS BACK THE E. C. CUP.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—Rolla Heikes, the Daddy of them All, to-day defeated Fred Gilbert and won back the E. C. cup, which once he took from Gilbert, and which the latter took from him at Dayton. Score to-day, 140 to 137.

Earlier in the week both men met more than once in practice at Watson's Park, and the results of those days were carefully watched by the knowing. Heikes has been loafing and fishing, and privately said to a friend that he was as fit as he ever was in his life, and was going to make a good race. On last Wednesday he shot through the conditions of this race at the park in practice, but evidently did not try at a stage in the game, for he only scored 132. Gilbert, on the other hand, was doing great work in practice. He once ran 121 out of 125 of the match rules targets, and one day broke 15 pairs straight, following that on the next day with 25 pairs straight, or in all 40 pairs or 80 birds, broken straight. His friends thought him a cinch.

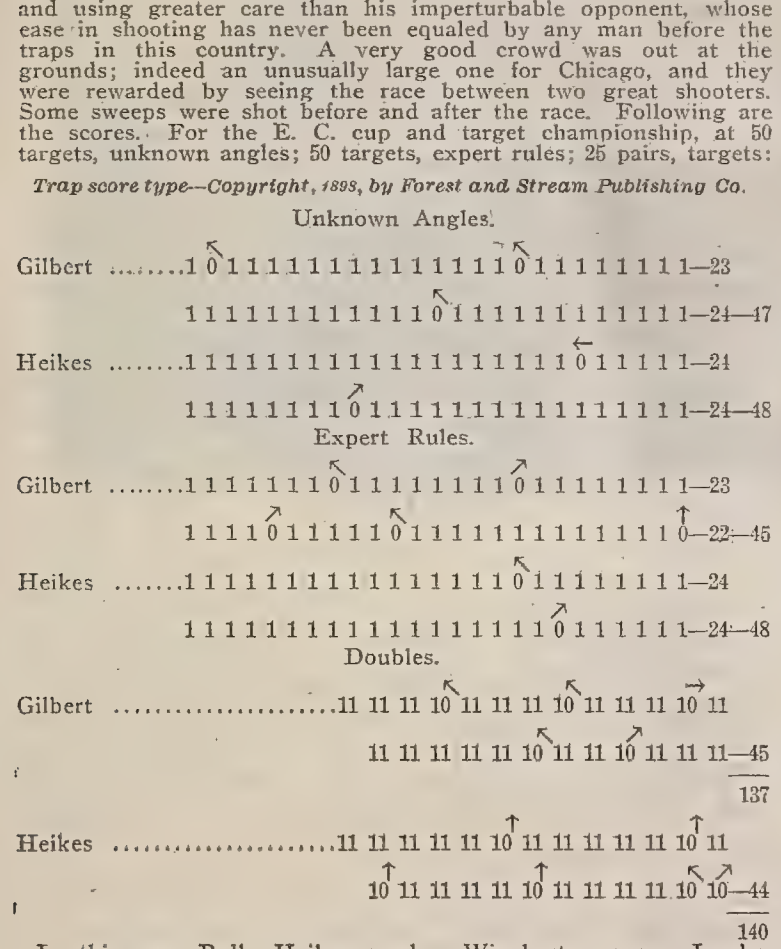
On Thursday a few of us were out at the park to see Heikes and Gilbert warm up a bit again. Dr. Shaw, of Chicago, and Mr. Henry Lyons, of Louisville, Ky. (who won the State championship of his State this year, and who is now visiting at Chicago and shooting a little at Watson's Park), shot in with the two cracks through the conditions of the E. C. cup race, 50 unknown angles, 50 expert rules, 25 pairs. Dr. Shaw scored in the above sets 45, 38, 40, total 123. Mr. Lyons scored 43 unknown angles and 32 expert rules, withdrawing. Gilbert was on that day evidently not up to the form of the day previous. At the known angles he scored 47, at the expert rules 43, and in the doubles 44, or a total of 134. Upon the other hand the Daddy of them All was never in better shape, and seemed bound to break Fred's heart right then and there. He ran his 50 unknown angles without a skip or a miss, and at the expert rules he did the same thing over again, 50 straight, breaking well over 100 targets as though in a trance. In the doubles he lost 4 birds, but went out smiling with 146 broken out of 150. Those who knew of this performance could not see how such a man could be defeated, for this score, albeit made in practice, was authentic, and was the highest ever reached on these mixed championship rules at targets.

To-day it is possible Gilbert was popular choice to win, among those who had not heard of Heikes' performance of Thursday, and who remembered the Iowa boy's long run of live-bird victories. Indeed he shot a magnificent race, and his score is a superb one for any shooter. He broke 47 in the unknown angles, 45 at the expert rules, and 45 in the doubles, 137 in all. Heikes led him 1 bird in the unknown angles, and 3 birds in the expert rules, going into the doubles almost a certain winner, with 4 birds to the good, though Gilbert's chances were thought best in the doubles. The latter picked up one bird on the Dayton man in the doubles, scoring 45 to Heikes' 44, but this left the gap unclosed by 3 birds, and the cup was boxed for Dayton, O.

In the shooting of Thursday last it was observed that Gilbert's hoodoo bird was a left-quarterer, which he missed repeatedly. This was the case in the match to-day. I have indicated the flights of the targets missed by means of the FOREST AND STREAM live-bird graphic type, so that readers may see just what flights were missed. Gilbert missed 8 of these quartering birds well to the left, 4 right-quarterers and 1 straightaway. Heikes was less particular what he missed. His first lost bird was a sharp left-quarterer, almost right to left across the score. He missed 2 more left-hand birds, and 2 which quartered to the right. On four different times he missed a straightaway bird which sailed off directly to the front, but a shade lower than that bird had been averaging. Gilbert smoked his 38th bird hard, but did not crack it. He dusted his 86th bird also hard. On his 95th he got a piece, but accepted and broke it. His 99th was also a piece, and was broken. In the doubles Gilbert could not land a straight set, but always lost at least one out of his 10, giving Heikes a leeway every time he stepped to the score—for Gilbert won the toss and shot first. Heikes shot at a piece on his 63d bird, not knowing it was a piece, but it was scored to him, broken by a very faint majority. His 94th bird was smoked hard, and so in the doubles were his 12th, 23d, 28th and 38th birds. So far as could be told as between such experts, Heikes used the better and smarter time in his shooting, Gilbert as usual working hard, and using greater care than his imperturbable opponent, whose ease in shooting has never been equaled by any man before the traps in this country. A very good crowd was out at the grounds; indeed an unusually large one for Chicago, and they were rewarded by seeing the race between two great shooters. Some sweeps were shot before and after the race. Following are the scores. For the E. C. cup and target championship, at 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules; 25 pairs, targets:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Unknown Angles.



In this race Rolla Heikes used a Winchester pump, Leader shells and Schultze powder. Gilbert used an L. C. Smith, Leader shells, Du Pont powder. Judges were A. C. Paterson and A. W. Adams; Ike Watson referee.

Fred Gilbert will be in Chicago for a day or so yet, and so will Rolla Heikes. They will both be at Minneapolis shoot, Aug. 24-26, and on their way back from that shoot will meet at Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 27, and shoot off at that city their race for the cast-iron badge, 100 live birds. The Eau Claire men have urged Rolla to come up to their town and show them a race, and this he has agreed to do.

MONTGOMERY WARD TROPHY.

A very notable local interest is forming about the coming contests for the Montgomery Ward & Co. live-bird handicap trophy, the initial contest for which emblem will come off at Watson's Park Wednesday next, Aug. 17. The medal is a beautiful affair and well worth winning. It will not be subject to challenge, but will be wide open every time, the one winning it the greatest number of times to take it. John Watson handicaps, and that is enough to say.

DULUTH.

About fifty shooters appeared at the tournament this week of Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., and reports would show the shoot a success. The programme was liberal, and the shooters from over a large area gathered to reap the benefit thereof. Tom Graham, of Sault Ste. Marie, was in good form, and broke 142 out of 150 the first day, high average. Catamaran, of St. Paul, broke 136, and Trent, of Wadena, scored 135. Several ties on 133 showed up, and the scores were of the current high class. An ugly accident with a runaway team prevented the attendance at the grounds of Dr. Spratley, of St. Cloud, who was on his way out to the grounds when disabled.

VALLEY CITY, OF GRAND RAPIDS.

The contest for the trophy of the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., includes three more shoots for the season. Ralph Widdicomb, the very brilliant young shot of that city, has won this trophy five times, and C. B. Kelsey three times. A. L. Holcomb has won it four times and landed it last week. Widdicomb is favorite. The trophy will be called in Aug. 26, on which date the nineteenth shoot for its possession will have been completed.

WASHINGTON PARK, OF K. C.

At the last monthly shoot of Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas Sity, Mo., Aug. 10, Newton Beach won the club trophy with 15 straight kills alone. Score:

N Beach	112121211111111—15	J Dickinson	221112220210122—13
W S Allen	222022221222112—14	Newton	021200212111221—12
W M Hill	211221120111112—14	Hagerdorn	001111102021200— 9
A Rickmers	021212200202001— 9	J Vaughn	102022111200012—10
D Elliott	112221211202212—14	L Scott	121202221111221—14
H Gregory	210101212022121—12	T A Fernkas	222111011212020—11
Dr Plauck	011000011211211—10	H C Graff	022012022110000— 8
B Esson	211021010200211—10	E Fernkas	102011202001010— 8

KEOKUK.

At the regular monthly shoot of the Keokuk Gun Club, Iowa, last week, Burger won the club medal for the third time, and it became his property. A fair attendance was on hand. Score: At 20 live birds: Burger 18, Ross 11, Weiler 11, Griffey 12, Thomas 12, Boquet 8, Ackerman 13, Leisy 8, Meister 14, Woodbury 13, Raber 7.

MINNEAPOLIS.

At the last weekly shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club, Minnesota, Stokes won the senior badge, Neely amateur badge, Mrs. Parker amateur badge, Catamaran the Val Blatz badge, Hays the Paegle badge, Lawrence the Schlitz badge. About thirty present.

EMPORIA SHOOT.

The Kansas Association shoot at Emporia last week was a very nice affair. Among others on hand from out of town were Jap, of Leavenworth; Courtney, of Kansas City; Lou Erhardt, of Atchison; J. Heer, of Ottawa; Bert Bennett, of Wichita; J. R. Jones, of White City; J. H. Cox and John J. Corbett, of Kansas City; James Plumb, of Lang, and H. W. Kooler, of Leavenworth. Courtney and the tall, slim Corbett, of Kansas City, were among the top-notch winners.

COMING.

Salina, Kan., Gun Club will revive interest and begin regular shoots this week, keeping up weekly contests for the rest of the fall.

Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., will give a rattling good shoot Sept. 13-14, on the new and improved grounds. Targets only.

Eau Claire Gun Club, of Wisconsin, will have a little sweepstake for the boys Aug. 27, the day of the Heikes-Gilbert race for the cast-iron badge.

The hard shooting and pleasant young Iowa shooter, H. C. Mortensen, jocularly named on the circuit the Terrible Swede, will give a tournament this coming week at his home, Britt, Ia., Aug. 17-18. The first day will schedule ten 15-target events, repeated on the second day, and on the second day at 10 o'clock A. M. Mr. Mortensen and Dr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, Ia., will shoot another one of their many hotly contested live-bird races at 50 live birds per man, for a silver cup and $100. Mr. Mortensen has hung up a nice lot of average money, and his programme will bring out a goodly number of shooters from among the neighboring towns, where shooters are abundant.

M. J. Breindenbend, secretary of Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club, writes that the Mt. Sterling Club claims date of Oct. 12 for their third annual tournament. The programme will be an attractive one, and a good stiff attendance is anticipated.

NEW.

Baraboo Gun Club, of Baraboo, Wis., was organized last week with the following officers: M. H. Mould, President; L. M. Jacobs, Secretary; H. Schoenfeld, Treasurer. Membership of twenty-five.

Kenosha Gun Club, of Kenosha, Wis., was organized last week; officers as follows: H. E. Tanner, President; Dr. Ripley, Vice-President, and Will Yule, Captain.

LAY COMMENT.

The Grafton, N. D., Record states that the Crookston Gun Club is going to hold a "sweepsteak" shoot ere long. The Green Bay, Wis., Gazette remarks that "clay rock" birds will be used in a contest soon to be shot at that city.

HOBART NEW GROUNDS.

Hobart Gun Club, of Indiana, has arranged new grounds near the bank of Lake George, and on Aug. 9 opened them with a little shoot. There were fourteen target numbers. Among the visitors were R. Simmonetti, James Barto and John Boa, of Chicago; Andrew Lockie, of Manteno, Ill.; Geo. J. Roll, of Blue Island, and G. A. Elliott, of Rochester, Ind. The best average was made by Barto.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

On Aug. 13 the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest. The attendance was fairly good. Those shooting in classes B and C were high over Class A in the medal contest. A. C. Borroff most distinguished himself with a score of 24 out of a possible 25.

The sky was overcast, without a ray of sunlight, mingled with an occasional shower of rain. There was little or no wind during the contests. All events were shot from the magautrap, except No. 9, which was at 25yds. rise. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	30
Doc Carson	14	11	13	..	..	..	..
H Vetter	13	13	10	13	..	..	..
H Carson	11	..	11	15	24	16	..
Neta	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs H Carson	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Steck	..	..	13	10	13	23	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	30
Stanley	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Porter	..	..	..	..	3	..	9
Cunnyngham	..	..	..	..	21	24	20
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
C Antoine	..	..	..	..	..	23	19

Trophy event, 25 targets, Class A, was won by Chas. Antoine; Class B by H. Vetter, and Class C by A. C. Borroff:

Class A.

Steck	10000111111111111111110111—20
Hess	11000110110011101001011110—14
F P Stannard	11111101111001111011111110—20
W D Stannard	10111101111111111110011011—20
C Antoine	01101111111011111111111—22

Class B.

Dr Carson	11111111011111100101011011—19
H F Carson	10110101111111111001001111—18
Vetter	10011111111111111111110111—22
Dr Morton	01111111000101111010110001—15
Cunnyngham	11111111011101101010111111—20
A W Morton	11111101101111111110111011—21

Class C.

Neta	01100111001110111110111101—18
Borroff	11111111111111111111111101—24
Porter	11011111101111011011110010—18
Stanley	11111011101111101110111111—21

Following the trophy event was a team shoot of seven men per team, 25 targets per man, and was won by Morton's team:

A. C. Borroff 18, V. L. Cunnyngham 20, W. D. Stannard 22, Porter 17, Dr. Morton 18, C. C. Hess 17, F. P. Stannard 19—131.

A. W. Morton 20, Stanley 17, Doc Carson 18, Neta 18, H. Vetter 22, E. M. Steck 23, H. F. Carson 22—142.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The attendance at the Garfield Gun Club's weekly contest was only fair. Many of its regulars were absent on account of the Heikes-Gilbert contest at Watson's Park, which they attended. The scores made were considered fairly good, considering the elements existing. Practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	15	20
Dr Shaw	14	6	..	8	9	11	15
De Maris	11	7	..	4	7	..	..
R Kuss	14	6	15	7	..	..	..
Pollard	9	1	12	6	8	5	..
Nusley	10	4	13	6	8	2	..

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	15	20
A Hellman	..	..	4	13	6	7	4
C Steiger	..	..	..	13	7	4	4
Smedes	..	..	..	9	6	5	9
Comelson	..	..	8	8	9	7	9
S Young	..	..	..	15	7	7	7

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were at known traps, unknown angles; No. 2 was unknown traps, one man up, and No. 8 was at 10 pairs.

Trophy contest at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. R. Kuss won Class A; H. Hellman won Class B, and De Maris won Class C:

Shaw	01111111111111100111111111—22
De Maris	11001111110111100011111110—18
Kuss	11111111111111101111111101—23
Pollard	11011100111010011010100000—13
Nusley	10100111011100111110110111—17
Hellman	11111111111011111111111100—22
Stiger	01011111011101101111101100—17
Smedes	11101110100111100011011011—16
Comelson	11010110010111111011101100—16
Young	11111011111111001111011110—20

THE CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

It was expected that an acceptance of V. L. Cunnyngham's challenge for the Chicago challenge trophy would have shown itself this week. It is learned that the wife of the holder, Thos. P. Hicks, has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, but is now on the road to recovery; hence a race can be looked for at an early date.

LELAND, ILL.

Some of our Chicago shooters were entertained at Mount Pleasant Villa by our worthy fellow sportsman and shooter J. H. Amberg. Some few days' outing was made most pleasant by the host. Target and rifle shooting were freely indulged in by Dr. J. B. Murphy and family, A. L. Smith, J. H. Amberg and family, Capt. J. Bourke, M. Clapsaddle, A. C. Paterson and several others. The targets were thrown from one trap, unknown angles, each taking turns in trapping, and giving room for the trapper to make the game difficult. Messrs. Amberg and Clapsaddle did the best of the shooting during the first day, Amberg tieing with Paterson on the second day. Mount Pleasant Villa is the summer home of Mr. Amberg, and he delights in entertaining his friends on the farm during his stay there. The house contains twenty sleeping rooms, with additions consisting of dining room, kitchen, laundry, store room and ice box of large capacity. A bountiful supply of provisions and other things were on hand for the entertainment of the guests, and it is needless to say that all were well provided for, and the time spent was most enjoyable.

A. C. PATERSON.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 13.—The bargain day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held to-day, was a pronounced success. John Wright was in one of his happiest moods, and if it could have been done within the limits of good arithmetic, he would have been pleased to have given all the shooters double handicaps and prizes. The novelty of the programme entitles it to a reproduction.

Mr. Patterson acted as cashier, while John Wright fingered the electric trap pulls with the grace and precision of a Paderewski.

Mr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Texas, who is spending the summer in the North, participated in the shoot, and was a pretty warm visitor, as a reference to his scores will show.

Mr. B. Amend defeated Waters in shooting off their tie of the previous cup shoot. Floyd and Waters tied in the prize shoot, Floyd finally winning first prize, the gun case; Waters won second, a beautiful watch charm, containing a genuine trout fly within its interior.

The programme was as follows:

Aug. 13, 1898.

BARGAIN DAY AT JACK WRIGHT'S BON MARCHE.

No. 1....Ten Japanese teacups	.10
No. 2....Fifteen china saucers	.50
No. 3....Ten hand-painted soup tureens	.50
No. 4....Fifteen cut-glass finger bowls	.75
No. 5....Fifty filagree punch pitchers (regular club shoot)	1.00
No. 6....Twenty chamber sets (prize shoot)	1.00
No. 7....Ten nickel-plated cuspidors	.50
No. 8....Twenty coffee pots (10 singles and 5 pairs)	1.00

Note.—In event No. 4 finger bowls will be thrown at 1 cent each.

Event No. 6 will be a prize shoot, handicap of misses as breaks. To the shooter breaking the greatest number of chamber sets in this event the proprietor of this store, old Jack Wright, will donate a handsome prize. All surplus added. Yer get's yer money's worth.

E Banks	11110111111111111110110111111111111101111111111101111	—45
B Waters, 7	11001110111101111011011111111111101001111110110101111	—38
	1001111	— 5—43
C Dudley, 4	11111111011101111111011011111011111011111111111	—43
	1111	— 4—47
B Amend, 9	11111111011111111111011101001111110111110110001111	—40
	011111111	— 8—48
E Asmus, 9	11110011101111111111111111111101111010111100111110	—40
	1010111101	— 7—47
C Billings, 8	01111111111001111111111111111111111101101110111101	—43
	01111111	— 7—50
Dr Smith, 14	11001011110110011111111111111111111101011111111011	—41
	1111110111	— 9—50
R Woods, 7	10111111101111110101011111101110111111111111111011	—42
Van Allen, 7	10101111101111111011111010001111101111101111111111	—40
* W Gardiner	11101110111111111111111111111111111111111111111110	—47
G Osterhout	11101011111001100011010000 w	

* Guest.

Mr. C. W. Billings and Dr. Smith tied on 50. In the sweepstake events the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	10	*
Dudley, 2	8	15	10	14	20	10	18
Babcock	8	12	8	9	..	..	..
Banks, 0	10	14	10	10	20	10	14
Waters, 4	9	14	8	12	20	10	14
Adams, 4	9	15	8	11	20	..	..
Woods	7	13	10	..	..	7	..
Billings	8	12	7	..	..	10	..
Asmus	7	10	8	..	..	8	..
Amend, 3	9	13	8	12	..	8	12
Van Allen, 4	6	9	9	10	..	..	..
Gardiner, 1	..	12	9	12	..	10	15
Capt Money, 2	..	11	8	11	20	9	17
Osterhout	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	8	..

* Ten singles, 5 pairs.

The ties in No. 6 were shot off in No. 7. It was a handicap event, each contestant having an allowance of misses as breaks, which are given after the names of the contestants.

The following 25 birds team matches were shot:

Nos.	1	2	3	Nos.	1	2	3
E Banks	21	23	24	W L Gardiner	23	25	21
C Dudley	22	24	22	Capt A W Money	25	20	23
	43	47	46		48	45	44

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The badge shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, held to-day, resulted in a tie between C. S. Burkhardt and A. Forrester, each scoring 24 out of 25. Forrester broke 25 straight in the shoot-off and won. J. J. O'Brien was the winner in Class B, D. Carew in Class C. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	5p	*
J J Reid	11	11	21	4	11	9	..
C Burkhardt	10	13	24	13	..	..	..
Forrester	..	..	12	24	12	..	9
E Burkhardt	12	6	17	8	7	3	2
J O'Brien	..	..	10	13	22	..	..
Talsma	..	..	12	..	18	..	..
R Hebard	..	..	13	13	21	14	9
D Kerew	..	..	9	10	22	8	9
Lodge	..	..	6	18	9	12	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	5p	*
Shuler	..	..	11	16	12	7	..
Warren	..	..	6	19	..	..	..
C Hebard	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Jacobs	..	..	..	15	12	6	7
R Sale	..	..	..	..	10	5	4
Ottis	..	..	..	..	..	5	3
Morey	..	..	..	..	..	6	5
McArthur	..	..	..	..	..	7	6

* Ten walk-ups.

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGHAM, Mass., Aug. 4.

Henderson	11101111111001011101111111111111111111111111101111111—44
Allison	11110111111111111111111101010001111111111111111111—44
Howe, 2	00110110110110111111011011001011101110001101110011O—33
Cook	10100110001101101111111000000011111011110101111001—30
Gore	01000101111101001011101111110100100101101111010010—29
Howard	11111001110100010110110000011101110111 w —24

On Aug. 25 and 26 the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club, Mount Kisco, N. Y., will hold its tenth annual target tournament, and are now completing arrangements for it. Concerning the event Mr. F. E. Wood, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The club is on the increase yearly, and has a fine club house, and the best club grounds in the county. The members promise all visiting sportsmen a good time, and all the shooting they want." Programmes and all necessary information can be obtained of Mr. Wood.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 10.—The main event was the Daly cup, 15 birds, $15 entrance, all standing at 30yds. Culbertson and White divided in No. 1, miss-and-out. Morfey and White divided in No. 2; Daly and White in No. 3:

Culbertson	12200212210	—11
Morfey	021122202220	—12
Daly	222222022222222	—15
Murphy	22110122222222022112220	—24
Ivins	22120112202122222221122	—24

Nos. 1, 2 and 3, $5 miss-and-out:

Culbertson, 26	2222221 222	220	.....
Morfey, 29	2222220	222	120
Daly, 30	22220	210	2221112212
Murphy, 29	10	210	1222112210
Ivins, 29	2221 222210	...	.....
White, 27	11112212121	111	1111221221
Patten	.....	...	220

Miss-and-out, $5:

Culbertson, 26	220	White, 27	111 1111221221
Morfey, 29	222 0	Patten, 27	.. 220
Daly, 30	210 2221112212	Morfey, 29	.. 120
Murphy, 29	210 1222112210		

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 13.—The Forester Gun Club members met on their grounds Aug. 13 to enjoy the regular monthly shoot at targets. Although a capital day for shooting only five shooters showed up, but these kept the trappers busy. There were nine events shot at unknown angles, 10-bird events. The score was:

J Fleming	5	5	9	7	8	7	8	6	10
J H Cummings	6	6	4	3	..	4	..	..	..
C Ripley	2	6	3	5	6	..	..	..	..
C Smith	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	9	7
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	4	9	7	4	10

We are getting ready to hold an all-day merchandise handicap shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 5, with all professionals barred from taking part in prize or money events.

John Fleming.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 13.—The main event was the Elberon handicap, 15 live birds, $20 entrance;

Barker, 28	111010120
Daly, 30	202221211222212
Murphy, 28	121112121121122

Ten birds, $10 entrance:

Barker, 28	1221121212111112120
Daly, 30	2222122122222122222
Murphy, 28	112222222212111120
Patten, 27	222222222222222222

Daly and Patten divided.

HACKENSACK RIVER GUN CLUB.

Below are the scores of two events shot on H. R. G. C. grounds on Aug. 5. But few shooters put in an appearance, possibly on account of the warm weather. No. 1 was at 10 live birds; No. 2 at 5:

Event No. 1:

H Bahn	001*2*2212— 6	Wm Hexamer	100111*002— 5
F Hall	1122112211—10	J Chartrand	21*1221100— 7
L Stetzle	211010*220— 6		

Event No. 2:

Wm Hexamer	21112—5	J Chartrand	*0211—3
F Hall	*1101—3		

J. L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Dunellen, N. J., Aug. 13.—The events were shot after the Sergeant system of placing the traps. No sweeps of any importance were shot. Following are the scores:

Climax Gun Club.

Apgar	10111111111101111111111—23
Squier	10111111111111101111111110—22
Goodman	01111111010101111111010110—18
C Smith	10011111110001111111111000—17
Keller	11111111010110110100101011—17—97

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Anderson	11111101111111111111100101—21
Tingley	11111001111101101111111101—20
Jackson	11001100111101111110111111—19
Merrill	01001101100011111111101111—17
Hoey	10000111011011011010100011—14—91

Dunellen Gun Club.

Barron	10011011111110111011001111—18
Fletcher	10101101101101101111110111—18
Cramer	10011111111101101100111110 —18
Lindzey	11001110101101111100111111—18
Giles	11101100111010010101111110—16—88

Centredale Gun Club.

Centredale, R. I., Aug. 10.—We had the pleasure of having Jack Fanning, of California, with us at our special shoot yesterday. The day was a perfect one for shooting, and the score which Jack made, 98 out of 100, over the magautrap was the best score ever made in this State, and I think will stand so for a long time. There was a large crowd present to see the expert break targets, as Rhode Island is generally overlooked by most of the experts. Jack shot in fine time, and made a great many friends for Gold Dust powder. The rest of the shooting was away below the average, whether it was because Jack was present or not I don't know, but I suppose we all have off days, and this was surely an off day for all except Jack.

We were all glad to have him with us, as a more plesaant and agreeable person it would be hard to find. We are always glad to have shooters of his caliber with us, as it creates new interest in shooting.

We hope that he will soon visit us again, and all other experts, as the club stands ready to throw targets free as long as they want to shoot, because we think it makes new shooters, and that more than repays us for the targets:

Targets:	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Griffith	3	4	4	5	2	2	2	4	3	2	4	4	3	3	4	3	5	3	4	5
Fanning	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
Root	3	5	3	3	4	3	3	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	3	4	4	4
Swindells	3	3	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	3	2	3	5	3	1	4	3	1	3	2
Reiner	2	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	3	2	3	2	1	4	2	4	2	3	3	3
Phetteplace	3	4	4	2	4	3	4	3	4	3	3	3	5	3	3	3	3	3	1	4
Slade	2	2	1	5	4	3	3	4	3	4	2	2	2	1	2	2	1	4	4	2
Sherman	3	0	1	4	1	2	1	2	3	1	1	3	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	2

Extras:								
Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	50	10	10	Targets:	50	10	10	
Harris	27	7	..	Webster	..	4	..	
McCormick	24	4	..	Smith	..	6	..	
Francotte	33	8	..	Naylor	..	..	6	
Tanish	..	4	..	Sweet	..	..	4	

N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

Brockton Gun Club.

Brockton, Mass., Aug. 6.—The scores of the Brockton Gun Club, held to-day, are given below. The targets were thrown swiftly, but nevertheless Leroy broke 93 out of 100. Grant leads in the season's merchandise event; Worthing second, Allen third, Stork, Stanley and Barrett fourth, and close to the leaders. Leonard and Donaghue close to fourth. With three more shoots ahead, this order may be changed. Barrett was lucky in winning the watch charm after shooting off with Worthing. Next shoot Aug. 20.

Merchandise match, 25 targets, handicap:

Barrett	11111011111111111011101001	—20	—4—24
Leonard	11111111110111111100100000	—17	—9—25
Le Roy	11011111111011111111011111	—22	
Stanley	00111111111111011110011101	—19	—8—25
Grant	11011110110011001001011101	—16	—4—20
Worthing	01111111111001111110101111	—20	—3—23
Allen	10110110101111011100111001	—16	—5—21
Donoghue	10011111100100011101011111	16	—8—24

Watch charm, 25 targets, handicap:

Barrett	11111111111111101111011001	—21	—4—25
Le Roy	11111111111111111111101111	—24	
Worthing	11111111110111111101011111	—22	—3—25
Grant	10111101101111110111010101	—18	—4—22
Leonard	11011011111000011001100001	—14	—9—23
Allen	01011110111101101100111111	—18	—5—23

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1897-98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main street, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles street, Ottawa, Can.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

American Canoe Association.

Nineteenth Annual Meet.

Stave Island—St. Lawrence River.

Aug. 5-19.

For the third successive time in late years the American Canoe Association has camped among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the scene of many of the most successful of the early meets. As it has happened by mere chance, last year, with the meet held under the management of the Northern Division, with a Canadian commodore, the camp was held on Grindstone Island, just on the American side of the boundary. This year, with the Atlantic Division taking the meet in turn, and a commodore from New York, the camp site selected for various reasons is just on the Canadian side of the imaginary line through the channel of the St. Lawrence River.

It is quite possible that the A. C. A. has pitched its tents for the last time on old Grindstone, at least on the site endeared to the older men by so many recollections, as the entire northeast point has within the year been purchased by the State of New York for a park. Under what conditions the land will be open to the public is not yet known, but it is hardly probable that it will be available again to the A. C. A. At present it is guarded by big sign boards, "State Land."



THE POINT.

Though so close together, facing each other across a mile of water, Grindstone and Stave islands are very different, the latter being decidedly the more picturesque. The east slope of the big hill at Grindstone is an ideal camp ground for a comparatively large camp, beautifully leveled, with its broad outlook over Ell Bay, and sloping naturally and gradually to the pebbly beach. Its one defect, as proved by experience, is the lack of shade, there being no trees on it, though there is a fine grove adjoining on the north shore. Apart from the lack of shade, the disposition of the ground is such as could not be improved on for camping purposes.

At Stave Island the conditions are very different. The land is broken and rocky, and quite thickly wooded, less convenient for camping, but very much more picturesque. The shores are very irregular, jutting out in several rocky points with beautiful little bays between, instead of the long, straight line of beach at Grindstone. The ground adjacent to the water is much higher, some of the tents being 10 to 15ft. above the water, and yet very close to it. The ground is rough and rocky in places, and much more difficult to navigate after dark.

The outlook from the camp is quite different from that of Grindstone, it is more circumscribed, and in spite of the view to the west, over the many small islands, to the roofs and spires of Gananoque, there is nothing to compare with the magnificent panorama from old Grindstone Hill. The situation, however, has a special beauty of its own; just across from the camp, the passage being barely a hundred yards, is another island, McDonald, or Little Stave, making a beautiful picture, with its rocky points and the little Gananoque light on the edge of the channel between it and Stave. Going from the camp in any direction, one comes upon picturesque points and bays, and snug secluded nooks. For the lounging paddler, the artist and the photographer, Stave Island has many more charms than Grindstone Point. Within the camp the same characteristics are found, the appearance of the camp from a distance is far less striking than the many white tents and gay flags in full view at Grindstone; but each separate part of the camp, each charming in itself, is discovered in turn.

When Stave Island was first selected as an A. C. A. camp, nine years ago, one important consideration was the expense of a suitable wharf. It was decided to utilize the existing wharf, on the southwest side, and the entire camp was located with reference to this one consideration. The result was a large, straggling camp, with a long distance between the wharf and both the main and ladies' camps, the mess tent being in an inconvenient location. In returning to Stave Island this year, the officers had in mind the faults of the old camp, and decided on an entirely new arrangement. The old wharf was ignored, and a new one was built on the little bay just north of the old main camp, between it and the old ladies' camp. This bay, formed by two rocky points, is a pretty bit of water, and back of it is a little open space of level ground, between the two ridges of land which form the points. Here the headquarters is located, close to the wharf, with the semicircle of officers' tents, as usual, the camp-fire, etc. A very good camp store is located near the wharf, and a little back from the headquarters tents is the big mess tent, under the charge of Mr. McElveney, who has catered for the meets for the past three years. The meals, at the regular price of $1 per day, are very good indeed, and well served. Back of the main mess tent is the kitchen and the quarters for Mr. McElveney's staff.

This year, after several seasons of absence without leave, the official entertainer of the A. C. A., L. W. Seavey, is again present, with Mrs. and Miss Seavey. A big tent has been specially provided for him, and on Aug. 15 he will attempt a repetition of the circus of 1889, famous in A. C. A. annals. It is too much to expect that the great success of that year will be duplicated, as such an "aggregation" was never brought together before, and probably never will again be seen under canvas. Vaux is married and settled, and no longer seen at the meets. Warder is somewhere on the Pacific Coast, still busy in growing up with the country. Paul Butler has not kept up his practice in Roman chariot driving, and in fact none of the stars of the 1889 circus still illuminate the meets. At the same time Seavey is at work with all of his old-time energy and mystery, and it is not safe to say that the master mind that hatched a veritable sea serpent on a hill top on Willsborough Point, and fairly rivaled the professional display at Manhattan Beach with his impromptu storming of Sebastopol on Indian Bay, may not make a new record.

Near the mess tent is a tiny dark room, 4×5, built by Mr. A. A. Lewis, who secured such fine views of last year's meet. He is already at work about the camp, and his dark room is a great convenience to the amateurs.

In relocating the camp the officers moved the ladies' camp (Squaw Point) a little further to the north, immediately north of the ridge back of headquarters, in a pretty little bay. There is open ground in patches, and also plenty of shade, and the ground is quite high in places, some of the tents being well up from the water. This part of the camp is in every way superior to the old Squaw Point of Grindstone. The ladies' camp is well patronized this year, many members having their wives with them. It is probably larger in proportion to the main camp than ever before.

The main camp is practically on the same site as in 1889, just across the wooded ridge on the south of headquarters. The ground is very uneven and rocky, but what is lost in convenience is more than compensated for by the pleasant and picturesque aspect of the camp, the tents being scattered among the trees in irregular groups, instead of being ranged in regular lines on an open plateau, as at Jessop's Neck and Grindstone. Each plan has its advantages, and the choice is a mere matter of individual preference. For a very large camp the regular streets, with compact groups of tents each under its club burgee, is the more convenient and more sociable; but for a smaller number the other plan is as good, at the same time much less formal and conventional.

This meet promises to be about up to the average in point of numbers, a matter for general satisfaction, in view of the general experience in all lines of sport this year.

By the change of location it is possible to view the



THE CANOE CAMP AT STAVE ISLAND.

paddling and sailing courses from the point near headquarters, though at a greater distance than at Grindstone. The paddling course is marked by flags at quarter-mile intervals, running up the river with a finish off the point by the wharf. The sailing triangle is laid off out in the channel, where the wind should be truer than inside Ell Bay.

The camp is but four miles from Gananoque, easily reached by the little pioneer steamer Valeria, or by canoe. It is six or seven miles from Clayton, however, and more difficult of access, the only regular means being by the same steamer, making two trips per day, the early trip necessitating a wait of four hours after landing from the New York express. This was the only arrangement possible, however, and though the service is decidedly inferior to that of the A. C. A. launch of last year, it has the advantage of costing the Association nothing, as the steamer is a regular boat, and not under private charter by the Association. All the preliminary work of the committees has been well done this year, and every reasonable provision has been made for the comfort of members.

The camp opened on Friday, Aug. 5, Com. Dunnell, Secretary-Treasurer Schuyler, Mrs. Schuyler and quite a party coming up together. The weather for the first week was very fine, hot through the day, but with none of the humidity felt in New York, and very pleasant at night, the only rain being on one night. The Buffalo C. C. brought a good delegation, with its war canoe Quid Pro Quo, headed by Capt. Thorn. The New York C. C. has a party of eighteen in camp, including the wives of several members. Among the old members present are two from the first meet of 1880, Walter L. Palmer and W. P. Stephens; E. B. Edwards, the Seaveys, F. C. Moore, Com. Dunnell, Secretary-Treasurer Schuyler, H. C. Morse, P. F. Hogan, C. E. Archbold, H. H. Smythe, J. E. Plummer, Dr. Upham, L. B. Palmer, C. N. Towne, R. N. Cutler, J. N. MacKendrick. One of the many absentees is Thomas Hale, Jr., vice-commodore of the Atlantic Division, who resigned this spring, and is now in the naval militia, a quartermaster on the yacht Enquirer. The Mohican C. C. has but one representative, the Springfield and Vesper clubs, in fact nearly all the Eastern Division clubs are unrepresented, though Paul Butler and Mr. Appollonio are expected.

Mr. Archbold has Mab at camp for the main sailing races, but he will enter the record and other races in an open canoe. The New York C. C. has half a dozen of the old canoes, Toreador, Pioneer and others, with a new sailing canoe by Fry, of Clayton. These make up the bulk of the decked canoes.

The one prominent feature of this year's racing is the open canoe class, established by the revision of the rules last fall. While the racing machine has continued to ruin canoeing at a more rapid rate each year by the production of more extreme craft for the decked class and the trophy paddling, the number of open Canadian or "Peterborough" canoes has increased rapidly, many old canoeists from the States, who began their canoeing in the decked canoe with the double blade, finally settling down to the contented ownership of a true Canadian canoe, with a single blade as well as a double, even if not relying entirely on the former. For some time past there has been a growing inclination to race these service canoes, and last year, in addition to the paddling races, long open to them, a sailing race took place, the canoes carrying the conventional Canadian outfit, a single small sail and a pair of leeboards, with no rudder.

The Canadian canoe is one of the most useful boats ever known in America, an admirable instance of successful evolution. As built of recent years, she is strong, buoyant, seaworthy, easily propelled by a paddle, light enough for easy shore handling and portage, capable of carrying a crew of two or three with their duffle through a stiff rapid. With her proper sail and leeboards, and in skilful hands, she is fast under sail. The standard dimensions arrived at after long trials are about 16ft. over all, 30 to 31in. beam, 12in. least depth, 55lbs. weight, with ¼in. planking, or even a little thicker.

The object of including the open canoe in the racing rules was nominally to encourage the racing of legitimate service canoes such as were found at every meet, but unfortunately it was carried out in the almost universal manner. It was proposed to place the official limits of the rules at the points indicated by actual practice and existing boats, but when the amendment came up for action this proved to be impossible. In the important matter of weight the limit was cut from 55lbs., the standard of good practice in producing a serviceable and durable boat, to 50lbs., a low figure, and then a further fight was made successfully by the racing interests until it was provided that a deficiency of weight to an amount not exceeding 5lbs. might be made up by ballast. This in practice substituted a 45lb. machine for a 55lb. canoe.

In the same way the proposed minimum limit of depth, 12in., was opposed and killed after a long fight in the interest of the racing machine. A minimum depth of 12in., or even the 11in. offered as a compromise, means that the boat can carry a large load at times, and a reasonable load under all conditions in safety; while with 10in. side an open canoe must be far from safe. The latter limit, however, was more to the liking of the few who prefer racing to all-round work, and had to be accepted at the meeting. The limit of sail is a special provision relating to open canoes outside the general rules of the Association, which apply to decked and open canoes together. It was placed at a rather low figure, 40ft., as the ordinary Canadian canoe will easily carry 50sq.ft.

The result of the new rules is seen in the new canoes specially built to them and brought to the meet in goodly number, the English Canoe Company having had thirty orders this year for this model. The dimensions are 16ft. over all and 29½in. beam; the minimum, including ½in. margin each way from the standard beam of 30in., is allowed for slight variation from exact size. The paddling qualities are first considered, so the conventional Canadian model, with rockered keel, rounded ends below water, graceful sweep of bow and stern, and flat floor amidships, has been entirely abandoned. In the new canoes the keel is practically straight from end to end, with the least possible rocker and a full right angle and square corner where the keel joins the straight and vertical stem and stern. Such a canoe is fit only for a straightaway race course, and would be worse than useless in a rapid.

The bottom shows considerable deadrise, a very poor section for real use, but the thing for paddling, and at the same time all that is needed to carry but 40sq.ft. of sail. The freeboard has been cut down about to the 10in. limit, and the construction has been cut to 45lbs., at the expense of necessary strength.

In August, 1881, we watched from the camp on Lorna Island a fleet of three open canoes, each with two men, as they came up Lake George through a heavy sea, loaded with the duffle necessary for the long cruise through the Richelieu and Lake Champalin. After helping them to land, and with Bishop, Longworth and other of the then going A. C. A. men, we had the pleasure of meeting for the first time the representatives of Canada, E. B. Edwards and George Roger, J. L. and H. C. Rogers, and Mr. Beck and a friend, all of Peterborough. The canoes then came in for their share of attention, being radically different from the decked Rob Roys and larger models then used in the States. Messrs. Edwards and Roger had a typical Canadian canoe, built on the transverse rib system invented by Stephenson, she was named Verena and was then one year old. This canoe has since been seen at many meets, and she is now on the beach at Stave Island with the new racing machines. She has been in regular use ever since, for paddling, cruising, hunting and fishing, and she shows marks of both hard service and good care, as every canoe should. To all appearances, in spite of small repairs here and there, she is as good as ever, and quite fit for another eighteen years. Her planking is almost 5-16in., and she weighs about 55lbs.

The new canoes will probably last a couple of seasons, with good care, and before they are worn out they will be outbuilt by some new evasion of the letter as well as the spirit of the rules. As for the honest service canoes at the present camp, the chances are that they will have but a small show for the prizes. For the present at least, however, the new class will tend to revive the racing, though no permanent good can result from it.

The regatta committee decided this year to hold the less important races during the first week, and on Wednesday afternoon Event No. 23, ladies' tandem paddling, was called at 2:30, with two canoes, one manned by Miss Montizembert and Miss Wattles, the other by Mrs. Plummer and Miss Sands. The former won by about three lengths. Following this came a ladies' single race, Miss Montizembert defeating Mrs. Plummer. In the evening a dance was given in the mess tent, the music provided by a band from Gananoque. The camp turned out in full numbers, and the evening passed very pleasantly. An illumination of the fleet was planned for Thursday night, and a review for Saturday afternoon; while the circus was set for Monday night. The location offers every temptation for short cruises, and the attempt will be made to hold several. On Wednesday one was announced under the leadership of Mr. Edwards, but few responded. The annual meeting of the Atlantic Division was set for Saturday night, as well as the meeting of the executive committee.

W. P. Stephens.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



THE CANOE CAMP AT STAVE ISLAND.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

19. Kingston, open, Kingston, Mass.
20. Huguenot, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Park City, annual, Long Island Sound.
20. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Woods Holl, championship, West Falmouth.
20. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
20. Burgess, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Royal Canadian, 27, 22 and skiff classes, Toronto.
20. Baltimore, McAllister cup, Chesapeake Bay.
21. Winthrop, cruise, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Quincy, challenge cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
22. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
22-26. Seawanhaka-Phila. Cor., knockabout interclub match, Oyster Bay.
23. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
26. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
27. Beverly, club meeting and informal race, Buzzard's Bay.
27. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto.
27. Huntington, annual, Long Island Sound.
27. Douglaston, special, Long Island Sound.
27. Cor. Marblehead, third championship, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Woods Holl, open, West Falmouth.
27. Shelter Island, special, Gardiner's Bay.
27. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
27. American, cruise to Squam.
27-28. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma.
27. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Jamaica Bay.
27. Baltimore, Withers cup, Chesapeake Bay.
29. New Jersey Ath., club, Newark Bay.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
31. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport, Mass.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

Sag Harbor Y. C.

SAG HARBOR, Long Island, Aug. 6.—Open race, with twenty-six entries. Wind brisk; course twenty miles. Summary:

		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mascott	2 06 25	5 58 34	3 51 58	3 41 20
Sito	2 06 25	5 51 34	3 51 58	3 41 20
Neuzava	2 06 00	5 57 31	3 57 31	3 33 25
Hoodo	2 06 45	5 25 52	2 23 07	. .. ..
Turene	2 05 00	5 42 54	3 37 54	3 32 06
Bantam	2 06 57	Withdrew.		
Poco	2 06 10	Withdrew.		
Sloops.				
Curlew	2 13 23		4 39 25	2 26 02
Wawa	2 13 23		4 40 45	2 27 22
Maria	2 12 52		5 03 26	2 05 34
Surprise	2 12 29		5 07 10	2 54 41
Atlantis	2 14 00		4 22 35	2 28 35
Quid	2 13 31		4 47 40	2 34 09
Glide	2 13 24		Withdrew.	
Sharpies.				
Lotus	2 16 10		4 46 17	2 29 57
Hogonock	2 16 41		5 15 28	2 58 47
Florida	2 16 46		Withdrew.	
Spook	2 17 08		Withdrew.	

Cabin Cats—Course 5 Miles, three times around.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Regina	2 09 55	5 32 07	3 22 12	. .. ..
Cuidao	2 09 00	5 29 45	3 20 45	. .. ..
Æolus	2 10 07	5 27 40	3 17 33	3 11 41
Uarda	2 09 37	5 28 11	3 18 34	3 09 46
Fleetwing	2 10 27	Withdrew.		
*Winifred	2 11 00	Withdrew.		
*Curlew	2 11 00	Withdrew.		
*Snap Shot	2 11 00	Withdrew.		

* Failed to cross line at start within the proper time.

Sito carried away head stay. Started anew. Sito first prize, Turene second prize.

Wawa, first; Atlantis, second.

The Robinson Cup.

EAST MORICHES, Aug. 13.—First annual race for the Robinson cup. It was strictly a Corinthian event. The course was four times over a two-mile-and-a-half course to windward and return. The Little Hazel was sailed by Miss Lillian Vanderbilt. The starters were: Watchogue, D. E. Austin, Brooklyn; Fides, Morris B. Meade, South Orange; Pawnee, George W. Owens, Brooklyn; Sybil, Walter Gibbs, Brooklyn; Yankee, Harry B. Growtage, Brooklyn, and Little Hazel, Miss Lillian Vanderbilt, Montclair.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Watchogue	4 50 00	1 19 00	1 15 20
Fides	4 46 15	1 16 45	1 13 40
Pawnee	4 45 25	1 17 03	1 17 03
Sybil	4 39 25	1 09 05	1 08 40
Yankee	4 43 20	1 14 08	1 11 58
Little Hazel	4 50 25	1 19 26	1 15 31

The Oshkosh Regatta.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 10.—All students of the history of the early West know that the Northern Fox River was the outlet from Lake Michigan for the west bound boating travel of the fur trade in the first quarter of this century. The early fathers knew well the trail running from the Great Waters up the Fox to the Grand Portage, which was to be crossed before the broad stream of the Wisconsin was reached, which latter carried the canoes to the Mississippi. All the fur traders of the West knew also the great shallow expanse of the Fox River, a body of water thirty-two miles long by an average of ten miles in width, about which the Winnebagoes dwelt and which bore their tribe name. This lake lay between the interior and the open waters of the big lake, and itself, upon occasion, could be tempestuous and rude. It was a great sporting region for the white and red men, and the fur traders were soon upon the ground with a little trading post, which was established at the mouth of the river. In the year of 1836 two families moved over from the Green Bay and began the first regular white settlement on Winnebago Lake, which was then called the "Town of Winnebago." In 1852 the name was changed to that of the chief of the Menominees, Oshkosh, and that name has been retained.

In the year of 1898 the city of Oshkosh has some 35,000 souls, and is a busy community of large business and manufacturing interests. The country round about still retains relatively its resources as a sporting region for fishing, shooting of wildfowl, and naturally for sailing. To-day, as in 1832, the majority of the inhabitants are sportsmen, interested in things out of doors. A better "sporting town," as the expression goes, it would be difficult to find. It is history to be remembered that every sporting enterprise of the city of Oshkosh has been well attended, squarely conducted and well praised by all the visitors. The men of Oshkosh are noblemen in their methods.

So much for preface, and to ground the fact that Lake Winnebago is perhaps the best of our Western inland sailing waters, big enough for steady winds and rough seas, but wide enough so that the visitor has an even chance in a sailing race with the local man, in that he need not study shore breezes and landmarks, but may hold to the open and win if he can sail.

In older times, before the pinch of hard times in the present decade, a considerable sailing interest sprang up on this water, and the cities of Oshkosh and Neenah, only fourteen miles away, had busy little fleets. Then came a decline in the sport, which also seemed to affect many of our other lakes. Yachting in Milwaukee, in Chicago, at the resort lakes of lower Wisconsin, had a setback from which it seemed slow to recover. Last year there was a decided revival, especially in the smaller classes, and many new boats came into Lake Winnebago, as well as to Oconomowoc Lake and other lakes of the Waukesha chain, much frequented by well-to-do Chicago and Milwaukee citizens during the summer season. Many Chicago yachts went into commission this summer. At Milwaukee in July a regatta was held during the Carnival week, bringing together a fleet such as has not been seen before in our waters, unheralded as they are. This week there is a big regatta for the big boats at Green Bay. Last week a very interesting race was sailed from Chicago to Mackinaw by the best of the big boats of the Chicago fleet. And all this time, even during the slump in Wisconsin and Chicago yachting, the men of White Bear and Minnetonka lakes, the wonderful little inland seas about the twin cities of Minnesota, have been going right along, building good boats, and each year designing better ones. Dr. Welch, the crack amateur designer of St. Paul; Peterson, of Minnetonka; Gus Amundson, etc., became names as well known on Winnebago and Lac La Belle as at their own homes in Minnesota. The sailormen of Wisconsin looked west and they looked east for good boats, but last year, and this year still more, they decided to have the best boats they could buy, and they resolved to sail. There was a distinct revival in small yacht sailing in this part of the country. A very good interest exists now, and it is apt to become still stronger. When one adds to the above data such facts as the forty odd boats which sail in the Fox Lake, Ill., Y. C. races, and also keeps in mind the goodly contingent of handy ones of Pistakee Y. C., near by to Fox Lake, and does not forget the twenty odd little ones of the Saddle and Cycle Club, which sail off the north division of Chicago, it surely seems that this part of the West may this season claim some station as a boating precinct.

History of the Green Lake Cup.

Last year the Green Lake Y. C., of Green Lake, Wis., put up in competition a handsome challenge cup for 21-footers, open to any organized inland lake yacht club. A good little regatta was the result, in which there were entered W. H. Dupee's Windy Watson, from Oconomowoc; Hypatia, of Green Lake; Corona, of Neenah (designed by Dr. Welch, of St. Paul, twice winner of the Felker cup on Lake Winnebago); El Capitan, winner in Delavan Lake season races, and Elk, at that time owned in Oshkosh. Elk was yet another boat designed by Dr. Welch, and such was the confidence of the Oshkosh men in his ability that some of them purchased Elk and brought her direct to Green Lake, securing Dr. Welch to sail her, for the first Green Lake cup regatta. The result is known. Elk won handily, and was hailed at Oshkosh as the last best thing. Thus the Green Lake men lost their cup the first time they put it up, it being taken to Lake Winnebago. Naturally they resolved to go after it the next year.

On Oconomowoc.

Meantime on the busy waters of the Oconomowoc lakes many things were brewing in a nautical way. The boats of the preceding season were found not good enough. Mr. Wm. Hale Thompson and Mr. W. H. Dupee both ordered boats built by Amundson, out in Minnesota. These boats were sister boats, but Mr. Thompson, who sailed her many times, said he thought his boat, Avis, was hardly so fast as Mr. Dupee's Ariel. Yet Avis proved fast enough to win five times in six starts, and incidentally annexed the Pabst cup, offered for best yacht in Waukesha county races, she defeating Arab, of Pine Lake, owned by Mr. Nunnemacher, of Milwaukee. It was rumored about that Avis would prove a hard one to beat this summer.

On Winnebago Again.

Up on Winnebago, where the victorious Elk had landed the first of the Interlake trophies for that section, matters were not allowed to rest. Mr. Gates had a desire to clean up the fleet, and he sent East for the Weymouth wonder, Gleaner, that had won, it is stated, forty-eight races out of fifty-five starts. On fresh water her lines were discovered to be changed, and no amount of lightening and altering of rigging would make her do, the other boats at least finding it not difficult to take her measure in the weekly bouts. Wasp, a Western boat, once of the first flight, now turned out dead by comparison, and Tarpon, owned at Neenah, was thought much better. Kathleen, a Dyer boat, of Minnetonka, and also owned at Neenah, was still a hopeful quantity. The Oshkosh men pinned their faith this year to Iota, Dr. Welch's last contribution to their fleet, owned by Phil Sawyer, of Oshkosh.

The Oshkosh Invitation.

This was the situation of affairs, roughly speaking, among the inland lakes hereabouts at the time of the Oshkosh invitation to come to Lake Winnebago for a big regatta, Aug. 6 and following, sailing for the Green Lake cup, the Felker cup (the older trophy, put up some years ago by Com. Felker, of Oshkosh), and the Oshkosh trophy cup, offered by Oshkosh Y. C. The club made its plans with accustomed energy and care, and the result was that in all eleven boats were entered, Elk, Iota, Gleaner and Wasp, of Oshkosh Y. C.; Avis, of Oconomowoc Y. C.; Tarpon and Kathleen, of Neenah Y. C.; Pistakee, flag boat of Pistakee Y. C., Pistakee Lake, Ill.; Cuttysark, Milwaukee Y. C.; Pleasant Point, Green Lake Y. C.; Gadfly, Fox Lake Y. C., Fox Lake, Ill. No boat came on from White Bear or Minnetonka. Now, at the conclusion of the regatta, it is in one's power to say that the whole affair was a very fortunate one, happily concluded in every respect. The visitors cannot speak highly enough of their hosts of Oshkosh, and although the Oshkosh men will have to follow one of their cups to a foreign water, and admit an alien boat next year to their own waters with the competition for another cup, and lose still a third cup to the same rival, they are too plucky to make any bemoanings, or to stop at this state of the proceedings. We may expect a new boat at Oshkosh next year, and at the big final Interlake regatta at White Bear, the close of this month, it is at least possible that Iota will again be on hand to try conclusions with the rival club which this week sent out the victor.

The Type.

Progress in these 20-footers in this part of the world has been a progress in ugliness. First one man and then the next has gained nerve enough to make his boat a little homelier than the last one, and the result has been an apparently absurd boat, which is the most deceiving object ever was. More and more shovel-nosed one after the other, the model has been evolved until in boats like Iota and Avis the lines are those of a shingle with one end rounded. Such a boat would not at first seem suited for heavy weather, yet they are found to pound less than the models of two years ago. They gain much waterline with rail under, do fairly well to windward, foot fast with wind abeam, and are lovely running free. This was the opinion after seeing the boats most ultra of all these gradually changing models, Iota and Avis, take practically all the competition into their own hands. Never were two sourer looking hulls that sailed any sweeter than they.

First Day, Aug. 6, Green Lake Cup—First Heat.

For the first heat of the Green Lake cup there were five starters, and they crossed the line in the following order: Iota, Pleasant Point, Gadfly, Avis, and Pistakee. Iota held her lead well on the windward leg, but within five minutes the hopes of the Oshkosh men fell as they saw her drifting helpless. Her stick had snapped short off, and all she could do was to wait for a tow. Gadfly was in little better luck. Her board had struck a reef so that she was wrenched and leaking, and after completing the six knots' triangle course for the first time she withdrew. Pleasant Point made it out badly, and finished so late she was not timed. Commodore Henry Hertz, of Pistakee Y. C., sent his boat around pluckily for the full course, but it was clearly all Avis, which won by 13m. 30s. over her only competitor.

The judges were: Com. H. L. Hertz, W. H. Dupee, E. Rosing, C. A. Barnum, L. M. Mann; starter, A. B. Hooper; timer, G. M. Hasbrouck.

Capt. L. M. Mann, U. S. Engineers, is the officer in charge of the Government navigation improvements on the Fox River, and is an ardent sailorman. He was appointed chairman of the judges, and his accuracy kept all things in order. Thoroughly acquainted with all the soundings of this lake, it was he who laid out the course. The excellent synopsis of the races which FOREST AND STREAM is able to give were prepared by Capt. Mann for the records, and very much credit should be given him for his able aid at all stages of the details in the judges' work. He received the best of assistance from his associates. Following is the record:

For the Green Lake Y. C. challenge cup; best two of three heats.

Cup subject to challenge from any organized inland lake yacht club in good standing. One entry only from each club. First two races open to all challengers. The third race open to the winners of the two previous races only.

Measurement formula: L.W.L., plus square root of sail area divided by two equals racing length.

Yachts shall not exceed 20ft. racing length.

Rules of Green Lake Y. C. for challenge cup contest to govern.

Official start, 2:30:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Iota	2 30 14	. .. ..
Pistakee	2 30 16	2 43 20
Gadfly	2 30 20	. .. ..

Avis	2 30 50	2 29 50
Pleasant Point	2 30 55	. .. ..

First Round.

First Leg.—2:30, start; wind S. by E. strong. 2:35, Iota broke spar. 2:40, wind S. by E. strong. 2:45, port tack; Pistakee, Avis, Gadfly. 2:46, port tack; Pleasant Point. 2:47, starboard tack; Pistakee. 2:52, starboard tack, Avis; 2:53, starboard tack; Pleasant Point. 2:54, in stays; Gadfly. 2:57, port tack; Avis, Pistakee.

Second Leg.—3:02:30, Avis jibed. 3:06, broke out spinaker; Pleasant Point. 3:07, broke out spinaker, Pistakee. 3:09, wind S.W. by S., strong.

Third Leg.—3:23, wind S.W. strong.

Second Round.

First Leg.—3:55, wind S. by W. ¼ W., very fresh. 3:45, starboard tack; Avis. 3:58, port tack; Gadfly and Pleasant Point. 4:00, shook out reef; Avis. 4:03, starboard tack; Gadfly and Pleasant Point. 4:04, port tack; Gadfly and Avis. 4:05, Gadfly out of race, disabled. 4:07, starboard tack; Avis. 4:13, port tack;, Pistakee. 4:14, starboard tack; Pistakee.

Second Leg.—4:18, broke out spinaker; Avis. 4:22, broke out spinaker; Pistakee. 4:26, broke out spinaker; Pleasant Point. 4:23, light wind, S. by W. ¼ W. 4:35, very light, S. by W. 4:30, Pistakee took in baby jib and put up working jib.

Third Leg.—4:39, fresh wind, S.S.W.

Second Day, Aug. 8, Green Lake Cup—Second Heat.

Avis and Iota met again, Iota having gotten on a new mast from Racine, but Iota could not foot it with the Oconomowoc wonder, which was sailed by Skipper W. G. Thompson in superior fashion. Pleasant Point but faintly upheld the Green Lake banner, and Gadfly, rigged with lofty canvas for the land breezes of Fox Lake, proved too top-heavy for the more open and heavy water. Iota was thought not to have been sailed for all there was in her, and her admirers still insisted that she could show the visitor a clean pair of heels if the wind proved stiff and there ensued no more hard luck. Pistakee was well sailed, but was in too warm company for this year's standards in her class.

The boats got away in the following order: Iota, Avis, Pistakee, Pleasant Point, and Gadfly. They were ordered to sail the free leg first, beating on the home stretch. Iota, therefore, at an early stage of the race sought to avail herself of her big spinaker, in order to draw still further ahead of her nearest rival, Avis. Iota's crew had serious trouble with the spinaker, which ballooned and swung to leeward, making an ugly hamper, which caused delay. Avis passed her, and was never again headed by any of the fleet. Running home on the first round, Iota lost in the windward work, being now 2m. behind Avis. Rounding for the second attempt at the free leg, Iota again tried the spinaker, and edged up a bit on Avis, which was content with jib. Iota now sought to take advantage of a local knowledge of air currents, and hunted for a stiffer wind, which was expected off the mouth of the river. The wind shifted on her again, and the move lost her all hope of the race, and she finished last, about 20m. behind the winner. Pleasant Point withdrew at the beginning of the third leg, second round.

The judges were: Com. Hertz, E. Rosing, W. H. Dupee, B. B. Felix, and Capt. L. M. Mann.

Avis won the Green Lake cup, two straight heats.

The record follows:

Official start, 2:32:30.

	Start.	Elapsed.
Iota	2 32 51	2 48 37
Pistakee	2 33 04	2 33 29
Avis	2 32 57	2 29 40
Pleasant Point	2 33 30	. .. ..
Gadfly	2 33 14	2 43 59

First Round.

First Leg.—2:32, wind N.W. by W., fresh; at start, broke out spinakers, Iota, Gadfly and Pistakee. 2:33, broke out spinaker; Pleasant Point. 2:45, Avis passes Iota to windward; Iota's spinaker becomes unmanageable; swings to leeward in water and is taken in. 2:46, Pistakee takes in spinaker; wind hauled to after port quarter; Pleasant Point distanced at first buoy. 2:49, wind S.W., fresh.

Second Leg.—3:00, wind S.W., fresh.

Third Leg.—3:10, wind N.W., fresh. 3:20, N.W. by W. 3:37, due W. 3:14, Pistakee port tack. 3:22, Avis starboard. 3:24, Avis port. 3:25:30, Iota starboard. 3:28:30, Avis starboard. 3:29, Gadfly starboard. 3:32, Avis port. 3:35:30, Avis starboard. 3:36:30, Iota starboard. 3:38, Avis port. 3:40, Iota port.

Second Round.

First Leg.—3:45, wind N.W., fresh. 3:42, broke out spinaker, Iota and Pistakee. 3:45, broke out spinaker, Gadfly and Pleasant Point. 3:55, took in spinaker, Pistakee and Iota.

Second Leg.—4:04, wind N.E. by E. 4:15, W. by N., light. 4:08, Iota broke spinaker, and 4:15 taken in. 4:11, Pistakee broke spinaker, and 4:17 taken in.

Third Leg.—4:35, wind N. by W., fresh. 5:00, N., light. 4:22:30, Avis on port tack. 4:25, Avis starboard. 4:29, Iota starboard. 4:30, Pleasant Point gave up. 4:35, Pistakee port. 4:36, Iota port; Pistakee starboard. 4:37, Iota port. 4:44:30, Avis port. 4:45, Iota starboard. 4:45, Gadfly port. 4:47:30, Avis starboard. 4:48:30, Avis port. 4:50, Avis starboard. 4:50, Pistakee port; Iota port. 4:53, Pistakee starboard. 4:46, Avis port. 5:01:30, Avis starboard.

Course from home buoy to buoy No. 3, E. by N., leaving all buoys to starboard.

Third Day, Aug. 9, Felker Cup Race.

The extraordinarily favorable weather continued, and as upon the previous day a large crowd attended, so that the course was crowded with many large and small pleasure craft. The local interest in the Felker cup is enthusiastic, and many Oshkosh men hoped against hope that the crack local boat, Iota, would justify the confidence placed in her, and have better luck in her handling. Her crew very well fulfilled this hope, and brought the boat to the front in form surprising after the performance of the preceding day, a fact attributable in part to an increased sail area, a larger mainsail having been secured and fitted. As she sailed to-day, Iota was apparently a sure winner, having Avis well in hand, but again fatality was against her, and she lost a fatal two minutes, disabled, and finished second by the narrow margin of 26s. Avis therefore added another and much prized trophy to her collection. Tarpon III. was well sailed, and kept up interest in her performance to the last, the racing having additional interest to the spectators through the fact that the start was by handicap, so that the finish showed the boats in their corrected relative positions.

Eight boats strated: Elk, Skipper H. L. Battis; Gleaner, Skipper Jas. Jones; Wasp, Skipper Fred Luhm; Iota, Skipper Wm. Love; Tarpon, Owner-Skipper Fred Shattuck; Kathleen, Skipper Wm. Davis; Avis, Owner-Skipper Wm. Hale Thompson; Pistakee, Skipper Nick Morris. The start was by three assembly guns, two preparatory guns, one gun to start. Iota, Avis and Pistakee were given orders to start on the same handicap, and at the gun their bunch crossed the line in the order as written, Avis to windward of Iota, which she almost at once passed, the crew of Iota taking off their caps as Avis drew by. Mr. Thompson followed his earlier tactics without variation, having learned exactly what his boat would best do, and having a plan from which he did not depart. He eased off and went freer than any boat of the fleet, dropping so far to leeward that many openly condemned his seamanship. Iota stood up more closely and held on further, showing in the lead at the first buoy. Avis reached for this buoy with her starboard tack, but to come about with a short kick to round it, Iota being first off, with everything drawing, on the second leg of the course. Either Avis or Iota turns like a wheelbarrow, and Avis wore almost under Iota's stern at the buoy.

Meanwhile Pistakee was standing off stiff as a meeting house, far to windward, and a very pretty battle was going on between Tarpon, Gleaner and Kathleen, which were going neck and neck under a stiff wind. Elk, disabled twice on the first leg, was far behind, and Wasp, delayed by a broken bobstay, was out of it.

With wind abeam, Iota seemed to outfoot the Oconomowoc boat to the second buoy. Both boats jibed. Iota again tried the risky spinaker, this time with greater success. Avis contented herself with balloon jib, and at one time closed up the gap on Iota when the latter had a bit of trouble with the spinaker boom, which did not break out fully at the top, though Iota managed to pack her canvas and gained down the free leg, her spinaker finally drawing full. Kathleen declined to jibe. Tarpon was now leading her immediate rivals, Gleaner and Kathleen, all three of these boats using spinaker. A duel between Kathleen and Gleaner now followed, and Gleaner drew ahead decisively. Wasp was now disabled and withdrew. Pistakee could not be called anything but game, and her heavyweight crew kept her pounding on the course. Pistakee bent on a storm jib, far back on the home leg, at about the time Iota was taking in spinaker to round the home stake.

At the end of the first round Iota had gained 1m. 3s. on Avis, and excitement ran high, for she was thought now on the way to retrieve some of the local prestige. Iota held her own apparently, or, so far as could be told from the judges' boat, was still gaining on Avis, when she once more met ill luck, and was disabled in the course right at the end when she seemed sure to win. The lacings of her jib tore out, and she ran up into the wind helpless, losing what was variously estimated at two to three minutes of time. Skipper Thompson, of Avis, upon the other hand, declares that at the time of the accident Avis was pulling up on Iota. He further adds that on the second leg, with wind abeam, when Iota again gained on Avis, he was himself busy bailing, in order that he might not go into the home stretch with water tumbling down into his bows, which he knew would be fatal to his best chances. Being a heavyweight, his weight to leeward in the boat would prevent her from footing her best. At any rate, Iota, after hasty repairs, began to crawl up again on Avis, and her game fight brought out much applause. She gained 1m. 27s. on the second leg, and the boats jibed with only 1m. 11s. between them at the beginning of the run home. Meantime, so distinct was the difference between these boats and those of earlier models, the best of the others of the fleet were just rounding the second buoy. Tarpon and Kathleen shrewdly tacked to starboard, standing out into the open and getting a stiffer breeze. Gleaner, well sailed, still led Kathleen. Elk now began to show a greater interest in affairs, and appeared forging up a bit.

On the run home Iota again tried the spinaker, and it showed a certain gain over the little balloon jib of Avis. It was thought that Iota would win, as she walked in so rapidly on her rival. Again Avis eased off and ran so far to leeward that her case seemed hopeless, the fact being that her skipper could not see the home flag, and had miscalculated his course. Amid great excitement Iota held on for a close shave of the home stake, and cheers greeted her as the foregone winner. All at once Avis came sharply over and rushed straight for the line, with everything drawing, wind abeam. She too laid a course which would bring within touching distance of the stake, and as the two boats converged on their courses a collision seemed certain. Yet Avis crossed just 26s. ahead of Iota. Both boats had been admirably handled, and they had given a grand exhibition, and both were cheered to the echo.

At the finish of Avis and Iota, the five other boats of the fleet showed all rounded into the home reach, and all in line, winged, a very beautiful sight. Tarpon was well in advance, fairly losing Pistakee, which had at first given her concern. Pistakee next, and then Gleaner, still leading Kathleen after a near thing for six knots. Some distance back came Elk, last, and a bad last, in this meeting of the boats of this year, whereas she was a cup winner last year.

Crew of Avis was as follows: Wm. Hale Thompson, owner and skipper; Percival Thompson, sheet; Gale Thompson, jib; Walter H. Dupee, stays. The record follows:

Felker challenge cup race. One heat.

Cup may be competed for by all yachts owned by organized yacht clubs in the United States, or by any person a citizen of the United States who shall be a member in good standing in any such club.

Yacht eligible must come within the classification of the rules of the Oshkosh Y. C., known and denominated under such rules as yachts of the first class.

Rules of the Oshkosh Y. C. to govern.

First class shall consist of all the yachts not under 22ft. and not over 26ft. racing length.

Measurement formula: L.W.L., plus one-third overhang, plus square root of sail area divided by two, equals racing length.

Time allowance shall be determined according to the Herreshoff table.

	Official start.	Actual start.	Elapsed.
Elk, 14	2 35 57	2 35 18	2 11 12
Gleaner, 0	2 36 04	2 35 12	2 05 48
Wasp, 9	2 35 37	2 40 27	. .. ..
Iota, 12	2 31 00	2 31 18	*1 55 10
Tarpon, 7	2 35 57	2 35 35	1 59 23
Kathleen, 22	2 35 18.	2 35 42	2 07 27
Avis, 10	2 31 00	2 31 22	1 54 44
Pistakee, 3	2 31 00	2 31 24	2 09 56

* Subtract 2m, 15s. from elapsed time of Iota on account of mistake in measurement.

First Round.

First Leg.—2:36, Elk disabled; started 2:38:30. 2:40, Elk disabled; started 2:41. 2:50, Avis on starboard tack. 2:51, Iota on starboard tack. 2:53, Pistakee on starboard tack. 2:54, Avis port tack. 2:56:30, Pistakee port tack. 2:58, Kathleen starboard tack. 2:59, Gleaner and Tarpon starboard tack. 3:03, Elk starboard tack; wind E.S.E. strong.

Second Leg.—Wind E. by S. strong.

Third Leg.—3:12, spinaker on Avis. 3:18, spinaker Iota. 3:20, spinakers on Gleaner, Tarpon and Kathleen. 3:25, Iota took in spinaker. 3:27, Pistakee bent on storm jib. 3:28, Wasp disabled and out of race. Wind S.E. by E., strong.

L. M. Mann, E. H. Van Ostrand and Com. Hertz acted as judges.

Second Round.

First Leg.—Wind S.E. by E., strong. 3:44, Tarpon on starboard tack. 3:44:45, Iota disabled. 3:46:30, Avis on starboard tack. 3:49, Iota on starboard tack. 4:00, Tarpon on starboard tack. 4:03, Kathleen on starboard tack. 4:03, Elk on starboard tack.

Second Leg.—Wind S.E. by E., strong.

Third Leg.—Wind S.E. by E., strong. 4:10, Iota set spinaker. 4:15, Avis set spinaker.

Judges, L. M. Mann, chairman.

Fourth Day, Aug. 10, the Oshkosh Trophy Cup.

There still remained, as a local sailorman put it, one more cup for Avis to win. The Oshkosh trophy cup contest was the last race of the regatta week for Oshkosh. The weather for the first time turned unfavorable. Rain fell in the morning, and the air was still. Afternoon the prospect was still lowering, but the wind grew fresh, then strong, kicking up plenty of sea. All the boats that had entered in the Felker cup appeared to sail for the Oshkosh trophy, with the addition of Cuttysark, of Milwaukee, owned by Mr. McGregor, of Milwaukee Y. C. This boat is a past number, as things go now, being three years old. Commodore Coleman, of Milwaukee Y. C., resurrected her and brought her over with the sportsmanlike purpose of helping on the fun. She was sailed by Cyrus Williams, Commodore Coleman second in immediate command. Cuttysark was not a very dangerous quantity at any time, but her crew were popular men at the regatta.

It was a reefing breeze at 1 P. M., and white caps were rolling. Cuttysark reefed, Wasp reefed, Tarpon reefed. Avis refused to take in anything. Iota bent on a storm jib. They were sent off with flying start today, and crossed the line in the following order: Gleaner, Avis, Kathleen, Tarpon, Pistakee, Wasp, Cuttysark, Iota and Elk.

In the run to the first buoy Avis early showed ahead, following her old game of running well eased and dropping far to leeward of all the others. Tarpon made good weather of it, and led the procession back of Avis, and was thought to be sure to round the first buoy ahead of the Oconomowoc boat. Mr. Thompson stood calmly on. Tarpon made a good push for the place at this turn, the situation between Tarpon and Avis here being the same as that between Avis and Iota at the finish in the Felker cup. Avis used identical tactics, jumping into starboard tack and seeming fair to run Tarpon down as they converged. Avis crossed the bows of the judges' boat near by and made a fine spectacle, the crew all out and lying like spiders along the rail. Her speed carried her by Tarpon's bows with a wider gap than at first seemed likely, and with a short port tack she drew ahead of Tarpon and rounded ahead, with 31s. to spare, Tarpon next, Iota third. Meantime Pistakee had at once after the start gone on starboard tack to get clear of the crowd, but now showed well up with the rest, Wasp and Cuttysark far behind, the little Cuttysark making very bad weather of it.

On the second leg Avis increased her lead, and a duel between Tarpon and Iota attracted attention. Iota drew up and passed Tarpon to windward, outfooting her thence on. Gleaner now drew on and challenged Elk. Pistakee showed rough weather, but her crew had orders to sail her or sink her. At the third buoy Iota and Avis both jibed. Iota and Tarpon broke out spinakers, Avis holding on with mainsail and jib as first set. Tarpon challenged Iota gamely, and both with their big canvas and the stiff wind drew up on Avis. Next came Kathleen, Elk, Gleaner, Pistakee. Kathleen and Gleaner both broke out spinakers, the great canvas of the latter boat making a grand show as she started down the free leg. Pistakee also used spinaker, and Elk, trying also to use this trying sail, fell into evil ways and ran up into the wind disabled for a few moments. Gleaner now decided she could carry more mainsail, and sent out a man to shake out her reef. At this moment her great spinaker got the wind under it and bellied up and over to windward, her boom going under and her two men, who were busy with the reefs, being swept off into the water. The men had a lively scramble, but were hauled aboard, one having to swim a short distance. Gleaner did not entirely lose way, and did not come up into the wind at all, but rescued her crew and held her course, which cool and able seamanship brought a hearty cheer from everybody within sight, as she got her big spinaker again under control and pluckily held her own. Kathleen here drew past Gleaner.

At the home buoy, first round, Avis and Iota had another of their struggles, and again Avis rounded ahead, though by only 18s. Tarpon, Gleaner, Pistakee and Elk made a close group at the home buoy, but the weather now looked black and squally, and Elk had enough of it, so left the course and sailed to harbor. Cuttysark, with her gallant commodore and plucky crew, was well awash by this time, and the boat proved too wet for comfort. She followed Elk, cutting the last buoy and going home. Wasp also cut the course and retired. Rain fell and matters looked ugly, but the gusts of wind were not so bad as was expected, and the others of the boats held to their work.

On the first leg of the second round Avis still showed her heels to Iota, which, however, hung on grimly, Tarpon also insisting on recognition. Kathleen, Gleaner and Pistakee rounded in above order. Down the second leg this order of the boats was not changed, the leading ones being still Avis, Iota, Tarpon.

On the run home the three leaders employed the same tactics of the earlier stage of the race. Avis held on under jib and mainsail, Iota and Tarpon breaking out spinakers. Again Avis fell far off to leeward, and again Iota seemed sure to collar her at the stake, as she was picking up distance under the big spinaker. Again the skipper of Avis held on till it seemed he was lost at sea, then suddenly jibed and once more threatened to

cut down Iota as they sped toward each other at the stake, Avis with wind on her quarter sailing more free. Iota made a grand run for the finish, but Avis stubbornly pushed her nose across 10s. in advance, not needing the time allowance which, under her proper measurements, Iota now was obliged to concede to Avis. Once more the grand little Oconomowoc boat was declared winner, and she thus added a fourth cup to those she already had taken in her short career. One by one Tarpon, Kathleen, Gleaner and Pistakee took in spinakers, dropped peak to jibe and crossed the line in order as stated. Commodore Hertz took a look at Pistakee, said he presumed her crew would be glad to get out of her, and added that he was going to have a boat pretty soon with which he could make a nearer showing at the finish.

At the close of the race Tarpon and Avis took a tow for a very wet and nasty looking ride of fourteen miles over to Neenah. On the following day Nodaway Y. C., of Neenah, offered a cup for competition, and it was the expressed intention of Skipper Thompson to annex all the cups left at large on Winnebago waters. Certainly Mr. Thompson has set a very good example for plucky sportsmanship, and he is himself very much of a sportsman. He is vice-president of the Chicago Athletic Association, captain of the football team upon occasion, has lived five years as a cowpuncher, and is an all-round outdoor man, who does not know anything about quitting. He has done about all for the Oconomowoc Y. C. that could be asked this week. At White Bear regatta, later this month, he will stand back and allow Walt. Dupee to try his boat Ariel, and the club will have hope of the latter boat also giving good account of herself.

By the terms of the Felker cup all races in its competition must be sailed on Lake Winnebago, so the Oshkosh men may count upon Avis or some successor coming to their lake again next summer to give them a chance for revenge. In the meantime Oshkosh may have on another new boat or two, and the result is not yet in sight for next year.

In view of the very plucky races sailed by Iota, it is by no means sure that Avis can forever beat her, and many friends urged Mr. Sawyer to take Iota to White Bear week after next and give her fuller trial with Ariel and the others who may be on hand. At last accounts, Mr. Sawyer did not know whether or not he would make the trip. Commodore Hertz will take Pistakee to White Bear. Milwaukee has nothing which she cares to send, I am advised, but some of her men will very likely be on hand. The American navy, both upon the high seas and upon the inland lakes, seems to be having a very busy year. Following is the record of the Oshkosh cup race:

Trophy cup race. One heat.

Open to any and all yachts owned by any organized yacht club of the United States, or by any person a citizen of the United States who shall be a member of and in good standing in any such club.

Time allowance determined according to Herreshoff table.

Racing length formula: L.W.L., plus one-third overhang, plus square root of sail area divided by two, equals racing length.

Rules of Oshkosh Y. C. to govern.

All races start at 1:30 P. M.

Official start, 2:45:15:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner	2 45 21½	2 08 51	2 08 51
Elk	2 46 12	Withdrew.	
Tarpon	2 45 34	1 59 19	1 59 12
Wasp	2 45 46	Withdrew.	
Kathleen	2 45 31	2 06 10	2 05 24
Iota	2 46 01	1 58 11	1 55 22
Avis	2 45 23½	1 58 01	1 52 42
Pistakee	2 45 36	2 11 13	2 05 54
Cuttysark	2 45 58	Withdrew.	

First Round.

First Leg.—Wind S. by S.E., strong. 2:49, Pistakee starboard tack. 2:53, Pistakee port tack. 3:04, Avis on starboard tack. 3:07, Avis on port tack. 3:09, Tarpon starboard tack; Iota and Avis also.

Second Leg.—3:22, Iota overhauled Tarpon to windward. Wind S.E., very strong.

Third Leg.—3:29, Iota broke out spinaker. 3:29:30, Tarpon broke out spinaker. 3:33, Kathleen and Gleaner also broke out spinakers. 3:35, Elk came into wind disabled. 3:37, Gleaner in distress; two men overboard. 3:39:30, Gleaner recovered and under way on course. 3:39:35, Pistakee passed Elk. Wind S.E., strong.

Second Round.

First Leg.—4:00, squally; rain; elk quits course and sails to harbor. 4:06, Avis starboard tack; Cuttysark and Wasp now also quit course and sail home; wind E. by S., strong; rain.

Second Leg.—4:18, rain slackens; wind E. by S.

Third Leg.—4:28:30, Iota broke out spinaker; Tarpon also. 4:33, rain. 4:41, Avis jibed for run to home stake; rain falling hard at finish; wind E. by S., very fresh.

Judges, Capt. L. M. Mann, Com. H. L. Hertz.

Avis Wins Neenah Cup Also.

Friday, Aug. 12.—Avis concluded her record on Lake Winnebago by winning the last cup in sight, that of the Nodaway Y. C., of Neenah, for whose course she left Wednesday evening at the conclusion of the Oshkosh cup race. This makes the fourth cup she has won during her week of sailing in these waters, or counting the two heats of the Green Lake cup, five wins in five starts on Winnebago, or ten wins out of the eleven races she has sailed, her only defeat, as earlier stated, being that by her sister boat Ariel. Mr. Thompson may certainly return home with the feeling that he has not overlooked anything which was loose.

The race of Thursday (yesterday), for the Nodaway cup, was won by Avis on her time allowance, her stubborn rival Iota coming in second, though Tarpon and Gleaner finished ahead of both, sailing time. At the start, 2:40 P. M., the wind was light, but freshened. The race was not a procession, but the boats kept well bunched, and did not part company until well at the home stake. A prettier race has not been seen fought out on these waters for many a day. Gleaner, of Oshkosh, and Kathleen, of Neenah, ancient rivals, had another bout, which afforded interest second only to that between Avis and Iota. These two boats sailed neck and neck the whole course. Coming into the home stretch on the last round, Avis fouled the buoy. Protest was filed, but not allowed, it being shown that she was forced to leeward by Kathleen, who came near running her down. The record:

Official start, 2:40:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gleaner, scratch	2 40 40	2 04 23	2 04 23
Tarpon 7s.	2 40 35	2 03 49	2 03 42
Kathleen, 46s.	2 40 25	2 06 19	2 05 33
Iota, 5m. 19s	2 40 30	2 07 39	2 02 20
Avis, 5m. 19s.	2 40 30	2 05 12	1 59 53

Assembly guns 2:30. Preparatory guns 2:35. Start 2:40.

First Round.

First Leg.—Wind W. by S., very mild; all spinakers out.
Second Leg.—Wind mild and W. by N., fresh.
Third Leg.—Wind W. by N., very fresh.

Second Round.

First Leg.—Wind W., fresh; all spinakers out.
Second Leg.—Wind W., fresh, and W. by N., very fresh.
Third Leg.—Wind W. by N., very fresh.

Judges: J. A. Kimberly, Walter H. Dupee, L. M. Mann. C. A. Babcock, timekeeper.

Winnebago for 1899.

There will be a determined effort made to secure the 1899 meet of the Inland Lake Yachting Association for Lake Winnebago, as indeed might very well be arranged to the pleasure of all concerned. The lake is, as has been earlier stated, big enough and open enough to afford quite as good or better sailing facilities than any of our larger inland waters. The wind averages as steady as on any Western water of equal size, and the shore line is not to be studied so much as in smaller lakes, so that the visitor has an even chance with the local boat. As to the accommodations, they are ample, and the quality of the hospitality of that region needs nothing said to add to a reputation already established.

Other Western Yachts.

In last Saturday's regatta at Oconomowoc Lake, Wis., the wind was puffy and kept the skippers guessing. Bird, owned by F. W. Noyes, of Milwaukee, was first; Meda, W. R. Newhouse, Chicago, second; Hope, G. D. Vandike, Milwaukee, third, the latter scoring a close win over Argo, also of Milwaukee. The race was for season prizes, deferred from July 23. In the afternoon of the same day the boats started again, and again Bird won, Hope second, Meda third.

On Pine Lake, Wis., another of the Waukesha lakes, the regatta of last Saturday, Aug. 6, brought out Nancris, of Milwaukee, first; Arab, Robt. Nunnemacher, second. Francis, disabled. Friar did not finish. O. C. Hanson and H. S. Fuller, judges; Wm. Grau, timekeeper. Record:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nancris, F. Rietbrock	1 17 18	1 15 50
Arab, Robert Nunnemacher	1 18 24	1 16 23
Novice	1 19 55	1 17 42
Kismet	1 32 49	1 26 56

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

The America Cup.

At a meeting of the New York Y. C. on Aug. 11, called by Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan to consider the cablegram from Secretary Hugh C. Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Y. C., relative to Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge, Secretary Oddie read the following message, dated Aug. 6:

The New York Yacht Club, 67 Madison avenue, New York:

I have to inform you that the Royal Ulster Y. C., on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, have the honor to challenge for the America's Cup. Kindly say if this is agreeable to you. A small committee appointed by the club will shortly sail for New York with formal challenge and to arrange details.

Hugh C. Kelly, Sec'y,
Mountpottinger road, Belfast.

The reply, which was sent the same day, was:

New York, Aug. 6.—Hugh C. Kelly, Secretary, Mountpottinger road, Belfast: I have the honor, on behalf of New York Y. C., to acknowledge receipt of cable of even date. Its purport is most agreeable and will be considered as soon as meeting can be called. Your committee will be warmly welcomed.

Oddie, Sec'y.

When the communication had been read, the following resolution, which had been prepared, was unanimously adopted:

The Royal Ulster Y. C. having communicated to this club its intention to challenge for the America's Cup,

Resolved, that the flag officers, secretary and treasurer be and they are hereby appointed a committee with power, on behalf of this club, to accept, under the deed of gift, such challenge for a match for the America's Cup; to arrange the terms thereof and select a yacht to represent this club therein; and, by mutual consent with the challenging club, to make any arrangements as to dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match. And the said committee shall have power, in their discretion, to add to their number. Said match shall be sailed under the direction of the regatta committee, pursuant to article 10 of the constitution.

This committee, which will be known as the committee on challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C., will consist in part, as per the resolution of Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, of Vice-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Rear-Commodore August Belmont, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie and Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst. These members met immediately after the club meeting adjourned, and in accordance with the resolution giving to them power to add to their number appointed former Commodore E. D. Morgan and Edward M. Brown, Gen. Charles J. Paine and Herman B. Duryea to assist them in the preliminaries of arranging the details of the challenge, as well as receiving the delegation from the Royal Ulster Club, which it is reported will sail on Aug. 24. Before adjourning the committee drew up the following message, which was cabled to Secretary Kelly before midnight:

Aug. 11.—Hugh C. Kelly, secretary, Mountpottinger road, Belfast: Meeting club held this evening. Your cable presented. A challenge from your club will be most agreeable. Committee appointed with full power to act on challenge and arrange all details. Challenge to be binding and carry precedence must be accompanied by name of owner, certificate, name, rig, and dimensions of challenging yacht, as specified in deed of gift.

Your committee will be warmly welcomed. Vice-Commodore Ledyard sails Etruria, Saturday. Will gladly confer with your committee on his arrival, Liverpool, if you desire. Telegraph him your wishes Queenstown, or Long's Hotel, London.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Commodore.
J. V. S. Oddie, Secretary.

Plymouth Y. C.

Plymouth, Mass.
Saturday, Aug. 6.

The Plymouth Y. C. sailed its third club race on Aug. 6 in a strong west wind, the boats being reefed. Oidono capsized. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class.			
Bobolink	17.08	3 07 24	1 37 24
Rooster	19.03	3 07 45	1 40 45
Geisha	21.00	3 11 39	1 46 39
Fourth Class.			
Oidono	17.10	Capsized.	
Dolphin	17.06	3 40 22	.. .. ..
Fifth Class.			
Veritas	15.00	.. .. ..	3 46 27
Kittiwake	15.00	.. .. ..	3 43 30
Olympia	15.00	.. .. ..	3 45 36
Frolic	15.00	Did not finish.	
Wabun	15.00	.. .. ..	3 45 32
Scrap	15.00	.. .. ..	3 44 51

Strong westerly breeze. W. T. Eldridge, Sec'y.

Savin Hill Y. C. Handicap Race.

Savin Hill—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, Aug. 6.

The Savin Hill Y. C. sailed a handicap race for club boats on Aug. 6, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gawk, J. P. Hawes	1 23 11	1 05 11
Restless, G. Howland	1 23 37	1 06 37
Widgeon, A. Horton	1 19 13	1 07 43
Kalitan, W. F. Patten	1 20 41	1 11 11
Siko, J. D. Macbeth	1 31 12	1 11 42
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	1 22 43	1 12 13
Fantasy, W. H. Allerton	1 24 14	1 16 44
Elf, G. Horsman	1 59 32	1 26 02
Sue, T. Kelly	1 45 37	1 26 07
Ethel	1 50 38	1 34 38
Mora, C. T. Willard	1 54 40	1 29 40
Romance, L. Sears	Withdrew.	

Judges: W. H. Russell, C. E. Noble, C. N. Mason.

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.
Saturday, Aug. 6.

The Cohasset Y. C. sailed a series race on Aug. 6 in a strong N.W. wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Knockabout Class.	
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 23 20
Nereid, W. R. Sears	1 25 11
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 32 20
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage	1 28 30
Kid, Horatio Bigelow	.. .. ..
15ft. Class.	
Bee, Frederick Clark	1 08 45
Jap, Benjamin C. Tower	1 16 40
Skipjacks.	
Merlin, Richard Townsend	0 44 10

Remora, C. H. Cousens, the leading boat thus far in the knockabout class, was too late to start.

Fall River Y. C. Ladies' Day.

Fall River—Mount Hope Bay.
Wednesday, Aug. 3.

The Fall River Y. C. held a ladies' dav race on Aug. 3, the wind being S.W., moderate. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Columbia, Wood Bros., Fall River	1 07 00
Paprika, Thomas Bros., Newport	1 08 15
Taboo, Noyes Bros., Newport	1 12 03
Snipe, H. L. Flannigan, Fall River	1 22 30
Paradox, W. E. Dodge, Newport	1 25 20

Snipe parted her bobstay before the start and sailed as a cat.

Cape Cod Y. C. Cove Races.

Orleans—Cape Cod Bay.
Saturday, Aug. 6.

The Cape Cod Y. C. sailed the final of the series of Cove races on Aug. 6 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elise, Capt. Penniman	14.06	1 28 38	0 57 38
Swan, A. T. Newcomb	17.05	1 24 55	0 57 40
Dolphin, O. H. Davenport	15.03	1 27 36	0 58 20
Helen, A. Fulcher	18.01	1 25 10	0 58 39
Little Brave, Geo. Ryder	18.03	1 29 33	1 03 12

The series cup was previously won by Quahog, but as the result of this race Swan takes the first cash prize and Dolphin second.

Eastern Y. C.

An autumn regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed from Marblehead Rock on Saturday, Sept. 10, unless unfavorable weather necessitates postponement. Open to yachts of any club. All matters connected therewith, unless otherwise specified herein, will be governed by the racing rules of the club. Entries must be received in writing by the regatta committee, at the club house, before 9 P. M. of the evening before the race. "No yacht shall be entered for a race unless her ownership, rig and official measurement are on record with the secretary."—Racing Rule 2. The measurer of the club is Mr. Henry Taggard, at the club house.

Francis A. Seamans, Sec'y,
57 Oliver street, Boston.

Manchester Y. C. Midsummer Series.

Manchester, Mass.

Monday, Aug. 1.

THE Manchester Y. C. finished its midsummer series with two races on Aug. 1, that for the Crowhurst cup in the morning and the open Y. R. A. race in the afternoon. The day was clear, with a fresh E. wind, falling a little before the second race. The Crowhurst cup, a silver trophy costing $250, is given each year by Francis M. Whitehouse, open to yachts of 25ft. l.w.l. and under, Y. R. A. of Massachusetts rules, with time allowance. The course was past Martin's Rock Buoy, Little Haste Buoy, and home, a triangle of 8 miles. The start was made at 11 A. M., Hermes being over the line before the gun and having to recross. The little schooner Bud sailed at her reduced measurement, 21ft., and did very good work, though finally defeated by Duchess on the wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Duchess, Charles Hayden	17.08	1 23 10	0 49 34
Bud, S. N. Small	20.01	1 22 25	0 52 05
Snipe II., Boardman Bros.	21.03	1 23 04	0 53 45
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.06	1 30 58	0 55 46
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	17.11	1 29 50	0 56 28
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	21.00	1 24 24	0 57 50
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	21.00	1 28 20	0 58 45
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	25.00	1 25 04	0 59 25
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	20.10	1 29 27	0 59 41
Little Peter, H. Moebs	24.07	1 25 46	0 59 44
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	25.00	1 25 56	1 00 17
Stiletto, R. T. Tucker	14.07	1 38 55	1 00 20
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving	21.00	1 31 57	1 02 22
No. 10, Boardman Bros.	14.07	1 44 50	1 06 15
Piccola, E. V. R. Thayer	14.07	1 48 22	1 09 49
Witch, N. Wigglesworth	14.07	1 48 23	1 09 48

The afternoon race had a larger field of starters, though only Meemer was at the line in the 30ft. class. She, with the raceabouts and the 25ft. class, sailed the same triangle as in the former race. The 21ft. and the 18ft. classes sailed a triangle marked by Baker's Island and the Haste Buoy; and the 15-footers sailed a smaller triangle, by Baker's Island and Bowditch Ledge. The wind was lighter than in the morning, but still enough to make a race, in spite of some soft spots. The start was made at 2:30 P. M. Jilt sailed a fine race, but picked up some seaweed on her rudder near the finish, which threw her into second place. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 46 02

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 56 03
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 58 04
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 59 56
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 02 41

Raceabout Class.

Fancy, C. F. Lyman	1 57 42
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 58 39
Mongoose, J. D. Irving	2 00 01
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	2 02 57
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 04 26
Gosling, Clark & North	2 04 36
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 14 00

21ft. Class.

Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 45 57
Bud, S. N. Small	1 46 29
Snipe II., Boardman Bros.	1 46 45
Fesit, N. R. Blaney	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Duchess, Charles Hayden	1 41 00
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 47 42
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	2 05 45

15ft. Class.

Stiletto, R. F. Tucker	1 05 45
Jag, J. S. Lawrence	1 05 48
No. 10, Boardman & Sears	1 09 20
Atom, F. L. Ames	1 11 07
Witch, N. L. Wigglesworth	1 12 51
99, Boardman Bros.	1 14 35
Freak, E. C. Fitch	Withdrew.

Some remeasurements are necessary to determine all of the winners. Cash prizes were offered in each class, with the Y. R. A. percentages. The races were managed by Messrs. G. W. Mansfield, A. H. Higginson, W. A. Tucker and James Bertram.

The Flying Proa.

THE very interesting article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 6 has prompted me to quote from two early descriptions of the famous proa. The quotation from Dampier is exact, taken from first edition of his "Voyages," London, 1697.

Writing in 1686 at the island Guam, one of the Ladrone group lately taken under our flag, Dampier gives a full description of the proa and her performances:

"The natives are very ingenious beyond any people in making boats, or procs, as they are called in the East Indies, and therein they take great delight. These are built sharp at both ends, the bottom is of one piece, made like the bottom of a little canoa, very neatly dug and left of a good substance. This bottom part is instead of a keel. It is about 26 or 28ft. long; the under part of this keel is made round, but inclining to a wedge and smooth, and the upper part is almost flat, having a very gentle hollow, and is almost a foot broad. From hence both sides of the boat are carried up to about 5ft. high, with narrow planks, not above 4 or 5in. broad, and each end of the boat turns up round very prettily. But what is very singular, one side of the boat is made perpendicular, like a wall, while the other side is rounding, made as other vessels are, with a pretty full belly. Just in the middle it is 4 or 5ft. broad aloft, or more, according to the length of the boat. The mast stands exactly in the middle, with a long yard that peeps up and down like a mizzen yard." This comparison was made before the lateen mizzen yard was displaced by the spanker gaff. "One end of it reacheth down to the end or head of the boat, where it is placed in a notch that is made there purposely to receive it and keep it fast; the other end hangs over the stern. At the foot of the sail there is another small yard to keep the sail out square, and to roll up the sail on when it blows hard. It serves instead of a reef to take up the sail to what degree they please, according to the strength of the wind. Along the belly side of the boat, parallel with it, at about 6 or 7ft. distance, lies another small boat or canoa, being a log of very light wood, almost as long as the great boat, but not so wide, being not above a foot and a half wide at the upper part, and very sharp like a wedge at each end. There are two bamboas of about 8 or 10ft. long and as big as one's leg placed over the great boat's side, one near each end of it, and reaching about 6 or 7ft. from the side of the boat. By the help of which the little boat is made firm and contiguous to the other. These are generally called by the Dutch, and the English after them, outlayers." Did the word outrigger come into our language in this way? "The use of them is to keep the great boat upright from oversetting, because the wind here being in a manner constantly east, or if it were at west it would be the same thing; and the range of these Islands, where their business lies to and fro, being mostly north and south, they turn the flat side of the boat against the wind upon which they sail, and the belly side with its little boat is upon the lee. When they ply to windward and are minded to go about he that steers bears away a little from the wind, by which means the stern comes to the wind and is now become the head only by shifting the end of the yard. This boat is steered with a broad paddle instead of a rudder. I have been the more particular in describing these boats because I do believe they sail the best of any boat in the world. I did here for my own satisfaction try the swiftness of one of them. Sailing by our log we had 12 knots on our reel, and she did run it all out before the half-minute glass was half out, which, if it had been no more, is after the rate of 12 miles an hour; but I do believe she would have run 24 miles an hour. It was very pleasant to see the little boat running along so swift by the other's side."

This last sentence is worthy of Pepys, and it is a curious fact that Pepys and Dampier were friends, or at least acquaintances.

John Evelyn records in his diary, under date of Aug. 6, 1698: "I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Capt. Dampier, who had been a famous buccaneer. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with."

In the quarto edition of "Lord Anson's Voyage," London, 1749, there is a very full and clear description of a proa. When the Centurian reached Tinian, one of the Ladrone group, her people captured a proa, which Mr. Brett, one of the officers, took entirely to pieces and made accurate measurements of all her parts. A fine scale draft of this proa is in Anson, seems clear enough to build from, and ought to be reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM. From ranges taken overland while ship was at Tinian, Anson's people figured speed of proas at about 20 miles, on the wind. This account in Anson also refers to experiments made at Portsmouth, England, with a proa built there, and speaks of wonderful speed shown. Dampier places the outrigger on lee side; all other descriptions to windward.

A. C. STOTT.

STOTTVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was deeply interested in Vieux Moustache's description of the flying proa, and therefore its confusion of terms was exasperating. He says, "The port side" (what is the port side of a double-ender?) is "bellied or rounded out, while the lee side is as flat as boards can be." Again he says that the "flat side remains always the weather one." Now which side is the flat one—lee or weather? His drawings shed no light on this darkness, and the chapter on "The Evolution of the Yacht" in Yachts and Yachtsmen of America gives no information. The outrigger side is the windward one, of course, but is this on the straight or elliptical side of the proa?

We have had catamarans here on the half-hulls principle recommended by Vieux Moustache, but they were not fast.

J. L. STEWART.

The Newport 30-Footers.

Aug. 1.—Sweepstakes, Jamestown course, 12 miles. Wind light S. E. Start 2:29:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 30 20	1 31 20
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 34 58	1 35 58
Carolina, P. Jones	4 35 34	1 36 34
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	4 36 20	1 37 20
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 40 47	1 41 47
Puck, E. D. Morgan	4 41 30	1 42 30

Aug. 2.—Dyer's Island course, wind light S. W. Start 2:51:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Veda, C. Vanderbilt Jr.	6 11 15	3 20 15
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 12 02	3 21 02
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	6 12 37	3 21 37
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	6 14 05	3 23 05
Carolina, P. Jones.	Did not finish.	
Wawa, R. Brooks	Did not finish.	

Aug. 3.—Sweepstakes, Jamestown-Bishop's Rock course, 16 miles. Wind light S.

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 15 41
Carolina, P. Jones	2 17 00
Hera, R. N. Ellis	2 17 35
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	2 18 15
Wawa, R. Brooks	2 20 42
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 25 47

Aug. 4.—Whitney cup. Dyer's Island course. Strong S.W. wind. Start 2:56:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	4 06 03	2 10 03
Hera, R. N. Ellis	4 06 25	2 10 25
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 06 37	2 10 37
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 10 46	2 14 46
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Veda carried away the jaws of her gaff and withdrew.

Aug. 5.—Sweepstakes, Bishop's Rock course, eight miles. Wind N.W., light and variable.

	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	1 26 04
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	1 22 28
Wawa, R. Brooks	1 28 32
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.
Carolina, P. Jones	Did not finish.

Carolina and Hera were in collision at the mark, both withdrawing.

Aug. 6.—Stillman cup. Dyer's Island course. Wind S.W., moderate.

	Elapsed.
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	2 32 40
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	2 33 09
Carolina, P. Jones	2 33 21
Wawa, R. Brooks	2 36 02
Puck, E. D. Morgan	2 36 35
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 38 02
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.

The 15-footers sailed a race for the Thomas pennant, to be held by the yacht winning it twice. The course was a triangle of 8 miles, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Paprika, Thomas Bros.	1 21 00
Taboo, E. Dodge	1 34 00
Paradox, Noyes Bros.	1 39 00
Osprey, R. Vanderbilt	Did not finish.

Aug. 8.—Sweepstakes. Bishop's Rock course. Start 3:04:

	Elapsed.
Puck, E. D. Morgan	1 59 10
Hera, R. N. Ellis	1 59 22
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	2 00 19
Wawa, R. Brooks	2 01 02
Carolina, P. Jones	2 02 03
Asahi, L. Warren	2 04 21
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	2 08 28
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	Did not finish.

Dorothy fouled the mark and withdrew.

The record of the class for July, during which month twenty-two starts were made, only one race being abandoned on account of fog, is as follows:

	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
Vaquero III.	6	5	3
Carolina	5	4	5
Veda	4	1	1
Hera	3	3	4
Dorothy II.	2	5	1
Wawa	1	3	3
Puck	0	0	4

There were five cup races, Vaquero III. winning two, the Narada and Brooks cups; Veda and Dorothy II. the N. R. A. cups, and Carolina the sweepstake cup. The full record of the boats is as follows:

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The first prize offered by Commodore Rouse for the racing cruise to New London, and won by his yacht Mistral, was returned by him to the club, and is again offered for a race to Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Connecticut and return, on the following conditions:

Course.—From west to east across the starting line between two stake boats anchored off the club house float, to and around Center Island buoy, leaving it on the port hand, thence to and around Matinicock Point buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence passing between the channel buoys at the entrance to Greenwich Harbor, across the finish line between the two stake boats anchored off the club house of the Indian Harbor Y. C.

Start.—One-gun, promptly at 10 o'clock A. M.

After the finish of the morning run an interval will be allowed for luncheon at the club house of the Indian Harbor Y. C., and the captains will then agree as to the hour of the return to Oyster Bay, which will be made over the same course.

The prize will be awarded to the yacht making the best accumulative time on the two runs.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has courteously offered the privileges of their club house, and provided for the placing of mark boats and the taking of time at the finish of the morning run.

Entries.—Entries should be made in writing, addressed to the race committee, on or before Friday, Aug. 19.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, has been specially invited to participate in this race with its fleet of seven knockabouts, which will be at Oyster Bay prepared for the match between that club and the Seawanhaka Club, beginning on Monday, Aug. 22.

The race committee takes the opportunity to announce that J. Rogers Maxwell, Esq., has offered the following cash prizes for the three leading knockabouts at the finish of the inter-club match race on Aug. 22, viz.: $25 to the first boat; $15 to the second boat; $10 to the third boat.

CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Sec'y,
64 Leonard street, New York.

Manchester Y. C. 15ft. Class.

THE 15ft. class of the Manchester Y. C. sailed the second race of the Chubb cup series on Aug. 2 in a light and variable wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Stiletto, R. F. Tucker	1 26 05
"00," Brown & Boardman	1 26 15
Jag, J. Lawrence	1 26 24
Piccola, E. V. R. Thayer	1 26 30
No. 10, Boardman & Sears	1 30 30
99, Boardman Bros.	1 30 45
Atom, Ames Bros.	1 30 55
Freak	Withdrew.
Witch	Withdrew.

On Aug. 3 a special race was sailed in a fresh S.W wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Stiletto, R. F. Tucker	1 14 19
Freak, J. F. Lawrence	1 16 12
Witch, N. Wigglesworth	1 21 07
No. 10, R. Boardman & F. R. Sears	1 21 57

Judges: W. A. Tucker and R. Tudor. Prizes: $7, $5 and $3.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

Hull—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed its fourth race on Aug. 6 in a strong N. W. wind, the times being:

First Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Idler, Noyes	20.00	1 07 25
Sheyessa, Douglas	18.06	1 12 20
Gobelin, Canterbury	17.06	1 13 50
Klea, G. R. Pulsifer	20.00	1 16 30
Mojave, Berry	17.00	1 19 20

Second Class.

Thelma, M. Cleverly	16.00	1 19 10
Rabbit, Walter Keyes	16.00	1 25 47
Aurora, A. F. Hayden	...	...

Third Class.

Tech, Fred Keyes	15.06	1 20 10
Isidora, H. Cleverly	14.11	1 21 50
Ripple, Charles Howard Smith	15.05	1 23 00
No Name, P. F. Folsom	16.00	1 24 20
Rita, Charles W. King	15.02	1 25 45
Esefsee, George Smith	....	1 27 30

Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead Midsummer Series.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.

Aug. 3, 4, 5, 6.

THE midsummer series of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead has been one of the events of the season in Eastern waters since the infant days of the club, when the forties were in their glory and Minerva and the Burgess boats fought some hard battles over the Marblehead courses. This year the club was in luck, as the weather was good—for Marblehead. As soon as the negotiations for a cup race have progressed a little further the advantages of Marblehead will be set forth in glowing terms by some of the Boston papers, as in past years. In view of this certainty, it is interesting to consider the weather which has prevailed there this season, spoiling a number of races. On three out of four days of August, however, the weather, though far from perfect, was such as to make it possible to sail each race with no postponements and reasonably satisfactory results. There was a very good fleet, both in point of numbers and in quality, though the larger classes did not show up as large fields of starters as the occasion warranted. In the 15ft. class there was some hot rivalry and close racing between the fleets of Manchester and Squam, the honors of the sail-off going to the former. The series included three "invitation races" and an open race on Saturday.

FIRST INVITATION RACE.

Wednesday, Aug. 3.

On Wednesday the wind was from the east, light to moderate, with clear weather. The course for the 30ft., 25ft. and raceabout classes was from off the club house at Marblehead Neck past Half-Way Rock and the Pigs Bell Buoy, 10 miles naut.; for the 21 and 18ft., with the knockabouts and the 15-footers, sailed past Gooseberry Ledge and Bowditch Ledge, 6½ miles. The new 25-footer Cartoon was on the ways at Stearns' yard, where 1,100lbs., about half of her lead bulb, was removed, under the direction of Mr. Gardner, her designer, in order to get her up to the class limit of 25ft. l.w.l. The start was was made at 1 P. M. The final times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. Fred Bache	1 44 30
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	2 02 54

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 55 20
Bud, S. N. Small	1 56 05
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 58 46
Nettie, W. Burgess	2 01 04
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	2 01 18
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 02 12

21ft. Class.

Duchess, C. Hayden	1 15 10

18ft. Class.

Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 23 50
Katydid, J. F. Small	1 24 58
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	1 33 30
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 33 45
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	Disqualified.

Raceabout Class.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 00 28
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 01 35
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 01 45
Mongoose, J. D. Irving	2 02 05
Suzanne, F. Brewster	2 02 14
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 04 04
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 04 45
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	2 04 56
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	2 05 09
Gosling, Clark & North	2 05 10
Sparkle, I. B. Mills	2 11 05

Handicap Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hobo, T. W. King	1 35 07	1 32 17
Maia, Everett Paine	1 34 50	1 33 53
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	1 34 37	1 34 09
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 34 56	1 34 28
Spinster, L. W. Clark	1 35 54	1 35 26
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 35 44	1 35 44
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	1 37 45	1 35 51
Alruna, F. D. Lambert	1 40 22	1 37 32

15ft. Class.

Schatz, Bent Bros.	1 33 00
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	1 33 04
Gaboo, Walter O. Adams	1 33 15
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	1 37 19
Witch, G. Wigglesworth	1 39 00
No. 10, Boardman & Sears	1 39 50
Gertrude, H. E. Damon	1 39 51
Jag, J. S. Lawrence	1 40 23
99, G. E. Boardman	1 40 58
Atom, F. L. Ames	1 41 24
Imp, Oscar Perkins	1 42 09
00, Boardman & Brown	Withdrew.

Stiletto finished in fourth place, but was not seen and timed owing to a larger boat covering her on the line.

SECOND INVITATION RACE.

Thursday, Aug. 4.

On Thursday the wind played one of its mean tricks, there being little of it and what there was from all quarters, making a most unsatisfactory race. The start was made at 1 P. M. with a light east wind, but this was soon followed by a calm, broken at intervals by stray puffs. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	3 01 44
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	3 35 02

25ft. Class.

Sally IV., L. F. Percival	3 10 32
Cartoon, H. Parker	3 10 39
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	3 14 24
Bud, S. N. Small	3 16 07
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	3 18 20
Nettie, W. Burgess	3 19 18
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	3 23 05

21ft. Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Snipe II., E. A. Boardman	24.01	2 18 28	2 18 28
Duchess, C. Hayden	23.05	2 20 08	2 19 37
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	20.10	2 34 06	2 31 26

18ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Katydid, J. F. Small	2 23 36
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	2 23 45
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	2 21 00
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	2 25 39
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 25 53

Raceabout Class.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	3 00 39
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	3 00 54
Jilt, W. S. Gay	3 05 31
Hazard, H. M. Sears	3 09 05
Suzanne, F. Brewster	3 10 23
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving	3 12 16
Gosling, F. O. North	3 13 08
Quill, J. F. Cole	3 14 15
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	3 14 26
Dafila, W. D. Turner	3 16 28

Handicap Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Polly, E. Wadsworth	2 13 10	2 13 10
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 15 00	2 13 40
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	2 16 27	2 13 47
Maia, Everett Paine	2 18 51	2 17 31
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 20 31	2 19 51
Spinster, L. M. Clark	2 21 48	2 21 08
Hobo, T. W. King	Withdrew.	
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	Withdrew.	

Half-raters.

	Elapsed.
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	2 10 01
Schatz, Burt Bros.	2 10 17
Scooter, D. L. Woodbury	2 14 05
Gertrude, H. E. Damon	2 17 57
Witch, G. Wigglesworth	2 21 42
Jag, J. S. Lawrence	2 21 50
Gaboo, Walter O. Adams	2 22 35
Violet, Swift	2 26 44
Atom, F. L. Ames	Withdrew.

THIRD INVITATION RACE.

Friday, Aug. 5.

Friday proved anything but an unlucky day, in spite of a dreary N.E. rainstorm in the morning, which lasted until almost 1 o'clock, when the wind shifted to N.W., blowing a reefing breeze, and the sky cleared suddenly. The start was made at 1:15 with a smaller fleet, the storm having kept away some of the boats from Manchester and other points. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	2 09 55
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	Withdrew.

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 12 27
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 16 15
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 24 48
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	2 29 32
Cartoon, H. Parker	Disabled.

21ft. Class.

Duchess, Chas. Hayden	1 21 30
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Koorali, R. C. Robbins	Withdrew.

Raceabout Class.

Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 19 51
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 20 11
Hazard, H. M. Sears	2 27 58
Suzanne, F. Brewster	2 29 40
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 29 48
Mongoose II., J. D. Irving	2 48 45
Sparkle, T. B. Mills	Disabled.

Handicap Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 09 00	1 09 00
Spinster, L. M. Clark	1 10 10	1 09 49
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	1 10 18	1 09 57
Maia, E. Paine	1 11 38	1 10 57
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	1 13 12	1 11 50
Louise, McWilliams	1 14 23	1 14 23
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 16 38	1 16 17

15ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Jag, J. S. Lawrence	1 15 34
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	1 22 25
Scooter, D. L. Woodbury	1 24 58
Schatz, Bent Bros.	1 25 20
Gertrude, Damon & Whittemore	1 27 22

Cartoon carried away here "nasty" rudder and was towed in.

The winners of the series, subject to remeasurement in some cases, were: 30ft. class, Ashumet; 25ft. class, Hermes, Bud and Sally IV., each one leg; 21ft. class, Duchess; 18 ft. class, Katydid; raceabout class, Jilt; knockabout class, Polly; and 15ft. class, Schatz and Jag to sail off.

OPEN RACE.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

The wind was all right on Saturday for the open race, a fresh N.W. breeze, almost of reefing strength toward the finish. The start was made at 1 P. M. Saunterer sailed her first race in the 30ft. class. Jag won the sail-off in the 15ft. class. Lynx did not start owing to the decision of the committee over her changes of ballast during the races. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	1 50 00
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	1 55 00
Saunterer, J. D. Parker	1 57 12

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 47 58
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 03 12

Raceabout Class.

Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	1 52 06
Suzanne, Frank Brewster	1 52 42
Hazard, H. M. Sears	1 53 23
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 53 58
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer	1 54 43
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	1 54 48
Chinook, C. F. Adams 2d	1 56 14
Gosling, F. O. North	1 57 38
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 58 00
Dafila, W. D. Turner	1 59 32
Mongoose, J. D. Irving	2 00 04

21ft. Class.

	Corrected.
Duchess, Charles Hayden	1 20 40
Snipe II., E. A. Boardman	1 26 03
Raccoon, H. H. Chevers	1 49 06
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 49 50

18ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arab II., W. F. Scott	2 55 09	1 35 09
Koorali, Q. C. Robbins	2 56 58	1 36 58

Handicap Knockabout Class.

Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	1 27 08	1 26 16
Maia, E. Paine	1 28 11	1 27 19
Aspenet, H. A. Morse	1 28 38	1 27 46
Spinster, L. M. Clark	1 29 45	1 29 19
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 29 22	1 29 22
Alruna, F. DeF. Lambert	1 33 16	1 30 34
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin	1 31 48	1 31 22
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	1 33 08	1 32 42
Louise, M. McWilliams	1 34 00	1 34 00
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	1 38 48	1 37 03
Water Lily, R. K. Safford	1 37 41	1 37 41

15ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Jag, J. S. Lawrence	1 39 12
Schatz, Bent Bros.	1 41 32

The Quincy Challenge Cup.

THE details of the matches for the Quincy Y. C. cup, between representatives of the Quincy and Lynn clubs, call for the first race on Monday, Aug. 22, starting at 1 P. M. The second race will be started at 2 P. M. on Tuesday and the third at 3 P. M. on Wednesday. If further races are necessary they will be started at 3 P. M. on successive days. The time limit will be three hours and thirty minutes. Each party will name one judge, these two selecting a third. Sec'y James S. Whiting has been named by the Quincy Y. C.

Beverly Y. C.

Marion—Buzzard's Bay.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed two races off Marion on Aug. 6, one in the morning, starting at 11 A. M., for the Van Rensselaer memorial cup, and one of the regular series races in the afternoon, starting at 2 o'clock. The first race was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, freshening until the boats were compelled to reef, Capelin losing her aluminum mast. Near the finish the wind shifted to N.W., and the afternoon race was sailed in a fresh breeze from that quarter. The times were:

VAN RENSSELAER MEMORIAL CUP.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thordis, T. B. Wales	24.03	1 30 09	1 19 09
Kalama, David Rice	21.00	1 34 43	1 20 13
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	18.03	1 38 36	1 20 29
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	21.00	1 35 16	1 20 46
Gadfly, Mr. Geary	21.00	1 35 29	1 20 59
Eina, John Parkinson	21.00	1 35 40	1 21 10
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane	13.10	1 48 01	1 22 18
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	1 36 59	1 22 49
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	21.00	1 40 07	1 25 37
Esther, E. N. Farnsworth	17.00	1 47 53	1 29 11
Imp, Geo. S. Dabney	14.04	2 00 05	1 35 24
Sylph, R. S. Dow	16.07	2 01 56	1 41 18
Hope, J. H. Ellis	17.00	Not taken.	
Shrimp, E. Richardson	16.04	Not taken.	
Pedro, Howard Miller	15.00	Not taken.	
Sally Brass, H. Sargent	21.00	Not taken.	
Alma, R. S. Bigelow	21.00	Not taken.	
Opossum, R. W. Emerson 2d	17.06	Disabled.	
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	25.00	Disabled.	
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	17.05	Disabled.	
Edith, C. M. Baker	21.00	Withdrew.	

CLUB RACE.

Cruising Knockabouts.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kalama, David Rice	....	1 28 48	.. .. ..
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	....	1 29 20	.. .. ..
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	....	1 31 40	.. .. ..
Gadfly, Mr. Geary	....	1 32 53	.. .. ..
Eina, J. Parkinson	....	1 33 28	.. .. ..
Edith, C. M. Baker	....	1 36 57	.. .. ..
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	....	1 40 26	.. .. ..
Second Class Sloops.			
Nokomis, A. Winsor	25.00	1 29 47	1 19 32
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	25.00	1 36 48	1 25 34
Third Class Sloops.			
Robin Hood, A. H. Hardy	21.04	1 31 35	1 17 25
Alma, R. S. Bigelow	21.00	1 40 16	1 25 46
Fourth Class Cats.			
Howard, R. S. Hunt, Jr.	16.06	1 18 35	1 04 27
Maori, W. W. Phinney	....	1 19 44	1 04 57
Daisy, H. Stockton	18.06	1 25 55	1 09 43
Hope, J. H. Ellis	....	1 24 13	1 10 12
Shrimp, E. Richardson	16.00	1 28 07	1 11 16
Fifth Class.			
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane	13.10	1 19 33	0 58 58
Pedro, H. Miller	15.00	1 19 58	1 01 14
Imp, G. B. Dabney	14.04	1 23 22	1 13 37
Helen, W. Swan	14.04	1 31 41	1 11 56
Fifth Class Sloops.			
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr.	13.00	1 23 36	1 01 35
No Name, R. Winsor, Jr.	11.06	1 37 10	1 12 06

Wollaston Y. C. Open Race.

Quincy—Boston Harbor.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE Wollaston Y. C. sailed its first open race on Aug. 6 in a strong N.W. wind, coming in puffs and hitting hard. Before the start the 15-footer Sparrow lost her mast, and during the race, when doing well with the schooner Bud, Elsa broke her hollow mast, the end falling and piercing the deck. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 09 23
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 10 55
Premier, E. A. Hayden	1 14 08
Rambler, J. A. Tower	Did not finish.

21ft. Class.

Bud, S. U. Small	1 09 52
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 11 50
Recruit, F. B. Rice	1 17 23
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	1 18 31
Burgess, Frank Burgess	1 21 13
Elsa, H. M. Crane	Dismasted.

21ft. Cabin Class.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 06 43
Autocrat, J. W. Nightingale	1 14 21

18ft. Class.

Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 17 27
Hector, E. L. Hurd	1 26 21

15ft. Class.

Katydid, J. F. Small	1 18 19
Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	1 19 40
Muriel, J. L. Smith	Did not finish.

The judges were: Messrs. Charles W. Page, Arthur C. Gardner, William M. Chase, Henry A. Newman, Frank P. Waterhouse and James Bertram.

The day finished with a number of amusing water sports.

Burgess Y. C. Open Race.

THE second attempt of the Burgess Y. C. of Marblehead to sail its open race, on Aug. 1, was abandoned for lack of wind. Twenty-five boats started, but all withdrew, as they could not finish within the time limit.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. B. H., New York.—Is there any electric hunting jack on the market adapted for use in "shining deer" at night? Ans. We know of none.

R. L. P., Lake Luzerne, N. Y.—The Tribune's statement of the game law is incorrect, as you will learn by reference to the Game Laws in Brief mailed you.

Subscriber, Dillingersville.—Please inform me through your valued paper if the fish called sea trout are a salt or fresh-water fish and oblige. Ans. The sea trout of Canadian waters are anadromous, like the salmon and the shad. They are taken in midsummer when they come from the sea into the rivers.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

THE Dr. Jaeger Co. received many valuable recommendations of their elastic abdominal bandages, a large quantity of which they furnished free of charge for distribution among our soldiers in the field. Many medical authorities gave their approval of the action and have written favorably in regard to the benefit derived from the wearing of these bandages in the regions where fever attacks so many thousands of our sons.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

FORESTS THREATENED.

NOT very long after the final establishment of the forest reservations and the passage of the deficiency appropriations to pay the expense of forest inspectors and forestry and other emergency help, comes an example of the benefit to the Western country of this agitation. Raids on the Western forests have been so much a matter of course in the past that it is not to be expected that they will cease at once. Yet it is altogether probable that hereafter, where such raids are brought to the notice of the public, or of the authorities, those who contemplate making them may—in view of the present interest in the subject—pause before carrying out their intended ravages on the public domain.

Some little time ago it was learned that the Rock Springs Lumber Company, of Wyoming, was preparing to cut an immense quantity of saw logs, railway ties and mining timber on the head of Green River, in Wyoming, and this without any permit from the Government. The Rock Springs Lumber Company had already cut timber in the same general region, and their course then indicated that they would bear careful watching. They did not keep the refuse of their cuttings cleared up as the law requires, and serious forest fires would be certain to follow their choppings, as we are told they have followed them before. Until recently there were camped on the head of Green River and in that neighborhood about one hundred Mormons, men, women and children, who expected to work at getting this timber out. They had in their company three professional hunters, engaged to kill game for the camp. They were to have four permanent camps there, and the choppers had been told that it would be an all winter's job. All preparations seem to have been made for a vigorous campaign against these forests.

The country intended to be cut over included Townships 38 and 39, N. Range 110 W., and the same townships in Range 111 W. It lies on both sides of Green River, in Fremont and Uinta counties, and about sixty or seventy miles south of the National Park. Large timber is not very abundant there, it being estimated that the amount of saw timber on the head of Green River does not exceed 3,000,000ft., as most of the trees are lodgepole pines. As reported, the plans of the lumber company were to cut out all the saw logs and such of the smaller timber as was fit for railroad ties and mining props.

If this country were to be cut over in the way indicated, nothing could prevent fire from starting there, and once started it would very likely sweep the entire west side of the range, and might even go as far as the Yellowstone National Park. The Rock Springs Lumber Company had a public timber permit which expired March 21, 1897, and which had not been renewed up to the early part of the present year. Employees of the company stated recently that their permit had not been renewed, but nevertheless they seemed to be preparing to go ahead and cut without a permit.

Very recently, however, the Rock Springs Lumber Company seem to have seen a great light. The news of their intentions got abroad and the authorities at Washington were notified of what was likely to happen. Up to about three weeks ago the force of choppers were encamped on the head of Green River, waiting, as for several weeks they had waited, for the employees of the lumber company to come and set them to work. These employees never came, and at last the choppers, thoroughly discouraged, went away, cursing the company and all connected with it.

The project appears to have been one of the wholesale timber raids that have long been common in the West, and which will continue just so long as the authorities permit. It is a cause for satisfaction that this one has not taken place. That the United States is to be deprived of a few millions of feet of timber is perhaps not in itself a matter of great importance, but that a wide tract of mountain country is first to be deprived of all its large trees, and then to be burned off, is of high importance. This timber is needed to conserve the water supply of an important section of the arid West, and it should be protected.

Two classes of people are nearly affected by this matter: those interested in forest preservation, including the local farmers and stockmen, whose hay, gardens and other crops are threatened by drought; and those interested in game preservation. Besides protecting the water supply of Green River and many of its tributaries, from which the settlers derive the water for the irrigation of their crops, these forests also afford shelter to the large game of one of the best game countries in the United States. The burning over of this section would for a time seriously contract the range of the large game of Wyoming, and so tend to deprive that State of the very considerable revenue brought into it annually by hunters from a distance. The subject ought to impress itself strongly on all residents of that State and on their representatives in Congress.

SNAP SHOTS.

The energy and success of the Wellington Acclimatization Society might well be emulated by some protective associations in this country. This society was established in 1886 for the purpose of introducing, acclimating and domesticating useful or ornamental forms of life in New Zealand. Its membership is drawn from subscribers, or from persons who take out licenses to shoot or fish, and is large. Its financial condition is good, its expenditures last year having amounted to about $8,000 and its receipts to nearly $9,000. It has distributed in various parts of the island of New Zealand red deer, pheasants, hares, California quail, some species of European partridges and wild ducks, and many sorts of game fish, chiefly salmon and trout. It has established game farm reserves, where birds—chiefly pheasants—are bred, and these as they grow up are being distributed and turned out in various parts of the island. It has met with occasional discouragements, vermin and brush fires having from time to time destroyed large numbers of the birds that it was protecting. It has a number of fish hatcheries which are in successful operation, and it distributes and sells fish ova in large quantities. What the Wellington Society has done does not satisfy it, and it is continually doing more. It is strongly supported by the public opinion of the island, and if its popularity increases, as no doubt it will, there is good reason to believe that in the course of a few years this island, originally almost barren of game, will afford good sport to the lover of angling and shooting. The Government of New Zealand is heartily in sympathy with the work of the Wellington Society, and contributes through a variety of ways to its success. This Society is only one of a number in the island, and all of them are doing good work.

The press announcement of the successful ascent of the Grand Teton, by a party of Wyoming climbers, will be of great interest to all persons who take pleasure in mountaineering in the West. The Grand Teton is the principal peak of the Teton range, which, running nearly north and south, separates two important branches of the Snake River, the waters of the Jackson Hole Valley in Wyoming from those of Pierre's Hole in Idaho. Many previous attempts have been made to reach the summit of this peak, but none have been successful. It has not been easy to find the real summit of the mountain, and this, when found, has hitherto proved impracticable of ascent. In 1863 Michaud attempted the Grand Teton, in 1872 Stevenson and party, in 1876 Wilson and Yount, in 1877 Cooper; later Mr. Holmes, of the Geological Survey, tried it, and in 1891 Owen and Dawson, and again in 1897 Owen. None of these attempts were successful, though Stevenson claimed to have reached the summit. This summer Mr. W. O. Owen, State Auditor of Wyoming, with a persistence worthy of a true mountaineer, made another attack on the mountain. His companions were Frank Spalding, of Denver; St. John Shive and Frank Peterson, and at 4 o'clock P. M. of Aug. 11 the party reached the summit, where they built a monument and took some observations. The ascent is said to have been made from the Saddle, thence up the west face north of the Icy Niche. The aneroid barometer indicated 13,800ft. at the summit. The ascent of this superb mountain is a real triumph for those who made it, and for the Rocky Mountain Club, under whose auspices it was made. The many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have hunted in the neighborhood of the Grand Teton, or who have viewed its mighty mass from commanding points in the Yellowstone Park, can appreciate better than most people how proud a feat Mr. Owen and his companions have accomplished.

Many sermons have been preached as to carelessness with firearms, and many examples cited to point the moral of such sermons, but none of these has been sadder than the last that comes to us. At White Lake, near Forestport, N. Y., on the Mohawk and Malone Railroad, a hunter mistook his sixteen-year-old son for a deer and shot him, so that he died in a short time. It is said that a few years ago another son of the same man was shot and killed, being taken for a bear. That occurrences such as this are possible in these days seems at first incredible, yet that they happen so often ought to impress on every man who goes hunting or shooting the fact that firearms are of a truth deadly weapons, dangerous alike to him who carries them and to others who are within their range. Most of us wonder how it is possible for a man carrying a gun to shoot another, yet many a careful sportsman of long experience can recall one or more cases where, through carelessness or misconception, he either came near to shooting one of his companions or was himself nearly shot by some one else. The more experience one has with firearms the more he learns to fear them, and to be careful with them. Yet even so, unceasing watchfulness is demanded of the man who uses a gun.

Over much of the country the last days of August mark the end of the close season for feathered game. The rail season opens now, and with the advance of autumn it becomes lawful to shoot other birds. In the East we hear little of illegal shooting, chiefly perhaps for the reason that birds are so few. The case is different in the Middle West, however, where the young grouse and the scarcely fledged ducks have for weeks been slaughtered by selfish people, whose eagerness to get ahead of their neighbors wholly perverts their sense of right and wrong.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Falealili Cavern in Samoa.

In a country of limestone formation caves are no great rarity, but in volcanic rock they are small and infrequent. The geologist recognizes at a glance that the volcanic upheavals which raised the Samoan islands out of the Pacific are of very recent date, as time goes when it is chronicled by the rocks. So lately have the now extinct craters been actively engaged in building the land that the eroding forces have not had time to wear off the sharp edges of ridges and valleys, and the luxuriance of the timber which clothes the mountains from sea to summit is due to the extreme richness of the basic lava and the humus rather than to the depth of the soil. Under such conditions the known caves in Samoa are few in number and of limited extent. The islanders are content with the knowledge that there is a hole in the ground, its extent and its possible contents they are quite willing to leave in the list of things unknown. Devoured by an insatiable curiosity in all other matters, they are not in the least curious in the matter of caves. They have all been converted within the last half-century and pride themselves on their rapidity in the attainment of civilization. They boast of their complete rejection of their ancient paganism and all its works, the old gods they cheerfully call devils. But when you get right at the milk of their particular cocoanot they live in a state of terror as to these ancient devils whom they know they have mortally offended. Their new Christianity will not allow them to placate the old gods, the only thing they can do is to keep away from every chance of encountering the devils in the bush, and particularly in the few caverns which they are known to inhabit. Most of these caves are mere overhanging cliffs from which the light is excluded by the dense growth of the jungle, without depth enough to keep the rain off an ordinary demon; but they are deep enough for Samoan tales of terror fit to scare the children and the elders as well.

The most perfect specimen of cave formation in all Somoa seems to have escaped the knowledge of the Samoans altogether, and to have first been discovered by the white men. At least the islanders, while convinced that it would be a most comfortable abiding place for demons, have no stories of any devil in particular who makes it his habitation, and in fact give it no name except that of the Cave of Torches, which is merely descriptive of one necessity in its exploration.

There is indeed one story told about this cave. The inhabitants of the villages near by tell of a runaway match assisted by this cavern. A flash young chief of Falealili was engaged with the charms of the "taupou" or maid of the village of another town, but the accounts vary as to whether this was a town to the west or to the east, or even on that coast at all. With several canoes filled with his retinue he paid a ceremonial visit to the lady's town, bringing the wooing presents. Either he was too niggard with the gifts of courtship, or else his business manager and the elders failed to agree on the number of the wedding gifts which the chief must pay; at any rate he stole the girl by force, to which she seems to have been not in the least averse. He popped her into his canoe and paddled away to Falealili. When the girl's townsfolk came in prompt pursuit the maid of the village had vanished, and was not produced until the negotiations had been concluded on terms most favorable to the suitor. Then he brought out his bargain, who had been concealed in this cave.

Falealili is quite a populous center of civilization, as such things go in Samoa, for there are three houses built of boards, and inhabited by one Englishman and two half-castes, all trading in copra for several factors in Apia. It lies on the south coast of Upolu, what they call down there "on the back of the island." From Apia it is in air line distance about twenty-five miles, but nothing can travel that way through the tangle of the bush and over the saw-like spurs of steep mountains except the spike-tailed bosun birds which may often be seen high in air flying directly across the island. To reach it by water takes not less than two days, and frequently a week, all depending on ability to work to windward against the southeast trade. Its importance, and any place in the South Sea is important which can support three traders, is due to the conformation of the country. For some distance on either side the ground has an easy slope for several miles back to the mountain ranges, which elsewhere break sharp off in cliffs toppling over the sea. This slope is covered with groves of cocoanuts of which the dried meat is the article for which traders exchange cloth and corned beef, and knives and beads. Here the Samoans pitched upon the site of several villages, both because of the fertile soil at the back and the excellent bay and passage in the reef, which would attract any aquatic race such as these islanders.

That the Falealili cavern is known at all is due to the interest of Mr. Evans, the English trader. He not only discovered it, but he feels convinced that it has a medical value, and for that purpose himself and his family frequently visit it. On the rare occasions when a traveler comes to Falealili he enjoys the hospitality of Mr. Evans, and as part of the entertainment a trip is made into the cave. People in civilized communities, where calls are paid and friends are constantly meeting one another, have no idea of what a pleasure it is to a South Sea trader living off by himself alone with the natives to see a white face, whether familiar or strange. Of what he has nothing is too good for the traveler, and the trader's great regret at the coming of the stranger is that he must also go. Whoever stops with the trader has been in Apia lately and he brings news, perhaps he has been out in the great world, and then his news is all the more interesting. In return, Trader Evans extends a generous welcome and exhibits the natural wonders of his cave, a thing which would be well worth seeing anywhere.

It is in the bush about a mile and a half back from the beach, and the mouth is about 500ft. above tide. From the beach there is a path as well marked as any in the Samoan bush. It extends away back into the hills and follows a line of stone wall such as is to be found everywhere in the mountains of Upolu. These paths and walls are of great antiquity, and certainly antedate the great dispersal of the races of the Pacific, which took place about 1000 A. D. A side path leads off from this, and after you have scrambled through the tangled grasses underfoot and have cut through the lianas hanging down from the overarching trees, and through great clumps of bamboo, you come after a few rods of this sort of traveling to the mouth of the cave. The hillside just here slopes very gently, and in the nearly level ground is a funnel-shaped depression some 60ft. in diameter, with a depth of 20ft. The rim of the bowl is kept in shape by the roots and buttressed trunks of trees, and the slope is covered with herbage, except where bare rocks of basalt crop out. One such is at the bottom of the depression, and under that opens black and contracted the orifice through which you are to squeeze into the cave. Mr. Evans always contrives to make his trips to the cavern as jolly as possible by taking his wife and small children, and all the Samoan boys and girls he can pick up on the way, for though they would rather be shot than go in alone, they are glad to go in with white people, who can secure them against the devils. The white people in the party prepare for the exploration by dressing in the native costume of a strip of cloth clouted about the waist, with the addition of a pair of shoes, since few white men can walk on jagged rocks with such unconcern as do the Samoans. The only thing needed is a torch, and these Mr. Evans prepares with much ingenuity. From the nearest clump of bamboo he cuts several stems and selects the portion which has a diameter of about an inch. With that diameter the interval between knots in the Samoan bamboo is from 15 to 18in. He cuts the stalks so as to get all of one joint, leaving the partition at the bottom, but cutting off the upper one. Filling this tube with kerosene and stuffing the end with a plug of native cloth, which is made of a bark fiber and serves excellently as a wick, he provides a torch as convenient as could well be devised.

At the mouth of the cave there is perceptible a slow indraught of the warm exterior air. There is just room in the hole to work through feet foremost. As soon as your head is within you find that you are at the top of a very steep slide of earth and rock, which seems to account for the funnel-shaped depression in the surface. Working carefully down this descent for 50ft. or so, you are on the level floor of a corridor about 30ft. wide and 60ft. high. Very soon this corridor forks into two arms at right angles to it. The one to the left is not much larger than the entrance corridor, and offers nothing in particular to see. The right arm shortly begins to narrow, but for a considerable distance slopes gradually downward with a width of 15ft. and a height of 8 or 10ft. Here the torches show very distinctly the origin of the cave. On all sides it is vitrified and hung with solid drops of rock—proof that it was nothing but a great bubble of gas or metal vapor in a river of lava, which exerted sufficient outward pressure to hold apart the viscid mass until it finally cooled forever into rock. Afterward some convulsion of the mountain, which must have been abundant enough while the Upolu volcanoes were yet active, pricked one end of the bubble and established the communication with the outer air. A little further along is another evidence of this disrupting shock. A large portion of the roof of the cave has fallen in, and for quite a distance it is necessary to crawl along a tortuous course in and out among the rushes. Up to this breakdown, which is about a quarter of a mile from the entrance, the cave is qute dry. It is filled with birds, a sort of swallow, found nowhere else, and rarely seen in the outer air, which it is said to visit only at night. They nest in the crannies of the rock, and when scared up by the probably painful glare of the torches fly blindly about in clumsy flocks.

On the other side of the breakdown the cave continues its tubular shape and the same light gradient to the seaward. Here it attains a set of dimensions which appear to be constant wherever it is possible to take measurements: height 18ft. from fairly flat floor to crown of the arch, spring of arch above upright sides 2ft., width on floor 15ft. The atmosphere is cool as compared with the temperature of the outer air, but the difference is only great enough to be pleasurable, and it is not considered chilly by the Samoans, who feel the cold keenly. A quarter of a mile beyond the breakdown you reach the beginning of a stretch of water. Before reaching the lake the walls and roof of the cave have been noticed to glisten with moisture, but no drops appear to fall, and there is no trickle of water along the slope of the floor. The source of the lake is therefore unknown. The water is of the same temperature as the cave air. There are no water marks showing alterations of level, and Mr. Evans, who visited the cave hundreds of times in a long course of years, says that the water always begins at just the same place, as shown by marks he has established. There is no current noticeable in the lake, and floating articles do not change position between one visit to the spot and the next. The water has a reddish hue, and a startling effect is produced when one dives while another holds a torch above the surface; it seems like a bath in rich red wine. The water has to the taste no evidence of any marked mineral constituent. It produces a most emollient effect upon the skin, which for several days after a bath in the cave seems as soft and fine as that of an infant. It is also very soothing, and in time healing to the shallow ulcers which result from all skin abrasions in the South Sea Islands.

One can wade out in the lake for some 200yds. before reaching a depth of 5ft., beyond which it is necessary to swim. Mr. Evans has smoked the mark of his furthest limit, about 600yds. from the beginning of the water. Here there is but 15in. between the surface of the water and the crown of the arch. The writer with two Samoans passed Mr. Evans' furthest limit, and found that shortly beyond the roof of the cave begins to rise. About 100yds. beyond his mark there is only a single foot of air space, but 200yds. further on the roof is 2ft. above the water. Here also is a shelf of rock, on which it is possible to rest in the long swim in which one is handicapped by the need of giving up one hand to carry the torch. At this shelf the cave makes a blunt angle and extends off to the left. The party swam some 500yds. up this extension and found 3 or 4ft. of clear air overhead, but it was not possible to touch bottom by diving.

This seems to indicate that the cave gradually rises and that the water has drained into its lowest level, which it has nearly filled. No other opening is known to exist, but as the air is always fresh and sweet it is probable that there is a vent somewhere. Still it is probably no more than a crack, for the smoke of the torches nowhere shows any current in the air except the slow indraft at the known mouth of the cave. The fact that the water remains at a constant level shows that whatever inflow there is, and that has not yet been discovered, is balanced by evaporation and outflow. The water is such as easily to be identified by its color and softness, but none of the springs show the slightest trace of drawing on the cave for their supply.

The cave has been explored for very nearly a mile and a half, of which the mile is in the lake. It offers no difficulties except the tiresome scramble at the breakdown of the roof. With a bamboo raft, so built as to be able to pass under the low portion of the roof, it is quite likely that one could cross the lake to the dry cave beyond and complete the exploration of this the largest cavern known in Samoa.

Willam Churchill.

Yukon Notes.—X.

At the Canadian Custom House.

At Tagish Post of the Canadian Police, on the river connecting Tagish and Marsh lakes, Inspector Strickland and Mr. Godson, the Collector of Customs, were warning miners not to attempt the descent of the Yukon. Inspector Strickland had spent several years on the Yukon, and his advice was not to be lightly put aside. He said that he was confident the river was already closed by ice at Dawson, and that it was only a matter of days till it should back up to Lake Lebarge.

When we reached the post the Inspector and Mr. Godson were off hunting lynxes, which were abundant near by. They came in just as we were in the midst of a knotty discussion with Godson's second in command over a question of duty. This was then the Canadian Custom House for the Provisional District of the Yukon, and here duty was collected on all imports. Our goods had, however, been mostly purchased in Canada, and passed through Alaska in bond. We had papers for our provisions, but the papers relating to hardware had been left with Herrington after the division, and we had not thought it necessary to procure papers for clothing and personal outfit.

After hearing our statement, the assistant collector said he was sorry, but that the articles not included in our papers would have to be appraised and paid for at a rate of duty exceeding 25 per cent. A man from Seattle standing near by said he had been informed from Canadian sources that personal outfit would be exempt from duty, but that he had just had to pay on the rubber boots he wore. He said there wasn't any use kicking, that the Canadians had us by the short hairs and that they would levy on our false teeth and wooden legs if they could spot them.

We had experienced such fair and gentlemanly dealings with the Canadians in Victoria, however, that we had a different opinion of them. Our intercourse with the police officials on the S.S. Islander before reaching Skagway had proved that they were broad-minded and capable men, of a very different stamp from our own representatives in Alaska, who had assessed us $30 duty on $20 horses, and who, the common report ran, were amenable only to an argument that honest men will not give.

Accordingly, when Mr. Godson appeared on the scene we were by no means discouraged. I told him that all our hardware and all my partner's personal outfit and a part of my own were purchased in Victoria; that we had had papers covering our hardware, and had been informed by the people from whom we purchased various articles of clothing that no papers were necessary for personal outfit. This was the commonly accepted interpretation of the customs regulations on the Pacific coast.

The object of these customs regulations was largely to turn trade to the shop-keepers of Vancouver and Victoria, and other Canadian cities. In a general way we had complied with this, and given our trade to Canadian merchants. Our provision papers, which were properly attested, should prove the honesty of our statements and exempt us from the hardship of paying on goods that would have passed unquestioned had it not been for an error in regard to papers.

Mr. Godson asked: "Where did you get that coat you have on?"

"Across the street from the Oriental Hotel in Victoria," I replied. "The firm name was Pirie something or other."

"Where was your hardware purchased?"

Mac had bought most of this, and told without hesitation the correct address.

Godson said: "That will do. It was a close shave for you. A few days ago I had to make some men pay full duty on an outfit they said had been bought in Canada, but they'd lost their papers, so they said."

We thanked Mr. Godson, and learning who we were he handed me a note from Tappan Adney, of Harper's Weekly, who had passed about a week before. Adney left word that he had decided to push through to Dawson, or as far as he could get before the river closed, instead of stopping at the Hootalinqua River, as he had at one time thought of doing. He wanted us to join him, and told us to be on the lookout for a boat with a green and white barred sail.

Inspector Strickland remarked oracularly that Adney would never reach Dawson. "My advice to you," he said, "is to stop at the foot of Marsh Lake, where there is a good trail across to the Hootalinqua by way of the McClintook River. If by any chance you get as far as the juncture of the Hootalinqua and Lewis, don't attempt to go further. Dr. Dawson thinks the Hootalinqua the most promising prospect in the country. There is good timber and game, whereas if you attempt

to go further you are out of the gold belt and in a poor country to winter."

We listened attentively, but the advice in no way affected our plans. We had set for ourselves a goal, and were not to be turned aside while there was one chance in a thousand of reaching it.

Three months later we met men on the Hootalinqua and Marsh Lake who had heeded this advice, and they were all sorry for it. They implied personal motives to the officials for influencing them to stay in their particular district, and were very bitter in denunciation. Many of them had stopped at a time when it would have been perfectly possible for them to reach Dawson and get work at $15 a day for the winter, if they did not personally become claim owners.

Mr. Cæsar, of New York, who with Dr. Sugden, recently from China, runs a first-class woods hotel at Marsh Lake, belongs to this category. Cæsar describes how they were held up at Tagish by waving his arm with a peremptory signal to stop, and calling out in the voice of a Coney Island barker reciting the attractions of the show for which he is engaged to draw spectators: "Stop! Why go further? Fish, game and gold on the Hootalinqua!" etc., etc.

The Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

From Bennett at the start there is seventy miles of lake and slack water navigation, across lakes Bennett, Nares, Tagish and Marsh. Then comes an interval of fifty miles of swift water before reaching Lake Lebarge. Midway in this interval of river is the most serious obstruction to navigation between Bennett and the mouth of the Yukon. Here, where the river breaks through a basalt dyke three miles in width, are Miles Cañon and White Horse Rapids. The cañon proper is five-eighths of a mile long, and White Horse Rapids three-eighths, but the entire three miles is a continuous rapid, and the intervening distance between the cañon and White Horse is bad enough. We reached the cañon in the afternoon along with a crusty Welshman named Kent, who persisted in telling us a grievance he cherished against Hadney, as he called our friend, the Weekly man.

Just above the cañon, on a rocky bar in midchannel, a 30ft. Yukon boat lay on her side, wave-washed and empty. It looked as though the boat had struck the obstruction while going sideways, and been turned over and over, and crew and cargo swept out and carried down to the tunnel-like opening of the cañon below. No one knew anything of its history, and there is little doubt but that its crew perished.

Red danger signals and rude notices on the east bank warned us to land, and as we were a little nervous we went ashore too soon, landing in company with three other boats one eddy above the usual point of disembarkation. Later we dropped down to the regular landing in a cove where there is a strong back current, against which it is very difficult to row.

We were just in time to see Hepburn take a boat through. The greater part of the cargo had been taken out and a canvas wave-shield tacked on bow and stern. Two men rowed, and the pilot stood erect in the stern wielding his long oar, which was lashed securely to the thole-pin socket.

The curling green rollers from the sides form a V with the apex down stream. Where they meet in trembling, boiling, white masses at the center, the surface of the water is from 4 to 6ft. higher than at the sides. Boats go through with the speed of a railroad train. It is best to follow the crest of the current in the center of the cañon, and it is stated that boats that once get off this track are hurled to destruction on the adamant walls. Boats have not infrequently dashed against the sides never to appear again, except as splintered fragments cast on the shores miles below, but their annihilation was due to the steersman's loss of nerve or accident or other cause, and not to the popularly believed miscalculation in keeping to the exact center of the channel. This I know, because I have been close to the walls of the cañon, and found, as one would naturally suppose, that the tendency of the current is off shore and to the center of the river, where the friction is least.

Hepburn's boat went through like a bolt from a cross bow, traversing the mile from landing to landing in less than three minutes. It met with a momentary check to its impetuous course half way through the cañon at the place called "The Eye." Here a whirlpool has hollowed out a circular basin several hundred feet across full of conflicting currents. Below this the cañon resumes its normal width of 100ft., and 100ft. is the average height of its walls.

Shooting the Canyon.

Mac and I began packing our supplies across the portage the morning after reaching the cañon. We carried two 50lb. sacks of flour or its equivalent to a load, and took two-minute rests three times on the way at places where trees had fallen and lay the right distance above the ground to steady our packs upon.

Our first intention was to pack the entire outfit across, boats and everything, but an investigation of the rapids below the cañon made about noon resulted in a change in our programme. These rapids appeared to be almost as bad as the cañon, and there was no way of escaping them, as the portage around White Horse is on the best or opposite side of the river from the cañon portage. We were in for it anyway, and the cañon would not go bad as a flyer.

If we could have escaped all the rapids, I should have been content to give up the time necessary for carrying around, but as that was an impossibility I was glad that the necessity had been forced upon us of taking the risk. We should save much valuable time, and I had the utmost confidence in our little boats.

Mac at first would not hear of my going through alone. I only got the best of the argument when I gave it a materialistic turn and told him that the goods would be safer in my hands, and that if he lost a boat load going through the cañon it might prevent our wintering in Dawson, as he well knew we could not afford to lose a pound of food.

I made one trip that afternoon, and the little 12ft. boat went through like a bird. I was drenched to the skin by the spray, and shipped a few buckets of water, but that was all. I carried 400lbs. of cargo, which not only expedited our packing, but also was necessary to ballast the boat and keep her from tossing me out.

My second trip of the following day, or third in all, was an eventful one. Some acquaintances on the Skagway trail happened along just as I was about to start. There was Leonard, who told me on the portage between Middle and Summit lakes how he helped to exterminate the buffalo, and Montgomery, with whom I spent a wild night in the tent of a third party, unknown to either of us, and two or three others with whom we were on speaking terms.

These men wanted to see a boat shoot the rapids, and they ran around to a point near the Eye where they could have a good view. I was uneasy about the trip, and had a premonition that something would go wrong. The idea of spectators annoyed me, and incidentally while talking with them I had neglected the precaution taken in former trips of making fast both oarlocks close up to the sockets. The chains to which they were attached gave 3 or 4in. play and waves were likely to unship them. Fortunately, however, one oarlock was already so fastened.

The particular boat whose turn it was to make the trip was, as we afterward became convinced, our hoodoo. She had been more roughly used than the others, and had in measure lost her graceful curves, having less rise fore and aft than they. She was covered almost completely over with canvas, which was raised on pole tripods placed a few feet from the ends, so as to shed water, and only a narrow slit in the center was open. I knelt in the bottom of the boat with a sack of flour at each thigh for a brace, and propelled the boat by pushing, which enabled me to face the rapids and see just where I was going.

From the great pool above one can see no entrance to the cañon. The current sweeps down oilily toward a wall of rock which appears to dam the river. The roar of many waters is in the air, however, and one notices that the wild ducks carried within 50yds. of the obstructing mass take wing and fly back up the river.

Of a sudden the damp, misty gap opens, and in place of the smooth surface a long vista of leaping, ghost-white masses of foam. These have the peculiarity of appearing and disappearing always in the same place. They do not advance like ocean waves, but at one particular and unchangeable spot execute fantastic movements, witch-like, uncanny, genuflexuous wavings of phantom arms, turning and becoming forever repeated in the same unvarying way.

Just before reaching the Eye a wave struck my left oar and threw the oarlock out of the socket. By alternately pulling and pushing with the remaining oar, I kept the boat head on till the roughest water was passed, and the boat shot out in the somewhat smoother surface of the whirlpool.

I had to get that oarlock back again before I could cross the seething cauldron and take the second drop of the cañon, so I turned my eyes from the water ahead for a moment, reached out and replaced the oarlock. The same instant one of the minor swirls of the whirlpool caught the boat and whisked her about like a feather in the wind, and the green water came in 6in. deep over the right gunwale. Instinctively I threw my weight to the opposite side of the boat and succeeded in raising the submerged side before the boat quite filled. Simultaneously the oarlock which caused the trouble broke its fastening and slid off the end of the oar to the bottom of the cañon.

I took a breathing spell to consider my position. The boat was full of water washing from side to side, so that it was like riding a bicycle to steady her. She was being sucked down toward the second part of the cañon, where in her present condition she could not survive a single wave. I was wet and cold, but I drew some consolation from the fact that I had on moccasins and should not be greatly handicapped if it came to swimming. The worst feature of it all was the spectators on the ledge above. Of course, the situation was realized in an instant of time. Under such circumstances one has to think quickly. I saw that I had to get to shore some way to repair damages, and the oarlock socket, which projected ¼in. above the gunwale, offered a fulcrum for rowing.

I put my loose oar against that and using both pushed for all I was worth. The boat advanced a trifle, wabbling from side to side, and threatening to give up and go under any instant. Inch by inch I drew away from the suction of the rapid, and eventually had her in the swing of the whirlpool, and the worst was over.

On the west bank a tree had fallen down from the forest above, and a portion of its branches projected into the water. I caught this and made fast the boat. Then I took my slicker hat and bailed her out, cut a piece of small rope 1ft. long and tied the loose oar to the socket, and pushed out into the current again.

I rowed, and with the headway acquired broke loose from the grip of the whirlpool, and entered the second part of the rapid, and in a fraction of time was safe at the landing below, where Mac was waiting my arrival in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, having heard a rumor that the boat had been swamped.

I took all four boats through Miles Cañon in turn, and we carried one back and got our tent and camp outfit, and made a fifth trip through to a point just above White Horse that same afternoon.

J. B. Burnham.

African Skins.

In Mashonaland and Central Africa the trade in skins still flourishes, though only the poorest of the Boers follow it, and they have to trek north of the Limpopo. The hides of the larger bucks, such as the sable antelope, the roan antelope, the hartebeest, or of any of the zebras, are worth 8s. or 9s. each, and there is now something to be made by selling heads and horns as curiosities. Leather made from the skins of these big antelopes is still in common use in high-class bootmaking. No one knows exactly what animal may not have supplied the uppers or soles of his footgear, and the possibilities range from the porpoise and the arctic hair seal to the blesbok or the koodoo. Three other African animals' skins are in commercial demand for curiously different purposes.

The giraffes, as every one knows, are killed so that their skins may be made into sandals for natives and sjambok whips for colonists. In the Soudan they are also killed for the sake of their hides, which are made into shields. Many of the dervish shields captured during their attempt to invade Egypt under the Emir Njumi were made of this material. The elephant and rhinoceros skins go to Sheffield. There they are used to face the wheels used in polishing steel cutlery. No other material is equally satisfactory, and it would be most difficult to find a substitute.

The rhinoceros skin used was formerly that of the white rhinoceros. Now that this species is extinct, the black rhinoceros of Central Africa is killed for the purpose. Much of this immensely thick skin, which is not tanned, but used in the raw state, never leaves Africa. It is in great demand for making the round shields used by the Arabs and Abyssinians. A black rhinoceros's hide yields eight large squares, each of which will make a round shield 2ft. in diameter, and each of these squares, even in the Soudan, is worth $2. The skin when scraped and polished is semi-transparent, like hard gelatine, and takes a high polish. Giraffe skin is even more valued as material for shields, as it is equally hard and lighter. Thus, while the South African giraffes are killed off to supply whips, those of North Central Africa are hunted to provide the Mahdi's Arabs with shields.—London Spectator.

Natural History.

A Fighting Snake.

What "Uncle Sam's" loss is, in not having Fred Mather wearing the blue, we do not know. Our gain in having him writing for us in his charming and inimitable style, we do know. The chapter on snakes in his recent story about "Wild Fishers" reminded me of an incident that may be of passing interest.

It is no fearful and wonderful story of enormous serpents, or marvelous escape from almost certain death, but is just an account of one of the many incidents that the devotee of the rod and gun experiences, a little out of the usual run. It begins with a confession: I will do my share of any, or all, of the hardest work that falls to the camp without complaining, except under one condition, and that is where a snake interferes. I would not seine for minnows in water where I had just seen a snake disappear if the entire camp was facing starvation, and every minnow caught was sure of a 10-pounder. And I would eat raw bacon until ashamed to look a hog in the face rather than gather firewood from the wood pile where even reliable information had located a snake. I have faced many a peril by field and flood, but never have shown, and I fear never will show, a decent front to a snake. I am duly ashamed of this weakness, and have honestly tried to overcome it, but cannot even claim to be convalescent.

The water moccasin that Mr. Mather writes about is particularly abundant in the lakes and bayous of the Southern States. In the southern part of Mississippi, along the Pearl River, where lakes and bayous afford excellent fishing for white perch, bass (called trout by the natives), goggle-eye and bream, I have found them plentiful and annoying. Like all poisonous snakes, they are sluggish, but to a less degree than land snakes of equal venom. Their habit of lying on the limbs of low trees and bushes overhanging the water is more than unpleasant to the snake-timid fisherman. You generally fish in toward the bank from a boat, and paddling quietly along seeking out good sheltered spots for a cast, you are often startled by a "plunk" in the water—like the dropping of a plummet—followed by the oscillation of an overhanging limb, and you know that a moccasin has made it unnecessary for you to cast in that spot. Sometimes the gentleman will drop into your boat, in which event—so I am informed—he will take himself off as quickly as possible, if you but sit still. The reason I cannot verify this is the fact that I never did sit still under such conditions; never even tried to. I have never yet seen the boat that was large enough for me and any brand of snake to use jointly, so I have invariably vacated, sans ceremony, when a mocassin saw fit to board my craft.

A fishing companion, who had treated this weakness of mine with scant consideration and much levity, one time reached up and caught a limb just overhead to steady the boat, while we were quietly slipping along the shady side of a Mississippi bayou fishing for bream; and an instant later discovered that he had grasped, with the limb, a well developed, active specimen of the snake family, genus moccasin. This excellent opportunity to give me an object lesson on self-control he wasted. No amount of fear of snakes in general could have caused him to act more promptly or vigorously. His frightened shriek split the atmosphere like the scream of a panther, and was the first intimation I had of there being anything wrong with him. When he finally quit threshing around like a crazy contortionist, and explained his surprising conduct, he did not lack for sympathy. It was a dangerous and nerve-trying experience, and a narrow escape, as a moccasin seldom accepts an apology for a liberty taken with him, but strikes at once when touched.

That they are provided with fangs and poison I have proved by a careful examination. After pressing the mouth well open with a stick, I have seen the fangs stand out like the claws of a cat, and by a little pressure eject the green virus through the small opening in the point. That they invariably retreat when attacked, if retreat be possible, has been my observation, with one exception, which is the adventure I would narrate.

Fishing one day in a bayou of the Pearl River, with one companion, we sat in opposite ends of a long, light boat, which tapered equally at both ends, but did not come to a sharp point. It had but three seats—one at each end and a middle seat. When a change of position was desired, we sunk a light paddle in the water and

quietly propelled the boat by strokes under the water so as to make no splashing.

My end of the boat had turned toward the nearest bank, which was distant about 30ft., and lying asleep on a log at the water's edge I noticed a moccasin of very fair proportions.

Signing to my companion, I pointed to the snake, that he might hold the boat steady while I tried a shot at it with a small pocket pistol—a 22 cal.—that we always carried on our trips, and in the use of which constant practice had made me very expert. The snake's head was not visible, so I concluded to try a shot at the thickest part of the body, which showed clear on the highest part of the log, presenting a fair mark that I could hit nine times in ten shots, hoping to break his spine. My pistol was a single shot, which was usually no disadvantage in shooting at snakes, as they always took to the water if not disabled at the first shot. Taking a very careful aim at the fair mark presented by the snake's body on the log, I fired.

The boat must have moved slightly just at that moment, for my shot struck ½in. lower than intended. Instead of going through the snake's body, it went between it and the log, and must have felt very much like a hot iron, judging by his actions.

After a quick shiver and full length squirm, he began to bow his back and spit like an angry cat.

This was so very unusual that it amused us very much, and we sat laughing heartily for a moment or two, expecting every instant that the snake would take to the water and disappear.

Suddenly the snake swung round with its head stretched out in our direction, and plunged into the water, but did not disappear. Threshing through the water like mad, he made straight for me with an air of business that cured my attack of laughter promptly and effectually.

I was paralyzed with fright, but could not believe that the snake was really coming to attack us, and sat looking at his approach, expecting every moment that he would dive or turn aside.

But he did neither. Straight on he came until he was but a few feet from me as I sat in the boat, and then I recovered my powers of locomotion and most ingloriously fled. There was no choice of routes, so straight down the long, slender boat I dashed toward the end my companion occupied, clearing the middle seat with a jump that nearly drove the bottom out. My companion had started up with a startled cry to "Look out!" and had grasped a heavy paddle lying in the bottom of the boat, but seeing me bearing down on him in a wild flight, that was certain to carry us both over the end of the boat into 20ft. of water, he dropped the paddle, stooped low, and caught me with an approved football tackle hold just above the knees, and together we fell with a crash against the end seat, my head striking with such force that I was dazed and rendered almost unconscious. Springing to his feet, my friend snatched up the paddle and ran to the end of the boat that I had fled from, and found the snake still in pursuit, although the boat had moved some distance from the impetus given by the sudden arresting of my flight. Not until he had received a blow that almost disabled him did that pugnacious serpent retire from the attack. He then swam back to the bank and crawled out by the very log where first we had found him.

When I had sufficiently recovered from the knock on the head, and gathered my scattered wits, we held a council of war, and there was a division in the camp.

The man who was not snake-timid was in favor of going right in and whipping out the enemy with our heavy paddles; while the man who was most decidedly snake-timid was in favor of a general and immediate retreat from the unpleasant and, to him, unfortunate location. We finally compromised by landing the boat at a point some distance from the enemy, and the able-bodied contingent went to the attack alone, while the sick and wounded stood guard at the boat. The snake refused to retreat to the water, and was killed with a long pole while still showing fight. This is no exaggeration of the attack of the only moccasin that I ever saw "carry the war into Africa."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Albino Swallow.

LAKESIDE PARK, N. Y., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days since, while crossing the bridge at this place, I saw a white bird flying over the water. I had only an instant's view of it, and my first thought was that it was a dove, only that it seemed too small. I dismounted from my wheel and returned to the center of the bridge, thinking to get another view of it. I had not long to wait, when to my surprise a perfectly white eaves swallow came flying over the bridge, within 30ft. of me. When I reported the observation at the hotel a lady said that she had seen a white bird flying with the swallows, and wondered what it could be. Since then, I presume, it has been reported to me by more than a dozen people. One party said he saw one seven miles up the lake; another party saw it two miles down the lake shore.

It is possible, but hardly probable, that there is more than one albino swallow here; and undoubtedly the bird I first saw is the same that has been reported to me so often.

I was wheeling in the country about a mile and a half from here this forenoon, when I saw a number of swallows flying over a clover field. Among them was the albino, and to my great surprise and pleasure it flew over my head twice within one minute, and as it was the only swallow that passed over the road I thought it wanted to show to me its exceeding beauty of pure white, or was it the harbinger of the "white wings of peace" that within the next hour I saw proclaimed in the morning papers?

J. L. DAVISON.

MALDEN, Mass., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friends who are lovers of the rod and gun and nature's works, but cannot be in the field, don't know what they miss if they do not read your paper. It is a wonderful solace when we are blue and thinking of friends on their vacations, while we are chained at home.

C. E. B.

Some Animal Pets.—IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 5.—It is a misnomer to call this a chapter on animal pets, inasmuch as I purpose drifting off on to birds, and perhaps should call it pets in general.

In my boyhood days, in the rear of the old country home, an immense elm tree had grown until its upper branches reached the attic window, the attic being relegated to the use of us boys as a playroom. One branch of the tree brushed the window sill within easy reach of the hand, and on this a pair of robin redbreasts built a nest, showing their confidence in us. This was not misplaced, for we took care not to disturb them; and although we sat at the open window within 2ft. of the nest, and after the complement of eggs was laid, the mother bird proceeded to perform her natural duties by setting on the nest, and seemed to take pleasure in watching us. We brought bread crumbs and laid them on the window, and retiring, watched to see if she would notice them. At first she did not, but later in the day, perhaps because the male bird was amiss in his duties in bringing her food, or shirking his turn in setting, and she became hungry, she came to the window during our absence, for when we returned later the crumbs were gone.

We continued to supply bread crumbs with an occasional worm, all of which disappeared. One day, on account of absence, we omitted the supply until late in the day; and when, toward evening, we carried up the usual rations, much to our surprise she hopped off the nest, and regardless of our presence lit on the open window sill, and ate the crumbs with avidity. Ever after whenever we brought food she would hop down and partake, and in a few days would eat out of our hands without the least timidity, and finally would keep her seat on the nest and allow us to feed her from our hands.

When the little chicks made their appearance, she would allow us to handle them, and seemed pleased at our notice of them.

The male bird would sit on the limb and eye the proceedings, apparently not quite approvingly at first; but seeing that no harm came from such familiarity, became reconciled, and by way of expressing his gratitude for the attention would carol his sweetest songs for our benefit. He evidently appreciated our relieving him from the onerous duty of providing for the wants of a numerous family.

When the young birds were able to leave the nest, their first essay was a short flight to the window sill, and thence into the attic, hopping over the floor. We fixed a box for them, into which the old bird gathered them at night, until in a week she probably said to herself, "This is too much luxury; and it is time you youngsters were taught to take care of yourselves and learn your duties." So one day they all disappeared, but we saw them down in the orchard. Almost every morning the male bird would give us his serenade. Later in the season they all disappeared, and we saw them no longer; but the next spring the old birds appeared and took possession of their nest, and proceeded to raise a family, and were fed as usual, and this continued for two succeeding years.

The third year they failed to put in an appearance, until one day the male bird was on the branch as I opened the window, and seemed dejected and low spirited. He hopped onto the edge of the nest and surveyed it sorrowfully. He had evidently come to tell us that he had lost his mate and was a widower. If he ever took another, he probably was unable to pursuade her to assume her duties at the old homestead, she arguing perhaps that the associations were too fresh in his mind and might lead to comparisons, on the principle that the second wife so universally banishes the portrait of number one to the attic, when she, as number two, takes her place. But it is seldom that we know of an instance on the part of number two to object to taking possession of the family nest, especially if a fine establishment. Her fine sense of the conditions do not run to a point in such conflict to her interests.

What the subsequent fate of our pet robin and his later matrimonial ventures were we never knew, as we saw him no more. No doubt he had to work harder to supply his families than he did when the happy family in the old elm branch were under the care of us boys, and he had little to do but sing us a song occasionally. There are a good many similar cases in our experience where a man don't do even as much as that toward fulfilling his obligations to those dependent upon him, leaving these oppressive cares to the public or friends.

Referring to the susceptibility of birds to tameness under careful and kind treatment, we have so many instances, as in the case of Mrs. Minnie Moore-Willson, who writes of her pet cranes, that it is not impossible to believe that almost any species could be domesticated. Although, come to think of it, I will except one. On one occasion, when I was about sailing from Poryta, Peru, a native to whom I had shown some favors brought aboard a young condor. It was the personification of viciousness, apparently, and proved to justify this opinion. As sailors are especially fond of anything in the pet line, I turned him over to the forecastle. He was an enormous bird, and on the voyage grew to full size. But, oh, what a vicious, spiteful, ungrateful specimen he proved to be. He would bite the hand that fed him, and at times would take possession of the forward deck. We made a small chain fast to his leg and confined him under the anchor deck. Occasionally a sailor would come within reach of his bill and talons and would suffer. Except for the fact of his being a rare specimen of the great South American condor of the Andes, I would have thrown him overboard; but concluded to endure him until arriving in San Francisco, when I donated him to the menagerie out at Woodward's Garden, and was glad to get rid of him. He was a specimen of the most unmitigated viciousness that I deemed possible in the way of a bird. He nearly created a famine aboard the ship, for he was as voracious as a shark. A pound or two of salt junk was nothing. I think he could have eaten the whole of the horse that generally constitutes Jack's rations. As for domestic pets, I withhold my approval of South American condors.

It has been asserted that quail could not be tamed, especially California quail; and I was inclined to that belief until seeing evidence to the contrary.

I had made efforts myself to do so by securing one brood but a few days old, which it was necessary to feed forcibly. But no amount of handling seemed to have any effect. They would flutter and dash against the cage whenever they were approached. I tried them separately, but it was useless, and I finally gave them their liberty. Going into a saloon one day, I was greatly surprised at seeing a California cock quail strutting up and down the bar counter, with that air of pompous pride peculiar to the California species. The fellow was perfectly tame, and would light on the barkeeper's shoulder when called; but the strangest thing was that he would drink beer, of which he appeared very fond; and when I held out my glass toward him he immediately ran toward it, and dipped his bill into it several times with seeming gusto, but evidently knew when he had enough. Association with mankind had brought about the usual results in demoralization so far as to teach him bad habits, but not to the extent of going beyond the limit of prudence and good sense. Therein the bird rose superior to the man.

I made extravagant offers for the little fellow, but no amount would induce the saloon man to part with him, as he was a great attraction and brought custom, especially of every sportsman in town. "That reminds me" of a similar case of the first cargo of Japanese goods and curios that came here from Japan. Among them was a very ingeniously constructed mermaid, composed of the head and shoulders of a young monkey, the rest of the body a very skilfully grafted fish. It was impossible to discover where the monkey left off and the fish began, and the specimen was an enigma to several scientific professors who examined it. On the sale of the cargo at auction, bidding for the mermaid was very spirited. It was finally knocked down to one Jones, a saloon man, at $150, who hung it up in his saloon, of which he changed the name to "The Mermaid." The original cost of the curio was 35 cents. It was thought to be a good joke on Jones, but he declared he never made a more profitable investment in his life. The price the mermaid brought stimulated trade in that line, and large orders were sent to Japan for mermaids, overstocking the market, until they were a drug and were of dull sale at 25 cents, allowing all the doubting professors to discover by dissection how they were constructed, and a consequent reversal of their former judgment that the original one was a simon pure genuine article. Professors do sometimes slip up.

PODGERS.

In the Woods.

THE mere hunter or fisherman loses the best part of his life if he is not something of a naturalist. That is, one who studies the life of the forest, as well as hunts and fishes. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than nature in its wild moods. And one who has an eye and mind for these beauties need not care if the fish are not so easily seduced by the fisherman's wiles, or the birds are wild and the bag is light. I have thought of this years ago, but never felt it so much as during the past summer in this delighful and picturesque part of the Southern woods. Here it is mostly all woods, not nearly one-tenth of the land having been cleared for cultivation. Most of it, however, is held for the value of the fine timber, which exists in abundance, and along with the facilities for rearing game thus afforded, the most agreeable climate, the entire absence of tormenting flies, which make the Northern woods almost unbearable, and the silence broken only by those sounds which delight the soul of the naturalist and the sportsman, the perfectly pure water flowing from uncontaminated springs—hundreds of them within gunshot of each other—gathering into brooks, making music as they sing, rippling over the clear rocky beds, or running down the innumerable cascades; these, and as well the gorgeous flora of the whole summer season, and uncountable curious phenomena of wild nature, all go to give a charm to the sportsman's mind able and eager to study and enjoy the scenery.

The forest is blazing at times with the brilliant azaleas, beginning in April and lasting until June. Then come the Kalmias, lining the mossy rocks of the gorges along the banks of the streams, small and great; then the rhododendrons, with their great clusters of bloom, scores, hundreds, and at times, on the largest bushes, thousands of them, actually filling the forests with glorious color; at the same time the sweet tuberose-scented azalea viscosa, or clammy azalea, with its pure white sweet-scented clusters of flowers, cover the ground with their lower growth; the beautiful little saxifrages cover the rocks, half hidden among the vari-colored mosses, and dripping with the moisture which everywhere exudes from these cliffs and goes to feed the myriad springs, making the clear brooks and rivers in which the trout live and breed, and wait the delusive fly which tempts them into the fisherman's basket. These, with the loud whirring of wings of the pheasant or partridge, the pleasing cry of the Bob White, and the quiet, enticing answer of his mate, and with endless variety of woodland phenomena, all go to make the man who loves fish and birds well, but nature more, entirely careless of how the world wags elsewhere, so that he

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I was interested in the matter of the honey dew mentioned recently in FOREST AND STREAM. There is philosophy in this; it is not a mere incident, but one of the curious works of nature. The explanations given by several correspondents recently, however, do not go to the root of this matter. It is the result of a common function of vegetable growth applicable to trees mostly. During the winter the sap of the tree has been accumulating mostly in what is known as the cambium layer of it. This is the new annual growth of wood lying between the bark and the last year's growth. The sap has been gradually growing sweeter, and as we know with the maples and the hickories, and even the white pine, this sap is very sweet. About the

season when the Northern farmer, who has his maple grove, is thinking of tapping his tree, the sap is gathering in this part of the tree. In spite of cold and snow and ice, the warmth of nature in all living things sets this sap in motion from the source of it to the cambium layer, lying between the old wood and the bark, the sap wood, as we call it, from the base of the tree (the roots) to the topmost twig. It gathers in this part of the tree, and as the growth of the tree increases at some seasons, we can scarcely distinguish why or how, but it appears mostly in a dry time, there is a surplus of this sap gathering in the leaves, and under the pressure due to that process known as osmosis the sap flows by the passage of it from wood cell to cell, quite irrespective of the force of gravitation. The sap passes through the walls of these cells by this force.

And as there is an excess of it for the growth of the tree it issues through the leaves and gathers on the surface, sometimes so freely that it drops from leaf to leaf, and finally even moistens the leaves of shrubs under the trees or the ground. It of course attracts myriads of insects—bees often—which feed on it, but mostly plant lice, which gorge themselves with it. Otherwise these lice would get it from the leaves by suction, as they pierce the leaf with their suckers. The excess of the sweet sap and the presence of these lice attract the ants, which, it is alleged, induce these lice to exude the sweet sap through their skins, and so get their share of it. The effusion of the honey dew is thus caused by the pressure of an excess of sap in the tree, and my belief is that this exudation is most profuse in a dry season, when the supply of moisture in the soil checks the growth of the tree, so that there is not sufficient use for the excess of sap.

This matter brings up another related to the work of these insect parasites of trees. This is the work of gall flies, minute insects which puncture the leaves or buds of plants or trees, depositing eggs in these punctures. The irritation due to their presence in the tissues causes an abnormal growth, some of these growths being quite curious. The witch hazel gall is a small conical growth on the leaf, and sharp pointed. One on the scarlet oak is round and smooth, and is prettily spotted, really a distorted bud, in which the fly has laid an egg. The azalea is very commonly infested with these gall insects, by which large irregular growths are made on the small stems where a leaf should have been. I need scarcely say that the oak galls are sometimes used in various industries for tanning or making ink, on account of the large quantity of tannin they contain, and which, with iron salt, makes an intensely black liquid.

But it would fill the FOREST AND STREAM full every week for months to mention a small portion of the interesting things to be found in the forest, and even in the streams, by one who has a habit, founded on a love for it, of prying into and studying the wonderful works of nature. If every sportsman were a naturalist, and noted these things, the mere love for sport would become a secondary thing, just as the pleasures of the mind and intellect are far surpassing those of the mere animal nature of mankind, which is merely akin to the hunting proclivity of the animals the sportsman competes with in pursuit of his game.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

And thus the true sportsman, who would enjoy life in the woods to the full, must surely be at least something of a naturalist, and live very close to nature.

I was very sorry that your Mr. Hallock did not visit what he calls the lakes at this place. They are not exactly lakes like the Sapphire Lake, but good-sized ponds, in which he could have found the 4lb. trout which he didn't get at Sapphire. To be so near and yet so far greatly disappointed me. H. STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

The Band-Tailed Pigeon.

WE have received from a correspondent from Stockton, Cal., the flat skin of a bandtail pigeon of the Pacific coast, sent to show the marked difference between the passenger pigeon of the East and his Western cousin. This difference is very striking—one of its most obvious features being seen by a comparison of the cuneate tail of the passenger pigeon and the nearly square one of the bandtail. The latter belonging to the genus *Columba*, while the genus *Ectopistes* was made to include the migratory bird of the East. The specimen sent us was killed on the McKenzie River, in Oregon, late last June, at which time the birds were feeding in the cherry orchards and berry patches. Our correspondent states, "One of the few killed discloses mature eggs, showing that they were nesting at that time, which was late in June." It will be remembered that observations made not very long ago in the southwest during the breeding season gave the observer reason to think that these birds carry about with them their single egg.

A Wisconsin Report.

A LETTER from the railroad agent at Manitowish, Wisconsin, says: "There is no pheasant hunting here whatever. But there is some good fishing and deer hunting. Guides say deer are more plentiful this year than they have ever known them to be before. I have myself seen, while taking walks less than a mile from my station, three deer at one time, and always see not less than one. There is also fair duck hunting on the Manitowish River."

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Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XVI.

THERE was one cover in Tolland where we always found grouse in abundance, and many famous bags we made here, even after the surrounding covers were desolate. This cover was not an inviting one to look at, and I probably would not have found it, but upon my second visit to the locality I made the acquaintance of a farmer, who told me of it and gave me a cordial invitation to shoot over it whenever I wished. The cover was in a little valley among the hills in the eastern part of the town, and was from five rods to forty or fifty in breadth, and wound among the hills for more than a mile. A little brooklet ran through the valley among the alders and maples which covered the ground, and there is scarcely a square yard in the whole cover where I have not found birds. When I first entered the cover it was well along in the afternoon, and it was my intention to make a hurried examination only, as I was several miles from my stopping place, which I wished to reach before dark, as I was unacquainted with the roads, but before I had been in the cover ten minutes I lost all consciousness of everything except grouse, and at twilight I found myself a mile from my team, with fifteen heavy birds in my pockets. But my heart was light, for I had found one more bonanza, the sure abiding place of my favorite bird. The farmer's house was only a few steps out of my way, so I called upon him and made him happy with deeds as well as words, for, after thanking him for the information he had given me, I laid upon the kitchen table a couple of brace of the birds and took my departure with lightened load, and still lighter heart. This was the beginning of a sincere friendship that lasted until the final parting came. Two or three times each season we enjoyed the hospitality of my good old friend, and upon each occasion he tramped with us through the cover and soon became an ardent lover of the sport. It was mainly through his persistent efforts to keep our favorite cover free from the footsteps of the vandals who had laid waste nearly all the surrounding covers that we so long enjoyed abundant sport in this our happy valley.

The shooting here was of marked peculiarity, for nearly every bird, as soon as flushed, would mount straight in the air like a rocket and make for the steep and almost inaccessible hillsides that completely surrounded the valley. But difficult as the shooting was, Eaton and I were on to them, and many famous bags did we make. Our best score here was twenty-eight November birds, and we were back to the house for lunch before 2 o'clock. There were birds in those days, and during the woodcock season our score for a three or four-day trip in this section of country was seldom less than 100 birds, and often it would be thirty or forty more than this, but notwithstanding the large quantity of game that we brought home and distributed among our friends I never heard one of them complain that there was an over supply, and I know that we did not impoverish the covers, for we shot over so large an extent of territory, and visited the different localities so seldom, that there was always an abundant breeding stock left, and, as the years passed by, each returning season found our favorite covers as bountifully supplied as when first we explored them.

The advent of the market shooter, however, changed all this, for with them a bird in the hand was worth more than whole broods in the bush, and they therefore usually made a clean sweep, and very nearly extinguished everything in the way of game in many of the most prolific covers in this section of country. In those days there were no posted grounds worth mention, and scarcely any attempt was made to enforce the crude and meager game laws.

The second season that we visited the Tolland grounds we made quite a long trip of it, and extended our researches over considerable new territory, finding many excellent bits of cover that were well stocked with birds. After working out our best covers we turned south and drove the whole length of the town of Coventry, sampling such covers as we thought looked promising, finding woodcock fairly abundant, and goodly numbers of grouse and quail, but nothing that came quite up to our ideal until we crossed the line into Andover, and saw spread before us the beautiful valley through which runs Hop River. Here was a game looking country that even our fastidious taste was well pleased to pronounce faultless. Spread before us with lavish profusion was a bewildering display of inviting looking covers, scattered along the gently sloping hillsides and in the little valleys, where, with eye of faith, we could plainly see an abundant stock of grouse and woodcock, while an occasional grain field bordered with low growing bushes was suggestive of quail.

The next morning we drove back to the place intending to look over considerable ground, sampling a cover here and there, for we had not much time, as it was Saturday and we were some thirty miles from home, and for nearly one-half the distance we were entirely unacquainted with the roads, but the sport that came to us in the first cover we entered completely drove all idea of hurried work out of our minds. The cover was of fairly open growth, upon a gentle slope that led down to a sweet-looking alder run, while the opposite slope was covered with rather a dense growth of sprouts. Some fifty rods down the run was a swampy tract of about twenty acres that was completely surrounded by a wide border of alders, the whole making a picture that we had very rarely seen equaled. We entered the cover at the upper corner, and worked along the edge toward the run, and had nearly reached it when the dog, as he was crossing in front of us not more than 25ft. away, suddenly dropped all in a heap with his head turned back over his shoulder. While we stood enjoying the very singular picture, Eaton raised his hand, and with a low breathed "sh!" pointed a little to the right of the dog, and as I turned my eyes in the direction I saw a bevy of nearly twenty quail slowly coming straight toward the dog. When the foremost ones were within 3ft. of him, one of them stretched out his neck with his head turned sideways, then with an alarmed "chit-chit," which was echoed by some of the others, all of them sank into the ground out of sight, and it was in vain that we strained our eyes and carefully searched the ground, not a trace of one of them could we discover.

Not the least interesting part of this performance to us was the behavior of the dog. The wind was in the wrong direction for him to smell them, but he was too old a campaigner not to know that they were close by, for he had heard that warning note too many times to be deceived. This dog was well trained and had lots of intelligence, but I had never given him instruction that covered this point, and he appeared to be all at sea. It was comical to see him roll his eyes toward me with a look that plainly showed that he was perplexed, then he very cautiously turned his head partly toward the place where he had heard the warning sounds, and we could plainly see his nostrils distend and collapse in an effort to smell them, but it was of no use, and he again turned his head in the direction of his first love, but thoughts of those quail in such close proximity evidently disturbed him, and he again turned his head toward them; but there was still no scent, and he again put his head over his shoulder for a second or two and then he compromised the matter by sticking his nose straight in the air and holding his point in this position until we went to him and flushed the birds. A woodcock rose first, only a few feet behind the dog, and a second later the quail flushed, and all, with the exception of the woodcock and three quail, went down the run. Just before the quail disappeared from sight another large bevy rose under them and went in the same direction.

Following them down the run a short distance, we found a brace of grouse that gave Eaton a nice double, which he attended to in his usual good form. One of the birds fell dead, but the other turned when struck and flew about 200yds. and fell on the opposite hillside among the sprouts, and I sent the dog after it, but as he did not return in proper time I went to see what was the matter, and found him on point. When I came to him and signaled a point to Eaton, a bevy of quail flushed wild beyond him, and they also took their course down the run. When I returned I found Eaton in a little open place upon a knoll that overlooked the swamp at the lower end of the run that I have previously described. As I joined him he pointed to the place, and told me that he had a presentiment that we should find down there about as red-hot a corner as we had ever struck. This I am pleased to say proved to be the case, for in addition to the three bevies of at least fifty quail that were hidden among the tussocks of grass and clumps of low growing bushes in the marshy ground in the center of the swamp, we found nearly half as many grouse and woodcock in the border of alders around the edge. This was indeed a red-hot corner, and had the birds lain as well as they often do, or had we been armed with breechloaders, the score would have been something phenomenal, for our shooting was of the best, but the trouble was that too many birds were in the air at once, and it was often the case that several would flush while we were loading. But notwithstanding the wildness of the game we were well pleased with the result, for when we returned to the team we counted out seventeen quail, eight woodcock and seven grouse.

It is the incidental happenings connected with our days afield that often bring to us the most pleasure, and add more to the day's enjoyment than pockets full of birds. Why! I would not barter the wealth of pleasurable thoughts that cheer my heart when, in overhauling memory's storehouse, some pleasing incident of the bygone days comes back to me for ten times the birds that have fallen to my gun. When recollection of this day comes back to me the air is filled with quail, woodcock and grouse in countless numbers flying in every direction. Little Gipsey is alternately pointing and bringing them in, while Eaton and I are shooting the score of our lives. Although I well know that there must have been some misses, the hand of time has erased them from the record, and the score is clean. The glorious October sun illuminates the brown and gold of the thicket above us with a radiance that artist brush can never portray. The balmy air encompasses me with a halo of happiness; worldly cares have fled, and with love in my heart for all the world I am a boy again. This is the day as it comes back to me now, and as I fondly trust it will come—together with many other glorious days—in the dim future, when the easy chair by the fireside shall hold me in its embrace, powerless to roam through my favorite covers in search of still other such days. There is a world of satisfaction in the thought that when our shooting years are over, memories of all that was pleasant and bright in the good old days will come back to bless and cheer us with happy thoughts of joys that once we knew. It seems to me a very singular as well as blessed thing, when these memories return to us after many days, that only the pleasant features present themselves; misses and all else that at the time was unpleasant have faded from memory's tablet, and only the brilliant shot and pleasing incident remain.

In a number of FOREST AND STREAM not long since Awahsoose hit me a rap for not missing more birds. Captain Bogardus was once pulling trap for me, and as I passed him, when going to the shooting point, he whispered the number of the easiest trap, and then almost before I called pull he let loose the very worst one, but a quick snap shot did the business, and the laugh was on him. When I asked him why he did thus, he answered that it did him good to see me miss. Now if this is what's the matter with Awahsoose, I don't mind telling him that upon a great many occasions I have missed more than half my birds, but for the reason

above given, I have too hazy recollection of those trivial happenings to attempt giving a record of them.

I well remember the day I ran a thorn under my kneepan that laid me up for three weeks, but I do not mark the day by this event, not a bit of it. The white stone that marks this day still stands on guard at the head of the little run, and when the moss-covered rock comes back to me I am at no loss to interpret the quaint hieroglyphics upon its surface, for they plainly tell me that while sitting here, unable to walk a step, six grouse, driven from below by my companion, all coming straight toward me, were piled in a heap without a miss. These birds, coming up the little run straight toward me at their best speed, I can still plainly see, and did not my note book inexorably say six, I could almost persuade myself that there were scores of them.

Our first day in the Andover covers was marked by no singular or striking incident, but the beautiful day, the pleasant surroundings, abundant sport, congenial companionship, and perhaps, best of all, light and happy hearts, caused it to be remembered as one of the most delightful of our many happy days together. We had devoted more time than we intended to the first cover, and to form an estimate of the value of our newly discovered territory we separated, and each took a turn through several different covers, finding birds and sign enough to satisfy us that our first impressions had not been far wrong, and we decided that in all our rambles, over a wide extent of country, we had found no sweeter spot than this. I shot over these grounds with many friends for more than twenty years, and always found plenty of birds.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Last Beaver of Beaver Island.

IT was on a Friday evening before the Christmas holidays. School had closed, and a two weeks' vacation had commenced. I was sitting in the library looking over my examination papers when the telephone commenced its b-r-r-r, b-r-r-r, b-r, b-r,. Before the receiver is at my ear I hear, as from afar, "Is Ak-sar there?" "Yes; this is he." Then there comes over the 'phone: "Let's go after cottontails to-morrow. We can skate up to the creek, cache our skates, go over the other side pontoon near that undergrowth, and get plenty. What say?" No more examination papers for me. Putting them away, I go up to my room and overhaul the little 12-gauge, fill my belt with shells, see that my hunting knife is sharp, and fill my tobacco pouch, which hangs Indian fashion from my belt. Hunting coat, buckskin breeches and leggings are laid out for wear on the morrow, and after taking a look out into the night I turn in.

Seven o'clock, and the mill whistles are blowing as I jump out of bed, and throwing up the curtain, gaze out on as perfect a winter morning as any hunter could wish for. The sun's rays are painting into gold the snow lying on the hills off to the west. A thin haze is discernable in the south, but overhead the sky is the deepest of blue. Breakfast and we are off. Taking the shortest cut for the river, we are soon at the boat house where our canoes are in winter quarters. Putting on skates and slinging guns by their carrying straps, we speed away over the clear, glassy surface for up the river. The sun's rays are turning into thousands upon thousands of diamonds the frost crystals on the trees and bushes along our course. Oh, how the blood rushes through the veins and the air makes ears tingle as we glide swiftly on with not a sound to disturb the stillness but the clink of our skates. But we are not the only ones on the river's frozen breast this morning, for away up near the foot of "Beaver Island" we see a tall figure plodding along. As we get nearer we see that it is Old Bill Hogey, fisherman, trapper and general all-round good fellow; one who would stop his work to give us boys any information about traps, how to bait for this fish and that, how and where to set our lines, and in fact anything in his way we youngsters wanted to know. He is always cheerful, and always ready to go on a fishing or hunting trip. Such is the man we skate up to. In one hand he is carrying his old single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, that has seen service as a musket, and in the other a new double spring Newhouse trap.

"Hello, Bill," we call out as we come up where he is waiting. "Hello, boys; going gunning this morning?" "Yes; after cottontails. Better come along, eh?" "Noap, see thet trap? Wall, thet's goin' ter catch ther last beaver up ter ther i'lan', if ther trap I've got thar now ain't got 'im; got two this week so fur and thar's only one left 's fur as I kin judge."

Although aching to stay and see Bill examine his traps, we knew him too well to tarry; for there was one thing he always kept to himself, and that was where he set his traps. We knew a colony of beavers had settled at the island, and although their cuttings were in evidence, we had never been able to catch sight of them. True, we had seen Bill skinning one large fellow in the shed back of his little store. Oh, how we had admired the thick, shiny fur, and wondered at the broad, black tail, that Bill had told us was "good eatin'." How, as a boy, I used to delight in seeing these interesting creatures captured. But now, how I should like to know that the beavers that old Bill used to catch in the lagoon were alive and still cutting timber on the banks of Beaver Island.

Leaving Bill behind, we strike swiftly up river for the pontoon. Reaching it, we cache our skates under a bunch of tumble weed, and clambering through the barbed wire fence start on our day's sport. We have not left the fence 50yds. when there is a rustling of dry grass and a scattering of snow and away speeds the first cottontail of the day. He has not run 30yds. before our guns crack. Thus it goes on. We skated down the river at nightfall with ten cottontails, three jacks and eight quail in our pockets—not a bad day's sport.

Nearing the bend where Bill has his little store, and seeing a dim light in the shed, we decide to investigate. As we near the door we hear Bill whistling softly—a habit of his when everything is running smoothly. We look at one another and both say as with one breath: "He's surely got him." Opening the door, for the latch string is always out to us, we behold a sight still fresh in memory. The room is dimly lighted by an old lamp suspended from a beam overhead. In the center of the room, lying on a board that lies across an old upturned barrel, is a beaver. Old Bill, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, glances up from his work and with his comical grin and wink, which mean volumes, proceeds to divest the beaver of his thick, glossy hide. We watch the proceeding with interest, till, with a last slash of the skinning knife, the hide drops to the floor. Then we ply Old Bill with questions regarding his capture. "Wall, boys, arter yer left me this mornin' I went ter whar I hed set this yer trap an' I see thar was sumthin' cotched sure, for the trap hed slid down ther pole inter deep water an' hed drowned what was at ther other end. When I pulled 'er up thar was thet thar beaver, an' I guess he's ther last one, too, an' yer Uncle Bill won't cotch any more beaver on this ere stream."

After watching the process of scraping and rubbing for a short time, we bid Bill good night and start for home.

Poor old Bill, he had troubles of which none knew; for one morning in early spring he was found dead in his little shed, shot through the head by his old navy, which he still clutched in his death-stiffened hand. Thus ended the life of one of nature's noblemen. He was generous to a fault, with a kind word and a helping hand for all. And we boys sincerely mourned his loss. May his rest be peaceful is the wish of his boy friend

AK-SAR-BEN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Chicken Year.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—I have earlier referred to the curious fact that of late years it has become customary to announce each season that the chicken prospect is "better than it has been for years." This same report was out last year, and this year it comes again from different sections of the West. I am disposed to give it credence this time for at least a portion of the Western chicken country. In upper Minnesota and North Dakota, near the Manitoba line, the breeding conditions have been very much more favorable this year than they were last, and there are unquestionably more birds than there were last season. I presume that in South Dakota the birds have at least held their own. We do not often hear of Wisconsin as a prairie chicken State, but really this bird offers a great deal of sport in Wisconsin every year. In Illinois we stood to have a good chicken crop this year in spite of a bad spring, but the illegal shooting has pretty well cleaned up the reasonable prospect of success after Sept. 15 in many parts of the State. On the whole, it seems that the prairie chicken has done more than was asked or expected of it during the past year. How the noble bird does hold on to the country which it loves! Give it half a show and it would always be with us, even under the changed conditions of to-day. Indeed, I believe that it is harder to kill a big bag of chickens nowadays than it was twenty years ago, supposing that the numbers of birds were the same. In the old days the birds used to go to the grass, and could be easily marked down. Now they fly perhaps a mile and light in the middle of a vast cornfield, where it is much harder to locate them or to shoot them. Chicken shooting in the open at any time before Sept. 1 is not very exciting, and does not compare with quail or snipe shooting as sport. The same birds shot when the blades of the corn stalks are edged with yellow is a mighty different sort of fowl. When he rocks and cackles and flies a mile, you can't kill him with a whip or with a squib of No. 9's.

Certain Sooners.

The farming country near Janesville, Wis., has always been a good one for prairie chickens, and this year the crop was a fine one, but the sooners have been out for weeks, so that the decent sportsmen fear they will have little left by Sept. 1.

The rich country lying back of the Fox River Valley of Illinois is another naturally fine chicken ground. Around Aurora this year there were birds enough to afford sport, but the supply is rapidly being slaughtered fully a month before the season by unscrupulous shooters. Last year the Aurora Game Protective Association was formed, with a membership of over 100, but this body seems not to have been able to stop the illegal shooting, and so far as I have heard has not secured any convictions.

Of all the famous chickens regions, that lying in Lee county, Ill., near the great Winnebago marsh, was perhaps the finest ever known in all the West. I have earlier called attention to the fact that the heaviest specimens of the pinnated grouse ever recorded were taken from this section in the earlier days. I have shot in that country within the last few years, and there were then still considerable numbers of chickens left. They have hung on and on, and this year they turned out in surprising numbers. At Dixon, Ill., in this great chicken region, there has been for years one of the worst sooner elements known in this State, where the great North American sooner may be seen at his highest stage of development. This year some of the leading sportsmen of Dixon tried to stop the depredations of these early thieves, and this week they sent a delegation to Chicago to ask Warden Loveday for help. A local paper has the following to say about the state of affairs in that section:

"At the majority of markets in Dixon, Sterling, Amboy, Morrison and other places prairie chickens are sold in open violation of the law. And what makes matters worse is that the farmers do not appear to care who shoots over their land.

"It was only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of Illinois sportsmen that laws were passed protecting the game of the State. Killing out of season threatened to exterminate what little game there was left. After the laws were passed we had to fight for their enforcement. It is simply due to the efforts of the law-abiding hunters that there are any quail, partridge, chickens, or wildfowl left in Illinois. Just because the enforcement of the game laws in past years has resulted in what might be termed an abundance of game this year, is no reason why it should not be protected."

Near Hanover and Leyden, Wis., a good many shooters have been out openly violating the chicken law, and last week a couple of parties came in with the "bottoms of their buggies covered with prairie chickens." No arrests are reported, although the shooters seem to care nothing for concealment.

Other Sorts of Sooners.

At Waukesha, Wis., on Aug. 17, George T. Anderson and Frank Harland, who were arrested by Deputy Myers for shooting illegal woodcock, were discharged by Justice Tullar, evidence not sufficient for conviction.

I must add to my galaxy of distinguished citizens who break the game laws the name of E. S. Brown, a justice of the peace at Star Lake, Wis. He was arrested by Warden Bissinger for night hunting deer on Plum Lake, and was fined $25 and costs. He knows more law now.

In Wisconsin there is this year an unusually large crop of local ducks, the teal and wood duck having bred exceptionally well. From different points come different reports that sooners are already shooting these ducks.

The Chandlerville, Ill., Times gives a very good notion of the protection situation in small country towns. It says:

"Already the illegal slaughter of young ducks has begun, and in the afternoons the booming of the guns of the duck hunters on the swamps is heard. There is no use talking, if the illegal shooting is not stopped, by the time the season opens there will not be a duck in the lakes and swamps. It has been suggested that we have a game warden appointed, but no steps have been taken to this end. The fact is a local game wardens finds it a difficult matter to prosecute those who reside neighbors to him, and consequently no one wants the job. What is our State game warden for?"

This is the same old cry, and it portrays the same old state of affairs. In these small communities each man is afraid of offending his neighbor, and no good man can be found who wants the job of deputy, for the deputy is far from popular. The good folk of Chandlerville call for the State warden to come and help them. This is all very well, but the State warden has many places to look after besides Chandlerville, and he could not himself go there and stay very long at a time. The thing for the Chandlerville men to do is to get together and resolve to be decent. Then they can get a decent man who will not be afraid or ashamed to go after the indecent shooters. The State game warden can no more protect the game of Chandlerville personally than President McKinley can run the post-office of Chicago. Providence helps those who help themselves.

Young Offenders.

George McPartland, Frank Applebee and Frank Leigh were among the boys who have been trapping and killing song birds in the vicinity of Chicago. They were arrested by Deputy Epsom and fined $5 and costs each this week. This is the way Epsom salts them. The boys and their mothers all shed tears, but it did no good.

State Hatchery Moved.

The Ohio State pheasantry will probably be moved from Van Wert to a point near London, in Madison county, the farm to be stocked with about 3,000 Mongolian pheasants.

Personal.

Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., was in Chicago for a day this week, and we had the usual pleasant visit together. Mr. Divine has been ill, and he tells me that Irby Bennett, his old-time side partner, is also ill. Capt. Bobo, the redoubtable bear hunter of whom we have heard so much in the FOREST AND STREAM, was very sick last year, and had to temporarily leave his Delta plantation and buy him a hill place east of Memphis in Tennessee. Mr. Divine brings the melancholy news that a railroad has this season been built slap through the Bobo bear country, crossing the great Sunflower canebrake country almost at the exact locality where Noel Money and I killed our bears with the Bobo pack in our last hunt. Bobo is disconsolate, of course, and indeed it is a sad thing, when we come to think of it, to see this fine game country ruined. I saw it when it was perhaps the wildest part of America, and the hardest to hunt in, and the best stocked, and one of the least settled areas of the entire country. Now, but a few years later, its riches are known, its timber is going, its brakes are burning for farms, and the railroads are cutting into its wildest corners. I asked Mr. Divine if there was left anywhere in the whole Delta of Mississippi any more of this old-time bear country, and said he no, it was all gone now. A few bears may be found once in a while in the Yazoo region, but that is about gone, and the Bobo strip, which was the best and last of it all, is now on the way to swift extinction. I wish that some of the wealthy men of the great cities would step forward as Bobo asked and buy up some of this rich land and make a preserve of it. Never was such a game country anywhere as this, and it was almost unknown for generations, from Boone and Crockett down, till the last few years. It was not altogether cheerful talking with Tom Divine over these rapid changes.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, the naturalist, writer and artist, stopped at the FOREST AND STREAM office for a brief call to-day. Mr. Thompson is on his way west for a three months' trip. He goes into the Jackson's Hole country, and will cross the Teton Pass, coming out down the Gray Bull, the land of the grizzly king, Col. Pickett. We may naturally expect something interesting as the result of Mr. Thompson's observations among the animals of that region. He crosses into the Wind River country, one of the best big-game countries left in the Rockies.

Mr. M. M. de Lano, now of Chicago, once of the East, made the office of FOREST AND STREAM a little call this week, and we went into somewhat of his biography. Mr. de Lano has for some years been a resident of the West, living in Illinois and Wisconsin chiefly, but earlier in life he was a merchant at Wellsboro, Pa., where that unique genius, Nessmuk, made his home. One day Mr. de Lano was in his store when a little, dry-

looking man came in and began handling a whip that hung in the rack.

"Is this whip all whalebone stem?" asked the little man.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. de Lano. "It may not have more than a foot of whalebone in it, or it may run all the way through it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the little man, "I'll give you a year's subscription to the Spirit of the Times (a periodical for which Nessmuk then was doing some work) if you'll give me the whip."

To this Mr. de Lano consented, and Nessmuk took the whip and split it open. The whalebone was found to run entirely through, a very nice strip, at which the little man expressed great satisfaction. "I wanted it to make a tip for a rod," he explained. From that time on he seemed to think that Mr. de Lano was an honest man, and he took him into his camps with him. Mr. de Lano is the "Bush D ——" described in the chapter on camping out in the volume "Woodcraft," and it was he who built the camp-fire that roasted Nessmuk out. He says Nessmuk was an odd customer. He was a shoemaker by trade, and sometimes he had orders to make a pair of wedding boots for some prospective bridegroom who needed them for the happy event. Suppose Nessmuk got one boot done and the other on the stocks, and at that time got caught with one of his fits for going into the woods; down would go the unfinished boot, and away he would go. The wedding might be postponed, or the bridegroom attend with but one boot. That was something for others to decide. Nessmuk went to the woods. That was the kind of shoemaker he was. E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Indian Modes of Hunting.

IV.—Musquash.

IN Canada and the United States, the killing of the little animal known under the several names of water rat, musquash and muskrat is so well understood by the average frontier boy that any information I can give would be perhaps a repetition.

Still there is one way that the Indian practices which is certainly not known to the whites, and is at a certain time very successful. That is spearing them on the ice; and another mode in which the Indians are very successful in the fall is digging them out, or "trenching" them, in the same way they do the beaver, only with much less labor, as it is done before the ponds and creeks freeze up. I will describe the latter way first, seeing it comes before that of spearing.

The resort of musquash (always where they are in numbers) is along grassy rivers, creeks, or ponds; for they store up large quantities of the long, flat grass for winter use, as the beaver does with young birch and poplar. The Indian paddling along the shores of such places has his eyes fixed on the bottom of the water; presently he perceives the entrance to one of the rat burrows; he stops his canoe and gazes fixedly on the opening, which is always about a foot under water. At last he sees the water ebb and flow in and out of the hole. This is a sure sign that the "wash" is occupied at that very moment by one or more rats.

He at once, either with his axe or the blade of his sharp maple paddle, chops down the mud bank until he has an embankment or dam. This is to prevent the musquash from running out to deep water. When all is ready, either his wife or the boy who is steering the canoe is sent ashore to prod about the honeycombed bank with the handle of his paddle. The little animals thus disturbed and thoroughly frightened make a rush for the outlet, deep water and safety, but (there is always a "but") the Indian, with his upraised paddle, has his eye steadily fixed on the water back of his dam, and as fast as one makes its appearance the sharp edge of the paddle is brought down on its head or back, and it is thrown into the canoe, quivering in its death agony. From two to eight or nine are not infrequently taken from one hole. When the last one is killed, the Indian moves his canoe on until he finds another colony, and the same process is gone over again, and he returns to his camp with his canoe filled with musquash. I have in the fall received from one Indian as many as 2,000 skins, large and small.

Musquash breed twice in the summer, and bring forth at each litter from six to eight. In the fall the large ones fetch the hunters ten cents, and the kits, or small ones, five cents.

The spearing of musquash is done in this wise: The rats throw up little mud-cone lodges, or houses, out from the shore, in about a foot of water. They are not unlike beaver lodges. The inside is hollow and the entrance is under water. In this resort the rats sit, huddled together, during most of the severe winter weather. The hunter, therefore, as soon as the ice will bear his weight, slides up to the rat houses, armed with a sharp, barbed, steel spear, about a foot long, let into the end of a small tamarac handle. This handle is generally about 8ft. long. Arriving close to the lodge, he poises the spear in mid-air for a moment and drives it down through the lodge with all his might. If he pierced a rat, he feels it wriggling on the spear, and keeps it fast there until he has torn away the mud and grass. He then seizes it by the tail and draws it with a jerk from the spear and knocks it on the ice, which finishes Mr. Rat. At times, when there are a number of musquash in the same lodge at the same time, the spear often passes through two, or even three, at one stroke. This is great sport where the lodges are numerous.

Musquash killed under the ice are worth two or three cents each more than in the fall, and the hunter makes frequently two to four dollars a day while it lasts.

The flesh of musquash killed under the ice is highly esteemed by the Indians. It has then its winter fat on, and is free from the objectionable odor which prevails in the spring.

The skins of the large ones, when dressed, make strong and durable lining for cloaks, coats, etc., and are made up into caps also. The "kit skins" are used in large numbers in the manufacture of kid gloves. The Hudson Bay Company exports annually about 3,000,000 skins. MARTIN HUNTER.

The Teton Timber Reserve.

VALLEY HOME, Wyo., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A bill is now before Congress to have the Harrison reserve or timber reserve put under the control of the Yellowstone Park syndicate. The columns of your paper frequently contain articles endorsing this bill. I want to say, as a settler, that I consider this bill both unjust and useless. As a game preserve the reserve would be less useful than other land near the Park line that does not come under the survey. As a timber reserve it is the most useless piece of land, as there is positively no merchantable timber that can be cut, except what is naturally reserved and cannot be gotten out at any reasonable cost; consequently it will never be disturbed by timber merchants.

I am sure that in urging the closing of this strip of land to settlers the advocates of the proposition cannot know how much vital harm they will be doing to good, honest settlers. Because we are so unfortunate as to have a few poachers here is no reason why we, who have taken homes here and worked hard to till our land, build our houses and in fact made ourselves beautiful homes, which we have learned to love with the honest love and pride that only an American can feel for his home, should lose our all. Now, sportsmen one and all, can you see any justice in this—that for your own pleasure we should lose our homes? We have learned to love and reverence our grand old mountains; and we protest most earnestly against having them taken from us. We are genuine Americans, not poachers and law breakers, as we have been represented; and some of us will lose more than any one of you can ever realize—in losing our homes. I tell you that taking our homes from us will not be conducive to preserving the game. You see, our homes were taken up and made before President Harrison ever issued his proclamation, and should we submit to laws passed (taking our all from us) by men who do not know anything about the country they are thus closing to settlers? I tell you it is wrong, it is unjust, it is decidedly un-American.

This strip of land contains ore that would make the State of Wyoming one of the richest States in the Union if it were developed, and long before Harrison's proclamation was ever issued our prospectors had discovered and located mineral claims, and developed them to such an extent that their dreams of wealth seemed near fruition, when most unjustly Harrison issues a proclamation that dampened their ardor. Now others would take hold, and try to have us robbed of our homes, merely to preserve game for their own pleasure. I protest that it is both unjust and selfish. You would say: "You'll be paid for your claims!" and I tell you that we never will be paid the value of what we will lose. To those who read this I will make an earnest appeal. Please do not try to influence the Government to take our homes from us. We love our homes, and this land will make better homes for honest settlers than any other use Uncle Sam can put it to. I am not eloquent with my pen, but I want to make a plea for my rights, and I know all home-loving sportsmen will sympathize with my sentiments. JAS. L. MCLAUGHLIN.

ISHAWOOD, BIG HORN COUNTY, Wyo.

[The Hansborough bill in the Senate would extend Park control over the Teton timber reserve and to the south of the Park limits, as shown in the sketch map in our issue of May 7, 1898. See also the letter from Mr. Nowlin in that issue.]

Snipe Shooting at Currituck.

JUST as the sun came peeping up out of the ocean with a balmy south wind fanning our brows, and a mocking bird sweetly singing on an island near by, we placed our decoys in a sandy pool about 2in. deep, where we had seen countless thousands of them the evening before, and knew that the only question of a fine bag was how we held the guns. My companion, Eddie Johnson, is a fine shot, while the writer thinks he knows it all (or did). Well, we are all ready, and here they come—three winter yellowlegs. They seem to have no fear and swoop down among the decoys, we stood up, put them to flight, and bagged the lot. The next flock, five minutes later, was nine dowitchers; they decoyed beautifully. Eddie killed three with the first barrel, two with the next, while I killed two with each. We hardly had time to load when three large willets came hovering over the decoys. We gave them four barrels, scoring a clear miss. "Mark north," called Edward. Looking up, I saw about fifteen yellowlegs just sweeping the tops of the grass; they were soon within easy range, and four of them lay fluttering on their backs.

"Look out behind, Jack." It was a long shot, but they flew very thick and four summer yellowlegs responded to the discharge of the two barrels. It was keen sport, and when breakfast time came, about 8 o'clock, we counted out eighty-nine yellowlegs, willets, plover and curlew.

After breakfast we took it easy until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when we returned to our blinds. The shooting was even finer in the afternoon than it was in the morning, but we had lost the knack of doing it, and I am no longer proud. We bagged eighty-seven, however, making a score of 175 for the day.

I have been shooting for about thirty years at all kinds of game in America, but I know of nothing I would rather shoot than bay birds at Currituck. Some of my readers will complain, I know, that the bags are too large, but there is not one bird wasted, all of them go to friends who are not fortunate enough to get away at the right season.

How to keep birds:

I give below the best way to keep them. Cover the bottom of a box with fine ice, sprinkling over it a little salt, then a layer of birds, placed on their backs; then another layer of fine ice, then salt, then another layer of birds; and so on until you come to the top. Then make the top layer deeper, placing an old bag over it before the cover is placed on. Birds packed in that way will keep for three days perfectly, and the hottest days in August. If one is away for a week or ten days, repack, as above, every two or three days, and they will keep for three weeks nicely. This is a good thing to know; for the refrigerators we have in our houses are really only good for a day or two at best, while birds may be kept as above stated perfectly for a month. Do not pick nor draw the birds, but pack just as shot; to pick or draw them spoils the flavor.

The flight of bay birds seems quite as large as usual at Currituck, and they were never in finer condition.

There is an abundant quail crop in eastern North Carolina this season. I have had an occasion to drive through much of it recently, and never saw more of them. MORE ANON.

Shore Birds in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—Shore-bird shooting off the coast of Massachusetts has not yet been a very marked success for the season of 1898. L. W. de Pass has tried for summer yellowlegs off Plum Island several times, and has obtained a few birds, but such gunning has not been satisfactory, though affording a great deal of satisfaction to his son, a boy of twelve—his father allowing him a shotgun for the first time this season. The boy has actually given his father a hard pull as to the number of birds shot.

One or two remarkable flights of birds have passed along the coast, however, and some of the gunners have been on hand. C. H. Tarbox and Oscar Noyes begun early to try, as often as time and weather would permit, for summer yellowlegs at the flats along Essex River, but without any success till last Thursday. That day they were out without much luck till nearly noon. The weather was stormy—has been stormy for a couple of days—and Tarbox was sure that there should be a flight of birds. Noyes got disgusted and sat down to rest. His partner pulled on toward a good inlet or marsh, and got sight of what appeared to be a great flock of birds. He called to Noyes to come with the decoys and help put them out. He declined, somewhat in disgust with the whole business. But Tarbox put them out alone, and began to whistle. Soon the flock of birds, almost out of sight, wheeled around and made for the marsh and the decoys. Tarbox got a couple of fine shots and a number of birds. By this time Noyes had waked up and came to the shooting ground. To the surprise of both the flight wheeled about and settled in the marsh again. Both gunners got good shots with each barrel and lots of birds. Whistling again drew the birds back, with chances for more shots. This sport was kept up till the gunners had over seventy birds, and stopped from sheer exhaustion.

The next day Senator C. O. Bailey, with Noyes and Tarbox, came to the same marsh and secured forty birds. On Saturday the same gunners were at them again and secured about thirty birds. The birds were chiefly summer yellowlegs, though a few "winters" were taken. Senator Bailey says that the flight has been the best one for ten years in that section, and he has gunned about every year.

SPECIAL.

Animal Ways and Rules.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer of the article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 13, "Only One Way to Trap Coons," should be more liberal, and at least allow that there may be exceptions to any acknowledged habit or custom of animals. There are general laws which govern the habits of all animals, and it is only by studying them when finding them in their natural state that we determine what these habits are.

Heated controversies often arise from different results obtained in the practical study of wild animals. As it is only by persistent effort or mere chance that we are afforded opportunity for noting the actions of wild animals, and then only to a very limited extent, we should, when making any statement, however clearly it may have been demonstrated to us, give our knowledge as gained by our observations, and leave at least a little room to justify the statements of others, who perhaps have had equal opportunities to observe, with results entirely different.

The item referred to says: "If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods, he told you what never happened! Coons can't be trapped except in one way," etc.

On one occasion I found a coon in one of my traps which I had set for other animals, on dry ground in the woods, and I am not "telling what never happened."

I have also known of coons being taken in steel traps set at their holes. We must ask the "Pohcuck coon hunter" to moderate his theory a little and allow the poor coons a chance to deviate the least bit from their regular habits, in extreme cases, giving them a chance to repent of their "unvarying" habits of "staying in their hole and starving, rather than come out over a trap." We are not disputing the statements made as to general habits, but only suggesting moderation.

We know of no system of actions laid down for any wild animals, however well founded or carefully studied, which are not violated by them on certain occasions. Any of us who have spent much time in the woods and are directly interested in the habits of wild animals have observed most unaccountable actions, so different from their usual way of doing as to cause comment, and an explanation of which we never find. Some of the oldest and most experienced woodsmen have told me of queer and unaccountable actions of animals which came under their observation but once in all their experience. Therefore it is scarcely prudent for us to say that certain animals "never" vary from certain habits. EMERSON CARNEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago a writer in the Florida Times-Union asserted that a coon could not be caught in a steel trap, however skilfully set, and now that FOREST AND STREAM has copied a repetition of it from the Fur Trade Review, I think it time for me to take the other side and scotch the nonsense.

If they can't do it, it is simply because they are not smart enough and not because the coon's too smart.

Three or four years ago I found that a coon, or skunk, was making a mess of the eggs in my chicken

yard, and making yellow tracks on every board that he put his foot on. As the business was not to my liking, I resolved to stop it, so I set my wits to work and devised a plan that worked like a brass button in a church box. I placed a box just far enough from the side of the building to admit a good sized coon, and then put an egg about the middle, in full view. Then I dug a place in the ground deep enough for the trap and covered it with rubbish like the ground around it.

The next morning I went to get my coon, but he wasn't there. The trap was not well fastened, and to get even with me for my meanness he stole it, and that was the last of either of them till next year. Then my next door neighbor entered a complaint against some animal that got into his coop and stole a chicken.

I went over and examined the premises and found a hole dug under the fence, about the size for a thieving coon, so I covered a steel trap carefully as before and next morning that same old coon was waiting for me with one of her three legs in the trap. I say three legs because the trap took off one of her legs when she took off the trap.

The brute was a female, and the ugliest one I ever saw. Now, if there ever was a coon that had reason to keep an eye wide open for steel traps, it was the one now under discussion. Having lost one leg by love of poultry, she ought to have known too much to lose three others. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 16.

Canadian Moose.

EDMUNDSTON, New Brunswick.—This season has been the delight of all sportsmen in regard to the number and size of trout taken. Every stream and lake seemed to be alive with this beautiful fish. Mr. Prescott, of New York, with three ladies, passed the month of July on lakes adjacent here. He speaks in glowing words of the fishing and of the beauties of the place, for recreation as well as the abundance of game, for the hunter, later on. The trout fishing in the Madawaska River, in September, is something beyond the ideas of very many men; for but a few miles from here, over a good road, in two hours, you reach the fishing (or a few minutes by railroad). The trout are all large, from 2 to 10lbs.; the latter size has never been taken to my knowledge, but I have seen one of 8½lbs., and took myself, with a very small fly, one of 6¼lbs. A rod will take from three to thirty (if they are wanted) in a morning and evening's fishing.

In September large game is often seen along the banks of the river, as on the eastern side is a forest (without a break) of seventy miles in which moose, caribou, deer and bears live in almost perfect security. This will be a good year for moose, as the strict watch the wardens kept last winter prevented the usual illegal slaughter and they are growing numerous, several being seen in the very outskirts of the town. There are many places here where moose are sure to be seen; the getting one depends on one's shooting. I have located a place for caribou and deer that is perfection; there is plenty of game, it is but an hour's walk from the road, the woods are maple and birch, very open, with cool, pure springs of water in plenty. Very high land. For a party who would like to put in a month or two I think this would be a charming retreat. This is a true tip, and I should like to see it occupied by a party who would appreciate it. There are no moose excepting an odd one in this place. The license fee to hunt is $25. Hunting commences 1st of October, as this is in the Province of Quebec. Hunting in New Brunswick begins 1st of September and this is the best month to call moose. I was out last year with a party which left here the 15th of September. We saw moose signs everywhere we went, and moose came to our tent two nights; one small pond we visited was tramped so that there seemed to be not a foot of the shallow clay bottom but had been stepped on, while the paths leading to it were like cow paths coming from the pasture. We got no moose, although we were close to them at different times. One morning, fifteen minutes from camp, we got three bears in four shots. I was extremely sorry for the gentleman who had come so far, and was such a fine man, that he did not meet with better luck, as I have known of men directly the opposite of this gentleman who have killed their moose the second day out, when they never deserved to get one. I feel confident that the party who goes in here this fall can get all the moose the law allows; but I would advise the earlier in September the better. It is two days to the hunting grounds from here, but there are moose in the vicinity where camp is made the first night, and tracks of them along the road the next day. Very few sportsmen come here; the country is large and there is no danger of getting too close together. Thinking this may strike the eye and inclination of some who desire to get to a good place, I write in all sincerity and by the rule, do as you wish to be done by. S. J. RAYMOND.

Adirondack Deer Prospects.

AUSABLE FORKS, N. Y., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Few sportsmen are as yet in this section in quest of game. Deer abound in larger numbers than usual, owing chiefly to the prohibition of hounding. The native hunters quite naturally characterize the prohibitory law as abominable, as it obliges them to dispense with their favorite sport. Still-hunting as yet fails to present attractions to those formerly accustomed to shooting deer ahead of hounds.

Yesterday a party from this vicinity startled a deer from his haunts, not far distant, and also reports finding squirrels in plenty.

Not long ago, during a ramble on Haystack Mountain, I was surprised to find a representative of the stick insects. Is that insect commonly known as finding a favorable environment in this latitude?

CHENANGO.

[Yes.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Some Questions and Answers.

BY FRED MATHER.

I SOMETIMES wonder if other men who write for FOREST AND STREAM get as many letters containing inquiries as come in my mail. Not only questions come, but information, suggestions and a miscellaneous lot of requests, invitations and more things than can be classified. These are all cheerfully replied to, if a reply is called for, and some, if they are readers of FOREST AND STREAM, are put off with a postal card saying: "You will be answered before long through that journal." In the issue of May 28, 1898, I picked up a lot of these loose threads and called them "Some Odds and Ends." If it seems that a reply might be of general interest, the letter is put into the box labeled "Odds and Ends," where other things of general interest also find their way, hence this article:

Do Muskrats Eat Fish?

IN FOREST AND STREAM of July 30 I said that I had always suspected the muskrat of eating fish in the winter, because it is well known that it eats animal food in the shape of *Unios*, or fresh-water mussels, but most of these rodents that I had examined were killed in summer when they were mainly feeding on vegetation. I asked: "Can any one prove that the muskrat eats fish in winter when vegetation is scant?" To this question there came but one reply, but it was such a full and complete reply that I hasten to publish it as a contribution to the life history of the muskrat. No doubt thousands of men have known for years what Mr. Held writes, but as I did not know it, and I have known the musquash as boy and man for over half a century, and as a summer burrower in my trout ponds for at least half that time, it is fair to assume that others may not know about the fish-eating habits of the muskrat.

Here is just the kind of letter that I love to receive. It is from Mr. William C. Held, Saginaw, Mich., and says:

"You ask if any one can prove that the muskrat eats fish in winter. All our net fishermen can prove that they eat fish, as they are the most destructive thing they have to deal with during the fall and winter months. They chew into the nets and then chew out again, and in this way they let out many fish before the holes are located and repaired. As soon as the fishermen have their nets set in the fall, they commence trapping around them and in this way they catch most of the rats; but there are always a few that remain uncaught, which cause trouble all winter.

"In the winter one can see places on the ice where the muskrats have carried fish and eaten them night after night. Last spring I saw a fish-box into which a muskrat had gnawed a hole for the purpose of getting at the fish.

"I have read all your articles that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and am pleased to say that they have proved very instructive, as well as interesting. There is one thing I wish you would enlighten me on. I have seen your illustrations in FOREST AND STREAM of the pike and pickerel, and I think there should be no trouble in identifying the pike. We have a fish here which resembles your description of the pickerel, excepting as to size, as the length of our fish never exceeds 12in. It has scales on the cheeks, and is more yellow and black in color than the pike. It is locally known as pike, pickerel, grass pike, shovel-nose and sauger.

"Is there any other fresh-water fish besides the dogfish that guards its young?"

It will take two headings to answer Mr. Held, but here goes.

Pike and Pickerel.

There are two small members of the pike family which only grow to a length of 12in. I figured one of them in FOREST AND STREAM of May 21, the *Esox umbrosus*, called *E. vermiculatus* by Le Sueur, on account of the worm-like markings on its side. Jordan describes it as "Olive green; sides with many darker curved streaks, usually distinct and more or less reticulate (net-like); fins mostly plain. Mississippi Valley, etc.; very abundant in small streams and bayous." This is probably your species.

The other, *Esox americanus*, has "dark green sides with about twenty distinct curved, dusky bars; fins plain. Massachusetts to Florida, in coastwise streams." These little pike are common in New York markets, they are not angled for, but are a good pan fish. The name "sauger" is usually applied to the small pike-perch, so called.

Fishes which Guard their Young.

Mr. Held asks: "Is there any other fish besides the dogfish which guards its young?" He refers to the fresh-water dogfish, *Amia calva*, called in the West and South lawyer, bowfin, John A. Grindle and Johnny Grindle, while in Vermont it is the "mudfish." Of this fish Mr. Charles Hallock says in his Sportsman's Gazetteer: "While the parent still remains with the young, if the family become suddenly alarmed, the capacious mouth of the old fish will open, and in rushes the entire host of little ones; the ugly maw is at once closed and off she rushes to a place of security, when the little captives are set at liberty. If others are conversant with the above facts, I shall be very glad; if not, shall feel chagrined for not making them known long ago." Mr. Hallock's book was printed in 1877, and I do not remember to have seen this matter referred to since, except that his remarks are quoted in the Fisheries Industries (1884), sec. I., p. 659.

There are many fresh-water fishes which guard their young, and it is my belief, based on the capture and dissection of many individuals, that it is the male which does the guarding. All the catfish tribe guard their young until they scatter, swimming below the little black school for several days. Black bass, rock bass, sticklebacks, and all the sunfishes guard both eggs and young until the brood separates in search of food. It is possible that the crappies also guard their young, but I do not know their habits in this respect.

There is a beautiful little fish in India, brought here for ornamental purposes, called paradise fish. I have bred them in small tanks; the male makes a floating nest of air bubbles among the weeds, and coaxes the female to deposit her eggs therein, but after she has done that he will not let her go near the nest, and hunts her to the furthest corner, sometimes killing her. He fans the eggs, and when the young hatch and wander from the nest he will take them in his mouth and return them. Some of the sticklebacks make elaborate nests of twigs, and the male takes entire charge of the household.

The Working of Ponds.

A friend writes: "No doubt you saw the different theories about the working of ponds in a late FOREST AND STREAM. What do you think of them? Who is right?"

They are right: There are different causes for this disturbance of the water. One year the mill-pond at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, bloomed twice, once in the middle of July, from Nostoc, which lasted four days, when the water cleared and the bass and perch were just coming to their appetites, when early in August it bloomed again with the fresh-water sponge, as described by Mr. Van Cleef. During the last bloom many sunfish and some white perch died, and the bass and yellow perch seemed to abstain from food, certainly from baits offered, until September. There is a theory that the pollen from some trees—ash, I believe, is one—cloud the water at times and the fish then refuse all baits. I know nothing of this.

Nostoc, or Nostochacex, as the quotation from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission has it, is a low form of vegetation which grows in fresh water and on damp ground. It is jelly-like, and is composed of threads which consist of globular cells, between a dozen or more of which are larger cells, and these are thrown off and float by thousands in the water. On land I have seen masses of it in the swamps from 3 to 5in. in diameter, covered with jelly, and so like the egg-masses of *Amblystoma*, or salamanders, which are often improperly called "lizards"—the true lizards have scales, and do not live in water, but love the sun—that one had to look twice to tell the difference. Nostoc is of a bluish or greenish color, and the egg bunches referred to are whitish, slightly opaque. There are many species of Nostoc, but all have the characters given above.

The fresh-water sponges, as Mr. Van Cleef says, throw off great quantities of spores and cloud the water. These sponges also have many species, are very tender and difficult to detach from wood or stone, for preservation entire, because they are so tender. Being animal, their decay often renders the water in the reservoirs of cities very foul and fishy." Then people complain of the fish in the reservoirs, but live fish do not pollute water.

Pulling Teeth with Bullet Moulds.

Prof. F. A. Bates, South Braintree, Mass., writes: "I have read 'Men I Have Fished With' and received both pleasure and profit from it. It is all interesting and natural from first to last, except that yarn of your pulling the trapper's tooth with a bullet mould, in the wilderness. I do not own such a thing as a bullet mould, but I took a nutcracker which is jointed just the same and tried to see how such a thing could be used on 'a pre-molar on the right side of the lower jaw.' Will you kindly explain how such a thing could be done?"

Certainly, Professor. You are an authority on game birds, and know quite a lot about fish, but of the ancestry and development of the bullet mould you have but a smattering. The modern bullet mould is hinged at the end and often has places to run three bullets, all of the modern, long kind. I never saw such a mould until in the early fifties, and in my trapping days all hunters used round balls. The mould which I used was hinged like pliers, or pincers, and had a hollow bulb beyond the hinge to run a round bullet, and it ran 30 to the pound. We knew nothing of calibers, but reckoned them by the number to the pound, "squirrel rifles" running as small as 120.

No doubt such moulds as we used are no longer seen, hence your being puzzled to know how it was done. If you will read page 245 again, you will see how the old Frenchman had filed the mould into something like forceps. The old bullet moulds have gone with our powder horns, hickory ramrods, greased patches and percussion caps. With a modern hunter's equipment Antoine's "toot" would have ached until we left the woods the next spring. And that's all I know about bullet moulds.

Care of Goldfish in Globes.

A lady says: "I am unfortunate with my goldfish. I have a globe 10in. in diameter, and I buy a pair of fish about 5in. long every little while, but they die. I change the water every day, and feed them well, but they do not live. Can you help me? My husband takes FOREST AND STREAM and reads your articles. He advised me to write to you, therefore I take the liberty of troubling you."

No trouble at all, madam, an answer in FOREST AND STREAM on this subject may help others, for your trouble is quite a common one. Your fish are large for the globe. Get a handsome pair, black and gold, about 2in. in length, and keep them out of the sun. Fish breathe oxygen, which they get from the water, which

in turn gets it from the air. The surface of your globe could not absorb oxygen enough for such large fish. It is common to see an overstocked globe with the fishes poking their noses into the air in order to take some into their gills with the water. They are suffering when they do this and may be relieved by pouring part of the water into a basin and putting it back; the fish will then settle down and breathe naturally for a while, until they exhaust the supply of oxygen again. The trouble will always exist as long as the globe or tank is overstocked, until some weaken and die, and so leave less fish to use up the oxygen.

Careless changing of the water is a fruitful cause of shock, especially in winter. When you reflect that bodies of water are slower to change their temperature than the air is, you will realize that fishes are not accustomed to as sudden changes as are animals, which live in air, and when the water in your globe has acquired the temperature of your room, and that is thrown out and water twenty or more degrees colder is given them there is a shock to the fish; it may not kill, but tends to weaken them, and continued shocks may kill. It is better to use the old water, pouring it back and forth in the air, and then it is fresh water, because it has absorbed all the oxygen that it can hold. This is a principle not generally understood. We fishculturists seldom use new water when traveling with fish. We aerate the water in the cans at regular periods, either by drawing a bucket full off with a syphon, and shaking it up well before putting it back, or by filling a garden syringe with water and then holding it high, force it down among the fish.

In a "balanced" aquarium the water is never changed, only enough to supply the evaporation is added. But water plants which grow with submerged leaves are planted or allowed to float if that is the nature of the plant, and they throw off oxygen sufficient for a limited number of fish. The balancing of animal and plant life is the object.

Try some small fishes, get some plants from the ponds or of a dealer, put a little coarse gravel in the bottom as an anchorage for the plants and to absorb all dirt; then you need not clean the tank or globe more than three times in the summer, mainly to remove the green growth on the glass, which is beneficial, but unsightly.

Now for the "don'ts." Never take the fish in your hand; use a small net. Don't feed them more than they will eat, because the refuse fouls the water. There is a prepared food for goldfish made from rice, which is very good, but see that you stop feeding before they stop eating.

If your fish die it is due to one of these causes: overcrowding, bad water, starvation, handling, or shock by sudden change of temperature. Try it again with small fish, you will like them best, and with the above rules in mind there is no trouble in keeping goldfish healthy.

Hybrid Fishes.

H. F. asks: "1. How far can hybrids be produced among fishes? 2. To what degree are they fertile, either with one of the parent stocks or with each other? 3. Do hybrid fishes occur in a state of nature?"

A postal card to this gentleman in reply said: "Your questions received. Full and complete answers would fill a volume. Watch the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for the next month or two, for I will attempt a reply through that medium." His questions involve answers that may interest many, and so they will be considered. I like to get letters which open up questions of general interest; they have a value, and if I can't answer them satisfactorily they will provoke profitable discussion.

Now to the questions: 1. No man knows how far hybrids can be produced among fishes, because comparatively few fishes have been bred artificially, and of these the experiments in hybridizing have been mainly confined to the salmon family. I say "mainly," because the only attempt to hybridize fishes outside this family, known to me, was made by the late Seth Green, who claimed to have successfully crossed the striped bass and the shad. We know that animals must be closely related to hybridize, and that few hybrids are fertile. The dogs will not interbreed with the cats, including the wolves and tigers. The dog and the wolf will cross, but the dog and the fox will not. The wild "Canada" goose will breed with our tame geese, but the progeny is infertile with either parent or among themselves. The same is true of the horse and the ass, which can produce the useful mule without which our armies would be impotent, and who "without pride of ancestry, or hope of posterity," threw his weight into his collar and pulled the artillery out of the mud. Horses would have fretted to death at this time, but the mules chewed a splinter from the neck yoke, received a lash that cut in deep, heard the objurgations of the driver, and the battery went on.

Animals so near together either refuse to breed or produce infertile progeny, called "mules," for the term is applied to all infertile hybrids, such as crosses between the goldfinch and canary birds, and is not restricted to the hybrid animal which serves our armies as neither of its parents could do. The hybrid geese referred to are "mules," that term simply means an infertile hybrid.

I have never believed that the shad, with its soft fins and other differences of structure, produced a hybrid with the hard-finned striped bass, two fishes as much unlike in structure as the goat and the rabbit. I am aware that the late U. S. Fish Commissioner, Col. McDonald, thought this might be possible, but where is the hybrid? Mr. Green no doubt put the bass milt on the shad eggs, and may have hatched fish from the eggs, but the water was full of the milt of shad, all about his boat, and his dipper may have taken some in when water was put on the eggs and so a few were impregnated, but he did not preserve samples of the fry, and there is no proof that the shad eggs were impregnated by the bass milt.

All who knew the late Seth Green, personally, knew that he trusted all detail of his work to his employees.

To question No. 2, I can only say that most of the salmon family appear to produce fertile hybrids, as far as the trouts and salmons are concerned, but no experiments have been made to my knowledge with the different whitefishes, smelts, etc., which "belong" to the family by reason of some such slight affinity, such as having the second dorsal fin composed of fat instead of rays.

I never practiced hybridizing of the *salmonidæ*, because I saw no use in it further than to experiment to know if it could be done, and as this had been demonstrated by others I was satisfied in my work for the State, on Long Island, to breed only straight pure stock, and when I left the place there was not a hybrid in the ponds. I have read in the papers an assertion from the present State Superintendent of Hatcheries that at Caledonia Station the trout were so mixed as to be of little use for breeding purposes.

I have produced hybrids, in great numbers, between the shad and the alewife or "herring," as it is called up the Hudson, but there was a reason for it. We could not keep shad alive after capture; they seemed to die from fright, and when, at a haul of the seine, we found one or more spawning shad and no males, we took the eggs and milted a "herring" over them. This on the principle that some kind of a fish was better than no fish. These eggs hatched freely, and we turned the fry loose at the proper time, but I never saw an adult fish in the Hudson that seemed to be a hybrid. Green also did this, and the fishermen learned of it and began to look for the "bastard shad," as they termed them, and in their ignorance of species they picked out the hickory shad, or mattowacca, *Clupea mediocris*, as the degenerate. The press along the river, then inspired by local fishermen to be hostile to fishculture, took up the cry and abused Green for debasing their shad, which they termed "rebel shad," the first of this species having been noticed by them about fifteen years after the Civil War.

The fact is that this last named species is indigenous, not only to the Hudson River, but to all rivers from Cape Cod to Florida, but in their ignorance the fishermen had not noticed the fish, or had forgotten it, and as it was an inferior fish they blamed Green for it, assuming that it would interbreed with the true shad and so tend to debase that fish in the river. On several occasions, while in the employ of the State, I talked with the fishermen, and tried to show them their error, but they had "fished all their lives," and how could any man know more about fishes than they?

This "hickory shad," "tailor shad," or "tailor herring," for it bears all names, has the same number of rays in its dorsal and anal fins as the shad, but its scales are larger than that of the true shad, having only fifty in the lateral line, while the shad has ten more. This, however, has no weight with a shad fisherman; he thinks he knows fishes by sight, and as for fin-rays and scales in the lateral line, bless you, a man who undertakes to tell him what a fish is by such trifles is wasting his time. He is a fisherman, and "he knows a fish when he sees it, and all the professors, who know fish from book larnin'," can't teach him a thing."

Now that the hickory shad exists in the Hudson, and the fisherman do not seem to know it, let me say that this fish has faint longitudinal streaks upon its sides, which, McDonald thinks, may have caused it to be named from a sort of cotton goods that is striped. It is more abundant in Southern rivers.

It is a fact that all infertile hybrids, "mules," if they live and thrive, excel one or both parents in some quality. Many hybrid geese—the product of Canada and the tame goose—come to New York from Pennsylvania, and are larger and better than either parent; as much so as a capon exceeds an ordinary fowl in size, tenderness and flavor. The same rule holds good in many other forms of life which the limits of this article forbids mention.

With that as statement leading up to a fact, let me cite the fact that Mr. E. G. Blackford has reported that he has seen 18lb. shad taken on the Pacific coast. Green sent the first shad there, but there is no proof that any of his fry were hybrids; yet it is possible that there might have been hybrids among that first planting. Within the last few years shad of 8 and 10lbs. have not been uncommon in the Hudson, while twenty years ago a 6-pounder was thought large and very rarely was one of 8lbs. taken.

To the third question I will say that I never knew hybrid fishes to occur in nature. All animals prefer to mate with their own kind. Nature abhors a mule, and limits it to one life, with no progeny. I have known a wild mallard to mate with a black duck and raise a brood, but the birds were wounded and could not fly, and they had no choice. This was on the Pamunky River, Va. Some men regard every animal which they are not acquainted with as a hybrid. When the grayling was first brought to notice in America, a man wrote to a sportsman's paper giving it as his opinion that the grayling was a cross between a trout and a sucker, and that man was a fish commissioner of Illinois at the time. He was known as Dr. Pratt, but he dropped out of sight soon, yet, by virtue of his office, his words had the weight of authority. I doubt if fish ever hybridize when wild. Lake and brook trout are prevented from doing it by accident, the lakers spawning at night, any milt that might reach a brook trout egg would be dead before morning, when the latter lays its eggs.

New Jersey Surf Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 20.—Much the same conditions prevail as in my last note in relation to surf fishing. Weakfish and kingfish are fairly abundant along shore, and are being taken every day by those who consult proper times and baits.

One fact in relation to the kingfish is that they have stayed with us steadily from the time of their first arrival, with the exception of one period of only a few days in extent. This is quite contrary to their usual custom, as it formerly has suited their fancy to quit biting about July 25, and remain inactive, so far as the angler was concerned, entirely during the month of August.

That they are consorting with the weakfish and feeding on the same tides is demonstrated by the fact that of two catches recently made by Judge Guild and myself, of forty-seven and thirty-one fish, of the former thirteen were kingfish, thirty-four weakfish, the latter eight kingfish, twenty-three weakfish. These were taken in the surf, casting from the beach.

Bluefish are very abundant off shore, but only occasionally one is taken from the beach. The first salt-water catfish ever taken in these parts so far as can be learned was caught by Druggist A. A. White, a few mornings since. It is a great rarity in these waters.

LEONARD HULIT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Men of Beaver Islands.

Deputy Warden C. E. Brewster, of Michigan, has been acting warden for a few weeks, and has made a long trip over certain parts of the State. Among other regions he visited the Beaver Islands, a group of little known but peculiar communities which are well worth the attention of inquiring novelists in search of new country to exploit. The Beaver Islands are a world by themselves, and hold one of the most clannish populations to be found in America. It is only once in a while that one hears from this far-off part of the world, for the upper part of the Great Lakes is not much quoted in traffic schedules, and is best known to the fisher folk who ply those waters. Deputy Brewster found that the sturdy islanders are in open defiance of the law, saying that they intend to make their own laws. They probably never heard of the State of Michigan, and are only dimly conscious that there is a Government for the whole country, though they prefer that to any law located nearer home. The Press, of Grand Rapids, prints a very interesting article about these curious people and their opinions regarding fish laws.

"The fishermen up there," says the story—"and they are nearly all fishermen—seem quite fixed in their determination to ignore the closed season laws this year as they did last year. 'Bowery' Gallagher, a leading fisherman, and one of the supervisors of the county, stated to Mr. Brewster that he proposed to fish through the closed season in spite of the law, and so did the others. He held that the period from Oct. 30 to Dec. 15 was about the most profitable fishing season, and also maintained that the State has no jurisdiction over the Great Lakes—that it lies with the general Government. Mr. Brewster and Gallagher had some warm arguments. Mr. Brewster said that if he fished during the closed season and there happened to be a special session of the Board of Supervisors, there would be one supervisor absent. The deputy game warden discovered some time ago that last season after he had left the islands the game laws were totally ignored.

"The people of Beaver Islands constitute a class all by themselves. They live by fishing and they find it impossible to see why other people do not view things as they view them. They argue that God made the little fishes and put them in the water for subsistence, and that the State has no right to interfere. Manitou county, under the government of these sturdy sons of toil, was a queer place. Last year the Legislature consolidated the county with Charlevoix county. But still they do not see the use of fish and game laws, and they believe that the State is trying to discriminate against them in favor of Canadian fishermen.

"Another odd thing is that the islanders themselves make laws to govern their fishing that are stricter than the State laws. The fish laws permit the use of nets of 4½in. mesh for general fishing and 2¾in. mesh for herring and 'long jaws.' The islanders have agreed among themselves to use no nets of smaller mesh than 5in., and to allow no one else to come in there and use smaller nets, and as a result the fish that are shipped from Beaver Islands are larger, better and worth more than those caught elsewhere with nets of smaller mesh.

"The Game and Fish Department will have a man on the grounds all during the closed season. The laws will be enforced to the letter this season, and the folks on Beaver Islands will have to make the best of it."

Carp not Fit to Eat.

To-day I was talking with Mr. Wm. Werner, or "Bill" Werner, as we call him here. Mr. Werner is one of the best known chefs and caterers in Chicago, and he knows what is good to eat, and he can cook anything so you will think it is good to eat. I bethought me to ask him, as an expert, to answer the often disputed question: "Are carp good to eat?" Mr. Werner said:

"No, the carp is not fit to eat. It is the muddiest and meanest of all fishes. Of course, it can be cooked so that it can be eaten, and so it will appear to taste good, but that is only by reason of the spices and sauces with which it must be covered. Much is said about the carp being a cheap food fish. Upon the other hand it is a dear food fish, for the sauces needful to make it fit for food cost more than the fish itself. A food fish is one which can be eaten for itself, and without killing the natural taste with artificial and stimulating dressings."

I think our fish commission would do very well to ask Mr. Werner or some other competent authority for a recipe for a sauce which shall make the carp fit to eat, and suggest that, having determined upon such substance, they issue same to the populace with each edition of the leathery abomination which they put out. This is only fair, though it may take a good deal of Worcestershire, tabasco, allspice, cloves, and other fine herbs. Thus we should be encouraging many new manufacturing industries, which would be a good thing for the country. On that basis I should think the carp might also be a good thing. As it is, I see no reason why it should be encouraged, so long as we have that sturdy American, the dogfish, which is just as good to eat and can, moreover, show a bit of sport if you want to fish for him. If Mr. Cohen and Dr. Bartlett cannot make drawn butter and rich, condimental gravies in large quantities for free popular distribution, I can see no moral right that they have to place the carp over the dogfish.

The Fifield Lakes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—The muscallonge have been rising fairly well in the Fifield Lake chain of Wisconsin for the past week or so. A number of good fish have been taken, of 10, 12 and 14lbs., the largest weighing 23lbs.

Saving the Bass.

Out at Winona, in Minnesota, the anglers are adopting the method of saving young fish which was long ago instituted by the Illinois Fish Commission. They are seining the shallow, receding pools along the bayous and bars, and taking out quantities of little bass and other game fishes, which would otherwise soon be doomed to death by the drying up of the waters. The sportsmen have gone at the matter systematically, and have hired men to seine every pool along that part of the river bed.

Another Texas Tarpon Club.

Animated by the success of the Tarpon Club at Aransas Pass, Texas, anglers of Galveston, Texas, are moving in the matter or organizing a similar club in the city of Galveston. It is stated that the tarpon fishing in the vicinity of Galveston is as good as any on the Gulf of Mexico. There is talk of trying for a club of 400 members, with an initiation fee of $20.

Ben Dicks' Big Bass.

Mr. Ben Dicks returned this week from a little trip to the Eagle River Fishing and Shooting Club, of Wisconsin, and he brought with him abundant proof of his skill, including a magnificent small-mouth bass, which I think was as fine a specimen of that species as I have ever seen. This fish was caught in Smoky Lake by still fishing with minnow bait, in about 50ft. of water. The fish weighed 5½lbs. when taken, and weighed 5lbs. 2oz. in Chicago. It was 21in. long and 15in. in girth, and a very clean, symmetrical fish. It was an unmistakable small-mouth, but in this fish I had opportunity to notice the great range in markings of the bass family. The small-mouth of the rivers is entirely different in appearance from this fish. The latter had none of the dark mottlings which are seen on the back and sides of the river small-mouth, but its body color was solid, something like that sometimes seen on the big-mouth bass, dark grayish green above and pearly white beneath. As I have earlier stated in these columns, I have sometimes caught bass in the Kankakee River which somewhat filled the above description. They looked like big-mouth bass, but were small-mouth bass, and again I have caught others which I, for one, was unable to classify, whether large or small-mouth. I am one of those who believe that nature got here before science did, and that nature does not always separate her classes by air-tight fences.

Among others stopping at the Eagle River club this week were Mr. Gunnison, Mr. Coyne and wife, Mr. Alex. White, Mr. C. D. Gammon, wife and daughter, Mr. L. M. Hamline, Mr. Kerr and family.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

In Acknowledgment of Flies.

Union League Club, New York, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My wife has just sent me some very attractive flies, selected evidently for their beautiful coloring. Of their utility I cannot write. I cannot acknowledge them in terms commensurate with her desire to please, nor adequate to the beauty of the gift. Nevertheless I must show my appreciation as best I can.

If instincts of beauty, so marked in feminine humanity, prevailed with feminine fishes, I fear our fish waters would soon be depopulated. If you swell your columns with trifles, command the inclosed. H. F. T.

In acknowledgment of a gift of flies from my wife:

With pleasant surprise
The packet of flies
Came all safely to hand through the mail.
To say "they are sweet"
Would be incomplete—
They're so beautiful—delicate—pale.
Of this there's no doubt,
If bass, perch and trout
Are taken with color like sender,
I'll take a big string,
Which homeward I'll bring—
They'll be of the feminine gender.

August, 1898.

Lake Superior Fish Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At intervals comments have been made in your paper concerning the size and weight of whitefish, and the differences in the dimensions and weight of the fish have been so contradictory to my own experience that I have taken some pleasure in collecting data establishing the weights of such fish, and the points where they have been caught. The first record is of two large fish taken off Point Betsy, on Lake Michigan, which weighed respectively 22 and 25 lbs. These were genuine humpbacked whitefish, such as have been caught in that lake for the past fifty years.

My records say further, in 1897: Three whitefish caught off Lutsen P. O., on Lake Superior, in one haul of nets, weighing 49lbs. At Isle Royale, three whitefish were caught in nets weighing respectively 23, 22 and 24lbs. each. During the summer of 1897 a fine whitefish was caught off Encampment Island, on the Minnesota shores of Lake Superior, weighing 23lbs., by a Duluth fisherman in his nets. These are not troy weight pounds, but regular store scales weighed them. In June of the same year a large lake trout (namaycush) was caught up along the north shore of Lake Superior near to Thunder Bay, weighing 75lbs., and was just about all that a fisherman could haul from his shoulder. The days of large fish are not gone! nor are the whitefish getting scarce, for the fishermen report that there are more fine whitefish caught this season than they have seen for years.

During the summer of 1896 I had occasion in my correspondence to report to Commissioner Brice that an influx of blue, black fin, or long jaw, whichever they were, had seemed to have invaded Lake Superior, and were caught by the ton; so plentiful had they become that the fish dealers did not desire them; they were a drug on the market, yet nets set for other fish were crowded with these wanderers.

Recent reports from fishermen have come in saying that scarce any bluefins were caught this season, but that instead larger numbers of whitefish of good size and weight had been found in the nets and caught on the grounds that years ago used to be considered as prime feeding grounds for the Lake Superior whitefish.

It seems that these bluefins are a wandering race of deep water fish, and it is possible that the whitefish recede from the millions of them that have appeared all along the clayey grounds, shelving into the deeper water where formerly the whitefish fed.

Professor Woolman, of the Biological and Natural History Department of the Duluth High School, is preparing for the U. S. Fish Commission the result of his researches on the feeding grounds in Lake Superior of the whitefish, and is trying to learn if possible if the cause of the receding of the whitefish has been the introduction of so much deleterious matter from the cities up at the head of the lakes. This paper will be full of interest to both the student, the biological sharp and the common fisherman whose dollars come from the products of the depths of Lake Superior.

W. D. Tomlin.

[The bluefin or blackfin is *Coregonus nigripinnis*, a whitefish closely resembling the lake herring, but much larger. It is usually regarded as a rare species.]

North-Eastern Angling.

Boston, Aug. 22.—Mr. D. H. Blanchard has returned from his salmon river, the southeast branch of the St. Marguerite. The season has not been a very favorable one at that river, the same as with other streams in that part of the Province, though Mr. Blanchard, with his party, succeeded in landing about twenty salmon. The fish were all large, rather than a general run of small fish. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, on the same river below, also notes rather poor success. Mr. John Fottler has returned from his salmon preserve, the St. John, at Gaspe, P. Q. He also had indifferent success, the weather being unfavorable.

The trout and salmon fishermen are still departing to some extent, though generally the more noted Maine fishing resorts are now given over to the vacationists. But these vacationists all now take fishing tackle with them, and if the quality is not quite as fine as that taken by the devotee and expert angler, why, it answers the purpose, and doubtless is fully equal to the skill of the person behind it. The season has been a most remarkable one, even if not another fish is taken from the Maine and New Hampshire waters. There have been more anglers than ever, and certainly they have taken more fish than ever before. The lover of angling can only ask if the supply is to hold out. Angling is increasing wonderfully in popularity, and the task of fish commissioners and protectors and propagators is a great one, that the supply may be made sufficient to prevent this great interest from flagging.

At the Rangeleys the noted fishing hostelries are full of guests. The Rangeley Lake House is full. At the Mountain View they have been crowded. The Moosehicmaguntic House has been well patronized. The Birches cannot take another guest at present, while Bemis is quartering all the guests possible. At Billy Soule's guests have to wait their turn to get in. At the Upper Dam there has been a full quota of fishermen all summer. The Middle Dam has been well patronized.

Mr. A. T. Waite, of the Boston Herald staff, with Mrs. Waite and their son, are off for Billy Soule's. They will try the fishing every day, and hope for success nights and mornings. Mr. E. B. Haskell, with a party of ladies, will make a tour of the Rangeleys this month, coming out via Dixville Notch. Mr. Rodney P. Woodman is determined to try the landlocked salmon again before the season ends. He will go to Sebec Lake, Me., about the first of September. He has an idea that salmon may be taken on the fly near the entrances to the streams about that time. A little later the fish are to be found in the streams. Mr. Woodman's idea is that the salmon will rise as they come from the deep water to the streams.

Special.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

Essex, N. Y., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The water in Lake Champlain is lower than in recent years. The wall-eye pike fishing is very good at present. Messrs. Leaning and Kirk, of Albany, fished an hour the other afternoon, off Split Rock Point, and caught four, the largest weighing 4lbs. Near by was a boat which reported a catch of forty-seven since morning. This was still-fishing in 60ft. of water, using minnows as bait. The pike is a bottom fish. Mr. Kirk has introduced to this part of the lake a method of deep trolling with heavy sinker similar to that used for taking lake trout. I fished in Wisconsin once for pike with an Indian who wrapped around his line sheet lead pounded out from bullets. South of Thompson's Point is a good locality for deep-water trolling, and also along the reef between Diamond Island and Split Rock Mountain. Off Ball's Point, near the Little Otter, a pickerel (pike) was recently taken by trolling, weighing 14lbs.

J. B. B.

Put Back the Small Ones.

Camp of the Trout Cranks, Wolf Creek (near Wildcat), Mich., Aug. 12.—This is an offshoot of the Kingfisher Camp, at Hubbard Lake, and we are just breaking up, with a record of 453 trout, and only six wasted. We put back the little fellers. Kelpie.

Woman—"Caught anythink?"
Young Fisher—"Dunno—ain't been 'ome yet."—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

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Chicago Fly-Casting.

At the contest held on Saturday, Aug. 20, by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, the scores made were as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
W. H. Babcock	..	82 1-3	90 1-2	..
L. L. Blackman	..	86 2-3	..	71
C. F. Brown	..	89 2-3	87 2-3	..
C. H. Chadwick	..	..	..	88 2-5
B. W. Goodsell	110	89 2-3	95 1-6	93 1-5
H. G. Hascal	109	87 2-3	94	97 2-5
E. R. Letterman	..	81 2-3	90 5-6	85 3-5
C. A. Lippincott	..	90	94 2-3	92 1-5
C. G. Ludlow	108	90 1-3	97 5-6	80 2-5
G. A. Murrell	..	88	93 2-3	93 2-5
F. N. Peet	118	94 2-3	96	95
E. A. Renwick	99	91 2-3	88 2-3	90
G W. Salter	..	75 1-3	..	93 3-5
A. C. Smith	..	85 1-3	95 5-6	91 3-5

Holders of medals are: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, F. N. Peet; accuracy and delicacy, C. G. Ludlow; bait casting, H. G. Hascal.

The occasion was one of much interest.

G. A. Murrell, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-5.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Field Trials for the East.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased to note in your issue of Aug. 13 an article from the pen of Mr. E. A. Spooner, pleading for the establishment of an Eastern club whose trials should be run in the East, under rules adapted to our grounds, game and conditions, and especially so as I have for the past eight months been using my efforts among our local sportsmen toward the attainment of the same end, and have gone so far as to put myself in communication with many others, in order to ascertain their views and make an estimate of the material available for such an enterprise. The information gathered goes to show that while there are very many who would give their hearty support and patronage to such a movement, there are but few who would care to take the initiative in an undertaking that would require a great deal of work and no mean executive ability.

The sportsmen—that class who love the "rough and tumble" of mixed shooting, and honest competition for sport's sake, and manly, healthful recreation—are growing weary of modern field trials and self-constituted professional judges and handlers, and long for a time and trials where merit stands above mercenary motives, and where well-bred, well-trained shooting dogs are rated above greyhounds and coyotes.

I do not deny that field trials of to-day have their uses as well as abuses; their virtues as well as their vices; but I do claim that, as they are at present conducted, they are tending more and more toward race track and gambling methods, and that any effort to put them back to their old-time prestige should receive the most hearty support of all lovers of honest, legitimate sport, whether East, West, North or South, throughout the length and breadth of the land. While I most heartily indorse Mr. Spooner's views in general, I cannot but believe that a club organized on a broader scale than any one State would meet with more general approbation and a much heartier support, and therefore beg that not only Pennsylvania, but all the Eastern and Middle States be let into the brotherhood, with a cordial invitation to sportsmen South and West as well. Give us field trials by all means, and while the time is too short to run a Derby let us have an all-age stake for 1898, with modified rules and judging, where well-broken, intelligent hunting dogs and fair-minded sportsmen, under impartial judges, can meet in friendly rivalry and feel assured of "justice to all and favor to none."

For the trials of 1898 Gardiner's Island or some other available preserve would be most acceptable; but after that give us grounds selected by a committee chosen by the club in the rural districts, where we could enjoy the charm and excitement of autumn scenery and mixed shooting; where the wary grouse, the quail and the woodcock give variety and zest to the sport, and demand of the winners all those qualities (including retrieving) that go to make an invaluable shooting dog and companion. Such grounds could be had at almost a nominal sum, and the game supply maintained by intelligent methods and a small annual outlay in money.

In the absence of something more enticing, sportsmen of the East will to a greater or lesser degree patronize trials South and West; but give them home trials, conducted and judged as we measure a day's sport afield, and note what a wave of enthusiasm will sweep away the cloud of apathy which has hung like a pall over field trials since the good old days gone by.

W. W. McCain.

Stevensville, Ia., Aug. 14.

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Continental Field Trial Club's Derby.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith are the entries for the Continental Field Trial Club's Derby. There are twelve pointers and twenty-four setters; total, thirty-six:

The acting secretary of the Pointer Club of America has notified me that at a meeting just held it was decided to give a prize of $20 for the best pointer run in our trials at Lexington this fall; the pointer must belong to a member of the Pointer Club of America:

Setters.

Colonel.—H. R. Edwards' b., w. and t. dog (Harwick—Trap, Jr.).

Young Sport—H. K. Devereaux's o. and w. dog (Marie's Sport—Nellie Bly).

Count Danstone.—Geo. E. Gray's (Agt.) b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

Young Count Gladstone IV.—Geo. E. Gray's (Agt.) lem. and w. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Antoie).

Dashing Blyth.—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Rita H.).

Rita's Flounce.—Fox & Blythe's l. and w. bitch (Antonio—Rita H.).

Nightingale.—Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Rita H.).

Flavia.—Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Mack H.—Ida Bates).

Halberd.—Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza).

Tabard.—Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza).

Berber.—Miss Constance Parsons' b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Laski).

Waddell.—Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

Glad's Girl.—Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

Dewey.—Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Nellie C.).

Lena B.—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. bitch (Tony Boy—Nellie C.).

Pearl O.—Oakland Kennels' b. and w. bitch (Tom—Countess Christine).

Marie Girard.—Jackson-Denmark Kennels b., w. and t. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

Stampede.—Miramonte Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Dash Antonio—Belle of Detroit).

Flyaway.—Miramonte Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Dash Antonio—Patty B.).

Hope's Lil.—Miramonte Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Hope's Ridge—Suver G.).

Pink's Boy.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling).

Jean de Reszke.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Gleam's Pink—Dell V.).

Schley.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Tony Boy—Fush o' Dawn).

Jubilee Flo.—Thos. Johnson's b. bitch (Little Billee—Belle W.).

Pointers.

Zephyr.—Jas. S. Crane's b. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Jingo's Joy).

Lad of Jingo.—W. P. Austin's liv. and w. dog (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Jubilee Blithe.—Thos. Johnson's liv. and w. bitch (Rector—Dinah).

Fairview Beauty.—W. Gould Brokaw's liv. and w. bitch (Sir Walter—Fanny Davenport).

Lady Fairview.—W. Gould Brokaw's liv. and w. bitch (Sir Walter—Fanny Davenport).

Matt of Cotton Grove.—Victor Humphrey's b. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).

Zenda.—Victor Humphrey's liv. and w. bitch (Hob-Nob—Castaway).

Drum Major—J. P. W. Brouse's liv. and w. dog (Rush of Lad—Queen Kent).

Mogul.—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. dog (Rob—Heatherbelle).

Ranee.—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. ticked bitch (Rip Rap—Toxic).

Nana.—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Toxic).

Hindo.—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Toxic).

W. B. MEARES.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. H. F., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Will you kindly give us a decision in the following case: A holds challenge cup. B challenges and wins. C offers challenge to B at once, but B says: "D has already challenged me, having done so provisionally, should I win." Does D's challenge rank ahead of C's? or is it a correct challenge? Ans. Such provisional challenge is void unless the conditions governing the cup specially permit such challenge. B had no standing to accept a challenge. He could not make any provisions in a matter wherein he was as incompetent as any other non-holder. As an abstract proposition, such provisional challenge contains a principle pernicious to recognize, as the holder of a cup would thereby be able to block open competition, and procure challenges from such weak men that successive victories would be a certainty. This feature is entirely apart from the question you ask, but is advanced in a general way, as showing the impropriety of such challenges being allowed.

E. G. B., New York.—Will you oblige a subscriber with answers to the following questions: 1. What are the initials and the address of Mr. Carleton, the Maine Game Commissioner? 2. What is the name and address of the Game Commissioner for the Province of Quebec? 3. What can you tell me about the fall hunting in the region of Lake St. John? Are there many moose and deer there? How do the numbers of them compare with the Maine region? Are there as great crowds of sportsmen go there as go to Maine? In other words, if one wants to get a moose would he do better to go to Maine or up to Quebec? Ans. 1. L. T. Carleton. 2. Address simply Commissioner of Crown Lands, Quebec, Canada. 3. There are said to be some caribou and some moose in the Lake St. John region. Not nearly so many sportsmen go there as to Maine. Write to N. E. Cormier, Aylmer East, P. Q., Canada.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Daimler Motor.

THE Daimler Manufacturing Co., of which Mr. Frederick Kuebler is president, has recently acquired all the real estate and personal property, plants, machinery, patent rights and book outstandings of the former Daimler Motor Company, and will continue their business with enlarged facilities.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE contest for the Seawanhaka international cup, decided last week, has awakened a deep interest on the part of yachtsmen and all interested in sport. A great deal has been said in the daily papers of the States and Canada, on one side or the other of the dispute which has arisen between the two parties. The circumstances of the races and the questions which have arisen from them are of such importance as to claim all of our space this week, to the exclusion of all other yachting news for the time being.

Seawanhaka International Cup.

THE unfortunate developments of the past week are of a nature that almost justify the pessimistic views expressed of late years by some of the English yachting journals, to the effect that international races are not desirable in yachting, for the reason that they inevitably result in mutual ill-feeling. We should be sorry to believe such is necessarily the case; and we sincerely hope that the final outcome of the present difference may prove that there are at least two yacht clubs that can stand the strain of a very serious difference of opinion without a break in the harmonious relations which have for so long existed between them.

The point of the dispute is already well known on both sides of the ocean, through the medium of the daily papers, a question as to the elegibility of a new variety of yachting freak put forward by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as its representative in the defense of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. While the main points of the dispute are simple enough, the side issues and the actions of the various interested parties make a long and complicated story, quite overshadowing in importance the actual detail of the races. The original points of issue are all of them strictly technical, and consequently should be discussed calmly and deliberately on their merits, but so much feeling has been engendered that there is grave danger of a purely partisan quarrel which, no matter who may prove the victor, can only injure all parties and tend to throw discredit on the sport.

The prime cause of the dispute is that the party which has opposed Dominion, including several elements, has made no effort whatever to judge the boat on her merits, but has acted from first to last on the snapshot statement that she is a catamaran. So far as we can learn, the Seawanhaka race committee has accepted this view and acted on it alone. The committee, being in New York, had no direct or positive knowledge of Dominion's form or construction. The numerous reports sent out to papers throughout the country by the Montreal correspondents go no further than the statement that Dominion is a catamaran.

The position taken by the Seawanhaka representatives, Mr. Crane and his party, was essentially the same, their main argument being based on the assumed decisions of the New York Y. C. in 1877 against the Stokes catamaran Nereid, and the fact that the Herreshoff catamarans of 1876 raced by themselves, and not in the regular yacht classes.

It was perhaps unintentional that a serious injustice has in this way been done to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., in that it has been represented far and wide as having chosen for its representative a type of craft universally barred from the yacht classes by at least an unwritten law so strong that no fair sportsman can disregard it.

Whatever the final judgment may be as to the eligibility of Dominion in the 20ft. class of 1898, apart from all sentimental considerations based on archaic models and customs, this premature and ill-grounded condemnation will have little weight with yachtsmen, however it may appear to the devotees of other sports.

Summed up as briefly as possible, the situation is this: The challenging club, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., of Oyster Bay and New York, sent as its representatives to Lake St. Louis two yachts, practically identical, and both of the same general dimensions and type as the winner of last year's races, the Canadian yacht Glencairn II. The defending club, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal and Dorval, built for the defense four yachts, three practically the same as Glencairn I. The fourth yacht, Dominion, is very different from the Glencairn type in appearance, having a deep hollow down the middle of the bottom, making two distinct hulls up to a point just above the normal waterline.

For business reasons, the members of the Seawanhaka race committee, Messrs. Cromwell, Wetmore, Kerr and Sherman, were unable to be present, either before or during the races, but were in communication with Mr. Crane during the week. The final instructions of the committee were that Mr. Crane should not start if Dominion was chosen by the R. St. L. sailing committee, but leaving him to act on his judgment with Mr. Gibson on the latter's arrival.

These instructions became known on Friday to all at the club house at Dorval. At the same time Mr. R. W. Gibson, of New York, a member of the S. C. Y. C., arrived at Dorval as representative of the race committee of which he is not a member, but as he intended to be present to see the races, and none of the members of the committee could be, he was requested to act as its representative in any negotiations and on the committee steamer. It was decided by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Crane, in view of their being on the spot and more fully conversant with all the circumstances of the case, to disregard the instructions of the race committee, and to start in any event, but on Friday afternoon Mr. Gibson made a written protest to the sailing committee of the R. St. L. Y. C. against the selection of Dominion, on the two grounds that she is a double-hulled boat, and that catamarans are barred by general usage. The sailing committee declined to take this view, and selected Dominion, she sailing against Challenger in four races.

The first race, on Aug. 13, was in moderate weather. Dominion was steered by Com. Æmilius Jarvis, Royal Canadian Y. C., who came from Toronto on a hasty summons, Mr. Duggan being quite ill and under the doctor's care. Dominion fouled Challenger on the starting line, and finally beat her six seconds over the course, after a good race, but was immediately disqualified by the sailing committee. Mr. Duggan was well enough by Monday to take his old place, and in a moderate breeze Dominion beat Challenger over the triangle by 2m. 47s., Challenger fouling Dominion at one point in the race, but without affecting the result. Next day, in a breeze and sea, Dominion beat Challenger by 8m. 16s. On the last day the wind was light for a time, and Challenger led fairly over the first round, but with more wind Dominion caught and passed her at the end of the fourth leg, Challenger fouling the mark, but sailing the race out, being beaten by 2m. 27s., the foul in this case also not affecting the result.

After this race Mr. Crane received orders from Messrs. Kerr and Dresser, by telegraph, to refuse all courtesies tendered by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and to return home at once; in consequence of which he and his party did not attend the dance given in their honor by the club.

This telegram gave serious offense to some of the Canadians, and there were also rumors afloat, from invisible sources, as always happens on such occasions; it was said that the S. C. Y. C. was about to make a formal demand for the return of the cup, and that it would at once repudiate the cup and refuse to have any further connection with it. There was the usual undercurrent of gossip and rumor on both sides, that, while not coming from the principals, tended to produce mutually strained relations.

On Friday afternoon the sailing committee held a meeting in Montreal, at which it was decided to return the cup to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., with a statement of the reasons therefor.

The Conditions.

The conditions of the races were much the same as last year, with the exception of the limitations to helmsmen and crew, as follows:

Conditions Governing the Cup.

Article I.—The cup shall be known as the "Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts" and shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. The term "foreign" as used in this instrument shall be so construed as to permit contests for the cup between any country and its colonies and dependencies, and between such colonies or dependencies themselves.

Article II.—Any organized yacht club in good standing of any country, foreign to the country of the yacht club in whose custody the cup may be, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup, and to sail a match therefor, provided that such challenge shall be made and such match be sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

Article III.—Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts, propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement or size shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so-called "Twenty-Five Foot Racing Length Class" or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called "Fifteen-Foot Racing Length Class," of the Seawanhaka Club, as such classification exists at the date of this instrument, or whose racing measurement or size, according to the rules of the club having at the time of challenge the custody of the cup, falls within limits of size substantially corresponding to the limits above specified.

Article IV.—All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club. Neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, but the match shall be sailed to a conclusion between the yachts selected for or sailing the first race thereof, and no substitution of one yacht for another shall be permitted after the preparatory signal of the first race has been given.

Article V.—A match shall be constituted of not less than three or more than five races, and shall be awarded to the club whose representative yacht shall win a majority of such races.

Article VI.—The representative yachts of the challenging and challenged clubs must be constructed in the respective countries of such clubs. Centerboards or plates or sliding keels shall always be permitted in construction, and no restriction shall be placed upon their use. All ballast must be fixed.

Article X.—The helmsmen, sailing the representative yachts in the match, must be amateurs and must be residents of the countries of their respective clubs. The challenging and challenged clubs must name in writing, each to the other, or to their respective representatives, at least twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the first race, the helmsmen who will sail their representative yachts, and such helmsmen shall sail such yachts in all the races of the match unless prevented by illness, or other substantial cause, in which event substitutes will be allowed.

Article XI.—The challenging and the challenged clubs may, by mutual agreement, fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, rules of measurement, sailing regulations, notices or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, and may also by mutual agreement waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof, provided, however, that the limit of the racing length or the size of the competing yachts shall in no event exceed the maximum limit as established by this instrument in Article III. thereof, unless the consent in writing of the Seawanhaka Club to so increasing such limit shall first have been obtained.

General Regulations Governing the Match for 1898, Between the Representative Yachts of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, Holder of the Cup, and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, of New York, Challenger.

Article I.—The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward and leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward and leeward and return shall be two nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles.

Article II.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

Article III.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article IV.—Yachts must not exceed 20ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

Article V.—A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article VI.—Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a dead weight of 450lbs. shall be carried amidships, approximately at the center of buoyancy, during measurement. The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during any race, shall not exceed 600lbs.

Article VII.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article VIII.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast shall be allowed.

Article IX.—The factor of sail area, used in determining racing length, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured shall be plainly marked on the mast and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars, used to set the said, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following factors: (1) The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. (2) The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull.

Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500sq.ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed eighty per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinaker, measured as a triangle, whose base is the length of the spinaker boom measured from its out end, when set, to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the foreside of the mast to the spinaker halliard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

Article X.—The spinaker boom when used in carrying sail shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

Article XI.—The helmsman or helmsmen and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to four. The helmsman may be changed at will, and as often as may be desired in any race, provided that such helmsmen shall have been named in writing, as required by the provisions of Article X. of the Declaration of Trust.

The Challenging Yachts.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was this year, at last, represented by two yachts, from which a final choice was to be made before the first race. Both were designed by Clinton H. Crane, of New York, and they were practically identical in dimensions and type. Seawanhaka, already described, was sailed in the trial races of last month at Oyster Bay, winning the series. Challenger was a new boat, shipped direct from Ogdensburg to Montreal just before the races.

During the winter Mr. Crane attended the School of Naval Architecture at Glasgow University, and the designing of the challenging yachts was made a part of his course of study. The three boats, Seawanhaka, Challenger and Cicada, are all practically alike, and differ from last year's boats, Alanka and Momo, in a much closer resemblance to Glencairn II. The freeboard is greater, the over-all length, especially forward, has been increased, the bowsprit has been discarded, the weight of centerboard has been greatly increased, the bathtub cockpit has been discarded, and the construction has been materially lightened. The lines of the boats, as originally designed, are very fair and yacht-like for this type of craft, intended to sail only on the side; and in point of dimensions and form the differences between the three boats themselves as well as between them and the Duggan boats, Strathcona and Speculator and the old Glencairn II., are so slight that even an expert in this type of craft would be puzzled to pick the best. It seems now that the possibilities of this type under existing conditions have been completely exhausted by both Mr. Crane and Mr. Duggan, and that the mere chance of the weather might determine the winner. Two noticeable features of the Crane boats are the rig, which is lower and broader than in last year's boats, and the size of the cockpit, about 4ft. wide and nearly 12ft. long to the eye.

The construction worked out by Mr. Crane is novel and ingenious. The theory is that the framework of the hull, apart from the skin and deck, shall constitute a truss or a system of trusses capable of taking all strains of mast, centerboard and crew; the planking and decking being disregarded entirely as an element of strength, their sole use being to keep the water out. As a means to this end, Mr. Crane has used two fore and aft girders, from bottom to deck, about 4ft. apart, the upper and lower members being of light angle steel and the lattice work of bicycle tubing. From the lower fore and aft member of each girder, at intervals of about 15in., runs an inclined strut of bicycle tubing, up to the clamp. The two girders are connected by cross floors of light wood, with holes bored for additional lightness. The frames and deck beams are of very small size, and the planking and decking is about 3-16in. In Seawanhaka the skin is of edge-nailed strips, full 3-16in., the deck being laid "in-and-out" like the plating of a steel ship, the projecting edges helping to give a hold for the feet. The illustration of Seawanhaka shows her condition after sailing the trial races. The hull is very unfair and lumpy in different places, and the bow shows a distinct pulling up, causing a serious alteration of form.

Challenger is the handsomest craft yet turned out in the class; when she came to Lake St. Louis she was a model of fine work. Her form was perfectly fair, and the construction would pass the strictest scrutiny in all parts. The work on all three of the Crane boats was done by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburg, and in all details, of hull, fittings, spars and rigging, is as near to perfection as has yet been reached in this era of elaborate sailing machines. Challenger was planked with white cedar, but the strake below the wale was of mahogany, with transom of the same wood. The effect aimed at by Mr. Crane was to diminish the apparent freeboard by means of the dark strake, and in this he was successful. The boat was varnished all over; while Seawanhaka, originally enameled white, had been turned to a yellowish tint by polishing and varnishing. The spars were absolutely faultless in material and construction, without a knot or blemish.

Mr. Crane's first object this year has been to reduce weight, especially where it does not count as ballast, and to this end he has reduced the area of the deck by a very large cockpit, and cut the thickness of deck and skin to the very last limit. The deck was 3-16in., so thin that an incautious step or an accidental slip, even on the part of a light man, would split it, as happened to Seawanhaka at Oyster Bay, and to Challenger during the cup races. The latter boat was intended to last through three to six days of racing on Lake St. Louis, and nothing more, it never being expected by her designer that she would be turned to any useful purpose. Her planking was just 3-16in. as worked, and this was decreased in the finishing. With an over-all length of about 32ft., a beam of 8ft. 3in., as stated, a centerboard of 400lbs, with 500sq.ft. of sail, and a crew weighing 600lbs., it was expected that the trusses would carry all strains, and that the planking would hold for about a week.

As the results proved, this calculation was wrong. The trussing held fairly well, though after the first race the original fairness of form had begun to disappear, new humps and hollows being visible each succeeding day, but the planking began to split from the start. When taken in tow for the first race, Challenger bumped against Dominion, and a hole as big as a silver dollar was made in her starboard side, in addition to one previously received in handling in transit. After this race she showed checks in places, and after the hard hammering in the sea on Tuesday the planking was virtually wrecked. A bad hole under the starboard bow near the chainplates was laid to a collision with a log or similar wreckage on the leg up toward Beaconsfield, but in addition to this the planking was badly checked in many places, and the seams started and nails drawn. The bottom strake of planking, where the keel would be if there had been one, was of oak, and it was split and checked for a length of several feet. One place on the port side, where a check made on Monday had been mended by a thin piece tacked inside, showed a new check just below the piece. Temporary repairs were made to enable the boat to sail the fourth race, but it is doubtful whether she would have been at all safe for another race in a heavy sea. It was found so dangerous to tow her in a sea, at any speed and with the greatest care, that on Tuesday she sailed the four miles from the club station to the start. To all appearances, both boats were used up when they left Dorval, though it may yet be possible to utilize them by stiffening the frames and replanking and decking.

The Defending Yachts.

The defending fleet this year included four yachts, of which three were designed by Mr. Duggan. The fourth, Manitou, was designed by Mr. Huntley R. Drummond, an amateur member of the club. She was of the same type as the Duggan boats, and proved a very good boat in heavy weather. Of the Duggan boats the first, Strathcona, designed for Lord Strathcona, was very similar to Glencairn II., while Speculator differed in some details of model, but not materially. A third boat of the same type was started and well in frame, but after the trials of Dominion she was abandoned, and is now in the shop.

The construction of these boats is similar to Glencairn I. instead of Glencairn II., with the smooth-lap or ship-lap planking. The Duggan fleet of last year showed a novel and in some respects successful system of construction, with two serious defects. The framework was weak locally about the mast, and the plank fastenings, of fine iron brads, with the points turned against a stake in driving, were not strong enough. Glencairn II. went through the races all right, and was raced again this year, but some of the boats showed serious weakness in the plank fastenings. This year Mr. Duggan determined to return to the ship-lap, using for the main frames stuff about 3/8in. thick and 2in. deep, sawn regardless of the grain, one piece lapping by another. In addition to these main frames, lighter ones were bent in between. Each main frame was braced by light wooden diagonals, to make a truss, and the hull was very thoroughly trussed fore and aft in the same manner. Both planking and decking, of British Columbia cedar, were finished to a thickness of 5-16 to 3/8in., Mr. Duggan preferring a safe thickness, and also relying to a certain extent on the skin for strength. The centerboards were about the same as last year, the rudders were of a peculiar shape, broad below, and the cockpits were open to the floor, but quite small compared with the Crane boats. The illustration of Speculator shows the general points of resemblance and difference between the work of the two designers.

The rigs of the Duggan boats this year presented a contrast from that of Glencairn II., being higher and narrower, until that of Dominion really suggested Momo. In this respect the two designers have changed positions. The spars were hollow, not so handsome as those of the Crane boats, but standing well in service. The sails were made by Oldrieve & Horn, of Kingston, and were decidedly an improvement on last year; though not up to the work of Wilson & Silsby on the Crane boats.

In justice to the work of Mr. Duggan, from the beginning of the 15ft. class, it must be said that while he has sought to make the most of every new principle of design, he has at the same time, in every boat up to and including Speculator, kept as closely as possible to the conventional yacht form. His boats have all looked well under way, and have been free from such purely freak features as the bow of Alanka and similar startling innovations. In Dominion, however, he has departed from all conventional and sentimental limitations, and followed the general fashion in disregarding everything but speed. The deck plan of this remarkable craft is similar to Vagary of last year and Akabo of this, almost a parallelogram, the two ends being cut off square across, and the sides having a slight sweep. Her over-all length is 36ft. or a few inches under, her extreme beam is 7ft. 8in. at deck, and the breadth across her bow and stern is apparently 5ft. There is a good freeboard, but very little sheer. The centerline of the deck runs up to the highest point at the mast from each end, and instead of a curve in the transverse section, the round of the deck beam, there is an angle like an inverted Λ or the roof of a house. The boat is difficult to describe without diagrams, which are not now available. The beam of each hull, at the waterline, is about 2ft. 9in., with a space of some 2ft. between the two hulls. The design shows a distance of 2½in. between the surface of the water and the central portion of the bottom, with the allowed weight of 600lbs. on board; and when the boat is afloat in perfectly still water without crew on board this distance looks to be about 4in. This central portion is a continuation of the bottom, at some distance below the deck, probably 15in. at the mast, and is entirely disconnected with the deck. The name "toboggan" has been adapted to it, and it is claimed that in sailing the boat at times settles down on it, either forward or aft, thus preventing the pitch-poling that was a striking characteristic of the Herreshoff catamarans. The centerboard and rudder are the same as in Speculator, the former weighing less, and both are placed in the fore and aft centerline of the hull. The deck and side view show a resemblance to Vagary and Akabo, but below the water each bilge is dropped to form a separate portion of the hull, the overhang at each end being very long. The cockpit is comparatively small and extends to the middle portion of the bottom.

The construction is very ingenious, and apparently of ample strength. Each of the deep frames, as mentioned in the description of Speculator, is really a transverse truss, of a simple wooden construction, but very strong. A deep vertical keelson of wood is worked along the bottom of each hull, and also along the center of the middle portion, with diagonal bracing. The mast is suspended from two fore and aft pieces of oak, which rest on top of the trusses, by four steel bolts supporting a step block. The chainplates run well down the frames, inside the planking. Lanyards are used instead of turnbuckles, the latter not being readily obtainable in Canada; as there were numerous other small fittings required, it was not considered worth while to waste time over turnbuckles when the same end could be obtained by lanyards. Both planking and decking are shiplap, about 3/8in.

All of the previous Duggan boats, including the 15-footers of 1896, have been finished with a special preparation of potlead, but there has been a general comment among spectators on the superior appearance of the Seawanhaka boats, El Heirie, Momo and Alanka, all bright. While this counts for little, this year Mr. Duggan has taken to the bright varnish finish for Speculator and Strathcona, and Dominion has been enameled white. The polishing coats of varnish have turned this to a yellowish tint, but she is light enough to show to advantage on the water. A careful inspection after the hard work of the third race, in a heavy sea, showed some slight breaks in the previously smooth enamel along the seams of each hull amidships, indicating some strain in places, but the hull was apparently as sound and tight as ever.

While the forestay sets well inboard, the base of the fore triangle is longer than in any of the older boats, the triangle being larger, so that a very large spinaker can be carried. In both Dominion and Challenger the spinakers and spinaker booms have exceeded a reasonable limit. While the crews are larger by one man each, the increase of size of kites tends to make the work harder.

Before the Races.

The two Crane boats arrived at Lachine on Aug. 2 and 3, and were unloaded at the wharf of the Dominion Bridge Company, on the canal, being towed up to Dorval and rigged. The Crane party included Messrs. C. H. and H. M. Crane, J. H. Stackpole, Sherman Hoyt, H. C. Eno, J. R. Solley and P. R. Labouisse, with two professional sailors. Seawanhaka and Challenger were rigged and sailed against each other over the cup course for the week preceding the races. The two Canadian boats were also under way from time to time, and all four were constantly cleaned and polished to get the required surface. On Aug. 8 it was reported that Mr. Duggan was seriously ill. While his condition was exaggerated, there was some foundation for the reports in the fact that he had to stop all work and place himself under the doctor's orders. On Aug. 10 he wrote to Com. Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto, asking him to sail Dominion on Saturday, as there was no one at Dorval who was qualified to take his place at the stick. Com. Jarvis had already declined an invitation to sail one of the Duggan boats in the trial races, and to attend the cup races, being very busy, but he dropped everything and took the train for Montreal on Thursday, arriving at Dorval on Friday morning. He took out Dominion, while Mr. Arthur Hamilton sailed Speculator, for a trial of the new boat. The great question all day Friday was as to the final selection of the sailing committee, it being practically settled that Mr. Crane would choose Challenger in preference to Seawanhaka for his side.



SEAWANHAKA.



SPECULATOR.



DOMINION.



CHALLENGER.

Mr. Gibson arrived in the morning, and in the course of the day made the following protest:

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Aug. 12, 1898.—To the Sailing Committee, R. St. L. Y. C., per A. F. Riddell, Esq., Chairman.—Gentlemen: The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have instructed me to lay before you their opinion in regard to the eligibility of the yacht Dominion, which I am just informed has been selected by you to defend the Seawanhaka international cup.

We are of opinion that the universally observed custom of classifying vessels with two hulls in classes distinct from one-hulled boats, as catamarans, should



ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C. STATION, DORVAL.

Dominion. Challenger. Seawanhaka. Strathcona.

be considered as applying to the yacht Dominion, inasmuch as she has two distinct immersed hull sections and two separate waterlines, constituting two hulls, which are connected only above the waterline.

It seems to us that the reason why catamarans were not specifically barred in the agreement was because the custom of classifying them separately was so settled as to amount to an unwritten law requiring no mention. Under these circumstances, we feel obliged to make a formal protest against the selection of Dominion to defend the cup, and we appeal confidently to the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as umpires to give this question a new and impartial consideration for the welfare of the sport in which we are all deeply interested. We cheerfully leave the decision in regard to these races in your hands, and will abide by your ruling.

We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,
The Race Committee of the S. C. Y. C.
(per R. W. Gibson).

A meeting of the sailing committee was held, lasting until a late hour on Friday night, Mr. Gibson being present, and the question being earnestly discussed. The following decision was finally announced by the committee:

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Aug. 12, 1898.—To the Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—Gentlemen: We have given your letter of this date, conveying your opinion of the yacht Dominion, mature consideration, and have had the advantage of a prolonged discussion regarding the matter with your representative, Mr. R. W. Gibson. We have reached the conclusion that Dominion comes quite within the terms of the Declaration of Trust, and the agreement covering the special conditions of the match for the present year. It is their terms which we have alone to consider, and on which our decision must be based. We might be permitted to add that, even from the point of view of ethical sporting principles, Dominion represents a new and ingenious application of recognized features in yacht designing, and is a legitimate and logical step in the line of development of this type of yacht. We beg to express our hearty appreciation of your acceptance in advance of the judgment of the committee.

We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,
The Race Committee of the R. St. L. Y. C.
(A. F. Riddell, Chairman).

Pending the final decision, it had become known that a letter had been received from the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. committee in New York, instructing Mr. Crane to refuse to start against Dominion in the event of her being chosen. As none of the committee were present, however, to consider all the circumstances of the case, Messrs. Crane and Gibson decided to start on the morrow.

The experience of previous years has enabled the committee to carry off the races with little delay and trouble, and this year the arrangements were excellent. The courses were as well laid out as the waters (and the sands and rocks under them) permitted; a patrol fleet was organized of the attendant steam yachts, some of which managed as usual to get in the way themselves; but there was no trouble whatever to either competitor. The race awakened a deep interest in Montreal, and the local papers gave as much attention to it as if it were in New York and for the America Cup. The streets were blocked during each race by the crowds about the bulletin boards. The Montreal Star had its cable scows in place, and all of the papers competed in the launch and shore service. Strange to say, though both the Boston Globe and Boston Herald were represented by their yachting editors, the New York papers had none of their yachting experts present. The club steamer, the Duchess of York was run as last year from Lachine, affording a good view of the course at all times.

First Race.

Windward and Leeward.
Saturday, Aug. 13.

On Friday afternoon, after a pleasant day, a heavy thunderstorm passed over the Lake, followed by rain at times through the night, but it was clear by 6 A. M. on Saturday, though the sky was cloudy and overcast. A fresh west wind was blowing, kicking up a good sea on the Lake. The two yachts, Challenger and Dominion, were launched early in the morning, their centerboards shipped and sails bent. To accommodate Com. Jarvis a longer tiller was made for Dominion, with the usual "dog's leg." The two yachts were taken in tow of the same steamer and started for the line, off Pointe Claire, but before they had gone far they bumped together, Dominion knocking a small hole in Challenger near the starboard chainplate. Challenger had to return to the club house, where she was hauled out and repaired, starting for the line in tow of Vailima at 12:50, while Chipmunk passed a line to Dominion.

The fleet off Pointe Claire was a small one compared with last year, the weather keeping away the canoes and small craft. The club steamer, Duchess of York, carried a goodly number of spectators, and many steam yachts were out. The yachts were towed up close inshore by Pointe Claire, both setting mainsails with three reefs, and storm jibs. Challenger cast off her tow line about 1:30, just as a light rain began to fall, and ran out to the line. Dominion towed over and cast off near the committee steamer, the steam yacht Dama.

The wind was not much lighter and the sea had gone down, while a light rain fell at intervals.

At 1:55 Dominion shook out her third reef, Challenger at once following, and at 2 o'clock the preliminary signal was given, followed by the preparatory at 2:10. While waiting for the last gun the two boats kept far apart, with no inclination to bother each other. Within the last minute Dominion was just by the stern of the Dama, while Challenger was flying about inshore of the other end of the line, marked by a scow with a target on it. Challenger came for the line from inshore on starboard tack with good way on. Dominion filled away just before the gun, standing along the line on port tack. She was moving with but little way on when Challenger came up without being seen; at the last moment Dominion was luffed, but she is comparatively slow in stays at best, and still slower without headway. Challenger was forced about on port tack in order to avoid a collision, which might have been fatal to her. Both continued over the line, the foul putting Dominion to windward of Challenger.

Dominion's start was a very poor one, in spite of Com. Jarvis' known skill at the tiller, and in a one-gun start she was poorly placed, on the inferior tack, and it was her place to keep a sharp lookout. The only explanation of the foul was that Challenger was not seen until the last moment. Fortunately no harm was done except that Challenger lost all the advantage of a well-planned start, and had a lee berth instead of a weather one. They settled down to work in a fresh breeze, with a moderate sea. Dominion stood up straighter than Challenger, and worked out to windward in a wonderful way.

Challenger was the first to tack, 7m. after the start, Dominion at once following. She was now well ahead and continued to gain to the weather mark, where they were timed:

First Round—First Mark.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	2 39 20	0 24 20	. .. ..	0 01 50
Challenger	2 41 10	0 26 10	0 01 50	. .. ..

Dominion set one of Speculator's balloon jibs as a spinaker to port, the wind being still fresh, but Challenger set her big spinaker. She gained all the way down wind, and when they jibed she was almost up with the leader. The times were:

First Round—Finish.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	2 54 45	0 15 25	0 01 33	0 00 17
Challenger	2 55 02	0 13 52	. .. ..	. .. ..

They started on starboard tack, but Challenger tacked in a minute or two, followed by Dominion, the latter shaking out her second reef. Challenger followed by mostly shaking out her two remaining reefs, on which Dominion promptly shook out her first reef. Then the crews worked forward, Dominion setting a second jib, which she soon shifted for her ordinary working jib, while Challenger set her working jib at once. The wind had fallen by this time, and the sun was shining, with only a roll to the seas, the whitecaps having gone for the day. The wind was now N.W. instead of W.

As they stood over the same water as in the first round, Dominion ahead, but to leeward, worked out across Challenger's bows, gaining steadily. Challenger, being much quicker in stays, tried to tempt Dominion into a series of short tacks, but after once following her the Canadian refused the bait, and held a long starboard tack until she was ready to make a short hitch for the mark, where the times were:

Second Round—First Mark.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	3 19 20	0 24 35	. .. ..	0 00 55
Challenger	3 20 15	0 25 13	0 00 38	. .. ..

They ran down slowly under a hot sun, with a light westerly breeze and smooth water. When two-thirds of the leg was covered, Dominion lowered her spinaker, jibed over and set it on the other side, losing some time in the maneuver. Challenger handled her spinaker much more rapidly, shifting it over without lowering it. The end of the round was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	3 42 35	0 23 15	0 00 41	0 00 14
Challenger	3 42 49	0 22 34	. .. ..	. .. ..

Again Challenger had made a big gain on Dominion, so that they started practically even.

With the wind now west, both, after the hitch over the lines on starboard, made a long port tack, this time in the direction of Pointe Claire. For a time Challenger footed out ahead, but Dominion worked out to windward and had a good lead, holding on until close in to Beaconsfield, when she tacked for the mark at 4:00, with Challenger at once about in her wake. On the long reach across Dominion sailed very fast, especially when she could be kept on one hull, and she made up on the windward work more than her loss in the previous round. The times were:

Third Round—First Mark.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	4 11 50	0 29 15	. .. ..	0 01 00
Challenger	4 12 50	0 30 01	0 00 46	. .. ..

The run down was the most exciting incident of the race, as Challenger gained steadily, and it was a question



FINISH OF FIRST RACE—
Dominion six seconds ahead.

which would finish first. After a hard race Dominion crossed the line 6s. ahead. The final times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
Dominion	4 27 30	0 15 40	0 00 54	0 00 06
Challenger	4 27 36	0 14 46	. .. ..	. .. ..

Mr. Crane boarded the committee boat immediately after the finish, and Mr. Gibson wrote a formal protest, on which the sailing committee made the following decision:

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Aug. 13, 1898.—The race committee of the St. Lawrence Y. C., having taken into consideration the protest of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. race committee, have decided that in accordance with Article III. of Sailing Regulation 26 the race of Aug. 13 he and is hereby awarded to Challenger.—A. F. Riddell, Chairman.

Throughout the race Challenger was much the better handled, Dominion's crew doing poor work with the light sails.

Second Race.

Triangular Course.

Monday, Aug. 15.

Sunday was a very quiet day at Dorval; the weather was perfect, an ideal summer day, with a blue sky and clear atmosphere, warm, but tempered by a pleasant breeze. The two yachts had been hauled out immediately after the race, and no work was done on them. The crews spent the day visiting or lounging about the club house. Monday morning was clear and pleasant, but perfectly calm. Challenger required the attentions of a boat builder, several checks having developed in her planking, but by 9 o'clock both boats were ready for launching. Mr. Duggan was on hand early, though Mr. Shearwood was already at work, and doing all that was necessary. It is noticeable in this race, as in the two preceding years, that the principals, the actual skippers of the two boats, make it their personal work to attend to all details. They are up early every morning for such work as may be necessary, and their crews are always with them. There is no leaving of all care of the boats to subordinates, the skippers merely boarding them just before the start.



DOMINION. CHALLENGER.

As there was no wind, matters were not hurried, and it was after 10 o'clock before Challenger, in tow of Vailima, and Dominion in tow of Chipmunk, left the club pier. When the fleet reached the start, there was a long wait; a light N.E. wind just stirred the surface of the water off Pointe Claire, but the smoke from the tall chimneys of Lachine tailed away N.W., and it was very doubtful where if at all the wind would finally settle. As the triangular course was in order, it was desired to get one leg dead to windward if possible.

A number of yachts were out to see the race, with canoes, skiffs, launches and other small craft. At 12:30 the wind was S.E. over the course, moderate, and the two boats were notified that the course would be sailed with buoys to port, making a free reach to Pointe Claire, a beat to the second mark, and a reach in with wind abeam. The two boats were under way for some time, Mr. Crane with his regular crew on Challenger. Mr. Duggan was at the tiller of Dominion, with Messrs. Shearwood, Bolton and Arthur Hamilton.

The preliminary signal was given at 12:50, with the preparatory at 1:00. The boats were wide apart during the interval, one above and one below the line. Challenger came from above the line when but one minute was left, and Dominion, standing in the other direction, tacked into a fine berth on Challenger's weather bow. Her balloon jib had just been set in stops, and as she crossed it was broken out and the working jib lowered. She went over to windward and about 50ft. distant from Challenger, both moving fast, and Challenger at first going ahead, as if to get through Dominion's lee. This failed, and within two minutes of the start Challenger was luffing hard for Dominion's weather quarter. For nearly ten minutes there was a lively luffing match, both well off their course, Dominion holding her own.

At 1:15 Challenger bore off, setting spinaker to port, Dominion getting out her spinaker. Once more they luffed, and Challenger, on Dominion's weather beam, fell away until she fouled Dominion's spinaker boom. They were now so near the mark that it was necessary to jibe. As they ran down, Challenger at last got by Dominion to windward and had a clear lead of about 50ft., as they jibed over and luffed around with 7s. between them.

There was heeling and hiking on Challenger as sheets were hardened; but Dominion, standing much stiffer, began to steam by to windward. The wind was moderate and puffy, as it had been over the first leg. It was evident that while Challenger's crew had to work at times to keep her up, Mr. Crane had her under good control, and could readily heel her or hold her at an effective angle, such as these boats require in order to maintain their highest speed.

Dominion, however, had ideas of her own as to angle of heel, most of the time she stood up quite straight, her crew, even to leeward, being unable to heel her in spite of her narrow beam. At intervals, however, she would of herself lift the weather hull just clear of the water, instantly picking up in speed. At all times she was working out to windward, but her performance was not as even as that of Challenger.

After standing for two minutes on port tack, Challenger came about, Dominion following. Challenger immediately came about again, but this time Dominion refused to follow as she is perceptibly slower in stays, and held on for a little time, when she too came on port tack. They held this tack for some time, Dominion going steadily until she was 250yds. on Challenger's weather bow. Each made a couple of short tacks for the second mark, Dominion making it with a lead of 1m. 26s., a total gain of 1m. 33s. in two miles to windward.

They came down fast under plain sail, with a good breeze on the beam, Dominion making another gain of 25s., so that she ended the round at 1:47:19, with a lead of 1m. 51s.

Dominion jibed smartly at the line, and her balloon jib went up, her crew making better work than on Saturday. Challenger came along in a hot stern chase, and began to overhaul the leader, but at too great a distance to interfere with her. Dominion held in a little toward Pointe Claire on this leg, Challenger steering a straighter course. When they luffed around the mark, at 2:01:45 for Dominion, Challenger had made a gain of 1m. 6s.

The second leg was sailed under the same conditions as on the first round, excepting that the wind was a little stronger, while the sky clouded over with a threat of a squall to windward. Dominion repeated her gain of the first round, making 1m. 24s. on Challenger to the second mark. Each sailed her own course, with no feints or maneuvering, one long leg on port tack and a shorter one for the mark, the wind being not quite up the course.

The last leg of the round showed a loss of 11s. by Challenger, making Dominion's lead at the end of the second round 2m. 20s.

On the free leg Challenger once more made a big gain, 1m. 50s., so that Dominion started to windward with but 30s. lead. She added to this, however, practically all that she had just lost, 1m. 46s. at the second mark. They reached home to be timed, Dominion exactly two hours for the full course of twelve miles, leading Challenger by 2m. 47s., having gained 31s. on the reach. No protest was made over the foul on the first leg.

SECOND RACE.

Preliminary, 12:50:00. Preparatory, 1:00:00. Start, 1:05:00.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
First Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	1 20 27	0 15 27	0 00 07	. .. ..
Challenger	1 20 20	0 15 20	. .. ..	0 00 07
Second Leg.				
Dominion	1 36 15	0 15 48	. .. ..	0 01 26
Challenger	1 37 41	0 17 21	0 01 33	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Dominion	1 47 19	0 11 04	. .. ..	0 01 51
Challenger	1 49 10	0 11 29	0 00 25	. .. ..
Second Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	2 01 45	0 14 26	0 01 06	0 00 45
Challenger	2 02 30	0 13 20	. .. ..	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 17 06	0 15 21	. .. ..	0 02 09
Challenger	2 19 15	0 16 45	0 01 24	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Dominion	2 27 40	0 10 34	. .. ..	0 02 20
Challenger	2 30 00	0 10 45	0 00 11	. .. ..
Third Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	2 40 40	0 13 00	0 01 50	0 00 30
Challenger	2 41 10	0 11 10	. .. ..	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 55 00	0 14 20	. .. ..	0 02 16
Challenger	2 57 16	0 16 06	0 01 46	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Dominion	3 05 00	0 10 00	. .. ..	0 02 47
Challenger	3 07 47	0 10 31	0 00 31	. .. ..

After the race both boats were hauled out, as usual, and sails and hulls carefully tended.

Third Race.

Windward and Leeward Course.

Tuesday, Aug. 16.

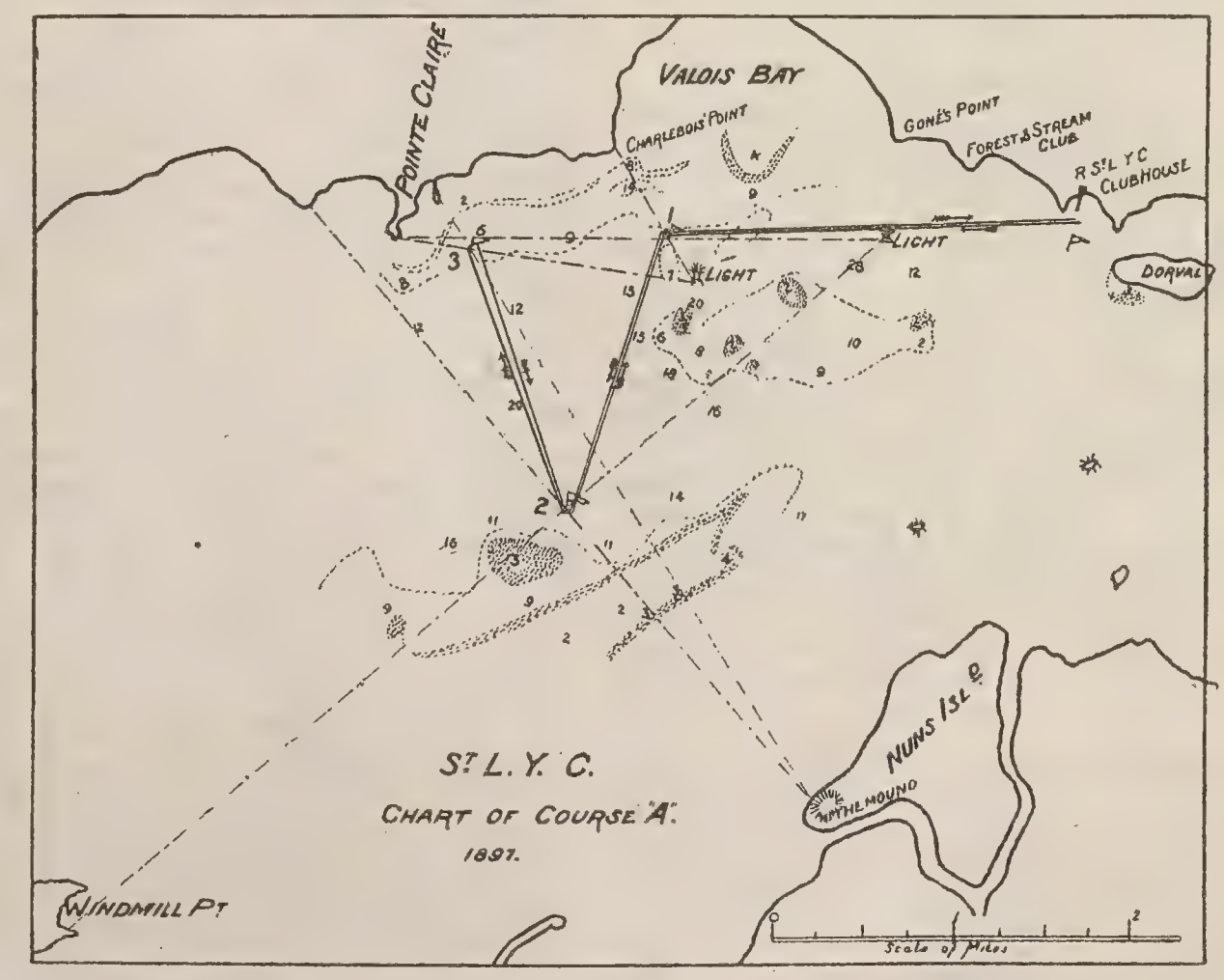
The wind held strong through the evening, with a threat of rain before midnight, and Tuesday morning was cloudy, with a strong S.W. wind. Thunder was heard at times, and a lively shower passed over the club house at 8 A. M., but it was clear again, though the breeze held strong and the sky was cloudy, at 11 A. M., when the committee steamer Dama, Rear-Com. Stephens, left the club house. Dominion started in tow of Chipmunk, but Challenger preferred the wet sail of four miles, from the club house to the starting line, to the risk of towing in the sea. Challenger sailed with the same crew, but W. A. C. Hamilton took the place he had on Saturday on board Dominion, Mr. Arthur Hamilton following the race on Chipmunk.

The course called for was to windward and leeward. The committee boat reached the start at 11:30, and just at noon Challenger came up under three reefs and a storm jib, sailing very fast. Meanwhile Chipmunk had towed Dominion up to Pointe Claire, inshore, where she set sail and stood across for the line, under the same canvas as Challenger.

With the wind S.W., it was necessary to shift the large float which marked one end of the line further in toward Pointe Claire, so that the two miles to windward would clear the long shoal off Isle Perrot. This took some little time, and it was 12:25 when the preliminary whistle was blown. The second mark was sent out dead to windward from the line, about S.S.W., two miles. Dominion had now but two reefs in her mainsail and a storm jib. There were no canoes nor small sail boats out, but a dozen yachts and as many steam yachts, with the Duchess of York. The Lachine B. C. war canoe was at the line.

The preparatory whistle was given at 12:35, with the start at 12:40. With some three minutes still to go, both yachts stood across on port tack in the direction of Pointe Claire, and when a little over a minute was left Challenger came about on starboard tack for the line, to windward of Dominion. The latter tacked and reached out ahead for a moment, but Challenger came up on her as they neared the line and passed ahead, Dominion being on her weather quarter as they crossed. At this time the wind was much lighter, both boats moving slowly, and going very easily in the sea. On Challenger Mr. Crane sat to leeward of the tiller.

Within a couple of minutes after crossing Challenger shook out her third reef, Dominion shaking out her second reef. Both crews worked smartly, and little way was lost. Challenger at once tacked, and after a minute Dominion followed her. The latter was already well out to windward, and her position steadily improved



CUP COURSES LAID OUT JUST WEST OF LINE 2—3, START NEAR 2.

as they stood along on one long port tack.

The wind soon increased to its old force, but Dominion hardly seemed to feel it as she went out to windward with an easy motion over the seas. There were hard puffs at times, in which Challenger heeled to a hard angle and luffed up. The observatory on the mountain, as it proved, recorded the force of the wind as eighteen miles, the record for the heaviest breeze in last year's races being twenty miles.

At I P. M. Challenger tacked, well inshore off Beaconsfield, Dominion at once coming about for the mark, showing a long lead of open water. One long leg on starboard brought Dominion to the mark, she having to pass on the lee side and tack around, to lead it to starboard. Her time for the two miles was 29m. 30s. Challenger followed 2m. 35s. later.

After rounding they jibed booms to port and set spinakers, Challenger having trouble with hers before it was properly set. The run was made by Dominion in 13m. 49s., she losing 49s. to Challenger, thus having 1m. 37s. to her credit as she luffed over the line on starboard tack to begin the second round. She stood along on starboard until Challenger rounded, tacking at the line, when Dominion also came about, with a long lift out to windward.

As they beat out again the wind was a little lighter, the sun now shining hot overhead. At 1:40 Dominion went on starboard tack for the mark, Challenger tacking a little later. The times showed a further gain of 3m. 49s. for Dominion.

They jibed and set spinakers as before, and ran down; challenger making up just half a minute.

On the last round the wind freshened, and Challenger, to leeward and close under the Pointe Claire and Beaconsfield shore, caught it very hot as puff after puff struck her. She would have been far better off under three reefs instead of two, as there was no hope of her winning save through an accident to Dominion, and she was straining hull and spars to no purpose. The wind, which had varied through the race, was now more to the westward. Dominion turned the last mark with a gain of 4m. 34s., and a lead of 9m. 29s. She set no spinaker, and carried her boom on the starboard side, topping it well up and taking things easily. Challenger's crew raced her as hard as she could be pushed to the finish, carrying a spinaker all the way over the last leg, the wind being lighter than in the first part of this round. Dominion lost 1m. 3s. on the run, but won by 8m. 26s.

THIRD RACE.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
First Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	1 09 30	0 29 30	. .. ..	0 02 25
Challenger	1 11 55	0 31 55	0 02 25	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	1 23 19	0 13 49	0 00 49	0 01 37
Challenger	1 24 56	0 13 00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Second Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	1 47 25	0 24 06	. .. ..	0 05 25
Challenger	1 52 50	0 27 54	0 03 49	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 02 04	0 14 39	0 00 30	0 04 55
Challenger	2 06 59	0 14 09	. .. ..	. .. ..
Third Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	2 31 16	0 29 12	. .. ..	0 09 29
Challenger	2 40 45	0 33 46	0 04 34	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 44 45	0 13 29	. .. ..	0 08 26
Challenger	2 53 11	0 12 26	0 01 03	. .. ..

Fourth Race.

Triangular Course.

Wednesday, Aug. 17.

The wind held fresh through Tuesday night, but fell by sunrise, there being almost a calm on the lake, with heavy clouds in the N.W., ending in a brisk shower at 8 o'clock. Temporary repairs were made to the hull of Challenger, and she bent her cotton mainsail. During the morning in spite of threatening clouds the sky cleared until the sun was shining brightly at noon, with a light west wind and smooth sea. Challenger towed out astern of Vailima, and bent her silk mainsail in place of the cotton one. Dominion came out after Chipmunk.

The signals were given at 12:35, 12:45 and 12:50. The course was triangular, with buoys to starboard, a close reach to first mark, a beam wind to the second, the Pointe Claire buoy, and a run in.

This time Challenger got the start, Dominion being close on her weather quarter, both moving slowly. They crossed on the starboard tack, and trimmed for a close reach, Dominion working out to windward, but Challenger footing decidedly faster. The wind freshened, heeling Challenger to a stiff angle at times, but she seemed to like the conditions, and opened out a good lead on Dominion, being 50yds. ahead when half over the leg. She luffed around the mark with a lead of 1m. 42s.

They reached off under the same sail, with sheets eased, Challenger losing 1m. 2s. The last leg was run with spinakers to starboard before a freshening breeze, now more to the west. When half way over the leg each turned in one reef before the turn to windward. The end of the round showed a gain of 50s. for Challenger, making her lead 1m. 30s.

It was now a beat to the first mark with more wind and a rising sea. Challenger held her own for a time, but Dominion at last began to overhaul her, and there was a hot fight as they neared the mark, Dominion coming up on Challenger's weather quarter and finally on her beam. Challenger was obliged to give room at the mark, which she did, Dominion passing clear ahead with a lead of 6s., having gained 1m. 36s. in the one and one-third miles to windward.

As Dominion turns slowly for a 20-footer, Mr. Crane attempted to shoot inside and through her lee, but as soon as Challenger lost the wind behind Dominion's sails she lost way also, and the current carried her against the buoy. She cleared without damage, but was of course disqualified.

The reach across showed a loss of 58s. for Challenger, and on the run, under spinakers, she was only able to cut this down by 46s., so that Dominion started the third round with 18s. lead.

On the beat out she added 54s. to this, and she also made a gain of 1m. 17s. on the reach across to Pointe Claire. On the last leg each shook out her reef, and Challenger picked up 2s., Dominion leading over the line by 2m. 27s. The full times were:

FOURTH RACE.

Preliminary, 12:35:00. Preparatory, 12:45:00. Start, 12:50:00.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
First Round—First Leg.				
Challenger	1 09 30	0 19 30	. .. ..	0 01 42
Dominion	1 11 12	0 21 12	0 01 42	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Challenger	1 20 13	0 10 43	0 01 02	0 00 40
Dominion	1 20 53	0 09 41	. .. ..	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Challenger	1 33 20	0 13 07	. .. ..	0 01 30
Dominion	1 34 50	0 13 57	0 00 50	. .. ..
Second Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	1 52 50	0 18 00	. .. ..	0 00 06
Challenger	1 52 56	0 19 36	0 01 36	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 02 10	0 09 20	. .. ..	0 01 04
Challenger	2 03 14	0 10 18	0 00 58	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Dominion	2 14 40	0 12 30	0 00 46	0 00 18
Challenger	2 14 58	0 11 44	. .. ..	. .. ..
Third Round—First Leg.				
Dominion	2 30 25	0 15 45	. .. ..	0 01 12
Challenger	2 31 37	0 16 39	0 00 54	. .. ..
Second Leg.				
Dominion	2 39 40	0 09 15	. .. ..	0 02 29
Challenger	2 42 09	0 10 32	0 01 17	. .. ..
Third Leg.				
Dominion	2 52 45	0 13 05	0 00 02	0 02 27
Challenger	2 55 12	0 13 03	. .. ..	. .. ..

After the Races.

Great preparations were made for an entertainment in honor of the visitors on Wednesday night. A large dancing floor was laid on the club lawn, the house, grounds and pier were piped for acetylene gas and the generating apparatus was set up specially; Chinese lanterns were hung on the pier, a dinner was prepared and the band of the Victoria Rifles was in attendance. A special train from Montreal brought numerous guests, while others drove in from the surrounding country.

By the time that all hands had reached the club house after the finish of the last race, it was noised around that Mr. Crane had received a telegram from the race committee in New York ordering him to refuse all courtesies extended by the R. St. L. Y. C., and to return to New York. With this much truth for a foundation, there went around all sorts of absurd rumors as to the probable action of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. In obedience to the orders, Mr. Crane and his party did not appear at the club house during the evening. During the evening telegrams of congratulation came in from London and other places. The dance was a success as far as the Montreal and Dorval people were concerned, breaking up at a late hour. The sailing committee had planned to give a dinner on Thursday evening to the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., but a change was made in the programme.

The telegram, as finally published in the daily papers, was from Mr. Kerr, one of the race committee, and Mr. Dresser, a member of the Seawanhaka syndicate, who lately resigned from the committee in consequence of being interested in a competing yacht:

"We wish our representatives to leave there the very first hour practicable after final race, also to preserve a very dignified attitude concerning this event, and not accept public or formal hospitalities. We will address the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., saying that we will communicate with them regarding this contest as soon as we can gather our scattered committee.

DRESSER AND KERR."

Seawanhaka and Challenger were stripped immediately after the race, on Wednesday; everything was packed, no light matter, considering the amount of spars, gear, sails and sundries in the outfit of the two, and the naphtha launch Gadabout, of the club, towed them down to Lachine and through the lock to the Dominion Bridge Company's wharf. Mr. Duggan met them here and had the boats lifted out by the company's derrick and landed on the bank, whence they were loaded in the afternoon on a canal boat for Ogdensburg.

On Thursday afternoon a challenge was received by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. from the Inland Lake Y. A., of which Mr. J. W. Taylor, of Minneapolis, is president, for a race next year.

On Friday a meeting of the sailing committee was held, at which it was decided to recommend to the club that the cup be returned to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The reasons for this action, which will be fully stated later, are that it is felt that a material change of the conditions is necessary, and that this can best be made by the club which established the cup; also, as Mr. Duggan will retire from the contest, owing to business and the state of his health, the club has no designer to rely on in the future.

It would be impossible to speak too highly of the hospitality and courtesy extended to the Seawanhaka men and others from the States, both by the club officials, the sailing committee in particular, and by individuals. While the orders to Mr. Crane, to refuse to race and to decline all courtesies, aroused a good deal of feeling on the part of the Canadians, it was not displayed in any way toward Mr. Crane or other of the visitors, and every possible courtesy was shown them up to the moment of their departure. During their stay they had the full privilege of the club house, ways, etc., and every aid that could be given them in handling and shipping their boats, etc.

Catamaran and Double-Hull.

The formal protest of Mr. Gibson, in behalf of the Seawanhaka race committee, sets forth very plainly the view of many, both from the States and Canada; in brief, that Dominion was of a type that is universally barred in yachting by usage and common consent. As to the exact nature of this type a very indefinite idea prevails; in the protest itself the term catamaran is used as synonymous with double-hull. While a catamaran must of necessity be a double-hull craft, it does not necessarily follow that the reverse is the case, and that every double-hull boat is a catamaran. The catamaran is, by a strict dictionary definition, a craft composed of two entirely separate hulls, connected by a deck or more properly a light skeleton framework; the derivation of the word is ascribed to katta, tied, and maram, wood, literally tied trees, indicating its original form, two trunks or logs connected by cross pieces lashed to them. A very common form of modern catamaran is the life raft seen on every passenger steamer, two cylinders of galvanized iron connected by a light framework intended to support several people. It was one of these catamarans which Naval Constructor Hobson used in escaping from the wreck of the Merrimac.

The catamaran is known to yachtsmen mainly through the ingenious sailing machine invented twenty-two years ago by N. G. Herreshoff, two canoe hulls, placed at some distance apart in proportion to their length, and connected by a framework of joints, springs and compensating levers so as to allow each to work independently of the other. Each hull was provided with its own centerboard and rudder, and the connecting framework carried a light oval car for the crew. The one feature of this device which made it successful was the use of the ball and socket joints with springs, as in the numerous previous experiments with rigidly connected hulls the craft had always worked and strained in rough water and had proved very slow. The leading principles of the catamaran are very light displacement, easy lines, and stability obtained by the great breadth of beam, both hulls being equally immersed.

The Type of Dominion.

It must be plain upon even a brief consideration that Dominion is not a catamaran. Her displacement, 1,750lbs., is as great as the other boats in her class, her beam is less; while the opening between the two portions of the hull extends above the normal plane of flotation, she is structurally but a single hull, very rigidly constructed, with not only an unbroken deck covering both hulls and all the space between, but with an unbroken bottom, continuous from hull to hull, and for the entire length, and enclosing, with the deck, a material amount of space. She possesses none of the distinctive characteristics of the catamaran, and at the most she can only be fairly discussed as a double-hulled boat.

There will no doubt be a hunting over of old records of a quarter century ago for precedents as to the status of catamarans in yachting, but at present we have no opportunity for this, nor do we see that it has any proper and legitimate bearing on the discussion. The only question, as we see it, is whether Dominion is a double-hulled boat, and if so, whether the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was legally and morally justified in selecting her. In discussing the question with several who have opposed her, it has been conceded by them that a mere hollowing of the bottom, even up to the plane of flotation, so long as this plane is one and unbroken instead of in two separate parts, does not of necessity constitute a double-hulled boat; in other words, that as the rules now stand, a designer may give any amount of concavity, the reverse of deadrise, to the floor of his vessel so long as it is below the water when in measuring trim. As a matter of fact, as already stated, Dominion's middle bottom is from 2½ to 4in. above the water, showing two distinct and separate planes of flotation.

Conceding that Dominion is a double-hulled boat, though in reality she is very much more, we doubt very much whether any precedent can be established, even at a long interval of time, which will prohibit her entry; but in our opinion this is but an immaterial issue. The whole question is one that can only be fairly discussed on its immediate merits, and in connection with the most recent developments of the modern craze for high speed, which promises to kill this class as it has all others.

Exactly two years ago, or in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22, 1896, in discussing the then novel El Heirie, we pointed out, for the first time in print, the new and distinctive principle of design on which both she and Glencairn I. were produced, of designing but one bilge of the yacht, considered in itself for the time as a complete hull; and of heeling the boat, when under way, so as to sail on this one bilge alone or on its fellow. So far as we are aware, while working in a general way toward this end, Mr. Crane in El Heirie did not follow out exactly this method, but in designing Glencairn I, Mr. Duggan and Mr. Shearwood deliberately disregarded every part of the hull except the immersed waterline at a strong angle of heel, and that portion of the bilge beneath it. The immersed waterline was first plotted, as nearly symmetrical as possible, and considered as the normal L.W.L. plane; the section lines of the bilge, showing an easy spindle form of narrow beam, were then plotted and faired by lines equivalent to bow-buttock lines. After this portion of the boat was completed, the opposite bilge being, of course, a counterpart to it, the middle portion at each end and the top sides were drawn in so as to connect these two bilges, and at the same time to make of the vessel a harmonious whole with a suitable form for sailing at times on an even keel, when she could not well be heeled, as when running; and such as to be readily constructed after the usual methods. The FOREST AND STREAM, in the article alluded to, which we reprint in another column, made all of this perfectly plain within a few weeks after the advent of the two successful embodiments of the principle, El Heirie and Glencairn I.

It was perfectly well understood that these boats evaded the measurement of L.W.L. in a new and effective manner, and placed an entirely new value on L.W.L. as a factor of the Seawanhaka rule. They wiped out at one sweep the existing class of the normal type, and it was generally considered a very smart and perfectly justifiable trick. The fact was perfectly appreciated, not only by designers and experts, but by many who make no claims to a knowledge of the technical points of yachting, that an entirely new principle had been introduced.

From the days of Noah down to the trial races of the Seawanhaka cup, in 1895, a period that covers many advances in naval architecture, it has been the object of designers to produce vessels that would sail with both bilges equally immersed (in theory at least), and with their keels as deeply immersed as possible. Especially has this been the case with all yachts, as instanced by the sandbags piled to windward of old, and the growing weight and depth of lead keels in more recent years. It was on this principle that Sorceress and Spruce, with the first American 15-footers, Ethelwynn, Trilby, Olita and Trust Me, were designed. The winners of the trial

and cup races of the following year were built upon a new and radically different principle, they were deliberately designed to be sailed with but one bilge immersed, the other being high in the air, by means of shifting the crew to leeward if necessary in a light air. As for the keel, it was intended to be just about at the surface of the water.

This innovation, perhaps the most extreme in the history of designing, was accompanied by a very marked increase of speed through the successful evasion of L.W.L. as measured, the practical result being that the bilge became a narrow canoe hull, with a far greater length than the L.W.L. when upright, and the boat was allowed a much larger sail plan than the older boats of less effective length and far greater beam. There was a trick in balancing the boats, but it was far less difficult than sailing a canoe with a long sliding seat, and quickly mastered. This same principle was naturally carried up into the 20ft. class in 1897, where it has been developed to an extreme point by all designers.

The attitude of the FOREST AND STREAM toward all developments in the direction of extreme speed and the specialization of the racing machine is well known, but in this case there was nothing to do but to follow the example of the yacht clubs and yachtsmen, and at least to accept quietly the new departure. As far as the clubs were concerned, no effort was made to condemn or check it, and the freaks which rapidly bred under it were one and all welcomed without a question as to their type or nature. Nearly fifty small craft, of 15 or 20ft. racing length, have been built for the Seawanhaka trial races in the past four seasons, of which number probably two-thirds would justly come under the name of freaks, and yet no attempt has been made to draw a line. We realize well the difficulty of such a task, had it been attempted, and we do not question the wisdom of the policy of the race committee, as indicated by its acts, or lack of positive action, in encouraging the development of the highest possible speed at the evident sacrifice of every other attribute of a yacht. We merely wish to show that, regardless of all conventional ideas and sentimental scruples, designers have been encouraged to try the most extreme experiments, as in Skate, Alanka, In It, Vagary, Akabo, Arauca, Question and numerous others.

The fact has been generally recognized that the highest speed yet attained in either class was in boats sailing on the new principle, of one immersed and one emersed bilge; practically a new variation of the double-hull idea.

The possibilities of a further extreme of development in the line of cutting out the practically useless keel and thus improving the form of each independent bilge have also been understood and discussed, and in fact this is the only conclusion which can logically result from a careful study of the small yachts of the last three years.

The first one to take this final step, as it will probably prove, was Mr. Duggan, in Dominion; and no one who will study the boat as she deserves to be studied will be inclined to deny that he has done the work well, whether it be legitimate or otherwise. In Dominion he has employed the methods of design first used in Sothis and Glencairn I., in carrying out the new principle to its logical and probably final step, as it does not seem that much more can be done in this peculiar line. It is very likely that further experiment will show that this particular boat can be materially improved in detail to make the finest racing machine yet known to yachting; but as far as principles of design are concerned, the end has probably been reached.

We have not yet heard from any who have condemned her a word to indicate that they appreciate the vital points of her design. The leading principle, of sailing on one bilge at a time, as in Momo, Seawanhaka and Challenger, has been more thoroughly and scientifically worked up in Dominion than in any other boat of the type, but this is not all. It has long been the dream of yachtsmen to produce a variety of double-hull boat in which a large hull is superimposed on a smaller one, the latter immersed, and the former just clear of the water when in measuring trim, but so immersing itself when under way as to utilize the unmeasured length. Boats of this type have been built for the Seawanhaka trial races and have sailed in them, but have been unsuccessful for perfectly obvious reasons, their transverse sections being of the old form, more or less of the V. It has proved impossible to immerse any effective length by heeling, as there is a certain amount of displacement to be disposed of in some way. In Dominion Mr. Duggan has solved, we believe for the first time, this old problem; and in a practical and effective way. The displacement of the two hulls is sufficient to float easily on a L.W.L. of 17ft. 6in. topsides of great overhang, about 9ft. at each end. These overhangs form practically a long canoe superimposed on one of half the length. As soon as the weather hull lifts clear of the water, the position in which the yacht does her best work, its 700lbs. of displacement is immediately transferred to the lee hull, which is immersed for practically its whole length. The curve of areas for the upright position, or the two hulls, and the inclined position, with one hull just clear of the water, shows more plainly than anything else the ratio of length to midship section, and the enormous gain in fineness of form.

This point alone separates Dominion from the catamaran. The former does her best work with but one hull immersed, the other being barely clear of the water, but not enough to catch the wind under it. A catamaran, of either the ordinary raft construction or the Herreshoff articulated construction, is intended to sail with both hulls equally immersed, and with her limited displacement and great beam will probably pitchpole when one hull is lifted clear of the water and all the buoyancy of the other called into play.

The popular view of the case, that Dominion is a catamaran and that catamarans are barred from competition with yachts of the normal type, either by usage or definite legislation, is a perfectly natural one, and there is nothing strange in that it has been accepted on sight as positively conclusive by many, even among yachtsmen. The only remarkable point is that experts, men who have been intimately associated with the development of the modern freak racing machine, as designers, critics and in the management of matches and races, should accept off-hand such a narrow and superficial view. All who have been in any way associated with the 15 and 20ft. classes since 1895 have been compelled to study closely a peculiar course of freak development which has run to all possible extremes of form. The one point of this wide and often wild experimenting that has produced good results in the line of speed is the use of but one bilge at a time, as in all the Crane and Duggan boats. Anyone who looks at Seawanhaka or Speculator to-day will see the bilge carried forward until it forms a positive shoulder or hump at the bow, the idea being to gain length when heeled by the immersion of this hump. Every student of these boats has had to discard all conventional ideas of fair form in an approximately upright position, and to accustom himself to a model that looks like a tub when upright, but that shows very fine and easy lines when considered as heeled until her keel is just clear of the water.

So far as sentiment is concerned, a man who had spent the last three years at the North Pole might be justified in condemning Dominion as a freak that was barred by usage from the companionship of legitimate yachts; but with a man who has watched in succession Question, Hope, El Heirie, In It, Glencairn I., Skate, Arauca, Vagary, Monantiquot, Alanka, Akabo and Gold Bug, with their fellows, the case is entirely different.

As to the actual merits of the two boats, Challenger and Dominion, both confessedly racing freaks and nothing else, and the former accepted as perfectly legitimate by the yachting community, it must be admitted that they are designed upon precisely the same principle, worked out by similar methods; of the two, Dominion, as far as tested, is fully as seaworthy and safe in model, more comfortable as a sailing machine, very much more durable in construction, being apparently good for a long period of future use, while Challenger is already a wreck.

So far as the development of extreme speed goes, apparently the sole end of modern yacht racing, Dominion marks as great an advance as El Heirie and Glencairn I., as yet she is but the first experiment, and there is little doubt that she is as capable of improvement as these two were in producing Momo and Glencairn II. So far as the advancement of naval architecture is concerned, she must go in with the rest of the class, as part of a comparatively useless experiment in the evasion of measured waterline, establishing no principles of material value.

It is foolish at this late day to represent Challenger as a normal and legitimate yacht, and Dominion as a freak that is properly barred by sentiment, if nothing else. If any line is to be drawn, and thus far the clubs have declined to do it, it must be between the old type of yacht, with both bilges and keel immersed, and the new type, with one bilge and the keel in the air. This line once passed, all sentimental considerations and conscientious scruples disappear, and it will be a very difficult matter now to draw a just line of limitation between the fair and the unfair freak.

The present question resolves itself to this: by common consent and usage of both parties, designers have been encouraged in disregarding all previously existing considerations, and seeking for the highest possible speed in any form of hull. No attempt whatever has been made to pass judgment upon freaks of the most extreme type, but such have been admitted without question to the trial races of both clubs. One particular feature of design has received the open approval of all parties, and its development to a greater extreme each year has been relied on by each for success. In this competition Mr. Duggan has again proved victorious, producing a new combination of principles which promise a material increase of speed in racing machines. The one question to be decided is whether, in doing this under existing conditions, and not under such conditions as existed a quarter of a century ago, he has passed the indefinite line between sportsmanlike and unsportsmanlike conduct.

The Single-Bilge Principle in Designing.

From the FOREST AND STREAM, *Aug.* 22, 1896.

IN the normal type of vessel, Ethelwynn, Gloriana, Volunteer, Minerva, America, all more or less of the V type of section, the load waterline as measured at rest in smooth water represents a great length for the size of the yacht; this is so even in the modern Herreshoff type with an excessive area of load water plane. When one of these vessels is heeled to the average sailing angle, the waterline actually shortens forward, though gaining some aft by the long full counter. The middle waterline, the distance measured in practically all measurement rules, is very long in comparison with the area of load waterline plane, and also with the longitudinal element of that plane at the quarter beam of the vessel or along the middle buttock line.

In El Heirie, and to a still greater extent in Glencairn, the measured waterline is reduced to a minimum as compared with the size of the yacht and the area of the L.W.L. plane by the cutting away of the rib or V represented by the stem and keel of an ordinary vessel, and the adoption of the flat scow bottom carried right up the stemhead. That such a form necessitates a waterline that is but an ellipse, with other lines that no designer would accept as capable of high speed, is a fact that must be discussed later; the main point is that this peculiar variation of the scow form permits such a successful evasion of waterline length as has never been achieved before.

In all yachts of the normal type the designer works on the assumption that the hull is to be sailed as nearly upright as possible, that the true L.W.L. plane of the yacht when under way in a race should coincide as closely as possible with the L.W.L. plane of the design. In the scow type, including El Heirie and Glencairn, a very different principle is involved. It is never expected or desired that the yacht when under sail shall have the same lines indicated by a model, but the designer starts out in a very different manner. While the design is made, as a matter of conventionality and convenience, in the ordinary upright position, the designer assumes from the start that the yacht is to do her best work to windward and reaching in a very different position, heeled intentionally to a good angle, and with an immersed form that bears no relation whatever to the form when at anchor. In the case of El Heirie the effective sailing angle is probably somewhere with deck just awash and center of keel about at the surface of the water. In this position there is still displacement enough in the hard, round bilge; the immersed portion of the hull becomes of the canoe form, with a beam of but 3ft. and a depth of but 7in.; and, what is still more important, the length on the new waterline is as great or even greater than that upon the measured waterline.

Long, narrow, shoal and of very easy form, this portion of the hull has all the speed elements of the canoe; but like the canoe, it lacks power. This, however, is supplied, just as in the canoe, by mechanical means entirely outside of the natural stability of the hull itself. The weather bilge and deck are both out of water and serve a double purpose, first, through their own weight acting as the weather hull of a catamaran to windward, and secondly, again as in the catamaran, as a seat for the crew far out to windward.

It may be said that there is nothing new in all this, that it is as true of the common scow as of El Heirie; but the scow has found many friends and exponents in the past, who have proclaimed its advantages; at the same time we have yet to hear of one who has pointed out this peculiar advantage in the way of successfully evading the measurement of waterline, or who has employed it in a way which indicated any comprehension of it. In both El Heirie and Glencairn this same idea, derived independently and at different times, has been elaborated in a thoroughly careful and scientific manner, which shows that the designers were not, as is so often the case, misled by the color and texture of the husk, but have faithfully sought the truth in the kernel. Compared with these two yachts the more primitive scow models have been far from successful, mainly in lack of light weather speed, there being no trouble about speed in a strong breeze.

The experiment of 1891, in cutting off the fore end of the waterline of Gloriana, was a most radical one, but it really involved no new principle, dealing merely with the reduction of deadwood, which, as it proved, was useless, though it had always been considered essential. The experiment of 1896, in El Heirie, in cutting away with one bold stroke what Mr. Herreshoff had left in Gloriana, is still more radical and goes beyond a mere detail in amounting to a clear and well defined principle heretofore unknown in designing. Just how far upward in the list of classes this principle may be employed is as yet doubtful; probably the 25ft. class will mark the extreme limit. It can only be employed where the crew constitutes a large portion or in fact all of the ballast, and in craft so small that the risk of capsize amounts to nothing and they may in racing be heeled to a dangerous angle. It is in no way probable that El Heirie's model would succeed in a yacht of 30 to 40ft. l.w.l., which must of necessity be sailed as nearly upright as possible, and even in the 25ft. class the allowance of crew, five in all, is probably too small to make such an experiment successful. Whatever class be selected for the contest of 1897 for the Seawanhaka cup, there can be no question that this new type of yacht will play an important part, and much more in regard to its capabilities may be looked for.

[In view of the recent articles on the proa, the word proa would be more correct than catamaran, as used above.—Editor.]

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 23.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Live-bird handicap, 25 birds, $10. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Aug. 24.—Warwick, N. Y.—Special shoot, Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Warwick Gun Club. J. B. Rogers, Manager.

Aug. 24-25.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. G. J. McGraw, Sec'y.

Aug. 25.—Bristol, Conn.—Fourth annual tournament of the Connecticut State League. H. J. Mills, Pres.

Aug. 25-26.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Tenth annual target tournament of the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club. F. E. Wood, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Hingham, Mass.—Hingham Gun Club's one-day tournament.

Aug. 27.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Silver Lake Gun Club, Point House Road. J. O. Schutz, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Hackensack, N. J.—Regular monthly cup shoot of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Aug. 29-31.—Union City, Oklahoma.—Union City Gun Club's tournament. F. M. Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Natick, Mass.—Amateur shoot of the Natick Gun Club. On Sept. 5 if stormy. S. Bowker, Manager.

Sept. 5.—Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Sportsman's Club Labor Day shoot; open to all. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Corning, N. Y.—First Labor Day shooting tournament Rain Makers' Gun Club; targets. Harry J. Sternberg, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's Labor Day merchandise shoot. John Fleming, Captain.

Sept. 5.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Pawling Gun Club; targets. Morton Haynes, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Woodlawn, L. I.—Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. E. C. Frost, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club.

Sept. 5.—Meriden, Conn.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-6.—Reading, Pa.—Mt. Penn Gun Club's merchandise and intercounty trophy shoot; targets.

Sept. 5-6.—Rock Island, Ill.—Rock Island Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Sept. 6-9.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s fifth annual tournament; targets and live birds.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.

Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.

Sept. 7-8.—Cherokee, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. Irving Weart, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-9.—Aledo, Ill.—Aledo Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Sept. 9.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot on grounds of Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

Sept. 13-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 18-20.—Nashville, Tenn.—At Belle Meade Stock Farm; two days targets; two live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at targets; two days at live birds; $500 added.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication n hese columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Tiee in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The E. C. cup, emblematic of the target championship of the United States, has had a peculiar career, since but two men—Messrs. Heikes and Gilbert—seem to have had the necessary confidence in their own skill to contest for it; and indeed the conditions—50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert, and 25 pairs—are devised to make the contest one of the highest skill and the most finished proficiency on the part of the contestants. Gilbert was first to win it in the open competition, at Guttenburg, in The E. C. Powder Co.'s tournament, in May, 1896. On Aug. 20 of that year Heikes contested for it with Gilbert, and won it at Watson's Park, Chicago, with scores as follows: 48 to 47 at unknown angles; 45 to 44, expert rules; and 40 to 39 on doubles—133 to 130—just one target on each of the different styles of shooting. At Dayton, O., on July 31 of last year, Gilbert won by a total of 142 to 136, making 48 at unknown angles, 48 at expert, and 46 at doubles; while Heikes made 47 at unknown angles, 44 at expert, and 45 at doubles. Their last—the fourth—contest for it at Watson's shows no falling off in the ability of these wonderful experts, and their powers are so near alike that they seem to be in a class by themselves. Each now has won it twice, and no others have applied, which in a way is a testimonial to their prowess.

The monthly team match and tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League takes place Aug. 27, on the grounds of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Point House Road and Pennsylvania R. R. Coaches run from Second and Mifflin streets 9:45, 10:30, 11:30, 12:30, 1:15, 1:45 and 2:30. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10:30. The team match commences at 1 o'clock. Two sets of expert traps will be used. There are twenty events on the programme, of which sixteen are 10-target events and four 15-target events, two of which are 75 cents entrance, and two at 50 cents, the latter having each $3 added money. Each event excepting the two mentioned above has 50 cents entrance. This should be a tournament after the amateur's own heart, for if there is any programme in which the amateur can revel it is one made up of 10-target events. Targets 1½ cents. Purses will be divided under the percentage system, excepting events Nos. 13 and 16 and the team race, which will be governed by the Rose system. All sweeps optional.

The programme for the all-day shoot on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass, Sept. 9, can now be obtained of Mr. O. R. Dickey, the manager. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Shells sent care of Pinder's Express, 20 Broad street, Boston, will be delivered at the club house. There are seven events on the programme, four at 15 targets, of which three have $1.30 entrance respectively, and one at 80 cents. Two are at 20 targets, each $1.40 entrance. The fifth is at 100 targets, entrance $5. This event will be shot in four 25-target events, with extra sweeps of $1.50 each. The four highest guns shooting through the programme will receive $25, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The tournament is open to all. Targets 2 cents. Sweepstakes optional.

This week and next will be very active ones in shooting circles. Tuesday of this week, at Lyndhurst, N. J., the 25 live-bird handicap is fixed to take place. Wednesday is fixed for the special shoot of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, at Warwick. Wednesday and Thursday are the dates fixed for the tournament ot the Minneapolis Gun Club. Thursday is fixed for the annual tournament of the Connecticut State League, Bristol, Conn. Thursday and Friday are fixed for the tenth annual tournament of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club, and Saturday the Hingham Gun Club, the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, the Bergen County Gun Club and the Heikes-Gilbert match for the cast-iron medal have selected for their contests.

On Saturday of this week, beginning at 10 o'clock, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., the Grand National Handicap, 50 live birds, $50 entrance, 25 to 33yds. handicap, 30yds. boundary, will be shot. Two events were fixed for Wednesday of this week, the West End handicap, 20 birds, $20, 25 to 30yds., bird allowance handicap, and the Red Top prize, 5 birds, $5, all stand at 30yds. Aug. 31 is fixed for the Dewey handicap, 26 to 31yds., 15 birds, $15 entrance. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Sept. 3 is fixed for the Country Club cup, 20 birds, $20, 25 to 30yds., cup and 40 per cent. to winner. Shooting begins at 11:30.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott made a short stay in New York on Monday of this week, leaving for home on that day on account of the serious illness of his wife. He mentioned that he would challenge Heikes for the E. C. cup in the near future, and determine whether a Winchester gun and shells, Hazard Blue Ribbon would break in on the duet and enlarge the trophy's horizon. On reference to a note in this column, it will be observed that the cup in question has never been won by any one other than Heikes and Gilbert.

On Aug. 27 the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., will hold its regular monthly shoot. The special event is the 25-target handicap for a handsome cup, which becomes the personal property of the winner; entrance $1. Shooting commences at 2 o'clock. There will be sweepstake shooting in addition to the cup event. N. Y., S. & W. R. R. trains leave New York, Pennsylvania R. R. Ferry, at 12 M., 1:10, 2:20 and 3:30 P. M. All are welcome. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Mr. Geo. F. Stevens, secretary-treasurer of the Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the Haverhill Gun Club, held Aug. 15, it was voted to offer a diamond stud, to cost not less than $50, as a prize for the shooter making the highest average at the tournament of the Interstate Association, to be held in this city Sept. 7-8, under the auspices of this club. Any one is eligible for this prize who shoots through the entire programme on both days."

In the contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap diamond badge at live pigeons, Mr. C. Comly won in a field of thirty-five contestants, at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Wednesday, Aug. 17.

The programme of the Mount Penn Gun Club's forthcoming merchandise shoot will be found in our correspondence under the head of "Trap about Reading," this week.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 16.—The scores made to-day are given herewith. The event was at 10 live-birds. Mr. G. E. Greiff was referee. Dr. Hudson was scorer:

E O Weiss	2212212221—10	C Stuezle	2101021112— 8
Dr O'Connell	2222122122—10	Dr Richter	0112011022— 7
Dr Hudson	*1211*0101— 6	G W Hagedorn	2010220002— 5
G E Greiff	2211222222—10	B Amend	112022*221— 9
J Woelfel	1*22221221— 9	E J Clarke	2111111222—10
C W Billings	10*2122202— 7	W Sands	2222222022— 9
*Dr Klein	21*021*212— 7	G K Breit	2102021120— 7
E A Vroome	2122102112— 9	Dr Ruyl	0212221211— 9
R Regan	1101111202— 8	T Codey	1112200001— 6
T M Van Allen	2112220221— 9	O Hilmer	*122122210— 8
T Short	2010012120— 7	W Amend	*202001002— 4
W Joergen	*110211*21— 7	J Rathjen	1112121001— 8
F W Place	2212022221— 9	W Catton	1111212210— 9
J H Moore	21011212*1— 8	G B Hillers	1022011121— 8

* Guest. WM. JOERGER, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, Aug. 20.—All the events to-day were at 10 targets, experts traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Dr Z D Smith	7	5	6	7	4	7	7	8	..	..	..
Dr Kemble	6	5	5	4	3	7	7	8	6	..	..
S S Northridge	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J S Wright	5	5	4	2	..	..	..	9	..	9	5
H Bramwell	5	7	8	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
E E Weiss	4	..	4	3	5	..	..				
Jos Follett	4	5	5	2	7	5	6				
N J Lane	6	3	..	3	1	6					

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, Aug. 20.—The club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club brought together about a dozen shooters, who spent a most agreeable afternoon in friendly competition. The grounds are level, well fenced, and equipped with a set of traps for live-bird and target shooting respectively, and a commodious and substantially built club house furnishes ample accommodations for the visitors.

Dudley was shooting in great form, scoring 49 out of 50 at one time, and shooting with great coolness and accuracy. Banks was not feeling first rate, and his score showed some falling off in consequence. Platt Adams was not quite accustomed to his new way of holding his gun, so that his scores were not all up to his real capabilities, but as he did not fudge to any important degree he feels a decided gain in his shooting, and a promise for good scores in the future.

No. 4 was the club shoot; No. 5 was the Troisdorf cup event.

There were several team races shot, the scores in the regular events counting on the team competition, the first event being in the club shoot. No. 10 was a 15-target sweepstake race, in which low man paid for the targets.

Club shoot:

Capt Money	1011111011111111101111111—22
G H Piercy	1011111011111111111111101—22
Platt Adams	1110110110110110111111111—20
Dudley	1111111111111111111111111—25
D Deacon	1111111111111111111111001—23
W H Thompson	1100111101110110111111111—20
F A Thompson	1111011011001011111101111—19
D C Bennett	0011001111111110011011111—18
E Banks	1111111101111110111111011—22
L Piercy	1111110101111111111011111—22
Waters	1110011111111111111111111—23

Troisdorf cup, 25 birds, $5:

Dudley, 2	1111111111101111110111111101—24
Capt Money, 0	1111111111111111111011110 —23
W H Thompson, 1	1101111111111111111110110 —22
Platt Adams, 2	1110111010101011101110001 —16
G H Piercy, 1	0100111111111101001111111 —19
D Deacon, 1	0110111110110011111101111 —19
F A Thompson, 2	1111101100001011101111111 —18
E Banks	0101111111111111111111111 —23
D C Bennett, 2	1111001011001001011011110 —15
Waters	1111111011111101011110111 —21
Dr Gardner	1101110111110111011101111 —20
L Piercy	1010110001010010010101111 —13

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	25	25	10	25	25	25	15
P Adams	10	11	11	20	16	6	12	14	..	..
Dudley	9	14	14	25	24	9	22	20	22	14
*Banks	8	13	13	2	23	7	21	22	24	..
*Waters	8	11	11	23	10	9	..	20	..	..
*L Piercy	7	..	12	22	13	6	..	20	..	..
W H Thompson	7	..	14	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Money	6	12	12	22	23	8	19	20	23	12
G H Piercy	6	11	11	22	19	6	15	16	22	..
D Deacon	6	..	12	23	19	5	..	..	..	..
F A Thompson	4	..	9	19	18	..	..	..	..	..
D C Bennett	..	..	9	18	15	..	..	..	..	..
*Gardiner	..	..	..	..	20	9	16	18	19	11

Team races:

Numbers:	1	2	Numbers:	1	2
Money	22	23	Banks	22	23
Dudley	25	24	G Piercy	22	19
	47	47		44	42
Money	20	23	Banks	22	24
Dudley	20	22	Gardiner	18	19
	40	45		40	43

* Visitors.

IN NEW JERSEY.

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 15.—Following are the scores made by the members of the Hudson Gun Club in the last two shoots. The shoot held on July 31 included the cup contest. Mr. O'Brien won the cup for the month. The points made by all the members in the contests for the cup are as follows: C. V. L. 0, Schorty 18, Kelly 12, Van Dyne 23, Johns 12, Wright 14, De Long 14, Bock 16, Banta 12, Nagle 12, Hughes 5, Whitley 20, Heritage 13, Goetz 6, Tommy 14, McElroy 6, Wilde 6, Schields 9, O'Brien 10, Ratigan 7, Altz 7, Bothroyd 6, Brewer 12, Doran 0, Naylor 0.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	..
Schorty	8	9	8	7	9	12	7	8	6	10	9
Banta	9	7	2	7	2	12	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne	6	7	5	7	7	13	9	7	5	..	..
Hughes	9	6	..	..	7	11	4	7	..	..	..
Tommy	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	5	..
Altz	..	7	2	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
De Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	4	7	8
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..

July 31.—The scores on July 31 were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	15	10
Schorty	8	9	8	9	24	9	11	9
Heritage	5	8	..	..	17	5	..	..
Jones	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne	7	8	8	7	19	5	9	..
Hughes	5	4	3	4	10	..	..	..
Johns	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelly	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Brewer	4	4	..	..	14	7	..	..
De Long	9	..	..	..	14	3	5	..
Whitley	8	7	..	..	9	8	..	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Wilde	..	..	..	..	8	5	3	4
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	21	6	..	..
Bock	..	..	..	..	12	9	7	5
Ratigan	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..

No. 5 was the club shoot.

A. L. HUGHES, Sec'y.

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 20.—The main event to-day was the Pennsylvania Club cup, 25 birds, $25:

Pennsylvania Club cup, 25 birds, $25:	
Culbertson, 25	2202102112212012222122022—21
Bradley, 28	0222112022222220222122220—21
Patten, 27	2222222022022222011021122—21
Daly, 30	2212222022220222202222222—22
Ivins, 28	2111221212221122222202222—24
Murphy, 30	22 0222021212202122012220—20
Gagnon, 28	0202022222221211222022 w
Stearn, 25	2202022210202200220 22 w

Twenty-five birds, $25:

Stearn, 25	2022221221212221 122202—21
Gagnon, 35	1211011101102211222010 —17

Miss-and-out, $5:

Culbertson, 25	21222111—8	Ivins, 28	22111111—8
Bradley, 28	22222212—8	Murphy, 30	10w
Patten, 27	22122210—7	Elliott, 32	120w
Daly, 30	0w		

Five birds, $5:

Culbertson, 25	2222211222222—13	Ivins, 28	1121111221211—13
Bradley, 28	2212222212212—13	Murphy, 30	1122211110
P Stearn, 26	00120	Elliott, 32	220
Daly, 30	2222222122212—13	Gagnon, 28	20222

Aug. 17.—Ten birds, $5:

Culbertson, 26	2221120222	Clicquot prize, 5 birds, $5:	
Murphy, 28	11111111110	Murphy, 30	122121 12122
White 27	12111211110	White, 30	21121110
Daly, 30	2222212220	Daly, 30	20220*
Patten, 27	2002112222	Patten, 30	02222
Culbertson, 30	01220	Sutton, 30	211221111222

Ten birds, $10:

Culbertson, 26	22212122220
Murphy, 29	212222221 212212111122112
Daly, 30	221212222221222211122122222
Patten, 27	22022222222
Sutton, 28	222220200
Murphy	122212
Daly	222220

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Aug. 13.—The South End Gun Club held a practice shoot at targets this afternoon at their shooting grounds, some good scores being made. The club has decided to enter two five-men teams in the trophy shoot for the intercounty championship, to be decided at the Mt. Penn Gun Club's shoot on Sept. 5-6, to be held on Mt. Penn, this city. The club has some very fine shots as members, and it has been decided to try and win the team championship, as the South End boys have for the past three years won this title. It was also decided to hold practice shoots every Saturday until the trophy shoot, and the men making the best scores to be selected. The scores of to-day's events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	5p
Gerhart	10	8	7	7	5	8	9	3
Ball	5	7	2	6	5	5	13	5
F Yost	9	9	6	9	9	..	9	6
Shultz	9	7	7	7	5	8	..	5
Gicker	7	3	9	8	..	..	12	..
Miles	6	9	8	5	6	6	11	..
J Hoe	5	8	3	8	7	..	11	9
M J Miller	2	6	2	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Miller	8	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	8	6	5	8	..	..	10	9
Texter	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
H Saylor	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..

Reading, Pa., Aug. 10.—The Mount Penn Gun Club held a meeting last evening and a report was read from the committee in charge of the coming merchandise shoot, Sept. 5-6, stating that acceptances from Harrisburg Gun Club, Keystone Gun Club, of Philadelphia; Shuler, of Pottstown, and Mahanoy City Gun Club, had been received, and also felt assured of entries from at least twenty-two other clubs.

Chambersburg, Pa., Aug. 8.—The first of a series of three contests between Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., and Chambersburg Gun Club was held to-day on the grounds of the latter club. The shoot is a friendly one, and is not for either stake money or trophy. Lebanon won the live-bird shoot, while the home club excelled in target work. In the live-bird contest the Chambersburg boys had hard luck in having so many birds dead out of bounds. The second shoot will be held at Lebanon early in September, and the final shoot will be held at Harrisburg several weeks later. The Chambersburg Club is but in its infancy, and has been organized not quite eight months, and the majority of its members are just beginners.

First event, 25 targets per man, teams of nine men each:

Chambersburg—Capt. Runk 18, Elder 22, Rinehart 23, Rhoades 21, Disney 15, Vanderau 20, Kennedy 14, McGowan 14, Buchanan 19—166.

Keystone, of Lebanon—Tafford 21, Shumaker 15, Smith 20, Zellers 12, Witters 18, Rapp 19, Bates 18, Langdon 14, Ayers 6—143.

The live-bird match resulted in Keystone Gun Club's favor by 7 birds:

Keystone Gun Club.		Chambersburg.	
Smith	0021211111— 8	Runk	1111211*1*— 8
Zellers	1121211122—10	Rhoades	122*1*1111— 8
Gruber	2122112222—10	Disney	12*221211*— 8
Tafford	12*1112120— 8	Elder	221*111202— 8
Witter	1221222122—10	Venderau	1122120122— 9
Langdon	2102212212— 9	Rinehart	*220*10220— 6
Reinohle	022122212*— 8	McGowan	1022210222— 8
Rapp	1222110222— 9	Kennedy	1111222201— 9
Bollman	2110011110— 7	Buchanan	2121020102— 7
Shumaker	0011010012— 5—84	Hoenker	102110*102— 6—77

Leesport, Pa., Aug. 12.—The young men of town who have recently organized the Climax Gun Club held their first shoot on their grounds, which they have called Spook Hollow. To-day's match was at 25 targets per man, and some fine scores were made. Bluerock targets were used, and were thrown by the two new traps recently purchased by the Climax Club. The scores follow: Elmore Savage 14, Chas. Tobias 12, Wm. Fix 20, O. L. Lesher 17, O. F. Kauffman, of Reading, shot at 5 targets, hitting 3. The club will meet on Aug. 15 to elect permanent officers, and also to decide upon a plan for their proposed new club house on the Spook Hollow grounds.

West Chester, Pa., Aug. 11.—The West Chester Gun Club and the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown, met here to-day in the second of a series of three matches, Pottstown having won the first shoot at that place, Aug. 4. The contest was an interesting one and attracted considerable attention. The final shoot will be decided at some neutral grounds, the date to be decided upon by the two captains. Sweeps followed the team race, and the West Chester Club's monthly medal shoot, which was won by Foulke, who hit 24 out of 25.

Team shoot, twelve men each, 25 targets each man:

West Chester—Capt. Jackson 14, Foulke 24, Ford 20, Lumis 16, Twaddell 20, Brinton 16, Devoe 18, Ferguson 19, Davis 18, Sellers 13, Gill 16, Henry 18—212.

Shuler, of Pottstown—Sheeler 23, Trumbauer 20, Miller 19, Capt. Wickersham 19, Saylor 16, L. H. Davis 15, Shaner 16, Wein 19, Smith 12, Urner 20, Lenhart 12, Slonaker 18—209.

West Chester Gun Club's monthly medal shoot: Twaddell 20, Brinton 16, Devoe 18, Davis 18, Ferguson 19, Sellers 13, Gill 16, Jackson 18, Ford 20, Foulke 24, Lumis 16, Henry 18.

Sweepstake shooting followed, all at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Sellers	7	9	9	9	Slonaker	10	9	..	..
Lumis	6	9	..	6	Sheeler	8	9	9	..
Urner	6	5	..	..	Miller	7	8	8	..
Wickersham	7	6	8	..	Trumbauer	7	9	10	..
Saylor	7	..	..	..	Lenhart	4	5	..	..
Ferguson	7	8	7	..	L H Davis	8	7	8	..
Smith	6	3	..	..	Davis	10	9	8	8
Shaner	6	6	6	..	Hoar	4	..	4	7
Wien	8	8	6	..	Foulke	6	..	..	8
Jackson	8	..	..	..	Gill	6	7	6	..
Twaddell	8	5	3	7	Devoe	..	8	6	6
Ford	9	7	8	9	Garrett	..	6	7	..
Henry	8	6	3	6	Longacre	..	6	..	..
Brinton	..	..	..	6					

Blandon, Pa., Aug. 9.—A live-bird tournament was held at the Grand Central Hotel, Blandon, to-day. The tournament was under the auspices of the Blandon Gun Club and was well attended. The birds were a lively lot, all good flyers, and when once the trap was sprung were up and off. The scores follow:

First event, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance: Wm. Becker, Jr., 9, O. H. Hennershitz 5, Weisner 6, Van Buskirk 6, E. M. Becker 7, Wm. Becker, Sr., 8, Hossler 8, Simpson Becker 10, Bossler 8.

Second event, 6 live birds, $4 entrance: Wm. Becker, Jr., 5, Weisner 2, Ed M. Becker 5, Wm. Becker, Sr., 6, Hossler 3, S. Becker 2, Bossler 6, I. Hoch 6, J. Rothermel 4, B. Kline 5.

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 13.—The Shuler Shooting Club held a practice shoot at targets to-day, some very good scores being made. The third and final shoot of the Phoenix-Shuler series will be shot here Aug. 20. The Shuler Club also intend entering two teams of five men each in the intercounty championship trophy shoot Sept. 5-6 at Reading, under the auspices of the Mount Penn Club. The scores of to-day's shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Capt Wickersham	22	17	22	Smith	..	..	18
De Witt	17	16	20	Cole	..	..	18
Longacre	15	13	14	McFarland	..	..	12
Grubb	16	..	20	Trego	..	..	14
L H Davis	..	..	16				

DUSTER.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 13.—In event No. 4, the badge shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, held to-day, the winners were: C. S. Burkhardt in Class A, O'Brien in Class B, and Story in Class C:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	10	25	5p	15	25	Targets:	15	15	10	25	5p	15	25
C Burkhardt	11	11	9	23	7	15	24	McArthur	8	..	..	20	..	..	..
Buffalo Bill	8	10	5	14	..	..	..	Eaton	7	12	6	17	3	..	..
Reid	9	7	7	16	4	12	21	Jones	7	4	3	12	..	..	..
R Hebard	12	13	9	16	4	13	19	Kennedy	..	..	..	7	18	..	..
Talsma	9	..	..	18	..	..	..	Story	..	..	..	7	18	6	..
Shuler	9	5	5	18	..	..	16	O'Brien	..	..	..	7	20	1	..
Ottis	3	6	4	..	..	..	..	W Hebard	..	..	..	13	5	11	17
Jacobs	11	6	7	17	3	..	..								

The Martinsburgh Shooting Association, Martinsburgh, W. Va., holds a two days' shoot on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

WESTERN TRAPS.

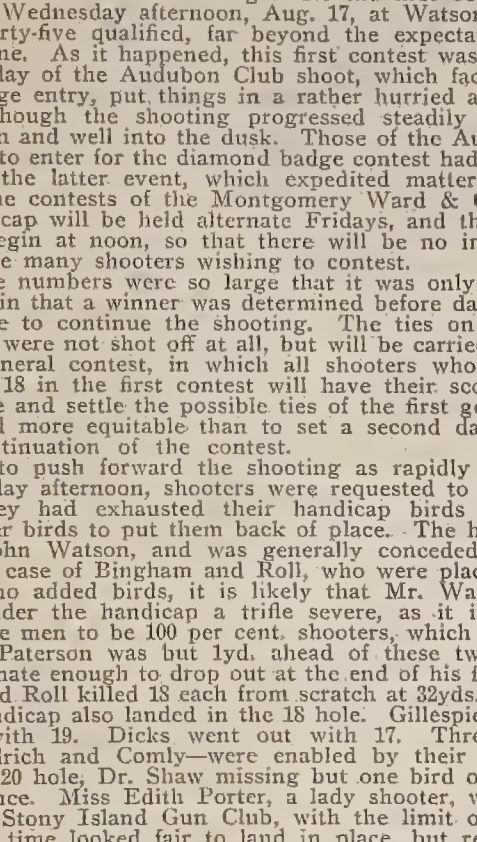
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. HANDICAP DIAMOND BADGE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 20.—As predicted earlier, Montgomery Ward & Co.'s handicap diamond badge sprang into an instant popularity among the shooters of Chicago. At the first contest of the series, held Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 17, at Watson's Park, an entry of thirty-five qualified, far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. As it happened, this first contest was unwittingly set for the day of the Audubon Club shoot, which fact, combined with the large entry, put things in a rather hurried and confused condition, though the shooting progressed steadily all through the afternoon and well into the dusk. Those of the Audubon Club who wished to enter for the diamond badge contest had their scores counted in the latter event, which expedited matters somewhat. Hereafter the contests of the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond badge handicap will be held alternate Fridays, and the shoot will be set to begin at noon, so that there will be no inconvenience to any of the many shooters wishing to contest.

To-day the numbers were so large that it was only by the narrowest margin that a winner was determined before darkness made it impossible to continue the shooting. The ties on second and third places were not shot off at all, but will be carried forward to the next general contest, in which all shooters who could have made 19 or 18 in the first contest will have their scores counted to determine and settle the possible ties of the first general event. This seemed more equitable than to set a second day this week for the continuation of the contest.

In order to push forward the shooting as rapidly as possible, on Wednesday afternoon, shooters were requested to drop out as soon as they had exhausted their handicap birds and missed enough other birds to put them back of place. The handicap was made by John Watson, and was generally conceded to be well set. In the case of Bingham and Roll, who were placed at 32yds. and given no added birds, it is likely that Mr. Watson himself would consider the handicap a trifle severe, as it is practically placing these men to be 100 per cent. shooters, which no man can really be. Paterson was but 1yd. ahead of these two men, and was unfortunate enough to drop out at the end of his first 10 birds. Bingham and Roll killed 18 each from scratch at 32yds. Sturtevant with his handicap also landed in the 18 hole. Gillespie and Bissell went out with 19. Dicks went out with 17. Three men—Dr. Shaw, Goodrich and Comly—were enabled by their handicap to land in the 20 hole, Dr. Shaw missing but one bird out of his 21, with allowance. Miss Edith Porter, a lady shooter, who is secretary of the Stony Island Gun Club, with the limit of the handicap, at one time looked fair to land in place, but retired at the second bird of her handicap string. Dwyer hung on for a long time, but did not get up to the 20th round. Lem Willard was dangerous until his 16th bird. Levi, with a liberal allowance, fell out of the running at his 3d handicap bird. Lockie held on to his 20th bird, but was then out of place.

Great interest attended the shooting of the men whose handicaps carried them well along, and for a long time it seemed anybody's place in the 20 hole. Foss was asked to retire at his 20th bird, and Col. Felton lasted no longer. Mr. Leffingwell, who has been



shooting a great gait recently, went to the bench at his 4th bird. Palmer did not appear for the tie on 20, into which he shot himself by his Audubon Club score, and Dicks also left the grounds.

The birds were throughout the afternoon a smart lot, especially when the sun broke out warm and clear. Toward dusk, however, they naturally went slower and slower, so that the finish for the badge was longer in decision than it otherwise would have been. In spite of this the tie shoot was most exciting, and was watched intently by all present.

Of the three men who stepped to the score to decide the tie on 20 for the badge, it was hard to pick a winner. They were handicapped anew for the tie shooting. Dr. Shaw was placed at 30yds. and given no extra birds. He had shot a slashing gait, and many considered he would win out. Goodrich had also been shooting in great form and had his adherents. He was placed at 28yds. and given 1 bird added to the 10 tie birds. Comly was placed the same as Goodrich. In the latter shooter the knowing ones had already found the winner of the badge. Never has there been seen on these grounds any cooler or neater shooting than that done by Mr. Comly on Wednesday. He seemed absolutely indifferent and unperturbed. He shot Hod Foss' old duck gun, a 9½lb. 12-gauge hammer gun, made by Abbey, and a famous gun here in its time. In this he used a heavy load of Du Pont, with No. 7 shot. At times he seemed very slow with his second, as though he knew he could kill them anywhere, and did not care to pull until he was exactly where he wanted to be. He dropped two or three birds fully 55yds., and one I should think at 60yds. There was no denying Comly on that day. Dr. Shaw stepped back after missing his 6th bird in the tie. Goodrich also missed his 6th bird, and so exhausted his handicap to score 10 in the tie. Comly killed 10 straight, and they decided to continue at 5 birds more, though it was now getting so dark that both men complained that they could hardly see the birds at all. Yet the result proved that the conditions were not impractical, for though Goodrich missed his 1st tie bird in his second string, Comly killed his 5 straight, one of them fully 55yds. away. He was greeted with much applause as the first winner of this beautiful badge.

One can see only success for this new medal competition for our shooters. It is not an individual challenge trophy, but requires eight shooters to make a contest. It is possible that the medal may be in the hands of six or eight shooters before the end of the series, and it is quite likely that sixty or seventy different shooters will compete for it in all. The medal is offered under sportsmanlike conditions, and with none of those strings which excite contempt for trophies in this age of the world in sportsmanship.

The following are the conditions of the competition for this trophy:

1. There will be twelve contests, the first of which will be held on Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1898, at 2 P. M.
2. All contests thereafter will be held on the first and third Fridays of each month, at 2 P. M.
3. All contests will take place at the grounds of John Watson, Burnside, Cook county, Ill., and the said John Watson shall act in the capacity of referee and handicapper.
4. All contests will be at live pigeons at handicapped distances of from 26 to 32yds., the scratch men to shoot at 20 birds and the others to shoot at from 20 to 26, and at the distances the handicapper determines.
5. The successful contestant is to receive the diamond badge and retain the same in his possession until it is won from him at a regular shoot.
6. The one winning the badge the greatest number of times in twelve contests shall retain the same permanently.
7. All ties for the badge will be shot off the same day and immediately after the badge contest, and each contestant shall shoot at 10 birds, subject to an equitable allowance of birds and distance as given the participants in the main event.
8. The contestant having the second highest score in each contest will receive $4 in cash.
9. The contestant having the third highest score in each contest will receive 100 of our best hand-loaded shells, loaded in green cases with any kind of powder he may elect, the same valued at $3. Any contestant purposely dropping for place shall be barred from that and future competitions.
10. Those tieing for second prize shall shoot off the ties at 5 birds, otherwise subject to the conditions named in paragraph 7.
11. Those tieing for third prize shall shoot off the ties at 3 birds, otherwise subject to the conditions named in paragraph 7.
12. No contest will take place unless there are at least eight participants. Should there be less than eight participants then and in that case the contest must be postponed until the next regular time for shooting.
13. These contests for prizes are open to residents of Cook county, Ill., only, but every sportsman is welcome to come as a guest and participate in any or all of the events.
14. No entrance fee will be charged in any contest other than the amount necessary to pay for the birds shot at.

The following are the scores of Wednesday's contest:

Ed Bingham, 0, 32	21212211110222222022	—18
A C Paterson, 0, 31	*112112002 w	
C C Hess, 2, 28	22 22020221*221020 w	
Geo Roll, 0, 32	22222222222222202022	—18
E Sturdevant, 3, 28	20212120011222212 21**22	—18
Ed Rice, 6, 26	2002001011002011 0w	
W B Leffingwell, 0, 30	2000 w	
*C B Dicks, 2, 30	20112112120210101 1000	—17
J T Marks, 2, 28	1110101201 w	
Dr S Shaw, 1, 39	21212221022222222222	—20
F R Bissell, 3, 29	222222021101**12112121	—19
A W Reeves, 2, 30	2100211011w	
Andrew Lockie, 4, 28	11120101101111102110w	
W T Johnson, 3, 28	10022*112120w	
V L Cunnyngham, 2, 29	00021020w	
R Dwyer, 2, 29	222*21212102122221*w	
B Barto, 1, 30	*222210222 w	
J B Drake, Jr, 2, 29	021100200w	
R Simonetti, 2, 29	0212012001w	
D Carter, 2, 30	0210022221w	
J Gillespie, 2, 29	21221211101110111 01122	—19
C E Felton, 3, 27	22021121122001022021w	
H B Foss, 3, 30	21111112101100101 20w	
J H Amberg, 3, 30	21010122111101012022w	
L H Goodrich, 2, 28	21222222202222222222	—20
F H Hollister, 1, 30	222020220w	
S Palmer, 2, 30	22022 22111121121220	—20
L Willard, 1, 30	11111120212112 10w	
J S Houston, 2, 28	022222222022*0w	
P D Norcom, 2, 29	22021222*0w	
H Levi, 4, 27	22200102*22111211112110w	
Miss Edith Porter, 6, 26	1100022221101021 20110w	
C Comly, 3, 28	11211111112101101112 11	—20

Ties for medal:

Dr S Shaw, 0, 30	222220	
L H Goodrich, 1, 28	2212202222 1—10 *	
C Comly, 1, 28	1111221111 —10 21111—5	

Comly won medal.

* Mr. Dicks did not shoot at his handicap birds, which were scored lost.

AUDUBON MEDAL SHOOT.

At the regular medal shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, held at Watson's Park, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 17, the following scores were made:

Hollister, 30	0012111121012 10 w
Gillespie, 29	21221211101110111011—17—1—18
C B Dicks, 30	2011211221 021010110—15—2—17
Bissell, 29	222222021101**121121—16—1—17
Felton, 27	22021121122001022021—15—1—16
Foss, 30	21111112101100101220—15—2—17
Amberg, 30	21010122111101012022—15—1—16
S Palmer, 30	22022 22111121121220—18—2—20

Palmer won the medal.

BELLE MEADE OCTOBER SHOOT.

There is one shooting point in the South which is coming into rapid and deserved prominence as a gentlemen's shooting rendezvous, the Belle Meade shooting park, on Geo. Jackson's farm, near Nashville, Tenn. Better grounds than these are not to be found anywhere, and all who have been present at the meets held there are high in praise of all the arrangements. As noted earlier, there will be a tournament held at Belle Meade farm this fall, Oct. 18-21. I am in receipt this week of advices from Mr. W. R. Elliston, secretary of Belle Meade Gun Club, which give the conditions governing it. I notice the usual clause that "dropping for place will not be tolerated," and I am disposed to believe that for once this warning has a real meaning, were it possible to suppose that any place dropper could or would sneak in among the sort of men wanted at Belle Meade. As being of interest to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the South, I append the conditions of Belle Meade tournament:

The first two days will be devoted entirely to targets. There will be eight 20-target races each day, with $20 added in each event, entrance $2.50. Five moneys as follows: 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. There will be $15 average money each day, $10 to first and $5 to second high guns. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system and magautrap, will be used. The third and fourth days will be given to live-bird shooting. On the first day the Gerst Brewing Company live-bird handicap will be contested. The conditions of this race are: 15 pigeons, $15 entrance, birds included, $50 added, three moneys, as follows: 50, 30 and 20 per cent., handicaps 25 to 31yds. Birds trapped at 25 cents each. Before this race a 7-bird miss-and-out will be shot, $5 entrance, amateurs 28, experts at 30yds. Following the handicap a 10-bird miss-and-out, $7 entrance, conditions same as above. All other events will be arranged to suit the contestants. The last day will witness the shooting of the first annual Belle Meade handicap; conditions, 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds included, $100 added. Four moneys, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Handicaps same as in Gerst live-bird handicap. American Association rules will govern all events, and 50yds. boundary in live-bird events. Both handicaps are class shooting.

The Duncan Hotel, of Nashville, will be headquarters for shooters. A special rate of $2.50 per day has been secured. Application for special one and one-third fare rate from all points on the certificate plan has been made, and will no doubt be arranged for before programmes are issued. Programmes will be out about Sept. 10, and will be mailed on application. Belle Meade Farm is situated four miles from Nashville, on the Harding turnpike, and the N. C. & St. L. R. R. runs through the farm, Belle Meade Station being within easy walk of the shooting box. There are two sets of live-bird traps, underground trapping and disappearing traps. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. A special train for the shooters will leave the Union Station, Nashville, at 8:30 o'clock every morning, returning after the programme is completed.

The pigeons trapped on these grounds are equal to any found in the East, and a special lot will be selected for this tournament. The Belle Meade grounds are perfectly appointed, and many prominent shooters say they are the fastest in America. Shooting can go on uninterrupted, rain or shine, but in October this country is at its best, and the climate most delightful. It is our purpose and determination to make this tournament pleasant for all, and fair treatment is assured everyone. The promoters' only object is to bring together a large gathering of gentlemanly sportsmen, and no gentleman will be barred, but we do barr 10-gauge guns and black powder, and place dropping will not be tolerated.

Handicapping will be done by a committee of three selected from the shooters present.

Each day a fine lunch and barbecue will be served on the grounds, free of cost to the shooters. All added money is guaranteed by the Belle Meade Gun Club. Gen. W. H. Jackson, president, and W. R. Elliston, secretary and treasurer.

DULUTH TOURNAMENT.

The two days' tournament, the sixth annual, of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., was concluded Aug. 12, but the scores may be worth printing for the record. Tom Graham shot so well that there is talk of watching him in coming amateur tournaments. Scores:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.
Graham	142	139	281
Taler	132	139	271
Delaware	134	135	269
Paegel	134	133	267
Catamaran	136	131	267
Fish	133	129	262
Dixie	133	129	262
Biffton	130	131	261
Trent	135	126	261
Fulton	130	131	261
Moore	125	135	260
Greener	129	130	259
Warren	128	129	257
Mandego	130	126	256
Thompson	121	134	255
Scammon	121	134	255
Thielman	134	116	250
Behrens	128	121	249
Knox	120	127	247
Cram	130	115	245
Ramaley	125	120	245
Nelson	131	112	243
Marsh	113	111	227
O Brady	122	116	238
Hoch	87	113	200
Hart	118	101	219
Hogan	115	84	199
Vannett	88	99	187
Duchess	103	...	159
Thomas	108	...	162
Greener, Jr	..	51	51
Churchill	122	35	157
Ransier	123	111	237
Dewey	69	...	69
Farmer	50	...	50
Kennedy	41	...	41
Schroyer	28	...	28

WAUKEGAN GUN CLUB.

Waukegan Gun Club, of Waukegan, Ill., is in a very flourishing condition. It now has 100 members, and after Sept. 1 will raise its initiation fee to $5. Following table has been compiled by the secretary, showing the standing of members in the four last shoots, as well as from the time since the members entered the organization:

	Per cent. in handicap shoots.	1898 per cent.	Total av. since entering club.	No. handicap shoots.
Bullock	82	74	67	..
Van Deusen	67	65	47	4
Weiss	61	56	56	4
H Bangs	57	59	62	4
J Graves	57	69	66	4
Efinger	55	47	50	4
Jemison	16	20	20	4
J Hoffman	79	75	72	3
Thayer	78	76	81	3
Barton	70	80	72	3
Stadfeldt	64	60	69	3
Rossbach	60	62	56	3
McCarney	51	50	50	3
S H Kennedy	98	76	76	2
C Hoffman	82	82	79	2
Frazier	70	79	76	2
Dowe	70	50	62	2
Hull	48	51	54	2
C Lyon	48	67	66	2
E Cliff	88	90	..	1
Sutherland	77	57	..	1
Hallowell	69	80	60	1
Merchant	55	55	..	1
Clarke	63	60	61	1
De Wolf	53	58	..	1
Raeside	31	..	..	1
Pitts	23	..	..	1
E Heydecker	20	20	20	1
Maiman	..	65	63	..
Feezer	..	75	..	..
Hesler	..	80	..	..
C Grub	..	85	..	..
Woodward	..	90	..	..
Hucker	..	..	65	..
Broadbear	..	..	65	..
A Graves	..	45	65	..
Clifford	..	..	55	..
Smith	..	50	53	..
W Lyon	..	..	48	..
Durst	..	..	47	..
Chase	..	..	50	..
Bassett	..	..	50	..

SHEBOYGAN SHOOT.

The tournament of the Sheboygan Gun Club called out about thirty-five shooters from Sheboygan, Milwaukee and adjoining towns, Aug. 15. Milwaukee sent sixteen good men, who were prominent in the finals.

MILWAUKEE GUN CLUB.

At the regular shoot of the Milwaukee Gun Club, Aug. 14, the following scores were made, at 25 bluerocks:

Duval 18, Wulf 23, Cantillon 20, Wulf 17, Campbell 19, Duval 18, Wulf 21, Okershauser 22, Wulf 19, Okershauser 17, Wulf 19, Cantillon 15, Duval 13, Cantillon 21, Duval 10, Wulf 18, Cantillon 19, Cantillon 17, Okershauser 20, Duval 14, Okershauser 22, Wulf 19, Cantillon 22, Duval 16, Cantillon 18, Duval 14, Cantillon 16, Duval 13, Wulf 20, Okershauser 18, Wulf 16, Cantillon 17, Duval 8, Wulf 22.

In a live-bird contest, Wulf and Cantillon against King and Keifer, the following scores were made:

Wulf 23, Cantillon 22—45. King 21, Keifer 22—43.

McLEAN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

McLean County Gun Club, of Bloomington, Ill., had bad weather for their shoot of Aug. 17. Scores, handicap, 25 targets: M. C. Barnes 21, L. Kohler 19, McCormick 23, McDermand 17, Thomas 14, Holland 19, Ross 25, Fleming 20.

THE HOODOO TROPHY AGAIN.

On Friday afternoon, Aug. 26, at 3 P. M., the contest will be shot between Mr. V. L. Cunnyngham, challenger, and Mr. T. P. Hicks, holder of the Chicago challenge trophy. We may always expect something weird in connection with this emblem, and something weird comes out in the handicap which is reported to be set for this event. Mr. Hicks, who won the trophy from Mr. Paterson in the last contest, had 2 birds conceded to him over Paterson. Mr. Hicks shoots a 10-gauge gun, and on next Friday will be placed at 30yds., to shoot at 25 birds. Mr. Cunnyngham is practically placed at scratch with him, being stationed at 29yds., to shoot also at 25 birds, no extra birds being given him whatever. Mr. Hicks had 2 birds conceded him against the holder of the medal, but Mr. Cunnyngham has no birds at all conceded him against the holder of the medal. Yet the scores of Mr. Cunnyngham in his former competition for this medal were in his first match 20 out of 26, and in his second, the tie match, 12 birds out of 26! It is hard to follow, off hand, the process which would place these two men at practically the same mark, for though Mr. Hicks shoots 1yd. further back he uses a 10-gauge gun.

If this were not sufficiently weird, it may be added that Mr. Mussey, chairman of the handicapping committee, has been out of town a couple weeks, and if he has been consulted it must have been by mail, though at this writing that cannot be determined. Mr. Mussey's name is signed typewritten to the typewritten letter of the trustees announcing the handicap. It should be added, of course, that Mr. Hicks himself is one of the trustees. He has from the start been anxious to shoot for this trophy. It is difficult to see how under the rules he can compete in this contest, as the rules state the handicap must be set by a "majority of the trustees." Of course this majority may have been obtained if Mr. Mussey has been consulted. Certainly Mr. Hicks could not under the rules of sport serve on the handicap committee when he was one of the men to be handicapped.

The other member of the committee, Mr. W. L. Shepard, oddly enough was the very first man who wanted to challenge for this trophy, but whose challenge was thrown out because he had not complied regularly with the rules. I do not know whether Mr. Shepard still retains his wish to contest for this trophy. Mr. Mussey has not yet expressed a desire to shoot for it. In case Mr. Mussey should remain absent from his duties as one of the trustees, so that only Mr. Shepard and Mr. Hicks were left on the committee, I would suggest that Mr. Shepard challenge Mr. Hicks for the trophy, for of course Mr. Hicks will win in next Friday's contest with Mr. Cunnyngham, and that Mr. Shepard and Mr. Hicks then arrange the trifling matter of handicap to suit themselves, and have a good time shooting it out together! It might be possible for Mr. Mussey then to challenge the winner, but I hardly think he will do so. These are the last facts in the history of this hoodoo trophy, which started out with a large foreordained string to it.

COMING EVENTS.

Schmelzer Shooting Carnival, fifth annual, at Kansas City, Sept. 7-8-9, will be one of the big fall events. The programme is a handsome and complete one, and the three days will be chuck full of interest. The announcement says there will be "merchandise prizes for amateurs, sweepstake shooting for professionals and manufacturers' agents, live-bird contests, glass ball contests, rifle contests, and a good time for all."

Crystal Lake Gun Club has out its tidy programme for its tournament at Urbana, Ill., Sept. 13-14. Targets 2 cents. Magautrap.

POSTPONED.

The Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, as I am advised by Sec-

retary W. H. Brady, has postponed its grand annual tournament until Sept. 13-16 inclusive, the shoot to be held at Detroit, Mich.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

Aug. 20.—The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest to-day with a good attendance. The day was a propitious one. A mild wind blew from the right quarter, accompanied with a soft sunlight. The majority of participants did remarkably good shooting during the day.

Nos. 3 and 4 were team races, 25 targets per man. The magautrap was used throughout.

Events:	1	2	3		4	
Targets:	25	25	25		25	
A W Adams	22	18	22	..	..	18
F P Stannard	20	..	25	..	22	..
E M Steck	19	21	20	..	..	19
M Embre	18	..	..	15	..	..
W D Stannard	23	20	23	..	..	24
Doc Carson	23	..	..	22	..	..
Neta	14	..	..	17	..	..
J S Houston	24	17	19	..	18	..
W R Morgan	22	20	..	21	..	17
V L Cunnyngham	23	23	..	22	23	..
Henry Vetter	21	22	..	21	..	18
O J Buck	20	20	19	..	..	20
J B Lockie	21	..	20	..	22	..
H F Carson	20	20	..	19	18	..
R B Carson	..	..	19	..	..	14
A C Paterson	..	..	23	..	20	..
C Antoine	..	..	..	21	16	..
A C Borroff	..	..	..	20	..	..
			190	179	139	130

Trophy contest, 25 targets:

Class A.

F P Stannard	1111011111111111111111111—24
Steck	0111111100011011101111011—18
W D Stannard	1101111110111111111111111—23
Adams	1011111011110111101101111—20
Houston	1101111111111011111110111—22
W R Morgan	1011111111111111111111001—22
Paterson	1111111011111111111111111—24
Antoine	1111111111101101111110111—22

Class B.

Dr Carson	1011111111111111110111111—23
H F Carson	1110101000011111011100111—16
Buck	1001110011111111111111111—21
Cunnyngham	1111111111111111111111111—25
R B Carson	0110111111100101111110110—18
Vetter	1110111000111111111111111—21

Class C.

Neta	0111110011111003011111101—17
Borroff	0111110100110111110111111—19
Embre	0100110110100101101011100—13

Class A was not shot off; Class B won by V. L. Cunnyngham, and Class C won by A. C. Borroff.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on Saturday last. The attendance was fairly good.

Scores in the practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	10	10
J Workman	7	7	12	11	14	7	..
M Pollard	5	2	7	6	7	1	..
G Brown	5	2	7	7	..	7	..
M Nichols	2	4	15	14	6	7	5
Dr Shaw	7	9	11	15	13	8	..
De Maris	6	5	10	11	..	..	..
H Fehrman	10	7	..	..	10	8	..
E E Neal	5	7	12	8	..	..	..
R Kuss	..	4	15	12	..	..	..
S Young	..	5	12	..	..	..	..
A Hellman	..	7	14	11	13	..	..
Cornelson	..	..	12	10	..	..	..
M J Eich	..	..	14	11	12	..	..
C P Richards	..	..	12	12	11	7	4
Nusley	..	..	12	7	12	6	..
Dr Meek	..	..	17	11	..	..	..
E Graham	..	..	15	13	..	..	..
P J Graham	..	..	13	14	..	..	..
D Russell	..	..	..	9	9	8	..
Cooper	..	..	13	14	10	..	..
C Steiger	..	..	..	..	11	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 were known traps, unknown angles; No. 7, unknown traps, and angles, one man up, and No. 8 was at pairs.

In the trophy event, at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, M. Fehrman won Class A in the shoot-off with Eich and Graham, each having broken 23. S. M. Young won Class B without a tie, and J. Workman won Class C on the shoot-off with De Maris.

Workman	1010001111010111101101110—16
Pollard	1110011000010000111001111—13
Brown	1101000000111000101100001—10
Fehrman	1111111111111110111111011—23
Neal	1101111111011111111111111—23
De Maris	0100101100011111101101111—16
Shaw	1111111101011011111111011—21
Hellman	1111011111010011111011110—19
Kuss	1111111111111110101011101—22
Young	0111111111111101101111111—22
Cornelson	0101110110101101011110010—15
Eich	1111101111111111110111111—23
Richards	1111011110111000111111111—20
Nusley	0101001101100101101111001—14
Meek	1110111111010100011100111—17
E Graham	1101111111111011111111111—23
T J Graham	w
Cooper	1110111101101010101100100—15
Russell	1111011111111111011011101110—20

Shoot-off for A and C medals:

Fehrman	011111111111111	—14
Neal	111000011101100	— 8
Eich	110111011110101	—11
E S Graham	111011011111111	—13
Workman	1101111111100101111111111111	
De Maris	0101111010111111100111111111	

A. C. Paterson.

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Aug. 18.— Regular monthly shoot of the Chicago Athletic Association, held on live birds, to-day. The scores:

J B Drake, 30	20 221212121221—14—0—14
A F Banks, 28	120112120112122—13—2—15
E A Russell, 28	011000000002212— 6—2— 8
G A Thorn, 29	111210222110021—12—1—13
H H F, 28	2222**211211211—13—0—13
J F Turrill, 25	012120111020011—10—3—13
C E Felton, 27	00210 0210 w
E W Miller, 28	102000002022200— 6—3— 9

Geo. Watson.

Individual Championship Cup.

Sherbrooke, P. Q., Aug. 13.—Goodhue won the individual championship cup again at Sherbrooke, after one of the most interesting shoots ever held on Sherbrooke's grounds. Goodhue beat Craig by one target, and is again the holder of the cup.

Both shooters were "all in it" and shot to hit. At the end of the 20 known Craig led by one, and held it up to the 10th target at unknown angles. He missed his 12th and 14th in the 20 unknown.

Goodhue didn't, and at the end of that series was one ahead. In the 5 pairs Craig got his first 3 pairs, 1 of the 4th, and missed both of the 5th. Goodhue got his first 2 pairs, and 1 each of the others, thus holding his lead. This leaves each of them in the same position as regards prospective ownership of the cup as they were before Goodhue lost it to Craig, and the boys would like to see it flutter that way a while before anybody owns it. They would all like to see Goodhue and Craig both own it, but there are several who want a shot at it first, and then while up, it keeps up the interest of the members and brings them out. Goodhue has to come forty miles to shoot, and although a Rock Island man, is an enthusiastic member of the Sherbrooke Club, and has been since its formation. Less than the cup will bring him out though, as he shoots regularly at the fortnightly badge match, and that's more than some of the home men do.

Hovey, of Rock Island, and Bray, of Sherbrooke, have both put in challenges, and will probably shoot in order named.

In the badge match, which was shot just before the championship event, the scores were as follows:

Twenty targets, known angles: Craig 18, Goodhue 17, Bray 17, Walton 16, Slater 15, Perrett 14, Thompson 12, Foss 12.

The Interstate at Waterville.

Waterville, Me., Aug. 18.—The tournament given here by the Interstate Association for the Waterville Gun Club was brought to a most successful close about 3:15 this afternoon, and everything passed as smoothly as well-oiled machinery moves, not a single incident occurring to mar the pleasure of a two days' pleasant shoot, and not a single kick recorded.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the local club, situated about ten minutes' walk from the hotel. The club house and traps are on top of a small hill. The shooters stood on a platform about 2ft. high and faced a screen, or trap house, which is about 5ft. high, the traps being placed on a platform which brought them about on a level with the shooters' platform, owing to the conformation of the land.

When the shoot opened on Wednesday morning Mr. Elmer E. Shaner regaled the contingent with his stereotyped speech in regard to the blackboard being the official score, cautioning every shooter to keep his eye thereon if he wanted his score correct, the integrity of the referee and other details, all of which was received with a round of hearty applause. Manager Shaner also announced that the local club would give a trophy to the shooter making the highest average for the two days, and to be open to all. This was also received with applause. The impression had gotten abroad that the trophy would consist of a diamond pin, and as Fanning said he was running low on diamonds he guessed he wanted this one, and would have to have it; consequently he started right after it from the time of firing the first gun. Fanning was number one in first squad, and maintained that position all the way through the entire two days, and landed the trophy (a silver cup) with an average of .943 for two days, and he says he thinks of opening up a jewelry store. He had Sam Preble, of the home club, for a close second for the first day, being only 6 targets in the lead; but on the second day Sidney Green, also of the home team, got into the running, and Preble fell behind, Fanning finishing ahead of Green by 9 targets.

On the first day, when number one squad had finished the ninth event, a strong wind sprung up, which caused the targets to shoot into space as if they had been fired from a catapult and went soaring skyward, and many a goose egg was marked up as the result. Dickey in this event only scored 10 out of 15.

Twenty-seven shooters faced the traps on the first day, and thirty-one the second, with an average of about twenty-five who shot the entire programme of two days.

It is not often that shooters are favored with a band concert, given for their express benefit, but such was the case here. The local club had arranged for and entertained us with a band concert on the grounds facing the hotel Wednesday evening, and the Waterville band entertained us for an hour and a half with most delightful music, which was greatly enjoyed by all, including a large number of the citizens. Another thing we must call especial attention to was the most excellent dinners furnished on the grounds. The Waterville boys could not secure a caterer to furnish the dinners, so they took matters into their own hands, and securing the services of a good lady cook they had a large range set up, and provided cold meats, fresh salmon salad, hot baked beans, most delicious hot corn on the cob, tea, coffee, milk, pies, pickles, etc., and all for 50 cents. My, but you should have seen the numbers of ears of corn which Ben Norton and U. M. C. Thomas got away with! Norton complained afterward that he had a bad case of indigestion, and said he could not shoot as the result. At any rate he fell away behind on his work of the second day as compared with the first. The first day he shot remarkably well, while U. M. C. Thomas showed up strong on the second day, as did also Du Pont Collins. These three, while being known as trade representatives, still are well known as being not expert shooters, and are not paid for their shooting abilities, but for the good they may do in talking up their powders, shells, and making friends among the boys. The trade was represented by J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust powder, and shooting it to the front, as he always does; J. R. Hull, of the Parker gun; H. P. (Du Pont) Collins, with Du Pont Smokeless; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company, shooting and pushing Hazard Blue Ribbon smokeless, and he has done a world of good in this neck of the woods for his powder, as the entire membership of the Waterville Gun Club are now using it as the result of his work among them last year; U. M. C. Thomas, of Union Metallic Cartridge Company; O. R. Dickey, of the Parker Gun, The E. C. & Schultze Powder and United States Cartridge companies, and E. C. Ferriday, of the Laflin & Rand Smokeless, who came up in place of Old Reliable Ed Taylor, who had expected to be on hand, but was prevented by sickness, so he sent Ferriday instead, and this young gentleman, while he did not shoot a gun during the entire two days, still was busy making friends for the new Laflin & Rand Smokeless. The visitors from out of town comprised Messrs. Stevens and Leighton, of Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. Chas. L. Clark (Chase), of St. Louis, Mo., and a corking good shot by the way, as he only failed to get into the money in two or three events for the two days; Rich Hunnewell, of South Danville; Ashley, L. M. Norton, and Conner, of Auburn; Dennis, of Portland; Capt. Wadsworth, of Boston; Henderson, of Hingham; Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I.; Sawyer, of Cambridge; Parsons and Clark, of East Wilton; Cain, of Lewiston; Crosby from Bangor; and Messrs. Stobie, Green, Wyman, Preble, Reid, Dwinnelle and Davison held up the honors of the Waterville Gun Club, while Messrs. Harrington, Libby, Files and Whitmore represented Gardiner, Me., and Root, Providence, R. I.

The cashier's office was looked after by Mr. G. K. Bassett alone, and he did his work most remarkably well, and seemed to have no trouble in working out the intricacies of the Rose system. Mr. Herbert W. Rowe, editor of the Maine Sportsman, filled the thankless position of referee for the entire time, and his decisions were never questioned, which shows he was fully competent.

Taking it all in all, we have had a most pleasant time, a successful shoot, and our thanks are due the Waterville boys for their untiring efforts in our behalf. We trust we have the pleasure of being with you again in the near future. Au revoir!

Scores:

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Fanning	14	14	18	14	19	13	13	20	14	15
Hull	11	12	18	12	19	14	14	19	14	15
Collins	11	8	10	11	13	8	6	14	9	9
U M C	9	10	16	14	16	12	14	18	13	13
B H Norton	7	11	15	11	14	11	10	16	9	8
Stobie	14	13	14	12	20	13	12	17	13	7
Greene	14	11	19	11	20	13	14	19	13	14
Wyman	10	14	13	15	18	13	13	14	13	8
Preble	14	15	17	15	17	14	14	20	14	8
Reid	11	11	15	13	14	12	14	15	11	8
Root	13	12	15	9	13	12	12	18	12	10
Stevens	11	11	17	11	16	12	14	14	12	6
Chase	13	14	15	14	17	15	14	18	13	14
Leighton	11	8	16	10	11	8	14	15	14	8
Dwinell	10	11	14	..	11	7	13	16	10	6
Hunnewell	13	14	16	13	14	12	15	19	13	10
L M Norton	12	13	18	9	16	12	14	16	12	9
Conner	12	13	16	11	16	14	14	20	15	13
Ashley	11	13	17	13	15	13	11	17	14	..
Dennis	9	11	14	13	18	14	13	13	13	8
Davison	13	7	17	15	17	13	13	16	14	11
Puck	13	12	18	13	15	15	11	19	9	12
Dickey	14	14	19	14	16	13	14	20	10	14
Henderson	13	14	18	13	18	13	13	18	10	13
Griffith	13	13	15	13	15	9	10	13	15	13
Snow	10	12	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Parsons	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	16	13	9
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	9

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, AUG. 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
Fanning	14	13	19	14	19	15	14	20	15	19
Hull	12	13	18	11	18	15	13	19	14	20
Collins	13	13	14	12	14	13	12	12	13	17
U M C	11	14	18	14	16	13	14	19	13	17
B H Norton	11	10	14	11	12	7	8	7	8	8
Dickey	12	14	20	15	18	14	14	18	13	20
Puck	13	14	16	11	15	13	13	17	14	18
Henderson	14	13	18	14	17	15	12	19	15	16
Davison	12	11	14	12	13	12	11	14	12	15
Griffith	13	13	20	14	19	10	11	19	14	17
Root	12	9	17	13	20	14	14	16	12	19
Chase	15	11	19	15	19	14	13	18	15	17
Stevens	10	12	15	11	15	15	12	15	12	19
Hunnewell	11	14	18	14	18	14	15	20	..	..
L M Norton	14	15	18	14	16	13	14	18	..	..
Stobie	13	14	16	13	19	15	13	19	14	18
Greene	14	14	20	13	19	14	15	19	13	19
Wyman	15	12	19	15	19	12	14	18	12	17
Preble	14	15	15	15	17	14	14	20	13	19
Reid	10	12	18	13	19	14	14	19	13	20
Snow	13	11	17	..	..	11	12	13	..	..
Parsons	9	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leighton	12	12	18	13	13	12	13	17	12	17
Crosby	10	10	14	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Dwinell	9	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Cain	12	9	17	13	..	14	..	..	13	..
Harrington	13	13	17	11	..	14	12	18	..	..
Libby	12	11	18	13	..	13	13	18	..	..
Files	14	12	16	12	..	14	11	19	..	..
Whitmore	6	9	12	11	16	11	14	16	..	..
Clark	..	..	20	..	..	10	..	..	..	..

Pryor.

Sherburne Gun Club.

Sherburne, N. Y., Aug. 13.—The scores made Aug. 10 and 11 at our tournament are given below. They would have been much better but for our using a new target, which was very hard to break. Seventy-five per cent. of the pick-ups were hit with from one to six shot.

Event No. 11, each day, was at 10 singles and 5 pairs:

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY, AUG. 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	15
Tracy	9	11	6	11	7	11	10	15	9	14	15	9	11
Kendall	5	9	9	11	7	9	8	14	9	10	11	..	..
Pumpelly	9	11	8	12	8	14	8	14	9	13	13	8	13
Brown	8	11	9	14	9	13	10	12	10	12	15	7	13
Deremo	8	12	8	13	9	13	9	12	8	14	10	10	12
Put	7	11	5	11	9	11	10	10	7	11	14	7	13
Paddelford	8	11	5	11	6	9	7	8	6	11	12	6	9
Hall	5	11	5	8	4	10	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Brainard	7	9	7	11	7	11	9	10	6	10	11	8	13
Clark	6	6	3	5	..	..	2	8	..	..	..	4	7
Wilcox	2	6	7	6	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	3	..
Palmiter	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simons	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Fairchilds	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	7	..	15	..	7	11
Shepardson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Stanton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10
Case	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY, AUG. 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	15
Tracy	10	12	8	12	10	13	8	9	6	12	19	8	12
Brown	9	14	9	12	7	13	8	13	9	12	13	8	13
Deremo	7	14	8	12	5	13	7	11	7	12	15	8	9
Paddelford	10	14	9	14	8	8	8	9	9	13	15	4	11
Brainard	6	14	8	10	8	9	5	8	7	11	10	5	12
Palmiter	7	10	9	12	9	8	5	9	4	5	..	8	..
Covill	..	78	6	..	5	..	8	..	7	..	..	3	..
Brewster	7	8	6	..	3	..	8	..	7	..	..	3	..
Prey	8	..	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	1	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cumins	..	4	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stanton	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Case	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..
Sheff	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Altkyns	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	6	..	..	..	..
Spooner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..

J. Paddelford.

Championship of Arkansas.

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 12.—Joe Matthews, of Fort Smith, won the State individual championship medal from John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, at this place, to-day—score 41, 42, out of 50 singles, unknown angles.

It is a challenge medal, subject to challenge every sixty days on deposit of $10 on the part of the challenger, and the holder has a right to name the grounds on which the match is to be shot.

Mr. Sumpter very generously waived his right in the matter, and named the grounds of the Fort Smith Gun Club. The match was shot as above, Mr. Matthews winning by the narrow margin of one bird. The match was not decided until the last bird was broken. Everything moved off smoothly, and the winner was warmly congratulated by the loser at the conclusion of the contest.

A number of sweeps were run off in connection with the championship event, and as the money was divided four moneys, equitable system, everyone was well pleased, as everyone called on the cashier for some money. Nobody got rich and no one lost all he had, and that is what makes new shooters and keeps up the shooting game.

The day was an ideal one for shooting; no wind to mar the perfect flight of the targets, and, while the scores ruled low, it must be remembered that the majority of the shooters were new at the game.

The State medal was put up at open contest two years ago at the annual meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association at Pine Bluff, and at that time was won by Mr. Hamilton Connor, of Little Rock. Mr. Geo. Clements, of Pine Bluff, was the first challenger. He won from Mr. Connor, and subsequently lost to Mr. John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, who held the emblem without challenge until the recent State tournament at Little Rock, July 26-28, when it was redeemed by the Association and again put up in open competition. It was again won by Mr. Sumpter, who has just relinquished it to Mr. Matthews.

The new champion bears his honors modestly, and will probably be in trouble every sixty days, as all the boys in this section declare their intention of taking a shot at him. Mr. Matthews is always a dangerous opponent, however, and will probably give anybody a game that goes after him.

Following are the scores of the match and the sweeps:

Matthews	1110011011111110111001111111111111111111110111101111—42
Sumpter	1001111111001101111111111001011111111111111101111111—41

Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20
Sumpter	14	14	13	13	15	12	13	18
Matthews	13	15	12	13	15	12	12	18
Leach	12	15	11	11	12	13	9	9
Baptist	11	10	11	11	11	9	13	16
Payne	7	9	12	12	11	11	12	15
Durden	9	7	11	9	9	..	..	15
Knotts	7	8	7	10	7	..	..	..
Miles	7	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
O'Keiff	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Secretary.

Franklin Gun Club.

Enosburg Falls, Vt., Aug. 11.—The first meeting of the Franklin County Gun Club was held at the Quincy House, in this place, on Aug. 11. It was called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. by N. P. Leach, who was made chairman of the meeting, with J. M. Jeffords temporary secretary. The following officers were elected: N. P. Leach, Sheldon, President; H. B. Loverin, East Berkshire, Vice-President; J. M. Jeffords, Enosburg Falls, Secretary; Arthur Gallup, Sheldon, Treasurer; B. B. Perkins, St. Albans; E. F. Greenwood, Enosburg Falls; H. C. Ayer, Richford; H. W. Soule, Fairfield; E. Bradley, Swanton, Committee of Management. Local committees were appointed as follows: Enosburg, A. R. Bell, C. H. Stetson; St. Albans, C. H. Sabin, C. L. Moren; Swanton, C. C. Gilmore, Frank Lapel; Fairfield, A. E. Selby, E. A. Wells; Berkshire, W. S. Rublee, A. W. Paxman; Highgate, Wm. Austin, Arthur Rouseau; Sheldon, S. B. Thomas, Ralph Dunton; Richford, F. W. Mitchell, Howard Gibson. Richard Ward, of St. Albans, was appointed Captain. In the afternoon the party repaired to the Marsh Park and indulged in trap-shooting. There is a membership now of about fifty. The club starts out under very auspicious conditions, much enthusiasm being manifested, and will no doubt prove a source of pleasure to its members and result in a greater interest in genuine sport.

No. 1 was at known angles; No. 2, expert rules, three moneys, class shooting. Second money was divided; third was shot off miss-and-out, Bart winning on the fifth target. Several of the members faced the score for the first time. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	6
Ward	8	4	..
Loverin	6	3	1
Soule	5	7	..
Selby	8	7	6
Leach	7	9	..
Best	7	1	..
Bell	8	..	..
Greenwood	7	6	3

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	6
Burt	8	6	1
Woodworth	8	..	3
Anderson	8	6	5
Stetson	6	2	..
Gallup	7	..	..
Colton	..	..	1
Bell	..	..	4

Stanstead.

The second annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club will be held on Sept. 7 and 8, at Cherokee, Ia. Mr. Irving Weart, the club secretary, will furnish all necessary information to inquirers.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photography, will be found on another page.

LAND VS. WATER.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20 we called attention to an inquiry for statistics as to the producing power of waters stocked with fish, and asked whether any one had information on the subject. In response to this, we have received a letter printed in the Indianapolis Journal by Mr. W. T. Dennis, of Richmond, Ind., now or formerly a State fish commissioner. This we print in another column.

This letter reminds us of the very early days of fish-culture, twenty-five years ago. Then it was just beginning to be known that fish could be artificially reproduced, and enthusiasts in fishculture showed by figures, in which no flaw could be picked, that the water could be cultivated with vastly more profit to the farmer than the land. Each pond and brook on the farm was to be stocked, and to return to its owner as profit hundreds or thousands of dollars, not of gold or silver, for then the commerce of the United States scarcely knew metal currency, but dollars of good green paper. The contention of the fishculturists was precisely that of Mr. Dennis in his recent letter. They declared that a pond of certain area would support a certain number of trout. These trout, properly fed, would gain in weight a pound each year. Trout were worth a dollar a pound. Deduct from the number of pounds of fish that the water would produce the cost of care and feeding, and there remained the annual profit. It looked beautifully on paper, and many men invested capital and two or three years' time in the business. But it may be doubted if one per cent. of them ever received back their capital and ordinary day's wages. The figures did not lie perhaps, but the premises on which the argument was based were faulty. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. Ninety-nine men failed, and the hundredth, who succeeded, continued to carry on the business, but found that he must be satisfied with profits much more modest than the figures of the enthusiasts showed.

Mr. Dennis proves to his own satisfaction that while an acre of land under favorable circumstances will produce beef of the value of $20, from which $5 must be deducted for expenses, leaving a net profit of $15, an acre of water will produce in one year fish to the value of $5,000, leaving a balance in favor of the water of $4,985. Let us see how this will work out.

The pond of which Mr. Dennis writes was wholly new, having been dug out of a gravel bar to a depth of 6ft., and only filled up with water in the autumn of 1894. In the spring of 1895 four pairs of adult small-mouthed black bass were put in it, and bred in the summer. The young bass were seen by Mr. Dennis about Sept. 1, at which time they were "a little more than three months old, from 3½ to 5in. long, lively, healthy and in countless numbers." The following winter the pond froze nearly to the bottom, and in spring hundreds of small bass were found dead about the margin of the pond. In August Mr. Dennis caught some of these fish, now fifteen months old, and found them to run from 11½ to 15in. in length, the smaller size weighing 13oz. on the scale, the larger a little over a pound. He calculates, therefore, that these bass in their second summer had grown from the egg to a pound in weight.

Obviously the first question concerning the growth of these bass has to do with the food supply. A pond like the one in question would soon become stocked with entomostraca and some insect larvæ, which would furnish food for a small number of bass, until they were 2 or 3in. long. Then the food supply being exhausted, the stronger fish would prey on the weaker, and many would die. It is as absurd to think of growing fish without food as it would be to grow cattle without pasture. True, a fish does not show the effects of hunger as quickly as warm-blooded animals, but it will starve in time, and certainly cannot grow without food. The number of fish that any pond will sustain depends on its food-producing capacity, and a pond can be overstocked as easily as a pasture.

Our experience of the growth of small-mouthed black bass in Northern waters does not agree with that of Mr. Dennis. But this question of growth depends so entirely on the food supply that it is not a safe matter to generalize on. It is understood, however, that the fish spoken of in this letter had no food except their fellow bass, and that whatever growth they may have made was at the expense of the numbers of fish in the pond.

Mr. Dennis figures out 50,000 bass to his acre of water. No doubt he remembers that in an acre—whether of land or water—there are but 43,560sq.ft., into which 50,000 1lb. bass must be packed nose to tail, though we acknowledge that each would have 10in. or more room on either side. The mental picture of such a pond so stocked makes us think of the swarming salmon which we have seen running up the rivers of the Northwest coast at spawning time. There would be one and one-seventh bass to the square foot of area; but, of course, in a 6ft. pond there would be considerable room between the surface of the water and the bottom in which these bass could take exercise. Still, even Mr. Dennis must acknowledge, we think, that the pond would be crowded; too much so for comfort, though perhaps their inability to move about very much would make them take on fat more rapidly, and so weigh more.

But whatever may or may not have been the increase and growth of the fish in this particular pond, the deductions which Mr. Dennis draws from the facts and his generalizations as to the returns from bass farming are more grotesque than reliable. He figures out an annual production of $5,000 per acre. For the 300,000 acres of water in Indiana that would mean a product of one billion five hundred million dollars ($1,500,000,000), a sum almost equal to the national debt. These extraordinary figures are obtained by calling 7,200ft., the area of the pond, one-fiftieth of an acre, when actually as a matter of pure mathematics that area is only one-sixth of an acre. Sanguine persons who may be persuaded by these Indiana estimates to grow an acre of bass would do well to remember that it will be only on the actual fish they may raise to sell, and not on expansive blunders in arithmetic, that they will realize in hard cash.

THE SPORTSMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE proper observance of all laws is obligatory upon the people, whether they are at home or abroad. Laws for the protection of game, for limiting the time and manner of its capture, and for limiting and qualifying the title which the possessor of it may enjoy, are laws to be regarded just as are all other laws of the land, and equally entitled to the observance and respect of everyone.

There is a class of men, however, by no means small in numbers, who, while commendably law-abiding in their places of domicile, do not hesitate to break every game law which circumstances will permit when they are in a strange section of their own State, or in another State than their own. Generally, when in a strange State, they abandon themselves to the greatest lawlessness, so far as game laws are concerned, seeming to act on the theory that the game laws of any State other than their own do not govern them in fact, and that therefore they may slay and waste with no other limitation than their own sweet wills. They take occasion, however, to be as secret as possible in the exercise of their lawlessness, so that unpleasant legal entanglements with prejudiced State officers may be avoided.

If such offenders were told that they were both law-breakers and cowards as well, no doubt they would affect great indignation thereat. Nevertheless such violation is cowardly, since the stranger in a strange land, who is intent on selfish purpose which conflicts with the game laws, presumes more or less on the hospitality of the State whose laws he breaks and on the leniency commonly shown to strangers. Moreover, among a strange people he takes the chances of detection and conviction which he would not take in his own place of domicile; for in the strange place it is but a passing incident as he weighs it, while at his own home it would carry a stigma which would stay with the offender through life.

Few law-breakers in a strange State ever consider that they have a representative character as well as a personal one; that their misdeeds reflect in a way on the people of their own State; for everyone is predisposed to judge the people of another State by the people who come from it, and whom he meets. Therefore a sportsman in a strange State has not only his own law-abiding conduct to observe, but he should scrupulously guard against committing any illegal acts for the sake of his own fellow citizens at home.

The affectation of irresponsibility while being a temporary dweller within a State is false in conception and pernicious in practice. No law-breaker, who gratifies his own selfish purposes with such disregard of law and the rights of others, believes for a moment that he is doing what is right. His own selfish wishes, interests and self-indulgence are simply set up as being paramount to all other considerations, the same as with any other law-breaker, who differs from the poacher only in the kind of law he may break and the degree of it.

Such men do infinite harm to the cause of the genuine, law-abiding sportsman, of him who is a gentleman whether at home or abroad. By their lawlessness and entirely selfish disregard for the rights of others, they furnish cause for more stringent laws to be enacted against non-resident sportsmen in such States as have discriminating laws, and they hasten the enactment of such laws in States which have them not, to say nothing of bringing non-resident sportsmen under the ban of unpleasant suspicion and disfavor.

The laws of any State, in general and in particular, apply alike to its own citizens, to the citizens of other States, and to foreigners who are within its boundaries. All the people within its limits are alike subject to them. As with the laws of a State, so it is with the laws of a foreign country; hence the sportsman who goes from the States into Canada, or other foreign country, is subject to its laws the moment that he crosses the boundary line.

The feeling of irresponsibility in respect to the observance of the game laws, exhibited by many when in a strange section, seems to be many times multiplied when they are in a foreign country. Shooters sneak over the line into Canada, along the borders of the chicken country, kill a bag of chickens, and if a safe return is made look upon it as a pleasing shooting experience, enhanced by a spirit of adventure. So with others who shoot big game in a foreign country. This feeling and such acts are entirely wrong. Instead of devising ways and means to violate the laws, the visiting sportsman should be conscientiously careful to properly observe all laws, and should consider himself in a way the guest of the country he is in, precisely as he would observe all the proprieties in a home where he chanced to be a guest. Besides his personal character, as already suggested, he has a representative character of which he cannot divest himself if he would. As he conducts himself, so will his own countrymen at home be judged. There thus should be a double incentive to obey and respect the laws; that is to say, first because it is right to do so; second, for the good name of one's own people.

The greater the attainments of the citizen, the greater are his responsibilities in these matters, and therefore the greater are his obligations to lead an exemplary life. *Noblesse oblige* is a maxim of antiquity, but none the less potent in its application to the affairs of the present than it was centuries ago. The man who in a high station in life breaks his country's laws sets an example by which the humble law-breaker seeks to justify his own lapses.

Instead of looking upon the game resources of a foreign State as proper material for plunder, let the sportsman consider them as the belongings of his host, and govern himself accordingly, as becomes a good guest and a law-abiding citizen. At home, if he affects to be a good sportsman or a good citizen, or both, he will not go wrong if he is properly considerate of the rights of others; for all laws aim to embody the proper rule of action for the best interests of all.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Costa Rica Forests.

We were to make our start from the City of San José, the capital of the republic of Costa Rica, and one of the healthiest and best located towns in Central America. It has an elevation of 3,800ft. above the sea level, and a temperate climate. A situation but ten degrees from the equator and a temperate climate do not seem to go very well together, but the climate is due to the elevation above the sea. The roses bloom in December as well as in June.

There were three of us—an Englishman, myself and my German friend, who was the linguist of the party, very fat, very jolly and the master of half a dozen languages. I wonder if there is a spot on this earth where one can go and not find some member of the German race very much in evidence? They are good linguists and more adaptable to their surroundings than we Americans, and are very apt to marry and settle down in Spanish-American countries. Our German friend was interested in everything, and always had his joke ready, and also an inexhaustible supply of stories, having been a resident of Costa Rica for the last fifteen years and speaking the Spanish language like a native.

Saturday morning we strolled down to the horse market, which is held one day of each week in an open field on the outskirts of the city. It did not take me long to buy myself a strong gelding, whose only bad habit was always to try to start off as I tried to mount him; $80 was the price in Costa Rican money. Our German bought for $60 a big white mare—and a weight-carrier. Our horses were good enough for traveling over rough roads, and could make their forty or fifty miles a day up hill and down. When one has seen Central American roads and traveled over them he will have considerable respect for a horse that can travel fifty miles a day. A rich hacienda owner will pay $3,000 to $5,000 for a fine Peruvian stallion, and put out as much as $500 on his saddle, heavy with hammered silverwork. I have seen fine saddle horses in Paris and New York, but none finer than here in San José.

A few days later we left San José and made Alajuela that afternoon, putting up at a wretched hotel. We carried our outfit in our saddlebags and took pack horses. The German was flea-proof, and so got some sleep that night. Not so Mr. B. and myself, and we were glad to get our coffee at 5 A. M. and to leave at 6. We made about fifty miles that day, and in the late afternoon reached a pretty little village away up in the mountains, and were glad to borrow all the blankets we could procure. We stopped with a man that kept a small shop, and next morning when we came to pay our bills our host would receive no pay. He would not take our money, but "was glad of the pleasure it gave him to entertain us," and all this in the most perfect Spanish. So we bade him good-by, and he expressed the wish that God would be with us. At more than half the places they would not take our money. Rather a contrast to our own country, is it not?

The third day we had crossed the main ridge of mountains, and after riding for some four hours with the clouds all shut down about us we at last had our first look at the beautiful valley of the San Carlos, the garden spot of all Costa Rica, but as yet almost a wilderness. The clouds broke away, and far, far to the north, as far as the eye could see, stretched this always green level valley, with the river San Carlos winding its quiet way through it until it joins the San Juan River, some seventy miles above Greytown.

Two superb birds of paradise flew across our road and lit on a small tree within easy gunshot. Mr. B. dismounted, and I held his horse while he slipped a couple of shells into his gun. At the first shot down came one of the birds, as big as an English pheasant, but the other got away; it turned out to be a fine specimen of the lyre bird, and to kill it seemed a shame, as we had no use for the feathers. As we were examining our prize we were startled by a most peculiar roar, which seemed to come from the mountain side, half a mile to the east. It sounded like the roar of an African lion, but the German told us it was the great Congo ape, as it is called in Costa Rica, and that the ape was thirsty and calling for rain; and it is a curious thing that before each shower one can hear them roaring or calling each other through the jungle.

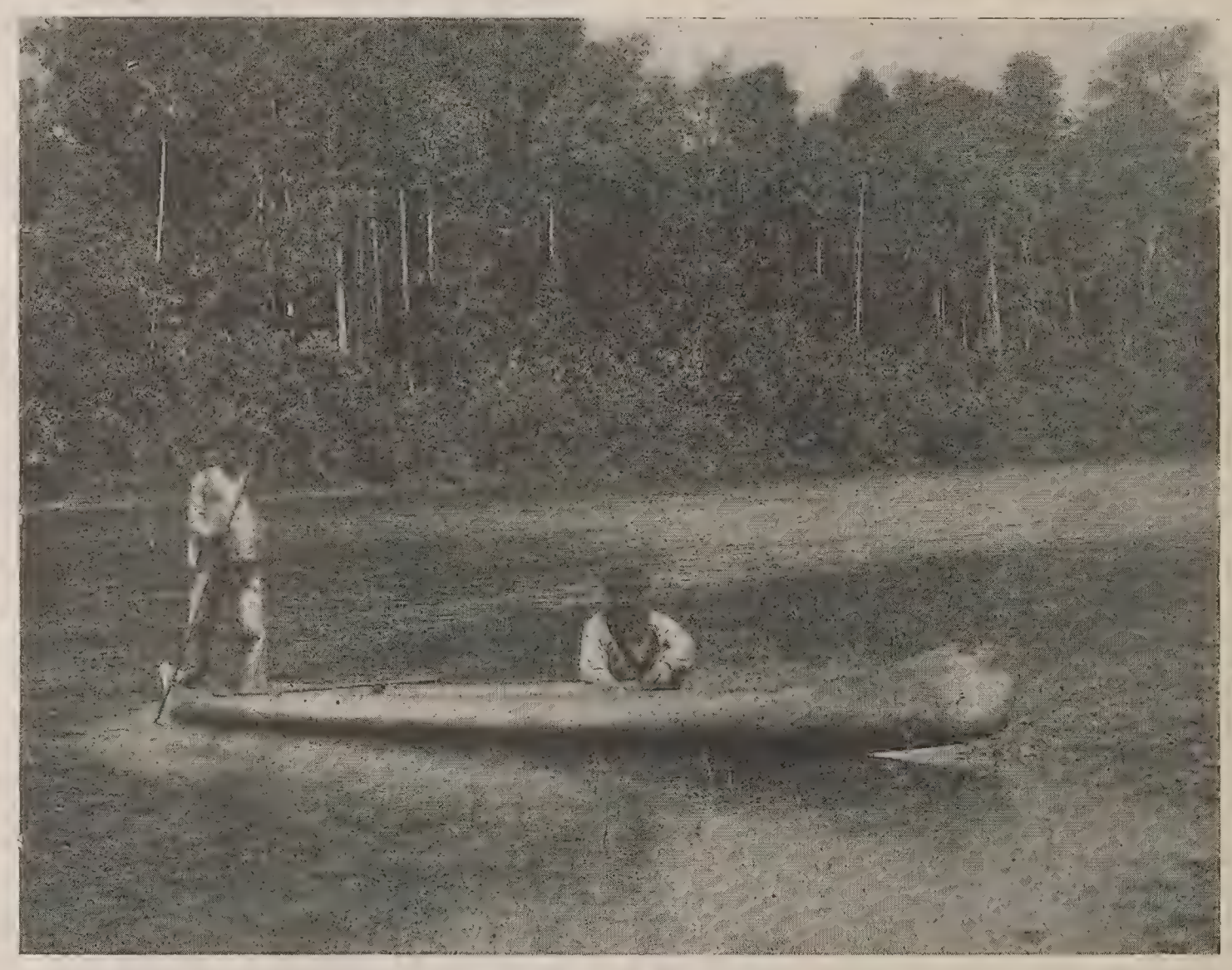
That night we slept at a cattle ranch some five miles from the San Carlos River. It was 4 in the afternoon when we reached the ranch house, and as we waited for supper an incident happened that shows the cruelty of the native Costa Rican to horses. The owner of the place was doctoring a big open sore on the back of one of his horses, and every time he put his hand on the horse's back the poor brute would tremble and try to pull away. At last the man lost his temper completely, and in a fury of passion seized a 3ft. long club and beat the poor animal over the head and sore back until he had exhausted himself. The sight was so sickening that we entered the house in disgust. This is only one example—I could cite a dozen—to show what brutes some of these people are to their horses.

That night we slept in a kind of half-open room, and in the middle of the night I was wakened by something cold and wet rubbing against my face. I struck it a blow that pretty nearly broke my wrist, sprang out of bed and lit a match, when imagine my disgust to see a six-months-old calf looking at me with a reproachful expression, as much as to say, "What did you hit me for?" I went back to bed, after having driven him out of the room, in anything but a pleasant mood, and my friends had a good laugh at my expense.

We were up early next morning and made a start before 6. For a mile we rode through pasture; then the road entered such a forest as one cannot see outside the tropics. Such trees, such interlocking of branches, such huge vines, as large around as a man's leg! It seemed as if at least twenty different kinds of palms grew there. We also saw beautiful specimens of tree ferns growing from 6 to 12ft. high. The trees met overhead and made it delightfully cool. Here and there was the much prized rubber tree; and there were different dye woods, sweet cedar and lignum vitæ being common. About the only use the lignum vitæ is put to here is to set it on fire and make it into a charcoal that is almost as hard as anthracite coal. The rubber trees are very valuable, and are constantly being tapped for crude rubber.

It was so cool in the beautiful forest road that we walked our horses, not wishing to hurry through this garden of nature's wonders. We saw any number of parrots and paroquets; also several droves of white-faced monkeys, which chattered at us at a great rate, swinging themselves from tree to tree, and traveling with wonderful quickness. The most gorgeous bird of all to be found here is the big red, blue and yellow lapa or macaw. We saw several of them, and shot two fine specimens, which we took with us and cooked for our dinner, but the meat was very dark and tough. I was surprised to see several red squirrels, about the same size as the common red squirrel found in the New England States, and with the same markings.

By 11 o'clock we reached a clearing planted to bananas, plantains, beans and yams; and after tying our horses at the ranch house walked down to the banks of a clear stream. We had at last reached the head of canoe navigation of the San Carlos River. Our German friend had visited this district before; but it being the first time Mr. B. and myself had seen the country we were enthusiastic. If there ever was a Garden of Eden on earth this must have been the place. We found several Adams, also many serpents, but Eves are scarce here, and are either young and fat or very old and wrinkled. A fat pig had been killed that morning, so that with the



COSTA RICA DUGOUT.

macaw soup, the roast pig, the boiled rice and the roast plantains, we dined in great style. The owners of the ranch were two Norwegians, as pleasant fellows as one would wish to meet; and it is a strange thing that men from a northern climate seem to be less subject to fever than the native Costa Rican. We spent several days there, and were treated with the usual courtesy which we received all through our trip. We were given the best the people had, and when we tried to pay for it the answer was, "No, señor," or "The payment has already been made by the pleasure of your company." These people are polite and gracious in the extreme, and express themselves with much more elegance than we North Americans.

The next day we had our horses put out to pasture, packed our saddles, bridles, etc., in the loft of the ranch house, and made our preparations for our canoe trip. We crossed the river to see a man who owned a large cedar canoe, which was just what we wanted. Nothing would do but we must see his cocao or chocolate trees. Ten acres of seven to ten years old trees loaded down with cocao pods, some of which were being picked at the time. A little way from where we were standing a laborer was picking up some pods, when all at once he sprang back and called out, "Un colabra grande," and sure enough it was a big snake. The huge reptile was coiled under a rock. We wanted to shoot its head off, but the old man told us to wait, and sent the laborer for a long pole. He then sharpened the end of the pole and proceeded to stir up the snake with the sharp point. In a moment the snake was biting at the stick and crawling out from under the rock. The laborer had his machete ready, and when the reptile made his next strike at the pole sprang in on him and cut his head off with one well-directed blow of the keen blade. The snake measured a little over 9ft. and was as big around as a man's leg. One must be no coward to kill such a creature! The old man and the native thought nothing of this episode, and when we went back to the house he showed us the skin of a snake his son had shot which measured over 18ft. in length. That afternoon we went hunting in the forest near the ranch. Not expecting to see any large game, I took a shotgun with me, and followed the river bank up stream, my friends striking off in two opposite directions.

I had the good luck to shoot two wild pigeons and one jacksnipe, which are plentiful. My two friends got a duck, some parrots and a monkey. We ate the duck, pigeons and snipe that night, but the monkey meat we would not touch, though the owners of the ranch fried some of it and seemed to enjoy it.

Early next morning, as we were drinking our coffee, the owner of the cocao plantation came down the river to go fishing. We had brought some hooks and lines with us, and I had a few flies, a red-ibis and silver-doctor, that had done good work at Moosehead Lake, in Maine; but not a rise could I get here (and I have tried the fly several times in the different rivers of Central America, but never with success). My two friends tried both ripe banana and a red berry for bait, but with small success. But our old friend from across the river had made up his mind to make a sure thing of it, and had brought a big coffee sack and two sticks of dynamite with fuse and caps and a man to dive for the fish.

We reached a place in the river where a small stream flowed in, and here the old man threw in his first stick of dynamite; then his man stripped and dove in for the fish that came to the surface of the water after the explosion. It was none of our business what the old man did, but we much preferred to procure our fish in legitimate manner. Out of that pool he must have taken at least 40lbs. of large "bobo"—fish that would weigh from 1 to 3lbs. each. These bobo have few bones and are good eating. One more blast down stream and the old fellow had all the fish he wanted, some 50 or 60lbs. We reached the ranch in time for a hearty 11 o'clock breakfast, after which we made arrangements with two guides to accompany us down the San Carlos River on our hunting trip.

The morning dawned bright, clear and cool; every blade of grass, every leaf, was drenched with dew. Our guides, Juan and Antonio, had everything stowed away in our two canoes. Their own dugout was a battered looking affair, but they managed it with admirable skill. We bade our host good-by, and were really sorry to leave the comfortable ranch, where we had been entertained so well. Our guides led the way down stream, we following them. There was no need to hurry, the weather was perfect, and we were in a grand country for game, so we took our time. The current was not at all rapid, and there were long stretches of dead water where it was necessary to do some paddling. The canoes used here are dugouts, cut out of a single tree, most often cedar—very heavy, clumsy affairs that a self-respecting Maine man would prefer to use as firewood, but they answer the purpose well enough, and last several years. It would be impossible to portage one; both paddles and poles are used. The guides or native hunters one learns to respect, as they are fearless, resourceful and all-round competent men, never waste powder, and fully understand their business. At 10:30 we camped on a little sandy beach above the Soubraro rapids. There we had breakfast and rested for a couple of hours. A beautiful spot it was, and the prettiest camping place on the San Carlos River. We liked the spot so well that we concluded to spend the day there. The guides went to work at once, and in an hour's time had a shack built and thatched with palms. We had our tent and a bit of canvas stretched for a dining tent. In the afternoon we saw some alligators on a sandbar some 400yds. down stream. The German had been watching them through his field glass and said that one was a monster; from where we were they looked like logs. One of our guides killed an armadillo, which he cooked for supper; the meat was white and tender, and we all enjoyed it. That same afternoon we saw the fresh tracks of a danta or tapir. The brute had been to the river edge the night before. Our guide Antonio had caught some fresh fish, so that with the fish, armadillo stew, roasted plantains, flapjacks and coffee, we made a good substantial meal. Our guides assured us that this was a great country for peccary or wild hogs, so we concluded to hunt

peccary. The next day luck was with us. No man ever need starve in Costa Rica so long as he owns a gun and "keeps his powder dry." Buckshot is the best thing to use in hunting peccaries, because one is not apt to get many open shots, the underbrush being so dense in most parts of the forest. Both Mr. B. and the German used shotguns, but I preferred to take my .44 Winchester. We left camp at 6, and after going some little distance in the forest struck a rubber cutter's trail—a narrow path, which, if we had not had experienced guides, we would have lost a dozen times in every mile. However, it was better than cutting our way through the bush. The forest was alive with bird life, gorgeous butterflies flitted here and there, monkeys scolded us from the tops of high trees, and flocks of paroquets flew away, frightened at our approach, and once Juan stopped us to point out a superb cluster of yellow orchids some 20ft. from the ground. Now and then the most delicious perfume would be wafted from some tree in blossom, and we saw an immense variety of hummingbirds. It seemed almost like twilight in some parts of the forest, the branches of the trees were so closely interlocked. Even at midday it is always cool in these wonderful tropical woods. At least they appeared wonderfully beautiful to me, coming from a northern climate. It was the first week in February, and was like a midsummer day at home.

FREDERICK S. LYMAN.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

In the Shasta Wilderness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take up my pen (that is, I have just dug it up out of a tin box full of pins, needles, tacks, nails, fishhooks and smoking tobacco) to impart to you a few things such as go to make up a system of communication used by animals of the highest order—according to our own classification. To give you "more matter with less art," I desire to say, in brief, that which follows:

Few things that appear in FOREST AND STREAM escape congestion, sooner or later, as I find time to mix them up with the brain food in my warehouse. As I glance over that sentence it doesn't seem to me to resemble anything reputable—but let it go. The world is full of trite phrases, and I am as nearly independent as mortal man may be.

With me it is on the stroke of 12 P. M., at my hermitage in the Shasta Mountains, and there is not a domesticated or civilized soul within miles of me, except two cats and a dog. We four, I am prone to believe, have souls and are civilized. Both cats and the dog are either asleep or "making believe," but they are curled up together on a deerskin mat. They never interrupt me at my midnight lamp. When I read or write they seem to signify each to each, "He's got 'em again—let us go to sleep," and they go.

But, to centralize my volley of words, permit me to say that my latest FOREST AND STREAM contains a brief article that is the inspiration of these sentences. Some two years ago I wrote you a truthful account entitled "Bees," and after this long time along comes the breezy acknowledgment, from away down in St. Augustine, that my little story amused both Mrs. and Mr. Didymus very much. They rate my sketch very highly, and if it were anything more than a truthful relation of matters of fact I would begin to feel of some consequence.

Those same bees and their descendants have been making a great deal of trouble and some honey for me since I brought them into my arena from the further woods. They have multiplied, as bees seem to have a way of doing, and I now have four colonies, while as many more have escaped into tall timber. I think I had about 20,000 to begin with, and I now have about 72,000, and six or eight that never hold still to be counted; besides about 54,000 swarmed, leaving for parts unknown, when I had my hands in the dough, from which I compile some bread, now and then, when the moon is right. At other times I utilize whatever results to ballast my fowls and other confiding, but not overly fastidious, dumb dependents with.

As to this utilization of a compound that never matures more than once in the same style, I experience some anxiety. My cats always did prefer other things to eat; my dog after a while began to evade it whenever he had any reasonable expectation of anything else during the next few days; when he felt a strong combination of the desire for something to eat and the realization that there was no quail on toast, he usually accepted my surplus pastry, and carried it off. I ascertained that he buried it, but if he ever dug it up again he did it privately, probably in the night. At present the fowls get double rations, as it were, but they are beginning to evince more indifference than hilarity. This is probably because they can't get over the garden fence after tampering with my liberality.

As I was about to say, however, some of the bees swarmed when I was involved with the dough, or otherwise indisposed, and they have doubtless established an independent government somewhere in these mountains. The colonies I have seem to be thriving and are industrious, in both of which they are not particularly consistent with my form of government. Nevertheless I have builded hives for them of several different styles, probably all of them innovations of doubtful utility.

According to philosophy, a thing that has been done may be done, but, as I have deducted from my experience, with bread for an instance, the same thing may be done differently—underdone, overdone, undone, and so on. Hence, I perpend, I can make bee hives along that perspective, and have done so, using enough nails and material to build a house.

My latest achievement is a thing of beauty and a joy, so far as I know, for some time to come. This is a hive with the inner case of glass. I have a fine colony of bees in it, and I have them in my house. The hive is fastened upon a shelf, on an upper floor, with an exit and entrance for the honey-makers outside. By opening the outer case I can observe their operations at any time, and I am at present intimately familiar with their domestic affairs. None of them has an excuse to neglect work on my account. They cannot pull down the blinds either, and when I want to inspect their works I do it. They are susceptible and become acquainted with even a persistent intruder, and they now merely ignore me. You ought to have one or two such hives in your office. What could you have more interesting or ornamental? Besides, they thrive at the expense of the neighborhood. Again, you might turn a few loose inside when you wanted to break away now and then.

What is the reason some one cannot start a bee "fad." Let Mrs. Grundy and a few other folks introduce it. Of course bees in society would have to be placed up near the eaves, where they could whizz around without getting mixed up with madame's parlors, boudoir or her unsophisticated guests. They should also be placed out of reach of Fauntleroy, who might get 'em into his knickerbockers. They do not chassez around in the gloaming, and the affairs of that season need not be interrupted on their account.

I have some other things in this neck of the woods, and hermitizing is laden with some tribulations and responsibilities. In fact, there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than those in New York. I'm going to write up a small library entitled "Six Years in Solitude," or something or other. I contemplate doing up some condensed wisdom regardless of conventional ethics. If I make a drive at literature I don't purpose to snap shoot with any smaller bore than something like Suvy's guncotton eructors. I believe, however, that I'd rather go a-fishing or prowling around.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.

Natural History.

How Bears Feed.

I CAN verify the statement of Mr. Hardy (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 20, page 144) of how bears eat berries, and indeed feed in other ways. Stories of bears are current talk in the backwoods, and the old residents have learned a good deal of their habits in this way.

Often, in the then very thinly settled north Michigan woods, I have accompanied my wife on her berry gathering excursions, fearing to let her go alone on account of the numerous bears which shared the enormous quantities of the finest berries which grew in the windfalls. Once when thus engaged at one side of a gigantic pine, which lay over breast high, we heard a sort of scuffling on the other side of it, amid the dense growth of blackberries. Thinking some other person was on the same business as we were, no notice was taken, but all of us, bear as well, as we found afterward, went along the fallen pine until we came near the top of it, when looking up both of us saw at the same instant the head of a huge bear as it showed itself by its head being far above the level of ours. The bear saw us at the same instant and stopped eating, with an armful of bushes gathered between its forelegs. We did not move, but stood quite still, and very soon the bear went on with its meal, picking off the fruit with its mouth. We, of course, gently backed out of the bushes, and left the bear still feeding without any offensive movement. After that, and with some other experience that bears are by no means quarrelsome, if not disturbed or driven to resistance, or even disposed to fight when attacked, but rather inclined to get away, even the women and children of the locality were not alarmed further than to get away in the easiest manner, and leave the field to the big, black, shaggy fellows. In fact, this animal seems to be in no way quarrelsome if he is permitted to get his share of what is lying around, and is only dangerous when attacked and brought to bay.

Bears often amuse themselves in the woods by breaking trees. When camping out on exploring expeditions, or on surveys, I have heard the bears at night breaking down the limbs of quite small trees, apparently for amusement, and they are quite fond of tearing the bark from the trees, apparently for the same reason, or otherwise to get at the sweet underbark, which is doubtless what they are after. In fact, they are playful animals, and when seen without them knowing it they will play and romp together as a lot of boys will, wrestling with each other, or chasing each other in a rough sort of game, which is very amusing when their really inoffensive habits have become known. But few people care to get too closely acquainted with them.

They are exceedingly mischievous, and play havoc with one's camp and blankets, which they will tear into strips, in fact completely wrecking the outfit. Once, on going to a camp which had been left for some days, we found on returning to it a big bear in a most ludicrous mess. An old butter firkin had been left outside of the camp, of course having some leavings of butter in it. Nearing the camp we heard a noisy sort of scuffling, and at once I thought of bears. Coming near the camp there was a bear on its hindlegs dancing around in such a ludicrous manner as to throw my Canadian-French foreman in a helpless condition of imbecility and helplessness. He pranced and howled, and rolled on the ground. The bear had its head fast in the keg, and was pawing for all it was worth to get its head loose. It rolled on the ground along with Francois, who might have got into trouble had the infuriated bear got its head free. But it was not until the bear ran against a tree and knocked the staves loose that it could see what was the matter. Then it made off with the hoops around its neck into the woods, and was lost to sight. Francois did not quite recover for a long time, but would at times burst into a roar of laughter, when at serious business, when anything recalled this adventure with the bear.

H. STEWART.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Baltimore Oriole.

THE birds known in the United States as orioles belong to a family (*Icteridæ*) which is strictly American, and quite different from the orioles of the old world. In the family there are about forty species, which inhabit almost the entire country between the fiftieth parallel north and the fortieth south latitude.

The splendid Baltimore oriole (*I. galbula*) is magnificent in color, and is noted for its neculiar nest, hanging from some swaying branch, which, moving to and fro in the gentle breezes, calls to mind the nursery lullaby

Rock a bye, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.

As I write, by raising my eyes I can see a nest which was built this summer in the fork of a limb of a weeping willow tree. It is constructed of wrapping twine, thread, several shoe strings and small pieces of cord, and looks like an old-fashioned chain purse, knit through and through as if done by machinery. It is lined with carpet sweepings. The eggs are shining white, sometimes tinged with pink, and sparsely dotted, and line marked with purple and black.

The Baltimore oriole cannot be caged, as it will kill itself when confined. I have tried it several times. Even the young will pine away and die. This is my experience, and I have tried it several times.

I will tell you of a fight I saw between a tame gray squirrel and a pair of orioles one Sunday morning in midsummer:

The oriole had swung its nest on an elm tree across the street, in the very tip of a limb that hung toward the ground, and I suppose had eggs in the nest. As the squirrel was very fond of eggs, he decided to rob the swinging nest, and when almost down to the nest the female (which is not so bright in plumage as the male) made a dive for the squirrel. He seemed very scared, and tried to get back, but the limb being so very small, he could not make very good time. The cry of the female brought the male bird to the scene, and they proceeded to give the squirrel a good whipping for disturbing their nest. They would fly at him and strike with both wings, all the time making a loud noise, as if they wanted to scare him more than to hurt him for intruding on forbidden territory. I think they succeeded very well, as their nest was not disturbed again during the season by him.

F. M. B.

GETTYSBURG, Pa.

The Snake as a Hypnotizer.

THERE are few persons who have not heard of the peculiar power or fascination supposed to be exercised by snakes over birds, commonly expressed by the term "charming," yet few indeed are those who have actually beheld this strange natural phenomenon.

By "charming," the reptile is supposed to get complete control of the will of the bird, so as to render the latter an easy and helpless victim. That snakes possess any such power or faculty as the one indicated has been frequently boldly asserted, and as often strenuously denied by those supposed to be well posted in such matters, and so far as I know the question still remains *sub judice*.

Having been an ardent sportsman from my youth, and like most sportsmen, a close observer of the facts of the natural world, I will now give my experience on this curious topic.

I have often known birds to make a big fuss and rumpus over a snake that they had discovered stretched out in the grass, just as I have known crows to give a bad quarter of an hour to an unfortunate owl that they had overtaken at midday in the midst of the forest, but it is only recently that I have witnessed anything like snake charming, such as I have defined above. I am now free to confess that I am a convert to the affirmation side of the question without any restriction whatever.

The facts upon which I base my new belief are these: A week or ten days since, while spending the day with a rural friend, and engaged in the enjoyment of a post-prandial pipe in the shade of his porch, my attention was attracted by the singular and unusual actions of a catbird in the lower part of the yard, which enclosed the house—the bird being some fifteen or twenty paces from where I was sitting. It was walking or rather pushing itself along a piece of board, alternately expanding and contracting its wings and tail, its body showing occasionally evidences of a trembling or convulsive movement. It uttered no note, however, that I could hear. The board or plank upon which the bird was performing these singular movements was about 3 or 4ft. long by about 6 or 8in. in width. After reaching the end of the board the bird would turn and pursue the same route back to the other end of the plank, still keeping up the singular movements of its body.

I was at first of the opinion that the strange actions of the bird were attributable to the intense heat which was prevalent at the time. Being much interested in the singular performance, and there being a lady sitting near me on the porch, I called her attention to the matter. After viewing the strange actions of the bird for a while, she declared that there must be a snake somewhere in the vicinity of the bird, for she had often heard that snakes had the power of charming birds.

In order to ascertain the cause of the bird's actions we both advanced toward it, and when within a few feet it flew up and perched upon an overhanging limb of a bush. Upon viewing the ground near which the bird had been performing its singular evolutions, we descried a blacksnake within a few inches of the edge of the board upon which the bird had been walking. The snake was coiled up, with its head in the attitude of striking. Now, as the bird, in passing along the board, must have come within a few inches of the reptile, it is evident that it was completely within the power of the latter. It may be wondered by some why the snake, having the bird thus in its power, did not proceed to devour it, but for further information on

this head I must refer the curious inquirer to his snakeship himself. I have a way of thinking, however, that inasmuch as the snake was quite a small one—not more than 2ft. in length—he may have doubted his ability to "get away" with the catbird, which was a full-grown adult.

I have now given a fair statement of the facts in the matter as they occurred, from which ye gentle reader is at liberty to draw his own conclusions and inferences. I only wish to suggest, however, in conclusion, the probability that reptiles may possess the same hypnotic power over birds that some men are known to exercise over their brethren who are the unfortunate proprietors of weaker wills than their own.

WM. A. WALL.

BLOOMERY, W. Va.

The Cave Roller Identified.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is generally admitted that there are occasions in almost every man's experience when energetic language of a positive nature is excusable and admissible. Such an occasion presents itself to me now, and I am tempted to go to the extreme length of the privilege.

In reading over my chapter on "Animal Pets No. 2" in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM received, I was disgusted to see that the compositor had managed to knock out what little sense there might have been in the closing sentence of the chapter, touching upon the dilapidated condition of the dog after his fight with the wildcat. What I wrote was, "Tige might have said with the footballer:

> "Now that the game is o'er, and the field is clear,
> Straighten up my nose and help me find my ear."

Instead of footballer it was printed "cave roller," and what the deuce that word means puzzles me, and probably all who read it wondered also. No doubt many contributors to newspapers have had similarly provoking experiences, and have felt like punching the head of the compositor, but on reflection the fault often lies in the illegible copy, and possibly it was so in my case, and I am disposed to give the compositor the benefit of the doubt, especially as my chirography is nothing to boast of, so on the whole I have concluded to let him live.

PODGERS.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Indian Modes of Hunting.

Martens.

THERE are three kinds or qualities of martens recognized by the trappers.

First.—The pine marten that is found in the country covered by soft woods, such as pine, spruce, white fir and birch. This is the most numerous and consequently the skins are of least value. They are of yellowish brown color on the back and orange on the throat, changing down to pale yellow or white on the belly.

Second.—The rock marten; this is found in a country with stunted growth of spruce timber, a very mountainous district, the chief features of which are great crevices and boulders. Some of the skins of this variety are of great beauty, being dark on back, and throat and sides of gray or stone color.

The third kind, which is the scarcest, and consequently of most value, is the marten found in the black spruce country, or swamps of northern Labrador. The fur of this variety is of a deep brown color throughout the pelt, and at times the tips of the hairs on the rump are silver gray or golden brown. The latter are very rare, and such skins have been sold in the London fur market for £5 a piece! They are also much larger that the other kinds, the skins of the male often being from 24 to 30in. long, exclusive of the tail.

The proper and most successful time for hunting is in the latter days of November and the whole month of December. They are hunted again in March, but by that time the sun has bleached out the color of the hair, which causes a depreciation in value.

As a business, trapping is the only mode of killing martens. They are rarely seen to be shot at, as they pass the days in thickets or hollow stumps, only emerging after nightfall to hunt their food, which consists of mice, birds, young partridges, etc.

Wooden traps are made in the well-known "figure-of-four" shape, and are set either on stumps or on the snow, flattened down with the snowshoes, and the trap built thereon.

It is considered a very good day's work in December for a trapper to construct, bait and set up twenty-five such traps. A real marten hunter (nothing to do with my name) camps each night at the end of his day's work until he has from 150 to 200 traps set! He generally visits them once in ten days or a fortnight, and if the catch averages one marten to ten traps it is considered very fair.

It takes the hunter two full days to rebait, clean out and freshen up such a line. When small steel traps are used instead of the deadfall, the hunter can cover more ground in a day and do better work than by making all wood traps. The steel traps are much more fortunate than the wood ones. In the "figure-of-four" traps, before the animal is caught it must seize the bait with its teeth and pull strong enough to set off the trap, whereas with the steel trap the mere fact of his coming to the doorway to smell insures his putting his foot in it, and in a moment up hangs Mr. Marten or Mr. Mink, as the case may be!

Of course the steel traps have this disadvantage—they are weighty; that is, when you have fifty and over on your back, but the man who follows trapping as a business can very easily overcome this difficulty by placing caches of traps at different places by canoe near where he proposes to have his line in the winter; and he can then branch off now and again for a new supply as he is setting up his trap road.

This leaving the main road at right angles once in a while might even be a source of profit to the trapper, for he might come across a bear den or a beaver lodge, or fall on deer tracks, and if he succeeded in killing a deer some of the sinewy parts would come in to bait his traps.

The taking of the skins off these little animals is very simple. The knife is used only about the head; once back of the ears the skin is drawn steadily until the tail is reached, the core of which is drawn out, either by a split stick or by the stiff thumb nail of the trapper. The skin is then dried on flat (three) splints, and when dried sufficiently to prevent it spoiling is tied up with others to the number of ten in each bundle, and are thus taken to the trader or fur dealer.

The first purchaser from the trapper generally buys them at an average price, but he sells them to the manufacturer selected; that is, getting a high price for the dark and a low price for the yellow or pale.

MARTIN HUNTER.

A Morning's Hunt in Florida.

"Now, my dear Paul," said the Doctor to me the day after my arrival at Waldemere, which is on a large lake in Florida, "if you want to do your share to provide for the table, you may unpack your gun to-night and go to bed early, for to-morrow morning at five I will wake you, and we will go hunting."

So to bed I went, and it did not take me long to fall asleep, nor to wake up either, when I found the Doctor shaking my elbow. "Get into your things, have a cup of coffee and come along," he said, "never mind putting on those fancy hunting goods you laid out so nicely. They'll do when you go back to civilization; while you are here, when you go hunting, you must put on the worst things you have, the worse the better, and the strongest the best."

"What are we going to hunt?" I asked, as I got into some old clothes my friend brought me, and which, when I had put them on, made me look like a New York street cleaner before Col. Waring's time.

"When we go hunting at Waldemere," he answered, "we do not go for quail or rabbit, nor any specified game, nor do we go hunting for a whole day. We do not go for the purpose of beating records. We are what you may call pot hunters. The fish we catch and the game we shoot constitute all the animal food we depend upon, milk and eggs excepted. The game is not slaughtered for the purpose of showing a big bag when we come home. We know that if we shoot more to-day than we can eat, it will be spoiled by to-morrow, and we would rather have a rabbit run in the woods until we really want it than to know that we killed it when we had no use for it whatsoever. Take a few 4s, 6s, and 8s, and a couple of BBs if you have them. If not, take anything you have, 6s in preference. I carry different sizes in the different pockets, and can change my shell pretty quick when I want it, but generally I carry 6s or 7s in my repeater. Now remember, season is open for everything, so you can shoot anything you want, only remember it is nearly 6 o'clock and we want to be back by 9, and have enough game for the whole day, but no more."

He seemed to consider all the game in the neighborhood as his, and seemed to think this part of the country a game preserve, where everybody might shoot all he wanted to eat, but no more. As he said to me, "The fish and game around here are all the butcher shop we have got, and we must see that we do not go bankrupt."

So off we started through an orange grove, I the only one carrying a gun, he playing dog for me, as he said. Whir, up started a flock of birds, about a dozen of them; my right barrel dropped one, my left missed. "Wild doves," said he, as he picked the bird up; "wilder than a Texas cowboy on a spree. Look out for that barb wire fence. There are three ways of overcoming this obstacle: crawl under, squeeze through, or climb over. Which do you choose?" I was not accustomed to fight such a foe, so I did not know what to do, but wished for a pair of wire nippers to cut the Gordian knot.

"Uncock your gun, and I'll help you through." So he held the wires apart until I managed to get through, not, however, before I had torn a bit of cloth out of the old jacket which he had loaned me.

"Now, are you not glad that I did not let you wear your fine hunting suit," he remarked, and I saw the wisdom of his way.

On we went, I admiring the regularity of the orange grove, the yellow oranges hanging on the trees, when—"Why don't you shoot?" my companion said. There was a rabbit scampering away. I pulled the trigger, but missed, and the rabbit had disappeared in the bushes. "Never mind that rabbit, we will meet others," was my host's consoling remark; "walk along that path and look out for rabbit and quail." Hardly had I made a hundred steps when a rabbit ran across my path. That may mean bad luck for anybody but a huntsman. Off went my gun, the rabbit turned a summersault and was added to my bag. One dove and one rabbit was hardly enough for a whole day, so on we went, leaving the path and tramping through a lot of saw palmettoes, seeing a great many little birds, woodpeckers, bluejays and orioles, then—up went a flock of quail—bang went my right barrel, and two birds dropped; before I had a chance to use my left the quail had disappeared in the bushes. Back we turned, and walking through the woods, were lucky enough to scare up another rabbit, which I missed with my first, but hit with my second barrel. Returning through the orange grove, I had three more shots at the doves and scored two birds. We returned with two rabbits, two quail and three doves. Counting my shells, I found that I had used just ten. We had been out just an hour and a half, and always within calling distance of the house.

"Take a rest if you are tired," my friend said to me, and I admitted that I was. Walking through the sandy soil and through the shrubs and palmettoes had tired me; but not so much as to prevent me from enjoying the dinner, of which the rabbits, quail and doves formed a part, and which were accompanied with some native guava wine.

H. O. WARD.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XVII.

THE last time I visited the Andover covers was in November, 1878, in company with Dr. W. S. Webb, Hon. E. H. Lathrop and R. E. Sabin. We shot about three minutes the evening of our arrival, the whole of the next day and a little more than half of the day following, and our score was eighty-four birds—twenty-six grouse, one woodcock and fifty-seven quail—which is pretty good evidence that this was a game country. We not only secured a good bag of birds, but we had a most enjoyable time as well. The Doctor, Sabin and I arrived at Andover a few minutes before sunset, and not wishing to lose any time we rigged up and started out to see if we could find a bird or two. The landlord informed us that there were four partridges in a small grove of woods only a short distance from the hotel, and we decided to investigate. We had with us the well-known pointers Sensation, Whiskey and Sabin's Trump. Arriving at the grove, the dogs were sent on, and they had gone nearly through the cover when Sensation struck scent at the far upper corner and came to a point, with Whiskey backing him. Old Trump had worked out the opposite side, and had gone out into the open meadow, and almost at the instant Sensation pointed he also froze. The Doctor went to his dog, and Sabin walked over to Trump, while I formed the center of the line. As we advanced, a grouse rose near me and undertook to cross some 25yds. in front of the Doctor, but he was loaded for grouse, and brought it down in fine style. Three more rose from the open meadow beyond Trump, and Sabin got in a good double, the other one coming my way, only to share the fate of its companions.

This was capital work all around, and we returned well satisfied with our good beginning. When we arrived at the hotel the landlord threw up his hands when he saw the birds and exclaimed, "Great Scott! you've got them all! If I had thought that you would have killed one of them I would not have told you where they were, for there is where I send all the shooters that come here, and now you've spoiled the fun."

The next morning Mr. Lathrop joined us with his well-known setter Dick, and we at once made a break for the woods. Dick was a wonderful dog, fast as a ghost indeed; he was widely known as "the black whirlwind of the East;" he also had a good nose, was perfectly staunch, and was gifted with lots of intelligence. Mr. Lathrop had never seen Sensation in the field, but had been outspoken in condemning his appearance, and I waited with no little interest to see what his verdict would be when he had seen him at work. I had not long to wait, for the grand old dog soon had a bevy of quail pinned in his very best style. Mr. Lathrop gazed at him a short time with a look of wonder on his face, then he exclaimed, "I'll take it all back; a dog that can do that is above criticism."

When we flushed the birds in front of the dog I was somewhat surprised not to hear the Doctor's gun, but he informed me that this was his first introduction to these birds, and he wished to get the hang of them before sailing in. The birds settled in some fairly open cover, and when we were through with them it was the unanimous opinion of all three of us that the Doctor had got the hang of them all right.

Dick gave us a taste of his quality here that was very amusing. Mr. Lathrop signaled a point some ten rods to my left, and I started toward him just as Whiskey came past and pointed not more than 6ft. in front of me. I at once signaled a point, and as I took a step or two to one side to get clear from an overhanging branch the bird flushed from under my feet. When I brought the gun to my shoulder I saw Dick coming at his best gait, and I dropped the bird just in front of him. Without slacking his speed he picked up the bird and swung around and disappeared in the direction from which he came. When I joined Mr. Lathrop I asked him where Dick was, and he told me that he was pointing in the middle of a thicket a few steps beyond us, and he bade me go on the opposite side and kill the bird, which he would drive out to me. When we came to the thicket there stood Dick on a staunch point, with the quail that he had stolen in his mouth. Mr. Lathrop had not seen him leave the place, and was greatly surprised at the performance. Dick dearly loved to retrieve, and very often went for birds that did not belong to him; but this was the first time he had been known to leave his point for such a purpose. He knew what the signal for a point meant as well as we did, and was bound to have his share of the fun. If this was instinct I for one would very much like to know where the believers that dumb brutes do not reason draw the line.

Evening found us gathered around the cheerful fire in the bar room of the hotel, jolly and disposed to enjoy ourselves. Our success during the day had been all that sportsmen could desire, both in the way of birds and fun, and as my companions were all jolly good fellows, and peculiarly fitted to make such an occasion an enjoyable one, the time passed most pleasantly. Our pipes were all going, and we had just settled back in our chairs, when the door opened and a youth of some sixteen or seventeen years entered, closely followed by a dog that partly atoned for his rather plain appearance by the intelligent and wideawake expression of his countenance, and he completely won our esteem by the very cordial manner in which he approached each one of us in turn and saluted us with a friendly wag of his tail, then with a hail-fellow-well-met air he paid his respects to each of the dogs, and was greeted by all as though he were an old and cherished friend, even old Trump, greatly to our surprise and amusement, raised up on his haunches and reached out his paw to shake hands in the most

riendly manner. These performances naturally led the onversation to the dogs, and many anecdotes illustra- ve of their intelligence and tales of their curious doings ere recounted, greatly to the wonder and delight of our oung friend, who appeared thoroughly to enjoy each ell-told tale, and fully understand each quip and joke s well as sly innuendo that were frequently cropping out n our conversation, and so rapt was his attention, and o evident his pleasure, that we all were impressed by t, and laid ourselves out to spread before the young ellow a feast of good things that he would not soon orget, and with the inspiration born of this resolve our eance soon became deeply interesting, even to the ld campaigners. Finally Sabin related an anecdote f Mr. George Ashmun's dog Trump, about his watch- ng a boy who had chased a cat into the mouth of a rain and then procured a meal bag, and fastening the pen end over the mouth of the drain stamped on the round above until the cat ran out into the bag, when he rabbed it and whacked it on the ground until the nine ves of that cat were but a fleeting dream of the past. rump had stood some little distance away, with gently aving tail, evidently greatly pleased with the per- rmance, and was joined by his master, who saw what as going on and tried to prevent it by shouting to he boy; but that boy's blood was up; the bag was winging in the air, and before anything could be done o prevent it that cat had met its fate. The following ay Mr. Ashmun was surprised to see Trump come into is study dragging the same bag that the boy had used, nd as he took it in his hand the dog so intelligently ndicated his desire that his master should accompany im that he followed him, and was led directly to the cat hole" that had been cut in the door of the wood- lied, when, as plainly as could be done without the aid f speech, Trump asked him to fasten the bag over the ole. Upon examination a strange cat was found in he building, which the dog had probably driven in hrough the hole and then sought his master to help im bag the game. Before Sabin was nearly through with his tale I saw come over the countenance of our young riend the "that reminds me" expression with which we re all so familiar. So when Sabin had concluded I sked the boy if his dog had ever displayed intelligence f this nature, as I thought that perhaps something of his kind had been brought to his mind. Now he had ot spoken except to give us good evening when he ame in, and all of us had somehow formed the opinion hat he was only a green country lad, and none of us nticipated that my inquiry would result in anything ore than a simple negative, or at the most some com- onplace little anecdote; and we were therefore greatly urprised when in finely modulated tones and a mu- ical voice and with excellent English in response to ly question he gave us this:

"No, Plato never did anything just like that, although e is very intelligent. But the manner in which that oy caught the cat in the bag brought to mind a little dventure that I had last fall with a skunk. I have unted skunks for three years, and killed a great many, nd the oil and skins bring me in considerable money. also hunt rabbits, for Plato is a good rabbit dog, and hen he holes one I place a bag over the hole and run n a long stick, and if I can reach him he runs out into he bag. This day I was over by the reservoir, and ent to a spring to get a drink, and then I sat down near he bank of a deep gully and waited to hear from Plato, ho was searching for rabbits. I had been there a short ime when something down the gully attracted my at- ention, and I soon saw a skunk waddling along in the ottom of the gully coming toward me. So I kept uiet until he had passed me and was out of sight, when slipped down the bank and set the bag in a narrow lace and propped it open with a couple of sticks and aited for him to come back, as I knew he must, for here was no other way for him to get out. After a hort time I saw him returning, and he went all right ntil he was within a foot or two of the trap, when he topped; but I gave a loud whistle, when he popped into he bag, and in less that a second I had grabbed it and ad him safe. I could not very well climb the bank with ny load, for he was a big one, so I followed down the ully two or three rods to the banks of the reservoir, neantime contriving how I should kill my captive. inally I decided that I would whack him against a ock; so when I came to the mouth of the gully I tarted for the big rock nearly at the head of the eservoir, and as I came to it I secured a good foothold, nd taking my end of the bag in both hands I swung it round my head two or three times, and when it had btained sufficient headway I brought it down with ll my force upon the rock. But just before it struck, the ottom gave way and that skunk went sailing through he air more than 30ft., and struck the water within 10ft. f the opposite bank, and before I could get there he ad paddled ashore, and I was out about a dollar and a alf. I did not care so much for the loss of the money s I did about my wounded feelings. But the worst f the whole was to see that confounded skunk when he was paddling ashore turn his head and give me a road grin. That makes me mad every time I think of ."

His manner of telling the story took us completely by torm. Never before had we seen so well portrayed r listened to better told tale. He was a born actor, nd every little detail and incident was acted out to the fe, and we could almost see that skunk waddling down he gully, and note the inquiring look it gave when it topped in front of the mouth of the bag, which changed o a look of fright as it darted into the trap; then we aw the actor's eyes light up as he dropped into the gully nd seized the bag, and the look of delight that spread ver his expressive countenance as with labored effort e carried his prize down to the end of the gully to the ock, upon which he gazed with a look of satisfaction, hich changed to one of fierce determination as he wung the bag around his head and savagely brought down; then as his intended victim went sailing through he air it was something wonderful to see the fierce ex- ression upon his countenance change to one in which onder, surprise and disgust struggled for mastery, while is eyes fairly bulged from their sockets; but the climax ame when he turned his head partly over his shoulder, nd while imitating the paddling of the skunk he gave us that sardonic grin. This broke me all up, and I doubt if his best effort upon the stage—for he is an honored member of the profession—ever brought him more sin- cere or merited applause than greeted his well-told tale.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chickens.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 26.—So far as brief inquiry has enabled me to judge, I should say that the chicken crop is good enough to promise sport for a good many guns this fall in this vicinity. Around Fairmount there are some birds, and all the way down to the Iowa line from a point not many miles south of the Twin Cities there are more or less birds—usually less, of course, when you come to get there, but enough to make a little shooting. I was told that at Dodge Center, below here, there is a big Norwegian settlement of farmers who do not hunt a great deal, and the country is open and no objection is made to shooting. Last year and two years ago this point had a good many birds, and I should not be surprised if it were a good location now.

Mr. J. E. Robbins, of Fargo, N. D., tells me that the season for North Dakota opened with a very hot day in that neighborhood, so that the dogs could not work very well, yet himself and friends bagged some ninety birds. He thinks the crop in North Dakota is better this year than it was last.

Our friend Gokey, of Dawson, so says Mr. Robbins, reports a great many more grouse this year in that part of North Dakota than was the case last year.

Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Iowa, tells me that there are a good number of birds yet in his part of the country, and he does not yet see the end of the world so far as chicken shooting is concerned. He does not think that the field trials at Emmetsburg are in just the best chicken country, as the land there is all under fence and closely cultivated. Further to the northwest it would be more open, and the birds more abundant, in his opinion.

South Dakota has a pretty good crop of birds this fall, and good points named for that State are Watertown, Troy, Revillo and Waverly. At these points one might hope to get a run for his dogs, if not for his money, and that is about all that is certain of any chicken tip in these days. South Dakota can still boast that she does not freeze out the non-resident, but this boast may not be a permanent one, for there is going to be a strong attempt to frame a new law similar to that of North Dakota, with a non-resident license clause. The law in North Dakota has proved in the minds of many a desirable measure in its practical working effects.

Wisconsin has a few chickens yet unshot not far from Berlin. This is also a good place to bear in mind for ruffed grouse in season.

Around Oshkosh, Wis., there were good numbers of chickens a few days ago, but the numbers are growing steadily less under the guns of the early shooters, which are also killing off the young local ducks to such an extent as to arouse the ire of decent shooters of that city of sportsmen.

Henry Pool, Robt. Witte and Frank Kemball, of Milwaukee, Wis., went out last week to get a few chickens ahead of the season. They got the birds, and the warden got them.

A Game Country.

Among other letters asking for good shooting locations I have one from a Maryland correspondent, to whom I have written telling him I feel sure that if he will go to Dawson, N. D., on the N. P. Railroad, he will not be disappointed, though he should not expect to get chickens, ducks and geese all at the same time, as the geese do not come down until later, and the best duck shooting is a little later than the best chicken shooting. I have also told him to write to Mr. J. J. Gokey, of Dawson, whom I know to be a good guide. It is safe to say that if Gokey takes out the party they will all be pleased. It seems odd to come from Maryland out to Dakota to have a duck shoot, but yet it is true that these gentlemen will be able to kill more canvasbacks in Dakota than they could around the Chesapeake country. I hope they may have a pleasant trip. I used to hear so much about Dawson that I was very unbelieving regarding it, on the usually safe grounds that a much-touted place is a good one to stay away from, but I was out there last fall and saw enough to convince me that it could show sport good enough for any man, and better than I had seen anywhere for many a long time.

Illinois Early Birds.

State Warden Loveday called at my office the other day, and he said that the state of affairs in regard to chicken law violations in Illinois this year can not be exaggerated in its bad features. He thinks that Judge Ramsey, of Whiteside county, has done the State an irreparable damage in his decision that the law was invalid, and that any who cared to could shoot after Aug. 15. In view of this advice, a big party of so-called sportsmen banded together at De Kalb, Ill., early in August, and declared that they would go out shooting on Aug. 15, and would defy and resist arrest. News of this came to Warden Loveday, and on Aug. 15 he was at De Kalb and drove all over the country thereabouts looking for the invasion of armed scoffers at the law. He had his trip for nothing. A recreant deputy —the same man who wrote saying he thought he ought to shoot ahead of the day if the "sports" did—gave the thing away, and not a shooter went out, so far as could be learned. Perhaps I need not add that that particular deputy is now serving his country in another channel of activity.

Warden Loveday has long been giving heed to the many complaints from Galesburg, where he was sure there was a local market for illegal birds. This week he ran down to Galesburg and "pulled" the warehouses of Weinberg Bros., at that city, and seized a shipment of birds just made ready for Chicago market. He has brought suit for $975 worth of fines against this firm, and has his eye on some others in that city.

It is a curious thing, in view of all the damage that Judge Ramsey, of Whiteside, has done—a damage greater than he will ever live long enough to make up to the people of Illinois—to learn that Judge Ramsey has changed his mind. He has revised his notion of the law, and has in effect reversed his own decision, though this time in private, and where it will not be so publicly known. State's Attorney Steger, of Sterling, was the means of converting Judge Ramsey. He went over the law with Judge Ramsey, and the latter freely admits that if he had to do it all over again he might look at it differently. So Warden Loveday advises me. This is curious news, but we might wish it had come to hand before the decision which sent out so many early and illegal guns in Illinois this year. It will be years before this thing can be corrected. You may pass a dozen new game laws, but a dozen years from now you will find fellows out shooting in July who will say they think they can shoot legally then, because Judge Ramsey said so. This is a sort of rule which never seems to work both ways.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In Old-Time Wisconsin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"My First Chicken Shoot" in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM has waked my memory up on past delights, and now I think I'll see that man and go him one better.

Once on a time, when this world was younger than it is, and "me too," I lived in the wild and woolly West, and game was so plenty everywhere that it had to get out of the way to keep from being trodden on. I was in Madison, Wis., just before the big boom began, and everybody seemed to have nothing to do but try to sell lots at any price.

I had no lots to sell, but I had lots of time on my hands, which I principally used in feathered sport.

In some high meadow grass not far from town I killed sixteen woodcock one day, and I had some duck shooting that makes my mouth water even now. At the hotel table one day the subject was duck shooting, and a miller, whose mill was about a mile up the lake, remarked that ducks flew over his head into the lake nearly every evening as he came to supper.

That was thin enough for me to see through, but I "sawed wood" and said nothing, and the others failed to catch on. I was full enough of duck lore to known that they had been feeding down in the swamp and flew over into the lake to roost, and as he said they flew over the little bridge at the brook I was on that little bridge next evening with my dog and gun, and had not stood long before I saw a wood duck coming, and he was so tired that he fell. Then they kept coming one and two at a time till nearly dark, and not a single bird escaped.

Sometimes the second one would fall in the lake, but I had a fine retrieving setter, and every duck was piled up at my feet without my speaking a single word.

I have had shooting galore of nearly every kind, but I have always looked upon that as the most enjoyable bit of sport that ever fell to my lot.

But to the chickens—which are worthy of a wilder name. They were as thick as bees all over that part of the country then, and as they were so easily killed I cared very little for the sport of shooting them; but a farmer living some miles out was in town one day and fairly begged of us to go out and kill off some of the chickens, for they were so thick that they were destroying all his grain.

There was an English money-lender there who owned a good dog and was very fond of shooting, so we agreed to go on a slaughtering expedition next day. We found them as thick as meat in a mince pie, and as they were still in coveys four birds would fall at every rise for a while, but at last my English friend began to get a little tired or unsteady, and kept missing more and more, and ejaculated more damns than I could find use for. At last it came to pass that he swore "by the gre't horn spoon" that he wouldn't shoot at another bird till I had emptied both my barrels, the consequence of which was that I had nearly all the shooting to do from that time till the close.

I do not think our birds were counted, for we did not care enough about them to take that trouble, but we had a double team box "buggy" heaping full, and everybody whom we met in town got all he wanted after supplying the hotel.

How about the business up there now? Then it was grain preserves, and now it is game preserves, and the difference in conditions saved us from the charge of being game hogs.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 22.

The Dead River Region.

REPORTS from the lower Dead River region of Maine indicate that the fishing during the summer has been unusually good, and that the number of visitors to the section has been very good. Big catches of trout have been made, and others are likely to be before the hunting season opens.

Ducks, rabbits and squirrels are now in season, and the ruffed grouse shooting opens Sept. 20. September is a good month to be in the Maine woods, on account of the small game shooting, and also because the fact that fishing is not yet over. If one stays a few days in October there is a chance of getting a deer.

Mr. J. G. Harlow writes us that in three days' travel not long ago he paddled an angler up to three big moose and forty deer, all of which were within good shooting distance. Besides this they caught 160 trout, most of which were returned to the water, though eight, which weighed 12lbs., were brought home, besides what the party ate.

It is thought that the prospects for big game are better than for some years.

Scotch Grouse Moors.

Here is a bit of shooting history, from the London Field, which has interest for us in this country, where, in lesser degree, a like development is taking place:

The student of shooting history may perhaps at times feel inclined to look back with regret to the time when King William IV. sat upon the English throne, as in those days grouse shooting, apart from the cost of travel, was a cheap amusement indeed; for it was so little sought after about seventy years ago that most landowners in Scotland kept it in their own hands, and scarcely ever dreamed of attempting to find a shooting tenant. They regarded grouse as indigenous to the ground, just as a man with a pond would expect to find fish in it; and, finding the grouse there, they shot them, without thinking that any southerner would ever bid a fancy rent for the privilege of walking the moors; and when moors were first let the sum demanded for the shooting was moderate in extreme—so moderate, indeed, that there is no room to doubt the smallness of the sum really laid the foundation of the popularity of grouse shooting. It could originally be enjoyed at so moderate a cost that many people, perhaps, scarcely noticed the gradual rise in rents, in their zeal to find pastures new. Nor need we feel any surprise. To the hunting man a change from one country to another may bring with it merely an alteration in the nature of its fences; but to go from one quarter of England to another, save in a very few cases, means but little; though to pass from the well-tilled lands of the south to the wild hills of the north is a change which anyone can appreciate. At the present, as in past time, a goodly number of the moors in Scotland are in the hands of those who have a connection with the north country; but as years have rolled on more and more southerners have taken shootings north of the Tweed, until at the present day grouse shooting, like golf, may be said to be invaded by those who aforetime were absolute strangers to both forms of amusement. It was about fifty years ago, perhaps, that to have a moor in Scotland became one of the ambitions of life, and many a Scottish landowner must have since thanked his stars that it was so, for the southerner has put many a thousand pounds into the pocket of the northerner. As, however, the rent of shootings has increased, so has the class of tenants become more limited, until at the present day a very great number of those who are to be found on the moors in August and September are those upon whom fortune has smiled in commercial and financial circles. The English squire, it need hardly be said, who is often but too anxious to let his own shooting, is in no hurry to hire that of some one else. Nevertheless those who can afford the luxury find a shooting expedition to the north a holiday after their own heart. The invigorating air, the exercise, the novel surroundings, the comparative simplicity of life at the lodge, one and all contribute their share to the enjoyments of grouse shooting.

Maine Partridges.

Boston, Aug. 29.—The legal Maine partridge season opens Sept. 15, but if reports are true, many of the birds will have fallen into hunters' bags before that time. Vacationists are already in that State in great numbers, armed with shotguns, and some of them declare that they shall shoot "enough partridges to eat; law or no law." Not every gunner will do this, it is true, and that makes it all the more unjust and unfair for others to shoot partridges before the open season begins. The indications for partridge shooting in that State this fall are poor as a whole, though some sections are reported to have some birds. In the vicinity of Round Mountain Lake and about Alder Steam fishermen and vacationists report that they have seen a good many partridges. The same reports also come from the Seven Pond section. Other observing sportsmen, who have been through the Megantic preserve several times this season, say that they saw a good many broods of partridges. At the Middle Dam, Rangeley Lakes, a fair supply of partridges is also reported. Men who ought to know say that they have seen a good many woodcock there this season, and especially on the Buckboard road to Sunday Cove. A few woodcock were taken at the Middle Dam a number of years ago, but these last reports are all that has been heard of such game birds there since. In Lower Oxford county, where partridge shooting was good a few years ago, there are only a very few. Some of the Androscoggin county gunners are looking for fair partridge shooting a few miles out of Lewiston, and a good flight of woodcock is looked for by Farmington gunners. In the vicinity of Bridgton woodcock are also reported to be fairly plenty. I have carefully questioned returning rod and reel sportsmen, and at other than the above places very few partridges have been noticed. There is a feeling that this splendid game bird is doomed in Maine, and the most stringent legislation, or rather enforcement of legislation, is urged, before it is too late.

Special.

Trapping Coons.

Claremont, N. H., Aug. 20.—You tell that man or person who wrote in Fur Trade Review that the only way to trap a coon was under water, that he is way off, for I saw a coon trapped by setting a steel trap right close to a turkey's nest containing eggs, on the side of Sunnapee Mountain. The trap was only concealed by the brakes surrounding the nest. The coon had been in the habit of robbing the nest, so the turkey was confined, some eggs placed in the nest, and the trap was set close by, and the next morning the coon was in it.

Columbia.

Shore Birds on Virginia Coast.

Chincoteague Island, Va., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bay birds were never so plentiful on the meadows and sands of Chincoteague and the neighboring Virginia coast as now. Gunners here are getting 40 to 100 to the man each day. Yellowlegs are the principal sorts large and small; there are some willets.

T. G. E.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Where to go.

One important, useful and considerable part of the Forest and Stream's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Rod and Pole, Fly and Bait.

Marshall, Mich., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past two or three summers I had been writing to my brother in New York, telling him of the wonderful bass fishing here in this district, of my great catches, etc. I was trying to persuade him to pay us a visit and at the same time to drop a line to the bass. He never took any notice of my letters, but always went up in Maine for his outing, and never refrained from mentioning the fact that he always used flies to make his killing with.

This summer he fished in Michigan waters, and now swears by them. A letter, telling me he would be there on Friday, put me in excellent spirits, and gave me ample time to put my tackle in condition. A pole (not a rod) was all I had, and I never fished with anything different. Awaiting his coming, my mind wandered back to the times when we used to fish the Kalamazoo, when we were both youngsters. I pictured again and again the trips we used to take down the river, he with his 18ft. 6in. cane pole, casting this way and that, and as soon as a bass struck the hook it was jerked in the air 36ft. above water before it knew it. He always was proud of the fact that he owned the longest pole, and used to brag over it. But I was not to be outdone this time, for I had a 20-footer, the longest I could buy in Marshall. It kind of worried me for fear he would bring a longer one from the city, and still be ahead of me. I even went and bought a dozen bass hooks, on snells, not that I ever used them, but more to make him envious.

Well, he landed in Marshall at last, and as he stepped from the train my heart sank. He had no pole, and was dressed altogether too dudishly to go on a fishing excursion. Timidly I asked him where his pole was, and he said in his tackle bag. It began to dawn upon me that here was one of those New York fishermen one reads about, but the like of which we in our district had never seen. I could hardly wait until I got him home, so anxious was I to see that outfit—the tackle of a city sportsman who had been away up in Maine. Arriving at the house, and after greetings all around, he opened the box. Well, sir, he had rods and reels galore, casting spoons by the dozen and lines by the hundreds. He also had what he termed flies, that nobody in this world ever saw in real life, and a few bugs that looked as though they would bite the fish instead of the fish biting them. Right there and then I said to myself, if ever he drops one of those ugly-looking bugs in front of a bass in these waters, the bass would kill himself getting away. He talked unceasingly of Seth Greens, dusty millers and hackles, coachmen, etc., until my brain was in a whirl trying to remember all he said, and I was glad when mother said he had "flymania." He quieted down, and asked me where our first trip was to be. I told him the following morning at sunrise would tell, to follow me and I would run him over the finest bass grounds in southern Michigan, on the Kalamazoo River, a five-mile trip by boat, drifting with the current to a place called Wheatfield Dam, with plenty of good fishing from beginning to end.

The evening quickly passed, and we retired to our respective rooms. Sleep was out of the question with me. There were flies and bugs, rods and reels, leaders and hooks, all mixed up in a confused mass, constantly appearing before me. The crowing of a rooster under my window told me it was time to rise, and never had I appreciated that rooster's voice until that morn. I was up and dressed in just about three minutes. Crossing the hall, I knocked softly on Gene's door. No response. Knocking still harder, I heard a muffled voice, "Well, what is it?" "Come on, Gene; we're late now." He said: "Great Scott! Why don't you start in the middle of the night?" and rolled over for another nap. But I kept at him, and after we had had a cup of coffee, we started.

A brisk walk brought us to the boat. Leaving him there I went below to my minnow box, and took out about seventy or eighty nice chubs. They were for my own use, for at starting he refused even to look at a minnow. He tried to convince me that it was a waste of time fussing with minnows, as he could catch all we could use with his flies. But I knew the bass in the Kalamazoo River were plain livers, and would hesitate to tackle anything that looked as delicate as his flies.

Getting everything in readiness, I gave him the position in the bow of the boat facing down stream, so that he could command both sides and straight ahead. I was crazy to know how these flies worked, and did not intend to do any fishing myself except at times when we were anchored. The sun had just begun to show itself as we pushed off and started. Waiting until we got fairly in the center of the stream, he began "working his line out," as he called it; and the way I was kept busy dodging that bunch of flies would have done credit to a professional dodger. We were drifting very slowly now, and he was casting this way and that; and in a back cast he made his first catch, on a basswood limb about 10ft. above water. Really, I was glad of it, as I was disgusted with those flies and his city fixin's. I asked him if he was trying to catch a bird. He muttered something in an undertone; I think any fisherman ever placed in the same position can guess what it was. He made no attempt to get them, but cut the line as far up as he could reach.

We had already passed over some excellent bass grounds, and I was convinced that those flies wouldn't work in these waters. I wanted him to try a minnow, but he said he would be smoked if he would. So he made up a lovely collection of curious and gaudy flies, topping them off with a bug. I can't recall the name of that bug now, but it was a daisy. Starting again, he cast here and there, but got never a strike. Getting discouraged, he said there never was a bass in water that refused that bug. I said they were not so foolish as to bite such a looking thing, and that if he would only try a chub and hook him as I directed he would get a strike before we had gone 50ft. But no; he hadn't fished with live bait in years, and wasn't going to begin now; said I blowed so much, etc., and finally, "You take that flag pole of yours and see what you can do."

I was only too glad of the chance. I wanted to show him that there were bass in plenty, and to convince him that his city outfit was no good compared with my own spear pole. Changing places with him, I selected a fair sized chub; and never was I so careful as how I hooked him. I put the hook down through his mouth, out through his gills, and twisted the hook around and inserted it so the point came out directly in the middle of his body. A minnow hooked thus will always keep a horizontal position in the swiftest running waters, and it is very seldom a fish strikes and gets away.

Glancing ahead a few feet, I saw a likely place for bass—an overhanging bush, partly in the water, whose branches had caught a small amount of driftwood, etc., the outer edge of which was covered with foam. I knew there was a bass under that foam waiting for his breakfast; something about the waters seemed to tell me so. I could almost see him, so certain was I. The mystic information proved correct. I pointed the spot out to Gene and said: "Watch the professor."

Getting a firm grip on my pole, I measured the distance and dropped the minnow near the edge of the foam, and dangerously near the driftwood. There was a rush, a splash, and a bass swinging in the air before Gene could recover his surprise to exclaim, "Well, I'm smoked."

He certainly was disgusted the way I yanked that bass out of water; said I was a "killer," and I never ought to do that, but play them, give them a show, etc. I knew he was right, and felt ashamed of my action, but couldn't help it. Anybody who was brought up to use a cane pole, and was always taught to get them in the quickest way possible, you can't blame much; for a man brought up thus would endeavor to throw a 6lb. bass in the air, just as he would a sunfish.

I caught two or three more bass in the same way, and finally persuaded Gene to put up his flies and try minnows. Reluctantly he put on a chub, whose weight alone made his little rod bend almost double, and made two or three casts, until finally he said, "Ah, there, at last!" I could see his reel gradually unwind, slowly at first, but with increasing swiftness, until I could stand it no longer, and yelled: "Pull up!" He immediately set the hook in him, and the fun began. There was a sudden stop as he set the hook, then a rush that made the reel scream. It was a great fight.

Several times the bass broke water, and as many times I said, "He's gone!" only to see him start again on one of his famous rushes. Gene got so excited that he yelled, "Say, Bob, this beats fly-fishing all hollow." After a couple more of rushes the fish was gradually reeled up to the boat; then did we appreciate its size, a bass of 4½lbs., which evidently had been through the war, as it had several scars on the body, and part of the tail was gone. As it lay there in the bottom of the boat, too tired to flop, it certainly did look like an old warrior. It was the picture of defiance, every fin erect and an ugly look in its eye.

On our trip Gene alone caught twenty-eight bass, but his first was the largest. One thing I was satisfied with that I had converted him to using live bait and I was trying to convince him that a cane pole was the best, but he swore by his jointed rods. A farmer acquaintance I was relating our experience to remarked: "No use talking to those cute New York chaps; it's only a waste of air."

Later I will describe a trip to a small lake, called by the few farmers near the locality "The Pork Barrel."

Van.

Trouting in the Pecos.

Glorieta, New Mexico, Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past month I have been fishing for trout in New Mexico, along the line of the Santa Fe road. Mr. Edward B. Linnen and Geo. Cross, both of Santa Fe, were my companions, and we have had sport enough to satisfy most trout anglers. We fished the streams in the vicinity of Glorieta, New Mexico, which is on the Santa Fe road, about twenty-seven miles distant from Santa Fe. About eleven good streams can be reached, by train, in from one-half to a day's drive from Glorieta.

We preferred to fish the Pecos River, and its head water, the Mora River, which in our opinion contains more trout than any other stream in America. From Glorieta to the mouth of the Mora River is about twenty-five miles, and from Strong's ranch, seven miles from Glorieta, to the head of Mora River is about forty miles, and the best forty miles of good trout fishing, I venture to say, in the country. The Pecos and Mora rivers are just wide enough for fly-casting, both streams having a hard bed of intermingled sand and rock, with a swift current, making numerous sharp bends, and each stream contains countless deep pools and riffles. The deep pools are the abiding places of the larger trout, some from 1 to 3lbs., while the riffles and edges of the deep pools are alive with smaller trout, ranging from 6 to 10in. in size. We used a small brown fly—a sort of hackle—and a royal coachman fly with best success.

In fishing the Mora, or upper branch of the Pecos River, we fish up stream, casting the flies upon the surface of the numerous pools, or "pockets," formed by water dashing over immense rocks, sweeping out sand

gravel and smaller rocks, and in these pools the trout seemed to fairly swarm. Two and three trout at a cast was a common occurrence, the flies would sometimes be taken before they reached the water. Two of us fished from 7 A. M. until 3 P. M., and took 467 trout, ranging from 6 to 15in. in size.

I generally fish with a short line, 5ft. leader, and cast the fly over the pool several times in quick succession before allowing it to alight, then I allow my fly to touch the surface of the water lightly several times, always keeping the leader and line from striking the water. After repeating this performance a number of times, I allow my fly to alight on the water, always a few feet up stream from the point where my previous casts have been made (as described by Mr. E. Hough in the edition of May 28 of FOREST AND STREAM), and allow the fly to drift slowly down stream, thus it passes over the previously agitated water, and this is the most killing way to fish for large trout. I evolved this style of fly-fishing from a long and careful study of "dry fly-casting," and have tried it on hundreds of trout streams throughout the country, with the same results, always catching large trout by this method of fishing.

Several men from St. Louis, Mo., were fishing on the lower Pecos River, and they had many trout ranging from 6 to 8in. each. I asked them why they did not catch some larger trout, and one of them replied: "The trout seem to run small in this part of the river."

"I can soon convince you that the trout run much larger than you gentlemen have been catching," I replied.

They laughed, and I began to make a number of 'crazy casts," as they termed them; in a few minutes I hooked a large trout, and secured four trout from a pool which had been whipped, not more than ten minutes before, by these men. Then these doubters began to try to imitate my new style of casting, and they would slap line, leader and flies violently upon the surface of the water, which was a most comical and amusing sight. For this style of casting cannot be learned in a day. I have been five years studying and mastering it, and here four men were expecting to learn it in a minute. But artistic fly-casting surely brings good results, and cannot be acquired only by long and careful practice.

We go to fish the Rio Grande River, in Colorado, in a few days, and I will write about those waters later.

EDWARD G. TAYLOR.

Canadian Salmon Rivers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the letter concerning salmon, anglers are beginning to send me more detailed information in relation to the poaching in particular rivers, as I had hoped would be the case. And as the facts are furnished in relation to each river, I have begun forwarding them in the shape of separate letters to the Fishery Bureau of the Crown Lands Department.

The record shows, as was anticipated, a frightful neglect of what might be a very valuable asset of the Province of Quebec, and incidentally of the States of Maine and New York, since Lake Champlain and its discharge into the St. Lawrence were once prolific of salmon; as also, curiously enough, the interior waters of this State—every river of any size which communicates with Lake Ontario and the lakes from which they run being formerly stocked with salmon. I suppose that it would astonish many of your readers to know that with decent protection of salmon in Canada (and also, of course, necessarily here in the State of New York), the St. Regis, Raquette, Grass and Oswegatchie rivers in St. Lawrence county, the Black River in Jefferson county, the Oswego in the county of the same name, and the Genesee in Monroe county, would all again be salmon streams. Canada does not now allow any salmon to get as far as Lake Ontario; if she did they would be in all these rivers, and in such lakes as these rivers communicate with (provided there be no impassable falls—say anything over 14ft. of clear drop). So you see that we are incidentally interested in the preservation of the Canadian salmon. Of course, mill dams in the rivers I have mentioned would need fishways. However, this is somewhat beside the particular matter which I intended to ask you. I enclose you a copy of a letter to Mr. Joncas (referred to above), containing information which has been supplied to me as to one river; and if you think that its publication, as a sample of the class of information which is desired, and an evidence to others that some anglers are taking sufficient interest to supply the facts, would assist toward the general result, I should be glad to have you print it.

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Aug. 19.—L. Z. Joncas, Esq., Superintendent Bureau of Fisheries and Game, Department of Crown Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada.—My Dear Sir: Referring to my letter to you of the 16th of August, giving you the details of the illegal netting and poaching during 1896, 1897 and 1898, in the Olomanosheebo, with as a resultant the complete ruining of that river, I now have to lay before you the facts in relation to another river in the vicinty of the former.

The Washeecootai. This river was visited by an angler in 1896 who arrived there on the 16th of July.

On that date there were five salmon nets in the estuary.

The statement is confidently made to me that but two of these nets could be lawfully set.

Of these five nets four were set in pairs opposite each other from the two sides of the estuary, at its narrowest portions.

The four nets were so set in pairs opposite each other as to reduce the distance between the ends of the nets to certainly not more than 150ft.

The fifth net was set just below the first falls from the east bank, entirely obstructing the only channel which, from the general configuration of the river and falls, was available to salmon for ascending.

These five nets were in charge of Placide Blais, of Romaine, who was employed to tend them by Michaud Blais and Adolphe Guilinette, both of Romaine. Placide stated that in his opinion the upper net was so placed as to catch every salmon which sought to enter the upper waters of the river. Appearances seeming to bear out this statement, the angler paid him a sum of money to remove this net.

A careful examination being made of the pools in the river, abundant evidence of poachers was found there in the presence of stakes and suitable boulders arranged upon either side of each pool between the first and second falls, and each between the second and third falls, bearing silent testimony to their use for the attachment of nets at these several points on the river bank; also stones were found with the cords still attached to them, which had been used to weight the lower edge of the nets, the current being somewhat swift in places.

Inquiry developed the fact that the people from more easterly rivers, notably from the Kegashka, were in the habit of netting the pools of the Washeecootai every season.

The exact method of arranging the nets in each pool was explained by one Antoine, who came there from Musquarro, while the angler was on the river. Placide Blais stated (in 1897) that during this season (1896) the nets at the mouth took in all eight barrels.

1897. The same angler again visited the Washeecootai in the year 1897. On that visit he was informed by Mr. William Forman, of Kegashka, whom he met at Romaine, that the day after his departure in 1896 the river was visited by whites from Musquarro, who took eight barrels of salmon from the pools. Mr. Forman saw a pile of salmon roes upon the rocks when he came there on the day following (being the second day after the angler's departure), and they were so fresh that he cooked some of them for his supper. Mr. Forman did not state the object of his own visit to the river.

Early in 1897, intending to visit the river, this angler paid Michaud Blais and Adolphe Guilinette what he described as "an exorbitant price" not to net the estuary until after he had finished angling. He arrived on the 15th of July, and on his arrival there were no nets in the estuary, but the agreement did not appear to have been respected, or else others had illegally netted the estuary, for he found evidences of recent netting along the banks of the estuary, and many of the fish already in the pools at the time of his arrival bore net marks.

The river, however, is a late river, and most of the fish enter it even after July 15 or so, it is stated, so there was probably not very much netting in 1897 (at least until after he left), and yet fish were less numerous in the pools than during the previous season.

1898. The Mr. McLoughlin who visited the Olomanosheebo in 1898 also visited this river the same season with his friends, and states that he found all five of the nets above referred to in operation, but that only three and a half barrels of salmon were taken during this season.

Mr. McLoughlin further stated that the pools in 1898 were almost empty of fish, the angling in the river amounting to nothing.

The river may be therefore looked upon as now substantially depleted, and it needs rigid protection for several years to restore and maintain its character as a salmon river. Should this be afforded to it by the Provincial Government, it would be in the future, as heretofore it might have been, a valuable asset for the Province.

The characteristics of the river are such that it can be readily guarded by one honest man. The mouth of the river is uninhabited. All the pools are within sight from the first falls, and a daily visit to the estuary (involving a row or sail of about six miles each way) would be enough to insure the protection of the river.

The suggestion is further made in relation to this, as all other rivers, that the guardians should be strangers, not local residents. CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Charles Stewart Davison, Esq.—Dear Mr. Davison: Your very interesting letter in the FOREST AND STREAM upon the necessity of doing something to protect the salmon in Canadian waters recalls to my recollection how twenty-five years ago, spending a summer on Penobscot Bay, I used to go out with a neighboring fisherman to visit his salmon pond. I believe we never returned empty handed, and usually with several fine fish. This trip was made twice a day at each low tide; and so far as I can remember every house along the shore had a salmon net running out into the river in front of it, and a smoke house near the water edge to cure the fish. All this is now changed, I am told, and the dwellers along Penobscot Bay have to do without the salmon their short-sighted predecessors enjoyed. The man that killed the goose that laid the golden egg was fired with a laudable desire to make a scientific investigation, yet he has been held up to ridicule and contempt for all succeeding generations. But the Canadians have no such excuse in the case of the salmon. They have seen the process of extermination carried through all its stages in this country, and it requires no great intellectual development to comprehend what the result of leaving things as they are must be. In this country we have exterminated the beaver and many other fur-bearing animals. We have cleared our forests away to the extent of seriously affecting our climate in many places. Our Canadian neighbors insist upon exterminating the seals. Why should we continue to multiply instances of folly, to build monuments to our inability to do what we clearly see ought to be done. If it is worth while to found libraries and colleges, and to tax ourselves for the protection of infant industries in order that posterity may enjoy the fruits of our self-sacrifice, why not devote a little sense and effort to preserving what nature offers to cast up to us out of the sea for all time, if we but enforce a few simple police regulations, entailing no greater restraint on present enjoyment than is shown by the farmer when he saves enough from his crop to plant the next one, and prevents his neighbor's cattle from trampling it down while it grows. If you are successful in your effort to induce the Canadian authorities to take up this matter, which they have so long neglected, you will have repaid to the waters a thousand fold for each fish your rod and fly have taken from them. Very truly yours.

HENRY DE FOREST BALDWIN.

The Towing Tuna.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Houston, of Aransas Pass, expresses a desire to know the line used at Santa Catalina, where boats are towed by the tuna against the oars of the boatman, as described in my letter in your issue of July 2. It is called a yellowtail line, but is a 21-thread cuttyhunk line. The line I used was a 21-thread cuttyhunk, and I had 900ft. on the reel. In my experience the 21-thread is more satisfactory than the 24-thread. I do not know the name of the manufacturer, but whoever he is, I give him the credit of making a remarkable line. Many fine lines and so-called tarpon lines, costing more money, which have been brought here, have failed on the tuna.

Mr. Houston's lines break possibly because his boatman fails to get the boat under way. In our fishing, if towing behind a launch, the boatman has his oars ready, and at the strike casts off the painter, seizes his oars, which are in the row locks, and backs water violently, so that (if he understands his business) the boat has good stern way by the time the fish has taken 200 or 300ft. of line. If this is not accomplished, the line breaks at once, or is entirely unreeled. After or between its furious rushes, when, of course, nothing can stop it, and the angler merely plies his brake, the tuna is always towing the boat; the boatman, by holding his oars overboard or fixed in the water and pulling carefully against the fish at times, thus aiding in stopping it from going out to sea. The line mentioned is quite equal to this if it is carefully watched. If the line is dry on the reel, it will burn off; if it is knotted, it will saw off; if it is held in one position, it will chafe off at the tip of the rod.

When Mr. C. R. Scudder, of St. Louis, had played a tuna four hours, and both oarsman and angler were weary, I was put aboard their boat from Mr. E. L. Doran's yacht Narod, and took the oars from Jim Gardner, and served as boatman for three hours longer. I was constantly engaged in keeping the stern of the boat to the fish, and held my oars on the water all the time to prevent the fish from towing us further off shore, as a heavy sea had picked up and we were out of sight of Avalon, six or seven—perhaps eight—miles off shore. The fish had been hooked within 200yds. of the island early in the morning, and seven hours later I suggested that as the fish would evidently tow us all night, and Mr. Scudder had done his whole duty on the premises, that we end it. It was impossible at this time to move the fish, which was in a fit of the sulks; so Gardner took the line in his fingers and lifted gently hand over hand for possibly 100ft., in this way bringing the fish, which was found to be foully hooked, within reach of the gaff. When the tuna was taken in it hammered the boat in a manner that suggested that we had caught a tartar. So far as we could judge, the fish was as strong as at first. It was estimated that he had towed the boat twenty miles, and I believe he would have towed it twenty more.

In my catch of a fairly hooked 183lb. tuna I could see no difference between the last rush, when it shattered the gaff, and the first. The fish was no doubt weaker, but it certainly seemed to me that it gained in strength as the fight went on. I was so interested—indeed fascinated—by the tactics of the fish that I did not notice the sea, but at the finish, when the fish was towing the heavy yawl against the sea, Gardner, my boatman, who was doing his best to stop the run with his oars, told me that he expected every moment to see a sea come in over the stern and fill the boat, yet the boat, with two men (a heavy, wide-beamed yawl at that), was being towed at a good pace, the two launches following—the trace of this active steed being a 21-thread cuttyhunk. I believe this is the experience of the twenty-four members of the Santa Catalina Leaping Tuna Club—that is, each one has been towed by the tuna against the oars of the boatman, who is not, of course, rowing desperately against the fish, but backing water, and holding the oars and rowing carefully, as occasion offers, against the fish.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—There are yet some good reports of black bass fishing in Maine. The weather was dry and excessively warm during July and early August, but since that time abundant rains in some sections have evidently set the bass to rising. Many good catches have been made from the ponds in Sabatis, but mostly by Maine fishermen. The new electric railroad from Bath to Lewiston passes those ponds, while the steamers run from Boston to Bath almost daily.

The Belgrade ponds are affording a great deal of sport for the bass fishermen this season, and the season is holding out wonderfully. There is a little steam launch on the best of those ponds, that takes out the fishermen daily, from Belgrade Mills. Some days a week ago she took out fifteen boats at a time, with the parties to fish from them. At nightfall she picks up the fishermen—frequently fisherwomen this season. One lady, a Mrs. Clark, has become a good deal of an expert at fly-casting for black bass. She tells a good story in one of the Maine papers about the sport of one day. The little steamer took twelve boats out to the fishing grounds that morning. Soon the sport began. Very frequently the fishermen had on doubles. Twice in succession Mrs. Clark landed doubles. At one time she counted nine fish hooked and being landed, and nearly all the time somebody was unhooking a fish and throwing him back, or into the tub to be cooked.

It is sad to chronicle the passing away of a fisherman, but all too often it comes. Henry C. Sanderson, of Brighton, passed over the Great River on Wednesday. Though only twenty-four years of age, he had acquired a great love for angling, and visited Belgrade ponds every season. The love of fly-casting had become almost a passion with him. Studious and scholarly, he was a great lover of angling literature, and particularly the FOREST AND STREAM.

SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

How to Distinguish Fishes.

BY FRED MATHER.

The average angler knows by sight all the fish which he captures, but ask him to describe one and he is puzzled, and will get off on the color of the fish, which is of the least value of all its points. Some time ago a letter came from Sullivan county, N. Y., saying: "We have a fish in our streams which we call whitefish; it grows to a length of 8 or 10in., and is dark on the back and light on the belly; can you tell us what it really is?" As the description will fit a catfish, an eel or a black bass, I gave it up. I asked the man if the fish had hard or soft fins, scales, and other questions, but he "hadn't noticed." This habit of not noticing is very common. Not one angler in a hundred can tell you how many fins a black bass or a yellow perch has on its back, yet he knows the fishes well by sight.

In this article there is no intention to dip deeply into ichthyology and to delve in the mysteries of pyloric appendages, gill rakers and pharyngeal teeth, which only dissection can show, but merely to map out the salient points on the outside of our angling fishes, so that they will present themselves as prominent features in determining species or in describing a fish which is strange to the one who captures it. Such a smattering of fish lore is not hard to acquire. Every boy knows a dog from a cat, but few of them could describe the differences so that a person who had not seen either one of the animals could distinguish them. I would like to ask 100 bright boys of about fifteen years to write out the differences between the dog and cat, and see how many noted the shape of the pupil, the retractability of the claws, and other differences. This would illustrate how careless we are apt to be with familiar things, and the vast majority of anglers are as careless in their notice of fishes. Give them a name for a fish and they think they know the fish. The elder Agassiz once said: "Never mind the name of a fish until you have studied it and know what it is." He meant the peculiarities of its structure, and its resemblance to and difference from forms nearly allied.

I had fished from early boyhood, and knew as little of the fishes which I caught as do most anglers—merely a name, nothing more. I was over forty years old when Dr. Theodore Gill, Ichthyologist of the Smithsonian Institution, asked me if I had ever noticed any variation in the teeth on the vomer among the trout in my ponds. I truthfully answered that I had not, for I did not know what the vomer was, and never had paid attention to the teeth of trout. But as he talked my wonder grew. Here was a man who knew all about fins and a hundred other parts of fishes which I had never heard of, and I vowed to look these things up. I had all the instincts of a naturalist, but had never met a trained one before. I studied, bought books, and studied fish until I got where I knew something of the subject, and a fascinating one it was, not that I ever hoped to become a prominent ichthyologist, my collateral education was too deficient for that, for a man needs to be learned in the anatomy of all vertebrates before he can rank high in any department of zoology. Yet I learned something, and the pleasure it brought was worth more than the cost.

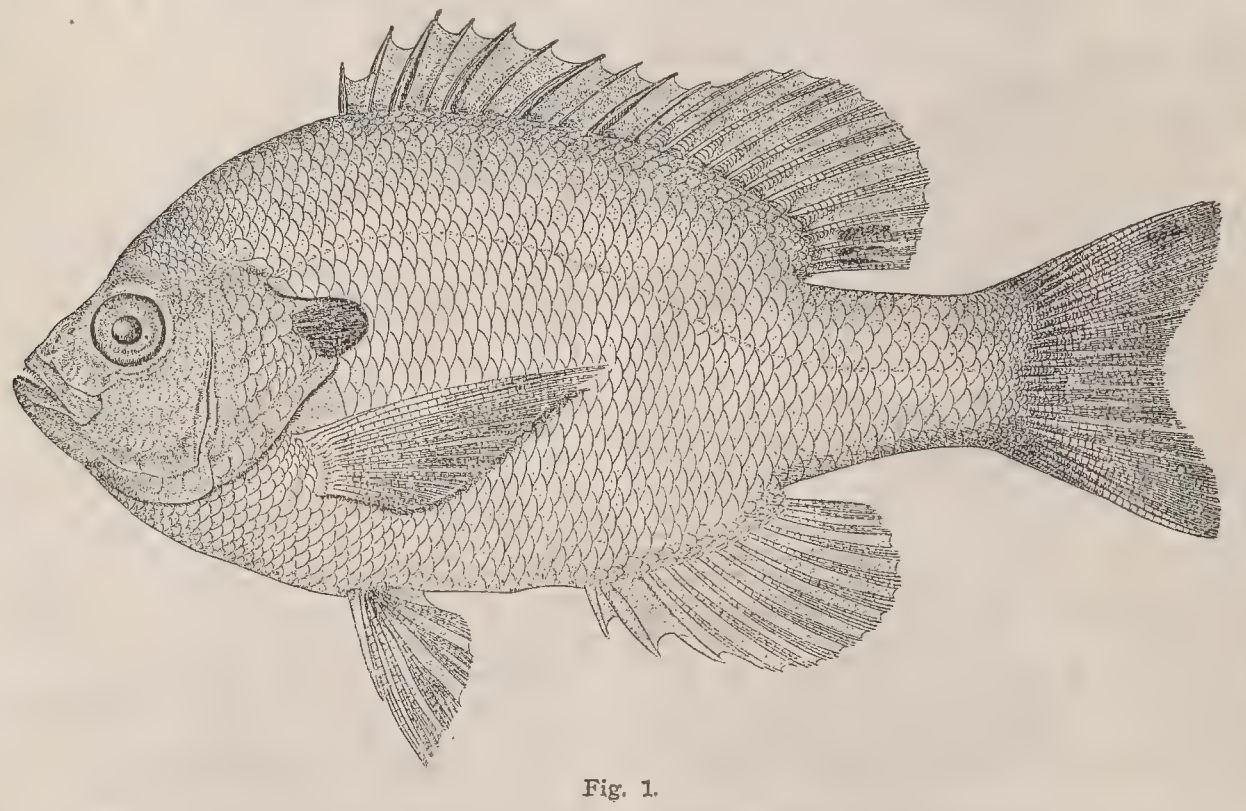


Fig. 1.

An outside view of a fish reveals several things of value in classifying it. These are: General shape, body elongated, compressed or round; length of head as compared to body. "Head, 5," means that the length of the head is one-fifth of the body. Fins, number and character, as spiny or soft; and scales, whether on head, cheeks or body, and their size as shown by the number in the lateral line.

Fins.

To begin with, we may divide fishes into two classes—those which have hard or spiny rays and those whose fins are soft. All the soft-rayed fishes have the first ray of their fins more or less stout, or even spiny, as in the catfishes, where the first rays of the pectoral and dorsal fins are very hard and thorny; yet the catties, bullheads, etc., are soft-rayed fish. The trout, suckers, chubs and others are soft-rayed, but the first spine on all the fins is stout, but not sharp, while the caudal has several short hard rays on the upper and under sides.

Pectoral Fins.

The pectoral fins take their name from the breast and are found on each side just back of the gill opening. These and the ventrals are often spoken of as the "paired fins," being on opposite sides, while all others are vertical. This is the case with even the flat fishes of salt water—flounders, flukes, etc.—for they are flattened laterally, as the sunfishes are, but they lie upon one side. The pectoral fins are always soft, but they vary in shape from the short ones, as in the eel, to the long pointed ones of the salt-water sheepshead. The number of rays in the pectorals are usually given, but they do not vary in different families as much as the rays in other fins do.

Dorsal Fins.

Dorsal fins, from Latin *dorsum*, the back: They may be single, double, triple, or compound. The single fin, if soft, has a certain number of rays which must be noted, also its position and height. By position is meant

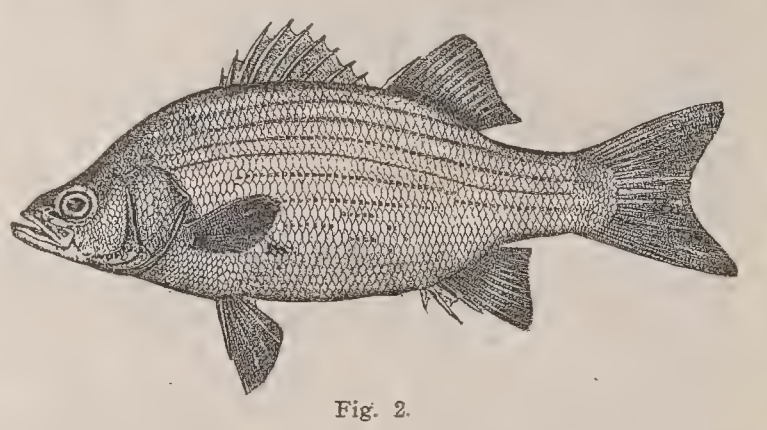


Fig. 2.

whether well forward, median or back. The dorsal fin of a trout is nearly central, while that of a pike or a pickerel is placed far back. In Fig. 4 we see the little adipose dorsal fin which marks the salmonidæ. A drawing of the fish will help to identify it, with description.

The single "compound" dorsal fin is shown in Fig. 1. It contains both hard and soft fins. To describe such a fin Roman numerals are used for the spiny rays and Arabac for the soft ones, and it would be written thus: D. VII., 15, supposing that to be the correct number.

Fig. 2 represents two separate dorsal fins, one hard and one soft. Remembering that there is usually one hard spine in a soft fin, the formula of the dorsal fins of our common yellow perch is D. XIII.—1, 14; that represents thirteen spines in the first dorsal and one in the second, followed by fourteen soft rays.

Fig. 3 shows a codfish which is rich in fins. It has three soft dorsals and two soft anal fins, as well as a barbel under the lower jaw.

Ventral Fins.

Ventral fins are named from L. *venter*, the belly, and not from English "vent"; this is a constant source of error. If the pectorals are homologous with the forelegs of quadrupeds, the ventrals bear the same relation to the hindlegs. Their functions, however, are not analogous. These fins are always paired when present; they are absent in the eel, hence that fish is the family *Apodal*, or "footless." But note how inconstant nature has been in placing these limbs on the different families of fishes.

Note the ventral fins on Fig. 4, the whitefish and one of the salmonidæ, which includes trout, grayling and others. Here we find the ventral (belly) fins in the middle of the fish, where it will be found on most soft-finned fishes; I say most, because in the soft-finned codfish, Fig. 3, the ventrals are thoracic, or on the thorax and in advance of the pectorals.

Then see the position of the ventral fins in the bass-like fishes, Figs. 1 and 2. In Fig. 4 the dorsal and ventral fins are near the middle of the body, and are attached to a bony plate in what is called the "dermal skeleton." This is readily cut out because there is no connection with the true skeleton, but with the perch and the bass-like forms these fins are joined to the shoulder-girdle; that hard bone which extends from the upper part of the head down and back of the gill opening. All the spiny-rayed fishes have the ventrals thus placed. Note the number of rays.

The Anal Fin.

This is named from the anus, or vent, and is always behind it. The cod and its relatives usually have two anal fins, some having but one, as the ling, cusk and hake. This fin may have several spiny rays or may be soft. If it has hard rays they are recorded, as in the dorsal fin.

The Caudal Fin.

Anglers usually miscall this the "tail," but the true tail is the fleshy part between the anal fin and this tail fin, which the densely scientific fellows know by the clumsy name of "caudal peduncle." Again, the angler wrongly includes the caudal fin in the length of his fish, but it has no more right to be so included than have the dorsal and anal fins the right to be considered in measuring the depth of a fish. The rays in the caudal fin are difficult to count; they have so many small ones on the edges, and branch so, that it is not necessary to enumerate them; but the shape should be considered, whether deeply forked, as in Fig. 4; slightly forked or square.

This fin formula is not at all difficult to learn. After the names of the fins are learned it is easy to see if there is more than one dorsal fin and its character.

The Lateral Line.

This is a line, usually well defined, running on each side of the fish; it may be straight, as in Fig. 4, or curved as in Fig. 1. This should be noted.

The lateral line gives us the size of the scales, an important point to know. For instance, the big-mouth black bass has larger scales than its brother, there being only sixty-eight scales in its lateral line, while the other has from seventy-two to seventy-five. This seems a slight difference on paper, but with the two fish of equal length before the eye the difference in the size of their scales is readily apparent.

Scales.

It is not worth while for the angler to go into the number of rows of scales above and below the lateral line, as the fish sharps do; but it is important to note where scales grow. Of course if a fish is without scales, as the eel and catfish, the fact should be noted. The body may be well scaled and the head entirely naked, as is the case with the chubs, trout and others, or the head may be covered with scales, as in the salt-water drum, weakfish or squeteague, croaker, kingfish or barb, and that fresh-water relative, the gaspergou or drum, etc.

The three divisions of the pike family are distinguished mainly as follows: Cheeks and gill cover naked, maskalonge; cheeks naked and opercle (gill cover) scaled, the great pike; scales on both cheeks and opercle, pickerel, or the two small species of brook pike. All this it is important to note.

Teeth.

Teeth are to be noted if the fish is a strange one. The pikes have strong, single canine teeth on the jaws, but in the roof of the mouth we find three bands of bristle-like teeth, in the middle of the "vomer," that bone which we can feel in our mouths and which separates the nostrils, and also large patches on the palatine bones, which lie on each side of the vomer, as well as small teeth on the tongue.

The teeth of the black bass are all bristle-like; the bluefish of salt water has teeth set in a row along the jaws, and are capable of biting a piece out of a herring, which most other fish cannot do. The pikes, perches and basses can hold a smaller fish in their teeth, which all slant backward, but cannot bite a piece from a fish as the bluefish can. Then we have another type of teeth—that of the sheepshead and drum. The sheepshead has teeth in its jaws that are almost human; they project, and are used for cutting off the byssus of the salt-water mussels, *Mytilus*, by which they adhere to wrecks and rocks, and then the shells are crushed by what is properly called a "pavement" of teeth in the roof of the mouth. So powerful are these that the drum destroys oyster beds, crunching the shells and ejecting them after the oyster is extracted. Therefore don't neglect the dentition when you describe a fish. Note if the fish has a barbel on the lower jaw, as in Fig. 3; the catfish has them on both jaws.

The Mouth.

Some fishes have the jaws even; others are "overshot," as the drums and all the bottom-feeders, i. e., the upper jaw is longest. Fishes which usually get below their prey, like the bass and pikes, have a longer lower jaw. The broadly smiling catfish has its jaws of equal length and takes its food in any way that it offers; if on the bottom it will stand on its head to take it.

Then there are mouths which are protractile, and can



Fig. 3.

be thrown out, like the carp and some other soft-finned fishes, the hippocampus and others. This feature is more pronounced in the fresh-water suckers and in the sturgeons, which are bottom feeders.

Shape.

This is important. In addition to the length of the specimen and the location of its capture, one of the most important things to know is its shape. Is it almost cylindrical, like the pikes; compressed laterally, like the sunfishes, or is it triangular, like the trunk fishes of salt water? Then the degree of compression should be stated in its depth, measured at the dorsal fin, and its thickness, as: "Slightly compressed," black bass; and "greatly compressed," sunfish and the crappies.

All that is Necessary.

These points are really all that is necessary for an angler to know in order to describe a fish which is unknown to him to one who has made a study of fishes. I have tried to simplify it, and hope that the effort has been a success; but the learned ichthyologist goes away into the air bladder, the stomach appendages, and the teeth in the throat of the chubs and other cyprinoids, which is chopping it too fine for us fellows who go a-fish

ing and only want to be able to put our catch in the right class, and to give them the name which belongs to them by right of usage, and which is accepted by the majority of anglers and specialists in fish lore.

Color.

This is of the least importance; yet the angler is apt to attach great value to it. Let us see how little there is in it. The mascalonge is black-spotted in the Great Lakes and in Minnesota, but has no spots in Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., nor in the Ohio River and its tributaries, where it is occasionally found. The white perch of brackish waters and coastwise streams is of a drab color in saltish water, and is bright silvery in the upper rivers. The Eastern brook trout loses its red spots if it remains long in salt water, but regains them after ascending the streams. Few fish vary as much in color as this trout does, according to the waters it happens to be in; on Long Island the trout are much lighter in color than those from the Adirondacks, while many Canadian trout are almost black.

In some species we find the males differing greatly from the females at breeding time, especially in the cyprinoids, or soft-finned, toothless fishes, of which we have over seventy species, such as chubs, horned dace, shiners, and a host of small species which only attain a length of 2 or 3in., for which the angler has no other name but minnow, often corrupted into "minny"; but the student of fishes takes them all in, and sees that they differ. The so-called "red-finned shiner" (*Luxilus cornutus*), which is found "in all brooks from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, except those of the Carolinas and Texas," is a fair sample of the value of color. Only the male has red fins, and he only in the breeding season. At this time his head is covered with hard tubercles, which are shed when the season is over. This is a common fish in Adirondack waters. It runs into the streams in June to spawn, and then the males are exceedingly brilliant. Their length is about 5in., and the sexes

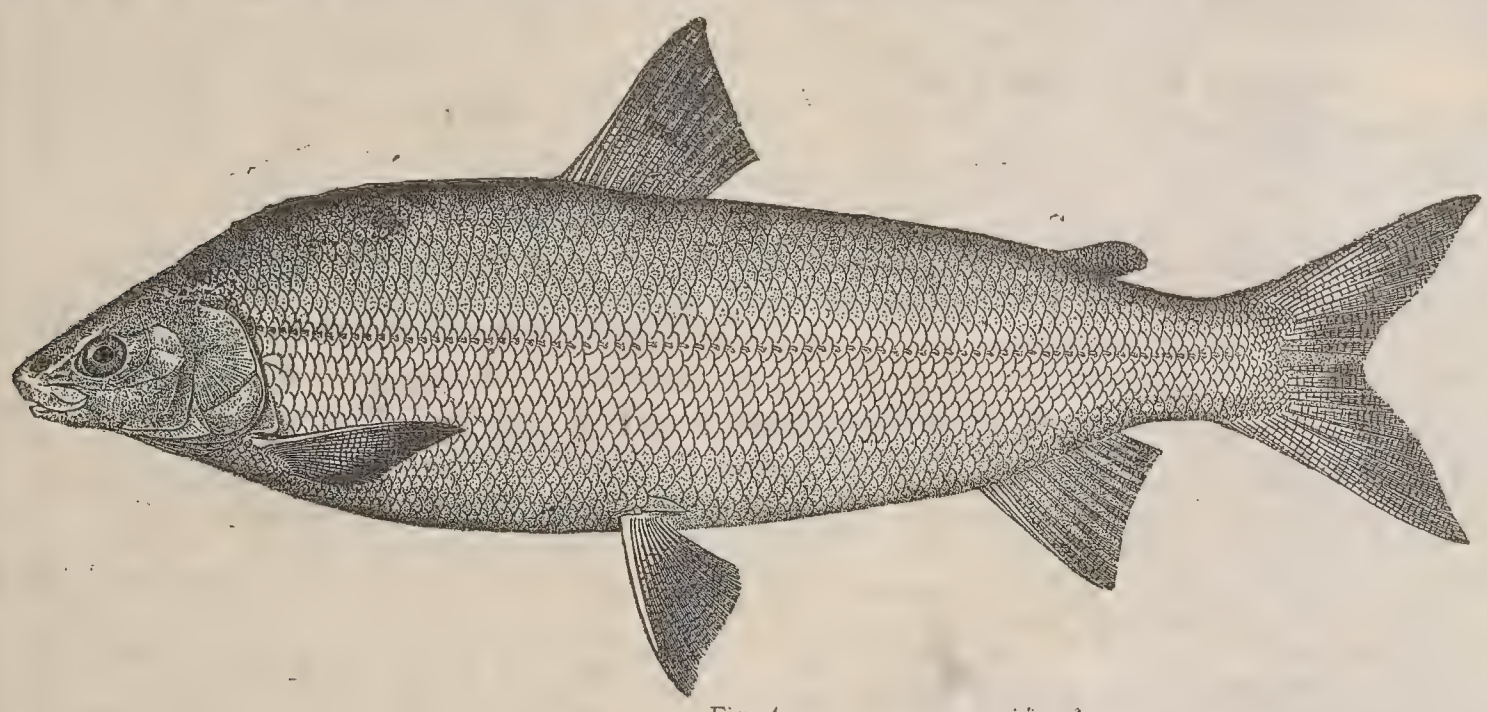


Fig. 4.

are so different in appearance at spawning time as to be taken for different species. It was only by opening many specimens that I convinced a dozen or more of the guides that the "red fins" were all males and the "shiners" were all females, by showing that the "shiners" alone carried eggs.

Our creek chub, called horned dace, has protuberances on the heads of the males at breeding time, hence "horned." This fish grows to a foot in length, and is a favorite with boyish anglers, but while its colors do not vary much it is introduced here to show that other things vary besides color.

Some species seem to be permanently marked, like the yellow perch, with its ground-work of yellow and its dark bands, which are merely intensified at the breeding season; but curiously the salt-water fishes do not seem to change their colors much at that time. The male brook trout brightens his fins at the mating period, puts on a brighter red on his lower sides, and at the height of that season adds to his war paint a stripe of black just above the ventral fins, and tops off with a drab coat on his back, being an entirely different looking fish for a fortnight, some time between November and January, than he is during the rest of the year.

Color is a thing to be noticed; for in some species it is of value; but it is not to be relied on in diagnosing a fish. It has nowhere near the value that it has in determining species among birds, because it is more variable.

The Important Points.

As all this may be thought difficult to master, as given in detail, let me make the points plainer by a synopsis. To describe a fish note the shape—flat, compressed or cylindrical; position, number and character of fins, with their ray formula; shape of caudal fin; number of scales in the lateral line; barbels, if any; scales on any part of head, or their absence; teeth, as indicated above; and the position of the mouth, as terminal, etc. After all these structural differences, which cannot be varied by any change of habitat, you can add the colors. These are the points on which an expert would think it worth while to give an opinion as to the place of any particular fish in the system, and they are not hard to learn.

There are minor points, and I only mention them to show that what has been written is not the whole of ichthyology. One of these is: In the black basses of fresh water there is a character which has not been mentioned; that is, the small-mouth has minute scales on the soft parts of its dorsal and anal fins, while the big-mouth has none.

Nomenclature.

For convenience all fishes are first grouped into families from some peculiarity of structure common to all, and the name usually ends in idæ, as salmonidæ, the salmon family, which includes fishes of quite different structure, but may be described as: "Body oblong, covered with cycloid scales; head naked; mouth terminal or subinferior, of varying size; teeth various; maxillary with supplemental bone forming side of upper jaw; pseudobranchiæ (false gills) present; no barbels; dorsal fin median; an adipose fin; ventrals median; lateral line present; belly not compressed; vertebræ about sixty. Stomach siphonal, with 15 to 200 pyloric cœca; eggs large; no oviduct."

In this family we find several genera, and a genus is nearer to what we consider a human family, in the narrowest definition of that term, for here we find two names for each fish, the generic and the specific. The salmonidæ has the following genera; *Coregonus*, the whitefishes; *Thymallus*, the graylings; *Salmo*, the salmons; *Salvelinus*, the chars. In naming a fish the genus is placed first, just as we index: "Smith, John," and "Brown, James"; so we say of the chars: *Salvelinus namaycush* for the lake trout, and *S. fontinalis* for the brook trout. The object of using Greek for the generic and Latin for the specific name is that these names are accepted by scientific men the world over, and if I write of capturing a pike the name is merely an English one. The Germans call the fish *hecht*, the French *brochat*, etc., but if I write pike, *Esox lucius*, the Russian, Dane and Japanese know as well as the German and the Frenchman the exact fish intended, for it is named in the language of science.

The local angler may recognize the need of such a universal language when he realizes that partridge means a small bird in Virginia and the South, and a large one in New York and further East; and that but three fishes on our Atlantic coast—the eel, sturgeon and shad—bear the same name from Maine to Texas. That the name blackfish in New England means what is a sea bass in New York, *Centropristis striatus*, while east of New York the Indian name of tautog is used; among the whalemen from Long Island to Maine blackfish is the name of a small whale. Chub in the North means one of the two species of large cyprinoids, soft-finned, while on the Tar River, North Carolina, the name chub is applied to the black bass.

These examples show that the vernacular names are so largely local as to be of no value beyond the localities where they are used, and they are often loosely applied there; hence the necessity of a nomenclature that is universal.

In the early days of Forest and Stream the older anglers ridiculed scientific nomenclature; they "didn't see the use of it; a bass was a bass and a trout was a trout, what more do you want?" At the first meeting of the American Fishculturists' Association, now the Fisheries Society, an ignorant, egotistical boor, who posed as the only authority on fish, made some remarks about a trout. Mr. William Clift, the first president of the society, asked: "Mr. ——, do I understand you to refer to *Salmo fontinalis?*" Our Eastern brook trout was then classed in the genus *Salmo*.

With scorn in his emphasis, the man addressed answered: "Well, you might call him that, or you might call him a sawbuck; I call him a trout," and then he rambled on. That day has passed, and the observant angler has developed into the "scholarly angler" in America, and within a quarter of a century has so influenced angling literature that such a scene in the proceedings of an angling or fishcultural society would be impossible to-day.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is the score of the contest of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, held to-day:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Acc'y, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows	117	95	96 1-3	92 3-5
C. F. Brown	..	93 1-3	94 1-6	91 3-5
N. C. Heston	..	..	..	95 4-5
C. G. Ludlow	113	..	..	..
H. W. Perce	..	86 1-3	..	96 1-5
H. A. Newkirk	..	96 2-3	95 1-6	97 1-5

This closes the season for 1898, and determines the medal winners for the year of the different events, as follows: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet; distance and accuracy, I. H. Bellows; accuracy and delicacy, C. A. Lippincott; bait casting, H. G. Hascal; all-round championship cup, I. H. Bellows.

G. A. Murrell, Sec'y.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

An Outing on Lake Lagunitas.

Through the kindness of the president of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, Dr. W. E. Brooks, E. W. Currier and James Watt were granted a permit to fish on Lake Lagunitas, one of the prettiest bodies of water in the State of California. This lake is situated in Marin county, about four miles from Ross Station, a lovely suburb of San Francisco. A walk through Ross Valley and up what is known as the Fish Grade brings you to the lake. On entering the grounds you are received by the keeper or his good wife, attended by a retinue of noisy canines. Our permits having been taken up, we proceed at once to the boat house, where, through the kindness of Mr. Foster, we find a boat at our disposal. The day was a very unusual one for Ross Valley and the lake; there being a heavy mist and drizzling rain, and fly-fishing was out of the question, hence we had to resort to the expedient of trolling. Bait fishing is not allowed, and trolling has only been in vogue within the past year or two. The spoons and spinners used by the sportsmen of California are of the smallest pattern, and nearly every one has his individual preference. Brooks and Watt occupied the boat, while Currier preferred to fish from the bank, quite a difficult feat, as in most places it is very abrupt, and foothold quite insecure. However, Mr. Currier's principal object was to locate a suitable place to take a sketch. Commencing at the east arm of the lake, we trolled it thoroughly with very little success, as at the noon hour we had only four fish, but they were beauties. Mr. Watt then concluded to try his luck from the shore, and the Doctor, left to himself, started on a prospecting tour up the south lagoon, and was delighted to find the fish were jumping in all directions; he very speedily added a dozen or more to his creel.

Mr. Currier had at last found a beautiful spot, and was making a sketch of the extreme end of the lake, with Mount Tamalpias in the background, which is one of the most charming bits of California scenery to be found in many a day's travel. The Doctor, however, being more of a fisherman than an artist, lingered not, but proceeded on, when a signal from the other side of the lake drew his attention to the fact that Watt was anxious to enjoy some of the sport which he could see the Doctor was having. Watt was taken aboard, and for the remainder of the afternoon we both were as successful as any two Nimrods could desire; the sport only ceasing when we had each caught our limit.

By this time Mr. Currier had finished his sketch. The return trip was uneventful. All things combined, Thursday, the 12th day of May, 1898, furnished an outing for us that will long remain a pleasant memory.

J. W.

San Francisco, California.

New Jersey Shore Fishing.

Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 27.—Surf fishing the past few days has received a most decided setback, presumably caused by an extremely cold current, which has set in from the south. Why a southern current should produce this is hard to determine. Still we have that effect, and the cause remains unknown. So cold has it been that one could scarcely stand in the water, although protected by lined rubber boots. However, the conditions are modifying some, and fish are again beginning to be in evidence. I recently mentioned the taking of the croaker from the boats which go out to sea, and expressed some doubt as to the identity of the fish, as they had never before been taken in that manner so far north in any quantity. An examination firmly establishes the fact; and those who have angled for them are quite enthusiastic in their praise as good biters and hard fighters, resembling in many respects the sheepshead in their movements. They are quite a common fish in the estuaries around Cape May, but I have never found them to be extraordinarily game; in no respects do they excel the weakfish, weight considered. Yesterday one was taken from the Asbury Park pier, the first one ever taken from either of our piers here.

Snapper fishing is now beginning to claim the attention of hundreds of anglers daily. While they are not yet very abundant, still they are of fine size thus early in the season, and the delight they afford on lightest of tackle is thoroughly appreciated. I know many men who have taken the muscalonge in the North, and battled with the lordly tarpon in the South, and when blues and weakfish were biting all around them devote whole days to pursuit of the sprightly snapper. As with your trout fishermen, both could easily take game producing more pounds of meat, but that is a different story.

Leonard Hulit.

Big Black Bass.

New York, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The largest black bass taken from Popolo Pond, near West Point, this year was caught by Mrs. J. Yale, of Fishkill, N. Y., on a 7oz. fly-rod last Thursday.

The fish made a vigorous fight, but being adroitly handled the prize was soon in the boat and tipped the scales at 5½lbs.

On our way out Thursday we passed Long Pond, where we saw the Riddell boys fishing. On inquiring as to how fish were biting Bob answered laconically, "I don't know; we have only been here since last Monday."

J. J. R.

Not Unreasonable.

The Lake County (Mich.) Star prints the following card:

To Fishermen!

I wish all fishermen to either keep in the stream or along the banks thereof in crossing my fields south of town. Do not tramp over my crops, or destroy them in quest of angleworms. I do not object to fishermen having a fair show, but I am farming and want them to give me some show for my crops.

Geo. J. Austin.

An Adventure with Tramps.

There are still more reports of good black bass fishing at Sebatis, Me. Mr. Geo. Lynch is reported to have taken two bass there on Saturday, the united weight of which was 5lbs.; the largest fish taken there this season. Two young men from Brunswick went up to Sabatis Pond to fish the other day. They had caught a number of bass and perch by noon, and went ashore to cook some of their fish and eat their dinner. When their dinner was about half cooked they were set upon by three dirty-looking tramps, who demanded a share in the dinner. They were refused, but skulked around through the bushes and stole the young fishermen's boat. They were seen just as they shoved off in the boat. The young men followed along abreast of the boat on the shore. At last other men in boats frightened the tramps till they were forced to go ashore, where they soon fell into the clutches of the young sportsmen, who had lain in wait for them. The boys pitched into the tramps and declare that they gave them a good thrashing, though one of the fishermen carried his arm home in a sling, and the other had a bad bruise on his face. Auburn reports say that a steamer route is to be established around Sabatis Pond, for the accommodation of fishermen and people who would like to build summer cottages on the shores.

Special.

Red Drum on Long Island.

Long Beach, Long Island, Aug. 28.—G. P. Morrosini, of Riverdale, captured a red drum fish, or red horse, while fishing from the beach on Saturday. The fisherman was alone, and without a gaff or landing net. It took over an hour to kill the fish. During the struggle 900ft. of line was used. The fish weighed 41lbs. Weakfish and fluke have been biting freely, and some fine catches are reported. Fishing in the breakers from the beach requires much skill in casting, but it is good sport, and the fisherman is usually rewarded with some fine fish. Bass have not yet been caught by casting from the beach, but they will appear later in the season.

Fisheulture.

Some Fish Farming Figures.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"BASS VS. BEEF."

Fish Farming and Grain Farming Compared—Astonishing Results.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

It is passing strange that in all the time, labor and money expended in the hatching and rearing of fish no experiments have been made to determine the relative value of water farming and land farming. There are many and various theories and opinions in regard to the matter, while there are few, if any, authentic records of results practically. Among the utterances and expressed opinions may be found one to the effect that an acre of water will produce 500lbs. of fish, and another that an acre of water will produce one ton of fish per annum, and various others, all showing more enthusiasm than absolute knowledge.

Some facts of a practical character have passed under my personal observation, which I will briefly state. At Warren, Huntington county, Ind., an excavation was made in a lot belonging to Smethurst & Thompson, owners of a steam flour mill, for the purpose of obtaining gravel with which to improve the streets. The lot had been carefully measured and staked, 60 by 120ft., and when the gravel was removed was in the form of a cellar of that size, 6ft. deep at one end and 8ft. at the opposite end, the bottom having a sloping grade line. In finishing the excavation, water presented itself at the lower end, and gradually increased until, at the close of the dry season in 1894, water was standing from 1 to 2ft. in depth, and later, after the autumn rains, rose so as to completely fill the space to the margin, and so remained during the winter of 1894-95. In the spring of 1895 Mr. Thompson, who has become authority in bass propagation, placed four pairs of small-mouth adult bass in the pond so formed. He watched their actions carefully, as the water was clear; and as the warm weather came on he saw that they were clearing off beds in the gravelly bottom and preparing to spawn. This was accomplished about the middle of May, and in due course of time the hatching followed, and thousands of young bass swarmed about the nesting places. Mr. Thompson was highly gratified at the success of his experiment of hatching bass in confinement, as it settled a very important question in regard to propagating black bass, which had occupied the attention of amateurs and professionals, as well as the United States Fish Commission, for years, and subsequent experience has verified his conclusions.

As may well be supposed, Mr. Thompson gave very strict attention to the progress of his numerous and growing finny family, as opportunity was thus afforded him of noticing and determining the progress of their growth, which was here for the first time afforded. Having been advised by Mr. Thompson of his success, I made it convenient to visit Warren about Sept. 1 of that year, and found a pond of fine clear water abounding in young bass a little more than three months old, from 3½ to 5in. long, lively and healthy, and in countless numbers; and as I watched their movements an impression of thousands was made on my mind, and up to this date, and after no food of any kind had been given them. The cold winter of 1895-96 followed, and the water in the pond was almost a solid mass of ice; when it thawed out in the spring hundreds of small bass that had been enveloped in the ice were found dead around the margin of the pond, many of which were over 6in. in length. As the season progressed, there was no perceptible change. The fish were constantly increasing in size, and there was an entire absence of sick or dead ones. I visited the family, in which I was now very much interested, again in August, 1896, when the fish were one year and three months old, and was most agreeably surprised at the wonderful growth they had made during the year; their increased size made it difficult to realize that any had died or were missing since I had seen them nearly a year before. But here was an opportunity to get at facts such as I had never had before; for, in the first place, I knew definitely the age of the fish, and I soon prepared myself to know his length and weight; so I rigged up a hook and line and rod, secured a few minnows, and removing the barb from the hook I threw in for a bite and soon got it. I hooked my fish and lifted him to land, and found a nice, plump bass 11½in. long and weighing 13oz. on the scales. I now had a starting point for a statement. I continued fishing until I had pulled in seven, the largest being 15in. in length, and weighing 16½oz., a little over a pound, and there were some still larger than it was. From all this I learned, first, that bass will spawn and hatch in a pond or inclosed water; second, that under favorable conditions bass will weigh 1lb. each at one year old; third, that a brood of bass, like a brood of chickens or pigs, will vary in size and weight at the same age.

The only item not obtainable was the number of bass in the pond. I estimate the number at 1,000 at the lowest, and Mr. Thompson, who had watched them from the day they were hatched, was of opinion that there were nearer 1,500; several other business men who were present agreed with Mr. Thompson. Now the pond contained 7,200sq. ft., which is less than one-fiftieth of an acre, and estimating the pond to contain 1,000lbs. of bass, which it would with 1,000 fish at 1lb. each, and for less than one-fiftieth of an acre you have 1,000lbs., or at the rate of over 50,000lbs. per acre, or more than twenty-five tons.

An acre of corn will make not to exceed 400lbs. of beef or pork or mutton, which sells at from 4 to 6 cents per pound, live weight; your bass brings 10 to 12 cents, and counting the cost of land and water the same the land requires labor, seed, manure and teams, while the value of its product, 400lbs. at, say, 5 cents, is $20, from which deduct expenses, and you have $15 from an acre of land; while from an acre of water there are 50,000lbs. of fish at 10 cents, or $5,000, the sole and total cost of which is the item of procuring the parent bass and placing them in the water. But suppose my estimate of the number of fish in this pond is too high; suppose there were only 500 instead of 1,000; then we have 500lbs. in the pond, or 25,000lbs. per acre. Or, to go further, say there were only 100lbs. in the pond; then we have 5,000lbs. per acre, or $500; or, to go still further, say there was only one bass in the pond, weighing 1lb., that would make 50lbs. per acre, or $5 clear of all expenses.

The foregoing statement in regard to the circumstances at Warren can be readily verified by the affidavits of reliable parties. All of which goes to show that an acre of water, under favorable circumstances, and without labor or expense, will produce 50,000lbs. of bass per annum, worth 10 cents per pound, and of the total value of $5,000, while an acre of land, under favorable circumstances, will produce beef of the value of $20, from which deduct $5 for expenses, leaving $15 net, showing a difference in favor of water farming of $4,985 per acre.

There are 300,000 acres of water in Indiana.

W. T. Dennis.

Richmond, Ind., Aug. 17.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 7.—Manitoba Field Trials Club trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-5.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. M. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Herewith are lists of the club's all-age and amateur stakes, which closed on Aug. 1. The all-age consists of ten pointers and thirteen setters, a total of twenty-three. Amateur stake is made up of three pointers and eleven setters, or fourteen in all. Birds are fairly plentiful, and everything points toward successful trials:

All-Age Stake.

Tannis—E. J. Bennett's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rector—Miami).

Elgin's Dash—D. E. Rose's, agent, o. and w. pointer dog (Kent's Elgin—Maxo Juno).

Sport McAllister—D. E. Rose's, agent, b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Blue).

Pearl R.—D. E. Rose's, agent, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Sam Gross—Donna Inez).

Chisholm—D. E. Rose's, agent, liv. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Croxie Kent).

Lord Buster—B. Gordon's liv. and w. pointer dog (Lord Mount— ——).

Pin Money—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. b. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft).

Sepoy—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Ch. Rip Rap—Queen III.).

Begum—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch (Ch. Rip Rap—Queen III.).

Daisy of Kippen—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch (Ben of Kippen—Comedy).

Mac—E. Hamber's b. and w. pointer dog (Coxeth Ned—Miami).

Columbus—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

Maid of the Morn—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Nellie—Thos. Johnston's b. and w. setter bitch (Ponto—Bess).

Sancho—Thos. Johnston's b. setter dog (Manitoba Toss—Bess).

Mac—J. Lemon's liv. and w. pointer dog (—— ——).

Ben Bondhu—J. Wootton's b. and w. setter dog (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud á Rose).

Ortolan—Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Orlando—Atlanta).

Sut—R. McLennan's b. setter bitch (Toss—Pitti Sing).

Duke's Rush—Winnipeg Kennels' liv. and w. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing).

Angela—F. W. Scott's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gath's Mark— ——).

Lonsdale—J. Phillips' liv. and w. ticked pointer dog (Coton's —— —Psyche).

Blucher—Chas. Whitehead's b. setter dog (Sancho—Psyche.

Amateur Stake Forfeit.

Tannis—E. J. Bennett's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rector—Miami).

Lord Buster—B. Gordon's liv. and w. pointer dog (Lord Mount— ——).

Columbus—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

King—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Maid of the Morn).

Maid of the Morn—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Silver Lace—W. F. Ellis' b. and w. setter bitch (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Exasperator—W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.).

Mac—J. Lemon's liv. and w. pointer dog (—— ——).

Rosa Bondhu—J. Wootton's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud á Rose).

Bonnie Lit—J. Wootton's b. and w. setter bitch (Orlando—Lady Lit).

Count Cambria—H. S. Rolston's w. setter dog (Gladiator II.—Miss Cambria).

Duke's Rush—Winnipeg Kennels' liv. and w. setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing).

Prince Rupert—Chimo Kennels' b. and w. setter dog (Larry Noble—Atlanta).

Angela—F. W. Scott's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Gath's Mark— ——).

William C. Lee.

Points and Flushes.

The Canadian Kennel Club will hold its annual meeting in the board room of the Exhibition Association, Toronto, Sept. 7, at 10 o'clock A. M. A list of officers was elected as follows, Aug. 16: Patron, Hon. Senator Sanford; Hon. President, Richard Gibson; President, John G. Kent; First Vice-President, Dr. J. S. Niven; Vice-Presidents, F. T. Miller, Jos. A. Laurin, E. R. Collier, Rev. J. W. Flinton; Secretary-Treasurer, H. B. Donavan, Toronto.

The New England Kennel Club will hold a two-days' show, under A. K. C. rules, at the club grounds, Braintree, Mass., Oct. 14 and 15. The prize list will be ready for mailing on Sept. 3, and it will be essentially the same as that issued for the show of June 4. Ample arrangements will be made on the grounds for the large attendance which will be present. Everything will be done by the management to make this show popular and within the reach of all.

The famous English setter dog Antonio (Roderigo—Bo Peep) died last week. He was a famous field trial winner, and also was quite successful on the bench. In field trials he won first in the all-age stake of the Southern Sportsmen's Association, Lafayette, La.; first all-age stake at the Southern Field Trial Club, New Albany, Miss.; first in champion stake, Eastern Field Trial Club; free-for-all of the Central Field Trial Club, Lexington, N. C., all in 1891. Bench shows: First in field trial class, Washington, March, 1893; first, New York, 1894; first, Philadelphia, 1894. He was owned by the Eldred Kennels.

Mr. W. H. Hammond, well known as a trainer of dogs, goes south about Sept. 15 with a fine string of field trial candidates, of whose capabilities he speaks highly. He will locate for some time at Thomasville, N. C., preparing for the trials in North Carolina and Mississippi. He mentions that he has room for a dog or two in his school.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Forest and Stream offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to Forest and Stream's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the Forest and Stream.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Tall Tales of James Bowie as a Hunter.

As a hunter James Bowie did more than credit to his blood and training. Off-hand with a rifle he could bring down a wild goose flying high overhead, and put his bullet in the neck five times out of seven. But marksmanship bordering on the marvelous was a common attribute thereabout. What gave the young sawyer distinction was another story.

Several sorts of another story, in fact. He could not merely shoot deer running, but lasso them in fair chase over the prairie, give them a fall, and, if it pleased him so to do, fetch them in alive and unharmed. He could likewise lasso a horse from the wild herds, mount him without anybody's help, and stay upon his back, no matter what was done, until the terrified beast had run himself tame. By way of variety, sometimes the lasso was cast over a big bull alligator waddling from swamp to swamp. When it had been drawn taut, holding tail and jaws in leash, young Bowie mounted the scaly back and rode there, laughing and shouting, while the astonished saurian went bellowing with rage toward his swampy haunts.—Martha McCulloch Williams in Harper's Magazine.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Savin Hill, open, Boston Harbor.
3-4-5. Corinthian Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Woods Holl, championship, Sussett Harbor.
3-4-5. Wollaston, cruise, Boston Harbor.
3. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
3. Beverly, eighth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Cor. Philadelphia, fall, Essington, Delaware River.
5. Larchmont, fall, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwalk, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Norwich, open, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Newport, club, Narragansett Bay.
5. City Point, club, New Haven, Long Island Sound.
5. American, skiff class, Newburyport, Mass.
5. Jubilee, championship, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Burgess, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Lynn, open, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Quincy, handicap, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
9. Pacific, interclub regatta, San Francisco Harbor.
10. Beverly, tenth Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
10. Royal Canadian, skiff class, Toronto.
10. Riverside, annual, Long Island Sound.
10. Hull, open, Boston Harbor.
10. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous, Hull.
10. South Boston, handicap, Boston Harbor.
10. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
10. Burgess, sail-off, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Woods Holl, open, Woods Holl.
10. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
10. Baltimore, McAllister cup.
10. Chicago, fall, Lake Michigan.
11. Corinthian San Francisco, regatta, San Francisco Bay.
11. Massachusetts Y. R. A., review, Hull.
17-18. Corinthian San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo.
17. American, cruise to Plum Island.
17. Baltimore, Rear-Com. cup, Chesapeake Bay.
17. Queen City, 22ft. K class, Toronto.
26. Newport, ladies' day, Narragansett Bay.
29. Miramichi, Gould cup, Newcastle.
30. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.

OCTOBER.

14. Miramichi, Watt cup, Chatham.

AT a time when the general conditions of both business and sport point to a marked revival of yachting after several years of depression, the condition of yacht construction is most discouraging. The condition of the two Seawanhaka representatives, the most costly boats of their class ever launched, is well known to all who were at Lake St. Louis, both being probably beyond repair after a few races. Of the two boats in a similar class just racing at Boston, one had to be almost rebuilt in order to make her safe for the series of races for which she was built, and according to reliable report she was only measured into her class by the radical expedient of heaving her bow up so as to shorten her waterline. The other was nursed carefully through one race of the series in order that there might be enough of her left to sail out the season and make a record in her class.

The next thing on the boards is the rebuilding of Defender for the trial races of 1899, which should shed valuable light on modern yacht construction; and this will be followed by the same dangerous and mischievous competition in the building of both challenger and defender for next year. So far as the defender is concerned, there is very little risk, as in case of her total collapse all or nearly all of her crew might be saved by her steam tender and other boats. When it comes to the challenger, however, the case is very different. If Mr. Fife goes far enough in light construction to place him anywhere near a fair equality with American designers, he must risk the possible loss of vessel and crew on the ocean passage. As racing construction stands to-day, it is difficult if not absolutely impossible to build a yacht for a long ocean voyage and yet keep her light enough to be on even terms with one constructed merely for less than a dozen races within three miles of the shore. The natural end of the present keen competition in construction must be the loss of a large yacht sooner or later; and yet those yacht clubs whose avowed end is the promotion of sport either cannot or will not take action for the establishment of limitations on construction before they are forced to do so by public opinion.

THERE is a general disposition on the part of both English and American journals to gush over Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge as something specially fair and sportsmanlike, and also over the readiness with which all overtures have been welcomed by the New York Y. C. The situation to-day, so far as the challenger is concerned, is identical with that existing just twelve years ago, when Mr. G. L. Watson visited New York as the authorized representative of the Royal Clyde Y. C. to arrange a match with the New York Y. C. for the America Cup. The overtures of the Royal Clyde Y. C. were perfectly fair and frank, it expressed a desire to challenge for the Cup, and a preference for yachts of 70ft. l.w.l., but at the same time was willing to build to 90ft. l.w.l., or any other limit which the New York Y. C. might prefer. It did, it is true, go so far as to intimate that a series of five in place of three races would be fairer as a test of the boats, minimizing the chances of the weather. The action of the New York Y. C. was to dispose as curtly and discourteously as possible of the whole matter by a brief resolution that a printed copy of the deed of gift be sent to the would-be challenger, with a notice that "a challenge in due form" would, when received, be duly considered. In this action the club took refuge behind a technicality, the then existing (second) deed of gift, through its faulty wording, prohibiting more than seven months' notice of challenge, while the Royal Clyde Y. C. was giving ten.

In the matter of a mutual agreement as to one common length for both challenger and defender, it took refuge behind another absurd technicality, stating that it, the club, did not build yachts to defend the Cup, but was obliged to use such yachts as were offered for its trial races; and that it had not the power to dictate to individuals the size of yachts they should build. The result of this action, as everyone knows, was that Thistle was built under lock and key.

In view of occurrences such as this throughout the entire history of the America Cup, that broad and liberal sportsmanship for which Sir Thomas Lipton is now generally praised seems to us more like inexcusable ignorance of the whole matter; an ignorance which must lead in the end to a dispute of some kind. It is a most difficult matter for two parties, each composed of expert yachtsmen and acting in perfect good faith and harmony, to arrange the numerous technical details of an international match, and unless such details are fully provided for in advance there will inevitably be trouble in the end. In this case the challenger proposes to leave everything to the holder, with the most childlike confidence that every one of his interests will be protected. A man who is not enough of a yachtsman to know what he wants and to what he is fairly entitled in making a match must be much more than human if he does not, rightly or wrongly, feel that he has been unfairly treated when he loses.

There is no doubt that the conditions of the last two matches will be substantially followed in the present match, but that these conditions are in themselves fair is due only to the long and obstinate fight of both British and American yachtsmen against the New York Y. C., and to the arrangement with Lord Dunraven by which, in return for a challenge, he was given such terms as had been denied to Lieut. Henn and Sir Richard Sutton.

While we cannot share the popular enthusiasm over this new match, we hope, in the interest of yachting, that it may be sailed to a conclusive finish without the too frequent sequel of a quarrel. This can only be done, however, by a complete and thorough understanding on both sides of the full terms of the match; the challenger not being a mere dummy, but fully conversant with those rights accorded to him by fair yachting usage, and prepared to contend for them if necessary.

The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

IN spite of the space devoted to the races for the Seawanhaka international cup in our last issue, there were numerous points of minor interest that were necessarily neglected. One matter that engrossed the attention of all parties was the possible meeting of Challenger and Speculator, and several efforts were made to bring this about. Immediately after Tuesday's race Messrs. Crane and Duggan were consulted by a representative of interested parties on board the club steamer, who had guaranteed a suitable prize of money or plate, running up to a cup of the same value as the trophy, for a match between the two yachts. Mr. Crane was unable to give any positive answer, owing to the difficulty in keeping his crew together after the cup matches were over.

On Sunday, after the first race, the suggestion was made to Mr. Duggan informally that, as the superior speed of Dominion was already established, and as there was no desire on the part of the holders merely to keep the cup, it might be well to offer to sail the remaining races of the series with Speculator instead of Challenger. The suggestion was well received by him and was laid before several members of the sailing committee. The only objection made to it was that it would at once be accepted by the other side as an admission that the committee was in the wrong in building and selecting Dominion. The matter was discussed seriously on the three following days, and after the final race on Wednesday a number of the Royal St. Lawrence men were perfectly willing to make the offer to call off the series of races and to start anew for the cup with Speculator against Challenger. There were three practical difficulties in the way of such a plan; in the first place it was doubtful whether Mr. Duggan's health would permit his participation in a new series of races, and without him at the stick the contest would have been worthless; in the second place, Challenger was already badly damaged, and getting worse with each day in the water; in the third place was the original question as to the spirit in which such a proposal would be received. On his return to the club house Mr. Crane was approached in the matter, but he would only consider it with the definite understanding that the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. admitted that it had done wrong in selecting Dominion. This, of course, put an end to all ideas of further racing on this basis.

So far as the further possession and defense of the cup is concerned, there is a very general feeling on the part of Montreal yachtsmen, especially those who have carried on the actual work of the last three years, that, while the task of defending the cup must be a heavier one each year, even if it be successful, it can do no further good to the club.

The result of the first two races, the winning of the cup by Glencairn I. and its successful defense by Glencairn II., was in every way beneficial to the club. It was placed in a prominent position, in Canada and abroad, its members were awakened to a new interest in it, material improvements to the club property were made possible, and a strong interest in designing, building and racing was aroused among the younger members. It is quite evident now, however, that the influence of the competition has changed, and that it is of no further benefit to the club. In order to make a suitable defense of the cup this year, all the energies and resources of the club and its individual members have been concentrated on the production and development of a small fleet of useless racing machines. The club fleet of useable yachts has completely disappeared, and the only boats afloat off the station are the few racing 20-footers.

During the winter Mr. Duggan designed a fine, wholesome little centerboard boat, of good dimensions and model, and durable construction, and several were built by the boat company; only one, however, was finished and sold. If the cup has to be defended next year under existing conditions, it will be necessary to build a fleet of machines more expensive, more extreme in design and even less useful and durable than the boats of this year, and this can only be done by means of syndicates. The comparatively large fleets of 1896-97 were built willingly by individual members for the sake of the racing, the four boats of this year were built, not because anyone wanted such craft, but because it was necessary to make a creditable defense of the cup.

The work of winning and defending the cup thus far has been possible only through the aid of Mr. Duggan, who has designed the winning boat for three years, and the majority of the trial fleet of each year, and who has sailed the two Glencairns and Dominion to victory. In addition to this, Mr. Duggan has practically built most of the boats, he, with two others, assuming the work and responsibility of carrying on the small shop at the club station for the sake of having the work done under their immediate supervision; there being no builder near Montreal who can do this class of work.

While the club has done its part of the work, and many individual members have given their time and money freely to help in the designing, building and racing, at the same time the greater part of both labor and responsibility has naturally fallen on Mr. Duggan. Three years of the winter routine of designing followed by a summer of hot racing, in addition to the demands of a large business, have told on him to such an extent that it was a question whether he could sail the present series of races; and it is quite evident that a fourth year of the same double work must involve a very serious risk to his health. It is his intention to abandon all designing save, as he originally took it up, as a diversion and a rest from other business. There is in Canada no professional designer, and the few amateurs other than Mr. Duggan are not fitted either by experience or location to take his place in the defense of the cup.

There was, of course, no desire on the part of any of the holders to be beaten this year, either in designing or sailing; but at the same time, had the cup been lost after a good fight, any possible regret over defeat would have been well tempered by a feeling of relief that the club was now free to go on with the very necessary work of building up a fleet of useful boats. With this in mind, many members would have been quite willing to risk the possession of the cup on a new series of races between Speculator and Challenger, and this feeling had much to do with the proposal of the sailing committee, which will be acted on by the club at a special meeting on Sept. 2, to return the cup to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

While there was no lack of appreciation of the intent and the full force of the orders from New York, and of the interviews in the names of yachtsmen from the States, the feeling on the part of the leading men of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at the time of the meeting of the sailing committee on Aug. 19 was simply one of regret that the amicable relations between the two clubs should be thus severed. As far as the offer to return the cup is concerned, it was made in good faith and a spirit of friendliness. It was fully recognized that, for the reasons stated, the holders were not in a position to defend the cup next year without detriment to their own interests, and also that the material revisions of the conditions which are now imperative could not well be done by correspondence or by means of brief conferences in New York or Montreal. Under these circumstances it seemed best to return the cup to the original donors in order that they might, unhampered, amend the terms of the trust to meet the necessities of the future so far as they can be foreseen.

In addition to the challenge from the Inland Lake Y. R. A., made to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, has announced its intention to challenge for the cup, if it is again held by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This announcement was made by Com. Frank E. Walker, V. Y. C., at the close of the Lake Skiff Sailing Association meet on Aug. 22. Com. Walker, it will be remembered, challenged for the cup in 1895, immediately after the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the latter taking precedence.

The "Dresser and Kerr" telegram has been published widely in the daily papers, evoking some very severe criticisms against the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. A good many different statements have been made as to the action of the representatives of the club in obedience to the orders of Messrs. Dresser and Kerr. After the receipt of the telegram Mr. Crane and his immediate party left the club house and dined at the Forest and Stream Club, about half a mile away, where they took their meals frequently while at Dorval. Mr. Crane was taken ill during the evening; after dinner he returned to the club house and retired; none of his party were present at the dance on the lawn or the supper in the club house. It has been stated that Mr. R. W. Gibson deliberately insulted the club by refusing to attend the dinner; this is not true, as Mr. Gibson, before he started for New York on Thursday morning, wrote a polite letter of declination, stating that he was unable to remain over another night.

The comments of the daily papers throughout the country have been confined mainly to two points, the condemnation of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for racing a catamaran, and a very severe condemnation of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for its discourteous action on losing, based on the "Dresser and Kerr" telegram. It is not clear who first started the cry of "catamaran," but, once started, it was taken up on every hand, without the slightest attempt to ascertain whether or no it was true. This was natural enough on the part of the average small newspaper, but it is very little to the credit of the larger journals, especially those of New York, which pretend to speak with authority in yachting matters. The New York papers sent no representatives to Montreal, and took all their information at second hand, making no attempt whatever to determine fairly the nature of Dominion. They raised a hue and cry that has spread all over the country, the Canadians being prejudged in a most unjust manner. With the true spirit of Rip Van Winkle, they have ignored all progress, and have judged Dominion by the standards of twenty-five years back. The Seawanhaka race committee has apparently followed the same course, acting

without definite information as to the much-disputed boat. In its various reports on measurement and the tendencies and developments of modern racing within the past two years, this same committee has fully demonstrated its ability to handle all the technical yachting questions of the day; and yet in this, a purely technical question, it has taken a position which cannot possibly be maintained.

While practically all of the papers in the States maintain that Dominion is a catamaran, and condemn the Montreal men on her account, they are equally severe in the condemnation of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. after agreeing to start in the first race. The Canadian papers have been very moderate in tone in discussing the famous telegram, but one Montreal weekly, the so-called "society journal," has indulged in a very violent personal attack on Mr. Duggan, which has been reprinted in many papers on this side. This paper has been particularly hostile to Mr. Duggan for some time, in fact, prior to last year's races; and the personal animus of the writer is evident throughout.

As to the prospects of a race next year, assuming that the present differences will be amicably adjusted, it is impossible to speak at present. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Duggan will take part in any event, and he certainly will not take the same prominent part as in former years. One of his trusted lieutenants is said to be on the verge of matrimony, so that he is not likely to figure prominently in cup races. Mr. Linton Hope, who has long been looked upon as a probable challenger, has just been married, which is likely to have an effect on his plans. The present size and type of yacht are in every way undesirable; the boats are costly and utterly useless, and they require a comparatively large force of men to sail and handle them in proportion to the 15-footers. In these latter the crew of two could readily look after the boat with little assistance, even carrying her up on the beach. In the 20-footers four are required for the crew, and this year each boat had two professionals in addition to attend to her. If the racing for the cup is to continue, some very radical changes must be made in the conditions, and the present type and probably the size as well will have to be abandoned.

Inland Lake Yachting Association's Annual Meeting.

White Bear Lake, Minnesota.

Held under the Auspices of the White Bear Y. C., St. Paul, Minn.

It has been the writer's good fortune to be present at the races held at White Bear Lake, Minn., and it may be of interest to Eastern yachtsmen to know something about the type of boat prevalent in the West, and the conditions of wind and water under which the races were sailed.

In the first place, it seems to your correspondent a fact worthy of note, and one of which Westerners have good reason to be proud, that on a little inland lake, two miles by three in size, there should be gathered together such a goodly number of fast boats. The fact that Akela, the Western champion 23-footer, should have been able to make so excellent a showing against a boat of Hoodlum's quality and reputation goes to prove that the Westerners are not one whit behind us in yacht designing.

Akela is of a more advanced type than Hoodlum, and although she was beaten, there was a great deal of luck in the races. She certainly demonstrated her ability to beat Hoodlum soundly in a reefing breeze, and she was herself as soundly beaten in light air. It is a very regrettable fact that there was no chance to sail the boats together in a moderate whole-sail breeze. The 20-footers, particularly those from Minneapolis and St. Paul, were of a modern type, and I am inclined to think that if they were pitted against the Seawanhaka boats the result might surprise some Easterners. The same can be said of the 17-footers.

White Bear Lake, on which these races were sailed, is a charming spot. The shores are wooded, and the little island, connected by a bridge with the mainland, is dotted with pretty cottages, among trees and green lawns, sloping to the water's edge.

The club house is situated on the beach not a hundred yards from the railway station, from which trains take one to St. Paul in half an hour, thus making it easy for the tired business men to come out for an afternoon sail.

The races were sailed over the following courses: Starting at the Clarke street buoy, just off the club house, one sails due east to the center buoy, thence north to a mark in Dellwood Bay, thence back to center, thence east again to a mark at Wildwood, thence west back to center, thence to the finish line, and repeat, making in all twelve nautical miles, each leg being one mile in length. The prevailing wind was west, making four legs of running, four of reaching, and four of windward work.

Before entering into a description of the races, it might be interesting to glance over the facts which brought them about. The Inland Lake Yachting Association was formed last year. The yacht clubs which sent representatives this year were the Oshkosh, Indiana, Minnetonka, Fox Lake, Pistakee and White Bear. Each of these clubs sent a 20-footer to represent them in the races, and three had 17-footers as well. Mahto, the winning boat of the 20ft. class, is perhaps the fastest-looking boat of any in the fleet. She was designed by Gus Admundson, of White Bear Lake. She is 32ft. over all, with about 9ft. beam; her sailing length under the Seawanhaka Corinthian rule being 20ft. She is of the scow type, not unlike Akabo, except that she has not the peculiar chopped-off bow of that boat. She is very shoal and has not too much freeboard, the prevalent fault of the Western boats. She carries 500sq.ft. of Union silk sail, made by Wilson & Silsby. She has a steel dagger centerboard weighing about 125lbs. Hazard, her nearest competitor, was designed by Andrew Peterson, of Lake Minnetonka, and is much like Mahto, except that she is a bit narrower and has a good deal more freeboard. These two boats are very even, and Mahto's victory was as much due to the manner in which she was handled as to anything else.

Of the 17-footers, Xenia, also designed by Admundson, was rather the best. She is very much like Mahto, on a smaller scale, having a bit less beam and being not quite so full forward in proportion to her length.

We're Here, designed by Com. Hopkins, of the Minnetonka Yacht Club, is of such peculiar construction that she is worthy of mention. She has no planking at all, her ribs being 2in. wide, spaced 5in. on centers and then covered with canvas, so that she is in reality nothing but a big canvas canoe. She was very fast in heavy weather, though hardly Xenia's equal. So much for the regular interlake classes.

The race in which the greatest interest was taken was that between Akela, last year's Western champion, and Hoodlum, the champion of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. Early in June a challenge had been sent by this Association to the White Bear Y. C. asking for a race late in August between Hoodlum and any representative they might see fit to name. Akela, the Western champion, was designed by Andrew Peterson, of Lake Minnetonka. She is 36ft. over all, 21ft. 4in. under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and has an extreme beam of 9ft. 4in. She is of the scow type, though not so well developed as Mahto. Her stern is rather coarse, having in it the cleft peculiar to Peterson's boats. What this cleft is for no one knows, not even Peterson himself, and it certainly does the boat more harm than good.

Akela carries 734sq.ft. of sail, and has a dagger centerboard weighing about 300lbs. She was sailed during the races by her owner, Mr. C. Milton Griggs, of St. Paul, who had as his crew Andrew Peterson, her designer; John Bunn, Samuel Bunn, Daniel Bunn and John Johnson.

Hoodlum was designed by John R. Purdon, of Boston, and built by Fenton & White, of Manchester, Mass. She is 32ft. over all, 23ft. under the rule of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., and has an extreme beam of 8ft. 4in. Her type is too well known to need description. She carries a wooden centerboard with no weight in it, and has 766sq.ft. of sail. She was admirably sailed in the races by Mr. Ward C. Burton, with a crew composed of H. J. Burton, Herbert Dyer, Robert Schuck, A. W. Strong, and A. H. Higginson. The result of the match was in a great measure due to the way in which Hoodlum was handled. Her crew were well trained, and, except on the first day, made no mistakes. Mr. Burton took her across the line first on all the days except one, and clearly outgeneraled Mr. Griggs at the start. It is much to be regretted that two of the races were sailed under unfavorable circumstances; an accident marring the one, and a foul the other.

The Trial Races.

A series of trial races was sailed at White Bear Lake to see what boat should defend the honor of the club against Hoodlum, the champion of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts of last season. Two boats—Aurelia and Akela—showed up to compete for the honor of racing the Eastern boat.

Both are of the scow type, Aurelia being rather more extreme in this matter than Akela. Aurelia was designed by Gus Amundson, of White Bear, Minn. She is owned by Mr. W. B. Dean, of St. Paul. She is 32ft. over all, 23.3ft. waterline with crew on board, 10ft. extreme beam. She carries 778sq. ft. of sail in her mainsail and working jib. She carries her beam on deck very far forward, having a beam of 9ft., 3ft. forward of her mast, then being drawn in quickly on deck, forming a dull V-shaped bow. Her waterline at the bow is absolutely square for 6 or 7ft., forming one of the flattest bows I have ever seen. Her stern is rather coarse, being brought up too suddenly. The impression she makes on one is that if her lines were carried further forward and aft she would be a faster boat.

Akela, on the other hand, although she is also of the scow type, is much finer both forward and aft, being made so by having her lines carried out further in a more natural manner. She has 8in. less beam than Aurelia, is 4ft. longer over all, and 9in. longer on the waterline. She has a lower rig, with less in her mainsail and more in her jib than her rival, her total sail area being 734sq. ft. She was designed by Andrew Peterson, of Lake Minnetonka, and is owned by C. Milton Griggs, of St. Paul. Both boats have sails made by Wilson & Silsby, of Boston, and both carry steel dagger centerboards.

First Race, Aug. 18.

Course 3 miles; second leg to windward. Breeze light and fluky. Preparatory signal at 3:30 P. M.; starting signal at 3:35, 5 minutes being given in which to cross the line. This method was adopted so as to get a test of the merits of the boats rather than of the capabilities of their skippers.

Akela crossed the line at 3:37:35, followed by Aurelia at 3:39:20. On the reach to the first mark Aurelia picked up a little on her rival, their times at the first mark being: Akela 3:56:40, Aurelia 3:58:00. Both boats flattened their sheets for the beat to the second mark. Akela soon tacked to starboard, while Aurelia held on for some time before tacking, seeming to gain a bit by this maneuver. The times at the second mark were: Akela 4:15:30, Aurelia 4:15:55. Both boats broke out balloon jibs on the reach home, as the wind had come out a bit ahead, not allowing them to carry any spinakers. Aurelia just held her rival, the times at the finish being: Akela 4:29:30, Aurelia 4:29:55. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurelia	3 39 20	4 29 55	0 50 35
Akela	3 37 35	4 29 30	0 51 55

It being still early, the judges started a second race at 4:35.

Second Race, Aug. 18.

Course three-quarters of a mile to windward and return. Preparatory 4:35; start 4:40. Akela crossed with flash of the gun at 4:40, followed 1m. 23s. later by Aurelia. On the beat to windward Akela gained on her rival, their times at the mark being: Akela 4:59:30, Aurelia 5:01:32. On the run home, however, Aurelia's spinaker seemed to draw better than Akela's, and she greatly cut down Akela's lead. When the times were taken at the finish it was found that Aurelia had won again, though by a narrow margin. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurelia	4 41 23	5 13 22	0 31 59
Akela	4 40 00	5 12 35	0 32 35

Third Race, Aug. 18.

Preparatory signal at 5:10; start at 5:15. Course 2½ miles. First leg close reach; second and third legs broad reaches. Aurelia got away at 5:19:10, followed by Akela at 5:20. This was a most uninteresting race, as the boats did not tack once around the course, except at the marks. As can be seen from the times Akela made slow but steady gains, finally getting a lift of wind and passing Aurelia just before the finish. The times:

	Start.	First mark.	Second mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Akela	5 20 00	5 32 18	5 46 47	5 56 44	0 36 44
Aurelia	5 19 10	5 31 06	5 46 21	5 57 01	0 37 51

Fourth Race, Aug. 19.

Preparatory signal at 11:25; start at 11:30. Breeze light, but steady, increasing later to a fair sailing breeze. Course 5½ miles, third and fourth legs to windward. Akela crossed the line first as usual, her time being taken at 11:32:43, and Aurelia's at 11:33:38. Spinakers were set for the run to the first mark, and in the light air Aurelia's big spinaker gave her a gain of 19s. on her rival. On the next leg Aurelia took in her spinaker and set a balloon jib, while Akela carried hers with the pole slacked away forward. It did her more harm than good, and while she was trying to get it in Aurelia passed her, rounding the second mark a few seconds ahead, and hauling on the wind for the long beat to windward. In this beat Akela retrieved some of her lost laurels, and turned the mark but 12s. behind Aurelia. She could not gain any more on the run home, however, and was still 12s. behind at the finish line. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurelia	11 33 38	12 36 32	1 02 54
Akela	11 32 43	12 36 44	1 04 01

Fifth Race, Aug. 19.

Preparatory at 2:35; start at 2:40. Course same as fourth race; wind also the same. Aurelia, sailed by Dr. Archie McLaren, crossed at 2:44:44, with Akela at 2:45. On the spinaker run Aurelia at once began to crawl away from her rival, and at the first mark increased her lead by 15s. In the reach of the next leg Akela, profiting by the example set her by Aurelia in the previous race, took in her spinaker and set a balloon jib. The Aurelia's people had trouble taking in their spinaker, and Akela turned the second mark 38s. ahead. Both boats hauled in sheets for the beat to the Wildwood mark. Akela seemed to hold too close to the south shore of the lake. At any rate Aurelia made a great gain, the times at the mark being: Aurelia 3:47:48, Akela 3:50:30. On the last leg Akela picked up a bit, but could not catch her rival, the times at the finish being: Aurelia 4:02:13, Akela 4:03:27. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurelia	2 44 44	4 02 13	1 17 29
Akela	2 45 00	4 03 27	1 18 27

Sixth Race, Aug. 19.

Start at 4:15. Course 5 miles, 2 miles to windward. Wind a little stronger. Akela got away at 4:19:31, followed by Aurelia at 4:19:56. In the long beat to windward Aurelia passed and got to the windward mark a few seconds ahead of Akela. On the next two legs, however, which were off the wind, Akela pulled away from her rival, rounding the third mark about 20s. in advance of her. On the last leg Aurelia got a strong puff of wind, which Akela did not, and as a result finished with quite a little lead. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aurelia	4 19 56	5 40 00	1 19 56
Akela	4 19 31	5 41 02	1 20 54

The judges—Messrs. Henry Merrill and F. M. Douglas—expressed themselves satisfied, and stated that they would announce their decision at 4 P. M. the next day, when Hoodlum and her competitor were to be measured. Aurelia's crew were feeling very confident of being chosen, while C. Milton Griggs, skipper and owner of Akela, felt very discouraged. He had expected to win. Your correspondent had watched the boats in the races very carefully from Hoodlum, and had formed the opinion that Akela was rather the better boat of the two in spite of the races. He was, however, none the less surprised when the judges announced on Saturday, Aug. 20, that Akela was the chosen boat. In view of the races just held, it did seem a bit hard on Mr. Dean's boat. The judges gave as their reason for the choice that the races had all been in light winds, and that Akela had had hard luck in the matter of wind. They stated that they considered Akela the better all-round boat of the two, and more to be depended upon.

At 4 P. M. Hoodlum went into the measuring dock. Under the rules of the White Bear Y. C. her sailing length is 27ft., and under the rules of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association 23ft. Akela was found to measure 25ft. 7in. under the W. B. Y. C. rules, and 21ft. 6in. under the M. Y. R. A. rules.

First Day, Aug. 22.

The first day of the week set for the racing of the Inland Lake Yachting Association was an ideal one from a yachtsman's point of view. In the morning a strong northeasterly wind came in hard puffs across the lake, and under these conditions the first race, the match between Hoodlum and Akela, was sailed. Later in the day the wind lightened, shifting to southwest, and making a fair sailing breeze for the races of the smaller classes in the afternoon. At 10:10 the preparatory gun for the great match was fired. Both boats had two reefs tied down in their mainsails and had on small jibs. The starting gun went at 10:15, and Akela crossed the line almost with the flash of the gun, followed about 5s. later by Hoodlum. Both boats were close hauled on the starboard tack on the close reach to the center buoy. Akela seemed to foot the faster, though Hoodlum pointed higher. The boats were timed at the center buoy as

follows: Akela, 10:29:22; Hoodlum, 10:29:56. Both boats started sheets in the run to Dellwood; Akela set her spinaker, while Hoodlum simply winged her small jib, which apparently helped as much as Akela's spinaker. The time at the Dellwood mark was: Akela, 10:37:03; Hoodlum, 10:37:35. Both boats flattened sheets for the beat back to center. It was blowing very hard, and the boats staggered in the stormy puffs. Hoodlum seemed to stand up the better of the two, and here began for the first time to make a steady gain. She pointed higher than Akela and seemed to foot fully as fast. But a little later an accident happened which marred the race.

Just as Hoodlum was crossing Akela's stern, the lashing at the outer end of Akela's jib pole parted and Akela came up into the wind. Hoodlum sailed by to windward, while Akela kept on under her mainsail as best she could. Capt. Griggs, of Akela, shook out one reef, and set her regular jib instead of the small one, and after that she seemed to go faster. The times at the center buoy were: Hoodlum, 10:54:46; Akela, 10:58:08.

On the next leg, which was a broad reach down to the Wildwood mark, Akela gained on Hoodlum very fast. Your correspondent, who had seen Hoodlum sail in her races in Massachusetts Bay last summer, and had seen her reach by 30-footers with ease, opened his eyes very wide as he saw Akela pick up on Hoodlum. She seemed to be going as fast again, and it was really a sight well worth seeing. Hoodlum was not going slow either, by any means, and it was as wonderful an exhibition of reaching as ever was seen. Hoodlum was standing up too straight; she didn't seem to have sail enough, and Akela with one reef fared much better than Hoodlum with two. The boats were timed at the Wildwood mark: Hoodlum, 11:03:05; Akela, 11:06:24, a gain of about 1m. in about one nautical mile of reaching for Akela. Hoodlum, hard pressed for the first time since she was launched, tried to set her big jib; but her crew made a bad tangle of it, getting it into the water, and nearly losing a man overboard in the operation. It cost Hoodlum some seconds, but hardly counteracted Akela's accident with her jib.

Akela continued to gain steadily, reaching in her own wonderful manner. The time at center was not taken, as the boats did not pass near enough to get the time accurately, but at the end of the first round Akela had reduced Hoodlum's lead to 1m. and 23s. The times at the end of the first round were: Hoodlum, 11:19:00; Akela, 11:20:23.

The wind had shifted by this time from the northeast to almost due east, making a wide reach back to the center buoy, instead of a close one; Akela continued to gain steadily, the times at the mark being much closer than at the end of the first round. Then came another broad reach, Akela continuing to gain. She was cutting down the long lead which Hoodlum had got by her accident at a tremendous rate, and it began to look as if the Boston boat would be beaten before she could cross the line. The times at the Delwood mark were: Hoodlum, 11:34:43; Akela, 11:35:38.

Both boats flattened sheets for the close reach to center again, and on this leg Hoodlum began to gain. Both boats stopped on the way to shake out reefs. Akela was quicker at this than Hoodlum, and gained accordingly. The times at the mark were: Hoodlum, 11:52:10; Akela, 11:53:00. On the next reach both boats had all the wind they wanted, and they made a beautiful picture as they reached along under full sail. At the Wildwood mark the time was taken as follows: Hoodlum, 12:01:27; Akela, 12:01:52.

The boats jibed around the mark and started on the home stretch. In the puffs Akela gained rapidly, and half a mile from the finish line she tried to pass Hoodlum to windward. Finding she couldn't do that, she paid off to leeward, and 100yds. from the line the boats were on even terms, and Akela crossed the line 5s. in advance of the Boston boat. The judges' boat, crowded with Westerners, cheered Hoodlum loudly as she crossed the line. It was a most courteous and polite act, and we Easterners appreciated it. Akela had sailed a very hard and gallant up-hill race, and to her were due the honors of the day. Under the rules of the White Bear Y. C. Akela allowed Hoodlum 14s., the Boston boat thus winning by 9s.

A summary of the race shows that in nine knots of reaching Akela gained 4m. 6s. on Hoodlum, an average gain of 27.3s. per knot, while in two knots of windward work Hoodlum gained, allowing 3m. for Akela's accident, 1m. and 21s. on Akela, an average gain of 40s. per knot. This is interesting as showing Akela's great reaching powers. The official summary:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Hoodlum	10 15 00	11 19 00	12 18 17	2 03 17	2 03 03
Akela	10 15 00	11 20 23	12 18 12	2 03 12	2 03 12

After the big match in the morning was over, and the judges had eaten their lunch, they took up their position at the line, and made ready to start the regular interlake races. At 2:10 the preparatory gun was fired for the 20ft. class, and the starting gun at 2:15. The wind had now lightened and shifted to southwest, and the boats all broke out spinakers as they crossed the line. Six 20-footers crossed the line. First came Iota, the champion of Oshkosh, followed by Hazard, the Minnetonka Y. C.'s representative; then came Mahto, the White Bear boat; Gadfly, of the Fox Lake Y. C.; Pistakee, of the Pistakee Y. C., while Monoquet, of the Indiana Y. C., brought up the rear. The order hardly changed on the run down to center, Monoquet running past Pistakee and Gadfly, otherwise the order remained the same. On the windward work, however, the boats began to string out a bit more, Mahto and Hazard, closely followed by Gadfly, ran by Iota. At the Delwood mark Mahto, sailed by Capt. Ordway, had a good lead, and she was never headed again during the race.

From this time on the race lay between Mahto and Hazard, and it was a very pretty one. They were minutes faster than the other boats. All the boats set spinakers on the run to center buoy, Hazard and Mahto struggling for the lead in the van, followed later by Pistakee, Iota, and Gadfly, who were having a good race among themselves. Monoquet brought up the rear. Rounding the center mark the boats reached down to Wildwood at a great rate, the little Mahto still holding her lead in fine style. Astern, Gadfly, Iota and Pistakee were having a very close race, though they were never in it with the leaders for an instant. At the end of the first round the race became a procession, Mahto leading Hazard by a narrow margin at each mark, and the others tailing out well behind, but fighting gallantly for third place. All round the mark the positions never changed for an instant, and the yachts came flying home to the finish line in the same order. Capt. Ordway, of the Mahto, sailed a beautiful race, and his victory was well deserved and hard won. The official summary for the 20ft. class was:

Start, 2:15:00:

	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mahto	3 28 57	4 51 02	2 36 02
Hazard	3 30 30	4 52 05	2 37 05
Pistakee	3 34 09	4 57 05	2 42 07
Iota	3 31 27	4 57 17	2 42 17
Gadfly	3 31 50	4 57 44	2 42 44
Monoquet	3 34 25	5 00 39	2 45 39

Meanwhile three 17-footers were struggling for supremacy in the rear. The starting gun had been fired for this class at 2:20. We're Here, owned by Com. Hopkins, of the Minnetonka Y. C., was first across the line, closely followed by El Comancho, of the Fox Lake Club, and Xenia, sailed by Com. Drake, of the White Bear Y. C. The Minnetonka contingent hoped great things of their boat, but they were doomed to disappointment. In the light air We're Here didn't appear to move at all well, in fact she was out of it from the start. It was found later that she had a big bunch of weeds on her rudder, and this doubtless accounted for her bad performance. El Comancho and Xenia both ran by her and had a good fight for first place. El Comancho ran by Xenia on the second leg of the course, and led at the Dellwood mark by over a minute. On the close reach to center Xenia gained again and at that mark was but 16s. astern.

On the run to Wildwood El Comancho pulled away again, and led at Wildwood by 38s. Here, however, she fouled the mark, and knowing that this meant disqualification, she withdrew from the race. After this the race became a procession, Xenia increasing her lead on every leg. So well was she handled that she beat all but the first two of the 20-footers on actual time. She was sailed very well by Com. Drake and a clever crew. The official summary:

Start, 2:20:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Xenia	5 01 48	2 41 48
We're Here	5 10 12	2 50 12
El Comancho	Disqualified.	

The judges for the Hoodlum-Akela match were: C. A. Reed, Dr. Archibald McLaren and F. M. Douglas; the time-keepers were Dr. S. M. Welch, Col. Samuel Appelton and C. H. Taylor.

In the afternoon the judges were Frank Libbey, Oshkosh Y. C.; F. Fayram, Minnetonka Y. C., and W. S. Morton, White Bear Y. C. The timers were William Peet, Minnetonka Y. C.; Geo. Athearn, Oshkosh Y. C., and R. B. de Land, White Bear Y. C.

Second Day, Aug. 23.

The weather on the second day was of a somewhat different nature from the first day's racing. In the morning the wind, though light, held truer than yesterday, and in the afternoon, when the 20-footers and 17-footers sailed their races, it was good for a time, though it flattened too early in the afternoon for the 17-footers to finish.

Promptly on time, the first race on the schedule, that between the Eastern champion, Hoodlum, and Akela, the defender of the White Bear Y. C.'s honor, was started at 10:20. The preparatory gun found both boats maneuvering for the start under whole sail. Hoodlum had on the new suit of sails sent her last week by Wilson & Silsby, of Boston, and they seemed to set to perfection. She seemed to work well in the light air, rather better than in yesterday's knockdown squalls. When the starting gun was fired at 10:25 Hoodlum jibed around the judges' boat, with Akela on her lee quarter a few seconds behind. With her sheets started way off, Hoodlum began at once to forge slowly ahead. It was a wide reach to the center buoy, and the Boston boat, rather to everyone's surprise, pulled out a lead of 32s. on Akela. She seemed to move very fast. Ward C. Burton, who sailed her, had all his men in the cockpit, and not a soul could be seen as she slipped along like a ghost in the light air. Suddenly, as she hauled around the center buoy, men seemed to appear on her deck, and, as she started on the beat to windward, we saw her crew lying along her weather rail. The time at the center buoy was: Hoodlum, 10:35:55; Akela, 10:36:37.

On the wind Hoodlum began to leave Akela in good shape, both outpointing and outfooting her. Akela went fluke-hunting along the island shore, but gained little by so doing. On this leg, from center to Dellwood, Hoodlum gained 28s. on Akela. The boats were timed at the mark as follows: Hoodlum, 11:50:32; Akela, 11:51:32. Both boats jibed around the mark and set spinakers to starboard. The wind was very variable on this run, and the sails had to be taken in and reset several times. At this kind of work Hoodlum's crew were a bit quicker, with the very natural result that at the mark Hoodlum had gained, and added 29s. more to her lead. The time at the mark was: Hoodlum, 10:06:01; Akela, 11:07:30.

Both boats jibed around the mark and promptly set spinakers to port, when they drew well. Akela, however, came up a good deal on Hoodlum with a following wind, and when Hoodlum hauled on the wind for the beat home at 11:25:40 Akela had reduced her lead by 11s., Akela hauled on the wind at 11:26:58. Both boats worked up close under the south shore of the lake, as there seemed to be more wind there than elsewhere. At 11:35:22 Hoodlum stood out from shore on the port tack, followed some minutes later by Akela. At 11:40:12 she tacked to starboard again, making the center buoy on the tack, and passing to windward of it at 11:47:12. Akela passed it at 11:52:19. Then Akela made her greatest gain of the day. She stood far on her port tack, over under the shore of the island, while Hoodlum stood far on, on the starboard. By this move Akela gained 2m. 19s. The boats were timed at the end of the first round, Hoodlum, 12:07:41; Akela, 12:10:19. Both boats reached down to center at a great rate, Hoodlum adding 10s. to her lead. Both boats moved very fast in the freshening breeze. On the close reach to Dellwood Hoodlum made a great gain. She fetched to mark on one tack, while Akela had to make three before she could follow Hoodlum round the buoy. The times at the Dellwood mark were: Hoodlum, 12:34:34; Akela, 12:40:03, a gain of 2:27 for Hoodlum. Both boats set spinakers to port, and Akela set her balloon jib in addition. As the boats rounded the center buoy the wind freshened a good deal, and Akela, carrying her spinaker longer, gained 2:36 on Hoodlum, in time, in distance the gain was not so great. Hoodlum jibed round the mark at 12:47:21, setting her spinaker at once to starboard, Akela followed at 12:50:04, and set her spinaker also to starboard.

The wind had now freshened into a comfortable, wholesail breeze, and both boats sailed fast on the run down to the Wildwood mark. They were timed at the mark, Hoodlum, 12:58:11; Akela, 1:02:48, a gain for Hoodlum of 1:54 in the run from center.

Both boats trimmed down their sails flat for the two-mile beat to windward, and at once Hoodlum began to show her superiority over the Western boat in windward work. She both outpointed and outfooted Akela, and seemed in every way to get the best of her. Ward Burton sent Hoodlum along the south shore for a bit, and then sent her out into the lake for a hitch to westward. Akela hugged the south shore closely, making short tacks to do so. Hoodlum continued to gain steadily, crossing the line at 1:31:57, followed by Akela at 1:41:18. As in the race of Monday, the Minnesota people cheered Hoodlum vigorously as she crossed the line. On actual time, Hoodlum beat Akela 9m. and 21s., and on corrected time 6m. and 24s. The official summary:

Start, 10:25:00:

	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hoodlum	12 07 41	1 31 57	3 06 57	3 06 57
Akela	12 10 19	1 41 18	3 16 18	3 13 21

A careful analysis of the race shows that in three nautical miles of reaching Hoodlum gained an average of 1m. and 3s. per mile. In four miles of running Akela gained a total of 24s., making an average of 6s. per mile, while in windward work Hoodlum made an average gain of 1m. and 20s. per mile. Hoodlum clearly demonstrated her ability to beat Akela in light airs. The officials in charge of the race were the same as yesterday.

The preparatory gun for the 20-footers was fired at 2:10. The entries in the class were the same as yesterday. The wind was blowing about six knots per hour; the starting gun was fired at 2:15, and Mahto, again sailed by Capt. Ordway, got away a length in advance. She was followed by Iota, the Oshkosh champion, who was in her turn slightly in advance of Hazard, Pistakee, Gadfly and Monoquet. The two latter were badly handicapped at the start, and lost about 3m. by getting into a luffing match with each other. All the boats set spinakers on the run to center, and when the mark was reached Mahto had a good lead on the others. Hazard had passed Iota, and otherwise the order remained unchanged. The times at the center buoy were:

Mahto	2 31 54	Gadfly	1 33 35
Hazard	2 32 35	Pistakee	2 33 27
Iota	2 32 09	Monoquet	2 36 06

The boats reached down to the Dellwood mark in the freshening breeze, Hazard gaining on Iota, but neither of them cutting down Mahto's lead. Rounding the Dellwood mark, Mahto continued to increase her lead till, at center, she had 2m. to the good. The breeze had now freshened till it was blowing about ten knots an hour, and the little boats staggered up to Wildwood under full sail, spinakers set to port. Mahto gained 30s. more. On the beat back to center Iota passed Hazard to windward, while Pistakee and Gadfly picked up a good deal on the leaders. Mahto simply outclassed the rest of the fleet, and on the beat from center to Clarke street she gained even more. The elapsed times at the end of the first round were:

Mahto	1 19 05	Gadfly	1 23 29
Hazard	1 22 26	Pistakee	1 24 25
Iota	1 23 20	Monoquet	1 27 58

All the boats set their spinakers for the run to center. The order remained unchanged until the Dellwood mark was reached, and then Pistakee passed Gadfly and ran up a bit on Hazard, who had been passed by Iota. The wind was flattening, and it required Capt. Ordway's best efforts to get to the line inside the time limit. The boats drifted in slowly, the times hardly giving one a fair idea of the distances between them. It was an unsatisfactory race, although Mahto deserved the victory she had won. The official summary for the 20-footers was:

Start, 2:15:00:

	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mahto	3 34 05	5 27 45	3 12 45
Hazard	3 36 52	5 34 01	3 19 01
Iota	3 38 20	6 05 03	3 50 03
Gadfly	3 38 29	6 05 18	3 50 18
Pistakee	3 39 35	6 11 30	3 56 30
Monoquet	3 42 48	6 21 43	4 06 43

The 17-footers started at 2:20. We're Here, sailed by Com. Hopkins, of the Minnetonka Y. C., got away first, followed by Xenia and El Comancho. In the fresh breeze We're Here pulled out a good lead, and at Dellwood was a minute and a half ahead. On the reach back to center she increased the lead by 30s. Well astern Xenia and El Comancho were fighting for second place. At the Wildwood mark the Minnetonka boat had gained still more; but on the beat back to Clarke street both Xenia and the Fox Lake boat succeeded in outsailing her.

At the end of the first round Xenia led. Thirty-four seconds astern came El Comancho, who in her turn was as much ahead of We're Here. On the second round the race degenerated into a drift, the boats not finishing inside the time limits, much to the disappointment of the Fox Lake contingent, whose boat would have won had she crossed the line somewhat sooner.

Third Day, Wednesday, Aug. 24.

Much the same conditions prevailed to-day as in

Monday's race. The wind was perhaps a little lighter, blowing about twelve knots. The special race between Akela and Hoodlum started at 10:25. Both boats had single reefs in their mainsails, and No. 1 jibs. Hoodlum led over the line by about 1s., and during the first knot of the race the two boats, Akela with spinaker set and Hoodlum with jib winged, sailed side by side. Just before reaching the buoy Akela took in her spinaker, while Hoodlum hung on to her jib 2m. longer before swinging it back on to the bowsprit.

Akela's crew were slow with the spinaker, and the combination of circumstances gave Hoodlum a lead of 6s. at the mark. Both boats reached to Dellwood with sheets well started; Hoodlum under working sails, Akela with her balloon jib set. Hoodlum gained 10s. more, both boats jibed round the buoy and started back on the reach to Dellwood.

Akela still stuck to her balloon jib, which seemed rather to overpower her. At times she laid over very badly. At the center buoy Hoodlum had gained 3s. more. On the run to Wildwood she again winged her jib, while Akela came down after her under balloon jib and spinaker. Hoodlum seemed to hold her own and at the Wildwood mark was 20s. ahead.

Knowing Hoodlum's great windward qualities, I expected to see her walk away from Akela, as she had done the day before; but the boats had hardly made one tack when I saw that Akela was getting the best of it. She sailed through Hoodlum's lee, came about, crossed her bow, tacked again, and walked right away from her. Hoodlum pointed higher, but when the puffs struck her she seemed dead and loggy. Akela only went the faster, the harder it blew. It was a sad sight for an Easterner, but Hoodlum was as clearly outclassed as Akela had been on the day before.

Hoodlum fell steadily astern. When the time was taken at the end of the first round Akela had a lead of 2m. and 47s. The times at the end of the first round were:

Akela.....11 21 22 Hoodlum 11 24 13

Akela set her spinaker, but Hoodlum gained 16s. on her run down to the center, which was owing to carelessness in setting Akela's spinaker.

Akela made the next two reaches without her balloon jib, and the difference was very noticeable; she made substantial gains on both legs, and on jibing round center had a lead of 3m. and 7s. on Hoodlum. Hoodlum was a badly beaten boat, and her crew knew it. They had one chance—if the wind lightened, they might yet beat Akela. So they shook out the reef in her mainsail, but it did not lighten, and while Akela was coming up to windward in fine style, Hoodlum came staggering along, rather overpowered by her big mainsail. Akela romped away from her, beating her as badly as she had herself been beaten on the previous day. Akela crossed the finish line at 12:30:40. The people on shore cheered, the people in the boats cheered, the whistles blew, and the guns fired. The Westerners were so pleased that when Hoodlum came staggering across the line at 12:37:03 they cheered her almost as loudly as they did their own victorious boat.

Hoodlum was beautifully handled, for it took a clever crew and skipper to bring her up to windward with her full sail. Hoodlum had no excuse to offer; she was simply outclassed in the heavy weather. The official summary:

Start, 10:25:00:

	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Akela	11 21 22	12 30 40	2 05 40	2 05 32
Hoodlum	11 24 13	12 37 03	2 12 03	2 12 03

The analysis shows that in four miles of reaching Akela's average gain was 5s. per mile. In four miles of windward work, 1m. and 35s. per mile. In running the boats were even.

The starting gun of the 20-footers was fired at 2:15. All the boats crossed within 20s., making as pretty a start as one often sees. The boats crossed in the following order: Hazard, Pistakee, Iota, Mahto, Gadfly and Monoquet. The boats raced down to center in the fresh breeze, all of them with a smother of foam under their lee bows. The times at center were:

Hazard .....2 23 28 Mahto 2 24 10
Iota .....2 24 00 Monoquet 2 24 28
Gadfly 2 24 08

Rounding the center buoy the boats started close hauled for Dellwood, and Mahto gained a little on Hazard. Monoquet, with one reef tied down, had passed Pistakee. The boats jibed round the mark as follows:

Hazard .....2 32 06 Gadfly 2 32 16
Mahto .....2 32 25 Monoquet 2 33 36
Iota .....2 32 50 Pistakee 2 33 38

The next leg, which was a run to center, was quite exciting. Hazard and Mahto, as in the previous races, outclassed the fleet, while the others had a good race between themselves. Before the turn was made Pistakee had come up into fourth place, jibing close behind Iota. The boats set their spinakers on their run to Wildwood, and Hazard made a slight gain over Mahto. In the second division of the 20-footers Gadfly passed Monoquet, otherwise the order remained unchanged. The boats were timed round Wildwood as follows:

Hazard .....2 46 38 Pistakee 2 50 27
Mahto .....2 47 23 Gadfly 2 51 18
Iota .....2 49 08 Monoquet 2 51 21

From Wildwood there was a two-mile beat back to the starting line at Clarke street. In the stiff breeze it was wet work for the little boats, and Capt. Ordway, of the Mahto, drove his boat up to windward in a relentless manner. Capt. Pillsbury, on the Hazard, did his best, but it wasn't good enough; Mahto passed him and pulled out a little lead into the bargain, while Monoquet came fast enough to put herself in third place. The times at the end of the first round were:

Mahto .....3 18 56 Pistakee 3 25 22
Hazard .....3 19 18 Iota 3 25 26
Monoquet .....3 25 21 Gadfly 3 33 35

Once off the wind again, Hazard began to gain; foot by foot she pulled up on the White Bear competitor, but she couldn't get by her, and when the boats turned center Mahto still led by 2s., which she increased to 32 when the Dellwood mark was reached. Eight minutes astern Pistakee, Iota and Monoquet rounded within 32s. of each other, while Gadfly labored far behind. Mahto continued to gain, and when the time was taken at Wildwood she was 1m. and 9s. ahead of Hazard—a lead which she increased 2m. and 33s. at the finish. The official summary:

Start, 2:15:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mahto	4 28 00	2 13 00
Hazard	4 30 33	2 15 33
Monoquet	4 38 53	2 23 53
Iota	4 39 03	2 24 03
Pistakee	4 41 28	2 26 28
Gadfly	4 55 00	2 40 00

The result of this race was that Mahto was awarded the championship cup of the 20ft. class. She deserved her victory, and was handled in a most skilful manner by Mr. L. P. Ordway, who had as his crew W. J. Murray, I. E. Ramaley and C. A. Reed.

Hazard, sailed by Mr. Alfred F. Pillsbury, who had as his crew W. D. Morse, Daniel Raymond and A. Wilcox, was awarded the pennant for the second best boat.

The starting gun for the 17-footers was fired at 2:20, all crossing within 10s. of each other, Xenia in the lead. We're Here undertook to pass Xenia on the run down to center, and Xenia's skipper claimed that a foul occurred, and protested accordingly, but the protest was not allowed. Shortly after this Xenia's spinaker broke and she was handicapped during the rest of the race by the loss of that sail. Times at center were:

We're Here .....2 29 15 Xenia 2 29 46
El Comancho 2 29 33

We're Here continued to run away from her competitors on the reach to Dellwood, and Xenia passed El Comancho. Times at Dellwood were:

We're Here .....2 37 49 El Comancho 2 39 45
Xenia 2 38 36

We're Here continued to gain; Xenia ran away from Monoquet, who was entirely overpowered by the heavy breeze.

After this it was a procession all the way round the course. Xenia went better to windward than her competitor, but her mast was badly sprung, and her skipper was unable to do her justice on that account. The times at the finish were, for the 17ft. class:

Start, 2:20:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
We're Here	4 48 54	2 28 54
Xenia	4 50 26	2 30 26
El Comancho	5 01 41	2 51 41

The same officials presided over this race as on the previous days.

Fourth Day, Thursday, Aug. 25.

The conditions on this fourth and last of the races were about the same as on the third. The wind was not blowing quite so hard, but both the 23-footers had single reefs in their mainsails, though the 17-footers sailed under full sail.

Akela had on a larger mainsail than on the previous day, and in consequence her sail area was about the same as Hoodlum's. The big match was started at 10:25, and Hoodlum led over the line by about 20s., breaking out her spinaker as she crossed. Akela got into a good deal of trouble with her spinaker, but in spite of this gained 14s. on Hoodlum, and jibed round the center buoy close behind her.

Both boats started on the reach to Dellwood, and Akela ran up rapidly, attempting to force a passage to leeward of Hoodlum, and thus get the inside track at the mark, which was to be left to starboard.

But she wasn't quite fast enough to do this; Mr. Griggs evidently thought his best chance was to go by Hoodlum to windward, and attempted to do so. It was quite evident that Mr. Burton could have stopped him from doing this, had he wished to, for he didn't even luff with Akela.

The boats were now nearing the buoy. Hoodlum, as Mr. Burton had calculated, had about a half length of overlap on Akela at the mark. Of course, Akela should have given her room, but she didn't, and Hoodlum, in trying to keep clear of her, not only struck the mark, but also ran her bowsprit 4in. into Akela's side, just aft of the mast. The boats were coming very fast, and the collision was a hard one. Hoodlum got clear, holding her sheets, and sailed on, while Akela, instead of following her, paid off and went ashore to repair her damage. Hoodlum sailed the course alone, crossing the finish line at 12:39:10. She broke her tiller square off one mile from the finish, and had to be sailed to windward by her jib.

When the boats came ashore, Mr. Griggs was asked for his statement of the facts. He said: "If Hoodlum had jibed sooner, it would not have happened. When I jibed my boat she came back very fast. I shall not file any protest. I am done sailing. Burton did not intend to hit me, I am sure of that, and both he and Higginson are all right, but I wish their main sheet man had jibed sooner." In answer to this statement, Mr. Burton said: "We had the inside course for the buoy at Dellwood. Akela had the windward position, coming to the buoy. When the boats jibed Hoodlum was to windward, and had an overlap. Akela should have given us room to get around the mark. That she did not do. We jibed as quickly as we could, but struck her, and trying to keep clear of her, we fouled the mark."

Such was the accident which marred the last day's racing. Hoodlum was in the lead when it occurred, though it is doubtful whether she could have kept it.

The 17-footers sailed a final race this morning, Xenia winning over We're Here and El Comancho. The starting gun was fired at 10:30 A. M. All the boats crossed the line at about the same time, with El Comancho slightly in the lead. Just after crossing the line We're Here broke her spinaker pole. Both El Comancho and Xenia passed her. The times at the center buoy were:

El Comancho .....10 39 25 We're Here 10 40 05
Xenia 10 39 43

When the boats rounded center for the second time and started for the run to Wildwood, Xenia was leading the Minnetonka boat by 1m. 31s., while We're Here was in her turn as far ahead of El Comancho. Just after rounding Wildwood, We're Here broke her jib halyard and lost a minute and a half. On windward work Xenia outsailed We're Here badly, and at the Clarke street buoy had a lead of 6m. and 13s. On the runs and reaches which followed We're Here made good gains on Xenia, but she lost again badly in the beat to windward, and at the finish she was 6m. and 20s. behind the White Bear boat.

The official summary:

Start, 10:30:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Xenia	1 01 00	2 31 00
We're Here	1 07 20	2 37 20
El Comancho	1 11 42	2 41 42

This makes two races to Xenia's credit. A third race was to be sailed this afternoon after the writer left. Xenia was sailed in her races by Com. H. T. Drake, who had as his crew F. R. Bigelow and Charles Powers. There has been a strong feeling prevalent among the yachtsmen that next year's races will be held at Lake Winnebago. The races this year have been on the whole quite satisfactory, and Minnesota yachtsmen may well feel proud of their boats, for they carried off first and second honors in all the classes but one, and in that one the defeated boat Akela made an admirable showing.

A. Henry Higginson.

The Quincy Challenge Cup.

The first series of races for the handsome perpetual challenge cup established last winter by the Quincy Y. C. for the 21ft. l.w.l. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was begun last week, the result of five days' sailing being that each side won two races, and the defender was dismasted, the final race being set for Sept. 1. The challenger, Duchess, representing the Lynn Y. C., is a new boat, designed and partly built by C. D. Mower, head draftsman for Arthur Binney, the designer, and is very similar to the succesful Vitesse, designed, built and raced last year in the 15ft. class by Mr. Mower. Duchess was designed for the 18ft. class, regardless of the Quincy cup, but it was decided to challenge with her; though she was certain to be outmatched to the extent of some 3ft. of length, with no time allowance. As she practically went up into the 21ft. class, she was allowed to carry five instead of four men, and as trimmed for these races she measured 18ft. 4in. She is owned by Charles Hayden. Recruit was designed by J. R. Purdon, and built by the Lawley & Son Corporation for F. B. Rice, commodore of the Quincy Y. C., specially for the defense of the cup; she is of very light construction, and fully up to the 21ft. limit, in fact she has needed alterations to get her safely on the right side of the line.

The conditions call for a series of three out of five races. It was expected that several other boats would enter with Duchess as challengers, but none appeared. The Quincy Y. C. was represented by Secretary J. S. Whiting; the Lynn Y. C. by W. A. Estes, these two choosing a third judge, A. G. McVey. The steam yacht Athlete, A. C. Norcross, was used as the committee boat.

On Monday morning the wind was S.W. and puffy, with force enough to induce the crew of Duchess to tie in three reefs, while Recruit had two, both carrying small jibs. The course was to leeward and return, two and a half miles out, around the red dolphin at Hull, two rounds making nine miles. On board the challenger were Arthur H. Parker, John A. Blanchard, Charles Hayden, E. M. Horton and C. D. Mower. Recruit was sailed by Henry M. Faxon, Arthur Heith, Harold B. Faxon, Frank Crane and J. L. Whiton.

The start was made from the gun at 2:05 P. M., Recruit leading over the line. Duchess, just astern, was quicker with her spinaker. She held close on Recruit's weather quarter over the greater part of the leg, finally turning within 25s. of Recruit. On the wind Recruit began to gain, and showed a lead of over a minute when the first round ended:

Recruit .....2 58 50 Duchess 2 59 53

Spinakers were set for the run out, Duchess gained, and was very close at the turn. As the wind fell a little on the beat home, Duchess shook out her third reef. Recruit followed by shaking out her second reef, but in the hurry one reef point was left tied, and the sail was badly torn. Soon after Duchess shook out her second reef, also tearing her sail, but not badly. Recruit did very poor work with her damaged mainsail, and was badly beaten.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Duchess	4 00 25	1 55 25
Recruit	4 17 30	2 12 30

After the race the torn mainsails were sent to Wilson & Silsby's loft, being repaired there for the next morning.

The course for the second race was a triangle of six miles, sailed twice. The race was started to windward in an easterly breeze, but by the shifting of the wind to S. and S.W. the three legs were to windward. The start was made at 2 P. M., Recruit going over on time, while Duchess was not near the line, and lost half a minute in the light air. The first leg was a matter of calms and flukes, each going in turn, Duchess having a lead of but 7s. at the first mark. Recruit went ahead and had a lead of 1m. 22s. at the second mark. The wind was now settled at S.W. and steady, just right for a fair trial to windward. Recruit managed to add 1m. 10s., the first round being timed:

Recruit .....3 15 51 Duchess 3 18 23

The second round showed a steady gain for Recruit, the final times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Recruit	4 11 06	2 11 06
Duchess	4 21 38	2 21 38

The course for the third race was windward and leeward, two rounds, making nine miles, with a fresh S.W. breeze. Each boat had two reefs in, but the second reef came out before the start, at 3 P. M. After some quick work Duchess went over just ahead of Recruit, breaking out her spinaker smartly, while Recruit was slow with hers. At the first mark Recruit had a lead of 26s.

Recruit carried her large working jib to windward while Duchess showed a small jib, both being reefed. The first round was timed:

Recruit .....3 43 27 Duchess 3 46 23



DUCHESS—DESIGNED BY C. D. MOWER, 1898.
From Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

On the run Recruit gained but 10s., when they turned, however, Duchess stopped to tie in her third reef, and with but one reef on Recruit she was badly beaten. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Recruit	4 29 00	1 29 00
Duchess	4 41 54	1 41 54

On Thursday there was a very light east wind when the race was started at 3 P. M. over a triangular course, Recruit leading Duchess by 8s. over the line. The race was mainly a drift, with the wind shifting to S.W. and falling altogether at times. Recruit finished at 6:31:32, the time limit expiring at 6:30. Duchess finished at 6:32:40.

On Friday there was a fresh westerly breeze, Duchess tying in three reefs, and Recruit two. It was agreed to sail but one round of the six-mile triangle. The start was made at 3 P. M., Recruit leading over the line, and gaining 1m. 30s. on the reach to first mark. This two miles was covered in 11m. 10s., and the next two, also reaching, in 10m. 1s., the mark being timed:

Recruit .....3 21 18 Duchess 3 24 42

Both came hard on the wind, and Recruit was easily holding her own, but her mast split below the jaws as she went through a lively sea, and finally broke. Duchess finished at 4:01:26. The next race, probably the final one, will be started at 10:30 on Sept. 1.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Last week was a busy one at Oyster Bay, through the visit of the five one-design knockabouts of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, for the series of interclub matches with the Seawanhaka fleet. The racing covered the whole week and a day over, from Saturday to Saturday, the first and last days being devoted to special races, while five days were given to the interclub matches. The visiting fleet was at Oyster Bay on Aug. 19, including Kid, owned by Mrs. Geary, and sailed by Barklee Henry; Fly, owned by Charles Brock and Mrs. Crozier, and sailed by Mr. Brock; Grilse, owned and sailed by Robert Toland; Spider, owned and sailed by Parker Freeman, and Fareeda, owned by Com. Alexander Van Rensselaer and sailed by Charles V. Grant.

The Seawanhaka representatives were: Gloria, owned by J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and sailed by J. Frederick Tams; Stella, owned by John S. Hoyt and sailed by J. Sherman Hoyt; Kewaydin, owned by R. C. Wetmore and sailed by R. W. Gibson; Dacoit, owned by H. L. Maxwell, and Tosto, owned by L. M. Scott, each sailed by her owner.

The race of Aug. 20 was over a course from Oyster Bay to Greenwich, where the Indian Harbor Y. C. had planned a clambake and other festivities for the visitors. Com. Rouse offered the cup won by Mistral in the New London race as a prize for this race. The start was made at 10 A. M. in a flat calm, and after drifting all day the yachts gave up and returned to Oyster Bay, only one, Dacoit, making Greenwich at dark.

The first of the interclub races was started on Monday morning over a triangular course off Center Island Buoy, in the Sound. The yachts raced for points, each being credited with the number of boats on the other side which she defeated. The races were in charge of C. W. Wetmore, of the Seawanhaka race committee, assisted by Walter T. Owen and Isaac W. Jeanes, of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia. The first race was sailed in a fresh westerly wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Stella, S. C. Y. C.	4 38 44	2 19 44
Dacoit, S. C. Y. C.	4 39 08	2 20 08
Tosto, S. C. Y. C.	4 40 34	2 21 34
Gloria, S. C. Y. C.	4 41 55	2 22 55
Kid, P. C. Y. C.	4 42 54	2 23 54
Kewaydin, S. C. Y. C.	4 43 08	2 24 08
Farceeda, P. C. Y. C.	4 45 17	2 26 17
Spider, P. C. Y. C.	4 45 59	2 26 59
Fly, P. C. Y. C.	4 48 27	2 28 27
Grilse, P. C. Y. C.	4 49 30	2 30 30

Stella, Dacoit, Tosto and Gloria win 5 points each; Kewaydin wins 4 points. Total for Seawanhaka Club, 24 points. Kid wins 1 point for Philadelphia Club.

On Tuesday there was a reefing breeze, and the inside course, starting and finishing off the club house, was chosen, the start being made at 2:05:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Stella, S. C. Y. C.	3 55 00	1 50 00
Dacoit, S. C. Y. C.	3 57 15	1 52 15
Tosto, S. C. Y. C.	3 57 45	1 52 45
Kid, P. C. Y. C.	4 00 56	1 55 56
Gloria, S. C. Y. C.	4 01 20	1 56 20
Grilse, P. C. Y. C.	4 01 55	1 56 51
Kewaydin, S. C. Y. C.	4 02 27	1 57 27
Spider, P. C. Y. C.	4 02 28	1 57 28
Fareeda, P. C. Y. C.	4 02 33	1 58 33
Fly, P. C. Y. C.	4 02 45	1 58 45

Stella, Dacoit and Tosto win 5 points each; Gloria wins 4 points, and Kewaydin 3 points for the Seawanhaka Club; total, 21 points. Kid wins 2 points and Grilse 1 point for the Philadelphia Club; total, 3 points.

Grand total to date, Seawanhaka Club 46 points, and Philadelphia Club 4 points.

On Wednesday there was a reefing breeze from S.W., and the course was laid out N.N.E., three miles, outside the harbor. Fly lost her rudder at the outer mark on the second round, and was steered home with an oar. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gloria, S. C. Y. C.	5 16 44	2 46 44
Stella, S. C. Y. C.	5 21 17	2 51 17
Kid, P. C. Y. C.	5 22 28	2 52 28
Dacoit, S. C. Y. C.	5 25 55	2 52 55
Fareeda, P. C. Y. C.	5 25 01	2 55 01
Kewaydin, S. C. Y. C.	Disqualified.	
Tosto, S. C. Y. C.	5 28 19	2 58 19
Spider, P. C. Y. C.	5 28 50	2 58 50
Grilse, P. C. Y. C.	5 31 51	3 01 51
Fly, P. C. Y. C.	5 54 43	3 24 43

Gloria and Stella won 5 points each, Dacoit won 4, and Tosto won 3 for the Seawanhaka Club. Total for the day, 17 points. Kid won 3 for the Philadelphians, Fareeda 2, and Spider, Grilse and Fly won 1 each. Total for Philadelphia for the day, 8 points. The total number of points to date won by the Seawanhaka Club in the three days' racing is 63, against a total of 12 for the Philadelphia Club.

On Thursday there was a fresh S.W. wind for the triangular course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Stella, S. C. Y. C.	5 36 23	3 06 23
Kewaydin, S. C. Y. C.	5 37 08	3 07 08
Kid, P. C. Y. C.	5 39 21	3 09 21
Fareeda, P. C. Y. C.	5 41 11	3 11 11
Dacoit, S. C. Y. C.	5 42 30	3 12 30
Tosto, S. C. Y. C.	5 43 18	3 13 18
Spider, P. C. Y. C.	5 45 11	8 15 11
Grilse, P. C. Y. C.	5 45 38	3 15 38

Stella and Kewaydin won 4 points each, and Dacoit and Tosto 2 each for the Seawanhaka Club. Kid and Fareeda won 2 points each for Philadelphia. Total points for the day, Seawanhaka, 12; Philadelphia, 4. Grand total to date, Seawanhaka, 75; Philadelphia, 16.

As Fly was unable to sail, the winning boat of Wednesday, Gloria, was dropped by the Seawanhaka side, making four each.

The last race was sailed on Friday in a light northerly breeze, Fly being repaired and Gloria starting. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kid, P. C. Y. C.	5 11 10	2 51 10
Stella, S. C. Y. C.	5 15 15	2 56 15
Spider, P. C. Y. C.	5 23 22	3 03 22
Dacoit, S. C. Y. C.	5 29 28	3 09 28
Grilse, P. C. Y. C.	5 33 32	3 13 32
Tosto, S. C. Y. C.	5 34 50	3 14 50
Fly, P. C. Y. C.	5 42 32	3 22 32
Farceda, P. C. Y. C.	5 43 43	3 23 43
Kewaydin, S. C. Y. C.	5 44 45	3 20 45
Gloria, S. C. Y. C.	5 45 07	3 25 07

Kid wins 5 points for the Philadelphia Club; Spider wins 4, Grilse 3, and Fly and Fareeda 2 each. Total points for the day for the Philadelphia Club, 16.

Stella wins 4 points for Seawanhaka, Dacoit 3, and Tosto 2, a total for the day for the Seawanhaka Club of 9 points.

The grand total for the entire series, which closed with this race, stands: Seawanhaka, 85, and Philadelphia, 31 points. Of these Stella, leading boat of the Seawanhaka fleet, has won 23 points, and Kid, leading boat of the Philadelphia Club, won 14 points during the series.

In the evening a dinner was served, at which many members and the visitors were present.

The principal event of Saturday was a private match between Norota, D. B. Burnham, and Hussar, J. D. Baird, for a cup costing $100 and a stake of $500 per side. The wind was fresh N.E., and the course was five miles to windward, from Center Island Buoy to a buoy off Shippan Point and return, two rounds, making twenty miles. Norota was steered by D. Leroy Dresser, and Hussar by C. G. Davis. Hussar led over the course, the times being:

	R.M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hussar, J. D. Baird	39.05	3 26 00	3 22 14
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.84	3 29 40	3 29 40

In the afternoon one of the regular knockabout races was sailed, with thirteen starters, including the five Philadelphia boats. Stella won.

The Lipton Challenge.

The personal representative of Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Charles Russell, arrived at Quebec on Aug. 19, and at New York on Aug. 23, being met by two of Sir Thomas Lipton's business representatives, who escorted him to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. During the day he was called on by Secretary Oddie and Treasurer Hurst, of the New York Y. C., and later in the day he visited the club house on Madison Avenue. On the afternoon of Thursday of last week he met at the private office of Com. Morgan those members of the special Cup committee who were in town, Com. Morgan, Secretary Oddie, Treasurer Hurst, and Messrs. E. M. Brown and H. B. Duryea. Gen. Paine, who was appointed, declined to serve. The details of the meeting were not made public, but Mr. Russell brought no formal challenge, merely stating to the committee the general views of his principal.

On Aug. 24 the special committee of the Royal Ulster Y. C., Vice-Com. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, Hon. Secretary-Treasurer Hugh C. Kelly, and Hugh M. McGildowney, accompanied by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., sailed for New York on the Britannic. They will bring the formal challenge, and it is expected that all arrangements will be made for the match.

For some time past Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has been in conference with the Herreshoffs over a new defender, and though the same secrecy surrounds everything as in 1893-5, it is settled that all arrangements have been made to begin work at once on a new boat, to be managed by Mr. Iselin; Com. J. Pierpont Morgan being named as the largest if not the sole owner. Messrs. H. P. Duryea and H. P. Whitney were also in consultation with the Herreshoffs in regard to a second boat, but they have given up the idea, as it is understood that the firm wishes to build but one boat. This boat, which will naturally be an improved Defender, is estimated at costing $120,000, but, of course, anything like official figures are not accessible. It is also arranged that Defender shall be rebuilt, the estimated cost being $25,000, for use in the trial races.

It is reported from the Clyde that Valkyrie III. will be refitted and raced against Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton's new boat; and also that the Duke d'Abruzzi, owner of Bona, has placed an order with Mr. Watson for a cutter of the length agreed on.

The popular assumption is that the match will be made between yachts of 90ft. l.w.l., and this will probably be the case in spite of the obvious fact that quite as good sport can be had, with a larger fleet in the trial races and a far lower cost, in yachts of 60 to 70ft. l.w.l.

The Flying Proa.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the articles from your correspondents relating to the flying proa, but think there must be a mistake in one of them, where it asserts that the flat side of the hull is on the windward side. Now, as I understand it, the flat side answers the purpose of a centerboard, and could only work as such on the lee side—the outrigger acting as a large hiking board on the weather. Your first correspondent on the subject thinks that the wave action caused by two rounded hulls placed parallel would retard the speed of the craft, but judging by the late Seawanhaka races, the catamaran (for the Dominion was nothing else) did not seem to suffer from this cause.

I think it has been clearly proved that the wave motion is produced, not by the shape of the two hulls, but by the fact that they are generally fixed rigidly together. Mr. Herreshoff, working on this theory, has designed some catamarans with a ball-and-socket joint holding the two hulls together, so that each hull is entirely independent of the other as to the angle at which it is with the surface of the water, allowing each hull to adapt itself to the surface of the wave passing under it, and, of course, holding them always parallel. The result of this is that he has produced a craft for which he claims the high speed of twenty-one miles an hour.

My idea is that if two canoes were joined together in

this way a craft of high speed would result, as an enormous sail spread could be carried with perfect safety. Hoping to see the ideas of many others on this subject in your paper. C. H. HOOPER.

[Our correspondent is in error as to Dominion, as she is clearly not a catamaran, but based on radically different principles. We have received several other letters on this subject, but they require illustrations, which are not yet ready.]

Hudson River Y. C. Annual Race.

New York—Hudson River.
Sunday, Aug. 28.

THE Hudson River Y. C. sailed its annual race on Aug. 28, over its triangular course on the Hudson River, the wind being light from the south. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cabin Sloops—Start 12:10.			
Margaret	5 17 00	5 47 00	4 57 00
Nahma	5 35 00	5 21 00	5 02 20
Open Sloops—Start 12:10.			
Answer	5 29 00	5 09 00	5 02 00
Clip	Did not finish.		
In It	Did not finish.		
Zetes	4 20 00	4 00 00	4 00 00
Sybilla	5 20 00	5 00 00	4 56 30
Cabin Catboats—Start 12:20.			
Irene G.	Did not finish.		
Eureka	Did not finish.		
Ethel B.	5 13 00	4 43 00	4 43 00
F. Oliver II.	5 33 00	5 03 00	4 55 00
Henrietta H.	Did not finish.		
Drusilla	Did not finish.		
Mary	Did not finish.		
Good Enough	Did not finish.		
Open Catboats—20ft. Class—Start 12:20.			
Edna	4 25 00	4 03 00	3 59 00
Clara S.	5 10 00	4 40 00	4 35 50
J T Corlett	5 30 00	5 00 00	5 00 00
Open Catboats, under 20ft.—Start 12:20.			
Ario	Did not finish.		
Paul W.	4 23 00	3 53 00	3 51 20
H. C. Miner	Did not finish.		
C. T. Wills	3 38 00	3 08 00	3 07 00
Millie	Did not finish.		

The winners were Margaret, Zetes, Ethel B., Edna and C. T. Wills. Zetes wins the special cup for best elapsed time, defeating C. T. Wills 3m. and 10s., and Margaret 59m. and 10s.

Up-to-Date Yachting.

IT is evident that the Seawanhaka 20ft. class has no monopoly of the bad features of modern designing. In describing the Quincy cup matches of last week, the Boston Globe says: "Recruit has been brought into the class by pulling her bow upward and thus shortening her waterline forward." Recruit is of very light construction, entirely too light even for one season's races, and has already been rebuilt to enable her to sail this series, for which she was specially built. Of the other boat the Globe says: "Skipper Parker, of Duchess, stated after the race that he did not care to force his boat to-day, as it was a forlorn hope, and he judged it better to reef and come home easy. He wanted to save her for some more races in the 18ft. class, and to push her on the last leg would have strained her considerably."

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

Fixtures.

Sept. 2.—Chicago, Ill.—Montgomery Ward & Co. live-bird diamond badge contest.
Sept. 3.—Natick, Mass.—Amateur shoot of the Natick Gun Club. On Sept. 5 if stormy. S. Bowker, Manager.
Sept. 5.—Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Sportsman's Club Labor Day shoot; open to all. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Corning, N. Y.—First Labor Day shooting tournament Rain Makers' Gun Club; targets. Harry J. Sternberg, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Forester Gun Club's Labor Day merchandise shoot. John Fleming, Captain.
Sept. 5.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Pawling Gun Club; targets. Morton Haynes, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Woodlawn, L. I.—Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. E. C. Frost, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Meriden, Conn.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-6.—Reading, Pa.—Mt. Penn Gun Club's merchandise and intercounty trophy shoot; targets.
Sept. 5-6.—Rock Island, Ill.—Rock Island Gun Club's amateur tournament.
Sept. 6-9.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer Arms Co.'s fifth annual tournament; targets and live birds.
Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.
Sept. 7-8.—Cherokee, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. Irving Weart, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Aledo, Ill.—Aledo Gun Club's amateur tournament.
Sept. 9.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot on grounds of Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
Sept. 13-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Shoot of the Central New Jersey League.
Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-23.—Omaha, Neb.—Fourth annual shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club.
Sept. 28-29.—Bloomfield, Ind.—Bloomfield Gun Club's target tournament.
Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.
Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-20.—Nashville, Tenn.—At Belle Meade Stock Farm; two days targets; two live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.
Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at targets; two days at live birds; $500 added.
Oct. 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication n hese columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Tiee in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A three days' tournament will be held at Morgan's Grove, Sept. 6, 7 and 8. Morgan's Grove is reached from Baltimore and Washington by B. & O. R. R. to Shenandoah Junction, W. Va. It is five miles from the latter city, on the line of the N. & W. R. R. Co. The tournament is held in conjunction with the Morgan's Grove County Fair, and has been largely attended by local shooters, and also shooters from the adjoining counties and States. There are seven events on the first day's programme, four at 10 and three at 15 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance. Second day, two events, 10 targets each $1; three at 15, each $1.25; four at 20, each $1.50; one three-men team race, 20 targets, $3 per team; one at 25 targets, for Morgan's Grove Fair trophy, open to all. Third day, five 15-target events, of which one is $1, the rest $1.25 entrance; three 20-target events, each $1.50; one at 25 targets for silver cup, open to residents of Jefferson and Berkely counties, W. Va., and Washington and Frederick counties, Md. Mr. J. W. Pentz and Dr. J. P. Bishop, Managers.

Mr. Ralph L. Trimble, of Covington, Ky., informs us that he is no longer a representative of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies, and that his release was occasioned by the companies having completely retired from the sale of loaded shotgun ammunition, which formed the basis for introducing those brands of smokeless powder into localities where not an ounce of anything excepting black powder had been used. Mr. Trimble was under the jurisdiction of R. S. Waddell, agent, and traveled through the Central and Southern States. He is thoroughly familiar with the trade and has a very large personal following. He is a first-class shot and has had a number of years of practical business experience among sportsmen of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

The Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn., is open to all, and has a programme of ten events, seven at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance; two at 20 targets, $2.40 entrance, and one at 30 target, $2.60 entrance, a total of $16.50 entrance for the entire programme. To the first high gun, first, second and third low guns, $5 each, shooting through the programme. Programme events begin at 9:30. Four moneys, divided by the Rose system. Targets 2 cents, included in all entrances. Shooters may enter for price of targets only. Should there be time, a miss-and out, straightaway, 20yds. rise, $1, and 10 targets, expert rules, entrance $1, will be shot. Take electric cars to Hanover Park.

Under date of Aug. 29, Mr. Samuel Bowker writes us as follows: "In regard to the amateur shoot at Natick, Mass., scheduled to take place on Sept. 3 (5th if stormy), we are pleased to state that from indications so far presented there will be from thirty to fifty shooters in attendance. Merchandise values will reach about $150, and there will be in all about $75 in added money to the sweepstake events. Shooters will be protected by awnings over the shooting stand, and stands for spectators have also been erected. Experts and professionals are barred from entry except for birds only."

The programme of the fifth monthly shoot of the Greenfield Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 5, contains twelve events, of which six are at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; four at 15 targets, 75 cents, and two at 20, $1 entrance. Targets 1½ cents, included in entrance. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Moneys divided according to the Rose system. Magautrap will be used in all events. Dates for private shooting matches can be arranged for on application to the secretary, John C. Knode, Greenfield avenue, Pittsburg.

The match for the cast iron badge at Eau Claire, a full account of which, written by Mr. Hough, is published in this department, was of an exceptionally high order. Heikes won by a score of 99 out of 100, the lost bird dying out of bounds, while Gilbert made the excellent score of 94, with two dead out of bounds. Heikes used his Winchester, with 45grs. of Schultze in a Leader shell, while Gilbert, we presume, used his Smith gun and favorite load of 3½drs. of Du Pont powder in a Leader shell.

Mr. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., well known for his enthusiasm in matters pertaining to trap-shooting, made a brief call in FOREST AND STREAM office on Monday of last week. He returned on that day to his home. He reported that trap matters are active in and about Reading, and that the Mount Penn Gun Club's forthcoming tournament, Sept. 5 and 6, of which he is manager, was most gratifyingly promising.

The Interstate tournament at Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 7 and 8, closes the events of the Interstate Association for the year. The season as a whole has been notably successful, although the war interfered with a part of the Interstate programme—the shoots at Wilmington, Del., and Portsmouth, Va. No small measure of the success was due to the Interstate's skillful manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner.

In the watch charm handicap of the Brockton Gun Club, Aug. 20, Leonard, Barrett and Allen tied, which tie will be shot off on Labor Day. In the 25-target event Grant, Stanley, Barrett, Leonard, Donoghue and Allen scored 25 each, Allen making a clean score apart from his handicap allowance. The club expects to hold an invitation shoot on Labor Day.

On Saturday of this week at Elkwood Park the Country Club cup will be shot for. The conditions are 20 live birds, $20 entrance, 25 to 30yds. handicap, cup and 40 per cent. to winner; 11:30 A. M. On Sept. 7 there will be all-day sweepstake shooting. On Sept. 10 Mumm prize, 30yds., 5 birds, entrance free; ties miss-and-out.

In the live-bird contest at Morfey's grounds, Lyndhurst, N. J., Aug. 23, $16.25 entrance, birds included, four moneys, Doty killed straight and took first money, $56; Brewer was second with 24, which won $42; Money and Morfey killed 23, dividing $28, while Bunk, Timmons and Daly divided $14 on a score of 22 each.

The shoot of the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League, fixed for Aug. 24, at Warwick, N. Y., was called off in consequence of the non-attendance of the outside members. The Warwick shooters were keenly disappointed at the outcome. A club shoot was held instead.

The Baltimore Shooting Association, Baltimore, Md., has set Oct. 18 to 21 inclusive, on which to hold its fourth annual fall tournament. Two days at targets; two at live birds. Geo. S. Harrison, 120 E. Baltimore street, secretary.

In the 50-target event at the Hingham Gun Club's shoot on Aug. 20, the scores were as follows: Henderson 45, Allison 39, Howe 35 plus 2—37, Maynard 20, Higgins 25 plus 10—35, Keene 27, Tinkham 41, Howard 24, Cook 28. The last four were visitors.

In the contest for the Chicago challenge trophy, Aug. 26, Mr. Thos. P. Hicks, the holder of the trophy, defeated V. L. Cunnyngham by a score of 23 to 21. Dr. S. Shaw challenged the winner forthwith after the contest.

The Bloomfield Gun Club, Bloomfield, Ind., will hold a target tournament on Sept. 28 and 29. This club is a member of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League.

In the contest for the Troisdorf cup at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Saturday Dr. Smith was the winner after shooting off four ties with Mr. Skidmore.

By referring to our trap fixtures, readers will note that Labor Day (Sept. 5) affords ample opportunities for shooters to test their skill.

The next shoot of the Central New Jersey League will take place at New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 17.

The regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club takes place on Saturday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Connecticut State League.

BRISTOL, Conn., Aug. 25.—Inclosed find scores of the fourth tournament of the Connecticut State League, held on the grounds of the Bristol Gun Club, Monday, and a right royal time they had at the tables. Shooters were present from New Haven, Hartford, Guilford, Thomaston, Windsor Locks and other places. The teams were captained by Savage, of New Haven, and Mills, of the Bristol Gun Club; eighteen men on a side, 20 birds per man, known angles:

Savage's team—Savage 18, Longdon 18, Manross 16, W. F. Parker 18, Bates 18, U. M. C. 15, Clark 13, French 17, Robertson 17, Meachem 14, Thorpe 13, Gaines 12, Hart 10, J. M. Taylor 17, Porter 11, Bassett 14, Penn 9, Hooker 7—257.

Mills' team—Mills 18, Stevens 20, Neale 17, Hull 18, Post 12, Avery 18, Cutler 18, Treat 16, Fruit 13, Bristol 18, Judd 10, Hazel 6, Horton 18, Birdsey 13, Burwell 11, Roberts 18, Bailey 16, Taylor 14—272.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10
Clark	9	9	7	1	9	10	6	7	7	12	9	4
Fruit	6	4	7	12	7	11	7	8	11	7	2	6
Bristol	9	8	5	13	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	8	9	10	15	10	13	8	8	12	14	6	9
Bates	8	7	7	13	9	13	9	..	..	..	..	..
Robertson	8	8	5	11	4	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
E L Post	7	7	6	14	6	11	7	8	11	12	8	9
O B Treat	10	8	5	15	8	13	8	9	11	..	..	..
M Stevens	7	10	5	12	8	12	10	7	11	12	8	6
Gaines	5	3	8	10	5	10	6	6	12	6	4	5
Bassett	7	7	5	10	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Burwell	2	..	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Penn	5	4	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Neale	10	10	..	11	10	..	..	7	13	..	..	..
Avery	9	6	8	12	9	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	9	10	8	10	7	..	8	3	9	..	..	..
J Taylor	9	8	6	10	5	13	9	..	..	..	..	..
J R Hull	6	8	10	14	10	14	9	7	10	14	9	10
W F Parker	8	6	8	13	8	13	9	10	13	15	10	9
French	10	9	7	10	8	12	10	8	8	..	..	..
Birdsey	9	6	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Cutler	10	7	..	11	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
U M C	7	7	6	12	10	10	8	8	12	13	6	7
Thorpe	7	9	8	13	4	11	9	5	11	8	6	8
Manross	6	7	8	14	6	13	9	9	13	..	..	..
Mills	9	9	7	12	8	14	9	10	13	12	9	9
Porter	3	5	6	8	6	5	6	5	6	9	7	10
Hart	..	5	6	12	..	9	4	..	..	..	..	..
Judd	..	..	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hazel	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horton	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Longdon	10	10	9	11	10	12	10	7	..	..	..	..

Nos. 3, 8 and 10, reversed; all the rest known angles.
H. J. MILLS.

Lake City Gun Club.

WARSAW, Ind., Aug. 25.—Our tournament, Aug. 17 and 18, was well attended, and was successful.

In almost every issue of sporting papers we see something about barring the manufacturers' agents and experts. As for my part, I cannot see that it makes much difference, as some of the amateurs shoot fully as well as the experts, as will be seen by reference to the scores of our tournament.

The highest average for first day was won by Partington, Dr. A. F. Britton, of Indianapolis. His score was 115 broken out of 120 shot at. The highest average for the second day was won by Vail, R. Valentine, of Monroeville, O., score 111 out of 125:

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Griffith	10	11	10	10	10	11	10	12	7	14
Parry	9	11	8	10	8	14	8	13	10	13
Partington	10	13	8	14	9	14	10	15	9	11
Grube	8	12	8	14	9	15	9	11	9	13
Kolb	9	15	10	11	7	13	9	13	10	13
Shepardson	7	11	6	13	9	13	9	13	8	..
Boa	9	11	7	14	7	12	8	13	7	12
Streator	9	12	7	11	7	..	7	..	10	13
Davy	9	13	8	13	6	13	9	12	10	12
Neal	7	14	7	14	9	13	9	12	10	14
Steck	9	13	8	10	8	12	6	14	8	14
Vail	10	14	9	15	10	12	9	13	8	13
Douglass	6	13	..	..	8	13	..	12	8	..
Tripp	7	13	8	13	8	14	6	13	8	11
Snow	9	10	10	10	8	14	8	15	8	14
Bussell	7	10	7	11	8	12	..	..	..	..
Apperson	9	13	6	14	10	15	8	14	9	13
Mock	7	11	7	5	..	..	8	..	8	..
Irvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	8	13
Winebrenner	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..

THURSDAY, AUG. 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Griffith	6	9	7	12	7	13	10	13	9	11
Tripp	8	11	6	12	10	11	7	13	7	13
Steck	5	13	8	13	8	10	8	10	10	13
Vai	10	14	9	15	8	11	9	15	6	14
Apperson	9	14	8	14	8	12	7	11	5	..
Partington	10	12	9	14	10	13	8	15	7	10
Grube	9	13	8	14	8	13	7	11	9	11
Parry	7	12	7	11	8	11	6	12	9	14
Neal	9	13	9	14	7	13	10	10	8	13
Snow	7	14	10	13	7	13	8	12	10	14
Hulburt	5	13	7	11	8	9	..	9	8	11
Bussell	..	12	6	12	6	13	6	..	..	..
Douglass	8	12	8	13	9	14	8	12	8	11
Park	8	6	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	13
Winebrenner	6	..	6	..	8	..	..	..	6	..
Boa	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	13	9	12
Irvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

J. S. CAMPFIELD.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 27.—To-day was an ideal day for shooting, and consequently the attendance at the weekly shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Club showed a marked increase. The feature of the shoot was the eighth of the series of monthly cup shoots. This was event No. 4. It resulted in a tie between Chas. S. Burkhardt and Geo. Zoeller, which will be shot off next Saturday. No. 3 was the badge shoot; in Class A B. Talsma and Chas. S. Burkhardt tied, Talsma winning the shoot-off. Dr. Carroll won Class B, and Dr. Sauer Class C:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25		15	5p	30
Hammond	13	12	22	22	11	..	..
C S Burkhardt	11	12	23	23	14	9	22
Talsma	13	..	22	20	..	..	25
Smoke	9	9	17	22	..	..	..
Warren	11	13	22	22	..	..	..
McArthur	10	10	19	20	9	5	20
O'Brien	10	7	16	..	11	..	19
R H Hebard	11	9	21	20	12	7	24
J A Kennedy	8	11	16	19	10	6	24
C E Hebard	7	6	10	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	10	..	17	..	11	7	23
P G Myers	8	12	15	18	..	..	18
Geo Zoeller	12	..	18	23	..	..	..
Ellis	5	..	..	..	8	..	..
E W Smith	..	12	..	22	..	..	..
J E Lodge	..	..	14	18	..	3	23
Benson	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Dr E S Carroll	..	..	21	16	..	..	19
Dr Sauer	..	..	19	16	..	6	18
Talbert	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
W Hebard	..	..	..	..	..	4	23

BUFFALO AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Florists Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.—The main event of the Florists Gun Club's monthly shoot was the president's medal contest. The shooter making the greatest improvement over his previous record took the medal for the month and received 6 points, the next five making similar improvement receiving 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1 points respectively. There was a strong wind; weather warm, and shooting hard. Smith broke 95 out of 100 for the day.

Team match, 15 known targets, four men: Burton 13, Anderson 12, C. D. Ball 12, G. O. Bell 11; total 49. Smith 14, Park 12, Harris 10, Jones 9; total 45.

Team match, five men, 25 targets, known angles: Burton (captain) 21, Anderson 21, C. D. Ball 17, G. Bell 17, L. Ball 8; total 84. Smith (captain) 25, Park 21, Harris 16, Jones 15, Wescott 16; total 93.

President's medal, 50 targets:

	Unknown.	Known.	Total.	Points.
Harris	19	17	36	..
Wescott	9	11	20	6
Jones	13	19	32	2
C D Ball	21	16	37	2
L Ball	11	7	18	3
Brown	15	11	26	..
Smith	23	24	47	5
Bell	19	20	39	4
Park	20	21	41	1
Burton	23	21	44	..
Anderson	16	19	35	..
McKaraher	19	21	40	..

WESTERN TRAPS.

WINNEBAGO GUN CLUB.

Winnebago Gun Club, of the good shooting town of Oshkosh, Wis., made a very nice success of their tournament last week, beginning Aug. 20. Among others from abroad were Fish, Scammon, Churchill, Moon and Smith, of Eau Claire; Graves, of Loyal; Marsh, of Spokeville; Farber and Meunier, of Milwaukee. The second day showed a gain in attendance, and the affair is reported as pleasant, with honors well distributed, the Eau Claire and Milwaukee men having a shade the best in the totals.

COMING.

Monroe Gun Club, of Monroe, Mich., will hold a tournament, targets and live birds, Sept. 7-8, Jack Parker manager, which of course augurs well for a good shoot.

Aledo Gun Club, of Aledo, Ill., will hold its annual shoot Sept. 7-8-9, with seven target numbers and three live-bird events daily, and $50 average money to three high guns at close of shoot. J. F. Henderson, Sec'y.

Mr. W. D. Townsend, of Omaha, Neb., tells me that the fourth annual shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club, of that city, will be a good affair and worth keeping in mind for Sept. 21-22-23. There will be $500 added money. In all likelihood the "equitable system" will be shot, or at least plans are now making to change the programmes to that effect, it being thought better to use that system than the old one of class shooting.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The contest for the Chicago challenge trophy between Thos. P. Hicks, holder, and V. L. Cunnyngham took place on Friday afternoon, Aug. 26, at 2:40 P. M., at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill. The attendance was comparatively small, though considerable interest was shown by those present. The sky was overcast, and a mild wind blew from the left quarter. The birds were fairly good for summer birds. Among those trapped were some hot ones.

The handicap was T. P. Hicks, 25 birds, 30yds. rise, and V. L. Cunnyngham, 25 birds, 29yds. rise, still he shot at 30yds. from choice. Mr. Hicks shot a 10-gauge Wesley Richards, with 4¼drs. Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell, 1¼oz. No. 7, while V. L. Cunnyngham shot a 12-gauge Wesley Richards gun, with 3¾drs. Schultze powder, Smokeless shells, 1¼oz. No. 7.

Both gentlemen shot in good form, and many good kills were made by each.

The rules provide that a majority of the trustees shall be necessary to establish a handicap, giving birds and yards as they may deem proper to put all contestants on an equal footing. In this instance, one of the trustees being the holder of the trophy, took no part in the handicap arrangement; another of the trustees being out of the city for several weeks, and only returned the morning of the day of the contest, hence the handicap seems to have been made by one trustee only, which is not in accordance with the rules. Still apprised of these existing conditions, Mr. Cunnyngham shot without a protest.

It is expressed by several eligibles that a meeting should be called to elect trustees to replace those having personal interest in the trophy.

Following are detailed scores of the event, which was refereed by John Watson.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	5	4	1	2	4	4	3	4	3	2	2	1	4	2	3	5	2	4	5	5	2	3	5	5	4	
Cunnyngham, 30yds.	2	2	2	2	1	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	1	2	2	2	1	2	*	2	2	1	1	2	2	—21
	3	4	4	2	3	2	3	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	5	3	5	4	2	2	4	3	1	2	1	
T P Hicks, 30 yds.	2	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2	1	0	2	2	2	0	1	2	1	1	23

Immediately after the contest Dr. Sirembo Shaw challenged Mr. Hicks under the rules, and he is the only one known to seek contest for the trophy at this time.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest on the club grounds, corner Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 27. There was a large attendance. Among others were the wives of several members, who spent some time in practice at the traps. There was a soft sunlight, accompanied with a fresh quartering wind, which made the shooting somewhat difficult.

The trophy event, at 25 targets, was as follows:

Class A: J. S. Houston 18, F. P. Stannard 21, E. M. Steck 13, W. D. Stannard 21, A. W. Adams 18, A. C. Paterson 20, R. B. Miller 15, W. E. Phillips 17, W. R. Morgan 21.

Class B: Darlington 11, H. F. Carson 23, H. B. Morgan 14, H. Vetter 21, C. W. Carson 21, V. L. Cunnyngham 20, O. V. Buck 18, R. B. Carson 14, S. Matthews 14, Doc Morton 17.

Class C: Nita 18, Mrs. H. F. Carson 6, Boroff 22.

The Classes A and B medal ties were not shot off. Class C was won by A. C. Borroff.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club's weekly was held on Aug. 27. The attendance was fair. The wind blew from the left quarter. The targets thrown were somewhat erratic in their flight.

Following are scores in the trophy event of 25 birds, known traps, unknown angles:

Class A was won by R. Kuss on a straight score. Class B was won by Samuel Young in the shoot-off, and Class C was won by De Maris:

Workman 21, Nusley 18, Pollard 20, Meek 21, Neal 14, Kuss 25, Shaw 20, De Maris 19, Richards 22, Smedes 22, Young 22, Palmer 9, Hellman 15, Comelson 12, Hicks 23, Eaton 14, Kelly 20.

Shoot-off for B medal: Young 14, Smedes 11.

A. C. Paterson.

Heikes—Gilbert for the Cast Iron Badge.

Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 27.—If there should be heard issuing from the vicinity of Dayton, O., a low, deep, sizzling sound, the hearer need not be alarmed, for it will only be caused by Rolla Heikes frying eggs on the cast iron badge at his own fireside. Appearances would indicate that Mr. Heikes intends to stay in the cook stove business. Neither Charlie Budd, nor Charlie Grimm, nor Fred Gilbert, each of whom is something of a shooter, has been able to carry off the lid of Rolla's stove, and it looks as though Rolla was intending to claim the title of Daddy of Them All not only in the target, but also the live-bird world.

Heretofore the score of 93 live birds in a race was the highest the Daddy of Them All had made. To-day he let out a few notches, and calmly as though in peaceful slumber killed 99 birds scored dead, and the other dead just over the line. It was no particular use to try to beat him to-day, neither Fred Gilbert nor any other shooter had any business trying. Fred congratulated Pop, as he calls Rolla, and said that he himself was hardly in the race. Yet Fred's score of 94 was a good one, and one which not many men have any license to beat. It may be seen therefore that the entertainment to-day was of high class, and that such races do not often come out of the box. Both men received the applause they both deserved.

GOOD WEATHER.

The day was perfect for shooting, bright, cool and bracing, with a fresh wind, just the weather to make the birds lively. The birds themselves were very good, a strong and bright lot. Out of 200 there were seven that dwelt at the traps after the pull, but only three needed flagging, and the stop was usually but for an instant, as the bird ran a few feet before taking wing. The peculiarity of these pleasant Eau Claire grounds is that they lie in a sheltered valley and are surrounded by a high board fence. It may be this peculiarity of location which caused the great percentage of birds which started high, of which towerers were numerous. Sometimes a bird might be marked an incomer or a driver, when the type would hardly indicate the character of the flight, which would be as high in the air as it was far from the trap. The wind was fresh enough, but blew toward the score in the direction of a left-quartering incomer. It could not be said that the shooting was so easy, for, though it might have been harder, had the wind blown from the score, the flights will be seen to be very mixed.

The active and enterprising men of the Eau Claire Gun Club had everything well arranged, as usual, and a good crowd of spectators was on hand, including many shooters from outside points. I should think there were 275 to 300 persons in the grand stand. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Harrison, of Minneapolis; Judge Moer, of Duluth; U. M. C. Hallowell and others came over from Minneapolis this morning; Ed Bingham came up from Chicago. Enough shooters were on hand to get up some nice sweeps before and after the match. The trapping was prompt, and the handling of the birds good. Mr. E. M. Fish served acceptably as referee, though there was not much need for anything in the race besides Rolla Heikes and his pump gun, which combination held the center of the stage for most of the time.

HOW IT RAN.

Mr. Heikes won the toss and went to the score first, stopping a good incomer. Gilbert killed on outgoer to the right in slap-bang style. Gilbert had rather the favorite's end of it, for he has been shooting live birds with such uniform success that he was thought invincible. Yesterday on these grounds he killed 30 straight in practice, and Heikes but 26.

Both men shot along at a slashing gait. Heikes was the first to lose, his 11th bird, a fast white outgoer to the left, not being caught with the second, though the first cut it to pieces, so that it fell dead just over the fence. For the next 30 birds Fred pounded along without a miss, Rolla hanging at his heels. Fred ran 41 straight, and Rolla kept along straight also, so that though Fred was one bird ahead at the first turn, at the 50 hole the men were tied and the interest was high, for both seemed in championship form. Some exception might have been found when Gilbert made a sloppy first on his 21st bird, and only saved himself with his second, repeating this on his 23d. His 33d also was a long second, and his 37th, a fine stop at 45yds. His 42d was lost an incomer that was able to reach the roof of the shed. Again Fred made a lucky slobber with the second on his 44th, not hit full. His 50th was only stopped by a good second. His 51st was flagged. His 55th was killed by a slow, but careful, second. His 56th was not hit at all by the first, and his 58th needed the fast second that it got. His 66th was a far kill on a driver. His 68th was not much injured. My this time, since Heikes was still looking like a graven image and shooting like a fiend, still straight, the odds were very much against Gilbert. All his hope fled when on his 71st bird he missed with his first and flinched off with his second. Something a bit like loss of heart was suggested when on his very next bird he repeated this identically, not touching the bird at all! His 77th bird seemed easy, but was not hit with right or left. His 96th was a long second barrel kill. Much applause greeted both men at the brilliant kills that constantly came out.

After missing his 11th bird Heikes settled down and ran the remaining 89 straight. His 13th brought applause. His 26th was a wonder, a screaming, fast, slate-colored, small bird, which was fast as one ever sees on any pigeon park. The second cut it down close to the wire amid shouts of applause. His 28th showed a sloppy first barrel, but his second saved it. His 33d was a long second. His 34th was released before the call pull and he did not accept it, but might have well done so, for the alternate bird proved a screecher and was killed far to left, near the wire. His 36th showed a good second, and so did his 38th. His 41st was the third of these very hot left-quarterers he had caught close together. It was astonishingly swift, but the first cut it up so badly that the second stopped it. Again his 42d was a stem-winder, and his killing it at 50yds. brought the now excited crowd to its feet. His 45th was a hard one, well timed, and his 59th got a quick and deadly first, or it must have been lost. His 64th was not hit with the first, but the second killed it stone dead at 50yds. His 78th was high and fast; his 83d was a great kill in the deep field. His 86th was another of the red-hot left-quarterers, of which he had had and killed more than his share. It had great vitality. The second barrel knocked it down, but it rose and wabbled on, falling against the wire boundary, where the dog caught it. All retrieving was done by dogs, and well done. His 99th bird was killed with a long, deliberate second, which again earned him a hearty "hand" from the crowd. His last bird was cut down sharply, and so he ended a phenomenal race. The scores were duplicates of the Elliott-Budd race here, when Elliott killed 99. Heikes really killed his 100 birds, one dead out. Gilbert had two dead out. The latter was not in his average form, it seemed, and felt badly at making so "poor a score." There is no occasion in the world for Fred to feel badly over a score of 94, on good birds on a good day. There are a few of us who would like to be able to get that many right along, and the man who can do so can break the gang in a few years. Heikes was not in condition to-day to be beaten by anybody, and that is the reason he won. It will be long before his score is duplicated under any such conditions, and it certainly is the only demonstration needed (after his recent defeat of Gilbert for the E. C. cup) of the possibilities of the pump gun in the hands of a man in a trance. The result of to-day's race was a surprise in one way, for no one could have looked for such high scores. Between the two men there was not much choice before the race. Rolla Heikes has now come about as near gathering in all the hardware as any of the experts who have contested for the main trophies now before the public, and seems to have laid a large sinewy grasp upon the E. C. cup and the cast iron badge, and to have taken a great notion to make trouble for the boys either at targets or live birds. This is why you may perhaps hear the low, sizzling noise from the vicinity of Dayton, O. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	4	4	2	4	1	2	1	5	2	4	4	4	1	3	4	3	3	5	1	2	1	1	4	4		
Heikes	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	*	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—24
	1	2	4	3	2	3	1	3	1	2	2	5	5	4	2	2	1	3	1	1	1	3	3	4	1	
	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—25
	3	4	3	2	3	4	5	5	3	3	3	4	5	1	4	4	4	3	1	4	5	3	4	4	2	
	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—25
	3	5	5	2	2	1	1	3	1	1	2	1	5	4	4	5	2	4	1	5	3	3	3	4	5	
	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—25—99
	1	3	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	1	3	3	1	5	5	4	3	1	3	1	5	3	4	2	1	
Gilbert	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—25
	4	4	5	1	4	1	4	2	3	2	4	4	3	4	3	4	5	1	3	2	2	4	4	1	4	
	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	*	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	—24
	1	5	4	1	4	1	5	3	2	4	1	1	2	1	3	3	3	2	5	1	3	4	5	1	1	
	1	2	2	2	*	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	2	0	0	1	2	1	—21	
	4	5	4	3	4	1	2	1	3	2	3	5	2	2	5	2	1	5	4	3	5	2	4	1	3	
	1	0	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	1	2	2	—24—94

E. Hough.

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Trap Around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 20.—A meeting of the committee in charge of the coming merchandise shooting tournament, to be held Sept. 5-6, at Reading, under the auspices of the Mount Penn Gun Club, was held this morning, with a full attendance of all the committee. The chairman, Mr. Yeager, reported as having thus far secured 125 fine merchandise prizes from the citizens of Reading, and 75 prizes from firms and friends out of town. The chairman also reported having secured the services of Arthur A. Fink as manager, who, with the assistance of the whole committee, will try and leave nothing undone, and will say that the coming tournament will eclipse any tournament ever given in this vicinity. The entries for the intercounty team shoot for the Mount Penn trophy, valued at $150, are coming in fast, and the secretary thus far has received communications from different clubs to the number of seventeen that they will enter one or two teams in this shoot. The merchandise prizes are useful articles, and there are also money prizes in gold. The shoot will be held on the Mount Penn Gun Club's fine shooting grounds, situated on Mount Penn.

To reach the grounds take a Mineral Spring car, getting off at the Gravity Road Station, and there change to the cars for the ride over the mountain. The fine scenery that greets the eye on the way up is a treat that is never forgotten. The scenery from the tower, a point 1,700ft. above sea level, is often called by travelers the Switzerland of America. The car makes a short wait here, when the ride down the other side of the mountain is begun by gravitation. The shooting grounds are situated right along the road, and the shooters stops at station Shooting Flat.

The programme contains events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets each day at a reasonable entrance fee. The intercounty shoot for teams of five men each promises to make things interesting. The club and manager extend a hearty invitation to all shooters to attend and any information wanted will be given by addressing the manager, Arthur A. Fink, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa. Dinner can be had on the grounds.

The South End Gun Club held a practice shoot to-day on their grounds, some fine scores being made. The two teams that are to represent this club at the Mount Penn's intertrophy shoot were out in full. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	20	10	10	5p	Targets:	10	10	20	10	10	5p
Gerhart	7	7	..	..	..	..	Capt Essig	10	8	16	6	7	5
Miles	4	7	..	..	..	..	Thompson	10	6	14	8	6	..
Downs	4	4	..	..	..	..	Shultz	5	7	12	..	..	..
F Yost	10	10	16	5	9	7	Shaaber	9	9	..	4	..	..
Kuesten	6	3	12	7	6	..	Day	5	6	..	..	..	..
Ball	8	6	14	7	..	4	Miller	4	..	..	..	..	..

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 20.—The third and final match between the Shuler and the Phoenix gun clubs took place here to-day on the grounds of the Shuler Club, resulting in a victory for Shuler, 214—191, and also victor of the series, winning the three straight. Benner and Smith made the best scores for Shuler, while Harris did the best work for Phoenixville. Interesting sweeps followed the team shoot. The scores follow:

First event, team shoot, 25 targets per man, teams of twelve men each:

Shuler Gun Club—Benner 22, Sheeler 16, Miller 15, Capt. Wickersham 20, Saylor 18, Davis 15, Grubb 18, Wein 19, Slonaker 16, Smith 21, De Witt 15, Shaner 19—214.

Phoenix Gun Club—Capt. Johnson 19, Harris 21, J. Buckwalter 13, Trumbauer 19, Pierce 15, Dotterer 14, Erb 15, Hodge 16, Dunlap 16, H. Buckwalter 20, Daucy 11, Pennypacker 12—191.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	15
H Buckwalter	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Benner	9	9	6	7	6	10	14
Erb	8	5	4	..	..	..	..
Slonaker	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grubb	8	8	4	7	9	9	..
W Wein	8	7	4	7	5	4	..
Trumbauer	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wickersham	7	6	5	10	8	8	13
De Witt	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
H Wein	6	5	5	8	8	6	..
Hodge	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
J Buckwalter	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Shaffer	6	5	4	6	8	..	..
Saylor	5	9	..	8	8	8	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	15
Sheeler	5	5	4	..	6	..	..
Dunlap	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crothers	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	4	7	8	9	6	8	11
Daucy	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Pennypacker	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dotterer	3	4	4	5	6	4	..
S Davis	3	4	..	..	..	..	..
Pierce	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Vincent	..	6	5	5	7	5	..
Longacre	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Reifsnyder	..	..	..	8	5	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	20	10
Paist	8	..	..	6	..	10	..	..	..	..
Anderson	8	9	12	..	10	11	8	8	15	10
Harris	5	9	11	5	7	12	6	7	14	8
Holland	4	5	10	6	..	9	7	..	6	..
Newton	7	6	12	6	8	12	7	10	19	8
Derr	7	7	12	5	7	13	9	..	16	9
Smith	8	10	12	5	10	10	9	10	14	9
Houpt	10	10	13	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Ritter	8	6	14	9	8	14	8	10	16	..
Yost	..	..	11	10	9	14	7	9	18	10
Glisson	..	..	8	5	..	10	7	..	10	..
Fisher	..	..	6	3	9	12	10	..	11	9
Miller	..	..	10	6	6	9	8	..	14	5
Harkins	..	..	4	..	..	7	4	..	7	..
Landis	..	..	..	9	7	15	8	10	18	9
Pechin	..	..	..	6	8	10	6	7	15	9
Adams	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dorpey	..	..	..	..	6	13	10	10	16	10
Gaylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	8

Reading, Pa., Aug. 27.—The South End Gun Club will hold a shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 5, when the three medals will be put up for competition in classes A, B and C. A large number of shooters have signified their intentions to be present, and good scores can be looked for. Also at this shoot the second team to represent the club in the intercounty trophy shoot, Sept. 5-6, will be decided upon.

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 27.—Sportsmen from Berks, Chester, Lehigh, and Montgomery counties took part in a target tournament held here to-day on the Shuler Shooting Club's grounds. The principal event was a 25-target match for an L. C. Smith hammerless gun. Each shooter had the privilege of entering as many times as he wished. Mr. N. W. Benner, of Boyertown, won the gun with 24 out of 25.

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 24.—Members of the Shuler Club held a practice target match here this afternoon in preparation for their final match at Phoenixville to-morrow with the West Chester Gun Club.

Phoenixville, Pa., Aug. 25.—The greatest shooting event ever held here came off on the grounds of the Phoenix Gun Club, of this place, to-day. Three gun clubs—Shuler, of Pottstown; West Chester and Phoenix, of this place—participated, and fully 500 people were present to witness the sport, which lasted from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Matches were shot between the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown, and West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, and also between Phoenix Gun Club and West Chester. In the first event Shuler won by the score of 228—214. This match was the final match of a series of three, in which each club won one match.

The second event of the day was the first of a series of three matches for the championship of Chester county between Phoenix and West Chester gun clubs. Phoenix won to-day's match by the score of 216 to 207.

Following these events, the programme consisted of fourteen sweepstake events, which were well filled, especially one event—10 targets, 50 cents entrance—which had thirty-nine entries. The Phoenix Gun Club will enter two teams of five men in the intercounty trophy shoot at Reading, Sept. 5-6, also the Shuler two teams, and West Chester probably one. The second of the series of Phoenix vs. West Chester will be shot at West Chester on Sept. 3.

Duster.

Pills and Shaner vs. King and Bessemer.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 24.—Pills and Shaner won. Defeated King and Bessemer in the big shoot at bluerocks. Fine shooting. The long looked for and much talked over team contest between Pills and Shaner, of the Greenfield Gun Club, and King and Bessemer, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, was shot off yesterday on the Greenfield avenue grounds, and was won by Pills and Shaner by a score of 453 against 438. There was five minutes' rest between each round of 25 to allow the guns to cool, so that the actual shooting time was seventy-one minutes.

This match has been on the tapis for some time, and has recently been about the most talked of thing in shooting circles for the past month, and there were a few bets laid on the result. The conditions of the match were that each man was to shoot at 250 bluerocks, and the stake was $25 and expenses per man. The officials of the shoot were: Referee, Louis Lautenslager; judge for Pills and Shaner, George Cochran; for King and Bessemer, John Gelm. S. T. McClarren and J. J. McNeil were the official scorers, while Bill McCrickert looked after Shaner's interests, and Tom Evans took care of Pills. The contest was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, and there was considerable enthusiasm. The shoot lasted one hour and fifty-six minutes, and the scores made follow.

Bessemer shot a Remington gun, Du Pont powder and Smokeless shells. King shot a Scott gun, Du Pont powder and Smokeless shells. Pills shot a Smith gun, Gold Dust powder in High Base shell, and Shaner shot a Parker gun, E. C. powder and Trap shells.

Pills	111111111111101111111111—24	
	111111111101111111111111—24	
	111111011111111111111111—24	
	111111011111111111111111—24	
	111111111111111111101111—24	
	111111111111111001111111—23	
	011001100111001111101111—17	
	111111011111111111111111—24	
	111111011111111111111111—24	
	111111111110110101111011111—21	—229
Elmer E Shaner	101111111111010111111111—22	
	111111011110111111111111—23	
	110110111111111111111111—23	
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Confabulations of the Cadi.—II.

The Cadi Discourseth on Professionals and Amateurs.

THE Cadi, being a man of good sporting blood, was the president and moving spirit in the local gun club, most of whose members lived in the country town about three miles from the Cadi's home. He, though all but an invalid, as will shortly be more fully explained, was far away the best shot in the club, and therefore gradually became unpopular, in so far as much adverse talk behind his back was concerned. There was much private denunciation of his greed, and brave propositions as to whether it were best to bar him entirely or impose a handicap on him.

It was known that the Cadi had accepted some free ammunition, and had been the recipient of a gun as a gift, and it was generally believed that he was receiving also a small salary for shooting the same gun, all of which was very irritating to those who shot and paid for their own guns and ammunition, though several of them had made an attempt to secure such goods free, but had failed, which made them still more hostile to the good Cadi.

The poverty of the latter seemed to render any action unnecessary either as to a bar or a handicap, for each shoot seemed to be the Cadi's last, owing to his financial embarrassments, or state of being always "dead broke." However, the Cadi's wife always managed to scrape eggs enough at the last moment to defray his entrance in the first sweep, and once so fixed he was fully equipped for the day, and certain to return home with money enough to buy tobacco, snuff and flour to last a month; at all events the tobacco and snuff were a certainty to himself and wife, while the members who were less expert perchance were forced to obtain tobacco and snuff on credit for the same length of time.

For these and others reasons there were many private consultations of the club members, all of whom assented to the crying need of barring the offender. The whole matter, however, was balked for many weeks by the reluctance of each one to take the initiative in bringing it to a climax. One after another was elected to the office of club delegate to notify the Cadi personally that he was persona non grata, but each in turn gave most excellent reasons why some one else could do the matter with more grace and precision, and retired in favor of said some one else. Thus, while they were all agreed, each one wanted the other fellow to do the unpleasant task.

The Cadi's two companions also were fellow club members. Upon them he could rely every day in the week for companionship in general, and to a certainty while his cider barrels were not empty. One of the two was Si Simpkins, commonly called Moke; the other was Ephraim Strange, two entirely opposite characters. Moke was on the negative side of every proposition, and would not be convinced on any point, however simple, while Ephraim, who strove to be popular, would assent to any absurdity. Moke at length was secured to convey to the Cadi the state of the club's sentiments, by the device of declaring that it was something which he dare not do, while Ephraim, by a few of Si's blandishments, was easily cajoled into jointly assuming the unpleasant office. Thus they became a committee with full powers to act as they deemed best—and as they felt as the other club members did, namely, that the Cadi could shoot too well to please them, no further instructions were deemed necessary in the way of answers to the Cadi's arguments, nor was it even considered that he had any to make, or that there were any.

As hinted at hereinbefore, the Cadi was not a well man. It was indeed a lucky circumstance that he had such natural legal abilities, and was so much sought to settle the differences between neighbors, otherwise a cold, unfeeling public would have branded him surely but unjustly as a loafer, instead of esteeming him for his useful genius.

Loafer he was not, in spite of the fact that he placed his chair on the west side of the house in the morning soon after he had eaten his breakfast, following the shade around as the sun came upon him till the evening hours brought night and comfort. He was not a well man, he assured his friends. There was some occult disease slowly but surely sapping his vitals, which was seriously aggravated by any attempt at manual labor; consequently he always sat or moved about with an air of great langour, the air of a martyr, who wears a placid exterior to conceal interior suffering. Even when, gun in hand, he set forth in quest of squirrels, rabbits or possum, he walked with the dignity of a Cadi and the lassitude of an invalid, till he was well out of sight of home and neighbors. Then, with a free field and the spirit of the hunt upon him, he was as vivacious and as enduring as an athlete, with the difference, however, that on the nights of such days he always suffered great agonies and exhaustion, which he, with much parade, endeavored to conceal from his wife, but which she, good woman, always detected and provided for beforehand. From long experience Hopie Jane had learned that nothing in the whole pharmacopœia allayed his agony so quickly and soothed him so nicely as hot cider well peppered, administered in generous quantities till the crisis was past and her liege out of danger. About two quarts was the standard dose to secure the most beneficent effects.

If thus he was blessed in having the just esteem and confidence of his neighbors, he was a thousand times more so in having so good a wife. She was indeed a helpmate to him, in spite of not being enthrallingly sweet to gaze upon, being flat-chested, round-shouldered, lanky, with no curves in her figure save that of a fiercely hooked nose. She was the mother of eleven children, all of whom had lovely white hair, embellished with a few tan streaks at their crowns; and a year or less marked the difference of time between their ages.

The good mother toiled and moiled from morn till late at night, cooking, washing, gardening, houseworking, hog feeding, poultry raising, dragging dead timber from the woods for fuel, chopping wood, and caring for the Cadi and his children. He was 6ft. high, weighed 208lbs., was the picture of good health, and yet it was dangerous for him to work. To his drudging wife the Cadi appeared to be better and wiser than all other men, and if he were lost to her she would be inconsolable forever. Morning after morning for years the Cadi had threatened to go to work the next morning in spite of his infirmities, and she was in fear every morning that he would do so, and that the earthly career of the man she adored would soon end, and the light of her life would go out with him. It may be said as a tribute to her devotion that when at last the Cadi did pass away at a ripe old age, his memory was hallowed by her during three months, at the end of which time she married Si Simpkins; but finding widow's weeds very becoming to her and also withstanding wear admirably she wore them a year longer.

The committee, after many postponements on one pretext and another, at length appeared one morning with a firm resolution to have it out on the club matter. They immediately sought for the Cadi on the shady side of the house, where they found him comfortably seated in a home-made arm chair, his feet resting gracefully on the back of another.

"Hello," said the Cadi, "where've you fellers been for a long time back?"

"Oh, just knockin' aroun'," said Ephraim.

The Cadi yawned, stretched himself, went to the well and slowly turned the windlass till the bucket was within reach, from which he took a pitcher of hard cider, which he kept always cooling on hot days. He took a good long pull himself, then passed it to Moke, who duly honored it, then passed it to Ephraim, whose mouth had been watering meanwhile.

Then the committee looked at each other, and made secret signs each to the other to begin. At last Moke said, with something of a quaver in his voice: "Have you heard what the fellers have been saying about you in the club?"

"No; what have they been saying?" queried the Cadi.

"They all say that they don't want you to shoot in the sweeps any more. You can stay in the club of course and shoot for targets, and spend your money, and have all the other club privileges which will help the club out, but they don't want you to shoot in no more sweeps, because you are an expert and a manufacturer's agent."

"Does this mean that you too think so?" queried the Cadi.

"Yes, it does," replied Moke, who, now that the ice was fairly broken, was ready to take the plunge.

"Why do you think so?" continued the Cadi.

"Because," replied Moke, "it is my interest to think so. You win all my money at every shoot when there is anything worth winning, and I want you barred from the sweeps. I only shoot for fun, being an amateur, with the other fellows, but there's a heap more fun when I put up my money against some other fellow than you. I don't care for the money anyhow; it's the sport I'm after. I shoot only once or twice a year, and things should be so arranged that we amateurs who only shoot now and then can have a chance."

"Moke," said the Cadi gravely, "do you throw any money in the river when you go a-fishing? No; and you enjoy it just the same? That is sport. When you shoot, that is sport too. When you put your money up in a sweepstake, you add a new factor to the sport. You assure me that you do not care for the money, yet you wish to bar me for the reason that I win your money; and you talk much of sport as if it was an attribute of men who shot poorly, and that men who shoot well do not possess the quality of sport. You admit that I shoot well, but you seem to assume that I have no liking for sport because I can shoot well. You seem to think that because you shoot only once or twice a year you are deserving of some special and generous consideration. On the contrary, men who shoot only once or twice a year deserve no consideration at all. If no one shot but men of your class—that is, men who shoot once or twice a year—there would be no clubs and no tournaments. If you are the great and only class, why do you not get up tournaments of your own? What did you ever do for sport in general? Shot once or twice a year. Very good. Now concerning my being a manufacturer's agent—what about it?"

"Well, you get your ammunition free, and that isn't fair to us," replied Moke.

"Do you pay for your ammunition?" queried the Cadi.

Moke remembered his unpaid accounts at the store, and pertly replied: "That's my business."

"I should better have asked if you promised to pay for it," said the Cadi kindly. Continuing, he added, "I might say that whether or not I pay for my ammunition is my business. The fact that I shoot my ammunition free of cost does not necessarily make me a manufacturer's agent. To be an agent I must represent the company in some way. Would you take your ammunition for nothing if you could get it so, Si?"

"I tried to a few times, but I couldn't make it go," said Moke frankly.

"I shoot better than you do," resumed the Cadi, "because I shoot oftener, and I take an interest in shooting well. I experimented with loads till I found one that would suit my gun and suit me. Did you ever do so? No. I had the stock of my gun changed several times, so that it would fit me to a nicety. I tried other guns to determine the proper length and drop of stock. I practiced with one eye open and two eyes open. I experimented with my hand, extended to different places on the barrel, till I found where I could best hold so as to have free movement in swinging to right or left, and I studied velocities, the different speeds and flights of targets, the differences of holding on a calm or windy day, and a thousand other little things which help to make success. Do you do these things, Si?"

"Never thought of them," Si replied.

"I have put up my money week after week, and month after month, and year after year, when I did not shoot much better than you do, if any, and when my lovely and bright children were without shoes, and my wife without snuff, and it's pretty bad times for me then; but I never uttered a complaint. Do you do so?" said the Cadi.

"No, I don't," said Moke.

"Nor I neither," said Ephraim.

"I recognize the difficulties with which at the present day the novice is confronted in his endeavors to acquire a reasonable proficiency in skill or to become an expert; difficulties which multiply with each passing year, owing to the greater number of experts or semi-experts who are graduated, and with whom to a certain extent he comes in competition. Each year the general standard of skill necessary to even partial success becomes higher. Now all of us, from the experts down to the common shots, could shoot together harmoniously and advantageously if we would adopt a system of handicapping. As for the novice, I do not consider him; for trap-shooting at tournaments is not a primary school for the education of beginners. All sports involving competition presuppose a reasonable degree of training in the contestants. They do not offer premiums on incompetency, but, on the contrary, are devised to perfect to the highest degree the abilities of their devotees. The expert and semi-expert do not much favor a handicap, since their trips to the cashier's office are fewer and less interesting. There are some amateurs who, though shooting badly, think it 'plucky' or 'game' to enter every sweep against all experts who may be against them; but the best gameness is that which is reasonably tempered with good sense. In the end the handicap system must be adopted, but it is too broad a subject, however, to take up to-day. What do you think of a handicap, Moke?"

"First-rate thing, when the men who can beat me are handicapped," replied Moke.

"Before shooting in a tournament, I have practiced with dumb bells every morning for weeks," said the Cadi, "so that I would have the strength and address of arm and body to shoot through the day without fatigue. I have taken my gun in hand and aimed it at different objects, twenty minutes at a time, in my room in the morning, day after day for weeks, and yet you, who never have taken the pains to perfect yourself as a good shot, instead of striving to equal me or excel me, are devising ways to drag me down to your level. You seem to think that I am the source of your troubles. Did it ever occur to you that there was more professionalism in our club than there is in me? You don't know. Well, there is. You see me and some others go to the cashier's window and pull out some money, and you jump to the conclusion that we have taken your money, which you put up for sport, but which, after you have had your sport, you want back again. Now you know that the great bulk of the trap-shooting of America is not done by millionaires. Most of the trap-shooters are office men, or men on salaries, who can afford $3 or $4 a day very comfortably for their sport. Well, our club charges 2 cents for targets. That doesn't seem to be much, but when we throw 5,000 targets in an afternoon, that means that the club has raked off $50 profit on the $100 paid in for targets. You can see that if the boys shoot long enough the club will have all their money. Now, if I was a campaigner, who went week after week from shoot to shoot, I could quite understand your objections, but as I have been one of the hardest workers in the club, I ought to be treated more kindly. What do you think of the matter now, Si?"

"I think that we want you to get out. We know you shoot better than we do, and that's sufficient trouble for us without prying into the innards of things."

"I never expected this from you, Moke. Sharper than two serpents' teeth is base ingratitude," and the Cadi put his head on his arm and wept loudly.

BERNARD WATERS.

Respectfully Submitted to the Cadi.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read in your issue of the 13th inst. the Cadi's valued opinion given in the communication headed "It's a Matter of Teeth," I would ask you to submit to that learned gentleman the following:

In recent issues of the sporting papers appears a letter from a Mr. Samuel Bowker, of Natick, Mass., relative to a tournament to be held by the Natick Gun Club, of Natick, Mass., on Saturday, Sept. 3. One of the paragraphs in that letter particularly took my attention. It ran thus:

"It is a well-known fact that the present condition of trap-shooting in the East is due to the manner by which the wolves have infested our locality, just as the pot-hunter has annihilated certain game districts, to the dire regret of every true sportsman."

Then again on top of this letter comes the programme, which contains the following:

"In view of the fact that the attendance of the paid expert and professional shark has completely demoralized trap-shooting in the East, we have the pleasure of announcing an amateur tournament—solely for the amateur—under the principles expounded by Mr. Paul North, of Cleveland tournament fame," etc.

The programme further reads:

"We shall endeavor to cope with Mr. North, and firmly believe that every amateur attending will be pleased with the manner by which we shall preserve his interests. Must we bow to the experts and professionals for the further existence of trap-shooting?"

Now, Mr. Cadi, how about all this? Do you know Mr. Samuel Bowker? I do not, but the programme states that he is "the well-known sportsman, Mr. Samuel Bowker." Of course the fact that the programme says so does not amount to much, for no doubt "the well-known sportsman" himself wrote and drew up the programme, for both letter and programme are exactly on the same lines and both bear unmistakable earmarks of identical authorship.

Of course the professional and paid shark get it in the neck, for that is a popular gag just now. I went to Cleveland, and got it in the neck, as I always do, and as I did again at the New York State shoot at Rochester. I can't shoot well enough to make a straight more than once in a month, so I lose my money, whether the professionals are at a tournament or not. There are just as good amateur shots as there are among the professionals; some of them were at Cleveland, so you can guess where my money went.

My idea is that trap-shooters have about realized that unless they can shoot from 88 to 92 per cent. they are going in for expensive amusement. It took them some time to find this out, but as soon as they did find it out they gave up going to tournaments and took to doing more shooting at home, laying low until their turn came, when they too could break about 90 per cent. and do some skinning on their own account. It is my belief that "the well-known sportsman, Mr. Samuel Bowker," and the man he will "endeavor to cope with," namely, Mr. North, will both find out that the weak amateur shooters will stay away from their tournaments just as soon as they have become educated to the fact that the amateur-expert is just as fatal to their chances as the paid expert, and in some instances does not do the skinning quite as neatly or as pleasantly.

There's one other point, Mr. Cadi, that I would like you to pass upon. Do you not think that the grasping nature of clubs in general has had a good deal to do with this lack of patronage at tournaments, the whole of which has been laid at the wolves' door? Ought a club to try and make money out of the shooters who come to its tournaments?

It is this way: If you charge 3 cents for a target, the rake-off is 30 per cent. of the purse; so you have only to enter events often enough before, unless you are a winner, the club has got all your money. At least, that is the way it looks to me, and I would like to hear from you, Mr. Cadi, as to whether there is anything in what I have suggested.

I might add that the programme for the Natick shoot says nothing about the price of targets; and I notice that very few programmes do say anything about that important feature at the present day. Is there anything in this?

48GRS.

The Wrong Teeth.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the learned Cadi's ruling in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I am almost convinced that his knowledge bump is well developed, and at some future sitting or squatting of said Cadi's court I hope he will ponder over some questions that I put to him, and let him hand down a decision from his wood-pile court circuit that will cause wailing and gnashing of the right teeth.

I will confine my questions to target shooting. All of us so-called lambs have no cause to complain when we contest at live-bird shooting, for many of the so-called lambs have chased the young wolf back to the Old Daddy Wolf with an empty stomach.

I for one do not blame the wolf that comes prowling around our fold. He does not come sneaking up quietly, but makes all the noise possible, as he has two missions to fill, namely, one for the Old Daddy Wolf and one for himself.

The Old Daddy Wolf will tell you if you should happen to meet him that the young lambs are not so fat as in early days; that their skins are punctured by worms; the wool gets in the wolf's teeth; or, in other words, there is no business. Shooting is not so popular as in years gone by, and that the people haven't the money. Very truly said, for the expert and amateur cannot both have it in sweepstake shooting.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will, in a trap-shooting sense, kill this fellow that has the teeth stone dead out of bounds. Most any one will admit that you can't teach the teacher, or beat the builder, in any game; therefore handicap the expert so that the amateur will get a chance, and then you will find him up at the traps calling "pull" alongside of the expert. Then, and not till then, will the manufacturer acknowledge that business is improving; and that it seems as if the old days were returning when the manufacturer had no expert out to grab the amateur's money in the way of entrance fees in sweepstake shooting.

I for one have paid dearly for my knowledge bump, and now I hardly can see an expert, but I always uphold and maintain that the teeth are in the wrong mouth of the Cadi's ruling.

DOWN YONDER IN THE CORN FIELD.

The shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Dexter Park, on Aug. 23, was at 10 birds each. The scores were as follows: L. T. Muench, 28yds., 5; C. Weber, 30yds., 7; H. Bahn, 28yds., 4; J. Himmelsbach, 28yds., 8; J. A. Belden, 28yds., 5; H. Hafften, 28yds., 4; E. Steffens, 28yds., 8; C. Lang, 28yds., 9; F. Trostel, 30yds., 8; E. Dacimck, 30yds., 7; F. Wheeler, 28yds., 3; J. H. Voss, 30yds., 7; W. A. Sands, 28yds., 10; J. Newman, 28yds., 7; C. Wigger, 28yds., 6; H. W. Voss, 28yds., 7; P. Waelfel, 28yds., 10; G. K. Breit, 28yds., 8; L. Stelzle, 28yds., 4; A. Knodel, 28yds., 5; P. Geipel, 28yds., 5; J. Wellbrock, 28yds., 9; J. P. Chambers, 28yds., 3; J. Schlicht, 28yds., 10; C. Schaeffer, 28yds., 3; E. Petersen, 28yds., 8; E. Metz, 28yds., 8; H. W. Richter, 28yds., 8; E. Karl, 28yds., 4.

Minneapolis Gun Club Tournament.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 26.—It was freely predicted that the tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club would be a good one, but it is probable that not even its promoters hoped or suspected that it would be the success that it has proved itself. Of all the shoots of the season of 1898, it may perhaps be said that three stand out in special prominence—the Cleveland shoot, the Soo Gun Club shoot and the Minneapolis shoot, just completed. The Cleveland shoot practically "turned down" the paid man, and the Soo shoot also gave him the cold shoulder. The Minneapolis tournament came later in the season than either of the above, at a time when shooting enthusiasm might be thought to be on the wane, and it attempted the plan, of late apparently foredoomed to failure, of shooting the paid man and the unpaid, the expert and the amateur, the wolf and the lamb, upon the same footing and at the same time. The system employed has been in use in the club shoots of the Minneapolis Gun Club for years, and it is not really new to trap-shooters, though I think new in general application in tournament management. It was the so-called "equitable system" (in combination with good added money and with the reputation of doing nothing by halves) which enabled the club to call out one of the greatest shooting crowds of the season.

The principle is something like that of the Rose system, though it does not pay high guns quite so well as the Rose system, but breaks up the money still more, while retaining the idea of paying a shooter for what he does. We may take an example. Suppose we have 100 entries in a 15-target event, entrance $1.50. This makes the purse $150. Take out the targets at 2 cents each, $30, and you have left a net purse of $120. To this may be added any added money offered. We will suppose that three break 15 straight, 45 birds between them. Ten men break 14 birds, or 140 in all. Fifteen men break 13, or 195 birds in all. Ten men break 12 birds, or 120 in all. This completes the places, for the purse is divided on the basis of four moneys. Now add up totals of the birds broken in each class, or 45, 140, 195, 120, and we have a grand total of 500 birds broken. Divide the net purse, $120, by 500, and you have 24, which is to say that each bird broken is worth 24 cents. Therefore the man who breaks 15 gets $3.60, the man who breaks 14 gets $3.36, the man who breaks 13 gets $3.12, and the man who breaks 12 gets $2.88. On this basis, so the president of the club, Mr. S. S. Johnson, informed me he had figured out, in one case where a low shooter would have only taken down the exact sum of 3 cents under the old class shooting system; under the equitable system he took down $1.95, or 45 cents above his entrance money. Naturally he was far more pleased than had he gone up against the stone wall of the older days. It is also a great feature in favor of this system that it prevents all dropping for place, and all pooling and combining.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

At most shoots you see a good, stiff accommodation entry for the first two or three events, and then a swift waning, until by the beginning of the second day there are many empty places in the gun racks. Here is what happened at Minneapolis:

In the first event, first day, there were ninety-two entries.

During the first day there were 100 entries in all.

On the first day, out of the total entry seventy-seven men shot on through the entire programme.

On the second day there were sixty-nine men who shot through the entire programme.

During the two days there were 104 different guns at the traps.

There were eighty-five entries on the second day, the fatal second day, when the lamb is usually counting his money to see if he can get home.

Out of the entire aggregation at the score, something over 87 per cent. of the shooters shot through the whole programme. This is absolutely unprecedented in the annals of mixed tournament shooting, where wolves and lambs have met on equal footing.

Out of the 104 shooters present, not one kick, not one objection, not one if, or and, or but, was heard. This also is a revolutionary state of affairs.

The above things being true, the story of the tournament is already told, and it surely is a grand story, better than one could have hoped to find. It is true one success does not assure a permanent and accepted regime, for your trap-shooter is nothing if not changeable. It might be said that the Rose system was offered the shooting public and was not accepted, as indeed it never was, good though it surely was and is. Why should we hope for better luck for this "equitable" system? The answer seems to be that the boys were not ready for the Rose system; it seemed new and a bit hard to them, and they still clung to the old ways, and more especially did the experts, who liked the class shooting idea. Now they are coming slowly to see that shooting for another fellow's money, when the other fellow is just as good a shot as you are, is no fun. Gradually the equity of the pay-for-what-you-do system will commend itself to the shooters, and it is likely that we shall hear much more of this sort of thing after the success of the Minneapolis shoot, sharp and almost unexpected as it was, shall have become generally known throughout the land.

All the members of the club wish to give the chief credit for the success of the tournament to the quiet and hard-working president, Mr. Johnson, upon whose shoulders the greater part of the trying work of getting up and engineering the shoot seemed to fall naturally. Mr. Johnson may very well be proud alike of his club and of his success. He was aided by a good corps of other officers.

SERGEANT SYSTEM AND SHORT EVENTS.

The Minneapolis Gun Club used the Sergeant system at the tournament, two batteries of traps being in use. Another feature deserving comment is the comparatively low number of birds to be shot daily. The club found in earlier shoots that it was a mistake to make the events too long, cumbering up the day and making it hard work to run off the programme. This year only one 20-bird event was shot each day, the other seven numbers being at 15 birds each. There was added to each 15-bird purse the nice sum of $25, and to the 20-bird purses $50 was added each day; on Wednesday the millers' purse of $50, and Thursday the lumbermen's purse. In the former purse event, on Wednesday, the club added a further sum of $50 for the competition of lady shooters alone, they to pay no extra entrance. Four ladies appeared for the contest—Mrs. Shattuck and Mrs. Johnston, of Minneapolis; Mrs. Murray, of Stillwater; Mrs. Slocum, of Iowa, their scores in this event being respectively 16, 12, 8, 5. Mrs. Shattuck shot in fine form during the tournament, and on the second day in the 20-bird event retired amid applause with a straight score of 20, something which but few of the other sex were able to duplicate, as a glance at the scores will show. The other ladies shot with varying fortune, but pluckily and well.

The Minneapolis Gun Club is a very strong one, having a roll of about 150, with a weekly turnout perhaps of thirty shooters. About a dozen of the members felt strong enough to shoot through the tournament, and of these a half-dozen or more got into the list of thirty high guns, totals for the two days, to each of which was paid the average money of $5.

No very big winnings were made, and I doubt if any shooter took away over $35 or $40 for his two days' work, though a very large number got back all or part of their entrance money, so that they felt they had had sport over which they need not feel guilty when considering the question of a pair of shoes for the baby, or a box of candy for the loved ones at home.

There was a very wide representation present. There were on hand Heikes, Gilbert, Budd, Courtney, Grimm, Hallowell, the hard-shooting youngster Hirschey, now of St. Louis, and Loomis, of Omaha, not to mention a host, such as Trent, Taber, Mortensen, Robbins and others, who make hot company for anybody, in any of the several Western shoots in which their names appear. Among others from divers towns I observed Messrs. Long and Sheldon, of Mason City, Ia.; Johnson and Tryon, of Austin, Minn.; Jassoy and Sliver, of Stillwater, Minn., with Mr. and Mrs. Murray of the same city; Catamaran, Kennedy, Danz, Pfister, Roedecker, Upham and others from the sister city of St. Paul; Steege, of Waterloo, Ia.; Clark, of Nora Springs, Ia.; Bird, of Fairmount, Minn.; Robbins and Guptel, of Fargo, N. D.; Mortensen, of Britt, Ia.; J. G. Smith and Taylor, of Algona, Ia.; Day, Erbe, Pettit and Glazier, of Osage, Ia.; "old man" Thielman, of St. Cloud, Minn.; Trent and Tallman, of Wadena, Minn.; Taber, of Fairmount, Minn.; Fish, Scammon and J. A. Smith, of Eau Claire, Wis., etc.

The referees, Messrs. W. Gaines and G. E. Radley, and the scorers, Messrs. L. V. Roedecker and G. B. Hunter, did their work without the first criticism.

In the records tent Lew Harrison took care of the most artistic set of scores it has been my fortune to see for some time. The cash was kept at the office with promptness and accuracy, and above all was the blessing of smooth system.

LEADING GUNS.

The State of Iowa was strictly in the running on the first day. Gilbert kept up his even flight and broke 115 out of the 125 programme birds. Charlie Budd, who has "come to life" for keeps, tied him, and so did a dark horse, a young attorney of St. Paul by name of D. Morrison, who shot under the name of Donaldson. Heikes broke 112, thus falling just back of Hirschey and Stokes, a local man (J. C. Jogslin), who broke 113 each. On the second day Budd at one time was four birds back of Gilbert in the run for first gun, but he closed up gamely and came out at the finish only one bird behind Fred. The latter was high man for the two days, 235 out of 250 shot at; Budd second, 234; Donaldson shot with remarkable evenness, and duplicated his score of 115 of the first day, thus running third man, with 230 broken. Grimm fell one bird back of Heikes on the first day, but on the total for the two days led Rolla one bird, scoring 226. Hirschey passed both of these old-timers, scoring 227.

Following is a list of the thirty high guns, two days' average, out of 250 shot at, names given in order, $5 to each gun:

Gilbert 235, Budd 234, Donaldson 230, Hirschey 227, Grimm 226, Heikes 225, Stokes 220, Courtney 216, Worthington 215, Taylor 214, J. C., 214, Loomis 211, Glazier 211, Taber 211, Mack (J. E. Robbins) 209, French 208, Milner 206, Shattuck 206, Farber 206, Clark 204, Trent 203, Townsend 203, Hallowell 203, McKay 202, T. Kimball 201, Warren 198, Graham 197, Jinks 197, Parker 196, Wilson 196.

It was a high class shoot in every way, and the Northwest has cause to be proud of it, not only for what it was, but for what it did and what it means. Following are the scores of the two days' shooting. Sweeps were shot on Friday, which are not recorded, the bulk of the shooters having then left town:

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.
McKay	10	11	15	10	11	16	12	13	98
Wilson	9	14	10	13	9	16	12	13	96
Babcock	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Hill	8	13	11	12	11	18	13	14	100
Hoit	10	11	8	10	6	7	7	9	68
Stokes	14	11	15	14	14	19	13	14	113
Biffton	13	11	12	12	12	13	10	13	96
French	13	12	13	12	14	14	12	12	102
Parker	13	12	13	10	14	13	14	13	102
Richter	12	14	12	11	7	15	9	11	91
Grimm	13	12	13	14	13	19	14	13	111
Heikes	12	12	14	15	13	18	14	14	112
Gilbert	14	15	14	14	13	15	15	15	115
Courtney	11	15	13	12	7	16	11	14	99
Clark	13	13	11	11	10	17	12	13	100
Scammon	10	8	13	9	8	13	10	8	79
Fish	8	13	12	13	11	14	10	11	92
J A Smith	12	13	13	9	10	15	11	13	96
Voght	11	14	11	10	13	17	11	9	96
Marshall	8	7	8	13	6	14	8	12	76
Trent	12	13	14	12	12	15	11	12	101
Taber	12	8	13	13	12	17	12	15	102
Nelson	8	10	12	13	12	13	11	13	92
Edwards	11	9	4	8	6	8	6	7	59
Warren	13	10	13	15	10	14	13	13	101
W E Rowe	8	9	13	8	13	14	9	12	86
W L Vannet	5	10	12	9	12	12	5	13	78
D N Tallman	9	11	13	10	10	14	11	9	87
L Johnson	11	10	9	10	13	16	13	8	90
W P Brown	7	7	9	12	11	15	6	3	70
J C	14	14	13	14	11	16	14	15	111
Danz	11	11	11	10	12	16	7	9	87
Catamaran	13	12	14	7	9	15	12	13	94
York	10	9	11	12	10	14	..	..	56
Reed	12	13	14	12	13	14	10	12	94
Mack	15	13	14	12	13	14	11	13	105
Jinks	13	13	12	9	14	16	13	14	104
Steege	11	12	10	12	13	15	12	11	96
Bird	10	11	10	13	6	15	11	10	86
Hirschey	12	12	15	14	14	17	15	14	113
Glazier	12	15	13	13	12	19	13	13	110
Tryon	7	9	8	6	..	..	..	..	30
A F Johnson	10	9	10	7	..	..	..	..	36
Rex	12	11	12	9	9	18	..	..	71
Burt	9	13	11	10	11	9	9	13	85
Donaldson	9	15	13	15	13	19	15	13	115
Hart	10	6	13	10	8	14	9	12	82
Graham	12	12	10	12	12	16	13	13	100
F Novotny	9	12	13	13	12	18	10	9	96
Ensign	11	11	12	12	10	12	5	10	83
Erbe	12	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	44
Dan	15	10	11	12	10	12	10	11	91
Neeley	11	12	13	10	11	14	13	11	95
Sheldon	13	10	12	13	9	14	11	11	94
J G Smith	12	10	13	10	11	18	13	5	92
Pettit	11	13	14	13	9	16	10	13	99
E Novotny	10	13	8	7	..	..	..	..	38
Neal	13	10	12	10	13	15	7	11	91
Daily	12	8	10	13	8	15	14	13	93
L F Kennedy	7	12	8	7	13	11	9	9	76
Taylor	12	12	14	14	12	14	14	12	104
Mortenson	10	15	9	13	11	15	14	13	100
Long	9	12	11	10	14	15	14	12	97
Patch	10	9	15	10	10	11	..	..	65
L Harrison	10	12	12	10	10	13	14	14	95
Loomis	15	9	13	15	14	17	13	14	110
Townsend	10	11	14	15	11	16	15	11	103
T Kimball	8	10	10	11	11	19	11	13	93
R R Kimball	14	13	10	12	10	12	12	13	96
Hallowell	13	11	14	12	12	16	12	10	100
Worthington	12	11	13	13	13	17	14	14	107
Milner	13	11	8	12	13	19	11	15	102
Jewell	11	4	10	11	..	..	..	..	36
Budd	13	12	14	14	13	19	15	15	115
Vertress	12	10	8	6	13	13	10	13	85
Fredette	11	10	9	11	10	14	..	..	65
P Olson	11	13	8	13	8	16	11	11	91
Jassoy	8	9	9	7	7	12	..	..	52
Sliver	10	11	10	9	10	15	12	10	87
Farber	11	12	11	10	10	18	12	13	97
A R Lea	11	10	11	7	9	15	10	12	85
J G Mosher	8	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	...
Shattuck	14	14	13	9	12	15	13	11	101
Johnston	10	14	9	10	10	12	8	9	82
Mrs Johnston	13	12	9	8	11	12	12	12	89
Slocum	12	11	8	12	12	8	9	9	82
E H Mathes	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
N P	11	11	10	8	4	..	8	..	...
Mrs Murray	13	..	10	5	11	8	8	10	...
Stone	10	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lockie	6	14	12	11	9	18	10	11	91
Hoffman	12	11	..	..	14	..	12	..	...
Gall	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	...
Mrs Slocum	..	5	..	8	..	5	6	..	...
Mrs Shattuck	..	11	12	9	14	16	11	..	...
M F Kennedy	..	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	...
Remington	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	8	...
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	...
Jefferson	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	...
Stuart	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	...

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY, AUG. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		Grand total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.	2 days.
Taylor	15	14	13	12	12	18	12	14	210	214
McKay	12	9	12	14	14	17	14	12	104	202
J G Smith	9	14	11	12	11	18	12	10	97	189
Steeger	11	10	13	12	12	18	10	11	97	193
Trent	11	12	13	12	14	16	13	11	102	203
Taber	12	15	12	13	14	19	12	12	109	211
J Nelson	11	12	11	8	11	19	13	13	97	189
E S Hill	11	11	9	13	10	19	10	11	94	194
Warren	12	9	10	12	11	15	13	15	97	198
Fish	12	12	11	14	12	19	13	9	102	194
J A Smith	9	12	14	13	11	14	13	13	99	195
Voght	11	6	11	13	13	14	12	12	92	188
Farber	14	12	12	14	13	17	13	14	109	206
J C	11	12	14	13	13	19	11	10	103	214
Danz	8	9	10	13	6	14	8	9	77	164
Lockie	12	12	13	14	13	14	7	14	99	190
Neely	13	7	9	14	12	14	12	8	89	184
Harrison	10	12	12	12	13	15	11	13	98	193
Grimm	12	15	14	14	13	19	14	14	115	226
Heikes	14	12	13	15	11	20	14	14	113	225
Gilbert	15	14	14	15	13	20	15	14	120	235
Clark	12	14	10	13	12	19	11	13	104	204
Courtney	13	14	12	14	13	16	14	15	117	216
Mack	13	11	10	14	13	16	15	12	104	209
Jinks	11	13	11	11	8	15	10	14	93	197
Hart	7	15	10	11	11	13	13	11	91	173
Bird	12	13	10	13	13	18	13	14	106	192
Hirschey	14	11	13	15	14	20	13	14	114	227
Donaldson	13	14	14	14	14	20	12	14	115	230
Dailey	12	12	12	9	15	13	11	9	93	186
Mrs Johnston	11	7	10	10	8	12	12	8	78	167
Catamaran	10	11	10	11	12	17	12	12	95	189
Loomis	9	14	13	15	12	14	12	12	101	211
Townsend	14	13	11	11	12	16	11	12	100	203
T Kimball	14	14	12	13	13	17	12	13	108	201
R R Kimball	9	11	13	11	12	14	14	9	93	189
Hallowell	13	12	11	12	12	17	12	14	103	203
Wilson	11	12	12	12	10	17	13	13	90	196
L Johnson	11	12	12	14	13	15	11	14	102	192
Burt	9	13	11	11	11	19	13	8	95	180
S. S. Johnston	11	10	14	13	12	14	13	9	96	178
Ensign	11	13	13	12	10	15	7	11	92	175
Mortenson	10	10	11	15	9	14	11	10	90	190
L F Kennedy	10	6	7	5	9	12	8	5	62	138
Graham	12	12	9	11	12	19	12	10	97	197
Neal	14	10	6	10	12	16	10	13	91	182
Stokes	14	14	13	11	12	18	13	12	107	220
Biffton	11	13	9	10	13	16	13	10	95	191
French	13	14	13	11	12	17	12	14	106	208
Parker	9	10	13	12	13	14	13	10	94	196
Richter	10	11	11	11	8	15	14	13	93	184
Worthington	11	12	14	14	12	18	13	14	108	215
Milner	10	13	13	12	13	16	14	13	104	206
Lea	7	13	10	13	14	19	9	14	99	184
Budd	15	15	13	14	13	20	15	14	119	234
Vertress	11	10	13	6	13	20	12	11	96	181
Glazier	10	12	13	12	12	16	13	13	101	211
Sheldon	11	11	11	11	9	20	10	12	95	189
Pettit	8	10	12	14	14	12	13	10	93	192
W E Rowe	8	14	12	14	10	14	12	13	97	183
Vannet	5	11	12	10	11	16	12	12	89	167
Shattuck	11	12	11	14	13	19	14	11	105	206
Long	12	11	14	10	10	16	12	11	96	193
Slocum	11	8	7	11	13	14	7	11	105	187
M F Kennedy	7	12	10	10	..	14	10	..	...	...
F S	8	9	10	10	13	14	14	14	92	...
Stone	10	14	11	11	12	17	13	7	95	...
Stewart	5	9	10	6	5	..	..	..	...	...
Patch	12	12	12	14	13	16	15	10	104	...
Scammon	9	7	10	9	8	12	10	10	75	...
Reed	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Mrs Murray	11	8	7	11	13	14	7	11	82	...
Mrs Shattuck	..	11	9	13	14	20	10	..	...	...
Rex	..	13	13	15	14	18	10	..	...	...
N P	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	...	...
Jassoy	..	..	12	12	13	16	15	8	...	...
Sliver	..	..	11	13	15	..	..	..	...	...
Hoffman	..	..	10	14	..	18	..	13	...	...
O'Brien	..	..	..	13	10	12	..	..	...	...
Tallman	..	..	..	10	15	15	10	9	...	...
Mrs Slocum	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	...	...
H E Peck	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	10	...	...
Longfellow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	...	...
Gall	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	9	...	...
Jefferson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	...	...

E. HOUGH.

Canton Tournament.

CANTON, Ill., Aug. 19.—The scores of our tournament, held in this city Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 17 and 18, are given herewith.

We had with us Riehl and Howell, Alton; Duntley and Korn, Bushnell; McGill and Craig, Jacksonville; Jones, of Philadelphia, Ill.; Connor, of St. Louis; Sammis, Simmie, Pump, Meidroth, Nelson, Portman and Jackson, of Peoria; W. Hoff, J. Hoff and Heilman, of Pekin; Kerstetter, of Leaman; Pugh, of Abingdon; Rambo and Burnside, of Knoxville; Gardt, of Galesburg; Baker and Wood, of Kewanee; Butler, of Lewistown; McQuaid, Hulit and Thompson being home shooters.

We really expected a larger attendance; but as we offered no special inducements other than a small purse for average we should not feel much disappointed.

Our traps were arranged Sergeant system—three expert traps, 5ft. apart.

We threw 5,000 bluerocks the first day from 10 o'clock A. M. until 4:30, and laid off about one and one-half hours for a heavy rain about noon hour. In the 15-target events the entrance was $1.50; 20-target events, $2. Average money, $12, divided $7 to first, $5 to second, to two best averages shooting through the programme.

Two-men team race, $5 entrance per team, 25 targets per man, Aug. 17:

Craig	1111111111111111111111111
Jones	1111100111111111111011111—17
Meidroth	1111111111110111111101111
Portman	1011111111111011110111111—45
Thompson	1111111111111111111110100
McQuaid	1111111111111111111111010—45
Burnside	1111111101111111111111111
Rambo	1111111101111111111111111—44
Korn	1111110111111011111111111
Gardt	1100011011111110111111111—43
Howell	1101110101011110100011111
Reihl	1111011111111101111111111—40

REGULAR EVENTS.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Riehl	13	18	11	17	13	16	12	16	14	19
Craig	14	19	15	19	15	19	15	20	15	19
Duntley	14	18	12	18	15	19	14	12	13	17
Korn	13	17	14	19	13	17	15	19	12	16
McQuaid	13	18	13	18	14	18	12	14	11	16
Thompson	14	17	15	18	12	19	13	17	12	17
Howell	12	15	6	17	12	15	9	17	13	14
Jones	14	19	15	18	13	20	14	1	711	19
McGill	7	17	12	17	11	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	15	18	15	19	14	17	14	16	12	18
Sammis	12	16	11	16	14	14	12	18	10	18
Simmie	12	18	13	20	12	15	13	18	12	..
Pump	12	18	13	19	15	17	14	16	15	19
Meidroth	12	20	11	18	13	12	12	17	11	17
Kerstetter	15	16	11	17	11	17	13	16	9	..
Heilman	9	15	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
J Hoff	8	18	12	18	13	18	15	17	15	19
W Hoff	12	..	9	15	11	..	10	..	..	..
Pugh	7	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	9	16	10	16	12	..	13	20	12	17
Portman	11	..	13	..	..	18	11	..	14	..
Jackson	14	20	14	19	14	16	..	..	..	..
Hulit	9	20	12	13	9	..	9	..	..	..
Rambo	14	18	10	17	12	..	13	..	11	..
Gardt	10	15	12	18	13	17	12	19	14	19
Burnside	13	18	14	17	13	16	11	18	11	..
Butler	..	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	..	10	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	..	10	..

THURSDAY, AUG. 18, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Riehl	12	19	14	17	11	17	14	19	13	19
Craig	15	19	14	19	14	19	15	19	14	18
Duntley	11	18	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Korn	12	18	13	19	15	18	14	17	13	18
McQuaid	13	17	12	16	11	16	12	19	13	19
Thompson	13	17	14	20	13	19	14	19	13	17
Howell	9	17	11	15	6	10	..	..	..	..
Jones	13	17	14	17	11	17	14	18	14	20
McGill	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

TOTAL AVERAGES.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Riehl	350	304	.868	Heilman	65	38	.580
Craig	350	336	.960	J Hoff	175	153	.870
Duntley	245	210	.857	W Hoff	80	57	.710
Korn	350	312	.890	Pugh	30	20	.666
McQuaid	350	295	.840	Nelson	155	125	.800
Thompson	350	313	.894	Portman	80	67	.837
Howell	280	198	.700	Jackson	105	97	.920
Jones	350	315	.900	Hulit	135	95	.730
McGill	120	90	.750	Rambo	115	95	.820
Connor	175	158	.900	Gardt	175	149	.850
Sammis	175	141	.800	Burnside	155	131	.840
Simmie	155	133	.850	Butler	30	20	.666
Pump	175	158	.900	Baker	50	27	.540
Meidroth	175	143	.817	Wood	50	38	.760
Kerstetter	155	125	.800				

A very neat paper weight is that devised by the Hazard Powder Co., 46 Cedar street, New York. It is a miniature powder keg—coloring, labeling and shape complete, as in the regular kegs of trade size—and makes a very ornamental and usuful addition to the desk.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CHATHAM FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASS'N.

Chatham, N. J., Aug. 15.—This afternoon's shoot was signalized by a match race at 25 live birds per man between Mr. E. A. Geoffroy, the well-known trap-shooter, and Mr. W. S. Canon, the renowned one-arm expert. That it was an off day for Canon the score plainly shows, although in sweepstake shooting he showed his knowledge of the game by killing straight in every event.

Geoffroy shot in well nigh irreproachable form, centering his birds fairly, and succeeded in shooting his opponent out in the 21st round. The birds were above the average for this time of year, as everyone who shot at them will testify. No. 1 was at 5 birds, $2, two moneys; No. 3 was 7 birds, $3, two moneys.

After all the birds were shot up the shooters resorted to targets for a brief inning.

The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Canon	11202—5	1112111—7	11211
Bender	12022—4	1100212—5	.....
Geoffroy	22122—5	1221222—7	.....
Page	22212—5	2222012—6	01122
Budd	11202—4	1121211—7	.....
Feigenspan	....	z012102—5	10012
Smith	....	2201202—5	00122

Event No. 2, match.

Geoffroy	2022221211212110211111—19
Canon	0110201011010212110 22—14

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	10	10
Page	13	8	..
Smith	7	..	..
Unger	10	4	..
Dawson	4	..	..
Geoffroy	14	10	..

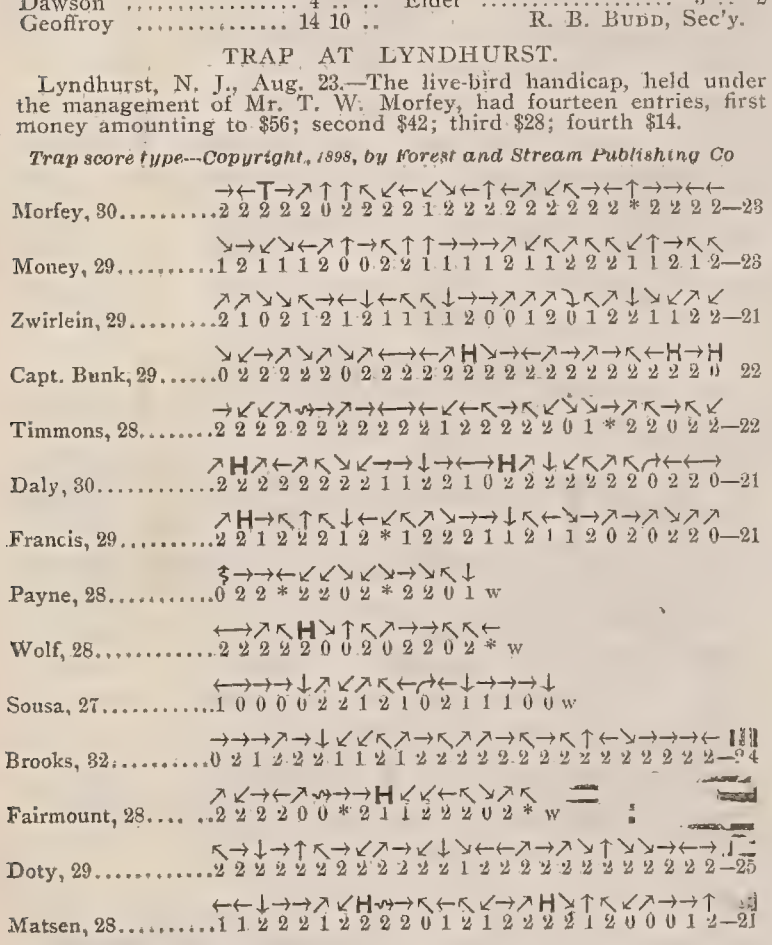
Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	10	10
Budd	10	5	8
Feigenspan	15	7	..
Ogden	4	1	4
Elder	5	..	2

R. B. BUDD, Sec'y.

TRAP AT LYNDHURST.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Aug. 23.—The live-bird handicap, held under the management of Mr. T. W. Morfey, had fourteen entries, first money amounting to $56; second $42; third $28; fourth $14.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co



A miss-and-out also was shot. The birds were an ordinary lot.

Morfey, 30	22201	Daly, 30	2121222211
Money, 29	1212112201	Nesbitt, 29	2222122112
Zwirlein, 29	2211122112	Payne, 28	2222222222
Capt. Bunk, 29	2201	Wolf, 28	22222201
Timmons, 28	2220	Brewer, 32	1222222222

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fanwood, N. J., Aug. 27.—The New Jersey Central League held the most successful shoot of the series at Fanwood, N. J., to-day. Four teams contested for the honors, the Climax winning by the score of 89, Dunellen a close second with a score of 87.

Sweepstakes were also shot, and the event closed only when darkness made further shooting impossible. After the sport ended, about twenty-five shooters sat at table in the hotel kept by Mr. Thatcher, formerly of Thatcher, Primrose and West minstrels, and however much the amateur may be at a disadvantage with the expert in work on targets, there was no evidence of it in the work on the deliciously fried chicken, which was provided in abundance, with other good things. T. K. was everywhere, looking after everyone's comfort and pleasure, so that with so much to divert his mind and attention his scores were not up to his usual good form. In fact, his shooting was a secondary matter to his duties.

League contest, 25 targets per man:

Climax Gun Club—Swoody 22, Manning 20, Squier 20, Goodman 17, Robinson 10—89.

Dunellen Gun Club—Runyon 20, Barron 20, Lindzey 17, Cramer 16, Fletcher 14—87.

Bound Brook Gun Club—Tingley 19, Jackson 17, Merrill 17, Hoey 14, Anderson 14—81.

New Brunswick Gun Club—Booraem 20, Belloff 16, McDowell 16, Smith 15, Gillen 2—69.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	5p	10
Capt Money	7	7	11	6	12	8	13	12	6	9½
Waters	6	8	8	9	12	6	12	11	5	7
Banks	9	9	14	5	13	9	12	15	6	6½
Keller	8	3	6	7	7	9	11	14	4	6½
Dudley	9	9	13	8	12	10	15	15	6	7
Swoody	..	7	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	..
Tingley	..	6	10	8	..	8	11	..	..	..
Smith	..	8	14	4	..	9	8	..	..	..
Belloff	..	..	..	7	10	7	10	10	4	5
Lindzey	..	..	12	8	11	8	10	11	6	2
Goodman	..	..	11	9	..	7	..	..	..	..
Manning	..	..	10	6	10	7	9	..	..	..
Squier	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
McDowell	..	..	..	8	11	6	11	6	7	5½
Hoey	..	..	..	9	12	9	11	..	..	..
Jackson	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	..	..	..	5	6	6	10	13	3	.
Giles	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cramer	9	7	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	2	9	12	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Booraem	6	..	6	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Gillen	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barron	..	6	9	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Force	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Keller	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weldy	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rushton	..	..	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..

TRAP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 24.—The West End Handicap, 20 live birds, $20 entrance, and the Red Top prize, 5 birds, $5 entrance, were the main events of to-day's contests. A $5 miss-and-out was shot also. The scores follow:

West End Handicap, 20 birds, $20:

Thomas, 28	22222222222222222220
Culbertson, 25	21222121112121202121
Money, 28	21211222222211222112
Daly, 30	22220222222222222122
Murphy, 30	22222222212221211222
Doty, 29	22022022222222222222
Zwirlein, 29	02222222112212202120
Francis, 29	1110222120
Dr Van Schoick, 26	12222122222111122011
E Van Schoick, 26	00222222222002220
Payne, 28	22222220200
Gagnon, 28	2120121212020

Red Top prize, 5 birds, $5:

Thomas, 30	1222222220	Zwirlein, 30	2121211212221
Culbertson, 30	02	Francis, 30	20
Money, 30	0	Payne, 30	20
Daly, 30	2222222222220	Dr Van Schoick, 30	0
Murphy, 30	20	Gagnon, 30	12122212120
Doty, 30	0	Patten, 30	2122212222221

Miss-and-out, $5:

Thomas, 35	2220	0	Zwirlein, 35	12210	120
Money, 35	10	122212	Gagnon, 35	0	212221
Murphy, 35	11222	2220	Morfey	....	20

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

THE tournament of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club, held on Aug. 25 and 26, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., was not equal in size to the anticipations of its managers, but it was a very pleasant, sociable event nevertheless. The programme was not followed, the greater number of events being 10 targets, 50 cents entrance. Events Nos. 3 and 4 of the first day were team races, Messrs. Dutcher, Nelson, Sutton and Gardiner on one side, and Messrs. Foster, Gorham, Tallman and Betti on the other.

The grounds are most pleasingly situated on the edge of the town. They are level, with a good sky background. The management did everything possible for the pleasure of the visitors. The feature of the first day was the shooting of Messrs. Gardiner and Tallman.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25, FIRST DAY.

													Extra events.				
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	*3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	10	15	20	10	25	10	15					
Dutcher	9	8	10	10	14	6	14	17	8	18	9	..	12	8	3	9	..
Nelson	8	8	8	10	18	6	..	17	6	21	9	11	14	8	8	6	11
Foster	10	6	13	5	17	4	11	13	9	16	..	..	..	..	7	8	..
Gorham	8	10	15	7	19	8	10	18	10	21	9	13	13	7	8	10	..
Sutton	8	10	12	10	18	9	14	16	8	20	9	14	12	10	6	8	15
Tallman	7	10	14	6	19	9	15	18	9	24	9	15	13	10	10	10	14
Gardiner	..	8	11	6	14	7	12	17	9	25	8	14	13	7	5	8	12
Betti	..	7	12	9	17	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

* Five pairs.

FRIDAY, AUG. 26, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Betti	14	8	7	9	8	8	7	7	9	6	7	6	5
Carpenter	11	5	6	7	6	8	7	6	7	6	7	8	..
Hyland	9	7	7	6	8	6	9	6	8	6	9	5	..
Sutton	11	7	5	8	8	9	6	8	8	6	9	9	7
Gorham	15	..	..	..	..	9	5	9	9	9	9	9	8
Fowler	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	9
Garlack	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..
Miss Hyland	..	3	3	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	..	5	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Acker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..

Natick Gun Club.

NATICK, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We take great pleasure in announcing that we shall hold a trap-shooting revival for amateurs only, on the grounds of the Natick Gun Club, Natick, Mass., Saturday, Sept. 3 (the 5th, if stormy), to which we invite the shooters of the East to cooperate.

The rules governing this tournament will be noted in our programme, and may be stated as thus: "Any shooter maintaining an average of 90 per cent. or under may contest in this tournament without application to the management; if there be any question of elegibility, same can be decided by addressing the committee in writing. No paid expert or professional shooter is eligible to enter except for birds only. The management reserves the right to decide all questions appertinent to the above."

It is a well-known fact that the present condition of trap-shooting in the East is due to the manner by which the wolves have infested our locality, just as the pot-hunter has annhilated certain game districts, to the dire regret of every true sportsman.

From the outset, our intention will be to congregate all lovers of trap-shooting and treat them to a thorough amateur event, and the manner by which their interests will be preserved, we are confident, will inspire the fraternity with new life, and therefore be the means of rejuvenating the sport throughout this section. The management, as will be seen, have added to the extent of $30 in cash to be applied to the regular events; also that a merchandise event follows, in which there will be numerous liberal prizes from contributors; and all money derived from the event will be given directly to the shooters in the events following thereafter.

Thus it will be observed that, unlike any other tournaments held, the proceeds will go to the shooters in added money and not to the pockets of the management. This alone should add not less than $40 for a general average. We shall make a deduction of 5 per cent. from the regular events, to be divided by the five highest scores. We feel assured of a large conclave of shooters.

We shall leave it entirely to the shooters of the East to decide whether or not it is absolutely necessary to depend on the presence of the paid expert and professional shooter in order to successfully maintain a spirit which for the past eights years has been widely degenerating.

SAMUEL BOWKER, Manager.

[Mr. Bowker misapprehends to a certain extent the trap-shooting situation in the East. He alleges "that the present condition of trap-shooting in the East is due to the manner in which the wolves have infested our locality," etc. In his programme he alleges that "the attendance of the paid expert and professional shark has completely demoralized trap-shooting in the East," etc. "Infested" and "completely demoralized" are rather strong terms, and would seem to come under the application of the ancient adage that he who attempts to prove too much proves nothing. If Mr. Bowker will glance at our list of trap fixtures he may perhaps modify his opinion on the point in question.]

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The remarkably good shooting of R. H. Hebard was the feature of to-day's shoot of the Audubon Gun Club. No. 4 is the score of the badge shoot. After making four straight scores, he broke 24 out of a possible 25 in the badge shoot. C. S. Burkhardt was the winner in Class A, Mr. Hebard in Class B, and J. E. Lodge in Class C.

The monthly cup shoot will take place next Saturday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	25	25	15	10
J J Reid	13	7	11	18	17	11	4
C S Burkhardt	14	7	14	22	22	13	7
Otis	7	..	5	..	5	11	8
R H Hebard	12	10	15	24	17	15	10
E C Burkhardt	9	5	9	11	12	9	2
Shuler	7	8	9	..	15	6	6
Talsma	12	..	..	18	..	11	7
D Kerew	..	10	..	13	..	12	5
Jacobs	..	..	11	21	..	..	..
Lodge	..	..	10	15	15	9	5
Chabot	..	..	3	..	..	8	2
McArthur	..	..	..	15	..	10	5
McCarney	..	..	..	..	14	10	7

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Aug. 20.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club was held this afternoon on the club grounds at Hoyt's Grove, in this city. Mr. R. C. Root, of Providence, R. I., was the guest of the club, and notwithstanding he was badly handicapped in the load he was forced to use, so that his shooting was away below his usual average, "stayed with the boys" till the afternoon's programme was completed.

The following are the events shot and the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	20	15
Leighton	11	14	16	11	14	16	..	..	..	..
Miller	10	13	17	12	..	..	12	15	..	..
Stevens	10	12	15	14	12	18	..	..	..	..
Root	11	12	16	10	9	12	9	13	14	11
Brown	6	9	10	9	10	13	..	..	15	..
Bryan	..	..	17	13	14	18	14	17	17	13
George	..	..	..	..	10	16	13	15	18	10
Tozier	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..

Events 1, 3, 5, 8, 9 and 10 were at known traps and angles; 2, 4, 6 and 7, known traps, unknown angles.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 15.—Yesterday was club medal da at Shell Mound range, and there was a good turnout of mark men. Some fine scoring was done by members of the Columbi Club, also by J. Utschig, of the Schuetzen Verein.

J. E. Gorman, in his club medal shoot, Columbia target, 10 shot 200yds., made the very fine score of 41, which means that the averag distance of each shot from the center was a fraction of over 2in Messrs. McLaughlin, Rodgers and Dorrell scored respectively 4 50 and 52, placing their shots within an average distance of abou 2½in. from the center.

A. H. Pape did some good work with the military rifle, Creed moor target:

Scores of the day:

Bushnell military rifle: A. H. Pape 48, 47, 47; C. F. Walthan 46, 45.

Members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman 49, A. B. Dorrell 57, G Mannel 92.

All comers' rifle medal: D. W. McLaughlin 49; Dr. Rodgers 5(62; F. E. Mason 59, 62.

Champion class: Dr. Rodgers 56, F. E. Mason 77.

First class: J. E. Gorman 41, A. B. Dorrell 52, O. A. Bruner 7

Second class: G. M. Barley 81, A. Hunteman 91, M. J. Whit 100.

Third class: G. Manuel 93, C. F. Waltham 98, E. W. Moor 11 Mrs. White 145, E. Woenne 158, B. Jonas 174.

Pistol, 50yds., Columbia target, medals for members only:

Champion class: J. E. Gorman 44, Dr. Rodgers 45, A. H. Pap 46, A. B. Dorrell 52, M. J. White 68.

First class: G. M. Barley 56, D. W. McLaughlin 52.

Second class: Mrs. M. J. White 84, A. Hunteman 85, C. F Waltham 90.

Third class: J. P. Cosgrave 53, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 115.

Open to all comers, Siebe medal: G. M. Barley 60, .22 an .25cal. rifle.

Roos' trophy for ladies: A. B. Dorrell 20; Mrs. C. F. Waltha 30, 33, 38.

At the Nord-Deutscher Schuetzen Club's monthly bullseye shoo prizes were won on the following scores:

J. de Wit 307, J. Lankenau 382, Otto Lemcke 446, G. Schulz 537 L. Brune 576, Henry Stelling 683, W. F. Garms 805, W. Morke 880, Henry Meyer 968, John Thode 969, C. J. Hink 970, Fran Koch 1,166.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein recorded the followin scores at its monthly wedal shoot:

Champion class, John Utschig 443; first class, Nicholas Ahren 402; second class, not filled; third class, Reinhold Stettin 391 fourth class, J. W. Goetz, 381; best first shot, H. F. Lilkendey, 24 best last shot, John Utschig, 24.

At the monthly medal shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Clu the following were the best scores recorded for classes and medals

First champion class, J. Utschig 428; second champion class L. Bendel 442; first class, Henry Stelling 393; second class, E. Goetze 385; third class, W. Goetze 359; best first shot, N. Ahrens 24; best last shot, L. Bendel, 24.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by the members of the Cincin nati Rifle Association, Aug. 21, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target Gindele was declared king with a score of 222. Strickmier win the Uckotter trophy with a score of 224. Hasenzahl wins th Dietrich medal with a score of 67 on the honor target. Mr. V K. Dodge, of Lexington, was a visitor at the range, and put u some creditable scores with a .25-20 Marlin repeater and factor ammunition:

King score:

Gindele	21	25	22	22	25	22	22	21	18	21—22
Payne	25	24	19	23	20	22	20	24	21	19—21
Nestler	11	18	12	17	21	21	22	16	19	22—17
Roberts	17	22	22	16	19	28	16	21	20	22—19
Topf	10	20	20	18	15	19	14	16	16	15—17
*Dodge	20	12	25	20	21	17	22	13	19	15—18
Hasenzahl	18	19	20	19	23	24	22	18	20	23—20
Houck	19	17	11	18	19	21	11	14	1	22—15
Drube	25	19	21	23	18	23	15	20	21	23—20
Trounstine	19	12	18	23	16	14	18	21	23	22—18
Strickmier	19	20	20	24	17	21	24	18	15	17—19

	Honor target.			Special scores		
Gindele	18	21	20—59	220	217	214
Payne	24	20	18—62	227	219	215
Nestler	19	15	17—51	206	200	201
Roberts	17	21	21—59	198	197	193
Topf	18	15	22—55	182	174	167
*Dodge	16	22	18—56	195	184	179
Hasenzahl	22	25	18—65	216	216	212
Houck	18	12	22—52	180	173	167
Drube	17	18	15—50	206	201	194
Trounstine	15	17	19—51	187	184	180
Strickmier	19	20	17—56	200	196	191

* Visitor, .25-20 Marlin.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

H. E. Ahren, City.—A letter mailed to you has been returne marked "not found."

W. S., New York.—Kindly inform me through your columns o some place near New York city where I may shoot rabbits an other small game in season. Ans. We will gladly try to help yo out when you comply with our rules. Anonymous communica tions are not answered.

E. S., Schenectady, N. Y.—Where can I get shrimp for a bas lake, and who can give me information as to planting them proper ly? Ans. Shrimp can be obtained in many, if not most, fresh water ponds and lakes. They live among the weeds, and if thes are pulled up and examined the crustaceans will be seen. The can be transported packed in wet water weeds, and will live fo days. To plant them is merely to place the weeds in the wate at the border of the pond to be stocked. The New York Fis Commission at Caledonia Springs, N. Y., will no doubt furnis all the shrimp you need.

F. W. K., New York.—I should like to know through the column of FOREST AND STREAM whether or not a rattlesnake can bit through a leather boot, and also if their bite is ordinarily fatal Are they more dangerous in the South than in the North? Roose velt, in "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," says that he knew o but one case where any one was killed by a rattler; that wa a little girl who was struck in the ankle, I believe. This s frightened her that she fell and was bitten again in the neck He also says that ranchmen out West wear high leather boot as protection against rattlers. Ans. High leather boots, or hig canvas or leather leggings, are of course measurably a protectio against rattlesnake bite. Yet of course if the fangs of a larg snake should strike the leather or canvas at precisely the righ angle they would penetrate it, and might pierce the skin. Rattl snakes are more dangerous in the South than in the North, be cause there are more of them there, but for no other reason. Th bite would usually be fatal if no remedies were applied. As i is, a man is in far greater danger of being killed by lightnin than by a rattlesnake bite. Still a few a very few—people d each year of snake bite.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE success which meets the dealer in articles which are tho oughly good and properly introduced to the public is well exem plified in the case of Messrs. M. A. Smith & Son, of Philadelphi manufacturers of hunting boots and shoes. This firm, which bega to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM only a short time ago, find the demand for its goods so great that it is now justified i doubling its advertising space in FOREST AND STREAM. That ther is a large and growing demand for goods of this class is we understood, and the Philadelphia firm seems determined to hav its share of this trade.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE recent action of the Canadian Privy Council in placing the administration of the fisheries of Ontario in the hands of the Provincial Government will undoubtedly do much to promote the protection and increase of food and game fishes, and at the same time contribute to the further development of the important fishing resources of the Province. The privilege of controlling their own fisheries has long been desired by the Ontario people, who are now preparing to give a good account of themselves. It is understood that the fishery commissionership under the new order of things has been tendered Dr. G. A. MacCallum, who was chairman of the board that some years ago did such active work for the fish and game interests of the Province. Dr. MacCallum has for many years given much attention to fishery matters, has been active in securing the passage of measures for preserving the supply of fishes in the lakes and rivers of the Province, and is an ardent advocate of joint action on the part of the United States and Canada for the regulation of fishing in the Great Lakes. Owing to the very small compensation which the authorities have attached to the commissionership, it is reported that Dr. MacCallum has not yet seen his way to accept an appointment which necessitates the neglect of his professional duties without adequate compensation. It would seem to be incumbent on the Provincial authorities to recognize the importance of this position by assigning to it a suitable salary, so that intelligent, energetic and competent persons can afford to assume the responsible duties of the office.

The New York Times of last Sunday chronicled the feat of Rev. Dr. James H. Hoadley, of this city, who on a recent occasion in the Adirondacks took one hundred trout in sixty minutes. The Doctor discovered a pool which had been unmolested, and took advantage of the situation to make the fishing score of his life, rounding out the full hour with count fishing, keeping the big fellows and throwing back the smaller ones. Incidentally he furnished a new illustration of the principle which governs in all sports, that one is likely to do in excess that which is done easily. Some time ago we printed a story written by an Iowa contributor, who told how he had gone out for rabbit shooting, and finding the game extremely plentiful and the shooting easy, he had been unintentionally and quite unwittingly led by the combination of favorable conditions to kill many more rabbits than he had intended.

As a rule excess in the pastimes of hunting and fishing is due to the ease with which a big bag may be secured or a large string of fish counted. The shooter shoots when birds are plenty and fly to his gun; the fisherman keeps on reeling in the fish so long as there is no tedious wait between bites. The staunchest and most uncompromising censor of big bags might himself surrender to temptation when conditions fell right. There are few sportsmen who do not tell with enthusiasm of that red-letter day when they made their record score. Discuss as we may the evils of excessive killing in its effect upon the game supply, the fact remains that when chance offers the score is made; and it is the recital of a wonderful run of luck that interests and challenges the envy of those who listen. The most fish, the biggest fish, the greatest catch in the shortest time, these are the themes which engage attention at fishing resorts; they are the vouchers of "good fishing" heralded by hotel proprietors, fishing camp keepers and transportation lines. It is the string of fish painfully supported by the staggering achievers, and stretching well across the dock or completely across the side of the porch, that is put forth in photographic attestation as a signal for others to come and share the good luck. Among the people in such resorts, in particular among those who are not fishermen, one hears the characteristic comment, "He must be a smart angler to have caught so many in such a short time." This is the popular and conventional gauge of good fishing and good sportsmanship. That it is also the mistaken and improvident attitude with respect to fishing, and one to which may be traced the ruination of fishing resort after fishing resort, goes without saying, and is beyond the purpose of these paragraphs, which are intended merely to note facts and conditions.

We print to-day further communications from Mr. Chas. Stewart Davison respecting the conditions of Canadian salmon rivers, and the remedies which must be devised by the authorities if the streams are to be rescued from ruin. The salmon fishermen of this country owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Davison for the intelligent manner in which he has dealt with the subject, nor would it be too much to say that Canada also will be under obligations to him if his good offices shall result in leading to the restoration of these important resources.

On ten thousand farms the quail have been calling through the summer, cheering with their welcome notes the farmer in the field and the farmer's wife at home. It is not uncommon for the men and the women who own the land and live and work upon it, where Bob White whistles, to think of the quail and speak of them as "our birds." Doubtless the town sportsman who comes in the autumn to shoot the birds would also have this feeling of ownership and right if he too were the farmer in whose fields they had been bred and reared. How the landowner may feel about the birds one may understand if one will try to put himself in the landowner's place. Most of the clashing, when there is a clashing, between farmer and sportsman might be avoided if the man who seeks the privilege of shooting would consider the subject from the farmhouse standpoint.

Indeed the entire sportsman's creed respecting conduct in the field and on the stream may be summed up in the three words, consideration for others. It is this consideration which lies at the basis of our game laws and at the foundation of our rules of voluntary adoption, that in using the good things which nature yields we shall so enjoy them as not to hazard nor ruin the enjoyment of them by others, and to make the most of our privileges without infringing the rights of others, whether sportsmen or those upon whom sportsmen are dependent for the privilege of shooting or fishing. In these days of restrictions, growing annually more confined, it is no longer excusable for the individual selfishly to blunder ahead without heed to his fellows in the guild of rod and gun.

It is said that the penny-wise-pound-foolish policy in game protection, common in thinly-settled countries, now prevails in Wyoming. The region south of the Yellowstone Park, being a rough timbered country, and receiving annually the overflow of elk and deer from the Park, is to-day perhaps the best game section in the United States. The Wyoming Legislature has passed laws to protect this game, but these laws, it is alleged, are not enforced by the local authorities. No game warden patrols the country through which Snake River flows, and the deputy warden refuses to act on the ground that no salary attaches to the office; the county commissioners refuse to appoint a warden under a salary; so there is no one to look after the game, which, according to reports, has been killed off at a great rate this summer. This condition of things concerns chiefly the residents of the region where the game is found, for they are the ones who are benefited by the visits of the outside public. This public pays the residents money for time, horses, board and other services. If the game hereabouts is destroyed to such an extent that it becomes inaccessible or very hard to find by the visiting hunters, the occupation of the local guides will be gone, and a very neat slice cut off their annual incomes.

Mr. C. M. Stark, who is well informed on New Hampshire game, writes in another column of the pressing need of adopting for his State the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons." In this declaration Mr. Stark voices the conviction of those citizens of New Hampshire who are most familiar with the conditions there prevailing, and most earnest in providing the remedy. It is the old, old story, illustrated by scores of districts where the birds once were abundant and would be in fair supply to-day had the traffic in game been restricted to reasonable limits—which means abolished. Mr. Stark's proposition that New Hampshire shall put an end to the destruction of its game for market is sensible and timely; we trust that the subject will be taken up in earnest by the protective associations, and that a non-market statute may be among the measures striven for in the next Legislature.

In central and western New York there is much newspaper comment on the working of the new law which provides bounties for the destruction of illegal nets. The sums paid out in bounties are declared to be excessive, and a loud cry is raised that the burden on the counties is not to be endured. Doubtless there are some frauds, and money is paid that should not be paid; on the other hand the system is actually destroying nets, or in other words is accomplishing precisely what it was meant to accomplish; and the bounty funds, instead of coming out of the county treasuries, are eventually paid by the State. There are mistakes in the law, but these are not inherent in the system. They can be and will be corrected. The net bounty is all right, and it has come to stay.

By the vast majority of fishermen the grayling is regarded as a rare fish, with which they have no immediate concern; they have never had an opportunity to fish for it, and its race they deem doomed to extinction. If the artificial propagation of the grayling shall prove a successful enterprise, all this will be changed; and Dr. Henshall's report of the work already achieved in this field gives happy promise for the future of the fish.

Some Indian tribes are exempt from the game laws. The average white man, however, should be sufficiently civilized to abide by the rules of civilization, and not to class himself with the savage.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Costa Rica Forests.

(*Concluded from page* 183.)

We had stopped to rest, and our guides had gone a little way ahead to look for signs of peccary. One of the men returned and said he had found a place where a drove of peccaries had been feeding that very morning. We lost no time in following him, and presently he stopped and asked if we could smell them, and sure enough we could smell a strong odor like that of musk. We all proceeded now very slowly, with guns at full cock. "Stop! What was that?" From the dense underbrush right in front of us came a sound as if ivory billiard balls were being struck together. A low underbrush rose waist high, so that we could see nothing, yet we knew that a drove of wild hogs were there, and might run off or charge us, as the mood pleased them. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, every little bush in front of us swayed back and forth, and such a snorting and grunting and rushing it had never been my fortune to hear. It was as if the whole woods were alive with peccaries, and as if they were all tumbling over each other to get away. How many did we shoot out of that drove? Literally none, yet there must have been 200 or more pigs within gunshot; but owing to the thickness of the bush we had not even set eyes on them. I for one was disgusted, and concluded from remarks made that the sentiments of the rest of the party resembled my own. But we were out for pig meat, and were bound to get it, if we hunted all day. After crossing a little stream, we came to the edge of a swamp, which was evidently a favorite resort for the wild hogs, as it was all cut up with hoof marks; the signs were very fresh, and our guides told us to keep a sharp lookout. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the German, who was in the lead, threw his gun to his shoulder and fired twice in succession. Mr. B. also emptied his gun, fairly riddling to pieces a large boar, the patriarch of the drove. I only made one shot at a small pig, but was lucky enough to bring him down, so that Mr. B. and I both had our hog. Our German friend had made a bad miss of it, but explained that when he made his shot the pigs were within 12ft. of where he stood, and he was disturbed to find the game so near him. However, two pigs were all we needed to supply the camp with meat, so we were all in a good humor once more. The big fellow, which the Englishman shot, had tusks that would tear a man's legs all to pieces. Quite often they charge a hunter, when the only thing to do is to climb the nearest tree, and quickly too, as no man could withstand their charges. The guides cut long, slender vines, which are used in place of ropes, and slung the hogs over their shoulders, and we reached camp just in time to escape a heavy shower.

That afternoon we had a visitor—a German orchid hunter, who, like most Germans, spoke fairly good English. He had spent the last two months, with the assistance of two Indians, in making up a shipment of orchids to send to England, and told us one experience he had had with wild hogs. He was alone some half-mile from camp; his gun was leaning against a tree, from which he had just descended to the ground with some orchids. Hearing the hogs, he reached for his gun, and as the peccaries came to a little place in the woods shot two of them, one with each barrel. Instead of frightening them, this had exactly the opposite effect, and the whole drove, 300 or more, charged him. He sprang for the tree near by, but had to leave the gun on the ground. In a moment they had the trunk of the small tree he had climbed all torn away with their tusks, and the ground was packed as hard as an asphalt pavement. The brutes seemed to be in no hurry to leave the sport, and when he tried to come down they charged him once more.

After an hour of this performance they left him, and when he got down in safety he told us he made a bee-line for camp. He said that when following in the wake of a drove of peccaries one would often see a tiger cat on the lookout for stragglers from the drove, but he had always found the tiger, or jaguar, a great coward. The black panther was the only exception, and would track a man, so he told us. He said he had shot one that came near getting him. He was resting after a long walk, and was sitting on the ground with his back against a log. He had been sitting very still for some time, occupied with his thoughts, when out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of something crawling toward him on the log. He quietly reached for his shotgun, which was on the ground by his side, while inch by inch the big black panther crawled toward him. The creature crouched for a spring, when quick as a flash he threw gun to shoulder and gave it both barrels at a distance of about 15ft. from where he was sitting, and killed it.

Our German friend told us of an adventure he had with a leopard while surveying for the Costa Rica Rail-Road Co. He was making a trial survey through a jungle, when without any warning he came face to face with a leopard. Both were too much astonished to move. The surveyor was frightened pretty badly, as he had no gun nor a knife of any kind, only his surveying instruments, which he made up his mind to use as a club if necessary. They eyed each other for what seemed to him at least five minutes. Some move had to be made, so he threw his arms in the air, and let out such a warwhoop that the leopard made one bound for the woods and was seen no more. After that experience he said he always wore a revolver.

The following day, the San Carlos River having risen considerably, the orchid hunter, who was glad of the swift current, which would keep him on his way to the San Juan, set out; and we bade him good-by with regret, as he was a very interesting character and had an inexhaustible supply of stories. That day we had pig roasted, stewed and fried, and found it good eating. It has rather a strong, gamy flavor, and is not so tender as our domestic pig; but it forms the main meat supply of the natives of this valley.

One of our guides had Indian blood in his veins, a common thing among the natives. The pure-blooded Indian of Costa Rica avoids the white man as much as possible. He has his thatched ranch way back in the mountains, where he grows a few plantains and yams, and perhaps a few black beans, and spends most of his time hunting with bow and arrows, or a gun, if he can afford to buy one. Clothes are not needed in the lowlands of this country, so that the men and women alike go as nearly naked as they can, putting on clothes only when they come out to some settlements to trade. They are very jealous of their women, who as a rule are far from good looking, being short in stature and of very dark skin. A few of the Indians have small ornaments of pure gold. The king of the Salamanca tribe has a gold watch and chain, but they will not tell where the gold came from. They know where the mines are, but they do not choose that any one else shall know.

This country is very rich in many ways, but is so little known that it will be years before one-tenth of the country will ever be explored. Costa Rica is one of the first coffee-growing countries in the world, most of the crops being sent to England and Germany. Rubber grows here in abundance, chocolate, the vanilla bean, cinnamon, sarsaparilla, bread fruit, rice, pepper, grapes, tobacco, beans, peaches, cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, limes, pineapples and numerous varieties of cabinet and dyewoods. For a young man with a few thousand dollars I know of no better country to which he might come, provided he did not locate in low swamp lands, but chose a situation over 1,000ft. above sea level.

One of the guides came in with a huge green lizard, which he cleaned and cooked for supper. He said that it was good to eat, but we preferred to take his word for it, and generously told him to eat it all. I was the first to awake in the morning, and was startled to see Mr. B.'s blanket stained with blood. I awoke him at once. He had exposed his foot in the night and had been bitten by a large vampire bat, which was still in the tent, and which we killed with sticks. Mr. B. was none the worse for his experience, but he lost quite a little blood. The bats are common enough here, and trouble the cattle a good deal, but seldom molest human beings. For the remainder of the trip Mr. B. slept with his boots on.

We now set out on our trip down stream, and after an hour's paddling came to where a clearing had been made along the east bank. We went ashore to buy some plantains and ripe pineapples, and in all my life I never tasted such delicious fruit! The pineapples seemed to have no hard core at all. The owner called them sugar loaf pines, and said he had so many he did not know what to do with them, as he could only sell a few. He told us that the deer were plentiful about his place, and invited us to stop a day with him and he would go for a hunt with us. His ranch house was a large one, and very well made, so we did not bother to put up our tent, but slept in the house.

That afternoon while fishing from the bank we saw the fin of a good-sized shark, and as it must have been seventy miles from tidewater we were somewhat surprised, but our host told us he had seen them quite often. The shark must have come up the San Juan River and then up the San Carlos.

Next morning we had our coffee by 5 o'clock, and quite a party of us started out. The ranchman had a banana patch within a half-mile of the house, and Mr. B. and I concluded to go with him, our German friend striking off in a different direction with the two guides. The deer of this country are very fond of ripe bananas, and they are quite often shot in banana plantations. We followed the little path to the bananas, all the time keeping a sharp lookout for game. On reaching the cultivated fields we skirted the edge of the woods, and I took a stand by a clump of bananas, the Englishman and our host taking station about 100yds. to my right and left. Then we sent a peon with his dog around to the other side of the plantation to drive toward us any deer that might be feeding there. While we were waiting the small flies or midges proved a dreadful pest, biting with a zest and spirit that reminded me of the Maine woods in July. We could not have been at our stations more than ten minutes when we heard the barking of the dog, and almost at the same instant I caught sight of a deer bounding through the high grass and making straight for the Englishman. The deer must have been within 15yds. of him when he gave him a charge of buckshot, which brought him down at once. The Spaniard also had a shot at a fawn, but made a clean miss. Glancing at my watch, I found that we had not been away from the ranch an hour. We did not cut the deer up, but took the carcass back to the house as it was.

The other party had not yet returned. Eleven o'clock came, with no sign of them.

About 11:30 we heard several shots fired off in the direction in which they had gone that morning, so I concluded to take my gun and a man and go out to meet them if possible, and to see what had kept them so long away from the house. They had gone on a rubber cutter's "picket" or trail, so that it was an easy matter to follow them.

Of the other party, the German had killed a danta, or tapir, and the two guides were loaded down with meat. My friend told me that he had hunted until 10 o'clock without seeing any game, and was on his way back to the ranch when he had come face to face with the tapir. The big animal had not offered to charge him, but had made off to a little swamp, but not before it had received three rifle balls in his body. It went crashing through the forest and they followed; and after it had gone a couple of hundred yards it had dropped dead. As I had never seen a danta, one of the guides went with me to show it. When we reached the spot the animal was lying on its side and was one mass of woodticks. I should think the body would have weighed at least 900lbs. The guides told me that sometimes they were very dangerous, and would charge a man at sight, and the man would have to be quick or he would be trampled to death. At other times they were harmless enough. The animal's hide was almost an inch thick on top of the back, but on the sides and body much thinner. I do not doubt that that night half the tiger cats in the woods enjoyed a rich feast. Some of the Costa Rica natives eat the meat. They told us it was tender and very much like beef, but we preferred to take their word for it.

I reached camp that afternoon, tired out. One cannot exercise in these hot countries without feeling the effects of it more readily than in a cool climate, and one very unpleasant feature of hunting in these tropical forests is the quantities of ticks one gets all over one's body. A rub down with rum or kerosene will take most of them off. The poor cattle suffer dreadfully from this cause; and it is necessary to wash them at times with a solution of carbolic acid and tar or tobacco water.

Our host had a pretty nice little place of some eighty acres, and raised almost everything he could wish for. He grew his own coffee, rice, beans, plantains, yams, bananas, pineapples, bread fruit, pepper and sugar cane, from which he made his sugar. He had also cows for milk, butter and cheese; and there was always the forest, where he could go for game. If he wanted fresh fish he could get it from the river at any time. Yes, a pretty nice little place, and his wife and children seemed to be contented with their lot.

We bade the good people good-by and were off once more on the smooth water of the San Carlos. There was hardly any current at this part of the stream, so that it was necessary to keep the paddles going at a lively pace. The dugouts are very clumsy indeed, and heavy affairs compared with a birch bark or canvas canoe. Time and time again we passed trees loaded down with bright orchids and creepers. Sometimes one will see a tree with half its branches loaded down with brilliant yellow or purple blossoms, which in shape very much resemble the trumpet flower, and have very sweet fragrance. We saw no game of any kind that day, and made camp early in the afternoon on a high bank some distance below the River Arenal, where there are a couple of small trading stores. There are few plantations in this part of the San Carlos Valley, and quite a large quantity of rubber is brought down the river from this point. As a fruit-growing district it is unsurpassed in the world, the only trouble being lack of means of transportation. As a hunting district it is perfect; all the big game of Central America can be found here in abundance, and the place is easily reached from San José. The river, flowing through the valley, makes it easy to change one's camp at pleasure. Nine hours down stream from the River Arenal will bring one to the San Juan River, the boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. At the confluence of the San Carlos and San Juan rivers one can take the river to Greytown; and so the district can be reached by way of Greytown direct. I think the trip by way of Point Simon and San Juan is the pleasanter of the two.

It was fortunate that we had chosen high, dry ground for our camp, as it rained great guns that night; and if we had been on low ground it is more than likely we would have been washed out. By the next morning the rain had ceased, and we made up our minds to hunt directly back of camp. Our German friend was sick with dysentery, and the Englishman and I concluded to try our luck alone that morning; the guide we left in camp to tidy up and look after the sick man. Five minutes after we started we were drenched with the drip from the trees. Fortunately this part of the forest was comparatively free from vines and tangled thickets, so that we stood a good chance of seeing game. My companion shot a guatusa (a small animal resembling a rabbit in size, only larger and very good eating), but when he went to pick it up he almost stepped on the head of a huge diamond-back snake that seemed to be after the same game. We both shot the snake, and literally blew the head off his body we were so close to him. He must have been 12ft. long. He would have made a fine specimen for a museum. The fact is, one cannot hunt in this country without seeing some variety of snake on every trip; that is, if one keeps a sharp lookout, which I would advise while hunting here. The bite of most Central American snakes, particularly the culebra de sangre, or blood snake, means death in a few hours. After going about a quarter of a mile further, we came to a small brook, the banks of which were cut up like a cattle yard, where the wild hogs and danta had been. We concluded to follow the stream up a little way, and went very carefully, expecting to see game at any time. The brook widened out, forming quite a good-sized pool. Parting the branches aside, we looked out, and there on the opposite side of the pool was a danta lying on his side in the mud. I threw my gun up and fired two shots into him, but what was my surprise to see that he did not move. We went over and found that he was stone dead, and had been so for some time, although there were no marks on his body save where the two bullets had entered his hide. Probably the danta had been bitten by some snake and had gone into the brook to die. We concluded to go no further, but turned and struck back to camp in time for our 11 o'clock breakfast. That proved to be our last hunt, as we found our poor friend quite sick; and as we had no medicine with us we decided to break camp at once and start up stream. In two days' time we reached Muelle, where we had hired our guide and canoe, and the next day started back for San José and civilization. We rode mostly at night, as there was a good moon and no dust, whereas in the day the roads were hot and dusty. The third day after leaving San Carlos Valley we reached San José; we drove to the French Hotel, where we drank each other's health and said good-by; and so ended a very pleasant trip, and one long to be remembered by each of us.

I may add that a very good hunting district can be reached by going to the village of Jimenez, about fifty-six miles from Port Simon, and then striking off for the foothills of the volcano of Turrialbe; and in one day's journey from Jimenez a district teeming with wild turkeys, tigers and danta can easily be reached.

Salamanca is also a good country for game, and I believe the largest tigers are shot there; but the district is inhabited by the Salamanca Indians. They are, however, a very peacable tribe, and there are also there a few white settlers.

Costa Rica is rich in game, and there is no closed season; but the months of January, February and March will be found to be the most agreeable for life in the bush, as at that time there is less rain than at any other season of the year.

FREDERICK S. LYMAN.

Costa Rica.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Manana.

An Experience in Mexico.

A Mexican city is a noisy and a smelly place. The one in which we live (the capital of a southern Estado) is perhaps less odorous than others, but certainly is no freer from nerve-wearing noises. So it is our custom to spend a day now and then in the country. A place we often visit is San Felipe Huejotlipam (way-hote-leép-am), a little Indian town three miles away. There is a group of cherry trees near a deserted hut, and under these we have passed many a refreshing hour.

On the fifth of last May we were there again. For some reason which I do not now remember we left rather sooner than we had expected. I had unbuckled my pistol and had hung it by its belt upon a tree limb over our heads. In the hurry of getting away I left it hanging there. I missed it, however, before getting out of the town, and returned to the tree, but the pistol was no longer there. I told the friends in the nearest hut of my loss, and that I was willing suitably to reward the finder, for the pistol, besides being valuable in itself, had been given me by a friend. The story was repeated to others, and soon the news was spread throughout the little village.

We were away from home for the succeeding seven days, but on the first opportunity after our return set out for San Felipe to rest in our accustomed retreat, but having in mind at the same time the probable fate of the pistol. Sure enough, our friends greeted us with: "Have you found your pistol?" "No," I replied, "I have heard nothing of it." "Why," said they, "it was found by two little boys and carried to the Palacio Municipal."

I hurried at once to the "palace," a low adobe hut which shelters the village government. It was closed, and here my troubles began. I sought first el secretario and then el presidente in their adobe dwellings (that of the latter distinguished from its fellows by being smoothly plastered and whitewashed). Both officials were away at work, but would return "a little later."

It was now 5 o'clock, and inasmuch as there were several cases about the door of the palacio to be tried, I judged that I should not have very much longer to wait. Alas, I did not know the speed of Mexican justice. Those cases were not to be tried that night.

The last tram car leaves at 6. It was arranged that the others of our party should take that tram and that I should join them if possible. Returning to the palacio, I found the cases still waiting in charge of an unsteady gendarme, who grew more and more drunk as the evening advanced. They were expecting the officials "immediately." Six o'clock passed, with its tram. Still the cases waited, and I among them trying to tone my Anglo-Saxon impatience to something like their Southern indifference. Seven o'clock and still no officials.

Eight o'clock had already struck when el presidente, clad in the invariable white cotton shirt and trousers, appeared alone. Because I wore the clothes of civilization my affairs took precedence. I stated my quest as briefly and as clearly as I could. The old gentleman seated himself upon a brick bench outside the house, took his cigarettes from one pocket, offered them to me, and selected his own; from another pocket brought forth his matches, with that peculiar deftness which all Mexicans exhibit at this performance, lighted my cigarette and his own, exhaled a blue cloud from his nostrils, and asked me "to have the goodness to —repeat."

By the time my story was finished a second time the keys of the adobe palace had arrived. We entered by the light of a candle. After some further talk a messenger was sent for the absent secretary. This messenger returned with the word that the secretary (the polite ragamuffin) "begged that el presidente have the goodness to excuse him, as he was slightly indisposed."

"You would better come to-morrow to see what there is concerning this," was the judgment of the president. There seemed to be nothing else to do, so I moved to leave. "But, señor, will you not remain with us; how are you going to reach the city?" I was interested to make an impression, so gave verbal form to a hope which had been floating vaguely through my mind. "My servant will probably come with horses," I said. At this another messenger was despatched, who reported that no servant had arrived.

"There is nothing for me to do but to walk," I said.

"What! alone, and on Saturday night? It is impossible! The road is dangerous to-night, when there are many bad people about. I will call the ronda to accompany you."

The policeman, who by this time was far gone, was sent to find and to call the patrol. He got as far as the outer door of the garden and there lapsed into drunken oblivion. Meanwhile el presidente had been covertly yielding to drowsiness. So while I twisted and squirmed upon my chair his gray head nodded nearer and nearer the rough board table. But I must be proper; no brusqueness on my part must offend his delicate sense of "form."

At last I hit upon an excuse for sending another messenger, and then a third; but both in vain. Another weary hour had passed when el presidente, making up his mind that I would not be dissuaded from going to the city, and that he would not get to bed until I was disposed of (the other cases did not so much matter), set out with me himself to find an escort.

Once fairly started with some dozen villagers, my Yankee stride quickly covered the intervening miles and left far behind all but two of my valiant guard.

To-morrow being Sunday, I did not accept the president's suggestion. Before breakfast on Monday morning I ran out upon my wheel. This time the secretary sent word that he had gone out to bathe and so could not come. "You would better come to-morrow," said our friend, el presidente.

On the way home the conviction grew upon me that the goodly form of my pistol had entered and found lodgment in the eye of that Indian scribe, that he had made up his mind that such a pistol would be of more service to him than to me. I determined to see what aid a higher authority could lend in producing this delinquent.

So I laid the matter before a young judge, who had been studying English with me, and had shown himself very obliging upon another occasion. He holds a high position socially and has a great deal of influence in legal circles. Lucky for me this, otherwise I should never hope to see my pistol again. He grasped the situation at once, and with true Mexican courtesy offered to help me. "Have no fear, sr. director; to-morrow you shall have your pistol back again."

Since then my presence has been only a matter of form. My young judge has been interested as if the pistol were his own, and though many "to-morrows" have passed his courtesy and interest have never flagged.

His first move was to state the case to the agente del ministerio publico. I do not know that we have such an officer in our court system at home. He seems to be a sort of distributor general of the court business. All cases to be tried go first to him. He hears them, makes a careful record of all, and then disposes, sometimes sending them to a judge (whom he selects), sometimes settling them himself without resort to formal trial. This officer kindly consented to summon the secretary, and dictated an order bidding him appear in the ministerial presence at 4 in the afternoon. I was instructed to appear at the same time. I appeared, but the secretary did not. It was not until the following morning that he came, bearing a lame excuse for his failure of the day before. Such indifference to a summons from so high an authority was unaccountable to me, but not so apparently to those to the manner born.

He brought with him what purported to be a receipt to show that he had already delivered the pistol to a claimant. The signer of this alleged receipt was unknown except to the secretary himself, and the whole performance smacked of deceit. But the agente gave him an order calling upon the signer of this document to present himself "immediately." The end of the week came, but the secretary did not. Another week passed, but still neither secretary nor signer. It grew to be June 6, more than a month after the loss of the pistol, and some two weeks since I had been trying to lay legal hands upon this evasive official.

It was June 8 before the next step was taken. My friend had advised me to make formal accusation, but what was really done was the sending of another note from el ministerio, patient man, directing the secretary to appear in the afternoon to answer a formal charge. This was followed by another next morning at 11 addressed to the president, with a clause attached that if this were disobeyed el presidente himself would be arrested. At 4 the secretary appeared. I took my seat at the side of the agente, and through my friend made my declaracion, repeating the story which has gone before.

The office of this public functionary occupies what was once the choir of an ancient monastery. a long narrow hall with vaulted roof, lighted by grated windows high up in either end. Around the four walls runs a solid row of high-backed chairs, superbly carved from cedar. Half way down the right from where the low platform of the civil authority has intruded upon this holy place stands a chair, higher than the others, inclosed by a pulpit-like structure, and backed by a lofty screen rich with armorial bearings. all done with inexpressible patience in the same dark native wood.

I could not help smiling at the incongruity; this stately hall. with its memory of many an imperious Spanish bishop, witnessing the accusation by an irreverent Yankee of a degenerate son of the Aztecs for stealing a revolver.

The declaracion made, the agente called a judge (No. 4 Correccional), stated the case to him, and sent us all, judge, accuser and accused, away. In a little room opening upon the patio the declaracion was gone over again. But it was now 5 o'clock and high time, the judge evidently thought, to be going home. "To-morrow" at 10 he would hear the case. My friend offered a mild protest, thinking no doubt that the time to deal with this secretary was when you had him; but the judge's view of the situation prevailed. Then my friend arranged to represent me, so that I need not attend the following day, explaining that I was muy occupado.

Next morning I sent my servant, however. that he might be on hand to call me if need be. He returned at noon saying that the accused had not yet shown up, that the judge would wait until 1, and if still he did not appear would arrest him.

Now all this disregard of legal authority to me was appalling. It did not seem so at all to those whose authority it set aside; it caused surprise perhaps, but not astonishment.

I have not yet recovered my pistol. At this writing a whole month of mañanas has passed since the one upon which I was surely to have it again. I am beginning to think that this Spanish word, so often heard in Mexico, which is usually translated "to-morrow," really means "some time in the future."

William Sawyer.

Highways and Byways.—III.

Sometimes even the desert changes its appearance, not naturally, but artificially, and by force of external circumstances. I have just taken a trip southward for a couple of hundred miles over the Oregon Short Line. In place of the arid wastes of five years ago, there are large reservoirs and newly-planted groves, and vast hay and grain ranches. The jack rabbit and coyote have noticed the change. They have retired into the wilderness. In their places have come hundreds of teal and redheads that, dotting the little lakes and wide ditches, give promise of excellent sport in another six weeks. Doves feed about the generous stacks and sage fowl do the gleaning. But the antelopes that were omnipresent a generation ago have entirely disappeared.

Back from the railroad and beyond its terminus there is but little alteration in the landscape. There are the same alkaline and sage brush wastes, the same dreary, cedar-covered foothills, and back of these the massive grandeur of the Sevier and Mackagunt plateaus, whose immense areas of pine and spruce have been diminished by only a few acres, whose rugged slopes are traversed by only a few log roads, and dotted by only a few saw mills. Little use of a forest commissioner in this country, save as political pensioner upon a too liberal government. Under the pines, beside some unnamed spring, herders nightly build their fires and prospectors put up tents and rude log cabins. On the grassy flats the deer feed as complacently as they did before the advent of the Mormon, and among the ragged clifts of lime and lava bears and mountain lions reign undisputed in their sway.

From Milford Station a night ride of thirty-two miles brought us to Beaver, and early the next morning my companion and I were in the saddle en route for a certain prospect hole about the exact location of which there was an indefiniteness that was, to say the least, delicious. We knew that the aforesaid hole lay almost due east of Beaver, and that the stage road to Orton's was long and dusty. Hence our determination to make a new trail and hence also blankets, fry pan, coffee pot and a pack horse, which would otherwise have been unnecessary. Just outside of the Beaver city limits was Fort Cameron, an old Government post that, were it not used for school purposes, would make an ideal summer resort. It was laid out as a military park, and Beaver Creek, that bounds one side of the property, boasts a few trout. From this point there was no road, and we were as much in the wilderness as though we had been in the heart of the Adirondacks. Neither of our horses was gun shy, and we opened our trip with a couple of cottontails and a dozen doves as a game bag. The doves afforded first-rate sport, but when we dressed them for dinner we found the females were about ready for their second nesting, so we did not shoot any more.

Beaver Creek is more like an Eastern trout stream than a Western torrent. For five miles we followed it, through grassy glades and beneath dense box elders and cottonwoods, with just enough pines to add an upland picturesqueness to the scene. The waters were clear as crystal, and the banks were overgrown with mosses and liverworts. We were enjoying our trip to the utmost, when, without any warning, we ran abruptly against a cliff hundreds of feet in height. To go up its face was impossible. The creek cut a narrow gorge, with walls that reached to the sky. But the creek was now deep and angry. It was 11 o'clock; so we determined to camp for dinner, bait our horses and discuss plans. Our game was cleaned, and as we expected to make a night camp, we left the rabbits for supper. The doves were parboiled in the coffee pot, and then rolled in flour and fried with breakfast bacon. It was a great relief to find that we were not dependent upon canned goods.

Northward from our lunch ground, and skirting the base of the cliff, was a cattle trail. We rightly surmised that it was the path of the cowboy for the mountain's summit. Where a steer could be driven our horses would have no difficulty. Shortly after 1 o'clock we resumed our journey. Soon the trail grew very steep and rocky. We had a wall on one side, a precipice on the other. In one spot a large rattlesnake claimed prior right, and, as my horse refused to step over him, we had to kill him in self-defense. Box elders and the lowland vegetation disappeared. Red pines took its place. In the crevices of the rock grew a diminutive vaccinium. We especially noticed the rareness of the atmosphere. Our horses had to rest every few moments. After two hours of this work we reached the brow of the cliff. To the eastward and not far away towered the main Baldy range. The level between was a grassy park adorned with tall, straight aspens. While crossing this park our horses moved so noiselessly over the turf that we approached quite close to a beautiful buck. Daniel was for pursuit, but I reminded him that the law was not yet out, and he reluctantly gave up his purpose. The condition of this range showed that there has been throughout Utah a great decrease in the number of cattle and sheep within the last five years.

It was our intention to get as far up the mountain as possible by nightfall. Where Beaver Creek had gone we could not tell, but we expected to find springs. We did better than that, for we literally stumbled upon a little mountain lake, spring-fed, and filling an ancient crater. It was about 200yds. long by 20yds. wide—deep, clear and very cold. This we would have passed by had we not noticed with surprise that large trout were swimming among the fern-like weeds on the bottom. No matter how high the sun was, it was time to make camp, and we made camp in good shape before we paid any attention to the trout.

If there is anything that I hate in the woods, it is to be with a party that grab guns and tackle and scatter out the instant the wagon stops. Of course, they come back at dark, wet, hungry, tired, cross and generally without game, to a tentless and fireless camp. In such cases the good-natured man who has had experience, and hence remains to make things snug, gets very lonely and always feels that he has been imposed upon. So my plan is to do the necessary work, stake the tent securely, get plenty of firewood, have the frying pan handy, and then take my sport. If one gets back late it is always more pleasant to come back to a camp rather than to a heap of disordered, ill-sorted impedimenta.

We unpacked and hobbled our horses, made a shelter tent out of the two canvas sheets that wrapped our blankets, made down our bed, and gathered firewood. Then we hunted fishpoles. I had my fly-book and reel with me, but, with the uncertainty of finding a trout stream, I knew that a rod would be a nuisance. Quaking aspens are not good material for poles, and to use a drop line would be too much like fishing for porgies off the docks of Hoboken. We encircled the lake for something that would answer our purpose. We found it, and also on the shore opposite our camp the fresh tracks of a large bear and two cubs. Deer sign were too common for more than a passing glance. One little brook emptied into the pond, and along its banks grew underbrush and dwarf willows. From these we obtained a couple of 6ft. poles. Dan tied on his line, school-boy fashion, but I made guides of fine wire, and was so able to make use of the reel. In vain I whipped the waters. I could cast only about 30ft., and though I knew that coachmen and hackles landed right over the trout, we did not get a rise. How to get bait was a serious problem. There were no pines, hence no wood grubs. The few stones at the bottom of the lake were too deep for

us to turn over for the natural fish food. Neither angleworm nor grasshopper was obtainable. At length, under a rotting aspen stump we found a nest of young harmless centipedes. These, on No. 12 hooks, with split-shot sinkers completed out outfit, and we again tried our luck. This time we had better success. Dan got the first bite, and it was a good one. In vain I tried to tell him how to handle his trout without a reel. He was determined to fling it out over his head. Of course the willow snapped. If the bait had not been swallowed, he would have lost his fish. As it was, he drew it in by the hand-over-hand process. While he was gone for a new pole I secured three that averaged ¼lb. each. It then occurred to us that a mess of trout would be a great treat for the boys at the mine. We fished until the shadows grew long, and then all biting stopped. We then had thirty-seven fish. Just at dusk, after the fish were cleaned, and while some of them were frying, I heard a few splashes in the lake. Hastily changing my cast for a dusty miller and white hackle, I landed two more, the largest of the day. The sight of a mink, when we commenced fishing, warned us that we must be wary, so we suspended our trophies in a sack a few feet from the ground. Footprints found the next morning showed that our precaution had not been in vain.

With the break of day we were at the lake, but two hours of hard work brought us only enough for breakfast. While we were fishing a "cluck, cluck" revealed the presence of chickens, and Dan, being the better shot, ran for the gun. He added two broilers to our bag. They were the Western ruffed grouse (*Bonasa*), which is much scarcer than the dusky grouse (*Dendragapus*). It was a difficult matter to transport our fish, but we managed it in this way: The smallest blanket was laid on the ground, and about 2ft. square was covered with dry grass. On this the trout were laid after having been dusted with salt. (They had been wiped dry, but not washed after cleaning the previous evening.) Then came another layer of grass; the blanket was wrapped tightly about them, and this was placed in the center of the roll of bedding. The fish were apparently as fresh that night as when they first came out of the water.

From our camp we saw a low pass in the divide, and toward this we directed our uneventful way. We saw plenty of deer tracks and "kitty" tracks. Once a lynx leisurely crossed the trail 100yds. ahead. I tried to fetch him, but the bullet struck just below him, and he slunk out of sight behind the rocks.

At noon we reached the summit. It was bare of vegetation. The wind cut us with a wintry fury, and in the deep cañons on either side were banks of snow, upon which the August sun failed to make any impression. The view to the west was one long to be remembered. About us in wild confusion were piled the naked peaks, a deathly gray, save when their furrowed sides were a more deathly white. Below was the pineland; lower yet in varied agate the belts of cedar, of sage, of farms. Lowest of all, 5,000ft. beneath, stretched the desert, melting into mist at the sky line, and looking like the rolling billows of the mighty ocean. To the east was the narrow valley of the Sevier in its midsummer apparel, and beyond that, against the deep blue, the white walls of the East Fork range—the boundary of the plateau province. Almost at our feet we saw the familiar landmarks that would lead us to the mine, and by a rapid descent we arrived at the shack before the boys had the dinner dishes washed.

I wanted to return to Beaver by the same route, though our interests lay in another direction. Dan demurred. He would not even hear of our going back to the lake for another night. I insisted that, as the heaviest owner in the Coyote Gold and Silver Mining Company, I should be obeyed. Finally Daniel consented that a game of cribbage should settle the dispute. He pegged out on me. In revenge I am going to ship him to another claim, and then—I won't do a thing but go back for trout, chickens and deer.

SHOSHONE.

The Last of the Delawares.

IN the valley of the Conemaugh continued to live an old Delaware Indian many years after his tribesmen had departed to happier hunting grounds further to the west. The name of this old Indian was Joe Wipey. He lived on a small stream, an affluent of the Conemaugh, at the eastern base of the Laurel Hill, and not far from the river. A few white settlers had encroached upon the ancient demesne of the red man in this region; but Wipey was an inoffensive fellow; like Logan, the great chief of the Mingoes, he was "the friend of the white man," and lived in peace with his neighbors.

In the quiet and congenial employments of trapping and fishing, Wipey's days moved calmly along. He had given no offense, and had no reason to apprehend injury. But the trail of the serpent lay through the wilderness. The frontier difficulties known as Dunmore's War had been going on for some time, and as all wars do, it had furnished a field of operations for the bloodthirsty and the lawless. One day in May, 1774, poor old Wipey was in his canoe alone on the placid bosom of the Conemaugh. Izaak Walton himself was never less meditative of harm to any man or less suspicious of harm to himself, as from the grassy banks of the Dove he cast the seductive fly over the mirror-like expanse of water, than was this old aboriginal angler on this afternoon, as in the mighty shadow of the mountain he trolled the limpid waters of the Conemaugh.

Milton tells us how Satan from his point of vantage viewed with eyes of hate the blissful scene of Paradise:

> "On the tree of life.
> The middle tree and highest there that grew,
> Sat like a cormorant * * * devising death
> To them who lived."

Such were the baleful eyes with which two lawless rovers of the woods regarded the Indian at his peaceful task.

This is somewhat "pictorial." In plain words, Capt. John Hinkston and James Cooper discovered Wipey fishing, as we have described him, and shot him as he sat in his canoe. The body either drifted or was taken to the shore and was buried slightly under a heap of stones beside a small stream. Some authorities say that this stream was what is now called Laurel Run, on the right bank of the Conemaugh, about four miles below Johnstown; others that Wipey was killed and buried at the mouth of a tributary of the river a mile or two above. Anyhow a stream in the lower part of Johnstown, flowing into the Conemaugh, has been know from time immemorial as Hinkston's Run. It is probable that he was killed near the latter stream, and that his body floated down to the mouth of Laurel Run, where it was taken out and buried. This is the theory of my old friend, Hon. W. H. Rose, of Johnstown, who has investigated the matter, and it seems to fit in with all the known circumstances of the case.

This ruthless murder of Wipey caused great consternation among the peaceful savages along the border and a good deal of apprehension on the part of the white settlers. Arthur St. Clair, afterward the distinguished Gen. St. Clair, then a leading official of Westmoreland county, wrote the particulars of the affair to Gov. Richard Penn, and a reward of £100 was offered for the arrest of the murderers. The bones of poor Wipey "were covered" from the sight of his outraged and indignant brethren by the method so effective in removing grievances even among the palefaces. Money is the balm for every wound. What became of Cooper I do not know. Capt. Hinkston, however, figured in the border troubles long afterward, and a stream called Hinkston's Fork, in Kentucky, Dr. Lyman C. Draper informed me, was named for this same man. Gov. Penn, a few years later, was not in a position to make good his offered reward, and afterward Hinkston was figuring again in the Conemaugh Valley region, and in much the same character as before. Col. James Smith, who commanded a body of rangers in western Pennsylvania during the dark and bloody days of the Revolution, says that in the year 1778, on one occasion, Capt. John Hinkston came back from pursuing an Indian, "seemingly unconcerned, with a bloody scalp in his hand—he had pursued the Indian about a quarter of a mile, and tomahawked him." Mr. Rose says that Hinkston and Cooper were renegades, who tramped about the country subsisting principally on game. They seem to have been of that class of hunters whose prey is chiefly men. But so passed the last of the Delawares from the valley of the Conemaugh. The man that could shoot this inoffensive old Indian angling from his boat in the shadow of Laurel Hill would have the heart, or rather the want of heart, to put a bullet into dear old Izaak, whom we take to be the white lily of simplicity, piety and human goodness, as he sought shelter from the passing shower under the sycamore tree or baited his hook on the bank of the Dove.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

INGRAM, Pa.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Aug. 24.—The ascent of the Grand Teton by a party of Wyoming mountaineers has just been announced, and their success is a source of pride and gratification to residents of two States. Of the five men who made the climb, four are residents of Wyoming, and the fifth now lives in Pennsylvania, though formerly he resided in Colorado. Mr. Owen, the leader of the party, although an old resident of Wyoming, is a member of the Rocky Mountain Club, of Denver, and his achievement thus reflects credit on the adjoining State of Colorado.

The Grand Teton is the highest peak of the Teton Range, which runs north and south not far from the Idaho-Wyoming line, and thus forms the divide between Snake River, flowing out of Jackson's Lake, and the waters which empty into Henry's Fork of Snake River. It is one of the most imposing ranges in the Rocky Mountain system, and its peaks tower far above any of their neighboring fellows, almost equaling in height the tallest mountains of Colorado or of the Northwest Coast. The northern and southern extremities of the range, though high, impress one rather by the grandeur of their massiveness, but the towering pinnacle of the Grand Teton shoots up in a real rock aiguille, which reminds one not a little of the finger of the Matterhorn. Seen from the east there is a long sloping saddle which runs up toward this peak, hitherto unsurmounted by man, and below that are many mountain points, among which more than one climber in the past has become bewildered in his vain search for the actual summit of the mountain.

Many earlier attempts have been made to climb the Grand Teton, but none were successful. In 1872 the claim was made that the top had been reached, but this has generally been regarded as unfounded. In later years Mr. W. H. Holmes, of the U. S. Geological Survey, was reported to have gotten up almost to the top, and then to have met a precipice which he could not climb. Mr. W. O. Owen, who has now achieved success, tried the mountain twice before without accomplishing his object.

The party reached Market Lake, Idaho, Aug. 8, and thence drove to Jackson's Hole, where they took pack horses and traveled northward. Their camp of Aug. 10 was pitched at timber line on the great mountain, and at that time there were present W. O. Owen, Rev. Frank Spalding, Frank S. Peterson, John Shive, Tom Cooper and Hugh McDermott.

They started at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th and made their way up the hill, frequently meeting rock walls that could not be surmounted, and being turned back by them. As they passed on higher and higher they crossed a glacier three-fourths of a mile across, and then passed on over snow fields and over a wide rock ledge to more snow fields. At the long saddle between the Middle and Grand Teton they rested, and then made their way across the saddle up a little chimney, and on to the north side of the mountain peak. It was nervous work, for some of the ledges along which they had to pass were so narrow that they were obliged to crawl on hands and knees or even on their breasts.

One thing that happened must have called into their throats the hearts of all the climbers. A great rock became dislodged from a point above them and fell down directly toward Shive. It bounced to one side, however, but passed near enough to him to touch the brim of his hat. Above this point they came to more ice, and then more snow, and finally, after passing over the rock fingers so noticeable from below, they reached the summit at precisely 4 o'clock. They had been climbing for eleven hours.

On the pinnacle of the mountain they planted the metal flag of the Rocky Mountain Club, and in a copper box, half-buried among the stone, inclosed the record of their achievements. Then after a short stay, fully occupied in studying the wonderful panorama laid out beneath them, they began the descent.

As is usually the case in mountain climbing, the descent was more difficult than the ascent, and the men found more use for their rope and their ice axes in going down than they had in climbing up. The four men who reached the top were Messrs. Owen, Spalding, Peterson and Shive. McDermott and Cooper did not go up all the way. The summit of the mountain was found by the aneroid barometer to be 13,800ft. above the sea level. Messrs. Owen and Spalding each carried a camera, and together secured about one hundred fine photographic negatives.

Their time on the mountain top was so short on the 11th that on the day following Messrs. Spalding, Peterson and Shive made another ascent to finish the work of building the monument, and to complete the record of the climb.

On his way out of the Jackson's Hole country Mr. Owen met T. M. Bannon, a surveyor and one of the topographers of the U. S. Geological Survey, whose work this summer has been in that country. He told Mr. Owen that a few days earlier he had seen sun flashes on the summit of the Grand Teton, and had imagined that some one was trying to signal to him by heliograph. On studying the mountain peak with his field glasses, he distinctly saw the monument which had just been erected by the Owen party. The flashes were undoubtedly from the metal flag which had been planted there.

The credit for the successful accomplishment of this achievement belongs principally to Mr. Owen, who has several times before attempted the Grand Teton; but, as already stated, this accomplishment reflects as well on the Rocky Mountain Club, of Denver, of which he is a member. This organization was established no longer ago than 1896, for the purpose of exploring high and unknown mountains. It has a considerable membership in Colorado, Wyoming and other Rocky Mountain States.

WYOMING.

The Witch-Like Rapids.

THAT was a felicitous description of rapids Mr. Burnham gave in his Yukon notes of Aug. 27, when he wrote:

"Of a sudden the damp, misty gap opens, and in place of the smooth surface a long vista of leaping, ghost-like masses of foam. These have the peculiarity of appearing and disappearing always in the same place. They do not advance like ocean waves, but at one particular and unchangeable spot execute fantastic movements, witch-like, uncanny genuflexions, wavings of phantom arms, turning and beckoning, forever repeated in the same unvarying way."

Natural History.

The Yellowstone Park Bears.

GARDINER, Mont., Aug. 24.—Bears have been very troublesome in the Park; that is the grizzlies, for the blacks know how to behave themselves, and are willing to let well enough alone. The grizzlies have been killing sheep and smashing in doors, jumping into high pens and helping themselves generally to what they have no right to. "Doc" was out with a party, and at one camp they stole a ham and some other things. The next night all hands slept around the "grub pile." At one time three bears were standing around waiting for a chance for supper. At Norris one bear was so very bad they ordered him shot; and Scout Burgess did the business for him. Scout Morrison went out to Klamer's slaughter house to kill two very troublesome grizzlies. It is nothing unusual for bears to rob camps and even wagons with people sleeping in them.

Capt. Erwin is making a large enclosure in front of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel and Fort Yellowstone, for the elk left here by the National Zoo. He intends to have other animals kept here for visitors. As it is now, nine-tenths of the people visiting the Park see no game except chipmunks and bears.

E. HOFER.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—Mr. Harry Hoffman Valentine, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is taking an extended trip with his wife over parts of the Western country, and this week came into the FOREST AND STREAM office to inquire about some muscallunge fishing up in Wisconsin, to which I hope he received proper directions. He goes in at Manitowish, in charge of Fay Buck, and I think will have sport.

It was Mr. Valentine who told me a rather curious story about the bears of the Yellowstone Park, from which region Mr. and Mrs. Valentine have just returned, having fished and traveled over a good part of that wonderland in the brief time at their disposal. At the Fountain Hotel, where they stopped over night, there was the usual spectacle of wild bears coming about the hotel in the evening in search of food at the offal heaps. There were six or more of the bears visible during one evening, though no one living at the hotel paid much attention to them. There was one young lady at the hotel who was in search of experience, and she persuaded the driver of one of the garbage wagons to allow her to ride out with him to the place where the garbage kegs were emptied—this being the place where the bears were sure to be approached most closely. Sure enough, the bears were there, among them several silver tips. One good sized black bear

reached up into the rear end of the wagon and pulled out one of the barrels, not waiting for the driver to roll it off. Yet another bear came up to the tail gate of the wagon as the driver went back to roll off a barrel of garbage, and as he stooped over the bear gave a nasty growl and made a pass at him with one paw. This satisfied the young lady who was looking for experience, and she crawled out on the wagon tongue, as far away from the bear as she could get. Not so the driver, however, who was very much angered at this impertinence on the part of a mere bear. Reaching back into the wagon, he caught up a seat board that lay at hand, and brought it down on the bear's nose with a smash that nearly put the old fellow out for awhile. As the bear recovered some idea of what was going on, he pulled his freight for the woods as fast as he could go, bawling in the most aggrieved tone of voice. There is nothing like teaching a silver tip his place.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Animal Intelligence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. E. P. Alexander, in FOREST AND STREAM, July 23, gives us several columns of argument under the head, "The Origin of Animal Instincts."

The theory advanced, in its main features, is an old one. Stripped of its deceptive verbiage, it stands for a fixed and special creation, by a designer who not only designs, but assumes complete control of the thing designed. It denies reason to the lower animals, and claims that nature as now constituted was designed in the beginning.

The writers who maintain this theory adopt the same methods, the world over, in exploiting their views. They ridicule and misstate the views of opponents. They accept no evidence unless it is indisputable. Because their opponents do not improvise and name a creator for nature, they shout "chance world." There are no secrets in nature to this class of writers. They produce a being self made, who created all things, and with the greatest sangfroid give this imaginary creature a grandiloquent title, and then call on their opponents to name a superior being or forever remain silent.

They make use of a mass of verbiage that confuses and dismays the untrained mind. Their bald assertions are something wonderful, and their similes are trumped up fakes. Their arguments are illogical, conflicting with the knowledge acquired through our senses.

Your correspondent easily belongs to this class of writers. He adopts all the tricks known to the brotherhood. He laughs to scorn the accounts in FOREST AND STREAM of animal intelligence and communication. He holds Mr. Mather's opinions up to redicule, and misstates his theory of inherited caution. He contradicts his own theory in numerous instances. He makes reckless assertions—assertions that cannot stand in the light of reason. Referring to Darwin, he makes pretensions that are glaringly false. Finally he conjures up a being that he nicknames "sub-ego" and calls upon us to accept this mythical being if we cannot produce a superior.

He is guilty of a contemptible trick when he substitutes the word chance for evolution. He knows, or should know, that no reputable writer on nature ever used the word chance. Chance has no place in nature. Chance is something that happens without a cause. Nature has a cause for everything that happens. In an argument containing over 3,000 words, not once is the word evolution used, chance is substituted. Do we know the meaning of this trick? Certainly. It means that the writer tries to convey the impression that those opposed to his theory believe in a chance creation, a chance world. It is the only thing that would make his theory respectable.

He poses as Darwin's defender. Would have us believe that he is a disciple of Darwin, while there is not an idea in common between them. He believes in a special creation. Darwin believed in evolution. He believes that all variations in nature were designed from the first. Darwin believed that selection and environment produced variations. Darwin claimed that acquired characters were transmitted. Your correspondent believes the contrary. He cannot palm himself onto us as a Darwinian. We bar wolves in sheep's clothing.

To show what kind of a theory this writer advances, I will quote his recapitulation:

"To recapitulate. Individual acquirements are not transmitted to posterity. Chance could no more produce the creation we see than the newspapers we read. Practically a blue print of every species preceded its first appearance. A sub-ego precedes every ego, superintends its entire life, and imparts all necessary race instincts, and finally there is in some manner the equivalent of telepathic communication between sub-egos of the same species."

It will be noticed that the word chance is here substituted for evolution, as it is throughout the article, and the word is used seventeen times. If he had used the word evolution, his argument would have excited derision only.

Your correspondent seems to be somewhat mixed in relation to his imaginary beings. He starts out with the claim that nature was created and is controlled by a power which he calls "the centrifugal force of nature." But afterward he seems to substitute "sub-ego." There appears to be a multiplicity of "sub-egoes," as every "ego" has one. It is just possible that he may claim a "centrifugal force" and "sub-egos" also. If so, I do not know why, for he gives the two forces the same powers. I can quote from his paper to prove this, but it is not worth while, as I shall deal mostly with his "sub-egos."

Let us see what Mr. Mather advanced that roused our sleeping lion to action. He says: "An old trout often pricked learns caution and transmits that quality to its progeny. The heedless young trout takes the first lure, and has no progeny to transmit its rashness to." Again: "There is no instinct in it; it is reason pure and simple. The wounded that survived learned a lesson and transmitted it to their posterity."

Right here I want to thank Mr. Mather for the sentiments expressed in these quotations. They embody the views of the best scientific writers of the present day. He grants reason to the lower animals, and so does every thinking mind that studies them.

Your correspondent makes light of Mr. Mather's conservative statement. He claims that Mr. Mather's theory should cause a duck to transmit the knowledge of a wooden duck, and a trout the knowledge of the identical hook by which it was pricked, maker's name also, I suppose. Thus do such writers ridicule and belittle the opinions of their opponents.

When I first came to Cape Ann, I wondered much at the wariness of the robins, but I soon found a reason. They were persecuted by gunners. In Maine, where I had lived, the robins were very tame. If I approached a nest the young birds would call to me with open bills. I could stroke them, and they were apparently without fear. Here if I approach a nest and the birds are not large enough to fly, they crouch to the bottom in silent terror. Time and again I have had them break in terror from the nest. These young birds know nothing of the gunner. How do they come by their wildness if they do not inherit it?

Now here comes your correspondent and explains everything by his beautiful theory of "sub-ego." How simple it is. Each young robin is attended by a "sub-ego" that looks after its welfare. When I approach a nest the alert "sub-egos" jump on the young robins and jam them down to the bottom of the nest. Or, if they are about ready to fly, the "subs" yank them out of the nest and kick them under the bushes out of sight.

Shake, Mr. Mather, we are enlightened!

Your correspondent tries to fit two opposing ideas into one theory. A creation by evolution and a fixed creation. He knows that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are aware that endless variety and new forms are features of nature, so he explains that to his force, or being, we owe all the natural forms in nature. He says of this force:

"If a simple access of wariness and caution is not enough, a new sense or a new organ are not beyond its powers." Notwithstanding this plain statement, in line with evolution, he coolly proceeds to advocate an opposite theory, which he calls a "blue print theory." This theory he illustrates by selecting the venomous serpent, stating that one illustration is as good as a hundred. He claims that the venomous serpent is not the result of the variations of the serpent type. "There must have been a blue print of him before there was a venomous serpent."

How inconsistent. In his first proposition a species can be changed by a "new sense or a new organ." In his second proposition species are fixed, immovable, a "blue print" must precede each individual.

Your correspondent can only be classed with the writers who claim that the differences in nature came into existence full-formed. They claim a special creation by an intelligent being, who is self-created. To maintain this theory they must deny reason to the lower animals. They must deny evolution, and that acquired characters are inherited. If they should accept inheritance, they could not deny evolution. If you prove to this class of writers that certain acquired characters are hereditary, the answer would be that of Weismann, to the effect that if the characters were hereditary they could not be acquired characters. Through such loopholes do these writers escape from facts.

I quote once more from your correspondent, to show the weakness of his argument:

"I am not denying the value of cross-breeding and selection in producing the highest possible development of all natural instincts, abilities or powers, or any natural variations of any physical form."

No, he does not deny these phenomena in nature, simply because he knows that they are well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but he gives his case away when he accepts them. Selection and cross-breeding are for the purpose of transmitting desirable characters, and prove the theory of heredity, and also prove that evolution is a demonstrable fact.

I saw to-day proof of an inherited character in a cat. The cat had two extra toes on each foot. These cats with double feet are not uncommon in Gloucester. The double feet are transmitted to some of the offspring when either a male or female is mated with a common cat.

Mr. Alexander has placed his theory before the wrong class of readers. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM are no dime novel lunatics. They are in close touch with nature, and they know that evolution is a reasonable theory. They know that the lower animals can reason, and that they can communicate with each other. They are led to these conclusions by the actions of the lower animals, which are capable of no other explanation.

If men are told that the Brooklyn Bridge is unsafe, and they take some other route to escape danger, we say that they are guided by reason.

If birds, in migration, fly outside to escape the danger from the gunner, why not grant reason to the birds?

When we are among foreigners, by their actions we know that they can communicate with each other, although we cannot understand a word. Why should we deny to animals the same power, when their actions are equally as suggestive?

If one was inclined to adopt Mr. Alexander's "sub-ego" theory, and possessed a logical mind, he would want a creator for "sub-ego," which he could call sub-sub-ego, and yet another which he could call sub-sub-sub-ego, and so on, one being above another until he either landed in the grave or a lunatic asylum.

Back of the germ of life, with all its possibilities, there is a mystery which we cannot solve, and may never solve. It is useless for Mr. Alexander to solve the mystery for us with a being who proceeds to create himself and then to create nature.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Aug. 12.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Through Texas Blackjacks.

THE professor wanted a kangaroo rat and he invited me to spend a few days with him, and we would drive together to the ranch of a friend of his in the blackjack country below San Antonio and try to get one. I may as well say at once that we failed as far as the main object of the expedition was concerned, but we saw so many forms of animal and plant life that were new to me that I found the trip exceedingly interesting, and hope that a short account of it may prove so to others, who, like myself, may be fond of natural history.

On the morning after my arrival at the professor's house, while he was busy getting the buckboard and pony ready for the journey, I sat on the gallery and smoked my pipe, and watched the cactus wrens hopping about in the Bermuda grass collecting materials for nest-building.

A wren about the size of a mockingbird was something quite new to me, and as they were very tame and came within a few yards of the gallery I was able to get a good view of them. There were two or three of their bulky, domed nests in sight, and they were very conspicuous in the thin, feathery foliage of the mesquite trees, but none of them had eggs in them, and the professor said that each pair of birds made several nests without laying in them, and in fact they were such industrious architects that the whole season through they could be seen just as they were that morning, hopping about the garden with bits of grass in their beaks.

I was still watching the wrens when the professor shouted that the buckboard was ready, and in a few moments we were rattling along between the mesquite trees on our way to the Medina River.

There had been a rain a few days before, so the road was not as dusty as usual and the day not unpleasantly warm. Mockingbirds were singing by the hundred, and Cassin's sparrow was warbling its quaint little song. Birds' songs as a rule are somewhat alike; almost every bird reminds one of some other in some of its notes, but Cassin's sparrow is an original; at least I have never heard any song that resembles in the least its cheery little ditty.

The first part of our road lay through a level mesquite country that used years ago to be bare prairie. A mile or so to our left a dark line of live oaks and other tall timber showed the course of the San Antonio River. The track was fenced with barbed wire an each side, and there were not many houses near the road, as they are built further back, by the river, to be near water. The mesquite country is a stock country, purely and simply, and farming it is of little use without irrigation. After a while, however, the mesquite trees become fewer and the chaparral thicker, and here and there we passed houses and fields, the houses often surrounded by retama trees ablaze with golden blossoms. Huge clumps of prickly pear in full bloom made gorgeous patches of color. At my ranch, about 100 miles to the northwest, the "pear" blossom is always yellow, but here it was just as often a brilliant scarlet.

The so-called chaparral is composed of a number of dwarf stunted shrubs, mostly covered with thorns, such as catclaw, dwarf hackberry, brazilwood or black chaparral and lippia or white chaparral, whose feathery blooms supply the bees with splendid honey—a yellow-headed tit's nest that we found by the roadside was lined almost entirely with these soft blooms. Here and there a Wisatch tree rises above the brushwood, and in one of these we saw the new nest of a pair of Bullock's orioles hanging within a foot or two of the dark, dis-colored nest of last year.

Among the chaparral, besides the yellow-headed tits, we saw the Texas cardinal, distinguished from his cousin, the common cardinal, by his thick, light-colored beak, long, slim crest and claret-stained breast, and also the curved billed thrasher, locally known as Mexican mockingbird; his song is very like that of the common mocker when he condescends to sing his own song, but as we thought even sweeter and mellower.

In a small open space, quite close to the road, lay the body of a dead horse—by no means an uncommon sight by the side of a Texas highway—it had not been long dead, but a turkey buzzard and a caracara or Mexican buzzard had already found it, and having made a light lunch of its eyes were waiting about for the rest of it to get tender. Though these birds are so similar in their repulsive habits, they are by no means alike otherwise, the caracara being a handsome fellow, with dark mantle, white black cap, yellowish cheeks and ugly looking the turkey buzzard is just exactly the unsightly wretch that he naturally ought to be; this of course only when he is on the ground; one has a great respect for him when he is soaring about overhead, with that grand tireless flight of his that apparently takes him wherever he wishes to go, down wind or against it, without any other effort on his part except perhaps an effort of will.

At last we came in sight of the tall timber that fringes the Medina, and the professor pointed out the neat brick chateau of a French friend of his on the rising ground across the river, where he said we would stop for dinner. Soon our pony was picking his way over the long wooden bridge. We rattled through the little village on the other side, and before long were being welcomed at the ranch. Before dinner we strolled down to the vineyard, where the young grapes were just beginning to form, some of the bunches being nearly a foot long. Our French friend had been spraying the vines to prevent "black rot," and the leaves had a dull purplish cast in consequence. He told us that when the fruit was ripe he had to wage constant war against the mockingbirds, and had killed as many as 200 in one week last year. There seemed, however, to be plenty of them left.

Our friend had been in the country for forty years, and was full of anecdotes of the old times. Though seventy-nine years of age, he was as straight as an arrow and as neat as a blackbird (there is nothing neater than that). Moreover, he was hospitable as an Arab, and decided to go with us after dinner and spend the night at his son's ranch, some seven or eight miles off, where we would be nearly sure to get the much desired kangaroo rat.

In the yard close to the house we found a cactus wren's nest containing four yellow-freckled eggs, and in a large cactus was the nest of a Mexican mocking-

bird with three newly hatched young ones; the old birds were very tame, and we got a good view of them, the nest was very like a mockingbird's, but made of rather finer materials.

When we had dined and rested for an hour or so, we started again, and after going about a mile reached a strip of what is known as the blackjack country, the timber being mostly blackjack and hickory, and the soil a fine white sand. This sand made hard work for the pony, so the professor and I got out and walked, while the old man drove. Walking was by no means easy, as we sunk to the ankles every step, but we took our time about it, and found much to interest us on the way. In one place would be a number of little round heaps of sand, thrown up by the gophers; in another queer little earthworks wound about in the somewhat scanty herbage, showing where the moles had been at work just beneath the surface of the ground, and now and again we found the larger open burrows of the kangaroo rat.

Birds were rather scarce among the blackjacks, a few Carolina doves and beebirds being about all we saw; but the wild flowers were numerous and very beautiful. The old man told us that every rain brought out a different lot of flowers.

One would think that scarcely anything would grow in the fine white sand, but it is always damp a little below the surface, and we were told that melons and sweet potatoes were always a good crop, and that in a dry season—and dry seasons are the rule—corn and cotton did better in the sand than in the best of the so-called chocolate land, and in fact we passed one or two fields where the corn was looking very well indeed.

After a hard tramp of about six miles we rather suddenly came to the end of the blackjacks and hickories, and the country was more open and park like, with scattered clumps of huge live oak trees, overrun with enormous mustang grapevines.

The flowers here were very lovely; in one place would be acres of large white daisies, and a little further on large patches of yellow blossoms, while here and there by the side of the sandy trail the Mexican lanterna glowed like a camp-fire. This is a charming little flower, something like a verbena in shape, but with flame-colored and scarlet blooms mixed promiscuously in the same flower head.

The sand was not so deep when we got well clear of the blackjacks, so we mounted the buckboard again, and driving for some distance through a lane between flourishing crops of corn and cotton arrived at the ranch where we were to spend the night. This proved to be another neat brick house, owned of course by another hospitable Frenchman with a German wife and a whole host of pretty daughters. We were greeted with a hearty welcome and a bottle of good wine, and after a short rest went out to set our rat traps.

The field by the house had been quite recently cultivated, and we only found one likely looking burrow, where we set a bed of traps. After supper we walked about two miles through the sand to another field, where the rats were supposed to be plentiful, but although there was a good moon we found no sign, so tramped back again, keeping a good lookout for rattlesnakes, and after a pipe or two retired to a well-earned rest.

Before sunrise the next morning we visited the traps, but found that none of them had been sprung. We found some better burrows than any we had seen the evening before and made an unsuccessful attempt to dig out a rat. As we had not time to stay another day, we left the traps and instructions with our host, who has often got specimens of various kinds for the professor, and started on our return journey.

We reached the old man's ranch by noon, after a tiring walk through the sand under a burning Texas sun, and after dinner took the road for San Antonio, arriving at the professor's house in time for supper, tired, dirty, hungry and, alas, ratless, but having nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed the trip. PURBECK.

Another Animal Pet.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some twenty years ago my father was the proprietor of a large private hospital in Germany. The property was situated near one of the largest forests in that portion of the country, and although Brother Fox is now no longer to be found there, at the time of which I speak he reigned in all his glory and caused a perpetual decrease of our chicken family. They became so obnoxious that we were on a constant hunt for them, and although we killed many for a long time I never succeeded in capturing one alive, which was my greatest desire. However, one day on a fox hunt we discovered a fox hole, and to my delight it contained two young ones. They were probably a few weeks old and the prettiest little specimens of the fox family I had ever seen. We took them home and kept them in the house for about two months, when they became too frisky and full of mischief, and we dug two holes in the garden, placed a small barrel in each of them, and that was the home of my two foxes after that. They were tied to a stake by a long chain. Fritz, the male of the two, seemed quite content and happy, but Hedwig, his mate, would take no food or permit any one to go near her, it made no difference whether we made her free or not, and she at last became so fierce and surly that she had to be shot.

Fritz flourished, and the larger he grew the more he loved mischief and the more did we children adore him. If a stranger went within range of Fritz's chain he could rely on losing a part of his trousers, although the fox was always careful not to bite. My father gave strict orders that Fritz was to remain chained at all times, but the moment my father went to the city we would charge on Fritz in a body, loosen his chain and romp with him. He would never harm the children, but delighted in knocking us over by running against us; he was like a big dog and we treated him as one. But, alas! Fritz had not overcome his fondness for chickens, and one day in my father's absence, when we had removed his chain, he saw the open gate of the chicken yard, and before we could stop him he was among them, with the result that when the gardener succeeded in dragging him away seven of my mother's favorite hens were found dead. Of course my father heard that we had freed Fritz, and we received what we justly deserved. Thereafter Fritz remained chained.

Among the patients in the house was an old man, who, besides being insane, was naturally a crank, and poor Fritz was his special aversion, for whenever Mr. Meyer passed, the fox attempted to play with him, as he did with us. One day as Meyer was passing by the fox's retreat he was suddenly made aware that Fritz was pulling at his trousers (I am sure it was merely to call his attention), which liberty so angered the old lunatic that he took the silver-headed cane he always carried and knocked in the brains of our playmate and friend.

B. L.

The Black Bear is Shy and Sly.

BREWER, Me.—I have been very close to bears when they were wallowing in spring holes or picking berries; also so as plainly to hear them tear logs in pieces; but my experience is that they are as shy as any animal we have. I have watched moose and caribou and deer and otters and mink and foxes and many others, but I never had a chance to watch a bear. I have several friends who have seen bears watching them. Often on hearing a person one will climb a tree, and keeping its body on the dark side, will watch persons as they pass. Undoubtedly a good many bears here seen me which I never saw nor suspected were near me. I have known them creep up to watch a person calling moose in the daytime. M. HARDY.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

New Hampshire Game

And the "Forest and Stream's" Platform Plank.

DUNBARTON, New Hampshire.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this part of New Hampshire we depend almost wholly on the ruffed grouse for our fall shooting. We had formerly a fair number of woodcock, but I find them growing very much scarcer each season. Our grouse have stood it much better, and we have to-day a fair supply. It has been stated within the last two years, at meetings of our game protective associations, that our grouse were increasing, or at least holding their own. I do not agree at all with the above. For years I have said the grouse were decreasing each year, and the cause it too much shooting, the same as it has been in other parts of the country with various kinds of game.

For thirty years I have hunted more or less each season over miles of ground in this section, and there is not a month in the year in which I do not see some of our game birds. In times long past many of my neighbors, men and boys, went gunning more or less, but very seldom did they shoot at anything on the wing. Gray squirrels were what many of them were after. A few grouse were killed almost invariably when on the ground, or sitting in a tree. Of course, even then there were some good wing shots, but they were very few. To-day things are different. Every man and boy who owns a gun is some sort of a wing shot, and very many are quite expert. In those days our game was not protected to any extent, as compared with the protection it gets now. Some grouse were shot long before the season opened, and all through the wintry months, when budding; also some snaring was done. Yet I feel confident that fully as many, if not more, are now legally killed each season, certainly a larger number comparing the supply then and now. To-day it is quite safe to say, that on almost any day during the open season there are at least ten men hunting, who are pretty fair wing shots, where there was hardly one years ago.

Our game laws to-day are good and well enforced. Never in all my experience have I known of so very few cases of shooting out of season in this section as during the past two years. The members of our Fish and Game Commission are energetic in following up what is often very vague information of illegal shooting. Mr. Wentworth, of the commission, is a first-rate man for the position he holds. The way in which he has followed up some cases has had a very wholesome effect on many would-be violators of the game laws.

A few deer are seen now and then in this section. I am quite sure that to-day there is a large buck not far from here. He could easily have been killed, and would have been had it not been for fear of detection.

There are years now just as there have been in the past. Such, I have good reason to think, is the present year. I have seen more broods of young birds during the past summer and some of my neighbors report more than for several years. Such increase, however, I consider as only temporary. It is somewhat similar to a trout brook which has been closed for a term of years. At the opening trout are quite plenty, but the closing has practically advertised that particular brook, and almost invariably by or before the first open season closes, the brook is in no better condition, if as good, as when first closed, as far as containing trout. The same with young grouse. The army of wing shots will hunt all the more, and the increase of a better breeding season will last but a short time.

Our game laws, as I have said, are good; they are good as far as they go, but there is one point which they do not cover, and that is the sale of game. It is true we have a non-export law, which prevents the open shipment of our game to that general dumping ground, the Boston market. Yet some of our game gets there just the same, and many a dealer who received it is almost, if not quite, willing to swear that it came from that indefinite location, "out West."

What we want, and what we should have in New Hampshire, is the adoption and enforcement of the Platform Plank of the FOREST AND STREAM, prohibiting the sale of game at all times and in all places. Such a law, it is claimed by some, would be too arbitrary. It will interfere with the market shooter, who to-day is killing ten times or more than his share of what game is left. It will interfere with the man who does not own a gun, and who knows nothing and cares less about preserving our game. He wants to buy from the dealer, no matter when, where or how it was killed. It will interfere with the game dealer, whose only interest is in the profit he makes.

In times of long ago the supply of game in very many parts of the country was considered practically inexhaustible. Any law then to prohibit the marketing of game would have been considered entirely unnecessary. What has been the result, and what has become of the inexhaustible game?

Something over a year ago a proposition was made, saying that what New Hampshire needed were game preserves, that every owner of land should own and control all game on the land, and only those should be allowed to shoot who would pay for the privilege. This proposition was met at once with most decided disfavor. To most of us such a law meant that a few men of means could control a great deal of ground completely, excluding from almost any chance of shooting many who could not afford to lease any ground. The plan proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM does not bar any one from shooting. It proposes to make it less of an object for the market shooter to follow up the game day after day. Some of the market shooters say that they will shoot just the same even if they cannot sell what they shoot. Possibly some of them may. In all probability none of them will. The majority of them could not afford to spend the time they do now if there was no chance of getting some money out of it.

A large majority of the sportsmen of New Hampshire of to-day are interested in preserving our game, to them belongs the credit of our game laws now in force. Most of them are satisfied to bag a few birds in a day's outing. Few of them make large bags often. Many of them could not if they would. The market shooter can and does and will, as long as there are birds to be found.

In times long past, when the supply of game was thought to be inexhaustible by legal shooting, many a sportsman who was a good shot made large bags. Some of them sold a part of what they killed. Considering the scarcity of wing shots and the supply of game then, the sale of a part of what was killed hardly classed a man as a market shooter. Had conditions not changed and were the number of good wing shots no greater, the game to-day would no doubt compare favorably with the former supply.

I think the experience I have had furnishes a practical illustration of what I wish to convey. Twenty-five years or so ago I owned the only trained setter in this vicinity. I had almost all of the shooting about here. I knew of a number of woodcock covers. I could hunt them over twice a week or so, usually finding quite a number of birds whenever I hunted. I could leave some birds in a cover, knowing I could go there again in a few days and find them, and very likely some more which had come in. I also felt quite sure that no one else would disturb them; and it was the same with broods of grouse. To-day there are a few birds to be found on the same grounds, but I am fortunate in not finding some one there ahead of me on any day I go there. Instead of seeing quite a lot of borings and other signs of the birds, I am more likely to see empty cartridge cases scattered about.

Doubtless, even under present conditions there will be for years to come some grouse in this section; they are not so easily exterminated as some kinds of game. Nevertheless I am sure that had the motion proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM been put in force in New Hampshire ten years ago, there would have been a very much better supply of birds to-day. Adopting and enforcing it now will, I am sure, be of great bentfit to our future supply.

Other States are realizing the necessity of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank. New Hampshire will not be one of the first to adopt it. Let us hope it will not be one of the last.

C. M. STARK.

Quail, Ducks, Turkeys and Squirrels

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind.—One hundred and twenty miles below St. Louis, on the mighty Mississippi, is Neely's Landing, Mo., a quaint little hamlet, nestled in a "cove" in the high hills and cliffs that frown down upon the river for miles above and below the hamlet. On the opposite side of the river the land lies low and level for several miles back to the eastern bluffs. Over there is where the quail live; all through the early summer hundreds of them whistle "Bob White," while as many modest brown-backed hens are sitting on nests full of eggs, and all through July and August there are thousands of "cheepers" in the grass and weeds, darting everywhere in chase of insects, while they are carefully and proudly watched over by Mr. and Mrs. Robert White. In September the sportsman can walk through the stubble fields and find numerous "roosts," but seldom any birds, for now they lie too close and the cover is too rank; but from the evidences to be seen the old sportsman knows that in the glorious Indian summer days of late October his dog will find a plenty of them, grown into lusty fatness on the abundant feed.

Muddy Creek winds its sluggish way through this region, and if the gunner is minded to have some of the ducks that are to be found in it he can get a few, but not many, by walking along the banks. Is he tired of quail and quail shooting? Then let him on a fine frosty morning that promises a hazy day, with no wind, start leisurely up the narrow valley at whose mouth the hamlet stands, and keep an eye open for gray squirrels, for there are lots of them in these wooded hills. There

are turkeys in there too, so take a few turkey loads along, but do not waste time hunting for them. They are too wary and too scarce to make it worth while, yet you may run across them, so be prepared. When, after a half-hour's walk, the tops of the ridges are reached, don't tire yourself by traveling across them, but walk leisurely as you like along the crest of one till you come to where it ends in a cliff 200ft. high, with the Mississippi laving its foot. Sit down and enjoy the glorious view of the twenty miles of river that are in sight; take in at one sweep of the eye a hundred thousand acres of land on the opposite side of the river; level as a floor, and wonderfully productive. Over there by those three big cottonwood trees is where you and your friend had three coveys of quail scattered in the weeds yesterday, and got nineteen, and would have got more only the shells gave out. Half a mile to the right is the spot where the old dog got lost in the big weeds, and you found him pointing the biggest covey of quail you ever saw. Walk back along the ridge you are on till you reach the head of the "draw" that separates it from the next ridge, and if you have not got enough squirrels travel out this ridge as you did the other one. There are quail here too, but don't bother with them, for they fly across the ridges and drop out of sight, and it would tire the strongest legs very soon to follow them.

Some other morning take the fishing tackle, a supply of crawfish and minnows, for bass and crappie, and have your boatman row you up the river two miles to the mouth of Apple Creek. Take the gun along, but be sure you don't let the dog go, because "Yo' sho hab bad luck ef yo' takes a dog w'en yo' goes fishin'!" The creek is noted for its fine bass and crappie, though I have never fished there and cannot guarantee the fishing, but the creek is well worth a visit from a scenic point of view, and there is a tract of level woods hemmed in by the hills, which is a famous place for squirrels, and it is bordered by the creek.

If you get tired of camp life go across the river and hunt quail to Wolf Lake Station, some two and a half miles; and then take the train to Grand Tower, seven miles or so up the river, and feast yourself at the Tremont Hotel, where good Mrs. Baronowsky will make you very comfortable for $1.25 a day.

A more restful region than this would be hard to find. For many years the people had no intercourse with the rest of the world except by the river steamers, and they have unconsciously adopted the "plenty of time" ways of the boats. No need to hurry to-day, because there will be a to-morrow just like to-day.

The observant student of human nature can get considerable interest and some hints too about enjoying life by studying these people, who he will find stand out in sharp contrast to the heartless dollar chasers whose lives are spent in the rush and roar of the large cities.

Grand Tower, Ill., and Neely's Landing, Mo., can be reached by steamer from St. Louis. Boats leave St. Louis at 5 P. M.; arrive at Grand Tower about 8 next morning; Neely's an hour later. Fare $2, including supper, berth and breakfast. Grand Tower can be reached by rail, and Neely's by boat from there. If quail be the only object of the trip there is no need to go further than Grand Tower, but if fine scenery and a variety of sport are wanted, go to Neely's. There is no hotel at Neely's, and it might be necessary to take a camping outfit. Henry Rhodes, of Grand Tower, can give any needed information. If not otherwise employed he would be willing to serve a party of sportsmen in any capacity for a reasonable consideration. He is all right.

O. H. Hampton.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XVIII.

It was the second year of my acquaintance with Andover that I extended my rambles into Marlboro, which lies next south of Andover. It was rather late in the season for woodcock, and we were searching for grouse. Finding some good looking country along a small stream, we took a turn of a couple of miles down upon one side of the stream and back upon the other, finding plenty of birds and fairly good covers. We also found a goodly number of covers that had every appearance of being capital grounds for woodcock in proper season, and we decided to investigate them the next year, but somehow it did not come handy, and I never saw those covers again until more than thirty years later, when, as the guest of my friend, Dr. Corcoran, who was a member of the club that leased the grounds, I again saw a portion of them. This was only a few years ago, and of course I did not expect to find anything like the number of birds that were there "before the war." We had a very pleasant time, however, although we did not get many birds, but the Doctor and I always do have a pleasant time when we go out together, birds or no birds. When we had packed up and were ready to start for home, the keeper remembered that he had three partridges that belonged to us, and he sent some one into the house to bring them out, and I put them in my overcoat pocket. When we arrived home I took the birds from my pocket, when the appearance of one of them led me to examine them all, when I found, greatly to my surprise, that somehow things had got mixed, for every one of those birds had been snared, there was the fatal purple ring around their necks, and not the sign of a shot mark upon one of them. If this was a joke, I do not think that the Doctor enjoyed it nearly so much as I did, for I have managed to get considerable fun out of it, but I could never understand how it was that such a thing could happen upon the premises of so well conducted a sportsmen's club as this appeared to be.

East of Marlboro lies the little town of Hebron, famous in the good old days for its grouse shooting, but the cream of this sport in this vicinity was to be found in the adjoining town of Columbia. Many of the covers were dense, but the partridges were there in countless numbers. I first saw the country upon my way home from a visit to Andover, when we sampled a few of the covers, finding birds so plentiful that we determined to take early opportunity to explore the region more thoroughly than we then had time to do. A few days later I was out shooting with Ethan Allin, and invited him to go with me to Columbia and try for the grouse. I had often tried to get him to go with me upon some of my long trips, but his time was usually fully taken up by his many friends, and he had been unable to go, but when I told him where I was going he at once agreed to accompany me, saying that he had once shot over a portion of this country, and had often wished to try it again. At the appointed time Ethan drove to my home for me, and we were soon on the road. I had my pointer bitch Gipsey, and Ethan had Tip and Packer's Phil. I had heard considerable about the hunting qualities of Phil, but had never seen him at work. He was almost as large as a Newfoundland and about as unsetterlike in appearance, but he was a great dog nevertheless, as I found out before our trip was over. His forte was quail, and among them he was a workman from start to finish, finding his bevies in capital style, and picking up his scattered birds in a manner that I have not often seen equaled. He was also very good on woodcock, and could do fairly good work on grouse. Old Tip was good all around, while little Gipsey could do very satisfactory work on quail and woodcock, and was about as good as the best on grouse. This made a capital team, and it was lively work at times to keep track of them, for all were fast and wide rangers, and much of the cover was rather dense, but all of them worked nicely to the gun, and when we lost one, the others or at least one of them was near enough to help find the missing one. We shot two days, and until 1 o'clock the third day. Here is the leaf from my notebook that chronicles our performances. "Oct. 21, Columbia—Ethan, Tip, Phil and Gipsey; 3 days; 43 P., 22 W., 59 Q. W. circled around Ethan, P. blundered into birch, 43 years old to-day. Phil finds yellow jackets, broke down, Howards Valley, home 2 A. M."

What a flood of pleasant recollections crowd upon me as I gaze upon these few disjointed notes. I am again a boy, my dear old friend is by my side, and I can again hear his merry jest and see his pleasant smile. The lithe forms of the well-remembered dogs are gallantly bounding through the dense covert, and as each agile form suddenly becomes rigid I again see the startled bird in its arrowy flight through the tangled tree tops deftly brought back to earth again, and once more I am filled with the delight that only comes to him who rounds out the perfect work of his dog with faultless performance of the part assigned to him.

We arrived at Columbia shortly after sunset, stopping with a farmer whose acquaintance I had made upon my previous visit. We took an early start in the morning, and were walking along the road toward the cover we intended working, and had reached the summit of a steep hill, when we saw, sitting on the bank beside the road, a small hatchet-faced man holding fast with both hands a two-gallon jug that was about half full of cider. We did not see him until we were within 10ft. of him, when he rolled his eyes toward us, pulled the jug closer to him, and sententiously remarked: "I'm forty-three years old to-day." There was a mellow cadence to the tone in which this was uttered, that led us to believe that he had begun the celebration of his natal day bright and early, and kept it up bravely. We both heartily congratulated him, and wished him many happy returns, when with a spasmodic jerk he pushed the jug toward us, and very cordially invited us to participate in the celebration.

Ethan took a drink, pronounced it good, and passed the jug to me. Now I am rather partial to good cider, so I changed my mind and concluded to please the man, and put the jug to my mouth, but it was no go, the cider I judged to be as old as its owner, and the very best that I could do was to make believe drink and then smack my lips. How the little man, in the condition he was in, managed to take a drink, has always been a deep mystery to us, but he took one nevertheless, and a good one too; then fondly hugging the jug in both arms, he slowly and with preternatural distinctness ejaculated, "I'm forty-three years old to-day." Nodding his head in adieu, he turned, and with a firm and even tread walked down the hill, but the effort was too severe for his overtaxed frame, he took about a dozen steps, then swerving a little to one side, he sank upon one knee, gently laid the jug upon its side and then completed his fall by flopping over on his back and rolling into the gutter, where he lay perfectly quiet for about three seconds, when he raised his head and saw that blessed jug slowly but surely rolling down the hill. The horror of this performance appeared to sober him in an instant, for he sprang to his feet as quickly as a cat, and, straight as an arrow, with the stride of an athlete, sped down the hill after the faster and faster revolving jug. But the race is not always to the swift, and he had gone but a short distance when he took a header that made everything jingle. This completely knocked him out. The genii of the jug had worked its spell, and he was bound in chains that held him fast. When Ethan and I recovered our normal condition, we placed the little man in a reclining position on the bank, with the jug, unharmed, beside him and resumed our course toward the cover.

The little cover upon the hillside that we first entered was the connecting link between a large tract of woodland that covered the top of the hill and a beautiful alder run that led in a zigzag way down to an extensive birch cover nearly half a mile below. We found a goodly number of birds on the hillside and in the alder run, and gathered in our share of them without noteworthy incident until we arrived nearly at the lower end of the run, when Gipsey pointed at the edge of the cover near me, and I signalled the point to Ethan, who was on the opposite side of the run. He at once answered my signal, when I flushed the grouse, which flew directly toward him, so that I dared not shoot. When I called "mark" another bird rose wild and went in nearly the same direction, which brought it about 20yds. in front of Ethan. I could see both birds after they topped the alders, but he only saw the second bird, which he killed. At the report of the gun the first bird, which was nearly over his head, dodged and blundered into the top of a birch, and came down at his feet, or rather into the open mouth of old Tip, who held it, and Ethan took it and wrung its neck, supposing that I had wounded it, and I had hard work to convince him of the true state of the case. In fact, he would not believe it until I showed him that my gun was loaded, when he had to, for I had not had time to load it. Ethan was nearly always suspicious that a joke was about to be sprung on him when anything out of the ordinary course occurred, and he had need to have his weather eye open, for he was an inveterate practical joker, and nothing pleased him better than to spring a joke on his friends, and as many of these friends were jolly good fellows, and up to snuff, Ethan usually purchased about as much wit as he succeeded in disposing of. I once met him and his friend, Judge Greene, of Worcester, near a spring, where we were all going to eat our lunch. When we came to the spring the judge sat down with his back to a large tree, against which we all stood our guns. While our lunch was in progress, Ethan kept nagging the judge about something that I did not understand; finally, while Ethan was looking the other way, I saw the judge furtively glance at him, and then, greatly to my surprise, he removed the percussion cap from the right hand barrel of Ethan's gun, then turning to me he explained that Ethan was finding fault with him for missing a woodcock that went straight in the air to the top of a birch, and then settled almost straight down 2 or 3ft. He then told Ethan that the shot was a very difficult one, and taking in his hand the tin can that hung on a branch over the spring, he pointed to the two pieces of cake that were to wind up their lunch, and offered to wager his piece against the other Allin could not hit the can thrown 20ft. straight in the air. This was a soft snap for Ethan, and he at once accepted the bet and reached for his gun. The judge tossed the can as soon as the gun was in his hand and Ethan hastily pulled back the hammer and snapped at just the right time, then, with a sheepish look, he glanced at his friend, who, as sober as a judge, sat there with a piece of cake in each hand, from which he was alternately taking a bite. After I had become a little accustomed to this the judge explained matters by informing me that Ethan had once placed him outside a thicket where the dog was pointing, and gone in to flush the bird for him, but instead of a bird the dog was pointing a box turtle which Ethan threw in the air and excitedly shouted "mark, mark," when the judge cut loose at it. Then he slyly added that this might have been pie for Ethan, but for his part he preferred cake.

Shadow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Opening Day.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1.—This is opening day. Thousands of guns will to-day be taken afield in different parts of the country. It is not opening day for Illinois, for our chicken date is two weeks later, but in Minnesota, South Dakota and Wisconsin Sept. 1 is acknowledged as the beginning of the fall season. In North Dakota they begin shooting grouse Aug. 20, though just why that State should open its season more than a week earlier than South Dakota is one of the mysteries of game laws. For a long time I was of the belief that Sept. 15 was the right date for chickens in Illinois, and I still think it is early enough for proper sport. But the great quantity of human nature must be considered while we are making game laws. Also, the laws of other States should be considered. I should be very glad to see the chicken law of Illinois amended to read Sept. 1, provided that we might have a close season of a couple of years on chickens, then a season opening Sept. 1 and lasting till Oct. 1. With these restrictions I believe we should keep our birds for a long while yet. The usefulness of concurring game dates among these grouped States of the Northwest is too apparent to need further comment in these days.

I note that the opening date of the District of Columbia is Sept. 1, and folks back there are making a big fuss about what they are going to do to the ortolans, reed birds, and yellowlegs. I see the statement gravely made that there is no law on blackbirds in that country, so that sport is not denied to the sportsman who wishes to go afield, though a few ardent ones have lately been fined for shooting reed birds ahead of season, it appearing that the sooner does not despise even so small a mark as that for his operations. Out in the West we still have some game bigger than reed birds, though we may well hope that some of our early shooters will take a backward look at a civilization which has to protect reed birds and takes blackbirds into account in its shooting possibilities. If our methods of soonerism continue in the West, some of us may live to see the time when we will protect larks and blackbirds, and do it a lot more thoroughly than we did our prairie chickens.

We have still some prairie chickens, and quite a good many of them this year in the Northwest. I was out in Minnesota last week, and though I did not get to stay over for the opening day, I had accurate and reliable reports which make me believe that this is really a good chicken year in that State, and in the Dakotas also. This season the chicken belt is especially good below St. Paul, between there and the southern line of the State, anywhere from sixty miles south of St. Paul and Minneapolis to the State line. Albert Lea, or rather the country fifteen to twenty miles west of Albert Lea, is very good this year, and I heard of two or three parties going in there for to-day's shooting. Dodge Center, farther south, is reported good. Many points in southern Minnesota will show a fair harvest this week. Donnelly is said to be good. Sauk Center is another place well mentioned, and at Alexandria there will be some birds. Pipestone is reported excellent, and Mountain Lake is another good tip. Tracy is an old reliable and will this year make good its reputation, I am told.

In North Dakota, Pembina is still called good, even after the fatal first week. Points thirty miles southwest of Fargo are said to be good still. Medina, N. D., is a spot on which I was given a quiet tip. All along

the central part of the State, back from the railroads, there are birds, though one should not look for them near any railroad town, where the shooters have been out after them for years, in season and out, with good guns and good dogs. J. J. Gokey writes me again from Dawson, N. D., that the season has begun, and that the birds are very abundant. "Hunters are coming in every night with good bags of chickens," he says, "and all report all the shooting they want. Among these parties stopping here are Messrs. Jos. Patterson, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. P. Tuttle and son William, Chicago; J. S. Marson and son, of Chicago."

In South Dakota the season has not been opened, but the early shooting has this year been very general for many weeks, in open defiance of the law. I am told that Parker, S. D., is a good place to go to, and that one may be sure of getting some sport there.

Michigan is yet another State which opens the fall campaign on Sept. 1, and to-day a great many shooters will go afield, but not for grouse or prairie chickens, or for woodcock and snipe, on all of which birds the shooter must wait till Oct. 1. The local ducks will therefore be the main sufferers to-day and during this month. A party of seventeen members of the Pottawottamie Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., will go down to their club preserve to-day, and formally and suitably open their shooting season. This nice little shooting ground is located on the marshes of the Kalamazoo, and on many days the shooting there is good enough to make one content to stay home and not go to Dakota.

Travelers.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., was in the city this week for a day. He tells me that he and the "Saginaw crowd" will take the regulation Western trip this fall in October, as usual. The party will be as big and jolly as ever, and it will have much the same programme—a week or so in the Bad Lands of Montana, after deer (and this time after bears too, Mr. Mershon says), then a return to Gokey's great game country at Dawson, North Dakota, where the outfit will shoot all the ducks and geese they want before turning eastward. This is a trip such as does not come to many men. The Saginaw crowd is one of the special car parties which is welcomed wherever it goes, and which never leaves a bad impression behind.

A very nice little trip is that proposed by Harry Goodman, of this city, who, with his friends, Theodore Peterson, Geo. and Robert Sanders, will take a team and start for an overland trip across Wisconsin and into Minnesota, traveling leisurely, and shooting at such good country as they may discover. They expect to start about Sept. 15, and to be gone until cold weather drives them home again.

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, 3d., of Philadelphia, Pa., writes me a letter similar to others which I have answered personally. He wants chicken country, and says:

"I have been reading your letter on the 'chicken' crop, published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and being very anxious to get a few days' shooting, I take this liberty of asking for some information.

"A friend of mine in St. Paul writes me that unless I am there at the opening of the season it is almost useless to hunt chickens. He says he only knows the country over toward the South Dakota line. I will be unable to reach Minnesota before the 20th of September, and I wanted to ask if you knew any spot in northern Minnesota where I could find some birds not too wild to hunt. I am especially anxious to get two or three sharptail grouse at the same time. Are there not some places in the direction of Fargo, N. D., at least on the way, where the birds are less wild and are not hunted to death. I will be greatly indebted to you if you can give me some light on this subject, and also if you can give me the name and address of a reliable man."

When Mr. Stuart gets out into Minnesota he will discover two things which will impress him very much. First, he will find a very large country, and second, he will find it very full of shooters. If he should go to Fargo, he would not find the chickens there any tamer than they are in the southern part of Minnesota, indeed they will have been shot for more than a week longer than in Minnesota. It is no use trying to get so far north as to find a place where the chickens will, on Sept. 20, not have been shot into and broken up—that is to say, it would be hard to find any such place near the railroads. If Mr. Stuart got as far north as Pembina, for instance, far above Fargo, he would observe that the local sportsmen have had a very keen scent for the best fields, and have shot there and shot very accurately. Yet in lower Minnesota, in the country not far from Fargo, and in the region adjacent to Pembina, he will find enough birds still left on the stubbles to give him sport, and these birds will be flyers too, and will tax his skill rather more than they would do at this date. I should not take it to be true that every last living chicken will be killed in Minnesota on opening day, though no doubt the chances for a big bag would be better then than two weeks later.

If Mr. Stuart will go to Pembina, I think perhaps Ned Cavalier would be good enough to direct him how and where to go, and could get him his coveted chance to stop a sharptailed grouse—which the stranger will hardly be able to tell from the pinnated grouse until he gets it in his hand, though he soon will learn to see the difference when the bird rises. At Fargo also (though Fargo is a big and busy Western wheat town) the traveler can get out about a dozen miles or two, and can find a few of the sharpies on the wheat stubbles and about the cornfields. He will find plenty of these birds in the sand hills southwest of Fargo. At this point, or at Pembina, he will have to take out a $25 license. All things being considered, if I were an Eastern man and wanted a good Western trip, which would do for me to remember many years, I believe I should just take out my little license and go out to Dawson, N. D. J. J. Gokey, of that city, I know to be all right, and I would prefer to direct a man to a place which I knew about personally than to send him to some good hearsay locality. I never saw anyone who came back from that part of North Dakota without being satisfied with the sport he had. It is not the only place, but it is the best I personally know of out there. The State warden, Geo. Bowers, who has been reappointed for a second term, is a friend of mine, a good fellow, and a good shooter. I am sure he will do all he can to help Mr. Stuart to a good place, if he can tell of any better than Dawson. Of course, one must expect to ride out perhaps twenty miles from the railroads, but that doesn't take long in that country, where the roads and the air are a revelation to an Eastern man. The trip out to the great prairies is pay enough in itself, and I think we may safely promise Mr. Stuart his sharptail, and several of him.

Sooners Here and There.

Public sentiment out at Yankton, S. D., is very frank and outspoken in regard to the observation of the chicken law. The following naïve statement from the Gazette, of Yankton, may give a notion of things in that neck of woods. It is dated Aug. 26, several days before open season, and states:

"The chicken harvest is in full blast these days. To be sure none of the hunters are anxious to have it published that they have been out, owing to the fact that there is at least a pretense of a law which prohibits killing the birds at this time of the year. This does not prevent the sport, however, and large bags are brought in every night. One man captured fourteen fine birds yesterday and he says it has been a good many years since the crop was so good or so ripe for the harvest at this time of the year."

The same paper states calmly:

"D. D. Gross and Chas. Edmunds are back from their hunting trip with H. E. Dickenson in Clark county. They report the chicken crop in that part of the country as very plentiful, and shooting good, but extreme heat spoiled all their game."

They ought to see that newspaper man, and tell him not to talk out in meeting that way.

Out in Nebraska is another newspaper man with whom I think a great many men would be glad to shake hands. He lives at Hastings and in his paper he says:

"Sportsmen are not as plentiful in the sand hills these days as they used to be. This is caused by the scarcity of chickens, and the scarcity of chickens is caused by potshot hunters killing them off before they can fly. A true sportsman is a gentleman, a potshot hunter is a coward."

That is the good side of local journalism. Here is the other end of the pendulum, from Sauk Rapids, Minn., a locality which has always been a good one for chickens. The Sentinel, of that town, has a kick:

"Common and well-substantiated talk on the streets of St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids," it says, "justify these remarks or we would not make them. Every day much chicken shooting is done all over Benton county and the north portion of Sherburne county without hindrance. At least one person who has previously been in the hands of the game commission for a very large violation of the law, and was able to compromise it privately, has now been shooting chickens steadily for more than a month past, as if his private compromise insured him immunity for the future. It is not extravagant to say that the administration of the game laws this season, in this vicinity, is a farce and a fraud.

"We do not advise every farmer in the country, with all his boys and hired men, to turn in at once and get as many of the chickens they have raised as possible without regard to the law, but we do not advise to the contrary—not at all."

The Sentinel writer does not think the city sportsman is a lovely being. Here is the way another paper—the News, of Aurora, Ill.—paints him:

"Farmers of Sugar Grove say they do not wish to be unreasonable, but when a valuable colt or a fat steer is killed or wounded by some irresponsible shooter with a bottle of whisky in each hip pocket and a gallon jug full of the same stuff under the seat in the buggy, all will admit that it is about time to call a halt. The farmers have decided to stop hunting on their premises at all hazard."

Inasmuch as our chicken law does not open for two weeks yet in Illinois, I am disposed to believe that the Sugar Grove farmers have seen a few sooners, and not sportsmen. Thus the sins of the former bring punishment on the latter. I personally know a great many shooters who do not quite fill the above description.

An honest note is this from the Independent, of Chippewa Falls, Wis.:

"Sportsmen of this city are aroused to a pitch of just anger at the seeming indifference of the game wardens in respect to the violation of the law. That this vandalism should be now permitted has aroused true sportsmen to righteous indignation, and the attention of the State authorities has been called to the matter. The result is that a special State warden is now located here, and has been doing good work of late.

"If this practice continues much longer few game birds will be left by the time the open season arrives. Mallard, teal and wood ducks are now being killed by these unscrupulous pot-hunters and criminals, for no other purpose than an apparent desire to satisfy a fiendish delight to slaughter.

"It seems that the killing of game before the expiration of the law is going on to a greater extent this year than ever before."

Still another local paper has a good man running it, at Lancaster, Wis. (the Herald). He says that the quail are coming back into his part of the State, to the pleasure of many who knew them long ago, and adds:

"But with the return of the quail comes the report that they are being killed in several localities both by hunters and trappers, despite the law. This is too bad, for if the practice continues and becomes general the quail will go the way of the pigeon. Public opinion should assert itself to protect the quail. When a man or boy kills a string of quail, let him be convicted, if not in a court of justice, at least in the circle of his acquaintance of having done a shameful act and one which only future good conduct can atone for."

I was talking with President Timberlake, of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, out at St. Paul, this week, and he complained bitterly about the lack of public appreciation and understanding of the work of protection. "We want more public sentiment in our favor," was his cry. Yet he has more public sentiment in his favor in the State of Minnesota than the protectors of almost any Western State have behind them. I submit that the above reprints from local papers show a very good beginning of public sentiment in some of the cases, and a very bad sort of sentiment in some of the others. The newspapers help to create or to change a great deal of sentiment on such matters. The country paper is read by many dwellers in the country who give heed to its advice. I suggest to Mr. Timberlake, for instance, that he call on the Sauk Rapids Sentinel man and labor with him earnestly.

Four Burlington, Iowa, men came across the river and shot some nice fat Illinois birds in Lee county; $10 each and costs, but I can't get the names. The sportsmen about Elgin, Ill., have been out on the watch for sooners, and I don't doubt they landed a few last Sunday, as the scouts made a grand sooner hunt on that day.

Out in Minnesota they have a great scheme for casting down the spirits of the sooners. They seize not only their guns, but their dogs. I think I shall go out to Sam Fullerton's house before long, and pick me out a nice dog, as he has quite a lot of good ones now that he has confiscated. Around Crookston several dogs have been retained, it is said, and their sorrowing owners will see them no more. It costs something these days to get a good chicken dog, and it grinds a man a lot to see a fat and smug warden sail in and reap the fruits of many weary months of training. Some of the sooners say that they are almost persuaded it is wrong to go out before the law opens.

Wild Pigeons.

Mr. Taylor A. Snow, of Chicago, who used to live in Ohio in the old wild pigeon days, and saw the great flight before it was much decreased, has recently returned from a visit to certain rather wild and little frequented parts of old Mexico, and he says that he has undeniably found the wild pigeon in very large numbers in that country. He thinks there may possibly be a northern migration of these birds at some later day. At first hearing this discovery of the wild pigeon sounds very interesting, and it is perhaps true, though it occurs to me the discoverer may perhaps have mistaken the southwestern bird, the band-tailed pigeon, for the old passenger pigeon of our fathers' days. The two birds are very similar in general appearance, as I may personally testify from a shooting acquaintance with the band-tails in New Mexico several years ago. It would be great news should it prove the case that the wild pigeon is really still alive in something of the old numbers, though now in an alien land.

Odd Game.

A friend advises me that one day last week Mr. Dick Hoover, of Fox Lake, Wis., while out casting frog for bass had the singular fortune of getting a strike from a bittern, which was standing on the bank, and near which the frog landed. The bird caught the frog, and the angler struck and hooked the bird, landing it after a sharpish fight. The event is mentioned as a curious one, and so it is, though this is the second time I have heard of such a case. I earlier recorded the other instance in these columns of FOREST AND STREAM. It occurred on the Maksawba Club grounds along the Kankakee River, in Indiana.

Unconstitutional?

There is a good deal of complaint among shooters of a certain class at St. Louis that the law protecting wood ducks at this season is an unjust and hard-hearted affair, inasmuch as by Oct. 1 all these birds have taken flight and gone elsewhere, so that the shooters of the Missouri streams and slashes get no show at the birds which were born and reared these. It is more than hinted that the law is not thought worthy of observation, and is disregarded by many members of the shooting clubs who have grounds in duck country. The shooters think that when they go out after doves and woodcock in August they should also be permitted to shoot wood ducks, as that is the only chance they will get at these birds.

In this state of affairs we have nothing new and nothing noble, nothing newer or nobler than human nature, which is about four-thirds selfishness in a good many men and a good many so-called sportsmen. Any man who feels and acts that way is no lover of protection and no lover of any game bird. He doesn't want to have any protection or any law. He just wants to shoot whenever he feels like it. It is surrendering the whole question of the continuance of the American game supply when we hear men of presumed intelligence reiterate this old, senseless cry. If anybody is ever going to get a shot at this bird let me be first, at no matter what cost! Does it then follow that the bird one does not himself kill is at once thereafter killed by some one else? Is it impossible of supposition that this same bird may perhaps have a better chance for its life, so to speak, if it is not killed? Let the shooters of St. Louis, more especially of the shooting clubs which are supposed to hold only sportsmen, give this matter a little sober consideration. Is it too hard to ask them to weigh the simple proposition that a dead duck lays no eggs, whereas a live duck may possibly do so? This is the old question of Illinois and Wisconsin over again. Wisconsin says—and long said it on her statute books—"We shall not stop spring shooting until Illinois does!" That always seemed to me to be the most weak-kneed piece of legislative enactment on earth.

By the way, speaking of St. Louis, I observe a local report to the effect that "young owls" are now and for some time have been advertised on restaurant bills of fare in that city. Very likely the sooners of Illinois are shipping in an occasional "owl" to St. Louis.

Knapsacks and Packsacks.

I notice that a great deal of complaint is made of the U. S. army knapsack, the gist of which complaint is that the soldier cannot wear it, because it cuts off his breath, is clumsy, heavy and improbable. How would it do for the Government to have a look at the common pine woods packsack used all over Wisconsin and the Western pine regions? This bag does not cut off the

carrier's wind, and is easy on his back. The lumber cruiser carries 60 to 80lbs. on his back in one of these bags when he starts out on a trip. Not all soldiers could carry so much, for this is matter of long training in a country where men have to carry everything, but the arrangement of straps on this bag is very practical and easy.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Covers near Town.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I stopped off at a little town not a hundred miles from New York, and interviewed, informally, two of the leading sportsmen in the vicinity. I asked them what the chances were for shooting in their vicinity when the open season comes around. They said that partridges were plenty, the mild winter having been especially favorable for their preservation. Quail were also more numerous than usual, and woodcock were plentiful, if one only knew where to hunt for them. After giving me in a general way the conditions of game, the chief spokesman said: "Don't say anything about it in FOREST AND STREAM, for if you do we shall be overrun with gunners from the city." This statement is a fair representation of the feeling toward gunners from the large towns. Local gunners are very jealous of the game in their vicinity, and are seldom disposed to share it with outsiders. In many towns, which have a reputation for gunning or fishing, there is considerable jealousy and more or less hard feeling between the hotel proprietors and the local sportsmen other than guides. The former would advertise the locality as the best place to gun, fish, etc., while the latter would keep the fact that game abounds as quiet as possible. It would seem as though the best method is to organize a shooting or fishing club, post all the land in the vicinity, or at least enough of it to keep strangers away, and then let the hotel-keeper grant licenses to his guests for a consideration, turning the money into the treasury of the club. Wherever such conditions exist, the farmers who own the land, the hotel proprietors and local members of the club are alike interested in preserving game and advertising the locality. The game is preserved, the hotels do a good business, and local sportsmen—who join the club—find that after the visiting sportsmen get all the game they want—or can get—there is more left than when the location of a flock of quail or feeding grounds of woodcock were secrets to be divulged only after the birds had been all bagged or scattered. Farmers as a rule prefer to have local sportsmen shoot the game on their premises, but have no objection to outsiders who recognize their rights.

G.

Trapping the Coon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have started "coon lore" by quoting from the Fur Trade Review. There is no telling when the discussion will die out. You may have to call a halt, but before that happens I wish to have my say.

Since I have lived on the Cape (fourteen years) I have trapped eleven coons. Six young coons were trapped in the fall, and five old ones, three in the spring, two in the fall, all of which were trapped in the woods.

Now here comes this Fur Trade Review fellow and says: "If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods, he told you what never happened." This stuff is pure bosh. There is not a farmer boy in the New England States that cannot cite one case at least where a coon was trapped in the woods.

Off and on from boyhood up I have trapped coons. Trapped them in cornfields, in hen houses, in shoal water marshes, where they went to feel out frogs, and often in the woods by the carcass of a horse or sheep. I have had no more trouble in trapping coons than one would have in trapping woodchucks. The coons on Cape Ann live in ledges and under boulders. Ten of the coons caught since I have lived here were trapped at the hole. The trap was covered with dead leaves in each case. The other coon was caught in a trap set under a hemlock spray that drooped to the ground. The bait was suspended above the trap. In two cases the coon could escape without danger from the trap, for there happened to be two entrances to the den.

Your Fur Trade Review coon hunter says a coon will starve in his den if a trap is set at the entrance. I think he must have set his trap in the winter, while the coon was taking his winter nap.

To trap or poison the fox is another thing, and calls for much skill or ingenuity.

HERMIT.

Wyoming Game.

WILSON, Wyo., Aug. 18.—For the past two months much game has been killed in this part of the country—at least 100 antelopes, and how many elk and deer no one knows. The main antelope country lies along the west side of Snake River, below Jackson's Lake. Any one riding through this country could usually see 300 or 400 antelopes in one day's ride. I passed through that part of the country last week, and during the whole of my ride could see only thirty-one antelopes.

The cause of this is that there is no game warden to protect the game. There is one deputy State warden, but he refuses to act on account of receiving no salary. The county commissioners refuse to appoint wardens under a salary, as the law provides for. This is, I believe, the hardest blow that the big game of Jackson's Hole has been dealt. People coming to this country to hunt will soon hear of this, and will, of course, not take out any hunting license.

FRED E. WHITE.

A Moose Hunting Opportunity.

AN opportunity is offered for one to join in a trip to New Brunswick for moose hunting; and we shall be glad to put inquirers into communication with a New York gentleman personally known to the FOREST AND STREAM.

Newfoundland Notes.

THE claim of Newfoundland to the title of the "sportsman's paradise" would seem to be well founded, judging from the following clipping from the Herald, of St. Johns, of date Aug. 12:

"Judge Prowse has just returned from a successful fishing trip on the west coast, and reports that about Codroy is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Messrs. Ritchie, of London, and Howell, the great tobacco manufacturer, secured 750lbs. salmon and trout during their stay, some of the former tipping the scales at 17lbs. Sir W. V. Whiteway and party did some excellent fishing, taking a 35lb. salmon with an ordinary rod. It is Mr. Ritchie's intention to erect a building at the Codroy River for next season's sport, and we predict that hundreds will visit Newfoundland when it is known that no other country can give the same facilities for rod or gun as this can, while one can be dropped from the train within two minutes' walk of the best places in the island."

This island, heretofore considered almost inaccessible, is now fast becoming a favorite resort for American travelers and sportsmen. The scenery around Codroy and Bay of Islands, it is said, will compare favorably with that of any other part of America. There is tri-weekly connection with the continent, and the Trans-Insular Railway, running this season for the first time, is equipped with all modern luxuries. In consequence of some notes which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago from this island, your correspondent has had numerous inquiries from readers from all parts of the United States for information as to the means of getting here. For the benefit of sportsmen, I would simply repeat that there is tri-weekly connection by rail and by the palace steamer Bruce, and that through return tickets may be had of any of the large railway companies in New York for about $54. This includes passage in the Bruce, railway accommodation from New York to Sydney, and railway accommodation to any point in Newfoundland from Port au Basque, the port of connection.

W. S. C.

Death of Ernest Coulson.

TUPPER'S LAKE STATION, Aug. 30.—The first tragedy in the Adirondack region since the opening of the hunting season occurred at an early hour Sunday morning in the woods about four miles from this place, on the road to Saranac Inn. Ernest Coulson, one of the best Adirondack guides, was shot through the body, the shot entering the back under the right shoulder blade and passing through his heart, completely rupturing that organ. Coulson was with a fellow guide, Zeke Westcott, and had been out all night looking for deer. They had heard a rustle in the woods, and imagined it was a deer. Just then their attention was attracted by a sound further up the road. Before Westcott could discern the newcomers there was a crack of a rifle and Coulson fell among the bushes along the roadside, dead. Westcott said he was able to distinguish the shadowy forms of two men, who took to their heels and disappeared among the trees. Westcott shouldered the body of his fellow guide and friend and tramped to this place. A call was sent to Saranac for a coroner. Meanwhile the citizens are endeavoring to unravel the mystery and determine whether guide Coulson met with foul play or was killed accidentally by some one who was hunting for deer. Guide Coulson, as far as is known, had no enemy who could have desired his death. He had been guide for hundreds of the best sportsmen in the State, and his death will raise the question among hunters relative to the drafting of rules as to paths to be followed and precautions to be taken before discharging their arms.

Another tragedy occurred on Sunday at White Lake Corners, when Fred Picknall, who last year accidentally shot one of his sons, killed another, his youngest son, Philip. Picknall and his four sons had started out to hunt, and had separated to cover the ground more thoroughly. Picknall thought he saw a deer moving in a thicket, and raising his gun fired. Arriving at the spot he found his son Philip on the ground with a bullet wound in his head.

Early Birds at Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Blue-wing teal, pintails and widgeon are arriving from the North. They are about fifteen days earlier this season than last; they went North much earlier last season than usual; I suppose this accounts for it. Messrs. Joseph Serlinger, Edward Myers, Joe Cockswain and son, all of Norfolk, were down for a try at the bay birds last week.

The yellowleg, willet and plover shooting is in its prime now, and some fine bags are made every day. Wild celery is so abundant in Currituck this season that it is next to impossible to navigate a boat through it; this should insure good duck shooting for the coming fall and winter. I am told that the old Currituck Club, kept by Mr. T. J. Poyner, and protected through the summer, has raised many broods of black ducks and mallards this season.

MORE ANON.

Heavy Guns and Light.

READING an article from the FOREST AND STREAM on light guns, I have thought to give something on medium and heavy guns. It is much easier to aim a gun in a horizontal position; but aiming at high angles, resting almost the entire weight on left arm or shoulder, I have found in rifle shooting that a heavy gun is more easily balanced than a light one, shooting at vertical angles straight up, or coming back to 45 degrees or more. The same principle applies to shotgun shooting. I have a gun weighing 7¼lbs., with a 24in. barrel, and find that this is too light weight for shooting at vertical angles, or when the wind is blowing. A shotgun should not weigh less than 8lbs., single or double. As a wing gun firing heavy charges, it is not so apt to be kicked out of range on the object fired at.

G. W. C.

Adirondack Deer.

AUSABLE FORKS, N. Y., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The law abolishing the hounding of deer is vindicating itself, so far as this section is concerned. Deer are more numerous than for many years past. Thus far but three deer have been placed on the market at this village, but presumably more have been served to "the friends" of the successful hunters.

CHENANGO.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Bass Fishing on the Greenbrier.—II.

THE bass season, now at its height, is in some respects very good, though the waters have been so high that fishing has been greatly interfered with. It rained the first day of dog days and that settled it. The weather wiseacres had an old rule to come to time once and it is once more established and will last for years to come. Over 16in. of rainfall occurred in this section during the six weeks, and for two weeks not a hook did we cast in the river or creek. Finally the rain centered in one terrible day, when 4.2in. fell, and the river and creeks got up and flooded the town. Your humble servant was chased out of house and home at midnight to his ancestral hall, while the water came up and around his house, and we had the biggest flood since '77.

The waters went down and the weather has been dryer. The common belief is that the bass have been shuffled somewhat, and that when we go out to fish we meet with bass which were hitherto strangers to this part of the river. Knowing very few bass by sight, it is impossible for me to say. I half-way believe, however, that instead of coming out in the eddies or being carried down in a flood, bass go under the ledges and rocks generally, and stay in until the weather has cleared.

The beauty of the bass this year lies in his prime condition. He is full of fight and vigor, and is clear of parasites and good to eat. The waters have been flush the whole summer, and well aerated, and I am informed that the bass' condition depends upon the purity and temperature of the water it lives in.

The catches have not been large, but the good fisherman has hardly ever been wholly disappointed. The best catch I have heard of was a party of four catching 127 in one day with grasshoppers. This is a very unusual catch. One of our average bass makes a man a meal, so you see this party caught too many. I generally have enough of it when I get eight or ten.

I have caught several full-grown bass this year which would weigh a couple of pounds perhaps, and which refused to come out of the water until the matter had been fully argued.

If he will bear with me, I will recount a few of the instances which may give the reader as good an idea of the fishing on this river as is possible for him to get from me. This first real big bass I caught quite accidentally. Having started to visit a pool where there are some big shelving rocks "back of the meadows," one of the ubiquitous thunderstorms came up, and I crept into a pile of planks on the bank of the river. While there I put on a "king of the waters" (gray wings, red body), a favorite for this water, and waited for the rain to cease. Before the drops had fairly ceased to fall, I started out and walked across the mouth of a slough. The river came in against the mouth of this slough, forming a little pot of water, and having the fly in my hand, I cast it over this place, more to get the leader wet than for any real fishing intent. But the bass did not know that it was not intended for him, and he boiled up and took it, and my journey up the river was broken into. He took persuasion, and I was among the waterlilies, in the mud of the slough, but the bass made for open river. When he was finally reeled in, he took refuge in the waterlilies, entirely tuckered out, and he was picked up ingloriously.

On different days I landed three other big bass, two on a Montreal and one on a Furgerson, but there was no special incident connected with their deaths. They died game in a fair field of water.

But into each life some rain must fall, some days be dark and dreary. There was a "king of the waters" the store clerk had sold for five cents. He reckoned that was what it was worth. If I took the dozen, why it would be fifty cents. I took the dozen and left, and it is said that the Jewish gentleman who owned the store came in shortly and told the clerk that those flies retailed at twenty-five cents, and cost $1.70 per dozen wholesale, and the clerk had a bad quarter of an hour. That particular fly had taken just twenty-five bass by actual count, when a bass took it and 6in. of the leader at the mouth of Stony Creek. It was a sad time, for I was beginning to get anxious about fish, not having caught any. But how can a fly go better than to be thus taken when its work is done. That was the worst day I ever saw. Another fly was lost in the same way, and still another bass, the largest seen that afternoon, when just about ready to capitulate jumped out of the water and shook the hook from his mouth. "Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh, the barren, barren shore!"

Then again last Friday I went out, and the wind was

blowing like winter time—a wind too strong to cast a line, and making the line between the rings rattle against the rod. Then I put on a naked hook and captured a big green katydid. I let it float with the stream; and by and by got a vigorous pull. I struck, and out of the water leaped a big bass. I failed to remark that much larger per cent. of bass jump out of the water this year than usual, which goes to show they are in good condition. Nearly every one I have caught has leaped in reeling it in. I played this fish until I was reasonably sure of bringing it in, for after certain trials of strength having been unsuccessful, a bass rarely escapes. But a final struggle freed this bass, and the line slipped home. It was very distressing. I have a foolish habit of groaning when such a thing happens, and much to my disgust I found I had let out a groan that could have been heard 100yds.. The hook had broken right at the bend. People ought to be careful how they make hooks. I had a dozen, and I immediately threw them away. I put on a catfish hook and another bait, and got fast on the bottom of the river. It was enough to make some people swear. The wind finally died away, and I was able to get enough fish for breakfast by dark, with a fly.

And now I believe I am down to the gist of this tale and what caused me to sit down to write about it all while it was still fresh in my mind. I have just caught a most notable bass, and one that several fishermen have seen and lusted after. It was the big bass at the mouth of Knapp's Creek. Last Saturday I caught a medium sized bass out in the current, and several bass followed it out, and among them was a veritable monster of a small-mouth bass, that I put down as being 20in. long, water measure.

I could not get a rise from that bass, and as I had fished there all summer, knowing about it, it only caused me a momentary pang to see that magnificent fish unattached. Since then I had kept my eyes open for some nobler bait than I had been using. I wanted a mouse particularly. This morning, however, I got a linnet. And the way I got the bird was a little peculiar. We have had a telephone line recently built, and it is still a marvel to us. It has long distance 'phones connected with it, and the line is right heavily charged. Old Harry McDowell, an observant old darky, was coming to Marlinton, and he saw a little greenhorn of a linnet alight on the telephone wire, and somebody rang a bell and the poor little bird dropped down dead. Harry brought it into the post-office, and happening to be there, he gave it to me. I carried it to my office, took it home at noon, put it in the ice box, and about 4 o'clock I took it down to the mouth of the creek. There I fished with it for half an hour or so, and the bass left it strictly alone. I went to fishing with fly, and got two, and came back to the pool. The water was too flush still for good fly-fishing, and I caught a couple with grasshoppers and one with a toad. Then I was out of bait. I took out the little bird from my fish basket and put it on the hook, and sat down on a sandbank. I had no joy now in my bird bait. Just then a little toad hopped near me, and I turned to catch it. Directly I became aware that I had a tremendous bite. I struck and about 10ft. of line slipped through my fingers. I put on a little strain and the big bass shot up at least 3ft. above the water. I landed the fish after a few minutes' work, and it was undoubtedly the big bass, but the inches came off cent per cent when I came to measure it, but it measured a full 16in. to the fork of the tail. I was very well satisfied, having got the fish I fished for, something that is rarely accomplished.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Canadian Salmon Rivers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a copy of a letter of even date concerning the salmon question in yet another North Shore river (the Jupitagon), which shows pretty clearly the useless recklessness in view of the natural history of the fish with which the question is dealt with at that river. Stupidity could not go further than both to exhaust the fish to the indicated extent and also drive them away with offal.

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Aug. 30.—Hon. E. E. Tache, Ass't Commissioner Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada.—My dear Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Aug. 24, No. 9957—98, and in accordance with your assurance that further particulars of the illegal taking of salmon in and the conditions of the various salmon rivers of the Province will be received with pleasure by your department, and be a material help toward prevention in the future, I venture to add to the particulars which I have already sent you concerning various rivers the following in relation to the Jupitagon:

Jupitagon (otherwise Tchiptagon).—This river, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about opposite the westerly end of Anticosti, is a short stream of perhaps ten or twelve miles, and then a succession of lakes (eight in number) back to the height of land. It was visited in the summer of 1898 by Dr. Alexander B. Johnson, of New York city, who writes me in relation thereto as follows:

"In the summer of 1898 I visited the Jupitagon. This small stream debouches at the northeasterly corner of a quadrilateral bay, at the entrance of which lie two rocky islands. The bay is about a quarter to a half mile in length and of equal width. The bay is nearly dry at low water, except for a shallow channel on the easterly side. This channel is perhaps 100ft. in width and less than 2ft. deep at low water. The actual entrance to the river is over some low falls by a passage less than 50ft. wide at the northeasterly angle of the bay.

"July 2.—At the embouchure two salmon nets were in operation, and so remained during my visit.

"The more westerly of the two nets was set at about 300ft. from the actual entrance to the river at an oblique angle to the shore from the sandy beach stretching toward the east. It was an extra long net, and contained two pockets, one at each face, so that from whichever side salmon might attempt to pass they would be taken. The easterly net was set from the rocks on the easterly side of the bay, directly across the channel, and at not over 150ft. from the actual river mouth. It naturally contained but one pocket (on its exterior face).

"There was less than 100ft. of distance between the ends of the two nets. These nets were not raised on either of the two Sundays during my stay on the river. They belonged to Charles Gerard, who resides at the mouth of the river. I am told that in 1897 thirteen barrels of salmon were taken in the nets, while in 1898 only eight barrels were taken.

"There were also two stage heads, where codfish were headed and gutted—one at either side of the mouth of the river. Some of the heads and entrails were allowed to fall into the water at the mouth of the river, though most of them were removed. (There is no doubt by the way that putrid animal matter in the water is a deterrent to the entrance of salmon into a river.)

"The more easterly stage head was about 300ft. from the actual mouth of the river, and was directly over (i. e., abutted upon) the narrow channel leading to the river (mentioned above), through which salmon attempting to enter must pass.

"The westerly stage head was actually at the mouth of the river, not over 100ft. from the first low falls referred to above. On ascending the river, I found on one bank at a distance of about a mile from the mouth at a pool (situated between the first and second falls) a stake driven into a cleft in the rock; opposite this stake, on the other side of the river, a large stone had been located. This stake and its corresponding stone bore evidence of having been used for the purpose of attaching the ends of a barrier net stretching across the pool, for which purpose the place was the most favorable in the whole river, as it is the main pool, and one where the fish remain at least several days before ascending the second falls.

"If this river is to continue to furnish salmon no nets should be allowed within the bay, nor between the islands, nor at the two headlands of the bay, for the configuration of the land and the location of the channel are such that even a small net will take almost all the fish either seeking to enter or following along the coast. There were during this season (1898) but a very small number of fish discoverable in the upper waters of the river, though the river was subjected by me to a careful daily inspection covering a period of a fortnight. Also a large proportion of what fish there were in the river bore net marks.

"The conditions at the river are such that it could be easily guarded by one diligent person."

I may add to the above that this river flows through the Mingan Seigniory (which I understand is now the property of or represented by the Labrador Company, of Montreal), and that it would appear not impossible that the Province should communicate with this corporation with a view to compelling its preventing the illegal netting and taking of salmon in this as well as in all other rivers under the jurisdiction of that company. I remain yours very respectfully,

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

QUEBEC, Aug. 24.—Chas. Stewart Davison, Esq.—Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to Mr. L. Z. Joncas, our Superintendent of Fisheries and Game, dated the 16th of August instant, and containing very interesting information as to illegal salmon fishing in the Olomonashoboo and Washeecootar. Many thanks; and let me assure you any particulars you could furnish us with regarding illegal salmon fishing, either in the rivers or in their estuaries, will be always received with pleasure, as this would materially help us in preventing this illegal fishing.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

E. E. TACHE, Asst. Commissioner.

A Bass Pocket.

HUDSON, New York, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Once a fisher always a liar" is an old proverb, and I think the readers of your paper will say this; but I am not a fisher.

On the morning of the 7th I concluded to take a ride, and having heard of a small lake ten miles from town thought to visit it, as it was the only one within the county that I had not seen. I put the dog in the wagon and drove up to John's. Now John and I are not only good friends, but there is something else; I can't tell you just what it is; but if I want to go fishing, hunting or tramping he is always ready. He owns a good dog, is a first-class fisher and a good all-round sportsman and companion. When I drove up he said,

"Where now, old man?"

"I don't know. Go and get Zoe and get in the wagon."

"Got any lunch?"

"No, but get in the wagon and ask no more questions."

We drove out about five miles, and as it was very warm I thought I had had about enough of the ride and told John so. He said, "All right; pull in here to Jake's." We drove in, unhitched the horse. John walked up to the house, and we were most heartily welcomed. The first thing the good housewife said, "Are you going to stay to dinner?"

"What are we here for?"

The family consists of Jake and his wift, their son Will and his wife, and contrary to the old saying that there isn't a house big enough for two women, they appear to drive well together.

Happening to look across the field I saw a very nice cover, and said to John, "Let us take Sneck and Zoe and walk over there."

We did not find anything in the cover, but we followed the brook down for half a mile until we came to a pond hole of about half an acre, and under the shade of some big willows sat down to rest. Three-quarters of this pond was full of weeds and covered over with what appeared to be floating grass. The only place that was free of grass and weeds was right in front of us; it was about 10ft. wide and ran the whole length of the pond. The water was about 2ft. deep, clear and cold. We had just sat down when I noticed two small sunfish in the water very near the bank, and about the same time noticed this floating grass moving up and down, and concluded it was a muskrat under the grass. I motioned the dogs to go in, and they swam through the grass and back, and just as they were about in the center I saw a number of fish come out in the open, ten of them in a school. I could not tell what kind they were; then out came some suckers, and by observing very closely I found this open place was alive with fish. John began to dance up and down, and said, "Do see them? Isn't he a lunker? But say, pard, what are they?"

I could not tell him. Oh for some tackle! But wait.

He went down in his inside pocket, pulled out a trolling spoon and 5ft. of line (not another inch). He cut a sprout from the willow 5ft. long, and with this tackle began trolling along the shore. When he had gotten about three rods from me I heard him say: "Come in here! Come in here!" and he pulled in a good-sized black bass. He threw in the spoon again and caught another, larger than the first. Then he caught a frog and put it on the hook, spoon and all, and as the frog struck the water I saw the fish leave the grass and strike. There was no reel, no split-bamboo, no chances to play him, but a steady pull of 10ft., line and willow. He got him to shore, reached down to pick him up, the hook broke and he was gone. I looked at my watch, and concluded it was time for us to start for the house. Just then Will put in an appearance and said, "What are you fellows fooling around this mud hole for?"

John said, "For bass."

"Did you say bass? Why, there isn't a bass within ten miles of here, and you might as well rake for oysters or clams as to expect to catch a bass here."

John showed him the fish, when he said, "Durn me if there is any one around here knows this. I would just as soon expect to catch shad running up that barb-wire fence as to look for bass here."

We went to the house and weighed the fish. The larger weighed 3lbs. and the smaller one 1lb., and we had hard work to convince the family that they were not fish that we had brought from town for them.

We sat down to dinner, and such a dinner! How we did enjoy it! After dinner we had a cigar and visited, and I lay down for a nap. Soon after John and Will were missing, and they didn't put in an appearance until 5 o'clock, when they came in with a package of tansy or some others herbs. When this was opened, out rolled two bass and two bullheads. The larger bass weighed 3lbs. and the smaller one 2lbs. They said that on their way down the creek they had caught three frogs, and Will had found three hooks at the house before they started. John put a frog on a very nice looking Aberdeen hook, and threw it in, and as soon as it struck the water he saw a big fish start for it and take it. He pulled him in, and had him within about 2ft. of the shore when he made one grand effort, straightened the hook out and went for the grass. He put on another hook, and with each of the other frogs he caught the other two bass, and with a frog leg he caught the two bullheads. The total weight of the four bass was 9lbs., and they were caught on a 5ft. line, on a 5ft. willow stick, in 2ft. of water, and less than 10ft. from shore. We talked it over, and not one of the family have ever known of this place being stocked, but here were bass, suckers, bullheads and sunfish. After a good bowl of bread and milk we started for home well pleased with the day and knowing that we had not only found a good place to fish for bass, but the most hospitable, kind-hearted, make-you-welcome family in the county.

H.

That Boy in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My boy friend in the Adirondacks has turned up again. He used to write a good deal oftener when he was at school "with nothing to do," but now he is in Northwood, and has guns and fish rods, pack baskets and bicycles to exercise, which just about keeps him entirely busy. Indirectly I have heard from him once or twice since he went down to see the war ships at Key West, but only in a vague though not indefinite sort of way.

"* * * He went fishing the other day and got some fish; enough for two meals." "* * * His boat upset and he had to swim ashore. He got the boat down at the island." "* * * He keeps teasing me to let him go camping alone. But I don't like to. It don't seem safe. He wants to go with Will Hamblin next week."

They went. That is sure. His letter of triumph says so, and some other things as well. The place they went to is the reservoir on Little Black Creek, nine miles from Northwood. Years ago lumbermen slashed over the woods there, took out all the spruce and hemlock and left a tangled mass of dead tops, which in a couple of years grew up to blackberry briers, and now is a healthy second growth, through which a man can force his way only with extreme difficulty. There are a few trails, old and new, leading to Black Creek Lake, to the North Branch Reservoir, to old skidways and a good one down the creek to the settlements.

There are three or four old lumber camps, rapidly going to decay. Their boards are now used to make little lean-to camps for hunters and fishermen, and of these there is a plenty.

The reservoir was a stillwater, winding through the woods and widening out into the great bed of quaking moss which floors a swamp whose recesses are deep and black. When the lumbermen were doing their worst they built a dam near the foot of the stillwater, of thick planking and hewed logs, and a mass of gravel heaped on either side to confine the water. The planking had a sluiceway, and water was turned loose in the spring to flood the logs a-roaring down the creek to the saw mills.

The dam has now been partially burned away. The alders that lined the stillwater are dead and gray, and rattle dryly when the wind blows hard. The trees in the swamp were half of them killed, and the moss is bottomed in soft black ooze with a skeleton of tree roots. Blue herons lift their grating voices here. The lizards wiggle about, and frogs whistle at night and grunt at dusk and dawn.

Game comes to this reservoir that thrills the hearts of boys to think about. Bears have lapped its water, and deer seek to avoid the flies in it. Last year one of the heaviest deer killed about Northwood mingled its blood with the brown swamp water. It attracted the boys because it is wild and lonely, and seems to hold up a prize of big game. Even a panther might be seen. The letter runs:

"You needn't be kicking so because I ain't writing no letters to you. You know what I'm up to when at home, and how paper sticks when a fellow tries to write in hot weather. Me and Will Hamblin went up to the reservoir Saturday and came back to-day. I rode up to his house on my bike and carried my pack, and then we hoofed it up past the Pardy Place and follered that old trail over the hill to Dennet's Camp, and we stopped at Michael's Camp, where Elmer made a little lean-to last spring when he went fishing. We had lots of fun, and things got awfully funny onct, and you'd orter have seen us.

"You know what a putterin' fellow Will is. Always wiggling and putting things that's crooked straight, and straight things crooked. He turned the camp out and fetched in some balsam boughs, and we fixed a bed soft enough to lie on, and made a fire, with a smudge to drive the skeeters away. He had to go get a big pile of wood, big enough to last a week. Then we went up to the reservoir to watch. I was up where the creek comes in, and he sat down by the dam.

"Six skeeters would climb down my back, and two would crawl up my trousers. Some would get up my sleeve, and mostly they'd get on my face, while punkies came in where they weren't. Will had all the tar, and so I couldn't do nothing but itch and swear. A mink came up the stream and ketched a trout 'bout 7in. long and ete it head first. Then he scratched his head with his left hind leg and chuckled himself under the chin and kinda curled his whiskers. Reg'lar dude, that beast. The skeeters didn't bite so hard when he was there. He went under a log, and I looked for something else.

"Rick, crick, swish, crash, rick, crash, rick, crash! Gee, I thought, 'Here comes one sure,' and I shivered and grabbed my rifle tight. 'Swish, swish, sh-h-h, crash —chureee, ree, ree, churra!' darned old red squirrel getting berries. And I waited some more. Then sun went down yeller behind the green trees; makes a fellow crawl when it's like that. And I could feel the woods getting darker and shadowy, and awfully still—just that creek sucking under a log, ugh!

"Will was going to holler when he got ready to go to camp. I felt the back of my neck begin to twitch, as if something were just going to grab it with claws. It got darker by jumps, with little shadders of light coming along once in a while, and a feller had to look twice to see once, and you couldn't tell if it was a black stump or a holler between the trees across the creek. And just then one of them great big long-legged, lean-necked, yeller-eyed, toe-in blue cranes came flapping out of the sky and lights sudden not thirty feet from me with a yell. Lordy! Lordy! I could only half see and only half understand. I riz right up stiff and aching, and then I sat right down again weak and limp as a dead wet rabbit.

"Will hollered in a minute after, and I was half-way to him in no time. We went down to camp and built a fire, and sat around and talked. He'd seen a pritty duck with a green head, and heard the crane holler. Sounded pritty loud where he was, and my shot too.

"I woke up once that night, and the moon was shining kinda faint, and there was an owl taking medicine and gagging after it outside somewheres. We was up at before daylight and ete a lunch, and went up to the reservoir for an hour or so, but didn't see nothing but a kingfisher. And I found the crane what had scared me where it had drifted against a bush. My bullet had soaked it through both wing bones. I wanted to eat him, but Will wouldn't.

"We went up behind the camp after we had breakfast and circled over the ridges up there; saw a lot of deer tracks and found a fresh bed, but didn't see anything. I saw a flock of partridges, and killed four with the target pistol before the ijits knew what was up. We had 'em for dinner that night, and burned the feathers and things in the fire.

"We hadn't seen anything, and didn't much expect to in the morning because we were going to start night after we got through watching the reservoir. We got to sleep pretty late that night, and slept pretty well till pretty near morning, and then Will got cold and got up to fix the fire. He'd just stirred the fire, so's the sparks flickered up, and something kinda big and kinda black circled round between him and me and went toward the woods grunting. He threw a hunk of wood at me, and I woke up, and we didn't sleep any more that night. When it came daylight we found that it was a bear, and his tracks was all round the camp. Gee! I wish I could have got my sight on him when he was between me and the fire. He didn't pass more than 6ft. from me when he went away.

"We went up and watched at the reservoir after we'd ete some partridge meat, and then started for home. We are going up again some day.

"Fred Jones and Will Miller are up in the woods on timber jobs, but they're going hunting later in the season of course. Fred says he reckons he'll fetch blood some of these days out of something, and if he don't he'll know the reason of it."

The rest of the letter is gossip about the boys—how Joe Curltail saw seven deer on his way to Finche's Camp with supplies; how several deer have loafed around Northwood all summer, and that the plentifulness of deer is due directly to the suppression of hounding.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Gogebic Bass.

GOGEBIC, Mich., Aug. 31.—Bass fishing is holding up, the daily catches showing no falling off in Gogebic's famous stock. Many anglers are here from all parts of the country.

K. B. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Some Preliminary Observations Concerning the Artificial Culture of the Grayling.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

Read before the American Fisheries Society, July 21, 1898.

THE grayling of Montana exists only in the tributaries of the Missouri River, above the falls, but principally in the three forks of that river—the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers and their tributaries.

In 1805 Lewis and Clark found the grayling near the headwaters of the Jefferson, and in the history of their wonderful expedition spoke of it as follows: "Toward evening we formed a drag of bushes, and in about two hours caught 528 good fish, most of them large trout. Among them we observed for the first time ten or twelve trout of a white or silvery color, except on the back and head, where they are of a bluish cast; in appearance and shape they resemble exactly the speckled trout, except that they are not so large, though the scales are much larger; the flavor is equally good."

This fish was not subsequently identified from this description, though any one acquainted with the locality and the fishes of the headwaters of the Jefferson could not doubt for a moment that the grayling was meant. Dr. Elliott Coues, in his edition of the "History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition," thinks the description applies to the bluebacked salmon (*O. nerka*) of the Pacific coast, though he says this genus is not known to exist in Atlantic waters.

In a recent communication to FOREST AND STREAM I have advised the adoption of the name *Thymallus lewisi* for the grayling on the strength of Lewis' description, and to relegate to synonomy Cuvier's name of *Thymallus ontariensis*, based on a specimen the locality of which is unknown, though it was wrongly attributed, as I believe, to Lake Ontario.

Seth Green and Fred Mather claim to have hatched the grayling artificially from eggs procured in Michigan in 1874. Seth Green has a brief notice in his "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching" of the hatching of about 100 eggs, but says nothing, except in a general way, of feeding and rearing the fry. I have an impression that Mr. Mather has reported his operations at greater length, but I do not remember just when and where his account was published.

The first real effort in this direction was inaugurated last spring by the U. S. Fish Commission, at a substation connected with the Bozeman, Mont., station, and situated on the inlet (Elk Creek) of Red Rock Lake, the headwaters of the Jefferson River. The auxiliary station was in charge of Mr. A. J. Sprague, who was detailed from the Leadville station, and worked under my direction.

Mr. Sprague took some 3,000,000 grayling eggs, 1,000,000 of which were hatched and planted in Elk Creek; 50,000 eyed eggs were shipped to the Manchester, Ia., station; 50,000 to the Leadville, Colo., station, and 10,000 to the U. S. Fish Commission exhibit at the Omaha exposition, all of which, by extra precautions in packing, arrived at their destination in good condition. About 1,500,000 were shipped to the Bozeman station, but many were lost owing to a lack of ice for packing the eyed eggs. Some green eggs were shipped as an experiment, and though seemingly in good condition on arrival at Bozeman they all died soon afterward.

These eggs were shipped over a wagon road some sixty miles in a common farm wagon, without springs, and called by courtesy "a stage," from Red Rock to Monida, Mont.; thence by railroad. The drive of sixty miles is made in one day by relays of horses, and as the drivers are required to "make time" the eggs were subjected to much jolting.

The problem of transportation of eyed grayling eggs, however, has been satisfactorily determined. As the period of incubation is so short, it is absolutely necessary that the temperature be kept between 40° and 45°. This can be accomplished by packing ice and dry moss beneath, around and on top of the stack of trays in the egg case. A good plan also is to place an extra ice hopper in an inverted position over the usual hopper; this answers the double purpose of keeping the moss dryer and also allows more ice to be used on top. It is of the utmost importance that the eggs should not be subjected to the least pressure during transportation. There should be very little, if any, moss placed over the eggs or between the egg trays. Any pressure on the eggs causes fungus to develop, and is fatal to the life of the embryo.

About 500,000 eggs were hatched at the Bozeman station, and at least 50 per cent. of the fry are alive, and most of them are feeding.

In stripping the female grayling the eggs are a little harder to start, but are then extruded more freely than in the case of the trout. About 3,000 eggs is the average for a fish of 12in. in length. The eggs are white and as clear as a crystal; they are smaller than the native trout (*S. mykiss*) eggs, but after impregnation and the absorption of water will average 1-7in. in diameter, while the native trout eggs are 1-6in., and the brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) eggs are 1-5in. in diameter.

Soon after fertilization the eggs become glutinous and adhesive, forming bunches or masses of various sizes, when fungus rapidly develops and kills the egg. This renders the work of picking laborious, but imperative. The embryo develops rapidly and is in constant motion, often causing the egg to roll over on the tray. The grayling eggs are lighter than trout eggs, almost semi-buoyant, and from our experience would be better hatched under a pressure of water from below. In an improvised jar they did well, and the bunching and development of fungus did not occur. Perhaps the method followed with pike-perch eggs in using starch or muck might cause the eggs to separate, and the bunching to be prevented. Next season I propose to experiment with fine quicksand, so called, which is abundant about Red Rock Lake; it is more like fine marl, as fine as wheat flour.

The embryo begins to show life and motion before the eye spots are visible. The eye spots are small gilt specks with a minute black pupil, and appear in from three to five days. The period of incubation is from ten to twelve days, at a temperature of about 50°. The fry are hatched with a very small yolk sac, about half the size of the egg, and which is absorbed in about a week, when the fry immediately becomes a free-swimming animal about ½in. in length, and is quite slender and delicate. They do not begin to feed so readily as trout, and require constant coaxing, as often as every half-hour, with liver as finely divided as possible, being in fact bloody water. The best method of feeding and rearing is yet to be determined. Those hatched and planted in Elk Creek did well, being double the size at the same age of those hatched at Bozeman station, which proves that we must follow as closely as possible the natural conditions of breeding.

The grayling does best in sandy and gravelly streams, with swift and pure water. It is a much superior fish for the table than any of the trouts, and in game qualities is their equal. As the species is rapidly disappearing, it seems to be important that so good and beautiful a fish should be preserved by artificial propagation, and no reasonable efforts should be spared to determine the conditions best suited to its successful culture.

Confession of a "Fish Hog."

A FARMER'S boy, who put a score of eggs under a hen, explained that he did so to see the old hen spread herself. Man is but a higher animal after all, and when fishing rudimentary bristles of the "fish hog" will sometimes make an effort to work through the skin on his spine.

I was fishing one day on Lake Ida, near Alexandria, Minn., a station on the Great Northern Railroad. I had repeatedly fished this lake, it being, in my opinion, the best lake in Minnesota for small-mouthed bass fishing. Large-mouthed bass abound everywhere in the lakes of this State, but the small-mouths are comparatively a rara avis.

On the day in question I had enjoyed moderate and satisfactory fishing, my live string at the side of the boat being sufficiently long to satisfy any reasonable angler with half a dozen expectant, fish-loving neighbors at home.

The day was almost drawing to a close, the sun gradually working its way toward the western horizon, when a gentle summer shower fell, lasting for half an hour. In clearing up the woods and fields presented a glowing, glistening picture as the setting sun turned every rain drop on grass and trees into glistening globules of reflected light.

I was wrapt up in the scenery of water, woods and fields, when my oarsman with an exclamation called my attention to the fins of numbers of large bass cutting the water around the boat as they moved lazily to and fro. They evidently came up simply to look at the sun and satisfy themselves that the rain had ceased for the day, as without warning the fins disappeared, the fish descending toward the bottom, about 10ft. down.

I make it a practice to take with me in the boat two completely rigged rods, one of which I carefully stow along the gunwale of the boat. While the large-mouthed bass in this lake abound, and are easily seduced by casting with a frog or minnow, my custom has been to still-fish with live bait for the small-mouthed fish who hug the sandy or rocky bottoms, and in my experience rarely, if ever, take a fly in these waters. On this trip my rig consisted of two 7oz. split bamboo trout rods, a small shot being used to sink my frog or minnow to the bottom.

In one of Black's novels, wherein fishing for salmon with two rods is vividly described, the guide holds one fish-laden rod until the angler has killed the fish in hand, and then hands the rod to the angler to kill the second fish. The opportunity was here to make a like experiment, and over the stern of the boat I quickly dropped my minnows.

Presto, the tip of one rod steadily bent until its point entered the water. A turn of the wrist and the rod straightens as the silvery small-mouth leaps into the air to return to the water and fight for his life. He has not made more than his second run before rod No. 2 dips its tip into the water. Cautiously directing my fish into a sidelong run, I stoop for the second rod, strike my fish, and hastily handing the rod back to the guide, instruct him to handle the fish lightly and gently, taking care to keep him out of my way as I resume the playing of my first fish, which I at once begin to do. It's a gamy fight, made up of quick rushes, soundings, long runs and sundry leaps in the air, but the hook is well set, and presently the fish, yielding to the bend of the rod, comes slowly toward the long-handled landing net, wielded by the watchful guide, who with his left hand offers me the second rod, which I take the very moment I feel the tension of the rod relieved by the landing net, after first drawing a yard or two of line off the reel, and resting the rod in position with the tip over the stern of the boat.

As I take the rod from the guide and stir up my fish with a little extra tension, the landed fish is unhooked, a fresh bait put upon the hook, and the same thrown into the water by the guide, to gently settle near the bottom. The bass in hand, true to his kind, plays a tune upon my reel and curves my rod in orthodox style, but before I have him half killed the idle rod shows signs of life, the tip slowly points toward the bottom until it disappears beneath the water, when, seizing a favorable moment, I stoop and strike and again quickly hand the rod back to the guide, whose outstretched hand is ready for it.

And so it goes for an hour or more, when the fish cease to strike as unanimously as when they commenced to bite.

While it lasted it was what might be termed by some great fishing, but to my idea such a solid day's fishing would be worse than breaking stones on the road, as far as hard work was concerned. There certainly would be no sport in such continuous angling, but for an experience simply I doubt not but most anglers would like it "just once." While it lasted it certainly was exciting, as the fish were of good size and fought well. The fishing was so uninterrupted that the guide had no opportunity to put the fish thus caught upon the live string, his hands being full all the time. An hour's such fishing is a solace to a man who re-

members it on the day when the bass "won't take nothin'." He thinks of that hour's fun and forgets that for the day he is having the poorest of luck. Of all the good catches taken in this best of lakes, I somehow or other look back to this hour's fun, when the sun was throwing its last disappearing rays over the surface of the lake, as being the liveliest of them all. It was unsportsmanlike, and no doubt savoring of the "fish hog," but the fish were there in a school, and the rods were there, and the temptation came upon me to imitate the farmer's boy and see myself emulating the egg-spreading hen.

We saved the small-mouthed bass and allowed those upon the live string, of the large-mouthed variety, their freedom. We took home a moderate catch of bass after all, enough for our own table and those of our immediate neighbors. Somehow or other, when on fishing bent, and when, after completing my preparations for an early morning start out of town, I have more than once after retiring dreamt of that hour's fishing, and have yelled out in my sleep, "Here, Charlie, take it! Keep him out of my way till I land this one. Gee, but he's a whopper," only to get a sharp and well directed elbow in my ribs, with the wifely injunction not to wake up the whole house, but to wait until I reached the lake, and then shout to my heart's content.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

Our Frogs.

BY FRED MATHER.

THE following request, on a postal card, is the occasion of this article: "Could you give us a chapter on frogs, the varieties, life history and a full description of the different kinds of frogs found in North America? I am sure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would appreciate an article on this subject."

I consulted the editor—it's of no use to leave him out of the calculation—and he thought the subject might be interesting if written in a popular manner. By this I understand the "if" to mean that I might try to popularize the subject, and he glanced at the waste basket, which was large, but not quite full. I had just given him a dry lot of manuscripts on the differences of fishes and how to distinguish them, and went home with a mind filled with frogs, and attempts to pull together what I might know about them. Then followed a hard night. Great frogs sat on my chest and almost suffocated me, and then would leap from that anatomical protuberance into an enormous waste basket, only to be followed by another, bigger yet, and somehow that basket never became full. At breakfast it was suggested that I had been visited by "the nightmare and her nine fold," but I denied it and said: "There was merely a frog in my throat."

The morning mail brought a letter from the Adirondacks, written by a boy of fourteen who has fished with me for codfish in winter from the iron pier at Coney Island, and whom I have interested in observing all animal life. His father, with my consent, allowed him to call me "Uncle"; you know that a boy does not want to "Mister" those he fishes with, and so he writes:

"Dear Uncle Fred: I wish you were here with us. There was a deer that waded out in the lily-pads close to us yesterday, but you have seen deer enough. I want to say about the toads up here, I don't believe you have noticed them; they are all fancy colored, and not a bit like the mud-colored toads in Brooklyn. When I go back I will bring you some, and let you see for yourself, and then you can write up the handsome Adirondack toads in FOREST AND STREAM, which we have sent to us up here. JACK."

There seems to be no means of escape. The frogs and toads are closely related, and once a forgotten correspondent asked what was the difference between a frog and a toad, and if one was edible, why not both? I cannot answer this last question, because I do not know of any man who has eaten a toad.

Toads.

To begin with, the so-called "horned toad" of the far Southwest is not a toad, but a true lizard. All lizards love the sun, have scales of some sort, and never have naked skins, nor do they live in water or damp places, like the salamanders, newts, efts or evets.

"No, Jack," I wrote him, "you have not found a new species of toad, merely a local variation of color in the same old brown toad that you knew near Brooklyn. Bring some down and let them loose in your garden. This family of tailless batrachians has but one species in North America. Don't be afraid to handle them on account of that idle talk about warts. I've handled toads all my life, and never had a wart. I never see a toad but there is a desire to handle it, and they can be made very tame. Try to tame one by handling and feeding it flies. Note how its tongue is fast to the front of its lower jaw and is free behind, and how it can throw this glutinous tongue out and capture a fly or an ant so quickly that your eye can hardly follow the motion.

"In spring and early summer that long-drawn plaintive cry like 'qua-ah-ah' is the call of the toad from the ponds and marshes, where it breeds, and is made before it goes back to its favorite garden to assist the gardener to keep down insect life. Those stringy bits of jelly you see in the water are most likely the eggs of the toad, as the frog lays its eggs in large masses, yet you might mistake the eggs of the salamander for those of the toad. The small, very black tadpoles are likely to be young toads. Toads confined in mines and cellars have laid their eggs in damp earth instead of water, and they have hatched perfect toads, skipping the tadpole state. It is a fact that the skin of a toad exudes an acrid moisture which so burns the mouth of a dog that he soon learns to distinguish a toad from a frog, and seldom wants to sample a second toad.

"And now, Jack, go in for toads and all other life that comes your way, and you will find great pleasure in gaining knowledge at first hand, even if you are now disappointed at not having discovered a new species of toad. When you look at the eye of a toad you will see a most beautiful one, and will fully understand Shakespeare's reference to it in the lines:

"The toad, ugly and venomous,
Yet bears within its head a precious jewel."

"I am quoting from memory and will call attention to the fact that there are people living to-day who regard the toad with aversion, and believe that it spits venom. Don't believe a word of it, nor of the story that young toads rain down. They simply come out from their hiding places after a rain, that's all. Bring down some gaily-colored toads."

Tree Frogs.

These are usually called "toads," but are frogs. Their fingers and toes are tipped with disks, which exude a sticky substance that enables them to climb up glass. We have about half a dozen species in the Eastern United States. Some of these are the "peepers" whose mating call is heard in the swamps before spring has had time to do more than push out the catkins on the pussy-willows; and a drop of the thermometer to below 30 degrees silences them again for a while. Of these tree frogs there is one species known as the cricket frog, which is heard in the swamps from southern New York to Illinois, and is a poor climber. Jordan says: "Its note resembles the rattling of pebbles," but to me its rapid notes are a reminder of a boy with a stick in conjunction with a picket fence.

Next comes another swamp tree frog that really climbs trees, at times. Cope says: "Its voice is a rattle with a rising inflection at the end," and Jordan adds: "Or like the scraping of a coarse-toothed comb." It is an impossible thing to convey an idea of the sounds made by many of nature's vocalists. I may be deficient in imagination, but I never heard a crow say "caw," nor a quail whistle either "Bob White" or "more wet"; for the quail has three notes, the first very low. I never heard a duck say "quack" nor a plover say "kill deer." From the sounds made by the swamp tree frog I could, by night or day, close my eyes and imagine that a band of old-fashioned minstrels were performing in the distance and only the "bones" were audible; and for years the frog, which science calls by the clumsy name of *Chorophilus triseriatus*, I have known as "Billy Burch," and I'll leave it to Jack if that is not the best name of the two, for "Billy" shook the "osteological specimens" from boyhood until he died two years ago, aged seventy-two years.

I will now appeal to Jack, and to the gallery, for applause for refraining from dragging in descriptions of these little beasts, most of whom are much shorter than their names; for an illustration of this, see the above name of a frog which never, in its best feeding grounds, exceeds 1in. in length. Still it is a frog, and entitled to be known as one.

The most common of our tree frogs is seldom seen. Its loud, clear trill is heard in the woods morning and evening, and in damp weather, but the little fellow, measuring less than 2in., has a way of hugging a branch when alarmed, and looking like a bit of parti-colored moss or lichen. These pretty creatures have an elastic skin on the throat which they inflate to the size of a filbert, when they "peep" in the spring in the marshes or trill in the woods in summer, where they go after the mating season is over. In color they may be gray, brown or green; possibly they can adapt color to their surroundings. There are several species, but all can leap from limb to limb like squirrels.

Edible Frogs.

All frogs are edible if freshly caught. Perhaps the bullfrog will bear keeping alive for a while and still be good; I am not certain of this; but once, when I kept a lot of small, green frogs in confinement for two weeks, their yellow vests turned white; and when they were cooked there was a bitterness that is foreign to this or any other frog that I have eaten, and with the exception of the two species of little wood frogs I have eaten them all. These wood frogs are colored a light reddish-brown, and are too small and scarce to hunt or I would have sampled them. Besides these species we have five others, mostly small, but edible. Four species never exceed 3in. in length of body, while a bullfrog has been known to have a body 9in. long from tip of nose to where the tail would sprout, if there was one. It is a common error to consider all small frogs as immature bullfrogs. A bullfrog is one from the time it is hatched from the egg, and if fortunate grows to a size that no other species could attain if it should live for a century.

The Leopard Frog.

This is common, known to science as *Rana virescens*, bright green "with irregular black blotches edged with whitish, these mostly in two irregular rows on the back; usually two spots between the eyes; legs barred above; belly pale. Length, 2¾in.. N. Am. W. to Sierra Nevada, very common." This quoted description and all others not specially credited are from Jordan's "Manual of the Vertebrates."

The Pickerel Frog.

This, *R. palustris*, is, as its name indicates, a swamp frog. "Light brown, with two rows of large oblong square blotches of dark brown on back; one or two on sides; a brown spot above eye; a dark line from nostril to eye; upper jaw white spotted with black; head short, obtuse; toes well webbed. Length, 2¾in. E. U. S., in mountains, etc."

Just why this is called the "pickerel frog" is beyond my guessing ability, for if there is a species of frog which a pickerel will always refuse it is a frog which is not on my visiting list, and one whose acquaintance I will decline if an introduction is proposed.

There is a point which I should have mentioned. All frogs have their ear drums on the outside of their heads, not protected by a long interior canal, as are the same organs in mammals, and these circular disks are very conspicuous. The scientist notes the size of this drum, and finding it constant in species gives it a value. In the two preceding species the ear, or tympanum, is smaller than the eye.

The Northern Frog.

R. septentrionalis is another little fellow, about the size of the other two, and its ear drum is also comparatively small. "Brown or olive, with paler vermiculations; sometimes a few dark blotches behind; pale below, * * * Canada to Montana." This, to me, is not a common frog. I have picked it up often when frogging, and have marked it for identification after cooking and called it "as good as the rest."

The Green Frog.

In *R. clamata*—noisy—we find a slightly larger species than any that have been mentioned, growing to a body length of 3in. or over, with thighs in proportion. This frog, with the bullfrog, has its tympanum larger than its eye. It is "green or brownish, brighter in front; generally with irregular small, black spots; arms and legs blotched; toes well webbed; first finger not extending beyond second. * * * E. U. S., in springs, etc."

Dry Stuff.

I know this sort of stuff is very dry fodder, and I've shortened it up as much as it would bear, but when a fellow is asked to write up our frogs, he must tell how they differ. The information being divided under subheads, I feel that I have aided some readers in skipping the more dessicated portions and will try to interest them further on, if they like frogs.

Ye Bulle Frogge.

When Pat found a pond in his path and tried to wade it after listening to advice from the other side, and was nearly drowned in crossing, his remarks were, as recorded in the Talmud and the Rig Vedas: "Ye little spalpeens, ye omadouhns! I'd split yer heads wid my shillaly for sayin' its 'knee-deep, knee-deep,' and enticin' me to a drownin'! Yer grandfather, over beyant, tould me 'go 'roun', go 'roun',' an' next time I'll tak' the oul' man's advice."

Some years ago one of your always readable correspondents wrote up the old account of the migration of "The Frogs of Wyndham," which alarmed that part of New England so severely over a century ago that a poem was written on the subject in the Revolutionary days.

I have assumed that the "Frogs of Wyndham" were bullfrogs. The chances are that it was "fresh-water day" for a battalion of spade-foot frogs, a toads, for I am not sure where they belong. They are solitary, and burrow in the soil in the woods, having a spur on the heel for digging; but when they congregate in a pond their noise is terrific. Dr. Abbott says: "The machinery for producing sounds equal to a steam whistle is apparently confined to the throat of this rare and curious batrachian." I never heard them but once, in a pond near my house on Long Island, and people came for miles around with lanterns, thinking that murder on a large scale was being done.

The true bullfrog (*Rana catesbiana*), named after Mark Catesby, who first figured the animal, has enormous ear drums and a voice to correspond. It is the largest of all frogs, and varies in color from a brown to green of various shades, the head being usually bright pale green. Its food, like that of its relatives, consists of worms, snails, insects, small fishes, and even young turtles have been found in its stomach.

The common frog of Europe is a small one, about 3in. in length, and some of them once gave me a chance to observe the cannibal tendencies of our big frog. I was going to England, and by request of Prof. Baird took six of the biggest live bullfrogs that I could get, selected from several hundred at Mr. Blackford's, in Fulton Market, and they were enormous. They were for Mr. Moore, Curator of the Derby Museum, at Liverpool. How long the frogs had been without food when I delivered them to Mr. Moore is more than I can say, but they had had nothing while on the ship, and perhaps nothing for weeks before. Mr. Moore put them in his frog cage with a dozen of his natives. I warned him of the result, but he did not care; there were plenty more. The big Americans were dropped into the cage, looked around, and then each swallowed a "native," as Mr. Moore called them.

"How slick they went down," said he. "I expected some remark first, something like:

"'Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,'

from these giants. Look there! The last one's gone; they should have had two each, but I think one of your Yankees got three. They took them so rapidly that it was impossible to keep count." And the pleased curator rubbed his hands and remarked, "They've remarkable appetites; but I suppose a sea voyage has sharpened them up a bit. I'll get more frogs for them to-morrow, but if they're not to be had I'll try them on sparrows."

Mr. Moore wrote me afterward that "they took sparrows quite well." And so we see what appetites these fellows have.

Frog Culture is Impossible.

About once a year the story of a mythical frog farm, where much wealth is harvested every season, goes the rounds of the newspapers. Seth Green started it in an article on raising frogs, published in one of the Reports of the State Fish Commission, stating how easily the spawn could be gathered and hatched; but he went no further; he was widely quoted and that was the end of it, if not the object of his paper. He was right. They can be hatched in any quantity in pools of still water at summer temperatures, and the tadpoles can be fed and grown if protected until the transformation into a frog comes, and then they leave the water and catch insects; it is impossible then to feed them and they die. I speak from experience, having been a student of the frog during a long career of fishculture, covering thirty years. In the early days I read of a successful frog farm near Nutley, N. J., and went there, but no one knew of it, nor could I find the man. A similar experience in Indiana made me skeptical, but it was only personal study and experience that made me an unbeliever.

I can feed a single frog by dangling a bit of meat before its nose; the meat stirs and the frog seizes it, but it will not pick up that meat from the ground if thrown

there. Suppose you have a million frogs. Imagine yourself feeding them by dangling meat before each individual nose!

Tadpoles are hatched by the thousand for every frog that becomes adult. Fish, birds and frogs feed on them in the larva, or tadpole state, and when they emerge from that they encounter the same enemies, with snakes added.

The frog is a solitary animal, never in the company of another except in the spring of the year; and they cannot be kept in numbers, like fishes, because they would starve if obliged to compete for food with their fellows. The frog farm has not yet been established where they can be hatched and fed artificially until ready for market, and it never will be.

A Great Transformation.

The change from a tadpole to a perfect frog is as wonderful as the change from a hairy, crawling caterpiller into a beautiful butterfly; but somehow this wonderful transformation into a frog, while well known to a few, has not seemed to impress the general mind, as in the case of the butterfly. What happens is this: The frog lays its eggs, which are fertilized after being laid, as in the case of most fishes; the eggs are globular, jelly-like masses, which swell greatly after extrusion. In a few days the embryo is seen moving about, and it emerges from the mass without absorbing it, a most unusual waste in animal life. The young is coiled in the egg, with a tail, much like an embryo fish, but having its gills outside, and so hatches in an almost shapeless form. Gradually it takes on the form of the large proteus (*Necturus*), called "lizard" on the Great Lakes, which retains its outside gills when adult. Then these outside gills absorb or develop inwardly, and the future frog is in all respects a fish. It has a long embryonic fin that is eel-like, and begins back of the head and goes around the slim tail to the vent. Its eye is well developed, and the "herring bone" muscles in its tail can be plainly seen. It has a circular mouth, which can feed on either animal or vegetable matter. Its abdomen is large, and fitted for digesting vegetables. It rivals the ant in cleaning the flesh from delicate skeletons for the zoologist.

In this state it passes its first summer and goes into the mud in winter, and comes out hungry in early spring. Like all larvæ, it is a greedy feeder, and soon begins to show its growth and development by budding a pair of hindlegs, which are completed about the time the forelegs begin to show and the ears to develop. When these legs are fully developed the tail begins to absorb, and the frog has already begun to take oxygen from the air occasionally; it is changing from a gill-breathing fish to a lung-breathing animal. Think what this means: Lungs are growing and gills are being absorbed, yet in the intermediate state the animal can breathe with both organs. The absorption of the tail goes to nourish some part of the body, but the adolescent bullfrog is now smaller than the tadpole from which it changed.

Not only this, but its long, convoluted intestine, fitted to digest vegetation, has somehow changed to a shorter one, for the vegetarian requires a complex apparatus to digest its food, while the similar organs in the carnivora are simple, flesh being easier of digestion than vegetables. In proof, see the double stomach of ruminants, as cows, sheep, deer, rabbits and other cud chewers. They eat and swallow, and then lie down and chew their cuds like bicyclists. Perhaps man was once a ruminant, and the gum-chewing habit is a case of atavism, but that is a digression. We have seen that the tadpole changes not only its outward form to become a frog, but also all its internal economy; hence my statement that its transformation from a larval form to an adult one is as complete and wonderful as that of a caterpiller into a butterfly.

I want my young friend Jack and all other boys to note this evolution of the frog and the toad, which is the same, for their grandfathers will pay no attention to it, and their fathers will have little time to consider it, but a boy takes to such things, even if he learns no more when he gets into the money-grubbing stage; for boys, full of fun and jollity, often have a mental transformation which may be compared to the physical ones herein described.

Marketing of the Frog.

Once upon a time, many decades and nobody knows how many moons ago, I was a boy. It seems like a dream, or, as Tom Moore puts it in Lalla Rookh, "Like the faint exquisite music of a dream." Red blood was in my veins, and to storm a nest of bald-faced hornets had a spice of danger too tempting to resist. But there was an elderly Frenchman who lived in Albany, N. Y., away back in the 40s, who crossed the river to Greenbush to catch frogs to eat. We boys regarded a frog as a good target for a stone, but that a man should eat a frog was horrifying. So we preceded him and pelted every frog under cover, for John Atwood said—and he was old, was more than a dozen years old—that "There ought to be a law passed to stop people from eating frogs," and we boys agreed and looked upon ourselves as public benefactors in not only stoning the frogs, but the Frenchman as well.

My father, then agent for and part owner of the Eckford line of steamers and barges plying from Albany to New York, had in his employ a ship carpenter named Cornelius Lanigan, who brought me some cold fried frogs, and I ate them, and then caught a lot and persuaded my people to eat them; so I became a frog-eater over forty years ago, and through an Irishman.

Tons of frogs now come to New York markets each year. They are from Canada, Michigan and from the West and South, where the people have not yet learned to eat them; for there are practically none to be found near my boyhood frogging grounds, where I could easily get a hundred or more in a day. They do not get a chance to grow, for it is my belief that "an old rouser" of a bullfrog, with a body say 8in. long, is at least a dozen years old. I can't prove this from experiment, but believe it from the slow growth that several frogs of my acquaintance have made. One that had lost part of one hindfoot I knew for three years; it was about 5in. long when I first caught it, and had not grown over an inch in three years, although in a pool where food was plenty. As about 9in. is the limit, this frog had not ceased to grow.

In the report of the U. S. Fish Commissioner for the year ending June 30, 1896, p. 497, Dr. Hugh M. Smith give the products of the fisheries for 1894, and we find the following credited to the frog catch, which, as before said, is mainly sent to New York and other large cities: Arkansas 58,900lbs., value $4,162; Indiana 24,000lbs., $824; Missouri 154,818lbs., $9,676; New York 61,400lbs., $5,126; Ohio 14,040lbs., $2,340; Vermont 5,500lbs., $825. Total, 318,658lbs., valued at $22,953. No other States are quoted.

Few people outside the cities eat them. When the rural population take to eating frogs there will be none for the great markets. I have seen whole frogs skinned in Fulton Market, but usually only the hindlegs are used; for, except in the case of monster specimens, there is little meat on other parts.

An Outing in the Great Smokies.

IT was the first week in August, hot and dry, when the longing for a few days in our beautiful East Tennessee Mountains, "the Switzerland of America," became irresistible—a deep pool, a shady nook, a fly-rod, and the unutterable bliss of perfect quiet.

The Doctor, Howard and I started at 4 o'clock Thursday morning, intending to drive forty-four miles, stopping with our old friend Clisby, in the heart of the wild, weird Smokies. With a good team, a good lunch and plenty of luscious blackberries, such as we find only in these mountains, lining either side of the road, we felt that we were happy for the time at least, even if the fish didn't bite.

As we neared our destination we were startled by the sudden appearance in the bend of the road of a small, wizen figure, which we soon recognized as the wife of our friend.

"Wal, I do declar'! Howdy! I 'lowed yistidy to Clisby how as I reckon'd it wuz 'bout time you folks come a'ter some them fish hyarbouts. My ole man, he's up thar on the mount'in a-gittin' fire, and I'm goin' down yander ter the 'tater patch ter fotch some workhan's ter holp him. Make yerse'fs ter home," and before we could answer she had disappeared again as fast as her rheumatic legs would carry her, mopping her face with her apron.

A minute more and there was the picturesque old mill, with the huge trunks of monstrous forest trees piled high to one side, awaiting the leisure of the master. Parenthetically I might say that the owner of a mountain sawmill receives one-half of the lumber for his labor. Within a contracted loft just above the primitive perpendicular saw is the corn mill, where the grain is ground by the rubbing together of two large stones. The shackly and old-fashioned wooden wheel, together with the small flow of water over the leaky dam, forbid the synchronous running of saw and grinding of mill stones. The old man's delight in the anticipation of an hour's rest, while the mill with its dull stones is slowly grinding a bushel of corn, is more real than apparent when along the mountain trail approaches a mountaineer, his back humped under his sack of corn.

A little further, and there is the old fallen tree, serving as a foot log across the mountain torrent, which, dropping 15ft. over the dam above, joins the Little Pigeon just here, where it furnishes a cool home for the wary bass. The ever rushing, gushing water sounds always in one's ears until one might almost imagine he were at Niagara were it not that just across the stream is the old house, with its long row of beehives and great, spreading apple tree laden with fruit; the little porch with its shelf, on which stands the water pail and gourd, the wash pan, the common lavatory of this characteristic home. Just inside is the little hall, with its strings of red peppers hanging from the rafters, and its ladder going up through a hole to the loft above.

We took possession of our room, the one we had occupied on former visits and which served in our absence as a store room for all the best company paraphernalia. In one corner just over the hole in the floor, one of many where by election the cat comes through to make us a friendly visit and finish our lunch, is the ancient spinning wheel, with yarn for Clisby's winter socks.

Within a few minutes we have a one-gallowsed urchin off for minnows, leaving his companions standing with their mouths agape and their hands in their pockets watching our movements.

Too impatient to wait for his return, we search among the rocks along the banks for helgramites, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Doctor is off wading down the stream, slipping and sliding; and while I may have felt a jealous pang when he soon held up to view a lively red eye I was perfectly contented to sit, or rather lie, on my great boulder, drinking in the cool, fresh air, heavy with the aroma of pine and balsam; languid with the lullaby of the low murmuring river, the droning of locust and jar-fly; occasionally laughing at Howard stretched in quiet contentment on the opposite bank or the Doctor working like a Trojan down the river.

The next morning we were up bright and early after such a night's sleep as one can enjoy only when he has left the cares of business far behind, and can dream of his struggles with a 5-pounder. What was our disappointment to find a steady downpour of rain, the river risen several feet, and no prospect of a hold-up. But, like every true sportsman, we must make the best of our bad luck and content ourselves with a game of poker, matches serving as chips, rosy-cheeked apples as dollars; target shooting from the little porch; or a good novel for an hour or two.

The wholesome meals in these mountain homes are a great feature of the day's enjoyment. What can be better than fried chicken, ham and eggs, rich milk, fragrant butter and delicious honey? Clisby's tall, gaunt figure, with bent shoulders, is seated at one end of the little table; his thick, long hair thrown back from a low forehead, heavy beard, which gives the impression that he is all hair, were it not for the little, piercing blue eyes looking out from under overhanging bushy brows that twinkle when he tells of his "b'ar and wolf hunts yander on Balsam," or flash with the reminiscences of "the war."

He only leaves his mountain retreat once in every three months, when he comes to town to get his pension of $8. The Doctor, an Alabamian, naturally asked him how he happened to be a rebel.

"Wal, it wuz jes this er way: I 'lowed I'd go over yander ter Kintuck'—I had er purty good chance ter go—en I'd j'in thar. 'Bout that time I got 'thout eny money, en so I j'ined t'other side ter git some victuals, en when I wuz full I couldn't git out."

It was not unusual to be startled at a meal by a sudden thud, look up quickly, and opposite see the little woman smiling broadly, showing two snags, the only teeth she possessed, snuff brush in her mouth, and have her apologize by announcing "My corn jes hurt me that bad I reckon'd you-uns wouldn't mind my onhooken my shoe. Doctor, did yer ever see eny airysipelas?" and being assured in the affirmative continued, "I'm jes that ailin' en porely it actially seem like I can't stan' it."

On the morrow, the elements permitting, we determined to make a trip of about twelve miles further up the river to fish for mountain trout. After riding about six miles we were compelled to leave our horses and continue our journey on foot. Climbing all the while up, up, over rocks, through the vast unbroken forests, among the laurel and rhododendron, sometimes a precipice rising abruptly on one side, on the other the river in a deep gorge far below; through the gap the distant peaks, their summits just covered by a fleecy cloud.

We stopped to pick up Alex, a good, whole-souled, honest mountaineer, who had just been released from a three months' term in jail for "stilling," and was only too glad to join our lark, acting as guide, and carrying our lunch, frying-pan, etc. At Fort Harry we halted, put together our poles, got out our flies, and business began in earnest. My first cast with a brown hackle and Parmachenee-belle was rewarded with a fine trout weighing a little under ½lb. The fish in these mountain streams are not large, but they are numerous and gamy.

Then began our true sport—jumping from boulder to boulder, stopping at a deep pool, then on again to where the river was swift, so narrow at times one could jump across, the mountains rising steep from either side, the sky a little blue streak above, the water clear as a crystal.

So engrossed were we in our sport we did not realize the lapse of time, until suddenly coming upon Alex, seated on a rock, a string of fish by his side, from his very attitude we guessed he must feel that gnawing sensation closely akin to hunger. We soon had a bright fire, the trout sizzling in the pan, the lunch spread, a boulder serving as a table, and we fell too with the delight of children on their first picnic. Alex, like the true gentleman that he was, preferred the sardines, orange marmalade and deviled turkey (he had never seen either before), but trout were good enough for us. With a considerable show of secrecy, he drew Howard to one side, whispering, "I's seen turkey's what could fly an' them as couldn't, but that thar deviled un is a new un on me."

Then as the sun in all his majesty sinks lower and lower, seeming to melt into the earth beneath, leaving the heavens brilliant with his rich blues, gray and pinks, the dainty opalescent reflection in the east tells us—if omens may be believed—that we may expect just such another day on the morrow. Passing an occasional mountain lass driving home her cows, stopping to buy for a mere song the pure maple sugar for our winter's syrup, we wend our way homeward. As the summer's twilight deepens, the mountains become more weird in their purple, almost dusky, hue, but the moon in all her splendor now rises over the peaks, and then we are soon home, tired and hungry, but happy with our day's outing and sad to think that to-morrow we must bid adieu to our kind friends.

We gather around the crackling fire of hickory logs even though it be the first of August, for it is often cold in midsummer in these knobs, listening for the last time to Clisby's yarns, telling our own experiences and wishing that we might stay on indefinitely.

I must not neglect to tell you that for all this comfort and pleasure we pay at the rate of twenty-five cents a day apiece, and the same for each horse.

One would be inclined to say that theirs is a sordid, prosaic life, and that he would feel the want of something better, more ennobling. I perhaps would share with you this same feeling of oppressive narrowness in time, but no people on any spot on earth abound with more sterling qualities than those in these same East Tennessee Mountains. It is true the natives are cut off from all civilization, many of them never having seen a railroad; but they are good, honest and withal clever.

This was an uneventful trip in the point of great catches, but we are the richer by several pounds of flesh, feel better and are more able to meet and solve the perplexing problems of life, anticipating next time a hunt for one of Clisby's "b'ars" on Balsam.

E. WESTERN.

The Boquet River.

THE Boquet River, in its lower course, near Lake Champlain, is a good bass water. Bass are plentiful, but they do not average large. Albert Ferguson and a companion caught twenty-three small-mouths weighing 13lbs. near Little Falls, just above Whallonsburgh, a few days ago, using minnows for bait. Hundreds of small bass far below the legal limit in size are also taken from this stream.

The Boquet above Elizabethtown is a prolific trout stream, and trout are taken all the way down to the high falls at Wadham's Mills. Below this point the bass and pickerel from the lake have about cleaned them out, though trout are found in the small tributary streams, and occasionally taken in the main river. The Boquet is a beautiful stream from its furthest source, under Dix, in the Adirondacks, to its juncture with Lake Champlain, near Willsborough. Its waters are of crystal purity, and for most part it flows through rocky wooded land, or sandhills, where even the surface drainage is not apt to cloud it.

J. B. B.

A List of the Fishes Known to Occur in Manitoba.

BY ERNEST SETON THOMPSON, GOVERNMENT NATURALIST TO THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

The nomenclature and arrangement adopted is that of Jordan and Evermann's Fishes of North and Middle America.* For the revision of this list and its correction up to date, as well as for other assistance, I am indebted to Prof. Barton W. Evermann, the ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission.

1. **Ichthyomyzon castaneus Girard, Lamprey.**

Taken in the slough at Portage la Prairie on May 5, 1884. It was attached to a pike. They are common in Manitoba, but I have seen them only in the Assiniboine (C. W. Nash). Specimen identified by Prof. Evermann (E. and T.).

2. **Acipenser rubicundus Le Sueur, Lake Sturgeon.**

In great numbers in Saskatchewan, Red and Assiniboine rivers, * * * Winnipeg River and Lake of the Woods (Macoun). Lake Winnipeg (Taché), at Portage la Prairie. The river abounds in sturgeon also at Cedar Lake (Hind). This species is common at Winnipeg and in the lakes to the north (Eigenmann†). Nameyu of Crees: The great rapids which form the discharge of the Saskatchewan into Lake Winnipeg appear quite alive with these fish in the month of June (Richardson). The most important food fish in the Lake of the Woods.

3. **Ictalurus punctatus (Rafinesque), Channel Catfish.**

Winnipeg. Exceedingly abundant in the Red River, where it is caught in great numbers, especially at night (Eigenmann).

4. **Ameiurus lacustris (Walbaum), Large Catfish, Great Fork-tailed Cat.**

In Saskatchewan, below the fork. * * * Common in Lake Winnipeg and in the smaller lakes connected with it (Macoun). British America to Florida and Texas; abundant in all large bodies of water (J. and G.). Mattumeg of Crees: Sparingly in the lakes through which the Saskatchewan flows (Richardson).

5. **Ameiurus vulgaris (Thompson), Common Catfish.**

Vermont to Minnesota and southward; rather common (J. and G.). Manitoba (Jordan). Winnipeg (Evermann).

6. **Ictiobus cyprinella (Cuvier and Valenciennes), Common Buffalo Fish.**

Winnipeg, two specimens (Eigenmann).

7. **Carpiodes velifer (Rafinesque), Small-eyed Carp, Sucker.**

Winnipeg, Brandon; I can detect no difference between the specimens from Winnipeg and some taken in the Ohio River at Cincinnati (Eigenmann).

8. **Catostomus catostomus (Forster), Carp, Northern Sucker, Red Sucker.**

In great numbers in every part of the Northwest (Macoun). Mouth of the Souris (Hind). Winnipeg; said to be very abundant at Winnipeg during the winter (Eigenmann). Red sucker of fur traders, meethquamaypath of Crees. This fish is well known in every part of the country that lies north of Canada (Richardson).

9. **Catostomus commersonii (Lacépède), Common Sucker.**

Gray sucking carp, mouth of the Souris (Hind). Winnipeg, Westbourne, Qu'Appelle; very abundant everywhere (Eigenmann). *C. hudsonius,* gray sucker of fur traders, carpe blanche of Canadians, namaypeeth of Crees: A common fish in all parts of the fur countries; Cumberland House (Richardson).

10. **Moxostoma anisurum (Rafinesque), White-nose Sucker, Carp.**

Lake Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Brandon: This species is much less abundant at Winnipeg than the following (Eigenmann).

11. **Moxostoma aureolum (Le Sueur), Lake Red Horse.**

Winnipeg, Westbourne, Brandon (Eigenmann).

12. **Hybognathus nuchale Agassiz, Silvery Thick-jawed Minnow.**

Upper Missouri and Red River of North (Jordan).

13. **Pimephales promelas Rafinesque, Black-headed Minnow.**

Winnipeg, Westbourne, Brandon, Qu'Appelle; very abundant everywhere (Eigenmann).

14. **Notropis cayuga Meek.**

One specimen taken at Qu'Appelle by Eigenmann and described by him as new under the name *Notropis heterolepis.*

15. **Notropis blennius (Girard).**

Three specimens of this species were taken by Eigenmann at Winnipeg. It was also obtained by him at Brandon and Fort Qu'Appelle, and described by him as new under the name *Notropis reticulatus* (B. W. Evermann).

16. **Notropis cornutus (Mitchill), Common Shiner, Red Fin or Dace.**

A number of specimens of this were obtained at Brandon; none were seen elsewhere (Eigenmann).

17. **Notropis jejunus (Forbes).**

This species was found to be abundant at Winnipeg and Brandon (Eigenmann).

18. **Notropis atherinoides Rafinesque, Rosy Minnow.**

Winnipeg (Eigenmann).

19. **Notropis hudsonius selene (Jordan), Spawn-eater.**

Numerous specimens were obtained at Winnipeg, Brandon, Fort Qu'Appelle and Medicine Hat, and described as *Notropis scopiferus* by Eigenmann.

20. **Hybopsis storerianus (Kirtland).**

A number of small specimens from Winnipeg are probably to be referred to this species (Eigenmann).

21. **Couesius dissimilis (Girard).**

Lake Superior to upper Missouri region (J. and G.). Minnesota to Montana (Jordan).

22. **Platygobio gracilis (Richardson), Flat-headed Chub.**

One was obtained at Brandon, and I was told that it is abundant at that place (Eigenmann). Saskatchewan dace, no-matchee-gas of Crees: Abounds in that part of the Saskatchewan which flows through the prairie district (Richardson).

23. **Hiodon alosoides (Rafinesque), Gold-eye, Moon-eye.**

Abundant in all the rivers of the plains; Swan Lake (Macoun). Abundant in upper Assiniboine (E. E. Thompson). Abounds in Assiniboine at Portage la Prairie (Hind). This species is very abundant in the Red River at Winnipeg; was also taken at Brandon (Eigenmann). Oweepeetchessees of Crees, nuccaysh of voyageurs: This singular and beautiful little fish inhabits the lakes which communicate with the Saskatchewan in the 53d and 54th parallels of latitude, but does not approach nearer to Hudson Bay than Lake Winnipeg (Richardson).

24. **Hiodon tergisus Le Sueur, Toothed Herring.**

Winnipeg, Brandon (Eigenmann).

25. **Coregonus quadrilateralis (Richardson), Pilot Fish, Round Whitefish.**

Upper Great Lakes, northwestward to Alaska; abundant in cold, deep waters (Jordan and Gilbert).

26. **Coregonus clupeiformis (Mitchill), Whitefish.**

There is scarcely a lake throughout the vast interior which does not teem with whitefish. * * * Multitudes in lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis (Macoun). Attihawmeg of Crees: An inhabitant of all the interior lakes of America, from Erie to the Arctic Sea (Richardson). It is not certain, however, that all these references really refer to this species. Many of them may belong to *C. labradoricus* (B. W. E.).

27. **Coregonus labradoricus Richardson, Musquaw River Whitefish, Labrador Whitefish.**

Common in Lake of the Woods, and often mistaken for the common whitefish (*C. clupeiformis*), which is not known certainly to occur in that lake, though I have examined one specimen which is said to have come from Lake Winnipeg (Evermann).

28. **Argyrosomus artedi (Le Sueur), Cisco, Lake Herring.**

Great Lakes and northwest to Alaska and Labrador, very abundant, usually frequenting shallow waters (J. and G.).

29. **Argyrosomus tullibee (Richardson), Tullibee.**

Great Lakes and Northwest (J. and G.). Ottoneebees of the Crees: This fish is very generally diffused through the waters of the fur countries; Cumberland House (Richardson).

30. **Thymallus ontariensis (Cuvier and Valenciennes), Michigan Grayling.**

Northern Michigan to Montana, northward to Alaska and the Arctic Ocean (J. and G.). Scarce (Jordan).

31. **Cristivomer namaycush (Walbaum), Lake Trout or Namaycush Salmon.**

New Brunswick to Montana and Northwest (Jordan). A denizen of the great lakes that lie between the United States and the Arctic Sea (Richardson).

32. **Salvelinus hoodi (Richardson), Masamacush (Gill and Jordan).**

Common in every river and lake from Canada to the northern extremity of the continent (Richardson). Probably identical with the next species.

33. **Salvelinus fontinalis (Mitchill), Speckled Trout.**

Maine to Dakota and northward (Jordan). Arctic North America; rivers and lakes of British North America (Günther).

34. **Percopsis guttatus Agassiz, Trout Perch.**

Winnipeg Lake, Winnipeg, Brandon: This species is abundant in almost all streams from Winnipeg to Medicine Hat (Eigenmann).

35. **Lucius lucius (Linnæus), Pike or Jackfish.**

Lake Winnipeg. * * * Found in every river and small stream throughout the country (Macoun). Little Saskatchewan (Hind). Winnipeg, Brandon, Westbourne. This species is common throughout the North and is one of the most prominent game fishes (Eigenmann).

36. **Lucius masquinongy (Mitchill), Maskinonge or Muskellunge.**

Great Lake region and Northwest (J. and G.).

37. **Pygosteus pungitius (Linnæus), Nine-spined Stickleback.**

This species was obtained in the clear waters of the Qu'Appelle River; it was not noticed elsewhere (Eigenman).

38. **Eucalia inconstans (Kirtland), Brook Stickleback.**

Qu'Appelle (Eigenmann).

39. **Ambloplites rupestris (Rafinesque), Rock Bass.**

Vermont to Great Lake region and Manitoba, south to Louisiana (J. and G.).

40 **Eupomotis gibbosus (Linnæus), Common Sunfish.**

Great Lake region. * * * Northern parts of the Mississippi Valley; one of our most abundant and familiar fish (J. and S.).

41. **Micropterus salmoides (Lacépède), Large-mouthed Black Bass.**

Red River of the North (J. and G.).

42. **Hadropterus guntheri (Eigenmann and Eigenmann).**

Winnipeg, three specimens (Eigenmann).

43. **Boleosoma nigrum (Rafinesque), Johnny Darter.**

Specimens of this species were taken at Westbourne and in the Assiniboine at Brandon (Eigenmann).

44. **Hadropterus aspro (Cope and Jordan), Black-sided Darter.**

Four small specimens of this species were taken at Winnipeg and a number at Brandon (Eigenmann).

45. **Etheostoma iowæ Jordan and Meek.**

Fort Qu'Appelle; a single specimen (Eigenmann).

46. **Perca flavescens (Mitchill), Common Yellow Perch.**

Seems to be abundant. * * * I obtained this fish in Lake Winnipegosis, Swan Lake, and in the small lakes at the head of the Red Deer River (Macoun). Abundant at Fort Qu'Appelle, Brandon (Eigenmann).

47. **Stizostedion vitreum (Mitchill), Wall-eyed Pike, Pickerel or Doré.**

Great Lake region, upper Mississippi, and some Atlantic streams north to the fur countries (J. and G.). Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis. * * * Red Deer River (Macoun). Souris River (Hind). Mouth of Nelson River (Evermann). Winnipeg (Eigenmann). Skow of Crees, hornfish of fur traders: Inhabits the rivers and lakes of the fur countries to the 58th parallel (Richardson).

48. **Stizostedion canadense griseum (De Kay), Sauger or Sand Pike.**

Winnipeg, Brandon (Eigenmann).

49. **Roccus chrysops (Rafinesque), White Bass.**

Great Lakes, Mississippi Valley and Northwest (J. and G.).

50. **Aplodinotus grunniens (Rafinesque), Fresh-water Drum.**

Winnipeg; abundant (Eigenmann).

51. **Cottus spilotus (Cope), Miller's Thumb.**

Great Lakes in deep water, and northwest to Hudson Bay (J. and G.).

52. **Lota maculosa (Le Sueur), Ling, Burbot, Methy or La Loche.**

Common in all the lakes on both sides of the mountains (Macoun). Great Lake region north to Arctic Seas, abundant (J. and G.). Exists in every river and lake from Canada to the northern extremity of the continent (Richardson).

* The Fishes of North and Middle America. By David Starr Jordan and Barton Warren Evermann. Washington, 1896.

† Results of Recent Explorations in Western Canada and Northwestern United States.—Bull. U. S. Fish Comm., 1894, 101-130.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Still-Fishing for Big Pike.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 26.—At this city I met Rolla Heikes, the famous trap-shooter. Mr. Heikes follows shooting with great steadfastness and success, but when he wishes relaxation and recuperation, as for instance when he is in preparation for an interesting contest at the traps, he takes to the woods and goes a-fishing. Shooting he regards as splitting wood, I imagine, but fishing he looks upon as a sport, because he does not do that all the time and does not make a living out of it. Mr. Heikes is a consistent performer with a rod, however, as with the gun, and has a skill of no mean sort. Last summer he wandered up into Wisconsin and discovered a lake called Long Lake, about fifty miles south of Ashland, where he had some very nice sport, chiefly with bass. This summer he went up there again, and tried for some of the bigger fish which are to be found in those waters. These fish are not the muscallunge, for the Long Lake waters do not flow into the Mississippi River. The great fish which there tear up the tackle of the anglers are the great northern pike, and they reach a very formidable size, as Mr. Heikes learned last year. This year he resolved to get into closer acquaintance with some of them and went prepared.

In those waters he found a custom not common in the muscallunge regions. The best guide, who knew the country thoroughly, showed the party that the best way to catch these big pike was not by trolling or by casting (the two accepted ways of fishing for muscallunge), but by still-fishing. The bait used was a perch a little longer than one's hand, which was baited by passing the hook under the back fin. Above the bait, at a distance of a few feet, there was fastened a bob or float, which kept the bait and hook at a given distance above the bottom. The big pike feed along the bars out in the middle of the lake, where the water comes up shallow, in spots known to a few of the older guides. Here the anglers lie at anchor and cast out the bait a good ways from the boat, letting the float keep the big perch free of the weeds. When the pike begin to feed they can be seen moving around the bar, and it was often the case that they caught several in an evening's fishing from 8 to 16lbs. in weight. The fish struck after the fashion of pike, going off with a strong run, the float going down and down until it was entirely out of sight. In play the fish were very free and strong, and they went out of water like the muscallunge. They gave fine sport.

One day, just at noon, when he was not expecting a bite, Rolla noticed his float begin to act strangely, and presently it began to move off and then to sink. It went down and down, until finally he thought it time to strike. He did so, and so developed a whirlwind at the end of his line. The big fish made a long rush away, and then headed straight back for the boat, under which it passed at railroad speed. The anchor was down, and it seemed that something must be torn loose, but by care the boatmen got up the anchor and transferred the fight to the open water. Here it was nip and tuck for a long time, the great pike going off in long swift rushes, and then again sulking deep down. As he had 100yds. of line on, Mr. Heikes was able to maintain his control over the fish, and at last began to see it often near the top. After a fight of half an hour they got the big fellow alongside, and the oarsman dropped his fingers into the eye sockets of the pike and lifted him into the boat. (It is a fact perhaps not known by all that pike can be taken up thus by the eye sockets, and will not make much flurry or resistance, being apparently helpless and paralyzed by the grip at the eyes, whereas it would

break away and go into all sorts of fits if touched on the body.) Once in the boat, the captors fell upon the big fish and held it down, though with difficulty. Mr. Heikes shows a badly lacerated thumb as a result of his share of the fight. At the hotel the fish was found to measure 43in. in length, and it weighed 26lbs. 3oz.—certainly a very fine specimen.

Talking with some Eau Claire men about this fishing country, one of them invited the lucky pike angler to try and catch a certain fish which he saw for a brief moment, and which he says was long as a fence rail.

Mr. Heikes says he is going up there again next yea- Lost Lake, on the Tea River, a tributary of the Flambeau, where according to his report the muscallunge fishing is very fine in season. I do not know this water, and have not known any Chicago parties who have visited it.

Long Lake is a bit famous for these big pike, and is worth bearing in mind. It is near Drummond Station, and I understand there are good accommodations there.

The Fish Commission of Wisconsin has lately been engaged along the bayous and pond holes of the Mississippi River, seining out the landlocked young fish and returning them to the main waters. There is no more practical form of fish protection or fishculture than this. Such fishes are known to be native to such waters and it goes without saying that they will thrive there better than importations, and their size when taken in salvage is sufficient to assure their life when restored to the main waters.

I had a curious instance of the growth of the preserve idea offered me the other day in Iowa. It was at Newton, near the Skunk River, which was once a very fine fishing stream, as I personally know. Of late years the trot lines, nets, seines and dynamite cartridges have so depleted this stream that it is hard to catch a mess of any kind of fish whatsoever in a day's work with hook and line. Seeing that this is so, a young man with whom I was talking went on to tell me, a little party of three or four young married men had just concluded to lease a little piece of land, some half a mile or so in extent, which inclosed a little open lake out in the middle of the bottom lands of the Skunk River. Here, they had figured it out, they could employ a neighboring farmer as a keeper and could see to it that no one came in to shoot or fish on their property. They were intending to stock the water with bass, perch and rock bass, to plant wild rice and rushes, and to try for a little summer place, where they and their families could occasionally go down to the river with some prospect of getting a few fish or a few ducks in season. This they had figured out for themselves pretty much independently and on original lines. I don't think any one of them had ever seen inside a sporting paper, or had ever given the preserve system any considerable thought. Yet it was easy enough for them all to see that the old open ways of the past had ruined all chance of sport in that country, so that they must do something to keep out the unbridled public if they were to have the least of game or fish for themselves. I imagine that they may at first have some trouble with local farmer boys and others who have so long been used to doing as they liked without reference to the law, but after a while they will be able to gain respect for their property and respect also for their purpose of retaining a few of the original birds and fishes of that part of the world. Never was worse harried section than that, and so far as I can learn the State Fish Commission of Iowa has never heard of it, and such a thing as a game warden is an unknown quantity. I used to tramp all over that open and then wild country when I was much younger, and at that time, I presume, I should have thought it impertinence of a very gross sort which should have told me when I should rise up or sit down in my wanderings, or which should have told me I could not fish and shoot as I liked. Thanks to a good training at the hands of my father, who seemed always to have had the principles of moderation and decency in sport in his heart, long before the days of necessity or education in such matters, I was early in rebellion at the old wasteful ways, which it was easy to see would soon destroy the sporting resources of our country. There were not a half-dozen families in our village which did not laugh at such foolish notions. The story since then has been that to be read all over the country. Those who do not like the preserve idea may thank themselves that they have it. And it is bound to come.

Many Years.

Perhaps some sportsmen who travel out of the Chicago & Northwestern Depot of Chicago may have seen in the general passenger offices an old and white-headed man who writes tickets for the fortunate, and who has been head ticket clerk there for a long time. This is Mr. Franklin Price. This week when I saw Mr. Price he gave me an envelope containing the announcement of his fiftieth wedding anniversary, on Aug. 31 of this year.

E. HOUGH.

Bass and Trout in Croton Basin.

CARMEL, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The fishing in Gleneida Lake and the other lakes in this vicinity, which have been included in the water supply system of New York city, has been very good throughout the season. Black bass weighing from 2 to 6lbs. are caught almost anywhere in the lakes, and pickerel and eels have perhaps never been more abundant. In so far as fishing is concerned the lakes and ponds in this section are considered public property, and no attempt has been made by the city authorities to keep fishermen away.

The ponds and lakes in this vicinity include Lake Gilead, Gleneida, Reservoir D, Southeast Reservoir, Drewsville Dam, Boyd's Dam, Pine Pond, Barrett Pond, China Pond and Lake Mahopac.

Mr. L. E. Cole, of this place, has been experimenting with salmon trout. He placed them in Lake Gleneida four years ago. An occasional one has been caught every year since they were put in the lake, and the experiment is undoubtedly a success.

Tuna and Tarpon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to add a word to the discussion of the tuna fishing at Catalina Island, as compared with tarpon fishing in the Gulf of Mexico, in favor of the tuna as the harder fighting fish.

My tackle is the same as that used for tarpon, excepting that a reel holding 900ft. of line is necessary for the tuna, while 600 was ample for tarpon. This is owing to the strength and speed of the tuna, whose rushes require more line.

It was after an hour and a half of the hardest sort of fight that a tuna weighing 148lbs. was brought to gaff, while a tarpon of about the same size was tired in thirty-five minutes, using identical tackle.

The tuna is swimming about constantly in pursuit of the flying fish, while the tarpon is satisfied with less animated food, and it is for this reason that the tuna is the more powerful and swifter swimmer of the two.

The method of trolling with flying fish also is more agreeable than still-fishing in the blazing sun, as one always has a breeze to keep one cool, even if the fish do not bite, while in Florida the weather conditions are apt to result in heated language on the part of the patient angler, after he has watched the sun climb to the zenith, without getting anything but catfish for his roasting.

M. C. ARNOT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A FEW old sportsmen were relating their experiences to each other, when an interloper drew up and interrupted them with a few stories of his hair-breadth escapes, much to their disgust. Finally one chipped in and quietly told the following story:

"Three or four years ago I was hunting in the Rocky Mountains and happened to be on the top of a high precipice, and for the purpose of getting a better view of the valley, some 500 or 600ft. below, laid down my gun and crawled out upon a small rock overlooking the chasm, and strangely fell asleep.

"Presently I was awakened by a noise on the bank and saw a large bear within a few feet of me. Of course, I was powerless, as I could hardly move without falling from the rock and I could not escape to the bank nor reach my gun, which was beyond the bear.

"Presently the bear crawled down slowly until he stood squarely over me on the rock."

After a short pause the interloper asked: "What did the bear do?"

"Ate me up."

POKEEPSIE.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 12.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake, near Winnipeg. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-5.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Dogs, Coons, Possums and Rifle.

JAMESON, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to tell you about some coon hunting and a famous dog that once belonged to me. I had been running hounds for a number of years when, with the turn of the tide, I found myself the owner of but one dog. He was a grand red hound, and had been a leader in the fox chase. He was for a number of years my companion along the highways and hedgerows of our section of middle Tennessee.

About this time something commenced to trouble my chickens at night. I encouraged the dog to run whatever it was, but met with poor success at first.

Finally one night there was a great commotion among the chickens. I was out in a jiffy with the dog, and in two minutes he had chased something to the nearby woods, and was baying. I was soon on the spot, and found him barking up a tall chestnut, standing somewhat apart from the other trees. The top was thickly set with leaves and I could see nothing. I was anxious to kill whatever it was. The time was then about 12 o'clock, and I was not willing to sit up until daylight, so I fastened a lighted candle on the side of the tree and went back to bed.

Next morning I went out early. The dog had stayed at the tree and the candle was still burning. Either the dog or the light, maybe both, had kept the game up. It proved to be a coon, and was traveling out first on one limb and then another.

The coon usually takes up its position in the main fork, and stays there, but this one was restless and was trying to make its escape. The first shot from my rifle brought it down. It proved to be an old suckler. The chickens were not troubled again soon, and from that night the dog was the greatest coon dog I have ever seen. I have owned a number of good ones, but this one stands a star among them.

During the summer, after what I have related, many and many a morning I waked to hear him barking in the woods, and many are the times I have gone to him and dropped my coon.

As soon as possums and 'tatoes were ripe, I commenced to hunt at night. He proved as good on possums as he was on coons, and he had this peculiarity: He wouldn't cry the track of either, but just slipped right up on them.

My manner of hunting may interest some readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I believe it in part original; at least I have never heard of any one trying my plan. I usually climb after the possums and shoot the coons, using a rifle. This shooting can only be done when the moon is shining, but it need by no means be full. I have killed them when it didn't look larger than my hat.

My plan is to go to the tree, then back away, keeping the tree between me and the moon. The coon is easily seen. When the moon is on a line anyway near him his fur commences to shine, and when it is near him he looks like a polished silver ball. I get the coon at the lower edge of the moon, then bring my gun up from below. In this way a fine sight may be taken. More care needs be taken than in the daytime, but equally as correct a sight can be taken as in the daytime. Should the object be missed and a limb struck, the particles of bark that fly look exactly like a puff of smoke from a cigar, so one may see exactly how close he is shooting.

Should any coon hunters read this, I hope they will try my plan of shooting. It is certainly very fine sport. I have killed coons a full hundred yards or more.

On one occasion I was hunting with a friend of mine in the hill country, and we were standing on a point of woodland overlooking a field. The dog, being a wide hunter, crossed the field and commenced to bark on the hill beyond. We found him treed up a large oak, standing on a high bluff. The moon was low, and I had necessarily to get a long way back. The coon was finally located near the top. The distance was so great I told my friend I never could kill that one. I was using a small rifle too, but the first shot struck dangerously close, and the third one brought him down. He was a large coon and was only crippled, so was ready for a fight. A young hound had followed us that knew nothing about coons, but he soon found out something to his sorrow. He was the first to take hold. The coon fastened his teeth in the dog's ear. The dog began to bawl and pull back. I put my foot on the coon. The dog continued to pull and split his ear almost from one end to the other, making a noise like the tearing of a piece of canvas. On the way home that night we got another coon, but he was low down and was easily killed.

I remember well the last coon I killed while I owned this dog. I was hunting in the flat country, along a willow branch. Some distance from me one round hill rose from the level and stood like a sentinel. Its top was crowned with giant forest trees. The dog went to these and found a coon. He was so far away I am certain I did not hear him when he first commenced to bark. When I did hear him, I hardly could, but I knew him well. I found the coon lying in the fork of one of these large trees. The moon was small and was almost straight up. I stood near the root of the tree to shoot. The coon was looking down at me. The ball struck him in the face and he tumbled right down at my feet, and was dead almost by the time he struck the ground. After that the dog came up "strayed or stolen," and I have not seen him since.

BACKWOODS.

The Hound Pup.

BY ADDA L. NICHOLS.

I JUST wish that dapper little drummer who said Priceville was a dead town could 'a' been here the day the train came in with Joe Borden's hound pup.

To be sure it wasn't a much for lookin' pup, though they do say it's a fancy breed an' has a registered pedigree.

However, I don't believe that would have made any difference to the drummer, for he, most likely, had been disappointed in business or crossed in love, probably both. Anyway he was soured in disposition from some cause or he wouldn't have called our town dead.

Dead, indeed! Why, that dog wasn't more than handed out o' the baggage car 'til every man in sight was on his way to the depot. Actually they stood so thick about the express truck I couldn't even see the box he was shipped in, an' I was standin' on my tip toes too.

What? well, I don't know why I shouldn't want to see, if I am an old maid keepin' a milliner shop. Neither one o' them things prevents a body's wantin' to know what's a-goin' on, so far as I've ever heard.

You didn't mean any harm, you say, never mind! I s'pose you didn't. But, as I was sayin', you'd ought to 'a' seen those men. They fairly fell over each other tryin' to be the first to get a look at the pup.

Old Uncle George Merriman, that keeps the corner grocery, went clear up there without his hat an' coat, though it was an' awful cold day, you could see the wind flutterin' his white shirt sleeves, an' wavin' the little fringe o' gray hair below his shiny, bald pate.

John Rider, bein' a clerk, was obliged to stick to his customer. But it was Mrs. Bartlett he was waitin' on, an' she told me herself that she had to ask him for a lamp chimney three times, while he was stretchin' his neck out o' the window, before she could make him hear.

Dead, indeed! Why, it's wonderful the interest our citizens take in things. All the men that had help in their stores left and run soon as they heard about it. Harry Houston locked up the bank and hurried off without his cane, for all he has such terrible rheumatism. He got a bad crack in his back while he was up there, so the men had to load him in a buggy an' haul him home. I thought for a time he'd got more attention than the dog. But he didn't. 'Twasn't natural that he should, he's just an ordinary man, an' you don't see a bloodhound with a registered pedigree every day.

I reckon you've heard how smart the pup turned out? No? Well, did I ever! Oh, yes, I do remember now about your trip to Ohio, of course you couldn't know.

Well, you see, Joe hadn't had his dog more'n a week when Middleton's store was robbed. There was a lot o' goods stolen and some money, the whole thing

amounted to something like seventy-five dollars' worth.

Middleton was the first man at the store that morning himself, and he hadn't more'n got inside till he saw what was wrong. So he came out on the pavement an' told it.

Of course there wasn't much else done that forenoon but talk over the robbery, an' everybody that couldn't get into the store set on the hitchin' rack an' discussed the best ways to find the thief.

Finally Rube Jones, the fire insurance agent that came here about a year ago, you recollect, stepped in, sort o' finified, with his patent leather, toothpick shoes, an' says he, "Have you looked for tracks?"

There'd been a little shower in the night that laid the dust considerable, an' soon as he spoke Middleton (like a drownin' man catchin' at a straw) went out the back door. An' there, sure enough, was great big, broad-soled tracks, plain as day.

Yes, you're right, they followed 'em, an' they led straight as a string to Lon Davis' house over in the edge o' town.

Well, that settled it, the shoes was like Lon's, an' he'd always been shiftless an' ornery; in jail once, you know, for stealin' meat, though I'll always believe Lon wouldn't 'a' stole if he hadn't been hungry. So they took him up an' searched the house, but they couldn't get any trace of the goods.

It would have broke your heart to see Lon's wife an' the children cry an' cling to him, when the sheriff led him away. Poor things! he wasn't worthless an' triflin' to them.

Somehow or other Joe Borden hadn't thought of his bloodhound 'til they couldn't find the stuff that was missing, an' Jim Brady began to twit him of it.

You see, Jim sets up for a detective, an' he's always been kind o' jealous of the dog.

Joe got the pup right off after that, an' took him up to the store, an' they do say the little thing acted real intelligent. Anyway he smelled round a bit and took along the trail o' them tracks to Lon Davis', givin' tongue every two or three jumps, with all the men in town spurtin' their best to keep up.

When he got there he run over Lon's little grass plat a few hile, as if he was confused. Then he started again, faster than ever, an' never stopped until he came up to Rube Jones' insurance office. And there it was they found the stolen goods. Even the old shoes, like Lon's, was found in a valise stuck away up in the scuttle hole.

Well, Joe had all he could do to keep the dog off o' Rube; an' Rube squirmed more like a cornered garter snake than anything else I ever saw, when they arrested him.

But you'd ought to see Lon Davis' kids pet that dog, an' as for Joe, don't ever ask him about it, for he can't talk of another thing but that hound pup.

Points and Flushes.

Notice has been sent out by the secretary of the A. K. C., to the club delegates, giving notice that the regular quarterly meeting of the club will be held in the A. K. C. office, 55 Liberty street, on Sept. 22, at 2 o'clock P. M. Also at 4 o'clock P. M. the committee on membership will meet for the purpose of receiving and acting on applications for admission to membership, and for approving the credentials of delegates whose names will be submitted to the club at its meeting the following day.

Mr. Geo. W. Clayton, Box 914, Chicago, Ill, will superintend the first annual show of the Texas Kennel Club, to be held at Dallas, Texas, by the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition Association, Oct. 4 to 8. Entries close Sept. 19. After Sept. 15 Mr. Clayton's address will be Dallas, care of the association aforementioned. Mr. Clayton further informs us "that arrangements have been made for the free transportation of all dogs collected at Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, so this should insure a big entry."

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE yachtsmen of the Clyde, after ample experience with the fin-keel, are now busy with a plan for a restricted class of 42ft. L.R. yachts, a return to the useable craft of ten years back. The Yachtsman says:

Nothing definite has yet been done about the new class of 42-footers for the Clyde, although much has already been tacitly settled by those who are leading in the matter. The bandbox style of scantling and rabbit hutch type of accommodation are to be severly tabooed, and the boats are to be of one design, about 42-footers, not any less, with good quarters for both owners and crews, and with neatly fitted and well furnished ladies' cabins. If the boats can be got for about £700 each ($3,500) there is every probability that several will be proceeded with; in fact no fewer than five owners are in such hearty sympathy with the movement that they are expected to build. The root idea of the whole matter seems to be the one well calculated to make for the good of yachting. It is in brief to try to secure a good and smart boat, at a reasonable but not mean figure, for such yachtsmen as cannot afford to maintain an expensive and otherwise almost useless machine, and a steam yacht to attend on her. It will be well for the best interests of the sport that they should be successful.

This proposed class would probably run to about 38ft. l.w.l.; or, allowing for the fuller L.W.L. and the added overhangs of the more moderate of the modern type, it would make a boat about as large as Minerva. The idea is similar to that suggested last year for a larger size by the Newport owners of the 30ft. class. The plan is just one more indication of the direction in which all yachting is trending.

Yacht Measurement.

THE writer of the following, Mr. R. E. Froude, of the Haslar Experimental Laboratory of the British Admiralty, has been very closely connected with measurement discussion and legislation in England, and is an expert on the subject of measurement:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much obliged to you for sending me your issue of July 9, containing an editorial article on "Girth as a Factor of Measurement." With your reasoning in this article—on your statement—I concur in the main; but you do not appear to correctly appreciate the purpose with which the girth measurement was introduced into this country.

You premise "that the direct end in view is the inducement of the designer to take a larger area of midship section, at the same time leaving him free as to the proportions and form of this area." Without professing to answer for the motives of every individual concerned in the introduction of the girth measurement of our present rule, I think it may safely be said that the general end in view was not what you describe in the above words, but was in one sense at least its precise converse.

The end in view was expressly not to leave the designer free as to the form of the midship section; but rather to induce him to take a more compact form; to take a larger area maybe, but expressly a larger area relatively to the extreme cross section dimensions. And this end is directly promoted by the introduction of girth tax (coupled with beam tax, to which you make no reference), in complete or partial substitution for sail tax.

Qua effect on hull design, a sail tax is broadly equivalent to a tax simply on sail-carrying power, without distinction as to the means whereby that sail-carrying power is achieved. Now sail-carrying power, as your argument implies, is the product of two factors, weight and leverage; so that a given sail-carrying power may be achieved by a small weight and large leverage, or a large weight and small leverage, or any intermediate combination. And the tax on sail has been found to promote recourse to the former alternative in a very undesirable degree.

Manifestly, then, the natural and most direct corrective of this evil is to replace, wholly or partially, the tax on sail-carrying power achieved (as conventionally measured by actual sail spread), by a tax on the leverage factor which helps to achieve it; this leverage factor being conventionally measured by the extreme cross section dimensions, of which girth may be taken as one.

This, then, is the true *raison d'etre* of the girth element in the present English rule. It was introduced, in addition to a tax on beam, primarily to stop the unlimited recourse to draft, which a beam tax alone would have encouraged. Girth was chosen for this purpose, in preference to draft, partly for convenience, but also, and rather as an afterthought, for the sake of the direct encouragement of a compact type of section, which is afforded by the girth measurement taken along the curve of the sectional outline.

It has been above contended that the substitution of a leverage tax for a sail (or sail-carrying power) tax is the natural and most direct cure for the tendency of the latter to promote undue recourse to leverage instead of weight. It is instructive to notice that similar reasoning would lead us to expect much the same result (so far as hull design goes) from an increase of sail tax, accompanied by a premium on the weight factor, as measured either by displacement or sectional area.

Hence I conclude—speaking quite broadly and generally—that, subject to the adjustment of coefficients, there is no reason why formulas such as proposed by Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Herreshoff should not have much the same practical effect on hull design, either as the present Y. R. A. rule, or the intensification of it lately proposed, wherein the sail tax was discarded entirely in favor of an increased B. and G. tax.

This reasoning of course applies only to boats with fixed keels: as regards centerboards, the hull effect of the two kinds of rules here contrasted would, of course, be very different. But setting this on one side, the chief essential difference in practical effect would lie merely in the matter of canvasing, i. e., relatively to stiffness. That is to say, the Herreshoff or Hyslop type of rule would strongly promote under-canvasing, while the Y. R. A. rule or its intensification would do so to a less extent or not at all.

Whether the promotion of under-canvasing is to be regarded as a boon or the reverse is, I suppose, mainly a matter of taste. But, as a matter of principle, I wish to lay stress on what seems to me an almost fatal objection to any form of rule which, like the Hyslop and Herreshoff rules, puts a direct premium on any measured element of size. The primary and legitimate function of any rating rule is to measure size, in order to eliminate the element of mere "size" from the competition. When, therefore, a rule directly provides that by increase of some measured dimension the rating for racing is decreased, such rule clearly contradicts this primary and legitimate function, and avowedly becomes a mere engine for the control of design.

Every practicable rating rule must indeed operate in some measure to control design, whether we wish it or no; and when a rule is found to do so prejudicially, it is quite legitimate to so readjust the incidence of the taxations as that it may so far as possible control design advantageously instead of the reverse. But to do this in such a way as to patently subvert its primary function of size measurement is, in principle at any rate, to take a distinctly new departure.

R. E. FROUDE.

GOSPORT, Aug. 9.

We are so nearly in accord with Mr. Froude on many points, and in fact with some other of our correspondents in this discussion, that it is difficult to argue against them. In this case, where Mr. Froude differs from us it is not in matters of principle, but rather in minor details, which depend largely on very clear and accurate wording.

It is possible that in the sentence first quoted by Mr. Froude we have failed to cover in a few words a statement that is capable of considerable amplification. We quite understand that in framing the present Y. R. A. rule it was intended to limit the designer to a certain extent in the use of extreme forms of section, such as the fin-keel or the Glencairn type; but, on the other hand, we have not understood that it was the intention to force him to the other extreme of one stereotyped section. It was, as Mr. Froude states, intended to promote "a larger area relatively to the extreme cross section dimensions;" but even in doing this we do not understand that there was any intention of restricting the designer more than was absolutely necessary in his choice of proportions and dimensions.

Our criticism, although expressly directed at girth as used in the British rule, was written entirely from an American standpoint, and from that standpoint we believe that our statement is correct. The range of types in current use in this country is very much larger than in Great Britain, and the centerboard type claims a prominence here which it does not on the other side. It is impossible that any yachting body in this country should follow the course of the British Y. R. A. in absolutely excluding all centerboard types. In order to be accepted here, a new rule must do all that Mr. Froude claims, and in addition must leave the designer the greatest possible freedom in the selection between the centerboard and keel types. It must penalize the fin-keel and the big Glencairn, but it must leave it possible (to take an instance from well-known boats) for a Nymph of the moderate centerboard type to compete fairly against a Minerva of the normal keel type.

The point which we made is that the use of girth and beam, as in the Y. R. A. rule, tends to produce a certain fixed form of section; for instance that, applied to the class of the two boats just quoted, it offers strong inducement to the designer to take a beam of about 10ft. and a draft of about 9ft., and discourages him from such dimensions as 14ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The latter represent the moderate type of deep centerboard boat, one whose value in American waters has been proved beyond question. While as a mere matter of private opinion, we do not believe that the latter as represented by Nymph and Harpoon can win races from the former as represented by Minerva and Gloriana, at the same time we believe that an American rule should go as far as possible toward giving an equal opportunity to each type.

The question which Mr. Froude raises over the taxation of sail is a very nice one, but perhaps of more importance in theory than practice. We are again confronted on this side with peculiar conditions. The tendency in America has always been in the direction of overcanvasing, a matter of habit and tradition perhaps, but none the less strong on that account. We quite agree that a most effectual remedy for overcanvasing may be had by means of limitation; but it seems to us that the conditions on this side are such as to make the other method of a tax on sail itself more practicable. The principle of taxing sail is now well understood and almost universally accepted in America, but the principle of taxing the levers—beam and draft—is as yet unknown. In securing any general recognition of the latter principle, as contemplated in Mr. Hyslop's proposal, it is probable that much more can be accomplished by means of a moderate tax on dimensions, coupled with the existing tax on sail, than by entirely discarding the latter and working for what must seem to be very severe restrictions on beam and draft alone. The former stands a chance of being understood and accepted, where the latter would probably be rejected.

We are quite willing to accept Mr. Froude's conclusion, that the general result of all the rules under discussion will be the same; but from an American point of view it is impossible to set aside the centerboard type. We do not believe, however, that the Hyslop proposal, which is very different in principle, would promote undercanvasing, or that it would do more in this direction than to check the development of excessive sail plans. In discussing "undercanvasing," as Mr. Froude puts it, a great deal depends on the point of view: what would be considered a very moderate rig in America would be looked on in England as excessively large.

The final point, whether a rule of the Herreshoff type, with displacement or an equivalent factor as a divisor, is admissible on principle as a measurement of "size," is new to us, and we are not prepared to discuss it at present, as it pertains to the domain of theory, and there are numerous other matters of practical value to be dealt with just now if anything is to be done within the next two months. It may really be an interesting departure in the principles of measurement, but even so it may be left until it is decided whether the Hyslop formula offers sufficient promise of success in practice to warrant its trial. We regret that Mr. Froude has not touched upon the specific points that we urged against girth as an inducement to a greater area of section; and that he has not undertaken to discuss the principle of Mr. Hyslop's formula in comparison with the formulas proposed by Mr. Herreshoff and others.

The Y. R. A. and the America Cup.

AT the meeting of the British Y. R. A. at Ryde on Aug. 13 the following letter was framed, in answer to the application of the Royal Ulster Y. C.:

Yacht Racing Association, Royal Victoria Y. C., Ryde, Isle of Wight, Aug. 13.—Proposed Challenge for the America Cup.—Sir: I have laid your letter of the 25th ult. before the Council at their meeting to-day, and the committee appointed by your club attended and explained the reasons for inviting the assistance of the Yacht Racing Association. The Council fully appreciate the courtesy of your club, but as the Yacht Racing Association have no jurisdiction in international racing, the Council decline to express an opinion on the proposed challenge.

Your obedient servant,

SECRETARY, Yacht Racing Association.

To the secretary, Royal Ulster Y. C., Bangor, Ireland.

A Modern Proa.

CLINTON, Ont., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The correspondence regarding flying proas has reminded me of some notes I made on the subject in connection with Mr. Tyson's experiments at Toronto, as per inclosed clipping from the Canadian Yachtsman and Canoeist of Dec. 1, 1894. It is worth pointing out that a proa is essentially different from any form of catamaran or double-hulled boat. The proa is a single-hulled craft, the balance boat or auxiliary hull simply serving as a hiking seat for the crew.

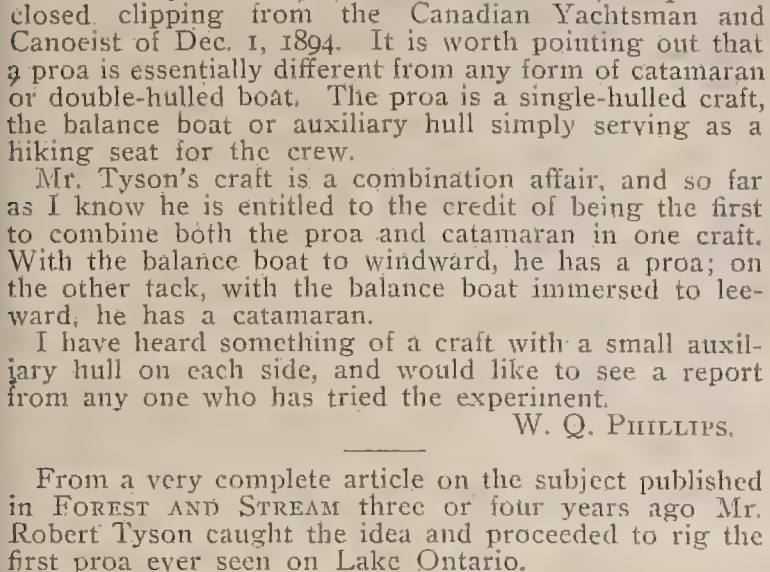
Mr. Tyson's craft is a combination affair, and so far as I know he is entitled to the credit of being the first to combine both the proa and catamaran in one craft. With the balance boat to windward, he has a proa; on the other tack, with the balance boat immersed to leeward, he has a catamaran.

I have heard something of a craft with a small auxiliary hull on each side, and would like to see a report from any one who has tried the experiment.

W. Q. PHILLIPS.

From a very complete article on the subject published in FOREST AND STREAM three or four years ago Mr. Robert Tyson caught the idea and proceeded to rig the first proa ever seen on Lake Ontario.

Those who are posted on the history of the American Canoe Association will at once recall the name of Mr. Tyson as that of one of the charter members, and in the earlier days of the Toronto C. C. he was foremost of the most enthusiastic cruising men. Although less prominent of late years, he has steadily adhered to his favorite sport, every season finding him out early and late, sailing and paddling, and rigging and cooking, or tinkering away at some of the never-ending odd jobs which are the delight of the school of cruising canoemen—a class which is unfortunately not so well represented as it once was. In the course of his experience Mr. Tyson came to the same conclusion as many others—that a canoe was



not powerful enough for general work in such open waters as Lake Ontario—and cast about for some method of improvement. He was satisfied with canoe methods as regards accommodations, using either a shore or canoe tent as circumstances decided, but was anxious to secure more stability and power without sacrificing the lightness of hull and small displacement which made the craft paddleable and gave facilities for beaching and camping out and the regular housing of the craft when not in use. As an experiment he fitted a balance boat to his decked sailing canoe. The result was so satisfactory that he built the present proa, of which the cuts give a good idea.

The large gain in stability due to the auxiliary hull led Mr. Tyson to adopt the very small beam of 27in. in the main hull, coupled with a length of 17ft., but good depth, as shown in the section. This gave a compact form with much stowage and accommodation, capable of great speed under sail and easily driven by the paddle. The balance boat is always carried to starboard, supported by arms of springy elm, the length of which has been gradually increased until they now measure 10ft. The effect of this arrangement is easily understood. With the balance boat to leeward the effect of heeling is to immerse it, which results in some of the buoyancy of the main hull being shifted 10ft. outboard, the effect on the general center of buoyancy (C.B.) being to place it at a point between the two hulls, and distant from each inversely as its immersed bulk. The general center of gravity (C.G.) remains stationary or shifts in the opposite direction if the crew sit up to windward, and thus is established a long righting arm between the two centers, much longer than could take place in a single-hulled craft with only a narrow easily driven form to propel. On the other tack, with the balance boat to windward, the shift to the C.B. is of course very restricted, but the weight of the balance boat so far outboard makes it very effective shifting ballast, added to which the crew hike clear outside the main hull, sitting on a platform placed as far out on the arms as will enable them to still work the ship, the combined effect being a very large windward shift to the C.G. equal in extent and effect to the shift of the C.B. on the other tack. It is evident that the greater the displacement of the balance boat in proportion to that of the main hull, the greater the shift to the C. B., and the consequent stability when the balance boat becomes immersed to leeward—always supposing that the latter possesses plenty of surplus buoyancy, as what little immersion is due to its own weight cannot affect the main hull at all. On the other hand, a heavy balance boat is more effective when carried to windward. To obtain the same effect on either tack it should weigh exactly half of its own bulk of water.

But it is not necessary that this or any other definite proportion should be insisted on. In practice a decidedly light balance boat is preferable, giving great power when to leeward, and when carried to windward the same amount of stability is made up by the crew hiking clear outside, as already explained.

Although the above described proa has given decided satisfaction, Mr. Tyson is by no means committed to the exact proportions of any part, and may try a little more beam in the main hull next time. As it is, an awkward state of affairs would result in the remote possibility of the balance boat breaking loose, as the main hull, with its sharp floor and small beam, will not stand up alone. Nothing of the sort has ever happened, nor is it likely to, so long as the simple connections required between the two hulls are well looked after. But a little more stability in the main hull is decidedly worth having, and it need not interfere with general performance. The deep form shown has been found quite weatherly without a centerboard, the immersed balance boat also helping to prevent leeway. But concerning the question of model there is room for much experiment, and in the meantime one of the best features of the balance boat idea is that it can be fitted at small expense and trouble to any narrow skiff or canoe, at once producing a stiff and handy little sailing craft, which need lose scarcely any of its original convenient features. As the merits of the outfit become known, some cruisers will no doubt find the proa idea well suited to their needs. For a man who wants to house his craft in a boat house, and to haul it up on shore readily when cruising, it is just the thing, affording something of good working stability, combined with no more beam or displacement than is absolutely necessary to accommodate the crew and their dunnage and duffle; and requiring only a small and handy rig. On the craft illustrated Mr. Tyson has used a canoe rig of batswing main and mizen, and last season he added a jib. The rig was found very satisfactory, as indeed it would be for any small cruiser, and so far as proas are concerned, the same considerations govern the choice of rig as in other craft intended for similar uses.

The sailing canoe, with its original balance boat and fittings, upon which Mr. Tyson first experimented, now belongs to Mr. Felix Belcher, another enthusiastic cruising man of the right stamp, and he gets excellent sport and satisfaction with it.

Main Hull.

L.O.A. and L.W.L.	17ft.
Beam	2ft. 3in.
Depth of hull	1ft. 6in.
Depth of box keel	6in.
Width of box keel—about	4in.
Outriggers (over all)	10ft.

Balance Boat.

L.O.A. and L.W.L.	9ft. 9in.
Depth	17in.
Beam	9 or 10in.

The positions and proportions of the others parts can be obtained from the drawings, which are to scale. The beam of the main hull is carried pretty well fore and aft, and the bilge is very deep, the sides of the hull being almost parallel.

[Mr. Tyson has since built several improved craft of this type, and is now sailing one.]

The America Cup.

ON Sept. 2 the representatives of the Royal Ulster Y. C., Vice-Com. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, Hon. Sec'y Hugh C. Kelly, Hugh M. McGildowny and Wm. Fife, Jr., arrived in New York on the Britannic. On the following day, in company with the Hon. Charles Russell, they met the special committee of the New York Y. C. at the club house, Com. J. P. Morgan, Sec'y Oddie, Treas. Hurst, Messrs. H. B. Duryea and E. M. Brown. After a conference it was announced that the following informal challenge had been tendered and accepted:

"New York, Sept. 3.—J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., 67 Madison avenue, New York.—Dear Sir: We have the honor, on behalf of the Royal Ulster Y. C., and in the name of Sir Thomas Lipton, a member of the club, to challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Shamrock against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America's Cup, subject to the deed of gift and subject to conditions to be agreed upon.

"The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel: Owner, Sir Thomas Lipton; name of yacht, Shamrock; length of load water line, 89.5ft.; rig, cutter.

"The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as possible. We shall be much obliged if you will acknowledge receipt of this challenge. Yours truly,

"R. G. Sharman-Crawford, V. C., R. U. Y. C.
"Hugh M. McGildowny.
"Hugh C. Kelly, Hon. Sec'y, R. U. Y. C."

Another meeting was arranged for Tuesday to discuss dates, courses and secondary details.

Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

THE final race for the Quincy Y. C. challenge cup was sailed on Sept. 1, resulting in a win for Recruit, the defending boat. The wind was N.E. and very light, the course being laid out to windward, with Seal Rocks as the turning point. Duchess set a topsail, which helped her in the light air. The race was to start at 10:30, but it was delayed for an hour waiting for wind. There was enough at the start to induce Duchess to stow her topsail. She crossed first, but Recruit had the better position and more way on, and with the weather berth soon took the lead. Duchess held her own very well on the wind, and they were timed:

Recruit .....12 07 17 Duchess 12 07 34

Duchess carried her topsail down wind, the first round was timed:

Recruit .....12 31 02 Duchess 12 31 50

There was more wind on the second round, and Recruit made a big gain, the times at the windward mark being:

Recruit .....1 02 20 Duchess 1 06 03

Duchess carried topsail and balloon jib in addition to spinaker on the run home, but she was unable to catch Recruit, the final times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Recruit	1 25 04	1 55 04
Duchess	1 27 39	1 57 39

In order to give a chance to the schooner Bird, Mr. S. D. Small, the Quincy Y. C. has offered a $50 cup for a race between Recruit and Bird, also open to Duchess.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich—Long Island Sound.
Saturday, Sept. 3.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed its autumn race on Sept. 3 in the hottest of hot weather and a light and fluky breeze. But one round of the course was sailed, the result being as follows:

Yawls—Start 2:35.

	R.M.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Consuelo, A. W. Cabot	29.00	7 00 00	4 25 00
Cutters and Sloops, 36ft. Class—Start 2:35.			
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	5 36 32	3 01 32
Adele, J. B. Smith	34.00	6 00 50	3 25 50
Sloops, 20ft. Class—Start 2:40.			
Asthore, F. B. Jones	20.00	5 02 16	2 22 16
Ripple, J. A. Meek	17.00	5 46 13	3 06 13
Cabin Catboats—Start 2:50.			
Uarda, H. H. Gordon	24.64	5 02 54	2 17 54
Presto, H. S. Hatfield	22.00	Withdrew.	
Racing Knockabouts—Start 2:50.			
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	5 16 35	2 26 35
Mariposa, W. H. McCord	21.00	Did not finish.	
One-design Knockabouts—Start 2:50.			
Lucille, Daniel Bacon	21.00	5 00 06	2 10 06
Senta, Daniel Bacon	21.00	5 01 59	2 11 59
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	5 02 38	2 12 38
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	21.00	5 05 03	2 15 03
Ditto, H. S. Redmond	21.00	Did not finish.	
Dories—Start 2:55.			
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum		4 26 28	1 31 28
Fiddler, E. Dominick		5 12 36	2 17 36
Black Cat, C. H. Dayton		Did not finish.	

The Seawanhaka Cup.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held at Oyster Bay on Sept. 3, Com. Rouse presiding, the meeting being called to receive the report of the race committee on the recent races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. The report of the race committee was read, also reports from Messrs. Crane and Gibson. There was also read a letter from Messrs. Dresser and Kerr to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. stating that in sending to Mr. Crane the telegram already published they were acting solely as individuals, and did not presume to speak for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The race committee report in brief expressed the opinion that Dominion was of a type not considered when the conditions were originally framed, and that she is not properly eligible to the races for the cup; also that the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was at liberty under the terms of trust to frame new conditions. The various reports in full will probably be made public later.

The report of the race committee was adopted.

On Sept. 2 a special meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held at Dorval, at which it was resolved to return the cup to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

Nineteenth Annual Meet.

THE pressure of important yacht races for the past two weeks has made it necessary to defer the account of the continuation of the A. C. A. meet, which ended on Aug. 19. The complete record of the races is here given. The results show very little change from the preceding two or three years, and no improvement. The sailing trophy race brought out nothing up to the standard of Mab, and she covered the course half an hour ahead of her competitors, but she was disqualified for starting before the gun and not recrossing. The trophy goes to the New York C. C., through the patience and persistency of Mr. Smythe in sailing out the race to a finish, though a long way astern. The paddling trophy brought out a new man, Mr. H. C. Allen, of Trenton, N. J., Park Island C. A., a cruising canoeist with a good record of actual cruising. Apart from the new open canoes, the meet developed nothing new in boats or canoeing appliances.

The meet proved a pleasant and sociable one, greatly enjoyed by all who attended; the location was sufficiently isolated to prevent the overrunning of the camp by tourists. The quiet little town of Gananoque was at a convenient distance for an afternoon paddle, and canoes and other boats went back and forth constantly, but the townspeople were all more or less used to camping and picnicking, and were always welcome in camp. The incidents varied very little from those of former years, the one exception being the miniature hurricane of Aug. 15. Very elaborate plans had been made for the A. C. A. circus, under the direction of Mr. Seavey. A large tent was erected, talent was gathered from the members in camp, a band was brought from Gananoque, and quite elaborate preparations were made. Early in the evening a number of visitors came from Gananoque and other places among the islands. Just as the tent was well filled a violent storm broke over the camp, with little warning, blowing down the circus and other tents. For a few minutes matters looked very serious, as many people were under the tent, and some of the fittings took fire from the lamps, but all were rescued without injury and given shelter in the headquarter tents and such other places as were available. Much minor damage was done to the mess tent and private tents, and the circus was wrecked for the time being. Everything was repaired, however, under the energetic management of Mr. Seavey, and the performance took place on the following Thursday, to the amusement of a large audience.

The meeting of the executive committee was set for Aug. 13, but as the Eastern Division, whose turn it was to take the commodoreship and the meet in 1899, was not prepared to offer nominees for commodore and secretary-treasurer, the meeting was adjourned to Aug. —. The Eastern Division being unwilling to accept its turn, the Central Division came next in order, and F. S. Thorn, of the Buffalo C. C., was elected commodore, and C. P. Forbush, of the same club, secretary-treasurer.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Division was held on Aug. 13, the officers elected being: Vice-Commodore, F. C. Moore; Rear-Commodore, H. C. Allen; Pur-



A BIT OF THE MAIN CAMP.
Photo by A. A. Lewis.

ser, J. C. Mowbray; Ex-Commodores, W. C. Lawrence, Nathaniel Hyatt. The annual meeting of the Central Division was held on Aug. 14, the following officers being elected: Vice-Commodore, C. P. Forbush; Rear-Commodore, L. C. Woodworth; Purser, C. H. Williams; Executive Committee, W. R. Huntington, of Rome; F. G. Mather, of Albany, and H. C. Morse, of Peoria, Ill.

The camp will be remembered as one of the most picturesque in itself of any yet held, the accompanying photos show a couple of pretty bits. The excellent rearrangement of the ground removed many of the objections to the site, and helped to make the camp a pleasant one socially, the headquarters being in the center and easily accessible from all points.



H. C. ALLEN, PARK ISLAND C. A.
Winner of Paddling Trophy. Photo by A. A. Lewis.

Event No. 1. Record combined paddling and sailing race, Aug. 18; start 10:02:

	First round.	Second round.	Elapsed.
Az Iz, Louis H. May	10 40 00	11 13 58	1 11 58
Eclipse, W. N. Stanley	10 48 00	11 30 58	1 28 58



CLUB FOUR CREW.
Photo by A. A. Lewis.

Event No. 2. Record paddling, ½ mile, Aug. 17, start 3:00:

	Points.
Az Iz, Louis H. May	2
Eclipse, W. N. Stanley	1

Event No. 3. Record sailing, Aug. 17, start 11:30:

	Points.
Az Iz, Louis H. May	2
Eclipse, W. N. Stanley	1

Wind too light to finish within time limit. Recalled and awarded points according to position.

Event No. 4. Trial sailing race, Aug. 15; start 10:05:

	First round.	Second round.	Third round.	Fourth round.	Elapsed.
Mab	10 21 25	10 36 55	10 53 59	11 12 39	1 07 39
Zip	10 23 30	10 38 47	10 56 50	11 15 40	1 10 40
Az Iz	10 24 31	10 41 08	10 58 28	11 21 30	1 16 30
Tanis	10 25 00	10 43 31	11 02 59	11 24 50	1 19 50
Pioneer	10 25 50	10 49 29	11 09 00	11 31 20	1 26 20
Toreador	10 28 40	10 48 50	11 11 00	11 33 55	1 28 55

Wind W.S.W. moderate. Water smooth.

Event No. 5. Novice sailing race: No entries.

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing race, Aug. 17; start 10:05:

Pioneer, H. H. Smythe—

First round.	Second round.	Third round.	Fourth round.	Fifth round.	Sixth round.	Elapsed.
10 25 25	10 47 10	11 10 50	11 34 00	11 58 15	12 25 15	2 20 15

Mab, Chas. E. Archbald, did not cross starting line; Az Iz, L. H. May, fouled buoy; Tanis, F. E. Moore, disabled; Zip, J. C. Mowbray, disabled.

Wind westerly, stiff. Water rough.

Event No. 7. Dolphin sailing trophy, Aug. 17; start 10:05:

	First round.	Second round.	Third round.	Fourth round.	Fifth round.	Elapsed.
Zip	10 23 45	10 43 02	11 02 30	11 22 36	11 46 40	1 41 40
Mab	Did not start.					
Az Iz	Fouled buoy.					
Tanis	Disabled.					

Wind westerly, stiff. Water rough.

Event No. 8. One man paddling, decked canoes, called Aug. 15: No starters.

No. 9. Two men paddling, decked canoes, called Aug. 15: No starters.

Event No. 10. Atlantic Division trophy, sailing, Aug. 11; start 10:39:15:

	First round.	Second round.	Third round.	Elapsed.
Az Iz	10 56 28	11 12 08	11 28 00	0 48 45
Tanis	10 57 00	11 13 31	11 30 08	0 50 53
Toreador	10 58 42	11 17 21	11 36 48	0 57 33
Pioneer	10 59 02	11 18 10	11 37 31	0 58 16
Eclipse	11 03 07	11 22 45	11 43 31	1 04 16
——	11 00 35	11 19 02.	Withdrew.	

Wind westerly, moderate.

Event No. 11. Central Division trophy, sailing, Aug. 11; start 10:39:15:

	First round.	Second round.	Third round.	Elapsed.
Tramp, C. Forbush	11 09 25	11 39 28	12 09 53	1 30 38
——, H. Hoyt	11 17 42	12 00 50	12 48 32	2 09 17
Idontno, G. MacTaggart	11 18 08	11 58 44	12 50 18	2 11 03

Wind westerly, moderate.

Event No. 12. Orillia cup, sailing: No entries.

Event No. 13. Open canoes, sailing and paddling combined, Aug. 18; start 10:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wah-tah-wah, L. B. Palmer	10 59 05	0 34 05
Grace, F. M. Pinkney	11 03 59	0 38 59
*Madge, F. L. Dunnell	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

* Used double paddle, disqualified.
Wind light, northerly.

Event No. 14. Open canoes, with or without side decks and combing, Aug. 15; start 12:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Open, Chas. E. Archbald	12 32 28	0 27 28
Fraulein, C. V. Schuyler	12 33 08	0 28 08
Wah-tah-wah, L. B. Palmer	12 35 00	0 30 00
Grace, F. M. Pinkney	12 45 00	0 40 00

Wind westerly, moderate.

Event No. 15. Open canoes, sailing, Aug. 11; start 2:39:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Open, Chas. E. Archbald	3 08 55	0 29 55
Grace, F. M. Pinkney	3 18 38	0 39 38
Wah-tah-wah, L. B. Palmer	Did not finish.	

——, L. Leroy, did not cross starting line.
Wind westerly, moderate.

Event No. 16. Trophy paddling, Aug. 17; start 3:30:
Mochdonius, H. C. Allen, winner, time not taken; ——, M. D. Wilt, second, time not taken; Dahinda, A. H. Wood, third, time not taken; ——, G. W. Begg, fourth, time not taken; ——, F. Rogers, fifth, won by one length; ——, E. E. McNicholl, withdrew; ——, F. Taylor, withdrew.
Wind westerly, strong. Water rough.

Event No. 17. One man, paddling, single-blade, Aug. 18:
F. Taylor, winner by half a length; E. McNicholl second; F. Rogers third, G. W. Begg fourth, E. Richards withdrew.
Wind westerly, moderate.

Event No. 18. Two men, paddling, open canoes, Aug. 18:
G. W. Begg and J. McM. Mowatt, winners by a length and a half; F. J. Rogers and E. H. Richards second, J. F. Taylor and E. McNicholl third, J. C. Mowbray and G. W. Taggart fourth.

Event No. 19. Fours, paddling, Aug. 17:
Toronto C. C.—McNicholl, Taylor, Richards and Begg, winners by half a length. Atlantic Division—Wilt, Wood, Leroy and Allen second.

Event No. 20. War canoes, Aug. 17:
Toronto C. C. winner by quarter of a length; Brockville R. C. second, Buffalo C. C. third.

Event No. 21. Relay race, Aug. 18:
Toronto C. C.—Taylor, Rogers and Begg, winners by five lengths. Park Island C. C.—Allen, Wood and Wilt, second.

Event No. 22. One lady, paddling, Aug. 10:
Miss E. Montizambert winner by two lengths; Mrs. J. E. Plummer second.

Event No. 23. Two ladies, paddling, Aug. 10:
Misses E. Montizambert and E. Wattles winners by three lengths; Mrs. J. E. Plummer and Miss Sands second.

Event No. 24. Hurry-scurry, swim and paddle, Aug. 18:
F. B. Matthews winner, J. W. Sparrow second, F. Taylor third.

Event No. 25. Paddling, upset, Aug. 18:
L. B. Palmer winner. Two others started who did not finish.

Event No. 26. Swimming:
F. B. Matthews winner, A. H. Wood second, F. J. Rogers third.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 7-8.—Kingston, N. Y.—Tournament of Hudson River League, on grounds of Kingston Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Haverhill, Mass.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. Geo. F. Stevens, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-8.—Sidell, Ill.—Sidell Gun Club's tournament; targets only. H. J. Sconce, Manager.
Sept. 7-8.—Cherokee, Ia.—Second annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club. Irving Weart, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-9.—Aledo, Ill.—Aledo Gun Club's amateur tournament.
Sept. 9.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot on grounds of Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
Sept. 17.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Shoot of the Central New Jersey League.
Sept. 20-23.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brady, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23.—Omaha, Neb.—Fourth annual shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club.
Sept. 24.—Conshohocken, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.
Sept. 28-29.—Bloomfield, Ind.—Bloomfield Gun Club's target tournament.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1.—Altoona, Pa.—Tournament by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter, G. G. Zeth, Committee.
Oct. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association; open to all.
Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.
Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breidenbend, Secretary.
Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at targets; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.
Oct. 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club, Mount Kisco, N. Y., will hold a live-bird handicap, two events, on Sept. 22. The first event will be at 7 live birds, $5 entrance; the second at 10 live birds, $10 entrance; the handicaps from 25 to 32yds. Entries close Sept. 20, at 8 P. M. All those who desire to enter one or both of these events can make arrangements by communicating with Mr. G. E. Sutton, care of the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club, before the time of closing. If there are over twelve entries the purse will be divided into four moneys. Shooting begins at 10:30 sharp. Messrs. Otis Arnold, of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; Frank Fowler, of the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club, and B. Waters have been appointed handicap committee. Extra events at targets will be shot if time permits. Mount Kisco is 37 miles from New York. The grounds are attractively situated and the shoots are very congenial contests. In arranging this live-bird handicap, there is no effort to make money out of it. Sport dominates all other interests. Those who intend to participate should enter early, so that the managers can make their arrangements for birds, etc.

A target and live-bird tournament will be given by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. There are ten target events on the first day, 125 targets, with a total entrance of $12.50, and one event 15 live birds, $8 entrance. The second day's programme has ten target events, one at 50 singles for the championship of Blair, Cambria, Bedford and Huntington counties, entrance $3.50. The total programme targets for the day number 155, with a total entrance of $14. The Jack Rabbit system, class shooting, high guns, are used, the former mostly. To reach the grounds take street cars (one square from depot) to Juniata Station; then P., J. & E. R. R. to Wopsononock. There is a good hotel on the grounds. Altoona headquarters will be at the Brant House. Live-bird events will be shot on the second day if the shooters so desire. Those who enter in all target events will be given free target entrance in the championship event. U. S. Houk, W. S. Bookwalter and G. G. Zeth, committee.

Under date of Sept. 2 Mr. John Parker writes: "On account of my prolonged business trip South, the annual State shoot of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League has been again postponed until Sept. 20, 21, 22 and 23. The first two days will be State shoot days, open only to residents of State. Second two days will be open to amateurs only, manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for targets only. There will be open events each day during State shoot, and a set of extra traps will be on hand for non-residents of State to shoot sweepstakes. During the first two days the State League trophies will be shot for. Cash prizes, trophies, fishing rods and merchandise will be offered as prizes. I have given up my annual shoot this year on account of this shoot."

Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., writes us as follows under date of Aug. 31: "The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association will hold their annual convention and tournament at Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 4, 5 and 6. This tournament will be open to all, with the exception of two State events. The purses with added money will be divided by the four-money equitable system that gave good satisfaction at the Minneapolis tournament. Three handsome cups will be given to the three classes, as follows: 70, 80 and 90. Those shooting through the programme and placing themselves in either the above classes will shoot off for the final ownership of the cup in their class. Contest to be at 50 targets, entrance price of targets only."

On Sept. 14, at Cable's Hotel, Midland Beach, Staten Island, a live-bird handicap will be held under the auspices of the Staten Island Lacrosse and Athletic Association. Two events are on the programme, one at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, with cup to first besides first money. The other at 10 birds, $2, the prize being a cup. A clambake will be a feature. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold a handicap shoot at 100 targets, Sept. 24, at 1 o'clock. Targets will be thrown Sergeant system. Entrance $5. Targets deducted from purse at 1½ cents. Money divided according to the Rose system.

The members of the Marshall Rod and Gun Club, Marshall, Ill., at a recent meeting elected officers as follows: President, D. D. Doll; Secretary, S. Handy; Treasurer, H. B. Dulaney; Manager, W. Harlan; Assistant Manager, V. L. Cole.

Mr. J. B. Barto and Dr. S. Shaw, Chicago, have challenged Mr. T. B. Hicks to shoot a match for the Chicago live-bird challenge trophy. Uneasy rests the head which wears a trophy these warm days.

The second annual tournament of the Mt. Shasta Gun Club, of Redding, at live birds and targets, will be held at Redding, Cal., Sept. 9. A grand ball will conclude the event.

The next shoot of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Washington Gun Club, Conshohocken, Pa., Sept. 24.

The Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., will hold a two days' tournament, Oct. 11 and 12. J. Breidenbend, Secretary.

The regular monthly cup shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club will take place on Saturday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGHAM, Mass., Aug. 27.—The Hingham Gun Club held a 100-target handicap match on the grounds Saturday, Aug. 27. The day was perfect for trap-shooting, although the birds were of the tricky kind, some fast, some slow, some high and some low. Leroy, with his Remington and Du Pont powder, landed in first average for the day with .933 per cent. Dickey, shooting a Parker gun and E. C., was second with .902. Dickey's shooting in the 100-target match was wonderful, as he scored 97, and the birds were not thrown for records either. Leroy was his nearest competitor, with 93.

The totals in the 100-bird match: Dickey 97, Henderson 91 plus 3—94, Leroy 93, Allison 91, Jones 82, Howe 81, Herbert 81, Waldo 73, Bowker 70.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	100	10	15	10	Broke.
Henderson	8	11	9	8	14	91	9	14	10	174
Dickey	8	11	9	9	15	97	8	15	4	176
Howe	5	8	9	7	11	81	9	11	8	144
Jones	8	12	6	8	14	82	10	13	6	159
Gore	8	..	6	5	8	60	..	..	..	...
Waldo	7	9	5	7	12	73	6	14	8	139
Leroy	8	13	10	10	14	93	10	15	9	182
Herbert	8	9	10	10	13	81	9	..	..	...
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	91	..	..	...
Bowker	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	..	..	...
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	77	..	..	...
444	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...

IN NEW JERSEY.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, Brooklyn, Sept. 5.—There was a light attendance at the Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, particularly when it was a cup event. Messrs. F. Thompson and G. Piercy were the only club contestants. The former won the Holiday cup on a score of 10 to 9, and this being his third win the cup now becomes his personal property.

The birds were a fairly good lot of summer birds, and had there been any wind they would have been much harder than they were. Six miss-and-out events, $1 entrance, birds extra, were shot. After the first miss-and-out each shooter went back 1yd. after each round. Two 5-bird events, Nos. 8 and 9, $2 entrance, birds included, were shot. The scores:

F Thompson.....1212121212—10 L Piercy .....2211221221—10
G Piercy.....2202222222— 9

Miss-and-outs, $1, after No. 1 each shooter went back 1yd. after each round:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
F Thompson, 29	1121112120	12212	0	12	1	1	112
*B Waters, 29	1212111122	11120	2	10	0	2	122
G Piercy, 29	2222222222	22222	2	12	2	0	220

	No. 8.	No. 9.
F A Thompson, 29	21112	11121
G Piercy, 29	22022	22222
*B Waters, 29	11122	11012

* Guest.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Rutherford, N. J., Sept. 3.—There was a light attendance at the monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day. The weather was so hot and sultry that exertion was almost painful. Following are the scores of the club shoot, 50 targets, handicap, Mr. Platt Adams winning on a score of 48:

Banks, 2 .....1101110111111111111110111—22
1111111101111111110111111—23
01 — 1—46
Adams, 11 .....1011110111011001111011111—19
0111100110111101111111011—19
11111111110 —10—48
Waters, 7.....1101111111111111100101111—20
1101110101111010111101011—18
1101111 — 6—44
Huck, 5 .....1101101111111111011111110—21
1111111001111111111111101—22
00111 — 3—46
Billings, 0 .....0111101011101110111111001—18
1101011010111111111011011—19—37
Paul, 8 .....1100100110101111111111110—18
1110110111011111111011011—20
11111100 — 6—44
Dudley, 0 .....1111111111011111111111110—23
1111111111010111111111111—23—46

The following scores are of team shoots, Banks, Adams and Billings on the one side; Dudley, Huck and Waters on the other:

Banks	9	13	13	13	14	Dudley	13	9	11	13	12
Adams	10	13	12	11	11	Huck	10	12	9	11	14
Billings	7	10	11	13	12	Waters	7	9	12	13	12
Total	26	36	36	37	37	Total	30	30	32	37	38

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 3.—An interesting shoot was held this afternoon by the South End Gun Club, on its grounds on Fritz Island. It was the regular Labor Day shoot, but was transferred to to-day so as to allow the members a chance to compete for the club medals, and then shoot at the merchandise shoot on Labor Day at the Mt. Penn Club's shoot. Geo. Miller won the Class A medal, hitting 23 out of 25; Jas. Gicker again won the Class B medal—the third time—hitting 21 out of 25; Jas. Grossman had no competitor in Class C, and thus retains the silver medal. The hot weather kept some of the shooters away, and those that did shoot did not last long, as it was 99° in the shade at 3 P. M. at the club house. Sweeps followed until near 5 P. M. Referee was Frank Gorman, Wm. D. Butler officiating as scorer.

The team for the Mt. Penn trophy shoot was picked and expects to win it.

Aug. 29.—The eleventh annual meeting of the South End Gun Club was held at the residence of Peter Texter, when the following were elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. Miles; Vice-President, Joseph Downs; Secretary, Peter Texter; Assistant Secretary, W. W. Essick; Treasurer, Martin Eshelman; Trustees: Francis Yost, Frank Gerhart, Geo. Ganster; Captain, Francis Yost; Assistant Captain, Geo. Miller.

The statement of the year showed the finances of the club to be in excellent shape, with a limited membership of thirty.

It was decided to send a picked team of five men to compete for the intercounty trophy at the Mt. Penn Gun Club's shoot Sept. 5. The South End Gun Club, besides owning the grounds known as Fritz Island, also owns a fine tract of ground and club house for fishing and camping along the Susquehanna River, above Columbia, Pa. This club is considered to be one of the best financial clubs known of in the eastern part of the United States, and is always on the lookout for new improvements to traps and other implements which make a fine shooting grounds.

Pottstown, Pa., Sept. 3.—Members of the Shuler Shooting Club held an interesting target match here to-day. Good scores were made by the members. The club decided upon Capt. C. H. Wickersham, H. W. Benner, W. D. Sheuler, Harry Trumbauer and Livingstone Saylor to represent the Shuler Club in the intercounty trophy shoot at Reading, Sept. 5.

Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 31.—A shooting match at New Philadelphia, near here, attracted a large crowd. A. E. Shappell, of Pottsville, was the winner. There were five contestants, each man shooting at 12 birds. The scores were as follows: A. E. Shappell 10, A. Landis 8, L. Martz 6, L. Clausman 5, P. McQuaid 7.

Reading, Pa., Sept. 3.—Charles Fritz and Harry Breneiser shot a live-bird match on Schwartz's Farm, near here, this afternoon. Each man shot at 10 live pigeons. Breneiser killed 9 to Fritz's 8. trophy shoot at Reading, Sept. 5.

DUSTER.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

TEN of the members of the club participated and there were eleven visitors. The latter included Messrs. Griffith, Slade and Fairbrother, of Pascoag; Root and Bain, of Providence; Reiner, of Centerdale; Day, Rawson, Ford and Coffin, of Uxbridge, and E. L. Walling, of this city. The club members who competed were Messrs. Mills, Campbell, Getchell, Allen, Banfill, Barber, Balcome, Daniels, Fisher and Darling.

Thirteen events were shot at a 16yd. rise, both known and unknown angles. Several straight scores were made, and the prizes were divided according to the Rose system. H. D. Barber, of the club, made the longest run of 30 shots, and M. H. Coffin, of Uxbridge, was next, with a 27-shot run. The merchandise event was made a sweepstakes.

The competition for the trophy shooting will close Sept. 24.

No. 9 was at 5 pairs; No. 10 was miss-and-out:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	10	15	10			15	10	15
Coffin	8	12	9	16	10	9	12	9	6	5	15	9	..
Mills	7	10	4	10	4	4	9	6	5	0	12	9	7
Griffith	7	11	8	16	9	8	11	10	5	1	..	..	..
Campbell	7	9	6	13	8	..	9	5	4	4	14	..	..
Getchel	6	9	7	16	10	9	9	7	6	1	12	9	11
Allen	7	12	..	12	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Slade	7	10	4	..	4	5	..	..	2	0	..	..	..
Banfill	8	12	9	18	8	8	14	7	4	0	13	9	..
Walling	6	7	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barber	8	11	7	14	8	8	15	10	..	2	13	..	..
Balcom	7	6	4	11	7	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Ford	8	10	8	15	8	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
Fairbrother	..	3	2	..	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rawson	..	14	6	12	4	6	11	9	..	3	..	..	..
Day	..	13	9	15	10	9	13	5	5	0	12	8	..
Fisher	..	7	5	..	5	8	..	..	3	..	10	..	..
Daniels	..	8	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	13
Darling	..	10	5	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Root	..	..	..	14	5	8	12	8	0	..	..	..	..
Bain	..	..	..	12	6	9	13	6	6	6	15	9	..
Reiner	..	..	..	15	10	7	9	9	3	1	..	..	..

The Chicago Times-Herald, in its report of the Heikes-Gilbert match for the cast iron pearl, states that "The cast iron medal is a trophy held by Dr. Carver for a number of years." Carver must have been in his unusual good form to hold it so long. It is "important if true."

WESTERN TRAPS.

THE CHICAGO TROPHIES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—That the new Chicago trophy, the Montgomery Ward handicap medal, is to continue its course of popularity and success may readily be seen by the report of the second shoot of the series, elsewhere shown.

Meantime the fated hoodoo trophy plunges along in the rear, sadly waterlogged. It is practically assured that a protest will be filed on the Hicks-Cunnyngham race, on the grounds that the handicap was not established in accordance with the rules. Of course, every shooter in Chicago knew that the handicap was wrong—as flagrantly wrong as it could be—but perhaps not all shooters knew just how this handicap was arranged. As a matter of fact, Mr. Mussey, chairman of the trustees, had nothing to do with the handicap, and never heard of it until after it was announced to the contestants. He declined to ratify it. This left Mr. Hicks, one of the contestants, and Mr. Shepard still on the committee, but Mr. Hicks of course could not pass on his own handicap, and Mr. Shepard could not decide it, as that would not constitute a majority of the trustees. The protest will of course be valid, but it brings up the curious question: To whom shall the protest be made? Mr. Shepard could not back his own action, and Mr. Hicks could not serve, so that it would be a tie between Mr. Mussey and Mr. Shepard. Obviously the only sportsmanlike thing to do, if one of the trusteees wishes to shoot for this trophy, is to resign his position as trustee and go after it as a shooter only. There is no hardship in that, and it would save a lot of talk of unnecessary and unpleasant nature, such as is now common about this matter. The whole thing has been disgusting and unsportsmanlike from its inception, as has often been said, barring the sportsmanlike shooting at the score, and it would be difficult to devise a trophy which should get itself into more trouble in the same time than this one, born into the world with the worst case of string-halt that has ever come before the notice of the public.

BLOOMINGTON GUN CLUB.

The new gun club of Bloomington, Ill., known as the Bloomington Gun Club, starts off at a very hot gait, and seems bound to be a popular and useful body of shooters in that good shooting town. At the first shoot, last week, a good little crowd was on hand and had sport at targets and birds. In the club contest, 50 targets, Mr. Clark Gideon was first with a clean string.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, have this day challenged the Garfield Gun Club to contest for the possession of the Shooting and Fishing trophy, now held by that club. The trophy was originally won by the Eurekas in July, 1893, and they successfully defended the same until won by the Douglas Gun Club in 1896. The Garfields soon after won over the Douglas, and are now the holders.

THE MONTGOMERY WARD TROPHY.

The contest for the Montgomery Ward trophy was held at Watson's Park, Sept. 2, commencing in the forenoon and lasting until dark. There were thirty-two entries. The race was at 20 live birds, with handicap of distance and birds allowed by the referee and handicapper, John Watson. All of the contestants seemed perfectly satisfied with his judgment.

The birds were an excellent lot during the greater part of the day. There was a driving wind from the right quarter, with a bright light, which continued well into the afternoon.

The notable feature of the day was the shooting of Miss Edith Porter, who is secretary of the Stony Island Gun Club. She entered the race for the trophy with a handicap of 26yds. and 6 birds, and scored 20, not using her entire handicap of birds. Six tied for first—J. B. Barto, Silas Palmer, H. B. Foss, E. M. Steck, P. D. Norcom and Miss Porter.

Darkness came, and the remainder agreed to shoot off the tie on Sept. 5 at 4 o'clock. The ties on 19 and 18 will be shot off at the next regular contest.

Scores, handicap of distance and extra birds are as follows:

F. Hollister, 28, 2	0212210112021202022O w	—14
Ed Bingham, 30, 1	111212*222121222022222	—19
E S Rice, 27, 3	1200221011**0112010 w	—11
B Barto, 30, 2	2212221122012022111212	—20
W L Shepard, 28, 2	2221201201012101001O w	—13
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	1111220112010200221 21	—17
A W Reeves, 28, 2	21210101211001220 w	—12
H Levi, 27, 4	*20000122012120 w	— 8
A C Paterson, 29, 1	121*12122201212211212	—19
F P Stannard, 28, 2	2*22212*212202222220222	—18
Dr S Shaw, 29, 1	2200222222020 w	— 9
C B Dicks, 28, 2	1222111*220111000 w	—12
J Einstein, 28, 3	020000 w	— 1
A Sundermeyer, 28, 2	021100120122001110 w	—11
F E Adams, 30, 2	2121210222222200121121	—19
R Simonetti, 29, 3	1101120121212212010021 2	—18
S E Young, 27, 4	0112002000 w	— 4
J L Alabaster, 28, 2	2110022021211112122 00	—16
G Roll, 30, 1	2120201102221221212 12	—18
A Locki, 28, 4	0220202120002120 w	— 9
G A Thorn, 28, 3	1111112000 w	— 7
J Foster, 27, 4	0201012011110122221 00 w	—14
H B Foss, 30, 3	2112012112112012111221	—20
S Palmer, 28, 2	1222101111212211111101	—20
Ed Steck, 29, 2	0112211122211121212 12	—20
R Krueger, 28, 2	202120221020211O w	—12
J S Houston, 28, 3	0222002222222222020222 2	—18
P D Norcom, 29, 3	2221111201202112221122	—20
N M Nusley, 28, 3	2022110200 w	— 6
C Comley, 29, 2	11000210 w	— 4
Miss Porter, 26, 6	2122221120220121001111201	—20
Dr C W Carson, 28, 3	0221221101220111211012 2	—19

The shoot-off for the medal, 10 live birds with handicap, though the shooter having an odd bird, say of three, was allowed but one in the 10 birds, was as follows:

B Barto	2121211222	—10	E M Steck	2121122212	—10
S Palmer	202210 w	— 4	P D Norcom	0120 w	— 2
H B Foss	12222111022	—10	E Porter	0011111102111	—10

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Under date of Sept. 2 Mr. Paterson protested the contest between Messrs. Hicks and Cunnyngham, held on Aug. 26, on the grounds that it was the duty of the committee or a majority of it to handicap the contestants, and that as two of the trustees, Messrs. Mussey and Hicks, took no part in the handicapping, but one of the trustees acted in the matter. It therefore was illegal, and Mr. Paterson therefore asks that it be declared no contest.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest Sept. 3. All events were shot from the magautrap and from three traps under the Sergeant system.

Team shoot, 25 targets per man:

C. Antoine 16, V. Cunnyngham 19, W. R. Morgan 22, A. W. Adams 23, L. H. Goodrich 19, H. B. Morgan 16; total 115.

W. D. Stannard 24, F. P. Stannard 25, E. M. Steck 24, A. C. Paterson 25, J. S. Houston 22, Dr. H. Miller 20; total 140.

Team race, 25 targets:

V. Cunnyngham 19, C. Antoine 20, A. C. Paterson 17, A. W. Adams 22, J. S. Houston 22; total 100.

W. D. Stannard 24, F. P. Stannard 25, E. M Steck 24, W. R. Morgan 21, Dr. H. Miller 21; total 115.

Following are scores in the trophy contest. Class A won by Chas. Antoine; Class B won by V. L. Cunnyngham, and Class C by H. B. Morgan:

Class A—F. P. Stannard 19, J. S. Houston 16, A. W. Adams 21, W. R. Morgan 23, R. B. Miller 21, W. D. Stannard 23, Chas. Antoine 25, Ed. Steck 20, Paterson 19, Goodrich 19.

Class B—C. W. Carson 15, H. Vetter 16, V. Cunnyngham 23, R. B. Carson 9.

Class C—H. B. Morgan 22, Neta 9, Mrs. H. F. Carson 7, James 16.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its weekly target contest on Sept. 3, with a fairly good attendance:

Team shoot, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

C. P. Richards 11, T. P. Hicks 14, H. Fehrman 13, S. M. Young 4, Dr. Meek 8, D. Russell 11, G. Brown 11; total 72.

R. Kuss 11, Dr. Shaw 11, C. Stieger 9, J. Workman 11, A. Hellman 13, Eaton 12, Nusley 8; total 75.

Following are scores in the trophy event of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, Classified. C. P. Richards won Class A on the shoot-off; Dr. Meek won Class B on the shoot-off, and J. Workman won Class C on shoot-off:

Workman 19, Nusley 13, Richards 23, Kuss 23, Fehrman 22, Brown 18, Shaw 20, De Maris 19, Hellman 17, Eaton 17, Hicks 18, Stiger 20, Meek 20, Young 19, Russell 18.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—The grounds of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Point House Road, were the scene of the sixth monthly team match of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League. Mr. Scheetz and Mr. Van Nort looked after the clerical duties.

Team match, 25 targets and handicap, known angles:

Southwark, 169.

O'Brien	1111101111111101101011111—20	
	1011 — 3—23	
Fisher	0111111111011111111111111—23	
	010 — 1—24	
Numbers	1101111111111111011011111—22	
	011 — 2—24	
Vincent	0111001001111110111111111—19	
	111 — 3—22	
Stoffer	0110111001111011110101011—17	
	100 — 1—18	
Ford	1101011111010111010111110 –18	
	111 — 3—21	
		132

Silver Lake, 164.

Humer	1111111111111111111111111—25	
	101 — 2—27	
Woodstager	1110010111111111011101111 –20	
	111 — 3—23	
Winchester	0110111101111110110101101—18	
	11 2 –20	
McAfee	1110111111011111111011100 –20	
	01 — 1—21	
Hahn	1011101111110001101011111—18	
	10 — 1—19	
French	1110111110101010101011101—17	
	10 — 1—18	
		128

Florists, 157.

Landis	1111111110111100111111111 22	
	11 2—24	
Cartledge	0110111110010111101111111 –19	
	11 2 24	
S P Life	1111101111011001111111111 21	
	00 — 0—21	
Bell	0111001001011110110311011 15	
	0 — 0—15	
Smith	1111111111111111111111110 24	
	0 — 0—24	
Anderson	1011110101111111111101111 21	
	1 — 1—22	

Independent, 156.

Houpt	1111110111011111110111111 –22	
	1 — 1—23	
Longnecker	1100160111110031111111011 18	
	1 1 19	
Ridge	1111111110111111111011111 –23	
	1 — 1—24	
Whitcomb	1100110010110111101101111 —17	
	1 — 1—18	
Davis	1111111111111111111111111 25	
	1 1—26	
Thurman	0101110100111110100110101 –16	
	0 — 0—16	
		126

Roxborough, 179.

Pepper	1111101100010011111111011 –18	
	11110 — 4—22	
Morgan	1111111101111111100111101—21	
	11011 — 4—25	
Giles	1110111110111111101111111—22	
	11111 — 5—27	
McFalls	1000110111000011010100100—11	
	11001 — 3—14	
Free	0000010110100100101011000— 9	
	10111 — 4—13	
Stumm	1011111010111111110111111—21	
	1011 — 3—24	
		125

Washington, 181.*

P Johnson	0001111111011111111111011—20	
	111111 — 6—26	
Motz	0011111001111000101001011 –14	
	00101 — 2—16	
Jackson	1111111011111111110100111—21	
	11011 — 4—25	
Torpey	0001101111110110011111101 —17	
	10101 — 3—20	
Smith	1111010111111011111110100—19	
	11101 — 4—23	
		110

* Shot with five men at 151 targets.

Clear View, 150.

Simons	1100100011110101110101100	—1
Johnson	0000001011111011100100111	—1
Harkins	1011100111101100001111111	—1
Moore	0001000100100011101101100	—1
Myers	0100000011010111111010010	—12
Fisher	1110000000101111111011110	—16
		82

Wayne, Forest, Frankford and Delaware forfeited.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

The following shows the number of points won in the six matches:

Southwark	6½	8	8	9	8	10—49½
Independent	2	5	10	10	5	7—39
Silver Lake	10	3	2	6	9	9—39
Roxborough	6½	6	6½	8	4	6—37
Washington	3	9½	4½	5	10	5—37
Florists	5	4	9	4	6	8—36
Wayne	9	7	4½	7	3	*—30½
Frankford	4	9½	6½	3	7	*—30
Forest	8	*	1	*	2	*—11
Delaware	*	2	3	*	*	*— 5
Clear View	..	..	..	..	..	4— 4

SWEEPS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15
French	8	8	7	12	6	8	9	12	7	9	7	9	14
Ridge	9	8	10	13	10	9	9	13	10	9	10	8	13
Houpt	8	9	8	13	7	8	8	14	8	10	8	9	13
Hull	9	9	9	14	10	9	10	15	10	10	9	10	13
Parker	10	9	8	13	10	9	10	12	9	10	9	8	14
H Landis	..	..	8	13	9	9	9	14	9	9	9	10	14
Sipes	0	0	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodstager	6	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Sanford	8	9	7	10	8	8	10	13	7	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	8	5	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
S P Life	..	..	7	8	9	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tredway	..	.	7	9	5	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Franklin	..	..	..	12	8	9	10	..	8	10	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	9	..	8	10	13
George	..	..	..	..	4	8	7	..	8	..	..	..	..
H B Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	8	6	..	7	..	10
J C Moore	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	3	4	..	5	9
R G C	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	..	8	..	..
Engle	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	12	6	..	..	9	12
McMichael	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hahn	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	7	7	7	11
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	..	..	11
Parson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	..	..	13
McAfee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	10	9	9	15
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	6	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Torpey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	6	..	..	12
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	3	6	11
Soistman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	10
F Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	2	..	..
L Simons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	4	3	5	..
E Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	7	..
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	..	14
Johns	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	9	6	13
Sirad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	8	14
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	2	7	..
Harkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	2	7	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	8	7	..
Gregory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	6	8	
Greener	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	9	
Stumm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	
Morison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	
P Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	
Humer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Hull made best average, breaking 137 out of 145, an average of .945 per cent. H. Ridge was second with .903 per cent. W. F. Parker third with .900 per cent.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—III.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COCOANUT.

THE day had been so rainy that none of the woodpile court had put in an appearance excepting the two reliables, Moke and Ephraim, whose afternoon thirst and craving for wisdom always impelled them to brave heat or cold, calm or storm, to the end that they might enjoy the improving society of the Cadi. As night came, the rain fell so heavily that the good Cadi would not permit his friends to depart. They talked and talked and giggled and laughed to such a degree that Hopie Jane could not get in a word edgewise in the conversation, so she herded the children together early and led them all to the sweet balm of dreamland. As she left the room the Cadi remarked that a woman must talk or perish, and this notwithstanding that the men had been doing all the talking themselves. At midnight there was no cessation in the friendly communion.

"Speaking of cocoanuts," said the Cadi, "can you tell me the answer to that old, old problem which requires an explanation of how the milk is in the cocoanut?"

"As for me, I don't profess to know anything about a cocoanut," replied Moke. "I don't even know how it happened to be a cocoanut instead of a cucumber or a potato. I don't even know how there was a shell put on the outside purposely to hold the milk. Why was it put there, good Cadi?"

"One thing at a time, good friend," said the Cadi, with a serious air. "On these great speculative subjects none but the greatest minds should ponder. But, dropping the cocoanut for the present, I will give you a useful problem in arithmetic, which is more within your powers of thought, namely: Suppose that a fellow goes to a shoot with 100 cartridges, and before the shoot is over he shoots 200 cartridges, and doesn't buy any in the meantime—required the answer."

"See here, Cadi," said Moke, hotly, "I didn't come here to be insulted by you nor any one else. If you think that I steal cartridges at our shoots, and that that explains how the milk is in the cocoanut, be man enough to say so, and don't cast any cowardly insinuations. Speak out plainly. You are a bigger man than I am, but whether you are a better one or not we may have to try in a manner that is not speculative, and on which a very common mind may ponder. Stealing! The idea."

"You astonish and grieve me, Moke," replied the Cadi, kindly. "If you will again consider what I said, you will note that I did not say a single word about stealing. I was not thinking of such a thing. Don't make a mistake about the subject, Moke. I have first and last seen a few fellows who a few times came to a shoot with a few cartridges, and who shot a few more than they brought. Merely as a problem in arithmetic, a pure matter of figures, I wondered how they did it. I had no particular person in mind, good Moke. If you ever took any cartridges belonging to the other fellow, I am sure that it was through a mistake."

"Of course, of course! You're right, wise Cadi, and you are a true sportsman too, for the real sportsman is always properly euphemistic. I am quicker to notice some things too than is becoming to an innocent man. All shells look alike to me, and in my fits of abstraction I may have taken some now and then which did not belong to me; but I assure you it was done through a mistake. Some people who are a heap better than I am—in their minds—make mistakes too; isn't that so, Ephraim?"

"Let them as the coat fits wear it," replied that worthy, sententiously.

"Tut-tut! fie-fie!" said the peaceful Cadi. "You must not get personal over a simple question in arithmetic."

THE DIFFERENTIATION OF THE TWEEDLES.

There was a silence for a long while, each of the woodpile philosophers puffing away at his pipe, with no thought of the morrow. The good Cadi filled up the tin cups with cider, and after each one had modestly moistened his lips with about a pint the Cadi said without any preface: "The difference between tweedle dum and tweedle dee has been given a great deal of thought by philosophers, for it is a matter of infinite difficulty to make the proper equation. There are a great number of people, however, who can point out the tweedle dums of their neighbors who cannot see the tweedle dees of their own."

"F'rinstance," queried both listeners together.

"Well, referring to the remark which Moke made a moment ago concerning mistakes, there are different degrees of taking what does not belong to one. Let us consider but one feature of our club shoots, that embodied in the rule 'no bang, no bird.' The rule is not intended to give the shooter any privileges in refusing lawful targets. You know of course that it was framed to overlook real oversights or lapses on the part of the shooters, thereby making ordinary club shoots more pleasant and enjoyable to all concerned; for if the regular tournament rules were enforced on amateurs who are not thoroughly schooled in them, or the discipline made too rigid for all, it would detract greatly from the pleasure of our informal shoots, besides being unnecessary. Thus, when a shooter forgets to push up his safety, or to cock his gun, or to load it, or pulls the wrong trigger, or flinches or fudges, such mistakes or lapses are deemed to be excusable, as they are extraneous things in a way which balk the shooter. This rule, however, was never intended to tolerate the abuse which is sometimes permitted when a shooter takes a premeditated advantage of it in refusing targets which do not take the flight which he fancies. Such is not a lawful means to secure easy targets. I have seen shooters who would scorn to appropriate the other fellows' shells, yet who would not hesitate to refuse a target which they found difficult to negotiate, or one which had a flight which was difficult, perhaps artfully pretending that their safety was not pushed up, etc., or even cheekily refusing two or three targets in succession without any pretext whatever, till one came that was easy. Such tactics are a great advantage over the shooters who shoot fair, as they add more or less to the offending shooter's score in every event. Taking an unfair advantage and taking shells by mistake may have material results which are much alike, except that undeserved honors may be added to the former. Herein is where the tweedle dum and the tweedle dee come in. Fair play and no favor should be our motto. What do you say, Ephraim?"

"See here, Cadi," said Ephraim, turning very red, "you need not look at me in that kind of way. 'No bang, no bird,' means just what it says, and if I want to pick out an easy target now and then, I consider it my own business. What do you say, Moke?"

"I say, 'Let them as the coat fits wear it,'" and Moke chuckled as one who had canceled his obligations.

THE WONDERS OF MEMORY.

Thereafter the sage and illustrious Cadi and his friends sat in silence for a long time, as becometh philosophers, puffing away at their pipes, which were well filled with fragrant plug tobacco of the kind designed to give the greatest bulk for the smallest sum which was consistent with sales on credit. At length the Cadi gave a few vigorous puffs so that there might be a fiercer glow to keep the pipe going while he unwound a few pearls of wisdom, and without looking at any one he remarked: "Strange, isn't it?"

"Isn't it what?" queried Ephraim, who was preoccupied, calculating when the Cadi would refill the empty pitcher.

"I was thinking that the mystery of the milk in the cocoanut is a dry and uninteresting subject when compared with the wonders of the human mind. The mind is a wonder of wonders. A thought is sometimes as quick as lightning, or as slow as molasses in January, and this too all on one and the same subject. But that's a paradox, and there's only a few of us philosophers who understand a paradox, and some of us not very clearly at that," murmured the Cadi, as he proceeded to pull off his heavy boots, rubbing his feet and grinning painfully sidewise in the anguish which goes with corns and hot weather.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Moke, frankly.

"Perpend," said the Cadi. "Let me illustrate by an actual case between ourselves. I bet 10 cents with you in a sweep at the last club shoot before you amateurs barred me. Yes. Well, you beat me, and the last gun was hardly fired when you came a-running with open, outstretched hand, and demanded your 10 cents. Now, I don't care a picayune for the 10 cents, but I find it an excellent circumstance to illustrate how rapidly the human mind will act. Then in the next sweep we bet 10 cents again, and I won. Your mind ceased acting. I have since unavailingly given you many hints and expectant looks betimes, and there is where the simile to the molasses in January comes in. That quickness and that slowness I consider one of the wonders of the human mind."

"Here's your old dime," sputtered Moke, as he handed out the coin with an ill grace. "Take it, and I'll never make a bet with you again!"

"No, keep it, Moke," said the Cadi, graciously and kindly. "I was only considering the matter from the standpoint of philosophy, and besides you are my guest, all of which hold collections in strict abeyance."

Ephraim spoke up eagerly: "Give it to me, Moke, and then you and I will be square on our last shoot."

"I thought that you liked to shoot simply for sport and not for money," retorted Moke.

"So I do," Ephraim admitted.

"In that case the money doesn't make any difference to you, so I'll put it in my own pocket," and he suited the action to the word.

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

The conversation was interrupted by a furious thumping on the wall, as the angry voice of Hopie Jane in the next room was heard in squeaky soprano calling, "Cadi! Cadi! will you ever stop that gabble, gabble about nothing with every vagabond that will sit up all night and listen to you? It's morning now, and us folks that work hard all day want to sleep, and them as don't work hain't so particular, and needn't to be. Go to bed. You hear my horn."

The two visitors looked hard at the Cadi, as if they expected him to assert his authority as lord of the castle and host to his guests, but the good and wise man only raised his forefinger, enjoining silence, then walked on tiptoe over to them, keeping his eyes apprehensively on the door meanwhile, he whispered: "We'd better go to bed right away. Keep quiet now!" he commanded.

Moke was disposed to be facetious, and was fixing his mouth to speak, when the Cadi put one hand over it firmly, took him by the collar with the other and led him out of doors. Returning for the lamp, he showed them to a cabin which he called the lodge, and which was some yards from the house. Once inside the lodge, and the danger being past, the Cadi breathed freer. Intending now to be a bit malicious under the guise of jesting, Moke said: "Cadi, are you afraid of Hopie Jane?"

"Discretion is sometimes mistaken for fear, good Moke," replied the Cadi. "Women are curious critters. When Hopie Jane once gets started she begins away back at the first grievance she ever had against me and enumerates them all from A to Z, everyone with a damaging inference or accusation, and yet Hopie Jane is the sweetest little woman in the world, and makes a living for me as few women could; but she has spells now and then when her tongue gets a-running like an eight-day clock, and it only stops when it's run down. You never would dream what a villain I am till beloved Hopie Jane tells a million or two of particulars. It's marvellous too what a memory that woman has in respect to her wrongs. Even when we are peaceful and happy for weeks she is secretly keeping tab on me, putting an ill construction on things which she does not understand, and, when it comes to a time that she is angry, she goes over the old list, which I have heard a thousand times, then in due time she adds a hundred more new particulars of which I never had the least knowledge. Then she weeps and pities herself for an hour, then finishes by telling me that she didn't mean a word of it, and that I am a silly old thing to take any notice of it at all—so you will understand why discretion and good sense so often go together in keeping under cover when the storm threatens."

"That's about the way my wife treats me, only the description could be made a little stronger on some points," said Ephraim, soberly.

"Mine too," said Moke.

"I presume that all wives are much alike," said the good Cadi. "Good night."

"Good night," his guests responded.

The door had hardly closed on the disappearing form of the Cadi when a loud whack was heard, as if the good man had received a blow across his back with a pine board. Immediately the angry voice of Hopie Jane was heard in angry, high tones, saying, "All wives are alike, hey!"—whack-whack—"eight-day clock, hey!"—whack—"discretion and good sense, hey!"—whack—"I'll show you how the milk got into the cocoanut!"—whack-whack—"and the difference between tweedle dee and tweedle dum!"—whack, whack, whack—and the door slammed as they entered the house, after which there was a confused sound of scolding and pleading for a few minutes, till the children commenced bawling in concert, whereupon the greater noise drowned the lesser.

"I fear that our good friend timed his discretion a little too late for the best results," said Moke, seriously.

"However that may be, I have come to believe in the last few minutes that all wives are not exactly alike," ventured Ephraim.

"Wives be hanged," said Moke, gruffly. "Whether we will find the Cadi alive or dead in the morning is what worries me. The best that we can expect is that he had only an arm knocked off, or had his back stove in. In any case, it's time to stop talking," and then they laid themselves down on the downy corncob bed to sour and broken slumbers.

BERNARD WATERS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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In hunting, the finding and killing of the game is after all but a part of the whole. The free, self-reliant, adventurous life, with its rugged and stalwart democracy; the wild surroundings, the grand beauty of the scenery, the chance to study the ways and habits of the woodland creatures—all these unite to give the career of the wilderness hunter its peculiar charm. The chase is among the best of all national pastimes; it cultivates that vigorous manliness for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, the possession of no other qualities can possibly atone.

Theodore Roosevelt.

OUR FOREST INTERESTS.

THE year 1898 seems to have marked the turn of the tide in forestry matters in America. After a long, hard struggle the Federal Legislature finally confirmed the various forest reservations set aside by President Cleveland in accordance with the report made by the special committee nominated by the National Academy of Sciences. Further than this, no less than $285,000 were appropriated by Congress for forestry and cognate purposes, an amount far in excess of what had been expected or even asked for by those most deeply interested in this subject. Besides this, the Legislature of the State of New York, after having for many years neglected the forests of the Adirondack region, established this year the New York State College of Forestry "for the purpose of education and instruction in the principles and practices of scientific forestry." Provision was made in the same act to establish a demonstration forest of not more than 30,000 acres in the Adirondacks, which should become the property of Cornell University for the term of thirty years, and should be used for demonstrations of practical forestry. The sum of $10,000 was appropriated for the organization and maintenance of the college and demonstration forest, and the Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests was ordered to furnish the necessary guards to protect the property.

All these developments have given to the science of forestry a standing which hitherto it has never had in America. They cannot fail to arrest public attention; and it is very certain that before long the example of the Empire State will be followed by other States, and that the fact that forestry is worthy of attention will impress itself not only on the various States, but on the public at large. Thus we may hope that the United States will no longer lag far behind the nations of the old world in a matter of such great economic importance as this.

If left to itself, every soil where there is sufficient moisture naturally produces some wood crop, and it is for the forester by his skill and his intelligent direction so to use the natural factors of production that the largest amount of serviceable material may be produced in the shortest time.

Two purposes of special importance are served by forestry. The one is that of producing from soil otherwise useless wood crops which will yield a revenue, the other that of so treating mountains and hillsides as to protect them from being denuded of their soil, and thus rendered so barren that trees will not grow upon them nor water linger on their slopes. It is estimated that the annual consumption of wood materials in the United States is not less than 20,000,000,000 cubic feet, and that its value is not less than $1,000,000,000. Hitherto practically all of this wood has been derived from the forests of the country, while no attention has been given to the reproduction, and little or none to protection of standing forests from fire and other destructive agents. Evidently, therefore, the time has come for protection. The uses of forest and undergrowth in protecting and keeping in place the soil and forest floor, and thus controlling and retaining the water supply for the heads of streams, has been gone over so frequently as to need no more than a reference.

The New York State College of Forestry is to be administered by the trustees of Cornell University, and it is fortunate in being connected with so important an institution of learning, for the connection is obviously very favorable to the students of the forestry college. It is obvious that an institution such as this will supply what it has never hitherto been possible to obtain in this country, namely the special training, without which no man can intelligently work at this difficult subject. Hitherto the young man who desired to equip himself in the art of forestry was obliged to spend years of study in Europe before he could fit himself for forest work.

The establishment by the Federal Government of a forest service, which we may fairly hope will become more and more efficient as the years go on, will furnish employment for the graduates of this New York State College, who in turn will give to the Government which employes them the benefit of their careful training and their special knowledge. It may be imagined that a time will come when all the appointees in the forest service, whether of State or general Government, will be men known for their special ability and acquirements in forestry, not for their services in State or Federal politics, or for the pull which they may have with Senators or Representatives. To imagine such a condition of things in the United States may appear a little bit like looking forward to the coming of the millennium, but this is the thing which ought to be and which we believe will be.

NETS AND NET BOUNTIES.

THE task of preventing illegal netting in inland waters presents one of the most perplexing problems in fish protection. Laws prohibiting the practice are enacted on the theory that the use of nets is contrary to public policy and an invasion of the common rights of the community in the fish supply. But having promulgated excellent laws and appointed officials to enforce them, the public usually withdraws attention, and the netting goes on uninterruptedly. Here and there a constable or fish protector, zealous to do his duty, makes war upon the netters, and often under fire, at actual risk of life, confiscates and destroys their nets. But for the most part the lawbreakers have things all their own way, and the pretense of protection is a farce. In all parts of the country, east and west, where there are inland fishing waters, the fish pirate is found. He is a hard citizen to deal with; and various are the expedients which have been adopted in a vain effort to get the better of him.

New York has devised and is now operating a method of suppressing unlawful nets which appears actually to be accomplishing its purpose. The same anti-netting law which has been on the books for years still remains, but it has been given vitality and force by a system of bounties for the destruction of nets; and for the first time within the memory of man the waters are gradually being cleared of contraband devices. The working of the New York system deserves careful attention, for in it may be found a remedy for the netting evil in other States.

Newspaper criticism of the bounty law in districts affected consists largely in criticisms on the large sums expended in bounties, and there appears to be a studied purpose on the part of certain political organs to misrepresent the system, and to provoke hostility to it on the ground that the bounties entail an inexcusable burden on county treasuries. The fact is that all net bounties are paid by the State, and the newspaper solicitude for county treasuries is either innocently mistaken or intentionally deceptive. It is charged too that gross frauds are perpetrated in bounty claims; and this may be true. The ingenuity of man has not yet devised a bounty system, whether it be for the destruction of vermin or what-not, which was not subject to fraud and provocative of deception; there is something in a bounty reward which develops the latent trickiness of human nature. To decry the net bounty, however, because of the element of fraud involved, is neither good politics nor good sense. The system is a wise one in spite of the tricksters who profit by it; and the proper course is to discover the weak points and the remedy for them. An examination of the subject probably would show that the schedule of rewards is not rightly graded, but that some of the bounties are too high. They are higher than the scale suggested by Mr. Henry Loftie, of Syracuse, who was the author of the bounty system, and at whose suggestion the bill was drawn by one of the officials of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. Mr. Loftie based his measure of offered rewards on the cost of nets, so scaling the bounties that there could be no profit in purchasing nets to turn in for reward. The bounties, as adopted by the Legislature, do perhaps open the way to collecting for nets of a certain class more than they cost, so that it would be practicable to plant these nets for the purpose of destruction. But, as has been pointed out, this is a detail easily to be remedied by the adoption of a new scale of rewards.

The one important fact to be noted is that the bounty law gets the nets. It has actually driven the netters out of business. The waters have been cleared of nuisances. The bounty system has accomplished in a few months what years of protection under the old law did not do, and would never have done. For example, on Oneida Lake, at Lakeport, where in the past more unlawful netting has been done than at any other point, every trap net has been taken, and the netters themselves, whose nets have been destroyed, have now turned around and are capturing the nets of others; that is to say, that the very persons who for years have violated the fishing laws are now allies in its enforcement. At Cleveland, also on Oneida Lake, the glassblowers, seeing in protection from netters a fishing chance for themselves, have turned to and seized eleven large trap nets. The lake is being cleaned up and restored to its old conditions, when honest men had an opportunity to get their share of the fish from its waters. Oneida is only one of the many net plagued waters where the public right is again asserting itself. In short, the bounty law is doing precisely what it was intended to do; and no amount of misrepresentation will blind the public to the truth. The people, once they know what fish protection means, and realize its benefits, will have it, and will retain the system which assures it to them. The net bounty gets the nets, and the net bounty has come to stay.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among the pleasant duties assumed by the FOREST AND STREAM is that of trying to give information to its readers concerning localities where the shooting and fishing are good. This information, collected with a good deal of labor and at considerable expense, is freely given to such of our readers as may apply for it. It is at their service without money and without price. But, while gladly giving out our knowledge on this subject, we must insist that those who apply for it shall use a little judgment and discretion. No man who wishes to go shooting should imagine that he alone of all the world has this desire. He must remember that many others besides himself want to go to the best place, and that the competition for board, guides, teams, and so on at these places is very likely to be sharp. He should realize that it is not enough for him to get the name of a place and then to step aboard his train with his shooting things. If he does no more than this he may learn when he reaches his destination that there is no room at the hotel, boarding house, or farmer's, or that other people, on the ground before him, have engaged all the teams, as well as the services of all the local gunners. Conditions change swiftly in this country. A section that was well protected during the close season, and where birds were abundant on the opening day, may be swept nearly bare a week or two later. No man therefore should think of going to any locality without first writing to it and making definite arrangements for accommodation, transportation, and the services of a man who knows the grounds. If he fails to take these necessary precautions the chances are ten to one that his trip will be in vain, and for this he will have no one but himself to blame.

The competition among dictionary makers insures as a rule that their work is abreast of modern science; but in no authority at hand do we find the term "plankton," defined by Prof. Reigard in another column as the minute floating plants and animals in a body of water.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Along the Potomac.

Fox Hunting in the Old Days.

In my previous article I made a digression from the line intended to follow for the purpose of vindicating or recalling from history a few facts in reference to the status of the Puritans, one of the two powerful classes of colonists who established the foundation upon which the superstructure of the unrivaled institutions of our country rests.

I will now resume my purpose to describe from memory some of the prominent characteristics appertaining to the mode of life of the planters along the Potomac. When the last echoes of the guns at Yorktown had ceased to reverberate, the cavaliers, whose plantations were on that river, returned to their homesteads to repair the damage of neglect and havoc of war. Yet the task of restoration was not as difficult as one would imagine, if we take in consideration the mild and genial climate, generous soil and advantageous surroundings. The soil had recovered a portion of its previously extracted elements while in fallow, therefore quick to respond. And during the time between planting and harvest the immense forests and rivers contiguous afforded ample supplies of game and fish. Therefore they were in a short time living in ease, if not in luxury.

As they increased in prosperity they supplied themselves with all the facilities that wealth could command, and conducted their establishments in the baronial style. It is true they had not armed followers or men at arms, as they were called in the feudal age, but had numerous slaves or servants completely under their authority, with whom they cultivated their extensive plantations, some of which were equal in extent to a German principality.

Although in theory they were somewhat similar in style of appearance to the barons of old, yet practically their customs were antagonistic. The old barons, with their men at arms, would sally out from their strongholds and plunder all unsuspecting wayfarers who were so unfortunate as to approach. On the contrary, the cavalier barons would send out their retainers to invite wayfarers to enter their portals and participate in their hospitality. They were an educated, magnanimous class, fond of social intercourse, and also zealous in their love of field sports, not only the pleasure of riding to the music of the hounds, but the social enjoyment of their agreeable and intellectual companions during the day previous to the hunt, and also the one subsequent thereto. The conditions existing at that time prevented the consummation of a fox hunt in one day. Owing to the great extent of territory embraced in their plantations, the mansions were proportionately distant. Therefore those whom the proprietor wished to participate would be invited a sufficient time in advance to meet at the appointed mansion on the specified day preceding the chase. When he had settled in his mind upon the date to hold a meet, he would send invitations to those he desired to participate in the sport and festivities.

I will attempt to describe some of the details preliminary to a fox hunt, and also the movements in pursuit of the quarry, which took place on the plantation of Col. Thornton, in Westmoreland county, when I was a boy. The first announcement of such an occurence is when the proprietor summons to his presence the overseer of the stables. That position is filled by one of the superannuated field hands, who has under him four or five boys from twelve to fifteen years of age, who perform the duties of feeding and attending to the horses, cattle, etc., under his supervision. The dignitary who occupied the position at this time was Abram Thornton. They frequently adopt their master's name when elevated to a position of authority, if it's only over two boys, and frequently become supercilious.

When Abe received word to attend on his master, he went to his cabin and put on his dress hat and vest, the latter garment a fabric of coon skin; and he proceeded to the great house, where he found his master, who said: "Abe, mount two of your smartest boys and send them to me." Then Abe returned to the stable with the appearance and style of one deeply impressed with the responsibility of his mission.

The boys at the stable were alert, watching through the cracks as he approached, and one of them remarked, "Sumpin' gwine to be done; Uncle Abe got his Sunday close on." As he walked up to the doorway, the boys scattered around, apparently very busy, but watching his movements. As he stepped within he said, "Whar is you all?" At that moment the hounds, confined in a kennel adjoining the driveway and separated by a slat partition, broke forth in a chorus of music such as only a pack of black and tans can render. Abe was surprised, but quickly recovered his equanimity and said, "Marcellus, y'u black sarpint, y'u mus' b'leeve I ain't got no eyes; didn't I see y'u poke a stick from dem cracks frusticatin' dem houn's?"

"'Deed I didn't, Uncle Abe."

The hounds continued in full cry, apparently on a hot trail, and Abe became furious, and said, "Dis worl' is comin' to an eend, w'en dese nigger brats tell me I can't see dem punchin' dem houn's." At this point Hannibal, another of Abe's boys (the race is partial to historical and ancient names), came to the rescue of his companion, and also gave Abe a plausible loop hole to escape from his dilemma. Hannibal said, "Uncle Abe, I 'spec' dem houn's didn't know you wid dem Sunday close on." Abe accepted the explanation and said, "Dat was it, honies; I know dat mus' be it," though he suspicioned what the boys well knew it was—the vigorous odor from his coon skin vest.

After the little unpleasantness had subsided, Abe called Hannibal and Ben, "I got 'ticular bis'ness for you," he said. "Put bridles on dem two young cre'tur's you done broke last week, and go 'megitly to the great house." Ben ventured to ask what for. "You hab orders, dat's what fur."

After the couriers had been dispatched by the Colonel to convey the invitations, nothing unusual occurred until the day appointed for the meet. In the early morning of that day the house servants and stable hands were busy preparing for the accommodation of the guests, their horses and hounds, for on such occasions each guest generally brought with him two or three choice hounds from his own kennels, to compete and compare their qualities with others in the hunt. Abe and his assistants had been extremely busy in preparing the stalls, feed and bedding to facilitate their work in anticipation of the arrival of the guests. About 10 o'clock Abe called one of the boys: "Ephraim, go to your post. Some of dem gentlemen 'll be canterin' down de gran' avenue 'fore you knows it." The post Abe alluded to was a large walnut tree, which had served as a gate post from time immemorial, and also as a lookout post, from the upper branches of which the entire length of the magnificent avenue leading from the public road to the mansion could be seen.

Ephraim had been on his post but a short time when he announced to Abe two horsemen coming in, one of them Mr. Lewis. "How you know Mr. Lewis dat fur off?"

"I knows him by his houn's."

Abe immediately sent a boy to bring the horses and hounds to the stable. At brief intervals the guests came in, and in a few hours all had arrived, the horses and hounds, as well as themselves, and had been provided for with that unaffected hospitality characteristic with those people at that time. The rest of the day and early part of the night they spent in social intercourse, discussing public questions relative to the policy of government and other public topics interesting to gentlemen of intellectual ability and education. It is needless to say those assemblages were composed of such a class of gentlemen. (As an illustration of the present, I would say the San Domingo Ducking Club embraces its social features.)

The following morning, according to arrangement. Abe, with his corps of assistants, had the horses and hounds ready for service in the avenue at the front of the mansion.

This mansion was constructed of brick, and like many others erected in colonial days with the view of capacity rather than architectural beauty, was situated about 100yds. from the Potomac, contiguous to the western side of a grove of oaks extending nearly to the river banks, which grove had been reserved as a screen or barrier to check the fierce and pitiless eastern storms which frequently swept over the broad expanse of the river at this point, gathering moisture and velocity to expand or display its fury upon any obstruction intervening in its career.

That grove had served its purpose admirably for over 100 years, and the last time I was there (about twelve years ago) it was still shielding its charge, although many of its members had succumbed to the tooth of time. Since then the building has been destroyed by fire, except the massive walls, standing a silent reminder of happy days. In contrast with the lonesome and quiet appearance around this historical old mansion at my last visit, the scene presented in that beautiful avenue on a bright morning near the last of November, 1836, was intensely animating, and impressed a picture on my memory which time cannot efface—of the huntsmen ready for the chase—a living exhibition of some of the highest types of animated nature, which would fill the soul of an artist with rapture. A numerous pack of pure bred hounds, uniform in color (black and tan), were yelling and struggling under the restraint of their couplings, held by small negro boys, some of whom were scarcely able to control them in their eager efforts to begin what they evidently knew was expected of them. In addition to and mingling with the musical clamor of the hounds was the ringing neigh of the high-mettled steeds, pawing the ground in their impatience to enter upon the sport, apparently as pleasant to them as to their masters. Alas! that stock of horses is extinct, consumed by the relentless demands of war's devastation.

No more this steed will hear the sounds
Of huntsmen meeting for the chase;
No more the music of the hounds
Will urge him onward in the race.

Since then
Many times through showers of lead
And sheets of flame they led the way;
And many a gallant charge they led
Beneath a Southern boy in gray.

The clamor and excitement outside admonished the huntsmen and members of the family within that their presence only was necessary to proceed in the programme of the hunt. They immediately passed out to the portico, which extended entirely across the front of the mansion, and was elevated 6ft. above the ground, affording a comprehensive view of all the movements of the occasion. In addition to the huntsmen, several lady guests, with Col. Thornton's family, occupied the portico and enjoyed the exciting scene. During the height of the excitement, when the hounds were struggling for release from the colored boys, an episode occurred characteristic of their race. One of the smallest of the boys was holding two powerful hounds with a short rope attached to their couplings, which he had fastened around his waist, to make sure of them; but they were too strong, and made sure of him, and compelled him to follow them, sometimes at a lively gait. Abe, the manager of the boys, discovered his predicament and went to his rescue, exclaiming, "W'at is you doin'?"

"I's holdin' deze houn's."

"Dem houn's is holdin' you. W'at's you' name?"

"I's name Samson."

"You tell you' mudder you ain't got no mo' use for dat name den a frog wants a tale."

After glancing over the scene the huntsmen descended from the portico, and as each one advanced to the mounting block his horse was brought forward, and he vaulted to the saddle with an adroit and graceful movement, acquired only by continual practice from boyhood.

Awaiting the Signal.

The scene at this stage of the entertainment was one of unsurpassed sylvan beauty—a living picture sufficient to relax the rigid features of an anchorite, and constrain him to forget his austerity in expression of admiration. A group of accomplished horsemen, apparently as firmly seated as Centaur, and seemingly unconscious of the efforts of their steeds to dislodge them, in their impatience of restraint. A large pack of hounds equally as eager and restless of control as their companions, the horses. Also a quota of colored boys, shouting with delight in their excitement. Such was the exhibition at the mansion end of the avenue.

The avenue had been in colonial days a feature of great beauty, and still retained surviving indications of its palmy days. It was evidently in English style, about 100ft. in width, perfectly straight and planked on either side with Lombardy poplar and English linden trees alternately. Although the great majority of them had succumbed to age and the elements, yet there was still standing at irregular intervals an occasional linden or giant poplar, rearing its graceful spire-like peak 100ft. in the air, apparently defying the wintry blasts, and vividly reminding us of silent sentinels standing on a battlefield with their dead comrades lying around them.

The morning was such as is frequently experienced in that section of country during the Indian summer, when the frost has invested field and forest in the robes of the rainbow. The trembling foliage on the lofty pinnacles of the forest was just bathed in the golden beams of the rising sun, when the shrill notes of the horn announced the signal to release the hounds.

Upon hearing the familiar signal they swept down the avenue as resistless as a tornado, and wild with delight, perhaps with an innate knowledge to appreciate their abrupt change of condition; for previous to their release they had been under the control of the huntsmen; now the huntsmen were controlled entirely by their movements, and they seemed to scorn the idea of receiving direction from them what course to follow, but swept onward, confident in the knowledge nature had given them, which is seldom erroneous. The horses, although under the guide and partial restraint of their masters, were equally as eager as the hounds, each exerting himself to gain the position as leader of the cavalcade down the avenue. Their ambition and stamina were such that it was difficult to pass the one which first succeeded in gaining that desirable position.

All were dauntless, swift and true,
As any steed which trod the earth;
Their leader—all his comrades knew,
They could not pass his saddle girth.

The hounds, after leaving the avenue, wheeled sharply to the left (moving with the celerity of a regiment of zouaves swinging around a flank), entering an old wood road flanked on either side with a dense growth of sapling pines. They had passed about half-way through this thicket when old Music, the leader, came to a sudden stop. He had struck a warm trail crossing the road at right angles, which brought the entire pack to an abrupt halt. It was one of those occasions when hounds are required to develop their sagacity to unravel a mystery which baffles the skill of man. It was evidently a very fresh trail, as every hound when approaching gave tongue in its piercing yelps, indicating certainty. Which direction did the game pursue? It is in solving this problem that they display their finest points of sagacity. It is true they are endowed with the faculty of scent, and can readily discriminate the different quadrupeds by the odor of each species. In this case (and I suppose all others similar) they spread along the trail, and walked eagerly, some in one direction, others opposite, each returning in its own tracks, carefully scenting the opposite sides of the grass and shrubbery along the trail. They appeared to arrive at an unanimous conclusion by a simultaneous tonguing and impetuous rush in one direction. The trail led obliquely through the pine thicket to an old sedge field about a half-mile distant. The thicket was so dense the hounds made slow progress, which enabled reynard, being much smaller and no doubt familiar with the locality, to widen the breech between his pursuers and himself, thereby gaining time sufficient to accomplish one of the numerous stratagems inherent in the race—to foil its relentless foes.

The huntsmen, after listening to the hounds a few moments to ascertain the direction of the chase, and finding it impossible to get through the pine thicket, continued to ride rapidly along the road, which terminated at the field mentioned, about 200yds. from the point where reynard entered it a few minutes after they arrived. As they were in a position to scan the entire field they remained quiet to observe developments.

At the point where reynard left the thicket and entered the field there was a footpath extending along the brow of the hill adjacent to and flanking Pope's Creek, which had been used by pedestrians from time immemorial. Intercepting this path about half-way across the field, there was a deep gully or wash, resulting from frequent rains, cutting out a spring branch; it was about 20ft. in width and 15ft. in depth. To obviate the delay in walking around it, a large tree had been felled across the chasm, thereby bridging the pathway. The fox, when leaving his cover, failed to notice or discover the huntsmen, who had halted at the side of the field, and quietly observed all the movements he made. He hesitated a few moments, evidently listening for the hounds, to estimate their distance, then started at full speed along the old pathway. After crossing the chasm on the tree, he continued on about 150yds., then returned direct in his tracks until reaching the tree, from which he leaped into the gully, in which a small stream trickled over its gravelly bed. Down this he pursued his way to the shore of the creek, which he followed close along the edge of the water in the direction to return to his favorite stronghold, the pine thicket, which he succeeded in reaching. By his stratagem of breaking his trail the pack was demoralized to such an extent that before they recovered their equanimity by unraveling the mystery of the lost trail reynard had turned their flank and was cavorting through the labyrinths of his familiar sporting grounds—the pine thicket.

When the hounds had succeeded in extricating themselves from the many windings of that thicket, in which their crafty adversary had inveigled them, they were

furious. As the trail was straight and open, and the odor strong, no doubt a feeling of confidence animated them to extra exertion; and they rushed across the field like a tornado, crossed the log bridge, and continued their wild rush, each hound tonguing its musical notes of anticipated conquest. Upon arriving at the point where the fox had doubled, the music ceased; silence superseded exultation. They walked around in very direction, eagerly scenting every inch of ground until they ascertained the true condition. Then, while rushback over the trail, they made the welkin ring with savage yells—only to be doomed to disappointment again. Upon reaching the end of the double trail (where the fox had leaped from the log) they quickly discovered that they had been foiled again. Although worn down by unusual exertions to capture the most wily antagonist they had ever attempted to conquer, yet undaunted they spread themselves over the ground as a cordon of advance guards, examining the country to prevent a surprise. The fox had been careful to leave no scent on his trail when turning the flank of his pursuers; therefore he pursued his way in the edge of the water along the shore of the creek, until reaching a point directly opposite his stronghold—the pine thicket. To gain access thereto he was compelled to cross a strip of dry ground. It was here after long search that the hounds found the clue to the lost trail.

When the music from the hounds announced to the huntsmen that they had recovered the lost trail, they concluded to end the hunt, for the day was nearly spent, the hounds were tired, and they had enjoyed all the pleasant incidents of an exciting chase, and had witnessed the crafty stratagem of the fox and also the sagacious movements of the hounds to overcome his cunning; and inasmuch as reynard was the principal factor in contributing to the pleasures of the hunt it would detract rather than add to the enjoyment to harass or pursue him further, and perhaps witness the bleeding trophies, his mask and brush torn from his prostrate body, while the merciless hounds are snarling over his trembling form, callous and deaf to his imploring eye and dying moans for mercy.

Then the bugle's echoing sound
Called from the chase the weary hound.

JAMES NORRIS.

CECIL COUNTY, Maryland.

An Adirondack Night Experience.

"GOING to the woods, are you?" said George, as he hitched himself into a still easier position in the most comfortable chair my den afforded, and eyed me curiously. "I once had a little experience myself that it might be well to tell about. My wish is that no fools shall rush in, entirely unwarned, where angels fear to tread, and whenever any one, particularly an old chum like you, is all at once afflicted with an insatiable longing for a lodge in some more or less vast wilderness, at fifteen dollars or so weekly; when a good fellow, let me reiterate, manifests a gnawing desire to sneak away on the morning train to regions far from the haunts of men and good living, vast contiguities of shade infested by the friendly and ubiquitous mosquito whose bite ceaseth not, there's an old, well worn and favorite yarn of mine I want to spin for this would-be pilgrim to the shrine of nature.

"In the first place, long before you are ready to start comes the bother of getting everything together. How well I remember the bustle of preparation for that first trip of mine. Like yourself, I was in the tenderfoot stage, and determined to forget nothing essential to a camper's happiness and well being. Check-lists supposed to enumerate the requirements of an outfit were studied with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, but these same check-lists, let me say, are not much help to any one. If a fellow reads them and hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may, he will carry almost everything, from the Book of Common Prayer to a cross-cut saw, and quite probably leave behind something that would prove handy enough later. In fact, all this matter of preparation is often to the inexperienced only perplexing weariness and vexation, a fitting prelude for tiresome jaunts over difficult and patience-trying trails.

"We got started at last; in high spirits, of course, conscious of a pleasing sense of joyful anticipation, and dissatisfied only with the law which forbade our bagging more than four deer between us. I might add, however, parenthetically, that we returned without having incurred the severity of this statute, or injuring the Adirondack game.

"The prosaic train ride was quite too civilized to interest Nimrods like ourselves, but our buckboard which met us at the station proved more befitting. Anything less steep and rocky than Washington or Bunker Hill monument is considered an excellent wagon road in the region we were penetrating, and it proved an exciting drive, made more so if possible by the gentle and joyous reminiscences of wrecks and smash-ups which bubbled as it were spontaneously from our charioteer whenever a particularly dangerous place was passed.

"It was almost a relief, and certainly an agreeable change, to leave the horses and stagger off along an old disused wood trail, bending atlas-like under our now much condensed, but as we found to our sorrow, ponderously heavy baggage, which was packed in baskets and carried upon our backs. True, as the miles were left behind, the novelty of this mode of travel wore away to a large extent, along with the skin on our shoulders under pack straps; but we were not in constant dread of being suddenly overturned into a miry slough of despond, or rolled violently down some steep place on to inhospitable stones.

"Camp was reached finally, after infinite labor and sorrow, and we found it pretty enough almost to be worth the trouble. Our little cabin, a small log structure, was built on the bank of a rapid and very winding stream. The place in its wild simplicity was attractive, and the thickly clustered evergreens which grew close down to the water's edge were only rivaled in grace and beauty by their images in the water. With the assistance of our guide, we soon had a good fire blazing and everything made as comfortable as in the nature of things they could be. After supper, consisting principally of broiled venison, we talked over the plan of action. The venison, by the way, to which we were introduced for the first time on this occasion, after repeated soul-harrowing and stomach turning boilings, was made to do duty three meals a day for a whole week, but ignorance was bliss, and no grewsome presentiments of our guide's economy disturbed the pleasure of that first night around the fire.

"Hounding and hunting from a boat at night, with a bright light or 'jack' carried in the bow, were legally forbidden, and we were therefore forced to depend largely upon still-hunting. What an attractive term, this 'still-hunting.' Does it not in itself suggest the unerring rifle of Leatherstocking, or the intuitively perfect woodcraft of the Mohican? We tried it and found no difficulty except that we saw no game, and could not keep still. Our best and most painstaking efforts in this direction produced sounds, unworthy perhaps of a steam shovel in full blast, but more than might reasonably be expected of some wandering cow, but we always frightened off everything except the hedgehogs, which unfortunately were not worth the killing.

"At nightfall and in the early morning we watched paths or runways supposed to have been frequented by deer, but nothing I ever saw disturbed my belief that this frequenting must have been in some pregeologic age. Perhaps the "signs," which our patient and well-paid guide so eagerly pointed out to prop up our drooping spirits, were really the work of frisky and reckless mammoths and mastodons in the remote past.

"When we had decided upon our watching places it did not take us long to learn to find them for ourselves and the guide soon ceased to help us in this respect, keeping lookout for himself at some more remote and favorable location. One afternoon J—— and I had been patiently and laboriously making the shocked solitudes resound with our still-hunting, and upon returning late after an uneventful day we found that our guide had left for his evening vigil. Not wishing to miss a single opportunity, nor to delay too long, we hurriedly re-examined our guns and left camp for our watching places.

"Mine was south of camp, the trail skirting the river for a short distance and then crossing on a log jam left from the lumbering operations of the previous spring. Crossing this rude bridge, I walked briskly up the hill, as it was rather too late already, but the way seemed longer and more obscure than ever before, and to save time I accelerated my pace almost to a run. One peculiarity about becoming involved and finally lost in these regions is that the victim rarely realizes his dilemma until he has increased his confuson by some impatient and unwise act like this. The result in my case was that by the time I realized I must be 'almost lost,' the river, which by its murmuring served as an excellent guide, was left behind, entirely out of hearing. Having paid thus dearly for hurrying off in some wrong direction, I determined to think things over before traveling further. One point seemed assured, I had progressed down stream from the camp, and therefore by finding the river and following it up stream a way would be found out of the labyrinth. Obviously, therefore, the water was to be first sought, and I accordingly set out to find some little stream that might lead down to it. Fortunately this was soon discovered, and following the current in what seemed exactly the wrong direction, I was at last rewarded by the welcome sound of rapids in the larger stream. The bank that I came out upon was quite high and strangely unfamiliar, but I pushed bravely along as rapidly as the nature of the ground would allow, there being no trail (another surprising circumstance). At various points the curving of the bank made it possible to look up stream a considerable distance, and numbers of log bridges could be discerned, but each, upon nearer approach, proved to be unlike the one I had first crossed upon. Most of them did not extend entirely across, a strip of dark and rapid water being between the last logs and the shore.

"By this time the deepening twilight was rendering everything obscure, and traveling even over good trails practically impossible. The high bank was at some points rocky, making the footing very insecure, and I had some narrow escapes from a slip into the stream below. It therefore seemed necessary to select some good place to make a night of it, and remembering stories of panthers being occasionally heard of at various points not very far distant, I determined to stop where any possible attack could be met at an advantage. Coming opposite a little island in mid-stream, connected with the shore by a more or less uncertain log bridge, this seemed to be the best choice, and with some trouble I climbed over to it. Now came the most disappointing thing, the very unkindest cut of all, for upon looking in my coat pockets for matches and knife, I discovered that in the hurry of starting out I had put on the wrong coat, consequently all my matches were at camp and I must do without a fire and with no more sociable companion than my rifle. I noted with satisfaction that the magazine was nearly full. I had fired a few shots at first in the hope of attracting the attention of some one who could show me the way out, but these bringing no result, further signal firing seemed only a waste of ammunition. There were six of the heavy cartridges remaining, and I viewed them almost with affection.

"Perhaps you can imagine something of the freezing discomfort and loneliness of that long night on my island. After having been through any similar experience no one could ever think of blaming Prometheus for stealing that fire from heaven. Rapid traveling and my efforts to find my way out had made me very warm; consequently the chill wind and lowering temperature were to say the least exceedingly uncomfortable. The shadows lengthened, and darkness settled down until sunlight remained visible only upon the tops of the tallest evergreens. These, growing upon the opposite shore, towered high above the surrounding deciduous foliage, sharply outlined against the sky. Finally even this light grew faint, darkened and went out, and I was left with only the stars (which now began to appear one by one) for company.

"I was so miserably cold that it was impossible to lie down, and besides I wanted to remain alert; so the most desirable position I found was to stand with my back against the tree. For amusement I could keep a sharp lookout to guard against any possible danger, watch the stars rise and finally go down, or listen to the dull moaning of some distant rapids. Late in the night mists were driven down the valley and across my island, a chill and decidedly disobliging wind having sprung up. I was made aware of the presence of these mists in a startling and somewhat weird way. Without a watch it was impossible to have a very clear idea of time, but a few hours before dawn the low trees, which grew about me on my little island, were suddenly covered with a peculiar phosphorescence, looking somewhat as moist snow occasionally does on damp winter mornings. There was nothing substantial about it, but in its soft brilliancy, where the branches were quite close, it seemed to half obscure the sky, the stars shining only faintly through. This odd appearance would vanish as instantaneously and as mysteriously as it came, only to again and again suddenly reappear. It puzzled me for quite a time, and I never talked with anyone who could fully account for the phenomenon. My theory is that mists illuminated by the star light produced these odd effects. Quantities of vapor floated over the water also assuming at times odd and fantastic shapes.

"The night aged and grew gray at last, and a brilliant morning star told me that my travels could soon be recommenced. A breakfast, however small, would certainly have been appreciated, but making the best of the situation, I pushed on without it, and a short distance above my island found a crossing which made it possible to regain the other side, where, to my delight, I found a trail. It seemed as if I had certainly traveled far enough to make camp, and at each bend I climbed out to the bank and looked up stream, only to see great quantities of mist rising from the water, under the influence of the morning sun, and not a familiar landmark. To add to my discomfort, the trail, which had seemed such a good friend in my adversity, was growing fainter and more faint, and I repeatedly lost it. At last all trace of path disappeared altogether, and after groping about for a time in vain efforts to find it again I began to realize that many hours of the hardest kind of traveling had only exhausted my sadly needed strength, without apparently enabling me to get any nearer to my friends. I remember making a mental calculation as to how long anyone could endure the fatigue of travel in a rough country with nothing to eat, for the woods were silent and forsaken, destitute of all appearances of any living thing.

"It finally occurred to me that I must be on some tributary stream, and that by following it down I would find the main river, or possibly some camp. I set out therefore in the opposite direction, and was rejoiced to see that the trail became more easy to follow as I progressed. In short, I had builded better than I knew in making this last change. When first lost I had traveled further than had seemed possible before realizing my predicament, and the river being very winding, I had at last come upon it above our camp, and not below, where my watching place actually was; consequently, in going up stream my course had been in exactly the wrong direction, and as I traveled down the trail familiar landmarks soon were to be seen.

"I reached camp at last to discover that my companion and the guide were already gone to look me up, but a shot from my rifle brought back the guide, who signaled to the remainder of our party. Congratulations were exchanged, and our guide inquired, 'Whar I thought I'd been,' a question I have never been in a position very clearly to answer.

"Shortly afterward we returned to civilization, and with me the cure of the hunting fever was so complete and permanent that I have never experienced even the slightest attack since."

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

CHILLICOTHE, Ohio, Sept. 9.—I note in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27 your editorial comment on the Associated Press dispatch recently sent out from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and extensively published in the newspapers, of the so-called first ascent of the Grand Teton by W. O. Owen and others, and your statement that this is the first successful ascent.

The highest pinnacle of the Grand Teton was first ascended by Hon. Nathaniel P. Langford and Captain Stevenson, on July 29, 1872. A full and complete account of their expedition to and first successful ascent of the peak, written by Mr. Langford, appeared in the June number, 1873, of the then Scribner's, now Century, Magazine. In their ascent, Langford and Stevenson found upon a buttress of the mountain, near its summit, the remains of a stone shelter or house, evidently of great age, and their description of this remains has apparently led to a misapprehension of the fact that they made the highest point of the mountain itself. But that they made the first ascent of the great peak, so far as we have any authentic account, is beyond question. Stevenson is dead, but his companion, Hon. N. P. Langford, to whom more than any other person is due the establishment of Yellowstone National Park, now lives at St. Paul, Minn. The Grand Teton is an extremely difficult and dangerous mountain to ascend—more difficult perhaps than any of the Alps—and Mr. Owen and party are entitled to great credit for having reached its summit, but the honor of its first ascent belongs to Langford and Stevenson.

LUTHER B. YAPLE.

A Costly Zoo Specimen.

THE famous donkey which was brought back from the Soudan by the Australian volunteers who went there in 1885 has just died. That donkey cost the country something like £350,000, for that was the cost of the expedition, which resulted in nothing but the securing of the donkey. Most of us have heard of the apt and philosophical rejoinder of the late Sir Henry Parkes, when somebody alluded to the expense involved in securing the donkey by the Sydney Zoo. "I am sorry to say," he said, "that it isn't the only donkey that has cost us £350,000."—Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Natural History.

The Crane's Back.

A FEW weeks ago I was sitting in my lodge talking with White Calf, a venerable chief of the Piegan Blackfeet. It was the time of the medicine lodge, and I was asking him some questions about the religious ceremonies that I had just witnessed. That morning the sacred bonnets had been transferred from the medicine lodge women of last year to those of this year, and among the ornaments of one or more of these bonnets were the stuffed skins of several rail (*Porzana carolina*).

"Why is it, my friend," said I, "that this little bird is sacred among the Piegans? Why do they put it on these sacred bonnets, and why do they have it in their medicine bundles, as I have sometimes seen it and its feathers on the stems of the medicine pipes through which we pray?"

"My son, I cannot tell you," he said, "but we all know that this little bird has great power. We call it ho-ó-tin, heel. We do not often see it. Only once in a while a person may see one walking among the grass at the edge of some little lake, and then if he stops to look closely at it suddenly it disappears and is seen no more. Sometimes too we hear it. It has a loud voice. It calls out strongly. Perhaps this is so that its enemies may be frightened and run away."

"Yes," said Big Plume, a middle-aged man, "the heel bird has strong power. I think maybe we consider it sacred because it is so scarce a bird on the prairie, and because it can hide itself well. Perhaps it is for this reason that the people use it in the medicine lodge and use its feathers to ornament the stems of the medicine pipes."

"Pi nut ú ye is tsim o kan," said White Calf to me. "I do not think you know how it is that these little birds go to the warm country when winter draws near."

"How do they go, father?" said I.

"I will tell you," he replied. "The cranes carry them on their backs from the north to the warm country. They ride on the cranes. This is how we know it: Once a good while ago, in the fall of the year, two cranes were going south and alighted on the prairie. Near where the cranes were two men were sitting down, and they watched them. When the cranes rose to fly on their journey southward, they passed over these two men, who shot at them and hit one of them; and as it fell the men both saw one of these little birds roll off its back. This is how we learned first that the cranes carry the heel bird to the warm country."

As he talked there flashed across my memory the account of the "crane's back," published many years ago in FOREST AND STREAM by Dr. J. C. Merrill, and the widespread belief, among the primitive peoples both in the old world and the new, that many small birds perform their migrations or travel here and there on the backs of the larger birds. Of positive scientific evidence that this is done there is perhaps but little; yet as will be seen from quotations given below some eminent ornithologists believe that this takes place, it is generally credited among certain tribes of Indians of western North America, and is a belief common to the people of southern Europe and of northern Africa.

In order to bring to the reader's mind the chief facts which have been printed on this subject we quote from FOREST AND STREAM Dr. Merrill's original letter on the crane's back, published in March, 1881, and a subsequent article printed in FOREST AND STREAM in April, 1888, from the pen of the well-known naturalist Dr. J. E. Harting, long the natural history editor of the London Field:

I notice that in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 23 you reprint a letter published in the Evening Post on the subject of wagtails crossing the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of cranes and storks. This has the indorsement of the eminent ornithologist Von Heuglin, and induces me to report a general belief among the Crow Indians of Montana that the sandhill crane performs the same office for a bird they call napite-shu-utte or "the crane's back." This bird I have not yet seen, but from the description it is probably a small grebe. It is "big medicine," and when obtained is rudely stuffed and carefully preserved. I hope to have one brought to me soon for identification.

The Indian's account of the bird is as follows, and I give it for what it may be worth, adding that I have been assured by a very intelligent and observing hunter, who has lived in Montana for eighteen years, that he has noticed the same habit:

"The 'crane's back' arrives and departs with the sandhill crane, and except when nesting is rarely seen far from that bird. About ten or fifteen per cent. of cranes are accompanied by the 'crane's back,' which, as the crane rises from the ground, flutters up and settles on the back between the wings, remaining there until the crane alights."

Such is the Indian account, and many of their hunters and chiefs have assured me that they have frequently seen the birds carried off in this way. At these times the bird is said to keep up a constant chattering whistle, which is the origin of the Crow custom of warriors going into battle, each with a small bone whistle in his mouth; this is continually blown, imitating the note of the "crane's back," and as they believe preserves their ponies and themselves from wounds, so that in case of defeat they may be safely carried away, as is the napite-shu-utle. The Cree Indians are said to observe the same habit in the white crane. J. C. MERRILL.

FORT CUSTER, Montana, February, 1881.

About seven years ago Dr. J. C. Merrill published in these columns a most interesting note on the "crane's back." This, according to the Crows, from whom Dr. Merrill derived his information, is a small water bird, probably a grebe, which is said to perform its migrations on the back of the sandhill crane.

Shortly after the publication of this note, we alluded to Dr. Rae's observations in the far North, which credited the Crees with a similar story of a small finch-like bird which migrates on the backs of the wild geese. Bearing on the same point is a note by our lamented friend, J. C. Hughes, who found a young sandhill crane unable to fly, under circumstances which pointed strongly to its transportation on its mother's back.

In a recent number of the London Field, the well-known naturalist, Dr. J. E. Harting, calls renewed attention to this widespread belief among people, civilized as well as savage, and brings together a great deal of interesting matter bearing on the point in question. He says:

"At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, Dr. John Rae, the well-known Arctic traveler, read a paper relating to the birds and mammals of the Hudson Bay Territories, and in the course of his remarks referred to the assertion of the Cree Indians, both at Moose and York Factory, that a small passerine bird, which was pointed out to him, but the name of which he has forgotten, habitually avails itself of the Canada goose when migrating to get a lift in the same direction, they having frequently seen it fly off from a goose when shot or shot at on the wing. All the coast Indians of Hudson Bay, says Dr. Rae, devote a month or more every spring to shooting wildfowl (chiefly geese), the birds killed forming their entire food for the time. As soon as the geese begin to arrive the Indian constructs a concealment of willows and grass, usually near a pool of open water, at the edge of which he sets up decoys. When geese are seen approaching, usually flying at a great height, the Indian imitates their call, and the geese, on seeing the decoys, circle round, gradually coming lower down until within shot, when they are fired at. It is from high-flying geese that the small birds are seen to come. If the geese are flying low it is a pretty sure indication that they have already rested on the ground somewhere near after their long flight, when of course their tiny passengers would have alighted. The Indians on the shores of Athabasca and Great Slave lakes—both great resorts of wild geese—and those living on the Mackenzie River, more than 1,000 miles to the northwest of Moose Factory, tell the same story, and from the positive statements which were made to him on the subject Dr. Rae saw no reason to doubt the assertion. So far as he could ascertain, the Canada goose is the only species in North America which thus acts the part of a locomotive, and conveys small passengers from place to place; but in Europe and Africa the common crane and the stork have on very respectable authority been credited with performing a similar friendly office.

"Dr. Lennep, in his 'Bible Customs in Bible Lands,' refers to the many small birds which find their way from Palestine into Arabia and Egypt on the backs of cranes, over lofty mountains and sea, which without such aid it would be difficult to cross. In the autumn flocks of cranes are seen coming from the north with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering peculiar cries as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of different species may then be seen flying up to them, while the twittering of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. On their return in spring they fly high, perhaps considering that their little passengers can easily find their way down to the earth.

"In some instances, however, the small birds have been seen to come off the backs of the larger ones just as the latter were about to alight. An American visitor to the Island of Crete in the autumn of 1878, as related by Prof. Claypole, of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O. (Nature, Feb. 24, 1881), satisfied himself that wagtails and other small birds cross over from Europe on their southward migration on the backs of cranes; and although on first hearing the statements made he was extremely incredulous, he afterward, on one occasion, had ocular demonstration of the fact. A fisherman in his presence discharging his flint-lock at a flock of passing cranes, he saw three small birds rise up from among them and disappear.

"A German author, Adolf Ebeling, writing in the Gartenlaube, asserts that he found it currently believed at Cairo that wagtails and other small birds cross from Europe to Nubia and Abyssinia on the backs of storks and cranes, and details the result of conversations which he had with several independent witnesses, all testifying to the same thing. He then proceeds: 'At supper in the Hotel du Nill I related the curious story to all present, but naturally enough found only unbelieving ears. The only one who did not laugh was the Privy-Councillor Von Heuglin, the famous African traveler, and excepting Brehm the most celebrated authority of our time on the birds of Africa.' On asking his opinion, he remarked, 'Let others laugh; they know nothing about it. I do not laugh, for the thing is well known to me. I should have made mention of it in my work if I had had any personal proof to justify it. I consider the case probable, though I cannot give any warrant for it.' 'My discovery, if I may so call it,' continues Herr Ebeling, 'I would have kept to myself, even after Heuglin had thus expressed himself, had I not since discovered a new authority for it. In the second edition of Dr. Petermann's great book of travels I find the following: 'Prof. Roth, of Munich, related to me, in Jerusalem, that the well-known Swedish traveler, Hedenborg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autumn, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small birds, without being able to see them; but on one occasion he observed a party of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been thus evidently transported by them across the sea.'

"In the face of such testimony then as that above mentioned, and the admission of his belief in the story by so experienced an ornithologist as Heuglin, the conclusion seems inevitable that there must be some truth in it, and it has received some confirmation from a singular observation since made in England. Mr. T. H. Nelson, of Redcar, writing to the Zoologist for February, 1882 (p. 73), reports an occurrence related to him by an eye witness, Mr. Wilson, the foreman on the South Gare Breakwater, at the mouth of the Tees, which bears directly on the question at issue.

"On the morning of Oct. 16, fine and cold, wind northerly, Wilson was at the end of the Gare when he saw a 'woodcock owl' (short-eared owl) 'come flopping across the sea.' As it came nearer he saw something between its shoulders, and wondered what it could be. The owl came and lit on the gearing within 10yds. of where he was standing, and directly it came down a little bird dropped off its back and flew along the Gare. He signalled for a gun, but the owl saw him move, and flew off. He followed the small bird, however, and secured it, and on taking it to the local bird-stuffer for preservation learned that it was a golden-crested wren. To see its irregular and apparently weak flight in passing through the air on a stormy day it would never be supposed that so tiny a creature as the golden-crested wren would attempt to cross the sea, or would succeed in doing so if it tried. But that it travels to and from the Continent in spring and autumn is a fact which has been well ascertained by many competent obervers. On the coasts of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, says Mr. Cordeaux, the autumnal migration of the gold-crest is as well known as that of the woodcock, and from its usually arriving just before that species it is known as the 'woodcock pilot.' The North Sea fishermen assert that these little birds often alight on their boats, and in foggy weather perish by hundreds. The same thing has been observed by Mr. E. T. Booth off the coast of Norfolk. There is then nothing so improbable as might at first sight appear in a gold-crest crossing the North Sea and alighting tired on the broad platform afforded by the expansive back and wings of a short-eared owl traveling at slower speed beneath it. At any rate, the fact remains that the gold-crest was seen to descend from the owl's back when the latter alighted, and its identity was placed beyond doubt by its subsequent capture. There is, verily, in heaven and earth much that is still undreamed of in our philosophy."

Dr. Merrill, who has kindly loaned me his clippings on this subject, writes that his reason for believing the bird described by the Crows to be a grebe was that they said it sometimes (or usually) alighted in the water. "In other respects a rail agrees perfectly with their account." But of course we must remember that in being interpreted from one language to another matters are likely to be more or less misunderstood, and that the Crows may have said alighted near by or close to the water, which the interpreter may have translated as "in." The "chattering whistle" which gives the bird a part of its importance among the Crows certainly applies well to the rail. Among the Blackfeet the bird was identified as stated by specimens. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

NEW YORK.

Snakes in Captivity.

SOME years ago, when the writer was returning from a ramble through the Pennsylvania woods, his attention was attracted to a rustling in the grass, and there he saw a tiny toad struggling feebly to escape from the jaws of a slender snake, whose delicately striped body resembled a dainty bit of ribbon. While watching the little toad disappear down the reptile's rapidly moving jaws, a new arrival appeared upon the scene; from among some loose stubble glided a spotted snake of much larger proportions than the first, and quickly grasping the smaller by the head swallowed feaster and toad until only an inch or so of wriggling tail protruded from its mouth, when, observing the human intruder, it turned quickly and disappeared whence it came.

This curious little tragedy, so quickly enacted and among such queer creatures, excited the writer's interest in the serpent race and prompted him to collect and study the habits of these creatures.

In a number of large glass-fronted cages are the snakes of his collection; some lying coiled and motionless; some gliding slowly up and down branches provided them, while others, from the desert regions, lie buried in the sand at the bottom of their cages, with only the head and neck protruding from the surface.

It is feeding time and the snakes are about to be provided with their weekly meal—the diet is variable, consisting of frogs, mice and fishes. A mouse is placed in the cage with the deadly desert viper—the horned cerastes from Egypt—the little creature runs timidly about, not observing the scaly gray body with sinister heart-shaped head that has been so slowly issuing from the sand. The serpent's neck is drawn back into the shape of a letter S, and its glassy eyes have dilated as it prepares to spring. Suddenly there is a flash of its pink jaws, a feeble squeak, and the little gray mouse lies quivering before it, struck by the deadly fangs. Carefully the reptile examines the body of its victim, and after satisfying itself that the prey is quite dead it slowly engulfs its meal, swallowing it entire, and without mastication, when it once more crawls into the sand, disappearing for a moment, only to again thrust forth the head and neck to await, motionless and silent, the approach of further prey.

Far differently does the agile milk snake of our New England States attack the mouse introduced into its cage. This reptile is harmless, and must kill its prey by force. Quickly it rushes upon the terrified rodent and grasps it by the nose, while coil after coil of the spotted body are thrown around the struggling creature, which is quickly squeezed to death. But here is still another snake eagerly waiting its meal; this species, our common garter snake, has no power to squeeze its prey to death, so swallows it alive, a fish rapidly disappearing down the elastic jaws of the reptile, when it darts forward ready for more.

Thus snakes take their prey in three different ways: The venomous reptiles killing it by a stroke from the fangs, the harmless constrictors squeezing it to death, and lastly the little garter snake which gobbles down its food without further ado.

Snakes in captivity become remarkably gentle and tame, and seem to enjoy being handled. They are perfectly devoid of slime, their shiny appearance being caused by the delicate, highly polished scales. A slender blacksnake, which has been in captivity for a number of years, is often allowed the liberty of the writer's room, and seems to take great delight in roaming about, satisfying its curiosity. In winter it will frequently be found coiled in the wicker work of a chair near the fire, enjoying the warmth, while in summer it seeks more elevated quarters, and may be seen stretched along the top of a curtain rod, peering over the side and watching every movement of a visitor.

In a perfectly round coil, its vivid markings of green

yellow adding to its formidable aspect, lies a huge imen of the most deadly of American snakes, the mond rattlesnake. True, this serpent has been reared aptivity from a youngster of 15in. long into this ster of 6ft. in length; but the instinct of its parents herited. When approached a deep-drawn hiss is d, and the reptile rises slowly as if inflated by a bel-; at this time the rattle begins to quiver, and a sharp ing sound is heard, exactly like that produced by field locust. "Let me sleep," protests this formidable ture as it lies sullen staring at the object of its an-nce.

e old rattlesnake flag bore a very appropriate motto, he rattlesnake, as well as all of our venomous ser-s, seeks to warn before striking. The copperhead lly shakes the tail when alarmed, producing a sharp ing sound; the vipers of Europe and Africa hiss ly when disturbed, while the cobra and hamadryad, most formidable reptiles known, raise the forward of the body from the ground and spread the neck ood before biting.

though these poor creatures have been so mercilessdandered, they are by no means so bad as most le imagine, for of the entire serpent race only one- is composed of dangerous species, and all of these d much rather seek security than combat. More-, snakes are of economic value, as they destroy in-us creatures of the field.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

Voices of the Night.

this season of the year all persons may note the ge of birds at night by the calls that come floating n from above and that continue until daylight ap-s. The most prominent is a clear whistle that is the most persistent, beginning in north New York in August and continuing through September. ts that are lowery or foggy are more musical than hose that are clear and flooded by moonlight. Re-ses come to the calls from right and left, and one s to the gradual lessening of tone as the wanderers far on in the darkened south. To note the first hat floats through the open window of early August ne reclines for slumber brings the feeling of sad-that the summer is ending. Who can escape that g of regret that the year has reached its full, has ght forth the earthly kind, and is thenceforward to ne?

is doubtless true that bird migration is generally by t, and the birds seem to use a note that is unfamiliar, baffles one to distinguish by day, so that identifica-by the sound alone is difficult. The light, cheery of the hair bird is familiar as it passes overhead ely out of reach, but that clear, tantalizing whistle ng from near and from far may be of the bobolink riole—who can tell? Beyond the St. Lawrence herly is no great stretch of settled country, and nce comes the vast multitude that is nightly for six ght weeks en passage? And are there other silent lers? What note has the robin, blackbird, song row, grosbeak, catbird? Why so slight variety? here a universal migratory call, to keep the whole horde, scattered by darkness, true to the southern se, as it were to march by touch of elbow? And if t by night and food and rest by day be the rule, what e passers south from the New England shores? At k Island I hear the same familiar sound fading in the dim south, and can but wonder what of the on the morrow, and where will the final landing be? d and endurance must here struggle with hunger sleepless days, or a tiny form must drop lifeless the great sea. Bird migration is a great mystery leads to much speculation. Cannot correspondents OREST AND STREAM take it up to advantage?

J. QUAY.

Anomalous Appetites and Affection.

R. E. BRINKER, of Central City, W. Va., a merchant nquestionable veracity, declares to having owned a e that would eat live mice with as much relish as a oes, and with a mighty sight greater dispatch. This t all. A chicken could not come within tempting nce or its life would pay the forfeit of its temerity. would devour a hen, feathers and all. He would mice from the hand. He was in no respects vicious. knew a magnificent Norman stallion that would ume tobacco in such quantity as would astonish I have a male cat that beats anything of the feline r in the variety of his menu. Bananas, pawpaws, cucumbers, raw potatoes, sweet potatoes, green un-ed corn, raw tomatoes, etc., were a portion of the on which he grew and thrived.

rhaps not less peculiar than this was the affection notherly care of a hen belonging to Mrs. Metcalf, of ral City, W. Va. This hen, I think, was of the Leg- variety. During the whole year she did not evince east desire to start a family. But after one of her s had left the brood which she thought sufficiently to take care of themselves, the former adopted them estowed upon them all the foster-motherly care that d be desired. She would hover them, and call them lucking, and strange to say, she grew thin in flesh quite pale. I wonder if she surmised that some of ggs that gave birth to some of those chicks were of aying?

N. D. ELTING.

Here is a Chance for Bears.

ERTFORD, N. C., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* farmers in the section known as "Up River" are plaining that their crops of green corn are being oyed by bears to an extent almost unheard of; three to six good-sized bears enter the fields every t and feast on "roasting ears." Our pack of bear ds having been killed out, and having no others enough to take their places, the owners of the fields resorting to "set guns" with little result as yet.

has been an extremely wet summer, and the bears near the shore, on higher land than usual, and re missing the fun of hunting them for want of

A. F. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A Grist of Things.

OCCASIONALLY something appears in FOREST AND STREAM which seems to demand an immediate answer; but the cares and worries of everyday life intervene, indolence and inertia grow with the years, and procrastination steals another opportunity. Forbearance has, however, ceased to be a virtue, hence this ultimatum.

Some one writes that the raccoon can be trapped in only one way; that all other methods are absolutely worthless. "If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods, he told you what never happened," etc. There are several people in this world of ours besides the interesting correspondent just quoted; and as Uncle Remus remarks: "Ole man K. now all died las' year!"

I studied this art of trapping furred animals in my younger days, and some three or four years since bought a small kit of traps, and together with my son Bruce—now a soldier of the First Montana Infantry in Manila—started out to thin the ranks of the chicken thieves and other vermin along the Colville River, near our home; and among the animals trapped were some hundreds of muskrats, fourteen minks, four coons, one skunk, two cats (domestic), and a dog. The coons were all caught by myself, and were all caught in the timber; and it was no great performance either.

Even though, as Mr. Mather so charmingly insists,

"Ole Misser Coon's a cunnin' t'ing,
He ramble in de dark;
Nuffin' seem' to 'sturb his mine
Till he hear ole Ringo bark"—

yet he will put a foot in a trap if the trapper is master of his trade. All these coon traps were set on dry land, and all were baited. So much for "Misser Coon."

In Mr. Burnham's very interesting account of his trip to the Klondike, I read of his difficulty in finding coarse feed for his horses in the terrible struggle with the hardships of the mountain pass; and I, together probably with many other men familiar with the wilderness, wonder why so intelligent a man did not observe the cottonwood bushes along the trail, and offer the hungry animals the benefit of this useful "browse."

Strange, indeed, how the useful little things of life elude observation. Possibly I myself would appear still more stupid and awkward to him or any other city resident who should catch the old uncle in town trying to ring up somebody on the hello machine. Every man to his trade. I'd rather try to trap a coon any day in the week.

And how strangely true it is that human life so often hangs suspended by some attenuated thread of circumstance. How very certain it is that Lieut. De Long's party of explorers would have escaped the perils of the Siberian wilderness and returned safely to country, home and friends, had they left one-half their rifles and ammunition at the ship, and taken instead an equal weight consisting of a shotgun and its ammunition.

The plan of walking round the arctic hare in narrowing circles, as it sat upon the snow, would have suggested itself to some one of the starving adventurers; and instead of straining their trembling nerves and snow-blinded eyes in a vain attempt at a successful rifle shot at the vanishing mass of white, with no help from the dazzling background of snow, the scatter gun would have made the daily hunt a daily pleasure, and brought food, comfort and joy to the hungry camp.

In this connection I want to tell of a plan to circumvent the jack rabbit which evolved itself from my inner consciousness the first time I tried a shotgun on the speedy brute. This plan may be common enough now in places where the jack rabbit is plentiful, yet as I have not been familiar with this race horse of the plains for many years past, I do not know that such is the case, and I hereby ask those of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who live in a country similar to the one where I made his acquaintance to try this plan and report results.

I do not know of any one else ever trying it, but it will work to a charm if worked properly. There must be no "hobble," however, or the silly creature will see through the gauzy sham. It can be worked only in a country where the grass is short enough to keep the fleeing animal constantly in sight, and over a plain level enough to admit of this also, for the whole stratagem depends upon this one thing.

Go alone, leave the dog at home, and when you jump a jack too far off for your No. 6s, note the direction of his flight, and if you see a slight rise of ground likely to hide him from your view, run to that soon as you can—you only need to be sure that you can see clearly over the face of the country beyond—then stop and watch him carefully. Before he stops you will note that he is about to do so by his slower, shorter jumps, and uncertain manner, as though he were about ready to sit up.

The moment you see this, two things are to be done on the instant; and the result will demonstrate whether you indeed have the sharp eyes and keen instincts of the hunter, or are only a "numskull" gunner who wouldn't become a hunter in a thousand years. Mark instantly with your eye, by the configuration of the ground, and by the surrounding objects, the identical spot where you see the rabbit making those slow, hesitating jumps, so that, were you to close your eyes for half an hour, you could upon opening them detect the spot instantly—and drop completely from sight before he sits up. If you can do these things correctly and on time, the jack is yours. Of one thing be assured, he must not see you when he sits up and looks back, which he is now stopping to do.

Lie quietly, just as you are, for ten or fifteen minutes. Don't be in a bit of a hurry. And when finally you rise up the jack will be nowhere visible. After he has looked for you for a long time, until he is satisfied you are not pursuing, he will crouch in the identical spot where he sat up, lower his long ears and vanish.

Now pick out the spot where last you saw him, and advance—not directly toward him, but as far from it as will bring you in good fair shooting distance when opposite. You will see no rabbit until you get squarely opposite the spot and turn directly toward him, and take a step or two more.

Up, from out the very earth apparently, will rise a pair of ears like palm leaves, surmounting a streak of vanishing gray, and—now's your chance!

STEVENS COUNTY, Wyoming. ORIN BELKNAP.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.—XIX.

WHILE Ethan and I were discussing the suicide of the partridge, we walked along the bank of a dry ditch that was some 3ft. in depth, when Phil came back to us along the bottom of the ditch. When he was nearly opposite us he started to get out of the ditch, but with a sharp cry sprang back again and came out on our side, and stood there whimpering and rubbing the side of his nose with his paw. We were wondering what was the matter, but did not have long to wait before we found out, or at least I did, for a yellow jacket gave it to me in the neck red hot. When I screeched and vigorously slapped the torment you should have seen that dog, as with an inquiring look he came to me and touched me with his nose, then with quickly vibrating tail and open mouth he actually joined with Ethan in laughing at my mishap. There could be no mistake about it, Phil understood the matter, and plainly showed by his actions that he thoroughly enjoyed it. Not the least interesting part of the performance was the behavior of Gipsey. She was only a short distance from us when Phil uttered his cry, and she at once stopped and gave him an inquisitive look; but when I received my dose she came and sitting down as close to me as she could get she fixed here wondrous brown eyes upon my face and sat there the very incarnation of sympathetic sorrow. Ethan pronounced it the most wonderful exhibition of the kind that he had ever witnessed. He then proposed that I should stand on the bank of the ditch while he stirred up the yellow jackets with a pole, just to see Gipsey perform, but I told him that it was cruel to play upon the better feelings of even a dumb brute, and that I could not conscientiously allow myself to consent to anything so wicked as this. The remainder of the day passed without further incident worth mention, and at night we returned to our stopping place with full pockets, well satisfied with the result of our day's tramp through this newly found sportsman's paradise. The country was not nearly so rough as we had been led to believe when we first saw it, and the covers upon the whole were very satisfactory, although some of them were rather dense, but, as Ethan well said, plenty of birds will smooth the roughest ground, and good shooting will denude even briers and brambles of their thorns. In this connection I have often found that good work by the dogs and not least in the category, congenial companionship, will also often cause us to remember with pleasure country and cover that otherwise would be recalled as drear and forbidding.

Ethan had good cause to remember this trip pleasantly, for I laid myself out to make the occasion an agreeable one, and both of us had a most enjoyable time. Ethan shot like a hero, killing nearly, if not quite, two-thirds of the bag. This alone would have made him supremely happy, for he was somewhat inclined to be a bit jealous in this respect, and always appeared to be a little down in the mouth when any of his companions had the better of him in shooting. Although he and I were the best of friends, and he freely admitted that I could beat him out in heavy cover, I knew that he thought himself at least my equal in open shooting, and I was entirely willing that he should, for, with two or three exceptions, I never had any feeling whatever so far as beating a companion or being beaten by him was concerned, for I always enjoyed going afield with a comrade who could perform his part in an artistic manner.

In addition to plenty of birds and good shooting our trip was most enjoyable in every respect, with not one disagreeable feature to mar our pleasure. The second day we devoted to exploring some very promising looking country that we had seen the previous day, finding plenty of grouse and quail, but no woodcock until nearly night, when we found nine in a little springy spot of less than an acre, at the head of an alder run. The first one we found gave us quite a turn, in fact this performance was the only really exciting incident that came to us during the day. Old Tip pointed just inside the edge of the cover, and as Ethan went to her he stepped squarely over a woodcock that got up behind him, and before it rose as high as his head the bird went in a circle completely around him and not more than 2ft. from him, and then flew down the run and settled some 20yds. away. I had a clear view of the whole performance and enjoyed it immensely. When he first turned around he caught sight of the bird, going, as he thought, in the opposite direction, and he again turned with the bird, but not quickly enough to catch up with it, and he never saw it again, although he looked in every direction, including straight in the air. It was worth a long journey to see the expression upon his face during the whole performance, especially when he realized that there was anything funny about it, as he did at once, for he well knew that I did not go into convulsions in that manner unless there was something worth laughing at.

The next morning we bade adieu to our host and drove north, nearly to Hop River, rounding out our trip with some capital sport among the grouse and quail. At 1 o'clock we returned to the team for lunch, and then smoothed out the plumage of our birds and laid them

side by side in the box. There were forty-three partridges, twenty-two woodcock and fifty-nine quail. This we thought a pretty good showing for the time we had been out, to say nothing of the pleasure and fun that we had, and we decided that, taken all together, this was one of the most enjoyable trips that we had ever taken. We started for home shortly after 2 o'clock, driving to Willimantic, where Ethan had business that he said would detain us about fifteen minutes, but we did not get away from the place until after 8 o'clock in the evening, but we had a good dinner, and were familiar with the road, so we jogged along, shortening the journey by shooting our birds over again and commenting upon the many pleasing incidents of our trip, until we had passed the little village of Howard's Valley, and were not more than ten miles from home when there was a sudden crash, a vicious lurch of the wagon, a frantic yell of whoa from Ethan, and then we found ourselves and belongings piled in a promiscuous heap of men, dogs, guns and crook-neck squashes in the ditch. Our host had loaded us down with all the squashes we could conveniently stow in the wagon, and they proved to be most useful upon this occasion in adding variety to the performance by getting up on end and then jumping on us after we were down. The horses behaved nicely—Ethan said they were used to it—and we soon regained our feet and proceeded to strike a match and take account of stock. The roll call showed that none were killed, wounded or missing, and a casual glance at the pile in the ditch led us to believe that the baggage was all right, so we struck another match to see if we could throw any light upon the cause of our trouble. Investigation showed that the near forward wheel was most decidedly off; it had got into a hole, and every spoke was broken short off at the hub. Both of us had had considerable experience in matters of this nature, but nothing just like this had ever come to either of us, consequently we had no precedent to guide us. After promenading around the wreck two or three times and scratching our heads we were about to surrender to the overpowering odds, when Ethan remarked that if it had only been a hind wheel we could fix it with a fence rail. This gave me an idea, and I proposed putting a hind wheel in front, and then proceeding according to the usual custom in vogue when a hind wheel collapsed. Ethan fell in love with this idea, and taking the wrench from the seat box we soon made the change with the wheels, and finding a pole about 15ft. long on the fence we confiscated it and tied the butt on top of the forward axle, then fastening it underneath the rear one we repacked the wagon and were all ready to start. It was past 10 o'clock when we got under way, and our progress was rather slow, but we were happy, and really had a pleasant time, if we did make a night of it, for it was 2 o'clock in the morning when we arrived home.

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sport in a Box.

WHEN the train for Cape Cod left the Old Colony station, in Boston, one morning early in September, it carried two young fellows bound for the famous flats at Chatham, one of the finest grounds for plover shooting on the Atlantic coast. We were going to Capt. Gould's, the well-known hostelry for sportsmen, situated on the edge of the great flats, and only accessible to pedestrians or vehicles at low tide, being cut off from the mainland by a winding arm of the sea. In our kits, besides guns and waterproof clothing, we each carried 500 loaded shells; for, should the birds fly usually well, we expected during our two weeks' outing to use from thirty to fifty shells a day.

We reached the Chatham Branch early in the afternoon, and a few minutes' ride from the junction brought us to quaint and quiet old Chatham, where the "gunners' bus" was awaiting us. As the tide was already on the point of turning, the driver hastened the pace of his sleepy team as much as possible, but after all we had to put our feet up on the front seat while crossing the ford and hold our luggage in our laps, while the incoming tide surged through the body of the wagon, and would no doubt have floated it like a boat had it not been for the heavy cast-iron wheels, with their wide flanges, each weighing over a hundred pounds. Down on Cape Cod the people would rather use iron wheels and ford, as their fathers did, until the millennium comes than build bridges. They live so largely in the water anyway that a little matter of 4 or 5ft. of tidal current doesn't disturb them or their horses in the least.

Just after crossing the ford the keen-eyed driver spied a yellow-leg far down the edge of the channel, and halted his team while Chandler put his gun hastily together, snatched a couple of shells and went stooping along the edge of the water, with long, cautious strides. The big yellow-leg ceased feeding after a few moments and raised its head apprehensively. But the strange object so silently approaching seemed still too far away to be dangerous, and the bird began to feed again. Chandler raised the hammers of his gun and lifted it half-way to his shoulder as he stole noiselessly on. There was a sudden, warning flirt of the bird's wings. The gunner stopped in his tracks and threw up his gun. A puff of smoke and a sharp report just as the bird raised off the sand, and we shouted exultantly as we saw the yellow-leg fall back lifeless, killed clean at 60yds. by the long-range choke-bore.

"That ought to be a starter for the luck of the trip," said Chandler, as he came back with his plover and tossed the bird into the bus.

A warm welcome from Capt. Gould, and an equally welcome meal from the hands of his wife, put us in good spirits and good condition for the evening shooting; and at 4 o'clock we donned our hip boots and canvas suits and started for Box 4, the blind assigned to us for that evening.

Plover shooting on the flats is done from boxes sunk in the sand, and provided with low bench seats, where the gunners may comfortably sit, with their guns upright between their knees, and their eyes on a level with the edge of the box, so that they can see approaching birds. In front of each box, with its sloping rampart of sand, are fixed about a dozen wooden decoys mounted on sticks that are stuck in the sand. The novice is seldom allowed to put out his own decoys, as much depends upon their natural position and arrangement. They must be grouped properly, with heads all pointing in the same general direction, and bodies slightly inclined, as if in the act of feeding.

Two gunners are generally allotted to a box, one keeping watch on the right and the other on the left of the box. Each is provided with a caller, a small tin whistle, which, in the hands of an expert, is capable of imitating exactly the mournful, tremulous whistle of the flying plover. When either gunner sees or hears a bunch of birds approaching he calls softly, "Mark right!" or "Mark left!" as the case may be; and then both gunners lie low and ply their callers as seductively as possible. If the sportsmen are well concealed, the decoys properly placed, and the callers used to good advantage, an approaching bunch of birds, unless recently fired into and badly frightened, will always wheel and either alight just outside the decoys or hover suspiciously over them. The usual method with gunners after a "big bag" is to allow the birds to alight and bunch, and then give them two barrels on the sand and two more as the survivors rise on the wing. Destructive as this method may seem in theory, the novice will find that it takes many a day of practice before deceptive distances on the flats can be so accurately measured by the eye as to insure a successful pot shot. The more sportsmanlike method of shooting single birds on the wing is often the more successful method at first, as a bird in the air does not deceive the eye like a bird on the flats.

No sooner had Chandler and I made ourselves comfortable in Box 4 than a double report from Box 1, far off on the right, told us that the evening flight had begun. The bunch of birds into which the gunners in Box 1 had fired, apparently while on the wing, swung in alarm far outside of Boxes 2 and 3, but returned to the waterline in time to be attracted by our callers and decoys. There was a swish of wings over our heads, and the whole bunch wheeled and dropped gracefully a few feet in front of our decoys. They proved to be stibbs, a comparatively small grayish plover, excellent eating, but hardly large enough to waste shells upon in singles. So we let them bunch, and with four barrels secured eighteen; the rest even hovering around the decoys after they got on the wing, and offering us another chance, which we refused to take, as we considered that we had stibbs enough for that day's bag.

Next followed a bunch of peeps, smaller even than the stibbs; and we let them light among our decoys and go away unmolested.

"Here comes a bunch of rose-breasted plover!" exclaimed Chandler, excitedly, a few moments later. "You take the first and I'll take the second."

We had hardly time to spring to our feet, as the beautiful rose-breasts skimmed by, utterly unmindful of our decoys. Here was a chance for sportsmanlike work. The two guns cracked almost together, and both plover whirled over in the air and came drifting down on the flats—as pretty a shot and as pretty a brace of birds as one might wish to see. The rose-breasted is one of the larger varieties of plover, though not among the largest. It is perhaps the most beautifully colored of all, is comparatively rare and difficult to decoy, and is always counted as a special prize in the gunner's bag. We were accordingly highly pleased at bagging a brace of these birds.

The tide now being at its height, the flight ceased, and we returned to the hotel. Plover as a rule fly only when the tide is encroaching on their feeding grounds. At high tide, or when the tide is going out, few birds are stirring.

The best flight is in the early morning, for two or three hours after daybreak. In drawing lots for boxes, Chandler and I found ourselves assigned for the morning shooting to Box 10, on the extreme left of the line and some two miles' walk down the flats. Accordingly we were up long before the stars began to pale, ate a hasty breakfast in the kitchen, and started for our box while the night was still black and mysterious about us. How desolate and unearthly seemed the vast flats, as we slowly dragged across them in our heavy hip boots, steering as best we could by the half-obliterated path and the dim outlines of the mainland shore!

After a good deal of wandering and getting set right again, we reached Box 10 just as that first pearl gray tinge appeared in the east, heralding the break of day. The tide had just turned on the flood, and before we could see to shoot we heard the shrill quavering call of bunch after bunch of uneasy plover flitting through the darkness.

As soon as objects became visible the sport began, and for two hours our gun barrels had little chance to cool. Curlews, yellow-legs and sickle bills—the big fellows of the plover tribe—came whistling down to our decoys, and we were almost constantly firing or retrieving till the sun had been an hour out of the sea. After the first few pot shots our bag was so large that we decided to devote the rest of the time to the more skillful and pleasurable sport of trying for singles and doubles on the wing. That was indeed the star morning of the trip in more senses than one. Sport so thick and fast I have never enjoyed before nor since. When we returned to "breakfast No. 2," as Chandler put it, our string of birds was the largest brought into the gun room. It numbered 23 yellow-legs, 4 pigeon plover, 7 sickle bills, 12 curlews 3 rose-breasted, 31 ring-necks and 26 stibbs.

So the days passed, bringing health and strength and happy spirits, as well as royal and memorable sport. The great ocean winds, "fresh from Spain," soughed and roared over the little two-story hotel at night, literally rocking and singing us to sleep; and after the morning's sport in the boxes there were tournaments of clay-pigeon shooting out on the sands, and refreshing naps in wind-swayed hammocks, and merry trips "to town" for the mail, and hauling the nets for bluefish, and a dozen other healthful, happy ways of spending our two weeks' vacation. And when the morning came for us to leave it was with a sense of regret amounting almost to heart-sickness that we bade goodby to Capt. Gould and his wife, and our jolly gunner friends, and intrusted ourselves once more to the iron-wheeled bus on its trainward trip across the ford.

PAUL PASTNOR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sept. 2.—Warden Loveday reports rather an interesting state of affairs at Galesburg, in this State. When h looked for the prosecuting attorney to bring suit again Weinberg Bros., whom he had arrested for handlin illegal grouse, the attorney could not be found, and second search did not develop his whereabouts. A le ter has now been addressed to him, and he will now h heard from no doubt. It is said that the birds take from Weinberg Bros. were really killed by some the Galesburg shooters, and that a great many offende would be implicated if all the truth could be brought ou There has undoubtedly been a great deal of illegal shoo ing at that point, and just to show the density of th ignorance of the game laws there, I might quote th following from the local newspaper which speaks of fac as it has found them:

"Hundreds of doves have been shot in Knox coun this year. Perhaps some of the 'doves' were chickens a quails, but hundreds of the real birds have been sho Aside from making good potpies, doves are not wor much. They are not good shooting, and yet some the hunters who have been slaughtering them insist th their only object in doing so is to get them under t protection of the game laws."

As a matter of fact, it is just as much against the la to shoot doves in Illinois, at any time of the year, it is to shoot chickens before the opening day. To sure, I have known of a great many cases where sho ers, some of them members of gun clubs, have made practice of shooting doves, just for the reason that one has ever appeared to enforce the law. Of course, shooters know very well that the habits of the doves such that the shooter often pursues them upon the stu bles, just where he would go after prairie chickens. does not need a dog, and he may often get hedge r or water hole shooting at doves, but the feeding groun of these birds are on the wheat fields. In the opini of many sportsmen it would be much better to prot doves, not all the year, but part of the year, allowi an open season on them of even dates with that of t chicken season. This would prevent the excuse urg above, though, of course, the excuse is to-day absolu ly invalid and illegal. The main conclusion seems to that Galesburg is a good place to watch.

At Ottawa, Ill., this week, suit will be brought the warden against J. D. Towney, for killing ille birds. At Monmouth, last week, three sooners w convicted, one, a negro, going to jail. At Rochelle, Ogle county, an odd case came up. Warden Hizer rested a grave and reverend Catholic priest, wh name shall under the circumstances be kept secret, found he had three illegal birds. The deputy took birds, and told the priest he would see him later. priest hied himself to the justice, and got himself fi and was on his way home again before the deputy got the office to swear out his complaint. This sort of cle al penitence is a good thing.

A great deal of illegal game is now coming in fr South and North Dakota. This week Warden Love seized eleven dozen chickens and six dozen teal, all fr North Dakota. These birds were nearly all spoiled, were thrown away. They had been shipped with ice and were badly packed. In this warm weather ga would spoil before morning if not put on ice. Th is something of a suggestion in this in regard to early opening date. It is nearly always pretty warm the Northwest at Sept. 1, let alone at an earlier dat

There seems to be a sort of misunderstanding, something or other, up in South Dakota about game law, and I am disposed to think they may beli their chicken law "unconstitutional." The Minneap Journal of Aug. 26 says that shooting has proved good in South Dakota, especially along the Bad Ri where one party killed forty-five chickens, another thi another twenty, etc. The birds were shot in brush co along the stream. Inasmuch as the law of South Dak did not open until several days after the reports this shooting came in, it would seem that the law d not go for much this fall in that part of the world hear that there is, indeed, some confusion of the d some thinking that the old date of Aug. 15 still ho It is singular how in a case of confusion like this fellows always take the earlier date.

Summer Skin Hunters.

I have often heard that the residents of the I River country, of Minnesota, have taken the matte the game laws into their own hands, and served no on all game wardens that they would better keep the grass of Deer River. A great many deer and mo are killed there, and I should not be surprised if a a while the wardens disregarded the old-time warning got in there and made some arrests. Much such a of country is that in Lake county, the same State, this week Deputy Warden Helving, with Marshal lien and Jas. Graham, of Two Harbors, went in t and arrested two summer skin hunters in their c near Split Rock, taking over thirty hides of moose deer. The men arrested are Jas. Watson and Dan W and it is said that they have been skin hunting in region for a long time, of course, careless of the g laws. It is stated that they concealed certain of evidence against them by burning the carcasses the skinning.

Mauser Rifles.

The other day I was talking with Opie Read, novelist, and he had occasion to say that he would to get hold of "one of those Mauser rifles that Spaniards used," as he thought it might be a good sq rel gun. Nobody knew where he could obtain the m of indulging this singular fancy, and it was explaine him that maybe he wouldn't need quite so long-rang gun for his squirrel shooting. Yet this week the known firm of Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of New Y city, announce that they can supply a limited quantit the genuine Spanish Mauser rifles, 7mm., with l bayonet and leather scabbard; also cavalry carb same as used by the Spanish army, and also largel the Cubans in the late war. They will also be abl supply the Spanish Mauser smokeless powder cartri

Per contra, the firm is able to supply any one wishing game the U. S. Springfield 45 cal. rifle, with angular bayonet, and cavalry carbines of same description.

Wisconsin Season.

The Wisconsin season on ducks is now in full swing, and though, of course, the shooting is on local ducks, the sport is proving very good. On Horicon, at the other marshes about Winnebago Lake, the redheads are more abundant than they have been for three seasons, and teal and mallards are numerous on all these Wisconsin marshes from Green Bay south to Koshkonong. The breeding conditions have been good. It is also cheering to note that in keeping with the improving times and the better and more cheerful feeling of the people, a great many more shooters are going out this fall than was the case last year. It may truthfully be said that in the West this is a good shooting year in all senses of the word.

The Chicken Harvest.

Now we begin to have reports from the chicken harvest from many corners of the country, and it seems to be undoubtedly true that this is a good chicken year in many parts of the West. I have news more especially from Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota, and in all these States there would appear to have been enough birds to give good sport. Illinois is, of course, still closed. Nebraska comes to the front with a fair showing. South Dakota I take to have as many birds this fall as last.

At Atkinson, Neb., there was fair sport, though the weather the first few days of the season was very warm, as indeed it was over most of the West at that time. Jack Hallowell, Tom Kimball and John Humphrey had good shooting during their trip to that point.

At Fergus Falls, Minn., one is upon what was once a grand chicken ground, and which still can show sport in reason. Messrs. E. A. Jewett, C. C. Warfield and Thos. Roberts made a bag of fifty-eight birds on opening day, which is plenty these days. Others took to the marshes rather than the stubbles, and Messrs. Henry Asseln, George Borne, T. D. Orr, Roy Smith and Harvey Bartelson bagged 161 ducks in the first day's shooting, which is thought to be a great bag at that point.

Messrs. Wm. Rose, Chas. Penninger, Henry Sanford, Frank Schurz, Henry Weber and G. Schmidt, all of Chicago, went to Waubay, South Dakota, and put in a week with the grouse in that locality, which is reported to be a very good one this fall. They got all the birds they wanted to eat and give away, and had 200 to dispose of when they started home. They were taken out by Ellsworth Young and W. B. McLean, of Waubay.

Reports state that a great deal of game, grouse and chickens more especially, is coming to St. Paul and Minneapolis this week over the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Soo railroads. The number of chickens is placed in the thousands, though of course this is much a matter of guesswork. There seems to be no guessing, but a certainty, in the belief that the fall crop of birds is a very fine one, and that the sport has been good. Chicago dealers are, of course, asking these lucky markets for some chickens, plenty of chickens, any number of chickens. If I had a million prairie chickens here, it is very likely within the bounds of fact to say that they could be sold to-morrow on the Chicago market, for consumption later in the East and on the ocean liners. The lucky Twin Cities, however, are not so unwise as to put their birds on the market, and they hold them for their own State.

At Chamberlin, South Dakota, the sportsmen tried to have the date of Sept. 1 respected as opening date, and this past week they have been finding good shooting in their locality. The dried-up shallow water known as Red Lake, which once was noted for its duck shooting, but which later failed in a droughty season, has again filled up with water from the artesian wells and elsewhere, and the duck shooters think they will have the old times back again this fall.

In northern Iowa, much to the surprise of nearly everyone who saw the rapid diminution of the prairie chickens many years ago in the day of unrestricted shooting, the birds are this year reported to be found in very good numbers indeed, and good sport has been found by those who went out, in the upper tier or so of counties, more especially. The State of Iowa might very well do more for her game and fish than she does. Thus I see it published that State Warden Delavan, of Iowa, has offered a private reward, out of his own pocket, for conviction of any one shooting chickens illegally. The State should furnish the pocket.

In Wisconsin, and well up toward the pine country which marks the limit of the habitat of the prairie chicken, shooters report very good success this week. In Jackson county they say there are more birds than have been seen for years. This is thought to be due to the stricter enforcement of the game laws in recent times. Give the big grouse a show and he will get along.

Fessenden, Minnesota, is one of the points which were tipped strongly by the knowing before the opening of the season, though I do not yet get word from that point. There is good duck shooting near there too. Messrs. E. D. Smythe, Geo. M. Liggett, E. N. Forrest and Walter Herrick, all of Minneapolis, made this point their objective in a trip this week.

I central Iowa also there is a good show yet to get a few chickens, for instance around Webster City, Kamrar and Blairsburg. One bag of thirty-seven is reported (twenty-five birds is the daily limit under the law). This central Iowa country was my own old chicken ground in the earlier years. We used to take a team and wagon and go north, camping out and shooting in the country east of Webster City. In those days the birds were very abundant, and we killed all we wanted without trouble. Yet my father told me that when he first went out into that country there were hundreds of birds to where there was one at the time when I began to shoot. He said that in the early frontier days the birds bred all about the edges of the towns, and people would hardly eat them, they were so common and easily killed. He spoke of one day when a number of his friends went out shooting, and he himself killed sixty birds one afternoon with a muzzleloading gun, often killing eight or ten birds without much more than moving from his tracks. After that one day, he said, he would never shoot so much game again, and I remember I got a very hard training on that sort of thing at the time, when I got big enough to swipe the old gun and steal out now and then for a hunt after school around the edge of town. But those were the days when we had chicken shots, and chicken dogs, too. At that time all central Iowa was dotted with long blocks of unbroken prairie ground, where never a plow had come. On these grass lands the birds bred, and they flew to the grassy sloughs when disturbed in their feeding on the stubble. We hunted them chiefly on the stubble in the morning and evening, but if we were driving across country very often put them up on the grass and then got out and followed them. They did not fly so far as they do now. I can remember what fun it was to watch them as they flew on out over the waving grassy prairie, which to the unskilled eye was very deceptive. A "good marker" was a useful man in a party then. A bit of dark grass, a tall rosin weed or a bright yellow sunflower would serve for a mark, well enough for the trained prairie shooter. That was free, open, unrestrained, pleasurable sport, with no wire fences in sight (nor at that time was any wire fence dreamed of), and it was very different from the selfish and hurried scramble of these days, with all their soonerism and their narrowed range alike of vision and of enjoyment. I wouldn't mind a few days of the old times back again, with the old dog, and the old gun, and the old tutor, who is now a very old man.

Up in Wisconsin they have been doing business with the chickens this week in more places than one. Princeton, and the country to the west of that town, seem to have panned out very well. Messrs. A. Bechaud, C. L. Handt and H. A. Nolte, of Milwaukee, bagged forty birds in a little hunt in that part of the State, and a little further to the south Messrs. W. G. Smith, Dr. Gillett, Wm. Breitenstein and Gus. Gromme, of Fond du Lac, who made up another party, got about forty birds also. In that same region Fred Sexsmith killed twenty-four birds in one day, shooting alone. Mr. Will Diener, of Fond Du Lac, brought in fourteen birds, bagged in one day's shooting. Around Puckaway Lake the duck and chicken shooting has been good. At Horicon Marsh, Percy Stone, of Chicago, made a mixed bag of ducks and chickens on opening day. He says there are, or were at that time, quite a number of birds around the edge of the marsh on the farm fields. He did not speak of any very startling bags on ducks, but thought a man could kill twenty-five or thirty birds on the Diana Marsh, if he cared to do so.

Fooled Brer George.

George Kleinman, one of the best known trap shots of Chicago, was appointed a deputy game warden this year, and he has proved a good one. Yet a couple of folks, who live over near Belvidere, played a low down sort of trick on George. He had caught them shooting chickens, and found a bird in the posession of one of them, but allowed the men to go to town in the afternoon. The first thing they did was to go to a justice of the peace and get themselves tried before the warden appeared. The names of the men were F. E. Lee and L. Fox. Fox complained against Lee, and the justice fined the latter $5, giving Fox half the fine for lodging the information, as the law permits. This $2.50 was then handed to Lee by Fox. Brer Gawge was not consulted, and he was pretty warm over it when he found how things had gone. Not that he wanted the money alone, for I believe he is one of the deputies who are put on salary, and not on the commission of half the fines.

The Duck Season.

The southbound flight this year appeared on the Texas gulf coast at an extraordinary early date, namely on Aug. 23. A great many birds have since then been dropping in, and by this time, I suppose, the Texas duck season is on to greater extent than ours is in this latitude. It is not known where the ducks bred that make this early Texas flight. They are mostly marsh ducks, sprigs, teal and mallards, and may have nested even below the 42d parallel. These birds often move directly on south as soon as they begin to be disturbed, and work up and down according to the condition of the weather in the fall and winter.

The Wisconsin law forbidding shooting before sunrise or after dark seems to have been violated with great uniformity and enthusiasm pretty much all over that State, so far as one may learn. On Puckaway Lake the sooners began pounding out the ducks well before the opening day, and the result of this was seen on Fox Lake and adjacent waters, on which the birds took refuge. On Beaver Dam Pond the shooters could not wait till dawn, and gave the ducks a brushing up by moonlight. The warden took some names. As to what the poachers did up Waupun way, on the grounds of the Horicon Shooting Club, I wasn't there, but I will cheerfully bet that a dozen guns were at work before the sun had kicked off his foggy blankets on Sept. 1. It is very tempting to shoot when the best of the flight is on, but really nothing drives away the birds from a marsh quicker than this shooting at them when it is dark. A good and business-like market hunter will not do that, nor allow anybody else to do it on his shooting country, if he can help it.

Warm weather has spoiled the sport of the members of Long Meadow Shooting Club, of Minneapolis, whose preserve is located on the Mississippi River bottoms within a buggy drive of the city of Minneapolis. Strange as it may seem to the unadvised, there is on this valuable club preserve a very fine and well stocked duck marsh, where the birds breed annually in very large numbers. There will be good fun there this week and next. A bag of a couple of dozen birds is a common thing there, mostly of marsh ducks, teal, mallards, etc.

The famous country of lakes and marshes and fields in Douglas county, Minn., is this fall in elegant shape, and the Alexandria lakes will have plenty of birds for any reasonable demands. At Wheaton, Minn., there seems to be a great game country, as it is stated that 8,000 ducks were shipped from that one point last year, and this is but a small part of the total from that vicinity. There are chickens in there also.

The wood duck crop on the Kankakee, in Indiana, is now pretty well harvested. A few jack snipe are coming in, and the yellowlegs are beginning to leave and go south. It is not thought that we shall have any duck shooting on this marsh this season, of any consequence. John Watson is anxiously inquiring for some jack snipe country, but he thinks he is going to get left this fall.

Ohio Big Game.

The following I find in the dispatches, dated Bloomdale, O., Sept. 6:

"The annual hunters' party was held here to-day at the armory, 150 hunters and hunters' wives participating. The pelts of deer, lynx, panthers and smaller game, stuffed heads and birds, were displayed as the product of several years' hunting. A deer from the garden of Andrew Wiseman, of West Independence, was loosed and the woods scoured for it. It was hunted down by forty hunters, and served at the banquet to-day."

Colorado Big Game.

The State Warden of Colorado still thinks that the reports of a bunch of buffalo near Steamboat Springs is correct, and he has sent two deputies into that country to keep out a watch for these animals. They are reported far up in the mountains in a region little traveled.

Mr. W. E. Warren and wife, of Fox Lake, Wis., have this week gone to the Gunnison country, Colo., for a visit at the ranch of Mr. Geo. Lightley, where they expect to get deer and trout, if nothing bigger.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Ottawa Club Game Register.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Enclosed please find a copy of our "Game Register" of the Ottawa Shooting Club, showing totals of different species of ducks shot each year from 1880 to 1886 inclusive. Some time in the future I will send you a copy from 1886 to date.

The Ottawa Club was organized in 1871, with seventy-five members. In 1892 the membership was reduced to fifty members. The club owns 4,000 acres of marsh and farm lands on the head of Sandusky Bay and along the Sandusky River. The club house is situated on the Sandusky River, about five miles from Sandusky Bay, on what was formerly known as Hone's Point.

The season has just opened (Sept. 1) and there were more ducks (mostly blue-winged teal and mallards) on the marshes than have been seen on Sept. 1 for about five years back. Our Ohio laws do not allow shooting on Sunday or Monday, and only from 5 A. M. to 6 P. M. the rest of the week. The indications are that the shooting will be excellent this fall. There were thousands of jack snipe and plover on the marshes. I saw jack snipe in flocks as high as ten, which is seldom seen. I seldom shoot any other game while hunting ducks; if I had had small shot with me on the 1st I could easily have killed fifty jack snipe without leaving my duck blind, as I was located right in the middle of a large mud flat, with just enough water on it to suit snipe and plover. It was a great sight to see plentiful.

We account for the large quantity of game in our marshes by the fact of our having built two dams at the mouth of streams running through our marshes, which keeps the water at a good depth over about 2,000 acres. This has made plenty of duck food, the marshes being full of wild celery, arrowhead, mosses and wild rice.

We have also kept the German carp out of our marshes pretty well, by having them seined out at the dams and at the mouths of the streams flowing out of the marshes. Before we did this, the carp ate or destroyed the duck food. We used to have fine big-mouthed bass fishing in the Sandusky River, but since the German carp got into it the bass have disappeared.

Frank B. Many.

Season.	Canvasback.	Redhead.	Bluebill.	Mallard.	Black Duck.	Widgeon.	Pintail.	Shoveler.	Gadwall.	Wood Duck.	Blue-Winged Teal.	Green-Winged Teal.	Unclassified.	Brant.	Whistle-Win	Butter-Ball.	Grand Total for Year.
Sept. 1, 1880, to March 31, 1881.....	47	223	330	226	12	121	339	3	6	4	509	184	5	1	..	..	2,001
Sept. 1, 1881, to March 31, 1882.....	28	578	1,195	122	31	129	274	38	0	14	677	232	500	..	..	..	3,819
Sept. 1, 1882, to March 31, 1883.....	117	774	716	317	33	403	213	43	12	20	259	164	2,076	..	..	..	5,194
Sept. 1, 1883, to March 31, 1884.....	225	716	635	189	35	245	177	25	8	17	340	63	829	..	..	..	3,504
Sept. 1, 1884, to March 31, 1885.....	17	91	117	172	33	83	136	7	4	6	160	85	522	..	..	..	1,433
Sept. 1, 1885, to March 31, 1886.....	28	248	215	184	5	82	94	12	19	18	552	45	960	..	..	..	2,462
Sept. 1, 1886, to Nov. 30, 1886.....	12	371	253	473	0	384	244	94	20	8	640	322	...	..	12	55	2,888
Total.....																	21,301

Game about Gettysburg.

Gettysburg, Pa.—Pheasants will not be very plenty in our hills this fall, there are too many foxes, which destroy the nests and young birds. We have no bounty on fox scalps, and small game is steadily getting less every year. I hear of more partridges over the country than for several years, and if our sportsmen would leave them alone for a few years they would get very plenty again.

From different accounts, I have heard that deer will not be very plenty this winter in our mountains. Every family in the mountains have their dogs, and they kill more deer (especially the does) than the hunters, which accounts for the scarcity.

F. M. B.

Any Old Way will Catch a Coon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the author of the article on "Trapping Coons" must have been "just funning," as the boys say, when he makes the assertion that there is "only one way to catch a coon" in a trap; for if there is any animal wearing hair or fur that goes around "hankering to be caught" it is a coon of the ring-tailed variety. I have never seen a trap of any kind set for one which, if strong enough to hold him, wouldn't catch a coon. In my boyhood days I have seen them caught in boxes set for rabbits at holes in the fence; I have seen them caught by the score in log traps set across fallen trees in the swamps, and by the way that is the darky's favorite way of trapping them. I have seen them caught in steel traps set several feet from the ground on some fallen tree across a stream. They are frequently caught in what is known as a deadfall—two slabs or puncheons, one laid flat on the ground, the other set above it with an ordinary Fig. 4 trigger, a weight being attached to the top piece to hold the game when once in—the trap being baited with either a piece of salt fish or a handful of ripe persimmons. In fact, they are so easily caught that by leaning a good stout pole against a persimmon tree, which the coon is in the habit of visiting, and setting a log trap across the pole, after he has become accustomed to the sight, it is no trick to catch him.

A farmer friend of mine, whose corn in a field adjoining a swamp was being destroyed by coons, after examining his fence found that most of the marauders entered the field at one place through a hole in the fence, made by a broken rail in the "old Virginia rail fence." Knowing the nature of the animal, and trusting to their simplicity, he merely removed the broken rail, drove two stout stakes on either side of the fence, so that the upper and lower rails would come together true and plumb, lifted one end of this improvised trap and set it with an ordinary Fig. 4, and for four consecutive mornings took a fine fat coon from the fence, and they were not all "young and foolish" either, for it comprised the whole family.

I have seen coons caught in almost every way except the "only way to catch a coon," as laid down by the writer referred to above; but do not for a moment doubt they can be caught that way, as they certainly can be caught almost "any old way." A. F. R.

HERTFORD, N. C.

The Huntsman's Green.

WITH the progress of the deer-hunting season in this State come in the usual reports of hunters shot by other hunters, who were sufficiently stupid or rattled to mistake them for game. An exchange suggests the wearing of a scarlet coat by each sportsman. This, however, would be as good a danger signal to a deer as to a shooter.

A colored coat probably would give the best protection, but green would be a better selection. It is the huntsman's own color, and it seems hardly possible that the most verdant gunner would suppose he had spied a bright green deer; while the animal would not be alarmed by a glimpse of so familiar a shade.

If the deer-hunter is looking for a protective uniform he would better conclude, with the milkmaid of the story, that "green becomes his complexion best, and green it shall be."—Syracuse Post.

Indiana Shooting Outlook.

WARSAW, Ind., Aug. 20.—The woodcock season has proven a failure, these birds being practically exterminated in this county. The same can be said of pinnated grouse, snipe and ducks. There is, however, a promise of fair quail shooting in November. MONOQUET.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Remarkable Rod Fishing.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Cal., Aug. 7.—The present year has been a remarkable one in the annals of rod and reel fishing in southern California. Tuna fishing has become a regular pastime, and now the black sea bass fishing with rod and reel, which was for a long time considered almost impossible, is an every-day affair, and almost every catch brought in this season is taken with an ordinary tuna or tarpon rod and a 21-thread line.

How remarkable this is may be realized when it is known that a fish weighing 324lbs. has been recently brought to gaff by Mr. Frank V. Rider, of New York.

The black sea bass is very plentiful about the island,



MR. FRANK V. RYDER'S 324LBS. BASS.

and is in season from April to October. That is, it bites best at this time; but if fished for can be found in schools in winter. The spawning time is in July and August, and at this time the king of the bass tribe (*Stereolepis gigas*) is found in water 20 to 30ft. deep within 150ft. of the shores of the rocky island. Here on the edge of the kelp beds the cast is made. The tackle advocated by the Tuna Club is a bass rod or any fairly light rod, a 21-thread line and a wire leader about 7ft. in length. For bait a live whitefish 4 or 5lbs. in weight, or a large piece of yellow rail or barracuda is used. The bait is anchored to a buoy, which is taken into the boat and held ready to throw over at the strike. This is exactly the reverse of that of the tuna. The fish fumbles at the bait, takes it up and drops it, finally swallowing it. The strike is made when about 10ft. of line has slowly gone over, and then the sport begins in a tremendous fast rush that will take from 200 to 400ft. of line. Then the leather pad brake in the hands of a strong man will stop the rush, and for perhaps half an hour or an hour the play of the fish is a fine exhibition of power and cunning. And here is the difference between this fish and a tuna or tarpon—for a short time it fairly equals them, but it has not the staying powers, and is generally killed in from half an hour to an hour, while in all probability a tuna of like size (say 250lbs.) could not be caught with rod. But fishing for this great bass is rare sport, as Mr. Beard can well testify, having fought one to the finish off San Clemante, killing it, if I am not mistaken, by the light of a lantern.

The late catches have been remarkable, and the record is held by Mr. Rider, who took a 324lb. fish in fifty-five minutes; the party comprised Dr. H. K. Macomber, of Pasadena; Frank V. Rider, of New York, and Jim Gardner, boatman. They fished with two rods, and landed five fish, Mr. Rider's weighing 324 and 268lbs. Dr. Macomber's weighed 256 and 109lbs., while another fish weighing 251lbs. was a joint catch. The bass having taken both their baits rushed off in a manner th completely deceived them, so that each man thought had a fish; but at the end of fifteen minutes they h the same fish at the surface; and the combined effo was too much for him. The weight of this catch w 1,211lbs. Mr. Rider landed his 324lb. fish in fifty-fi minutes. It was 6ft. 2in. long, and 4ft. 9in. in gir Mr. Rider landed a 170lb. fish in twenty minutes. I Macomber landed a 140lb. fish in nineteen minutes, a a 130lb. fish in thirty minutes, these being a catch another day.

I once played a bass for twenty-five minutes, and t work was so violent to keep the fish out of the ke for which it was heading, about a quarter of a m off shore, that I was completely exhausted and su rendered rather than overstrain myself. Dr. Macomb took my rod, but even then could not stop the fish. reached the kelp bed, towing the heavy boat, and bro the line. The largest fish escape, and they have be taken here weighing 800lbs. on a hand line.

Some of the other rod catches for this season are follows: Dr. W. R. Bently, Seattle, black sea b weighing 252lbs., in two hours; rod 11oz.; line strand cuttyhunk. As this is written Dr. H. H. Pe has brought in a 374lb. bass, caught on the same tack in one hour. Other catches are: Gail Borden, N York, 168lb. bass; C. A. P. Tarbutt, London, 268 a 193lb. bass; F. V. Rider, New York, bass as follo 208, 326, 253, 251, 109. Dr. F. Stattuck, San Francis 190, 180, 208lbs.; all taken on 21-thread lines, and usua within one hour. SENOR X

Colorado Fishing the Best.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, Aug. 29.—I wish to rel to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a brief story of recent trouting experience in Colorado.

Last October I spent nine days wandering along Rio Grande River, in Colorado. I caught large tro using small gray and brown hackle flies as a lure, a I lost many large trout through the small hook tear out of the fishes' mouths.

From the Rio Grande River I went to hunt quail alo the Monon Route in Indiana. From Indiana I went Georgia, Mississippi and Louisana, fishing for anythi from "green trout" (our common large-mouth ba to sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, redfish, red and sn per, and even tackled tarpon in the "passes" of Lou iana. From Louisiana I sped back to Lake Marie, the line of the Wisconsin Central R. R., in north Illinois, where the large-mouth bass run riot in ea April, just after the ice breaks up. I captured twen six bass in Lake Marie one sunny afternoon, usin phantom minnow as a lure. I stood up in my bo drifted with the wind and cast from 20 to 50ft. av from the boat. From Lake Marie I went to Pra River, Wis., which is one of the most beautiful of tr streams. I have fished this stream year after year w several members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, as an "early" trout stream it is unsurpassed. I m relate in some future article the peculiarities, the cha ing (and other) traits of character of some of th men with whom I have fished. For it must be so occult thing that hovers over and about a tr stream which uncovers and lays bare the soul of m If you would know a man just spend a few days w him fishing on some trout stream, and I'll guaran that you will learn more about his innermost nat than years of ordinary intercourse would reveal. requires (to become a successful angler for trout) tience, humility and many fine qualities not posses by the ordinary man.

But to return to our trout fishing. Wisconsin, Mic gan and Minnesota afford good trout fishing, ye always miss the mountains. Prairie River in Wiscon is a thing of beauty, and its waters teem with the r spotted trout. The woods surrounding the Michigan Wisconsin trout streams are dense, dark with pine, he lock and spruce trees, while here and there the slend graceful birches are silhouetted against the darker ba ground of the pine forest; ever and anon a silver l gleams through the shadows of the forest; the air fragrant with the breath of trailing arbutus, early spr flowers, fresh ferns and the ozone from the pines. we wander slowly through these Michigan or Wiscon woods our lungs are filled with the bracing air, our m cles rebound with the elasticity of rubber, and our spi seem to be lifted up in grateful ecstasy—it seems go to be alive.

Yet with all their beauty and attractions, the wo of these States lack the charm and grandeur of mountains. I always arrange to spend my last trout days among the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado. Th mountains mother countless beautiful trout streams, Gunnison, the Juanita, the Saguache, the Platte, So Platte, Deer Creek and hundreds of others, yet the Grande River, which flows along the Creede branch the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., is my first and o love among trout streams. And so we (Mr. Edward Linnen, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and myself) pitc our camp on the left bank of this lovely stream, wh leaps into life away up in the heart of the Rocky Mo tains, and away it dashes over titan rocks, around sh bends, through cañons, out again into broad reac of quieter water, ever rippling and singing; sometir after a violent storm its waters become suddenly mud but a few hours quickly clears it again, and its he waters are a paradise for the trout angler, more parti larly the fly-caster.

We waded the waters of the Rio Grande River s by side for miles, daily, casting our flies afar out over shining waters, now hooking a large trout, playing h a while, and losing more fish than we saved, beca of our using small flies—No. 10 being our cho Down the river we wandered, now reeling in a tro now laughing at one another, as a foot would slip a fall would result. Now our gaze would rivet our t ant eyes upon some extraordinary sight. Mounta all about us, range upon range, reaching away int dim and far-away eternity. Mists, like purple ro enfolding the distant peaks, and giant summits lean over toward the river, threatening to fall and engulf Gentle slopes, covered with wild flowers, frail and dai Over all a sky of deepest blue, with here and ther

fleecy cloud, hanging like a feather in midair. So we fished the Rio Grande. How fast time flies in this earthly paradise! Morning, noon and night seem to run together, and the heart offers up a continual prayer of gratitude for life amid such surroundings.

EDWARD G. TAYLOR.

Canadian Salmon Rivers.

IN his acknowledgment of Mr. Davison's letter of Aug. 30, Acting Assistant Commissioner Charles O. Lavoie writes that "As regards the rivers or parts of rivers flowing in the Mingan Seigniory, the Privy Council having decided that the power to legislate to regulate the fisheries remains with the Federal authorities, we will have to apply to Ottawa as to this matter."

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—Hon. Commissioner of Land, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec, Canada.—Sir: I have to acknowledge your favors of the 29th of August (No. 10168-98) and of the 2d of September (No. 10435-98), which refer respectively to my letters of the 23d of August, concerning Nova Scotian and other schooners illegally setting trap nets inshore, and my letter of the 30th of August, concerning the details of the poaching in the Jupitagon during the present year.

It may make the matter of the setting of trap nets by schooners and the effectiveness of that class of poaching more evident if you consider the coast conditions at many places. For example, I enclose a little sketch (from one of your department's detailed surveys) of the mouth of the Jupitagon (Tchiptagon), which river was referred to in my last letter. It is at once apparent that a trap net set opposite either the passageway between the more easterly island and the shore, or the passageway between the two islands—even at some little distance from the shore—would take many salmon. So many small islands lie near the coast along the north shore, creating in each instance a somewhat well defined and narrowish channel through which the salmon must pass, that many similar opportunities occur. Also the larger bays or estuaries into which so many of the rivers of the north shore debouch afford opportunity at the times of the spring tides in the months of May and June—or if the spring tides come early in the months of June and July—for the setting of such nets. Indeed it may be predicated of the greater part of the "illegal" estuary netting that in places where shore nets are set and a license exists it is done by means of floating or anchored nets set for schooners, while at places where there is no estuary license the schooner might go in closer and perhaps set its nets from the shore itself. It is to a large extent for the purpose of stopping this class of poaching that the patrol steamers referred to in my original letter are so necessary, though I would not have you fail to bear in mind the absolute necessity of these steamers for the purpose of seeing that not more than the number of nets authorized by the license (where one exists) are set at an estuary, that the nets do not remain set at forbidden times, and whatever distance between the ends of nets set opposite each other is prescribed by law or regulation is actually maintained.

Let me add (if the Government hesitates in any wise to incur expense on account of these steamers) that I think beyond a peradventure they would be almost self-supporting in carrying the mail for anglers located at rivers along the north and south shores, as also in taking them to their respective rivers, bringing them back, and carrying their men, canoes and provisions. One great drawback to the north shore leases, and one reason why so many north shore rivers remain unlet, and why the revenue derived from most of those which are leased is so small, and why the rivers being comparatively infrequently visited are not properly guarded, is the great difficulty of access, and the uncertainty of communication. If your department should institute patrol steamers, give publicity to the fact that communication along the north shore from say the first of May to the end of July would be frequent, that mail for the different rivers would be carried by them if addressed to the care of your department, and that anglers might utilize the steamers—upon suitable payment—for the transportation to the rivers of themselves, their tents, provisions, canoes and men, I am inclined to believe that a remarkable change of condition would be produced as to the north shore. As the matter stands, the idea of hiring a north shore river presents to the mind many discouragements. Time, expense, difficulty of communication and impossibility of return, except at rare intervals, arise immediately before the mind and deter anglers from applying for leases.

In relation to the subject touched on in my letter concerning the Jupitagon; the beheading and cleaning of codfish at the mouths of the rivers, I have been furnished with the following information, which may be of interest to your department.

An angler who has visited a number of rivers on this coast writes me that it is the custom at the mouths of all the rivers of the coast off which codfish are taken to cast the heads and entrails of the cod direct into the stream, where they lie putrefying in the sun at low tide. He adds especially in relation to the St. John (the reference is to the St. Jean en bas), which has recently been leased by your department to Mr. Hill, at a very large rental, as follows:

"At the mouth of the St. John, all along the channel for more than a mile, I observed his summer (1898) that codfish heads were lying in masses. Their quantities could only be estimated by the ton, and they converted the mouth of this beautiful stream into a hideous and nauseous cesspool at low tide. I am told that the law provides that such offal must be buried. This provision is never observed, and I must believe deters salmon from entering in many instances. Some years ago I observed in the upper waters of the Moisie that the blood of a single salmon spilled in a rapid current close to the bank drove out from that shore more than 100 fish, which had been resting close to the bank on that side at points from 50 to 100ft. below. These fish did not return for several days, nor could I account for their departure and return in any other way."

The same angler adds:

"I am unable at the moment to speak from personal observation of the details of the poaching and abuses in other rivers of the north shore, but there is a good deal of testimony from others, which has come to my general knowledge, which may be of interest. It is well known and a matter of common report along the coast that the rivers east of the Natashquan are nearly all badly run down through excessive netting, and from the destruction effected by unlicensed and improperly placed trap nets along the shore and near the mouths of the rivers. It is well known that many schooners come from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and set trap nets to an anchor where they please and without paying license fees, and that many salmon are taken in these nets.

"I was told by Mr. Chevalier, who, with his father and brothers, nets the mouth of the Esquimaux, that that magnificent stream furnished now so few salmon that it is scarcely worth while to set out the nets; and similar stories come from many other rivers of this region which should furnish an abundance of fish." (I call to your attention that this, the Esquimaux, is the stream which all the guide books and all the puffs which are so liberally published in relation to salmon in Canada always take pleasure in mentioning "formerly furnished 52,500 salmon yearly.")

Allow me in closing to add that I am informed, and you can readily verify the information, that Mr. John Brown, of Quebec, the late lessee of the Becscie (this is not the Shelldrake, which is in the Mingan Seigniory, but the Shelldrake or Obetsie, which is more in the neighborhood of the Godbout), gave up that river because he found poachers on the stream with salmon in their possession whom he could not oust, though he was paying a guardian, one Michael Emond, of Mistassini, to guard the river (i. e., the Mistassini on the north shore, not the river of the same name in the Lake St. John district.)

I have now pursuant to my promise furnished your department with detailed information as to some six rivers, and have as well pretty thoroughly covered the general subject of the present condition of your salmon rivers, the poaching and the methods of stopping it. I have called to your attention the large loss of revenue which the Province suffers, and the large diminution in food supply by reason of the improvident taking, and no one has written or come forward questioning or denying any of the propositions which have been put forth, although the subject has been given pretty full publicity in the Montreal and Quebec newspapers, the New York Times, and also much of the correspondence has been published in full in the American Field and the FOREST AND STREAM. On the contrary, so far from questioning the correctness of the general position taken, on all hands it is admitted that the time has come for either definite improvement in methods of regulating the taking or else for the disappearance of salmon.

I have no desire to weary you with this matter, and yet the subject being of importance I am loath to abandon it without seeing a definite result. Information comes to me from those interested in the subject in Canada, including a member of the Upper House of the Dominion Parliament, that legislation is to be proposed at the coming sessions of both the Provincial and Dominion Legislatures, and I should be glad if in the event of your department's preparing any act for introduction in the Provincial Legislature, I might be notified of its proposed provisions and be given an opportunity to suggest in relation thereto.

As a further evidence to you of the universal existence and the persistent character of the improper taking of salmon, and of the effects thereof, let me add that I received yesterday from Mr. Frank Wilkeson, of Anacortes, Washington State, a letter in which, after referring to my original letter to your department, he adds:

"Here our salmon, five varieties, are threatened with extinction by the salmon canneries, which use traps to catch the fish. These fish are caught in enormous numbers while migrating to their spawning beds. I have seen 63,000 salmon taken in one day in one trap. Last year 2,000,000 sock-eye salmon were thrown away by the trap men operating at Point Roberts. If these traps are allowed to continue taking fish migrating to spawning grounds, the business of canning salmon will come to speedy end. I propose to attack trap fishing in the Legislature in this State. Any information you can give me will be most thankfully received, etc."

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

Plankton.

IN this country the fisherman as a rule continues to fish in any one locality until fishing in that locality has become unprofitable. He then moves his operations to new waters till these in turn are exhausted. He is apt to look upon each body of water as inexhaustible, and rarely has occasion to ask himself whether it is possible to determine in advance the amount of fish that he may annually take from the waters without soon depleting it.

On the other hand, the fishculturist is apt to plant his fry in waters that are quite unsuited to them, or to plant them in numbers far in excess of what the water can support.

The fishermen proceed as farmers might who imagine that they could continually reap without either sowing or fertilizing; while the fishculturist proceeds often as if convinced that seed might grow on barren soil or that two seeds might be made to grow in place of one.

In some regions the public is beginning, through the machinery of the State, to insist that its interest in the fisheries be guarded, that neither fishing or planting of fish should be carried on in excess, and the time is fast approaching when the State will everywhere exert its authority to control the fisheries. It will then become necessary to determine, at least approximately, the productive capacity of any body of water.

It is known that the many species of plants and animals which inhabit a body of water are interdependent. In the final analysis all the fishes are dependent directly or indirectly on the minute floating plants and animals which, taken together, we call the plankton. The total mass of plankton is in most bodies of water so great that, in comparison with it, it is customary to neglect the field plants along the shores and the animals that they harbor. That the plankton lies at the base of all life in the water is then the first principle.

The second principle is that the plankton, considered as a whole, is uniformly distributed. There are no longer any doubts that some constituents of plankton, e. g., the crustacea, may not be distributed uniformly. Whenever measurements have been made of the total plankton, it has on the other hand been found that this is so distributed that nearly the same volume of it occurs under each square yard of the surface.

From these two principles Hensen concludes that a determination of the amount of plankton under a unit area of any part of the sea would afford a measure of the productive capacity of the part.

It remained to find some means of making such determinations. After much labor Hensen finally adopted the method of drawing a net vertically from the bottom to the surface. Such a net strains out the plankton contained in a vertical column of water, and catches the whole amount of plankton under an area of the surface equal to the net opening. From the plankton thus obtained the total plankton of the water under consideration may be calculated, and the results expressed in volumes or by weights, or by enumerating the contained individuals. The productive capacity of a body of water, as expressed in its plankton production, may thus be compared to that of other bodies of water, and so may be made of practical use.

The method which Hensen used in the sea was later extended by his pupil, Apstein, to fresh water. This method, with some slight modifications, has since been used in this country by Reighard, Ward and others.

The great advantage which this method enjoys over others is that the water from which the net strains the plankton is a vertical column of water extending from bottom to the surface. It thus contains water from all depths, and is a represented sample of all the water in the lake examined. This column of water bears the same relation to the whole body of water that a sample removed from a sheet of metal by a punch bears to the whole sheet. There is no other method applicable to all conditions which has been shown to have this advantage.

PROF. JAMES REIGARD.

A Strike-in of Bluefish.

BOSTON, Sept. 9.—Mr. C. A. Brown is spending his vacation in the early autumn, and he takes it at that season for the sake of the shooting and fishing it is then possible to combine. Monomoy is the place he has chosen, and it has brought him the bluefishing occasion of a lifetime. Up to Labor Day bluefishing had been poor, and even up to 2 o'clock on that day there had been but little fishing. Brown had been "heaving the drail" all the morning with but little success, when all at once tremendous schools of herring and other small fish were seen leaping and skurrying for the shore on the ocean side of Monomoy. The incoming surf seemed glistening with silver in the sunlight. The little fish were leaping for their lives. Bluefish drails were quickly brought into requisition; no bait, only a billet of lead armed with hooks. Every time the drail was whirled and cast out into the surf the indrawing brought a big bluefish. The casts were made in more and more rapid succession, and every cast quickly brought a bluefish. The excitement spread from the hotel down the beach for a long distance. Guests and fishermen were all soon "at it," till eight or ten men were fishing—heaving and hauling the drails, and catching great bluefish. The sight was one long to be remembered. About the first cast after the fishing begun our friend Brown broke his line on a big fish, and his drail was gone. He tried to buy another, but there were none for sale; every drail on the coast was in use. He approached a fisherman who was casting and drawing for all he was worth, and offered him a dollar for his drail—worth 30 cents. The fisherman did not even turn his head. Brown bid $1.50. The fisherman looked at him with something like contempt in his eye. The bid was raised to $2. The fisherman only turned his weather eye from his work and shook his head. Two dollars and a half was offered for that drail. The fisherman turned for only a moment and snapped out: "Young man, the fish are worth 50 cents apiece!"

Brown was in despair; the greatest bluefishing he had ever seen, and no rigging! Just then a friend up the beach called to him: "I'm getting tired of this! My hands are cut, and my arms ache; let us fish in a team!" Three of them took one drail. The first, with the line tied around his leg, would make the cast and draw the fish up to the beach. No. 2 would seize the line and run up to the beach with it, dropping the fish for No. 3 to unhook. During this time No. 1 would be untying the line from his leg and changing places with the man above him, while the drail and line would be ready for No. 3. In this way they fished while the fishing lasted, which was only for a few hours. But such excitement while the fishing did last! People without rigging even rushed into the surf and caught partly disabled fish by their tails as they were being helped to escape by the receding waves. One man actually rushed down the surf following the wave, and caught a couple of big squiteague by their tails. Several sand flounders were also caught in the surf. It was a great day for fish, but the fishing ceased almost as suddenly as it began. By 5 o'clock not a bluefish could be taken, and the same was true of the next day.

The tired captors took a horse and cart from the hotel and drove it along the beach, loading on the fish—one, two and three or more loads. Everybody had bluefish for breakfast and supper. There were sent up to the Boston market the next day 1,000lbs. of bluefish. The most remarkable feature of all was the size of the school; not a fish under 10lbs., and the largest weighed plump 20lbs.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Considerable interest is noted about here in the opening of the partridge season in Maine, Sept. 15. Several Boston gunners are already in that State on vacation trips, with shotguns ready, and others will go this week. H. S. Jones has gone to Buckfield, with the full determination of being on the ground

early, and getting his share of the partridges. With some Buckfield friends he will make a trip up into Byron and Roxbury, an excellent partridge section.

Shore bird shooting along the New England coast would be better in cooler weather, and the gunners all say that a storm will be sure to bring a big flight of birds. Harry Moore and C. H. Tarbox were down to Plum Island the other day, with result of very few birds, the weather being terribly hot. But they had lots of sport. Harry took his twin nephews, the Richards boys, with him; youngsters of fourteen, just beginning to "be crazy to shoot." They had little Flobert rifles with them, and with watching they were allowed to shoot sparrows off the telegraph wires. To the surprise of both the older men, the boys were able to pick off the sparrows, scarcely missing a shot. Next came the desire to try the shotguns of their seniors. They were warned beforehand that they might be kicked over by a 10-gauge gun, heavily loaded, but this did not dampen their ardor in the least. One of them—they look so much alike that Tarbox could not tell which it was—fired Tarbox's gun, made a good shot, killing three or four sparrows. Then came the turn of the other boy—bound to beat. With a good raking shot along the wire he pulled away with his Uncle Harry's gun. There was a big crack with the boy nearly kicked over, and eight sparrows came down. All hands wondered why the gun had kicked so badly, but this was explained when it was found that the youngster had pulled both barrels at once, in order to beat his brother. The same party will visit Plum Island again when there is a better prospect for birds.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In Indiana.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3.—I am told that the private soldier of the U. S. Army in the West has a rather bitter feeling against some of the pictorial representations which pass current as his portrait in the illustrated papers. He protests that he is not a freak, but a man. I have heard also, and more than once, that the famous and kindly poet, Mr. Jas. Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana, has incurred the enmity of certain citizens of his native State, more especially the real estate men, who say that his dialect poems have done more to convey a wrong impression of Hoosierdom than the whole State can ever do to set right! The people of Indiana, or some of them, say that they do not all of them all the time talk in dialect, but that some of them, some of the time, speak with correct and collegiate accent, and that the State, as a State, has the best public school system in the world. To all of which I imagine the popular artists on Western topics, and the famous poet of Indiana, may answer with a smile.

I do not know why Indiana should be such an unknown land, or why all sorts of lawlessness and ignorance should be ascribed to it, but somehow it has always been the fashion to think that in Indiana the game and fish laws were dead letters. To a certain extent Indiana does now and then show a bad state of affairs. Thus Judge Elliot, of Marion county, says that in his belief the dynamiting along the Indiana streams will in a few years render it impossible to catch any game fish at all. Upon the other hand, and this is what I want to get at, there has really been progressing all the time, in spite of the popular apprehension on such topics, a very steady and useful work toward protection, under the care of the Indiana State Commission, sadly hampered as it is by a scanty appropriation. Deputy Commissioner Earl has been doing a great deal of good this very summer along the White River, one of the best bass streams of the State (and a very fair fly-fishing water at one time). He has begun now to close in with his cases, and has set things moving by fining Rufus Caldwell, of Brooklyn, for seining. He will next take up the cases of John Parker, of Centerton, and Jas. C. Greer, of Green township, and after them several other cases which he has been working up of late. The law is apt to gain in respect in that community. Over near Anderson, Ind., Deputy W. Moore has also been at work, and he has succeeded in creating a reign of terror among the illegal fishers. He arrested Perry Hull and Jack Foster on Fall Creek, and found a net in their possession, which he confiscated, and the news of this has sent all the nets and spears in the neighborhood into hiding, and there is a great stirring up of things. There is protection in Indiana, and there would be more protection if the intelligent citizens of the State would make a larger appropriation for its fish and game commission. This might be a good advertisement for the State, and it might in a measure offset the damage which is done it by Mr. Riley, who, as I understand it, is not guilty of any malice aforethought, and only writes poetry as a spring runs water, because it can't help it.

In Illinois.

Deputy Warden Ratto, of Chicago, has been doing a lot of work in fish cases in Illinois this summer, as many handlers of short fish in Chicago may testify. This week Mr. Ratto idly strolled down to Bloomington and got among the fish dealers there. He said he was hungry, but not so very awful hungry. What he really needed was a little fish, just a small fish, about so long on his hand. Several dealers were able to dig up such a small fish or so out of their barrels. Then the fun began, and each of the dealers was fined $20 and costs. Now comes the odd side of the story. The retailers came back on the wholesalers, the big market fishing firms along the Illinois River, who have been handled so gingerly by the State Commission. The latter dealers were asked to liquidate these fines inflicted on the men who had retailed their short fish. One Beardstown outfit refuses to do anything to help out the retailers who got fined. Let me see, it was said in favor of the Chicago retailers, who for a time were not pushed much for a "first offense," that they "could not help it if the wholesale firms sent them short fish," and that they ought not to be punished for the sins of the market netters. Now, it appears, the latter do not agree to be responsible for the sins of the retailers. All of which is just about as it might have been supposed to be. Leniency in protection has its drawbacks.

Tarpon Club's Building.

Rumor comes from Texas that the club house of the big and wealthy Tarpon Club is not yet forthcoming. The harbor company at Aransas Pass wants too much for the privilege of building on Mustang Island, near the channel. Live Oak Point is suggested as a good point, though a long way from the fishing. This latter is true, but I should think that so lovely a site as this bold headland would be better than the sands of any of the keys near the channel where the tarpon run. A sail of a score of miles is not much, and on those lovely landlocked waters would be a pleasure. There is no locality near the pass where so sightly a building spot can be had as at the Live Oak headland.

Biggest Nepigon Trout.

Report has it that the Lake Superior trout fishing has been exceptionally good this year, the south coast of Isle Royal having turned out exceedingly well. The Nepigon River record runs heavy, and this year brings out the heaviest trout ever taken there, with one exception. The heaviest Nepigon fish was taken three years ago, and weighed a trifle over 9lbs. The biggest trout of this year weighed even 7lbs., and was taken by a Peoria, Ill., angler, whose name I did not get. Another trout was taken to Duluth by the lucky captor, and was found to weigh 6½lbs.

Heavy Bass.

The angling country about Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota, continues to produce. Last week Mr. Wm. G. Newby, of Fort Worth, Texas, caught two grand bass at that point, one weighing 6¼lbs., and the other 6lbs. Harold du Charme, a twelve-year-old boy from Detroit, Mich., was the luckiest muscallunge angler. He caught two 'lunge, one weighing 20lbs. and the other 23½lbs., and was naturally a pretty proud boy. The biggest fish has been sent to Chicago for mounting.

Deep Fishing for Bass.

Dr. E. W. Moyer, of Waterbury, Conn., writes inquiring something about deep-water fishing for bass.

"I read your article," he says "('Ben Dick's Big Bass'), in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and was much interested. Kindly instruct me how the minnow is fastened, and if any species of bait is preferable, also best way of anchoring boat in waters of such depth.

"I visit a lake near here that is full of small-mouthed bass, but for some reason only a few of them are caught.

"I have just returned from a week's outing there, and in that time only succeeded in getting about a dozen, and they were all small. I used helgramites, crickets, crawfish and frogs for bait. I have always had an idea that they could be caught by fishing in deep water; however, I have never tried it."

I do not know much about the bass of the Eastern States, but their habits are apt to be much like those of our Western bass. In the lakes with which I am familiar, the best time to catch bass is in May and June, when they are running in the shallow water. They are then sometimes upon the spawning beds, but after they have spawned they very often come out into the shallow waters to feed in the early morning or in the evening. After the very warm weather begins, these fish drop back into deep water. In the Wisconsin lakes the frog is used a great deal for the shallow-water fishing, but the minnow is better for the deep-water work. We usually bait the minnow by passing the hook through the lips, as it will swim better so and live longer. Usually bass will bite best at the edge of a shoal coming up out of the deep water, but I have on rare occasions taken them very deep down, and on frog bait at that. I can not say whether Mr. Dicks was at anchor when he caught his big bass, as sometimes one may drift and fish deep successfully, not trolling. If one has to anchor in deep water it might take a lot of line, but sometimes this can be done by anchoring on a bar and fishing out on the deep side.

When the small-mouth bass wants to bite, it can be caught on any of the baits mentioned above, though the cricket, helgramite, or even the crawfish I should fancy more for rock bottom or rapid-water fishing than for deep still-fishing, where I think I would rather pin my faith to a good lively minnow, one rather longer than one's finger. I have fished all day on Lake Winnebago, a good bass water for small-mouths, and tried all sorts of baits, but when we finally got these finical fellows started it was just plain angle worms they wanted, and they would not touch anything else. Once I stood on a bridge at midday and saw fifty grand small-mouth in a hole in the Fox River, Wisconsin, and they would not touch minnow, frog, cricket, fly, or anything else, till we by chance tried the dragon fly, killing some of these big insects with our landing net. Then we caught seventeen fine bass in a little while. This was in shallow water. I can not do much more for Dr. Moyer than this, but suggest that he keep on trying till he finds the deep, rocky-bottomed spot where his epicurean small-mouths are very likely lying. If he can locate them, and will stay with them, after a while he will get them coming his way. They have to eat, and they do eat. They will be more apt to begin doing business with him after a frost or two in September.

Big Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10.—At the store of A. G. Spalding & Bros., this week, Mr. A. Hirth, of the tackle department, showed me a splendid bass which had just come down to him from Eagle Lake, Wis., caught by the redoubtable angler, Billy Tuohy, who runs the hotel at that point. This bass was a big-mouth, and it weighed 6lbs. 5oz. It was a very thick, chunky, heavy-built fish, and was the biggest bass I have seen this year in this part of the country, though I believe Lake St. Clair is still ahead with the record. Lake St. Clair is a big water, but Eagle Lake, Wis., is a shallow, pretty pond of water, backed up into the tree-dotted meadows by means of a dam. It has floating bogs and strips of heavy weeds, and all in all is a good place for big mossbacks such as this old fellow. Oddly enough, there was at the same store at the same time a mounted bass which was caught at the same place, Eagle Lake, by John Fannin, of this city. It seems that Billy Tuohy's medal has called out some of the old-timers from under the bogs of those storied waters.

On the Mississippi.

I have more than once spoken of the grand fishing for small-mouth bass in the Mississippi River at points near La Crosse and above that point. It will please a great many anglers who are beginning to become acquainted with the sport of that locality to learn that the wardens are doing somewhat to keep it good. Last week they arrested a wholesale lot of market fishers at Prairie du Chien, and burned up 1,000ft. of seines, 300ft. of trammel netting, and three fishing boats which had been in the illegal trade. That much of an outfit would clean out a lot of bass in a year.

Trout and Bass.

Mr. Edwin G. Taylor, of this city, is just back from the Rocky Mountains, where he has had fine sport with the trout of the Pecos and the Rio Grande. He fished the latter stream near the Wagon Wheel Gap, and got 40lbs. of trout one day on the fly. It now appears to him that he requires a little big-mouth black bass fishing to make him happy, and this week he went to Lake Marie, in upper Illinois, after some of those fish. He should take all one would want, as the fall season is now well under way, and the fish are biting better than for some time.

Big Pike.

Eddie Bingham and a friend from the East were up at Lake Koshkonong, in Wisconsin, last week, and caught 54lbs. of pike ("pickerel," as they are commonly called in this country), one of which weighed over 13lbs.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Big One that Got Away.

ON Sept. 3, at Belmar, N. J., a fishing party started out on the ocean to fish for sea bass. The party consisted of Mr. Wm. M. Duff, Mr. Jno. L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company; Masters Jno. L. Lequin, Jr., and E. Gerard Lequin, all of East Orange, N. J., and the 15ft. boat was in the hands of Messrs. G. H. Newman and son, boatmen. After fishing for an hour or so, and getting a nice lot of bass, Mr. Lequin, using a rod and reel, hooked on to something large, which, after a delightful play of some twenty minutes, turned out to be a blue-black man-eating shark. The monster exposed itself within 40ft. of our row boat by jumping at least 12 to 15ft. out of water, taking some 50ft. of line with him and thus escaping.

Our boatmen, one of whom has fished this surf for over thirty years, said that this was an occurrence he had never before witnessed, while his son turned paler than the masters in the stern, who were seasick.

Mr. Duff declared that he would not have missed the sight for a gold eagle, while Mr. Lequin considered it apropos, as it was his birthday.

The shark was considered by Mr. Newman to have been, conservatively speaking, at least 10ft. long, and would weigh 350 to 400lbs.

It was a sight that occurs only once in say thirty years, hence we jot it down and subscribe our names hereto in commemoration of the event.

W. M. DUFF,
JNO. L. LEQUIN,
JNO. L. LEQUIN, JR.
E. GERARD LEQUIN,
G. H. NEWMAN,
EDWARD NEWMAN.

Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Returning sportsmen from Maine continue to report good trout fishing in many parts of that remarkable State for sporting interests. Mr. S. H. Johnson has recently returned from a trip to the Seven Pond region. He was there during the very hot weather, Aug. 22, 23 and 24, and the fishing was very poor. But when the cooler weather of that week came the fishing was immediately better, and on Friday he made a fine catch of trout. Mr. A. T. Waite, of the Boston Herald staff, has just returned, with Mrs. Waite and Master Courtland Waite, from a most enjoyable trip to Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps, in Cupsuptic Lake. They had good luck with trout, Mrs. Waite landing one of 2½lbs. on the fly, with numerous other fish.

Mr. Gardiner Chapin has just returned from his vacation trip to Aroostook county, Me., where, with his son, the fishing of Portage Lake was taken in. The water was warm in the lake, and the fishing was not very good. The water was low and warm in the streams that they tried, but they caught a good many trout, and greatly enjoyed the outing. The Ganong party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Ganong, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fawcett, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Richards, has returned from bass fishing and camping at Lake Cobbosseecontee, Me. The weather was terribly hot a part of the time, and the bass fishing not all that they expected. The fish ran rather small, the largest not being over two pounds. Pickerel fishing was poor and unsatisfactory.

SPECIAL.

A Vermont Black Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a fishing trip in Vermont, I wish to report a good catch made by me two weeks ago, as follows:

In Burr Pond, near Sudbury, Vt., in about 8ft. of water, still-fishing early in the morning with worms for bait, I caught a 5½lb. small-mouth black bass on a 7½oz. pole.

The fish was weighed at Hyde Manor before a large number of people, and is being mounted by Conger, at Burlington. I also got the mate ten minutes later, but after a few runs he broke my hook while jumping.

HOWARD S. HADDEN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trout Streams Drying Up.

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Anglers who have followed the brooks of the Hudson and Harlem valleys unite in deploring the gradual drying up of the trout streams. Some of the older anglers say that some brooks have decreased in volume as much as one-half during the past forty years. In many cases this means the total drying up of the smaller brooks during the trout season. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the causes which are at work to diminish the volume of water in the territory. Some say it is due to the water system of the Croton Valley, owned by the city of New York, but brooks are affected which have no connection with the Croton system. Another theory is that the wholesale cutting off of the forest trees for firewood has exposed the surface to the evaporating effects of sun and wind, and caused a series of freshets and droughts. On the other hand some say that since the common use of coal less wood has been cut off, and instead of the forest growth decreasing it is actually increasing in the localities under consideration. There is a theory that the effects of the cutting of forests are felt for many years, possibly a century, and that the springs and brooks are feeling the effects of the clearings made by our forefathers, possibly when the country was first settled, and even if the forests were restored it would take many years to restore the springs and streams to their condition when the country was first settled.

G.

Newfound Lake.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON HOUSE, Bristol, N. H., Sept. 1.—The fishing season for trout in Newfound Lake has closed with a good record for trout taken. Through the summer months large trout were caught; one in July weighed 15lbs.; in August quite a number from 8 to 12½lbs. The last trout were taken Aug. 31 by N. M. Rugeri, of Stoneham, Mass., weight 10½lbs., and S. Hentall, of Bristol, weight 4½lbs.

The land-locked salmon fishing is good, and continues until Sept. 30.

Game is reported to be more plenty than last year, deer being seen in pastures quite frequently, so rifles will be in demand here by Sept. 15.

S. H.

Fish at Fairs.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 6.—The exhibition of fish at county and State fairs is adding to the attractions of the shows, and at the same time increasing the interest in fishculture—especially among the farmers. At the recent State fair eleven tanks with varieties of propagated fishes were shown. A portion of the exhibit was forwarded at once to the Dutchess County Fair at the Poughkeepsie Driving Park. They were from the State hatchery at Caledonia. The tanks contained fingerlings six months old of brown, brook and rainbow trout, and in separate tanks brown, rainbow, red throat and brook trout.

G.

The Florida Kingfish Record.

OSHKOSH, Wis., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in Florida (at Clear Water) last March, Mr. Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Ky., and myself made a catch of kingfish which we claim breaks the record on kingfish taken with the rod and reel. On the 16th day of March we took from the stern of a sailing vessel twenty-four kingfish and six black groupers which aggregated in weight 316½lbs. The three largest kingfish weighed 19lbs. each; average weight 12lbs. I am aware of larger catches of kingfish by larger parties with hand line, but not with the rod and reel..

ANDREW JACKSON.

Tarpon in North Carolina Waters.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Aug. 31.—Two tarpons have been caught in the lower Neuse River, inside the beach, and in brackish water, which is far outside their known habitat. One was 5ft. long and the other 6. They were taken on Aug. 28.

C. HALLOCK.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 14-15.—Braintree, Mass.—N. E. K. C. open air show. Address Secretary Open Air Show, Braintree, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Prizes.

THE Irish Setter Club of America offers two cash prizes of $40 and $20 to the first and second Irish setters winning an undivided first, second or third prize in the all-age stakes of the following trials, viz.: (1) Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association. (2) Indiana Field Trial Club. (3) Eastern Field Trial Club. (4) Missouri Field Trial Association. (5) Missouri Valley Field Trial Club. (6) Continental Field Trial Club, or in the Derby or all-age stakes of the United States and Alabama Field Trials.

In the event of the prizes not being awarded, the sum of $10 will be paid to each Irish setter run in Derby or all-age stakes of any public field trial in the United States, beginning with the Iowa Field Trials, Aug. 31, 1898, and ending with the Alabama Field trials of February, 1899, inclusive.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Western Canada Kennel Club's Trials.

THE scene of the Western Canada Kennel Club's trials was at La Salle, Manitoba, the same place where the club's trials were held last year. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 5 and 6, were the dates fixed for the running. This club is strictly an amateur organization both in theory and practice, and does not cater to the professional element in any particular, nor does it permit any professionalism in its trials. Thus the meetings are distinctly conspicuous for amicable competition for the honors, instead of competition for the stakes, which is the chief feature of the open trials.

La Salle is a small town, nineteen miles south of Winnipeg, reached easily by team or railroad from Winnipeg. But it is lacking in accommodations as regards hotel and livery, so much so as to cause positive inconvenience to those who arrived with the expectation that hotel accommodations and livery could be secured at the last moment.

Mr. Frank Richards officiated as judge. The weather was favorable for competition, though the cold, strong wind of the afternoon and morning of the first and second days was a test more severe than common.

The Derby.

Bang showed unquestionable superiority over his three competitors in the essential qualities of speed, range and judgment. He is a rapid mover, is under good control, and works industriously. First deservedly went to him.

Second went to the pointer Joe, also obedient and a good ranger, with a courageous bearing.

Spot W. won third, and Buttonhole fourth, the latter chiefly by virtue of being the only dog left for the place. There were but four starters, as follows:

Winnipeg Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Buttonhole (Val Lit—Cam Sing), E. Hamber, handler, with J. Lemon's liv. and w. pointer dog Joe (Plum—Venus).

A. Code's b. and w. pointer dog Bang (Rector—Dinah), E. Hamber, handler, and C. W. Wellband's b. setter dog Spot W. (Little Billee—Belle W), H. G. Spurgeon, handler.

First Round.

Buttonhole and Joe run about forty minutes. The judge gave them the word about 7:17. The work was all on one side. Joe was industrious and ranged well and was obedient. Mr. Hamber had never handled Buttonhole before, so that dog and handler were unacquainted, but this would not in any way explain the dog's poor showing. No work was done on birds, if the flushing of a bevy by Buttonhole is excepted.

Bang—Spot W.—This brace began at 8:24, and ran about forty-six minutes. No birds were found. Both were industrious, but Bang showed higher abilities in every way.

The judge, to give the puppies a rest, began the all-age stake, and after two heats were run the Derby competition was resumed.

Final.

Joe and Bang then ran forty-four minutes, beginning at 11:56. Some marked birds afforded the first opportunities for point work. Both pointed about the same time on the same bird, Joe's point being made more independently than Bang's, as he was not cautioned. Both behaved well to wing.

Bang was first; Joe was second; Spot W., third; Buttonhole, fourth.

All-Age Stake.

Fourteen starters made a very good all-age stake in point of numbers. They were run as follows:

E. R. Collier's b. and w. setter dog Gay Buster (Rod—Gay Lass), owner, handler, with Chimo Kennels' b. and w. setter dog Prince Rupert (Larry Noble—Atalanta), G. B. Borradaile, handler.

J. Lemon's liv. and w. pointer dog MacLemon (— — —), owner, handler, with F. J. Waghorn's b., w. and t. pointer dog Rector (Fritz—B. W.), H. C. Spurgeon, handler.

F. J. Waghorn's b. and w. pointer dog Go Bang (— — —), H. G. Spurgeon, handler, with E. J. Bennett's b. and w. pointer bitch Tannis (Rector—Miama), owner, handler.

H. L. Rolston's b. and w. setter dog Count Cambria (Gladiator II.—Miss Cambria), E. Hamber, handler, with B. Gordon's liv. and w. pointer dog Lord Buster (Lord Mount— ——), owner, handler.

H. Garwood's o. and w. setter dog Master Mark (Larry Noble—Angela), owner, handler, with H. A. Holman's b. and t. setter dog Blackie (— — —), A. Gale, handler.

W. J. Thompson's b. and w. setter dog Rod o' Light, Jr. (Rod o' Light— ——), owner, handler, with F. W. Scott's b. and w. setter bitch Angela (Gath's Mark—Lady Jean), G. B. Borradaile, handler.

E. Hamber's b. and w. pointer dog MacHamber (Ned Croxteth—Miama), owner, handler, with H. G. Spurgeon's o. and w. setter bitch Nellie (Ranger—Daisy), owner, handler.

First Round.

Gay Buster and Prince Rupert were the first to open the competition in the all-age stake at 9:19. On a single marked bird, Buster awkwardly roaded up wind to a flush. At 9:59 the heat ended. Prince was a good wide ranger, apparently out for business, but unfortunate in not finding birds. Buster showed no particular merit.

MacLemon and Rector were down forty-six minutes, starting at 10:02. Again there was a dearth of birds, which was not at all encouraging to the dogs. On the showing made, MacLemon had a better, quicker and more dashing way of going, while Rector was lacking in these qualities.

Go Bang and Tannis were next, starting at 1:54 and working thirty-six minutes. Go Bang pointed and there was no bird. Tannis pointed a running covey, which Bang also pointed, not seeing Tannis on point; they drew on rapidly, Tannis beating Bang to the birds. Both were steady. They were not entirely independent workers. Tannis was the better in style, on point and in motion, and both were usefully fast and covered a reasonable area of ground.

Count Cambria and Lord Buster were cast off at 2:35. The heat was rather disorganized, so far as steady work is considered. While Count had range and speed, and proved that he could find and locate, he was unsteady on his points, flushing and chasing so regularly that he ruined his chances. Buster ran somewhat lame from an injured foot, though he scored one point. Down thirty-seven minutes.

Master Mack and Blackie started at 3:12, and ran forty-six minutes. Mack was harmfully reckless, and his work abounded in errors. Blackie showed great judgment, industry and good finding powers, and pointed very reliably. Mack, riotous and mischievous, kept watch on Blackie, and flushed her bird promptly when she pointed.

Rod o' Light, Jr., and Angela were next. They ran about thirty minutes, commencing at 3:49. Their performance was very ordinary. Angela was not in working condition, being loaded with flesh, and she flushed three times, two singles and a bevy. Rod ranged the better of the two, but his locating and pointing were faulty.

MacHamber and Nellie were started at 4:24, and they ran thirty-seven minutes. Nellie seemed to have the best intentions, but her efforts relaxed soon after the beat began, and she seemingly lacked the ability to locate quickly and accurately. Mac ranged wide, though not with the best judgment. He made a point on a bevy and one on a single. Neither one took advantage of the opportunities offered.

Second Round.

Prince Rudolph and MacLemon were started at 5:06 and ran one hour and seventeen minutes, the longest heat of the day. Mac made two points and a flush, while Prince pointed a sparrow, and his competitor refused to back and tried to steal the point. Both were lacking in endurance, and had practically ceased work long before the heat ended. This heat ended the competition of the day.

TUESDAY.

The weather was far from favorable or agreeable. A cloudy sky and a high wind greeted the field trial party, yet the trials were so near concluded that the weather was not of great importance, if the impending storm held off.

Bang and Tannis were first off at 8:04. Down twenty-seven minutes. The work was a great improvement on that of the preceding day, and was of a quality to be worthy of competition. Each dog went wider, faster and with better judgment. Bang pointed; no bird found, but one was flushed near the place of point afterward. Tannis, quite a distance away, found a bevy nicely, but it flushed wild. She next made. Quite a number of single bird points were made by Tannis in a very skilful manner, showing herself to be perfectly reliable in her work to the gun.

Go Bang and Blackie were cast off at 8:34, and worked twenty-six minutes. Blackie completely outclassed her competitor in range, speed and judgment.

Nellie and Lord Buster ran fifteen minutes, beginning at 9:05. Buster was disinclined to work seriously, wasting time on false scents, while Nellie did some good work on birds, which brought the heat to a close quickly.

The judges then announced the winners: First, Tannis; second, Bang; third, Nellie and Blackie divided.

RAT PORTAGE.

Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials.

THE Derby of the Manitoba Field Trials Club had thirteen starters. The trials began on Sept. 7. The weather conditions were most unpleasant and against any good performance in the competition. A dark, heavily-clouded sky threatened rain, and a high, raw wind added to the unpleasant and unfavorable weather. The competition, owing to the threatening storm, was postponed till afternoon.

Birds were very scarce, which made the trials very imperfect so far as bird work was concerned.

First prize was awarded to Bang, second to Warlock and third was divided between Silver Lace and Jubilee Flo.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter dog King (Duke of Manitoba—Maid of the Morn), owner, handler, with Thos. Johnson's liv. and w. pointer bitch Jubilee Queen (Alberta Joe—Diana II.), A. C. Reid, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxie), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Thos. Johnson's b. and w. setter dog Jubilee Prince (Rector—Dinah), A. C. Reid, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch Ranee (Rip Rap—Toxie), C. E. Buckle, handler, with John Wootton's b. and w. setter dog Manitou Spot (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Warlock (Rip Rap—Edna), C. E. Buckle, handler, with W. F. Ellis' b. and w. setter Silver Lace (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

Thos. Johnson's b. and w. pointer bitch Jubilee Princess (Rector—Dinah), A. C. Reid, handler, with John Wootton's b. and w. English setter Rule Britannia (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. setter Exasperator (Duke of Manitoba—Maid of the Morn), owner, handler, with Thos. Johnson's b. setter bitch Jubilee Flo (Little Billee—Belle W.), A. C. Reid, handler.

A. Code's b. and w. pointer dog Bang (Rector—Dinah), a bye, E. Hamber, handler.

King and Maid of the Morn began the Derby competition at 1:46. They ran about thirty-four minutes. No birds were pointed by either, though King had one good opportunity. Their range was narrow and they showed but little industry.

Nana and Jubilee Prince began at 2:23; they ran forty-six minutes. Prince was trailing in the latter part of the heat, though cutting out the work at first. He ran too hard, and was forced to slow up toward the end. Nana was the better of the two.

Ranee and Manitoba Spot started at 3:24. Down

forty-four minutes. Spot showed very good possibilities which were badly schooled. He pointed a bevy, and when Ranee joined in the point he flushed and chased riotously, keeping up the performance while there were any birds left. Ranee had some good opportunities to point, but she flushed two single birds and a bevy, behaving well to wing. Spot flushed one to which he remained steady.

Warlock and Silver Lace were put down at 4:18 to 4:53. To a marked bevy some distance away, the dogs were worked in a circle, Warlock reaching and pointing the bevy first, Lace going up shortly afterward and joining in the point, but proved unsteady, for he broke in and flushed soon afterward, demoralizing Warlock, who chased. Next they made game and drew on a sod breaking, but failed to locate the birds, which flushed wild. It was excusable on the whole, as the cover was thin and not of the best. The brace made a very good performance. Both had speed and range, and hunted industriously, Warlock much the wider in his casts, and much the best of any of the dogs which had run.

Jubilee Princess and Rule Britannia began at 5:00 and ran one hour and eighteen minutes. The brace made a very poor showing in every particular.

King and Jubilee Queen were again given a trial, a short one, without in any way improving their chances.

THURSDAY.

The second day of the trials was much improved in weather conditions, a pleasant breeze and a cool temperature being favorable to good work. There were a few insignificant showers during the day. The running of the first round was continued.

Exasperator and Jubilee Flo made a poor showing in every way, excepting that they had speed and stayed out at their work fairly well. On birds they were inefficient.

Bang, the bye dog, was given a half-hour trial, beginning at 9:17. There is always much interest in the second competition of a dog which has made his first win, as there is a question whether the dog is a class performer and can repeat. Bang fully sustained his new reputation. He was fast, ranged well and worked pleasingly to the gun. He roaded a running chicken to a good point.

Second Round.

Four brace were kept in the second series.

Silver Lace and Ranee ran a moderately good heat, which was marred by a joint chase.

Jubilee Flo and Nana started at 9:55; down fifty minutes. After an excusable flush by Nana, Flo made a good point on a bevy. They were worked where the scattered birds were marked down, but no further pointing was done.

Bang and Warlock ran twenty-seven minutes. Each dog ranged wide and at good speed, showing quite good judgment. Warlock made an error on his first chicken. Bang roaded well to a point, and was stanch. Bang's work to the gun was best, and he showed a more workmanlike performance.

Jubilee Prince and Manitoba Spot ran twenty minutes. The heat was a poor one. Spot refused to go out from her handler, seeming to be timid, and Prince's range was erratic. This heat closed the Derby.

RAT PORTAGE.

Monongahela Valley Trials.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the association, S. B. Cummings resigned his office as secretary, and I was elected to fill his unexpired term. The field trials date was changed from starting Nov. 1 to Nov. 22. Entries will close Oct. 22 for both Derby and all-age, just one month before the starting. Trials will be run on the percentage plan as heretofore, with $5 to nominate and $5 to start; 20 per cent. of this money will be retained by the club, and the remainder will be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Our preserve grounds are excellent for holding field trials. They are almost level. Birds are reported very plentiful this year, and all that will be necessary to make these trials a great success is for owners to enter their dogs and come and see them run. Messrs. W. S. Bell and Simon C. Bradley are the judges, and this of itself will insure just treatment and just decisions. Entry blanks are now ready, and will be mailed to any one wishing, with any information desired regarding the trials.

A. C. PETERSON, Sec'y.

American Fox Terrier Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 8.—The following American Fox Terrier Club stakes will be judged at the open air show of N. E. K. C. 1898 Yankee stakes, home-bred puppy stakes, and second division of the twelfth grand produce stakes, and the following specials "open to members of the A. F. T. C. only":

$2.50 each for best American-bred field trial dog and bitch in free-for-all classes (smooth).

$2.50 each for best dog and bitch (wire).

$2.50 each for best dog and bitch (novice, smooth).

$2.50 each for best dog and bitch (wire).

$2.50 each for best puppy (smooth and wire respectively).

T.

Points and Flushes.

The second forfeit of the Continental Field Trial Club's Derby closes on Oct. 1. This club is making admirable efforts in behalf of field trials, and owners and field trial supporters should give it their material attention. Mr. W. B. Meares, secretary, Hillsboro, N. C.

Mr. James F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada, died on Sept. 3. Some years ago he accepted invitations to judge at many shows in the United States, and was respected and admired for his skill and integrity as a judge, and his sterling qualities as a man. He had an excellent knowledge of all breeds of dogs, though he made a specialty of spaniels. Of late years he has judged mostly in Canada. At the time of his death he was manager of the London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, with which institution he had been connected during many years past.

Volume IV. of the Greyhound Stud Book, 1898, is a most creditable addition to the interests of the greyhound, and a testimonial to the skill and industry of the compiler of the Stud Book, Mr. Louis F. Bartels, Denver, Colo. It contains the addresses of coursing secretaries, of gentlemen registering greyhounds, of judges, shippers, and the American Coursing Board constitution, by-laws, rules, officers and members; a historical sketch of coursing, reviews of coursing in different sections, winners of cups, etc. It is neat and substantial in its mechanical features.

Yachting.

The America Cup.

A MEETING of the committees of the Royal Ulster Y. C. and the New York Y. C. was held at the New York club house on the morning of Sept. 6, there being present Vice-Com. R. G. Sharman-Crawford, Hon. Sec'y-Treas. Hugh C. Kelly, and Messrs. Hugh M. McGildowny, Wm. Fife, Jr., and Charles Russell, representing the challenger; and Com. J. P. Morgan, Sec'y J. V. S. Oddie, Treas. F. W. Hurst and Messrs. H. B. Duryea, E. M. Brown and H. F. Lippitt, representing the defending club. Mr. Lippitt was appointed to fill the vacancy on the committee caused by the declination of Gen. Paine. The result of the meeting was the drawing up and signing of the following conditions to govern the match for the Cup:

New York Y. C., No. 67 Madison Avenue, New York, Sept. 6, 1898.—Conditions to govern the races for the America's Cup, under the challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C. on behalf of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, dated Sept. 3, 1898, as agreed upon by the committee of the New York Y. C. and Royal Ulster Y. C., at a joint meeting held on this date:

Number of Races.—The match to be decided by the best three out of five races.

Courses.—Starting from Sandy Hook Lightship: First race, to windward or leeward and return; second race, equilateral triangle; third race, similar to first race; fourth race, similar to second race; fifth race, similar to first race.

The starting line and compass bearings to be announced as early as practicable, and the tug bearing the marks to be started ten minutes prior to the preparatory signal.

In every case the course from the starting line to be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship.

In case a course as required by the conditions cannot be laid out from Sandy Hook Lightship, the regatta committee may provide some other suitable starting point, and in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time named for starting from the lightship.

Length of Courses.—The courses shall be as nearly as possible 30 nautical miles in length.

Start.—The starting signal shall be given as nearly as practicable at 11 A. M., and this time shall not be changed except as follows:

First—By the regatta committee, as described in the preceding paragraph, for changing the starting point.

Second—By the regatta committee, in case of fog.

Third—By the regatta committee, if in its opinion the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed.

Fourth—In case both yachts consent to a postponement, in which case the regatta committee shall determine the time of the start.

Fifth—In case of serious accident to either vessel, as hereinafter provided.

Signals.—The preparatory signal shall be given 15 minutes before the starting signal, and in case of a change in time of start a preliminary signal shall be given 15 minutes before the preparatory.

At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line; the exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding two minutes to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of the one crossing after its expiration.

If a race is not started by 1:30 P. M. the regatta committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for the day, and no race shall be started after 3 P. M.

Time Limit.—If in any race neither yacht goes over the course within 5½ hours, exclusive of time allowances, such race shall not count, and must be resailed.

Selecting the Defender of the Cup.—The challenger shall be informed at least one week before the first race what vessel is to defend the cup.

New York Y. C. Rules to Govern.—The system of measurement, time allowance and racing rules of the New York Y. C. to govern the races, except as herein modified.

The first race shall be sailed on Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1899, unless Shamrock should be detained by stress of weather or other cause, in which case three weeks shall be given her for fitting out after her arrival; but the first race shall not be started later than Oct. 10, 1899, and the races shall be sailed on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays until completed.

Repeated Races.—An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until finished.

Accidents.—In case a serious accident occurs to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or if such accident occurs during a race, before being required to start in the next race.

Representatives.—Each vessel shall have on board during races a representative named by her competitor.

Manual Power.—Manual power only shall be used for working the competing vessels.

Measurement.—The competing yachts shall be measured with all the weights, dead and alive, on board which they intend to carry during a race, but shall not have on board more persons, all told, during any race than three for every 5ft. of racing length or fraction thereof. Waste or water tanks, if carried, must be filled with water at the time of measurement.

The restriction of the New York Y. C. rules as to floors, bulkheads, doors, water tanks, to be waived.

If either yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight, increase her L.W.L. length, or in any way increase her spar measurements, as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before the next race, or failing this, must report the alteration to the measurer, at the club house, by 10 P. M. of the day before the race following such alteration, and must arrange with him for remeasurement, and if required be in the Erie Basin by 7 o'clock A. M. of the day of said race, and there remain until 8 o'clock A. M. if necessary for purposes of remeasurement.

If either yacht decrease her measurements for sailing length in any way, in order to profit thereby in time allowance, in any race, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before such race, or notify the measurer and be at his disposition as above described.

A measurement taken as provided above shall be final and not subject to protest by either party.

In the event of the measurer being unable to obtain a measurement which he considers accurate before a race, a remeasurement shall be taken as soon as possible after the race.

Marking the Load Waterline.—Distinct marks shall be placed at the L.W.L. at the bow, and as far aft as possible on each vessel.

(Signed)

On behalf of the New York Y. C.:

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Commodore.
J. V. S. ODDIE, Secretary,
F. W. J. HURST, Treasurer,
EDWARD M. BROWN,
HERMAN B. DURYEA.

On behalf of the Royal Ulster Y. C.:

R. G. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD, Vice-Commodore,
H. M. MCGILDOWNY,
HUGH C. KELLY, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held at the club house, Dorval, on Sept. 2, to take action in the matter of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. The following report of the meeting is from the Montreal Gazette:

Resolved, That this club approves of the resolution in relation to the international cup passed by the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. on Aug. 19 last, and approved by the executive committee of the club, and authorizes the sailing committee of this club to take such further action with respect to the matter as they may deem advisable.

The above resolution was practically the sum and total done at the meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. last evening. In this connection it might be as well to state that an unfortunate typographical error, which substituted the word simplification for amplification, caused considerable misunderstanding in the American press.

After the usual dinner at the club, and a few minutes of smoking, Com. Riddell took the chair and explained the object of the meeting, which practically was being held for the benefit of those who had not been able to take any active interest in the sailing affairs of the club, which duties were consigned to the sailing committee, who were considered to have full power.

Newspaper reports, which were considered to be not official, but interesting, had a tendency to put the club in a false position, and the difficulties were only complicated by the challenges already received from the West. A great deal of comment which did not represent the feeling of the club had been read in the newspapers. This comment should be taken with a grain of salt, and if the sailing committee consider it advisable to send back the cup it should be done as courteously as possible. The question of the advisability of building new boats was next touched upon.

Mr. Kennedy asked who was the holder of the cup. A question which Mr. Duggan explained by telling that the cup had been donated by a club, had been challenged for by a club, and had been defended by a club.

Some desultory discussion followed, which had no particular bearing on the case. Mr. Buchen offered the resolution which appears at the head of this column, and in supporting it thought that in future rules should be so changed and amplified that no such unfortunate incident as marked the last contest could possibly happen. The suggestion was also made to the effect that a better understanding could be got at by a mutual arrangement between the Seawanhaka and the Royal St. Lawrence clubs. There were some little troubles which had been paid much attention to, but which after all were more of the individual sort than could be laid at the door of any club proper. The majority of the American papers had treated the matter in a calm, judicial way, and only congratulations could come to them for the fair and sportsmanlike spirit in which they had accepted the decision after the races were over.

Mr. Buchen's resolution, which was loudly applauded, was seconded by Mr. Lansing Lewis.

Several gentlemen commented on what they thought was the hasty action of the committee, and a suggestion was made that, the deed of gift being perfectly clear, the cup should stay here until challenged for and won in the ordinary course of events.

Mr. E. K. Greene pointed out the futility of placing any stress on private telegrams, being matters which no club could seriously consider. A suggestion had been made to hand the cup over to the Royal Canadian Y. C. to defend, irrespective of anything which might happen afterward.

Com. Riddell explained that the celebrated telegram was in no wise official, had nothing whatever to do with the decision of the sailing committee and should never have been published.

As the meeting was in the nature of a committee of the whole, the discussion was free and unlimited, but at the same time very interesting. Mr. Kennedy thought it would be advisable to adjourn for a month and moved a resolution to that effect. In this he was seconded by Mr. Fulton, and supported by the Messrs. Ross.

In discussing the motion to adjourn, Mr. Duggan pointed out that prompt measures were advisable, as a challenge from England might make considerable trouble.

After some more desultory talk, Mr. Buchen made the speech of the evening, in which he pointed out that a club of the standing of the Royal St. Lawrence should be above the cognizance of apparently insulting communications. There was no room for elasticity of rules or sharp practice. The R. S. L. Y. C. wanted to play fair, with no advantage; they preferred to give the challenge cup back again. He thought the resolution was courteous and dignified, and that it was the duty of the club to stand by the sailing committee's decision. In explanation of a remark, Mr. Duggan came down to very plain facts, and pointed out that there were few people on the lake who cared to take the trouble or spend the money which would be necessary to defend the cup, open as it is on its present conditions.

A little more discussion, and the matter was brought to a vote. The motion to adjourn for a month was lost, and Mr. Buchen's motion was carried on a unanimous vote.

This means that absolute power was placed in the hands of the sailing committee in future dealings concerning the cup.

In its issue of Aug. 25, the first after the termination of the Montreal races, The Yachtsman devotes its leading editorial to the subject of the Seawanhaka cup. In view of the feeling which our position has awakened in certain quarters, we venture to reproduce what is absolutely independent opinion, written before the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27, as dated, had gone to press in New York. This opinion, which is presumably fair and impartial, is based on the main facts of the races as cabled to the other side:

The yachting atmosphere is at present so surcharged with the America Cup challengers, 90-footers, large schooners, etc., that we are afraid that the latest development of international racing may fail to attract the attention due to it. Yet the matches sailed for the Seawanhaka cup this year are pregnant with instruction to those who wish blindly to rush into a fresh contest for the America Cup. Mr. Duggan, who is the mainstay of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., this year designed four or five boats for the defense of the cup against the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., and one of these was a double-hulled craft.

This was the boat, Dominion, which was selected to sail against Mr. Crane's Challenger, with the result that she very easily defeated the American craft in every race, though four had to be sailed owing to her being disqualified on protest in the first. The result gave such umbrage to the visitors that, as a telegram from New York says, they returned home immediately after the matches, without waiting to be entertained as usual by the defending club. The reason for this ire seems to us to be very absurd, viz., that they objected to the cup being defended by a "freak" boat.

In this year of grace it is not a little amusing to read that our cousins have been so completely beaten at a game essentially their own, and the way in which they take their beating only serves to bring the absurdity of the affair into prominence. What constitutes a "freak" we are afraid to say, but probably it is something uncommon, useless for any purpose save that of racing, and built for that purpose only. If this be anything like an accurate definition, it applies to the challenger's boat as well as to Dominion, and indeed to all the boats that have raced for the cup.

The cup is a direct incentive to the production of "freaks," and the funny part of it is that the people who grumble now at being beaten by a more "freak-like" boat are the men who made the rules under which the cup is held. Defender was essentially a "freak" boat, for we cannot distinguish between a boat that gains an advantage by means of freak construction and one which obtains it through a "freak" shape. The latter indeed is the more worthy of praise, for the advantage is derived from the more fertile brain of the designer, while in the former it comes from mere mechanical skill.

It is interesting to note that double-hulled boats were tried under our S. A. rule, and were not successful. Mr. Herreshoff, however, thought that he could build one that would "whip creation" under that rule, as we have stated several times. What Dominion may be like we do not know, but probably she differs in some important respects from Black Deuce and other craft seen in our waters. Such boats, even had they been successful here, would certainly have been regarded as "freaks," but nobody would have denied their perfect legitimacy.

Now this little episode goes to emphasize the oft-repeated statement that international racing is more likely to lead to squabbles than to an increase of concord between the yachtsmen of two countries. This has emphatically been the case with the America Cup races, and therefore any attempt to challenge for it again should be most carefully conducted. If we may take the attitude of Mr. Crane as an example of what American feeling would be if the America Cup were won by a foreign challenger, it would be far more satisfactory to send out some craft that could have no earthly chance of winning it than one carefully designed and built for the purpose, or, best of all, to send no challenge at all. And we very much fear that the Crane spirit is not uncommon among the yachtsmen of America.

In its "Notes and Notions" The Yachtsman continues on the same subject:

It seems that there is a little sore feeling on the part of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. because the Canadian boat is of what some members denominate the "freak" type, and they consider it unsportsmanlike to have defended the cup by a boat which they say was not contemplated and can scarcely be considered as a practicable vessel. There is a certain serious ground in this argument, but was there not "a hair of the same dog" in a bigger international contest a while since? We never heard it advanced, however, though surely it could not have been because it then would have cut the other way. Upon account of this feeling, and in view of changed conditions since the rules governing the events in which small yachts compete were formulated, it is stated that the R. St. L. Y. C. has decided to return the Seawanhaka challenge cup to the States. If this be so, what a chance for another "new deed!"

THE following is the letter presented by the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at the special meeting of the club on Sept. 3, and then endorsed by the club:

To the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Dorval, Montreal, Canada.

Gentlemen: By resolution of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., adopted at a special meeting held at Oyster Bay on Sept. 3, we are instructed to send you this letter. Members of the race committee had fully intended to be present at the recent match, but, much to their disappointment, were prevented at the last moment by engagements of controlling importance. Mr. R. W. Gibson kindly consented to serve as our representative, and in consultation with Mr. Clinton H. Crane was fully authorized to act in our behalf. On Aug. 12 the Dominion was chosen to sail the match as your representative yacht. Mr. Gibson thereupon addressed to your sailing committee the following protest:

"MONTREAL, Aug. 12.—To the Sailing Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., per A. F. Riddell, Esq., Chairman.—Gentlemen: The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have instructed me to lay before you their opinion in regard to the eligibility of the yacht Dominion, which, I am just informed, has been selected by you to defend the Seawanhaka international challenge cup.

"We are of opinion that the universally observed custom of classifying vessels with two hulls in classes distinct from one-hulled boats as catamarans should be considered as applying to the yacht Dominion, inasmuch as she has two distinct immersed hull sections and two separate water lines, constituting two hulls, which are connected only above the waterline.

"It seems to us that the reason catamarans were not specifically barred in the agreement was because the custom of classifying them separately was so settled as to amount to an unwriten law requiring no mention.

"Under these circumstances we feel obliged to make a formal protest against the selection of the Dominion to defend the cup, and we appeal confidently to the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as umpires to give this question a new and impartial consideration for the welfare of the sport in which we are all deeply interested.

"We cheerfully leave the decision in regard to these races in your hands, and will abide by your ruling.

"We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,
"Race Committee of Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., per R. W. Gibson."

We beg to advise you that the action of our representatives in making this protest and in sailing the match against Dominion has our unqualified approval and that of our club. We should not deem it necessary to make this formal avowal except for certain incidents made public in the press, which may have conveyed a mistaken impression as to our attitude. We allude especially to a personal telegram, sent by two members of our club to Messrs. Gibson and Crane, which was intended to be a personal and confidential suggestion. Unfortunately it was transmitted over a private newspaper wire from Montreal to your club house at Dorval, and came into the hands of a reporter, who made it public without authority. The publicity given to this private telegram through comments of the press has no doubt led to a general impression that it was in a manner official and represented our wishes. We desire to assure you that it was sent without our knowledge, and that we regret the incident. The gentlemen who signed it have addressed us a letter, in which they assume the entire responsibility personally, and specially request us so to advise you.

Having through our duly authorized representative made a formal protest against the selection of Dominion, agreeing in advance to abide by the decision of your sailing committee, we unhesitatingly accept that decision as the expression of the conviction of your committee that the Dominion was eligible under the declaration of trust to defend the cup, and we therefore regard the match of 1898 as a closed incident, not open to further discussion. A profound difference of opinion, however, exists between us as to the propriety of accepting this decision as a precedent for the interpretation of the trust declaration and the government of future matches. It is our conviction, and that of our club, reached after full discussion and deliberation, that a vessel of the Dominion type is not within the contemplation of the declaration of trust, and that therefore, without the consent of our club, expressed by formal amendment as prescribed in the instrument itself, such a vessel should not participate in future matches for the cup. Some confusion may perhaps have arisen in discussing the question from the use of the word "catamaran." It may very well be that the Dominion technically is not a catamaran, and that she may be merely an extreme development of the principle adopted without objection in El Heirie, Glencairn, Speculator and Challenger. However this may be, our point is simply this, that, whatever she may be called, or however her conception may be accounted for, she is a vessel which in design passes the limit of fair competition with vessels not possessing her peculiar feature of double hulls or separated bilges. While not now attempting technical argument, we cannot admit that such a vessel, even though evolved through the application of principles heretofore accepted, remains justly in the class from which she may have been evolved. It can hardly be questioned that, had such a development been foreseen at the time when the cup was established, it would have been expressly barred by the declaration of trust. But, whether this be so or not, we are not willing ourselves to challenge for the cup with a vessel of this type, and we could not regard with indifference the admission of such vessels to contests between other clubs for the cup which our club has founded. It cannot be doubted also that if the recent match is to be accepted as a controlling precedent the result will be either that future contests will be limited to vessels embodying a progressive development of the peculiar features of Dominion or that competition for the cup will altogether cease. Either result, it seems to us, should be deplored. As founders of the cup, knowing that it has done much, if not for the art of designing, certainly what is far more important, for the development of Corinthian sailing, we feel a deep interest in its future, and we do not doubt that you, who won it under circumstances reflecting such high credit upon your enterprise and upon the skill and character of your representatives, and have since twice successfully defended it, are equally solicitous. While we are firmly of the opinion that no amendment is necessary to the declaration of trust, yet if after final consideration you find yourselves unable to concur in our views as to the proper interpretation of that instrument, we invite your attention to the fact that it was framed in a liberal spirit, having in view the possibility of developments which, in the interests of yachting, would make changes advisable or necessary, and expressly provides that it may at any time be amended in any respect whatever by the consent of the holder and of our club, subject only to the condition that in case a challenge is pending the consent of the challenging club must also be obtained. With great respect, we remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

OLIVER E CROMWELL,
CHARLES W. WETMORE,
WALTER C. KERR,
CHARLES A. SHERMAN,
Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

SEPT. 3.

The reports of Messrs. Crane and Gibson, and the letter from Messrs. Dresser and Kerr explaining and assuming all responsibility for their telegram, have not yet been made public, but the following letter sent by Messrs. Kerr, Dresser and Sherman, on behalf of the race committee, to Mr. Crane some days prior to the first race, was given out:

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1. We hesitate to address the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. committee on this subject so long as they have not yet chosen Duggan's "freak" as the cup defender.

2. We fear to bring up the matter after they have chosen it, for such choice will doubtless be advisedly taken and irrevocable.

3. This makes it a delicate matter to handle from a distance, and we think you should feel your way as to what is the best and most diplomatic method of expressing our views.

4. Specifically from your description we consider Dominion a catamaran and ineligible in spirit, under the rules, to race for the cup.

5. We would prefer to state our belief rather than argue or give reason purely to avoid altercation and possibly misunderstanding, leading to strained relations.

6. We therefore prefer to have them withdraw from consideration of this freak as a candidate for defender without our formal protest, and we authorize you to give to them, as delicately as possible, a hint on which they can act without it being known or said that we had to object to prevent her choice of entry.

7. We should consider the admission of such a type of craft detrimental to the sport of yachting.

8. We assume that their race committee would have jurisdiction in the event of a protest, and we should not wish to leave such a matter to any committee who are themselves choosing a defender, and therefore it seems to us at present our course would be to withdraw rather than protest in case this freak is selected. We should have to state very clearly our reason for withdrawing, which we have not time now to formulate, and we trust it may not prove necessary.

9. From such consideration as we have time to give we consider your demonstration of the reason why one hull is an outrigger is good, and can be used in defense of our decision, if it ever becomes necessary to argue the point technically. Kerr hopes that he will be able to reach Dorval on Friday, but if you want any further advice in the meantime wire or write and we shall do the best we can from this end.

I have asked Fred Tams to overhaul the archives of the New York Y. C., as we are under the impression that the definition of a catamaran was clearly made when the question of entering such a vessel came up in the New York Y. C. some years ago.

I shall be unable to reach Montreal in time for the first two races, but expect to see some of them, and in the meantime wish you the best of luck.

CHARLES A. SHERMAN.

The letter of the committee to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. covers two important points, it repudiates the Dresser and Kerr telegram and relieves the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. from all responsibility for this act of its representatives, and it also places the club on record as accepting the result of the races after having once started, as promised in the final clause of Mr. Gibson's letter. When it comes to the real point of the dispute, the eligibility of Dominion, the letter fails to reach a final and satisfactory conclusion. On this subject the committee goes no further than to express its opinion that vessels of the Dominion type should be summarily barred in the future. In support of this opinion no arguments whatever are adduced, and the committee virtually abandons the original contention that Dominion is a catamaran, and also admits the claims that she is a direct development of the principle of design embodied in other boats of her class.

It seems to us that this position is by no means what is to be expected from such a body as the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; and that it will not stisfy the great yachting public of this country and Europe, which to-day is keenly watching and studying every development of designing and racing with a view to the remedying of many recognized evils. The position of the Seawanhaka race committee is, briefly, that Dominion is a freak of such extreme and abnormal type as at once to place her far beyond the bounds of argument and calm scientific investigation. We doubt very much whether any number of disinterested yachtsmen will accept this view as opposed to the other side,



RECRUIT—DEFENDER OF QUINCY CHALLENGE CUP, 1898.
Designed by J. R. Purdon from photos by N. L. Stebbins.

that the hollow under Dominion's bottom is but one detail (and by no means the most important) of the entire subject of freak designing with which the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in particular has for several years concerned itself closely. In view of the well-known efforts of the club and especially of its race committee in the direction of the study of existing conditions and proposals for the remedy of certain evils, the deliberate exclusion of a strictly technical matter such as this, as entirely beyond the pale of argument, is certainly not calculated to impress the average yachtsman as strong and conclusive reasoning. The case seems to be one which specially calls for that technical argument which the committee refuses to present, and which will probably be carried on by yachtsmen at large until some general conclusion is accepted.

Without going far into this part of the subject, it is but proper to point out that the arguments advanced against Dominion during the races have all failed. It does not appear that the archives of the New York Y. C. have revealed any definition of a catamaran, or if so, that such definition will apply to Dominion; nor have they disclosed any precedent for barring her. The lack of strong technical argument against her is shown in the ninth clause of the letter to Mr. Crane, above quoted, referring to the attempt to exclude her under the clause of Article VIII. of the general regulations of the match, "No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed." It is a fact, strange as it may seem, that intelligent men actually thought that Dominion might be barred under this rule on the ground that the weather side of the deck became an outrigger.

So far as we can understand the position of the race committee, it has no better foundation than a vague and indefinite sentiment that a "single hull' boat is of necessity something admirable, while the "double hull" boat is precisely the reverse. The origin of this idea is plain enough if we go back twenty or thirty years to the time when the "single hull" type was represented by big, roomy old cruisers, and the "double hull" by the skeleton catamaran with its small car, carrying a few persons for an afternoon sail. This idea, however true in the past, cannot be considered for a moment in connection with Challenger and Dominion; but the comparison must and will be made solely on the merits of the two boats in the cup racing of to-day.



RECRUIT DISMASTED ON AUG. 26.

The "single hull" type, which the race committee accepts as perfectly satisfactory, is well represented by Seawanhaka and Challenger. Leaving apart their obvious close relationship to Dominion and material difference from all previously known yachts, it is sufficient to take them just as they are, racing machines of great cost and limited durability; unfit in general model for any purpose but racing, and in construction for more than a few races. This year has witnessed several new extremes of bad development, the cost has been increased, safety and durability have been absolutely disregarded, and as a special feature two boats have been built to do the work of one. It is probable that Seawanhaka would have stood the strain of the cup races, though she was badly out of shape at the end of the trial races; but, as a matter of fact, the challenger was represented in the cup races by a boat which never sailed in the trials, and the winner of the trial races, after being chosen by the committee, did not sail in the cup races. While this was all regular, it indicates a new refinement of freak racing, building two flimsy and very costly boats to do the work previously done by one.

The "double-hull" boat which is condemned by the committee is also a racing machine, and most decidedly faster than the "single hull" type; the real end of all parties in this competition. After making due allowance for the difference in cost of construction on the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence, Dominion, owing to simpler construction and the use of less expensive materials, cost probably 25 per cent. less than Challenger and Seawanhaka. She is very much stronger, being to all appearances still good for indefinite use in racing or general sailing after the last of the cup races. She is quite as safe, infinitely more comfortable as a racing machine, owing to the large flat deck and small angle of heel, and as far as she has been tried is an excellent boat in rough water. She belongs to a bad type of racing machine, and she is not a desirable type of yacht; but in her class, apart from her incontestible superiority in speed, she is a better boat in every way than Challenger, Seawanhaka, Skate or Al Anka; boats which have been recognized as perfectly legitimate and eligible.

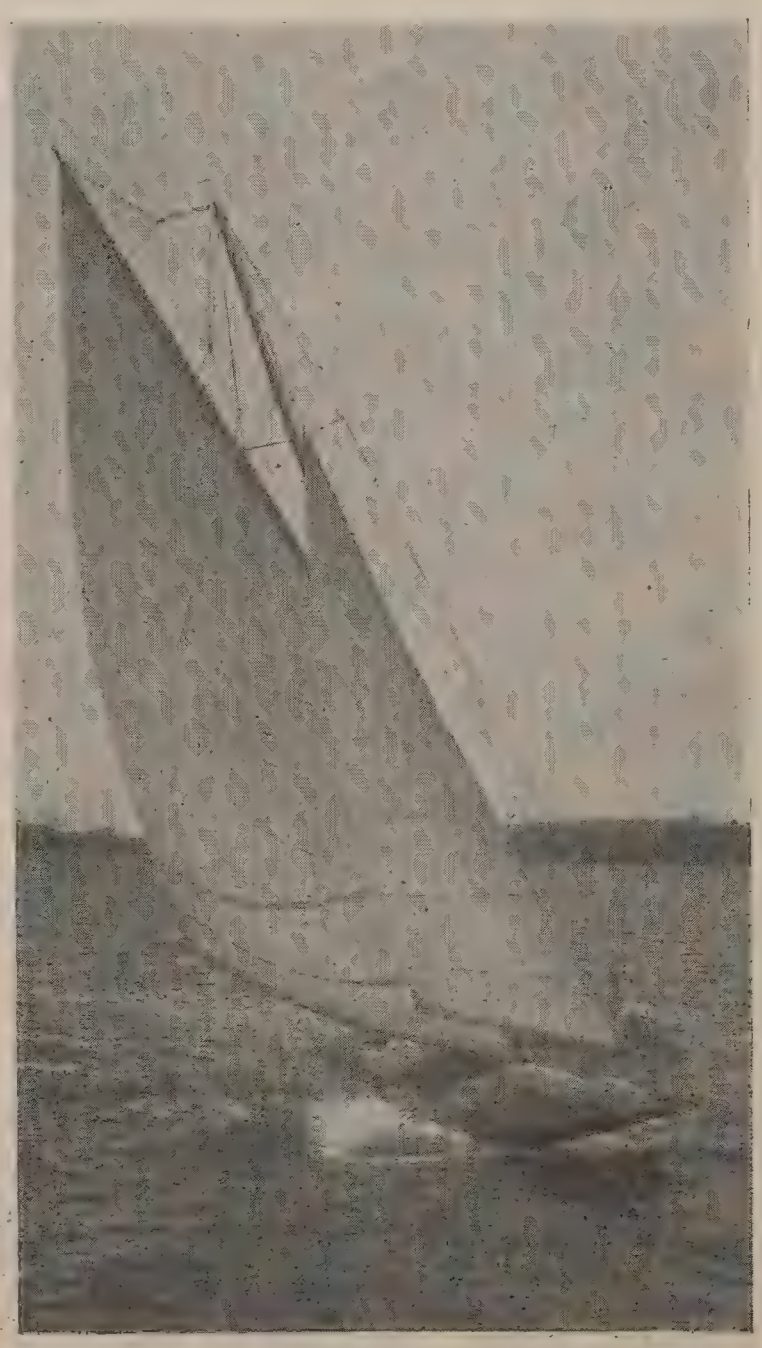
For ourselves, we have nothing to say for this class. For the past two years it has produced nothing but freaks, and has done nothing but harm to yachting; and if any further good is to come from the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, some important changes must be made in the conditions. We would point out, however, that what the committee says about Dominion, as of a new and unusual type, not contemplated when the conditions were framed in 1895, and of the possible effects of such a vessel on future racing, applies just as fully to Challenger and Seawanhaka, except for the fanciful distinction of the "double hull." If Dominion had never been built, the extreme of cost, weakness and general uselessness reached in the two Seawanhaka representatives this year would still have stood as a bar to further good results in the cup racing.

So far as remedy goes, the committee has nothing further to recommend than the summary and arbitrary barring of the Dominion type, a proposition that entirely fails to meet the case. In the first place, it will be by no means an easy matter to attain even this end. We do not know what the ideas of the committee are, but two methods have been suggested in the course of the general discussion of the case. One of these is to prohibit any hollow whatever in the floor of a boat; the other is to allow a hollowing of the floor, provided it does not come quite to the water when in measuring trim. The first proposition is arbitrary in the extreme in the present stage of yachting legislation, a discrimination, supported by no scientific reason, against one of the innumerable details of designing. If it be allowable to replace the old conventional yacht form with a thing modeled after a coffin or a dry goods box, with a perfectly flat floor, merely to evade the rule and gain speed, why should not a designer be allowed to hollow the floor for the same end? If any hollowing of the floor be allowed, then it will only be necessary to design an improved Dominion to meet the rule, with the hollow below the L.W.L. when in measuring trim, but allowing one hull to lift out when at the proper sailing angle. This involves a bit of trick designing that may be difficult, but not necessarily impossible. It will be found a very difficult matter, in all probability, to frame a reasonable and practicable rule for excluding the Dominion type without affecting the Glencairn type; and the race committee offers no suggestions in the matter. Even if this much be successfully done, and the new type barred, there still remains the necessity of going to a more undesirable extreme, if such be possible, than in Challenger; enough to deter most yachtsmen from further competition for the cup.

Coming down to the actual conditions of the cup racing to-day, they are such as to demand a far more practical and searching investigation than the Seawanhaka committee has bestowed on them. It is very desirable that the racing for the cup should go on every year, and that under conditions which will produce such excellent results as in the first two years, when the 15-footers were in vogue. At that time there was a general interest in the racing, and a reasonably useful boat could be built and raced at a moderate cost, being fully capable of subsequent service. To-day no one cares for such a machine as is necessary, they are only built because the cup must be challenged for or defended, and then by syndicates. As the racing has been carried on for the past two years, it is hurting instead of helping both parties; and in default of very radical changes it must be worse instead of better each year. The principle of design which now governs the class is probably of no real value, it is simply a method of cheating the measurement of waterline; as it stands, with no supplementary restrictions, it is a positive premium upon freak designing, as shown each year in the trial races at Oyster Bay. Whether it stops short at the point of nominal "single hull" sailed with keel and one bilge out of water, or whether it goes a little further to the point of actual separation of the two bilges, is but a matter of immaterial detail. What is needed is a radical revision of the measurement rule, with restrictions on extreme light construction and other undesirable features, so as to produce a fairly durable and serviceable racing boat. How to accomplish this end is likely to prove a difficult question, but it is evident that nothing short of some such general remodeling of the conditions will give any life to the races or make the results of any value. The appreciation of the necessity for such work, and of its serious difficulty, is one reason why the present holder of the cup is desirous of returning it.

The following notice has been sent out:

"At the request of members, as provided in the by-laws, a special meeting of the club will be held at the Oyster Bay club house on Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of considering the question of challenging the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to sail a match for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup during the season of 1899, and matters pertaining thereto."



RECRUIT.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate—New York Harbor.
Monday, Sept. 5.

THE only important yachting event of Labor Day about New York was that of the Atlantic Y. C., the entire day being devoted to races; the morning events for working boats, while the yachts had the afternoon to themselves. Good prizes were given in all classes. The working boat race was started at 11 A. M., in a very light S.W. wind, the course being a triangle between the club house, a mark off Fort Lafayette, and Red Buoy No. 12, three rounds, making fifteen miles. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Working Boats—Schooners—Start 11:05.			
A. M. Smith	47.00	4 21 11	4 13 20
John W. Stout	58.00	4 26 22	4 26 22
Working Boats—Sloops—Start 11:10.			
Sadee M., George H. Mott	36.00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Lauretta S., John Van Wart	31.60	4 28 53	4 20 38
Jennie, Robert Ewin, Jr.	37.00	5 13 20	5 03 42
Clara S., Lambert Snedeker	37.80	4 18 11	4 18 11
Franklin Brewer, John Brewer	32.00	4 06 16	3 58 38
Flyaway, George Syversen	34.50	4 11 40	4 07 34
G. W. Mojer, Albert Russell	32.00	4 39 56	4 32 18
Lena, Charles Johnson	33.40	4 21 08	4 15 32
Clara, F. Bradford	31.28	5 05 12	4 56 30
Charter Oak, Joseph Courtney	26.60	4 24 28	4 07 36
Tessie Carmen, N. Hanson	30.00	4 33 42	4 22 57

The yachts were started at 2:30 in a fresh S.W. wind, increasing for a time, and then coming light from the west. The fleet was started in divisions, as follows:

First Division, 2:35.—Impudent, Golightly, Tiger, Ella S., Seagull, Mauwee and Athene.

Second Division, 2:40.—Kit, Qui Vive, Dot, Rex, Oseonda, Vagabond and Dorothy.

Third Division, 2.45.—Baby, Martha M., Mary, Cleota and Sis.

Fourth Division, 2:50.—Vortex, Gunwar, Cyclone II., Gryphon, Madeline and Graff.

Fifth Division, 2:55.—Canoes No. 44, Aziz, No. 43, Zip and No. 45; dories Punkie, Dixie and Damfino.

Several of the small open yachts went up into the large class to race for the Adams cup, being placed at the middle of the class, 42.50ft. R.M., or at about double of their real measurement. The first round was quite exciting, owing to the lively breeze; the times were:

Seagull	3 19 57	Mary	3 40 21
Kit	3 20 59	Gunwar	3 43 20
Dot	3 22 05	Sis	3 43 28
Impudent	3 22 29	Vortex	3 44 30
Qui Vive	3 24 54	Madeline	3 44 58
Rex	3 26 48	Cyclone II.	3 44 58
Dorothy	3 27 46	Zip	3 45 31
Tiger	3 28 08	Gryphon	3 45 44
Mauwee	3 28 56	No. 43	3 48 28
Vagabond	3 29 43	Aziz	3 48 38
Golightly	3 30 00	Graff	3 48 39
Oseonda	3 30 53	Punkie	3 54 01
Athene	3 32 14	No. 44	3 55 33
Baby	3 35 26	Damfino	3 55 57
Martin M.	3 38 29	Dixie	3 58 06
Cleota	3 38 32		

As the wind was much lighter on the second round the race became less interesting. The final times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops and Yawls, Group I.—Start 2:35.			
Seagull, J. Fred Ackerman	51.73	2 29 50	2 29 50
Tiger, A. J. Harrison	35.00	Did not finish.	
Athene, F. B. Mackey	....	3 03 58	. .. ..
Ella S.	33.00	2 35 26	2 22 12
Impudent, Louis Boury	42.50	2 35 21	2 29 57
Mauwee, H. J. Roberts	42.50	3 03 38	. .. ..
Golightly, E. Hope Norton	42.50	3 09 14	. .. ..
Cabin Catboats, Group II.—Start 2:40.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	2 17 44	2 17 44
Oseonda	30.00	Withdrew.	
Rex, F. M. Randall	26.60	2 29 46	2 25 34
Qui Vive, George Freeth	25.00	2 31 27	2 24 52
Kit, T. J. Dunne	30.00	2 17 20	2 17 20
Vagabond	25.00	Did not finish.	
Dorothy, R. E. Johnson	28.60	2 28 15	2 26 35
Open Catboats, Group III.—Start 2:45.			
Martha M.	19.40	2 56 25	2 46 49
Cleota	20.40	2 57 29	2 50 01
Baby, A. M. Johnson	19.90	2 55 21	2 46 50
Mary, William Langley	24.60	2 55 18	2 55 18
Sis	19.00	3 00 17	2 49 47
New York C. C. Knockabouts—Start, 2:50.			
Cyclone II.	18.00	3 01 55	3 01 55
Vortex	18.00	2 58 45	2 58 45
Gunwar	18.00	3 02 03	3 02 03
Gryphon	18.00	Not timed.	
Madeline	18.00	2 54 33	2 54 33
Graff	18.00	3 10 36	3 10 36
Special Class, Canoes—Start 2:55.			
Zip	....	2 07 49	2 07 49
Aziz	....	2 01 07	2 01 07
No. 44	....	Did not finish.	
No. 43	....	2 10 22	2 10 22
No. 45	....	2 01 57	2 01 57
One-Design Dories—Start 2:55.			
Damfino, F. B. Mackey	....	2 29 22	2 29 22
Dixie, Henry Barnet	....	2 25 00	2 25 00
Punkie, F. T. Adams	....	2 20 07	2 20 07

Dot was protested by Kit for fouling the Fort Lafayette mark, and Kit was protested for removing ballast prior to the start.

A race was sailed on Sept. 10 in a fresh N.E. wind, the times being:

	R.M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops and Yawls, Class A—Start 2:40.			
Sea Gull, J. F. Ackerman	51.73	2 19 46	2 18 12
Zingara, Harrison Dyke	40.87	2 26 21	2 19 30
Athene, Mackey & Hewitt	55.12	2 26 39	2 26 39
Moccasin, S. H. Mason, Jr.	47.35	2 14 43	2 10 53
Cabin Catboats, Series C—Start 2:45.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	29.58	Disabled.	
Qui Vive, George Freeth	24.93	2 19 49	2 13 33
Vagabond	24.03	2 14 29	2 13 13
Dorothy, C. L. Johnson	28.06	2 14 15	2 12 40
Rex, F. M. Randall	26.52	2 16 30	2 12 18
Sloops, Series B—Start 2:40.			
Mauwee, A. H. J. Robert	27.62	2 30 23	2 30 23
Impudent, L. Boury	23.70	2 27 41	2 14 57
Scrap, A. Bainbridge	23.70	2 28 15	2 15 31
Tiger, A. J. Harrison	35.00	Disabled.	
Ella S., G. T. Smith	34.60	2 25 07	2 25 07
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	31.06	Did not finish.	
Open Catboats, Series C—Start 2:55.			
Baby, C. M. Johnson	23.14	2 39 09	. .. ..
Cleota, N. T. Corey	20.40	2 36 14	. .. ..
Martha M.	19.40	2 33 48	. .. ..
Vif	20.33	2 34 28	. .. ..
Sis	18.90	2 47 18	. .. ..
Mary	24.60	2 34 35	. .. ..
Ariel	21.50	Not timed.	
Knockabouts—Start 2:50.			
Golightly, E. Hope Martin	21.00	Did not finish.	
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	2 16 50	2 16 50
Dories—Start 2:55.			
Shrimp		Did not go over the course.	
Damfino, F. D. Mackey	....	3 13 46	3 13 46
Dixie, H. Barnet	....	3 05 21	3 05 21

The winners were: Moccasin, Sea Gull, Impudent, Scrap, Ella S., Rex, Dorothy, Vagabond, Midge and Dixie.

Beverly Y. C.

THE race of the Beverly Y. C. on Sept. 3 was little more than a drift, the light N.W. wind failing soon after the start. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Cruising Knockabouts.	
Gadfly, Mrs. Geary	3 05 35
Edith, C. M. Baker	3 07 22
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	3 09 40
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	3 10 37
Eina, John Parkinson	3 11 02
Kalama, David Rice	3 20 20
Third Class—Cats.	
Melro, D. S. Whittemore	2 58 30
Cayuse, Howard Sargent	Withdrew.
Fourth Class—Sloops.	
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	3 01 22
Esther, E. N. Farnsworth	Withdrew.
Fourth Class—Cats.	
Hebe, J. Parkinson, Jr.	3 17 45
Daisy, Howard Stockton	Withdrew.
Hope, H. Ellis	Withdrew.
Fifth Class—Cats.	
Pedro, Howard Miller	0 51 22
Kolea, Mrs. Joshua Crane	0 53 47
Imp, George Dabney	1 00 45

Wing's Neck—Buzzard's Bay.
Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its final championship race on Sept. 10, in a very light breeze. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.
Knockabouts.		
Edith, C. M. Baker	....	2 02 30
Gadfly, Mrs. J. W. Geary	....	2 02 30
Apteryx, L. S. Dabney	....	2 05 46
Nulma, W. F. Harrison	....	2 06 49
Eina, J. Parkinson,	....	2 06 54
Kalama, David Rice	....	2 08 21
Third Class Cats.		
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	21.00	2 02 30
Sally Brass, Howard Sargent	21.00	2 22 47
Fourth Class Cats.		
Hope, J. C. Ellis	18.02	2 11 15
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.06	2 14 18
Fifth Class Cats.		
Kolea, Mrs. J. Crane	15.00	1 53 15
Pedro, Howard Miller	14.00	1 58 40
Imp, George Dabney	15.00	2 01 03
Laurel, F. Burgess	14.00	2 07 00

Hull Y. C.

Hull—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE open race of the Hull Y. C. on Sept. 10 ended the season of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. Owing to lack of wind the start was postponed to 3:15. Though there was little wind then, a few minutes later a fresh N.W. breeze sprung up, making a good race. The times were:

	Elapsed.
25ft. Class.	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 27 20
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 27 29
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 29 55
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	1 34 25
Nettie, Walter Burgess	1 35 40
Open 21ft. Class.	
Recruit, F. B. Rice	1 30 25
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 33 58
Tacoma, C. Prior	1 36 10
Cabin 21ft. Class.	
Arab IV., W. P. Scott	1 33 50
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 35 00
Idler, S. Noyes	Withdrew.
Knockabout Class.	
Chinook, Adams Bros.	1 32 50
Hazard, H. M. Sears	1 32 51
Darthea, E. C. Lambert	1 33 30
18ft. Class.	
Duchess, C. Hayden	1 26 38
Vamoose, R. M. Brewer	1 28 31
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 30 47
Hesper, E. P. Johnson	Withdrew.
15ft. Class.	
Vitesse, E. H. Clapp	1 27 05
Katydid, J. F. Small	1 28 30
Firefly, Howard	1 43 00
Isidore, H. F. Cleverly	Withdrew.

This race gives Hermes the championship in her class.

The judges were T. E. Jacobs, James Bertram and E. C. Backus.

Annisquam Y. C.

THE Annisquan Y. C. sailed two races on Sept. 10 for the 15ft. trophy. The morning race was sailed in a light breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Imp, Oscar Perkins	2 42 08
Gaboo, Walter Adams	2 42 42
Lynx, Fred L. Cunningham	2 42 50
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	2 45 08
Tabasco, H. H. Wiggin	2 46 10
Gertrude, Harry E. Damon	2 46 28

In the afternoon there was a fresh south wind, shifting to N.W. and increasing. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	2 02 15
Gaboo, Walter Adams	2 02 50
Tabasco, H. H. Wiggin	2 06 00
Gertrude, H. E. Damon	2 06 41
Imp, Oscar Perkins	2 06 42
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	Disabled.

Riverside Y. C.

Riverside—Lond Island Sound.
Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 10 in a fresh N.E. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
15ft. Class—Start 3:20.			
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	4 26 27	1 06 27	1 06 27
Mermaid, G. M. Stanton	4 33 47	1 13 47	1 13 47
Fiddler, M. P. Vulte	4 13 15	1 12 15	1 09 44
24ft. Catboats—Start 3:25.			
Minnetonka, A. B. Alley	4 33 03	1 08 03	1 08 03
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	4 35 12	1 10 12	1 04 04
Dories—Start 3:30.			
Bass, W. Fischer	4 48 15	1 18 15	. .. ..
Black Cat, C. H. Dayton	4 50 20	1 20 20	. .. ..

The winners were Edwina II., Lobster and Bass.

Eastern Y. C. Fall Regatta.

Marblehead—Massachusetts Bay.
Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 10 in a very variable and fluky wind, the times being:

	Start:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Second Class—Schooners.				
Loyal	11 15 49	5 28 32	6 12 43	6 10 03
Adrienne	11 16 13	5 30 55	6 14 42	6 14 42
Fifth Class—Sloops.				
Milicete	11 30 00	5 27 41	5 57 41	5 57 41
Choctaw	11 30 00	6 21 26	6 51 26	. .. ..
Third Class—Schooners.				
Barbara	11 25 32	2 58 14	3 32 42	. .. ..
Rusalka	11 25 35	3 42 36	4 17 01	. .. ..
Seventh Class—Sloops.				
Meemer	11 35 00	3 20 10	3 45 10	3 43 39
Onward	11 35 00	4 19 52	4 44 52	4 33 46
Cartoon	11 35 00	4 28 35	4 53 35	4 42 05
Ashumet	11 35 00	4 20 38	4 45 38	4 45 38
Saunterer	11 35 00	4 27 49	4 52 49	4 50 12
Handicap—Sloops.				
Shona	11 40 00	4 36 27	4 56 27	4 49 27
Camilla	11 40 00	4 41 59	5 01 59	4 58 59
Saladin	11 40 00	4 39 59	4 59 59	4 59 59
Mildred	11 40 00	4 42 45	5 02 45	5 02 45

Loyal, Milicete, Barbara, Meemer and Shona win first prizes, and Onward and Camilla win second.

Messrs. H. H. Buck, Eben B. Clarke and Odin B. Roberts had charge of the race.

Savin Hill Y. C. Annual Regatta.

Savin Hill—Boston Harbor.
Saturday, Sept. 3.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed its annual open regatta on Sept. 3, with a very good fleet of yachts at the line, and some close racing in all the classes, in spite of the light wind, variable from the west. The times were:

	Elapsed.
30ft. Class.	
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 45 45
Ashumet, C. F. Bache	1 47 28
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson	1 58 11
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	2 19 57
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	3 19 18
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	Withdrew.
Open 25ft. Class.	
Romance, Loring Sears	3 16 37
Raccoon, H. Chivars	Withdrew.
Cabin 25ft. Class.	
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 35 47
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 37 40
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 51 10
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 52 47
Open 21ft. Class.	
Bud, S. N. Small	1 08 31
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	1 15 30
Tacoma, Elmer Prior	1 16 30
Cabin 21ft. Class.	
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 10 37
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	1 11 00
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 15 00
18ft. Class.	
Vamoose, R. M. Benner	1 14 41
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	1 16 37
Fantasy, W. Allerton	1 17 38

Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

THE knockabouts of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 5, starting at 11:30. The wind was light and variable, with calm spots at times. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Stella, Sherman Hoyt	5 18 05
Heron, J. A. Weeks	5 25 02
Senta, Daniel Bacon	5 29 00
Keewaydin, C. W. Wetmore	5 30 50
Dacoit, H. L. Maxwell	5 32 41
Gloria, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	5 33 30
Nakodo, Mr. Sherman	5 33 45
Midge, F. W. Boyer	5 37 20

The Ethics of Up-to-Date Yachting.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent deplorable exhibition in Canada of how far honesty and fair dealing can be stretched before they become actual cheating, must be nauseating to all true yachtsmen.

It is surely disastrous to the interests of the sport when one of our representative clubs sanctions the use of a craft so lightly built that she cannot stand the strain of sailing on real water.

To build a structure that will not perform the work for which it was designed is simply bad engineering of the worst kind, and nothing more. Herreshoff's Defender was built to the extreme of lightness, but could have sailed races for months after she fulfilled her special mission without strain or alteration of form. This is good engineering.

What is gained by perfection of shape if the construction is so light that the lines cannot be preserved when the boat is sailed, the crew step through the deck, the boat is badly strained with less than one hundred miles of sailing, and changes shape from day to day?

Does it not also strike you that such risky attempts to gain a doubtful advantage are unfair to the club and the sport, as well as to the other contestant, although in this case they accrued to his advantage? Let us hope that the last days of the lath and piano wire trussed eggshell are near at hand.

In the craft opposed to the above engineering failure we find a deliberate evasion of the spirit of fair play in the shape of a floating "thing" called by courtesy a boat.

This obvious cheat was also endorsed by a club of gentlemen who doubtless hold larceny from the person to be a crime, but whose sense of fairness seems to be slightly fogged when a cup is to be won in a yacht race.

If we are to have a contest of freaks and a policy of "win; honestly if you can, but win," then let it be so announced and not disguised by taking the term "yacht" in vain.

In my humble opinion neither of the Crane boats nor the Duggan craft has any right to the name of yacht. The Crane boats by their construction are only fitted to sail on paper muslin seas under a glass case, and the Dominion—well, she certainly overhangs the catamaran-proa territory, even if, technically, she does not drop into it.

ENGINEER.

Yacht Racing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To one who knows nothing of the merits of the question of propriety and fair play in the sailing of yachts in friendly competition it appears strange that no plan can be adopted that will insure sport and fairness.

This communication is no proof of a Daniel come to judgment, but only of an ignoramus with an idea.

Adopt just one single rule—length over all, not of the hull, but of the whole craft; that is, that the 21ft. of a certain class shall include every bowsprit, yard, spar, boom, sail, flag, streamer, rope or string, within that limit.

Inside this measurement give freedom to build anything from a dry goods box to a balloon; and then have it understood in advance that if we beat the other fellow he is a sportsman, and if he beats us he is not one.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler's Annual.

THE twenty-fourth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club will be held at Armbruster's Greenville Schuetzen Park, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27 and 28. All riflemen and lovers of this sport are cordially invited to participate. To reach the park from New York city take Cortlandt or Desbrosses street ferries; from Brooklyn take Pennsylvania R. R. Annex to P. R. R. Depot, Jersey City; from there Greenville or Bayonne trolley cars to Neptune avenue, Jersey City, two blocks from the park.

SHOOTING PROGRAMME.

Ring Target.—Distance 200yds., ¾in. (25) German ring target, any rifle. Open to all comers. Tickets $1. Two best tickets to count for the first ten prizes. The best single ticket to count for the following. Tickets unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by one shooter.

Bullseye Target.—Open to all comers. Ten shots for $1. The best bullseye to count by measurement.

Target of Honor.—Three shots. Open to members only, for the prizes presented by judges and members, and $150 donated by the club.

Special 25-ring Target.—Open to everybody. Three shots free. Only one ticket allowed to each shooter. A fine trophy presented by Zettler Bros.

Judges' Target.—Three shots. Open to judges only. Prizes: Two fine gold lockets will be presented by the club.

Ladies' Target of Honor.—Open only to the ladies of the club members, for prizes presented by the club.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 29.—The shooting conditions at Shell Mound yesterday were good, and some fine scoring was done at the Columbia Club butts, notably a 10-shot score of 38 rings, Columbia target, by D. W. McLaughlin. He was closely followed by F. E. Mason, with 43 rings. This shooting was done at 200yds., off-hand.

Scores of the day, Columbia Club, were:

Columbia target, 10-shot scores, members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman 55, A. B. Dorrell 69, 70.

Bushnell military medal, Creedmoor count: E. Jacobson 47, 46, 46; C. F. Waltham 43, 42.

Allcomers' rifle medal, Columbia count: D. W. McLaughlin 38, 44, 50; F. E. Mason 43, 48, 54; A. H. Pape 50, 52.

Pistol, Siebe medal, open to all comers: J. E. Gorman 42; J. P. Cosgrave 60; G. M. Barley 62, 62.

Twenty-five and .22cal. rifle, 50yds., and Roos trophy for ladies: A. B. Dorrell 19, 21; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 30, 35, 37, 40; Mrs. G. Mannell 33, 38, 39; Mrs. M. J. White 32, 38, 46; A. Johnson 60.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king with a score of 202; Strickmier was high on the honor target with a score of 61. Strickmier was high man for the Uckotter trophy. G. A. R. festivities made the attendance rather light to-day, Sept. 4. Weather warm and some wind:

King target:										
Gindele	22	23	16	15	22	21	25	19	20	19—202
Payne	16	16	25	24	19	24	19	22	16	18—198
Hasenzahl	20	13	19	19	24	24	14	21	21	18—193
Strickmier	22	18	22	20	22	25	15	14	19	18—194

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	21	0	22—43	212	205	203
Payne	23	18	18—59	208	205	199
Hasenzahl	10	20	18—48	208	207	206
Strickmier	21	19	21—61	214	202	198

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE Zettler Rifle Club had its regular outdoor shoot at Henry J. Bookman's Cypress Hills Park, Sept. 3. Only five members put in an appearance and the contest as usual was at the ring target, 200yds. range, best three scores to count. Henry Holges made high score. Summary:

				Total.
H Holges	224	223	219	666
F C Ross	219	218	218	655
C G Zettler	222	222	204	648
A Kronsberg	207	201	194	602
H Muenz	197	189	168	554

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 17.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Shoot of the Central New Jersey League.

Sept. 20-23.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brwady, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23.—Omaha, Neb.—Fourth annual shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club.

Sept. 22.—Natick, Mass.—All-day tournament on grounds of Natick Gun Club; open to all. Samuel Bowker, Manager.

Sept. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Handicap, 100 targets at 1½ cents; entrance $5; Rose system; commences at 1 o'clock.

Sept. 24.—Conshohocken, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Worthington Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—Bloomfield, Ind.—Bloomfield Gun Club's target tournament.

Oct. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association; open to all.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona, Pa.—Tournament by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter, G. G. Zeth, Committee

Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breldenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Rolla Heikes' tournament; one day live birds; $200 added to target events.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. $100 added each day. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to hav printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the eighteenth annual tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club Company, Cleveland, O., Sept. 21 and 22, provides eleven events, which are alike for each day. There are three 10-target events, $1 entrance; five 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, excepting one at $1 entrance; three at 20 targets, $2 entrance. There is a fine list of average prizes, and $200 in cash added. Of this $10 is added to each event, excepting No. 6 of each day, which are merchandise events. Only those who shoot through the twenty-two programme events will be eligible to compete for the average prizes, of which, the programme sets forth, the first prize is a solid gold diamond watch charm, second a pair of fine shoes, third a box of cigars, fourth a $3 hat. Sept. 22 is set for the special handicap event, eligibility requiring that a competitor shoots through the regular programme events. This is at 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, targets included. No contestant, with the use of his handicap, shall be scored more than 24 broken targets. Straight scores cannot be tied with the use of handicap birds. Class shooting will govern, and if those who tie cannot agree on a division of the prize the tie will be shot off under the same conditions which govern the event. The shooting park will be open for practice on Sept. 20. Manufacturers' agents are barred from all except merchandise events. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. To reach the shooting park take Wilson Avenue Crosstown Line to Kershaw street. All necessary further information will be furnished on application to the secretary, Mr. J. R. Donelly, 516 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.

The sportsmen of South Framingham and vicinity have organized the South Framingham Gun Club, with twenty-five members. The following officers have been elected: S. F. Blodgett, President; L. E. Isham, Vice-President; D. C. Raymond, Secretary; E. E. Oliver, Treasurer; L. A. Isham, Captain. Directors: E. A. Staples and E. W. Fuller, in addition to the above named officers. A club house has been erected on excellent grounds, situated on line of electric cars. Club shoots will be held regularly, and it is the intention of the club to hold a number of tournaments the coming season.

The tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club has been postponed to Oct. 7 and 8. Mr. Zeth writes: "We have several reasons for making the change, one of which is that we are getting a magautrap, and will place it on the pinnacle of Lookout Point and throw targets into space, with only the blue heavens as a background. It requires a lot of extra work and preparation, but the result will be most novel."

Under date of Sept. 10 that young and rising shooter who is constantly improving by practice, Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, writes us as follows: "I will give a shoot at Dayton, O., Oct. 12, 13 and 14, adding $200 to the target events. One day will be at live birds. I will give you particulars soon. I might say that targets will be thrown at 2 cents, and money divided so that all will be pleased, and all will be welcome."

From Haverhill, Mass., Mr. Jack Fanning goes to Batavia, N. Y., thence he may go westward. His win at Haverhill was the latest of a season of consistent high-class shooting. At the Rochester Labor Day shoot he broke 133 out of 140 shot at, an average of .95 per cent. All told, he has shot at 4,500 targets this season, on many different grounds and at all styles of shooting he has averaged .938 per cent., a most excellent showing.

Phil Bekeart, of San Francisco, Cal., has arrived in New York, and intends to put in a few days admiring some of Broadway's sky-scrapers. Mr. Bekeart, however, is usually to be seen in company with Harvey McMurchy, who also is in town; and it may therefore be well imagined that his stay in this city will not only be pleasant, but will also result in his returning to San Francisco with new ideas as to life in the East.

In two team races between Messrs. Bingham, Steck, Leffingwell and Levi on the one side, and Messrs. Paterson, Yonson, Marks and Smith on the other, at Watson's Park, Chicago, Sept. 9, at 5 live birds each man, losing team to pay for the birds, the scores were: Bingham's team 18, Paterson's 22. Second race: Bingham's team 24, Paterson's team 18. The final will be shot off at some future date.

At the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot last Saturday at Woodlawn Mr. P. E. George won the club shoot by a score of 21 out of 25, and also the Troisdorf cup by a score of 20 out of 25. Mr. George and Mr. W. H. Thompson have now three wins each on the Troisdorf cup, and one more win by either makes it his personal property.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., are now ready to receive orders for their improved Shot Shell Loading Machine. Full information relating to it and all other implements of the company will be found in the Ideal Handbook and Catalogue, sent free on application to the Ideal Manufacturing Co.

Mr. E. M. Steck won the Montgomery Ward & Co. Diamond Badge in shooting off the tie on Sept. 9. On Sept. 2 Miss Edith Porter and Messrs. Barto, Foss and Steck were tied, as recounted in FOREST AND STREAM of last week, the shoot-off resulting as above mentioned.

The Baltimore Shooting Association desires the shooters to know that $100 added money will be given each day at its forthcoming tournament.

The Mt. Penn trophy was won by the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, with a score of 104 out of 125, in the five-men team shoot at Reading, Pa., Sept. 5.

The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament, June 7-9, 1899, at Columbus, O., under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club, is a fixture for next year.

In the contest for the Chicago challenge trophy, Sept. 9, Mr. J. B. Barto defeated Mr. Thos. P. Hicks by a score of 24 to 20, Barto at 29yds., Hicks at 30, Barto having one bird handicap.

In the Brooklyn Gun Club's cup shoot last Saturday Dudley, Billings, Amend and Asmus tied on 50. Harold Money was close up with a score of 49. Remsen 48 and Gil Hatfield 47.

Keep in Mind the Mt. Kisco Handicap, two events, 7 birds, $5; 10 birds, $10, Sept. 22. Address Mr. G. E. Sutton, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 20 at 8 P. M.

BERNARD WATERS.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, Sept. 3.—The following scores are from the Audubon Gun Club's shoot of to-day. Mr. C. S. Burkhardt's shooting was the feature, breaking 69 out of the first 70 shot at, and winning Class A badge. Jacobs won Class B, and J. A. Kennedy won Class C:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	5p
E McCarney	7	8	19	13	12	4
C Burkhardt	15	15	24	15	11	8
R Hebard	15	14	20	11	14	6
A Forrester	9	10	20	11	13	3
P Myers	11	12	19	9	11	..
J Kennedy	..	13	16	..	10	..
James	..	5	13	12	8	7
Smoke	..	..	20	..	11	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	5p
Talsma	..	..	14	..	12	..
J O'Brien	..	..	16	12	10	..
Norris	..	..	17	..	..	5
A Barnes	..	..	..	5	..	..
G Talbert	..	..	..	4	..	..
Cummings	..	..	..	8	..	..
Lasalle	..	..	..	3	..	

C. J. MAYER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 5.—The Forester Gun Club held their annual amateur shoot to-day. The shoot was a success, only the captain would rather have had a larger number of shooters to handle. The extreme heat was a drawback to our many friends. Special note should be made of J. Fleming's good score, as he was kept busy all the day squad hustling. The scores:

Popular handicap:

J Fleming	1011111101101011011110111—19 0111111111111111111111111—24— 7—50	
Feigenspan	1011111111011110011110111—20 0111001100111110101010110—15 w	
Tarlton	0010011101001 10100111 010—11 1110001000000110111011011—13—21—47	
D Fleming	1010010011110111111011000—15 1101111001011010000101010—13—18—46	
Dr Cummins	1111011111110111111110101—21 1011111110011111110111111—21— 8—50	
Backus	1011111101001000010001010—12 1011011010101100111100110—15—15—42	
Dr Delong	1111111110101011111 111111—21 1011010010101100100111111—15— 9—45	
John Jones	0111103011110110111110111—17 0111111110000111110010111—17—11—45	
Bock	01.001101011(011111011011—16 1100111100110000101011010—13—15—44	
C Smith	1101111101001010110111111—18 0110101111110111111111101—20—11—49	
Swindell	1010111000111 0101111001—15 1001100011101000101111111—15—14—44	
Banta	0111 111111110101061111—19 1001100110001010010100011—11—18—48	
Van Dyne	1011011110110611110101100—16 1111000110101101011111—17—13—46	
Jewell	0010011101010010101001000—10 0111000101110100100001101—12 w	
Winans	11010 111011011011001010—15 1001010000100101100010011—10—13—38	
Keely	1100030100100000011000000— 6 0000100000100100010000001— 5 w	
Shields	0101111011 100111 1110111—17 1110101111000101011111011—17—10—41	

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J Fleming	7	10	8	8	10	9	8	10	12
D Fleming	4	3	4	7	7	5	5	4	8
Dustin	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wheaton	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
John Jones	..	..	..	2	7	..	..	..	..
Wambold	..	..	..	..	5	5	7	10	10
Swindell	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	7	6
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	6	5	4	..	6
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	5	..
Dr Cummins	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	7
Bock	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	9	8
Van Dyne	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	12	9
Tommy	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	2	10
Dr Delong	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	11
Feigenspan	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	13	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..
R'che	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

Events Nos. 1 to 7 were at 10 targets; Nos. 8 and 9 were at 15 targets.

W. E. WIMANS, Sec'y.

Sidell Gun Club.

SIDELL, Ill., Sept. 10.—Inclosed find trap scores made at the tournament of the Sidell Gun Club, Sept. 7 and 8. Wednesday opened with a chilly wind, which continued all day, and the scores will show how strong the wind was. We had a fair crowd, but only about 50 per cent. of the men entered in the 100-bird race showed up. We had fifteen in this race, and J. W. Hoosier, of Evansville, won with 92. He shot Smokeless shells. John Dietrich, of Waveland, Ind., came next with 90, and used hand-loaded shells. J. McQuaid, of Canton, Ill., next with 88 and used Smokeless shells. H. J. Sconce fourth with 87 and used Peters' New Victors, and King's Smokeless.

In this event $75 was added, and first money was no small sum, as Hoosier went away with a well-filled pocket. Miss King, of St. Louis, was with us and showed what she could do in the way of smashing bluerocks, and made some good scores. Our visiting brethren were: J. W. Hoosier, Evansville; John Dietrich, Waveland; J. E. Nicholas, Bloomfield, Ind.; A. J. McQuaid, Canton, Ill.; Cadwalader, of Dansville, and Davis, of Paris, Ill.; De Witt and Cooper, of Hoopston, Ill.; G. Gilbert, Philadelphia, Ill.; Clare Carson and A. J. Carson, of Mortimer, Ill.

The second day was a better day, only a little cold, and better scores were made. The interesting event was the Vermilion county championship, for $30 gold medal, and had six entries. The medal is subject to challenge, and can be contested for every thirty days. H. J. Sconce won it first with 45 out of his 50. H. W. Cadwalader, of Dansville, second with 43. W. A. Gray and F. Jackson third with 40. J. A. Linder 38, and Max Holton 33. Max is only fourteen years old, and shot two days, and averaged .530 the first day and .667 the second day, which is better than some of the older heads could do. He figured in the money several times.

The averages for the shoot are as follows:

	First day.			Second day.		
	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dietrich	280	243	.867	105	97	.933
Sconce	280	235	.839	210	186	.885
Smith	140	119	.850	...	...	....
McQuade	280	222	.790	145	118	.813
Cadwalader	..	...	....	210	175	.833
Yearndt	255	200	.784	...	...	....
Hoosier	240	188	.783	...	...	....
Gilbert	180	137	.761	...	...	....
Nicholas	230	172	.748	...	...	....

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	100	15	10	15
Nicholas	12	16	13	15	12	19	10	14	w	13	7	10
Hoosier	14	15	13	12	14	15	12	..	92	..	..	..
McQuaid	12	14	13	10	10	15	13	16	88	11	8	12
Cad	12	15	11	11	9	12	8	17	86	10	..	11
Sconce	13	18	12	12	13	16	14	18	87	11	8	11
Yearndt	12	19	10	12	11	17	12	15	w	13	6	10
Smith	13	18	11	15	15	16	13	19	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	10	17	10	14	11	18	13	16	..	11	8	10
Miss King	5	13	8	13	10	13	..	..	59	8	5	12
Davis	13	10	8	11	7	11	13	16	..	..	..	..
Carson	9	13	11	11	10	10	12	..	..	..	..	..
Dietrich	10	17	11	17	12	16	12	17	90	15	9	15
Linder	11	10	9	15	10	11	11	..	13	11	7	8
De Witt	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
Jackson	4	12	8	11	8	8	6	..	..	13	6	11
Carson	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	..	..
Holton	7	12	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Parish	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Salvin	..	11	10	12	..	12	..	..	..	9	4	..
Lucas	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	7	..	..

THURSDAY, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	50	15	10	15
McQuaid	12	15	10	18	15	16	12	20	..	11	8	12
Cad	13	14	13	17	12	15	12	22	43	10	..	11
Miss King	7	10	10	9	7	17	8	15	..	8	5	12
Gilbert	12	14	13	17	11	..	..	..	..	11	8	10
Sconce	13	17	13	16	14	19	13	23	45	11	8	11
Nicholas	7	12	10	11	9	17	10	12	..	13	7	10
Dietrich	12	19	13	20	15	19	..	..	..	15	9	15
Carson	11	16	7	17	7	16	4	21	..	10	..	..
Jackson	7	..	10	..	13	13	11	16	0	13	6	11
Robinson	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Linder	..	10	10	14	..	16	8	19	38	11	7	8
Holton	..	..	..	13	..	..	11	..	33	..	7	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	7	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	..	..	..
Yearndt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	10
Salvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	..

The next shoot of the Brockton Gun Club, Brockton, Mass., will be held on Sept. 17.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—IV.

THE Cadi and his family were early risers. Hopie Jane must eds rise early to prepare the humble meal and attend to the utine labors of the day, and the good Cadi rose early, both cause that the mornings were too insufferably hot to lie ed, and that he was too amiable as a gentleman and a husband interfere with his wife's industrious habits, so necessary to livelihood. Nevertheless, when the family and guests met in e morning, "after the events narrated in the last chapter," as e five-cent novelist is wont to say, there was a certain con-aint exhibited by all, and the conversation was fragmentary and ble. Yet Hopie Jane had settled down into her steady round daily drudgery, patient, taciturn and amply solaced with snuff, e storm of the night before having for her cleared up the mestic atmosphere for many weeks to come.

Breakfast, though simple and frugal, was rather solemn on at particular morning, and even the children showed moments hen they were apprehensive and quiet for a whole minute at a ne, notwithstanding that Hopie Jane attempted a few carols a voice consisting of three or four harsh notes all out of tune, r benevolent purpose being to establish that cheerfulness which is so distressingly absent.

The good Cadi sat at the head of the table as became him as rd of the castle. At his right, looking demure and sweet—r all women look either sweet, sweeter or sweetest—sat his be-ved wife, while Moke and Ephraim sat on his left on chairs. ong benches reached down each side of the board table from e dignataries enumerated, for the use of the children, who se-red the desirable seats by clawing, elbowing, pushing and snarl-g in their general scramble to be nearest the food supply, much er the manner of the doings of the old-time Scotch border arauders, who acted as they listed,

"Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The four dignitaries had cheap coffee, fried rabbit and corn ne for breakfast, while the children had corn pone and butter-lk straight, which they had also for dinner and supper, and re blooming and strong, notwithstanding their simple diet.

PATCHING UP EXPENSES.

The Cadi's court sought the shady side of the house after eakfast. Hopie Jane and the eleven children soon trooped by the cornfield, and there was a visible lessening of the constraint rthwith.

'Gadzooks," said Moke, "what a raft of children you have when ey are all together."

"Yes," replied the Cadi, reverently, "the storks have been untifully kind to me. Most poor people consider a big family hardship, but it is a blessing to me in my invalid state to ve them to assist in making a living for me."

Pipes were now lighted, and a drink of cider brought around em that mellow atmosphere in which all shone socially at their st.

After considering the weather prospects for the day, Moke id: "Cadi, I allow as how I will take more interest in trap ooting, now that you are barred from the shoots; for there is no ne in the club who can shoot very well, and I allow as how I n win some money, or at least win enough to pay my shooting penses."

"Why do you consider it necessary to win your expenses?" nerjed the Cadi. "There is quite as much of a wolfish purpose winning your expenses at a shoot as there is in my purpose win enough to pay for my tobacco somewhere else."

"I don't see it that way," said Moke. "I only shoot for ort, and if I only make my expenses, I win nothing and have ly sport."

"You deceive yourself, good Moke," retorted the Cadi, in his ost suave tones. "If you cannot afford to pay for your sport, u cannot afford to participate in it. To shoot for sport costs oney, and if you get your shooting for nothing, some other llow or fellows are paying for it. You are patching up your ort at some one's else expense. You say you cannot afford it herwise? Then you cannot afford it at all, any more than you n afford to keep a yacht, or a game preserve, or any other atter of sport which is beyond your means. If you go to theater, or a baseball game, or the circus, you pay for your cket and feel when you come away that the entertainment has mpensated you for the outlay. You go a-fishing, and at the end the day you feel that the time has been pleasantly spent hether you caught anything or not; that is to say, if you are e right sort of angler. And yet, when it comes to shooting, u seem to feel that by some hocus pocus you should make me one else pay for your shooting. Now, when you shoot for ort, you should pay for your sport; but when you put your oney against some one's else money, you are a wolf then in your tle way quite as much as others may be in a big way; and when u lose you should not howl at your losses, and should not cupy the ears of the world with the disappointing results of ur own doings. When you lose, some other fellow is making s expenses as you would be if you won and he lost. Admit at you are a little wolf, and ask for a handicap to put you an equality with the big wolves. So long as you shoot for oney, without a handicap, just so long will you be skinned; for, you bar the experts, the next best class, which is one still far ead of you in skill, will then be the experts, and so far as u are concerned you will be no better off than you are now, as assured you when I told you 'it's a matter of teeth' some weeks go. If we try to establish a handicap, the objections would come om the experts, which would be a most conclusive vindication a handicap being the right thing."

"It is impossible to handicap the shooters of targets, owing their numbers, irregular shooting, etc.," replied Moke.

"It is quite time enough to say that it cannot be done after e attempt has been made," replied the Cadi. "There never yet as any sweeping reform but what the impossibility of it was ost earnestly pointed out beforehand. All progress means ange, and change means wreckage of some things, which we lieve in, are habituated to, and which perchance are to our n financial advantage. What established sport is there which s not a handicap? Yet the desired reforms cannot be made so adily as if we had a national association."

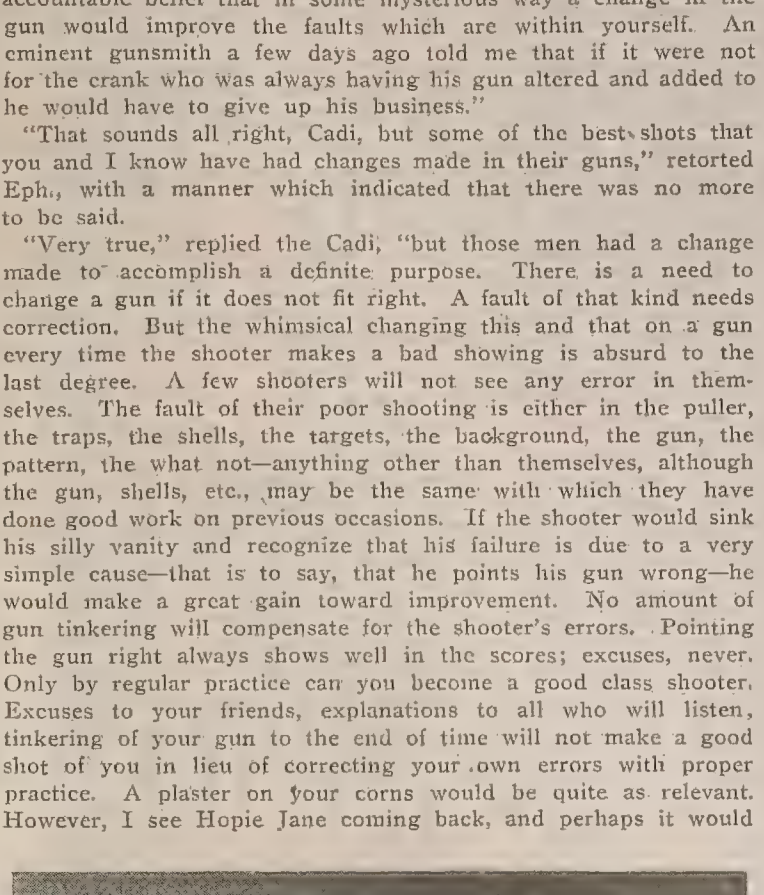
THE GUNSMITH'S DELIGHT.

Ephraim had been listening with a great deal of attention, and broke in with the remark: "I believe that I will again join the shoots for sport, and if I can raise money enough I will ve a new drop put in my gun stock, and I believe that it will prove my shooting."

"More fallacy. As near as I can recollect," said the Cadi, ou have had something done to your gun after every shoot, ith a whimsical belief that the change would improve your ooting. You have had the stock made shorter and made longer a number of times; you have had a Monte Carlo hump put on and taken off; you have had the trigger pull made easier and made harder; you have tried different guns and different chokes, and different this, that and the other thing, every time that you have fallen below your average for awhile, with the most unaccountable belief that in some mysterious way a change in the gun would improve the faults which are within yourself. An eminent gunsmith a few days ago told me that if it were not for the crank who was always having his gun altered and added to he would have to give up his business."

"That sounds all right, Cadi, but some of the best shots that you and I know have had changes made in their guns," retorted Eph., with a manner which indicated that there was no more to be said.

"Very true," replied the Cadi, "but those men had a change made to accomplish a definite purpose. There is a need to change a gun if it does not fit right. A fault of that kind needs correction. But the whimsical changing this and that on a gun every time the shooter makes a bad showing is absurd to the last degree. A few shooters will not see any error in themselves. The fault of their poor shooting is either in the puller, the traps, the shells, the targets, the background, the gun, the pattern, the what not—anything other than themselves, although the gun, shells, etc., may be the same with which they have done good work on previous occasions. If the shooter would sink his silly vanity and recognize that his failure is due to a very simple cause—that is to say, that he points his gun wrong—he would make a great gain toward improvement. No amount of gun tinkering will compensate for the shooter's errors. Pointing the gun right always shows well in the scores; excuses, never. Only by regular practice can you become a good class shooter. Excuses to your friends, explanations to all who will listen, tinkering of your gun to the end of time will not make a good shot of you in lieu of correcting your own errors with proper practice. A plaster on your corns would be quite as relevant. However, I see Hopie Jane coming back, and perhaps it would



MAYNARD P. ROACH.
President Worcester Sportsmen's Association.

be better to move over to the lodge out of her sight till later in the day," said the good Cadi.

The lodge, which was set on sections of log at each corner, was a plain board cabin, in size about 12 by 20, which the Cadi reserved as a sleeping room for his guests, and incidentally as a store room for old harnesses, saddles, jars of preserved tomatoes, etc. Cracks of varying width yawned between the boards of the floor and walls; therefore, so far as the exclusion of noises was concerned, it was the same as if the frail structure did not exist. A cheap corn-cob bed was the only furniture. It pleased the fancy of the good Cadi to dignify this primitive cabin with a good title.

THE ROOSTER HANDICAP.

An oak tree, spreading its rugged limbs protectingly over the roof of the lodge, was a living testimonial to the truth of the old adage that every rose has its thorn, for Hopie Jane's large flock of hens and chickens used it for a roost at night. The pride of the flock was a large, awkward, fool Cochin China rooster, which the Cadi had named De Reszke, and which had a full coarse voice, very rasping to the ear of visitors, and rather given to flying off into weird discords when he tried to crow too loudly and ecstatically, as was his wont every half-hour of the day and night, either on his own motion or in answer to the clarion challenge of the neighboring roosters for a mile around, receiving therefor the twittering plaudits of all the home hens, just as if he were a real Paderewski of a rooster.

They were hardly seated on the shady side of the lodge when the giant rooster, with his admiring train, strutted up close to Moke and saucily turning his head askew, scanned him impertinently with one eye. Moke remembered the exasperating crowings of the night before, supplemented with the uneasy gruntings of the hogs, which slept under the floor, and the irritating disturbance when one would scratch his back with great power against the sill, making the frail lodge quiver and heave from ridge pole to floor; for the hogs, too, rested badly, the night being hot and the fleas viciously active. Moke looked at the rooster with no kindly feeling, but he modulated his voice and said mildly: "Cadi, what would you take for that rooster?"

"None of your business. Do you see that road? That leads to your home!" and the Cadi pointed his finger accordingly.

"No offense in asking the price of a rooster, I hope?" ventured Moke in a humble tone.

"That depends," said the Cadi, with something of his usual affability. "I am rather touchy on that subject sometimes. I had a dude from St. Paul, who was staying with me last fall, shooting and fishing, and as he expressed it 'living close to nature,' although one day, when the meal and bacon gave out, and we had no supper, he said very saucily to me that it was getting a little closer to nature than he expected. The dude and I were smoking much as you and I are now, when the father of De Reszke walked up much as De Reszke did just now, and the dude said, in a dreamy sort of way: 'Cadi, that's a lovely bird,' and his face seemed to shine with admiration as he noted the beautiful mottlings and pencilings and polished surface, to say nothing of the full majestic curves of the whole body.

" 'There's not another like him in a day's journey,' I replied, for I was truly proud of that aristocratic fowl. 'I don't think I'd care to sell him to anyone except you.'

" 'What will you take for him?' he said sweetly.

"I thought that he was talking just to be a-talking, and that it was all talk anyway, much the same as shooters frequently challenge each other, so I said: 'O, I don't know, about 50 cents would be a fair price, I reckon.' I expected to hear him laugh at the good joke of such a fine bird selling for 50 cents, but he handed me that amount, which I took without a thought that he was serious.

" 'That rooster is mine now, noble Cadi, isn't it?' he quietly asked.

"I was game myself, although I wouldn't have taken the best $25 you ever saw for that bird, so I said, 'Of course it's yours, but I'll give you a dollar for it if you will sell it back.'

" 'I bought that hullabaloo bird because I have a particular use for him, Cadi. Pretty thing, isn't it?' Then he turned to my oldest boy and said: 'Ike, catch my rooster and I'll give you 50 cents.' When the rooster was caught, he gathered its feet and wing tips all in one hand, while with the other he choked it till its eyes turned red, then walking to the chopping block he cut off its head with one blow of the axe, and threw its body to the hogs. He then sat down as calm as you please and said to me: 'Cadi, do you believe that rooster will crow any more of nights now?' "

"Not in a thousand years," commented Moke.

"Not a solitary hoot," said Ephraim. "No more than you can shoot, since we have decapitated you with that manufacturers' agent's handicap."

BERNARD WATERS.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 5.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club tournament to-day was well attended, and among the crack shots were: Leroy, Eager, Wheeler, Dickey, Allison, Puck, Griffith, Root, Bowker, Davis, Snell, Coffin, Burbank.

Leroy broke 147 out of the 150 of the programme and won the Forehand Gun. Leroy shot a Remington gun and U. M. C. ammunition. Everything in connection with the shooting went smoothly. E. Garland was in charge of the cashier's office. Mr. P. Roach, president of the club, who is very popular among the shooters, kept everybody in good humor and made himself useful in many ways. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	10	25	10	15	20	10	25	10	150
Leroy	10	15	10	25	10	15	19	10	24	10	147
Allison	10	15	9	24	9	13	17	10	24	10	141
Snell	10	14	9	22	10	13	18	9	24	10	137
Griffith	9	13	10	25	8	14	17	10	24	10	140
Davis	..	12	10	24	..	..	..	..	25	9	...
Puck	10	14	9	22	10	13	19	9	25	8	139
Walls	7	14	9	22	10	15	18	9	21	10	135
Eager	8	14	7	24	9	12	18	10	20	10	132
Dickey	8	13	8	23	9	12	17	10	22	7	129
Wheeler	10	12	9	22	10	11	16	8	22	10	130
Burbank	7	13	8	23	9	14	18	..	..	..	...
Bowker	10	13	4	20	8	12	19	8	21	10	125
Coffin	6	13	9	14	6	12	14	8	19	..	...
McLellan	8	10	8	21	9	14	19	9	19	8	125
Bucklin	8	12	8	20	10	11	17	8	21	..	...
Buck	7	12	..	..	7	..	..	8	..	..	...
Root	5	11	10	20	6	13	18	8	23	8	122
Reiner	9	9	5	21	7	14	11	10	18	7	111
Bain	8	14	7	18	8	12	17	8	..	8	...
Getchell	6	10	7	18	7	..	12	5	17	9	...
Stacy	10	14	10	24	7	11	14	8	..	..	...
Lenbothe	7	12	10	18	..	..	..	5	7	..	...
Gleason	9	10	7	..	7	..	..	5	..	..	...
Slade	5	11	8	..	3	..	..	5	6	..	...
Fellows	6	12	7	22	..	..	18	9	..	..	...
Warren	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hanson	8	10	..	..	7	12	18	..	..	..	...
Kinney	..	8	4	..	..	4	11	2	..	..	...
Campbell	3	9	5	16	6	5	9	..	15	..	...
Hoyle	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	...
Brown	..	..	8	22	8	12	16	6	24	8	...
Bugam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	...
Kennicut	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	...
Tolman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	...
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...
Roach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	...

A. W. WALLS, Sec'y.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., Sept. 5.—The weather here to-day was very hot, yet a goodly number of the amateur trap-shooters took a lively interest in the sweeps, merchandise and charm shooting, while their friends turned out in good numbers, fully three-score and ten. Grant shot a professional gait, .944 per cent.; Allen, .875 per cent.; Worthing, .821 per cent.; Barrett, .813 per cent. The next shoot will be on Sept. 17.

Merchandise event, 25 targets, unknown angles: Allen 25, Grant 25, Barrett 25, W. Woodard 23, Stanley 25, Stork 21, Worthing 23, Donaghue 25, Scott 25, Leonard 17, W. Murdock 22, Taylor 25, Turner 23, Carr 25, Thayer 22.

Watch charm event, 25 targets, unknown angles: Scott 23, Allen 25, Donaghue 21, Worthing 25, Murdock 25, Turner 18, Leonard 25, Grant 24, Barrett 23, Carr 24, W. Woodard 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	10	25	10	10	10	10
Grant	9	9	11	..	24	..	20	7	10	9	9
Allen	10	6	12	8	23	8	22	10	9	10	9
W Murdock	5	4	11	8	15	5	18	6	..	2	5
Donaghue	7	8	7	7	18	3	14	..	..	..	..
Taylor	7	9	11	7	21	4	..	7	8	..	..
Stork	4	8	13	5	17	3	..	9	6	9	8
Scott	9	8	7	8	21	..	19	..	..	..	..
Leonard	9	7	11	8	9	3	22	7	8	7	7
Barrett	9	10	12	7	22	9	19	7	7	8	8
W Woodard	8	8	..	..	16	..	18	..	..	6	6
Worthing	..	9	11	8	20	7	23	..	..	..	..
Carr	..	9	11	9	21	8	17	4	..	..	..
Stanley	..	..	13	..	23	..	..	..	..	7	9
Turner	..	..	..	4	16	..	11	..	..	..	..
Toss	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thayer	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 5.—Each was a 15-target event, $1.25 entrance, five moneys, in the Labor Day shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Pequin	12	7	8	13	9	11	8	8	8	10	10	10	10
Weeks	11	9	8	12	10	11	10	10	14	11	13	10	11
Bancroft	5	9	6	10	6	9	7	9	7	6	7	4	..
Lyon	7	7	11	8	7	6	10	11	9	10	3	..	..
Levengston	14	12	15	15	14	14	15	13	15	14	12	14	12
Huyck	11	9	8	10	10	11	8	10	9	10	7	..	..
Smith	11	13	13	13	14	13	12	12	14	13	13	13	12
Berg	13	8	7	11	14	10	11	9	11	11	10	11	6
Wallburg	11	11	12	10	11	12	12	10	11	12	9	11	8
Valentine	..	..	11	13	7	12	10	13	9	13	11	8	..
Arnold	..	..	13	15	9	15	11	14	13	11	10	12	11
Jordan	..	..	14	13	15	14	14	15	14	13	15	11	13
Herman	..	..	..	..	8	14	12	13	7	12	11	12	6
Lefever	..	..	..	..	12	11	15	13	11	13	13	11	12
Schoeneigh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	9	6

Match between Smith and Arnold, $1 a side and price of birds: Smith 21, Arnold 19.

Match between Wallburg, Smith and Arnold, 5 pairs, $1 a side, winner take all, low man to pay for birds: Wallburg 7, Smith 9, Arnold 5.

Schmelzer Tournament.

MR. PAUL LITZKE writes us that the beginning of the Schmelzer tournament was postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday on account of rain, as alleged, but chiefly from lack of proper preparation.

WEDNESDAY, FIRST DAY, SEPT. 7.

There was a fair attendance on the first day of the shoot, though nothing like what had been expected. Only six shot through the entire programme for the day, and of these Hickman is high man, and Funk comes next. The fact that so few shot through is principally because the second event for this day was not finished until late Friday afternoon, and many of those present on Wednesday had gone home by that time.

The prize winners in to-day's events are as follows:

Event No. 1: First prize, corduroy shooting coat, was won by Scott; second, silver tea set, went to Hickman; third, a clock, went to Gottlieb; fourth, a spoon holder, was won by Hodges.

Event No. 2: Stockwell first, a silver water pitcher; Cockrell second, also a water pitcher; Hodges third, a clock; W. S. Allen fourth, 5lbs. of Gold Dust powder.

Event No. 3: Stockwell first, a silver tea set; Sykes second, gold enamel inkwell; Bramhall third, split-bamboo fishing rod; Eldridge also got a clock in this event as fourth.

Event No. 4: Funk won first, a Winchester take-down gun, while Hickman, who won second, got one of those numerous clocks; White got third, a pair of skates; Curtiss fourth, a pitcher.

There was nothing but cash added in No. 5, and this was easily divided.

Event No. 6: Simms won first, an Ithaca hammerless gun; Cockrell second, silver tea set—four pieces; Sykes third, silver syrup pitcher; Gottlieb fourth, a hammock.

Event No. 7: Hill got first prize, a hunting suit complete; Cockrell second, a hammock; Scott third, a canvas hunting coat; Hickman fourth, one more clock.

In event No. 8 there was $10 in each added, which was divided into five moneys.

The weather was perfect for shooting, being clear and bright.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	25	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.
Norton	10	..	14	17	10	16	10	..	110	77
Wright	10	14	14	15	14	18	11	14	140	110
Gregory	8	13	15	12	11	13	8	..	125	80
Lil Scott	15	13	14	21	10	18	12	..	125	103
Hodges	11	12	19	24	13	19	9	14	140	106
Thomas	7	8	14	16	..	..	..	..	75	45
Smith	8	8	10	16	..	..	..	..	75	42
Hauck	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
Holmes	13	12	15	..	..	..	..	12	65	42
Hungate	6	..	13	17	12	15	9	17	125	89
Linderman	10	..	17	18	14	14	..	10	110	83
Ewing	9	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	35	23
Simms	13	..	15	17	11	19	10	10	125	95
Cockrill	11	13	16	13	12	18	13	14	140	110
Berkey	8	..	12	17	12	16	7	..	110	72
Funk	12	13	18	24	15	14	11	14	140	120
Ostertag	7	10	15	16	..	16	11	..	110	75
Hixon	13	9	16	23	12	18	13	..	125	104
Essig	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Newt	13	..	16	18	..	15	13	..	95	75
Hill	13	..	15	18	13	15	14	10	125	97
Erhardt	12	10	17	18	12	17	7	12	140	105
Hickman	13	13	18	21	15	18	11	13	140	122
Gottlieb	12	..	19	23	13	16	12	13	125	108
Hallowell	13	..	15	21	14	16	12	15	125	106
Hairgrove	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Bramhall	10	..	17	17	9	10	10	..	110	73
Townsend	9	..	..	17	13	9	10	11	105	69
Linn	5	..	12	20	..	15	13	..	95	65
Fairman	8	..	15	19	..	..	..	..	60	42
Ferguson	9	..	11	16	13	11	12	7	125	79
Hyde	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	9	50	31
Redman	13	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	35	23
Carson	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
Davis	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	35	22
Elliott	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	15	50	46
Sykes	..	..	18	..	..	17	..	..	40	35
Richards	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	20	11
W S Allen	..	11	13	19	13	19	13	14	125	102
Jap	..	..	16	23	13	19	13	..	95	84
Blackwell	..	..	14	20	14	15	..	..	80	63
Kelly	..	..	15	16	..	..	..	..	45	31
Budd	..	..	19	..	15	..	..	..	35	34
Laidlaw	..	..	12	16	..	9	17	7	95	61
Eldridge	..	..	16	..	12	..	..	..	35	28
Stockwell	..	14	19	22	..	..	..	..	60	55
Dickinson	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
Rickmers	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
Hein	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	20	13
Courtney	..	..	19	19	13	..	..	..	60	51
Harrison	..	..	..	17	..	..	14	..	25	31
White	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22
Bryant	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	25	16
Damon	..	..	..	20	10	..	..	..	40	30
Plank	..	..	17	20	..	15	..	12	80	64
Milligan	..	..	..	21	..	17	..	..	45	38
Staiger	..	..	..	21	..	..	12	..	40	33
Fairman	..	..	..	..	10	9	9	..	50	28
Howard	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
McGee	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
F J Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	20	13
Coe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	6
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	13
Clapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	13
Hayden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12
Budd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	15

There were three live-bird events on the card. The chief one among these was a 20-bird event, known as the Schmelzer Arms Co. Interstate championship. This was a handicap affair, and had the goodly entry of forty-four, of which number six, namely, Dave Elliott, Cockrell, Hickman, Richards, Nuot and Hairgroves, killed straight. These attempted to decide who should have the silverware that was first prize. However, after the first 10 birds it resolved itself into a race between Dave Elliott, Hickman and Cockrell, for not only did each of these kill his 10 tie birds straight, but in addition 20 more, which made 50 straight kills for each in this event, and yet no decision was reached. At this juncture they concluded to defer the shoot until Saturday, as they were in too good a form then. The ties on 19 and 18 also remain undecided:

D Elliott	21121112122211222222—20
Hickman	11111212111111222122—20
Cockrell	22222222222222222222—20
Richards, 28	22111212121112222121—20
Nuot	11112111111111112211—20
Hairgroves	11111111121221121111—20
Wright, 29	22122101221222211222—19
Gottlieb, 31	21222221221111120121—19
Fletcher, 30	21212211121110221221—19
Kelly, 30	11211211211111101122—19
Funk, 30	22221122122110111112—19
McGee, 28	11212122112012121211—19
W Allen, 31	02221221111111121211—19
Hodgers, 30	12121220222212122210—18
Davis, 27	12212221222202220222—18
Redman, 27	12121211122020212222—18
Holmes, 28	22211110211211212021—18
Curtice, 30	22222*22202222122222—18
Crosby, 29	12222121221211011110—18
Koohler, 29	22122201102122121211—18
Berkey, 27	12021111011221111101—17
Norton, 30	2*01212222122222020221—17
Fairman, 29	22200221111222*22212—17
Simms, 29	10122011111212202222—17
Hallowell, 31	*22022[illegible]22222022222—17
Hill, 29	12110112200121111121—17
Jarrett, 29	11121122111101002102—16
Parks, 27	22120220221102202112—16
Laidlaw, 29	12012120211222022210—16
Clapp, 29	22202221122O*221222*—16
Schmelzer, 28	01211101212002212101—15
Linn, 29	02222201121100122220—15
Carson, 27	21222001222212102200—15
Planck, 28	10221211000121l*0111—14
F J Smith, 29	20202012210*11122102—14
Townsend, 29	10110110121200111110—14
Essig, 27	12002111020112201202—14
Hyde, 27	10211211111002000101—13
Stockwell, 30	0111101*122202210001—13
Erhardt, 30	1*10112112221000l*1—13
Eldridge, 30	1022122202w
Ferguson, 27	0210220000w
Bramhall, 28	022**22222w
J S Smith, 29	0221020002w

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 8.

Of those who shot through the programme to-day, Hallowell is high, though of course he shot only for birds, except in events 5 and 8, which were added money events and open to all. Of the amateurs, Hayden, Hickman, Gottlieb, Hodges and Funk showed the best form and rank in the order named. The winners of prizes are as follows:

Event No. 1: Clapp first, a clock; Hodges second, silver tea set; Cockrill third, a powder and shot measure; Hayden fourth, a star crimper.

Event No. 2: Cockrell first, a tent; Hodges second, a camera; Hill third, a clock; Scott fourth, a Thurman shooting blouse.

Event No. 3: Funk first, Forehand single-barrel ejector gun; Scott second, silver syrup pitcher; Hungate third, a shell case; Erhardt fourth, a folding cot.

Event No. 4: Hairgroves won the Smith hammerless gun, which was first; Holmes second, also a clock; Gottlieb third, silver water pitcher; Funk fourth, carving knife and fork.

Event No. 5 was an added money event.

Event No. 6: Hayden won first, some more silverware; Thomas second, got a clock; Hickman third, nutcracker and pick; Rickmers fourth, silverware.

Event No. 7: Gottlieb first, a silver water pitcher; Hodges second, another clock; Hickman third, silverware; Simms fourth, 500 targets.

In event No. 8 nothing but cash was added.

The weather throughout the whole day was ideal for trap-shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	at.	Broke.
Woodson	15	12	12	17	..	11	16	14	125	97
Hungate	14	7	12	16	..	9	14	9	125	81
Scott	16	11	13	22	14	12	19	11	140	118
Clapp	20	7	14	20	12	14	14	11	140	112
Hayden	16	13	13	22	14	15	20	14	140	127
Hairgrove	16	..	..	24	..	8	..	..	60	48
Townsend	15	14	10	19	10	13	17	11	140	109
Cockrill	17	14	10	23	13	10	17	13	140	117
Simms	16	10	9	17	11	10	17	12	140	102
Wright	14	11	13	22	11	8	17	..	125	96
Hill	14	12	10	20	13	13	15	9	140	106
Erhardt	16	13	11	15	9	12	16	13	140	105
Hickman	19	14	14	22	14	13	18	13	140	127
Gottlieb	15	14	13	22	14	13	20	14	140	125
Hallowell	20	11	14	24	14	14	19	13	140	129
Laidlaw	15	9	9	12	11	8	12	14	140	90
Schmelzer	15	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	35	26
Funk	20	14	14	21	14	11	16	13	140	123
Akard	16	12	11	..	..	11	..	..	65	50
Hodges	19	13	14	19	13	14	19	13	140	124
Bramhall	16	11	8	16	..	13	..	..	90	64
Lytle	14	10	10	19	..	..	..	..	75	53
Bryant	16	11	..	18	12	..	..	..	75	57
Davis	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	30	22
Carson	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	30	20
Redman	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	30	22
Parks	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	30	22
Sykes	..	11	..	..	14	..	..	..	30	25
Essig	..	8	13	17	..	..	..	..	55	37
White	..	10	..	18	..	8	..	..	55	26
Linderman	..	11	14	17	14	12	18	11	125	97
Holmes	..	11	14	23	..	..	..	..	55	48
Thomas	..	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Allen	..	11	14	18	..	..	..	11	70	54
Rickmers	..	..	10	16	..	12	..	..	55	38
Leach	..	..	14	..	13	..	..	..	30	27
Coe	..	..	2	..	..	6	10	..	50	18
Snyder	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22
Ferguson	..	..	..	20	12	8	9	..	75	47
Garland	..	..	..	20	14	14	..	..	55	48
Berkey	..	..	..	20	..	..	9	..	45	29
Tibbs	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	25	15
Jim Elliott	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	11	30	25
Budd	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	13	30	26
Courtney	..	..	..	..	12	13	19	12	65	56
Taylor	..	..	..	..	13	10	20	13	65	56
Hyde	..	..	..	..	4	13	5	10	65	32
Walker	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	15	13
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	8	8	12	..	35	20
Thiele	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	15	9
Newt	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	15	13
Bruns	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	15	7
Little	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11
White	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	15	10
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	15	14

THIRD DAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 9.

The attendance to-day has dwindled down to almost nothing. Only five shooters participated in all events of the day, while the last event had but seven entries. Of those who shot through Hickman is high man, Funk second and Holmes third.

In the first event Holmes won the silver-plated tea set, which was first prize; Sykes won second, a clock; Hodges third, a pair of skates; Taylor fourth, a shooting blouse.

Event No. 2: Hickman made the only straight, and won a clock without a tie; W. S. Allen won second, a silver water pitcher; Funk won third, a quarter-keg of Hazard Blue Ribbon powder; fourth prize, also a clock, was won by Smith.

In event No. 3 Funk won first, a Marlin rifle; Linderman second, a clock; Stockwell third, a sole leather gun case, while fourth, another clock, was won by Wright.

Event No. 4: The Lefever gun, first prize, was won by Scott; Holmes got second, a shaving cup and brush. Hodges won a quarter-keg of Hazard powder, third; fourth, a silver spoon, went to Snyder.

Event. No. 5 had $10 in cash added, and this was divided.

Event No. 6: A Spencer repeating gun was won by Woodson; Funk got second, some more silverware; third, 5lbs. of Gold Dust powder, went to Clapp; fourth, another timepiece, was won by Kelly.

There was nothing but silverware in event No. 7. Of this Clapp got first; Hodges second, Scott third, and Wright fourth.

In the eighth event Wright won first, a single-barrel gun; second and third, two clocks, went to Hickman and Woodson respectively.

There were only seven entries in this event, and all of these either tied for first, second or third, so no one got fourth.

The weather was chilly, the sky being overcast, with a haze, and there was a strong wind blowing.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	25	15	25	20	15	at.	Broke.
Clapp	8	16	17	16	11	19	18	13	155	118
Hayden	14	15	16	19	11	18	..	..	120	93
Woodson	9	15	14	17	..	21	15	9	140	100
Kelly	10	..	14	18	..	18	..	..	105	60
Funk	11	19	19	19	13	20	18	11	155	129
Cockrill	5	16	19	20	12	18	13	..	140	103
Hungate	10	15	10	12	..	..	..	..	80	47
Hodges	12	16	15	21	14	19	17	13	155	127
Hickman	12	20	18	20	14	18	18	11	155	131
Hallowell	14	14	20	24	11	..	..	..	95	83
Rickmers	8	..	8	15	..	..	..	..	60	31
Holmes	14	..	16	22	..	..	..	..	60	52
Stockwell	11	13	17	21	13	..	14	..	115	89
Wright	11	14	16	20	13	20	15	13	155	122
Hintsche	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	21
Smith	9	16	16	19	..	..	..	..	80	60
Courtney	12	17	15	..	14	..	..	..	70	58
Mac	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
D Elliott	13	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	40	31
Sykes	13	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	40	28
W S Allen	11	19	17	21	10	..	..	..	95	78
Taylor	11	18	15	11	17	..	..	..	120	90
Lindy	10	..	18	21	11	19	..	..	100	79
Young	..	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	40	16
Snyder	..	18	17	20	..	..	..	11	80	66
Scott	..	15	..	23	11	21	16	..	105	86
Essig	..	..	14	17	..	..	..	..	45	31
Jones	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	25	21
Jim Elliott	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11
Cornett	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	15	12
Budd	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	15	14
Bryant	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Erhardt	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10
Deibert	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	..	35	29

SCHMELZER TROPHY.

This trophy, representing the championship at reversed angles at targets, was also contested for to-day, and resulted in the holder, Mr. Charles Budd, retaining possession of it. There were but thirteen entries, and of these none could approach the form that Budd displayed. It was early apparent that he would prove the winner. Considering the bad background and the dark weather, his score of 87 is a most creditable one, and while not of so high a class as his previous score of 96, it is still a first-class performance.

The shooting was done on the live-bird grounds, down in the hollow, and there the background was very bad for target shooting, especially on a dark day like to-day.

The conditions of this race were 100 targets, reverse angles, entrance $7, of which amount $4 went to the present holder of the cup, and the balance was put with the $25 which was added to the purse by the management. This amount was divided into three moneys and went to second, third and fourth places. The cup went to first. Hallowell won second money, Cornett third and Funk fourth.

Lill Scott acted as referee. Tom Morton was scorer and Lou Erhardt was trap puller. There was not a single protest made during the entire match. The scores follow:

Cornett	11111110011111111101100001—18
	10101111010010111001111100—15
	11111111011101111100011011—19
	11111111011100111111111111—22—74
Budd	10111110111111111101111111—22
	11111111111111111101111111—24
	11011110111111110110111011—20
	11011111111110111010111111—21—87
Hallowell	11101011110111111111011111—21
	10101011011011101111100111—17
	10100111110110111111011111—19
	10111011011011111111111111—21—78
Clapp	11101111111110010000000100—14
	01100110101110001100101111—14
	01110110110111110100111111—18
	11010111111110001011111100—17—63
Funk	11111111110001110111100111—19
	11111001110011101111111111—20
	10111110110111010111001101—17
	00111100111111111011100110—17—73
Cockrell	00110110100111011010011111—15
	10010100100001101101101100—11
	01111010001110001110011110—13
	11110011010110001111011101—16—55
Hickman	00110010101111100001010111—13
	10100110111111110111001111—18
	01011011111111101111101110—19
	11010101111011111011011110—18—68
Jas Elliott	11101011111110101010111100—18
	10100011111111011111110000—17
	01111101010111011111111101—19
	11010111011101101110111110—18—72
Allen	11001111101111111101101011—19
	10110110100111101100111011—16
	11010111010011111111111110—19
	11110011011110001111111100—17—71
Taylor	11011110011011101101110011—17
	01111110111101101011010111—18
	01011101111111011011111001—18
	10011110110011111110111001—17—70
Hodges	01111111101101011101101111—19
	01111101111110101110111101—19
	10101011000111000101111101—14
	11001011111111110110111000—17—69
Linderman	00001011110111000111001111—14
	10110001110011100111000001—13
	01011011110011100011011111—17
	11010001110110100011101111—14—58
Courtney	01001011111011001100001111—14
	00111101010101111101110111—17
	01110011100011110111011100—15
	11100111011011011111011110—18—64

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10.

The attendance to-day is somewhat larger than that of yesterday, though most of the participants were local shooters. Hill, it will be seen, is high man, closely followed by Hallowell. In addition to making high average, Hill made the only straight score of 25 credited to any one during the tournament. The shooting as a whole was not near so good as on the previous days. There was a good stiff wind blowing all day, which added to the difficulty of the shooting.

In event No. 1 first prize, a mirror, was won by Hill; second, also a mirror, went to Rickmers; third, a flower vase, was won by Norton; fourth, a silver tray, went to Erhardt.

Event No. 2: First prize, a Colts rifle, was won by Norton; Sweet won second, a silver pitcher; third, an eight-day clock, went to Cornett; fourth, a gilt picture frame, was won by Bryant.

Event No. 3: The first prize in this event was silverware, and was won by Funk; Hill got second, a kodak; Essig won third, a pair of boxing gloves; fourth, a striking bag, won by Wright.

The fourth event was an added money event.

In event No. 5 the first prize was a bicycle, and Erhardt captured this; Fairman got a silver water pitcher as second prize; Hill got another clock as third prize in this event, while Wright got a silver spoon as fourth.

Event No. 6: First, a Bristol steel fishing rod, was won by Scott; Fairman had to content himself with a silver pitcher for second; Hill got more clock for third prize; Hickman got a silver tray for fourth.

Event No. 7: It was in this event that Hill ran his 25 straight and was handsomely rewarded by winning a fine Parker hammerless gun; second was another clock, and Cornett got this; third, a sole leather gun case, went to Fairman; Plank won 100 loaded shells as fourth prize.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	at.	Broke.
Essig	10	10	11	..	12	10	17	..	120	70
Wright	9	6	10	10	14	10	16	11	135	86
Funk	10	11	14	11	16	11	16	12	135	101
Miller	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Hornaday	8	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	45	26
Simms	6	11	11	9	12	11	20	11	135	91
Rickmers	13	11	8	..	..	9	..	..	60	41
Hill	14	10	12	13	16	12	25	13	135	115
Norton	12	14	..	10	18	12	15	12	120	93
Jim Elliott	6	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	30	18
Sweet	9	12	12	7	12	10	20	8	135	90
Hallowell	9	12	14	15	16	13	21	14	135	114
Hickman	12	12	12	8	17	11	18	13	135	103
Bryant	12	10	7	15	16	10	18	..	120	88
Erhardt	11	14	9	7	18	10	21	14	135	104
Kelly	..	8	10	..	11	..	14	..	70	43
Bruns	..	9	7	..	9	4	..	..	65	29
Cornett	..	11	12	9	17	..	21	13	105	83
Scott	..	..	..	..	10	..	14	18	12	70	54
D Elliott	..	..	..	..	12	14	13	18	14	90	71
Stockwell	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	18	..	40	29
Fairman	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	20	13	75	63
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	35	26
Batchelor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	25	17
Planck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	9	40	28
Peebles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	25	10
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	25	15
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10
Graham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	15	4

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Chambersburg Gun Club.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Sept. 6.—The Chambersburg Gun Club held its monthly shoot for the club live-bird trophy yesterday. Five members of the regular team participated in it and made the following excellent scores:

Trophy shoot, 10 live birds:

Runk	1121111111—10	Kennedy	1222111111—10
Vandereau	1120211212— 9	Rhodes	0122112111— 9
Rinehart	111201*111— 8		

Runk and Kennedy shot off the tie at a miss-and-out:

Runk ..... 212111111211—12 Kennedy ..... 121221222220—11

The club has been in existence only six months, but in that time, under the intelligent coaching of Capt. J. M. Runk, has acquired remarkable proficiency. Many of the members had never shot over traps before they joined the club, and few had shot at live birds.

At targets J. C. Elder, Esq., holds the club record, 95 out of 100. Capt. Runk is second with a record of 94. Some other very creditable scores are the following, at targets:

Runk 25, Elder 24, Rinehart 23, Rhodes 23, Vandereau 21, Henson 21, Disney 21, Buchannon 20, Blocher 20, Minnich 23, Hobbs 24, Humer 24, O'Leary 23, Ross 20, Kennedy 21.

The club has a well-arranged ground, with commodious club house, and holds weekly shoots. It is now considering the issuing of a challenge to any club in the State to shoot a match with teams of two to five men in Chambersburg, the local club to furnish the birds.

Mr. Samuel Bowker, under date of Sept. 12, informs us that there will be an all-day tournament on the grounds of the Natick Gun Club, Natick, Mass., Sept. 22, and that the tournament will be open to all.

The Interstate at Haverhill.

THE concluding tournament of the Interstate Association's trap-shooting season was given for the Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 7 and 8. There was a reasonable support of shooters in point of numbers, but short of what might be anticipated, considering the proximity of shooting clubs in neighboring towns and cities. This was largely compensated for by the steadiness with which most of the contestants shot through the entire programme, as will be noted on reference to the scores subjoined.

On the first day 5,375 targets were trapped; second day 6,440; a total of 11,815 targets for the two days.

On Wednesday, the first day, there were two rainstorms in the afternoon, the first one occurring soon after lunch, as event 6 was begun, interrupting the shooting for about a half-hour. The second storm set in at the finish of event 10, yet notwithstanding the delay the programme was finished early, and a number of extra events were shot besides. Several extra events were also shot on the second day. Besides the skillful management, this in a measure was due to the excellent service of the trappers, and to the equally excellent working of the traps. There was a very small percentage of targets broken by the traps throughout the tournament, a percentage so small as to be insignificant. At the beginning 330 targets were shot at before one was thrown broken.

The grounds are pleasantly situated in a picturesque setting of hills, vales, woods and green fields far and near, at Hoyt's Grove, about one mile north of the City Hall, and reached by the electric cars every fifteen minutes. The traps face a bit east of south, and the level piece of ground, amply large for the shooting grounds, has a moderately steep wooded ridge for its eastern boundary, while west and south there was a picturesque view of beautiful New England scenery. An isolated clump of fine trees, however, at the limits of the grounds, caused many a miss at right-quartering targets, the colors of the targets blending with the lights and shadows of the trees so completely that a target's distinctness was much dimmed, and there was an uncertainty of aim in consequence.

Two tents, one at each end of the club house, supplemented the room of the latter. With their sides looped up or removed, they afforded a most comfortable, shaded resting place for the onlookers. The large one was also used for a dining tent. Within it at the lunch hour two long dining tables were set with scrupulous care as to neatness, variety and plenty, thereby pleasing the eye as well as satisfying the appetite.

The club's secretary, Mr. Geo. F. Stevens, assisted by Mr. Rockwood, looked after the cashier's department most efficiently; Messrs. Steven Tenny and John Ingham gave satisfaction as referee and blackboard scorer respectively, while Mr. L. C. Day won the particular good will of newspaper men by his efficiency in manifolding copies of the scores. Mr. F. Mighill acted as trap puller.

The diamond stud, presented by the home club to the shooter making the highest average for the two days, was keenly contested for by the experts present. At times the winner of it was in doubt, but that quiet shooter, Jack Fanning, who "saws wood" with admirable consistency, was always looming up as a candidate for it, won it by the good average of .932 per cent.

At the conclusion of the regular events Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., before the assemblage, made a presentation speech in behalf of the Haverhill Gun Club, most happily setting forth the achievements of the winner, and handed over to him the diamond stud. Then in a lighter vein he produced a life-size earthenware dog of saucy pose and aspect, explaining that it was donated by the Parker Gun Co. and Du Pont Powder Co. to the winner, and that it would be a guard to the valuable trophy just won.

Mr. Fanning briefly expressed his thanks and appreciation of all the honors bestowed on him, and modestly referred to his own performance, but coming to the dog and in respect to guarding the diamond he said that he felt able to guard the latter himself, as he had done all other trophies, and would turn over the earthenware dog to the club as a mascot. The hearty cheers he received were the best testimonial to the unreserved popularity of the winner and the win.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner then stepped forth and explained that the gun case, presented by the club to the amateur making the highest average on the second day, was won by Miss Kirkwood (Miskay) on an average of 90 per cent., which was very close to the best averages of the most successful shooters present. The club, however, could not find a gun case of sufficient high quality in Haverhill to present to the charming shooter, so that the actual presentation would be deferred for a day or two, till one such as the club desired to present could be obtained, whereupon the assemblage cheered heartily.

The surprise of the occasion, however, was still in store. Mr. Edward Banks then walked forth from the array of shooters, and requested Mr. Shaner to remain where he was a few moments, as he had something in behalf of the shooters present to say to him and concerning him. Mr. Shaner looked apprehensive, as a more active body of practical jokers than the trap-shooters do not exist; but he stood his ground well. Then Mr. Banks in substance called attention to the fact that the tournament just closed was the fiftieth Interstate tournament which Mr. Shaner had managed, of which six were Grand American Handicaps, and that, as commemorating the event, and as a token of the affection and esteem which the shooters all bore him for his ability, impartiality and amiability, etc., he, as one of the shooters, and in behalf of the shooters present, desired to present him with a testimonial, and here he handed Mr. Shaner a neatly wrapped package. "It's a bar of soap," said one of the irrepressibles present, who could not restrain his humor. Mr. Shaner opened it, revealing a set of solid gold shirt studs and sleeve buttons, each piece bearing a small diamond, all designed in quiet elegance.

Mr. Shaner then expressed his surprise and therefore his inability to set forth his due appreciation, but nevertheless his few words and manner were more eloquent than many words in a set speech, and the rousing three cheers and tiger which he received could only come from the throats of men who were unreservedly sincere.

In respect to Mr. Shaner's management of the tournament, it may be stated briefly that every detail ran with the sequence, promptness and smoothness which distinguish this artistic organizer and manager's efforts, which is only a way of saying that it was done perfectly.

The real feature of the shooting, however, was that of Miss Kirkwood, who is a shooter by virtue of sterling skill and performance, and not by virtue of courtesy. At the risk of being ungallant, I will say that, saving one or two lady shooters, most of them shoot a gun with the same elegance and precision that they throw rocks at pears or apples in the tree. Miss Kirkwood shoots in quick time, handles her gun with grace, promptness and ease, stands erect and entirely free from the cramp attitudes so common at the score; and, while being an earnest shooter, she is as modest about her skill as it is possible to be, a trait to which some members of the sterner sex might profitably give thought.

Among the amateurs present were: Messrs. Charles McL. Clark, (Chase), St. Louis; Dudley, New York; Thos. Howe, Hingham, Mass.; C. M. Staniels, Providence; J. R. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I.; Miss M. Kirkwood and Horace Kirkwood, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth (Puck), Capt. Sawyer (Snow) and J. Corning (Gordon), Boston; Gil Wheeler, Marlborough; Dr. Gerrish, Exeter, N. H.; W. N. Taylor, Portland, Me.; R. Valentine, Monroeville, O.; J. L. Bowen, Manchester, N. H.; Sam Bowker and W. F. Brown, Natick, Mass.

Among the local shooters were: Messrs. Chas. Lambert (Bryan), S. G. Miller, Geo. Leighton, E. and G. Reed, J. Brown, F. Webster, and Messrs. Tozier, Griggs, George, Marble, Orne, Fernald, Busfield, Holden, Braford, Haskell and Morse. There was a large number of visitors who watched the shooting with keen enjoyment. Quite a number of them were ladies, among whom were Mesdames C. F. Lambert, G. W. Eaton, C. A. Griggs, C. H. Leighton, G. Meseroe, H. Mitchell, E. Brooks, G. Dodge, G. Fogarty, S. G. Miller and Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Harriman, and the Misses Brooks, Griggs and Kelley.

The trade representatives present were U. M. C. Thomas, Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust fame; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.; Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand; Edward Banks, of The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.; B. Leroy Woodard, of the Remington Arms Co.; J. R. Hull and O. R. Dickey, of the Parker Gun Co.; Thomas H. Keller, of the King Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co., and Mr. A. W. Higgins, secretary of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

Fanning's average for the two days was .932, Leroy .915, Banks .909.

There were ten programme events each day, known and unknown angles alternating. Six of each day's programme were at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; four at 20 targets, $2. All purses were divided according to the Rose system, in the ratio of 5, 4, 3, 2. Targets were 2 cents.

As to Haverhill, it is thirty-two miles from Boston, on the B. & M. R. R. It was founded in 1640, and contains about 40,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the banks of the beautiful Merrimack, which is thence navigable to the ocean. Its chief industry is the manufacture of boots and shoes. Although one of the oldest cities, it is modern in its equipments, and has an abundance of trees and vegetation, adornments which cannot be compensated for by any of the architect's embellishments in the works of bricks and mortar.

The local sportsmen were courteous and attentive in every way, and the closing Interstate tournament of this season was one of rare wholesome enjoyment.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
U M C	10	9	15	13	18	11	8	16	12	14	170	126	.741
Norton	11	6	9	9	9	3	6	9	7	10	170	79	.470
Collins	6	10	9	10	9	12	10	11	10	12	170	100	.588
Keller	12	9	14	12	20	13	14	15	15	16	170	140	.823
Ed Taylor	10	15	18	11	16	13	14	16	10	16	170	139	.818
Banks	13	13	16	15	19	10	15	19	14	18	170	152	.894
Hull	13	11	16	11	17	10	15	18	13	16	170	140	.823
Le Roy	14	14	19	15	18	13	14	20	13	16	170	156	.918
Fanning	15	14	19	15	18	13	15	20	14	19	170	162	.953
Dickey	12	12	18	12	19	13	14	19	14	19	170	152	.894
Bryan	12	12	18	10	14	10	10	20	14	16	170	136	.800
Miller	11	11	15	12	20	12	14	13	9	12	170	129	.759
Floyd	15	15	18	14	15	12	10	17	13	18	170	147	.865
Chase	12	11	18	14	15	14	13	19	13	12	170	141	.830
Leighton	8	11	12	13	16	12	8	14	10	16	170	120	.705
Orne	8	5	7	9	10	12	9	14	8	15	170	97	.578
Gerrish	9	6	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	42	.646
Staniels	6	3	10	3	12	7	..	..	..	..	100	51	.510
Miskay	11	12	14	13	14	14	13	15	11	16	170	133	.782
Horace	10	12	16	13	17	13	11	16	12	16	170	136	.800
Puck	14	12	18	13	17	13	13	16	15	19	170	150	.882
Howe	10	10	13	13	17	13	14	16	13	15	170	134	.788
Griffith	9	13	18	10	18	10	11	19	13	19	170	140	.823
Wheeler	13	15	20	13	17	12	14	17	13	16	170	150	.882
George	11	11	12	10	14	15	8	17	13	12	170	123	.723
Tozier	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	8	5	12	105	47	.448
Osborne	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	23	.460
Gordon	14	12	17	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	85	72	.847
Valentine	11	13	20	12	18	13	11	19	14	18	170	149	.876
W N Taylor	7	11	7	7	8	6	10	14	11	..	150	82	.546
Bowen	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	17	..	16	70	56	.800
Marble	..	..	..	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	35	21	.600
Bowker	..	..	..	12	15	10	8	10	8	14	120	77	.641
Reed	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	..	9	..	50	25	.500
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	35	21	.600
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	15	4	.266
Blake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10	.500

THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, SECOND DAY.

The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant. There was quite a number of spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, present:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
U M C	13	10	15	12	19	13	11	17	12	16	170	138	.812
Norton	8	8	16	10	10	10	12	14	10	12	170	110	.647
Keller	10	10	18	11	18	10	13	17	13	19	170	139	.818
Collins	13	10	11	11	14	10	10	17	8	12	170	115	.676
Ed Taylor	10	13	15	11	17	12	10	18	13	19	170	138	.812
Banks	13	15	17	14	19	13	14	19	13	20	170	157	.923
Hull	11	15	20	13	15	13	12	15	12	18	170	154	.906
Le Roy	12	15	19	13	18	13	13	15	13	19	170	155	.912
Fanning	14	15	19	10	19	14	12	19	13	19	170	155	.912
Dickey	13	14	19	15	18	12	12	16	13	16	170	147	.865
Bryan	13	11	13	15	14	13	13	18	13	17	170	140	.823
Miskay	14	13	18	12	17	14	14	19	12	20	170	153	.900
George	10	11	13	12	14	9	10	11	10	12	170	112	.658
Griggs	5	10	11	8	19	9	12	11	9	9	170	103	.606
Valentine	10	15	20	13	13	14	13	17	13	15	170	143	.841
Howe	11	11	16	12	15	15	13	19	13	19	170	144	.847
Floyd	13	14	18	12	17	13	14	18	13	16	170	148	.870
Chase	10	10	19	12	14	13	11	18	9	20	170	136	.800
Staniels	8	6	10	4	15	5	9	16	9	14	170	96	.564
Leighton	11	10	18	10	16	7	12	14	10	15	170	123	.723
Wheeler	13	12	17	14	15	14	13	18	12	18	170	146	.858
Puck	13	12	14	14	14	12	14	19	13	17	170	142	.835
Griffith	10	13	18	11	13	11	15	16	12	18	170	136	.800
Blake	7	9	9	10	9	7	9	15	8	12	170	95	.506
Miller	15	12	13	12	..	8	14	18	11	19	150	122	.717
Tozier	9	8	8	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	85	44	.518
Snow	9	7	..	11	..	10	9	..	..	12	95	58	.601
Fletcher	..	..	..	10	..	9	11	..	..	..	45	30	.666
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	17	11	17	85	64	.753
Marble	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	10	11	14	85	60	.706
W F Brown	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	17	8	16	85	65	.764
Bowker	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	10	18	70	54	.771
Orne	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	10	12	70	44	.628
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	05	50	31	.620
Holden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	10	.500
Bradford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	..	35	21	.600
J F Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	40	19	.475
Bowen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	35	20	.570
E Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	35	27	.777
Haskell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	16	35	24	.686
G Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	20	7	.350
Morse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	9	.450

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

PAWLING, N. Y., Sept. 5.—The Labor Day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club had a total attendance of twenty-three shooters, and 3,760 targets were trapped. The first event was started at 9:30, and the last event, No. 23, at 10 pairs, was finished at 5:15. Mr. T. E. Roberts, of White Plains, was the referee. Messrs. Geo. S. Williams, Geo. A. Daniels, Otis Arnold and M. Haynes, the other members present, were kept very busy owing to the unusually large attendance. Present: Capt. A. Money, J. Gerow Dutcher, Dudley, and George Schneider, New York; Dr. W. L. Gardiner, San Antonio, Texas; L. H. Schortemier, Jersey City; Isaac Tallman and E. J. Foster, Milbrook, N. Y.; H. Nelson, Frank Fry, Dover Plains, N. Y.; Harold Money, Oakland, N. J.; Geo. S. Holmes, F. C. Tabor and Chas. Schieman, Pawling, N. Y.; Messrs. Betty, Gorham, Brian and Sutton, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; H. P. Lefurgy, Hastings-on-Hudson; Edward Ward and Chas. Sutton, White Plains, N. Y.; Messrs. Blanchford and Hall, Sing Sing.

Eleven extra events were shot, six at 10 targets, two at 20, two at 15, and one at 10 pairs. The weather was bright and hot, with a moderate breeze:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot		
Targets:	10	10	20	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	at.	Broke.	Av
Capt Money	8	9	17	7	17	7	11	7	12	10	9	15	315	240	.760
J Dutcher	8	7	17	8	14	7	11	8	13	15	6	10	315	243	.770
Dr Gardiner	5	8	17	10	17	9	14	8	14	6	10	15	260	210	.800
Schorty	9	6	19	10	18	9	12	9	9	15	9	11	245	200	.816
Dudley	8	9	18	9	20	9	14	9	14	19	10	12	260	232	.890
I Tallman	6	10	16	8	20	10	15	9	14	17	8	12	315	258	.810
H Nelson	7	8	14	8	14	5	8	8	14	12	9	10	285	202	.700
E Foster	8	6	14	6	19	8	8	9	9	15	3	12	190	134	.700
F Fry	2	4	..	7	..	..	..	5	..	6	6	5	120	52	.430
H Money	6	8	17	10	17	10	14	10	13	19	8	13	315	275	.870
G Schneider	..	7	16	8	..	..	14	8	13	17	9	13	235	197	.838
G Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	9	11	8	13	160	112	.700
A Betty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	12	130	84	.646
R Gorham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	10	75	50	.667
G Sutton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	5	15	195	149	.764

Labor Day at Meriden, Conn.

MERIDEN, Conn., Sept. 5.—The extreme heat of the summer lasted just long enough to knock the Parker Gun Club out of a portion of the usually large attendance that always graces its Labor Day shoots. Still there were enough shooters on hand to-day to make things decidedly pleasant and interesting, despite the sultriness of the atmosphere, which was not relieved by even a breath of wind.

The programme was a varied one at popular prices, the Rose system of dividing purses being used on this occasion. The cashier's department and the scoring and pulling were all that could be desired, not a hitch being noticed in either department during the entire day. L. J. Gaines was of course the moving spirit in everything, and by reason of his hard work in behalf of the pleasure of others placed himself at a great disadvantage when it came to shooting. It is impossible to work and shoot, and to do both well.

Among those present were: C. McL. Clark, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mills, Bristol, Conn.; H. L. Edgarton, Willimantic; C. B. Bristol, W. H. Longden, B. W. Claridge, H. Whitney, H. M. Clark, J. Savage, etc., New Haven; Edward Banks, New York city, winner of high average for the day; E. L. Post, New York; and representatives from several other clubs. The home club was well represented, chief among its representatives being J. R. Hull, winner of second high average; Wilbur F. Parker, of the Parker Gun Company, etc. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Angles:	K	U	K	U	R	U	K	U	U	R
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	30	15
Merriman	9	9	12	13	10	10	13	9	18	..
Coats	6	10	10	10	7	13	17	11	18	..
Savage	11	12	13	16	12	12	19	14	26	..
Whitney	12	10	15	13	14	9	16	13	..	..
Claridge	12	15	13	18	11	13	14	13	22	..
Mills	10	11	14	16	12	15	19	15	24	11
Edgarton	11	12	11	15	12	12	15	12	23	9
Banks	14	12	13	19	14	12	20	15	23	15
Parker	13	15	13	17	13	10	19	13	26	..
Hull	12	14	15	19	11	14	18	11	26	13
Henry	2	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	13	..
French	10	..	10	..	11	..	13	..	..	4
Roberts	12	..	11	..	8	..	16	9	..	9
Robertson	9	7	..	11	..	6	9	9	..	..
Bailey	12	..	10	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Clark	12	13	14	16	11	11	18	11	21	9
Bristol	12	10	14	15	11	8	..	..	..	..
Robbins	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hart	3	8	6	7	7	7	..	..	..	..
Bowe	3	1	6	11	3	4	5	6	..	..
Chase	13	10	12	16	6	13	14	12	23	7
Avery	13	10	12	17	7	13	17	12	24	..
William	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Longden	..	..	..	..	15	10	10	16	13	..
Gaines	..	..	..	..	14	8	6	17	7	..
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	..	..
Fairchild	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	7
Post	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	23	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	10
N. F Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3

No. 1 squad's score in event 10 missing. E.

At Dickey's Shoot.

DICKEY'S shoot, on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, Wellington, Mass., Sept. 9, was a pronounced success. His friends turned out in gratifying numbers, as will be noted in the subjoined scores, and participated in a most enjoyable competition. When the train pulled into Wellington, a formidable number of the shooters were of those who had participated in the Interstate tournament at Haverhill, as will be seen on reference to that event. There also was a good local support, bringing the attendance up to an unexpected number. The programme was also shot through well by most of the shooters.

There were seven events on the programme, four at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance, excepting the first, which was 80 cents; two at 20 targets, $1.40 entrance, and one, the fifth, at 100 targets, $5 entrance. The latter event was subdivided into four 25-target events, with extra sweeps at $1.50 each. There was $25 for the four highest guns shooting through the programme, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The competition was open to all. Targets 2 cents each.

The Wellington Shooting Association's shooting grounds are most perfectly equipped in all the needed appointments. There are two sets of traps side by side in the same line, with corresponding scores. A ditch extending the whole length of the two sets of traps is floored and walled with boards and planks, and a plank benching, running the whole length, serves for a base on which to fasten the traps. The whole is deep enough, so that the trappers can stand upright, facing the benches and loading their traps as freely as if they stood at benches in the open air. However, the traps could have performed better, as quite a number of the birds were broken by them. The screens are as low as possible, and thus enable the shooter to catch sight of the target almost at the start. The club house is two stories in height, and is most lavishly provided with gun racks, lockers, loading implements, etc.

Mr. Dickey managed the shoot and hustled the squads.

Mr. Ed Crowly acted as referee and scorer, a difficult double position to fill, and one which never should be filled by any one man at a tournament, as the exacting duties of scorer and referee are such that two men are necessary to fill the positions. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner acted as cashier, assisted by Mr. Chas. E. Emerson.

The targets were thrown toward a broad expanse of marsh, free from any obstruction nearer than the middle distance, so that it was practically a sky background, which gave great satisfaction.

The lunch was something of a wonder, and was made up of oysters, lobster and chicken salads, ham, bread, cake, frozen pudding, ice cream, tea and coffee, and the busy way in which the shooters chewed and praised it was sufficient testimonial.

Among the visitors were: Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and Mr. C. W. Dimmick, of the U. S. Cartridge Co.

The five high guns and the division of the $25 was as follows: Leroy $10, Fanning $7.50, Banks, Snell and Floyd $2.50.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	20	20	25	25	25	25	100	15	15	Broke.	
Banks	13	15	18	16	23	24	22	21	90	14	14	180	
Fanning	14	13	19	18	22	25	23	23	93	12	15	184	
Hull	10	9	16	16	17	20	22	24	83	13	13	160	
Wheeler	14	13	19	18	18	21	21	24	85	14	11	174	
Le Roy	14	15	18	18	25	24	25	23	97	13	13	188	
Davis	13	13	14	15	22	21	22	22	..	13	10	165	
Snell	13	15	15	17	21	24	19	25	..	14	13	176	
Bryan	13	12	18	13	24	20	23	21	88	14	14	172	
Walls	14	13	19	16	19	19	19	22	..	9	10	160	
Howe	10	12	19	15	18	20	21	18	..	13	11	156	
U M C	12	11	16	18	22	20	20	19	81	13	13	164	
Norton	9	9	14	11	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	...	
Collins	7	7	11	11	17	12	15	16	60	..	..	...	
Chase	9	11	14	17	18	21	23	19	..	13	13	158	
Dudley	15	12	17	19	22	23	25	22	..	13	12	180	
Root	9	10	14	10	22	16	16	15	..	6	7	125	
Puck	13	12	18	16	20	19	21	22	82	14	14	169	
Griffith	12	12	18	17	20	20	23	23	..	15	14	174	
Bain	10	13	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	...	
Leighton	8	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Staniels	7	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Bond	12	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Campbell	8	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Brown	10	11	..	..	18	14	17	19	..	11	10	...	
Allison	..	..	19	15	20	24	19	22	84	15	15	...	
Bowker	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Hooker	..	..	12	15	18	17	18	..	..	..	..	...	
Smith	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	17	25	21	..	14	12	...	
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	18	..	11	14	...	
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	18	..	6	w	...	
Bernard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	...	
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	12	8	...	
Blake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	...	
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	...	

The Rainmakers' Gun Club.

CORNING, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The Rainmakers' Gun Club held their first tournament at East Side Park, Corning, Sept. 5 (Labor Day). Twenty-five shooters were represented in the different events, and a day of rare sport was enjoyed.

Considering that the Rainmakers have only been organized about two months, their showing is good.

The new magautrap threw nearly 2,500 targets, with only 7 broken birds. The score is herewith appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	10	Av.
Brown	10	8	9	7	9	11	14	7	14	9	..	..	.816
Eschrich	..	..	10	..	9	12	16	6	11	..	..	..	.800
Smith	..	5	8	8	8	11	13	9	11	7	13	..	.744
Stewart	6	5	9	8	9	11	..	8	12	7	8	..	.721
Angus	..	8	8	8	7	10	7	3	10	..	..	..	.610
Pumpelly	8	7	8	4	..	..	11	8	8	7	..	..	.642
3-3-3	..	..	..	..	8	17	6	8	10	8	..	..	.650
H C Way	5	6	5	7	5	12	13	6	11	..	..	..	.636
Willey	..	5	6	8	6	10	10	6	8	..	..	..	.590
L Drake	..	..	4	6	2	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	.527
Cheney	5	6	6	3	6	11

WESTERN TRAPS.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. DIAMOND BADGE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10.—Yesterday afternoon the tie was shot off in the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond badge contest, which could not be completed last Friday on account of darkness. There were in this tie four contestants, each of whom scored 20 in the contest and remained in at the close of the former tie shooting. These were J. B. Barto, H. B. Foss, E. M. Steck and Miss Edith Porter. The latter, with her handicap of 3 birds, was thought likely to be in at the close of the 10 birds string, but events proved against her, she missing 5 birds in the 10, though then killing 5 straight in slashing style. Foss killed his first, but lost his next two birds, and stepped to the bench, with his handicap of 1 bird exhausted. Barto was in good trim, and was a favorite with many on account of his excellent earlier showing. He missed his 4th bird, a fast blue, which was not hurt very much. His 5th was a good stop, the bird lagging on and finally dropping near the wire. His 6th was another fast blue bird, not troubled very much, and Mr. Barto retired. Meantime Eddie Steck was sawing wood right along, shooting in excellent time and with care which denoted his intention to take home the badge. In this desire he succeeded, killing his 10 straight and adding to that his handicap bird, or 11 straight in all, which brought him out winner. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 1 5 5 1 5	
J B Barto, 30, 1	1 2 2 0 2 0	v
	2 1 3	
H B Foss, 30, 1	2 0	* w
	4 1 5 1 5 3 4 9 5 5	
E M Steck, 29, 1	2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2	
	5 1 1 5 1 5 5 1 2 3 2 3	
Miss Edith Porter, 26, 3	0 0 2 1 1 0 0	2 1 1 1 1—8

THE CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

During the same afternoon there was shot the race between Mr. Thos. P. Hicks, holder of the Chicago challenge trophy, and Mr. J. B. Barto, challenger for same. Mr. Hicks was placed at scratch, Mr. Barto being given one bird and one yard. The latter had little trouble to take Mr. Hicks' measure to-day, the holder of the trophy having gone out of form a trifle to all appearances, though I am disposed to think that in the draw of the birds Mr. Hicks had really a bit the harder lot. Ordinarily the luck evens up in even so short a race as this, but at one stage Mr. Hicks drew four of those fast, low, stinging birds, which so sorely try the best skill, while Mr. Barto was fortunate enough to get birds which could be stopped near the traps. This is not in the least to the discredit of Mr. Barto's shooting, for he certainly cut out a slashing gait, and would have been hard company for any shooter. He used good care in placing his first, but was up to the mark with a fast second when needful. Both men made some fast and long kills, and justly shared applause. Both were prompt and did not dawdle in finding their birds, using only the first barrel in numbers of instances. The weather was coldish and the sky overcast, with a good wind, and the birds were fast, many of them very fast.

Mr. Hicks ran along to his 7th bird, which started out a curving quarterer to the right. It then turned and came in and was fired at inside the traps, but missed. At this stage both men were doing good, clean work, and interest was rising. On his 11th bird Mr. Hicks got a duplicate of his 7th, but stopped this one with a good second. His 13th was an unlucky one for him, a streak of blue lightning, which was the more disappointing after Mr. Barto's easy bird just preceding. His 15th was not hit much, a very fast and low bird, and his 17th going out and then curving back in like the 7th bird, again proved a hoodoo for Mr. Hicks, and he failed to score it. His 18th was a white bird and a strong one, and was only stopped far out by a good second. His 19th was not hit with the first, but was cut down well with the second. His 20th showed neat work on a low driver, which was caught by the second just in time. His 22d was flagged and sprang high and to the left, stopped well with first. His 24th wobbled over the wire, hit very hard, and was dead out. Mr. Hicks used the same 10-gauge gun with which he defeated Mr. Paterson and Mr. Cunnyngham.

Mr. Barto got a bad bird in his 2d, which lugged away a lot of shot close up to the wire, but fell inside. His 7th was a strong bird, stopped far out, and on his 8th he made a phenomenal stop on a fast blue, killing it at 50yds. at least. His 9th bird was thought sure to go over, as it turned in and kept on wobbling toward the dead line, but it dropped at last just inside. He ran along nicely to his 17th bird, which was the first he missed, a black bluebird, very fast, hit lightly with the first and not hurt with the second. His 19th was high and hot, and was greeted with applause as it fell like a duck shot on a pass. His 20th seemed not troubled much, and got over. His 21st was smothered with the first, which was well, as it sprang very fast. His 23d was high, and was stopped with a long second. His 24th was caught with a careful and well-timed second, and he killed the remaining two birds easily, going out with 24 after a fine display of shooting on good, strong birds. This retires Mr. Hicks from the present competition for the trophy, and leaves the trustees with three members qualified to act. At this writing it is not determined who will be the next man to give this emblem the next jolt down the grooves of time, but if Mr. Barto keeps his good form he is apt to trot him a hot race. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	5 3 5 5 2 3 3 2 3 2 5 2 5 3 4 2 3 2 5 2 5 4 5 3 1 3	
J B Barto, 29, 1	2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2	—24
	4 4 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 5 3 1 5 4 4 1 3 2 2 3 3 1 2 4 4	
T P Hicks, 30	2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 * 1	—20

LABOR DAY.

Labor Day, Sept. 5, was signalized by numerous trap shoots of greater or less size and interest all over the country, the Western States having full representation in that line.

In the two days' amateur shoot at Rock Island, Ill., Monday and Tuesday last, there was a nice little attendance. Honors were carried off by C. L. Holden, of Marengo, Ia.; Al Henry and A. D. Bestor dividing second money for high average. Wm. Porter, of Rock Island, made the best score of the second day, singles and doubles, 20 straight. One live-bird event was shot the first day and two the second.

The King Smokeless Powder Co. trophy was won at Detroit in the Rusch House Labor Day shoot by J. Cady (Blue Rock), who defeated Mr. Woods, the former holder, with a score of 77 to 76 targets. Mr. Cady was challenged by Mr. Marks, a former holder, and they two will shoot at a later date, not yet announced. In the sweeps of the day steady work was done, Jack Parker winning first average, with Mr. Oren Scotten, the wealthy tobacco manufacturer, second; P. C. Woods third, and Cady fourth.

Winchester Gun Club, of Detroit, had a pleasant Labor Day shoot, running off a grand target handicap, 25 targets. Cox and Turnbull tied on 24.

At Dayton, O., there was an all-day shoot on Labor Day, at the grounds of the Buckeye Gun Club. This is an annual fixture with that club, and on this occasion the fun was close and spirited. The scores show Rolla Heikes, Charlie Young, Scott McDonald and Andy Mumma pretty steadily in the front. It need not be said that a fine time was enjoyed at these well-known grounds.

The Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., held their fifth annual Labor Day tournament last Monday. The weather seemed threatening, so that not so large a crowd turned out as is usually the case at this standard event, though a fair gathering from the home city and adjacent ones appeared. Among others from out of town were Capt. A. W. du Bray, of Dayton, Ky., representing the Parker gun, and Mr. Lou Parker, of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.; W. T. Alsop, of Owensboro, Ky.; W. M. Falley, of Henderson, Ky.; R. J. Powell, of Evansville, Ind.; W. A. Fawcett, of Bardstown, Ky.; W. E. Bradshaw, of Nashville, Tenn.

There were fourteen target events, and the shooting proved excellent. In the third event Dr. R. G. Fallis ran straight, 20, and in other events straights were made by Wilmerding, Alsop and Du Bray.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., on Labor Day, a number of shooters assembled at the Long Lake grounds and passed the time very pleasantly. Vosburg, Spicer and Ames were among the higher guns. Ames made the longest run, Vosburg next.

At Fort Worth, Texas, a good representation of the club membership of the Fort Worth Gun Club turned out on Labor Day and had a little fun at live birds and targets. In live birds, 9 birds, Arford was high with 7. At 20 targets Bicknell was high with 18. The club is preparing a handsome live-bird medal, which will get into commission about Nov. 1.

At Findlay, O., last Monday, the seventeenth annual merchandise shoot was held by the local club men, and some 3,500 targets were thrown in seven warmly contested events. Ritter, Lang, Evans, Drake and Jenkins showed very often in the first hole.

Highland Gun Club, of Des Moines, Ia., Charlie Budd's town, turned out on Labor Day and had fun at both targets and live birds, six events being run off after lunch hour.

Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., held a Labor Day shooting celebration on Monday, at the Douglas Park range.

BELLE MEADE TOURNAMENT OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

Mention has already been often made of the coming October tournament on the pleasant Belle Meade shooting grounds, owned by Gen. Jackson, of Nashville, Tenn., which promises to be a very happy affair, and the programmes for which should now soon be out. Mr. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, writes very enthusiastically regarding this splendid shooting park, to which a number of the cracks from his city will certainly turn their steps next October.

PEORIA MEDAL SHOOT.

In the contest for the Herald live-bird trophy, formerly open to shooters of Peoria county, Ill., conditions have now been revised to cover three open shoots per year, September, December and April, and the competition will be extended also to adjoining counties. In the race for this trophy last week Gus Portman made a good run, but the affair simmered down at the finals to Jas. Morton and E. K. Whiting, the latter the man who has lately been shaking things up so in the club's shooting records. These two each killed their 15 straight and went in to shoot the tie off at 5-bird strings. They tied on 4 at the first string, and went on, tieing again on 3. They shot a third string and tied on 4. Seeing that this might be long, they agreed to shoot miss-and-out, and Morton killed his first bird, Whiting missing.

Mr. W. A. Heilman, of Pekin, Ill., a member of Peoria Gun Club, has challenged Mr. Morton, who is of Kingston, for the next individual race for the Herald trophy.

STOCK YARDS, OF K. C.

At the last monthly medal shoot of the Stock Yards Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mr. K. G. Hendley won the Class A medal, 14 out of 15; Isaacson, Class B, with 12. Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington gun, was a guest.

METROPOLITAN, OF K. C.

In the medal race last week of the Metropolitan Target Club, of Kansas City, Hearn, with his handicap, tied Hickman, 49 out of 50, and won the shoot-off. Gottlieb and Ostertag scored 48, Dave Elliott and Howe 45, Bramhall and Wright 44, McCurdy 42, Fairman 41, Beach 40. They can shoot a little down at the side-hill town.

HIGH GUNS.

Congressman Chas. K. Wheeler, of Kentucky, and Mayor James M. Lang, of Paducah, same State, competed in a little five-bird event at the above-named town last week, and Mayor Lang was first, Mr. Wheeler second. They shot again, and the Congressman defeated the Mayor.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club's weekly target contest, Sept. 10, had a fair attendance. The sky was quite clouded. A strong wind blew from the left quarter.

Trophy event. F. P. Stannard won Class A, H. Vetter Class B and H. B. Morgan Class C;

Class A—A. Paterson 21, F. P. Stannard 24, E. M. Steck 18, W. D. Stannard 23, A. W. Adams 20.

Class B—Walters 17, Cunnyngham 20, H. Vetter 20, Lockie (visitor) 23, O. J. Buck 13.

Class C—H. B. Morgan 23, Weart 8, Arnold 14, Buroff 22.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club's shoot, Sept. 10, had a good attendance. T. E. Graham proved himself to be the hero of the day when he won the Class A medal on a score of 24 out of 25.

Trophy event, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, Class A was won by T. E. Graham, Class B by H. Wiley, and Class C by De Maris:

De Maris 20, Shaw 19, Pollard 17, Workman 17, Gardner 11, Kuss 21, Russell 15, Von Lengerke 23, T. E. Graham 24, Nusley 22, Meek 21, Richards 21, Eaton 15, Stiger 20, Young 15, E. S. Graham 22, Hicks 21, Butelmo 11.

A. C. PATERSON.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 5.—With just enough breeze to make shooting pleasant, and a fine deep blue sky as a background, the first annual tournament of the Mount Penn Gun Club was inaugurated to-day at their fine shooting grounds on Mount Penn. The tournament was commenced promptly at 9 A. M., as had been scheduled, and a number of local and out-of-town marksmen of more or less fame were on hand to take part in the various events of the day. The wind was favorable to good shooting, and many excellent scores were made.

The management of the tournament was intrusted to Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who had everything working like clockwork, there not being one single delay during the entire tournament. Mr. W. W. Brown had charge of the blackboard upon which the official score was kept. George Runyeon was in charge of the cashier's desk, assisted by Mr. Cyrus Shultz. The magautrap was used, and gave entire satisfaction. The prizes for which the shooters contested in the different events were merchandise prizes, and also money sweeps besides. Among the shooters from a distance were: Mr. Sullivan, of Harrisburg Shooting Association; Messrs. Harry Thurman, W. N. Stevenson, J. Anderson Ross, Henry Febiger, Henry and Harry David, Landis, of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia; Messrs. Wickersham, Benner, Shealer, Saylor, Grubb, Trumbauer, of the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown; Messrs. Johnson and Frank Nettles, of Royersford; Mr. Bull, of Blue Rock, P. Q.; Messrs. Spatz, Hainley and Bossler, of the Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Springs, Pa.; John Shaaber, Francis Yost, Heber Yost (Jones), William essick (Bogardus), Frank Gerhart, Eshelman, Gicker, Brooke Harrison, Miles, Butler, of the South End Gun Club, of Reading; George Ritter, Michael Eeast, Edward Yerger, of the Independent Gun Club, represented the Reading Club, while Allen, Yeager, Brown, Schwartz, Ball, Knerston, Rhoads, Dippery, L. Gerhard, Laird, Hill represented the Mt. Penn. Club at the traps.

The principal event of the tournament was the five-men team shoot for the Mt. Penn trophy and the intercounty championship of eastern Pennsylvania, in which four teams entered. The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, carried off the prize with 104 out of 125. Shuler, of Pottstown, was second, with 90, while the South End, of Reading, whose shooting is of the gilt-edge order, was away off, as they finished with but 88. The Mt. Penn finished with 85.

The shoot will net the club not less than $150, which is in a great measure due to the prompt work of manager Arthur A. Fink. The money realized will be used to enlarge the club house and also fix the grounds, which are somewhat hilly at some points. It is the intention of the Mt. Penn Club to roll their grounds and have one of the finest shooting grounds in the country if possible.

The scores of to-day's events follow, there being nineteen merchandise and six extra sweeps run during the day:

The regular programme events resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	15	20	10	10	25	10	15	10	20	10	15
Sullivan	9	9	9	6	9	10	16	9	16	9	8	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevenson	7	7	8	8	7	8	15	13	15	8	6	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benner	7	..	..	9	..	..	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Brown	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Yeager	9	6	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8	8	..	8	14	6	..	6	..
Saylor	8	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheeler	9	10	9	9	..	..	20	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shultz	..	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Grubb	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	10	..	7	7	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knersten	..	..	10	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	7	17	8	13
Runyeon	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Landis	..	..	8	6	9	..	18	11	16	8	9	25	6	12	9	17	..	..
Rhoads	..	..	10	8	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Strohecker	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	17	7	9	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trumbauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	14	7	10	22	7	13	8	17	8	12
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	15	9	..	21	9	12	9	18	9	13
Shaaber	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	15	6	9	21	9	15	..	18	8	11
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	10	6	8	17	..	10	10	..	..	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	10	17	9	7	22	8	11	9	..	..	..
Wickersham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	8	..	7	..	6				
F Gerhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	7	..	..				
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	7	14	..				
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	9	11			
F Yost	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	9	15			
ESshelman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	5	..			
Spatz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	7	..			
Eastt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	..	..	..			
Bossler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	12	..	..			
Hainley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	..			
Bogardus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8			
Nettles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9			

Event No. 9, team shoot, teams of five men each, shooters to be bona fide members of said club they shoot with, 25 targets per man:

Mt. Penn Gun Club team—Yerger, captain, 21, Rhoads 17, Knersten 19, Ball 16, Schwartz 12—85.

Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown—Trumbauer 19, Benner 16, Wickersham, captain, 19, Sheeler 18, Grubb 18—90.

Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia—Landis, captain, 24, Stevenson 22, Thurman 20, Ross 19, Henry 19—104.

South End Gun Club, of Reading—Yost, captain, 18, Eshelman 19, Shaaber 15, Jones 16, Harrison 20—88.

SECOND DAY.

Sept. 6.—It was after 9:30 A. M. to-day before the second and last day's events commenced. There was a conspicuous absence of out-of-town shooters, as the majority had left for home on Monday evening, as it was a holiday, and they could only be absent one day. To-day's shooting was confined chiefly to local shots. Three extra sweeps were shot besides the balance of the programme events to the number of eleven, which called for merchandise prizes. The scores of the regular programme events follow:

Events:	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10
Dippery	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	6	7	6	5	9	..	5	9	8	11	7
Knersten	7	8	9	8	6	5	..	12	..	11	5
L Gerhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Al Yeager	..	9	..	9	9	..	9	..	8	12	8
Laird	..	8	7	..	8	..	5	..	5	..	..
Runyeon	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	15	..	..	..
Rhoads	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	8	..	..	..
Shaaber	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	9	14	10
Drexel	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..

Sinking Springs, Pa., Sept. 8.—A target match took place at J. W. Hainly's hotel, conducted by the Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Springs. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Shaaber	13	13	8	..	..	..	8	9	9	7	..	..	5
Matz	13	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	8
Miller	12	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10
Bechtel	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spatz	13	15	8	8	7	4	9	10	9	6	1	5	7
Bossler	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..
Coldren	13	11	10	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	8
Wertz	15	..	9	..	..	..	9	10	7	7	8	9	8
Johnson	10	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..
Huntzenger	11	..	..	8	8	7	..	..	8	5	..	5	..
Becker	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8
Pennypacker	..	..	..	8	8	9	5	6	..	3	..	..	..
Gundy	..	..	7	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	8	..
Jones	7	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9
Young	15	..	..	3	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
Hainly	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	9	6	5	..	..	..
Shultz	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
F Wertz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4

Reading, Pa., Sept. 9.—Members of the Highland Gun Club held a shoot at the Neversink Flats. The principal event was the club shoot at 10 targets each. James Hasson, referee, gave entire satisfaction. The scores were as follows in the club event: Merkle 10, Heguman 8, Grund 7, Lindemuth 7.

The Shuler Gun Club held a club tournament here to-day, and in spite of a brisk wind good scores were made. The scores follow:

First event, teams of four men each, 10 targets per man:

Grubb's team—Smith 10, Grubb9, Shaner 6, De Witt 8—33.

Saylor's team—Davis 6, Slonaker 9, Hawkins 6, Saylor 6—27.

Second event, teams of four men, 10 targets per man:

Regulars—Slonaker 6, Grubb 9, Shaner 7, Davis 7—29.

Ponies—Smith 10, Saylor 9, De Witt 6, Johnson 4—29.

Other events were as follows:

Events:	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	10	10	25
Smith	18	8	..	10	22
Grubb	17	7	10	6	22
Davis	16	..	7	6	..
Shaner	15	9	9	7	21
Saylor	..	..	..	6	..
Cole	..	..	..	..	15

Events:	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	10	10	25
Hawkins	14	5	5	..	..
Ball	12	..	..	..	..
Slonaker	..	6	8	6	21
De Witt	..	..	6	5	..
Johnson	..	..	..	3	..
Lynch	..	..	..	..	14

Conshohocken, Pa., Sept. 10.—An all-day tournament was held by the Washington Gun Club, of this place. Sportsmen were present from all over eastern Pennsylvania:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*
Targets:	10	10	10	15	50	25
T Smith	10	8	8	13	26	..
Motz	9	..	..	..	26	..
P Johnson	8	8	8	..	38	25
Giles	8	6	8	11	..	..
J Yost	8	7	8	12	27	..
J Cope	8	8	..	12	..	..
Newton	..	78	5	12	28	..
S Jackson	6	..	..	..	38	..

* Shoot-off.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*
Targets:	10	10	10	15	50	25
Torpey	..	..	7	10	41	22
Franklin	..	..	5	9	..	..
Pechin	..	..	5	11	27	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	25	..
T Smith	..	..	..	..	37	..
H Johnson	..	..	..	..	37	16
Krieble	..	..	..	..	22	21

DUSTER.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. C., Fort Washington, Pa.—Can you tell me whether Chas. H. Mason has published a book for 1898 called "Our Prize Dogs"? If any such book is published, please let me know the price. Ans. None published in 1898. "Our Prize Dogs" was published in 1888 at $6. Price now $3.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Where to Go for Game.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is constantly being applied to by readers who are anxious to find good localities for shooting. Some want elk and some squirrels; some turkeys and others shore birds. We wish to send each one of these men to some place where he can have good sport, and to do that we require the help of people all over the country who know of such localities. Guides, farmers who are willing to take in a sportsman for a few nights, and hotel keepers situated in good game territories are requested to send us information about the advantages of the sections in which they live.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 5,—Pleasant Valley Wine Co.: Gentlemen—I have had marked curative results in the use of "Great Western Champagne" made by your company, following the most severe attacks of cholera morbus. Toning up the stomach, bringing back its vigor and promoting appetite. One of the worst cases of this disease I have ever seen was under my care a few weeks ago. Though all the symptoms had been subdued by proper treatment, yet the patient, who had not partaken of food for two days, was fully restored as to appetite and strength in a most surprising manner by sipping small glasses of the "Great Western," made very cold by placing on ice.—C. CARLETON SMITH, M.D.—*Adv.*

MESSRS. HARTLEY & GRAHAM have secured a limited quantity of genuine Spanish Mauser repeating rifles, 7mm. caliber, with knife bayonets and leather scabbards; also cavalry carbines, same as used by the Spanish army, and largely by the Cubans, during the recent war. Within a very short time Hartley & Graham expect to be able to supply samples of these, together with Spanish Mauser smokeless powder cartridges.

Samples of the U. S. Springfield rifle, .45cal., with angular bayonet, and cavalry carbines of same description can be had of the same firm.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Nay, let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laught, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laught, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Walton.

THE NEW YORK ZOO.

THE Zoological Society is now busily engaged in working out on the ground its plans for the improvement of the Zoological Park. The work of constructing buildings and other accommodations for animals began in July, immediately following which the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York appropriated $62,000 for the use of the Park Department during the present year in carrying out the Society's plans for the preparation of the ground.

The accommodations for animals now under construction are the following: Winter house for birds, reptile house, bear dens, wolf dens, fox dens, elk house, burrowing rodents' quarters, prairie dogs' enclosure and pheasants' aviaries. The erection of the monkey house has been ordered and will be proceeded with forthwith. The eagles and vultures' aviary, the beaver pond and the shelter house for the large ruminants and ducks' aviary will follow as rapidly as possible. It is the intention of the Society to complete all these by next May, when the Park will be formally opened to the public.

The Park Department is now excavating the pond for aquatic rodents, and will proceed forthwith to construct about 125,000 square feet of gravel walk, and provide a water supply for the collections that will be installed next spring.

All the officers of the city government, from the Mayor down, whose official positions render it possible for them to aid the undertaking, are co-operating with the Society in a very satisfactory manner.

The Commissioner of Parks for the Borough of the Bronx has entered most heartily into the work of carrying out the Society's plans for the improvement of the grounds, and his subordinates are making every effort to husband the fund appropriated by the city, and make it go as far as possible.

As the buildings, dens and aviaries above enumerated will, when completed, nearly exhaust the $105,000 now in the treasury for building purposes, the need for additional funds with which to erect the large antelope house and the lion house is now very urgent, and it is the intention of the Executive Committee to make immediately a call for $145,000 to erect these two buildings, and to complete the fund of $250,000 which the Society has pledged itself to raise.

In December the Society will begin to make contracts for animals with which to stock the Park, to be delivered in February and thereafter. It is now certain that the Park will be opened to the public with an excellent showing of improvements and collections some time next spring, probably in May, and there is every reason to believe that the city will immediately furnish the maintenance as required by law.

All this work has been done during the heats of summer, and the Society is to be congratulated on the energy of its officers, and especially of Secretary Grant, who, in the absence of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, has been acting chairman of that body. As the work progresses, and evidence accumulates to show to the public what the Park will be when it is completed, it should not be difficult to secure from well-to-do people interested in the subject the further sum, which is needed to complete the fund of $250,000 which the Society has agreed to furnish.

THE SIDE-HUNT.

SOME of the FOREST AND STREAM's exchanges in the religious press have been commenting upon a lottery lately held in Mexico for the release of souls from purgatory; and a newspaper champion of the priest who got up the scheme adduces in his defense that as concededly it would be permissible for two persons to chip in fifty cents each and then draw straws to determine for which one of them the priest should read prayers for the day, so the system may legitimately be extended to embrace the soul lottery system. The lottery story has been scouted as a newspaper fake; but the editor who so loyally put forth this defense of the scheme probably has implicit confidence in the validity of his argument.

Adopting the same line of reasoning with respect to side-hunts, it may be said that if two gunners are justified in a competitive scoring of game, two hundred gunners may claim the same privilege in a game killing contest for a dinner. That is a proposition difficult to controvert; yet all of us who have had any experience of the devastating effects of side-hunts know that they do an immense amount of harm, more than can be compensated by whatever fun the participants may find in the competition.

Writing from northern New York, Mr. Burnham reports that the reason the woods are barren of game is because of the ravages of a side-hunt which swept over the country, annihilating the birds and animals, and leaving no stock to breed from. This is a story which may be repeated in numerous localities; it is the natural result of side-hunting. The spirit of the competition, where each species of game or vermin or harmless creatures has its value in the scale of points, encourages the killing of every animate thing that may come within range. This promiscuous destruction is likely to be wanton, and in many instances it degenerates into the unlawful and forbidden. In the excitement of the competition little heed is paid to the obligations of good sportsmanship and good citizenship. Protected species fall with the rest. For instance, at the 1897 side-hunt of the Oskaloosa, Iowa, Gun Club, game of all indigenous species was slaughtered to make the grand totals swell to impressive figures; doves protected by the statute were openly scored under the name of ground pigeon, and pheasants, for which in 1897 there was no lawful open season, were included in the game brought in. Indeed one natural and well defined tendency of such hunts is to provoke and promote game law violation. Side-hunters are not by any means all sportsmen; the event calls out every Tom, Dick and Harry in town who can muster a gun; it is only the sportsman element which, we may assume, cares anything about the sportsmanlike character of the sport. The rest know little and care less about what is and what is not game, and game in season. The side-hunt means a horde of gunners intent on getting everything that walks, crawls, hops or flies. And if the land is not so cleared of animal life that another year will come complaints of game dearth, this is only because the majority of side-hunt participants cannot kill their game when they see it.

We are convinced that if the sportsmen of a community understood clearly the effects of the side-hunt they would as a unit oppose these competitions, save the game for their own pursuit, and insure immunity to those species which do not come within the sportsman's classification as fit objects of sport. The only legitimate game for a side-hunt is the inanimate target sprung from a trap.

SNAP SHOTS.

With the growth in this country of the game preserve idea, it was inevitable that those owning preserves should cast about for a variety of large wild game with which to stock them. We have a number of species in America that do well anywhere, but those indigenous to the Atlantic seaboard are not numerous. Only Virginia deer and elk thrive anywhere, and are easily obtained. Buffalo are so costly as to be out of the reach of many people. It is not strange therefore that in a number of cases owners of preserves have imported large game from Europe. This has been chiefly the wild hog, though we have known of one or two cases where the red deer of Europe and roe deer have been brought over for the purpose. The wild hogs seem to do well everywhere, but like the English sparrow they have hardly become firmly established anywhere before they grow troublesome. We understand that the late Mr. Corbin regretted his importation of these animals, and made an effort to have them killed off. Boars were turned out some time ago in the Shawangunks, but as soon as they had become firmly established, they ravaged the country far and wide, and it was necessary to exterminate them. For all our preserves located well to the north, this continent can furnish enough different sorts of large game to satisfy the most exacting, and the practice of importing and turning out exotic species of big game about which we know comparatively little is certainly one to be avoided.

A belief was held by eighteenth century physicians that the atmosphere of one's birthplace possessed peculiar virtue; and a not uncommon recourse, when a patient was in desperate straits, was to send him back for this benefit of the natal air. However fanciful may have been the notion, there are thousands who can testify to the magic influences of the old home and its surroundings when a visit is made to them after the lapse of years. For many a man a fishing excursion in spring or summer, or a hunting trip in the crisp days of autumn, means going back to the familiar scenes of youth; and it would not be far from the fact to say that no other outing one may make can compare with this home returning. The streams may have dwindled and the old-time store of fish be wanting; but scant score of trout or bass is more than made up by the flood of pleasant recollections which overwhelm the spirit at sight of familiar scenes. The covers once unfailing for quail or partridge may prove now barren and desolate of game, but one would not exchange for a bag of gold the pictures memory paints of the old days, with the dear faces and the voices heard no more.

If it be our good fortune to find the old woodland haunts unmarred by the axe or by fire, the maples and oaks and birches and pines and hemlocks may afford some compensation for the disappointment and disillusioning which inevitably have part in every delayed homecoming. The proportions are all so changed and so unfamiliar. The village street has narrowed and shortened; the houses have shrunk in size and drawn closer together; and the people who stare out at you are strangers. You realize with a shock that you know nobody, but it is a greater shock to find that nobody knows you; and that here in your own home you too are a stranger without claim to the friendly salutation which everywhere greeted you in the old days.

A short time ago the chief game warden of Ontario sent out a series of questions on the subject of hounding deer and killing them in the water. The questions were sent to all deer hunters who had taken out licenses last year. Toronto papers report that the great majority or nearly all of the hunters have responded, and that those of eastern Ontario are almost unanimous in favor of killing in the water, while those of northern and western Ontario are practically solid against it. How many are opposed to hounding has not been reported, but probably the majority are in favor of it. However this may be, it is improbable that the law will be changed.

A silver half-dollar is the key to many a good game cover. The insistent gunner who sets in to browbeat his way may stand long like a horse in paddock gazing longingly over the fence it cannot jump into the clover field. He is wiser, happier, luckier and more heavily laden at the close of the day who negotiates his privileges in a businesslike way.

The exhibition given by the New England Sportsmen's Association in Boston, last March, was of such a character that there was a popular demand for its repetition in 1899; but our Boston correspondent reports that the enterprise will not be repeated.

Maj.-Gen. Sir Montague Gerard, a British officer in India, has killed first and last 229 tigers. That is a game score that amounts to something.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Highways and Byways.—IV.

Two o'clock, a clear morning, the end of August! The alarm goes off as I put on my togs. Over the eastern mountains the spangled belt of Orion rests upon the pines and in the far north the Great Bear treads lightly upon the misty horizon. My footfall re-echoes from brick walls, and the feverish breath of a summer midnight lingers sullenly about dim-lighted corners. Even the lone policeman has crawled from his beat into the coolness of some unfrequented alley. Sidewalks give place to dusty roads, where giant poplars stand like specters waiting for the dawn. From farmhouses, hidden in the gloom, comes the barking of dogs that my whistle has aroused from slumber.

Three o'clock! The highway crosses the river. It is a low song that the river sings as it ripples over the stones. Then comes a hill that leads up to the bench, where the wheat stubble looks a ghostly white beneath the stars, where the fragrance of ripened apples and peaches fills the air, and the breezes that come from the mouth of the cañon give promise of cooler weather than we have known for many a week. This traveling at such an unearthly hour, after having been up for two consecutive nights with the sick, is something of a hardship, but what boy does not work harder in the field, what man does not put in lighter-hearted hours at the desk when he thinks of a glorious day's fishing just ahead?

Four o'clock! A faint flush of false dawn, the crowing of a distant cock, and then, most welcome sound, the challenge of Reid's faithful Ginger, who would first tear me to pieces and then satiate me with canine caresses. My tackle and a change of raiment had been sent out the night before, and Reid and I put in the horse and load with hay, while Mrs. R. fixes our lunch. Down the lane and out on the pike! Now there are lights in the farmhouses, and the sparks begin to fly from the smokestacks of engines that are getting ready for the day's threshing. Anon comes the twitter of birds, and daylight steals into the valley.

Five o'clock! It is chilly. We draw our coats about us, cross the river bridge and enter the cañon. Far behind us the first rays of the sun sparkle upon the Oquirrh Range. It will be three or four hours before they touch the pools and reaches where we expect our day's sport. On we hasten. There are seared leaves where two months agone the wild roses sported and the dust, like a fog, hides the hubs from view. The campers along Provo River are kindling their morning fires. They should have been casting a full hour ago. Then we turn into the yard of the Telluride Power Co., where the waste water from the giant flume makes a cataract 90ft. in height, where a net-work of copper wire carries the subtle force to the mining depths of Tintic and of Mercur—full fifty miles away. We unhitch and feed our steed, fix our casts and start through the underbrush for a long reach of inviting water just above the plant.

Six o'clock! We step into the icy stream. Before us a solitary peak, like Curicanti needle, cuts the wondrous azure of the morning, and beyond that the massive Wasatch rises tier upon tier, but of that we must not think. The river is full of loose boulders and deep holes; a mis-step means complete immersion, and we shall fish all day in waist-deep water. Hip boots are only an aggravation, as a sudden plunge must be expected. I make mine very early, in fact before I am ready for it. Thereafter the stream has no terrors for me. Of course it was done by too great eagerness to reach a promising pool. Meanwhile Reid, casting from waist-deep water toward the further bank, scores one. I follow, and the sport, albeit the trout are small, grows fast and furious. Reid lands three to my one. I have rises enough, and apparently make honest strikes, but to no purpose. Alas, for the fisher who brings no fine file! My hooks are dull, and it is necessary to change the cast. Queen-of-the-waters is the favorite. I have only a No. 4, which is a little too large, so I use professor, with but moderate success. At length, after fishing up for a couple of hours, we decide to fish back. The sunlight comes down upon the crystal water. Rises are few. Then there step into the water a couple of grangers, out for a day's sport. The chivalry of fishing is unknown to them. One is an old man with long gray beard. He is new to the business. With a worm-baited hook he angles in the shallow waters. His son, of robust cast, hurls a minnow and a heavy sinker into each pool, rushing along at a four-knot rate. This is no place for us, so we go back to the buggy and to breakfast.

It was no use to try to disguise the fact that, until the shadows grew longer, few trout would reward our efforts. After loafing an hour, we went back and Reid scored a couple of beauties. Then our friend with the minnow came up stream. How many miles he had been down the river we could not tell. The father tried to cross the stream where we had been. It tossed him like a cork, and it seemed for a while as though he would not make it. Reid and I stopped, ready to go to his relief, but at length he felt the shallows. He fell exhausted on the bank, and we decided to drive down to Carter's ranch for the afternoon fishing.

Long stretches of water, with deep pools below, the river running 5ft. deep beneath willow-hung banks, a few fish and then the shadows fell across us. A slaty point appeared a hundred yards down stream. A small boy saw us heading toward it, and tried to get there first. He succeeded, drew out a trout and was gone. Under water the slate was in terraces, making a succession of pools. Reid waded into the upper pool. I took the lower. There, standing knee-deep and on a very slippery footing, we cast across and slowly drew our flies athwart the current. For each of us at the same instant the water broke. The twist of the wrist, the bending rod, the music of the reel, betokens that the evening sport had begun in good earnest. Six beauties where the lad had secured one, and then, casting here and there as we go, we hasten back to the buggy, for we have yet two good pools to fish. They are a full mile below, and the day is far spent.

Seven o'clock! We tie up for the last time at the mouth of the cañon. On either side rise the perpendicular portals 600ft. in height; below them 150ft. of slaty talus slope, a willow-dotted valley, and the river itself, not rushing and boiling with the fury we have seen since dawn, but widening, meandering peacefully out of its rocky confines toward the lucerne fields and orchards, and the setting sun. Here are taken out the six mighty irrigating canals that make possible the cultivation of seventy square miles of the most fertile land in the great West. The dams that jut out into the stream make miniature lakes, and in their depths lurk the largest trout that apparently cannot be enticed save at the twilight hour. Reid has fished these waters several times during the season, and with rare courtesy gives me the better place. He uses the cast with which he has fished all day, but I change mine for white and light gray. Below us and just where we expect the best results are eight fishermen. One uses flies, the rest have bait and sinkers. They are fishing for a livelihood, but they have not learned that success is certain after sundown, so as we approach they one by one disappear, and we are left sole masters of the field.

My first cast brought to creel the largest fish of the day, and after that each cast brought rises. It grew too dark to see the flies, but the welcome splash and the arm-thrill assured us that good work was going on.

As we were about to give up, I had a strike of more than usual force. My rod bent almost double. I was hampered by being in breast-deep water, and at first the trout had everything his own way. If he sulked at the bottom I could scarcely budge him. If he fought I was afraid he would tear himself loose. For full ten minutes we pitted ourselves against each other. Then his struggles grew more feeble, and I slowly backed toward the shore. How I needed a landing net! At length I was on terra firma, reeling in my captive, now only 40ft. away. A last break, and as the giant leaped high in air he showed that above him was also hooked a trout about a foot in length. Slowly I drew them toward my feet, swinging them a little up stream. The smaller one measured his length on the sand, the larger grated on the pebbles. He felt them, shook himself convulsively. The hook tore out, and he was gone. I was defeated, but happy.

Ten minutes later we were changing clothes at the buggy, and in another hour a good curry supper at Reid's ranch warmed the inner man. After supper we both fell asleep over a game of cribbage, which sufficiently indicates the condition of mind and body.

Three evenings later I rode to the same spot, and about 8 o'clock, just as the full moon came over the crest of the Wasatch, the pool was musical with silvery splashes and brilliant with opalescent circles. In an hour I landed a dozen good fish. One of these I caught in a singular manner. My dropper was a No. 10 Queen-of-the-waters, and I felt that I had securely hooked a fingerling. As I hurriedly drew him in, I felt a sharp strike without a rise, and when I reeled up discovered that a large trout had seized the smaller and had drawn him so far into his gullet that disgorgement was impossible.

There has been during the season an unusually large catch of good-sized trout below the dam of the power plant, but very few have been caught above. The ladder put in by the company is so steep that the fish were unable to ascend and spawn. This may have a very serious effect on next year's sport. In conversation with President Kingsbury, of the University of Utah, and an ardent fisherman, I learn that last week he fished the waters of the Upper Provo, some forty miles above my favorite ground. He found the river dynamited to death. There were no large fish, and around each pool hundreds of small trout in all stages of putrefaction testified of the illegal practices that had been resorted to. Well, there is no use of complaining. Such is bound to be the case until forests and fisheries are taken off from the list of political spoils, and men who understand that they owe a duty to the people of the State for the salaries which they draw are given an opportunity to enforce the laws that are now a dead letter on the statute books.

SHOSHONE.

A Mountain Thunderstorm.

It is a hot day in the mountains. Were it as hot in the city the weary people would be dragging themselves painfully through the oven-like streets between the monster office structures in a pitiful state of lassitude and suffering. But here in the mountains things are different. There is not that humidity, that heated breath from the ground, which causes people to flee to the mountains, shore or woods for relief. Instead there is still the clear, bracing air for which the mountains are noted, and one can move about with comfort.

It is late in the afternoon, and the sun is shining brightly, but away off to the west ominous black clouds climb over the mountain tops. Soon the sun is lost to us behind these clouds. The mountains in the next ridge to the east are still streaked with the sun's rays, making a beautiful picture in light and shadow. Faintly at first, then more distinct, sounds the deep rumble of the thunder, rolling and reverberating from mountain to mountain. Grayer and grayer, dimmer and dimmer grow the mountains in the direction from which the storm approaches. The lightning is yet mild, coming now and then in zigzag flashes that light up the distant mountains in a weird, white light. The wind has ceased. The mountains appear to have assumed a melancholy, gloomy air that seems contagious to man and beast alike. It is the calm before the storm.

"Clear for action! Batten down the hatches! Shorten sail on yonder hammock!" B.'s voice bellows out orders and I hasten to obey. Windows and doors are soon fastened; fragile articles are safely stowed away, the ladies retreat indoors, and we men install ourselves comfortably on the porch to watch the progress of a mountain thunderstorm. A more beautiful and impressive spectacle I have rarely witnessed.

The wind begins to blow, first in sudden, fitful gusts, then increasing in its fury till the young pine trees before the cabin are bent almost to the ground; loude rolls the thunder, a sudden clap, a blinding streak, an the storm is upon us. Everything looks big and gra and spectral in its mistiness. The rain pours down i torrents, and bounds off the gables of the house in lit tle rivulets. The lightning plays among the trees i fantastic streaks of fire and light, now in a quick, straigh line that buries itself in the ground or in some tree, the in a series of broken, blinding flashes. The mountain as revealed momentarily by the lightning, look grande and more majestic than ever.

Contentedly we sit under shelter of the porch an watch the passing of the storm. The thunder grow more distant, the lightning fainter, the rain cease the storm is over. The leaden-hued clouds break int waves of blue and white, and the sun peeps timidly ou from behind a thin cloud, then at last bursts fort in a glory of light.

Heavy white clouds, resembling so many big so blankets, rest lazily on the tops of the mountains, an lap down over the sides as if threatening to slide dow and engulf in their misty haze the valley beneath, the slowly they dissolve into the bright, fresh atmosphere.

Down beneath the rustic bridge, where, before th storm, a little brooklet had playfully rippled over th rocks, is now a roaring, rushing, irresistible flood. O the mountain across the road small streams fall dow over the ledges and rocks, making one of the charmin sights of this beautiful country.

Here and there are trees cut down or shorn of the branches by the lightning. Everything is fresh and co and bright. In the city the streets would be muddy an slimy, the air sultry and heavy, and the people uncon fortable and unhappy. But here in the mountains thing are different. In its approach and passing a thunde storm is only another of the many wonderful and i teresting incidents and views which go to make an ou ing in the mountains an enjoyable and pleasant exper ence.

G. F. DIEHL.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton

THE question as to whether the summit of the Gran Teton had ever actually been attained previous to M W. O. Owen's recent success is one of much interest mountaineers. We printed last week a note directi attention to Mr. Langford's account of his expedition 1872. In the Sunday Herald of Sept. 18 Mr. Ow writes on this subject as follows:

As far as records go, seven previous attempts h been made to scale the Teton, and all had ended failure. Of the various parties which have tried the pe there is but one which claims to have reached the to and as the question of first ascent must be settled now, am constrained to mention this particular expedition greater length than would otherwise be warranted.

The party referred to is that of Stevenson and Lan ford, of the United States Geological Survey, the a tempt having been made in July, 1872.

They came in from the west, crossed the glacier at t southwest base of the peak, climbed to the Saddle a turned north up the granite hallway which leads to t enclosure on a pinnacle 800ft. west of the Grand Tet and fully 500ft. below it. Their path from the Saddle the enclosure was practically identical with that of m own party.

After examining the enclosure they descended eas ward, as any one must do who desires to climb t peak, and, as near as can be judged from their accoun of the alleged ascent, struck the icy niche through whi the writer made his attempt last year. The base of th crevice is about 650ft. below the summit and 150ft. low than the enclosure. Passage through it, however, impossible. And right here, beyond question, Mess Stevenson and Langford abandoned the climb.

Notwithstanding the failure, it was given out that t top had been reached and was so published in the offic reports of the Geological Survey. Mr. Langford al published an account of his alleged ascent in Scribne Magazine of June, 1873.

Much as I dislike to provoke a controversy on th point, I am compelled by a sense of duty and obligati to myself and companions to make the clean cut stat ment that our party was the first to reach the sumn of the peak.

I have in my possession unimpeachable evidence th Langford and Stevenson did not reach the summit the Grand Teton. This testimony consists of the af davit of Thomas Cooper, of this city, who was Hayde chief packer for years, and who is personally acquaint with Mr. Langford, and knew Mr. Stevenson during l lifetime; a personal letter from Mr. Henry Ganne chief geographer, United States Geological Survey; sworn statement of the Governor of Wyoming, and M Langford's own written statement in his magazi article.

Thomas Cooper swears that Stevenson admitted him that he and Langford failed to reach the summ but "got so near they called it the top."

Mr. Henry Gannett (I quote from his signed letter me) says: "The Grand Teton has, to my knowled been climbed twice, although in neither case did t parties reach the exact summit.

"The first is probably the one to which you refer, co posed of Messrs. Langford and Stevenson, in 18 The second was composed of Mr. A. D. Wilson a assistant, in 1878. Both these parties went up this c vice and turned to the left, and so reached a po which is only about 200ft. distant from the main su mit, and about 50ft. below it."

Here is the whole proposition in a nutshell, the o discrepancy being the distance below the summit. was 500 instead of 50ft.

Mr. Gannett says they did not reach the exact su mit, and this tallies beautifully with Stevenson's adm sion to Cooper. And this is amply sufficient for purposes.

In the Scribner article Mr. Langford describes alleged route up the peak, and, having reached a po 125ft. below the summit, says: "Above the ice belt o which we had made such a perilous ascent we saw, in debris, the fresh track of the American ibex, the mo tain sheep," etc.

If there were no other evidence in the world on this question that one statement would convict. If Captain Langford had actually made that "perilous ascent," his wildest dream or freak of imagination could not have drawn that statement from him. It is too absurd to discuss. A cat might crawl up that slope, but the mountain sheep would stop 600 or 700ft. below.

The last and very convincing proof that these gentlemen did not reach the summit lies in the fact that we found not a shadow of a mound or other evidence of man's having been there before.

Every mountaineer will appreciate the value of this fact, and for Mr. Langford to say that he and his party devoted several days to preparing for this trip, passed through all the perils of life and limb described in his article, reached the summit of America's grandest peak, and then ran away without leaving some little evidence of his visit, is altogether too ridiculous to dwell upon: I will leave it for the world to judge.

Natural History.

Nesting Notes on the Raptores of Wisconsin.

II.—Hawks.

THE red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) is the most common species in this locality. It is commonly called chicken hawk, which name in fact is applied to almost every species by the farmers. In talking with the farmers in regard to hawks and owls, I find that most of them believe all are more or less an injury to the farmer, and that the only way to rid themselves of the nuisance is to keep up a war of extermination. In fact, it is but a few years since the farmer lads, led by some of the older ones, organized a hawk, owl, crow and gopher hunt, by choosing sides, the side obtaining the most heads to be treated to a picnic dinner by the losing side. Every nest they found was spotted, then the eggs were allowed to hatch, and at the proper time the homes were ruthlessly destroyed, and the parents shot. Each side closed the season with some hundred heads to its credit, and the destruction could not help but react to the direct injury of every farmer for miles around. A little more Government literature on this subject would be a good thing to distribute among our farmers, instead of so much political trash, most of which is never read. The efforts made along this line by the eminent ornithologists of the Biological Survey are highly commendable and cannot fail to bring about good results. The same may be said of the various societies for the protection of birds.

But to the notes. A pair of red-tails were seen sailing about over a piece of timber on March 17, 1896, and a short search disclosed the nest in a large black oak tree. It had evidently been lately repaired, as the lining was freshly arranged, made up of leaves and bark, some of which showed fresh blood stains, but no eggs had been laid. The nest was 60ft. up, and was 2ft. across the top. When examined again on the 31st the nest contained two well marked eggs, with incubation started. One was heavily blotched with reddish brown at the largest end, and the other was finely speckled all over with lighter brown. The bird had left the nest on our approach.

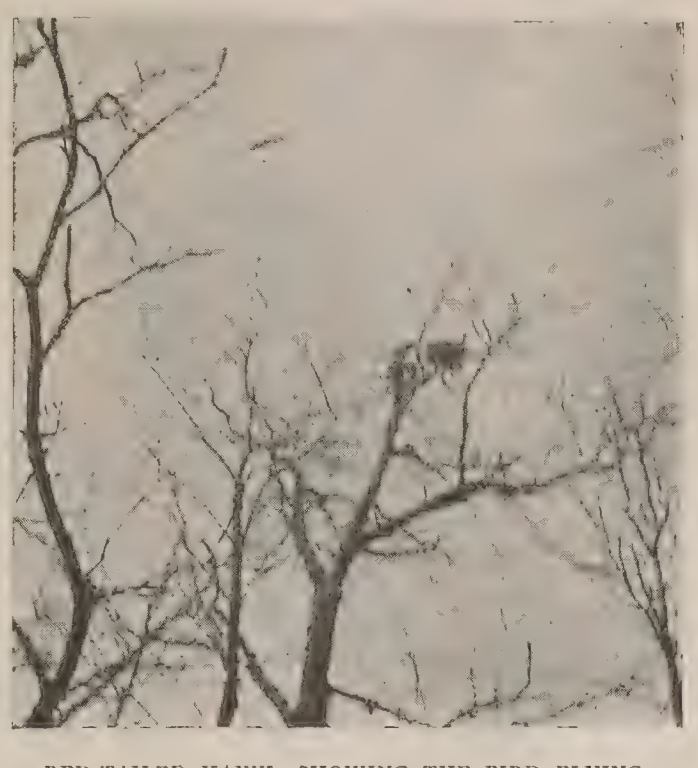
I found another nest on April 5, while walking through a piece of oak timber. It was placed in a small black oak, 40ft. from the ground, but was a much smaller nest than the preceding. It was lined with bark, leaves and feathers. There were many green poplar twigs with the large, downy buds on them in the make-up of the nest. The bird left the nest as soon as she espied me, and soared above during the time I was at the nest. Both eggs have faint under splashings all over, one of slightly deeper color than the other. The nest was within forty rods of a farmhouse.

I next visited a small piece of heavy timber close to a farmhouse on April 6, just at the close of day; and was not long in locating a red-tail's nest on the edge of the timber, overlooking a broad expanse of marsh. A few sticks dislodged the bird, and she continued to soar and scream during our visit. After a hard climb, the nest was reached far out on a treacherous limb, 66ft. from the ground. The lining consisted of a few leaves, and on the whole it was a slovenly nest. But what the bird lacked in the way of nest building was made up in the coloration of her eggs. The markings on one egg seem to be entirely under the surface, and show almost a lavender shade in heavy blotches; the other has surface markings of a deep brown, the blotches on both being scattered over the entire egg.

On the 9th I went to a large piece of timber bordering on another marsh, which is a great hunting ground for hawks. A nest was seen along the edge of an opening; the bird left it quickly, but soon returned, followed by the male. The nest was placed in an immense crooked white oak, impossible to climb. A small sapling grew close by, which met the oak about 30ft. up. My companion climbed briskly up the sapling, but when the main trunk was reached the struggle began, the lowest branch being still about 20ft. above. At last the nest was reached, and a fine set of three eggs was found. The entire set is almost uniform in style and color of the markings, which are large blotches of an amber color. The nest was 80ft. from the ground, and was built close to the trunk on a large limb. It was a well made nest, but formed to fit the crotch it filled.

On the afternoon of the same day we took a long drive to some heavy timber. A large, dark object was seen long before we reached the woods, and the nearer we approached the more it looked like a hawk's nest, and such it proved to be. It was placed in a gnarled and knotty white oak 3ft. in diameter. I was half-way up to the nest before I knew what the prospect was; but the bird then left the nest, which gave me a little more inspiration to climb. The nest was placed about 15ft. out on a limb, which was perfectly safe; it was lined with leaves, and was 40ft. up. I found a beautiful set of two eggs, lightly washed with chocolate, mostly about the smaller end. The bird kept sailing about overhead, and the next morning, as we passed the place at 10 o'clock, she flew from the nest again.

After crossing a road and striking into the timber this second day, we caught sight of an immense nest in a very tall poplar. The bird was soon induced to leave, to soar above while we investigated. After a long, slippery climb (for it had rained the night before and had so dampened the moss on the tree trunk that it reminded one of the greasy poles so often used on Fourth of July by the small boys), the nest was reached. It was in a fork formed by several branches. It had little lining besides the downy buds of the poplar, and was the best built nest I have seen, being compact and



RED-TAILED HAWK, SHOWING THE BIRD FLYING.

solid, with well formed brim. There was but one egg, and this was perfectly fresh. It was heavily marked with dark reddish brown spots all over. I resolved to visit the nest again to see if the bird would finish her complement; so on the 27th, seventeen days later, I went back and found one more egg. This was about half-incubated, which showed that the bird had laid it soon after my former visit. The size and amount of markings are about the same as in the first egg, but they are under the surface, which is in strong contrast to the other.

The next nest was found in a large black oak, on



RED-TAILED HAWK'S NEST IN BLACK OAK 80FT. HIGH.

the edge of a large woods, with no marsh near. The eggs, two in number, were entirely free from markings of any kind, just a plain bluish white ground color, which is in great contrast to the richly marked set preceding. After leaving the nest the bird soared about overhead, coming down quite close at times. This was observed on April 12. The nest was loosely built, with a few leaves for lining, placed 40ft. up.

On the 19th I again visited the island where I had seen a set of red-tails on March 31, and found a small nest within a few rods of the great horned owl's nest. The bird did not leave the nest until I was part way up the tree, after which she hovered near without any screaming. The nest was out some distance on rather a small branch, and it was some time before I ventured to take the climb; the nest proved to be 70ft. from the ground, and it was with feelings of thankfulness I reached the main trunk again safely. This is the smallest nest I have seen; it was loosely built, and lined with leaves. The eggs were two, and perfectly fresh. One was marked heavily with brown and red at the larger end, and the other was lightly painted in small chocolate patches all over.

Driving along the road April 27, as we were returning home, we noticed a large nest in a small piece of timber about eighty rods from the road. Quickly turning the horse, we entered an opening in the fence and drove down across the field. When within a short distance we saw the bird standing on the edge of the nest, and there she remained till I began to climb. The nest was 40ft. up, and was lined with leaves. It contained two fresh eggs and a gopher which had recently been killed. One egg was heavily marked at the small end, and finely speckled elsewhere with reddish brown, and its mate was marked exactly as one egg in the set preceding, being lightly painted in small patches of chocolate. GEO. A. MORRISON.

FOX LAKE, Wisconsin.

Animal Intelligence.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot refrain from expressing my delight at the admirable answer of your correspondent Hermit to the metaphysical meanderings of Mr. Alexander, in your issue of 10th inst. I had thought of taking up the question myself, but decided that "chopping logic" was not in my line of business, and that I could find enough to do in examining mechanical and economical questions and fallacies, without fooling with "egos" and "sub-egos." I long since expressed my belief in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, that what is called "instinct" was simply "inherited experience," and though, like Haeckel, I decline to attempt to inquire into the original mystery of life, I think that both his writings and those of Darwin prove very clearly its progressive development, and its upward progress from the simple "cell" to the complicated structure of vertebrate life.

It certainly is beyond question that the animals of newly-explored countries do not show the fear of man which follows on their experience of his destructive nature, and continually increases with that experience. That the wisdom acquired by experience is transmitted to the offspring from generation to generation needs no argument is shown by the knowledge of every sportsman who ever owned a well-bred setter, or pointer, or a full-blooded horse, and I will not try the patience of your readers by entering into one, but will simply endorse Hermit fully.

Let me repeat, what I believe I have already said, how much I enjoy the reminiscences of Shadow, which recall many old friends, and scenes with which I was familiar forty years ago, though I never shot over that country as much as I have fished in it. I want also to commend Fred Mather's admirable series of practical articles to the attention of the younger generation of your readers (and some of the older ones too), and see if he can cure them of calling the genuine pike either a pickerel or a muscalunge, and the pike perch a pike, or the black bass a trout. By the way, quite a number of bass have been reported lately as caught here in the Connecticut, though I have heard of no more pike perch. Ruffed grouse are reported as plenty. I do not know about gray squirrels, but the sound of guns was heard yesterday (opening day) on the hills back of the village. VON W.

An American Blue Grotto.

IN a recent number of Science, Mr. H. Carrington Bolton writes from Lake Minnewaska, N. Y., of his discovery there of a blue grotto, which must certainly be well worth seeing. Mr. Bolton is anxious to learn whether similar blue grottoes are common at other American lakes. His description of this one is as follows:

Many of the beautiful phenomena seen at the celebrated Blue Grotto of the Island of Capri are reproduced on a small scale in a cavern at Lake Minnewaska, N. Y. This lake is situated on the Shawangunk range of mountains, at an elevation of about 1,700ft.; it lies in a basin, excavated in glacial times, about half a mile long and less than a quarter in width, and of a depth reaching 70ft. The rock on all sides is a white quartzite known as Shawangunk grit, which rests upon shale, but no outcrop of the latter is visible at the lake. The quartzite is compact to granular and contains in places pebbles of white quartz; it is very free from feldspathic admixture, so that it yields to the water very little soluble matter. Bare cliffs rising to the height of 150ft. bound the east side of the lake, while the western banks are well wooded. The cliffs are vertical and fringed at their base by the usual talus, which, however, is made up of blocks of unusual size. The cavern is formed by several huge rocks overhanging the water, so as to form a comparatively dark hole, and the space between the under side of the sloping rocks and the water varies from about 2ft. to not more than 2in. The cavern faces the southwest; it is very irregular in shape, and at one point the roof and walls reverberate in response to a deep bass note. The water just at the entrance to the cavern is 33ft. deep, and 2 or 3ft. away 40ft.; it is very transparent at considerable depths. As the rocks overhang so close to the water the optical effects can only be seen by a swimmer, and it was while swimming along the shore that I discovered the American Blue Grotto three years ago. As one approaches the mouth of the cavern the bluish color of the water is noticeable, but the beautiful effects are best seen by entering the opening and looking outward toward the light. The water varies in color from Nile green through turquoise blue and sky blue to deep indigo blue, and in all these shades exhibits the silvery appearance, when agitated, characteristic of the grotto at Capri. A body immersed in the water has a beautiful silvery sheen, similar to the reflection of moonlight. The water has these colors at all hours, but they are strongest when the sun is in the zenith; late in the afternoon the slanting rays of the sun enter the opening and light up the cavern, greatly diminishing the optical effects.

The water retains the characteristic color (but without the silvery sheen) on cloudy days, and even during rain, being especially strong when fleecy white clouds bar direct sunlight. The relation between the different hues, green and blue, to the aspects of the sky, whether clear or overcast, is not evident.

Another pleasing phenomenon must be mentioned. Just below the water line, where the rocky sides are lapped by waves, the white quartzite exhibits a brilliant

siskin-green hue; this bright color is limited to a space about 3 or 4in. below the level of the lake and to certain walls of the cavern. The bare arm immersed in the water partakes of the green color when the light is reflected at one angle, and of the silvery blue color at another angle. The interior size of the cavern is not easily given, but the face of the overhanging rocks measures about 40ft., and they project about 15 to 20ft., and it is surprising that so small a cavern can produce such a variety of fine effects.

Orioles in Confinement.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa.—Noting F. M. B.'s remarks in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3, I was surprised to read that the Baltimore oriole "cannot be caged, as it will kill itself when confined," and that "even the young will pine away and die." Nine years ago a pair of orioles built their nest in a lofty elm in the rear of our house, and when the young were full feathered and grown a heavy storm beat one of them down, and my wife caged it. It continually called for company, and we placed it outside, where the mother bird seemed very solicitous of its welfare, alighting on the cage and in every way showing great anxiety, and at the end of the second day we found it dead. The neighbors said it had been killed by its mother. But a few days after one from the same nest became entangled in some trailers, and I caught it, and after one day's confinement indoors gave it to a lady who had another pair. For aught I know the birds are alive now, as after she had had them nearly two years she called me in to see them breakfast, and it was both amusing and instructive. She was feeding them on pieces of crackers, which they relished; but before eating they would grasp each piece firmly with one foot and with the other perch on the edge of the water dish, and soften the cracker by soaking it in the water.

I complimented her on her tact in educating birds, but she explained that they belonged to the "soft-billed species," and unless furnished with soft food would perish from starvation. In this connection I would like to know whether others have noted not only the difference in the summer and autumn dress of the oriole, but the great variation of markings and colorings of different individuals. W. W. McC.

A Black Woodchuck.

ESSEX, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday, while returning from a squirrel hunt, I ran across and shot a black woodchuck. I have preserved the skin, which is quite handsome. It is about the color of the average bear skin, except for the nose, which is white. Examples of melanism in woodchucks seem fairly common here, as I have heard of several specimens being killed. Black squirrels are also fairly plentiful.

It is a poor year for squirrels, however. Last year Essex and Whallonsburgh engaged in a side hunt, and as a result about all the breeding stock was killed off. The side hunt should be legislated against; the game law people busy themselves with much less important matters.

I have killed five gray squirrels with a .22cal. Marlin repeater, out of six seen. Squirrel hunting with a rifle is the best of practice for deer hunting, as it gives one a confidence in his aim, which it is necessary to renew and cultivate after a year's inaction. J. B. B.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

In Virginia Game Fields.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am located in Sussex county, Virginia, near an embryo town called Lumberton. I am here for the hunting season, as usual, which opens for deer Sept. 1; for quail, Oct. 15, and might be said to stand open the year round for fox hunting, the favorite sport of the descendants of the old English gentry, who brought their love of the chase from "Merrie England," along with their thoroughbred foxhounds, more than a century ago.

I chanced the other day upon a tin poster which exhorted me in big white letters to "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM," hence this communication. Moreover, I have seen no report from this favored section in your columns since the seventies, when Chasseur contributed a number of interesting articles describing this "happy hunting ground" of the aborigines, and later of the flower of Virginia sportsmen from the cavaliers of King Charles' time to the sport-loving youth of to-day.

The love of sport is as much a heritage with them as the thoroughbred deer, fox and bird dogs, whose pedigrees have passed down from sire to son for generations, and may well be called "F. F. Vs."

I am training two brace of pups from this stock, and at four months old they follow to the fields, starting covey after covey of young birds. They stand as staunch and point as handsomely as old dogs.

It is a pretty picture—the little dogs pointing in every direction at the fledgelings hidden in the stubble. When they find a covey old enough to rise, it is amusing to see them circle, heads up and nostrils wide; amazed at the sudden flight of their game.

Such dogs hunt as instinctively as they swim, and need no breaking in, but must learn the words of command and instant obedience. I never knew one of this breed to be gunshy, or to fail to retrieve on land or water.

Quail are reported more than usually abundant this season, owing to the protection they have enjoyed for the past two years, and doubtless numbers have migrated from North Carolina (close by), whither our sportsmen resorted in great numbers when they were no longer permitted to shoot quail in their own State. Three years ago this sunny land was visited by the most unheard-of freeze, which locked the land in ice and snow from the last of December to the last of February. Birds froze and starved under the snow-crust by thousands in the fields, and those seeking the shelter of barns or stacks were trapped or shot by farmers' boys, and caught by hawks and foxes, until the snow was dappled with feathers everywhere.

So great was the destruction that the State Legislature took prompt measures to protect the birds, and prohibited quail shooting for two years. The law was very generally observed, and the result is a superabundance of birds—partly owing, however, to the two mild winters and unusually fine breeding seasons following the freeze, and the supposed migration from North Carolina, where the hunting was excessive, and gave the birds no rest.

I have no "luck" to report with deer. Of the four killed here in the past week I had no share in the slaying—only hearing the music of the chase from afar, for it never came near me. The style of hunting here is peculiar. The men are placed on "stands" which the deer are supposed to pass en route for the river, which they invariably seek to baffle the dogs. The mounted "driver" follows the trail and encourages the dogs with short yells till the deer is "jumped" from his bed. He usually has the first shot, but must often shoot from his horse, so his chance is not first rate. As the deer takes his accustomed way to the river, the standers have a show. But alas! if he takes another route, they are not in it. L. P. BLOW.

Indian Modes of Hunting.

Otters.

WITH steel or wooden traps is the only systematical way of hunting these animals. They are, of course, hunted for their pelts in the north country of Canada, and not for sport, as in Scotland. A few are shot, but these are met with by chance.

November is when the Indian sets his traps for otters. They have then their full winter coats on; and it is just before the small lakes and rivers set fast.

Their resort is generally in some chain of small lakes with creeks connecting the chain, and their home, if they can find one, is an empty beaver lodge. They prefer such a place, as after the ice is taken in fishing along shore, they carry the fish into one of the "washes," where they can breathe and eat with safety and comfort.

The otter is a great enemy of the beaver, but never willingly courts an encounter; yet, every time they meet, there is a terrible battle. I remember years ago coming out on a small lake about sundown, and seeing a great commotion on the surface of the water a few hundred yards out, jumped into my canoe and quietly paddled out. As I drew near, I noticed two black objects engaged in a deadly conflict. Although they must have observed the canoe, they paid no attention, but continued the fight, sometimes disappearing beneath the surface, fast to each other, for a full minute.

When within gunshot, I made out the combatants to be an otter and a beaver, and could have despatched the two with one shot, only I could plainly see they were both very much exhausted, and I wished to see which would gain the day.

The end was nearer than I expected. Once more they disappeared beneath the waters, each maintaining the same deadly grip of the other's neck; a few moments later the beaver floated to the surface on its back, dead. I looked about for the otter, and saw him swimming toward the shore, bleeding profusely from many wounds and evidently hurt to the death. I followed, however, with my gun full cocked, ready if need be to shoot him; but the beaver's long, sharp, spade-like teeth had done their work well, for the otter all at once rose half out of the water, pawed about for a minute in a blind way, turned over on his side, gave one convulsive quiver, and he also was dead.

A No. 3 Newhouse trap is generally used. In fact, this number is called throughout the country "otter trap." These traps are set at the overflow of beaver dams and otter slideways during the open water, and at little portages used by water rats crossing from one bend of a small river to another. No bait is used; the trap is set in about 4in. of water, with a picket out in deep water to tie the chain to, and a small piece of castorum on a forked stick.

The odor of the beaver castor has a very alluring effect on most all animals, and is greatly used by the hunter.

Traps for otters are set in the following way, under the ice: A place is selected in some small creek, connecting two lakes, where signs of otters are found. These signs are noticeable at the discharge of the lake, where the lake ice thins off into open water, for the ice is so thin that the otter readily breaks a hole to come out on the ice to eat his fish. The otter is a fish-eating animal, and is very expert in catching them.

Their slideways are generally made on some moss-covered, rocky promontory, jutting out into a lake. Here they will climb up one side and slide down the other for hours at a time.

Otters, when taken young, are readily tamed and become great pets.

Another way of setting traps in winter is under the ice in some creek where otters are known to resort. The ice is cut away from the bank, outward, for about 3ft. long by 1ft. or so wide. Each side of this cut is staked with dry sticks, driven into the mud or sandy bottom. The trap is set between the stakes at the outer end, in about 4in. of water at least; that is, the water may be deeper than that, but two cross sticks are so placed that the otter in entering must go under the sticks and thus gets caught. The picket to secure the trap chain to is out from the trap, as in open-water time.

To induce him to enter, a small whitefish or trout is placed on a forked stick near the shore, and is so fixed that it appears to be alive and swimming. As soon as the trap is struck, the otter jumps backward into deep water, and for want of air is soon dead.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Trapping the Coon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The raccoons your correspondent writes of which cannot be taken except in the water must differ widely in their habits from Maine raccoons. While I have never set any except log traps on purpose for raccoons, I have caught many of them on the land in traps set for other game, and have always considered them one of the easiest kinds of animals to trap. In fact they are always bothering one by getting into traps set for other animals. I have caught them in traps set on the land for bears and otters, and I can remember taking fourteen in traps set for mink.

To show how little fear they have of a trap, I once hooked a line of eighteen traps set for mink around two lakes. About half of these were log traps; every one of the eighteen traps had either been robbed of what game had been taken, or had been sprung by raccoons. The log traps not having been heavily enough weighted to hold a raccoon, were all torn down just as a fisher destroys a sable trap. In the steel traps I had part of a nice mink (mink were worth some seven dollars then) and the remains of a weasel both eaten out by the coons. A coon's foot and one small coon. Both forelegs of this one were badly bruised where he had been in log traps. As the traps being set for mink were too small for the raccoons to enter, they had reached their paws in and pulled out the bait, and the bruised forelegs of this one proved that he had been caught more than once. On the second look after this I caught the same one whose foot I had taken two weeks before. He was a very large coon, and the wound had not fully healed. My other steel traps were sprung by the coons pulling the bait sticks into them, as the houses were made for mink, and were not deep enough for a large animal like a raccoon. I once set a log trap on purpose for a coon, and caught him. Then caught lots of them in traps set partly in water for muskrats. I have always found them as easy to trap as a skunk or lynx, which are two of the easiest animals to trap. I have bought hundreds of their skins, which were taken in traps set on the land. A great many are caught every year by our farmers, who know very little about trapping, but who catch them when they are destroying their corn. I knew one farmer to trap five in his corn in two nights.

While I am willing to credit a coon with a great deal of "head stuffing," I have never seen one use his cunning in trying to avoid traps, but I only know about the raccoons we have in Maine. They may be deficient in their education about traps, but when it comes to devices for getting away when trapped, or when cut out of a log or hollow tree, I will back them against any coons in the United States, including all the recent additions to our territory. M. HARDY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience in trapping coons extends over half a century, with a record in the hundreds, fully ninety per cent. of which were taken in traps set in the ground. The writer who stated that coons cannot be thus trapped evidently belongs to the class who "know a great lot that isn't so." WARFIELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Season Opens.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 15.—To-day is the opening of the last of the Western chicken seasons. Some of the Western States begin shooting the big field grouse Aug. 20, others hold off till Sept. 1, but Illinois shuts the bars till Sept. 15. This is putting the grouse of the fields only about two weeks ahead of the grouse of the woods, the ruffed grouse and the quail. I have earlier stated that this has always seemed the best thing to do, in the opinion of the Illinois men who had most to do with the framing of our law, but in the progress of events it might very well happen that the same men to-day would think it better to open the season Sept. 1, for this State and all adjoining States. As it is, our opening day to-day is a very barren affair, for it is an open secret that our birds have been shot into and pretty much all killed off in a very large majority of the best regions of the State. In some few better protected localities there will be shooting to-day and for the coming week or so, and to all such localities our shooters are now hurrying out, each following such tips as his judgment may approve, or accepting such invitations as he may have from shooters living in sections where there are still some birds. This has been a hard year for protection of prairie chickens in Illinois, and if the average of the individual "opening days" were struck I am afraid it would set the consensus a good many days ahead of Sept. 15.

If the reader happens to have a map of the big State of Illinois, he may readily be able to discover why it is that it has been so difficult to protect the prairie chickens of Illinois. It is an enormously large country, this State of Illinois. It runs far, far down to the south, so far that the lower end of the State is quite out of touch with the upper, and is regarded as almost a foreign region, with ways of thought quite as much Southern as Northern; for the State bases on the Ohio River, and that stream does not divide sharply the characteristics of two sections. To patrol all this immense territory is an absolute impossibility. It is too big, even covered with railroads as it is and easily accessible and free from wild lands. The active warden, Harry Loveday, has done good work and has tried faithfully to get good deputies all over the State. Without thought, we ask that he do all this all at once, and do it so that no illegal birds shall be killed. Look at the map, and it may teach us something of the reasons why this has not all been done all at once. The warden appoints deputies which are recommended to him by lists of residents. In very many cases the local deputy warden is inefficient, if not corrupt, and it is hard to get a better man to replace him, since, of course, the State warden is not personally acquainted in each and every community of the State. The result is that in many of the far-off counties the game gets little actual protection while the hunt for a decent deputy goes on. On the whole the work has been done as well as we could hope, though it would be mere folly to claim that no game is killed in this State out of season, or that none is shipped into this market out of season. Warden Loveday admits this very freely and knows some of the main drawbacks of his work and wishes he could overcome them.

A very simple little question in traffic matters means a great deal to the game of Illinois, more especially the quail, snipe and wildfowl, and to less extent the chickens. This is the fact that the express companies will not permit their cars to be searched at this end of the St. Louis bridge. All this through stuff goes bang through the edge of Illinois, and over the bridge and out of Illinois jurisdiction, and when you figure that this is an airtight outlet, and that it is working and has been working for a long time, for over two months on chickens alone, and that it is going to keep on working for all the rest of the year, and all the rest of the other years, so far as can be foreseen, it may well be supposed that the total of game thus smuggled away from this State is something enormous.

The Chicago market is the greatest of the Western markets, and St. Louis next. Of course, the stuff landed here by the express companies can more or less thoroughly be spotted out and seized, and a great deal of such contraband game is confiscated, as see these columns from time to time. This game is game that has been killed somewhere out in the State, by market hunters, farmers' boys and "sportsmen," and which has been marketed perhaps at some little out-of-the-way country village, where perhaps there is no warden, or where perhaps there is one who does not know or does not care what is going on about him. It is too late to prevent the killing of this game, but though the man who killed it is not available, the men who handle it and who have money in it can be reached and punished and made very careful, and perhaps very reluctant ever to handle any more such game. This is one way of getting at the corrective principle of the protection of our game. We can't save it in the field, so we punish the men who carry it out of the field, and so teach them to do better the next time.

Obviously the little local market men who find their shipments to Chicago interfered with look about them for another market. They see that the city of St. Louis bids for game as well as Chicago, and learn that their shipments, once on the train, are safe, for they cannot be stopped this side the market, and the market is outside the State. No one knows just how much this great leak means to the game of Illinois, but it is without doubt a very big one. Warden Loveday has not yet secured any permission to go into the express companies' cars, and until he does he cannot do much toward stopping the outgo of this game. Co-operation with St. Louis protectors seems not to have been found feasible to any practical extent.

A look at the map again will show that the State of Illinois runs down below the latitude of St. Louis, and that vast territory of this State may be called tributary to that city. It is sure that all the game killed for market in Illinois within 100 miles or 150 miles of St. Louis is now shipped to St. Louis and not to Chicago. That means that just so much game is out of all possible reach of our wardens. Look at the map again. You see hundreds and thousands of little towns and villages dotted all over it. Would you like the job of sitting down and getting for each and every one of these towns a warden who should prove honest, capable and efficient to stop all the illegal shooting within six miles of his home? Can you cover six miles of country yourself and know what is going on all over it? **That is the small** end of the protection, and the city market inspection is the large end of it. Both are necessary, and both ought to be possible in this State, so far as covering the main country towns and the two big city markets is concerned. It is a long, slow, hard, in some ways a thankless job, that of protecting game in a country which does not want it protected. If all our citizens were as ready to steal personal property as they are to steal that of the State, we would need vigilantes here in twenty minutes, and our civilization would be anarchy. It is a matter of popular education, and it is slow. There is no population on earth more reluctant to take up with the idea of protecting game and fish than many of the inhabitants of the more remote country districts of southern Illinois, and especially along some of the larger streams, where fish and fowl have so long been part of the hereditary right of all men at all seasons. It will be many years before these men will change their ways. One of the quickest ways to help them change would be to get a chance to see what is going into St. Louis.

Chicken Belts and Game Circles.

If we may take another look at the map we may perhaps get a bit of information on a more cheerful side of the question, for it remains true that, in spite of all the inroads made by all sorts of agencies, there still are chickens in Illinois. Strike a line from east to west across Illinois, at a point say at Springfield or neighboring locality, twenty-five to fifty miles north or south. North of this line will be the chicken belt of Illinois and south of it the chickens will not be found in any considerable numbers. There are no chickens worth going after in lower Illinois, though upon the other hand that is the best part of the State for quail. The quail line and the chicken line do not sharply define, but overlap roughly, though the division I here mention may be accepted as practically correct. Thus, so far south as Springfield one may find good chicken shooting, and Sangamon county was once and may said to be still a very fine game country. A little above there, at Bloomington, you come to what was once one of the greatest chicken sections of the State, and it is still about as good as any, all this of course dependent upon local protection here or there. Still east and northwest of that country you will be on ancient chicken grounds, and you still will find birds. Turn to the south and you run out of the good chicken country when you get very much below Springfield. You strike a plenty of localities which you will do well to remember when you want quail, but you are below the chicken belt. Suppose you get so far south as Kankakee, Ill., you will then be in good chicken country, though only about fifty-five miles south of Chicago. You may go on south of that place for sixty, eighty or one hundred miles and still get birds, and at say fifty or sixty miles south of Kankakee you should again be in one of the best of the Illinois chicken regions of to-day. This country has been fairly well protected. Suppose you keep on east, on this line of latitude, until you reach the eastern line of Illinois, then run on up till you hit the big Indiana marshes along the Yellow River, the Iroquois, the Kankakee and other marsh-lined streams. All this that you have caught in your net is good chicken country—good for to-day. I know it is good, not because I have been over it lately, for I will not have time to get out for any chicken shooting this fall, or for several falls, but I know it because I know they have been shipping illegal game from that country, and getting caught at it. There are a great many towns where they do not ship chickens ahead of the law, and some of these have chickens and some do not; but if you find a town where they have been shipping some chickens, and not too many chickens, it is safe to suppose that the chicken supply is not yet quite all gone in that neighborhood.

Now suppose we go to the extreme northwest corner of the State of Illinois, and take a string sixty to one hundred miles long and make a circle, sweeping to within thirty miles or so of Chicago. You will have inside that circle what is to-day probably the very best of the chicken shooting left in the State of Illinois. This was in early days the best chicken country that ever lay out of doors, and it so happens that over a part of this region at least the birds have been much better protected than they have lower in the State. In that circle rudely drawn there will be included a number of such marshes as the once famous Winnebago Marsh, the marshes near Mineral, Sheffield, Annawan, etc. It will include the marshy ground of Lee county, and a number of the great swamps which are now coming to be drained, but which still have grass lands along their borders. If one could see the whole State at a bird's-eye view, it would be very safe, if one were hunting for chicken country, and did not know the localities, to pick out the long river bottoms, the big marshes which cover large tracks of land, and all the open and unbroken grass lands, the larger the acreage the better. The chicken loves the wild prairie grass, and next to that the marshes appeal to it. Driven to nest in the low grounds where it finds the only hiding for its nest, it is often drowned out. That means a bad chicken year. Given a drier spring, and we have a good chicken year. Always we have the most chickens on wheat country which is also grass country, where there are large bodies of marsh grass or long tongues of unbroken land running into farming regions. Given such conditions, such weather, in the above described zone of this big State, and you will have this week, with the assistance of the saints, and such assistance as the wardens may this season have given, some very fair sport at the biggest and best of our Illinois game birds. It will be largely cornfield shooting, and the birds will be big and strong. That is one virtue about Sept. 15 as on opening date. You get shooting when you shoot.

Warden Loveday and his old friend, Bill Werner, of Kinsley's, have gone out to Sheffield to take a whirl at the chickens. They go as guests of a large land holder there, Mr. Humphreys, and shoot over some 200 acres of country which has been absolutely protected. They should meet good sport, and I do not know of two men who better deserve it, for the one has done all he could to protect the birds, and the other has spent years as a chef, and can cook game birds better than anyone in the world. Methinks they may discourse on protection as they travel over the fields together, over cookery as they gather about the board at night.

More Hunting.

There is a decidedly better feeling among men in all sorts of business in the West, and with improving conditions we always have more hunting and fishing. For the past few years of hard times it has been difficult for newspaper men and others to make a comfortable living, with cucumbers up to three and five cents each, but now the money market is easier and there is every reason to believe that we shall see a time of prosperity, so that it is sure we shall have times of greater activity in field sports. I think that there is very much more sporting travel this fall than last, or the fall preceding that. Last spring there was less shooting than for many years, the excitement over the war cutting off much shooting. In some ways this has been a good thing. Thus I note in Wisconsin the number of local-bred ducks is better than was expected, simply from the fact that the birds were less disturbed than usual in the springtime. Out of this we may perhaps not deduce a moral in favor of war, but certainly one in favor of stopping spring shooting.

Returns from the Minnesota fields still point out that the estimate of the chicken crop in general was correct, and that it is above the average. From the country around Hallock, in the upper tier of counties in that State, I have word that bags of ten and fifteen are not infrequent, and that the number of birds is now thought to be a good one, not only in that once teeming region, but all over the West to-day.

Pheasants for Missouri.

The State of Missouri is the next to take up the question if importing the Mongolian pheasants. The Big Lake Hunting Club, of Pulaski county, will put out twenty-six birds, and the Wattensas Club will soon follow this example with a liberal stocking of its preserves. Two pairs of these birds were put down by the Big Lake Club last year, and a fine covey has been seen this year. The club hopes for success in this work.

Cook's Inlet.

The Cook's Inlet country, of Alaska, may not be panning out very big in the way of gold, but it is surely making history as the best big game country within reach on this continent, though about the hardest to hunt in. The heads and horns of big moose and the skins of big bears come down from that point almost in ship loads. If one has lost a moose, I presume that is the place to go for him. This is the region from which the giant heads shown by Periolat, of this city, came last winter. They were wonders to the sporting world.

Ducks.

Members of the Duck Island Club, whose splendid preserves are located along the Illinois River, this State, are this week to have the first try of the season on the bountiful crop of birds which they have on their marsh. This is a fine shooting place naturally, and of course the closing of the marshes to open shooting increased the supply of birds fourfold. I should expect to hear very good reports from that club. It is still too early for the fall flight of northern ducks, and our men are still less concerned about ducks than about chickens, but at such grounds as those of the Duck Island Club, or the old Spring Lake country, the early shooting at teal and wood ducks is sometimes very fine indeed.

They hunt ducks out in Montana too, and do not devote all their time to shooting grizzly bears and such like. And they have sooners out in Montana too; men who go out ahead of the opening day and swat the ducks all the same as they do back in this part of the country. The valley of the Big Blackfoot is described as the natural duck hunting grounds of the Missoula shooters, but there comes a story to the effect that the latter found the birds pretty well cleaned up at the time the season opened.

They have duck preserves out in Washington, just as they have in the East, and they have some very good preserves too, I should fancy, from the story about the Peyton-Corbin preserve, near Lamona, on the Great Northern road. This club was established by Col. E. I. Peyton, of Spokane, Wash., and Austin Corbin 2d, who bought a large strip of marsh and erected a good club house. Last week the two gentlemen above named, with Lord Orford, son-in-law of D. C. Corbin, and Mr. T. B. Ware, made a trip to the club marsh and bagged 375 ducks in two days. I note one very sensible plan adopted by this select body of shooters: they have certain portions of their marsh which are called "safe harbors," where no shooting is ever allowed at any time whatever. No boat is allowed to go into these parts of the marsh, and the ducks are left entirely to themselves, with the result that they breed there and hang about the marsh all the time.

Waponoca, of Tennessee.

The annual meeting of the famous Waponoca Club, of Tennessee, whose grounds are on the Arkansas side, opposite Memphis, will be held this week. Mr. Bun. F. Price, the secretary, is so good as to send me the yearly report, which will be submitted, and it is easily to be seen what a lucky and well-to do body this club is. The property is a large one and is owned in fee, the assets of the club being worth some $14,000. The secretary makes a most satisfactory showing of the club finances, and recommends that the club fence in every foot of land which it owns, so that it may still more perfectly protect its privileges. The fence would cost about $2,000, but is thought to be desirable. The secretary also recommends a good cook and a good warden on salary, the latter to give his whole time to supervising the property and keeping out poachers. It is thought that the value of club shares, if the fence should be completed, as suggested, would range from $2,000 to $5,000 each. The shooting on this great preserve has

often been described in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, and is admittedly among the finest to be found in the South. I note a very good feature in the management of this club. In large, black-faced type, there is printed on the face of the report above mentioned the following suggestive sentence, which ought in these days to be on the house rules of every duck shooting club: "The limit is still fifty ducks per day to the man."

Trapping Coons.

I observe some statements in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the trapping of coons. I do not remember whether or not I mentioned it at the time, but it is the fact that, when some friends from the South and myself were once in camp on the sea marsh near the mouth of the Mississippi River, we found that country very much infested with coons. One of our pushers set a trap in a path just back of the tent, and one morning I saw him take a coon out of it. It was just a plain steel trap, and was put flat on the ground with a few straws over it. I set a steel trap myself, and caught a long-tailed mouse in it. This I know, because I found the tail. A coon had come along in the night and eaten the rest of the mouse. I don't doubt I would have caught him if I had not caught the mouse first. It didn't seem to be much of a trick to catch a coon down there.

Michigan Record.

The record of the Michigan State Fish and Game Commission for August, as shown by Warden Osborn's report, is forty-one complaints, twenty-one arrests, six convictions, one dismissal, and fourteen cases not yet trial. Of this grist all but two were fish cases.

A Little Soon.

Deputy Humphreys, of Sheffield, Ill., this past week caught four parties at illegal shooting, two near Tampico and two from Mineral. The first two were fined $40 and costs, but the latter two could not be landed. They could not quite wait till Sept. 15.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In the Aroostook Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been my custom to spend a few weeks of the heated term in the mountains, and for many seasons I have gone to the Adirondacks, but of late years the lands in that region best suited for hunting and fishing have been taken up for private use by many large owners, who own in some cases over 150,000 acres, and many large tracts are taken up by clubs, and being convenient to the metropolis and the many cities of the State, the other parts of the mountains have become dotted with large fashionable hotels; and the hunting and fishing have been very much curtailed.

I decided to make a trip this year to the interior of the wilderness of Maine, and left New York at 3 P. M., and at noon the following day reached Masardis, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, where I arranged to have a buckboard to carry my wife and nine-year-old boy, who have accompanied me on these outings since the boy was eighteen months old, when he was carried in a pack basket over the old Sweeney Carry and up the lakes to Little Tupper.

After a comfortable ride of twelve miles from Masardis to Ox-bow, we embarked in three canoes, and made our trip up the Aroostook River, arriving at William Atkins' Salmon Pool Camp at 6 P. M., and while the fire was progressing, the cook of the party was getting ready for supper. I put a Leonard 4½oz. rod together, and with three favorite flies on a salmon leader, a scarlet hackle on the tip with a Montreal next, and a brown hackle last, I fished until dark, and the result was eleven square-tailed trout and one ouananiche. The trout ran from ½lb. to 3lbs., sufficient for a party of six persons for supper and breakfast, with five fish to take along for our mid-day meal on our trip up the river.

After breakfast we were in our canoes and under way by 7 A. M. on our trip of twenty-two miles up the Aroostook River. We had no time for fishing, as the current of the river is swift, and it was hard work for the men at the paddles. On arriving at Millnocket Lake at sundown, we were very much pleased to find nice, clean, comfortable camps, with spring beds and easy chairs, and a general air of comfort, and a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Atkins and all at the camp. It is easy to find good fly-fishing in May or June, but not so in the month of August or first week of September. I had some misgivings about having as much success during our stay as I had the first evening, but after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast we paddled up the Chandler Brook and fished there with the same flies, and got twenty-one nice, square-tailed trout, the largest one weighing a trifle over 3lbs. The guides arranged them on a strip, and I made a photograph of them, which I think was a good catch for the season of the year, and as this has been a very dry, exceptionally warm season, the water is warm even in Maine, and the fish naturally are in deep water.

Mr. Atkins has a line of camps through this territory which makes it very convenient and comfortable for parties going in that country. The trails are well cut out, and wet and bad places have received careful attention, so that a person can go to a new place every day for two weeks, and find a clean, comfortable, dry log camp every night, all under the same management, and all well stocked with good provisions. I was impressed with the number of deer and moose that I saw in traveling through the woods, and particularly in the water. They are tame, and allowed our canoes to get within 15ft. of them on several occasions.

I had a camera, and made five photographs of deer and two of moose. Once we got within 30ft. of a spike bull moose in the river, but the sun and the reflection in the water prevented us from getting what would otherwise have been a close, desirable picture. The deer and moose are in fine condition. There is a pond about four miles from Munsungan Lake, called Reed Pond. It contains very cold water, and the trout run large, and George Cole, my guide, said "it was a good moose country."

On our trip from Munsungan, from the home camp, we saw a lot of deer and two moose, one, a large bull, was swimming across the lake. He was about a mile from the shore, and when he saw us he seemed to climb right out of the water, and his great horns looked like a bush. But as we had left our camera at the home camp we could not get a picture of him. Munsungan Lake is very deep, and there are a great many trout in its waters. But although we fished it for four hours, we only got one trout, about 2lbs. The water was quite warm, and our trip to it had less success than any of the others. In fishing one day in Brown Pond, we got a few large trout and a chub that weighed over a pound, which is the largest one I ever saw; but I learned afterward that they had been caught even larger in the same pond.

One day, while fishing near the home camp, I saw a few trout jumping, and cast where we had seen them rise. The result was a small trout on the brown hackle, and the vigorous little fellow made such a splutter when near the canoe that I gave him a long line to see how far he would go, and after letting him swim around a little we had two other trout on the remaining hooks, which we succeeded in landing safely in the canoe. I fortunately used salmon leaders, and had No. 4 flies tied on extra strong gut, intended more for saving large fish than for getting three at a time. Once, two years ago, at Tim Pond, I had Mrs. S. and the boy in the boat with me, and had the pleasure of seeing them take two fish on each line at once, but the trout in Tim Pond (in the Dead River region) are small, and rarely exceed 1lb.

The country near the head waters of the Aroostook River is a great place for deer and moose, as well as for large trout; and Mr. Atkins, who is a good taxidermist, finished seventy heads of deer, moose, caribou and bears



DEER SHOWING THE WHITE FLAG.
Photo by William Simpson.

last season, some of which were shown at the Sportsmen's Show, and all were killed near his camps. I saw twenty-one deer in one day, and one of the gentlemen I met at the camp counted thirty-nine in one day. The caribou are very seldom seen this year; and some of the old guides I talked with said they thought that they had moved off toward the Fish River country. But anyone who goes to the head waters of the Aroostook River, from the time the ice goes out until the middle of July, can get plenty of large trout anywhere when there is over 2ft. of water, and by looking around a little can get all a large party can eat in August; and in the hunting season any person who can shoot fairly well can get all the heads the law allows, both deer and moose. I am sure if the law was observed in this State as it is in Maine, the deer would increase rapidly as moose has in Maine. If our State Legislature would pass a law to prohibit the killing of does, and make the violation punishable by imprisonment, there would speedily be a large increase in the number of deer in the Adirondacks. Few persons dread the fine, but the prison has its terrors, and no doubt would be effective. And, at the same time, would make novices more careful what they were shooting at, and would prevent the killing of persons by mistake, as has too often been the case.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

Boston Gunners.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—Shore bird shooting is improving, and the gunners say that a storm and cool weather is sure to bring some excellent flights. Theoretically they fly far out to sea in warm, calm weather, and this seems reasonable, since the best shooting early in the season and during warm, bright weather is always to be had off Chatham and Monomoy; places well out to sea. Good reports of the shooting at that location are coming in. Dudley Hall brought up 129 big birds the other day, the returns of one gunning trip. In the lot were beetleheads, green plover, etc.; a beautiful bag. Sully Corcoran also got twenty-nine birds out of the same flight. Louis B. Wellington had to leave for Boston just before the best part of the flight, and got but few birds. C. A. Brown has had good shooting, and always gets his full quota of birds. He has succeeded in calling down a jack curlew, but for another gunner to shoot. One day, in one of the boxes off Monomoy, he was calling and looking at a flock of birds circling in front of him, when, hearing a very near reply to his call, he turned his head and right on a little hummock, not 12ft. away, were a couple of yellowlegs; so near that the twinkle of their bright eyes could be seen. He watched them for a minute or two, hating to bag the little fellows till they flew.

Quite a company of Boston gunners have gone down to Plum Island for a shoot. Some of them will spend a vacation of two weeks, and hope to get some cool, stormy weather in that time. Leonard Chapman, a young gunner living with E. M. Gillam, in Reading, and under Mr. Gillam's training, went out yesterday with Gillam's dogs and flushed and bagged two partridges. He is only seventeen, and very proud of his success. He did it with a gun the stock of which is broken and mended, with only the left barrel being useful. He bought the gun last winter of a departing Klondiker for $5. No returns have yet come in from the Maine partridge gunners, and it is evident that they have found birds terribly scarce. Reports say that duck shooting on the Androscoggin River, from Merrymeeting Bay way up to Berlin Falls, is remarkably good this fall. Lisbon and Lewiston gunners have bagged a good many.

It is reported, on excellent authority, that the very successful Sportsmen's Show of last March is not to be repeated the coming spring. As a show venture it did not pay sufficiently for the promoters to be willing to risk weather and other features again, besides they believe that it would not be easy to secure new and striking attractions sufficient to warrant its success again next year.

SPECIAL.

Adirondack Deer Hunting Conditions

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is no question that the non-hounding law is contrary to the sentiment of the great majority of men living in the Adirondacks who hunt. The natives have never had a law to suit them, for hounding, when permitted, opened too soon and closed too soon. The native hunts for meat, and wanted the hounding season at a time when the weather was cold enough to keep his meat from spoiling. The hotel influence, however, was too strong, and the law was framed for the city guests—business and professional men, college students and the like, who found it more convenient to hunt in August and September than later. The men who were born and bred in the same counties with the deer had to defer to their wishes.

Now another distinctive influence has appeared in the Legislative field, and succeeded in stopping hounding altogether, against the wishes of hotel men and natives alike. The law is a good one, though no doubt there is a selfish interest at the bottom, and men who have studied the game problem in other States know it is in the interest of the deer supply.

Its chief defect seems to be that it makes the season too long, a sop apparently having been thrown to the hotel interest in permitting hunting to begin in August, earlier than any other State in the Union, if memory serves me, and at a time when there can be no profit in killing deer.

The effect of the law is very apparent in the Adirondacks. Both hound dogs and rifles have depreciated in value. I bought a .38cal. Winchester rifle, model of 1892—a favorite deer gun here—for $8 a few days ago, and loading tools were thrown in as well as gun case and cleaning rod. Under the old conditions the late summer brought a sharp demand from farmers and native sportsmen for rifles. Deer were likely to be driven almost anywhere during the hounding season, perhaps through the village streets, and a man who could shoot often got meat even though he was no hunter. Moreover, nearly everybody living within driving distance of the deer country went hunting at least two or three days during the season, and to go hunting it was necessary to own some kind of a gun.

Similarly, and to a greater extent, hounds have depreciated in value. Reub Heath, who has sold hounds for as much as $50, offered me a promising looking foxhound pup, two years old, for $4. Ordinarily this dog, coming from good stock as he did, would have brought $15 or $20. Reub has to keep him tied up. Not long ago the dog ran something—it may have been a fox—and was caught off by a man living in a town ten miles away. When Reub asked for his dog he was told he could have him on payment of a pretty stiff fee for lodging and care, and Reub only got the dog back through the aid of a lawyer, who threatened to bring suit for theft against the enterprising harborer of lost dogs. One pities the poor hounds who seem bound to spend the rest of their days in chains, because man first cultivated an instinct in them and then forbade its use.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Maine Hunting.

JOCK DARLING'S camps on the Sebois chain of lakes in northern Maine will be open this fall under the management of the old hunter's grandson, Natey Fogg. Most of Jock's old friends know the new manager as an obliging guide and a keen and successful hunter. I have had several letters from him during the summer, in which he mentions having seen considerable moose sign, and predicts an abundance of other game. The Sebois country is an excellent game region, there being a considerable mileage of dead-water streams emptying into the different lakes, on all of which are good caribou bogs and also extensive hardwood ridges where deer are very abundant. Any one contemplating a trip to this country would do well to address N. C. Fogg, Patten, Me.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A Veteran Fisherman.

A RUTLAND, Vt., communication to the New York Times records that Le Grand Eastman, of that city, ninety years and thirty days old, brought in twenty trout one night, after a day's fishing. Some of them weighed nearly a pound. He walked four miles to the stream, caught his fish in a few hours, and walked home. Aug. 31 was the last day of the open season for trout fishing. Since May 1, when the open season began, he has been on a fishing trip every week, and sometimes twice. He knows every mountain stream and river where fish are found in this section.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.

BY FRED MATHER.

A TRIP by boat down the Red River from Shreveport to Alexandria in the fall of the year is a most pleasant one. The air-line distance is about 100 miles, but the river is very crooked, and the bends make at least half as many miles more. There was a sameness to the wooded banks and a lack of hills or bluffs to vary the scenery, but there was life and incident on the trip which made it a memorable one. Over twenty-five years have passed into history since that journey, but the stern-wheel steamer "Natchitoches," her crew of roustabouts and her passengers are as fresh in memory as if the trip were only a week old. A blessed thing is a good memory; it retains only the best part of our lives, or so tints and gilds the other portions, seen through the haze of distance, that they seem to belong with out most enjoyable experiences. A note book is like a photograph, it records disagreeable things as well as pleasant ones; things which memory does not retain. As an instance of this my note book says: "The mosquitoes were of large size, great subcutaneous penetration, and in vast numbers. I was nearly wild from their persecutions." Memory has no such record, but thinks there might have been a mosquito or two, but they were not the most important things on the trip.

A Bear.

We left Shreveport early in the afternoon, or "evening," as it is called in the South. There was no brain-racking "time table"; the steamer arrived at her convenience, discharged freight and passengers, took on more, and left when ready. There was no rush of passengers when the gang-plank was hauled in, for they had been at the landing hours before, looking up river for the smoke of the steamer. In going down stream all these craft "round to" and head to the current, a curious move to a "Yank," who had seen the big side-wheelers of the Hudson come to dock headed the way they were going, but here were no docks and no side-wheelers. A sloping levee paved with stones like a street to accommodate freshets and flat-bottomed boats was a necessity, and the result of the conditions of navigation on those streams.

A seat on the upper deck, forward, was cool; there were no mosquitoes, and I remarked to an elderly gentleman on my left that the evening was a most delightful one. His curt response sufficed and I remembered that I belonged to a class not popular in the South at that time, and that my speech betrayed me. Silence followed. The silence was large and expansive, and spread out over the landscape, broken only by the puff of the steamer and the plash of her wheel. Then the pilot tooted the whistle, and instead of a steamer we could barely see something moving in the water half a mile away. It might be a man, a doe or a bear. The steamer slowed down, and rifles were brought out. Soon it was decided that it was a bear, and the shooting began. It was wild; a moving target from a moving boat is a combination calculated to disconcert the aim of any marksman, and we came near the bear before it was fatally struck. I had gone to the lower deck, and, before a boat was lowered, saw a gird of perhaps ten years lose her balance and fall overboard. Throwing off coat and vest I dove in and held her up until the boat picked us both up before the bear was taken in, for it was fat and still struggling, but was killed at once.

While shaking off the water and starting for my room my hand was grasped by the old gentleman whom I had tried to engage in conversation on the upper deck. Said he: "I will ask you to come to my room and partake of that truly Southern drink, peach and honey." A long talk with the old gentleman and a story or two ended in a promise to visit him at his plantation near Alexandria after I had spent a week fishing on Catahoula Lake, by which time his family would be home and we would have some shooting together. The promise was renewed when we left the steamer.

Night on a Red River Steamer.

I was familiar with night scenes on the big Mississippi steamers, the rounding to at a wood pile, the flaming cressets that lighted the gang-plank and the men, and threw weird shadows into the forest; the bullying of the profane mates and the rushing of the men with many sticks of cordwood on one shoulder, and all that; the professional gamblers in the cabins, which were abolished later, but now I struck a new game—new to me then, but now common enough among the gamins of New York, and it was interesting. It was called "craps," and they "shoot," not "play," the game. Two dice are used, and they are "shot" from the hand. The points of interest to me were the terms used; and a quarter to a darky who was longing to get in, but had no stake, was invested in extending my vocabulary. As it was an original Southern darky game, I mastered the lingo, but doubt if I could do as much with the "guff of gawf," as the jargon of the new Scotch game is called, for before one attempts to play golf he, or she, must learn to call it "gawf."

I saw excited darkies calling out: "Come seben—'leben"; "Fade you"; "Big Dick is mine"; "Come, little Joe"; "Cut his throat, seben," and other things which I did not understand. My mentor informed me that any number of players can shoot craps. Before the first player shoots the dice he calls out his bet, say a nickel.

"He throws for a nickel, what does the other fellow mean by 'I fade you?'"

"He means dat he takes de bet, an' den de oders dey bets awn de side. If he frows seben o' 'leben fust, he wins, but he craps out if he frows 2, 3 or 12 on de fust, 'an de nex' man frows. But if he frows 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, he makes his p'int an' can frow ag'in an' make hees p'int once mo' o' make seben, den he wins, but if seben come fust, befo' he makes hees p'int, he loses, den de oder man frows."

"Why does the new shooter blow on the dice before he throws?"

"Dattah's to blow any hoodoo dat de yallah fellaw put awn de dice, fo' dem cream-cullahed nigs is up to dat, an' so's dat tall man who's de cullah o' gingah cakes. Yo' see de boys is 'spicious o' some w'ats got too light complected faces."

"What did that black fellow mean by calling, 'Come, little Jo'?"

"'Little Jo' is fou', maybe two 2s, o' a 3 an' 1; dey nebbah call de numbahs, 'cept seben an' 'leben, deys got names fo' 'em; five is 'fever,' six is 'Jimmy Hicks,' nine is 'Liz,' an' ten is 'big Dick.'"

As my quarter passed into the hand of my preceptor he pushed into the ring and slapped it down, crying "I fade you." Then I watched the game with interest, knowing its points and its "language." A new shooter calling: "Come seben—'leben," snapping his fingers as he throws the dice, is answered by a man who has "faded" him by: "Cut his throat, seben," and so the games goes on. It's a queer game and has invaded the North. I do not gamble in any way, and firmly decline to bet on any event, but there is something in this semi-barbaric game that temps me to stop on Spruce street and watch it in progress on the pavement, especially as there are pickets out at Nassau street, and below, who signal the coming of the "cop," for the police have orders to arrest crap-shooters, but never attempt a foot race with the fleet-footed street Arab, who, by the way, is usually white, but may be Hibernian, Teutonic, or of that numerous Latin race which is generically classed as "Dago" in New York.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.

The moon was about full and some two hours high after I had become a past master in the mystery of crap-shooting, and was longing for a new sensation, not that the Southern negro is not now a field for character study, but he was more so then. It is a fact that few Southern men really see the peculiar features of the darky; they were brought up with them, and naturally accept their idiosyncrasies as a matter of course, but the "foreigner" from the "Nawth" catches the salient points at a glance. To him it is the revelation of new life, of a people hitherto unknown to him. Hence the popularity of "negro minstrels" from 1845 until after the Civil War. Tastes change, and the "minstrels" changed, until their songs no longer bore the slightest relation to the blackened faces.

As I went up into the saloon I heard a banjo, and before the last step was reached I knew that no Southern darky was manipulating it. I claim to be an authority on the history of the banjo, and will here assert that the Southern darky, in 1860, hardly knew the instrument; his favorite was a fiddle, and he inherited his like for it from his ancestors.

I was not surprised when I saw a young white man at the end of the saloon just winding up an obligato and retiring for a rest. But he was vociferously recalled and "The Lowlands" was demanded. The air was a singular one, with a refrain that began slowly and ended fast; it was:

> "In the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
> In the Louisiana lowlands, low."

And from this song the title of this sketch was chosen. It was a trifling darky song, not worth recording, but being well sung made an impression.

A Big Catfish.

The morning was well advanced when we tied up to the levee at Alexandria. Col. B., the old gentleman referred to, directed me to the best house in the little place, and reminding me of my promise, departed in his carriage. After dinner I strolled down to the deserted levee and found an aged colored man sitting idly on the stones gazing at the water. "Uncle," said I, for that is a common Southern salutation to men of his age and complexion, "are there many fish in the river?" I knew that many kinds of fish literally swarmed there, but it was an introduction.

"Yas sah, dey's a plenty o' fish, big an' little; sometimes I likes de little ones an' sometimes de big ones. I'se tryin' to cotch a big one this ebenin', but I dunno if he come. I'se been fishin' all de mawnin', but don' got no bite to-day."

There was no rod nor line in sight, and I wondered how he could be fishing, but asked no question. The only thing in sight was the "heaving line" of a steamer which was fast to a snubbing post, with the other end in the water, a hempen line of half-inch diameter, used to heave ashore to draw out a cable. The old man yawned and lay back on the stones, as much as to say, "the interview has ended"; and I walked off to where some boys were catching perch, crappies and other small fish, which were biting lively. I asked the boys what the old man was fishing with, and one said: "He's a-fishing fo' big cats wid a pound o' po'k, but he's mean an' hunts us off de levee w'en he's fishin', but we don' 'sturb him. I 'spec' he didn' talk to yo', but if yo' want him to talk jes give him a fip fo' some gin an' he talk yo' ears off."

On this hint I returned to the lone fisherman and said: "Uncle, it's dry work waiting all day for a bite, here's a dime, go up to the grocery and treat yourself. I'll look after the fishing if you'll show me where your line is."

"Thank you, sah," touching what had once been a hat, "I knowed you was a ge'man w'en I see yo' comin' along de levee. Yes, sah, I'll drink yo' health, dattah's my fishline," pointing to the heaving line, "but I 'spec's I'll be back befo' a big catty comes along." And he limped off to the grocery. Then I began to fear that I had been too liberal, and that a dime, which he called a "levvy," might purchase more juniper juice than he could assimilate without producing vertigo, and rejoiced that my first impulse to give him a quarter, or "two bits," as he would call it, was restrained. A half-hour passed and "Time, which strengthens friendship, but weakens love," began to be a burden. I was about to desert my post when my new friend appeared above the levee none the worse for his indulgence, but rather better so far as the limp was concerned. He hurried down, exclaiming: "I dun 'spect I got one," and made for the line. I had not noticed the strain on it and the weaving motion until he spoke, for I had been watching a little dab-chick dive, and then guessing where it would come up.

The old man tugged on the line with all his might, and I sprang to help him, for I was stronger than he, and that we had a big fish was certain, the vibrations could only be caused by a living animal, and the resistance was assurance of its size. We piled up yard after yard of line, and at last had the fish on the slope of the levee with its head out of water. The old man produced a hatchet from somewhere and killed it with a single stroke.

I had read of the great catfishes of the southern Mississippi that weighed 150lbs., and believed that we had a record one. I had not counted, however, on a great stone sinker that must have weighed 40lbs., which was necessary to keep the hook and bait out in the channel, that was credited to the fish while hauling it in, by me at least.

I ran up, got a wagon and help and we brought out our fish. It was 3ft. 4in. long, and weighed 63½lbs. It was a record catfish for me, for a 10-pounder, taken near Potosi, Wis., in 1855, was my largest. No one seemed enthusiastic about the fish; it was a big one, but they had seen as big. Uncle Sam, as they called my lone fisherman, sold the fish for $2.50, about 4 cents per pound, and with so much wealth in his possession I expected that he would blow it all in on booze, an opinion based upon what the darky boys had told me, but he was as clear headed as ever when he called on me after supper. Said I: "Yo' said yo' wanted go fish in Catahoula Lake, an' wanted a man an' a boat to go 'long; is yo' got de same min' yet?"

"Yes, I want to go to the lake and camp there. I understand that the lake is about twenty miles away, but that we can strike a small stream that runs into it by a ten-mile tramp. I will furnish provisions, but I want a boat and a shanty to sleep in, if there is a shanty on the lake. I want to stay a week and then return."

Lazy Lou.

A bargain was made, and next morning we left Alexandria on a wagon drawn by one mule, and driven by young Sam; there was a boat, a lot of tinned goods and a sack of potatoes as well as other things that come good in camp, when you can get them. The boat was a clumsy, flat-bottomed sort of a bread-tray, absolutely non-capsizable, non-dryable and almost non-rowable. I piled a lot of brush in forward and put my bag of bedding and such things as should be kept dry on top, then seating myself in the stern with a tin dish for a bailer we started off. The stream was narrow and crooked for a few miles, and kept one busy dodging the low growing branches. All went well until we came to a tree that had fallen across the stream. It was about 2ft. in diameter, and its lower side was below the surface of the water in places, and some inches above it in others. The limbs, roots and bark all said that it had been there for several years, yet no man had cut it to make a passage for his boat, as any Northern woodsman would have done.

I looked at the log and at the shore; then at the heavy old ark we were in, and I mentally vowed that I'd be ding-swizzled if I would help to lift such a water-logged old tub over that log, or to make a portage with it around either end. I was paying for my passage and would assert my rights, if we never reached the lake. After I had worked up my feelings to the exploding point, Sam laid the boat alongside the log and began piling our freight on it. I sat still while he did it, the mercury in my madometer climbing higher every minute. Just let him propose that I dislocate my spine in lifting that thing he called a boat over that log. Yes, there was water enough there to drown him—but I must not think of that; a tongue-lashing would be all the punishment necessary, and I had the opening sentence formulated just as he put the last of my plunder on the log and said: "Ef yo'll jess step on dattah lawg I'll dun get de boat a-pas'."

The mercury in the madometer ceased to climb as I stepped on the "lawg" and wondered how that old man could get the boat beyond it. He removed his shoes, turned the boat head to the log and pulled a plug in the bottom. He had chosen a place where the log was some 4in. above the water, and as the boat sank he stood in the bow, worked it under the log and walked back until all was clear. Then replacing the plug he bailed out the boat. The mercury had dropped out of sight. We loaded up and a gum coat on my seat was all that was needed to restore the *status quo*. I thought I knew a trick or two in running streams with a boat, but now I had learned another from a poor old darky, and might truthfully say that I knew a trick or three.

I just hugged myself when I reflected that old Sam never suspected that I had hated him for half an hour. I wanted to apologize to him, but that would never do. so I said: "Sam, you went under that tree in good shape; never took off any paint from the—. What's the name of this boat, anyway?"

"Well, sah, she don' got no name painted awn her, but we calls her Lazy Lou, dat's fo' one o' my gals, she was married las' week, an' was too lazy to comb her haih, so she jes' cuts it froo wiv a scissor. We allus call her Lazy Lou, 'cause w'en she wasn' mo'n ten yahs ole she was so lazy she let de skeeters bite fo' she bresh 'em off."

At the Lake.

Catahoula Lake is about twenty miles long by from three to five miles wide; there is a good current at the lower end, where Little River and several other streams come in, and it has a big outlet off to the southeast, which flows into Red River something like a hundred miles before it joins the father of waters. Sam rowed up to what he called a cabin, but which was only a 10 by 12 open camp—better than a closed house—and we unpacked an hour or two before sundown. I sent Sam to gather firewood for cooking and for the night, while I prepared a supper of fried perch, taken on the way up; bacon, boiled corn and potatoes, canned baked beans, bread, butter, tea and coffee. The coffee was for Sam, for I don't drink it, and as he had no use for it when good tea was at hand, there was no more made on the trip.

There were two sleeping places, each made of two boards cleated together, the head ends were raised higher than the others, so that they sagged in the middle slightly, but not as much as a hammock does. I noted a hole in the bark roof, and called Sam's attention to it, as it was over my bed.

"I sees de light froo de bahk; fo' shu', an' I mend dattah hole in de mawnin'. I don' 'spec' 'twill rain to-night, an' dat's a leetle hole at best'; no, de rain won' come to-night." This last remark as he looked at the sky and the declining sun.

I insisted on having the roof repaired at once, but the old man said: "Dey's no good bahk nigh de cabin an' dey's bahs out in de woods." He was afraid of the woods at sundown, so I picked up my gun and told him to come along with his axe. Thus assured he soon found a suitable piece of bark from a dead tree, and the roof was patched before daylight left us, and about midnight a hard rain came down that lasted until daylight, but Sam did not want to talk about the rain.

A Turtle Talk.

In the morning, after breakfast, I said to Sam: "I came to this lake to get a live alligator snapper to send north. Men tell me that they are common here, and I have hooks and lines especially for them. You know the turtle I mean, don't you?"

"Yas, sah, I knows 'em, dey's two kin's o' snappahs; some's jess snappahs and de odah kin's de 'gatah snappahs. O yes, I knows de snappahs, an' I cotch 'em plenty, an' I t'ink de snappahs is sweetes' meat dan de 'gatah kin'."

I brought out three cotton lines of ¼in. diameter and 100ft. long; 300 great needle-eyed O'Shaughnessy hooks of Harrison's "Dublin Limerick" pattern, size 10-0, all attached to strong 2ft. snoods of cotton, with a 6in. piece of copper wire in the eye of the hook that was twisted into a lump so that the hook would revolve on it, as on a swivel. Sam had never seen such a lay-out, and remarked: "Golly, I'd like to get some o' dem hooks fo' big catfish, dey's de bes' I ever see."

"Sam, if you can put me where I can get an alligator snapper of 60lbs. or more, you shall have all these hooks and lines. Now get ready and we will go and catch bait"; and I produced a bait-holder made for the occasion. It was of ½in. mesh netting made like a box without a lid; loops for poles floated it, and a few light leads kept the bottom down. When extended it was 6ft. by 4, and 2ft. deep. This was to keep bait-fish alive until night. Sam looked at it, then at my rods and reels, before he found breath to say: "I 'clar' to goodness, you is de 'pletes' man fo' fishin' dat I eber see." I was some time in figuring his "'pletes'" into "completest," but that was what he meant.

We fished, top and bottom, and caught crappies, black bass, perch and all the common fishes of that region; went to camp for dinner, and fished again until the sun told us when it was time to quit. Then we put out the lines from shore to an anchor stone, with a baited hook every 3ft., and lying on the bottom. The sun was well up next morning when breakfast was over, and Sam was anxious to go to the lines, but I said: "No, Sam, we will go and fish for bait all day again, and at night will run the lines over and see what we have, and re-bait our hooks; any turtles that are there will stay there."

We did this, and our catch was several soft-shelled turtles, *A. ferox*, which Sam declared were "snappers," because of their ferocity, from which they get their specific name, and then I knew that his classification of turtles differed from mine. We also took several "yellow-bellied terrapins" and some catfish of 5 or 6lbs. Sam wanted the catfish for camp, and I let him have one, and let the rest go free, for I don't care for a catfish that weighs over ½lb.; the big ones are oily and gross. The best panfish for me in that lake was the crappie, but fish were too plenty for us to dispute over. Sam could stuff himself with catties without protest from me. The big one he caught at the levee was so rank with fish oil that I wanted none of it, yet I am told that steaks from such a fish, parboiled before frying, are freed from their grossness; I don't doubt it, for the same is true of sturgeon, which, treated in that way, makes a better veal cutlet than ever came out of a calf.

Sam and I discussed the snapper question for a while with no prospect of an agreement, and then he said: "Yo' ain' gwine let all dese snappahs go 'cause dey ain' de kin' yo' want, an' I want de big one to cook fo' yo', an' yo'll say he's de bes'es' tuttle yo' eveh stuck a toof in."

"All right, Sam, what we catch is for our own use, if we want it, but I don't want to kill any animal, fish, bird or turtle unless it is needed for food or it is my enemy, as a rattlesnake is. You have misunderstood me; take what turtles you want and let the rest go; do the same with the catfish, but never waste animal life by killing more than you or your friends can get."

Just how far this new religion penetrated Sam's brain is impossible to say, but the lesson may not have been entirely lost, for a few days later he carefully unhooked a big sunfish and let it go, when on previous trips he might have dropped it in the boat to die, and then have thrown it away.

The turtle question and the hunt for an "alligator snapper" has been spun out so long that it must be postponed for another time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING NOTES.

Record Trout.

THE FOREST AND STREAM "big fish record" will have to be amended so far as it relates to the largest brook trout caught in the State of New York.

Superintendent Robert Bibby, of the North Woods Club, formerly the Adirondack Preserve Association, tells me that the club waters, which have never been stocked with fish, so only the native brook trout are found therein, have this year furnished better fishing than for a number of seasons. From one of the ponds on the preserve, Frank Pond, a speckled trout of 8½lbs. was taken, and this I am satisfied is the largest brook trout, *S. fontinalis*, ever taken from the waters of the State of which there is any reliable record. I know of one or two trout of greater weight taken from New York waters, but their species are open to question. One that was first claimed to be a native brook trout proved to be a brown trout.

The Frank Pond trout was caught by trolling, and not with a fly, and what a troll would produce in some of the Adirondack lakes which contain nothing but native brook trout, if it were leaded and drawn at the bottom, experience only will prove conclusively. One small lake had the reputation of containing brook trout, but as no one caught them, it was rarely fished. Upon the representations of an old guide, that he had actually caught brook trout from the lake through the ice, fishing in deep water, a friend was induced to make the trip to the lake in summer. He fished at or near the surface with fly and bait, and caught nothing, and finally trolled a lure at the bottom, and caught four large trout. In this connection I may say that I have heard of several very large trout being taken in Canadian lakes, and in every instance they were taken through the ice in winter, by fishing with bait, which is, of course, during the close season. If one is really desirous of finding what our wilderness lakes do contain in the way of exceptionally large trout, they may be fished for by trolling in deep water during the open season; but 8½lbs. will, I imagine, head the list for some time to come.

Pickerel and other Fish.

In some waters the pike, generally called pickerel, is considered a very desirable fish, and in others it is considered a nuisance or worse. It is a good fish in its place, but it has got out of its place in many instances, and excites the wrath of anglers. As a rule, the fish itself is not to blame for being found where nature never intended it should be found, but the biped man is responsible for interference with nature's plan in the distribution of fishes. Spite is sometimes the motive, but generally it is pure ignorance that causes man to plant pike in trout waters, and this habit in mankind generally seems to be growing. With the advent of rational fishculture and fish planting there sprung up a host of 'prentice hands who planted any and every thing in the way of fishes that could be carried from one body of water to another. Those whose business it was to plant fish made mistakes when the work was in its infancy, but they were not a circumstance to the mistakes of the men and boys who tried to follow in their footsteps with no knowledge whatever of cause and effect in fish planting. It is such a simple matter to plant certain of our common fishes in waters never intended for them, and such a stupendous task to undo the error when it is found to be an error, even if it is possible to undo it at all, that one should think well before experimenting in fish planting if the experiment calls for the planting of some species of fish in waters which never before contained them. The chief offenses in this line are the planting of black bass and the so-called pickerel in waters wholly unfitted for them, and where other kinds of fish would do far better and furnish better food and more sport. Another error, not so common, however, is over-planting water with fish which are suited to the waters—in other words, planting more fish than the water will furnish food for to keep them in condition. While fish must have an abundance of food to be at their best for the table or sport, there is one solitary instance in this State of over-planting fish food, but this was done through a misapprehension of existing conditions, and the plants were not really made as fish food.

The Great Lakes whitefish were planted in a large lake in which only a small species of whitefish were native, and they have multiplied until they swarm in the water. Netting is forbidden by law, and thus far the only mission of the whitefish is to furnish food for the adult lake trout, and to eat food that the little trout would consume if the whitefish were not so abundant.

This condition of things results in indifferent trout fishing at a time when the lake has vast quantities of trout in it, because the food is so superabundant that the fish sought by the angler have only to eat what is placed before them to become gorged, and the lures of the angler are lost in the multitude of similar bait fish which have no fish hook trimming.

An artist who has a summer house on the shore of the lake told me that he baited a trout buoy in deep water, and while fishing at it he foul-hooked more whitefish than he caught of trout.

However, it was not of overstocking with fish food that I began to write, although the instance is so extremely rare that it is worthy of mention, but it was of misdirected fish planting—black bass and pike.

As soon as pike are found, for any reason, undesirable in a water, there is often a desire to plant black bass to get rid of the pike, and this is simply jumping from the frying pan to the fire, for while it may be possible to reduce the pike below the point of danger, it is a most difficult thing to similarly reduce the black bass. I have been interrupted in writing this note, and during the interruption I have received three letters asking how to get rid of pike and black bass. Two referred to pike alone, and one to both pike and black bass in the same waters. There is no way of getting rid of the fish except by draining the water off or by netting it, and to do this consent must be obtained of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission.

In previous notes I have referred to Loch Leven, in Scotland, said to furnish the best trout fishing in the world. This lake contains Loch Leven trout and pike, but by judiciously netting the lake the trout have for years been on the increase, and the pike are kept down below the danger point. Now another case comes to my notice, also in Great Britain, where by netting the pike the water has become good trout water. It required four years of netting to practically exterminate the pike and make room for trout where they were never known before. During the four years 1,410 pike were netted, the largest fish weighing 23¾lbs. This means of getting rid of pickerel has been tried in this country, but generally the people who engaged in it have pronounced it a failure, because they have not succeeded in netting out all the pike in one morning before breakfast, so as to have trout fishing in the afternoon.

This is a matter that cannot be done in a hurry, for the netting must continue every season, taking the fish when they run into the streams and back waters to spawn, and keeping at it until the big fish are practically exterminated, even if it takes several years to accomplish it. In the end it will be far more satisfactory than to introduce black bass to kill the pike, and if the netting is persisted in, trout waters infested with pike may again become trout waters. It has been and is done on the other side, where they apparently have more time to do the work thoroughly than we have, but there is no good reason why, when a water is invaded by undesirable fish, other undesirable fish should be planted as a remedy. Recently I went to examine a beautiful trout lake, that is, it was once a trout lake, that has had planted in it pike and black bass. The fish were dwarfed and of no account as food and furnished no sport, and the owner wished something done to make his water of value. I urged him to take out the fish now in it by persistent netting, and to introduce yearling or older brown trout, and this he will do. There are two other private ponds where a somewhat similar condition exists, and the owners will try the taking out of fish rather than the putting in to improve the fishing.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Plenty Pickerel.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 17.—Fox Lake, Wisconsin, seems to be about the pickereliest of all pickerely places, to say nothing of its black bass. I have heard a good deal from this fishing water this season, and if this sort of thing keeps up it will need looking into. On Wednesday of this week Mr. Frank Brice, of Milwaukee, Wis. caught fifty-five pickerel, fishing about half the day, casting with spoon bait. His average was around 3lbs. to the fish, and 7lbs. was the biggest taken. Incidentally he took five black bass.

The editor of the Fox Lake Representative, Mr. Hotchkiss, sends me the above information, and prints also other spoon hook performances on this fortunate water. It seems that Ed. Corcoran once took ninety-six pickerel there by trolling in one forenoon, and Chas. Adams is credited with 126 pickerel in one day. This would appear to be doing a great deal toward the laudable act of cleaning out these smiling savages, though personally I should hate to have to eat 126 pickerel in 126 days.

It was at this place, Fox Lake, that an incident is recorded as odd in piscatorial matters. Going down a little creek, two gentlemen of that neighborhood, Dr. Hitchcock and Wm. Mahoney, were much surprised to see a small pickerel jump into the boat, scaring their dog pale in the face as it struck him. This sort of thing is not at all without precedent, and I have had it happen twice in the same day in a narrow ditch on the marsh of the old Cumberland Club, in Indiana. When a pickerel gets scared he is the biggest fool fish ever was, though not any worse than the black bass, which will also jump in the same way when frightened, and has very often been known to spring into a boat. I narrated, some years ago, how this habit of the bass is sometimes utilized by fishermen, who stir up the fish along shore at night with poles, causing them to jump into the boat in their confusion. I have seen over half a wash tub of bass which were taken in this way on the Fox River in one night. This I state, not with the wish to make Dr. Hitchcock and Mr. Mahoney ashamed of their one little lonesome pickerel, but to show them that they may be able to take advantage of the jumping habits of that fish at a later time, and perhaps catch themselves a wash tub quite full. It ain't much use coming into this office with a story about one little pickerel though, unless it had wings, or something of that sort.

Taking out the Carp.

Some years ago the park commissioners of Jackson Park, this city, planted a number of nice, fat carp with great care and firmness in the lagoon of that beautiful park, where it was hoped they would prove a means of beautifying the landscape and educating the masses, who might at later days stand on the bridges and watch their rooting mud. The carp have more than done their part of the contract, and now the ungrateful commissioners have given a contract to Fish Warden Deputy Goetter to get the carp out of there at any cost, before they eat up the marble statues and the lake front. All the other fishes are reported to have gone to a better land since the simple and energetic carp came in.

Tarpon Club, of Texas.

The latest advice from Rockport, in regard to the location of the palatial club house of the Tarpon Club, of Texas, is that the building will go up on St. Joseph Island, right at hand to the pass where the fishing is to be had. This is a rather sandy site, but it is cool, and well above the water, and is a spot with all the charm of the sea about it, for the rollers of the Gulf will come in at the foot of the beach. This is a sporting project which will make a lot of history in the near future. I presume the members of this club are to be near the finest tarpon fishing of the world.

The "Fluttering Fly."

Here is an interesting letter of inquiry from Mr. L. Fisher, of Allentown, Pa., about the "new method" of fly-casting, of which I wrote last May. Mr. Fisher says:

"With the exception of few years I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, beginning when it was a small paper started with the Parker Bros., and drifting into the FOREST AND STREAM, if I remember correctly, I saw your article in FOREST AND STREAM, and I must say I was completely dumbfounded, because I was a crank on small flies and long and light casting, but you put the idea so strong I did not know where I was at, and I must confess I am somewhat converted, if I am able to put it into practice.

"The place I fish is two streams, one is a hard, stony bottom, with rapids, with large rocks, a good many exposed ones, with but few logs in the water, 2 to 6ft. deep. The other one is still water from 3 to 10ft. deep, and must be fished from boat, and has some large trout in (if you can catch them), and I should think the rapid one would be more suitable for your style of fishing than the still waters.

"I wish you would give me the names of the best flies and the size of hooks to use. One fly would be best I think. I use one and never more than two flies on a cast on a 6ft. leader, and 3ft. with bait. Are winged flies better than hackles? You must understand by not fishing in ten years I must learn it over again, and in that time many changes are made. Where do you get your flies from?

"In another article I notice you have found a perfect fly dope for mosquitoes. I am perfectly eaten up with them and have used every lotion and ointment on the market, but received very little good from any. Would you give me the recipe for the one you use? If you will be kind enough to answer the above, you will greatly oblige a brother fisherman."

Mr. Fisher has by this time, no doubt, read the article of Mr. Edward Taylor in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 3, in which the latter describes his experience in the Rocky Mountains, using just the system of which Mr. Fisher wishes to learn more. As it was Mr. Taylor who was the discoverer of this way of fly-casting, and as he is the only man I ever saw use it except myself, after he had showed me how, I will let him speak for the method himself, which he does explicitly enough. As to the leader, I would say, make it short, 5ft. or even 4ft. will kill trout and big ones. The winged flies are best for a steady thing, I should think, though a hackle sometimes raises a good fish. One thing should be observed, and that is that nearly all trout flies are tied with about as much wing on them as they ought to have. The feather wets down some, but even so, the big stiff feathers do not look like the wings of a drowned or drowning fly. Trim off the wings so they are thin and neat. In size it all depends on how big a big trout is where you are fishing. I should think No. 8 about right at a guess, though No. 10 is usually nearer the thing on most streams.

As to the fly dope, it is all right, but I cannot give the formula, as it is not mine. Col. E. Crofton Fox, the inventor of this fly dope, is not making it for money, but will, I think, send the address of the druggist who puts it up for him. His address is Grand Rapids, Mich., and he is a nice man.

As to the sort of flies to use in trout fishing, I really can't afford to write all that could be said on that subject, not for the salary I get. It would fill a book. In a general way, a fly with a brown wing, a fly with a black wing, and a fly with a white wing may be said to be good enough to take fish if they want to be taken. The coachman is my favorite for all-round fishing. The black gnat is good sometimes. The brown hackle is another safe one to tie to. On some Wisconsin streams the Reub. Wood is a hot favorite, but in Michigan south peninsula it isn't worth a cent. In the latter country the Montreal is sometimes the only thing, and in Wisconsin the Montreal isn't worth a cent. So it goes. Get a coachman, get a professor, get a brown hackle, get any brown-winged fly with a peacock hurl or a dirty yellow body—say the cowdung fly—and I should say you would not need feel badly equipped, even if the trout didn't rise.

Bullheads at Beaver Dam.

A few years ago, about three years I think it was, I remember seeing the statement that the ice had frozen to the ground in Beaver Dam Lake, Wisconsin, and that though it was against the law, the residents of that community wanted to go to work at once and cut, hack, slash, net, spear and otherwise get rid of all the bullheads in that water right away, because if they didn't there would be a pestilence next spring when the ice went away and the dead fish were left along the shore. At the time I mildly suggested that the bullheads ought to be consulted about that a little, and that it might be well to risk them in the lakes as well as in the wagons. I don't know what effect my valuable advice had on the community, but last winter there were forty-three tons of dressed bullheads shipped by express out of Beaver Dam alone, so I think some of them must have survived the freeze. But now comes the fish warden, and points out that it is unlawful to ship these fish, and says it must be stopped. Again arises the cry—which I would not for the world suggest comes from the men who have made a business of shipping these fish—that the bullheads, if not at once caught, skinned and shipped in marketable form, will breed a pestilence, etc. Yet I do not hear any news to lead to the belief that Beaver Dam is unhealthy, for to the contrary some very fine looking people live there. As to the quality of the Beaver Dam bullhead, it is above reproach.

Nature Got There First.

At the fish hatchery at Ukiah, Cal., an odd thing came out this summer in the trout hatching, which has puzzled some of the experts. A lot of trout eggs came in from Lake Tahoe, and in the course of hatching out there appeared among the products of these eggs some eighty-odd strange fish, a pale lemon colored fish fringed with black, with a pink line alongside, and a bright metallic luster in general coloration. The authorities were unable to name these fish, and are holding them in a separate apartment, hoping that they will either turn into regulation trout or get themselves classified as they belong. It would appear that nature has gotten in another of her mystifying ways, and has not consulted the authorities about it at all. Is it possible that we are to have a few specialties to add to the fantail deer and the horn snake? The fantail deer I take to be now scientifically admitted, not only as a possibility, but as a fact, and I lay much unction to my own soul that I was ahead of the scientist on that, and guessed correctly that the old hunters were correct in claiming that there was such an animal. As to these trout, it is as well to be meek, for not even an old hunter has as yet appeared who ever saw anything like them. I allow that science is a plenty good thing to have, but I recollect that they used to think it was wrong to play an organ in our church, and now they play a horn.

Return of the Elevator Boy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10.—I have earlier mentioned the elevator boy of this building, who sometimes used to come to ask where he should go fishing or shooting, and whom I always liked, because of his frank manliness. Perhaps I have said that he was a member of the First Regiment, Illinois Infantry, and that he went to the front with his regiment. First I heard that he was a corporal, and then I heard of him at Santiago. This morning my elevator boy, a bit thin and very brown, stepped off the long train which brought back the First Regiment, or what is left of it, to Chicago. He is a boy no longer, but almost a man in years, and more than that a man in experience. When he takes his place again at the throttle of our elevator, I shall surely take off my hat when I take my first ride with him. He was a sportsman to the best of his ability, and he is a soldier to the best of his ability, and I do not think that folks like us, who stayed at home, are quite as good as the boys who dropped their elevators and just went. To be sure, a good many of us felt that if we let go of the lever the world would not run just right. We had reasons, pretty good reasons sometimes, or pretty good excuses, for not going to the front. We had families, or



LEAPING LANDLOCKED SALMON.

Photo by Walter H. Blethen.

corns, or something valid. But my elevator boy, who didn't get away from his lever more than two weeks in the year, and who couldn't have nearly all the fun there was in the world, and not quite all the money, why, he just passed by the excuses, or reasons, and went! I still think I could lick this boy, or perhaps outrun him if chased, but now I think he is a more useful sort of citizen than, for instance, I am myself, and I shall lend him anything he wants the next time he wants to go shooting, and shall give him his title when I meet him in the morning.

Biting.

This week the bass are biting in great shape, but no one seems to care much for fishing during the shooting season, which is now under full swing all over the West. The weather has been glorious for some days. The fall season of the 'lunge and pike is on, and it will pay a man who had poor fun in July to try the same waters now.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Leaping Landlocked Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a photograph of a leaping salmon, thinking that you will like to reproduce it for the FOREST AND STREAM. It is a genuine instantaneous picture of a landlocked salmon ascending Cowyard Falls, Lake Onawa Stream. The fish is about a 4-pounder, taken last July at about medium low water. The water makes a fall of about 12ft. at that point. The falls are a short distance above Sebec Lake. This lake system is a natural one for landlocked salmon, the fish having been found there from time immemorial. There are two lakes or more below the falls of the picture, and nine or ten lakes and ponds above; all naturally stocked with landlocked salmon. The salmon formerly ran small, the same as at the Skoodic waters, but restocking has been done with fry from Sebago Lake, and since much larger salmon are taken every season. The salmon begin leaping at the falls early in July.

The picture is by the courtesy of Walter H. Blethen, of the Blethen House, Dover, Me. My friend, R. P. Woodman, heard of the picture when on his spring fishing trip to Sebec Lake, and told me about it. I asked him to get it, for I thought that you would like to reproduce it.

SPECIAL.

Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—The rod and reel sportsmen are returning, and the season of 1898 is about over. Mr. J. H. Jones is back from his fishing trip. Making Buckfield, Me., his starting point, he fished the streams in that town, Sumner and Woodstock. He caught lots of rather small trout. The brooks in that section are excessively fished. He looked carefully for partridges, and in a good partridge section, where only a few years ago it was easy to shoot half a dozen from a wagon driven over a lonely road from Sumner to Woodstock, he did not see a single bird. He also carefully questioned the boys at the village, and became satisfied that they did not know of any partridges. But deer are positively plenty in that section. He saw deer paths in almost every direction, and actually stumbled on to a moose up between the Woodstock Mountains. A. M. Benson, of Dorchester, has returned from a successful fishing trip to the Rangeley waters. L. O. Crane, of Boston, could not get in at the Upper Dam camps after all; found too many sportsmen there waiting for the big trout to rise for any more to be accommodated. He pushed on through the Seven Pond region to Round Mountain. Henry Russell and Mrs. Russell, of Cambridge, have returned from the Rangeleys, where they had their usual good success. Harry Dutton has returned from his camps at Pleasant Island. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth is reported to have landed a trout of 4½lbs. at the Upper Dam. Mr. Geo. L. Osgood and E. D. Cummings, of Brookline, have returned from a Rangeley fishing trip.

Mr. C. A. Brown brings up another good fishing story from Monomoy or Chatham, though not equal to the bluefishing episode published in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. A party were fishing off the Chatham Bars the other day, when Brown caught an enormous goosefish, which greatly interested everybody. It was a monster, with a mouth nearly as big as a man's hat, and this raised the suggestion as to what the fish could swallow. Capt. Harrington, in charge of the boat, volunteered a goosefish story. When he was a boy he was scouring the beach in that section with his father. They came across an enormous stranded goosefish, and inside of it a handsome pair of black ducks, that the fish had evidently swallowed that morning. The Captain's theory was that the fish in swallowing the ducks had taken in so much air as to cause him to float belly up, and be stranded by the receding tide. All hands laughed at this story, of course, but Capt. Harrington persisted, and in proof declared: "To tell the honest truth, we had those black ducks for dinner." Later some one caught a toadfish, and the little fellow, when turned over, showed an immensely warty belly. When gently tickled with a straw, it would swell almost to bursting and then belch the air with a grunt. This greatly amused pork packer Plankinton, of Chicago, who was on board. Ten or twelve squeteague were also taken on the trip, with several plaice. Agent W. A. Wilcox, of the U. S. Fisheries Commission, tells me that he remembers when Prof. Baird first brought these plaice over from Europe, and liberated them on our coast. Now they are very frequently taken at Chatham and Monomoy.

The Massachusetts State police patrol boat Lexington is finished, and went into commission to-day. She was designed by Wm. E. Waterhouse; is 122ft. long, and mounts a 1lb. rapid fire gun on her upper deck. Commanded by Capt. Proctor, a lover of gun and line sport, she is designed to be a terror to fish and game poachers all along the shore. She will spend a good deal of time in and about Buzzard's Bay. She made a trip on Thursday as far as Cape Ann, with Contractor Storey and others interested in her construction, and Mr. John Fottler, and a number of ladies on board. She is pronounced a swift, beautiful boat for the purpose intended.

SPECIAL.

A New Hampshire Outing.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have added to the list of "Men I Have Fished With." It came about this way: The 12th of August found me at the hospitable home of the Hon. N. R. Perkins, at Jefferson, N. H., where I was, as usual, cordially welcomed. His son Manasseh, with whom I had passed many happy days on the streams and in the woods of Coos county, informed me that there was a gentleman stopping at the Waumbek who was desirous of getting into the woods for a few days, and incidentally getting some trout fishing, and if I would take him up to John Chandler's in Dummer, it might prove agreeable for both of us. Of course, I fell in with the suggestion, and the next day I was introduced to Mr. H. Bramhall Gilbert, a well-known business man of New York. We seemed to get together at once, and the arrangements were soon made for the trip, and three days later we were off for the north country behind a spanking pair of cobs, hitched to a light top buggy, into which our duffle was snugly stowed. The day was a delightful one for driving, cool and comfortable, and a three hours' drive brought us to the bustling little city of Berlin, where we stopped for a good dinner at the Berlin House, kept by my old friend Marston, who, by the way, is mayor of the city. After dinner the cobs were on their mettle and we bowled along the excellent road at a good gait, and in a couple of hours pulled up in Chandler's door yard. John soon came up from the river, where he had been tinkering one of his boats, and gave us a cordial welcome, as did all connected with the establishment. I had told Mr. Gilbert some of John's peculiarities, and prepared him for the usual chaffing which John and I generally indulged in. I said to John that I had understood there were some good stopping places a few miles further on where sportsmen were well treated, etc., and he said there were such places, and that the roads were good and lay straight ahead. But he knew as well as we that our stopping place was there, and we were soon unloaded and provided for. Now as to the fishing, and it was soon decided that Hillsfield Pond was our best chance. I had been there before, and was satisfied that if we couldn't get trout there we couldn't get them anywhere. But we were sorry to learn that a business en-

gagement for the next day would prevent John going in with us, for I had learned by experience that he was an excellent man to have around a camp in the woods. I also learned that a new trail had been made to the pond since I was last there, which lessened the walk by a mile and a half.

After breakfast the next morning John drove us five miles on the road to Errol Dam, from which the new trail to the pond started. John provided two men, Jim Griffin and Bob Hilliard, to carry the duffle, and with a parting salute from John we started on the four-mile tramp. The walking for the most part was good, and in less than two hours we were at the new log camp, which we found spacious and comfortable. We did not lose much time in putting up our rods and taking to the boats, as the trout were breaking the surface in all directions. Bob guided the boat for Mr. Gilbert, while I pulled out alone, and let the craft drift at her own sweet will. But we soon discovered that the trout were doing anything but feeding; they were simply playing, as it were. Occasionally one would take the fly, but the occasions were rare. But I soon found that it was not all of fishing to fish, so after a while I sat in my boat and watched Mr. Gilbert cast. I had an idea that I could cast fairly well, but that day I learned more about fly-casting than I ever knew before. Mr. Gilbert's work with his extremely light rod was something wonderful, and I watched it with some little envy and a great deal of delight. Meanwhile Griffin was preparing dinner of good things, which Mrs. Chandler had put into the pack, and when we were called in we had only half a dozen trout. But Mr. Gilbert declared he had had lots of fun, and I was not far behind. In the afternoon and the next morning they were jumping as before, but our flies were not what they were looking for. In all we got about twenty, and we took them with us in good shape. The fourth day saw us in Jefferson, and although I was greatly disappointed in the fishing I recognized the correctness of Mr. Gilbert's remark, that it wasn't the first time he had been served so. To conclude, we had a very delightful trip, pleasant weather, and I count myself fortunate in making the acquaintance and enjoying the companionship of so thorough a gentleman and sportsman as H. Bramhall Gilbert. WILLIAM B. SMART.

No More Trout.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Mr. B. S. Smith is one of the oldest fishermen and gunners in this part of the State, and is entirely familiar with the conditions. He says the cutting off of timber is ruining all sorts of sport. The old trout brooks in the Walkill Valley have either dried up or become the home of carp, and trout have almost entirely disappeared. Mr. Smith has traded his trouting outfit for ammunition, but the cutting off of the timber is now driving game away. In one spot famous for woodcock a portable sawmill has driven all the game away. The only hope for sportsmen is the abandonment of the farms, which is rapidly taking place, owing to the low price of milk and other farm produce. There are thousands of acres in Orange county which have been cleared and cultivated, but now growing up with brush, which must eventually become forests. In time these trees may restore the water to the brooks, but it will probably take a century to do it. In the meantime sportsmen must go into remote sections far from the ordinary haunts of men if they would catch trout or shoot game. G.

Bluefish and Birds at Chatham.

CHATHAM, Mass., Sept. 14.—This season has been a record-breaker here, both in regard to a remarkable run of bluefish on the 4th inst. and a flight of beetlehead (black-breasted plover) on the 12th.

The bluefishing was described in FOREST AND STREAM of this week. The 12th was the largest plover day ever known here. Forty-four were killed, and thirty other large birds, making the total score for the day seventy-four, of which fifty-three were brought in by four gunners, there being eleven out. Sully Cochrane, of Boston, killed twenty-nine large birds, as follows: Nine beetleheads, six winters, two godwits, four red breasts, five chickens, one summer and two grass birds, besides a large string of sanderlings. Other large strings were those of John and Hoods Plankinton, of Milwaukee—thirteen—and R. P. Barry, Jr., of Melrose, and F. W. Ramseyer, of Hyde Park—fifteen—the larger part of these strings being beetleheads. This score would have been doubled had the flight arrived on a high course of tides; as it was, the tide did not come within 100yds of any box. BUMBLE-BEE.

Plankton.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Standard Dictionary has this word and defines it as follows: "Plankton, *n. Zool.* Pelagic animals collectively: distinguished from coast or bottom forms. Gr. *planktos*, wandering [*plazo*, wander]." Prof. Reigard's use of the word in the reports of the Michigan Fish Commission and the American Fisheries Society, for the past few years, includes minute vegetation as well as animal life, and all small life on which young fishes may feed in the first few days of their existence.

KEGO-E-KAY.

The Irish Setter Club Prizes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 15.—In order to avoid any misunderstanding, the total amount of prize money offered by the Irish Setter Club of America is $60. Any surplus remaining, should the whole $60 not be awarded, is to be devoted to paying $10 for each Irish setter running until such surplus is exhausted.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Mr. T. Morgan, of St. Louis, has sold to President Dias, of Mexico, the pointer dog McKinley, out of Lass of Hessen, by Keswick's Tip. This would naturally lead one to infer that Mexico's chief executive is somewhat of a sportsman himself. PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 14-15.—Braintree, Mass.—N. E. K. C. open air show. Address Secretary Open Air Show, Braintree, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

His First and Last Coon Hunt.

"HELLO, Tom! Don't you want to go out with the Ketch'em Koon Klub to-night? We've got a new dog down from Maine, and want to try him."

The red-faced, portly man, seated at a roll-top desk, to whom the question was addressed, wheeled around quickly in his revolving chair and glared at his questioner, who had dropped familiarly into a chair. There was silence for a moment, and then the portly man broke out:

"Naw, I don't want to go out with the Ketch'em Koon Klub to-night."

Then he wheeled back to the desk, picked up a pen and began to write savagely. Evidently the portly man thought the interview was at an end, but the young fellow in the chair only looked amused. Presently the pen was thrown into the back of the desk with a rattle and the portly man's chair squeaked as he wheeled about again.

"I went on one coon hunt," he blurted out. "I know what they're like. I'm one of those fellows that believe if a man's bamboozled once he's unfortunate, but if he's caught the second time on the same thing he's a blamed fool. That's my style. Hold on there! You needn't tell me any of those stories about the beauties of the trackless forest at night, with its strange sounds and mysterious shadows; or the silvery moonlight hiding imperfections on hill and vale, and dancing on the lake; or the excitement of the chase; or the noble hound whose voice is music to your ears. I've heard it all, and for just once I yielded to the tempter, but only once—thank the Lord!

"But I was younger then, and I dunno but that had something to do with it. At any rate, I hope I didn't make such a blamed fool of myself with full possession of my faculties. It was soon after I was married, perhaps that's the reason; but no matter about that. I was up in Vermont with my wife one fall, enjoying the mountain air and good, plain living at a comfortable farmhouse. Stopping at the same place was a party of hunters from Boston, and would you believe it, there was a girl in the crowd that put on a short skirt, toted a gun and hunted with her dad and her feller, who made up the party. Well, those people didn't do anything but hunt. It was foxes in the morning and birds in the afternoon; or squirrels in the morning and rabbits in the afternoon. There wa'n't no such thing as rest, and when night came it was coons. There were guns in the corners, shells on the sideboard and hunting coats in the chairs. And it was talk on hunt, hunt, hunt, until you couldn't hear anything else.

"Well, I confess that the stories that they told about coon hunting rather appealed to me. They told all about its beauties and so forth. How easy it was just to go out and stand around till a coon was treed, and then to go over and cut the tree down and see the dogs tackle him, until I thought it'd be fun.

"Those Boston people used to hire a man to come over regularly every good night with his dog, but that fall the man had been entertaining a city friend, and it had been too much for him, so he didn't show up for several days. But one fine night he came with his friend and his dog just as we were getting ready to play whist. There was a scramble, and before I thought much about it my wife and I were getting ready too. They insisted on her going because the Boston girl and the farmer's daughter wanted to go, and they said my wife could be chaperon. Well, pretty soon we started. There was Hake Smith, he owned the dog, and his city friend. Hake, at the head of the line, carried a lantern, and his friend lugged a jag with considerable difficulty. Then there was the man from Boston, my wife and the farmer's son, who carried an axe; the farmer's daughter and I, then the Boston girl and her feller, and down at the end of the line the farmer, carrying another lantern. And then there was the dog, an uneasy little cuss that swished up and down the line looking us all over. It was a beautiful night, one of those gems that you find late in October. The great full moon shed its mysterious light generously, the air, though cool, was free from dampness and invigorating. Just for a few moments I almost enjoyed myself, everybody else seemed to; but just ahead of me was the farmer's son hanging on to my wife's arm like a barnacle to a ship. I didn't like it. To be sure I had the farmer's daughter, a plump, buxom lassie, and she held on to me in a clinging way that would have been very pleasant if my wife'd been home and abed. But it couldn't be helped, and I plugged along and pretended to be as happy as everybody else.

"We trudged up a hill, turned into a mowing and made our way across it to a cornfield, where we gathered beside a shock and waited while Hake put in the dog. The minutes dragged on, but no sound broke the stillness. After a time that pesky dog came up waggin' his tail just as if he'd treed a whole family of coons.

"'Funny,' muttered Hake, 'this is ther fust time t'I ever put in hyar 'thout startin' 'un.'

"Then we formed in line again and started down the hill, I with the farmer's daughter and my wife with the farmer's son. Before we'd gone many steps, Hake missed his friend and asked us to wait while he went back to hunt him up. He found him asleep on a corn shock, and tried to get him up, but the tramp had been too much for him. So he covered him up as best he could, came down to us, and we started again.

"Then, I suppose, was the real beginning of the hunt. First we had to crawl over a rail fence that was grown up with thistles on one side and blackberry bushes on the other. The farmer's son cut a path very carefully for my wife. Then for half a mile we slipped on rocks and tripped over vines as we made our way down hill through a pasture. Then we crossed another stone wall fortified with birches, and a few minutes later were in a swamp. It was blacker than a raven's wing, for no moonlight found its way through the pine boughs overhead. As we pushed along leafless twigs slapped us in the face, and pine hemlock boughs jabbed at our eyes, or brushed our hats off. Every third step we slipped from a bog into the muck, anywhere from ankle to knee deep. The lanterns at either end of the line were of little use. Everybody laughed and thought it awfully funny. Hugh! The farmer's daughter clung to my arm more affectionately. I knew my wife was doing the same thing with the farmer's son. I began to get fierce, but I managed to keep quiet. Just back of me the Boston girl and her feller were cooing away like doves, and talking about love and war. The further we went the worse the traveling got. Then muck became water, which splashed when we stepped in it. After a time Hake called out:

"'I say, Aub (that was the farmer), guess we're lost, ain't we? Tho't thar wuz an old loggin' rud hyar, but don't seem ter find it.'

"Then the farmer came panting and puffing up from the rear, exclaiming:

"'You danged idiot! You bin huntin' all this time fur thet rud? It's off tew ther right half a mile or mo'.'

"'G'ess not, Aub,' was the slow reply, 'must be pretty close to hyar. Bin thro' this swamp number times and kinder kalculate I know't a trifle.'

"And then Ross (that was the farmer's son) broke out:

"'Did you say north, dad? Wall, 'tain't. It's 'bout ten rods to ther south, or I'll chop ther winter's wood fur ther fun on't.'

"Then the young feller from Boston managed to leave his girl long enough to express his opinions, but as long as he'd never been in the woods before they didn't count for much. There was a gradual gathering together, and after a little council of war Hake and Aub and Ross decided to circle in different directions until they found the road. The rest of us camped down on stumps, rocks and other dry places, while they went crashing off, hallooing every little while to get their bearings.

"Pleasant, wa'n't it? Coon huntin' you call it, do you? Yes, and mind you, all this while not so much as even a whine from that lazy pup.

"Well, they found the old road after a while, and the rest of the way was easy. A little while later we got into a little clearing on a hillside. In the meantime the sky had clouded. Aub started to build a fire so we might dry and warm ourselves a bit, but the young feller from Boston thought it'd frighten the coons, and so he gave it up.

"Hake couldn't stand that, and he remarked dryly, as he stamped his feet:

"'Don't 'spose they c'u'd take thar tracks with 'em if it did, der you, Aub?'

"Then that pup, dirty and wet, came trotting up, waggin' his tail in the same old way. I tell you it was disgustin'.

"Pretty soon Hake said he knew of a swamp where he always 'got 'em goin'.' I told him he meant 'another' swamp, but he didn't mind, and on we started again. When we arrived at the place we decided to let Hake go in with the dog, saying we'd wait until he got 'em treed before we went in. Then all of a sudden it suggested itself to Hake that he could send the dog in and we could follow around the edge. I wondered why he hadn't thought of that before. We waited from time to time, as we proceeded, while the dog skirmished about, but it was the same old story. A regular coon hunt!

"Pretty soon we came to some scrawny apple trees, tried to eat the apples we found on the ground, and felt sorry afterward. Hake picked up one and showed us where a deer had bitten into it—that very night, he thought. Then the dog came trotting up with the same disgustin' wag of his tail. Then it began to sprinkle, and for a wonder somebody had sense enough to know that it was proper to go in when it rained. As we started up the hill, the drops became bigger, and before we'd gone 50yds. it was pouring. That was something we hadn't figured on. It wasn't long before it began to come through to the skin, and all the while Aub and Hake were trying to decide whether we were six or eight miles from home. We plugged along in silence. No one seemed to be particularly happy, and that fact consoled me a little. In the course of half an hour we struck a road, and the remaining distance was finally covered. There was a bright light in the window of the farmhouse, shining out into the mist. As we stepped inside, logs were crackling in the fireplace and an odor of coffee floated to our nostrils. The high clock in the hall was about to strike one.

"Everybody hurried to get on dry clothes, for the farmer's wife said a lunch was waiting. I grumbled away at my wife and tried to make her think she'd die of pneumonia if she didn't take a dose of hot whisky and go to bed, but she only laughed at me and said she felt like a lark.

"Not daring to do anything else, I went downstairs with the rest. The fireplace did look rather cozy, and the coffee and lunch tasted mighty good, but, will you believe it, that whole crowd of galoots sat about till nearly 3 o'clock chatting like magpies, going over the whole trip again and again, stopping every now and then to jump up and down and exclaim:

"'Wasn't it too jolly for anything?'"

The red-faced, portly man wheeled back to his desk and exclaimed, as he picked up his pen:

"Get out of here, Sam, and don't ever say coon hunt to me again."

A moment later the door closed softly, and there was a queer smile on the face of the chap who made his way downstairs to the street. HERBERT L. JILLSON.

The Manitoba Field Trials.

The All-Age Stake.

THERE were nine starters in this stake, and they were run as follows:

W. F. Ellis' b. b. English setter bitch Maid of the Morn (Vallette—Cam Sing), owner, handler, with W. C. Lee's liv. and w. English setter dog Duke's Rush (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

Chimo Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter bitch Ortolan (Orlando—Atalanta), C. Archibald, handler, with W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. English setter dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

John Wootton's b. and w. English setter dog Ben Bondhu (Dick Bondhu—Maud á Rose), owner, handler, with E. Hamber's b. and w. pointer dog Mac Hamber (Croxteth's Ned—Miama), owner, handler.

Thos. Johnson's b. and w. setter bitch Nellie (Ponto—Bess), A. C. Reid, handler, with E. J. Bennet's b. and w. pointer bitch Tannis (Rector—Miama), owner, handler.

R. McLennan's b. setter bitch Sut (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), a bye, Thomas Johnson, handler.

First Round.

The Derby, a report of which was published in our last issue, was finished on Thursday forenoon; in the afternoon the all-age stake was begun.

Maid of the Morn and Duke's Rush began the competition at 2:09. Maid ranged over a deal of ground without much success. She flushed and chased a chicken. Her range, though wide, was irregular. She worked out large areas and left large areas untouched. Rush was a steady worker. He covered a good scope of ground and beat it out with better judgment than did his competitor. They were down fifty-five minutes.

Ortolan and Columbus began at 3:08. The former had made a very strong race for the championship honors on chickens last year, and much was therefore expected of her this year. On a bevy Ortolan made a very imperfect piece of work, she seemingly being too impatient to work out the details. She pointed and moved off instantly after her handler failed to find. Columbus backed well, and moving on when Ortolan gave up her point, he flushed a point on singles, Columbus marring his by a flush. Ortolan was fast and wide in her range, but left vast stretches entirely untouched. Columbus has a middling range, and keeps going at a good rate of speed, although he is not notably fast. He showed good skill in locating and pointing. Up at 3:54.

Ben Bondhu and Mac Hamber were started at 4:00, and ran forty-six minutes. Mac ranged in an intelligent, useful manner, and showed a most commendable knowledge of field work and work to the gun, and in pleasing obedience to his handler. He made one good point and two excusable flushes, but he showed very high class capabilities in every way. Ben made a very inferior competition in every way; indeed, it would be only by courtesy that it could be considered competition, for he was at heel most of the time, and when he was not at heel he was very incompetent.

Nellie and Tannis began at 4:47, and ran thirty-nine minutes. Tannis added to her good reputation by her good showing. Nellie is a diligent worker and steady and reliable to the gun in her work on birds, though in this respect both worked well.

Sut ran a bye with the celebrated pointer Alberta Joe. She did some work which was rather faulty, though plainly she intended to work without error, one of her faults being an inclination to draw too closely on her birds. The heat lasted about thirty-eight minutes, and was the last work of the day.

Friday, Last Day, Sept. 9.

A gentle breeze blew all day. The morning air was a bit sharp from the frost of the night, and the conditions seemed to be the best that could be desired for good work.

Second Round.

Ortolan and Duke's Rush began at 8:08 and ran till 8:44. Ortolan was working in much better form, steadying down to more systematic work and making a fine exhibition of good chicken hunting. She took her casts with rare judgment, and her locating and pointing were of a high degree of merit. Duke made a fairly good showing, but was entirely outclassed by Ortolan.

Maid of the Morn and Nellie started at 8:48, and ran twenty minutes. Maid was fast and ranged wide, but she seemed to be impatient in her locating, leaving the scent before she had determined properly the whereabouts of the birds, as she did on the bevy found. On some remaining birds both failed to find.

Mac Hamber and Tannis started at 9:09, and they ran fifty-four minutes. Some of the keen edge was gone from both dogs, neither working up to his and her prior performances. Mac made a flush on a bevy and afterward made a good point on a single.

Columbus and Duke's Rush started at 10:12 and ran twenty-six minutes. Columbus flushed a bevy. Both failed to find any of the marked birds, though they worked in places where the birds were afterward flushed by wagons.

Third Round.

Mac Hamber and Ortolan were started at 10:43, and ran thirty-seven minutes. Ortolan went out of bounds at times. She flushed a bevy, and next she made a point on a bevy a long distance away from the wagons, on a back field.

This heat ended the stake. Ortolan won first, second went to Mac Hamber, third was divided between Tannis and Nellie.

The Amateur Stake.

Most of the dogs in this stake had already run in the other events, so that there was very little of novelty in this competition, save that the handling was to be different. There were seven starters drawn as follows:

E. J. Bennet's b. and w. pointer bitch Tannis (Hector—Miami) with W. F. Ellis' b., w. and t. English setter dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

W. F. Ellis' b. b. English setter bitch Maid of the Morn (Val Lit—Cam Sing) with Prince Rupert (Larry Noble—Atalanta).

John Wootton's b. and w. English setter bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), with Winnipeg Kennels' liv. and w. dog Duke's Rush (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing).

W. F. Ellis' b. and w. English setter bitch Silver Lace (Val Lit—Cam Sing), a bye.

First Round.

Tannis and Columbus opened the competition in this stake. Soon after starting Columbus flushed a bevy in a very awkward manner. Silver Lace, the bye dog, was substituted for Columbus, at the request of Mr. Ellis, as time would be saved by this course, in view of the fact that Columbus had little chance to win. Lace also seemed to feel lawless, for she flushed and chased grievously, and also was taken up on request of Mr. Ellis. Tannis was keeping diligently at work, though she found no birds.

Maid of the Morn and Prince Rupert started at 3:01 and ran forty-five minutes. Maid's unsteadiness was a grave fault against her. She spoiled what was really good work by flushing and chasing and disobedience. Prince made a common kind of a point on one bird.

Bonnie Lit and Duke's Rush started at 3:45; down forty-five minutes. Lit made a good point on a bevy, Duke at the same time working on the foot scent a few yards away.

Second Round.

Prince Rupert and Tannis were started at 4:35, and ran thirty minutes. The latter made a good piece of work in drawing to a bevy and pointing it, and her seeking also was of a good kind. Prince flushed a single bird.

Third Round.

Bonnie Lit and Tannis were started off after an intermission of twenty minutes, and after a short run of twelve minutes the trials ended, Tannis winning first, Bonnie Lit second, Duke's Rush third.

The well-known handler, Mr. Frank Richards, judged the trials, and gave excellent satisfaction. Birds were too scarce to give the dogs as thorough a trial as they needed for a thorough test. The grounds now are much less in area than they were, and the country about Morris so excellent at one time for field trial purposes is much less desirable, as the ground is more and more taken up for agriculture each year.

The weather was very unfavorable for the trials, and very uncomfortable for the visitors, owners and handlers. There is so much enthusiasm and energy of the right sort that there is but little doubt but what the club will keep up its field trial interests and secure grounds of the right sort.

RAT PORTAGE.

The Northwestern Club's Champion Stake.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 13.—Birds were scarce, and consequently impaired the fall success of the champion stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, inasmuch as there was a great deal of searching done which was without the results due to diligence, and there also was not the thorough definition on the competition that there is when birds are in sufficient numbers.

The trials were run yesterday near this city, in the vicinity of Silver Heights and Little Stony Mountain. There are large sections of prairie about Winnipeg which admit of riding across country in carriages, and this permitted making the trials a spectacular event. A great number of carriages followed the work, many of them the most fashionable turnouts of the city. Among the spectators were three ladies on bicycles, and Mr. R. Ross Sutherland and party; Mr. Joseph Lemon and party; Mr. and Mrs. Dr. M. C. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rolston, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wellband, Mr. Tom Montgomery and party, and Messrs. Major J. M. Taylor, W. C. Lee, Rod. McLennan, G. Soames, F. W. Sprado, Hinman, J. Baird Thomas, G. Fowler, Johnson, Harry Woods, E. Target, E. R. Collier, H. G. Spurgeon, E. Hamber, Sandy Reed, B. Gordon, F. W. Scott, Messrs. Bulman, H. A. Holman, Jas. Watts, G. B. Borradaile, Charlie Archibald, J. Gower, R. Penwarden, A. Bennett (San Francisco), H. McKittrick, H. Rashburn, and others.

The judging was done by Messrs. C. E. Buckle and Frank Richards, both well-known handlers and experienced men in the office of judge. Mr. Thomas Johnson's famous pointer Alberta Joe proved to be the winner. The trophy, commemorating the win, was a cup of rare value and workmanship, presented by the patron of the club, Mr. Edward Dexter, of Boston.

The weather was pleasant and very favorable for good work. The quality of the work, however, was of a low grade for championship performance. Following is a list of the competitors:

Mira-Mote Kennels' b. b. setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddesdale), A. Bennett, handler, with Thos. Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe), owner, handler.

E. J. Bennett's b. and w. pointer bitch Tannis (Rector—Miama), owner, handler, with E. Hamber's b. and w. pointer dog Mac Hamber (Croxteth's Ned—Miama), owner, handler.

Chimo Kennels' b. and w. setter bitch Ortolan (Orlando—Atalanta), Charles Archibald, handler, with Jubilee Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Dodo III. (Orlando—Atalanta), Geo. Borrowdale, handler.

A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Schwab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), owner, handler, with Mira-Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), A. Bennett, handler.

Lock and Alberta Joe ran about forty-two minutes, beginning at 7:36. They displayed moderate range. Joe found and pointed a bevy nicely. Lock behaved badly to the flush as he chased. Neither covered the ground with the thoroughness which was desirable.

Tannis and Mac Hamber were started at 8:23 and ran till 8:58. The work opened with a point on bevy for Tannis, to which her competitor made a prompt back. On marked birds Mac made some very slobbery work.

Ortolan and Dodo III. started at 8:59. Dodo seemed to be unfortunate, for she made game where some birds were, but failed to secure a point, and again she was about to locate when the birds flushed ahead. Ortolan secured two good points on scattered birds. They ran forty-one minutes. Dodo's range was moderate as compared to that of Ortolan.

Schwab and Dash Antonio began at 9:41, and ran till 10:26. No birds were found during the heat.

Second Round.

Schwab and Dash Antonio were started after lunch at 3:53 and ran thirty-two minutes. This was a test of ranging only, as but little work was done on birds. Dash had much the best of the heat on what qualities were tested. Dash made a point on a single bird, which was all the bird work done in the heat; Schwab backed.

Alberta Joe and Ortolan ran about forty-three minutes. Ortolan pointed a bevy and both afterward pointed at the same time; Joe on a bevy. Ortolan had much the better speed and range. Joe worked very honestly to the gun, but was lacking in uniform range and speed.

The final heat was between Dash Antonio and Alberta Joe; lasted about twenty minutes. Both dogs were running on narrower ranges. Both made a point; nothing found.

When the heat ended, the judges announced that Alberta Joe was the winner.

RAT PORTAGE.

Death of Angus Cameron.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a letter from Mrs. Cameron, Sparta, Hancock county, Georgia, informing me that her husband, Angus Cameron, who came to this country with Brailsford and Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's dogs, and was afterward employed by the Hempstead Farm, died in that city on Sept. 4. She further says that as her husband had been in no steady employment since April, 1897, what little money they had saved was gone, and she and her two children are left entirely destitute.

It has occurred to me that probably the sportsmen of this country would be inclined to assist her in returning to England, and I should feel very much obliged if you would kindly make the announcement of Cameron's death in your paper, and receive subscriptions in her behalf.

Mrs. Cameron is herself a very delicate woman, and totally unfitted for her hard work. This is a very sad case, and I am sure FOREST AND STREAM will render all the assistance it can.

JAS. MORTIMER.

Connecticut Field Trial Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 19.—There has been formed in this city an organization to advance the interests of the setter and pointer as field dogs and to show them as valuable help in securing game and as far as possible to offset or balance the injury done by the Southern trials. The following gentlemen have been made officers: E. Knight Sperry, President; John E. Bassett, Secretary, and J. B. Robertson, Treasurer. They are now arranging to run a few field trials in the first week in November. The trials will probably be held in Hampton or East Hampton, Conn. The classes will consist of the Derby and all-age stakes. Five dollars to enter and $5 to start in each class. Mr. Wallace will judge. Prizes are 50 per cent. of entrance money to first, 30 to second and 20 to third.

E. K. SPERRY.

Dogs Baying the Moon.

WHAT may be considered indirect allusions to this are not unfrequent in the classics. The howling of dogs at moonlight was referred to a visitation of Hecate or Artemis (Diana), both of whom are often identified with Selene (or Luna), the moon. We have incantations by night described; they take place by the light of a full moon, and the howling of dogs is a sign that they are successful. The second Idyl of Theocritus (about 270 B. C.) contains more than one allusion to this, and is perhaps the oldest reference extant, but is said to have been copied from a Sicilian poet, Sophron, who lived 200 years earlier. It contains such passages as: "Shine brightly, moon, for thee I will invoke, and Hecate, at whom the dogs are terrified, when she comes." And further on, having called upon Artemis by name, the lady exclaims: "There! the dogs are howling all over the town! the goddess is at the cross roads." Dogs agitated by moonlight, or howling after nightly incantations, are also mentioned in Horace and Virgil.—London Field.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 20-23.—Detroit, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League. W. H. Brwady, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-22.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's eighteenth annual tournament. J. R. Donnelly, Sec'y.

Sept. 21-23.—Omaha, Neb.—Fourth annual shoot of the Du Pont Gun Club.

Sept. 22.—Natick, Mass.—All-day tournament on grounds of Natick Gun Club; open to all. Samuel Bowker, Manager.

Sept. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Handicap, 100 targets at 1½ cents; entrance $5; Rose system; commences at 1 o'clock.

Sept. 24.—Conshohocken, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Worthington Gun Club.

Sept. 24.—Centerdale, R. I.—Target shoot under the auspices of the Centerdale Gun Club. N. F. Reiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 28.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five-bird handicap, and sweepstake shooting. Arthur Bunn, Manager.

Sept. 28-29.—Bloomfield, Ind.—Bloomfield Gun Club's target tournament.

Sept. 28-29.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 29.—West Chester, Pa.—All-day shoot of the West Chester Gun Club.

Oct. 1.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Live-bird open and challenge cup shoot of the Keystone Shooting League.

Oct. 1.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Central New Jersey League shoot.

Oct. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association; open to all.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's tournament, open to all; one day live birds. W. A. Kidd, Sec'y.

Oct. 5-6.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Tournament under the management of C. H. Miller and Lewis Melsheimer.

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona, Pa.—Tournament by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter, G. G. Zeth, Committee

Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breldenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-14.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. $100 added each day. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Rolla Heikes' tournament; one day live birds; $200 added to target events.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Thursday of this week is the day fixed for a grand tournament on the grounds of the Natick Gun Club. It is open to all. This shoot combines all the ordinary features of trap shooting competition with certain philanthropical lines of research added, and should contribute a vast fund of useful information to shooters, and preserve trap shooting from decay and death. The programme sets forth that "Our tournament held here Sept. 3 was reserved to amateurs only, solely for the purpose of ascertaining the intrinsic cause of the marked decline in the attendance of trap-shooting tournaments, and the result was looked upon by those in attendance as a successful occasion, each event having an average entry of twenty contestants. Some said it was due to the exclusion of the experts and manufacturers' agents, while others maintain the contrary. The public is anxious to know the solution of this problem. This tournament will be held for this purpose, therefore we shall leave it entirely with you to determine the true cause. The result means much for or against the furtherance of trap-shooting, as detailed reports will appear in all the leading sporting periodicals."

The annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, Harrisburg, Pa., will be held on the club grounds Sept. 28 and 29. All sweeps will be divided under the old percentage plan, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., under twelve entries; 40, 30, 20 and 10 if twelve or more. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Ammunition sent care of J. R. Conway, 7 North Fourth street, will receive prompt attention. Take street car marked W for grounds. There are ten events for the first day, 10, 15 and 20 targets, with a total entrance of $9.30. A deciding team race between the Keystone Gun Club, of Labanon, Pa., and the Chambersburg Gun Club, of Chambersburg, Pa., 10 men per team, 25 targets per man; also, 10 men per team, 10 live birds per man, will be shot. There are nine events for the second day, one at seven live birds, $5; one at ten live birds, $10, the remainder are 10, 15, and 20-target events, and one miss-and-out.

New York city has lately had the honor of entertaining a number of the Rough Riders. Among them was Mr. F. G. Wheeler, well known to those who have attended New York State tournaments in the past, as a member of the Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo. Mr. Wheeler has been in evidence for a few days, and has been greeted pleasantly at various stores on "Sporting Goods Row" during his stay here. His sunburned face, his uniform and his hat have never failed to cause passers-by to turn and look at him. That hat is something Mr. Wheeler will long cherish as a souvenir of what he went through in front of Santiago. Not that it has any bullet holes through it, but on account of the skill with which various incidents and scenes of the Rough Riders' career are burned into its surface with a sun glass by a young Louisiana Rough Rider, the artist having done his work while in the trenches before Santiago.

A grand Live-Bird Opening and Challenge Cup shoot will be held under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, on their grounds at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Oct. 1. Shooting begins at 2:30; no entries received after 3 o'clock. The first event is a 15-bird handicap, $5 entrance, high guns; also in addition $5 entrance, to be divided, class shooting; birds extra. The second event is the Keystone Shooting League Challenge Cup, open to members only. It is a 15-bird handicap, $2.50 optional sweep, this event to be shot in connection with the first event, the score to count on the cup event. The winner is subject to challenge every two weeks, and must defend or forfeit the cup. The cup season closes May 1, 1899, and the member winning the cup the greatest number of times will be the owner.

The programme of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., at Wopsononock Park, Oct. 7 and 8, has ten events at targets each day, with a 15 live-bird event, $8 entrance, on the first day. Of the total twenty events of the two days, thirteen are 10-target events, $1 entrance. There are three 15-target events, $1.50 entrance; a medal event at 25 targets, $2; one at 20 targets, $1; a championship event at 50 singles, $3.50, the latter open to residents of certain counties. All events at unknown angles. Targets 1½ cents Guns and shells shipped to Mr. U. S. Houck will be delivered on the grounds free. Altoona headquarters will be at the Brant House, one-half square east of P. R. R. depot.

A target shoot under the auspices of the Centerdale Gun Club, Centerdale, R. I., will be given on Sept. 24. There will be $15 added money. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. There are eight events, four at 15 targets, two at 20 and two at 25, with a total entrance of $9.10. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Open to all. Take Centerdale cars from Market Square, Providence. Mr. N. F. Reiner, the secretary, writes: "I hope that the shooters of New England in our near vicinity will all be present and participate with us, and I guarantee them all a pleasant time. Centerdale is situated on the outskirts of Providence, and can be easily reached by two lines of electrics."

The late Sam Turrill, of whom mention is made by Mr. Hough, in Western traps this week, was a rare type of sportsman. He was a large man of magnificent proportions and faultless symmetry, and in the field he was quite as skillful as at the traps. He used heavy guns, bored to shoot heavy loads, and the disasters which visited the ducks and chickens when he was out with his gun were consecutive. He was a wonderfully accurate steady shot, whether at the traps or in the field, and he had a sterling integrity in all his dealings in sport and business. He died of pneumonia in the early eighties, after refereeing a match in St. Louis, in very stormy, cold weather.

The Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., will give an invitation shoot on Friday of this week. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. There are twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Targets 1½ cents. Event No. 6, at 20 targets, is a Gold Dust Smokeless Powder event.

At Singac, N. J., commencing at 12 o'clock, Sept. 28, there will be a 25-live-bird handicap, 26 to 32yds., $10 entrance, birds extra. Sweeps also. Trains leave Chambers street at 10:30 and 12 o'clock for Little Falls. Take electric cars from Erie depot, at Paterson, for Singac. For further information address Mr. Arthur Bunn, Singac.

The West Chester Gun Club will hold its sixth annual all-day target shoot Sept. 29, at West Chester, Pa. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. There will be $50 in prizes and money. There are thirteen events, at 10 and 15 targets, excepting one, a merchandise event, at 25. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

The Peekskill Gun Club won The E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. cup, in the Hudson River Trap-Shooters' League series of tournaments. The ties on the King Smokeless Powder Co. medal will be shot off in the near future.

The programme of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's tournament, Newburgh, N. Y., Oct. 4-6, provides ten events alike on the first two days, three at 15 and seven at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance respectively. Total entrance per day, $18.50. There are three live-bird events on the last day, at 5, 7 and 10 birds, $5, $7.50 and $10 respectively. To the highest averages of both days on targets $50 will be divided as follows: $13, $11, $8, $7, $6, and $5. Target events under twelve entries, moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Over twelve, 40, 30, 20 and 20 per cent. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. W. A. Kid, secretary.

We made an error in our report of the Interstate Association's tournament at Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 7-8. Second general average was won by Mr. Edward Banks with a total of 309 breaks, Mr. Leroy taking third place with 306. On the second day, too, Miss Margaret Kirkwood (Miskay), won third average with just 90 per cent., Banks and Fanning being the only ones to beat her total of breaks for the 170 targets, the former by four targets, the latter by the narrow margin of one.

Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., was in New York on Tuesday of this week en route to Boston, taking a few days for recreation. Mr. North was bronzed and alert, his manner indicating that placing an astonishing number of magautraps and booming bluerocks were by no means the limits of his business capacity.

Mr. David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, writes us as follows under date of Sept. 13: "We hope to have an old-fashioned shoot on Oct. 4, 5, and 6, first two days targets and the third day pigeons. We will not deduct 10 per cent. on live birds. We will send out postals instead of programmes. Please let the world know that we are alive."

On Sept. 24 the two renowned trap shots, Messrs. Jim Elliott and Fred Gilbert, will shoot for the Dupont cup at Watson's Park, Chicago. It should be a battle of the giants indeed.

There will be a 25-target handicap cup shoot, entrance $1, Sept. 24, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J. Shooting commences at 2 o'clock.

The next shoot of the Central New Jersey League will be held at New Brunswick, Oct. 1.

Bernard Waters.

Mount Shasta Gun Club.

Shasta, Cal., Sept. 9.—The second annual tournament of the Mount Shasta Gun Club was held at Redding, Cal., on Sept. 9. There were representatives of five clubs present. The first event of the day was a 5 live-bird shoot, entrance $2.50, with thirty-one entries. Purse $50; divided into two moneys—$30 to first, $20 to second. Owing to lack of time, the ties were not shot off. The birds were very slow, many refusing to fly at all. The second event was Bluerock shoot, free for all, entrance $1. Purse $100; divided into four moneys—$50, $25, $15 and $10. There were also four merchandise prizes.

The ties for merchandise prizes were shot off, and prizes awarded as follows: Sole-leather gun case, with compliments of Clabrough & Golcher, San Francisco, M. L. Dunning, Baird. Second, hunting coat, with compliments of Kimball & Upson, San Francisco, W. H. Buscomb, Mt. Shasta Club. Third, set of cleaning implements, with compliments of E. T. Allen Co., San Francisco, J. F. Vickers, Redding. Fourth, 5lb. can U. S. Smokeless powder, with compliments of U. S. Powder Co., G. H. Lambson, Baird.

Ties for cash prizes were all divided, as there was not time to shoot them off. The third event was the team shoot—three clus participating. Purses as follows: Best team $30, second team entrance money, and to each shooter in each team making the highest score $5.

After the shooting a banquet was given at the Golden Eagle Hotel by the Mount Shasta Gun Club to the visiting clubs. The day's sport ended with a grand ball, given at Armory Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags and empty shells strung and stretched over the hall. There was a good attendance and a most enjoyable time was had by all. Not an accident occurred during the day to mar the sport.

No. 1, 5 live birds, $2.50: G. P. Grams 2, A. B. Fuller 2, J. B. Freeman 4, H. Nottleman 4, W. A. Schroter 5, John Hutchinson 2, T. D. Goodman 2, C. W. Gilmore 4, A. J. Wilson 2, Paul Benthe 2, W. L. Rase 2, Boon Epperson 2, G. H. Lambson 3, C. Wallick 3, Geo. Schiller 4, A. F. Dobrowsky 2, L. Ledgerwood 2, C. O. White 2, M. L. Dunning 3, H. Frickinger 2, J. F. Vickers 2, W. F. Lunning 2, Ed de Freese 3, W. Debois 4, F. Dobrowsky 0, Tom Martin 5, Jas. Leary 2, M. E. Dittmar 2, H. Shannon 1, W. H. Buscomb 3.

Twenty targets, $1, four moneys: John Hutchinson 9, T. D. Goodman 8, Paul Benthe 10, Willie Martin 7, J. M. Bryan 16, G. H. Lambson 10, Elbert Bass 15, A. O. White 12, A. Fuller 8, C. A. Gilson 4, Bob Freeman 15, W. F. Lunning 13, A. Wilson 13, L. Ledgerwood 11, C. Wallick 13, M. Frank 16, C. W. Gilmore 16, H. Archibault 12, W. H. Buscomb 12, W. A. Schroter 16, Geo. Dean 15, J. L. Bass 14, M. L. Dunning 13, D. Dobrowsky 15, A. F. Dobrowsky 16, H. Frickenger 13, Tom Martin 13, W. L. Rose 9, Jas. Leary 10, W. Dubois 16, H. L. Shannon 19, Boon Epperson 15, D. G. Brake 9, Geo. Gratifend 15, Ed de Freese 15, M. E. Dittmar 11, Bud Wilson 7, F. Vickers 11, G. P. Grams 14, Jas. Ellery 5, H. Nottleman 11.

Team shoot, $10, two moneys:

John Hutchinson 4, D. Goodman 3, W. L. Rose 4, J. L. Bass 5, M. L. Dunning 6, G. H. Lambson 7, C. Wallick 5, Elbert Bass 5, Tom Martin 6, H. Frickenger 5; total 50.

W. Shannon 6, A. F. Dobrowsky 4, W. A. Schroter 7, Jas. Bryan 5, Jas. Leary 6, Ed de Freese 8, M. E. Dittmar 7, Geo. Dean 7, Geo. Gratifend 4, W. A. Duois 6; total 60.

Paul Benthe 6, A. Wilson 3, Chas. Gilmore 5, Boon Epperson 7, Bob Freeman 7, A. Fuller 4, M. Frank 7, H. Nottleman 6, W. Lunning 2, H. Archambault 2; total 49.

Red Cross Handicap.

Pittsburg, Sept. 14.—The Red Cross handicap shoot under the auspices of the Greenfield Gun Club, at the grounds of the latter, up to the evening of the 13th inst. had about sixty names, and others were expected to enter to-day. Fifty per cent. of the net entrance money is to be turned over to the Red Cross auxiliary relief fund. The following are the entries up until last evening:

J. S. McIntosh, Samuel McClarren, Neville Bayley, Samuel Pickering, J. A. Davidson, C. M. Hostetter, Bernard Rafferty, W. D. Corcoran, J. W. Melhuish, B. S. Law, S. H. Vandergrift, L. A. Schmidt, J. W. Dickson, M.D., Samuel Shaner, Elmer E. Shaner, E. Reed Shaner, W. S. Randall, Bernard Waters, Edward Banks, U. M. C. Thomas, J. A. H. Dressel, W. L. Kinser, John Gelm, H. C. McCurdy, Will H. Park, H. B. Pierce, C. C. Beveridge, John B. Garden, M. M. Garland, T. McLenhan, George Cochran, J. O'H. Denny, W. A. Magee, E. O. Schuster, George E. Painter, L. B. Fleming, John C. Knode, Henry L. Born, M. S. McKennan, T. C. Evans, Thomas H. Evans, M. McNally, F. C. Percival, F. M. Kiser, James H. McQuade, Louis Lautenslager, W. S. King, John M. Walsh, Charles Peddler, Barton Grubbs, Chas. J. Clark, W. B. Taylor, J. C. Snook and C. S. Guthrie.

One dollar entrance money was paid by or for each of the above, and of this number the following sixteen shooters put in an appearance and shot; $59.97 was taken in for the Red Cross auxiliary relief fund. There was a large crowd of spectators present to witness the shooting, and all of the contestants were perfectly satisfied with the arrangements. Bill McCrickart acted as referee, and Louis Lautenslager as manager and cashier. The results follow:

	Handicap.	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Out of Allowance.	T'l.
J O'H Denny	120	16	20	20	16	13	85
Hypo	115	16	21	23	21	14	95
U S Houck	125	18	17	19	18	13	85
Pills	108	22	22	23	22	8	97
L B Fleming	105	20	24	21	19	4	88
The Dominie	110	23	22	25	23	7	100
Geo Cochran	118	21	20	21	22	16	100
Uncle John	110	22	22	23	23	9	99
H L Born	110	17	23	18	18	8	84
Mahl	125	13	12	11	15	9	60
Skillman	115	17	17	20	20	10	84
Old Hoss	115	18	21	23	22	12	96
McPherson	120	15	19	18	19	10	81
Holmes	120	20	23	20	20	15	98
E E Shaner	107	22	15	23	20	10	90
Strong	120	20	21	23	20	10	94

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Hudson River Trap Shooters' League.

Warwick, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The Kingston shoot was the last shoot of the League. The scores are given in regard to the different prizes. The weather was fine, not a cloud in the sky, and not a breath of air stirring. The grounds are delightfully situated, having a northeast background, with the Catskill Mountains in the distance. The Kingston boys are certainly leaders in entertaining visitors. There was nothing they left undone. The shoot went off without a single hitch, and everybody was well pleased. Fulford was on hand, and made more friends as usual. There were some extra events shot before and after the programme events. Ogden wins the Hull cup, having shot in at least two full trophy shoot programmes. Following are the records of all who shot and qualified:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Ogden	300	265	.883	Halstead	705	571	.809
Myer	300	263	.876	Stanbrough	540	433	.801
Dain	490	425	.867	Condit	300	233	.776
Mason	705	590	.836	J Rhodes	500	380	.760
Tallman	600	501	.835	E Hill	555	393	.654
Van der Borst	450	371	.824	Lewis	300	173	.576

Peekskill won the team race, also the E. C. & Schultze cup. Following are the scores of the team shoots: Peekskill .788 per cent.; shot a full team in all shoots. Marlboro .731 per cent., with only four men at Kingston. Glenwood .425 per cent.; shot in only three matches. Kingston .153 per cent; shot in only one match.

The Keller trophy tie was not shot off, as both Henderson and Stanbrough fortified their claim by not showing up at Kingston. As it was getting late, it was decided that the other three winners shoot off the tie in the near future at Peekskill, as all of them were Peekskill men. Following are the winners: Stanbrough at West Newburgh, Halstead at Peekskill, Henderson at Poughkeepsie, Van der Bosch at Marlboro, Mason at Kingston.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	15	10	20	Broke.	Av.
Dain, Peekskill	10	15	20	11	10	19	12	14	9	18	138	.920
Smith, Kingston	10	15	18	14	9	16	14	14	10	17	137	.913
Myer, Kingston	9	15	19	12	9	20	12	12	9	18	135	.900
Van der Bosch, Peekskill	10	13	17	13	7	19	12	13	10	17	131	.873
Ogden, Warwick	10	12	14	13	10	18	12	13	10	17	129	.860
Mason, Peekskill	9	13	15	12	9	19	12	12	10	16	127	.846
E Hill, Peekskill	7	13	17	10	10	17	13	13	9	12	121	.806
A Hill, Kingston	7	9	17	12	9	14	13	13	8	15	117	.780
Halstead, Peekskill	5	12	17	10	6	18	12	12	8	14	114	.760
Fulford	7	11	14	13	8	19	14	14	9	20	132	.880
Wyatt, Marlboro	9	5	16	7	8	..	8	..	..	..	...	....
Kenyon, Kingston	8	7	14	13	..	..	12	..	6	..	...	....
Preston, Kingston	5	11	6	..	5	..	8	..	5	..	...	..
Cramer, Kingston	7	13	..	11	..	..	11	10	..	..	...	....
Mills, Marlboro	8	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Mitchell, Marlboro	..	8	..	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Van Arden, Kingston	..	2	9	..	5	..	..	4	2	..	...	....
Richmond, Peekskill	..	0	..	..	7	..	..	..	4	..	...	....
Schaeffer, Kingston	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	13	7	14	...	....
F Covert, Marlboro	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	...	....
Southard, Peekskill	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	..	5	..	...	....
Hume, Kingston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	...	....

Eight high guns in tenth event receive a 1lb. can of Gold Dust Powder.

Team race:

Peekskill—Dain 23, Van der Bosch 24, Mason 25, Halstead 22, Southard 19—113.

Kingston—Smith 20, Myer 24, A. Hill 17, Cramer 18, Schaeffer 18—97.

Marlboro—Wyatt 21, Mills 19, Mitchell 16, F. Covert 23—79.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY LEAGUE.

New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 17.—Following are the scores of the teams made in the League shoot to-day. Some sweeps were also shot:

Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick.

Belloff	11110100111111111111011101—20
McDowell	11111011111011101111110011—20
Bissett	11011011111111111111010011—19
Bunk	11110111010101111111010011—18
Booraem	11000110010100111111101101—15— 92

Dunellen Gun Club.

Fletcher	11100001111110111111011111—19
Baron	11111111110111101001011101—19
Lindzey	01101111111101101111110111—18
Nelson	10101111101101010110101110 -16
Giles	01111110110001010011111100—15— 87

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield.

T H Keller	11111111110110101011010011—19
Goodman	11110101111110111100011110—18
Swody	10110011001101100111111111 –17
Hobart	01101100111101100101101111—16
Keller, Jr	11111110000100011000010011—13— 83

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Anderson	01101101101010111101001111—16
Tingley	11100100010110111101110011—15
Merrill	01110000111110101001101000—13
Jackson	00101110101111101010000010—13
Hoey	00010000111000100110110000— 9— 66

Team race, 14 singles and 3 pairs:

Team No. 1.			Team No. 2.		
Belloff, captain	13	2—15	McDowell, captain	12	3—15
Bunk	12	4—16	Keller	14	3—17
Lindzey	9	4—13	Baron	11	4—15
Bissett	7	3—10	Booraem	7	2— 9
Fletcher	8	2—10	Swody	13	3—16
Nelson	7	2— 9	Giles	10	2—12
Cramer	11	4—15	Tingley	11	4—15
Keller, Jr	7	2— 9	Hoey	12	4—16
Jackson	7	4—11	Rupel	7	3—10
Wright	10	4—14	H B Smith	10	4—14
Merrill	10	3—13—135	Ivins	9	3—12—151

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Smith	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	Lind	..	..	..	..	..	10	15
Belloff	4	6	8	8	9	8	12	Tingley	..	..	..	..	..	6	13
Keller	9	9	4	7	7	8	13	Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Goodman	7	3	5	..	..	..	..	Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Booraem	8	8	4	4	6	..	12	McDowell	..	..	..	..	..	7	11
Bunk	..	7	9	7	8	8	14	Hoey	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Bissett	..	5	8	4	5	6	12	Swody	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Keller, Jr	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Hobart	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Lindzey	..	..	..	..	5	8	12	Brown	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Giles	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	Baron	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	4	7	12	Cramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Nelson	..	..	..	..	1	..	..								

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, Sept. 17.—There was a small attendance to-day at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	25	10	25	15		
Millikin	8	3	..	7	..	8	7	..
Amend	7	..	..	6	15	8	11	..
L Piercy	11	7	..	8	21	..	..	..
Banks	14	10	23	..	22	14	..	23
Dr Delong	9	6	..	7	19	11	12	..
Waters	..	..	21	..	19	14	..	16
Dr Smith	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	..

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, L. I., Sept. 17.—Club shoot, 10 birds:

A W Money	2211111011—9	F Thompson	0121102012—7
J H Ryder	1011101112—8	Dr Shepard	0201102022—6
J Plankin	2011102011—7	Dr George	01122w

Match, 10 birds: F. A. Thompson 10, A. W. Money 8.
Match, 10 birds: A. W. Money 10, F. A. Thompson 10.
Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Capt. Money 3, F. A. Thompson 2.
Match, 10 birds: Money 8, Thompson withdrew.
Sweepstakes: Money 5, Thompson 5, Ryder 4, Shepard 4, Plankin 3.

Birds:	10	10	*	10	*	Birds:	10	10	*	10	*
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
A W Money	10	10	3	8	5	Shepard	..	..	..	..	4
F Thompson	8	10	2	5	5	Plankin	..	..	..	..	3
Ryder	..	..	..	..	4						

Confabulations of the Cadi.—V.

THE local gun club, of which the Cadi was president, was called the Egyptian Gun Club, although its real title should have been The Egyptian Company, Retail Target Dealers. Its constitution was that of a joint stock company, and the profits derived from the sale of targets to members and non-members—sales made under the cloak of merchandise shoots, etc.—were divided among the stockholders, so that the latter secured their own shooting for nothing, and made a profit from their thrifty sportsmanship besides.

The club had decided to give a tournament, and the members who did all the work convened by appointment at the home of the Cadi, who, though barred from all else in club matters excepting that rare and disinterested privilege of shooting "for targets only," bore no resentment whatever. He accepted the situation with the philosophical resignation that it was "all for the best," and that as between drinking hard cider on the shady side of the house and shooting in the sun hour after hour there were certain comforting advantages in favor of the cider—such are the blessings of a phlegmatic temperament, combined with contentment for what is, instead of grieving for the things which might be.

Five of the working members were present; for it is a peculiar feature of club sportsmanship that the drudgery always falls to a few members who have to do the thinking and the management. As a consequence they become quite expert in thinking, as do the others in shooting. In a way, it is quite as difficult to become a 95 per cent. thinker as it is to become the same per cent. shooter. The thinker sometimes gets the money.

The committee of arrangements convened beside the lodge, under the comforting shadow of the great oak tree, each member seated on such object as best suited his comparative anatomy, or which in a manner designated his own greater or lesser importance in the gathering; for in every assemblage, be the same great or humble, there are those who lead and those who are led.

The size of the company required that true hospitality should not be circumscribed by a pitcher, and this the sympathetic host promptly recognized by providing a bucket of cider instead. Each one gracefully balanced the bucket on his right hand and drank out of it with admirable ease, grace and endurance. Andy Coxey was last to tilt it, and after sundry stranglings and long breaths before he could resolve to let go, he placed the bucket close by him, within reach, wiped his mouth carefully on his coat sleeve and opened the meeting. "Gentleman and friends, about this here tournament. Perhaps I may be wrong, but then ag'in perhaps I hain't. I'm here to say that we want class shootin'. That gives us amatoors a chance in the money. We are agreed on everything but the system, and I want you to know that if you don't have class shootin' you can count me out; and if I don't shoot there are lots of others that won't shoot," and Coxey glared around the circle to see if there was one who dared to incur his displeasure by opposing him.

There was an uneasy silence. Each looked at the other, and each sat with his elbows and knees pointing at uncanny angles in the embarrassment which came with the honors of formal statesmanship and the need of taking a definite stand on the subject.

At last a thought seemed to dawn on Moke, who said: "I make a motion that the Cadi be made chairman of this meeting."

"Second it," said Ephraim.

"Carried," said the Cadi, "and now the meeting will please come to order. You, as secretary, will keep the minutes, Moke."

"I rise to a point of order," said Remus le Loup, of Coon Hollow, who was distinguished by a much-worn and soiled calico shirt.

"I second the point," said Sandy Montague, of Razor Back Hill.

"It seems to me that your action is overhurried and irregular, Mr. Chairman," continued Le Loup. "Don't we vote on the motion first to determine whether or not you are elected? Or do we vote on it next week?"

"I have already ruled on the matter," said the Cadi.

"But according to Cushing and other parliamentary authorities there must be a vote on the motion," persisted Le Loup.

"Not on your life," said the Cadi, with emphasis. "You forget that this is a gun club meeting, and Cushing therefore is not knee-high here."

"I appeal from the chair to the meeting," said Le Loup, excitedly.

"Before you appeal," said the Cadi, gravely, "answer these questions. Did Cushing ever win a pigeon match? Did he ever make a great score on 100 targets? Did he," and here the Cadi shook his finger straight at Le Loup, "did he ever belong to a gun club?"

"But all that is—"

"Answer the question, yes or no," commanded the Cadi.

"No," said Le Loup.

"Brothers," said the Cadi, in mellifluous tones, "the gentleman from Coon Hollow admits that Cushing didn't know how to shoot, and knew nothing of the affairs of gun clubs, therefore I would ask the gentleman from the Hollow what Cushing has to do with the business of this meeting. Perhaps the gentleman has an eye on a seat in this chair for the Coon Hollow delegate. If so I'll retire in his favor, if any member will rise and make an objection to me." Here all the members looked hard at Le Loup as if he had been caught stealing sheep. "The gentleman from Coon Hollow may appeal to the meeting now if he wishes," concluded the chairman.

"I have changed my mind," said Le Loup, scornfully.

"Mr. Secretary, you will inscribe on the minutes that the gentleman from Coon Hollow has changed his mind, and by way of emendation, and as expressing the sense of this meeing, you may add that it would be his gain and our pleasure if he would also change his shirt before Christmas time," added the chairman.

"Ha, ha, haw, haw—"

"Order, order! Gentlemen, order!" said the Cadi, as he kicked the side of the lodge with his boot in lieu of a desk and gavel. "I intend to run this meeting in an up-to-date manner. I have noticed that it is good modern usage at gun club meetings for the chairman to do nearly all of the talking himself, and to decide votes and things as best suits his own notions, besides selecting entertaining reminiscent and gossipy matters for subjects, so that all the important business of the meeting must needs be postponed and transacted at an adjourned meeting. Any objections, gentlemen?" and he placed his ponderous feet on the back of a chair reposefully.

Not a member dared to raise an objection, as is the common manner at such meetings.

"You, Coxey, will take off your hat and stand up when you address the chair, if you wish to say formally what you just now said informally."

"Not by a long shot," retorted Coxey. "This is a free country. In regards to and concerning this here shoot, I say that we ought to have class shootin', and don't you forget it. You don't ketch me in this here tournament if you have any other system, and my friends won't shoot if I don't."

"What friends?" queried Moke.

"Never you mind what friends. I'll attend to that part myself," said Coxey, angrily.

"Order, order, gentlemen! This is not an old lady's tea party where everybody can carry on a conversation with everyone else simultaneously. You will please address the chair."

"Mr. Chairman," said Moke, rising, with an I-ate-the-canary expression on his face, "I heard you once tell some things about your ideas of class shooting, and perhaps for the benefit of the assembled officers of our noble organization you would give us some information on the subject. I feel that in making this request I am voicing the sentiments of the members present."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed all together, glad to be relieved of the trouble of thinking.

CLASS SHOOTING.

"This is an unexpected honor, gentlemen all," said the Cadi, "so to begin the matter mildly I will say that class shooting is the rottenest system that ever was devised to govern a competition. It is utterly against the principles of equity and of sportsmanship. It recognizes and fosters a gambling spirit by its peculiar workings, and instead of being specially favorable to the amateur, as our learned brother so spiritedly remarked just now, it is against him, as it is against all others, as any system devoid of equity must needs be.

"Let me illustrate the point with an example. Suppose that there are thirty contestants in an event at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., targets deducted at 2 cents each, and that four tie on 15, two tie on 14 and one is third alone on 12. Keep this in mind, gentlemen, for I have further figuring."

"I declare to goodness, Cadi," exclaimed Ephraim, "I'm all mixed up in my mind already. Can't you go a little slower."

"The good Lord is bountiful to all his children, gentle Ephraim," said the Cadi, with slow enunciation. "To some he gives great beauty; to others great wealth; to others again voluptuous ears. Even to you, Ephraim, humble as you are, he has given a lavish smearing of calf's foot jelly instead of gray matter in your sensorium. Remove the jelly, and you would no longer be the sprightly, intellectual companion whom we all know and love so well. Now I will try again, and if you fail to understand this time, I quit."

The good Cadi then took a pencil and illustrated his subject as follows:

Thirty contestants at $1.50	$45.00
Targets, 450, at 2 cents	9.00
	$36.00

"This amount, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., gives $18, $10.80 and $7.20.

"To make it clear to your eye, gentle Ephraim, I will arrange the winners and their winnings thus:

First money.	A.	B.	C.	D.	Broke.
$18.00	$4.50	$4.50	$4.50	$4.50	15 targets.
Second money.	E.		F.		Broke.
$10.80	$5.40		$5.40		14 targets.
Third money.		G.			Broke.
$7.20		$7.20			12 targets.

"Now, good folks, will you please to explain to me on what principles of equity, or sportsmanship or anything that is founded on fairness and good sense, G gets more for breaking 12 targets than A, B, C and D do, who broke them all, or more than E and F, who were next to first?

"The incentive in a competition is to excel one's fellows. All principles of sportsmanship recognize that the victor should have the greatest honors and the greatest rewards.

"Class shooting is not a sportsmanlike competition, for the incentive is not for each to excel his fellow, but to win money and to drop alone in a place if possible to thereby secure the most money. Dropping into the most paying hole is largely a matter of chance instead of skill; therefore there is mixed into the system chance and skill; and a matter which involves the putting up money on a chance more or less is accordingly a gambling institution. It is absurd to attempt to defend a system which eliminates largely all considerations of skill, and leaves the rewards of the shooter to a matter of chance, with the absurd result that the man who performed the worst may be rewarded the best.

"Now, if the Rose system had governed in the above example, and the ratios had been 5, 3 and 2, the results would have been a perfectly equitable division on those ratios, with the gambling chance of dropping into hole alone entirely eliminated. It is true that there would not be any very big winners under this system as compared with the gambling chance of the straight class system, but on the other hand there would not be such a melancholy group of losers; for where one man wins a lot there must be a number who lose correspondingly. The Rose system is absolutely the only system applied to class shooting which adjusts itself to any and all classes of ties, and still preserves invariably the equity of the division of the money. In the above example, under the Rose system, the results would have been as follows:

"Four men, 5 points each, 20 points; two men, 3 points each, 6 points; one man, 2 points; a total of 28 points. Thirty-six dollars divided by 28 gives $1.28 for each point; therefore each first would receive $6.40; second would receive $3.84; third would receive $1.28, as equitable division as one could imagine."

"But breaking 12 was a matter of skill," interposed Moke.

"Quite true, Moke; but we are considering the 12 as it relates to other scores and the rewards, and not by itself. Breaking 14 and 15 are matters of greater skill, and yet they are rewarded the poorest in this instance."

"But it doesn't always happen so," protested Moke.

"The chances, as happens actually in tournaments, may combine in an infinite number of ways, as you can readily note by changing the number of men in the ties, and you can develop all kinds of absurd results. In practice, the workings of the system, so called—although it is no competitive system at all, inasmuch as no competitive results are attempted or obtained aside from money considerations—are absurdly ridiculous."

"If it is all you say," queried Coxey, "how is it that it has been so long in use, and so many times adopted by eminent clubs?"

"As to the first part of your query, I may answer," replied the Cadi, "that the chances of dropping into a place alone are quite as seductive as the temptation to bet on a horse when the odds are 20 to 1 or 10 to 1. The odds are all against the win, but men have won and men may win again, as the deluded ones reason, though the men who take the long chances are the delight of the book-makers. It is the element of chance which makes it so tempting, and yet it works disaster to the sport, since first there are no honors in winnings where so many are tied, and last many shooters are led on to shoot beyond their means on the chance of a lucky landing into a hole alone. As to your second question, clubs adopt such systems as they consider most successful to their shoots, and therefore they adopt ones which they consider most pleasing to the majority of the shooters. A genuine competition contemplates that there will be honors as well as rewards. In the old days, when the ties were shot out to a finish, there were some honors as well as rewards, but the shooters were too impatient to wait till ties could be shot off, and dropping for place added to the dissatisfaction, so the present so-called system came into vogue. Furthermore, it is not popular, as you imply."

"How could there be dropping for place when the ties were shot off?" queried Ephraim.

"Easily," replied the Cadi. "Suppose that, in the above example, A, B and C are steady professional shots, and being nearly alike in skill and out strictly for the money, they dislike to compete against each other. If they do compete against each other they are continually shooting each other out of the money. Therefore they conspire together to win all the money and divide. So, in the above example, B would miss one bird and drop into the ties with E and F; C would miss two birds and drop into a tie with G. In the shoot-off, the three steady shots, A, B and C, would shoot all the others out and divide all the money. The remedy was easy, if there had been any clubs with backbone enough to bar such dishonest shooters. Had there been a national organization, no doubt many beneficent reforms would have been established years since."

DROPPING FOR PLACE.

"Well," said Coxey, "we have stopped that dishonest practice of dropping for place now."

"Bah! you haven't stopped the practice of dropping for place, and it is not dishonest," retorted the Cadi, promptly.

"I was speaking of the old system. Dropping for place under the present system of class shooting is honest and allowable. Class shooting contemplates only the money phase of the matter, and as you are a shooter you know that it is devoid of all principles of equity both in theory and in practice. Referring again to the above example, what peculiar claim has G to the $7.20 that makes it unsportsmanlike for any one to drop a target and tie with him? Answer that. Supposing now that there were four who tied on 14, would it not be far more equitable for one to drop in with G, and thereby make a much fairer division of the money. You say that that would be contrary to the principles of a competition. So it would if this were a genuine competition; but dropping for place is complementary to this rotten system, and you must not mistake the incidental feature for the thing itself."

"I think that it is very wrong to drop for place," said Ephraim, pursing up his lips in a virtuous manner.

"Why do you think so?" the Cadi asked in gentle tones.

"Well, there are a lot of people who think so, and that's good enough for me," was the retort.

"I don't care a hang how many people think so," said the Cadi, "if they can give no substantial reason for their think, and if it is wrong on the face of it. There are no end of people in the world who think differently and who think alike; and most of them, you will find, try to think on the popular side, regardless of the merits of any given case. But before I attach any weight to any man's think, I want him to produce some substantial reasons for believing his think, or considering his think seriously. Mere assertion proves nothing, even if repeated to tiresomeness. I have many times heard it asserted that dropping for place was wrong—yes, outrageously wrong—yet I never have known of one good reason advanced for the assertion."

"But nearly all the clubs say that 'dropping for place will not be tolerated,'" objected Coxey.

"That is a fictitious parade of an honesty which does not exist. First of all, neither you nor any one else can tell whether a man misses a target to drop for place, or whether he misses it because he cannot help missing. His last target might be missed at a juncture which would drop him into a good place; but what man can take upon himself to say that the target was missed purposely. It is against all principles of justice that any man should be required to shoot under a system which puts him in a position where his honesty of purpose comes in question repeatedly by the circumstances incident to a falsity of competition, and wherein the offense itself is a matter of mere assertion, without a logical leg to stand upon.

"In law, the party who induces another to commit an illegal act is considered an accessory, and equally guilty with the chief offender. What shall we say of a management adopting a system which tempts a contestant or contestants to commit an offense—which, by the way, is an offense only by virtue of emotional assertion—and then when a contestant succumbs to the temptation offered, the accessory—that is to say, the management—punishes its partner in crime. I accept only for the moment your view that it is wrong, merely to show you where it lands you, for if it is wrong for a contestant to commit the offense, it is equally wrong for the management to offer the opportunity and the temptation. Both are parties to the same artificial offense as principal and accessory."

"You are likely to get into trouble if you go on talking this way, my good friend," said Moke.

"Bah!" said the Cadi. "If any one wishes to argue this subject, I will be delighted to entertain him. All I ask is that he produce something more substantial than a 'think.' If the Rose system were used in this headless juggle called class shooting, there then would always be an equitable adjustment of the moneys; but so long as managements pander to the passion for taking chances at long odds, just so long will there be wonderment as to why many of the shooters who once shot so regularly shoot now no longer."

"We haven't got very far along in our tournament matters," said Coxey.

"Committees never do at the first sitting," replied the Cadi, calmly. "Pass around the bucket, Moke, and this meeting stands adjourned to two weeks from to-day."

BERNARD WATERS.

A Three-Cornered Match.

CENTERDALE, R. I., Sept. 13.—A pleasant three-cornered target match was shot to-day between Hugh Bain, R. C. Root and N. F. Reiner, on the Providence Gun Club grounds. Mr. Bain won with 84. The score was:

R. C. Root 78, H. Bain 84, N. F. Reiner 76.

This match was for $2.50 a corner.

N. F. REINER.

At the County Fair shoot at Fulton, N. Y., recently, Charley Wagner, the Hunter Arms Co.'s gun tester, and Jack Fanning shot at 100 targets, Wagner breaking 90 per cent., Fanning 87 per cent.

Monumental Shooting Park.

Baltimore, Md.—The Monumental Shooting Park was opened to the public on Wednesday, Aug. 24. There is neither membership fee nor dues. Any one who is fond of shooting a gun can at any time have free access to these grounds, and has carte blanche to shoot to his heart's content; in other words, to the limit of his shell case, paying one cent each for targets. The aim of the promoter of the grounds seems to be to encourage trap shooting among the amateurs.

The park is very pleasantly and conveniently located on the water front, about ten minutes' ride from the center of the city, and embraces about two acres of ground, enclosed by a neat picket fence. The grounds are perfectly level, the grass is cut smooth, and the background is clear sky, unobstructed by either trees or buildings. The park presents the appearance of a well-kept lawn, there being neither screens nor board protections to mar its symmetry. The traps and trappers are entirely out of sight, and when the target takes its flight it seems to rise from the grass. Five traps are used, three throwing outgoers and two incomers. The score is arranged in an arc of a circle, located respectively at 12, 14 and 16yds. from the traps. Separate boxes are provided for each shooter at each distance. A modification of the Sergeant system has been adopted in shooting. The traps throwing outgoers are located in a trench 8ft. deep by about 12ft. in length, completely housed in, and with a storage capacity for eight or ten thousand targets. The traps throwing incomers are located 60yds. from the score, one on the right and the other on the left quarter. Events are shot unknown traps, unknown angles. Just in the rear of the score is the puller's box, fenced in. To the left are the cashier's and scorer's office, surrounded by a picket fence. In the rear of the score have been erected two large tents, with benches, tables, gunracks, ice water, etc., for the convenience of the participants.

To the right of the score is a tall post, vividly striped in black and white, and crowned with a huge sign, "Kicking Post." This is for the benefit and consolation of the oft-dissatisfied man who always has a "kick" coming to him. As soon as he opens, he is tenderly taken by the arm, or any other convenient portion of his anatomy, and gently guided to the post, where he can have it out all by himself. On the opposite side of the score is another post, adorned by a bell, and over it a sign reading "Chestnut Bell." The ringing of this bell is generally followed by a trip to the kicking post, as the shooter "who got a piece which the referee did not see" (the old chestnut) generally winds up with a good strong kick, and to the post he goes, like a lamb to the slaughter. (If you have ever attempted to slaughter a lamb, you will appreciate the analogy.)

On the occasion of opening these grounds, a hundred-bird handicap race was inaugurated. A championship gold medal was the first prize, and $25 divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., served as a sort of balm to the wounded feelings of those who landed near the top, but failed to make the exact connection with the highest score. This medal is to be won three times to become the personal property of the holder. The winner of same subject to challenge from any shooter living in Maryland or the District of Columbia, the handicaps first given to hold throughout the entire race for the medal. Handicaps were in distance and also in added birds.

The opening day was a sizzler, the thermometer registering 98 in the shade, but in spite of the intense heat, at 3 o'clock, when the main event was called, there were thirty-eight shooters entered to face the traps. Prior to the main event several sweepstake events were shot off, and at 3 o'clock the first squad in the big race faced the starter.

The first three squads of five men each had shot through the last round of twenty-five targets when time was called.

As the two final squads had been so severely handicapped by the darkness, the score was called back to the first squad in the final round of twenty-five targets, and Wednesday of the week following, the 31st, was set as the day on which the race would be finished. On Wednesday afternoon, the 31st, a goodly crowd gathered to finish up the scores begun on the previous Wednesday. Unfortunately a number of the out-of-town shooters from Washington, Frederick and other points, who participated in the first day's shoot, did not make scores high enough to afford them any chance for first places, and so did not return to shoot off their final round. The 31st was another very hot day, very hard on the shooters, though a number finished with very creditable scores. E. D. Hobbs, of Liberty, Md., won the medal and first money with a score of 98 broken. He stood at 16yds. and had a handicap of four birds extra.

The shoot was a gigantic success from beginning to end, and as a purely local shoot has never been equaled in this section of the country.

The shoot worked like clockwork, without a hitch. Once in a while a drop or two of lubricant was needed, but as between four and five thousand targets were thrown from three traps, only the outgoers being used, between the hours of half-past one and half-past seven, it will be seen that no time was lost on account of breakdowns.

Stanley.

Schmelzer Tournament.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 10.—The fifth annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company was not near so successful as the previous ones given by this firm. It is more than likely that merchandise shoots have grown into disfavor and that in the future a tournament conducted on that line will never be a very pretentious affair. Heretofore the tournaments given by the promoters of this shoot never failed to draw less than a hundred participants; on this occasion scarcely half that number put in an appearance, and the majority of these were present only on the first day. It is quite probable that the postponement of the tournament affected the attendance somewhat. It was announced to begin Tuesday, but none of the programme events were shot until Wednesday. True, it rained quite hard Tuesday morning, but by 11 o'clock it was all over, and most of the events scheduled for that day could have been run off by night. The postponement caused some disappointment and dissatisfaction, because Tuesday's events were carried over to Saturday, and this interfered with the arrangements of a number of out-of-town shooters who expected to shoot through the programme and be back home Saturday morning. Then, too, the shoot dragged considerable, something that was unnecessary and should have been corrected, because the promoters have had four years of previous experience, and should have readily handled the crowd that was in attendance without any delay or interruption. It was the intention of the management to throw all the targets at this shoot (with the exception of those it would take to decide the Schmelzer trophy event) from the new magazine trap, and the tournament was begun over this, though only the first and part of the second event was shot when the trap broke down, and it was not until the third day, Friday, that it was again in working order. After that time the events were all shot over this trap, which worked fairly well. In the meantime, however, some expert traps had to be substituted, and this delayed the shoot some time while they were being set up. These were arranged on the Sergeant system.

No. 2, the unfinished event of Wednesday, was not finished until Friday afternoon. What the tournament seemed to lack was an efficient squad hustler or some person whose duty it was to see that the shooters were in their proper place and that the shoot kept moving.

SHOOTING GROUNDS.

The tournament was held at Washington Park, where all of the previous State tournaments have been held of late. Everything considered, they are very good grounds, being easy of access and having a fair background for target shooting; especially when the targets are thrown off the ridge where the target traps are usually located.

However, the Schmelzer trophy event was shot on the live-bird ground, and here the background is very trying, especially on dark days such as the one proved to be when this event was run off. The grounds are always kept in readiness for all kinds of shooting, but the magautraps which are used here had been taken out to make room for the new magazine trap, and it appears that the time necessary to make the change had been underestimated. For this reason the arrangements were not as complete as they should have been.

CONDITIONS.

The majority events were targets, and the winners of prizes in the respective events have been enumerated in the report of each day's results. But two shooters shot through the entire programme, Ed. Hickman, of Kansas City, and C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, Colo.

The former scored 483 out of 570, which gave him an average of .847, while the latter scored 473 out of a like number, and finished with an average of .829. The Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf R. R. donated three round-trip tickets to Port Arthur, Texas. Two of them to go to the amateurs who make the first and second best averages, and who participate in no less than two-thirds of the target events. These were won by the above pair. The other ticket was to go to the amateur who made the lowest average and participated in no less than two-thirds of the events. At present I am unable to state who won this. The above applies only to the target events. The programme called for three live-bird events. The most important of these was a 20-bird handicap, for amateurs only. Dave Elliott carried off the high honors and the silverware that went with them, though in order to accomplish this he had to kill sixty straight.

This achievement is robbed of some of its merits because the event was decided on the installment plan. The event proper was shot on Wednesday, and an effort was made to decide the tie on the following day, but after Elliott, Hickman and Cockrell had each killed thirty straight, those still in the tie came to the conclusion that they were in too good a form, and the tie was carried over until Saturday, when it was shot off in the ten-bird sweep of that date, which resulted in Elliott again going straight, which made his total run from start to finish sixty straight.

W. S. Allen won second prize in this event, and Curtice third. The two other events were ten birds, $5 entrance, and the money in these events was pretty much cut up. In addition to the above styles of shooting three glass-ball events were also on the programme. It was freely predicted that this antediluvian method of shooting would result in an endless amount of ties on straight scores, and it would be difficult to reach a decision in these events.

The results, however, were entirely different, for not only were there no straight scores in these events, but taken collectively the scores were far inferior to those made in the target events. The best anyone could do was to break 14 out of 15, and this was only accomplished after the trap broke down so that it would not rotate, and the balls were thrown at fixed angles. In the first event 12 was high, and Essig shot out those who were in the tie with him. First prize was some live goldfish. Hickman and Erhardt shot out the seconds, and then decided their little dispute by giving the second prize to Tom Hearn. Hodges won third, a minnow trap. In the second event Gottlieb scored 13 and won first without a tie. Linderman disposed of the twelves and Hickman of the elevens. Three cameras were the prizes on this occasion. The final event resulted in Sweet shooting out the fourteens, and the prize for this was a rifle. Howe did likewise with the thirteens and won a revolver.

Fairman won a game carrier on 12 without a tie.

Rifle shooting was another one of the attractions at this tournament. The shooting was done at 25yds. with a .22cal. rifle. J. W. Ackard, of Fairplay, Mo., won first prize on both the first and second days, on each occasion scoring 97 out of a possible 100. The first day he won a Stevens and a second day a Colts rifle. C. D. Snyder won second, a revolver, on the second day on a score of 94. On the third day Dr. J. B. Hungate won out on a score of 93, the prize was a rifle. On the last day, Jno. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., carried off the Winchester rifle on a score of 93.

NON-RESIDENT SHOOTERS.

The following out-of-town shooters were present at some time during the shoot. Dr. S. Redman, A. D. Park, J. W. Carson and F. N. Cockrell, Platt City, Mo.; George Essig, Plattsburg, Mo.; E. E. Hairgrove, Sutton, Neb.; C. L. Funk, Pueblo, Colo.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; W. D. Townsend, Omaha, Neb.; C. E. McGee and Wm. Howard, Easton, Kan.; L. L. Hein, Garden City, Kan.; G. H. Miller, Chanute, Kan.; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; L. L. Wayland, C. B. Clapp and Dr. E. R. Hickerson, Moberly, Mo.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; J. W. Ackard, Fairplay, Mo.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; G. W. Hayden, Paris, Mo.; J. M. Leech, Greenwood, Mo.; A. C. Holms, Rosedale, Kan.; R. H. Sykes, Beverly, Ill.; Lou. Erhardt, Elmer Hyde, W. G. Lytle and W. S. Ferguson, Atchison, Kan.; C. A. Damon, Buffalo, N. Y., of the Savage Arms Company; Jno. J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn., of the U. M. C. Company; Col. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y., of the Remington Arms Company; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., of the Hazard Powder Company; Mr. Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., of the Dupont Powder Company.

Paul R. Litzke.

The Equitable System.

New York, Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 3d inst. I read with pleasure as usual Mr. Hough's report of the Minneapolis tournament, held Aug. 24-25. In that report he touched fully upon the "so-called 'equitable system,'" explaining its workings so that everybody could understand it.

Personally I have always been a believer in and a boomer of the Rose system, and still think it is the only fair and equitable method of dividing purses, no matter what others may think. I'm stubborn, I know; but I do believe, when you are shooting for money and not for sport, that the man who shoots the best should receive the greatest return for his entrance fee.

Under class shooting, with the old percentage system of dividing purses, it was and is perfectly possible for a man to break 20 straight and yet receive less money than another fellow who has only broken 18, or may be only 17.

Under the Rose system, with either the original ratios as formulated by Mr. A. R. Rose, viz., four moneys, 5, 3, 2, and 1, or with the ratios used at Haverhill's interstate the other day of 4, 3, 2 and 1, the high man is bound to get appreciably more for his score than the man in the class next below him.

But under "the equitable system" the man who breaks 20 or 15 straight receives only a fractional portion of the purse more than the man who broke only 19, while the difference is still very slight between what is paid to the straight scores and to those in the class three removes from them. See Mr. Hough's own example, as quoted from his report: "The man who breaks 15 gets $3.60, the man who breaks 14 gets $3.36, the man who breaks 13 gets $3.12 and the man who breaks 12 gets $2.88." Analyzing these figures, a supposititious case it is true, but yet a possible one, we find that the man who broke 15 straight only received 72 cents more than the man who broke 12, losing three targets.

Now take the case and apply the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 3, 2 and 1. Three straights give 15 points; ten 14s give 30 points; fifteen 13s give 30 points, and ten 12s give 10 points, or a grand total of 85 points. Divide the purse—$120—by 85, and we have $1.41 as the value of each point; or the 15s drawn down $7.05 each; the 14s $4.23, the 13s $2.82, and the 12s $1.41. If the ratio points were reduced to 4, 3, 2 and 1, we should have the following figures: 15s, $5.84; 14s, $4.38; 13s, $2.92, and 12s, $1.46. For my part I like the Rose system, with the ratio points as last mentioned, 4, 3, 2 and 1.

Comparing the three sets of figures given above, it would seem as if there was really no comparison between the "equitable system" and the Rose system so far as "equity" is concerned. Any shooter knows how far easier it is to make an "all-but-one" than a straight score. Take a shooter who is running straight, the strain on him, even if he is an old campaigner, is quite severe toward the finish of his string; but let him lose a target, the strain is relaxed at once, and it is a comparatively easy matter to finish the string without another miss. The man who breaks a straight ought to receive a larger share of the purse in proportion to his score over the 14 man than the 14 man ought to receive over the man who has broken 13. There is actually far greater merit in a 15 as compared with a 14 than as against a 14 compared with a 13, and so on. The "equitable system" does not recognize the difference; the Rose system does.

Talking about the strain that a man experiences when making a straight brings to my mind a fact that E. D. Fulford called my attention to a few years ago. He asserted that a man's pulse after he had made a straight score and immediately upon his leaving the score beats far and away above the normal. We lay around, Fulford, self and others, waiting for an opportunity to test the truth of the assertion. We had not long to wait, and then Fulford's statement was proved to be true. Since then I have often noticed the same thing, even in my own case; and I think I owe to Fulford several targets that have got away from me at critical times, simply owing to my thinking about this matter and trying to count my pulse-beats! The experiment is a simple one, and I do not believe that anybody will find an exception to the rule.

If then a man's pulse gets away up when he's breaking a straight isn't he undergoing a strain far above normal? And doesn't he deserve more than the man who is not under any strain, or who is at best only under a very slight one?

There is one other point that I should also like to touch upon, and that is the mistaken idea that the "equitable system" and the Rose system are not class shooting. Mr. Hough apparently overlooks this fact, for he says: "* * * they still clung to the old ways, and more especially did the experts, who liked the class shooting idea." The last sentence should read more aptly, "who liked the old percentage system of 50, 30 and 20, or 40, 30, 20 and 10."

As a finishing touch to this letter, let me remark that the learned Cadi is giving the boys something to think about, and the way he squelched Moke last week—Moke, by the way, who "only shoots for sport"—was truly delicious. Long live the Cadi!

Edward Banks.

Trap around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Sept. 17.—The members of the South End Gun Club held a target shoot on its grounds to-day. Bluerock targets were used. Some very good scores were made. A large crowd witnessed the different events. The club is making arrangements to hold a large shooting tournament in about a month or two, which will be open to all amateur shooters throughout the State. At the next meeting of the club the committee will decide date, management and other business connected with the shoot, and as to the special prizes which are to be awarded. The scores of to-day's events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10
Essick	23	7	5	6	10	6	..	3	..
Shaaber	21	8	8	..	12	..	13	6	7
Shultz	16	6	6	6	..	7	..	6	6
Ball	16	8	6	8	10	8	10	..	..
Eshelman	19	6	5	5	7	6	9	6	..
Miles	..	7	4	2	13	5	..	..	..
Gicker	..	3	5	..	10	..	6	..	..
Saylor	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gerhart	..	6	6	7	8	..	12	..	..

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 15.—This afternoon in the midst of a rain and heavy wind storm the West Chester Gun Club defeated the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, in the second of a series of three matches between these two clubs. Phoenix won the first, and the third or deciding match, which will be shot on neutral grounds, should prove interesting, as these two clubs are pretty evenly matched. Following the interclub match a number of interesting sweeps were shot, in which better work was done, owing to the storm having passed over. The scores of the team shoot follow, each man shooting 25 targets:

West Chester Gun Club—Henry 15, Gill 15, Hoar 15, Lumis 16, Beebe 18, Davis 16, Ford 17, Foulke 17—129.

Phoenix Gun Club—Trumbauer 16, Erb 11, Dotterer 18, Harris 16, Hodge 6, Leidy 15, Miller 8, Dunlap 16—106.

The scores of the sweeps follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Henry	8	8	7	5	10	Trumbauer	..	9	9	7	7
Dotterer	8	4	4	7	7	Leidy	..	5	3	7	7
Foulke	7	10	10	10	..	L Miller	..	5	..	..	..
Ford	8	..	5	5	8	Beebe	..	..	6	5	10
Davis	8	5	5	8	7	Green	..	..	8	..	..
Hoar	7	6	6	6	6	Garrett	..	..	2	4	..
A Miller	..	5	5	6	4	Gill	..	..	2	6	9
Lumis	..	7	6	6	8	Jackson	..	..	2	5	..
Dunlap	..	..	5	4	8	Erb	..	..	..	4	7
Hodge	..	..	..	2	7	C Brinton	..	..	..	..	7
P Brinton	..	..	..	..	3	Harris	..	..	..	..	8

Phoenixville, Pa., Sept. 14.—There was some fine shooting at the Phoenix Gun Club's grounds to-day. A live-bird match between J. Buckwalter and Winfield Buckwalter on one team and Trumbauer and Holmes on another was very interesting, and attracted a number of sportsmen to the grounds. Each man shot at 10 live pigeons, the match being won by the Buckwalter team by the score of 12 to 11. Besides the live-bird match there was a club shoot at 25 targets per man over the magautrap. The score of the live-bird match follows: Winfield Buckwalter 8, John Buckwalter 4—12. Trumbauer 7, Holmes 4—11.

The score of the club shoot follows: Erb 21, E. J. Dunlap 22, J. Buckwalter 18, Hodge 17, Dotterer 16, Smith 10, E. L. Buckwalter 9, Phlert 8, Perot 6, Williams 6, Hallman 5, Miller 4.

Chester, Pa., Sept. 14.—One of the greatest shooting matches at live birds that has taken place in a number of years was that of the Evans Gun Club to-day at the Delaware County Fair. The contest was for a purse of $100, which the club guaranteed as first money, all ties to be shot at the same place on Sept. 22. In all, there were fifteen ties for first. Each man shot at 5 live birds, 21yds. rise. The score: Horace Jackson 3, 1, 0, 2, 5; John Williams 0, 4; John Leary 3, 0, 3, 1; George J. Hunter 3, 5; J. Copple, 1, 5, 1; Wm. Dunbar 0, 0, 0, 0; Parker Jackson 1, 1, 5; Wm. Hall 3; Hamilton 0; J. Evans 3, 5, 5, 5; B. Ellis 1; Harry Smith 5; Barney Connor 2; Wm. McKelvey 5; J. Clark 0; J. Pierce 0; W. Jones 5, 5; Marsden 2; Chamberlain 4; J. R. Williamson 1; Barlow 1, 5; Brooks 5, 5; H. Jones 5; Hunter 5, 5; Wm. C. Alexander 5; J. Packer 3, 1.

The above match was a miss-and-out, with the right to re-enter as often as one cared to, entrance fee $3.

Pottstown, Pa., Sept. 17.—The members of the Shuler Shooting Club held a practice match at targets to-day. Grubb carried off the honors, winning every event of the shoot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	5p	Targets:	25	25	25	5p
Grubb	24	20	22	8	Saylor	17	..	..	..
Wickersham	22	18	17	..	Smith	16	19	21	6
De Witt	17	17	..	..	Davis	14	16	19	7
Pennypacker	..	..	21	..	Cole	..	..	15	5
Lynch	..	..	12	..					

Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 16.—A very large audience to-day saw Lebanon and Chambersburg break even in the second of the series of three intercity bluerock and live-bird matches. The Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, won the target match at 25 bluerocks per man, teams composed of twelve men per team. The score of the target match follows:

Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon—Cooper 22, Langdon 15, Rapp 15, Smith 21, Shoemaker 20, Trafford 20, Zellers 16, Duffy 14, Worth 16, White 16, Bates 13, Witters 15—203.

Chambersburg Gun Club, of Chambersburg—Capt. Runk 17, Elder 21, Disney 19, Rhinehart 17, Vanderau 13, Rhodes 15, O'Leary 19, Kennedy 15, Henson 15, Minnick 16, Hobbs 16, Hummer 19—202.

The live-bird match resulted in favor of Chambersburg, each man shooting at 10 live pigeons, teams of twelve men each. The score:

Keystone Gun Club—Smith 9, Cooper 10, Witters 6, Trafford 8, Reinohle 7, Bollman 6, Duffy 5, Zellers 9, Langdon 8, Shoemaker 9, Rapp 9, Bates 9—95.

Chambersburg Gun Club—Capt. Runk 8, Humer 6, Hobbs 9, Rhodes 10, Vanderau 8, Elder 9, O'Leary 8, McGowan 8, Rhinehart 6, Kennedy 8, Henson 10, Disney 9—100.

The deciding match will be shot some time in October on neutral grounds. Each club has now one target and one live-bird match to its credit in this series.

Macungie, Pa., Sept. 12.—A live pigeon shooting match took place at J. O. Hill's hotel to-day:

First event, 5 birds: M. Brey 5, A. Desch 3, W. Schoch 4, H. Lauer 3, Wm. Richards 2.

Second event, 5 birds: M. Brey 4, W. Schoch 5, H. Lauer 5, Wm. Richards 3, A. Krauss 3.

Duster.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Following scores are from Audubon Gun Club's club shoot. The feature of to-day's shoot was the inauguration of a series of shoots for a beautiful trophy, presented by Mr. R. H. Hebard, to be owned by the shooter winning most events in the year. The events are at 30 singles, with the shooters in the different classes having the following birds added to their scores: A Class—Scratch. B Class—Three birds added. C Class—Five birds added. The first event was won by Dr. E. S. Carroll, who scored 26 out of 30, with 3 added, gave him a score of 29. No. 3 event was the badge shoot. A. C. Heinold won Class A, Dr. E. S. Carroll won Class B, and Peter Stover won Class C. The tie between C. S. Burkhardt and Geo. Zoeller on last month's cup shoot was also shot off to-day and was won by C. S. Burkhardt. The next regular cup shoot will take place on Saturday next:

Events:	1	2	3			5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	Added.	Score.	15	5p	15
C S Burkhardt	15	14	23	..	27	11	7	15
Swiveller	9	8	20	..	20	14	10	..
E C Burkhardt	3	7	19	..	26	12	5	11
R H Hebard	11	11	18	..	26	12	7	12
J J Reid	8	5	14	3	26	14	5	..
J Stover	13	9	22	5	23	..	5	9
J Fanning	13	13	19	..	..	12	8	10
Geo P McArthur	12	12	9	3	25	11	3	11
Walker	3	15	3	5	22	..	3	..
Smoke	10	13	20	3	28	..	..	..
L W Bennet	14	10	19	..	25	11	9	13
French	10	13	19	..	..	11	9	..
Tomlinson	12	..	14	..	23	9	3	..
A C Heinold	13	11	23	..	28	11	..	..
Dr E S Carroll	..	11	22	3	29	..	..	15
E P Reynolds	..	10	14	5	26	..	5	12
U E Storey	..	..	17	5	24	11	..	..
Geo Zoeller	..	..	20	..	..	10	7	..
G W Brandle	..	..	..	3	17	..	..	..
J J O'Brien	..	..	..	3	19	..	..	11
J Theo Chabot	..	..	..	5	21	..	..	..
H D Williams	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	..
Ditton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

C. J. M.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17.—The regular shoot of the C. A. Club for the Edwards medal came off at Watson's Thursday afternoon, ten members appearing for the contest. The result of a spirited competition was a tie between Geo. Thorne and Johnnie Turrill, the latter allowed 25yds. and 3 birds, to Mr. Thorne's 28yds. and 2 birds. The tie will be shot off next week at the convenience of the two concerned. Mr. Turrill has not been shooting very long, and his improvement is notable. He shot the heavy gun which once made a reputation for itself in the hands of his father, Sam Turrill, for many years one of the best known sportsmen of the shooting regions of the Middle West. The skill of the father may well be transmitted to the son, and if so we may look for yet more at the hands of Johnnie Turrill, who is known everywhere in these parts as a very thoroughgoing sportsman in several different lines of sport. His successful rival, Geo. Thorne, is another well-known character in Chicago athletics and outdoor sports. Mr. Thorne is a finely built young man, with a powerful physique, and he has the pride of an athlete in his condition, so that he is always quite fit for the sport of the traps, at which he is younger than in many other lines of sport. He has held the medal before and is looked upon as dangerous in the later shooting. Thursday was a good flying day, and the birds were prompt and fast. Following the the scores:

A F Banks, scratch	222021120121010—11
J B Drake, 29, 1	010011012011010— 8
G A Thorne, 28 2	110122012121211—15
E A Russell, 27, 3	120000020010010— 8
J F Turrill, 25, 3	012201222122202—15
J C Patterson, 27, 3	001012110000210—10
E W Miller, 27, 3	000220021111122—13
O F Warren, 27, 3	100000020020000— 6
W L Shepard, 29, 2	021 22211020 22—14
J A Edwards, 26, 2	122210011100110—12

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. DIAMOND MEDAL.

Yesterday there were only sixteen entries for the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond medal handicap, live birds. The reason for the falling off is doubtless due to the fact that the Illinois chicken season opened on the day previous to the shoot, so that many shooters of our gun clubs were absent in the fields. There was a nice little shooting crowd none the less, and the finish showed some sport, going into the 10 hole in the ties before a winner could be declared. Dr. S. Shaw, who shot a slashing gait all the afternoon, came out with the medal this time, thus putting it into the hands of yet another winner, and a very deserving one. Eddie Steck, the Stock Yards boy, came very near taking the medal home for a second time, but he lost the bird which would have kept him in the tie, and passed out after a plucky race and a good exhibition all the afternoon of steady shooting.

Mr. J. L. Alabaster, who came to the grounds late in the afternoon, after the shooting was well advanced, made a good, stiff run for a tie on first until the last few birds of his string. Another man, who proved dangerous for a long time, was Mr. F. E. Adams, who was using a 10-gauge gun with deadly effect. Dr. Carson also was in form, and he tied Mr. Adams. Mr. R. Simonetti, secretary of the Alpine Gun Club, was in the fight also, though he retired with 18. Mr. Barto, winner of the Chicago challenge trophy last week, was off his proper form to-day, and he withdrew at the 16 hole, having only one bird allowed him. Mr. Leffingwell could only figure out 17, and Paterson, with one bird allowance, tied with Lockie, who had 4, Levi, who had 5, and Simonetti, with 3 birds. Ties on second and third were shot at 3-bird strings and then miss-and-out. Adams shot Carson out at the end of 10 birds. In the tie for third Alabaster shot Paterson out at the 6th bird, which Paterson lost dead out, Levi having missed earlier. The birds were showing a marked improvement to-day over the speed shown in the later warm summer weather. Some of them were very fast, especially early in the afternoon, though toward night they naturally became slower. Shooting began before noon and was closed about 5 P. M., entries coming along till after 2 P. M. Dr. Shaw was delighted with his winning of this handsome medal, but who will be winner next time is a large-sized guess, as the conditions are such as to leave it a very much undetermined proposition among so many good shots as this trophy calls out for each contest. Following are the scores:

A Banks, 28, 3	20202010211012100112011 —15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	11112020010202220121111 —17
A Lockie, 28, 4	20121012212110211111 —18
A C Paterson, 30, 1	20121012212102111111 —18
Dr C W Carson, 28, 3	12020122211112022121 02 —19
F E Adams, 30, 2	11112111202112112012 02 —19
H Levi, 28, 5	02222012021022222020011 12—18
Dr S Shaw, 30, 2	12202212222211212122 2 —20
A Sundermeyer, 28, 3	10001211001012112112w —14
R Simonetti, 29, 3	20111221201111110021022 —18
J B Barto, 30, 1	2000112222111021w —12
C Burmeister, 28, 4	22012200012122010200022222—15
W Burmeister, 28, 4	02002020202020020021112 22 —14
F H Hollister, 28, 2	0210202120w
A Herring, 28, 4	01012111101002211w —11
J L Alabaster, 29, 3	21022001121112222202 20 —17
E M Steck, 29, 1	22221122121222121122 —20

Shoot-off:
Dr Shaw, 30, 1 ....2222222222—10 E M Steck, 29, 0 ...122211022 — 9

Dr Shaw won the medal.

Ties on 19 at 3 birds, then miss-and-out:
F E Adams .....1221021121—5 Dr Carson .....2112021120—4

Adams won.

Ties on 18, same conditions, Alabaster won, 6 straight, Paterson losing his 6th bird dead out.

ELLIOTT—GILBERT.

Jim Elliott and Fred Gilbert will meet a week from to-day, Sept. 24, at Watson's, this city, to shoot for the Du Pont cup, for which Jim has challenged. Should the weather keep cooler and the birds continue to improve we may look for some fun in this race, in which the winner is by no means to be picked until after the scores are shot.

PEKIN—PEORIA.

The gun clubs of the two pleasant shooting towns, Peoria and Pekin, this State, keep up their warm rivalry for shooting honors, in which first one and then the other has come out ahead during the past season. At the last team shoot, Sept. 12, Pekin team came over to Peoria and defeated the Peoria boys on their own grounds. The margin of 28 birds is one which is somewhat decisive, though it may be supposed the hosts of the visitors were glad to be beaten by their friends. Shooting was at 25 bluerocks per man, and the following were the scores:

Pekin—Jacob Hoff 20, Longfellow 15, Heilman 21, Baker 19, William Hoff 23, McQuade 21, Thompson 17, Bartson 17, Bornig 18, Ohl 21, North 21—213.

Peoria—Liesy 20, Bordeaux 16, Smith 13, Gus Portman 23, Schoff 21, Shortfellow 4, C. Portman 17, W. Weber 16, Mills 21, Frederich 17, Brown 17—185.

McLEAN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

In the regular medal contest, live birds, of the McLean County Gun Club, of Bloomington, Ill., Dr. C. A. McDermand was last week's winner in a field of fourteen contestants. McLean County Gun Club is one of the largest and most enthusiastic in the State.

MONROE TOURNAMENT.

The warm little shoot run off at Monroe, Mich., last week was a hummer, of course, being under charge of Jack Parker. Jack himself took down a modest share of the purses. Gyp, Spross, Wood, Allen, Foster and several others from Toledo, Wyandotte, Rockwood, Carleton and adjacent points, were also in the head moneys, and the affair was a good one, though not establishing any new records. Young Clark, a twelve-year-old shooter from Wyandotte, surprised all present by his performance, and bids fair to be one of the warm ones ere long.

MICHIGAN TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Next week, Sept. 20-23, will see a hot shoot at the beautiful city of Detroit, Mich., the annual meet of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, Jack Parker shooting manager. The committee in charge will be Messrs. J. A. Marks, Jack Parker, George Avery, W. H. Brady, John Bortle, P. C. Wood and H. H. Fleucher. The prevailing custom of barring manufacturers' agents will be observed, the latter being allowed to shoot only for targets. There is abundant money hung up, and many trophies of interest will come into play. All in all, this should, under the beneficent influences of reviving business activity, prove a very well attended and pleasant tournament, one of the best shown this season in the State of Michigan, which is one of the strongest in the West in sports of all kinds, and not the least in the sport of the traps.

EAST END, OF QUINCY.

The newly organized East End Gun Club, of Quincy, Ill., is steady at work on its new grounds, and trying to master the intricate flights of live and inanimate birds. The members are enjoying themselves very much, and the club promises to become a good and strong one. At the club shoot this week, Sept. 12, the following scores were made in three events, two of 10 targets and one of 5:

Targets:	10	10	5	Targets:	10	10	5
E Burlingaine	7	..	5	G Lock	5	3	4
G Weibring	4	5	1	M Geise	4	5	3
J Ha	2	5	1	H Geise	8	..	5
H Mast	3	3	2	W Scheidt	3	1	2
S H Herman	2	1	0	J Coleman	9	6	2
J Griefert	8	4	1				

MONTANA CHALLENGE CUP.

The challenge cup of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, 50 targets, was shot for last week by seven competitors—McGowan, Christianson, Shultz, Brownlee, Tuttle, Smith and Nell—the shoot taking place at Anaconda. McGowan and Christianson turned out a tie on 39, and shot further at 20 birds, McGowan winning. Heavy wind made the shooting difficult.

FAYETTE SHOOT.

On Monday, Sept. 26, the annual tournament of the Fayette Gun Club, of Fayette, Mo., will be held, on the grounds at Morrison's race track. Mr. Caleb Eaton is manager, and a very nice little programme is offered, of eight numbers, alternating 15 and 20 birds to the event. There will be one live bird event, a handicap, 26 to 30yds., at $7 entrance. There will be $10 added to the live-bird number, and $5 to each 20-target event.

GOOD TIMES.

Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., dropped in early this week for a chat. He says times are undoubtedly much better than for a good while, and he looks for more shooting and more shoots. He says that the number of magautraps put out by his company is steadily increasing, and altogether expresses himself as quite contented with the color of the world. E. Hough.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular weekly target contest Sept. 17. The day was a bright, sunny one, with a strong left-quartering wind. The attendance was only fair, possibly owing to the fact that many of the club's members were out of the city hunting chickens. The shooting nevertheless started in early and continued throughout the day.

In the trophy contest at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, Class A was won by F. P. Stannard; Class B by V. L. Cunnyngham, and Class C by H. B. Morgan.

Class A.

F P Stannard	1111111011111111111111111—24
A W Adams	0111111110111111101111111—22
Ed Steck	1110111111111111111011111—23
W D Stannard	1101111111111111011111111—23
Dr R B Miller	1111111110111111101011111—22
A C Paterson	0111111111011101101111111—21
J S Houston	1111110111101111110111111—22
F H Lord	1111001001010110111111111—18

Class B.

V L Cunnyngham	1011101110110101101110111—18
W D De Wolf	1001111000011111101111001—16
C W Carson	1111000010110111100110110—15

Class C.

H B Morgan	1111111101000111101111110—19
H D James	0100101100001000001000101— 8

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club held its nineteenth weekly target contest on the 17th inst., with a good attendance. The day was one on which good scores could be looked for. Considerable interest was manifested in the shoot-off for the medals. In a hot race for Class A trophy between Dr. S. Shaw and E. S. Graham they tied on the first shoot-off, each killing 22 out of 25. Dr. Shaw finally winning on 10 straight, his opponent losing 2.

Singularly the trophy in each of the three classes was won on 23 out of 25, the classes B and C shooters equaling Class A.

The following are detailed scores in the trophy event of 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, classified. Class A was won by Dr. Shaw; Class B by Samuel Young, and Class C by Mr. Eaton:

Workman	1110111111111111111011101—22
Meek	1001101111011101111011111—19
Pollard	1000111111101110111011001—12
Fish	1011111101110110110101101—18
Wiley	1001011010111111001111111—18
Richards	1111011111111111011111110—22
Hellman	1110011110011111111001101—18
De Maris	1010010101001110111011110—15
Young	1101111111111111111111101—23
Fehrman	1111101011011011111101111—20
Brown	1111110111111111001110011—20
Shaw	1111110111111111110111111—23
Eaton	1111111111111101111111110—23
E S Graham	1011111111111111101111111—23

EUREKA VS. GARFIELD.

Garfield Gun Club accepts the challenge of Eureka Gun Club, to contest for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, and sets the day of contest as Oct. 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the grounds of Garfield Gun Club, corner West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

A. C. Paterson.

At Midland Beach.

Midland Beach, Staten Island, Sept. 14.—The 25 live-bird handicap shot at Midland Beach to-day had nine entries, and resulted in a tie of extraordinary length in the shoot-off between Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. T. C. Wright. The tie was miss-and-out, and 51 birds to each were required to decide it, 76 birds in all. Capt. Money's 76th bird, hard hit, took a narrow circle and pitched under an amusement pavilion which formed the right-hand boundary, and was a lost bird.

As to the arrangements for conducting the shoot, it would be difficult to imagine ones more crude and shiftless. A tent close to the right of the score formed the left-hand boundary, while the pavilion to the right formed the opposite boundary, and some telegraph poles in front of the traps did service for the rest of the bounds. The birds were as poor a lot as could be found if they were specially selected for their poorness. Bird after bird refused to fly till fairly driven to take wing, and then its flight was about as swift as would be that of a winged bootjack. The entrance was $10, birds extra, class shooting. Mr. Lewis Morris acted as referee in the main event. Mr. Fred Quimby officiated in that office for the contestants in the Staten Island cup, at 10 birds, entrance $2, handicap, open only to residents of Staten Island.

Capt Money, 29	12212121221121111222112 12—25
T C Wright, 29	22221212122222222222222222—25
T W Morfey, 30	22022222222222220222220022—22
A Doty, 30	20222222222*00
J C Timmons, 28	22222222222222222222022222—24
W F Quimby, 28.	11121110211112111222 12*212—23
G V Hudson, 28	22022221202121021122121 20—21
Loening, 27	22222222*2222210112112202—22
Fairmont, 28	20222222222222*222221022—22

Tie, shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Capt Money	21211221122121211222221211 12121
Wright	12222222222222121222211112 2121
Money.	12221 12222112111112111112 1122
Wright	22222211112111211211122221112
Money	* Wright 2

Staten Island cup:

Loening, 29	2112212212—10	Howden, 28	022222220.
Tobin, 29	2222222222—10	P Hart, 27	1112021111— 9
Sayles, 29	0221020000— 4	Bailey, 28	0111121111— 9
Nichols, 29	1210121100— 7	Bechtel, 27	2211200*w
Edwards, 28	0212222220— 8	Poillon, 29	2201111101— 8
Merritt, 28	1111111001— 8		

Tie, 3 birds, miss-and-out:
Loening, 29 .....212 0 Tobin, 29 .....222 1

Rainmakers' Gun Club.

Corning, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The regular weekly shoot resulted as follows:

W J Cheney	10011011101110100001000101—13
Herbert Way	11111011110100001100000001—13
W W Willard	01110110100010011010000010—11
W H Clark	01100100111001101111010 11—15
G W Drake	00111000000010110010010 10— 9
Louis Miller	11101011101111111111111101—21
E H Gray	01000110010011101000010 01—10
Willard Way	00000111111000101110101 11—14

H. J. Sternberg, Sec'y.

The Natick Tournament.

Natick, Mass., Sept. 7.—As announced in the columns of the sporting periodicals, the tournament of amateur wing shots scheduled to take place here on the 3d inst. is now an event of the past. Considerable speculation was current regarding the possible success of an amateur event, owing to the fact that all experts were barred, but from the host of contestants that put in an appearance we should say that for a maiden effort it must be considered a success of the first character.

In all they were truly a lot of amateurs, but now and then we could not fail to observe expert marksmanship. We were not devoid, however, of a few good shots, but even then the best man did not average over 91 per cent.

Mr. Bowker deserves much credit by the manner in which this event was run off, and aside from a few balks everything went along very satisfactorily and agreeable, although the management did not get rich.

The comfort of the shooters seemed to be the first consideration. Awnings were erected over the shooter's stand, protecting each and every man from the burning rays of the sun, and thus making shoot very pleasant. Then there were two spectators' stands fully protected.

The writer observed many old acquaintances. There was Le Roy Woodard bewildering his listeners with tales of the Remington gun and the merits of Du Pont powder.

There was our jovial friend Henry Eager, of Marlboro, and Brother Wheeler, of the same place, just recovered from a serious case of typhoid fever, but nevertheless hale and hearty, and full of fight. Bucklin, of Worcester, loved by his friends for his evenness of disposition, but despised by the winged tribe on account of his alertness when the law is off. A. Wall, of Worcester town, with an eye for business, yet hospitable. Friend Snell, of Worcester, cool and deliberate.

Among other contestants were such good men as R. Walls, C. H. Goodell, Coffin, Ide, Reeves, of Worcester; Cole, Lyman and Fuller, of Waltham; Warren, Herrick and Tidsbury, of Ashland; Martin and Hooker, of Lynn; Isham and Warren, of Framingham; Henderson, of Hingham; Miller and Stevens, of Haverhill; Mayhard, Butler, Brown and Bowker, of Natick—about twenty-nine in all. We managed to throw about 4,000 targets.

The principal event of the day was No. 6, a merchandise event in which there were twenty prizes, ranging in value from $5 to $1. There were twenty-three entries, and of these twenty were successful, the lowest score taking a prize being 11.

The citizens of Natick and a few of our sporting goods concerns—and very few at that—deserve a vote of thanks. Tom Keller was willing to risk 200 of his choice loaded shells in the hands of novices, who will unquestionably profit by them and send him an order for a lot later on. We were sorry to miss Tom, however, as he was much more looked for than the gilt which he offered.

F. W. Gross showered upon us a good supply of Troisdorf powder. There were sixty prizes in all.

In the merchandise event an entrance of $1.25 was made, the receipts of which were given to the shooters in added money. It was just what the boys wanted. All were pleased with the event, which created more enthusiasm than the writer has experienced for a long time. It was all that could be expected, and was in itself a true amateur shoot.

The events and scores follow in their order:

Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	15
Eager	8	11	13	9	13	19	14	12	12	11	12
Wheeler	7	10	12	6	14	21	13	15	15	12	13
Le Roy	8	14	14	9	14	21	12	13	13	14	14
Bucklin	9	12	12	9	13	25	13	14	14	14	13
R Walls	9	10	8	7	12	9	..	..	..	..	..
Snell	9	14	13	9	13	23	15	14	13	15	13
A Walls	7	11	7	10	14	18	14	11	14	12	13
Goodell	5	8	12	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coffin	3	9	9	7	8	15	10	11	12	12	11
Ide	8	12	10	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
Reeves	3	6	5	2	5	..	5	3	..	..	..
Cole	7	7	7	5	6	..	8	..	..	..	..
Tidsbury	7	11	12	10	11	..	15	13	12	13	..
Martin	7	14	13	9	13	18	12	14	10	6	7
Isham	5	..	..	..	..	21	8	10	..	..	..
Hooker	8	10	11	8	11	18	13	12	7	9	..
Henderson	9	13	11	6	15	18	12	13	..	..	..
Brown	8	12	12	9	9	19	11	12	13	13	13
Miller	..	8	..	7	12	18	11	13	..	..	..
Fuller	..	..	..	4	..	6	3	..	..	..	..
Warren	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mayhard	..	..	..	9	11	11	11	11	10	12	9
Bowker	..	..	..	..	6	20	10	8	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	18	3	8	..	..	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	..	..	..	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Herrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..

An Observer.

St. Louis Items.

There was an informal little tournament run off at Du Pont Park on the 11th. This attracted a fair attendance of local shooters, and those who participated were more than pleased with their afternoon's sport. The programme consisted of twelve events all told. There were five 10s, five 15s and one 20-target sweeps, and a two-man team race. The latter called for 25 targets per man. There were four teams entered, of which Read and Kling carried off the honors, scoring 20 and 21 respectively, giving them a total of 41. S. Thompson and E. Pendergast won second money, scoring 20 and 18; total 38. The others scores were: W. S. Thompson 18, Hanson 16; total 34. McFadden 15, Collings 13; total 28.

In the sweeps Kling was high man, which entitled him to high average; prize, a fine cane. Read came next and got second prize, a hunting coat. Then came E. Pendergast, S. Thompson, Hanson, Stroh, Mudd and Kling, Jr., all of whom received some kind of a prize.

The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20
Kling	9	14	8	13	8	15	9	13	8	11	17
Read	10	14	7	9	8	12	7	12	7	12	15
S Thompson	5	12	4	7	5	8	8	10	5	10	11
E Pendergast	5	12	7	12	..	10	5	9	5	13	..
Mudd	4	7	7	5	4	9	5	8	3	5	..
Hanson	..	7	4	10	7	4	5	12	9	11	14
Kling, Jr.	6	10	4	8	9	10	5	10	4	12	..
Stroh	4	10	8	15	7	12	8	12	4	11	..
Nettie King	6	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S Thompson	..	..	4	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	..
Jones	5	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Le Page	7	7	7	11	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stone	..	..	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McFadden	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	5	11	..
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	12	7
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

FALL TOURNAMENT.

Manager Corray, of Dupont Shooting Park, is out with an announcement of his fall tournament. He purposes holding a three days' shoot on Oct. 11, 12 and 13. Two days targets and one day live birds. It is his intention to make this tournament as attractive as possible, and with this object in view he will endeavor to have a big wad of added money. It is likely that the sum total will aggregate $300. The target programme will consist principally of short events, mostly 15 targets. The money in these events will be divided by the Rose system. The chief feature on live-bird day will be a 25-bird handicap. Due announcements will be made as soon as the details are complete.

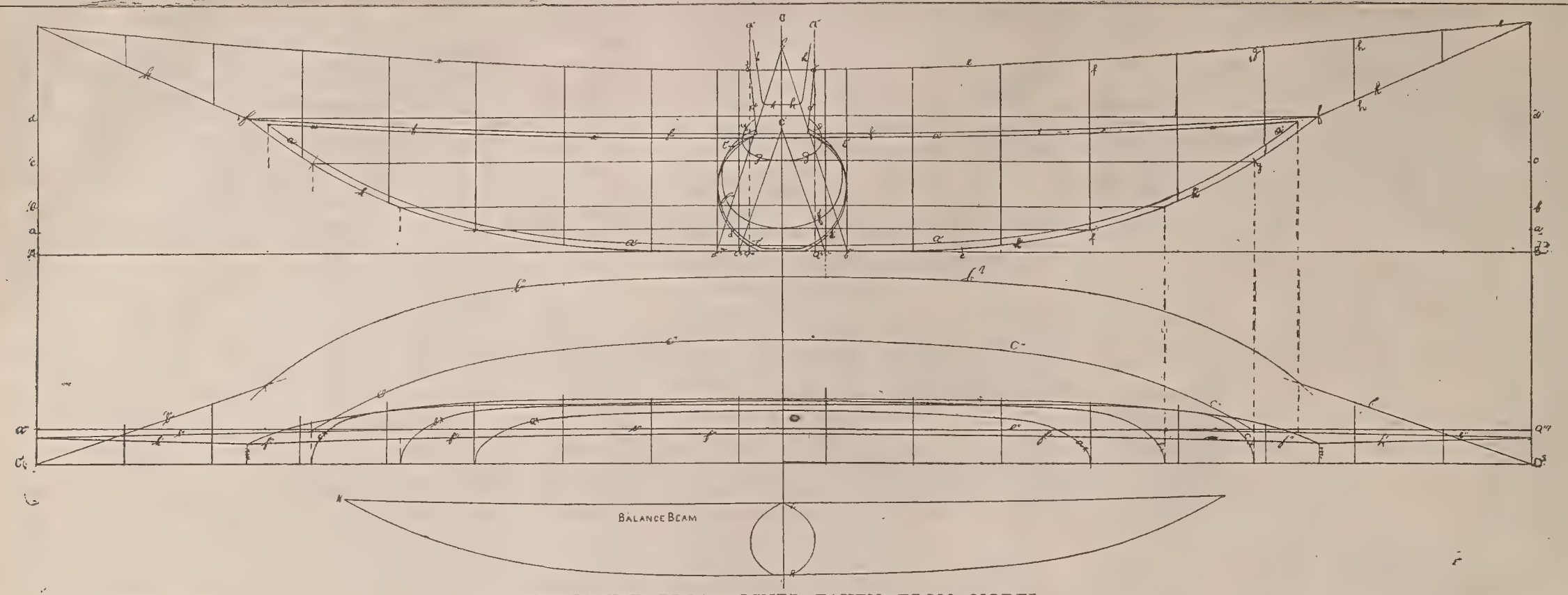
Paul R. Litzke.

Florists Gun Club.

Wissinoming, Pa., Sept. 13.—The monthly shoot for the club cup, 25 known, 25 unknown angles, resulted as follows:

	Known.	Unknown.	H'cap.		Points.
Harris	16	13	34	14	48 1
Craig	21	16	37	15	52 3
Engle	17	11	28	10	38 ..
W Scott	9	16	25	20	45 ..
Puck	16	19	35	7	42 ..
Havernail	11	9	20	20	40 ..
Smith	23	24	47	10	57 3
Burton	21	21	42	7	49 2
Bell	23	20	43	10	53 1
Cartledge	24	18	42	5	47 ..
Anderson	23	21	44	6	50 3
*Kreis	17	19	36	..	.. ..

* Visitor.



SINGHALESE PROA—LINES TAKEN FROM MODEL.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

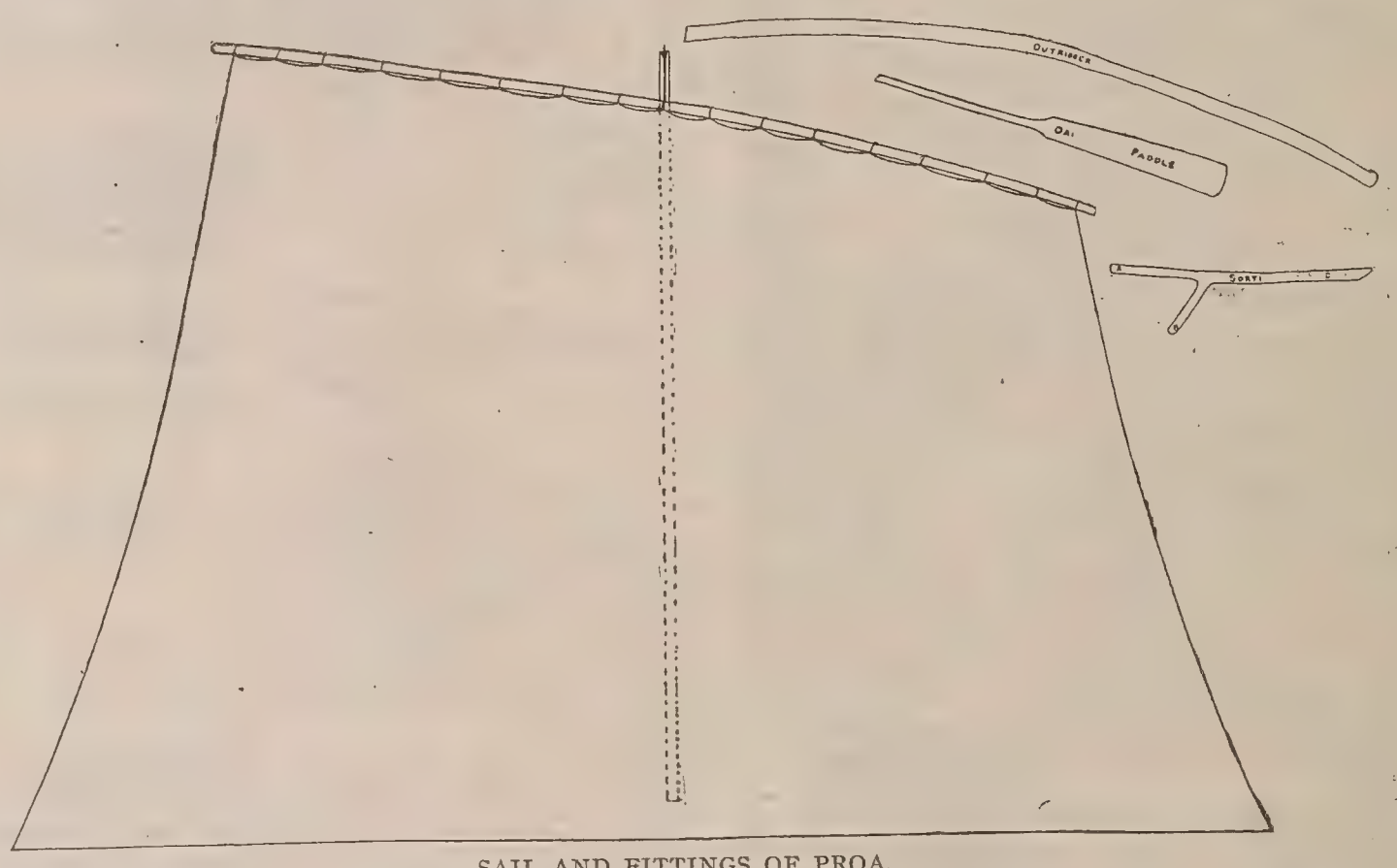
Another Proa.

THE following illustration and description of a proa appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 23, 1890. The half-tone cut shows a similar craft of full size, exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago.

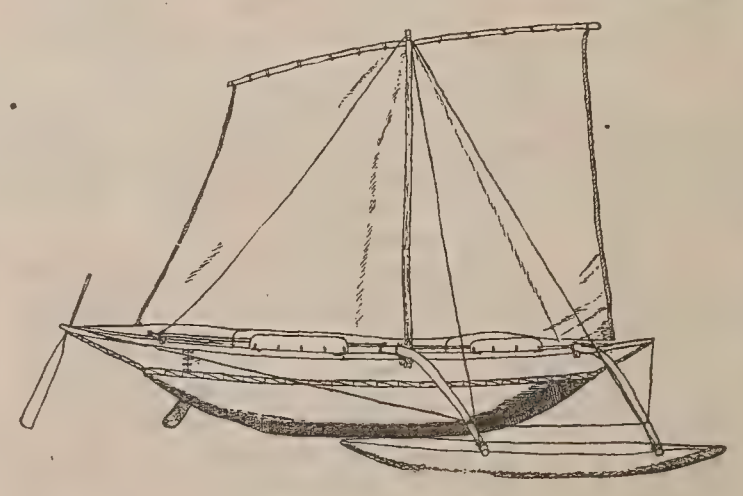
The modern racing canoe is peculiarly a product of civilization, the result of a long course of study and experiment by men of education and intelligence; but, unique as it is, with its narrow beam, large sails and sliding deck seat, a parallel may be found for it in the work of comparative savages. The canoe here shown, though differing in many important particulars, is yet closely enough allied to the American racing canoe to make a comparison both interesting and instructive. Both are craft of narrow beam and light displacement, with little or no stability in the hull itself, but carrying very large sails by virtue of practical mechanical contrivances. What is done in the more civilized craft by the weight of the crew thrown far out to windward is accomplished in the other by a similar means, a fixed weight being used that serves at the same time as a counter balance in itself and as a support for live ballast in the shape of the crew outside of the hull proper. The craft here described is known as the Singhalese, Ceylonese or Pointe de Galle canoe or proa, and is used in the vicinity of the Island of Ceylon. The following drawing and description were furnished by Mr. John W. Kennedy, of Chicago. We hardly fancy that it will be necessary for some time to prohibit floating outriggers in the rules of the A. C. A., but the idea has already been tried by a Chicago canoeist, his canoe being fitted with a metal cylinder of about 70lbs. displacement rigged out in each side.

According to Folkard these boats have been in use for several thousand years, he supposes Pliny to refer to them. Anson, in his voyages, speaks of their speed in extravagant terms, declaring that they sail thirty miles an hour. Observations taken by British officers show them to have a speed of twenty miles an hour. Com. Wilkes, of the United States Navy, speaks of the speed of similar boats as inconceivable. The model from which these lines are taken was made by a native. It was sent from India by Capt. Baker, of Boston, who wrote: "These canoes are at once the safest and fastest boats that float. Their high wall sides and great rake of bows enable them to live in heavy seas, and their narrow beam and enormous sail give them remarkable speed. They easily sail around the fastest English pilot boats. They sail close to the wind, and make but little leeway. I have met them sixty miles at sea, and you need have no fear of crossing Lake Michigan in one of these canoes; but be sure of your fastenings! These boats make good headway under paddles." The sailing directions sent by Capt. Baker have unfortunately been lost. It will be seen that the sail must be managed somewhat as a dipping lug, and that the boat tacks without turning; the balance beam being always to windward; the sail being swung around, end for end, and the boat starting on the new tack with the end forward which was previously aft.

The main body of the canoe is made from the trunk of a tree, the upper third is formed of planking. The planks are lashed to the canoe portion by thongs; the angle of junction between the two parts being filled with a strip of bark or wood properly fitted in. The planks are joined to one another also by lashing. The seams are made water tight by pitch. At a number of points below the sheerline, especially where the mast is placed, and where the outriggers rest, a wooden pin pierces both sides of the planking extending across the boat and projecting some distance beyond it. By means of these beams the outriggers are lashed down across the gunwale, and securely held in place by a sort of figure of 8 knot. The mast stands on the lee side of the plank portion, with its foot resting on the canoe. It is lashed to a cross tie, and is properly sustained by guys. It is exactly amidships. The two outriggers are not placed at equal distances from the center, but they may be said to be led aft, so that the balance beam floats very much nearer one end of the canoe than the other. It is probable that this is only a matter of convenience, in order that one end of the boat may be utilized more easily and safely in landing, boarding, etc. About midway between the middle of the boat and the extremities, seats for the crew are arranged longitudinally, two on either side. They consist of a board resting with its inner edge on the gunwale. The crew sit on these seats, with their feet hanging in the canoe. These benches are secured to the cross ties.



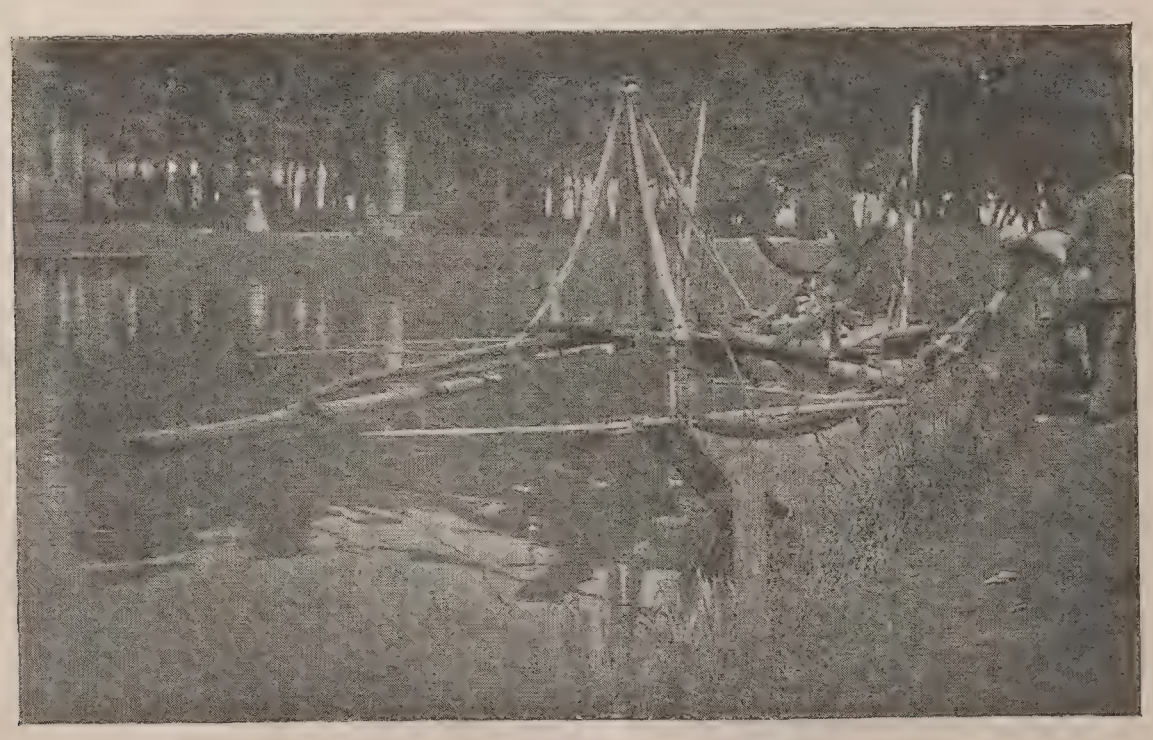
SAIL AND FITTINGS OF PROA.



MODEL OF PROA.

The balance beam is a log of wood in general shape like a cigar. Near its upper circumference, toward either end, a notch is cut for the reception of the outrigger. Below this notch is a large hole which pierces the beam from side to side, through this hole the rope passes by means of which the properly notched outrigger is most firmly lashed to the beam. The beam, as will be seen in the cut, is not exactly alike at each end. Whether this variation be from accident or design is not known. It may be here remarked that in order that the balance beam shall secure equal stability to the boat on either side, it is necessary that its specific gravity should be just half that of water (that is, that its weight relatively to water should be such that in heeling the canoe would meet a like resistance whether it tended to submerge the balance beam or lift it from the water).

The outriggers are curved as in the figure, and made of natural growth as a bamboo pole. They should possess a certain spring. It is noteworthy that the curve of the outriggers is such that when the canoe rests upright on a plane surface (in trim) the balance beam just touches the surface, and also that what might be called the horizontal plane of the beam is not, when thus *in situ*, in correspondence with a horizontal (waterline) plane of the canoe, but that it inclines away from the water-



THE PROA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
Photo by B. Waters.

line plane of the boat at an angle of 38 degrees. So that the lashings of the outriggers to the beam do not look directly upward, but upward and outward from the canoe.

The paddles are of the shape represented in the cut with a slight curve on their face. It is probable that they are made use of as lee boards to prevent leeway. Projecting to leeward from the gunwale of the canoe is what may be called a counter balance. It is called by the natives a "sorti." It consists of a forked beam of wood something like the letter Y. The straighter arm A is lashed over the gunwale, while the oblique arm B rests against the side of the canoe where it joins the planks. The main branch of the Y, C, extends perpendicularly outward from the boat's side and serves as a seat. Upon this the natives sit when it is desired to diminish the drag of the balance beam, as during gentle breezes, or while the boat is being paddled. Extending from the canoe to the balance beam are man ropes, by the aid of which the sailors may walk along an outrigger to the beam. When carrying all sail in a high wind they straddle the balance beam to add to its efficiency by increasing its weight.

The various parts of the drawings are as follows: *A B*, Base line of sheer plan. *C D*, Center line of body plan. *C' D'*, Center line, half-breadth plan.

SHEER PLAN:

a b c d, Water lines. *e e e*, Sheer line. *k k k*, Lower side of hull. *a' a' a'*, Section lines. *f f f*, Line of junction of log hull with the planked portion.

BODY PLAN.

d' d', Midship section. *e' f' g* and *h*, Sections. *a'' a''*, Bow and buttock line (alike). *b' b'*, First diagonal. *c' c'*, Second diagonal.

HALF-BREADTH PLAN.

C D', Center line. *e'' e''*, Side line. *a''' a'''*, Section lines. *b'' b''*, First diagonal. *c'' c''*, Second diagonal. *f'' f'' f''*, Line of junction of hull with the planked portion. *k' k' k'*, Half breadth of planked portion at ends. *m m*, Junction of hull with planked portion at bows.

Yacht Measurement.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Even since the publication of the report of the measurement committee of the S. C. Y. C. in your paper of June 11, I have been studying it carefully and have also carefully studied the various articles published by you relating to it, in the endeavor to discover some way in which it met the requirement of encouraging the design and building of a speedy and seaworthy yacht of reasonable accommodations. Your answer to Sextant's article mentioned me, but did not meet my objections. I therefore trust that you will publish the following, since only by a carefully considered discussion in your valuable paper can any real advance be made.

My objections to the rule, considered alone, are as follows:

As to form:

First, it is unscientific, this you admit.

Second, it has no good empirical basis; (a) because you state that it is simply a development of a former rule, which has already been shown to produce a most objectionable form of yacht, having a short waterline for measuring, light displacement, large sail area and no accommodations. This you practically admit in your article of Sept. 17. (b) Because it imposes no restriction on the racing machine of sufficient amount to be effective and cannot be made to do so; thus in the 20ft. class it would be necessary to add at least 50 per cent. to their rating in order to secure any fair racing with the one-design knockabout. The fin-keel 30-footers would require the addition of at least 25 per cent. to their rating in order to secure any fair races with what would popularly be called a wholesome yacht, and do not yet represent the ultimate limit of design under the proposed rule. If the rule be applied to any of the yachts designed and built to the limit of the present rule, it will be found equally inoperative against them. It follows therefore that if the rule fails to reach present development it will be a failure in the future.

As to factors:

L. W. L.—Every yachtsman knows that this dimension, as measured, bears no fixed relation to the dimension sailed on. As a consequence, measuring the L. W. L. when erect does not measure one of the so-called speed elements. It puts a premium on the freak form, as you state in your article of Sept. 17.

S. A.—If this is measured by the present rule it is objectionable because inaccurate, and because it discourages experiment in rig. In Akista I either paid a penalty of 20 per cent. for using a triangular mainsail or used a sail I did not want.

Beam.—The same criticisms apply as to L. W. L.

Draft.—An important element only when outside ballast is carried, but is of no account in the wide centerboard with inside ballast. As draft is taxed it encourages the centerboard yacht with a flat floor.

Midship Section.—This factor is supposed to be an index of displacement. I have already shown (FOREST AND STREAM, March 26, 1898) how this provision can be easily evaded and that it is of no value as such an index, except in yachts of the same form.

Since then every element of the rule, as it is, bears a variable and undetermined ratio to the actual elements used in sailing, it cannot have any value even if the form were correct. Each one of its factors at present encourages the design of a racing machine of most objectionable form, and therefore cannot help but have eventually a very bad influence on yachting and further encourage the development of special classes, thereby adding to the labor of the regatta committees, decreasing the commissions of yacht designers, and discouraging general racing.

Taking up now the limiting paragraphs, it seems fair to conclude that if the designer is to be permitted to certify to midship section, lateral plane, draft, ballast and rudders, his certificate might be further taken that the yacht complies with requirements as to displacement, inclined load waterline and sail area; in other words, the measurement committee have by their own action removed the only objection which can be alleged against the rule suggested by me in March. Further, there has already been had experience in regard to the effect of a scantling table and specific restrictions in the Boston knockabout class, you yourself stating that the rule was of no avail to secure the kind of boat aimed at. The specific restriction in regard to lateral plane is an unwise one, because it either stimulates the production of a wide centerboard yacht or else requires the introduction into the design of a large amount of absolutely useless wetted surface. I have had experience with a fin-keel in extremely rough weather, and know that her behavior was better than that of a yacht of equal racing length, with a deep forefoot, vertical rudder post and ordinary rudder. Taking the rule then as a whole with its limitations, it is discredited by experience already had.

My suggested rule has these advantages:

1. The driving power for each yacht in a class is exactly the same.

2. All present yachts except a few racing machines can be raced under it by making a slight adjustment.

3. The designer is at liberty to use any form he pleases, but he cannot design a small displacement "freak."

4. No advantage can be gained by an exceedingly light construction, since the displacement would be fixed high enough to allow for good construction and stores. As a consequence no scantling table is required. The designer is at liberty to work out the best construction free from all restrictions, and every yacht will race in cruising trim, thereby saving an immense amount of trouble for the yachtsman who lives on board.

5. There will be no tax on experimental rigs; as a consequence the value of the various forms of rig can soon be determined.

6. It is impossible to defeat the rule except by false swearing.

If space permitted I should like to comment on some of the remarks made in your columns since June, and offer a more extended argument in favor of my suggestions.

GEO. HILL.

Model Yacht Racing Union Regatta.

THE first annual regatta of the Model Yacht Racing Union of North America, held off Communipaw, on Sept. 18, was a fitting end of the season's scheduled races, and was an unqualified success. The steamer Guide, Capt. Pitt, had been engaged for the accommodation of the three clubs composing the Union, their friends, the skiffs and last but not least the models. The Guide visited the club houses in turn, beginning with the Wave Crest, the American and finally the New York, at 152d street and North River, then proceeded to Communipaw Bay, where the races were held.

Two classes, the second and third class sloops, were started. Course, one-half mile to windward. Wind, southwest; velocity, about six miles; tide, none; sea, light. The starts were very fine indeed, the large number of starters making a spectacle long to be remembered in the annals of model yachting. In the third class race Star (Townley and Pigott) was disabled twice, but managed to win second prize, being only 55s. astern of Nymph, the winner. Summary:

Second Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Comet	2 59 50	3 10 07	1 10 17	0 10 09½
Wasp	2 58 43	Disabled.		
Waterwitch	2 58 50	3 09 39	0 10 49	0 10 28
Uncas	3 00 43	Carried away bobstay.		
Dot	2 58 48	Carried away jib sheets.		
Lochlomen	2 59 40	3 16 56	0 17 16	0 16 58½
Siren	2 59 10	3 12 37	0 13 27	0 13 27
Froam	2 58 48	3 11 16	0 12 28	0 12 26½
Windward	2 59 34	Disabled.		
Majestic	3 00 43	3 19 00	0 18 17	0 17 50
Corsair	3 00 43	Disabled.		

Comet, first prize; Waterwitch second; Froam third.

Third Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rosey	3 46 30	4 03 00	0 16 30	0 16 28½
Star	3 46 05	3 58 10	0 12 05	0 12 05
Endeavor	3 47 11	Disabled.		
Nymph	3 46 43	3 57 53	0 11 10	0 11 01
Mabel	3 46 32	Carried away jib sheets.		
Minx	3 46 48	4 03 25	0 16 37	0 16 07
Wave	3 47 09	4 03 27	0 16 18	0 15 58
Momo	3 46 40	4 04 35	0 17 55	0 17 34
Sinbad	3 46 20	4 04 40	0 18 20	0 17 54
Viking	3 47 34	Disabled.		
Asthore	3 46 00	4 01 32	0 15 32	0 15 29

Nymph first prize, Star second, Asthore third.

The council of the Model Yacht Racing Union acted as regatta committee, with Com. J. H. Lane, of the American Model Yacht Club, as referee.

The Seawanhaka Cup Class.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of Sept. 17 you comment on the difficulty of securing a reasonable yacht for the Seawanhaka cup racing of '99. I would suggest the following rule:

Extreme L. W. L. when yacht is heeled to gunwale, 20ft.; limit of draft when erect, 4½ft.; actual sail area, 600sq.ft. in two sails (80 per cent. in mainsail), area of spinaker, 250sq.ft.; displacement, 3,000lbs.; ballast, exclusive of crew, 1,000 or 1,200lbs.; freeboard, 16in.; crew, three men.

It is my belief that these restrictions will produce a reasonably fast and entirely wholesome yacht, and that it will be impossible to so evade them as to secure any advantage except that which comes from perfection of form and rig.

GEO. HILL.

THE report of a new challenge for the Canada cup, now held by the Royal Canadian Y. C., is again current, but with little promise of definite results. The story goes that some yachtsmen from the vicinity of Toledo have been in communication with J. W. Hepburn, of that place, in regard to a yacht to challenge for the cup.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on Sept. 14 at Oyster Bay, at which it was decided to challenge again for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. The following telegram was sent:

"Oyster Bay, Sept. 14.—Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., J. C. Almon, secretary of sailing committee: The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. hereby challenge the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to sail a match for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, during the season of 1899, in the 20ft. class. Letter will follow.

"Seawanhaka Y. C.,
"Per C. A. SHERMAN,
"Secretary Race Committee."

The following statement was made by Mr. Sherman:

"The Seawanhaka Club has decided that it would be a proper thing to challenge now for the cup. Before the meeting was held we received an official assurance from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. that if we filed a challenge now it would be accepted. We therefore last night telegraphed our wishes, and also said in the message that the more formal challenge would follow by mail. The letter has probably been sent to-day. The acceptance of our proposal by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. will show that all differences between the two clubs are settled."

New Yachts.

THE new Watson yacht, now building for A. J. Drexel, to replace Margarita II., will be of 2,000 tons burthen, and the finest craft of her type yet built. Under the Payne bill she cannot fly the American flag, and she will be liable to port charges wherever she may be in American waters. The steam yacht Josephine, sold last spring to the U. S. Government by P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, will be replaced by a new yacht of elaborate design and construction, to be built by Neafie & Levy, of Philadelphia, builders of Corsair II. and Intrepid. She will be 240ft. over all, 30ft. beam, 18ft. 6in. in depth of hold. The hull will, of course, be of steel, with a single screw and quadruple expansion engines. The name of the designer is a profound secret as yet. The yacht will be completed in about ten months. The combined firms of C. L. Seabury & Co. and the Gas Engine & Power Company, at Morris Dock, have an order for a twin screw steam yacht of 135ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft, schooner rigged, with composite hull, for Louis Bossert, Brooklyn, owner of the steam yacht Mayita, built by the same firm. The new Corsair III., designed by J. Beavor Webb for Com. J. P. Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., is now well in frame at Marvel's Yard, Newburgh.

Rochester Y. C.

THE Rochester Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 5, over two rounds of the six-mile triangle, the times being:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.
Majel	10 02 00	11 10 15	12 30 00
Iris	10 01 10	11 05 30	12 26 30
Pedro	10 01 05	11 10 45	12 30 30
Facile	10 02 00	11 16 00	12 36 00
Amelia	10 01 15	11 14 00	12 39 00
Weno	10 01 25	11 16 30	12 48 00
Nydia	10 00 45	11 15 45	12 39 30
Nox	10 01 40	11 12 00	12 35 00
Keipie	10 02 00	11 45 30	1 07 00
Veritas	10 03 30	11 11 00	12 32 30
Zanita	10 06 00	11 49 00	.. .. ..
Iverna	10 01 00	12 20 00	.. .. ..
Quelia	10 02 00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

Iris won easily on time, but Majel, though larger, had enough allowance to give her the Graham cup. She was protested for fouling a mark, but the protest was not allowed. Pedro and Facile tied for third place.

Cleveland Y. C.

THE Cleveland Y. C. ended its racing for the season on Sept. 5 with an exciting race of five miles to windward and return, in a reefing breeze. The times were:

37ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock, John Barth	10 03 33	11 59 35	1 56 02
Jane, George Campbell	10 02 15	Dismasted.	
32ft. Class.			
Gardner, Ernest Radder	10 02 25	12 09 35	2 07 10
Meteor, J. H. Sargeant	10 03 28	12 31 45	2 27 17
27ft. Class.			
Cygnet, Charles Prindel	10 02 00	12 32 35	2 30 35

The course of ten miles, in rough water, was covered by the Gardner in a little over two hours. The judges were: Com. G. W. Gardner, Harry Gardner and F. G. Overbeke.

Ice Yachts.

THE Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has, as advertised in another column, added the building of ice yachts to its regular business. Following its usual policy in such matters, it has secured the services of an expert, Mr. George E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, who will have charge of the new department. Mr. Buckhout is known as the most successful designer and builder of ice yachts, most of the Hudson River and other championships having been won by his boats. On the St. Lawrence River, which is generally frozen hard for three months of the year, Mr. Buckhout will have ample opportunities to thoroughly test his ice craft.

On Sept. 14 Mr. Will Fife sailed from New York on the Majestic, accompanied by Mr. McGildowney. Vice-Com. Sharman-Crawford and Secretary Kelly visited Toronto, where they were most hospitably entertained by the Royal Canadian Y. C., and then went to Montreal, taking the steamer from there. All arrangements for the match of 1899 have been concluded, and both sides are now at work in earnest over the challenger and the defender. The daily papers on both sides of the ocean are taking a great interest in the match, and to all appearances have assumed entire charge of it. They are now settling among themselves the designs, material of construction, skippers and other important details.

Knockabout Association Races.

The Knockabout Association, of Boston, sailed a series of three races for the regular raceabout class, with a handicap for some of the old knockabouts, on Sept. 6, 7 and 8. The courses were off Marblehead, and Messrs. H. H. Buck and E. B. Clarke managed the first two, while Messrs. W. S. Eaton and J. P. Loud had charge of the third.

On Tuesday there was a light and variable S.E. wind; Sintram, sailed by W. P. Fowle, very cleverly made the most of a wandering streak of wind, and worked out a good lead that brought her in well ahead. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowler	1 53 41
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 57 58
Chinook, Adams Bros.	1 58 40
Mongoose II., A. D. Irving	1 59 00
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 59 49
Gosling, Clark & North	1 59 50
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 01 40
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 03 37
Sparkle, I. B. Mills	2 06 52

Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 10 59	2 10 59
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	2 16 09	2 16 09
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	2 22 46	2 20 48
Jenny Wren, F. Peabody	2 24 08	2 24 08

On Wednesday there was plenty of wind from S.W., with a lively sea, making a fine race. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	1 51 50
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 52 22
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 52 46
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	1 53 37
Mongoose II., A. D. Irving	1 54 41
Amanita, J. Crane	1 55 40
Gosling, Clark & North	1 57 23
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 57 27
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	1 57 53
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	1 59 50
Sparkle, I. B. Mills	2 01 12
Chinook, Adams Bros	Disabled.

Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 01 03	2 00 08
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	2 03 07	2 00 44
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 02 23	2 01 28
Polly, E. Wadsworth	2 05 58	2 05 58
Mayona, C. O. Stearns	Not timed.	
Louise, Mr. Williams	Not timed.	

The last day was marked by a light and fluky southerly wind; the times were:

	Elapsed.
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 58 33
Spindrift, W. H. S. Lothrop	2 00 21
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 01 07
Suzanne, F. Brewster	2 01 18
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 01 57
Mongoose II., A. D. Irving	2 06 05
Typhoon, E. V. R. Thayer	2 09 35
Gosling, North & Clark	2 11 07
Chinook, Adams Bros	2 12 32
Cockatoo, C. H. W. Foster	2 12 39
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	Withdrew.

Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 14 27
Louise, Mr. McWilliams	2 29 58
Arbeeka, F. P. Bowden	2 33 19

Sag Harbor Y. C.

The Sag Harbor Y. C. sailed its final race of the season on Sept. 5, with a small number of starters, the calm weather of the morning preventing half of the thirty-five entries from reaching the line. The times were:

Sloops.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muzzy	3 02 45	4 20 28	1 17 43	. . . .
Neuva	3 01 05	4 22 00	1 20 55	. . . .

Cabin Cats.

Isolde	3 04 15	5 45 00	Disqualified.	
Regina	3 05 40	5 51 50	. . . .	. . . .
Æolus	3 04 50	5 40 46	. . . .	2 32 01
Saunterer	3 06 40	Did not finish.		

Open Cats.

Wa Wa	3 09 59	6 08 40	2 59 50	. . . .
Glide	3 08 20	Did not finish.		

Sharpies.

Spoon	3 10 31	4 47 10	1 36 39	. . . .
Gracie	3 10 58	5 04 05	1 53 07	. . . .
Edith	3 11 28	5 08 40	1 57 12	. . . .
Hogonock	3 11 44	5 02 58	1 51 13	. . . .
Volunteer	3 10 20	Did not finish.		
Annie	3 11 48	Did not finish.		

Isolde fouled a mark boat and was disqualified. The winners were Muzzy, Æolus, Wa Wa and Spook.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steam yacht Embla, John T. Williams, took fire while at her moorings off Shippan Point, on the afternoon of Sept. 7, and was finally scuttled to prevent her total destruction. It is said that the fire originated from an explosion of gasoline, used in cleaning the cabins. The yacht's cook, Frederick Morrison, was so badly burned that he died next day in the hospital, while Henry Stern, a mess boy, was dangerously injured. Every assistance was given by men from other yachts, but the fire was soon beyond control, so Capt. Frank Torrey scuttled her in 12ft. of water, at low tide. She was raised on Sept. 10 by the Merritt-Chapman Company, and taken to New York.

The American yachts which were about the Mediterranean at the outbreak of the war last spring, and which took refuge in nearby ports, have all fitted out and started home. Fleur de Lys, schr., George Lord Day, laid up at Lisbon, arrived at Southampton on Aug. 29 and hauled out at White Bros. for repairs. Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, touched at Gibraltar on Aug. 27 and proceeded; Andria, steam yacht, John E. Brooks, was at Lisbon on Aug. 29, bound from Marseilles to London; Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Marseilles from Nice on Aug. 19, for coaling and docking.

Eleanor, steam yacht, W. A. Slater, has been sold to Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza, of Germantown, Philadelphia. Capt. Atkinson, lately in charge of Hermione, will command her. The yacht is still under charter to Col. O. H. Payne.

Syren, steam yacht, now owned and used by the U. S. Government, was sunk in collision with the British tramp steamer Topaz, on Sept. 5, at 3:30 P. M. No lives were lost, and the yacht was beached in the shoal water near the shore.

The schr. yacht Duen, of Copenhagen, is lying at anchor at the Royal Canadian Y. C. moorings, with the Danish ensign floating over her taffrail. She arrived yesterday afternoon in charge of Capt. Noland, her sailing master and pilot. The yacht is the property of Countess Adeline Grevinde Schimmelmann of Lindenborg, and that lady and her friends, Paul Friedrich, O. H. Oeumpaugh and Friedrich Wilhelm von Viebahn, are all registered at the Royal Canadian Y. C., being met on their arrival by Commodore Æmilius Jarvis. The Countess is widely known on account of the deep interest she takes in missions to sailors and fishermen. She and her friends will remain in Toronto for eight days, and it is expected that the Duen will then sail for Chicago. With the exception of the Countess, all of the party on board the yacht crossed the Atlantic in her on the voyage from Copenhagen. The Countess joined her vessel at New York.—Toronto Globe, Sept. 10.

Sylph, steam yacht, recently completed at Roach's Yard, Chester, where she was built from designs by Gardner & Cox, was purchased by the United States Government prior to the close of the war. She will be retained permanently for the use of the President of the United States. She is 152ft. over all, 20ft. beam and 8ft. 9in. draft.

Barracouta, steam yacht, has been sold by D. P. Reighart to Edward Kelly, of New York.

Canoeing.

The Shenandoah River.

BY THE COMMODORE.

I.—Description.

This beautiful mountain river is an ideal cruising stream. Flowing between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains, the scenery is picturesque and beautiful, and the climate bracing and healthful. The days are no hotter than those of New York and Pennsylvania, while the nights are always cool. Mosquitoes and malaria are entirely unknown, and the bass fishing is excellent when the water is clear. The surrounding country is a well-developed farming region, where supplies are easily obtained and railway stations are always within reach. The stream is bold and swift, and abounds in rapids and falls; and is navigable for canoes in the lowest stages of water.

The river consists of two streams—North and South Forks—which unite at Riverton, fifty-five miles above Harper's Ferry, where the Shenandoah unites with the Potomac. The North Fork rises in the Alleghany Mountains, and flows through the Shenandoah Valley, west of the Massanutton Mountains. It is the smaller of the two streams, and will not be described. The South Fork or main stream rises in Augusta county, and is formed by the union of three small streams—North, Middle and South rivers. It flows through the narrow Luray or Page Valley. It is very crooked, and winds back and forth across the valley, washing the base of the mountains on one side or the other continuously. It has a northeasterly trend, and its fall is about 800ft. from Port Republic to Harper's Ferry, a distance of 156 miles.

The river throughout its entire course runs over a continuous series of limestone ledges, lying more or less parallel with each other. Sometimes a single ledge will make a fall of several feet in height; again the ledges will succeed each other in a series of little terraces, extending for miles down the river. These are known as "falls" in local parlance, although the river has no literal falls or cataracts that cannot be jumped by a skillful canoeist. The ledges run parallel with the mountains, or up and down the valley, consequently the falls or rapids as a rule are found in the reaches of the river running across the valley, while the pools or "eddies" are found in the elbows or bends at the ends of each reach.

Before the building of the Shenandoah Valley division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad along the river, a great deal of boating was done—down the river only, of course. The products of the mines and mills were shipped to the railway stations at Riverton and Harper's Ferry in flat boats. To facilitate this traffic a channel was blasted through the reefs and ledges, and rough chutes were put in the mill dams. This channel is easily found by the cruiser, and is of material assistance to him, although much choked in many places with debris, and obstructed by fish dams, which can generally be shot by the canoeist, even in the lowest water. The chutes in the mill dams are now generally closed, but here and there one remaining open; they are generally very rough. The channel generally runs close along one bank or the other through the rapids and falls, rarely in midstream. In the longer falls the channel frequently changes back and forth from one side to the other.

The force of the rapids varies entirely with the stage of water. At dead low water they are not very rough, and the finding of the boat channel is a matter of necessity in order to get through the long lines of reefs at all. At a moderately flush stage—say 3 or 4ft. above low water—the river is very rough and boisterous, and the water rushes and roars down the rapids and over the ledges with big, spouting waves, which are apt to swamp anything but well-decked canoes. When the river is quite high it rushes swiftly and smoothly along on one general down-hill level, over rapids and pools, occasionally breaking up into vast rapids, whose huge waves must be avoided. From 6 to 12in. above extreme low water is the best cruising stage. There is plenty of water in the rapids, which are then quite rough enough to be exciting, while no difficulty is experienced in getting over the reefs and falls.

The last six miles of the river—from Bloomery to Harper's Ferry—is very rough, and at a flush stage is quite dangerous. There is a fall of about 100ft. in this six miles.

There are numerous springs along the river, and good camping places are abundant. The people of the valley are hospitable and cordial, and lodging can readily be procured for the asking at any of the farmhouses. The Shenandoah Valley division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad runs along the river from Port Republic to Riverton; the Virginia Midland road crosses at Riverton, while the valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio road, from Harper's Ferry to Staunton and Lexington, joins the main line at Harper's Ferry.

The Grottoes of the Shenandoah are on South River, three miles above Port Republic, and one and a half miles from Mount Meridian on Middle River. The largest of these—Weyer's Cave—is one of the old-time wonders of Virginia, ranking along with the Natural Bridge in point of interest. The caverns of Luray are three miles inland from Massanutton. The cruiser should visit both these places of interest.

The most convenient post-offices are Port Republic and Elkton, in Rockingham county; Shenandoah and Massanutton, in Page county; Riverton, Warren county; Castleman's Ferry, Clarke county, all in Virginia, and Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. There are no large towns or cities on the river. Port Republic, Elkton, Shenandoah and Riverton are villages of from 200 to 500 inhabitants. Conrad's Store, Newport, Massanutton and Castleton's Ferry are mere hamlets which the canoeist might sail right by without noticing; and even world-renowned Harper's Ferry is but a picturesque town of about 1,200 inhabitants, built all up and down the sides of the mountain.

The best place from which to start is Staunton. This little city is located on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, but ten or twelve hours from New York and Philadelphia. The Valley Branch of the B. & O. road also goes through here. All supplies may be obtained here. From here the cruiser may ship his canoe down the pike by wagon to Bowling's Mill, on Middle River, two days' cruise from Port Republic and the Shenandoah; or by B. & O. to Mount Crawford station on North River, one day's cruise from Port Republic; or he may drive down the New Hope road sixteen miles to Mount Meridien, on Middle River, one and a half miles above its junction with North River. If the canoeist can spare the time the Middle River trip from Bowling's Mill is recommended. Middle River is quite a small stream at Bowling's, but two or three canoe lengths in width, but it is a beautiful and interesting little stream, and the canoeist will be well repaid for meandering down the thirty-six miles between Bowling's and Port Republic.

The best canoes for cruising the Shenandoah are those of the different modifications of the Rob Roy type. They should be small and light for easy portaging and handling, and of light draft with shallow keels. Both ends should be well rounded so the canoe will turn quickly under paddle, and will slip easily down over the fish dams and ledges. Sails and rudder are useless encumbrances. A reasonable amount of sheer and fullness of bow are desirable, to avoid plunging under in the big waves at the bottom of the chutes and falls. Decked canoes are better than open ones, as the waves in many places roll over the decks freely. Open canoes, if not too heavily loaded, may be safely used by experienced canoeists. Canvas canoes should be well protected with bilge keels.

II.—Pilot.

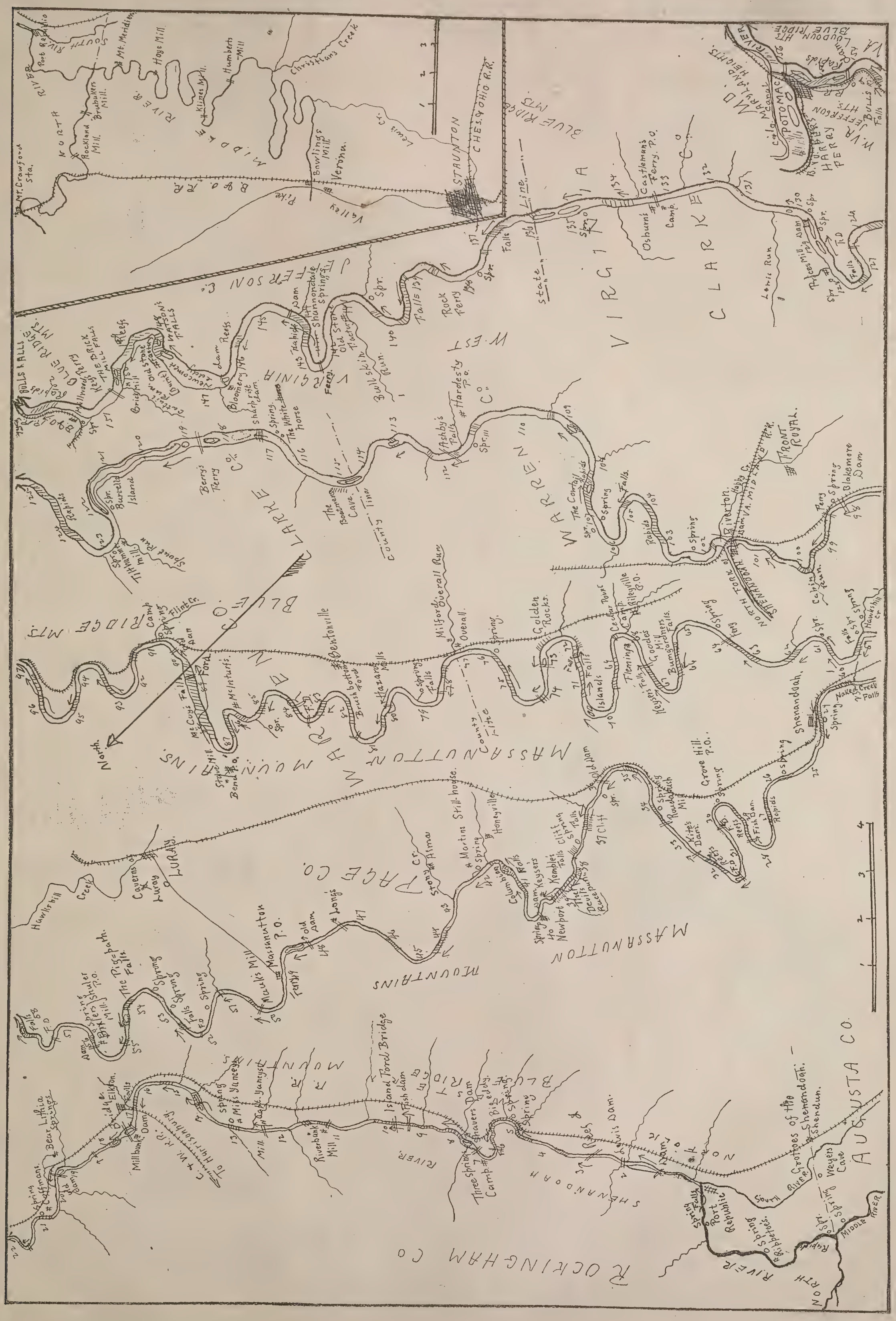
The figures along the river refer to the miles; they will also be used for reference in the following description. The cruiser descending either North or Middle rivers from Mount Crawford or Bowling's will need no special guide, as the streams are small, and what channels there are are plainly apparent. There is a rapid or fall in North River just above Port Republic that requires a little care in negotiating. The boat channel goes in at the top between the two flat grassy islands in the middle of the stream. On reaching the still water below the first reefs it veers close in to the right bank, along which it runs for the remaining extent of the falls. At the bottom veer sharply out to the left, and jump the last pitch close to the left of the small, grassy island. Cross over to the left bank of the river and follow the boat channel—which is plainly apparent—through the reefs under the bridge, passing under the first span from the left bank.

The Shenandoah begins here at Port Republic with the confluence of North and South rivers. There is a spring in the right bank in front of the village, and a good camping place under the willows across from the village. Descending North or Middle rivers there is a fine spring and camping place on the right bank at Rippetoes, three miles above Port, and another at Nicholas', in the right bank, a mile above.

No special directions are necessary for the first few miles of the Shenandoah; the rapids are easily run, and the mill dams are mostly low structures of rocks, logs or brush, and are easily shot at a fair stage of water, or portaged at a low stage. The Lewis dam is built at the head of a conglomeration of small islands, among which the river seems to disappear from view. Shoot or portage the dam at the channel nearest the left bank. There is a nasty little fall at 3. At a fair stage of water go over the reef in mid-stream without trouble, but at a low stage the boat channel over against the left bank must be taken.

The channel winds around the end of the reef with a twist to the right, and there is a treacherous mass of sharp-edged reef in the middle of it just at the head of the shoot. This rock is difficult to avoid, and I have seen several canoes wrecked here at various times, including my own on one occasion. The boat channel through the reefs around the bend at 5 is close to the right bank. In running the rapids at 6, below the big eddy, go to right of the rocks in mid-stream. Jump the fish dam at 6 to the left of center. There is a beautiful camp ground at Three Springs. The water gushes out of the ground in a great flood, while the ground is a sandy turf and well shaded. Supplies may be procured at Kyger's, on the hilltop, just above the spring.

The reefs and rapids below Shaver's dam, from 8 to 9, are passed on the right. The big fish dam just below 9 may be jumped near the right bank. Cross over to the left bank below the dam, and run the rapids above the Island Ford bridge close to the left bank. At 14 go in to the right, behind the small islands at the head of the rapid, until the first reef is passed, then veer out into the river. A little twist to the right is necessary at the foot of the falls to dodge the rocks. The falls just above the railroad bridge at Elkton are


THE SHENANDOAH RIVER—VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.
Canoeists' chart, drawn for FOREST AND STREAM by F. R. Webb, Commodore Shenandoah C. C. Verified and corrected by latest U. S. Geological Survey Charts.
MARYLAND HTS.
POTOMAC
HARPER'S FERRY
VIRGINIA
BLUE RIDGE MTS.
STAUNTON
CHES. & OHIO R.R.
Mt. Crawford Sta.
Rockland Brubakers Mill.
Mt. Meridian
Hogs Mill
Humberts Mill
Christians Creek
Lewis Cr.
Bowlings Mill
Verona
Valley Pike
Castlemans Ferry. P.O.
Oshurns Camp.
Falls
Line.
Bulls Falls
Old Stone Factory
Shannondale Springs
Rock Perry
Hardesty P.O.
Ashby's Falls
Sharpsburg Dam.
Bloomery
Rees Dam
Briggsmill
Old Stone Factory
Watson's Falls
The Brick Mill Falls
Bulls Falls
Millwood Ferry
Rapids
Burrells Island
Berry's Ferry
The White horse
The Boatmens Cave.
County Line
Bullskin Run.
The Corrail Rapids
Falls
Rapids
Riverton.
Happy Creek
Front Royal.
Blakemore Dam
Perry
Spring
Milford Overall.
Golden Rocks.
Cedar Point
Islands
Flemings Falls
Gordons Mill
Keyser's Bumgarners Falls.
Grove Hill P.O.
Shenandoah.
Spring-Naked Creek Falls
Hawksbill
Caverns
Luray
Hawksbill Creek
Massanutton P.O.
Old Dam
Longs
Stony Creek
Alma
Martins Still-house.
Honeyville
Columbian Falls
Sam Keysers
Kemble's Cliff
Spring
Falls
Newport
Devil's Race-ground
Cliff
Roundabush Mill
Kites Dam.
Reids
Fish Dam.
Rapids
Middle River
Port Republic
Riverside
Spring
Alberta's
Weyers Cave
Elkton
Bridge
Millbank Dam
Mill
Riverbank Mill
Island Ford Bridge
Fish dam
Three Springs
Shavers Dam
Big Spring
Lurays Dam.
Cullmans.
Bear Lithia Springs
Mt. Clinton Pike
Mt. Jackson
New Market
Timberville
Broadway
Harrisonburg
Dayton
Bridgewater
Dale Enterprise
Mt. Crawford
Port Republic
Weyers Cave
Grottoes of the Shenandoah.
Shendun.
Riverside
Alberta's
Elkton
Bridgewater
Dayton
Harrisonburg
Timberville
New Market
Broadway
Mt. Jackson
Mt. Clinton Pike
Dale Enterprise
Mt. Crawford
Rockingham Co.
Augusta Co.
Shenandoah River
North River
Massanutton Mountains
Blue Ridge Mts.
Page Co.
Shenandoah Co.
Warren Co.
Clarke Co.
Frederick Co.
Jefferson Co.
North.
1 2 3 4

run on the left. Pass close to the right of the small island below the wagon bridge, at 18. A good camping place is found at Elkton on the shady bank below the boat house, at 17, on the right bank. Shoot the old fish dam below 18 close to left bank, and the old Bear Lithia dam on the right. Supplies can be obtained at Coffman's.

In running the Naked Creek falls at 23, turn sharp to the left at the bottom. The mile or so of rapids in front of Shenandoah are passed close to the right bank. There is a small spring in the left bank opposite the railroad pump house at the lower end of the village, and another in the right bank a mile and a half below. A fine spring and good camp place is found on the right hand at Grove Hill. At the bottom of the bend below Grove Hill, between 31 and 32, go clear in behind small islands on left to pass fish dam. The reefs at 32 are passed on the right. A fine spring and good camp ground are found on the right bank at 34. The falls under the cliff at 37 are run on the right. Kemple's Falls is probably the worst place on the upper river, with the Columbian Falls, a few miles below, a good second. Work through the head of Kemple's Falls close to the left bank.

The long, swift, narrow canal close under the cliff on the left, below, is known as "The Devil's Race Path." Below the race path cross over to the right, and get through the remainder of the falls as best you can on this side until the fish dam at the bottom is reached. This is easily passed by going out around the upper arm on the left, after which draw the canoe back up under the dam, and slip along down under the face of the dam until still water is reached below. Supplies may be obtained at Keyser's, on the right bank, just below the foot of the falls. A good spring and camping place are found on the left bank below the Newport dam.

In running the Columbian Falls, go in close to left bank until the canoe is pitched out into the smooth water a quarter of a mile below. Enter the reefs below the smooth water, in the middle. A troublesome half or three-quarters of a mile comes next. Get through the reefs as best you can. Pass close to right of small island below the reefs, and veer to the left at the foot of the island. Work through the remainder of the falls on the left until the big fish dam at the bottom is reached; pass this close to the right bank, and work out into the river below by keeping up under the dam. Do not jump the reefs at the left end of the dam, as a smashed canoe is likely to be the result. I have tried it. A fine spring and beautiful camp ground are found on the right bank at 42, half a mile below the falls. The average canoeist may be interested to learn that there are two still houses for the manufacture of apple brandy at this place. Mail and supplies may be procured at Massanutton.

The canoeist wishing to visit the caverns of Luray will leave the river here, and reach the caverns after a pleasant walk over a picturesque limestone pike of three miles. The picturesque old Virginia village of Luray lies a mile further on, and is worth a visit. A single line of reefs between 52 and 53 causes a little fall of 3 or 4ft. Go in behind the small island against left bank, and a clear channel around it will be found. The Pig Path Falls lie around the bend to the left. Enter the reefs in mid-stream and veer to the left, following the lines of reefs. Go to the right of islands below the Pig Path. A small spring is found in the right bank below the dam at Shuler P. O., at 56. This is also a pleasant camp place. At 58 a veritable fall occurs, followed by a long succession of reefs. The boat channel is found to the left of the small islands over against the left bank.

By pushing up Hawksbill Creek a quarter of a mile a fine spring will be found among the rocks on the left as you go up, and a camping place that will answer very well. In shooting the falls, one-half mile below Hawksbill, at 57, go to left of small island just at top of falls, and turn out into the river again just below the first line of reefs. Continue through the falls on the left. The channel is on the left through the reefs from 63 to 64. Channel is on the left through Bumgardner's Falls, also through Keyser's Falls. There is a rough shoot on the left, in Goode's dam. Camp on left bank at Cedar Point, a mile below the dam. Supplies may be procured at Fleming's, on top of the bluff. A cluster of islands will be found in the bend below 70. Go to left of all of them.

After getting below the islands cross and skirt close along the right bank through the long line of reefs or falls which extends nearly to the Golden Rocks, several miles away. There is a steep fall of several feet in height near the bottom of this rapid, which may be run near the right bank. Pass to the right of the island at 73 below the Golden Rocks. A troublesome little fall at the bottom of the bend at 74 is easily passed by keeping close to the right bank. The reefs from 75 to 76 are passed close to right bank. A fine spring and good camp ground are found on the right bank at 76. The spring is hard to find, as it is concealed among the bushes. It is just above the foot of the falls or rapids, just after the river swings around the bend to the left. A veritable fall, as high as a mill dam, is found a mile below Milford, or Overall Station, at 78. It is readily jumped close to left bank. Keep in to the right bank through the rapids below the Hazard mill dam.

McCoy's Falls is the next point requiring attention. The river is very wide here, and very shallow, and the finding of the boat channel is a necessity. The channel goes in close to the left bank, and continues on this side for half a mile or more. At the top of the falls a long line of reefs and small, flat, grassy islands extends across the river. Some distance below is a similar line. The channel is inshore to the left of these. A third and much heavier line then puts across. Paddle out through the still water above this line, about one-half or two-thirds of the way across the river, when the channel will be found in the shape of a narrow, rippling little canal down through the reefs. It continues on the right for the rest of the falls, occasionally veering out toward the middle.

An old dam with a steep, rough rapid below it, a mile below the ford, may be shot on the right. Half a mile below this fall Flint Creek comes in, on the right, spanned by an iron railroad bridge, visible from up the river. A comfortable camp may be made on the point at the mouth of the creek. Water may be procured from a spring in the right bank of the creek, just below the railroad bridge. The rapids are troublesome in low water from here to Riverton, as the river is broad and shallow. Blakemore's dam is broken out at the left end, and a passage may be safely made with a little care.

Camp under the trees on the left bank, just above the big dam at Riverton. Water may be procured from the neighboring residences, or from a flowing spout across the river, a little beyond the foot of the bridge. The Shenandoah proper begins here with the confluence of the North Fork. The united streams make a considerable enlarged river, and the water is much better, particularly in low water. The rapids and falls are long, and at a fair stage of water, rather rough, but the channels are plainly apparent, with good water. The short fall at 105 is easily passed on the right. Go close to left of small island in the Cow Tail Rapids, at 107-8. A good spring in right bank at 107.

There is a fine spring and good camp ground at 111, opposite Hardesty P. O. Ashby's Falls just below consists of a single reef about as high as a small mill dam, with a good, easy shoot next the left bank. The White Horse is a huge sandstone boulder in the water's edge on the right bank at 117. There is a fine spring and good camping place here. Shoot the old dam at Sharplift, just below, to the left of center. Burrell's Island is three miles long. Pass to the left. A small spring in the left bank, opposite the foot of the island, will be hailed with delight by the thirsty canoeist.

Camp at Tilthammer mill. There is a good spring in the left bank, just below the mill. This mill, like all the mills below Riverton, while situated on the river, derives its power from a small stream flowing into the river, instead of from the river. There are no dams in the river below Riverton that cannot be readily shot by the canoeist, except the big pulp mill dam at Harper's Ferry. Pass to the left of the falls below 127. Price's mill is a picturesque old mill of the "sidewheel" persuasion situated on the river bank at 128. A small brook turns an immense 40ft. wheel. There is an excellent spring in the bank just above the mill. Go to the right of the islands just below the mill, as there is an old dam at the foot of the islands in the left-hand channel. Camp at Castleman's Ferry. Mail and supplies may be procured here.

The canoeist will pass into West Virginia at the foot of the lowest of the two islands below Castleman's Ferry. Pass the long falls at 139 on the right. Camp on the right at Shannondale Springs; permission to camp must first be obtained from the management. The long rapids below, terminating in an old mill dam, are best passed on the left. There is a broad chute in the dam next the left bank. Pass to the right of the island at Bloomery, and slip over the low dam. Newcomer's Eddy is a beautiful lake-like expanse, a mile and a half long and half a mile wide.

Watson's Falls, at the foot of the eddy, is the beginning of the 100ft. descent to Harper's Ferry, six miles away. This is the worst place on the river, and must be approached with care if the water is at all flush. Lives have been lost here. The walls of an old stone factory, burnt years ago, stand on the left bank at the head of the fall. There is no boat channel, as boats were passed around this place through a canal, with locks, behind the factory. The river makes a short, steep descent of 10 or 12ft. in the space of a quarter of a mile over a massive limestone ledge. In low water the river is lost in the innumerable fissures and crevices in the ledge, and there is no shoot, but the canoeist can easily slip down through the innumerable brook-like fissures without much danger by getting out here and there and assisting his canoe a little. In flush water the river rages and roars down the falls in a horrible manner, and a passage is made with great risk. A long island lies along near the right bank. In low water the best passage will be found out in the river, near the left bank of this island, veering well to the right at the foot of the island. In flush water go in behind the island, next the right bank of the river, and work along close to the right bank until the island is passed; then take your chances in the open river. A careful survey of this place is recommended before attempting it, be the water flush or low.

The Brick Mill Falls lie a mile and a half below. The river is rough and completely filled with reefs and fish dams between this falls and Watson's. Skirt close along the left bank after getting clear of Watson's Falls, and the boat channel will soon be picked up, when no further trouble will be experienced. The boat channel leads out into the river again, just above a low dam, which lies above the Brick Mill Falls. Do not attempt to run these falls, as what natural chutes there are are obstructed with fish traps. Skirt along inside the dam until the mill race is reached, on the left bank. This is also the boat channel; the boats were let down into the river again through a deep stone lock, which still exists, a short distance above the mill, though not in use. Follow the race down to the mill and carry the canoes down into the river again.

The fall of the river from the old stone factory at the head of Watson's Falls to the Brick Mill, at the foot of the Mill Falls—a distance of one and a half miles—is 37ft. The river is broad and stately for about three miles, until Bull's Falls is reached. A heavy rapid—it would be somebody's falls if in the upper river—extends for one-half mile above the falls. There is a good boat channel close along under the left bank, alongside the railroad. Bull's Falls is an almost perpendicular cataract over a limestone ledge some 6 or 8ft. high, and is easily passed by means of a canal cut through the rock along close to the left bank.

On reaching the head of the rapids above the falls, at 152, the canoeist should land and walk down a mile or more, and survey the rapids, the falls and the rapids below, which are also very rough. The boat channel led along close to the left bank below the falls, but is now unavailable, except in flush water, when it affords the only safe passage. In low water pick the best way possible through the reefs below the falls; over toward the right bank will be found the best passage. When the long dam of the pulp mill is reached, at 154, slip under the head gates on the left into the race behind the railroad. This is the old boat channel.

It is not worth while to attempt to run the mile of reefs below this dam. In flush water the river is horribly rough, and in low water not enough water will be found to float the canoe, as the dam diverts it all into the canal. Once in the canal no further trouble will be found in reaching the Potomac, except the mill itself, which is built squarely across the canal, and must be carried around.

The canal runs along inside the railroad between the mill for one-half or three-quarters of a mile, and then debouches into the river again a few hundred yards above the Potomac, and completely below all the reefs, rapids and falls. The pulp mill is right in the village of Harper's Ferry, about one mile from the railroad stations, and the canoeist can, if he so desires, end his cruise here, instead of taking the trouble to portage his canoe around the mill and into the race again.

F. R. Webb.

New York C. C.

The New York C. C. has had a very successful season at its home on Gravesend Bay; the club house offers every comfort to members, with rooms and restaurant, the sailing waters are unequaled, and the club has now a large membership and a fleet of canoes, sailing boats and small yachts. The one-design class established this year has proved very popular. After its old-time fashion the club held a fall regatta on Sept. 10, with the usual races and water sports, the results being:

Sailing open canoes, with lee boards: W. Carmalt, first; R. D. Bayley, second. Time, 40m. 30s.

Sailing races, three miles; record event: Louis May, first; F. C. Moore, second; J. C. Mowbray, third; W. H. Fales, fourth; H. H. Smyth, fifth; G. W. McTaggart, sixth. Time, 43m. 10s.

Maneuvering contest: F. C. Moore, first; G. W. McTaggart, second; W. H. Fales, third; J. C. Mowbray, fourth.

Paddling race; decked canoes, half-mile: A. A. Brennan, first; F. C. Moore, second; W. Carmalt, third.

Tandem paddling race; open canoes: Fredericks and Mowbray, first; May and Quick, second; Fales and McTaggart, third.

Club fours; open canoe: Canoe Jag, first, with Mowbray, Moore, McTaggart and Fredericks as crew; Canoe Nahma, second, with Bennett, Smyth, May and Quick as crew.

Water tournament; final bout: Quick and Moore bested Fredericks and Mowbray after a contest of 15m.

It is probable that by this time the burgee of the N. Y. C. C. is floating over the Philippines, as indicated by the following postal card:

Norddeutscher Lloyd Bremen, off Colombo, Aug. 13.—Just a line from the Indian Ocean to tell you that I have my canoe Caribee on board on the way to the Philippines, and that I suppose this is about the first time that the burgee of the New York C. C. has been unfurled in these latitudes. Hope to see you again about Thanksgiving time.

(Signed) Poultney Bigelow.

The Columbia River.

We have a request for information concerning the Columbia or Kootenay River from a correspondent who proposes to cruise on it in a canoe. He wishes to know in particular the best portions of the river for canoeing, and the proper season.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

Central Division.

Associate member: Mrs. Frank L. Danforth, Buffalo, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

F. L., Clifton Springs, N. Y.—The eye of my pointer bitch has become opaque, or partially so, and of a leaden color. The left one has been so for about a year, and the right one is becoming so. I think she can see but little if any with the left one, but some with the right. The whole of the ball of the left one has the leaden or opaque appearance, the right one partially so. Judging by a vein of the side of the right eye the trouble would seem to be in outer part of the ball. I have applied a drop a day of a solution of 2grs. of nit. of silver in 1oz. of water, but with no apparent results thus far. The dog is twelve years old and healthy. The eyes do not run. The veins around the edges of the eyeballs have a bloodshot appearance. What is the trouble and remedy, if any? Kindly answer in this week's number, as I wrote you about two weeks ago and have no answer as yet, but presume same has been overlooked or mislaid. Ans. Cataract, from your description, and a surgical operation is necessary to effect a cure. At your dog's age, it would be better to refrain from treatment.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

The Early West.

Among the fall and winter publications to be issued by Mr. Francis P. Harper will be "Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri, the Personal Narrative of Chas. Larpenteur," edited by Dr. Elliott Coues from an unknown manuscript. This will form No. 2 of the American Explorer Series, which is the general title to a series of original historical narratives edited by Dr. Coues (2 vols., $6, limited edition).

Wild Fowl of North America.

Mr. Francis P. Harper will issue this fall a popular work by Prof. D. G. Elliott, entitled "The Wild Fowl of the United States and British Possessions," embracing the Ducks, Geese, Swans, etc., profusely illustrated, and issued uniform with this author's "North American Shore Birds" and "Game Birds of America," and with these two volumes will form a complete set of "Popular American Ornithology" ($2.50, large paper, limited edition, $10).

Bicycle Repairing.

The David Williams Co., New York, send us the fourth revised edition of "Bicycle Repairing," just published. This edition has been amplified and extended so that it may be called a practical and reliable guide to the proper repairing of every part of the bicycle.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

VOL. LI.—No. 14. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photography will be found on another page.

AN ANCIENT GREEK EPITAPH.

Ariston had a bird-hitting instrument, fitted for humble poverty, with which he shot geese on the wing, when creeping craftily he was able to deceive them while feeding with watchful eyes. But now he is in the realms of the dead, his weapon is devoid of sound and a hand, and the game flies over his tomb.

NOT ACCIDENTS BUT CRIMES.

THE shooting season of 1898 gives promise of equaling any gone before in its record of gun and rifle casualties. The papers almost every day report maimings and deaths caused by criminally careless or blamelessly unfortunate handlers of firearms, who shoot themselves or their fellows. To repeat the oft spoken warning in the truism and platitude, that a gun is a dangerous weapon and must be handled with caution, is never inopportune; nor unfortunately is it encouragingly effective; the people who might profit by the caution have already slain their victims or will surely slay them. "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

The developments of this season in the woods and out of them give new point to the proposition which has been urged more than once in these columns, that the atrocious maimings and killing by the fatuous misuse of deadly weapons should have a place in the criminal code. Take the case of the veteran Adirondack guide who was a victim of his own astonishing injunction to his son to shoot at the first moving thing he saw in the woods. It was criminal advice, the obedience to it was criminal, the infliction of death which followed was criminal, each one truly so in effect, if not by the letter of the statute. Consider again the case of that fourteen-year-old boy who was shot for a deer and killed by an Adirondack hunter on Friday of last week. The unfortunate youth was in the company of deer hunters, when, as told in the newspaper reports, this is what happened:

"The party discovered deer tracks late in the afternoon. Accompanied by guides, they started in pursuit. Young Currier, who was an athlete, ran ahead. Suddenly the baying of the hounds announced that the game was near. As they neared the spot the rustling of the leaves attracted their attention. The hunters fired into the underbrush and then ran forward, expecting to find that they had killed the deer. They found young Currier lying on the ground with the blood flowing from a rifle shot through his brain. The boy died soon after in his father's arms."

That is a story which carries its own commentary. The boy's father says that the death of his son was an accident, for which no one was to blame. Sympathy of friend and stranger alike will readily interpret this declaration as the expression of a view commonly adopted by those who are thus bereaved, because they find in the accident and blamelessness theory a balm to assuage their overwhelming grief. The father bereft of a son, or the wife of a husband, shrinks from the bitterness of any other thought. Even were the harsher reflection to obtrude itself, or did the carelessness of the perpetrator stand forth in its actual criminality, this would but intensify a sorrow for which no infliction of a penalty, however well merited, could give solace. If then we shall delay for the relatives or friends who are most nearly affected by such shooting casualties to take any steps toward securing the proper classification of these accidents as crimes, we shall wait in vain. The matter indeed is one which has long since passed beyond a stage where it may properly be left to individual initiative. Shooting casualties among hunters because of their frequency and serious character have become a public scandal and a public concern. The community is called upon to take cognizance of them, to give them classification as manslaughter, and to punish them as such. When one person shoots another for a woodchuck or a deer, or blows out the brains of a companion with a gun that wasn't loaded, let him answer for it as for other acts of manslaughter.

Such responsibility for the unintentional infliction of wounds or death would not constitute any innovation in established legal principles. Accidents have their well recognized place in the criminal code. The law holds men responsible for criminal carelessness. Railroad engineers and conductors, motormen of street cars, foremen of mines or rock blasting gangs or street trench diggers, drivers of horses and motor vehicles, in short all persons engaged in any activity which is liable to cause accident or death are held strictly accountable, and are required to exercise forethought, caution and eternal vigilance to guard against the infliction of injury. On Monday of this week a New York cabman driving through one of the city streets collided with a wheelman, who was struck by the shaft of the cab, and was taken in an unconscious state to a hospital. The cabman was arrested, was charged with reckless driving in running down and injuring the wheelman, and is now held in $500 bail to await the result of his victim's injuries. This is the customary procedure when a person is engaged in his ordinary occupation; but if this cabman had taken a day off and armed himself with a long range rifle and killed his man unseen in the woods, it would have been reported as another accident, and no one would have thought of holding him for the deed. Yet in the reckless shooting is involved the higher degree of criminality. The collision in a city street belongs to that class of accidents which are inseparable from the complications of congested traffic, in spite of the unremitting exercise of care and caution and skill. The discharge of a firearm at an unidentified target is on the contrary a wanton and premeditated act of folly. Tens of thousands of the workers of the world are at this very moment performing their duty under the recognized obligations of responsibility, and if a casualty should come the law would intervene to hold them strictly to that responsibility; but the greenhorn with a gun may blaze away at the first rustling he hears in the brush, and kill his human victim, and it will be accounted an accident, and a legal penalty will be the last thing anyone will dream of.

SPORTSMEN AND SOLDIERS.

THE "Chatterer" of the Boston Herald, who writes many entertaining paragraphs, not infrequently gives expression to views which might invite controversy, were it not that the "Chatterer" wields a feminine pen, and all the world knows that it is futile to attempt to argue with a woman. Women are creatures of impulse, intuition and sentiment, but of logic they know little, and for reasoning care less. Here, for instance, is what the "Chatterer" has to say of the American sportsman and his relation to the war:

"For years he has been rendering the American buffalo obsolete, and now his work is almost accomplished. He has tried to exterminate the deer, and the fox and the wild turkey, and to rob all the streams of fish by inseine—one might say insane—methods, just to make a record for killing everything for the sake of killing. This passion has had another outlet in the recent war, and it must be whispered, I think it was for a much better end than in taking the lives of creatures unable to defend themselves in kind."

She thus identifies the taste for field sports with that patriotism which responds to the country's call; and she declares that both consist of the same passion for "killing for the sake of killing," be it deer or be it Spaniard. Thus in a sentence she gives us one measure for the American sportsman and the American volunteer; both, says this Boston woman, are butchers, who butcher for the sake of butchering.

This is not the bright red rose of truth, nor the lily pure of poetry; it is the sprouting of the potato eye in the cellar, an unwholesome sentiment bred in the dark. We surmise that the Boston sky-scrapers which have been built up about the Herald building on Washington street have shut out the sunlight from the "Chatterer's" desk. A week of outdoors in a Maine deer hunters' camp, or a day down on the Cape with the brant shooters, when the winds are whistling and the clouds are scudding and the spray is flying, would set her right as to the sportsman. Knowing him, she would know the volunteer; for there is after all this element of truth in her paragraph, that the American sportsman and the American volunteer are identified in spirit and personality. A census of the troops would show the sportsmen of the country to the fore. It would be easily demonstrable too, that because of their sportsmanship they were better soldiers—not, as "Chatterer" brutally declares, because of a "passion for killing," but for the well-known rule that indulgence in field sports prepares men physically and spiritually to assume the responsiblities, perform the duties, endure the hardships and win the victories of a campaign. The sports of rod and gun hold high place among the influences and agencies which go to making the vigor and stamina and endurance which are the strength of a nation in time of peace, and in war its defense and preservation. It is to the abiding credit of the sportsmanship of this country and this generation that it has been to the front in the Spanish war; nor is the credit likely to be depreciated by the fool chatter of mawkish sentimentality.

SNAP SHOTS.

Elmer Snowman, one of the best guides in the Rangeley region, has been arrested for guiding without a license. He took out a license the first year, but declined to make a return, as required by the law. He applied for a second license, but was refused by the commissioners, and the fee was returned. Since this he has gone on guiding without a license; though repeatedly warned by Warden Huntoon. The other day he was arrested, had a hearing before the local justice, where he appeared without counsel, and was bound over to appear before the Supreme Court at Farmington the next term. Mr. Snowman, we understand, expected to be arrested for guiding without a license, but refused to make out the required returns for the reason that he could not do it conscientiously and in justice to himself and the people for whom he had guided. He believes the law to be unconstitutional and unjust, and hopes his action will bring it before the people. His case is said to be exciting a good deal of attention and a good deal of sympathy. We have expressed the opinion that the Maine game law would stand the test of constitutionality. It is in line with many of those regulations and restrictions of individual action which have for purpose and justification the protection of game. If the State may constitutionally go so far as to prohibit entirely the taking of game, it may constitutionally go so far as to prescribe that game may be taken only by licensed hunters, or by hunters accompanied by licensed guides.

In his testimony before Gen. Breckenridge's board, appointed to examine into one of the Camp Thomas hospitals, Col. Elias Chandler, of the 1st Arkansas, described among other cases that of Private Simms, ill with pneumonia. "It had been raining and the water ran through the tent, thoroughly wetting the ground and soaking the bedding in which the sick man lay. I asked permission to put up a habitable tent for the sick man, and did so. Twenty-four hours later he was removed to it, and twelve hours after that died. The excuse given for not moving him sooner was because the ground was too wet. But this would have made no difference, because there was no floor in the tent, and the water from the hillsides drained through all the tents. No trenches had been dug around them, and the water flowed in a stream through the tents in which the sick men lay."

The flooded tents constituted only minor horrors of the Chicamauga Park hospitals; but it is worth while pointing out that this particular atrocity was one which might very readily have been avoided altogether if only the individuals responsible for it had applied to the stern business of war one of the simplest rudiments of the "gentle art of woodcraft." The veriest tyro in camping out knows better than to pitch his tent where water from higher ground will run into it; or using such a site he will ditch roundabout it so that the water will be carried off. If the novice does fall into such a blunder at first, he makes a move quickly enough out of it when the floods come. What sort of sportsman would he be accounted who should keep a sick comrade in a camp bed soaked with water running down hill into the tent? We are accustomed to credit the practice of sportsmanship with preparing a nation for war. It is a tremendous pity then that there was not more of the woodcraft element of sportsmanship at Chickamaugua.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Down a Slide.

One morning the daylight came dim and gray, there were no rainbow tints in the sky, and the giant cliffs had disappeared in the clouds which dragged their tattered skirts among the tree tops and settled there in little round drops of water.

Drip, drip, drip—everywhere the quiet noise of water falling, not like the rain, but with a soft, monotonous sound that seemed to lull one into a dreamy, no-account state. Billy grunted when he looked out of the door of the cedar bark shack, and he softly but forcibly "cussed" the weather after he got the coffee pot simmering and wiped a few big raindrops out of the back of his neck—that little strip of bare skin where the hat rim and the shirt collar part company, and both consider neutral ground.

Bluie yawned and reckoned "there wasn't any use of turning out—couldn't prospect anyhow." I got up, smelled the weather, and then lit my pipe to help me figure out a way to kill time.

Now a nasty, rainy day in the mountains is no pleasure party at any time, and a dull day in camp is the worst thing that can happen, so I figured out a plan while the bacon sizzled, and when Billy hollered "Time to feed," I had it all settled.

"I'm going up on the cliffs after a deer or bear or anything for meat—you fellows in it?"

"Ugh! Must be stuck on gettin' wet," was Billy's comment.

"I'll be busy sleeping," said Bluie. "Don't want to get soaked anyhow."

"Pshaw, you fellows are a couple of old women to stay in camp. Come on, let's go up and see what we can do."

"Nope. Not any," said Bluie, and he stayed in camp all day.

Billy looked at the weather, stowed away some breakfast and looked at the weather again. Everything was a solid gray up along the mountain side, and we could hardly see across the cañon.

"Mighty good day to get lost," ventured Billy.

"Got our compasses, haven't we?"

"Yes, but the blamed things pointed east by nor' yesterday, too. Reckon there's too much mineral in these hills to bet on compasses," was Billy's sage comment.

"Well, anyhow, we can't get lost, for all we have to do is to go down hill and we will come to the river, then we can get into camp easy enough."

"Guess I'll go along," said Billy, "but I won't promise to stay. If I don't like it I'm coming back to camp."

We shouldered our rifles and started.

"You fellows are chumps," said Bluie (and I guess maybe he was right, come to think about it).

We climbed up on the elk trail and crossed a little spur to the gulch where Mountain Home Creek came tumbling and sputtering down over the rocks, making more noise than a big river, until it got tired, and soaked itself out of sight in the broken rocks of an old slide. Steadily we climbed through the mists and fog, peering among the ghostly looking shadows for game, past the lichened cliffs, winding about among the huge boulders that had fallen thundering down in times past, over the soft moss beds and through the tangle of ferns that were only knee high now, but would be a jungle when berries were ripe.

When the loom of the cliffs came across our path we sat down and waited for breath. Grouse hooted from the shadow pines all about us, but we could see nothing 30ft. above the ground. Far away noises from the gulches above us told of snow banks that gave up to the melting rain from the tree tops, and came thundering down into the gulches, bringing rocks, trees and debris with them.

"Better not go up there," said Billy.

"Reckon I'll go on even if I ride back down on a glacier," I remarked.

We climbed up along the benches then and saw where deer and bears had been half an hour ahead of us, but saw nothing to shoot at; indeed we could hardly expect to with the cloud mantle wrapped around the mountains.

I had just got a restless notion in my head to climb, climb, climb, and as I was as wet as I could get already, I did not mind the drip from the trees. Billy got disgusted and started down to camp just as I struck a particularly fresh trail. I followed it up until it led among the snowbanks that chilled the air and made the fog denser than ever.

I sat down to rest and then it came into my mind that this was a foolish errand and a dangerous one—better go back to camp.

Boom, crash, biz-z-z-boom! The snowbank I had just crossed was smashing a track through the trees away down the mountain side.

Guess camp is a good place about now. I began to travel along the side hill, one eye open for down bound snowbanks, and the other for a feasible route to go down myself. As I climbed over a little spur of rock, I saw a smooth, wide path, like a nicely paved street tipped up until it stood at an angle of about 45 degrees. It was smooth and looked as though it might be good traveling, so I went down to investigate.

Recently a snowslide or glacier had taken that path down the mountain and left a beautiful trail. I figured that that was about my place to go down hill, and jumped out on the smooth looking place.

In ten seconds I had my rifle butt shoved down against the earth for a brake, and was making about a thousand miles an hour toward the cañon, where the river roared along by the camp. I had company, too, for rocks and dirt were loosened in my mad flight, and raced by me down the aisle that opened away dimly into the fog ahead.

In a few minutes I stopped, up to my knees in loose fragments of rock, and doubled up as small as I could until the trouble all went by (in big, hard chunks); then I looked at myself and at the slide I had just traveled over—it disappeared in the gray fog up the mountain side, but I knew all about it, and had no desire to climb up that nice, smooth looking road at all. My rifle stock looked as if it might have danced with a family of buzz-saws, the nails were torn out of my heavy shoes, my legs were bruised where the rocks had overtaken me on the way down and used me for a cushion to ricochet against.

I was muddy, wet, tired and disgusted. I struck a traveling gait for camp that took me over logs, rocks and everything else with about the same degree of grace that a bear uses when he is in a hurry, and when I got to the larch bottom at the head of the creek Billy was sitting on a log. "Come down in a hurry, didn't yeh?" he asked.

"Did you hear me do the snowshoe-toboggan-steeplechase act up there just now?" I questioned.

"Was it you making all that noise? Thought it was a bear starting a rough house or something," said Billy.

"Nope. I was in that. Let's hit the trail, there are several nervous snowbanks up there, and they may take a playful side jump and land just about here."

"Say, you must have made a big slide. I left you over an hour ago," said Billy.

"Well, I don't know how big a slide it was, but I was away above where you left me when I started, and that wasn't over fifteen minutes ago. Figure it out to suit yourself."

When we got into camp Bluie drawled, "Get anything?"

El Comancho.

An Old Man o' the Mountains.

Speeding down from Keating Summit in the Alleghanies, a domicile so startling and unique caught our eye that we stopped to investigate. In the porch were several well mounted specimens of elk heads, Rocky Mountain sheep, deer, etc., while more could be seen in the sitting room through the open door. On one side of the house, somewhat in the rear, was a great vault or tomb of masonry, and still beyond this a dog house, to which a full-grown coyote, or prairie wolf, was chained. In a paddock to the right of the house several deer were quietly feeding.

"The home of Col. P.," said my friend. "A gentleman whose acquaintance is well worth the making. Let me introduce you."

A tall figure, slightly stooped with age, but with clear gray eyes and ruddy complexion, bearing his eighty-five years well, you must admit.

"Come in," said the Colonel, in hearty Western fashion. His sitting room and bedroom beyond are well filled with Florida birds and Rocky Mountain fauna, shot by his own hand and mounted by his own skill—a mountain lion and its kitten and a splendid pair of buffalo heads being the most conspicuous. The Colonel has made three trips to the Rockies, and meditates a fourth, just to see the changes since 1842.

"I first went to the Rockies in 1842," he says, crossing one leg over the other, and throwing himself into a reminiscent mood. "I was trappin' then fur the Hudson Bay Company. No railroads then, so I sailed down the Mississippi on a steamboat to New Orelans, then up into New Mexico, and followed the Rocky Mountain chain up to the headwaters of the Columbia, and down that stream to its mouth. I had seventy men under me—drawn from all nationalities almost, principally Americans, half-breeds and 'courriers des bois.' We were independent, hunted about until we found a district with good signs of beaver and other fur, pitched our camp in the center of it and generally stayed there till we had cleaned it out. Of course we had many pitched battles with the Indians. I suppose you could fill this room with the redskins I've made good Indians of alone. The Comanches, Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows and Piutes were always on our trail, one or the other of 'em, some after ha'r, but more after our guns, clothes and skins. The Comanches were the worst Indians on the plains. They would kill a white man just for his hair. Scalps made the 'big Injun.' But the Sioux, Crows and the others killed more for the plunder they got out of it. I lost but one man in the two years, and they got him because of his own recklessness. We knew the Comanches were on our trail. I warned him; but he laughed, said he could shoot all the Injuns that could surround him before they could get within arrow range. The Indians carried bows and arrows then. He was my best man. He left the camp one afternoon, sun about an hour high, to hunt for antelope, our fresh provisions running low. By and by we heard a shot down the creek, then another, a third and fourth in quick succession.

"'The redskins are after Joe, boys,' I sang out. Ten of us that happened to be in camp mounted and rode full gallop to the rescue. Sure enough there was a band of about fifty Comanches riding around Joe, cracking away at him with arrows. They were always mounted on good horses too, and now they rode round and round poor Joe, who had his back against a big rock, each one shooting as he passed, and sheltering his body from Joe's rifle by slipping under his horse. We soon put them to flight, leaving twenty on the ground, but poor Joe was done for, literally shot full of arrows. There wasn't a place on him as big as your hand that hadn't an arrow in. He had killed six of them, so they paid pretty dear for his scalp.

"Oh, yes, I killed that buffalo out of a herd of I suppose fifty thousand. We continually met herds of from fifty to a hundred thousand in those days; now there is scarcely one. I know a thing or two about the extermination of the buffalo that isn't generally known. They were killed by order of our Government to keep the Indians from going out on the warpath, and keep them at home on the reservations. With no buffalo to kill the Indian would starve if he wandered off, and so was obliged to stay at home and be fed. I had a friend, a hunter, who was paid by our Government to kill off the buffalo, so that I know what I am talking about.

"My coyote, Jack; yes, you shall see him presently. It's a curious thing about coyotes. When I first crossed the plains there were timber wolves and plains wolves, but nobody had ever seen or heard of a coyote or prairie wolf. The next time I went, several years later, they were there in immense numbers. Where did they come from? I think they are a cross between the timber wolf and plains wolf. But come out and call on Jack."

Jack seemed very glad to see his master, but was a little doubtful of strangers. He leaped the length of his chain, showed his teeth and a strong inclination to get at us.

"Jack," said the Colonel, "will whip any dog in Cameron county, and he will do it because of his quickness—he can make two motions to a dog's one. He is the most affectionate brute you ever saw. I was away three or four days last spring, and I thought Jack would break his chain in his demonstrations of joy at my return."

The vault of masonry the Colonel designs for the last resting place of his wife and himself. He is a native of York State, but was one of the first settlers in this part of the Alleghanies. He tells rare stories of the herds of elk and antelope that could be sighted at the "elk licks" throughout all this section when he first settled here, about 1835-42. C. B. T.

The Adirondacks in 1898.

The Weather.

Old residents agree that they never knew such a protracted drought nor so hot a season as the one just past. But the depressing effects were nothing compared to those in the city, and the nights brought comfort and repose.

Insects.

Natives and visitors agree that the gnats, black flies and mosquitoes were never so troublesome before. A guide said that in twenty years' experience he never saw the like. Two dominies had an experience: They had gone into the woods to watch for deer. The pond was well chosen and well watched. In fact, there were more watchers than deer, and at dusk the winged watchers drove the other two back from the pond. On the hillside, among the spruces, is a smooth open place—there we can rest. The transfer of "duffel" is soon made, a little fire built to warm the coffee, and by the light thus afforded supper is eaten. Hark! There's a deer. We listen. Sure enough, a deer is walking in the water within easy range of our watching place. We take our rifles and creep to the pond. We can see nothing. He is in the shadow. Perhaps the moon will reveal him a little later. We wait. The insects don't. We are again driven away. The night is hot—the fires dies down; one wraps himself in mosquito netting (about his head) and a blanket, the other gets into a sleeping bag. Presently he says: "I wish you would start up the fire a little to drive off the insects." Soon there is fire enough to roast venison, but that is walking around in the pond and the man in the bag is roasting. He gets out. So does the fire. More deer come into the pond. It is too much. Both men pull on their shoes and steal through the alders to another place at the water's edge. Again they can see nothing, but they feel much. It is a case of "hunters hunted," and found without difficulty. The moon does not help things—the mosquitoes help themselves. We go back to the blankets, but not to sleep. Whack! Swish! Whack! The battle is on—blood flows freely on both sides, but neither will yield. On one side it is determination, on the other desperation. "This is almost enough to make a minister swear. In fact, if I were ever going to swear, it would be now; and I am sure that if it would ever be justifiable, now is the time." Whack! Whew! Whack! The air resounds, but not with usual forest sounds at night. Will the night ever end? The man in the netting sits up. He looks ghostly in the moonlight. He feels so in the netting. The gnats are there. He is an old soldier—a veteran of more than three years' service in the civil war—but he affirms that he never spent a night of such suffering. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition are the only thing to be compared with it. In the morning the deer are gone, and we go home.

The hotels were generally full, and their managers proportionately happy. Rooms for August were booked much earlier than usual, and the frequent report was, "It is the best season we have had in years." There is no doubt that the war scare on the coast helped the early season, and the September heat the latter part.

The State and the Forests.

The State can hardly move too rapidly in the acquisition and protection of this magnificent forest. The wood pulp industry continues its devastating work, and, to those familiar with lumbering for other purposes, it is both surprising and saddening to see the small sticks—one cannot call them logs—allowed to pass as "markets." The spruce and pine are being rapidly cut off, yet these are important factors, not only as related to the water supply, but as affecting the condition of this great natural sanitarium.

Though much has been said and written on this subject, the importance of the Adirondacks from this point of view is but little realized. For the welfare of her own urban population the Empire State cannot afford to allow any further depreciation of the Adirondacks. Fifty years ago the historian Headley, after quoting from Prof. Emmons' geological report to the State, said: "After such a glowing description in our State reports, I think there is little danger that anything I shall say will be considered as exaggerated."* During many years the State has had information. Colvin's later reports fully sustain the earlier. Lately much has been accomplished, but much remains to be done, and the sooner the better. No such natural conditions exist east of the Rocky Mountain region. Their preservation and availability are important not only to every citizen of the State, but to all our Eastern population.

Suitably owned and cared for, the Adirondacks would be a source of large indirect revenue to the State, as well as of physical benefit and mental and moral inspiration to increasing thousands. For

"The bosom is full and the thoughts are high"

when one "in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms." And here after all is the true end of sportsmanship. Dr. P——, a well-known Brooklyn sportsman, asked: "What do you go off into the woods

* Preface to "The Adirondacks; or, Life in the Woods," 1849.

for anyway?" I replied: "First of all, to commune with nature." So does every true sportsman, whatever his method of taking game or fish. And to my mind herein is the standard of "true sportsmanship" more than in the method.

Incidents.

A buckboard driver relates the following: A gentleman and wife were going in to one of the popular resorts. The man amused himself en route by target practice with a rifle. He shot well from the carriage. Speaking with the driver he said: "I have been coming up here four years, and have never seen a deer." The driver replied: "Perhaps you will see one before you arrive to-night." But the man was incredulous. Just before sundown the driver pointed out a deer quietly feeding about 50yds. away. Instantly the man leaped from the carriage and exclaimed, "Where?" Then seeing the deer began firing. At first the deer paid little attention, but at the third shot started off, and after the fourth disappeared. Then the man climbed into the carriage, shaking as if with ague. Did his wife laugh at him? The driver says, "Yes."

Another.

A fifteen-year-old boy was for the first time watching a pond alone and rifle in hand. A deer swam past him but a little distance away. He waited till the deer rose from the water at thirty rods and fired; four shots he tried, and the deer walked down the shore unharmed. Describing his experience, the boy said he found his hands and knees shaking, and that he could scarcely pick up the cartridges. On being rallied about "buck fever," he said: "No, I don't think I had the fever, for I only felt it in my hands and knees, and my whole body was cool." He also says he learned a "whole lot about deer hunting" that day.

One of the men shot and killed in the Adirondacks this year was an old resident, who is reported to have told his nephew, a young fellow who had never been in the woods before, "Shoot the first hing you see moving in the brush." The first thing was the uncle, who fell shot through the heart. Both parties were in fault: one, it is scarcely needful to point the moral, for his instruction, the other for his action. The sad result is sufficient emphasis.

A Noble Rescue.

A beautiful young lady, daughter of a hotel keeper at —— Lake, was out rowing, and by an accident precipitated into deep water. She went to the bottom of the lake, which she afterward said "seemed a mile deep," but coming up, grasped the boat and clung to it. Two lads —natives—were sitting on a dock nearly half a mile away. They thought there was an accident, but were not sure. However, to be certain, they sprang into a boat and rowed with all possible haste to the scene. Approaching, they discovered their unfortunate friend just as her strength was about to fail, and shouting, "Hold on and we will save you," hurried to make good their words. All honor to real heroism, whether in the war or in the wilderness! JUVENAL.

Haps and Mishaps on the Yukon.

Mac has an Experience.

THE cañon ends abruptly where the contracting wall of rock on the east side falls away to a jack pine flat 10 or 15ft. above the level of the river. On the west side the abrupt hills are close to the water's edge for the greater part of the distance to White Horse Rapids. While it is possible to land on the west side after shooting the cañon rapids, the eddy at the east is commonly chosen because it is on the same side with the upper landing.

The bay is fairly commodious, and the water next shore is deep, but it is not an easy landing to make, and it requires good steerageway and cool judgment to leave the swift current of the river and break through the wall of foam into the backwater of the eddy. Action must be taken the moment the cañon is cleared or the boat will be carried hopelessly beyond the landing.

Side by side are two currents, running in opposite directions. The one running north has a velocity of fifteen miles an hour, and the other a velocity of four or five. The boat must leave the one and enter the other diagonally, or she will be hurled around in a way that snaps jammed oars like pipestems, or whisks the oarsmen overboard before they know what hit them. It is easier to pass from the slower current into the faster.

After making our five trips through the cañon, Mac and I each took a boat, and in company set out to cross the river. Walking along the shore, we towed our boats against the strong back current to the lower end of the eddy, and then pushed off into the river.

The best water is first found in midchannel, and later on the west bank of the river. Midway between the cañon and White Horse is the roughest part of the rapid.

It was our intention to land before reaching this place, and for this purpose we had selected an eddy behind a small rocky projection. When the time came to swing inshore we kept as close to the point as we dared for fear of missing the eddy and being carried beyond by the swift current.

Night was fast approaching, and under the shadow of the wooded bank it was hard to discern objects plainly.

Just below the point a little group of black rocks suddenly appeared directly in our course. I managed to clear them, and called to Mac to pull on his right oar, a course which would have brought him into open water again. Either the noise of the rapid drowned my voice or he mistook the words. Instead of pulling on the right oar he pulled on the left, and a second later his boat struck broadside on with a crash that I could distinctly hear above the din of the river. My heart stood still, for I expected to see the boat turned over, and man and cargo thrown into the water. Fortunately, however, the rocks projected so far above the water that they held the boat, and she rested on an even keel.

Meanwhile I had been carried on down by the current, and found it impossible to get near enough to Mac to render any assistance.

As previously explained, Mac was not a born boatman, and in his present difficulty the first thought that presented itself was to get his feet on bottom somewhere. Ground was preferable to water, even if it was the bed of the river. He did not stop to reason, but acting on the impulse of instinct, put one foot overboard on the upstream side of the boat and probed for bottom. The boat tipped a little and over he went, half-way up to his neck. He was holding on to the gunwale of the boat and had one foot inside. He tried to get his foot out, but couldn't. The boat scraped off the rock and drifted into deep water below. She was in danger of capsizing any minute, and might be drawn into the dangerous rapid, but for the life of him Mac couldn't get either in or out. The only dry part of him was the one foot in the boat, and Mac would rather have had that wet than where it was.

A favorable set of the current carried Mac into slack water, and by the time I reached him things were satisfactorily adjusted. The terrific bump on the rocks had not injured the boat, and though the spot where she hit was scratched and dented the canvas did not leak.

Above White Horse Rapids.

The following day we lined two boats up against the current from our camp above White Horse Rapids to a cache of goods just below the cañon. Dawson advises a portage at the midway rapid, and the fact that we lined our boats past this tandem fashion shows their good qualities for river work.

"Lining" is towing by a shore line. One man walks along the water's edge and pulls the boat by a long rope, while the other either follows and keeps her off with a pole, or else sits in the boat and steers her with a paddle. Sometimes an arrangement of ropes called a "bridle" is used. In addition to the regular tow-line, a rope is made fast to the gunwale several feet back from the bow on the side next shore, and then to the main line a few feet ahead of the boat. Practically the tow-line is split and one piece tied to the bow and the other to the side further back. By this arrangement the boat will follow a course parallel with the river bank. When she tends to come inshore the bow line is slackened and the stress diverted to the side, and this of course throws the bow out again. For ascending the Yukon lining and poling are the only practical methods, as the current in most places is too swift for rowing or paddling.

Mac crossed the river safely first from the west side to the east, and later back again. Then I took the two boats in charge and shot the remaining part of the rapid, tandem. I tried the expedient of going through backward, and found that it worked like a charm. Steerage way was maintained by rowing against the current instead of with it. The boats could be handled perfectly, and they rose easily to the waves, and were comparatively dry.

I had discovered a little cove lower down than the usual landing for the portage around White Horse Rapids, and as it saved nearly quarter of a mile of the carry I brought our boats to this spot.

To reach it one has to drop over a reef of rocks spanning the river at a point near midchannel, and then row to the west bank over a shallow rocky stretch of water that is impractical for heavy boats.

This is just below the sharp angle the river makes preparatory to entering the straight sweep between low basalt walls that constitute the rapid proper. White Horse and the cañon incidentally are both "flumes" in the sense in which the term is used in the Adirondacks. Above the bend the current is smooth, though very swift for some little distance.

Disappointed Indians.

When I brought the last boats down I allowed them to drift sideways past the regular landing. There was a particular gap in the reef that I wanted to pass through, and I thought I could reach it more easily by keeping inshore of it, with my boats pointed out till I had rounded the point and seen its exact location.

Some Chilcoot Indians, who had come down to White Horse after their season at the pass was over, and were packing for the miners, saw and misinterpreted my actions. They supposed that I had made a mistake in the place of landing, and the moment I passed the whole tribe began yelling and running down toward the rapids.

Apparently they anticipated some fun, and their cries sounded more like a lot of boys promised a free treat at the circus than ejaculations of warning or dismay.

When I rowed quietly inshore and pulled up my boats on the tiny sand beach the Indians were a disgruntled lot. I felt that I had been ungenerous in not providing a spectacle for them. A few white men saw the occurrence, and one of them reminded me of it on the Hootalinqua River in midwinter. The majority of the white men, however, were too full of their own affairs and too anxious to get by the rapids expeditiously to pay any attention whatever. If the boats had swamped in the rapids it would have attracted little comment.

Priests and Levites.

An incident happened that same day which illustrates the absorbed single-mindedness of purpose with which the miners worked. Three men tried to line an empty boat down the opposite side of the rapids around the base of a precipitous bluff, 200ft. high. One became entangled in the rope and fell over a 20ft. precipice. He saved his life by a mere scratch, for he struck on a narrow shelf at the level of the water and was almost carried off by the rapid. As it was, he sprained his leg so badly that he thought it was broken, and so reported to his partners.

These men cut the boat loose and went for assistance. They were in such a tight place that one had to throw away his rubber boots, worth $20, before he could scale the rocks and gain secure footing.

I saw a part of the occurrence, and could easily have crossed above the worst water and lined down a boat and rescued the injured man, who was crouching on a rock at the water's edge, but could not bring myself to realize that he was in need of help. Men were passing constantly to and fro, and no one seemed to think anything out of the common had happened. I called across the river, but could not distinguish the man's reply.

Presently a miner came along who said the man's leg was broken. He spoke in a matter-of-fact way and without expressing any interest or concern, and would not wait to discuss the situation.

His information, however, gave me the needed impetus. I got a boat and lined her up along the shore with a view of crossing, but before I could take any further action half a dozen men from the mounted police encampment appeared on the scene with ropes and a roughly extemporized litter and rescued the man. They dragged him to the top of the 200ft. bluff, and afterward cared for him until he was able to proceed on his journey.

In scores of such instances the Canadian mounted police played the good Samaritan.

Through the Rapids.

Every once in a while last summer boats, empty, dismantled and battered were found on sandbars below White Horse Rapids. Of their occupants not a clue remained. Undoubtedly some of these boats had been carried into the rapids after dark, when no one witnessed their fate. Others were wrecked in broad daylight, in sight of their friends. It is said that thirty-five men are thus known to have been lost at White Horse in the season of 1897.

Early in June at the very beginning of the present season McKercher writes that ten men and two hundred boats have gone under at "yon place."

At the very end of the rapids is the most dangerous place. Here the entire volume of the river is drawn into a narrow, shallow channel a hundred feet across, and the river bed falls away suddenly. Down this chute the water dashes as if projected from the nozzle of some great fire hose in a series of perpendicular waves that a boat must smash through, because there is no time to rise over them. It is a veritable cataract, and only boats measuring 25ft. or more in length can hope to pass through safely.

It is possible, however, for the very smallest boats to avoid the final pitch. I came to this conclusion after an examination of the rapids from the shore, and shortly after proved it by practical demonstration. With a somewhat lighter cargo than that carried through the cañon, I pushed off into the current, keeping near the center of the river for two-thirds the length of the rapids. Then I began edging in toward the west side, and just before the worst part was reached I pushed the boat through a green wall of water curving out from a great boulder like the furrow from a plow, and shot into the partial eddy behind. Like a flash the boat was whisked about by the current end for end, and I found myself rowing vigorously instead of pushing. I landed on some rocks, and later at leisure dropped the boat down in shallow water close inshore to the regular landing below.

I took four boats through White Horse in this way, but as I only carried 300lbs. of cargo at a trip we had quite a little additional packing to do. Our last load was taken across on a sled found by the side of the trail, but there was so little snow that it was hard work for two of us to draw 250lbs., and we could have done almost as well packing on our backs.

Hepburn's Call.

We saw a good deal of Hepburn while at White Horse. This man, whose first name is John, if I am not mistaken, made a fortune in the snowy Cassiar mining district of British Columbia years ago. He went there with two bits in his pocket, and left with $30,000, having cleared his money from cattle and sheep driven hundreds of miles overland.

Hepburn made about $100 a day piloting boats through the cañon and White Horse Rapids. His charge was $20 for both rapids or $12 for one. He required two oarsmen from the crew of the boat to help handle her, and kept them rowing for dear life whenever they could find water with their oars.

He had several narrow escapes from drowning. In the eye of the cañon the day after my experience he got a boat sideways to the current and almost swamped her. He is a powerful man, slightly grizzled, and it was an impressive sight to see him swing around his long steering oar and pull like a demon again and again to throw the boat head on to the white water so close at hand.

Hepburn tried White Horse once too often, and though he escaped with his own life one of the men who accompanied him was drowned. He was taking a 20ft. boat through, and at the very end she filled and went under, through no fault of his.

Hepburn came up between two clothing sacks, which floated light, and got an arm over each. One of the oarsmen, who could not swim, caught the boat. The third man, whose name was Anderson, was a good swimmer, and tried to reach the shore. He made progress through comparatively smooth water, and the mounted police, who had put out in a boat to the rescue, passed him, thinking his companions most in need of help.

They picked up Hepburn and the other man and landed a mile down the river. Anderson swam till within 20ft. of shore, when a great swirl of rushing water bubbled up beside him, the center 3 or 4in. higher than the sides. It caught and sucked him under, and that was the last seen of the man. Hepburn said it was a warning, and gave up piloting.

Boats that came along after that were unloaded and cast adrift above the rapid, and two well-known and respected physicians made a living picking them up below at a charge of $5 a boat.

By a singular coincidence Anderson's next door neighbor in Seattle, a man named Freedman, was drowned in an ice jam below the Big Salmon a few weeks later.

Dawson Refugees.

At White Horse we met two men coming out from Dawson. They were young, athletic fellows, burned black as Indians and full of nerve and energy. They had had no bread to eat for several weeks, and we traded them a loaf of graham for a couple of whitefish they had traded from the Indians at Lebarge. They had a 16ft. Peterborough canoe, and poling and lining had reached this point in a month's time. These men were the vanguard of a host of others to come later, all leaving Dawson on account of the shortness of food.

The first to come along traded the Indians out of everything edible, and subsequent parties who were short of food had to go hungry. But that's another story.

At the Tahkeena River, fifteen miles below the rapids, we encountered our first mush ice. At first we thought we had run into an ice jam, for on rounding a bend the Lewes seemed filled with ice from shore to shore.

As we drew closer we perceived a narrow strip of black open water at the foot of the bluff on the east side, where incidentally miners got prospects of 10 cents to the pan, and we realized that the ice came from a tributary river. The Tahkeena was bank full of the slushy stream.

We entered the ice rather gingerly. Mac was afraid it would cut the canvas on our boats. A little experience, however, satisfied us that we had nothing to fear from this source. The ice was soft and easily broken, and aside from reducing our rate of progress caused us no inconvenience. It was harmless enough compared to the ice we were destined to encounter before long.

I have told of the grizzly that Henning and Campbell killed below the Tahkeena this same day, and also of the black fox and the great bear tracks we saw just before reaching Lake Lebarge.

Trading with Indians.

That night we put ashore in a storm near the Indian village, two miles below the head of the lake. The Indians at once discovered our camp and brought some fish with them to trade. They wanted white flour, and offered both money and fish for it. Silver dollars were produced, which was understood to be the price of a cup full. We had no white flour to spare, but remembering some spoiled figs resolved to try them on the Sticks, which is the name of the tribe.

"Here, John," Mac said, addressing the biggest Indian, who looked like a Chinaman, "try a few of these." The other Indians laughed. They are a good-natured and harmless people, and, like Southern negroes, are always ready to laugh. It happened that the man was called Jonathan, and they were amused at Mac's version. Jonathan ate one of the figs, and passed the others around. The Indians were pleased with the to us unpalatable fruit, and we secured what fish they had in exchange. Then they tried to buy various articles that took their fancy, from the clothing on our backs to the dishes we cooked with, touching the article and asking "how much?"—words which have become a part of every Yukon Indian's vocabulary.

When supper was ready we turned the Indians out of the bough lodge, where we had made camp, and ate the meal in peace. Just as we were preparing for bed, however, two bouncing young squaws, with ruddy cheeks and olive skins, entered unannounced, bringing in their train half a dozen children and dogs.

They wanted white flour in the worst kind of a way. We refused this, but eventually compromised by giving them a few biscuit that had been knocking around in the bottom of one of the boats for a week. They were the last of the batch baked by Billy Baskerville, and were so full of sand that we could not eat them. I put them in an old towel and gave them to one of the women. She immediately took them out, and breaking off a few pieces gave to the children, who ate the hard chunks as if they had been candy, while the dogs looked on in hungry-eyed envy. Afterward she put the other scraps away somewhere in her clothing and asked how much for the towel. I gave her the towel again, but she seemed to think it required an equivalent, and handed me a pair of buckskin mitts.

It was snowing and blowing from the north the next morning, when we made our preparations to start. Jonathan was on hand with a marmot skin coat with hood attached—a sort of fur parky—which he wanted to let us have for $10.

He tried to create interest much as a Baxter street clothier would drum up a trade. He strutted around with the coat on his own back and gave utterance to various expressions of pride at his gorgeous appearance. He stroked the fur admiringly, and turned the coat inside out to show the lining. Finding at last that all his eulogiums fell upon cold ears, he tried another tack.

Waving his arm to the snowy north and simulating a shudder he said: "Too much Yukon wind. Bimeby cold. W-h-e-w!"

The last word was drawn out to exasperating length and ended with an expressive shrug that nearly lost Jonathan's head in his shoulders. "Buy coat. Good!" He had worked up to a climax beyond which language could go no further, and stood smiling in anticipation. Jonathan's coat was a bargain. Parkies are valuable adjuncts to winter travel.

Hardtack and Bacon.

That night we camped west of Richtofen Island, on a tributary stream of fair size, and had a glorious supper of fish and gravy, bacon and fried hardtack, fruit and tea.

Representative John Allen, who has "had much experience with army rations and the want of them," said during his speech on cheese before the House the other day that good soldiers should not be coddled too much; that he "had not been real hungry since the war without craving hardtack and bacon." Mr. Allen's words are truthful and apt, as any man who has gone through severe physical exertion on coarse diet will agree. I never could abide beans before I went to the Yukon. The other day, during a ten minutes for refreshments seance at the railroad restaurant in Saratoga, I walked down the long lunch counter and found nothing to satisfy the craving of my appetite till I spied a dish of pork and beans. I knew then that I had what I wanted.

While living outdoors eating was a real and substantial pleasure. The keen edge was never taken from our appetites, and on more than one occasion we ate two full meals at an hour's interval.

Coming up the Yukon in January without tent or stove, we ate double the army ration, including sometimes 2lbs. of bacon a day.

A friend to whom I told this said: "When I was convalescing from a severe illness the doctor put me on a milk diet, and I got so sick of milk that I have never seen a cow since without feeling like going over and kicking it. I should think you would hate the sight of a pig.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I have learned to love and reverence the animal that furnishes bacon. My nature craved fat, and I would have eaten tallow candles or blubber if I could have gotten them."

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27 and Sept. 10 contain notices of the successful ascent of the Grand Teton, Wyoming, in which the claim is erroneously made that this is the first time the summit has been reached.

Your issue of Sept. 17 contains a letter from Luther B. Yaple, of Chillicothe, Ohio, stating the facts relating to the first known ascent, which are that James Stevenson and I reached the summit on the 29th day of July, 1872. Stevenson was the first to reach the summit, and I was but a few yards behind him. An account of our ascent was published in the Scribner's (now Century) Magazine for June, 1873. The aneroid barometer of Mr. Owen gives the elevation as 13,800ft. My aneroid (see page 148, line 13, Scribner article) gave it as 13,762. This is about as near as aneroid registrations usually approximate.

N. P. LANGFORD.

Natural History.

Humming Birds as Pets.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have no fancy for 'gators, bears, or coons. In fact, I do not care for any pets but birds, and the smaller they are the better they please my fancy.

My special pet is the humming bird, and I never weary of feeding and fussing with that lovely little creature. I tame them every year, and my interest in them never flags.

Last spring my wife and I were standing on the piazza and a pair of male ruby-throats—the first arrivals—came hovering 'round our heads, chasing each other in seeming play, and then lighting side by side on a star jessamine vine within a foot or two of our faces, without the slightest fear of us, which meant, of course, that they knew their ground, and when I brought out the little bottle that they always feed from, one of them came directly to it as if he had fed from it all his life. It's delightful to be remembered by the tiny creatures in this way, and nearly every season I have proof of their wonderful memory. This season at least two or three of my old pets have visited me, and all seem to be as tame as on the previous year, but the early birds that



A HUMMING BIRD PET.

are on the migratory move I cannot induce to stay. They nearly all go further north to set up housekeeping. I never expect to keep one for any length of time until the young birds appear in the early part of June.

During the month of June this year I had two or three quite tame, but one in particular never saw me anywhere round the place but he would come hovering round me, and I never failed to take his little bottle from my pocket and give him a sip or two. I have discovered that it is best to give them but little at a time, as they are apt to overfeed themselves. I often sit on the piazza to read my paper, and when I have a tame bird I hold the bottle—with the bow attachment—so that he can set and help himself without interfering with my reading; and this summer as I was reading I heard my pet, as I supposed, fly up and take his seat, and I paid no attention to him for some time.

I then looked up to see what he was doing, and to my surprise and delight there sat an old full-plumaged male bird—a friend of a previous year. But he never repeated the visit. Their movements in this latitude are a puzzle to me. Very few of them remain here to nest, and they all leave in a few months after the song birds appear, but where they go or why they go I can't imagine, for they have flowers without limit.

DIDYMUS.

[Years ago there was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM a story of wild birds—mockingbirds, thrushes and others—whose confidence had been gained by a Mrs. Hildreth, of St. Augustine, so that they would fly from the trees to alight upon her and feed from her hand. It is interesting too, to note that the orange and oleander and jasmine embowered home of Didymus is in the near neighborhood of Mrs. Hildreth's place, where the birds were petted a quarter-century ago. We reprint from a former sketch of these humming bird pets the illustration of one of them from a photograph.]

Muskrats Do Eat Fish.

IT is quite possible that the muskrat might plead an alibi—as old man Weller advised Mr. Pickwick to do when he was charged with breach of promise to marry by the old widow—in regard to his alleged proclivity to eat fish, under no better evidence than that given by Mr. Mather (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 27). Any lawyer might reasonably except to this evidence as being not sufficient for conviction. But I can testify to this depraved conduct of this disagreeable animal in addition to much more meanness. For I have taken him in the very act, and got the rat and the fish both at one shot, the fish being at the time in the rat's mouth. It was in this way: When I go a-fishing I am apt to waste a good deal of time upon other things, investigating whatever may happen to set me a-thinking; but especially when I see anything strange and curious. Once I had a field of corn on one bank of my pond, and the muskrats were—as their habit is—doing a great deal of mischief carrying off the ears and chewing up more of them which they did not carry off. Going one evening along the bank of the pond I saw one of these animals quietly plunge into the water and dive down. The fish were rising freely in the quiet evening, and as I was watching the breaks in the water I saw a good-sized trout leap quite out of the water, and immediately the back of a muskrat at the surface, evidently in pursuit of this fish. Instantly there was a struggle in the water and I saw the rat had got the fish. Getting my gun in hand, as the two came to the surface, I shot both the rat and the fish, and recovered them. The fish had been caught by the belly, evidently as the rat had taken it when it fell back into the water. This satisfied me that other evidence—circumstantial it is true—as that given by Mr. Mather is, but convincing, in the shape of bones of fish on the bank of the pond often seen near the rats' holes, was sufficient as to the fish-eating habits of the muskrat, as were the half-eaten ears of corn also found near these holes on the bank of the pond as to his vegetarianism.

I have frequently seen fish pursued by some animal whose back appeared above the surface as the fish leaped from the water, evidently when swimming with great rapidity and covering several feet in the air before they fell back again. Some of this may be due to minks or otters, but in this case there is no question that it was a muskrat which chased the fish out of the water, and caught it as it fell back.

H. STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Crows Destroy Sparrows.

PROF. PHILIP R. UHLER, provost of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, tells the Sun, of that city: "One way, and a very peculiar way, of putting a check on the sparrows has been brought to my attention. Three years ago the Peabody Institute was simply swarming with sparrows. They built nests in the hollows of the balustrade on the roof, in the rainpipe gutters on the extensions, and fluttered and flew all over the place. They were laying hundreds of eggs up on the roof and about, and had gotten so bold as to fly down the ventilators right into the library. They were almost as thick on the top and steeple of Mount Vernon Place M. E. Church, across the street. Besides this, our roof was already tenanted by about 500 or more pigeons, kept by the janitor of the institute and his son, who set their traps up there and fed them. One day I noticed a crow on the roof of our building. I saw him look about curiously, up, around and down where the sparrows' nests were. The next thing he did was to get to work on the eggs. A few days passed, and I saw him again, this time accompanied by two other crows that were at the same scheme. The crows from that time on increased until twelve came to that spot.

"Meanwhile there was trouble among the sparrows and pigeons. Their eggs were being eaten at an alarming rate, and they were obliged to go. And go they did, so that now there is no a sparrow to be found on our roof or about the institute, where before there were hundreds. On the Mount Vernon Place Church they have vanished in the same way, and the pigeons likewise have disappeared. These crows have been coming regularly every morning to this place—one dozen of them. They appear to have a beat, and work between the Peabody Institute and Dolphin street on the north. In that space they have cleaned out many sparrows. The pigeons were as numerous as they were about St. Paul's in London, where people make a practice of feeding them. They have gone too.

"The fact of these twelve crows working in this way is very singular, and goes to prove that the crow has more brains than he is given credit for. The big crow roost in Anne Arundel county, back of Spring Gardens, is the gathering spot for thousands of them, where they scrape for the water snails. Every morning between four and five o'clock a big flock of them passes over the city. As they reach the Peabody there are exactly twelve, as I said before, that drop out of the flock and settle on our roof. The rest fly on, going up Jones' Falls, and even out as far as Towson, where they grub and dig around in the fields for worms and things. Whether our twelve crows are wiser than their brethren, who have not yet caught on to the game being worked, or whether the others don't care to take the extra trouble to get their food in this way, it is hard to say. Anyhow these twelve crows have a monopoly in the sparrow-egg eating business, and are working it for all it is worth. It is giving the sparrows a dose of their own medicine, but the number of crows is too small to have any appreciable effect on the millions of existing sparrows."

More About Animals at Play.

Forest and Stream:

ile roaming the Adirondack woods one day this er I found a fox hole on a side hill. Passing on a teps, I saw a well defined slide on the dry, hard d; where evidently the animals had attempted boggan act. The ground was worn quite smooth, he debris, such as grass, leaves and twigs, brushed ean. It lay at the bottom of the incline. The cleared was about a rod long and a little less dth. To make sure it was the work of foxes, I ed of my guide, who told me he knew the place, hat he had seen similar evidence of fox fun in r time.

JUVENAL

Game Bag and Gun.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness . The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and a for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As thority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable icy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 or your dealer will supply you.

ow Trump Saved Powder and Bang Saved Game.

UMP is a good dog. For that matter, there are good dogs. Some possibly as good as Trump. inly many worse. Trump is keen, stanch, a good ver, and take him all around, a fair, honest and true sman, in general assisting to bag game in a sports- ike way. The best of us occasionally sin, however, Trump is no exception, and thereby hangs a tale. way of it was this: It was a bright, warm day in mber, too nice a day to describe, for the mellow n summer sunshine loses its richness when re- d from paper. Mr. Trump, in company with two n friends (the scribe and Mr. Sawgun) and one y dog, yclept Bang, hied him forth for a hunt. quartette wended their way to a wood of hemlock cedar, through the midst of which ran a swift and ow river. This wood was known as a popular busi- center of the lordly and thunderous grouse. Trump the way into the cover with confident step and ng tail signals. Before many rods he fastened cious eyes and nostrils on a short, thick bunch dars. Eyes grew more intent, nose more confident, quarter-past twelve. "Whoa!" Still as a statue. by dog Bang tries his best to imitate Mr. Trump's essional pose, and save for limp crooks in his tail a few other discrepancies does very well. "Buzz! k!" Well, you know how a flying grouse looks a charge of nitro powder has driven an ounce of 6s into his smooth brown plumage. Mr. Trump tri- hantly retrieved, a process watched with greatest rest by Bang, such great interest in fact that it was d needful to place a restraining hand on his collar whisper words of admonishment into his reluctant

ter this first success Mr. Trump forged ahead with d confidence. We pushed along some distance. s alone with Trump, and puppy dog did a little work is own account with Sawgun. Suddenly in a rather place Trump froze to a point. I beat around, but d flush no bird. "Trump, you old liar," said I, 'll have to change your name to Ananias," but mp insisted that he knew more about it than I did. ut 6ft. in front of him was a small log, possibly 10in. ircumference. After a couple of minutes he crawled ly forward, crossed the log, and then began wagging ail. "I thought so," said I, but my verdict was too , for he stiffened again, pointing back toward the Out of patience, I walked up and kicked the log, ecting to start out a cottontail if anything. The nd kick shattered the log, when out ran a nice, lively ise. I held my gun ready, expecting the bird would and give me a shot, but he seemed to think feet bet- than wings. Suddenly there was dash, a hustle of s, and Mr. Trump returned with the sprinting grouse is mouth and rather a shame-faced look in his as though to say, "I know it wasn't good form, but he is."

ell, I forgave him, and examined the bird for nds, but could find no sign of injury, and finally came he conclusion that he was born tired and had fallen ctim to his own inertia. Mr. Bang came up just in to see the closing act in this small tragedy, and the t seemed to fill him with a wild, burning ardor to inguish himself. For a dog of ten months he had layed very fair talents in the way of pointing and king, but he had received no training whatever in ieving. The phenomenon as exhibited in its per- ion by Trump excited all his wonder and ambition. a short time a bird flushed, and crossing the river ck into cover on the other side. Sawgun decided to where he was, so I called the pup and splashed ss. Before we had gone far the youngster began show signs, but ere he had arrived at any conclusion grouse buzzed up far ahead. It was a bad chance, a quick snap started the feathers, and I thought the l dropped. I searched the vicinity diligently, but nd no bird. Finally I gave up, and walking some rds, came out in the open. In my search for the bird subsequent soliloquizing about my bad luck I very elessly forgot the pup. Perceiving his absence when eached the open, I began to make vocal demands for presence in no very pleasant tones. For ten minutes creeched and yelled in vain, and had just cut and nmed a nice slender sapling with painful and hostile ention, when I heard the puppy come rustling ough the underbrush. I involuntarily gripped my tch tighter and set my jaw, and—. Judge of my sur- e when the young gentleman crawled under the ce with a fine grouse in his mouth, trotted up and handed it to me as though it had been his regular duty for ten years, and then began a joyous waltz around me. I don't care if the deed was a trifle irregular; he had a good excuse for being conceited when I had finished talking to him about it.

It is a comfort to close a day's hunt by a clean, slashing shot, and it chanced that on this day we were comforted. We stood upon a wooded ridge, whose brush-covered sides sloped toward the west. The sun had set, but still flashed its scarlet danger signals in the sky—warnings that the black train of night was whirling in on a down grade. We were silently admiring the beauty of it, when Trump (who had other things in mind than sunset) came to a point some distance down the slope. It was a little dark to shoot, but we plunged down the side hill, thinking "just to hear 'em fly." The dogs stood in front of a small hollow, looking like white ghosts in the dusky cover. "No chance in this light," said Sawgun. "Well, we'll take what chance there is." So we placed ourselves in a hollow, that if possible we might see the game against the sky, and I picked up a large stone and tossed it into the thicket. My, what a bees' nest! Whir—whir! Three, five, six birds, but not a feather could we see. Whir—whir—three more! Ah, those are higher. Two swift-moving, dark spots against the crimson west. "Bang! bang!" Well, that was luck. "Fetch, boys; good dog, yes he was, both of him," and we started home well pleased with the dogs, and the dogs well pleased with themselves. "Happiness from giving others pleasure is surely a dog's religion," quoth Sawgun, as he patted his game pocket complacently.

J. R. B.

UTICA, New York.

Game in Western Nova Scotia.

THE shooting for a sportsman in western Nova Scotia begins at the seashore with the sand peep and ends with the moose away back in the wildest forest. First, there are the sand peep and the shore birds in August. From the first of September to the following March, black or blue-winged ducks are to be had along the shore of the Atlantic on the south, and St. Mary's Bay and Bay of Fundy on the north. On the extensive marshes that line the tidal rivers, and following the rivers back to the interior lakes, the blue-winged duck will always be found in season.

About the middle of November teal, sheldrake, red-reads and blue-bills come along, but these are only to be found near salt water. Before the duck shooting begins, from the 1st of August to the 1st of November, there is good snipe shooting in all the salt marshes and swamps. They are more plentiful than woodcock, but are harder to kill. I am speaking of what is called English snipe, that flush so closely, and with such startling rapidity; sight, gun and bird must be simultaneous. In August the sand peep flock, and like a silver cloud flutter, swerve and skim along the beaches and flats, with their incessant calling. It fills the heart of the small boy with delight to be able to see and hear the game, shut both eyes and bang away. I can remember in youthful days, too eager after the "bang" to bother with the gun, flinging it down in the muddy grass and water and starting on the run with both hands, gathering up the spoils; little balls of fat, juicy and tender.

Curlew and plover that were plentiful in former years are getting scarce. They are to be found on St. Mary's Bay and are in first flight about the middle of August. Jacksnipe come in a little later and are in flocks on the marshes in September.

To get to higher ground, the first bird of the season is the woodcock. They come to Nova Scotia the last part of March, and as early as the 10th of April young birds are hatched. They are on the wing the middle of August. The game laws make shooting legal the 1st of September. Go up any of the rivers, going back on either side to the bench land, which as a rule is the pasture land or back fields of the farms, and in the alders, swales and wet spots the woodcock are feeding. They feed everywhere, from barnyard to forest, and from ploughed ground to mountain spring. In woodcock or snipe shooting there is little need to worry over gun, shell or weather; the luck rests with the dog.

Every spring, when picking the first Mayflowers, the children and I never fail to hear the drum of the partridge, and I say to him, "All right, old boy, may your family do well and prosper." We stop picking flowers and listen to him as he begins with slow and almost measured beat, and quickens with a rush his drumming. The partridge family has a homelike fondness for old pastures and wood roads, the outskirts of old farms, and seems to like to be within sound of the axe at the woodpile, and the clanging bells of the farmers' cows. Off from the railroad and back from the post-roads, in nearly every part of western Nova Scotia, are old settlements, inhabited or deserted. In all these settlements good partridge and cock shooting are a surety; a sportsman is certain of finding game. This spring I happened to mention to a woodsman in one of the settlements that the Game Society had a new law passed that no person shall hunt, kill, buy, sell or have in possession any partridge for two years, that is to say, until Oct. 1, 1901. He would have taken it more kindly if I had hit him with a brick. "Why," said he, "there are 15,000 partridges in Dalhousie settlement that never saw a white man; tell you what, if they fly into my arms I am going to hold them tight; if they crowd into the house, some one is going to eat them." Nevertheless he cast a longing eye on the old gun hanging on the wall, and I am afraid this autumn there will be partridge feathers flying in the air. However, take warning, this is the law, Partridge—Oct. 1, 1901, for all of Nova Scotia.

Moose hunting is legal after the 1st day of October. On that date there will be hundreds of men out after moose with the callers in the backwoods of Nova Scotia. There are certain celebrated hunters and callers who have their own districts, and while all the woods of Nova Scotia are as free as the ocean, it is understood among the fraternity of hunters; that they stick to their own special territory. Notwithstanding this, one caller will often call up another instead of a moose. In October, when the clear moon is in the west, and just before daylight, the mist hanging low all over the bog, the call is answered, and then silence. The faintest breeze has to be reckoned with, the best judgment used as to shifting ground; listen! he is coming. The second call and no mistake about the bull this time. It is a rush, and "expedite order," as the war department would say. A crash through brush and timber, and he comes nearer with only your ears as witnesses, and then, just when you expect to see him, with rifle already at your shoulder, something goes wrong. The uncertain morning breeze has given the moose the scent of the hunters. Frightened by the click of a trigger or the snap of a twig, and after all the noise he made coming up, the moose vanishes. Listen ever so closely, strain your sight ever so much, it is no use. He goes away so silently, the fading mist before the rising sun could not disappear more quickly. Back to camp and breakfast; better luck next time.

Two parties once called one another up so that four people came together with mutual explanations and disappointment, and while these four stood talking in whispers at the edge of the bog the vapor lifted in front of them for a minute or two, and there, coming across in front, was as glorious a moose as ever trimmed a tree. The moose came on, walking slowly; so near every tip of his horns could be counted, and passed them; he disappeared, while these four mighty hunters stood as four statues, their guns as silent as themselves, until each with eyes unable to see the moose turned to gaze upon his companion, an idiotic interrogation point in each pupil. Jim told me how it was that they came home without meat, and when I asked how it was he did not fire, he said: "By the great horn spoon that hangs in the west, I never knew I had a gun in my hands, and if it ever happens again, may I be heartily shot myself."

For woodcock and duck shooting, try head of St. Mary's Bay, from Weymouth east, North Range and Digby Neck in Digby county, north and south along Annapolis River, in Annapolis county. For cock and snipe, Weymouth, Clementsvale, Round Hill, Tupperville, Belle Isle, Lawrencetown and Middleton, also along St. Mary's Bay. Moose districts, heads of the Jordan, Roosway and Clyde rivers; Tusket and Sissiboo rivers. The district south of Bear River and east of that. At Milford and south of Milford, at Kempt and Maitland, from these places guides and callers can be had, and canoes to the proper moose ground, West and East Dalhousie and the lands lying to the south and east.

The best route to reach the hunting grounds of western Nova Scotia is to take the Dominion Atlantic Railway S. S. Line from Boston. Information may be had by writing to Mr. J. F. Masters, the New England superintendent, at 228 Washington street, Boston.

F. C. WHITMAN.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, Nova Scotia, Aug. 26.

Ducks on the Ottawa Club Grounds

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I wrote you about Sept. 10 that the indications were that the shooting on our Ottawa Club grounds was going to be good this fall, I thought you would like to hear about it. Two of our members were up shooting week before last, and one of them, Charlie Ranney, gave me this account of their shooting. They had told the keeper of the club house to call them at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, as they wished to go down in the lower marshes to shoot, and by the time they would get their breakfast and get down there and get blinded it would be about 5:30 A. M., and the ducks would be flying. Well, the keeper for some reason or other did not call Ranney until 5 o'clock, and he dressed and went down to Reynolds' room and called him, and told him it was 5 o'clock, and asked him if he was going out, and Reynolds said if it was so late as that he guessed he would not get up, so Ranney got his breakfast, and with his punter started off to the lower marsh, and this is his account of the shoot: "I went in through channel No. 1, and I put up hundreds of ducks, but I thought that the head of channel No. 2 would be a better place, so I went over to channel No. 2 and located right in the middle of a mud flat. Pulling the boat up on a muskrat cabin, we covered both ends of the boat with the flag from the cabin. We didn't get into the blind until about 7:30 A. M., but as there hadn't been any one into the lower marshes to scare the ducks up, it did not make any difference. As we scared the ducks up and were making our blind, they flew around us and did not seem to want to leave their feeding grounds. It seemed as though I had located right on the hub of a wheel, and all the ducks that came into the marshes flew right down the spokes to my blind. I had splendid shooting, and by noon I had forty ducks, mostly blue-winged teal.

"Along in the afternoon Reynolds came down and passed up Big Pond and located back of Dean Island, in Mound Spring. He did not seem to get much shooting and finally pulled up, and coming over my way, hailed me: 'Say! Ranney, every duck in the marsh seems to want to come to your blind; how soon are you going to pull up? I'd like to get some of that shooting myself.' As I then had fifty-three ducks, I told him I guessed I had all the ducks I wanted, and so I pulled out and he took my blind and got some shooting, although the flight was about over.

"On Thursday, the second day following, Reynolds got sixty-five ducks in channel No. 1. On Saturday Scofield came down in the afternoon and he got seventeen ducks up to 4 o'clock, and pulled out for the upper club house for supper. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week Scofield got ninety-nine ducks, and he told me that they were mostly green-winged teal; this duck generally comes down to our marshes the last thing in the fall, about the time the black duck or black mallard, as we call it, puts in his appearance. Scofield told me that on last Saturday most of the green-winged teal had disappeared, and the supposition was that they had gone back north, as the weather was so warm here. From this you can see that the indications of good duck shooting are proving true."

FRANK B. MANY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Where the Birds Went.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 23.—According to reports, a number of sportsmen of Galesburg, Ill., started out on Sept. 15 in search of a little prairie chicken shooting. The result was a large and unanimous disappointment. After hunting all day, one party managed to kill two prairie chickens, another got one bird and a third killed nothing at all. It was the general belief that the prairie chickens were all gone. Some of the shooters laid it to the "wet spring."

In connection with the scarcity of birds at Galesburg it may perhaps be suggested to mention the fact that during the past week a commission merchant by name of A. L. Weinberg, of Galesburg, was fined $254.15 for having thirty illegal birds in his possession something like a month before the opening of the season. Mr. Weinberg declined to state who were the parties who really shot the birds. As a matter of fact, it was well known that Galesburg shooters were killing chickens all through August. It seemed to be their belief that in view of the danger to be encountered by the prairie chickens in a "wet spring" it might be well to take them in out of the wet before they took cold. The general consensus of belief at Galesburg is that the prairie chicken is a hollow mockery, and in this position none is more firmly grounded that Mr. Weinberg.

Out in Minnesota, at St. Cloud, County Attorney John D. Sullivan and City Engineer Samuel Shute appeared before a justice of the peace and told what they knew about shooting chickens ahead of the law. They were assessed $14.75 each.

Season Ended.

We may say that the chicken season for 1898 is now practically over. It has simply been a question of protection. Where the law has been observed, there has been some shooting, and where the sooners have been in there has been no shooting at all during the legal season. Two weeks usually suffices to pretty well clean up the chicken crop after the opening day. In Wisconsin the chicken season is now regarded as practically closed. In some sections there was good sport, but from others come bitter complaints of the non-observance of the law. Minnesota had a good shooting season, and so did North Dakota. South Dakota I do not think showed up so well. In Nebraska the early days of the season were very hot, so that the dogs could not work very well, then came colder weather with frosty nights, and after that the quick packing up of the birds, which usually assemble in large flocks soon after the approach of fall. After the packing of the chickens it is hard to do much with them, unless they are on country where they can be followed some distance and scattered during the warmer hours of the day, when sometimes good sport can be had. In Arkansas the five-years close season expired Sept. 1, and at the expiration of three weeks the chickens are reported very much scarcer and very much wilder. It is thought that the next Legislature may put on another close term for this bird. Apropos of this restriction comes the rumor that so great has been the influx of non-resident shooters in the State of Minnesota this fall that there is strong talk of a $25 non-resident license for that State at an early time.

Ducks.

On the opening of its season last Thursday, the Duck Island Gun Club, of Illinois, had good sport at the club grounds, on the Illinois River, the total bag for the day amounting to 394 ducks. The following are the individual bags:

Canton members: W. H. Shaw, 25; Frank Grim, 28.

Farmington members: Woodruff, 22; Nappin, 15; Brimmer, 10; Wickwire, 12.

Peoria members: Lathy, 34; Clarke, 27; Bush, 15; McDougal, 27; Campbell, 20; Turner, 17; Allen, 24; Whiting, 22; Rayburn, 13; Fahnestock, 30; Armstrong, 10; Thomas, 3; Griswold, 1.

Pekin members: Albertson, 10; Strickfaden, 19.

Springfield member: Nelson, 10.

On the Horicon Marsh, of Wisconsin, the club members have not been having very heavy shooting as yet. There are a good many birds on the marsh, but they do not work well. The Northern birds have not yet appeared. Duck shooting is in full swing in the lake region of Minnesota this week. A number of parties have gone into Ottertail county, among others Messrs. E. N. Dellinger, P. J. Giesen and J. B. West, of St. Paul. The Wells-Dennis party, of Chicago, who usually make a fall duck hunt in Wisconsin, are talking of going out into Minnesota this fall, their location being not yet decided.

The law forbidding shooting before sunrise has been extensively violated in Wisconsin this fall. Two Menasha shooters were arrested by Warden Waite for shooting before sunrise, and were fined $29.45 each. They got one mudhen. This must be a gloomy world for them.

A duck shooting club by the name of the Decker's Lake Club has been organized at Salt Lake City, Utah, with a membership of twenty-four. They have leased Decker's Lake and the adjoining ground, and expect to have good shooting on wildfowl.

Killed while Deer Hunting.

It is stated that an insurance company in the East is hunting up information in regard to shooting fatalities in the State of Maine, with the purpose of getting up a new policy for sportsmen, it being thought that a great many sportsmen would like to go deer hunting and yet would like to leave their families something after death. At first sight it would seem that the risk of being accidentally shot in a wild and unpopulated region, such as that occupied by wild deer, would be something too small to notice, yet, as has often been pointed out in these columns, the number of men who are each year accidentally shot while deer hunting is very large. I have seen it stated that thirteen men were killed last year in the State of Maine in this way. These accidents are among the most deplorable and heartrending which can possibly occur, and one can conceive of nothing sadder for a shooter to carry through life with him than the remembrance of having carelessly shot a fellow sportsman. Especially sad is the instance of this nature which occurred at Merrill, Wis., last week. Two men were out hunting deer at night. They were both violating the game law, and neither knew that the other was hunting. One hunter saw the other, and fired at something he saw moving. He killed his fellow lawbreaker, upon whose head was found fastened a jacklight which he was wearing in the prosecution of his own search for illegal deer. This is the first of the fatal accidents of this sort to be recorded for this part of the West this season. We hear a great deal of talk about the justifiableness of shooting deer out of season by residents of the deer country, and a great many persons who ought to know better saying that the "local interpretation" of the law sanctions such killing. If nothing else can stop this unlawful work, perhaps the facts above related may serve to give it check. It is not necessary to give any names in relating facts so sad as the above, but I should think that there might be at least one illegal night hunter left alive who would now feel that he had played his part in the unsportsmanlike use of a gun, so that he might put aside the gun forever.

Back from the War.

To-day the FOREST AND STREAM office here received a pleasant call from a party of soldiers who are on their way home from the war. These men are Lt. Will Cave, Sergt. D. J. Hefron, Corporal Kennedy and Private Harris, of Troop F., Third U. S. Cavalry, Griggsby's Rough Riders. The above are all from Missoula, Mont., and with them is H. M. Reynolds, of Troop L, the same regiment, who comes from Butte, Mont. This regiment has been at Chickamauga Park all summer and never got to the front. They say that there was a great deal of sickness, not very much fun and no fighting at all, which was hardly their idea of what war ought to be. One of the amusing things was the workings of the U. S. army system, under which the cowboys of the far Northwest were put through horseback drill in order to teach them to ride. They had one or two lessons bareback and then it was concluded that they could ride, and all they needed was horses. Later they got their saddles and were found able also to ride with saddles, and not fall off. Lt. Cave is one of the best-known sportsmen of Missoula. He has been twice to Alaska on the Klondike trail, and was one of the passengers on the ill-fated Corona, which was wrecked. He lost his outfit in this shipwreck, and came back home, concluding then to go into the army, where he could have a quiet time.



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRIGGLY.
Killed by Dr. J. J. Noll. Photo by S. N. Leek.

Personal.

Mr. Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and Capt. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, were both in town this week and have passed on, the former to St. Louis and the latter to Omaha.

Mr. G. W. Cunningham, of Portland, Ind., a well-known FOREST AND STREAM contributor, paid the office a pleasant visit this week.

Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., one of the best amateur fly-casters of that city of expert anglers, made Chicago a brief visit this week, and called among his friends of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The many friends of Mr. Irby Bennett, the Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, will be glad to learn that his health, recently very poor, has been much improved by a sojourn at Ferndale Springs, near Nashville, Tenn.

The Trappers Entrapped.

This week Warden Harry Loveday came over to my office and left word to come over to Judge Richardson's court if I wanted to see some fun, for he had ten cases for violations of the State game laws on for trial, and they would likely all come up at about the same time. These cases proved to be a collection secured by Phil Goetter, an active deputy, who has been lying about the outskirts of the town watching the young bird trappers, of the sort to which I once this past spring called attention in these columns. The boys not only trap, but shoot song birds, and the deputy had made a good little round up. Twenty-three boys were arrested for assorted offenses of this ilk, and there was weeping and wailing in the Bohemian homes to which most of them claim allegiance. Among the cases settled by the justice were those of Fred Narjes and Sherman Clayton, who got $15 and costs for killing three woodpeckers and a dove; J. Chochole and Joseph Kuesknadit, $10 and costs, for two bobolinks and a lark; Paul Kobyleke, $5 and costs, one thrush; Stanislaus Kajava, one robin, $5 and costs. All these boys promised to pay the fines soon, and left an assorted lot of guns as security. Their mothers shed large, burning tears, and I doubt not landed frequently on the persons of the erring youths when they got home, showing them that home and mother are good things for boys.

At Blue Island there were five arrests on charges similar to the above, and five fines rattled comfortably into the pocket of Mr. Goetter in consequence thereof. At Morgan Park—another suburb—three cases were landed, and at South Chicago four arrests were made for shooting before sunrise. All in all, Monday was Mr. Loveday's busy day. He crowned this period of activity by seizing 800 teal duck, which some misguided mortal in Wisconsin had shipped into the Chicago market. Adding to this the little fine of $254, secured against Weinberg, of Galesburg, elsewhere mentioned, and it would seem that Mr. Loveday might go out and buy himself a large and expensive cigar and smoke it very cheerfully, having offered certain other persons material which they may smoke in their pipes.

In Darkest Minnesota.

In the opinion of Messrs. H. G. McCartney and his friend, Mr. Jennings, who are just back from a few weeks' exploring trip in the lake region north of Kabekona Camp, in the Woman Lake chain of Minnesota, the country lying north and northwest of Grand Rapids, Minn., is without doubt properly to be called Darkest Minnesota. This State is in many ways the banner State of them all in protective matters, but there are still a few localities where they need an expeditionary force before the inhabitants can be taught to be decent. Mr. McCartney told me that at Grand Rapids he ate moose meat at the hotel table, not knowing at first what sort of meat it was. He was told that moose meat was served there whenever it was so desired, and that moose and venison were staples there at any season. He said he found a number of men ready to take out anybody after moose or deer a couple of months ahead of the season. He saw one Chicago party, a man whose name I could not get, but who was said to be a man whose name would be very surprising if made public in this connection, and this man told him he had just made arrangements to go out on a moose hunt that week (about Sept. 15; nearly two months before the open date). Mr. McCartney and Mr. Jennings went out with a guide named Hank, who acted as boatman on their voyages, and who claimed to be a celebrated sportsman and guider of such. He said that no game warden could ever come into that region and do business. "Do you mean to tell me I can't kill a deer whenever I want to?" he asked; and he was grieved when told that he could not guide at Kabekona if he did illegal shooting. At Winnebegoshish Government dam they found no fishway, but they found in charge of the dam a man who said he always speared all the fish he wanted, and lived on moose meat or venison whenever he could buy it, which was oftener in summer than any other time. This man had a spear about as long as a horse and wagon, and he said he sometimes got muscallunge weighing 40lbs. below the dam. At Grand Rapids spears and nets were openly known. Going up to the Deer Lake region the travelers found a lovely lake, but did not find much fishing. A farmer told them that the market fishers from Duluth cleaned that out long ago. He said that ice fishing was very common in the past. Mr. McCartney said he came back feeling very

badly over the state of affairs he saw up in that country, for it did not seem that the men had any respect at all for the law, and cared nothing about keeping their game. A few weeks ago I had occasion to chronicle the arrest on Deer River of one outfit of skin hunters who had been doing a big business, but were rounded up. I am not indisposed to believe that after a while something may be heard to drop in the vicinity of Grand Rapids, in spite of the large talk of the residents. Of course, it is not all residents who make this sort of talk, but there is a big element of a lawless sort at that point or in that vicinity. Yet I have such faith in the Minnesota commission that I feel sure this state of things will not endure forever.

One sad thing which these gentlemen discovered in the Leech Lake region deserves public advertisement, and that is the shameful manner in which the Government timber is being stripped from the Indian reservations. Around Winnebegoshish the timber is nearly cleaned out over some areas. It seems that the law permits the cutting of burned timber under certain restrictions. The gentle lumber thief just goes in and burns over a section of country, then cuts off the timber, as he may "legally" do. Sometimes a little fire is built at the foot of a tree sought to be stolen, and its bark singed a little. It may then "legally" be cut down. Mr. McCartney and his friend came back disheartened by what they saw. They do not wish in the least to make any sensational statements, or to give any part of the grand State of Minnesota a "black eye," but they say all these facts are susceptible of easy proof. It is a pity they are.

At Gokey's Town.

Word from Dawson, N. D., which may more properly be designated as Gokey's Town, runs to the effect that friend Gokey was out not long ago and caught three unlicensed shooters from South Dakota. He assessed them properly on the spot and took charge of their guns until they shall forward the amount of their licenses. In Minnesota the wardens swipe the dogs of the sooners, and in Dakota they get the guns. I beg to call attention to the fact that the advertising columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are an excellent medium for the sale of good dogs and guns, if not too much shop worn, but I still think I shall first make a trip out that way and pick me out a nice dog and gun from the Gokey-Fullerton bargain counter. You can get them for a dollar thirty-nine up.

By the way, Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, played a low-down trick on two non-residents not long ago. He met them on the cars, and talked with them pleasantly, learning that they were coming back from a successful hunt. He asked them if they had trouble about their licenses, and they laughed at him joyously, saying that licenses might be paid by others, but by themselves never at all. Then the State warden pulled his card, and they concluded that they would loosen $25 each. Don't think, because a man is smiling, that he is necessarily not a warden.

At Dawson this week there are several parties from the East, among these Mr. J. R. Moore, Mr. J. D. Wright and Mr. Thompson, of New York city; Mr. J. N. Paterson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. D. Raymond, of Chicago, all of whom are said to be finding good sport.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Vermont Game Conditions.

NORTH FERRISBURG, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On looking over Mr. Hough's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 17 I find that he brings up a point which I have always claimed, that to shoot at ducks before sunrise or after sunset drives them from the feeding grounds, and that even the market-shooter will not allow it to be done if he can help it.

I find from observation and from local sportsmen that for some years our promise for a little sport in duck shooting at migratory birds has not been as good as the present one. The water on our marshes being very low, and the wild oat crop far above the average, give a sufficient guarantee that the ducks would be glad to tarry with us for a time on their way to their Southern home. But the booming of guns on these marshes may be heard at most any night from 4 to 9 P. M., and the echo has hardly died away before the morning shooting begins; and I wonder if we are on a par with the pot-hunter to allow it to go on. Why not follow the teaching of FOREST AND STREAM and help a good thing along by putting in a good, solid plank in the platform, by stopping the sale of game?

We find in the few days since open season on ruffed grouse began that this year is like the past few years in that this finest of all game birds is growing less; and going over some of the covers which in former years were well stocked we listen in vain for the whir of wings. The reasons for this are plain: First, illegal shooting before open season. Second, we find partridges on the market in nearly all the cities and villages of the State. Only two years ago the markets in a certain village were so oversupplied at 50 cents per pair that shipments were made to the two principal cities of the State.

I would like to ask the members of the Vermont League if this means protection. Since the game league of this State was organized I fail to know of any case being prosecuted for illegal shooting in this town. Still we have nearly every year been given a warden to protect the fish and game interests here. But he has generally proved himself a "sooner" or used his commission as a shield to cover his own shortcomings, and has proved of little benefit.

I think that all honest sportsmen are with me in hoping that when the lawmakers meet this fall they will grind out a law that will prohibit night shooting and the marketing of game, or else repeal all laws relating to the protection of fish and game, giving all men an equal chance while the small supply lasts.

FERRIS.

Readers are invited to send us the names of friends who might be interested in a current copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. *We shall be glad to forward a specimen number to any person whose address may be furnished us for that purpose.*

Notes from New Brunswick.

Sept. 20.—A very orderly but businesslike mob is now parading the main street of Fredericton. It is simply the .30-30 men lining up for the liquids. Judge Downs, of Stamford, Conn., has just arrived from McKiel Brook Lake, where he gathered in a big bull moose, which had a 52in. spread of horns, with the .30-30 at a distance of 250yds. The judge remarks that this life is almost too good for poor people. With the judge on the trip was Mr. G. C. Blickensderfer, also of Stamford. They had as chief guide William Griffin, of Stanley. They went into the woods Sept. 6, and have brought out two moose and a bear. Fourteen moose in all were seen on the hunt. Also a number of caribou, but none with the requisite quality of horns.

The people who believe that a quick-firing cannon is about the right thing for a bull moose are now in position to receive liquid nourishment at the expense of those who believe in the small bore. Up to a very recent date the well-known guide Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, was a very eloquent defender of the .30-30 for big game. He had a right to his opinion, based upon the fact that last December he knocked down two caribou with one shot from the little weapon. But in these latter days we hear earthquake rumblings from the vicinity of Bald Mountain on the Tobique. It is Adam changing his mind. Writing the other day to a sportsman in this city, Mr. Moore remarks: "Be sure and bring the biggest gun you can find. Get the Maxim at the barracks if possible. We put thirteen shots from the .30-30 into a bull with a 5ft. head and it only made him happy."

Notwithstanding their experience with this bullet-proof monster, Adam's people seem to have had fine luck. They consisted of George F. White, A. Camman and another gentleman, all of New York. They brought out two moose, and one of the best caribou heads that has been taken for years on the Tobique.

Mr. Charles Reardon has just returned from a trip with Arthur Pringle on the Nor'west Miramichi. The season was almost too early for successful hunting on the barrens, but Mr. Reardon managed to bring down a very large caribou, which he prizes very highly as a trophy of the trip. He will return in November for a still-hunt on the snow.

Senator Baird and two sons, of Perth Centre, had a very successful hunt on the head of Tobique. They accumulated two moose and narrowly escaped a third.

John G. Prouty, of Spencer, Mass., who has been hunting for two weeks on the head of Cain's River with Arthur Evans as guide, had a fleeting glimpse of the moose that belonged to him, but there was something wrong with the time-table and Mr. Prouty was unable to connect. In a personal note Mr. Prouty says: "I had a very good trip in some respects, but no hunting luck, only seeing one bull moose, and he 400yds. away at 7 o'clock in the evening, when too dark to get him. Arthur and Dick Evans did all they were able, working as hard as any men could, and it was no fault of theirs that we did not get the game, but simply hunters' luck. We saw plenty of signs, and Arthur said it looked as if when the moon came full the chances would be good."

Dr. E. Morrison and Fred Morrison, of Northwest Territory, have left for their Western home, after a three weeks' cruise in the Temiscouata region. They had fine fishing and secured several caribou and deer.

A postal card coming by bob-sled express from the head of Little River announces that Mr. Charles Randolph, of this city, who has W. H. Allen, of Penniac, as guide, has secured his moose. The party saw five moose and thirteen caribou in ten days. Mr. Allen's next party will be Mr. J. H. Ehrich, of New York, who is due here Oct. 3.

Fully twice as many American sportsmen are here this fall as last. They are mostly readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who have figured out for themselves when and where to go. It is hardly to be wondered at that some of them fail to secure their game. It is not much use to come to New Brunswick after moose if the sportsman has only a week or two at his disposal. As the old Indian guide used to say: "Sartin, if you want moose you got to hang!"

A party of New York sportsmen, consisting of Samuel P. Blagden, Jr., Crawford Blagden and J. G. Forbes, emerged from the wilderness to-day, after a stay of about three weeks on the Sisters Lakes. Their guide was Edward Norred, of Boiestown. They brought out two fine moose heads. The largest, having a spread of 52in. and palms 15in. wide, fell to Mr. Samuel Blagden. The other was a "combination" moose, in whose demise all hands took a lively part, the chief honors of the affray falling to Crawford Blagden. Seven shots from the .30-30 in the head, neck and shoulders were required to bring down this moose. The American sportsmen, who are coming out with their trophies these days, are about as happy as the law allows. Their genial and sportsmanlike qualities make them immensely popular with all classes.

Messrs. A. Weed and J. D. Foote have returned from a short hunting trip in the Rocky Brook Lake region. They had as guides Tom Craig, of Stanley, and the well-known expert "caller" Ed. Church, of Shirley, Me. Both Mr. Weed and Mr. Foote had some exciting experiences with bull moose. One moose was called up on the night of the 12th, but got away, though twelve shots were distributed in his vicinity. Mr. Weed called up an immense moose on the 15th and struck him three times with a 40-82 (smokeless), and wounded him severely, but lost him, though the animal was trailed for some distance by the guides.

E. N. Graham, of Godalming, England, Henry Braithwaite's first party, has just emerged from the Crooked Deadwater, where he shot a fine moose and a remarkably large caribou.

Word has been received from Major Hallowes, who is now in Braithwaite's country, under the guidance of Tom Pringle. The Major went in last week and has already bagged a nice caribou.

The only report thus far received from the Canaan country is that of a moose shot by George Heyss, of New York, who had as chief guide Cyrus Kierstead, of Fork Stream, one of the most efficient hunters in that locality. This moose had a horn spread of 45in.

Three exceptionally massive and perfect caribou heads arrived in St. John on Friday. Two of these came from an American party piloted by John Connell, of Bartibogue; the third was shot on upper St. John waters by J. J. Hale, of Woodstock.

Mr. S. L. Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist, has already received this season one head from New Brunswick with a spread of 60in. This moose was shot on the Restigouche. I have not been able as yet to learn the name of the fortunate sportsman.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

The Repeating Shotgun.

THERE is a class of sportsmen that always say "If you do not use the implements of sport that I do, you are anathema!". If your rod weighs an ounce or two more than theirs, your line runs a strand heavier or you shoot a twelve where they favor a sixteen gauge gun, you are either no sportsman or else one of a lower order and to be viewed at all times with grave suspicion.

Under ordinary circumstances this class of arbitrary bigots might well be dismissed with the same scant consideration that was accorded the voluminous eloquence of the "New Issue Darkey" who had denounced an "old-timer" with thunderous and high sounding invectives.

"Is you done?" said the old man.

"Yes!" was the reply.

"Then, suh," said he with slow deliberation, "all them things what you call me you is."

The unqualified and sweeping denunciation of the man who uses a repeating shotgun is one of the most prevalent forms of displaying this uncharitable spirit by the would-be dictators, who find themselves so situated that the principle of domestic economy does not influence them in selecting a shotgun.

They base their arguments on a false theory entirely, apparently believing that the repeater is necessarily the weapon of the sportsman with questionable ethics, or pot-hunter. That this is by no means the case any fair minded devotee of the gun can testify. There are other circumstances, besides the mere question of taste, that men should and do consider when buying a gun. It is the man and not the gun that must be classified. As an anti-bicycle Englishman said to a friend just returned from the wilds of Africa, who was much interested in his first view of a bicycle, and asked what made it go at such terrific speed, "It is the d—— fool on it."

So it is the breed of the hunter and not the brand of the gun that makes the sportsman, or the reverse.

The $20 pump gun, carried by hunters in jeans and brogans, has committed much crime in the name of sport; but the $300 double gun carried by dudes in imported corduroys and moose hide boots has committed more.

Private cars have hauled more shooters afield who presumed on their elegant outfits to commit outrages than ever were committed by reason of the opportunities afforded by the facilities of the inexpensive repeaters. You cannot change a hog's nature by curling his hair and polishing his hoofs; nor can you change the instincts of a man by changing his gun.

You can trust a gentleman, arm him with what you please, and there are many of them that shoot the repeating shotgun. It is not the gun that a real lover of guns would prefer for sport, had he unlimited means and nothing to consider but his inclination in making a selection. A good double-barreled gun, of any standard make, is to be preferred to any pump gun, by the man who hunts for sport and regards his morals; but for the man of limited means, who will not be satisfied with an uncertain shooter, the pump is a great blessing. The writer has used one occasionally for the past few years and can truthfully say that it has not been a source of demoralization.

For the amount invested, it has given the best results of any gun he ever bought. It is the gun that is "reached down" whenever any extra hard long-distance work is wanted, and it does it well. When he feels justified in replacing it with a high grade double, he will do so; but until that time comes he will go right on shooting it and shocking the delicate and highly organized nervous systems of those effete sportsmen—many of whom left to their own resources could not afford even a pump gun—who think that opportunity is the sole demoralizer of the sportsman. Shoot the best gun you can afford to own, boys; but do not indulge in sweeping denunciations of those who do not agree with you as to which that is; or who cannot afford as fine grade as yourselves.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Maine Center for Fish and Game.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the month of August and the first week of September I fished on Big Fish Lake, Aroostook county, Me. Although my luck was variable, I can say that the lake fully lived up to its name. The largest trout I caught weighed 3¼lbs., while my guide caught one that weighed 4lbs. Parmachenee-belle seemed to be the favorite all-round fly, and was always on my leader. With bait you were almost always sure of a good string of small fish, with an occasional large one. The best lot caught on the lake during July and August consisted of eleven fish, total weight 25lbs. At any time it was possible to get 150 trout in the brooks, averaging perhaps 4oz. The supply was apparently inexhaustible. We never caught any more fish than we used on the table, and threw the rest back, including all the small ones.

Big game was plentiful. One evening after a hot day, while paddling along a mile and a half of the shore, I counted eighteen deer. We saw only two caribou, but in the back country tracks were fairly thick. Moose were much in evidence, and in the same "bogan" we saw eight moose at different times during our stay. In the country toward the Musquaycook Lakes the guides reported moose very thick.

Tom Bennett, who, with Fred McNally, runs a camp on Moose Point, has certainly a genius for cooking, and I never lived better in my life than when he was catering. Chas. M. Sutherland, better known as Plum, and Fred McNally were our guides, and deserve the high reputation they already possess.

W. McA. J.

Adirondack Deer Hunting Conditions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe Mr. Burnham is right in saying in "Adirondack Deer Hunting Conditions," in your last iissue, that the non-hounding law does not suit most of the native hunters and guides of that region; also in suggesting that a selfish motive is behind the law. I differ, however, as to the early opening of the season. The "city guests—business and professional men, college students and the like—who found it more convenient to hunt in August and September than later," form a very large proportion of male visitors to the Adirondacks, and have as good right to their legal quota of deer as residents, or the smaller proportion of city sportsmen who can hunt whenever they choose. But with most of the former class it is a deer in August or September, or never. The season is not too long for fairness all around. Again, it is affirmed that in many sections deer are increasing from year to year. But this is not due to the fact that hounding is not permitted. Competent judges, veteran guides and veteran sportsmen, agree that at least half the deer run by dogs escape. But it is true that the keeping of dogs tied up during the close season has had a salutary effect.

Another phase of the operation of the present law: From conversations with reliable guides this summer and from statements by a gentleman whose business brings him into touch with nearly all the Adirondacks, I am convinced that far more deer were killed last fall than in previous seasons. The killing was done largely by guides. They were indignant at the law—it interfered with their business by keeping many sportsmen away, and those who were there could not hunt as usual; as a consequence the guides could not earn their living in the usual way, and so they clubbed together and slaughtered deer for the winter's meat. Who can blame them? They and their families must live, and they must live off the forests. In the absence of sufficient paid employment, they worked for themselves and their loved ones, and a large toll of deer was the price of their labor. This, I am credibly informed, is the simple fact of the case through a large portion of our beautiful North Woods.

On the other hand, however, it is believed that the Maine woods have drawn a part of the sportsmen who formerly went to the Adirondacks. Possibly more vigorous efforts at restocking our trout waters would help to turn the tide back again. State interests would certainly be promoted by such restocking.

JUVENAL.

Two Opening Days.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sept. 15 was the opening day of the shooting season in New Hampshire. Long before I was up in the morning, in fact, as soon as it began to grow light, I heard guns in all directions. I had arranged to go out with one of my neighbors, and we started about 8 o'clock. I had heard a good deal of shooting on the grounds we proposed to hunt, and in consequence we did not find a single brood of birds which had not been broken up. A single bird here and there, or at most two in a place. At half-past 1 o'clock we had killed eleven grouse, five to my neighbor's gun and six to mine. We came home then.

Twenty-five years ago I started out on the opening day to hunt over part of the same ground I was on yesterday. I owned then a young setter, which I thought very promising. I had spent a great deal of time training him during the preceding spring and summer, and he proved to be the best dog I ever owned. My intention on his first day after grouse was not to hunt him much, to let him find and point the birds I killed, and to accustom him to hearing them get up. I found the first brood of birds in about five minutes after leaving my house. I shot at and killed the first bird which rose, and left the rest. I went on in this manner during the time I was out, getting usually from one to three shots on each brood when the first rose. I did not try to follow them up, but went on after another brood. About 2 o'clock I had killed ten grouse, and I then gave up for the day.

Now to compare the two days. There was not very much difference in my two bags, but there was a vast difference in the number of birds found on each day. Yesterday we followed up each bird we started, and we got most of them. On the other day I did not follow up any of them, and I left in each brood three or four times as many birds as I killed. On the opening day of twenty-five years since I did not meet nor hear of any one else out hunting, nor did I heard a single gun other than my own. Yesterday there was plenty of evidence that gunners were numerous. The sharp crack of nitro and the heavier report of black powder was almost incessant in all directions. Surely the opening day of 1898 was celebrated as it never has been before in this vicinity in such a truly orthodox Fourth of July manner.

C. M. STARK.

The Maine Moose Student Case.

UNTIL a month or two ago there was widespread complaint made about the moose law that was passed two years ago. Mr. Carleton asked that the absolute imprisonment clause be added to the law in order to carry terror to the hearts of the men who could easily pay a heavy fine for killing moose out of season. He pleaded so earnestly and so eloquently that the Legislature granted his request, and the bill became a law. All went well until the famous "students moose case" came up in Piscataquis county. Then it is claimed that Mr. Carleton veered off on another track, for what he claimed were sentimental reasons, and used his every endeavor to clear the boys who had confessed to the crime. He even went so far as to make an eloquent plea before the Governor and his council, asking that no papers be issued for the purpose of bringing the boys back to trial. When he succeeded a howl went up from eastern Maine that was echoed in all the papers. Mr. Carleton contended that as the criminals were mere boys and as this was their first offense they should not be punished. The hunters argued that if a moose law meant anything at all, it meant justice to rich boys from Connecticut and Pennsylvania as well as justice to hungry hunters in Maine. They further contended that questions of youth and responsibility were matters for the court to decide and Mr. Carleton was meddling with what was none of his business when he stepped in and diverted the course of justice. If the court believed the boys deserved clemency the judge could suspend sentence and place the case on file. Perhaps this one case had more to do with bringing the game laws of Maine into contempt than all the other illegal acts that have been committed in Maine for years. Beyond a doubt Mr. Carleton made a mistake in allowing his sympathies to run away with his judgment, but he has done much to atone for his error since the boys gave him and his law the laugh of defiance. He has been prompt, careful and industrious to investigate all reports of game law violation. He has devoted a great deal of hard study to learn how the laws may be enforced. He has shown himself loyal to the best interests of Maine in many ways. Just now he is advocating the repeal of the "absolute imprisonment" clause in the moose law, and making the penalty imprisonment or fine at the discretion of the court. As a heavy fine means imprisonment to most poor hunters of Maine who violate the law, and as most of the hunters who come to the State are well to do, such an act seems an unjust discrimination against the citizens of Maine and in favor of the visitors, though it is possible that Mr. Carleton can put another interpretation upon his idea.—Bangor News.

Are Bull-Bats Game?

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 20.—The boys have been having great shooting at night hawks, which are called bull-bats in Virginia and southward, and last night some scores of the birds were killed on the baseball ground within the city limits, an hour before sundown. The birds have been flocking in large numbers in this vicinity at intervals during the past six weeks, but will soon leave for Louisiana and the South. They afford excellent practice for Stevens' rifles, as well as for scatter guns, and are easy to hit after one has learned their flight movements. For September shooting bull-bats afford better sport than reed birds, to my notion. At all events we on the mountains have our chances for legitimate early field practice, as well as you uns on the marshes. Just why this particular flight should have selected the ball grounds for their evening quest is not altogether clear; though one can seem to trace a close analogy between bat and ball when the game is on! If the bat doesn't happen to hit the ball, the ball is likely to hit the bat, don't you know?

We had a platter full of the birds on the breakfast table this morning, and as a comestible they were not half bad, as our English friends put it, the flavor being like that of many beach birds, or perhaps of a jacksnipe, and there is quite a good lump of meat on the breast. I don't see why they should not come within the category of game birds?

Night hawks are common in the Catskills and Green Mountain ranges, and I have found them breeding in considerable numbers in late June on the St. Lawrence River plain, among the Thousand Islands. As far as I have observed, there and in Massachusetts and elsewhere they invariably drop their eggs on the flat of a bare rock, trusting more to the radication of the summer heat to hatch out the young than to the maternal body warmth. Nests are easy to locate, if one watches the movements of the mother bird, but they are not so easy to find. The fledgelings are so nearly the color of the rock on which they nestle that I have inadvertently stepped on them in spite of great caution in my search for them. On the whole, they are among our most interesting birds, their structure and markings being as singular as their habits. They are exclusively insect-feeders, and their quest is wholly in the upper air.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Ontario Deer Law.

CHIEF GAME WARDEN EDWIN TINSLEY sends us a copy of the circular of inquiry he has sent out to deer hunters. It runs: "During the last session a good deal of discussion took place as to the legislation respecting deer, and particularly as to the change in the law prohibiting the killing of deer in the water. There have been very divergent opinions expressed regarding this provision of the act, and there always have been extreme differences of opinion, apparently about equally divided, as to the propriety of allowing the hounding of deer. Admittedly the coupon system has had a useful effect in limiting the number of deer brought out, and there are those who urge that the prohibition of hounding would very much reduce the yearly slaughter of deer. The views of sportsmen on all matters affecting game are valued. Sometimes, however, their opinions are not founded on considerations of game protection or limitation of the number of deer or other game which may be taken. It is, however, thought that it might be useful to have the views of those who last year received licenses to shoot, on some of these matters, and I accordingly enclose herewith a blank form with questions, which I will thank you to answer and return to me. It will be most advantageous if you will in the first place give your answer either affirmatively or negatively, and then add any reasons which may occur to you.

"Questions.—(1) Do you approve of the hounding of deer? (2) Do you think the abolition of hounding would conduce to the increased protection of deer? (3) Give reasons for your answer to No. 2. (4) Do you approve of the killing of deer in the water or when just leaving the water? (5) Give reasons for your answer. (6) The protection of deer being the object in view, please make any suggestions which you may consider useful to the Government or the commissioners on the subject."

Under date of Sept. 23 Mr. Tinsley writes: "Sufficient returns have not as yet reached me to enable us to determine what the ultimate result will be. So far there is a large majority in favor of hounding, also in favor of prohibiting the killing or pursuing deer in the water. The allusion to this matter in your last issue is substantially correct."

Night Rifle Shooting.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 10 your contrib Backwoods gives his plan of night shooting, notabl coons. He is no further back in the woods than I, I can suggest some things on the subject that have improved and approved by the experienced.

I have so far advanced in the higher ethics of sp manship that I do not like to kill animals any more when it is necessary or judicial I want them kille humanely as possible. Therefore I ask you to what has been fully established as the best metho shooting animals by night, particularly those that into trees.

Instead of depending upon the light of the m which is not always where and when you want it, under its best conditions will most often cause the sl er to miss and maim, let Mr. Backwoods merely miner's lamp, or wheelman's lamp, or any small lig his hat or cap, immediately over his eyes. If he then glance along the sights of his rifle, and if he reputable marksman, he need seldom fail to place his let fairly between the eyes of his victim, thus killi instantly and not injuring its pelt often.

The eyes of a coon or any other animal that cl trees will be directed to the lamp, will shine like balls of fire, and it is an easy performance to pl bullet squarely between them, as the rays of the gleam along the rifle barrel and over the sights. darker the background the better the method pr Try the experiment at a piece of white paper i dark, Mr. Backwoods, and profit thereby. In th sence of a small lamp that you can attach to your h cap, a lantern held or placed behind the shooter, s its light will gleam along the gun sights, will an but is not as good as a smaller light attached t hat or cap. I will undertake to kill ten coons straigh shoot them all in the head, if you will get 'em u decent tree. You may have the night as dark a can fix it.

RANSACK

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.

Boston Gunners.

BOSTON, Sept. 23.—Not one of the Boston gu that went down to Maine last week has returned any partridges. The universal verdict is that tridges are exceedingly scarce. Not much bett ports are yet to be had from the covers of New H shire. Leonard Chapman, the boy of seventeen the broken-stocked gun, is winning laurels as a tridge wing shot. He took two more on Mond the Reading woods. His dog, a pup of his own ing, pointed the birds, and when flushed the b took them both. He has also shot fifteen gray sq since the season opened. A Boston policeman h over the same ground all one day last week, with dogs, but did not get a shot. C. H. Tarbox has one day after the birds in the vicinity of Byfiel without getting a shot. The Plum Island gunners not yet reported any good flights of shore birds. weather has continued too fine for such sport, birds fly too far out to sea. From Monomoy are more good reports of bird shooting. L. S. H brought up twenty birds on Monday, and believe he could have doubled the number if he could stayed another day.

Some big trout have lately been taken at the Dam, Me., since the cooler weather, but none monsters that have been taken there in days go Trout up to 4 and 5lbs. were taken there last we the regular fishermen, who have been waiting days for them. N. G. Mason has had good fishi Richardson Lake, though the water is the lowest ever seen there. Low water is doubtless the str reason why the big trout have not yet run up in pool below the Upper Dam.

SPEC

The Sporting Mauser.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Strean* last week's issue Mr. E. Hough remarks tha Opie Read would like to get hold of o those Mauser rifles to shoot squirrels with. is a regular sporting model of Mauser rifle o market, which is sold by Schoverling, Daly & of this city. This sporting rifle differs from the tary rifle in the stocking and finish only. It h greatest penetration, longest range and flattest traj of any rifle made, and I do not doubt that Mr. Opie could kill a squirrel with it—and an elephant too, ever had the chance.

U. F. BEN

Virginia Shore Birds.

CHINCOTEAGUE ISLAND, Va., Sept. 16.—Atlantic birds of all the sorts are in the greatest abunda this writing. The only way to account for an u quantity of birds this summer and fall is the c rains that we have been having. The island peop me that plenty of rain will always bring the birds. rains will also have the effect of fostering the gro the grass on the under water bottoms of our bay, will give us a good supply of red necks and black this winter.

THOS. G. ELLI

Don't go by an Old "Brief"

No more than you would consult a last year's tab your train time. The latest Brief index is dated 15. If you have a July, 1898, or an August, 1898 Sept. 1, 1898, indexed Brief, send us the index le we will send the one for Sept. 15, 1898. If you h Brief which is index-dated prior to July, 1898, you get a new one. Forest and Stream Publishing Co

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on T Correspondence intended for publication should reach us latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Down Among the Fishes.

ONE hot day in July a great and ancient pike was lying at his ease in the shadow of his own roof of lilypads and blossoms in as good humor with himself and all else in his watery world as was possible, for he had just swallowed one of his great-grandchildren a foot long who had recently done the same by a young perch who had just dined on a plump minnow.

Having all these diners and dinners inside him and no room for another, he was obliged, if not quite content, to be at peace with his fellow fishes, while he waited on digestion. Some of his lesser kinsfolk being aware of his enforced amiability, gathered about him in the hope of learning some useful lessons from his long and varied experience. Those who knew themselves to be too large for him to swallow ventured quite near, but those who were of a size that might find easy or even crowded accommodations in his maw modestly took back places. Even at that distance a creeping feeling shivered along their scales when the old pike turned a cruel eye upon them, as if calculating their length as to that of his own stomach.

"Say, Uncle," a 5-pounder of the inner circle remarked, by way of starting conversation out of the channel of commonplace observations on the warmth and clearance of the water, "I s'pose you've had some pretty clust shaves one way 'nother?"

"Glump!" The patriarch belched out a mouthful of water contemptuously. "You bet your gills, if I hadn't kep' my eyes peeleder 'n some o' you young fellers does I wouldn't be a-layin' here!"

"Course," said the first speaker. "But didn't them 'at was older 'n you never put you up to things? That's what we want." And the 5-pounder rubbed a bleeding jaw on a lily stem that moored a purple-bottomed pad to the great root below.

"Ah, I see!" The old pike grinned to the gills, disclosing every one of his cruel fangs. "You've been a-foolin' wi' some o' them cussed men's contraptions. Drowned 'em! I do' know why they can't torment what's ashore, instead o' comin' here a-botherin' us! We don't go a-travelin' 'round on land arter things 'at lives there. Not but what I'd admire to swaller one o' their young uns if I could git a holt o' one 't would go down, but I never saw one 't was small enough. Frogs looks like 'em, an' that's one reason why I luf tu swaller 'em. There is one pokin' his nose over the edge o' that lilypad up there," he observed casually, as his keen eyes detected a white chin a little beyond the purple rim of a leaf, it's owner quite unconscious of the danger lurking so close beneath it. "Now, if I was the least mite hungry, or had an inch o' room inside of me back o' my mouth, I'd just bump my nose agin the under side o' that pad an' off he'd jump, an' then—" he opened and shut his jaws suggestively, and at the hint a pike drifted upward from the inner circle of the audience until he struck the lilypad smartly with his snout. The startled frog sprang overboard all asprawl, and had scarcely made a stroke before the jagged jaws closed upon him.

"Pretty well done, nevvy!" the old pike was pleased to remark, as the chief performer in the brief tragedy complacently resumed his place in the circle. "But I da' say you'd ha' grabbed him jes' so careless if he'd 'a' come along past here straight-legged wi' a string haulin' of him?"

The unblinking eyes of the successful frogger asked, "Why not?"

"Course you would," chuckled his old kinsman, "but le' me tell ye, you do' want ter tech no frog 'at goes without kickin', 'cause he's got a hook in him, an' he's a-bein' towed, an', furder 'n that, you do' wanter never tech no sort o' thing—fish, frog, grub, worm, fly, nor bug, genawine or so seemin'—'at's got a string hitched to it, 'cause you may depend there's one o' them men to t'other end on't a-figurin' to ketch ye, an' if you tech his riggin' you'll git hurt, or wus."

"That's so," he of the wounded jaw affirmed, very emphatically. "It hain't more'n two hours sen' I found that out to my sorrow. I was hungrier 'n a mud turkle," he continued in reply to the inquiring eyes turned upon him, "an' there wa'n't so much as a drowned bug or a worm 'at had got adrift. I was as holler as an' ol' caddis shell, when along come a boat wi' some men in it an' scairt me int' the weeds. I noticed they was a-draggin' a string behind, but didn't think nothin' on't, an' then, as I lay, I see somethin' 'at looked like a shiner, an' when it got ag'in me I just lit out for it. Great gars! When I shet on to it, it was harder'n a clam shell, an' broke one of my best teeth short off, an' next I knowed there was a hook snagged in my upper jaw, an' I was a-bein' yarned along spite of all my back-finnin' an' crookin' my tail, an' takin' water into my mouth faster 'n I could pump it out o' my gills. Then I see it was that plaguey string that was a-fetchin' of me towards the boat, an' I could see one o' them men a-haulin' it in slow and steady. I changed ends, but it wa'n't no use. I was keeled over or turned 'round every time, an' so when I was most busted an' choked to death wi' more water 'n I could hold I gin up an' let 'em haul me, a-cussin' my foolishness every inch I went. When the man pulled me up alongside an' both of 'em grinnin' like two clams—it didn't seem as if there was a wiggle left in me—an' I thought it was all up with me, when the man h'isted me out o' the water by the hook. It hurt so tormentedly 'at I give a kick wi' my tail, an' happened to hit the side o' the boat, an' the hook le' go, an' back I come. You may scale me if I didn't hustle for the bottom, an' here I be."

The old pike grinned unsympathetically, whereat the other with evident pique said, "Wall, I heard the feller 'at had a holt o' the string say, as I was a-goin' down, 'That's the biggest fish I ever see, an' I've lost him!'"

The patriarch laughed till the water boiled around him. "You big! Oho, my gills. That's what them men always says when they lose a fish, if it hain't no more'n a minny."

"You are about as big as they make 'em," said another, admiring the proportions of the aged patriarch.

"Well, I hain't exactly a minny," said the old pike, swelling his sides a little more, "but you'd ought to seen my grandfather."

"Bigger 'n you be?"

"Glumph! he could ha' swallered you as easy as I could a shiner. There was lots to eat them times, an' a pike had a chance to grow afore he run ag'in some o' them men's devilish contraptions."

"What come on him?" the younger pike inquired.

"Oh, he got half-blind an' kinder childish when he was about fifty year' old, an' he went an' got ketched in a seine. Oh, them men is the worst enemy we've got. Kingfishers an' herons an' fish-hawks, minks an' otters, all hain't a chaw of a minny to 'em, an' they get thicker every year. I wish 't there'd come a flood an' drown'd the hull bilin' of 'em! They hain't got me yet, but I spect like's not they will some time, always a-studyin' some new devilment. Long ago, as when I wa'n't more'n a foot long, they didn't troll wi' nothin' more'n a rag o' red cloth an' a piece o' pork rine or a strip o' pickeral's belly, wi' one hook, ol' humpback grannies a-paddlin' log canews an' a-smokin' their pipes slow an' comfortable.

"Then they got up shiney contraptions, some 'at wobbled an' some 'at whirled. They didn't look like nothin' we'd ever see' afore, but you'd wanter ketch a holt on 'em an' find out what they was, an' one thing you allers would find, an' that was a hook hitched to em', jest as ye will now to every consarn they drag 'round in the water. Now they've got sham frogs an' sham minnies 'at looks nat'ral as life, but there's hooks to 'em all, like as not half a dozen to ketch ye by both jaws.

"There hain't only one safe way, an' that is to steer clear of everything that's hitched to a string. Then there's nets, an' they're made o' strings too. They've had a slap at me wi' most all them fixin's, an' so's all the critters that goes for us, but they hain't got ol' Long Face yet," and the old veteran looked wise and self-satisfied, smiling complacently to the corners of his jaws.

"Now say, Uncle, you tell us all about your scrapes, won't ye?" entreated one of the larger of his audience.

The garrulity of age was upon the old pike, and he needed little coaxing to become reminiscent. So after a few preliminary gulps to clear his throat he began, while those about lent attentive ears.

"About the first clust shave I remember a-havin' was when I wa'n't more'n six inches long. I was a-swimmin' along in the ma'sh a-lookin' for a small frog or minny t' eat, when an' ol' water snake 'at was on the same errand popped out'n a bunch o' rushes an' grabbed me by the tail. My gills! wa'n't I scairt, an' didn't I dig int' the water wi' every loose fin! But his ol' gooms stuck like grim death, an' he started for the shore, which if he got me onto he'd finish me mighty quick. I've seen 'em since, when they'd git a fish on t' the shore where he hadn't no holt on the water, an' they'd down him in two skips of a water bug.

"I could see the dead weeds a-linin' the shore an' the grass on the bank above, an' thinks, says I, 'it's good-bye, little pickerel.' But just then I felt his jaws slip a little mite, an' he le' go to git a better holt, but he wa'n't quite quick enough, an' I made my fins fly like a popple leaf an' out I slipped, his jaws poppin' together a scale's breadth from my tail like bustin' in an air bladder. Afore he got over bein' astonished I was fur 'nough away, an' you bet your gills I kept my eyes peeleder 'an a skinned eel for such critters till I got so big they was fearder o' me 'an I was o' them.

"About the disagreeablest feelin' I ever had inside of me was oncte when I'd got to be 'bout as big as you be, I come acrost a water snake 'at I reckoned was about my fit, an' so I grabbed him by his ugly mug jest out o' spite for the scare one of his kind had gi'n me years afore. He tangled his self 'round my jaws an' squirmed an' hel' back like a good feller, but I chawed away at him, an' finally gathered him in. He tasted wus'n a nest o' young stake drivers, but that wasn't nothin' to the feelin' of his tail, 'at kept a wigglin' in my throat an' a ticklin' of it till sundown, an' it was in the mornin' I ketched him; I never hankered arter another sech fish."

He spat out a mouthful of water disgustedly and continued his story:

"Another time when I was a little feller I was a-layin' in a shaller a-sunnin' of me, an' the' come a blotch of a shadder a-skivin' over the water, an' stopped a piece off from me. I looked up to see what made it, an' there right over me a bird was a-stan'in' still in the air a-flattening his wings an' a-lookin' down at me.

"Then all of a sudden he shet his wings an' come down head first, quick as a raindrop. Think, says I, 'suthin's killed him,' an' I gin a stroke of all my fins so't he wouldn't fall top on me, an' he jest missed it by an inch, comin' ker slosh int' the water, an' pretty nigh scarin' on me out o' my skin. Then out he went as quick as he come in, a-clatterin' like pourin' gravel onto a rock, an' hung himself up in the air ag'in to dry, I thought mebby, but in a half a minute down he come ag'in, an' that time right top o' one o' my brothers, which he carried off in his mouth an' I seen him swaller, settin' top of a stake. Arter that I kep' shy o' him an' his kind till I got too big for their use."

"I got chased by minks an' sheldrakes an' loons an' big fish an' had some mighty clust chances o' keepin' the scales on my back, an' the wust on't was I hadn't no sooner outgrowed one lot on 'em 'an there was another waitin' for me. When I got too big for a blue heron to spear me, one day, when sleepin' in the sun, down come a broad shadder o' wings, an' afore I was half awake the claws of a fish hawk was sot on my back an' the next minute I was a thrashin' the air with my tail, ten foot above the water. I wiggled an' twisted an' snapped my jaws, but it wa'n't no use. Up I went furder and furder, our images growin' smaller an' smaller on the water beneath us 'til his'n looked like a swaller an' mine like a minny, an' then a-gittin' dizzy, I looked up an' see a bigger fowl 'an my fish hawk a-comin' for us.

"The hawk got his best flop on, but it wa'n't no use, the big feller's shadder covered him, an' his claws was a-reachin' for the hawk's back. Havin' all he could 'tend to to take care of hisself, the hawk le' go of me an' down I went head fust, an' then it 'peared it was me the big chap was arter, for he gin the hawk a slap wi' his wing 'at sort upsot 'em both, an' then he came a-scootin' for me. But I struck the water a secunt ahead on him, an' slid down, down, till my nose struck the mud, an' he come down ker slosh right where I lit.

"He gathered himself up an' went off a-raining like a cloud at every flop of his wings, till he got to the top of a big tree, an' there he sot a-sulkin' an hour, while I lay in the weeds a-nussin' my sore back, an' the scars shows yet.

"Mr. Fish-hawk's gone, but you can see that same ol' eagle 'most any day a-watchin' out from a tall tree or a-swimmin' the sky above the top o' the world."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bass Fishing on the Greenbrier.—III.

THE country is as dry now as it was wet during the summer, and in this the latter part of September the river has dwindled until the bass are in the pools, and they can be butchered by those who know how. The fisher can stand in the water and good-sized bass come up and swim before him, but the motion of the rod frightens them, and they rarely take the bait in his sight. To those that fish in muddy water it may be a mystery how bass perform when they take the bait. I have seen several bite lately. The bass takes the bait by making motions with his fins as if he were working, and having got a good hold, moves off steadily, if he has no competition. If there is another bass to rob him, he will go off with the rush that is so exciting.

With the waters at this stage the wisest thing a man can do is hunt for a pool where he can see fish swimming about, and then go in to catch them. If the bass are moving they can be caught. The first bass is an indicator of the wealth of the pool, for all the bass which are ready for the sacrifice come crowding around the one struggling in the water, and the keen-eyed fisher is electrified by the sight of a mass of moving fins, indicating there is a lot of sport awaiting him. When caught the bass generally ejects the bait, which slips up on the leader, and is presently flipped off in the fight, and nabbed by some of the pack at his heels. The bass that gets that bait needs to have harness on his throat or he will be the next victim.

I was fishing in the Burnside Hole one afternoon lately, and had a bass nearly up to me, when the big white crawfish bait was torn loose, and one of the biggest bass that ever grew flashed by and took it. This particular fish is no doubt hook proof, but if it is ever caught it will be in the papers.

Fly-fishing is over for this year. The fish will simply not take a fly in sufficient numbers to justify fishing that way. I cannot endure to work more than twice as hard fly-fishing for the bag of fish that could be secured by bait fishing. It is the finer sport to take them with a fly, but if barren of results the man had as well be sentenced to penal servitude at once. I used to be conscience struck when I had caught fish with bait, while my companion had faithfully fly-fished and caught nothing. He would put on such a conscientious look of having done his duty, and not dirtied his hands with bait fishing, that he deserved to be immortalized as a martyr to fly-fishing. Then Francis Francis solemnly lays down the rule for all men, to either confine themselves to fly-fishing or bait-fishing if they would be orthodox. He does not entirely bar the bait-fisher out of the kingdom. My motto is: "Get fish—with the fly if you can, but get fish!" and if that be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it.

Is the mind of man, which has wrought such changes on the face of the earth in establishing the civilization as it exists to-day, too small to enable him to become proficient in both branches of this art? Can he not master both? The born fisherman would wile the fish from the water if he were a castaway on a desert island in overalls. The living, breathing, progressive man ought to take all the bass which are hungry for fuzz and feathers with fly, and then catch the rest of the family with good wholesome bait.

There are some fly-fishers who will class me as being worse than an infidel to thus express myself. But there is a lot of fraud practiced by some fly-fishers. I saw a line in this journal where a gushing fly-fisher says to his friend: "You'll be catching 'em with fly with the best of us some day." What a pat on the shoulder! What encouragement! What a future that man has to look forward to! They had me cowed once until I thought only the elect could fish with a fly, until one day when I had failed bait-fishing I put on an old battered bass fly, and caught fifteen before I stopped. That was an eye-opener for me, and I profited by it. I made the same discovery as to trout, and from the first found that on some days I was more destructive with fly than bait. Now, when the aristocratic fly-fisher puts on any airs about me, I feel like dropping into slang and saying, "You ain't so warm!"

These waters have recently been visited by two London gentlemen, who came here directly from Norway, where they had been trout fishing. One of them, Mr. E. T. G. Wilson, is an eminent lawyer of London, and owner of the Ormonde House, and the other, Mr. Bromley, is a gentleman of leisure. Neither had ever seen a bass, and I am sorry to say that their entire catch was about one to every thousand miles traveled. I had

the pleasure of introducing them to the fishing here. We went up the river about four miles, where the valley narrows. When we came to compare fishing tackle, I saw a Castle Connor rod for the first time. It was bought by Mr. Bromley near Castle Connor, Ireland, and it caused me to make a bad break and become very much embarrassed. A Castle Connor rod does not jam in the joints. What I thought I saw was a one-piece rod, broken in the middle, and clumsily tied with a wax end. My intention was good to take out some silk thread and splice the rod decently, when the owner very gently explained that it was a Castle Connor rod and that was the way it was made. It looked to me to be a pretty decent fishing pole which had been broken before it was sold.

The Englishmen had hundreds of trout flies, many of which were midgets, and some flies which I called bass flies, and they called salmon flies. Then I learned that the lordly salmon and the husky bass rise to the same lure.

We camped under some trees and started fishing. We met at lunch time with sixteen bass, which we cooked at a rousing big fire and had something to eat. We caught nine after dinner, making twenty-five for the day, with some big ones. I do not remember how the catch was apportioned. Both the Englishmen were good fishers, but did not understand the quick impetuous bass; they would make a good cast, but would not retrieve the line for several minutes. I fished with bait with fly-fishing on the side, in the way I enjoy most.

Persons living in the town of Marlinton have the finest of rivers to bathe and fish in, and the finest woods to hunt in and ramble through. We have nearly 200 people here, and the woods come down close to town. The mountains are piled all around us, and we look up to the top of Elk Mountain, one of the highest points in the Eastern States. Nature has spread out all this wealth at our doors, but some of my companions in adversity revile me and call me Tug when I go fishing, or walking, or hunting in the after part of the day instead of joining their councils and shaving a fine plank with my pocket knife.

I appeal to the sympathies of the reader and ask him to say whether, if he were living in Marlinton, he would go fishing or loaf. So far my score this season is 242 trout and 311 bass, and every one a sensation. Of course, I do not count the little ones put back. They are the stars in the fisherman's crown.

I think every man should cultivate a taste for outdoor life. It prolongs life and it makes us stronger to bear the pain of living. I want to justify my course, and take every occasion to do so. As long as we, as a nation, go in for the things the FOREST AND STREAM encourages, we will be unconquerable. When we sit on our ancestors' graves and have a good time instead of taking pleasures afield, we will go to pieces like China. For mental and physical health go fishing. I have a stock quotation, "Better to roam the fields for health unsought than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Turtles on the Beach.

SEABREEZE, a popular resort, winter and summer, on the east Florida coast, opposite Daytona, has a broad beach, perfectly straight, except where broken by Mosquito Inlet, ten miles south. The beach makes an ideal bicycle course, on which wheelmen, bug-like by day, a firmament at night, constantly ride. From May to August they hunt turtle eggs at night. The turtles are enormous. A heavy specimen weighs several hundred pounds, and is larger than a washtub. Their strength equals their size; we have seen one of them carry a large man on its back several rods with ease. One would hardly suppose that creatures so large had been hatched from eggs smaller than those of barnyard fowls. The eggs when fresh are delicious. If the law does not intervene they will be hunted as long as human beings care for moonlight spins and good eating.

The turtles usually come ashore to lay when the moon is full. The trail they make at such times is like the tracks of two broad corrugated wheels set about 30in. apart. This leads to the dry sand above high tide, where a nest with twelve or fifteen dozen eggs in it is ingeniously concealed. The imitation of surroundings is carried out in detail. The beach above tide mark is hard beneath the first few inches of dry sand. The turtle reproduces this over her nest by filling in from a second hole, then packing by spinning upon the earth thrown in, and afterward leveling with loose sand. To complete the deception, she decorates the surface above her nest with bits of grass and weeds. The second hole is then filled up carelessly, as if to attract attention.

Jackdaws, crows, raccoons, foxes, bears, human beings (the worst type of hunters are the bicycle riders) all know that the egg of the turtle is a luscious morsel and never cease hunting for it. It is difficult to see how a nest ever escapes being found. So much rivalry, of course, causes many bitter disappointments. I remember talking turtle one time with some friends from up the beach. Their cottage was near a sanitarium of "Mental Science." It was an unsafe neighborhood up there, I thought. But they did not imbibe any misleading notions except a sublime faith in their ability to find eggs if they only hunted long enough. Their enthusiasm was remarkable. They might have surrendered with honor to their constant bad luck. One night after hunting the beach for miles and returning to join a group of disappointed riders near home, some one proposed willing a turtle to come out of the surf. Everyone felt that their faculties could be trained on that kind of thing without much effort, so all sat around on the driftwood and willed. The moonshine shimmered on the seething sea, the surf sang a song, a softly lulling lullaby, the mosquitoes bit, the wind parched, but those people just sat on their logs and threw thoughts oceanward. It was grand. And the turtle came out. All fell off the logs then to scramble up the bluff and hide in the sea oats. Some of the hunters forgot to will in climbing the club, or lagged on "come out of the sea," when others were ahead on "come up the beach," and the turtle hesitated. This aroused concentrated effort and she was made to come up the beach as if led with cables. Up and up she came, slowly but surely, till she was immediately under her tormentors, and then she made a nest.

When the affair reached a stage where hearts throbbed, pulses sang and souls soared in delirium, two outsiders appeared, and in spite of hat waving and wild shrieks from those on the bluff, started the turtle off to sea about as fast as she could waddle. There were explanations after she had left that did not entirely clear the atmosphere. If the watchers' attention had not been concentrated they would have seen the interlopers in time to will the latter into the Atlantic. "Mental Science," I think, hardly received a fair test.

A few evenings after I heard this story our next door neighbor stopped in. Go egg hunting! No, never, not he, if he lived a hundred years on that coast. He had lost too much sleep. A comfortable bed was more to his taste. There were not enough turtles on earth to supply the demand. All the men, women and children about were after them. When he and a friend found a turtle laying the previous week, every chick and child in that part of the country dropped off the bluff to say something. There were no eggs. The turtle scuttled off to sea—to lay in Africa, he hoped.

Another man on the coast one summer failed to bring eggs home after finding a nest. He was taking them from the nest as they were laid, and piling them about, when he looked over his shoulde and saw an enormous bear 10yds. away dancing on its hindfeet to the music of the surf. Man and bear left quickly in opposite directions without the eggs. They say the hunter had been very attentive to a pretty boarder all summer, and after that they spent their evenings out front discussing what the bear might have done to him.

I was determined to find a nest of eggs, if possible, before the season was over, and went time and again until I was successful. I earned the eggs the trip I found them. There was a dance at the hotel, so I was alone on the beach. The riding was so soft and the moonlight so dim that I hardly used my wheel. After digging my finger nails to the quick at the first trail I discovered, scarcely a mile from home, and finding no eggs, I plodded ahead on a beach that seemed to be without end. Surely the lighthouse I faced was leaving me rapidly. Overcome by fatigue at times, I fell over my wheel and lay in the sand awhile, wondering whether it was worth getting up to face a situation with so much discomfort it it. Once I climbed the sand bluff to a deserted shanty with a view of sleeping there, but when I saw the hordes of crabs scuttling about the premises the place seemed too horrible. Later I found a short, narrow board on the beach that made a comfortable bed for a person in my state. The net morning I dug twelve dozen eggs at the first trail found. What omelets they made.

H. R. STEIGER.

DE LAND, Florida.

Some Odds and Ends.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 25.—Some weeks ago Mr. Mather in one of his interesting articles said that the white bass of Lake Michigan had practically disappeared as a game fish. This is a mistake. These fish are still abundant in the waters adjacent to the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. In Black Lake, near Holland, and at the mouth of the Grand River, at Grand Haven, many of these fish are still being taken with rod and line. At Holland they are captured by the thousands during the month of May, when they appear to come in from the big lake. They are mostly caught at night, and hundreds of boats go to the harbor entrance where, by the light of a lantern, the fish are taken. Later on the fish seem to scatter over the lake, and are caught but a few at a place. I have recently been at both the places mentioned above, and know that the white bass is yet an important factor to the angler; he is a game fish every inch of him, and if he broke out of the water like the black bass, anglers would travel a thousand miles to catch him.

A little experience at Black Lake demonstrates how fearless fish are when they cannot see the angler. My nephew has a boat house and through the floor he has a small opening into the water, through which he can hang his minnow bucket. While at this place during August, I hung my minnow bucket over night through this opening, and when we went to the boat house in the morning I threw a dead minnow out of the bucket into the water; immediately a large black bass, which seemed to stay under the boat house, came up and seized the minnow. In an instant I had the hook baited with a minnow and dropped it into the water, which was about 2ft. deep. The bass again came up, sucked the minnow into his mouth and spit it out before I had a chance to "yank" him. I waited a moment, and this time he took it into his mouth, when I gave a big pull, and, of course, his head struck the flooring and the hook was broken. I put on another hook and bait, and the old fellow again came up and pursued the same tactics; with my usual good luck the fish again struck the floor, and the snell broke, letting him down into the water. I tried him again, but he did not appear to take any more interest in the proceedings. Next morning my partner and myself went to the boat house and thought we would see if Mr. Bass was still hanging round. My partner this time said he would show me how to catch fish. He dropped in a live bait through the hole and immediately the bass made his appearance, sucked the minnow in and spit it out, the second time taking it in for keeps. Jim, for that was my partner's name, gave a yank, and the snell broke off. Putting on another hook and bait, he again dropped it in, and in spite of his instructions as to how he would catch the bass he jerked him up out of the water, when the line broke and he fell back in again, and this time he disappeared. The next morning a big wind was blowing, and the water was too rough under the boat house for further experiment. Here was four times that the fish had been jerked against the board and he did not seem to be frightened. At the same hole by holding a minnow on the surface a small rock bass came up to take him, and we twice lifted him out with a net and put him back into the water. He did not seem to be a bit frightened. Of course, the boat house was dark, which accounts for these actions; if the fish had seen us they would have scuttled away.

While fishing on the Grand River I lost three minnows in succession, and, of course, suspected there must be some monster who was thus stealing my bait; finally I struck a fish and a small bass popped up out of the water like a cork out of a champagne bottle. At the same time the little rascal spit out three minnows which he had stolen from my hook.

The same day I caught a small bass, about ½lb. in weight, which had a No. 1 sproat hook, with snell, fastened to his throat. No doubt some angler had sworn by the great gods that a 5lb. bass had broken his snell from his line.

Just before I left Grand Haven a large muskalonge weighing in the neighborhood of 25lbs. was killed several miles up the river by a man with a boat hook. It seems the muskalonge had endeavored to swallow a large catfish whose spines had been set, and the fish could neither get him up or swallow him; he consequently became exhausted, and was wallowing in the water when the boatman killed him.

This has been the poorest season for fishing in this section of the country for many years. Heavy rains during the summer have kept the rivers high and muddy so that at many of the clubs there has practically been no fishing, only during the last few weeks. While it has been unpleasant to the angler, it has been a good thing in allowing the fish to grow and escape from the men who want them. Unless we have unusually heavy rains fishing from now until the 1st of January in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas will no doubt be first-class.

ABERDEEN.

Ottawa Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While glancing over the advertising columns of your paper in the latter part of July, the advertisement "Bass—best fishing in the world—send for booklet, Hotel Cecil, Ottawa, Canada," caught my eye. I wrote for a copy of the booklet, and thinking the outcome might interest your readers, I will give it. After some correspondence, I found myself, bag and baggage at the Grand Central Depot one Sunday evening, and at 11:20 A. M. Monday we pulled into Ottawa. I was agreeably pleased to learn that the proprietor of the Cecil, Mr. Genslinger, was to start on a fishing trip that afternoon, and he invited me to accompany him. I was greatly pleased at this unexpected turn of affairs. I had counted on a lonely fishing trip—having no friends in those parts.

At 5 P. M. we boarded the train on the Gatineau Railroad. The road runs along the river bank, and superb views are obtainable from both sides of the cars.

A short distance out my attention was attracted to the number of logs floating down the river. The lumbermen of this district fell the trees, cut them to a certain length, stamp them with a number and drop them into the water and allow them to drift to the mills in or about Ottawa. As this body of water is not open to navigation the utilizing of the water as a sluiceway must be a great saving of time and money to the dealers.

Further on the country took on a genuine rural air. I was led to believe that it was part of a rich farming section; judging by the climate and soil I should say this would be a good spot for some of our bright young men to branch out as farmers.

About 7:45 we arrived at the little town of Gracefield and were driven to the hotel. The hour of 4:30 A. M. found us seated on a buckboard. The air was cool and bracing, but as my companion had taken the precaution to bring along coats, we were prepared to sip the ozone to our hearts' content. A rattle of wheels and we were off. In a short time we were in the absolute depth of the mountain forest; from each side came the songs of the birds as they flitted from branch to branch, and the stately mountain looked on as though in silent approval. As we drove along it seemed to me that this should be the paradise of the lover of the forests, with its panorama of mountain, river and stream. To the artist of the new school, who is tired of the bombastic, manufactured and labored methods of the old school, I would recommend a journey here. As on we rode a stream or outlet would occasionally appear to add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene, but above all would loom the beautiful, quiet mountains, indeed it was a wilderness of wooded mountain, and as we approached our destination an occasional clearing was seen where the hand of man had laid his axe on the huge old kings of the forest, and swept them away to do service in different capacities in the towns and cities far away. As we alighted from the wagon the beautiful crimson ball of fire in the heavens came out in all its glory, and our surroundings took on new life and nature's happiness was communicated to our spirits. In all my wanderings in the woods of the States I do not recall an awakening of the woods like this.

After breakfast arrangements were made with a boatman to row us up the beautiful sheet of water called Blue Sea Lake, from its prevailing even shade. Though I have been a great admirer of minnows for bass, my companion had persuaded me that live frogs were the proper bait, so in a basket we had twelve dozen from about 1in. to 2½in. in length.

Luck seemed against us for about an hour, when I struck, and a splendid black bass jumped out of the water three boat lengths away. A typical game fighter, he leaped a foot out of the water, then made a downward sweep; and so went rushing and fighting till I landed him in the net—a 4½lb. beauty. Fifteen minutes later I landed a 2-pounder. Luck seemed to change then, for my companion landed three within the next half-hour, one 3 and two 4lbs. A half-hour passed without a bite, then I took two more, after such a game fight with one magnificent bass that in the struggle my rod was broken just as he landed in the net. It was then about 11:30; and with seven black bass to our credit we put ashore for lunch at a quaint old log house, or a typical woodsman's shanty, where we were furnished with a bountiful meal from the larder of the housewife.

Twelve o'clock found us seated in an elegant cedar boat belonging to my companion, with a new boatman at the oars, following the meanderings of a beautiful mountain lake. With deft strokes the oarsman took us to the most inviting places; without looking he seemed to know just where lay the fish. After we had struck and almost landed four beauties who had gotten

away with our hooks, I realized that we were now to have the best sport of the day, for we were to do battle with the kings of their class. The sport was grand, with my companion on one side and I on the other, we frequently pulled in magnificent fish, fighting and pulling from the same pool. And so it went till the yellow sunlight had ceased to illumine islands and water.

Eight o'clock found us seated in the quaint home of our boatman. We were the possessors of thirty-nine bass and one pike, and huge appetites. I would give a good deal to have a picture of that scene. The log cabin was divided into three rooms, of which the middle was the dining room. Here and there were hung guns and fishing utensils; in the corner stood a combination dresser or sideboard which must have been a hundred years old; the walls were decorated with old-time daguerreotypes; at the foot of the bed in another room was seen the old-time spinning wheel which had spun for many a year.

The next morning found us in Ottawa, where we were the center of an admiring group at the Hotel Cecil. The news of our splendid catch soon spread, and the fishermen and critics shortly appeared—the fishermen to congratulate and the critics to dissect our work.

We had caught so many big, heavy, thick-shouldered fish, some weighing at least 6½lbs., that when the bag was emptied into the basket these fellows seemed to have worked their way to the top as though to display their beauty. The "ubiquitous funny man" on observing this drew the attention of the assemblage to it, and proceeded to investigate the bottom of the basket, and found there several equal to if not larger than those on top, and his consternation, when he found the occasion removed for the exercise of his constitutional and valued prerogative of guying, was laughable to behold. I spent a few days after this viewing the sights of the capital. The Parliament buildings are elegant. I was particularly struck by the vim and enterprise of the merchants of the little town. Most of the streets are wide and regularly laid out, and thoroughly macadamized and asphalted, making it a paradise for riding, driving and bicycling.

As the train pulled out of the Ottawa depot I thought: I shall return for another outing on beautiful Blue Sea Lake and its sister waters. W. J. McEvoy.

ANGLING NOTES.

Lake Trout.

There is a belief existing that while most species of trout prey upon their own species, the lake trout, *namaycush*, is exempt from cannibalism. How this belief gained ground I cannot say, but I have been assured over and over that it was true. Of course it is not true, but the most remarkable case of cannibalism in lake trout was told to me this summer by Mr. Harry Watrous, the artist, who has his summer home on Lake George, and who is the president of the Lake George Fish and Game Association. Mr. Watrous was watching some men suspected of illegal fishing, when he saw something white on the water, and going to it found a lake trout about 15in. long apparently choked to death by another fish. This fish proved to be a lake trout, and when it, the other and second trout, was opened, it also had a small trout in it its stomach. Truth, particularly in matters pertaining to fish and fishing, is stranger than fiction.

Sea Salmon in Fresh Water.

When the work of stocking the Hudson River with sea salmon was commenced in 1882, the fry were planted in trout streams far up at the headwaters of the river, more than 100 miles above tide water, with impassable dams and falls intervening. The work was finally discontinued in the streams so far above tide water, and the plants of fry and yearlings were made in streams nearer to the sea. Several years after the final plants were made in the upper waters, I heard of "salmon trout" being caught in Millington Brook, near the Glen, a stream never used for planting salmon. Thereafter from time to time I heard of other salmon trout being taken from the stream, which was always a famous trout brook, but which had never been planted with any kind of fish. Little heed was paid to the reports for the reason that people are given in some regions to applying wrong names to the fishes, although I was told that in this instance they were fish I had planted. As I had never planted fish of any kind in the stream, I assumed that the "salmon trout" were bright trout which had run up from the river after a visit to the white sand in the main stream.

Very lately I met on the train Mr. Albert Thomas, ex-county treasurer of Warren county, and a well-informed sportsman, who told me that a salmon of 4lbs. had been taken in Glen Brook, and that he saw the fish and recognized it as a sea salmon, beyond question. He then added that nearly every season for a number of years before the 15in. law was passed he had caught salmon up to a pound or so in weight in both the Glen and Millington brooks. Ten years or more ago sea salmon fry were planted in the Glen Brook, which flows into the Hudson from the right bank, while the Millington flows from the left, but their mouths are not far apart. The only explanation that I can give of this condition of affairs is that the salmon have bred in the Glen Brook without going to sea, for had they gone to sea they could not have returned to the stream mentioned, and that from the Glen Brook they have wandered to the Millington Brook. There is in fact no other explanation to be given, for I am sure that it is more than ten years since any salmon fry were planted in the upper Hudson contiguous to the streams I have named, and there is no chance for them to get back from the sea once they have descended the river, and as fish of a pound weight, and now four pounds, are annually taken in the brooks, they must have bred in the streams and become what is generally called landlocked.

Last June, while salmon fishing on the Ristigouche, Mr. Archibald Mitchell gave me a clipping from a Scotch newspaper, containing a summary of a report by a commission of experts and scientists that had been investigating the life history of the sea salmon. Among other things the report took the ground that the sea salmon was a fresh-water fish that had acquired a sea-going habit, and that its habitat was originally confined wholly to fresh water. I know that this is not popular, but why not? The eggs of the sea salmon will die if placed in salt water, and so will fry when first hatched, and that should not be a characteristic of a salt-water-fish. The sea salmon will breed in fresh water without ever going to sea, as we know from the late Mr. Mowat's experiments in Canada, and the landlocked salmon is the sea salmon that has not acquired the sea-going habit, so it is not particularly strange that sea salmon planted in Glen Brook should remain there and breed without going to sea. Nevertheless it is a curious fact.

Ristigouche.

One evening last spring I was at the Ristigouche Salmon Club on my way home from the upper waters, when Mr. Percy Baker, the superintendent of the club, asked me why I always spelled and pronounced the name of the river Restigouche, and I said because I supposed it was correct. He produced an old map and several papers more or less antique, to show me that the correct spelling of the name was Ristigouche, and here I make amends for spelling it the other way.

A. N. Cheney.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Westerners in Canada.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 24.—Mr. J. M. Oliver, an attorney of this city, who takes many sporting trips of a very delectable sort, this summer spent the month of August on the Nepigon River, and reports a most delightful experience. Others of the party were Judge Showalter, of the U. S. Circuit Court, Chicago; Judge Bunn, of the U. S. District Court, Madison, Wis.; Attorneys W. W. Evans and Wm. H. Holder, of Chicago, and Mr. John Knight, of Knight & Marshall, Chicago. Mr. Oliver says that he was told there were more parties on the river this summer than were ever known there before in any one season. They went to Camp Robinson, fishing from Hamilton to Split Rock, it being the custom on that stream for parties to respect the camps of others, and not to intrude on their territory. The largest trout taken by any of the party was one of 6lbs. 2oz., by Mr. Knight. Mr. Oliver's largest fish was 5lbs. On one day he took eighteen trout, averaging 2½lbs. Mr. Evans one morning took twenty-nine fish, 2½ to 5lbs. weight. Judge Bunn, who, like Judge Showalter, is a very skillful fly-fisherman, frequently landed fifteen to twenty fish daily, of 2 to 4lbs. They found the Jock Scott and Lord Baltimore flies the most killing. Of course no one dreams of using anything but the fly on the Nepigon. There were thirty parties on this stream in the month of August, among others that of Gen. Noble, formerly of President Harrison's Cabinet; the Speaker of the Parliament, of Ottawa, with many bankers, etc. Mr. Moore, of New York city, who is now out at Dawson, N. D., shooting ducks, was on the Nepigon in August.

We have a number of salmon fishers in Chicago, though they need to travel a long way for their sport. Mr. Murdock, of Murdock & Fisher, Chicago, has a lease on a Quebec stream in the Gaspé Basin country, and Mr. Jas. L. High, a noted Chicago lawyer (author of the work "High on Injunctions"), in partnership with Judge Hitchcock, of St. Louis, has a very desirable lease on the Nepissiguit River, in New Brunswick. As near as I can learn, it costs about $12 a minute to fish on any of these expensive leased streams, and newspaper men have to use stop watches.

After Bass.

Messrs. Fred N. Peet, Jim Clarke, Geo. Morell, H. G. Hascall, A. W. Smith, A. R. Letterman and C. F. Conly, all of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, spent a day on Deep Lake, near Lake Villa, Ill., this week, averaging six or eight bass each, Mr. Hascall having the credit of a 9lb. pickerel.

'Lunge and Great Northerns.

In another column I have mentioned the trip made by Mr. McCartney and Mr. Jennings, of Chicago, into the country adjacent to Leech Lake, Minn. Here they went into Thunder Lake, and had all sorts of fun with the Great Northern pike, of which on two days they took a great number, each day getting at least ten fish which would run over 15lbs. each. They got two good ones, one 17lbs. and one 17½lbs. They say that these fish are the hottest sort of fighters, and run and jump as well or better than the muscallunge. They think a 6lb. Great Northern pike will outfight a lunge of the same weight. Mr. McCartney says he has read a lot about hearing the "line cutting through the water," but that never in his life before did he actually hear a line cut or hiss in the water until he got to playing these pike, whose swift runs were a revelation. He says there is no mistaking these fish for the pickerel which make such a nuisance in those waters, for a pickerel will not fight at all, whereas a pike is never doing anything else after being hooked.

As to the supply of muscallunge in Minnesota, the records of the Woman Lake chain show that 225 muscallunge were taken by the 125 Kabekona guests last year. Not a very big per capita showing, yet the fish ran very heavy in average. This year there were 175 to 200 anglers in there at last accounts, but the total number of muscallunge did not run so large. In late fishing reports from there, there were only fifteen muscallunge taken in fifteen days, but they were big fellows, nearly all over 20lbs., some of 28, 29 and 30lbs. It seems a peculiarity of those waters that one catches very few small muscallunge. Sometimes a day would pass and no one would bring in a 'lunge, but when one did come it was very apt to be a big one.

Dope.

I have often mentioned the good fly dope whose discovery is to be attributed to Col. Fox, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Another gentleman, who writes from Kalamazoo, the same State, sends me the formula for a fly dope which he says he finds very good to keep off mosquitoes and deer flies, though he has not tried it on midges. The formula of tar, penny royal and vaseline is a very old one, but my informant says the proportions in his formula are somewhat different from those commonly used. He states these as follows:

"Vaseline, 2oz.; pure pine tar, 1oz.; oil penny royal, 1oz. Have druggist mix cold in a mortar. First add tar to vaseline, mix thoroughly and then add oil penny royal. Apply freely to all exposed parts. Use as often as may be necessary. This mixture does not evaporate from face and hands as soon as most of the preparations I have tried."

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Codfish and Chowder.

Boston, Sept. 26.—Oct. 1 opens the Maine season on deer, and greater preparations are being made by hunters than ever before. Now that the deer shooting season is about to open again, if a thrill of caution could be sent through the nerves of every man or boy who proposes to use a gun! Never shoot till you are dead sure as to what you are shooting at. There is almost always time for a safe and sure shot. Nothing is gained by shooting nervously, and at every moving object, while the chances are many that you will either wound or kill your brother hunters.

Boston merchants are sportsmen; some of them dyed in the wool. Mr. Samuel Johnson, a man of successful business years, is a lover of yachting and fishing. He makes many trips off shore in his own craft, and with his own men, for codfish, etc. Last week he invited Mr. Alfred B. Hall, another well-known State street merchant, to be with him on a codfishing trip off Nahant to a celebrated fishing ground, well-known to some of the merchant fishermen. Mr. Hall caught a 15lb. pollock, and Mr. Johnson followed him with a codfish of 15lbs. They fished earnestly till lunch, taking a barrel full of cod and a tub full beside. A skate of about 60lbs. was also landed by Mr. Johnson. The chowder, such as Mr. Johnson's cook knows how to make, was the delight of the trip. Mr. Johnson remarks that taking many trips a year for several years, he has never yet made a trip to the point they fished when, by persistent fishing, fish enough for a good chowder could not be obtained. This, with the possibility of some of the good hauls frequently made, made a sport that "is good enough for anybody." On this trip a curious little episode was experienced. When more than a dozen miles from land a bird lighted in the deck of the yacht, apparently the female of the thistlebird or yellow-bird. It was evidently a good deal exhausted. At first no one disturbed it, but soon it seemed quite tame. It would run between the legs of the men, and soon flew up on to Mr. Hall's knee, as he sat fishing; then mounted up to his shoulders and head. It did not seem afraid of anybody. It remained with them for some time, then quietly flew away. It did not eat crumbs of bread thrown to it, but would dart like the fly-catchers, evidently in pursuit of insects.

A large delegation of the Appalachian Club is off for a fortnight in the vicinity of Dixville Notch and the Rangeley Lakes. Mr. J. Ritchie, Jr., guides the party.

Boston marketmen say that a good many partridges are coming in from game hunters near home, but none yet from Maine. A Lewiston, Me., letter says that the proprietor of Hotel Atwood got a good bag of partridges in the woods in the near vicinity of Lisbon. He is about the only successful partridge hunter mentioned thus far.

Special.

Castalia and Toledo.

Toledo, O., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Upper Castalia Club closed its season for 1898 on the 15th inst., and the record shows it to have been the most successful in the history of the organization. The register indicates that from the opening day, on March 15, to the close, on the date above given, the total catch of trout was 5,632, with an aggregate weight of 1,911½lbs., a little short of a ton. It is probable that the actual catch would run up to the latter figure, as in many instances fishermen hurrying to make their trains would leave the grounds without stopping to have their fish weighed and registered. Under the rules of the club, no fish may be taken from the water which is less than 8in. in length, and the wonderful capacity of the stream as a trout producer is evidenced by the fact that the number of fish taken the present season is 1,303 greater than the total catch of last year, while the excess over last year's weight is 575lbs.

Toledo, whose fishermen invade all the waters of the country wherever a game fish swims, has recently sent a number of her most skilled "rodsters" into the Triton tract, and they returned home a few days ago much pleased with their new experiences. Three different Toledo parties were on the waters of this preserve at the same time, but so widely were they separated that only once did any two of them meet. The list included Will B. Geroe, Clarence Brown and Chas. B. Reynolds, one party; John Berdan, James Secor and Fred B. Shoemaker, in another, and Noah H. Swayne, T. W. Childs, W. J. Walding, Rev. Emory W. Hunt and Frank W. Annin, in the third. Mr. Shoemaker was fortunate enough to shoot a fine caribou shortly after the opening of the season.

Jay Beebe.

[What an abominable word is rodster.]

Mullet in Northern Waters.

The striped mullet and the silver mullet migrate as far north as Cape Cod in summer, and sharks prey upon the large fish, while flukes capture many of the young. It is an interesting sight the jumping of the mullet when chased by an enemy, and sometimes apparently for the fun of it.

When I recover from the stiffness and fatigue following my rough work I will send you something for publication on spearing sharks, skates, flukes, etc., and "fire-lighting" strange fish at night. I have never before been so struck by the scarcity of snipe of all kinds in this region. In only one place have I learned of a flight of yellow-legs worthy of the name, and that was at Oak Island last Thursday, where about 100 were seen in a day.

T. H. B.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—II.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

SAM did not accord with my views of killing only for our needs; there was a market for food of all kinds in Alexandria, and now that we were capturing fish and turtles in greater number than we could use, he naturally desired to utilize them for that market. From his point of view it was the height of idiocy to turn loose catfish and turtles which had a marketable value; he could not understand it. As for me, I had not journeyed to the lake on a commercial venture; Prof. Baird wanted an "alligator snapper," a species of turtle, and wanted one that would weigh at least 60lbs., hence I had engaged Sam to care for me on Catahoula Lake, and had put out the lines for turtles, as has been detailed.

After Sam had insisted that the ferocious soft-shelled turtle was a "snapper," because it "snapped," there was little confidence in his knowledge, or classification, of turtles. It was like the old story of the sportsman who was looking for woodcock, and was taken into tall timber where woodpeckers were numerous. Sam knew turtles in his way, but his way was not mine. Therefore, after removing the catch and rebaiting the hooks, Sam asked: "Has yo' eber had a snappah roasted in de shell?"

"No, I have never eaten turtle except in soup, steak and stew. If you have a new way to cook one, go ahead and do it."

"Den I takes dis little one, he's big nuff fo' us, an' I'll kill him to-night an' roas' him to-morry, 'caues it takes long time fo' him to die w'en he's haid is cut off, an' I do' wan' him a-kickin' in de fiah." So he cut off the "haid" and hung the turtle up by the tail to be attended to on the morrow. We fished for bait for the turtle lines, and from what little I had seen of turtle fishing on this trip I got the idea that suckers were the best turtle bait, because they caught the most turtles.

More Turtle Talk.

On the third evening we caught several soft-shelled turtles, one snapping turtle such as is common from Canada to Mexico weighing about 20lbs., and an alligator snapper of nearly the same weight. This latter animal has the same general outlines as the other, ranges from the Gulf States up the Mississippi as far as Wisconsin, but prefers the warmer waters of the South, where it "grows to a length of 40in., or more," says Jordan. It has been known to weigh 150lbs., and is "perhaps the most ferocious, and for its size the strongest of reptiles." In the old Aquarium at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, New York, in 1877, we had one that weighed about 80lbs. This beast would eat the little painted turtles from the ponds, 4 to 6in. long, shells and all, biting through them at one grip of its powerful jaws. I believe that the one we had could bite a man's leg off, bone and all, at one bite.

"Dah," said Sam, "is two 'gatah snappahs, but I 'spec's dey ain' as big as yo' wants. But we bettah keep 'em 'cause we may get no mo'."

I had a shoe box in which we brought some of our canned goods and other things, and in this I intended to put a big turtle on its side, so that the carapace and plastron would be against the sides of the narrow box and it could not get right side up. I gave the snapper to Sam and put "de gato' " in the box, for, as he said, we might not get another. It was small for the box, and I wedged it in with a piece of board and some sticks. Somehow a tap on the head and an admonition not to let its angry passions rise did not quiet it at all, for it struck out and snapped at everything in reach. There was more of viciousness and bad temper in that boat than one often sees.

"Sam, you call these turtles all one kind, but they are different, the one in the box is an alligator snapper, while the other is the common snapping turtle; don't you see the difference?"

"No, sah, I don' see no 'stinction; we calls 'em all 'gato' snappahs, an' dem sof' shells is jes' common snappahs."

"Now, Sam," said I, in an educational effort to make this man and brother more observant of things, "look at the one I gave you; its eyes are close together and near the top of its head, its head has a soft skin. Look at mine; its eyes are on the side of the head and wide apart, while its head is covered with something like large scales. The snapper has only a trace of a ridge in the center of its back, while the 'gator has three ridges." I did not try the names of science upon Sam, and I spare the reader. I have given the main points of difference between these two very distinct, yet nearly related species.

Sam thought a moment and then remarked: "I 'spect yo' is right; I ain' nebbe' notice' all dat befo'." What he thought was probably on this line: "Dey's w'ite men has eyes close togedde' and some wide apart, an' some's got red haids, some's got black haids an' somes got bald haids, but dey's de same kin' o' man, an' heah is yo' young man fum de Nawth come a-tell me dat dese tu'ttles is differ'n', an' 'cause dey's got differen' eyes an' haids he's a differen' tu'ttle; I'se fished heah in Catahoula Lake since I was a pickanny an' I knows dese tu'ttles 'ca'se I was brung up wid 'em."

Baking a Turtle.

Our fishing for bait and for camp occupied most of the day, as we had 300 hooks to bait, and I was preferring suckers. The fish bit very fast, and in eight hours we could get enough for bait, and a few catties for Sam and some perch and crappies for me would be selected. Then getting wood, cooking and overhauling lines, eating and sleeping consumed the day and night.

I watched Sam prepare his new dish, bent on learning a new form of camp cookery, and knowing that all such knowledge is prized by readers of FOREST AND STREAM in their desire to vary the necessarily restricted menu of camp fare, I give the details of roasting a soft-shelled turtle in camp, first stating that none of the four species are found in eastern New York or New England, and that they rival green turtle for the table.

Sam took the turtle which had been killed the day before, cut through one side of the plastron and removed the whole interior arrangements and replaced them with balls made of flour, canned corn, condensed milk and the turtle's liver, with salt and pepper. Then he closed the plastron, encased the turtle in some 3in. of a sandy clay, which he found somewhere, and put it in a pit where he had been burning wood for hours, and covered it up with coals. If Sam had been where he could have reached olives, curry, tobasco sauce, rice or Philadelphia "scrapple," no doubt all of these things would have gone into that turtle. He simply played the limit; and therefore, if I ever am guilty of publishing a cook-book, I will say: "To roast a turtle in the ashes, first draw your turtle, not for the sake of getting rid of any portion of its economy, but in order to make a place for whatever you may have in camp." I am sure that this was the rule that Sam had in roasting a turtle, for he used up a portion of all the things we had except the canned tomatoes, at which I drew the line. I can eat them, cooked, as a side dish, but to spoil the flavor of a chop with them or in any other way is not agreeable, and old Sam was surprised when I would not allow him to put tomatoes into his turtle. "Here, Sam," I called, "put in these onions, you've overlooked them"; and then I wished for one little clove of garlic instead of the onions.

A dream which, as Byron says, was not all a dream came as I lay on the cot, and the odors of baked turtle suggested a feast. I am a firm believer in dreams. I believe that we have dreams; what more? Why then I believe in them, at least as in Longfellow's Christus:

> "Do you believe in dreams?" "Why, yes and no.
> When they come true, then I believe in them;
> When they come false, I don't believe in them."

My dream was of some epicurean delicacy, bred, no doubt, from hunger and a savory whiff from Sam's turtle. It was that sort of disturbing dream that awakens a man instead of sending him into deeper sleep. The sun was nearly down, and Sam was removing the coals and ashes from his turtle, and had begun to dig it out from its warm bed. He broke off the clay and the skin came with it; then removing the plastron there was steaming savory turtle meat literally on the half-shell, and it was most excellent. I had eaten birds cooked in this way, but roasted turtle was a new dish, and I have pleasant recollections of it even now, a quarter of a century later.

Sam's Turtle Pen.

These soft-shelled turtles are very flat and have a leathery shell, which is soft and flexible at the edges, a long neck with a flexible tube-like snout that is like a pig's in having a rooting appendage to it. There are four species, but all have these characters.

I had modified the orders forbidding Sam to reserve any game for market, so far as turtles were concerned, for I considered them to be destructive to the fishes and they would bear the little thinning which we might do, so Sam built a log pen to confine them in; it was 8 by 10ft. and 4ft. high, with a log flooring to prevent their digging out, and it was evident that he knew their habits, if not the distinction of species. The camp was now in good running order, and we had baitfish enough in the pen to afford a day off, so taking trolling lines, with spoons and minnow gangs, and the gun, with Sam at the oars, I proposed to see more of the lake.

Some Frogs and Other Game.

Among the voices of the night I had noted the chest tones of many a frog whose lower register proclaimed him to be classed as "an old lunker," and I coveted their legs. Keeping along shore I saw one, rigged a fly hook on a short line tied to the rod, and told Sam to back the boat near the musician. The hook passed close to his nose, he snapped at it and was my frog. Killing it by a rap on the head, I skinned the saddle and put it in the tin pail. Sam's eyes were wide open. "What yo' gwine do wid de frawg?"

"Going to eat it for breakfast, but I want about two dozen more, I reckon you can eat a dozen."

"No, sah, I do' wan' no frawgs fo' my b'e'kfas'. I heah people say dat Yankees eats frawgs, but I don' b'l'eve it; en du'in' de wah dey said Yankees had hawns awn dey haids, but I nebbe' b'l'eve dat. Yo' said yo' 's a Yankee, so yo' mus' know if dey eats frawgs; does dey?"

"Some of them do and some don't, but I've seen frogs for sale in the markets of St. Louis and New Orleans, so other people must eat them. Do you know of any animal that is cleaner than a frog?"

And so the talk went on. I picked up the two dozen and could have got several hundred, killed four blue-winged teal out of two small bunches, caught two catfish of about 10lbs. each, several gars and a "bowfin" (*Amia*). That night I got the big turtle I was after, an alligator snapper that looked to weigh at least 60lbs., and I gave all others to Sam, taking the precaution to put the big one in the box, leave the hook in its jaw, nail the snood to the box and put the box in Sam's pen.

In the morning I rolled the frogs in cracker dust and fried them, while Sam made the tea and set the table. He watched the frying with great interest, merely remarking: "Dey does look nice, fo' a fac'."

He had fried some bacon for his breakfast, and as all was ready I put a frog on a piece of toast and set it before him, when he remarked: "I do' wan' no frawg, nebba eat dat kin'; smells good tho'; how does it tas'e?"

I was polishing the bones of frog No. 4 by this time, but stopped to say: "You know how much better soft-shell turtle is than the hard shells?"

"Yas, sah, fo' a fac'."

"And you know how good chicken is?"

"Yah, hah! 'Deed I does."

"Well, Sam, these frogs are as much better than chickens as a soft-shell is better than other turtles. If you don't believe it, try one, it won't kill you. Some people call 'em swamp squirrels; you can think they are squirrels if you wish."

Sam was beginning to weaken. He was longing to try them, but his life-long prejudice was in the way. I said no more, but kept piling up the frog bones, Sam dallying with his bacon, while looking from me to the frog before him. Finally he said: "I'll jes' tas'e dis yah to see how it goes." From a corner of one eye I could see him nibble at it, but I would not embarr him by a direct look. He paused, considered, and ga his opinion as: "Dey ain' bad."

"What ain't bad?"

"Dese yah frawgs," taking a good bite this tim "golly, dey's mighty fine."

I had nearly reached the end of my dozen, and al of my appetite, but I said: "Sorry you like 'em, Sa but take another," and I left him to finish the lot, af which he said: "I dunno w'at my ole woman an' chill'en 'll say ef dey knowed I'd eat a frawg, I 'spec hab some fo' b'e'kfas' ebby mawnin' w'ile we's heah, I do' know 'bout tellin' de ole woman. I 'spects get some fo' her an' cut off de feet an' tell her de swamp squ'ls; den I'll hab to get out w'en she finds de frawgs. But it'll be fun, an' she'll get obah it, fo' fac'."

Last Night at the Lake.

The week had passed quickly, and as I had my l turtle for Prof. Baird, my mission was ended, but the was my promise to Col. B. to spend some days w him after his family returned; and the camp on t lake was preferable to a stuffy room in Alexandr which was then a small village on Red River, and "best house" mainly a bar room frequented by a lo class of river men, whose manners, conversation a morals were several degrees tougher than the carap of any leather turtle it had been my lot to meet. The fore we stayed on the lake, believing that one night Alexandria would be enough, and more.

Sam had taken up the set lines, and as I had gi him the large 10-0 hooks with wire and snood, he h them carefully inserted in some soft bark, cottonwoo think, and counted out about 250 of the original 3 He had killed all his turtles, some twenty or more, a weighing from 5 to 20lbs. each, perhaps in all so 200lbs., so that we brought out more weight than took in. We had roasted our teal in the same w that the turtle was roasted; had eaten two and had t cold for luncheon on the way, and with frogs, potat and tea for breakfast we started.

Trolling along the lake to the inlet, which we ca down, I caught my biggest catfish on a spoon ho Sam reckoned that it weighed 20lbs., while I put it 15. Sam looked at me pleadingly and asked: "" ain' gwine let him go, is yo'?"

"No, Sam, you may have it, but if we had killed kept all the things we've caught you would have nee another ark like the Lazy Lou to carry them in. man has no right to kill things that he does not need, as I pay you for your work, I had no right to take fr Catahoula Lake one bird, fish or turtle more than needed for our food. But, believing that the l will furnish more food by letting you take these d tructive turtles from it, I have allowed you to take th to sell, as a perquisite, a tip or reward, if you und stand me, but where nature provides so bountifully man has a right to waste her gifts."

This was a case where I was conscious that I "talking over the heads of the audience," but no ot words were handy, and I watched my missionary ef of planting seed in virgin soil. The old man's face sho how he struggled with this, to him, new and abst problem. He tugged at the oars and was silent some minutes, then he said:

"Yas, sah, yo' 'flosofy am correc'; no man has a ri to was'e the good t'ings w'ich de Great Creator befo' him; dat's a sin, as yo' say, an' I nebba was gu of it. De good Lawd He sen' de tu'ttle an' de cat fo' de feedin' ob us po' mo'tals down heah below, an' preachah say 'all t'ings is made fo' man,' an' as yo' a man has no right to was'e de gif's o' nature, I quite on'stan' how yo' let all de fish go."

Anent Game Hogs.

Here was my precept, and example turned against From Sam's point of view I had wasted many "gift nature" in releasing fish which might have been m keted, to our profit. He interpreted the law of dominion of man over "the beasts of the field" i different manner from my interpretation. His appl tion of the law was purely personal, like that of game hog and the fish hog, who, although they not kill for market, as my old colored guide dic his honest way, kill for brag. They think that a which sends them an extra lot of birds or fish is to credited to them as great sportsmen, and don't k that they are men of that abominable class called h I have a whole vocabulary of words to describe th but the editor would blue-pencil them all. They bel they are great sportsmen, they "have the record numbers." The fact is that, chance, luck, fortun whatever you may term it, threw an extra amoun game in their way at that particular time, and killed all they could. We have all known extra days and extra bad ones, caused by influences be our control, chance, if you will; the fish were there, were not feeding, the ducks were flying wild or not a and so it goes.

For my Sunday Dinner.

Sam accepted the catfish if he did not accept my p sophy, and he rowed away pondering on it. We ent the stream in silence, and the Lazy Lou was g along well against the feeble current, and no word been spoken, each being in a meditative mood, wh saw a mallard coming down the creek, and as it she off to the left I raised the gun from its rest or knees and fired. The report startled Sam from reverie, but he saw nothing to cause the shot, fo bird had dropped on land. We had quite a hunt before it was found at some distance from where I marked it down as well as I could from the boat it was a drake mallard, young, handsome and fat. stroked its breast and asked in a tone which I u stood: "What is yo' gwine to do wid de duck?" was too polite to ask if it was to be wasted.

"The duck is for me, Sam. You have enough to your family for a month, and the bird will be cooke my dinner to-morrow. It will be Sunday, and I clean up and rest before I present myself to Col. Monday. You know the Colonel, I suppose, as y always lived here."

The Colonel.

"I knows him since he was a baby. His

owned my mammy an' me, an' de Cunnel he's so neah my age I can' tell who is de oldes', but we boys went a-fishin' an' coon huntin' togedde', an' w'en Ise old nuff to wuk in de fiel's young Massa George, we called him, got me off fo' a hunt many a day, an' w'en I got a wife in de nex' parish he jess bought her so she lib awn de plantation."

"As I had only formed the Colonel's acquaintance by accident on the steamer, I am glad to know something of him before I meet him. Tell me all about him."

"De ole Cunnel died w'en de wah come on fust, an' den Mas. George was de Cunnel, an' he—"

"Did he go to the war and become a colonel?"

"No, hees wife die, an' he ain' got no time to go to wah, wid his trubbles, but hees two boys, young Mas. George an' Mas. Tearl,* dey went. Young Mas. George was a cap'n and got killed at some place in de State ob Atlanta, an' Mas. Tearl he come up fum Po't Hudson wid a shot in de lungs, an' he pine away an' die. De ole Cunnel he los' hees boys an' he los' hees plantation fo' a time, an' we black boys, who was 'mancipated by Linkum, went back to wuk fo' de Cunnel, who had been good to us, an' raised him craps dat put him awn his feet ag'in; an' one day, w'en I fotched in a whole deer, he said to me: 'Sam, yo' is free, go wuk fo' yo'se'f an' don' min' me'; I cried.

"I took my wife an' chillun away an' felt as if de whole worl' had dropped out undah me; somehow it seem wrong to see de Cunnel look so an' wuk so, an' one day I went up an' said dat I was comin' back, an' he said: 'No, Sam, fo' two yahs deys been good crops an' I lif' de mawgage in two more, yo' is makin' a good libin' fo' yo' fambly, an' I'se jess as much obleege', an' I'll 'membe' it.' I do' zackly know w'at he meant by liffin a mawgage, but took it dat he was gettin' along, dat's how it was; he's up awn hees feet ag'in, an' stid ob sendin' him deer, tu'keys an' bear fo' Chris'mas, he dun sen's 'em to us."

Over the Log Again.

The same old log was met and passed in the same way as before, only the freight had to be piled on it more carefully. The turtles had to be evenly balanced as they were piled up on it, and we required more room. At the landing we found the same boy and mule. As the old man piled the turtles into the wagon young Sam said "golly" several times, and seemed to anticipate a feast.

A shave, a general cleaning up, a stroll by the river and Sunday was passed; I was ready for a few days' shooting with the elderly planter, Col. B.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* That's the way the name looks on my note book, taken phonetically from the old darky; possibly the name was Terrill.

Surf Fishing at Harvey Cedars.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is the result of eight days' fishing at Harvey Cedars and Barnegat City, N. Y., by C. A. Atkins, A. C. Atkins, Peter Both, and Victor de Wysocki, of Asbury Park; H. K. Boyer, of Philadelphia, and L. P. Streeter, of Morristown, N. J. The fish were all caught in the surf with rod and reel:

Chas. Atkins—Sept. 20, a channel bass of 19lbs.; 21st, one of 21lbs.; 22d, two of 22½ and 19lbs.

V. de Wysocki—Sept. 14, one striped bass of 10lbs.; 16th, a channel bass of 24lbs.; 18th, one of 30lbs.; 20th, one of 24lbs.; 22d, one of 19lbs.

H. K. Boyer—Sept. 18th, a channel bass of 20½lbs.

Peter Both—Sept. 21, a channel bass of 19lbs.; Sept. 22, three of 28, 19 and 17lbs.

L. P. Streeter—Sept. 17, a channel bass of 20lbs.: 19th, one of 30lbs.; 20th, one of 21½lbs.; 21st, three of 19, 19 and 16lbs.; 22d, one of 19lbs.

Mr. A. C. Atkins also took a 12lb. sheepshead and a 12lb. black drum. There were in all 426½lbs. of channel bass; and the total catch was 24 fish, weighing 460½lbs.

L. P. STREETER.

Another Veteran Fisherman.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Eastman, of Rutland, Vt. Please tell him that Mr. R. C. Allen, of Jersey City (also a Vermonter by birth and sixty years' residence), now in his eighty-second year, on the last Saturday in August rode five miles in an Adirondack guide boat and then tramped a mile and a half of rough trail to fish an accustomed trout stream. Result: Twenty-five beauties, mostly 7 to 9in. in length (a dozen were taken from one place), and a day of pleasure akin to that enjoyed in old Vermont by Eastman and Allen and Rowland E. Robinson in the long ago of their boyhood days. The woods help one to keep young as well as strong.

JUVENAL.

Snapper Fishing on Long Island.

SAYVILLE, Long Island, Sept. 24.—Good catches of large snappers (young bluefish) are now the rule. The dock is full of fishermen, who, as one enthusiast puts it, have "more fun than a barrel of monkeys," for the fish are fast biters, lively fighters and beauties when brought to hand. Many are taken too at the mouth of the Gnat River.

THE DEACON.

The National Beagle Club.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A field trial meeting of the National Beagle Club was held Monday, Sept. 19, at 15 Broad street. Members present included Messrs. Kernochan, Bateman, Purinton, Appleton, Schellhass, Wright, Post and Wharton.

The committee on grounds made a most favorable report in regard to holding the trials beginning Monday, Oct. 24, at Hillsdale, N. J., on the New York & New Jersey Railroad, about one hour from Jersey City. They said that they had been over the grounds and had found them full of rabbits and in every way suitable, the country being hilly, but open, with large weed patches. Permission to hunt over one farm of 300 acres was promised, and the best of sport can be looked for.

After an informal discussion of the matter the meeting was adjourned.

G. MIFFLIN WHARTON, Sec'y.



VERONA KENNELS' CHAMPION COUNT GLADSTONE IV.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 14-15.—Braintree, Mass.—N. E. K. C. open air show. Address Secretary Open Air Show, Braintree, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5-6.—Missouri Valley Field Trial Club's trials. C. H. Werner, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

The New Era of Field Trials.

IN a very pleasant letter of recent date, the well-known sportsman, Mr. Thomas Johnson, writes concerning field trials as follows:

"As you know, we have tried to raise their prestige by using every legitimate, honorable means we know. Our first work was to eliminate the kickers and those who thought only of the dollars and cents. I give most credit to our amateur organization, the Western Canada Kennel Club. They first held strictly amateur trials. The sweets of victory encourage them to bigger efforts, and in consequence the winners usually go to the open trials. The result is that Manitoba can hold successful trials without outside entries, but with these coming in also it is doubly interesting.

"This year we held our championship stake near the city, and I can safely say that we had the best attendance ever known. Of course, our flat, open prairies, where you can drive everywhere, give us unusual advantages. These were recognized by a concourse of visitors in every kind of vehicle, from the family brougham to ladies on bicycles. A conception previously held by lots of people of a field trial was that a race opened the proceedings, the dogs chasing after birds, and when one of the dogs caught the bird it wound up with a dog fight for its possession. This fallacy has now been removed in Manitoba, and next year our best people will encourage their sons to interest themselves in field trials as one of the cleanest and healthiest sports we have. We always lacked in Manitoba the interest of the press. Now, however, as you will note from the editorial clipping I enclose from our leading paper, the Manitoba Free Press, we are getting every encouragement in that direction. Manitoba, as you know, is 100 per cent. in every kind of legitimate sport, and it is very pleasing to me to note that one in which I have been identified through all kinds of weather is now recognized as equal to any, and as I have always contended superior to most. The clipping mentioned is as follows:

"'The field trials of '98 have been run, and brought to a satisfactory termination, and the sportsmen of Manitoba extend a hearty invitation to their visiting brothers from less favored regions to come another year and bring the best their kennels hold. For nothing tends more to the advancement of true sport with the gun than the co-operation of man's best friend, the dog. Wildfowl shooting 'tis true is most glorious sport, and the man who can drop unerringly his couple of mallard by a neat right and left, or pull down a full-grown honker by a well-directed shot, is no mean disciple of the trigger, but take it all in all the acme of sport is reached when a clean kill results from a staunch point.

"'He who has a well-broken pointer or setter is hardly likely to sink to the level of a mere pot-hunter. He knows there is a deeper, truer joy in following the almost human indications of his humble companion, and the weight of the bag then becomes but a poor index of the pleasures of a day in the field. The more broken dogs we have, and the more the younger generation see of their marvelous intelligence, the better for the future of the feathered game of the prairie.'"

THOS. JOHNSON.

A. K. C. Meeting.

A MEETING of the American Kennel Club was held on Sept. 22, at the club rooms, 55 Liberty street. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell presided. The treasurer reported that the receipts since Jan. 1 were $5,773.21, and the expenses $5,681.08, with a total balance on hand of $4,368.62, as compared with a balance of $3,729.75 in September, 1897.

The principal business before the meeting was amendments to the rules for the benefit of Pacific Coast shows. Apparently the members on the coast had agreed upon certain requests submitted a month ago. The main one was indorsed by the Kennel Club rules committee, but owing to the receipt of a telegram from the San Francisco Kennel Club secretary, as to the meaning of which there was some doubt, the subject was laid over until the December meeting. The only adopted amendments of importance were regarding the winners' classes, which must now be specified in the premium list, and from that there can be no subsequent deviation. It is optional with the club to announce such winners' classes as they see fit, and three wins therein entitle a dog to the title of champion and an American Kennel Club medal.

The resignation of James Watson as secretary of the Stud Book committee, a position he had held for many years, was accepted, and Marcel A. Viti, of Philadelphia, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Champion Count Gladstone IV.

WE publish this week a portrait of champion Count Gladstone IV., famous as a competitor in many field trial contests. He is now owned by the Verona Kennels, of San Francisco, Cal.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities, and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the Forest and Stream is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

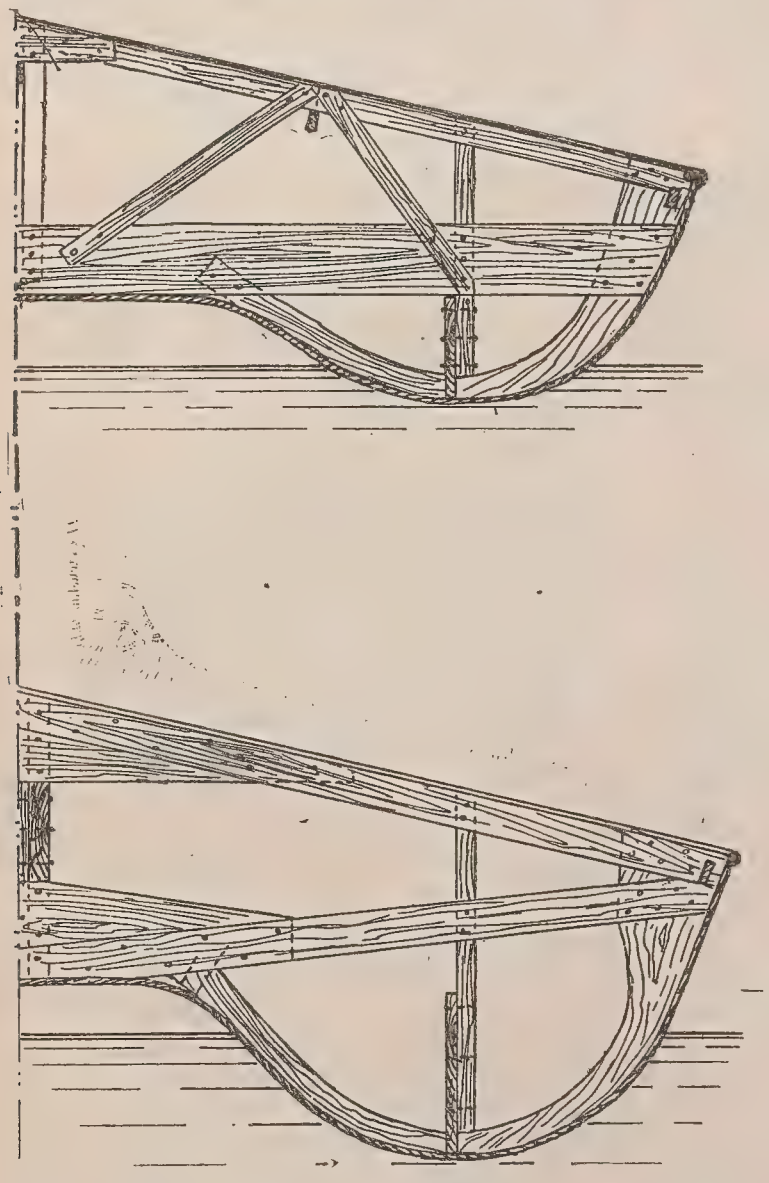
The most important question to be considered at the coming meeting of the Yacht Racing Union is that of the measurement rule. There has been for over a year a general expectation that some final action in the adoption of an improved rule would be taken at this meeting. The indications now are that this expectation will not be realized, as nothing has been done during the past summer in the way of deliberation and discussion. It is impossible for the members or the council to frame a new rule in the very short time available for such work at the coming annual meeting, and the probabilities are that the new building season will begin with the measurement question in the same confused state as in former years.

The formal challenge of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., practically the same in wording as the telegram already published, was received in Montreal on Sept. 22, and will be accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Y, C. Nothing has yet been proposed in the way of amending the conditions.

One of the best known of the old-time yachts, the schooner Rebecca, modeled by George Steers in 1855, and since in regular service, came to her end on Sept. 21, being wrecked on the new works of the Delaware breakwater at 4 A. M., while trying to find shelter under the lee of the breakwater. She was returning to her home port, Philadelphia, from Bar Harbor, with her owner, Robert H. C. Brock, and friends on board. All hands were rescued by tugs after taking refuge on the rocks of the new work.

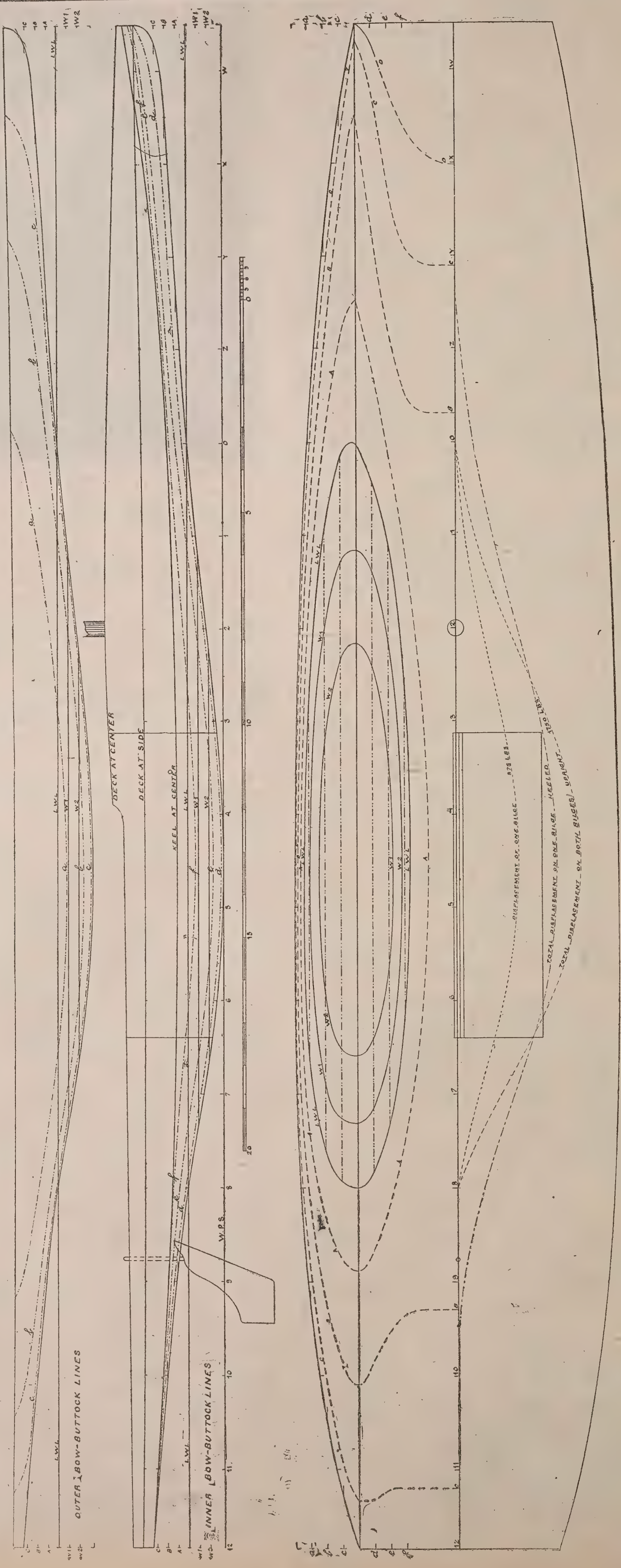
Dominion.

The Canadian 20-footer Dominion, the defender of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, is remarkable as the most extreme and at the same time the most successful of the fin-de-siecle type of racing machine. She has already aroused a lively discussion that is likely to result sooner or later in a radical revision of the rules governing the class, and possibly of the general rule governing all the smaller classes. The situation at the present time seems to be that either this new type must be recognized as legitimate in all classes, or some material change of the rules must be made to bar the extreme scow type to which she belongs. We are indebted to her designer, Mr. G. Herrick Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., for the design and various sketches illustrating the details of construction and other important points. The original design was contracted, the longitudinal scale being 1in. and the transverse scale 1½in., but it has been redrawn in its true proportions. The dimensions of Dominion are:

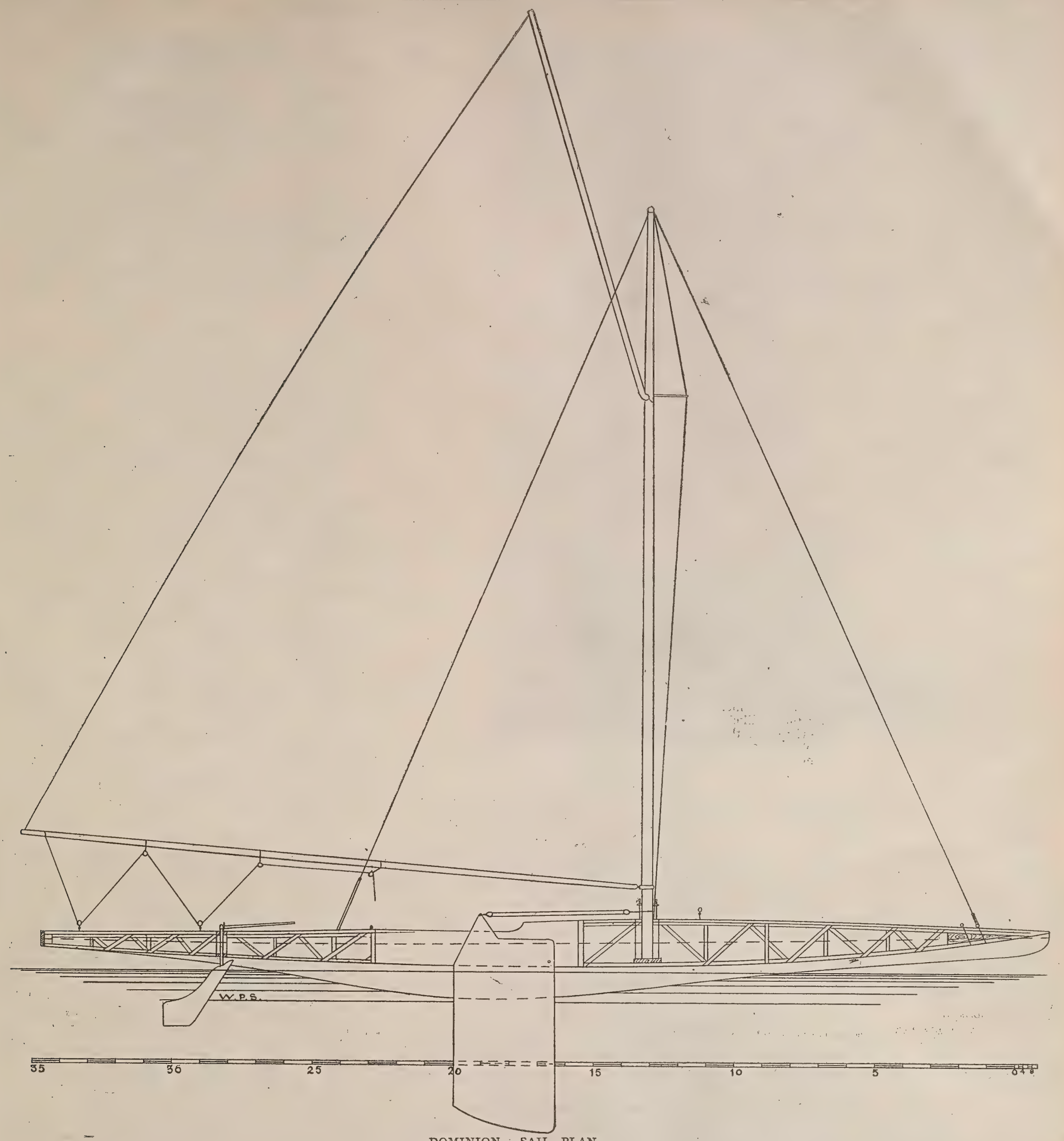


DOMINION.
Sections showing construction.

Length over all	35ft. 10 in.
l.w.l.	17ft. 6 in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. 7½in.
l.w.l, over all	7ft. 1½in.
l.w.l., one bilge	2ft. 5½in.
Draft, hull	10 in.
with board	6ft.
Freeboard	1ft.
Sheer, bow	3 in.
stern	none.
Displacement	1,750lbs.
Area midship section, total	2.88sq.ft.
Sail area	500 sq.ft.



DOMINION—HOLDER OF SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.



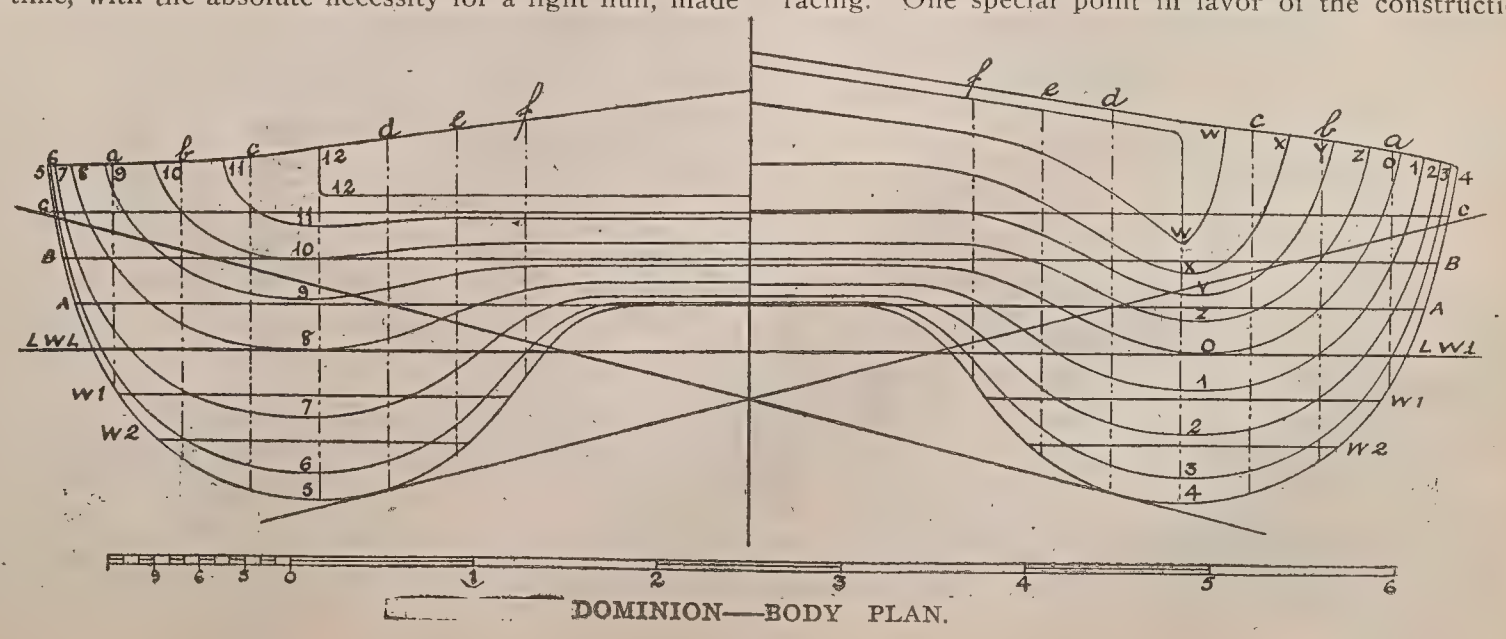
DOMINION—SAIL PLAN.

In many details Dominion is no more remarkable than others of the 20ft. class produced within the past two years. The "barn door" deck plan has been seen on Akabo and Vagary, and in a modified form in Skate and Question. The notable departure that has aroused so much hostile criticism is the hollowing of the floor, so plainly shown in the body plan. The object of this, as explained in previous articles, is to perfect the form of the bilge when sailing (as all the boats of the class are sailed) at an extreme angle of heel, and with the entire weather side of the boat clear of the water. The rig and general fittings are much the same as in other of Mr. Duggan's boats, Speculator and Strathcona of this year, and Glencairn, Avoca, Glenowen and others of last year. The centerboard is built up, of wood and sheet steel, weighing about 250lbs., or about 150lbs. less than in last year's boats; it is situated amidships, in the center of the hull, as in the other boats. The rudder is of a different form from last year, very wide below, but is of the same construction, a light iron tube for stock, two sheet steel sides, and wood filling, making a strong and light piece of work. The rig is of the same length on the foot, and the center of effort is at the same height as in Glencairn II., but the gaff is peaked up, making a higher rig. All of Mr. Duggan's sail plans this year show these same proportions, looking like Momo of last year.

One of the peculiar features of Dominion is the shape of her deck. The boats of last year, Avoca in particular, were distinguished by a great crown and a peculiar curve to the beams; this year, in Dominion, the curve has been abandoned, each side of the deck running up straight to a ridge in the center, like the roof of a house. This plan gives a great depth where it is needed, above the highest part of the floor, and especially for the housing of the mast, it aids in the transverse trussing, as shown in the sketches of the construction, and it gives a weather deck that in sailing is flat and almost level. So far as the deck work and the handling of the light sails are concerned, Dominion is far ahead of anything yet produced. Her crew is able to walk about from end to end, reaching the end of the boom easily, while in jibing over the spinaker it is only necessary to walk around forward of the forestay with it.

The cockpit is comparatively small, but it is carried down to the bottom, its floor being merely light strips laid on the floors. There are no bulkheads, the boat being open from end to end.

The great length of the yacht, the large area of deck, the limited depth, due to the hollow under the floor, and the fact that only one side of the hull is water-borne at a time, with the absolute necessity for a light hull, made the problem of construction a difficult one; but it was successfully solved by Mr. Duggan, who planned the entire construction and followed it closely during the building; the yacht being built at the shop of the Yacht Company of Canada, on the yacht club grounds at Dorval. So far as tested by the trial trips, practice sails, trial and cup races, covering the six weeks following July 9, the construction is a success in the important detail of strength. After the third cup race, the most severe trial of the season, she showed when hauled out no signs of straining, except some checks in the white enamel on some of the seams amidships; the planking was intact, the form unaltered, and apparently the boat was good for several seasons at least of sailing and racing. One special point in favor of the construction



DOMINION—BODY PLAN.



DOMINION.

is that only the cheapest and simplest materials were used, such as are found in any boat shop, and there was no call for special skill on the part of the workmen; as we have stated before, all of the Duggan boats for the past two years have been built by a pattern maker who has turned boat builder for the occasion.

The first point in the construction was to secure a sufficient depth of hull amidships, by means of the central ridge, giving depth for a fore and aft girder, and also stiffening the transverse trusses. The hull as a whole is made up of three fore and aft trusses, and sixteen transverse trusses. The fore and aft trusses are located one in the center of each bilge, and the third exactly between these two in the center of the hull. The lower member of each side truss is a vertical keelson of 5/8in. white pine, 8in. wide amidships; the posts are of white pine, 1 by 1in, and the diagonals of the same wood, 3 by 1/2in. The details are similar to those of the central truss, as shown in the sail and sheer plan.

At each of the stations shown on the design, spaced 2ft. 2in., is a transverse truss, forming the main and deck frame, also of 1/2in. pine from 1 1/4in. to 3in. wide, the curved members being merely sawn from straight stuff without regard to the grain. The two sketches show the details very plainly. The members are carefully disposed and well fastened by numerous boat rivets. At the two after stations under the travelers solid frames are used, and at the partners solid planks are used above the level of the middle floor. The skin is laid shiplap, of about 3/8in. thickness, with three light bent frames between each of the trusses. The deck is also shiplap, just under 3/8in.

The weakest point in all the boats of the class has been about the mast, there being usually no keel or keelson to carry the weight. In Dominion the mast step is suspended by four 3/8in. steel bolts from two fore and aft pieces of oak, about 2 by 2in., running over the tops of the transverse trusses and transmitting the strain to several of them. In this way there was no direct strain on one point of the bottom.

The construction as a whole is simple, cheap, homogeneous and apparently amply strong and durable. In these respects it compares favorably with that of the Crane boats, which was ingenious and carefully worked out, but at the same time called for materials unknown in boat shops and unfamiliar to the average boat builder, and depending for success on the use of metal in combination with wood, instead of one material alone.

From the above description it will be seen what Dominion actually is; we hope next week to go into the question of her relation to other modern racing machines. W. P. S.

North American Yacht Racing Union.

THE following was sent out last week by Secretary Jones, of the N. A. Y. R. U., to members of the Council.

In accordance with article 8 of the articles of association of the North American Yacht Racing Union, the annual meeting of the Union shall be held on the first Saturday in October in each year, which this year falls upon the first day of the month.

The place of the meeting is to be determined by the Council. No action having been taken at the last meeting of the Council regarding the place of meeting, a mail vote will be required to determine where the meeting shall be held. It is suggested that the meeting be held in either New York or Boston. Kindly inform me by return mail, if possible, of your choice as to a place of meeting, so that notices can be sent to representatives as early as possible. I also desire to know whether it will be convenient for you to attend a meeting of the Council on the day previous to the annual meeting of the Union.

The Riverton Yacht Club, of Riverton, N. J., has applied for membership in the Union. A mail vote upon the application of this club for membership is also requested.

The majority of the votes favored New York, and the meeting will be held at the Windsor Hotel, Fifth avenue. On Friday evening a meeting of the Council will be held.

Motors for Small Sailing Craft.

THE great improvement of late years in the small motors using gasoline, naphtha, kerosene and other liquid fuels has already resulted in the production of a new type of yacht, the small auxiliary, a sailing yacht with such auxiliary power as will at the least bring her home in a calm against the tide. While the best of the engines now in the market are far from perfection, some very useful and serviceable yachts have already been turned out, and with the improvements still being made in the directions of lighter weight and more efficient performance still better results are to be looked for in the future. We have lately had two inquiries for information in regard to this class of vessel, one from a correspondent interested in a motor suitable for a canoe and who is looking for descriptions of such craft of very small size as have been thus far built. The other is from a correspondent in the tropics, where the intense heat makes it undesirable to use naphtha. He is looking for a motor using kerosene or a similar fuel, suitable for a sailing yacht of 25ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had experience with either size of yacht.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 28-29.—Bloomfield, Ind.—Bloomfield Gun Club's target tournament.

Sept. 28-29.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 29.—West Chester, Pa.—All-day shoot of the West Chester Gun Club.

Oct. 1.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Live-bird opening and challenge cup shoot of the Keystone Shooting League.

Oct. 1.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Central New Jersey League shoot.

Oct. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association; open to all.

Oct. 4-6.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's tournament, open to all; one day live birds. W. A. Kidd, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Tournament under the management of C. H. Miller and Lewis Melsheimer.

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona, Pa.—Tournament by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter, G. G. Zeth, Committee

Oct. 8.—Woodlawn, L. I.—Team contest between Endeavor Gun Club and New Utrecht Gun Club, on grounds of the latter.

Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breldenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-14.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. $100 added each day. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 12.—Reading, Pa.—South End Gun Club's all-day target tournament. Peter Texter, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Rolla Heikes' tournament; one day live birds; $200 added to target events.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 25-27.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament at Dupont Park.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

May 22-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Greenfield Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., will hold its sixth monthly shoot on Oct. 5, commencing at 1 o'clock. There are ten events, 15 targets, $1 entrance. It is a handicap shoot. Shooters known to average 85 per cent. or better will shoot at 15 blue-rocks; those averaging from 75 to 85 per cent. will shoot at 16; those averaging less than 75 per cent. will shoot at 17. This is arranged with a view to an equitable competition, and is deserving of the stanchest support. Moneys divided by the Rose system. Targets 1½ cents. The targets will be thrown by a magautrap. The Greenfield Gun Club's grounds are open for practice shooting every Tuesday and Wednesday. Practice targets 1¼ cents. Take Second avenue electric cars, transferring at Greenfield avenue direct to shooting grounds. Mr. John C. Knode, secretary, Greenfield avenue, Pittsburg.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, better known to his friends as the Dominie, is smashing targets in a way that denotes he is in his usual good form. At the Red Cross shoot he scored 100 out of 107, and Sept. 20 he scored 123 out of 130. The Dominie is at present in Pittsburg, but he goes to Philadelphia soon. In a letter to a friend he writes: "The smoke around here makes just the right kind of a light for targets. I suppose that I will have to get smoked glasses when I leave here. You may not believe it, but you can't wear a white shirt more than a week in this town before it needs washing." How different from New York, where a shooter can wear the same shirt a month.

The Clearfield Gun Club, Riverside Park, Clearfield, Pa., will hold a live-bird, target and rifle tournament Oct. 4-6. Shooting begins at 8 o'clock each day. There are seven events on the first day, three of which are at live birds. Total entrance for the day, $15. There are seven events on the second day, of which two are at live birds. Total entrance, $19. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. There are five rifle events on the third day. Address all communications to Mr. Charles T. Noll, the secretary.

Mr. Dan R. Scammon, Eau Claire, Wis., writes us that he will hold his first annual tournament on the Eau Claire Gun Club grounds, Nov. 15 to 17. Two days will be devoted to targets, one at live birds.

The race between Gilbert and Elliott for the Du Pont trophy last Saturday at Watson's Park, Chicago, was a great race, Gilbert winning by a score of 97 to 94.

Mr. R. G. McCants, secretary of the Greenwood Gun Club, Greenwood, S. C., informs us that his club has claimed the dates May 24 and 25 for its annual live-bird tournament.

The dates of the tournament to be held at Fort Wayne, Ind., have been changed from Oct. 5 and 6 to Oct. 6 and 7, as they conflict with the Greensburg, Ind., shoot.

On Oct. 8 there will be a friendly match between teams of the New Utrecht Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club, on the grounds of the former, at Woodlawn.

The regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., will be held on Saturday of this week.

The South Side Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., has claimed Oct. 12 for its annual all-day tournament. Peter Texter, Secretary.

On Saturday of this week the New Utrecht Gun Club holds a shoot on live birds, at Woodlawn.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 24.—At the last meeting of the South End Gun Club, of this city, it was decided to hold an all-day open shoot at targets Oct. 12, to commence at 9 A. M., at their shooting grounds, in Boyer's Meadow, which can easily be reached by three trolley roads, being only five minutes' ride from Penn street. The club has a fine shooting park, with an excellent background for either target or live-bird shooting. It was decided by the committee to place in competition a fine trophy, in the shape of a sterling silver cup, which is being made at present by a manufacturing jeweler, Chas. G. Willson, of this city; and those who have seen the design say it is something handsome, and the club winning it can be proud of it. The committee will put it up for a team shoot of either five or six men, at targets. There will also be events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, at a very reasonable entrance fee, so as to enable all to enter. Up to date the manager has yet not been selected, but

be at the next meeting of the committee. Invitations will ent to all gun clubs in Pennsylvania, and it is hoped that who can will be present at this shoot, especially teams for rophy shoot, as the team winning the cup will not be getting nmon "tin cup," but a sterling silver loving cup, which will rnamented with fine silver trimmings, and valued at about

netown, Berks County, Sept. 21.—A live-bird shooting match eld at the Red Lion Hotel, this village, to-day, in which about ve birds were used. The majority of the events were matches een shooters to settle long-existing rivalry as to the merits e shooters. The first event was a match between John Slipp, irdsboro, and Theodore Lacy, of Stonetown, each man shoot- t 10 birds, 28yds. rise, for $10 a side, loser also to pay for the . The score:

.....2*11211212— 9 Lacy .....2211221112—10

ond event, miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

.....21—2 Wanner .....* —0
.....10—1 Miller .....* —0

ird event, match between Miller, of Stonetown, and Harner, umstown, at 5 live birds, 28yds., $5 a side, resulted as follows:

r .....*2212—4 Harner .....1221*—4

oot-off tie at 3 birds. Score:

r .....201—2 Harner .....*22—2

urth event, match between Samuel Quinter, of Stonetown, J. S. Wanner, of Monocacy, at 10 birds, $7.50 a side. Score:

ter .....1121112221—10 Wanner .....2212212212—10

oot-off tie at 10 birds. Score:

ter .....2*2**20 w — 3 Wanner .....02212*2120— 7

th event, match between Nat. Quinter and H. Wanner re- d:

ter .....222**00*0*— 3 Wanner .....022122012*— 7

ading, Pa., Sept. 22.—The Highland Gun Club championship rgets was defended by John A. Merkel against challenger : Lawrence in to-day's shoot, on Neversink Flats. Lawrence hitting 23 to Merkel's 20 targets. Bluerock targets were used, wn from three traps.

other match has been arranged between these two shooters, Merkel having challenged Mr. Lawrence immediately after bove match was finished.

t. 24.—A shooting match took place at the Kurtz House, here, to-day between Chas. Hoffert, of that place, and Geo. , of Reading, at 15 live birds each, for $10 a side, each man g for his own birds. The boundary was 50yds., 28yds. James Walters, of Shillington, Pa., refereed. The score

rt .....121211212101222—14 Haas .....12*0112201122*2—11

eeps at targets followed.

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

ckensack, N. J., Sept. 24.—The weather was unfavorable for scores:

r, 6 .....1111101101011110011101111—19—6—25
ning, 6 .....1111111111111101111001111—22—3—25
er, 8 .....0100010101101000011111001—12 w
, 7 .....1111111110 11011111011011 20—4—24
th, 5 .....0111011111101101010000111—16 w
ner, 8 .....0101010010100001110101010—11 w

	Handicaps.	Tie.
r, 6	111111—6	1111110100—7
ning, 6	111***—3	0101011110—6
, 7	0100111—4	.....

eepstakes:

nts:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
gets:	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	15
r	12	10	7	7	9	6	8	..
ning	9	10	7	7	8	8	7	10
ner	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	10
a	12	12	7	9	8	8	9	12
th	10	13	7	7	8	9	10	..
ner	8	10	4	..	..	..	..	10
er	8	9	..	6	..	..	..	7

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

therford, N. J., Sept. 24.—Fifteen shooters entered in the 100- t handicap of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day. The her was unfavorable for good scores, the light being leaden a heavily overcast sky, and there was sufficient wind to the flights very erratic.

e feature of the shoot was the quickness and accuracy of Edward Banks. He shot in excellent time. He got 25 ght in his first 25, missed only 3 out of his next 50, but lost his last 25, making a score of 92, which, with his handicap, him an even 100. Mr. F. G. Wheeler, of the Rough Riders, eed the race, and afterward tried his hand and eye at target hing, a pleasure which was denied him for many weeks, while as in Cuba doing some shooting about Santiago. He broke raight in two events, then shot at 5 more, making 25 straight, at there is no doubt but what he will readily get back to his form with the shotgun. Messrs. Pentz, Wise, Hobart and rs did the handicapping.

e conditions were 100 targets, $5 entrance, Rose system, 5, nd 1, with a handicap allowance of misses as breaks. Banks lone in first; Huck was alone in second; Dudley and Nelson ed third, and Money and Van Dyne divided fourth.

e score:

s, 8 .....1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111101111101111111—23
1111111111111111111101111—24
1111101101101011111101111—20—92—100
y, 10 .....1111111101111111111101111—23
1110000111011111111111111—20
1110011110011101011101001—16
0011011110111111111100111—19—78— 88
ey, 9 .....1111111111011111110001111—21
1111110111101111011010111—20
1101110111111111111011111—22
1011011100111110011101111—18—81— 90
e, 13 .....0111011110001101111110000—16
1111111001011110101111101—19
1101101110111111100110000—16
1111111111111101000101011—19—70— 83
ner, 9 .....1111110101101111111101111—20
0111111110111111001110001—18
1111100110110010110110000—15
0111001111010110111011111—18—71— 80
on, 16 .....1110111101101101111110111—21
1011001111111110110011111—19
1111101110110111111011111—21
0011001000110 01110101111—13—74— 90
n, 16 .....1101110101111111101111001—19
1111001111000100111110111—17
0110101111111111001000110—16
1110110000101110010011111—15—67— 83
Dyne, 16 .....1011111110101111111010011—19
1110110110110111101011101—18
1101011100110111011111111—19
1000010110110011110111111—16—72— 88
rs, 13 .....1101101111111111101011101—20
1100111111101001111111111—20
0111100011011001110111111—17
1011111011010110011001111—17—74— 87
, 12 .....1101011110111101100111111—19
1011111110111111011101111—21
1111111111111001111111101—22
1111110111011111111100111—21—83— 95
14 .....1110111110101101111011001—18
0011110110111111001011011—17
1111110101110101011001001—16
1111100110111101110100100—16—67— 81
ders, 17 .....0110000110101110111100100—13
0011000110100111100100010—11
0101101111100010111101010—15
1101010010111111110111011—18—57— 74
rel, 17 .....1101000001011001001111111—14
0110100010011001001000101—10
1101010001000111101110011—14
0100000011111000001010110—10—48— 65
ne, 18 .....1000010100110111110110101—14
1001010000111010111110011—14
1000000000110011111111011—13
0100000001111011001010111—12—53— 71
roy, 10 .....1101001001111101101111111—18
1011111111100111101100111—19
1001101110110010111111110—17
1101001011110111111110111—19—73— 83

MIDWAY CLUB SHOOT.

Matawan, N. J., Sept. 21.—Events Nos. 1 and 2 were at 6 birds, $3 entrance. The club holds its shoots on the third Wednesday of each month:

			Miss-and-outs.	
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Stoddard	121012	102122	10	22221121222
Van Brackle	211121	.....	.....	.....
Muirheid	221222	102001	0	01
Applegate	112211	111112	11112	21122222211
Bissett	012221	110010	22221	.....
Belloff	222001	121212	11120	22112112220

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 22.—The weather was cloudy, with a stiff cross wind. The birds were good, with a mixed lot of flights. This was the club's first shoot of the season, which begins in September and ends in June, 1899. It took place on Smith Brothers' grounds. All stood at 28yds. The first event was the club match, point handicap, sweep optional.

Class A, 7 points:

Schortemeier .....2212121122—10
Geoffroy .....1121211222—10
Larkey .....21122*1121— 9
Fairmont .....222112*222— 9
Dr Hudson .....1211111022— 9
Hassinger .....01*1222221— 8

Class B, 6 points:

Reiboldt .....1222202222— 9
Perment .....0122122012— 8
Hilfers .....0112011210— 7
Richards .....1202210*22— 7
Fischer .....0122001201— 6

Class C, 5 points:

Winters .....21*1120022— 7
Waldman .....22002*1221— 7
Seitz .....1*01101111— 7
Clinchard .....1111000202— 6

No. 2, 7 birds, two moneys:

Reiboldt .....2221222—7
Larkey .....1112011—6
Hudson .....222*001—4
Hilfers .....011*1*2—4
Waldman .....0000220—2

No. 3, same:

Geoffroy .....1211211—7
Larkey .....122122*—6
Fairmont .....2220222—6
Schorty .....121*112—6
Seitz .....2021021—5
Waldman .....1200010—3
Hassinger .....0002220—3

No. 4, miss-and-out:

Geoffroy 21
Hassinger 11
Fairmont 11
Larkey 20

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, L. I., Sept. 24.—A fairly good attendance, interesting events, and poor weather characterized the semi-monthly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn to-day. The scores made do not do the shooters justice, they certainly having nothing in their favor. There was no particular feature in the shooting, with the possible exception of De Wolfe, who shot in very good shape.

In the cup shoot Hegeman was the only man who could tie Van Brunt, with his allowance, so Van Brunt shot up his of 1 bird, thus winning the cup.

In the gun event, No. 4, it was the same, Thompson having to break only 1 of his allowance to win out. In the event for 500 shells George and F. A. Thompson tied at 20 each. They shoot off this tie at the next shoot. Live birds, Saturday, Oct. 1:

P Adams .....0111101101—7
W H Thompson...0111101110—7
A A Hegeman.....1110101101—7
J Lott .....1101100011—6
F A Thompson....1001111100—6
D Deacon .....1010110001—5
P E George .....0001000111—4
W H Shepard.....1101100000—4
T B Rider .....0001000100—2
*Dr De Wolfe.....0010001001—3

* Guest.

Second event, club shoot:

A A Hegeman .....0101111011110111111110101—19
W H Thompson .....1111001011111101010011101—17
Platt Adams .....1000111100101111011100101—15
D Deacon .....1111111011101011000100001—15
Jere Lott .....1011001010100101110110011—14
W H Shepard .....0001010011100101001110100—11
A F Thomas .....1000111010000010000100000— 7
Riding and Driving .....0000001000100100000000110— 5
*Dr De Wolfe .....1101100111111101101110111—19
P E George .....0000001100011010 w — 5

* Guest.

No. 3, Troisdorf cup:

M Van Brunt .....1010111111110111111111111—23
A A Hegeman .....1111111011101111111100100 —19
D Deacon .....0111110011110111010011111 —18
P E George .....0100011101111111011111101 —18
Platt Adams .....1010001011101111010110011 —15
T B Rider .....0111110101001010111111000 —14
W H Thompson .....0110 0011000110111000010 —10
A F Thomas .....0000000011100000111010000 — 7
H L Hayden .....0001011001011110000000000 — 8
*Dr De Wolfe .....1111010011111101111111110 —20

* Guest.

Events:	1	4	Events:	1	4
Targets:	10	25	Targets:	10	25
P Adams, 4	7	17	P E George, 1	4	16
W H Thompson, 2	7	22	W H Shepard, 4	4	10
A A Hegeman, 3	7	18	T B Rider, 4	2	16
J Lott	6	..	*Dr De Wolf	3	23
F A Thompson	6	..	M Van Brunt, 0	..	17
D Deacon, 2	5	17	A F Thomas, 4	..	12

* Guest.

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

Cleveland Gun Club's Tournament.

THE eighteenth annual tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club Co. was held on the 21st and 22d inst. at the club's shooting park, at the foot of Kershaw street, in this city. Among the gentlemen in attendance from out of the city were Dr. D. A. Allen, George A. Spross and H. H. Hess, Toledo, O.; James Eadie and R. C. Hopkins, Glenville, O.; E. W. Hull, Akron, O.; E. J. McMahon, Elyria, O.; Thomas Cathan and Oliver Burton, Chagrin Falls, O.; William Spangler and J. L. Ward, Columbus, O.; F. H. Andrews, Youngstown, O.; W. G. Lyman, C. A. Smyth and Mart. George, Kent, O.; L. B. Douds and P. W. Schwartz, Canton, O.; and J. P. Lochary, Hartford City, Ind.

The weather conditions the first day were perfect, and while the largest entry in any one event was thirty, all the gentlemen present seemed to enjoy the sport. It was expected that there would be at least forty entries the first day, but the tournaments at Detroit, Mich., and Sistersville, W. Va., attracted a number of gentlemen who would otherwise have come to Cleveland. The programme each day consisted of ten events, 150 targets, for cash prizes, $10 added to each event, and one event of 15 targets, for five merchandise prizes. The club also gave prizes for the four highest averages in the two days, and on the second day a new feature in the way of a special handicap event was introduced. By agreement of the gentlemen present, the scores made in the two merchandise events were not considered in the average.

On the first day two of the local men—Snow and Grant—finished in first place with a score of 139 out of a possible 150. The weather man the second day demanded pay in full with interest for the fine weather furnished the first day, and before noon the boys thought they were on a duck marsh, as the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a gale directly into the faces of the gentlemen at the score. Although there was a roof over their heads it did not shelter them much, and the targets would seemingly climb into the air like mallard ducks over decoys. None but the faithful appeared, and they stayed until the programme was completed.

It was thought on the evening of the first day that Snow or Grant would win high average, as they had a lead of 4 birds, but on the second day Upson had on his shooting clothes. Grant dropped out of the race at the end of the fourth event by missing 12 out of 50 targets. Snow shot a good race, and did not drop out until the last event. Upson simply demonstrated what he has shown to be true in the past, that he is one of the most skillful target shots in the country. His record the second day of 143 out of 150, .9533 per cent., is simply phenomenal, when the weather conditions are considered.

The special handicap event proved to be a big success. The handicap was fixed on the actual record made by each gentleman during the two days' shooting, and the handicap allowed was simply added to the actual score made, hence the allowance was reduced to fractions. The general average prizes were given as a reward for good shooting done by the best shots present, but the most valuable prizes were reserved for the handicap event, so that everyone who shot through the tournament should have an equal chance to win the most desirable prizes. The experiment was a success, and it will probably be used by this club again at future tournaments.

Mr. A. M. Jenkins, the inventor of the magautrap, was present and took part in eight events the first day. Mr. Jenkins is a quiet, reserved gentleman, but any one, in the words of the Western editor, who can create a trap that costs $30 per year to borrow is not very slow and will bear watching. The writer has been compelled for years to wear glasses with which to shoot, and recently he met brother Jenkins at a tournament, and he noticed that he had on a pair of glasses, each lens being at least 2½in. in diameter. One of the gentlemen present suggested that Mr. Jenkins intended to use his plate glass fronts with which to break targets by reflection. Nothing was thought of this kind remark until after a picture was taken of the gentlemen present at this tournament. Mr. Jenkins occupies a position in the front row, and his glasses stand out like locomotive headlights. Our friend Kelly, who was kind enough to act as photographer, claims positively that Jenkins has ruined his camera. We in Cleveland think a man unkind who will create a trap to throw a bird with English and then take further advantage of us in other ways.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	20	15	10	20	Broke.	Av.
May	8	11	9	12	18	13	17	14	8	18	128	.8533
Grant	7	13	9	14	20	13	20	14	10	11	139	.9266
James	10	12	10	11	17	12	17	11	9	17	126	.8400
Elliott	9	15	7	13	20	13	16	14	9	18	134	.8933
Upson	9	14	8	12	16	14	18	14	10	18	133	.8866
Allen	8	9	9	14	17	11	13	12	9	16	118	.7866
Spross	9	13	7	14	19	13	16	13	9	16	128	.8533
Cathan	9	8	8	12	17	11	15	14	..	..	94	.7833
Alexander	10	12	10	13	14	14	15	13	8	16	125	.8333
Snow	10	15	9	15	18	14	17	13	10	18	139	.9266
Andrews	8	9	5	9	17	5	17	12	..	..	82	.6833
Hopkins	7	10	8	10	11	11	19	7	7	20	110	.7333
Hull	10	14	8	12	19	11	18	15	10	18	135	.9000
Griggs	10	12	8	12	19	12	17	15	8	12	125	.8333
Lyman	8	13	9	11	14	12	16	14	..	..	97	.8083
Spangler	8	10	9	10	12	10	15	7	..	..	80	.6666
Ward	9	14	9	14	18	13	18	12	..	..	107	.8917
Jenkins	8	13	9	11	18	14	15	8	..	..	96	.8000
George	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	.6800
Hess	7	14	9	11	15	12	17	9	7	17	118	.7866
Park	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	.4800
Page	7	9	8	10	13	13	15	14	8	16	113	.7533
Graham	4	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	.4857
Burton	5	14	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	.7000
June	6	10	3	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	26	.5200
Smith	7	11	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	.7000
Schwartz	9	14	7	11	10	..	14	8	6	..	79	.6869
McMahon	4	12	7	11	15	..	15	10	..	..	74	.7047
Douds	9	10	6	10	14	11	13	10	..	..	83	.6916
Lochary	8	11	..	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	43	.7166
Allyn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	.6000
Rox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	16	29	.6444
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	19	28	.9333
J Hess	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	11	.7333
J I C	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	.8000

Event No. 6, merchandise prizes, 15 bluerocks: May 12, Grant 14, James 15, Elliott 14, Upson 15, Spross 13, Cathan 9, Alexander 13, Snow 14, Hopkins 9, Hall 11, Griggs 13, Hess 11, Page 11, Schwartz 10, McMahon 11, F. H. 10, Don 10, Alberts 8, Allyn 13, Dennis 3, Lampson 9, Rox 14, Jones 11. On shoot off Upson won first, Selvers' shaving cup and brush; Snow, second, brass wire set. Those who broke 13 settled. May won fourth, Universal powder measure No. 2. Hull won on shoot-off for fifth one Rowley cheek pad.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, SECOND DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	20	15	10	20	Broke.	Av.
May	9	13	9	10	19	13	17	13	8	15	126	.8400
Grant	8	11	10	9	17	14	20	10	9	19	127	.8466
James	5	12	9	11	15	11	15	11	8	15	112	.7466
Elliott	8	13	8	12	18	13	17	14	9	18	130	.8666
Upson	10	12	9	15	20	15	19	15	10	18	143	.9533
Snow	10	13	9	14	18	14	19	12	8	17	134	.8933
Allen	6	9	7	11	13	11	18	15	5	18	113	.7533
Alexander	8	11	8	13	19	15	17	11	9	11	122	.8133
Hull	10	12	5	12	15	11	17	14	9	17	122	.8133
Griggs	7	11	6	12	16	14	19	15	9	11	120	.8000
Spross	7	13	5	12	14	13	14	13	9	14	114	.7600
J I C	8	8	9	13	12	12	17	10	6	14	109	.7266
Page	7	12	8	10	16	11	14	11	6	13	107	.7133
Hess	9	11	6	12	15	8	15	11	8	13	108	.7200
Beckwith	8	10	6	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	47	.6714

Event No. 6, merchandise prizes, 15 bluerocks: May 13, Grant 12, Elliott 13, Upson 12, Snow 15, Allen 13, Alexander 11, Hull 14, Griggs 8, Spross 12, J. I. C. 10, Page 10, Hess 9.

Snow won first, pair fine hunting breeches; Hull second, pair military hair brushes; third, a ton of coal, was settled; fourth, hunting sweater, was settled; fifth, hat, won by Alexander.

General averages: First, Upson, diamond watch charm; second, Snow, pair fine shoes; third, Grant, box of cigars; fourth, Elliott, hat:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
May	300	254	.8466	Alexander	300	247	.8233
Grant	300	266	.8866	Hull	300	257	.8566
James	300	238	.7933	Griggs	300	245	.8166
Elliott	300	264	.8800	Spross	300	242	.8066
Upson	300	276	.9200	Page	300	220	.7333
Snow	300	273	.9100	Hess	300	226	.7533
Allen	300	231	.7700				

Special handicap event, 25 bluerocks: Snow, scratch, 25; Hull, 25; Upson, scratch, 24; Allen, 3¾, 21¼; Elliott, ½, 23½; Spross, 2½, 22½; May, 1¼, 22¼; Grant, ¼, 21¼; Page, 4¼, 21¼; Alexander, 2, 21; James, 2¾, 19¾; Hess, 3¾, 17¾; Griggs, 2, 17.

First, Snow and Hull, Standard sewing machine; second, Upson and Allen, $10; third, Elliott, carving set; fourth, May, box of cigars; fifth, Spross, half-dozen silver forks; sixth, Page and Grant, pair suspenders; seventh, Alexander, pair slippers; eighth, James; special prize, two low guns, $3.75 each, Hess and Griggs.

GRANT.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The scores below were made today at the invitation shoot given by the Catchpole Gun Club, on their grounds. The attendance was good, considering that this is the open season for game shooting. Mr. Beyer, of Rochester, N. Y.; Messrs. C. Wagner and Hunter Bros., of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., and others from adjoining towns were present. Uncle Ben Catchpole, probably the oldest trap-shooter in the State, was on hand, as our club bears his name. He did himself proud by making a straight score in one event, and making sport for the boys. The programme consisted of twelve events, money divided in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Following is a list of shooters and scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Beyer	155	144	Weeks	40	19
Wayte	155	141	Miller	90	67
Smith	125	104	Fowler	30	16
L Hunter	145	111	Wadsworth	55	36
Wride	125	102	R Hunter	130	113
Uncle Ben	30	24	Tassel	130	103
Hopkins	155	116	J C Hunter	85	57
Granger	60	26	Wagner	95	91
Turner	130	84	Chapman	50	42

E. A. W., Sec'y.

Sidell Gun Club.

SIDELL, Ill., Sept. 17.—Scores made by W. A. Gray and H. J. Sconce in the second match for the Vermilion county championship medal, which was won by Mr. Sconce, Sept. 8, and was challenged by Mr. Gray. This medal is, like the majority, to be won five times to become the personal property of the winner. Mr. Sconce has won it twice. Mr. Cadwallader, of Danville, is the next man that will contest it, but the date is not settled on yet. Below are the scores:

W A Gray .....1111111011101101110111111—21
1111111111111001110111011—21—42
H J Sconce .....1111111111110101111111011—22
1011011111111111111111111—23—45

SECRETARY.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—VI.

The committee met at the appointed time, as per adjournment, to further arrange the details for the tournament of the Egyptian Gun Club. In the meantime the members had informally talked over debatable matters with each other and with every shooter whom they had "met up with," all with a crafty purpose of learning what would be the most popular policy, but with the common result that each one was then further from an opinion of his own than he was in the beginning—a perfectly logical consequence when men base their opinions on the circumstances and policy of the moment, instead of independently and honestly on the principles of justice and eternal right.

The committee convened in the shade of the lodge, each member sitting or reclining in a picturesque posture of ease rather than of grace, and all alike looking greasy and flushed from the excessive heat; for it then was still the sweltering summer time. The sun shone fiercely hot. Shimmering heat-waves glared on the trees; on the fences, the rocks, on everything that its fiery rays struck; therefore the shade was uncommonly grateful to the group of philosophers who had succeeded in evading the work and cares of the day and who had no thought of the morrow. The ceremonial of the cider bucket had been observed with due solemnity and vigor, so that the committee felt that its little world was full of the music of sweet song birds in a rose-colored atmosphere.

The prattle of excited children could be heard, with now and then Hopie Jane's squeaky voice rising highest in uttering commands. The barefooted, bareheaded, frowsy group soon came in sight, tugging bravely at a tree top, which they were dragging to the house for fuel, and chattering with hurried interchanges of advice, as if they were so many magpies. As they drew near, the good Cadi pressed his right hand firmly in his right side, rolled his eyes in a set look skyward at the same time twisting his face into the most agonizing wrinkles and seams; for it was meet that Hopie Jane, his beloved wife, should note that he sought the shade because he was an invalid, and that the outward signs of comfort exhibited by his companions were something apart from him and something for which he was in no wise responsible. Moreover, without some visible signs of his consuming disease, even Hopie Jane might forget that he was an invalid, to say nothing of the harsher judgments of an unfeeling world.

When she saw that an agonizing twinge had seized the good Cadi, a shadow of pain passed over her own face, and in her simple way his sufferings were her sufferings. To her the good Cadi was not a mere man. He was her idol, and he surpassed all other men, as her children, by beauty and brightness, surpassed all other children. More still—he was reputed very wise in the neighborhood, and indeed he had delivered some notable speeches at barbecues and at reunions of sons of their fathers, and had adjudicated the differences of neighbors; besides having written some very long and very learned papers, which were published in the local Bazoo, and to which he had signed his own name, the latter being a feat which even much greater men than the Cadi dare not perform, if it in the least involves the proclaiming of an independent opinion, or the running counter to public beliefs. With all these graces and talents, to Hopie Jane the Cadi was a very distinguished man, a prince of the earth, as all husbands are to their wives for a while.

As the group of toilers drew opposite the group of philosophers Hopie Jane raised her hand as a signal to the children to cease effort and rest a while, for there were moments in which the good dame could not utter a word. Moke, who wished to be civil and keep the group in countenance, remarked to her that it was an awfully hot day. She attempted to reply, but could not articulate; bracing her lanky form erect, her tangled Titian red hair standing about her head in a halo of glory, she took a half-twist in her closely compressed lips, and squirted an amber-colored stream of snuff juice with wonderful precision at an old plow about 10ft. away, and remarked then: "Yep, it's dratted hot out here in the sun." Then she patiently resumed her burden and went on her drudging way. The momentary alarm of the philosophers, as to whether the lovely woman was bent on peace or war, was groundless, for Hopie Jane had merely stopped to expectorate.

A MODEL SECRETARY.

"You will please come to order," at length said the Cadi, in due official tones. "This is an adjourned meeting of the committee, and we have lots of unfinished business to transact in respect to our forthcoming tournament. We will begin the order of business with the report of the last meeting. Moke—that is, excuse me, I should say Mr. Secretary—be so good as to read the minutes of the last meeting."

The secretary rose in an acute state of stage fright, pulled out of his pocket a piece of brown paper, which had done service as a wrapper for a plug of tobacco, and nervously smoothing out the creases, he read as follows: "The gentleman from Coon Hollow has changed his mind, and it is the sense of this meeting that it would be his gain and our pleasure if he also would change his shirt." Then he hurriedly sat down.

"Finish reading the minutes," commanded the Cadi, impatiently.

"Those are all the minutes that I have," retorted Moke, with some asperity. "Do you want the earth?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Cadi, gravely. "Those minutes, Mr. Secretary, are all right. They after all are good average official records of a gun club meeting, and you, Moke, are not far from being a good average gun club secretary, so far as attending to the duties of your office is concerned. This meeting will not act on the official report of the secretary, which so painstakingly sets forth the doings of the last meeting. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the report be approved and adopted," said Le Loup.

"I second it," said the secretary, hastily.

"Carried," declared the chairman.

THE SUBTRACTION OF THE ADDITION.

"Cadi," said Le Loup, as he slowly began to cut up some plug tobacco with a broken-bladed knife, "I have talked with a number of our club members about running this tournament on business principles, and most of them say that we should run it to make some money. We can run it that way just as well as not, and everyone will have his fun just the same. We want some money; as to the amount, it should be about all the money the shooters have in their pockets. There will be a good many of the shooters from a distance who will have plenty of money to spend, and it is our duty as hosts and promoters of sport to devise ways and means to help them spend it, so as to do them some and us the most good. We can make a great hurrah about giving them a good time and the keys of the city, and call them brother sportsmen in our programme, after which our club will skin them in a pleasant, genteel way, as the experts are doing in their more thoughtless, noisy way."

"Them's my sentiments," said Moke. "We should make some money in a nice, sportsmanlike way if we can; but anyway—we should make some money."

"We'll have lots of sport, sure enough," unctiously interposed the gentleman from Razor Back Hill. "If we can give our visitors an attractive song and dance, and at the same time make some money, my vote is for that. But how can the trick be done?"

"I have already told you that the men who do the thinking become very expert in time. Also, I have told you that there is as much professionalism in clubs as there is amongst the so-called wolves," said the Cadi, quietly. "The easiest way to make some money is to offer some added money. 'Added money' is really subtracted money. Subtracted money is called 'added money' because added money is more pleasing to the ear, and more equitable in its significance. You add and you subtract at the same time, but you chiefly subtract. You thereby make money if you are on to your job."

"The hot sun is addling your brains, good friend," exclaimed Moke, with much concern. "You are talking contradictions."

"Not so much as you are, wise Moke, when you are talking sport in the abstract and money in the concrete. This tournament is simply a sharp business enterprise, if conducted on the lines that you contemplate. The paradox of the addition and subtraction is very simple. You subtract the added money from the pockets of the shooters by increasing the price of targets from 50 per cent. upward. Then you give them a small part of it back under the pleasing term 'added money,' and the balance you put in your pocket. It really is not 'added money' at all; it is only guaranteed money. We ordinarily charge the stranger 2 cents for targets, and make money at that. Make your rate 3 cents at your tournament and you will make as much money as the game will stand."

"You must be talking without thinking," said Coxey. "One cent added to the price of each target would not make much difference one way or the other."

"I agree with Coxey," said Moke. "I don't understand how money can be made from any little penny game such as that."

"Of course you do not," replied the Cadi. "I never expect you to understand any proposition, however simple, on the same day that you hear it. I will endeavor to make my meaning clearer with a few figures, although I know how easily figures lodge crosswise in your head, Moke. At all events, you know that to make money the receipts must be greater than the expenses. We will suppose by way of example that our club holds a two days' tournament, using 6,000 targets. The expenses would approximately be as follows:

3 trappers, Sergeant system, at $1.25	$3.75
1 man of all work	1.50
1 cashier	5.00
1 assistant cashier	3.00
1 scorer	1.50
Incidental extra expense	5.00
6,000 targets, at $6.50	39.00
Total expense for each day	$58.75

"The above expense might be cut down materially in one way and another, as when a magautrap is used, and the members act as cashier, squad hustler, trap-puller, etc. If we charged our usual price for targets, that is, 2 cents, the receipts for one day from 6,000 targets at 2 cents each would be $120, a net gain of $61.25; or a gain of $122.50 for the two days. We want more money, however.

"Now, to stimulate shooting through the programme as much as possible throughout the two days, we will give $50 in 'added money.' This we will divide 50, 30 and 20 per cent. amongst the three highest shooters who shoot through the entire programme. With this generous addition in evidence, we feel justified in adding 1 cent more to the price of targets, which therefore makes the charge 3 cents. In the two days, 12,000 targets are thrown, and as we gain an additional 1 cent per target, the result of the 'added money' is that we add $50 and take back $120, making thereby on that matter a net gain to us of $70. In other words, if the programme calls for 150 targets, we assess each shooter $3 if he shoots through the programme, or each is assessed relatively for any less number that he may shoot at.

"Many of the 80 per cent. men, more or less, as the case may be, have not the remotest chance of ever getting a cent of that money back again. They therefore will lose in our tournament not only according to the chances of the competition, but they lose absolutely a fixed additional amount every time they fire a shot, since the shooting could be arranged on a scale just as much cheaper. The experts are getting most of their money in the regular sweeps, and our club is raking off a fixed amount constantly from their little winnings, a little of which goes to the men who have already won the most money, and the rest of it goes into the club's coffers. In short, in a nice way, under certain well established business forms, we will see that the ordinary shot suffers from a double skinning—and then we will all sit down and wonder why he will not play any more. I know very well, gentlemen, that you are actuated by the purest love of sport, and therefore that you feel that if you can make your own tournament a success you will generously permit some one else to look after the matter of reform. But, good Moke, returning to the subject, do you understand now that added money, as we are applying the scheme, is really subtracted money, and the addition of 1 cent per target means a great addition to the revenue when several thousand targets are used?"

"Yes, I do; and I understand that you are quite off in your reasoning, for in horse-racing there are sometimes thousands of dollars added to the stakes, and if it is all wrong, how can the practice of adding money be in such general use?" queried Moke, with a cock-sure air of victory.

"Easily explained, good Moke," said the Cadi. "Horse-racing has means of revenue that trap-shooting has not and never will possess. It has gate receipts which amount to thousands of dollars; it has bar and book-making privileges which are worth thousands of dollars more, and from this immense revenue it is an easy matter to add large sums of money and still have revenue left for profit. Managers do not draw this money from the pockets of the competitors, and even if they did so draw the money it would have a more equitable division, since horses trot or run under a very close handicap, or classification, as the case may be. There is no analogy whatever in the matter of the added money as it concerns horse-racing and as the same concerns trap-shooting. But suppose that 3-minute horses trotted with 2-minute horses, where would the moneys go?"

"Well, are the figures you give those of any tournament?" queried Moke.

"The figures are only given by way of illustration, wise Moke," replied the Cadi. "They are not the figures of any tournament, but the abused principle of the 'added money' is all there. Sometimes the money is 'added' piece by piece in one event and another, instead of going to the highest averages; but the majority, when no handicap obtains, have not a shadow of a chance to win any important part of it."

"But," interposed Le Loup, "the added money will make our tournament more attractive for all, and in many of the events the 80 per cent. man has a chance."

"Well, if I grant that—which I do not—tell me why the men who rate at a less per cent. than your 80 per cent. man should be arbitrarily taxed a fixed amount to go to the men who can win regularly? And tell me why nearly all programmes are arranged so that the man of 80 per cent. and less has hardly any show to win anything. A 10-target event is about his only chance. Three moneys would just let him in for third. In a 15-target event, the 80 per cent. man breaks 12, and if there are only three moneys he is out of the money then entirely. If it is a 20-target event, the man aforesaid gets 16, and he is out of the money even if there are four moneys. And you must also keep in mind that in nearly all tournaments the poor shots are expected and required to stand on even terms with the best crackajacks that the country can produce. We concoct different systems to win the admiration of the so-called amateur. The systems generally apply to some division of the money, and not to any equitable adjustment of the competition. You must give the poorer shots a handicap if you expect them to play in your yard, for the day when this neck of the woods abounded in what is commonly called 'suckers' is gone forever. In that day, a learned friend once told me that the theory of the crackajack was that

"'"'Tis music' to the gambler's ears
To hear the sucker moan,'

and yet most men are slow to perceive that the 'sucker' as an economic factor no longer exists. His education has been vigorous, costly and heroic, and he is wise in his day, as is becoming a man who can profit by a few thousand calamities."

"Well, now that you have been so good as to give us your opinion," said Coxey, "will you be so good as to tell us the application of it?"

"Certainly, Coxey, I will cheerfully endeavor in assisting you to understand it. My opinion is that such clubs as ours, which add money merely as a pretext to rake off a percentage so large that it is beyond all reason when compared with the services rendered, are a detriment to the sport, and if they held no tournaments the shooting world would thereby be a gainer. Added money which is so placed that it augments the winnings of shooters who are already chief winners, makes the competition too expensive for the average shooter. The meager winnings of the latter have a percentage deducted for the advantage of the best shots, and the added money which is subtracted gives a pretext for raising prices. Understand distinctly, however, that all clubs which add money are not running the tournament with the ulterior purpose of getting the shooter's money into the club coffers. Some clubs add $5 or $10 to each event, charging only the ordinary price for targets; and in every way but the right way—that is a handicap—protecting the rights of all the shooters. What I have said in no wise reflects on such clubs."

"But all this heap of talk doesn't settle anything about the tournament and making some money," objected Le Loup.

"A few clubs leave many important matters to be settled after the tournament begins, therefore let us put off till to-morrow what we can do to-day," retorted the Cadi.

"It's funny," said Moke, "what a difference there is in shoots."

"What is the funny difference?" queried the Cadi.

"This," replied Moke. "Patrick de Clam, our old friend, shot off his arm, and it hurt only himself. You shoot off your mouth and it hurts only us."

"'This meeting stands adjourned till next week," said the Cadi, contemptuously.

Bernard Waters.

Belle Meade Gun Club.

The programme of the Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 18-21, provides for two days at targets, two at live birds. The target events are alike for each day. They number eight, each at 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $20 added money to each event, with $10 to first and $5 to second high guns for the day. There also is a gold medal for the contestant making the highest general average.

There are three live-bird events on the programme of the third day. No. 1 is at 7 live birds, miss-and-out, $5 entrance; experts 30yds., amateurs, 28yds. No. 2 is the William Gerst handicap, 15 live birds, $15 entrance; $50 added, birds included in entrance; handicap from 25 to 31yds.; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Event No. 3 is at 10 live birds, miss-and-out, entrance $7; experts 30yds., amateurs 28yds.

The programme for the last day is the First Annual Belle Meade Handicap, 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $100 added, birds included, handicaps from 25 to 31yds., four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The Southern Turf offers a handsome silver loving cup to the winner.

Mr. W. R. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn., will furnish all desired information. The catalogue contains the following for the general information of shooters: "There will a special train on the N., C. & St. L. R. R. leave the Union Depot every morning at 8:30 o'clock, returning after the programme is shot out. Grounds will be open for practice Monday, Oct. 17. Target events will be shot over the magautrap and one set of expert traps set in the Sergeant system. Price of targets 2 cents. Live-bird events will be shot from two sets of underground traps, and the retrieving will be in charge of Fred Irbb, of Lafayette, Ind. All shooting will be class shooting. American Association rules to govern, except in targets, where magautrap rules will be used. The referee's decision will be final. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. This is the only handicap with the exception of the live-bird events where a shooting handicap will be used from 25 to 31yds. Shells shipped in care J. Legler & Son will be delivered to grounds free of charge. A watchman and three bull dogs will be at the club house at night, and guns, etc., can be left there with perfect safety. No one is barred, and all arrangements have been made to make this the largest tournament ever held in the South, and no pains will be spared to make every one have a good time. Arrangements are being made to secure one and one-third fare over all roads, and shooters will be notified through the sporting papers. Lunch and barbecue will be served on the grounds every day free of charge. Loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. All money guaranteed by the Belle Meade Gun Club. This shoot will be strictly 'on the square,' and the management will not tolerate any dropping for place, and any one doing so will be asked to withdraw."

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, Sept. 24.—Following scores are from Audubon Gun Club's regular club shoot. The third event was the club badge shoot. C. S. Burkhardt won Class A badge, Dr. E. S. Carroll won Class B, and J. E. Lodge won Class C. No. 4 event was the monthly cup shoot. Jacobs and J. J. Reid tied, each getting 2 on first string. J. J. Reid won in shoot-off. On Saturday next the second shoot for the Hebard trophy takes place:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
	15	15	Badge.	Shot at.	Scored.	5pr
Hammond	10	15	21	25	20	5
J J Reid	9	14	16	29	23	7
C S Burkhardt	12	14	21	25	22	10
Tomlinson	7	12	16	25	15	3
Swiveller	12	11	20	25	18	4
A C Heinold	11	10	18	27	19	..
Warren	12	14	16	26	21	..
P Stover	11	..	16	..	..	..
Jacobs	8	11	..	27	23	..
Dr E S Carroll	7	11	21	26	20	..
E W Smith	..	13	..	27	22	..
Johnston	..	..	19	..	..	..
Fanning	..	13	..	..	..	9
J E Lodge	..	..	16	..	..	..

C. J. Moyer.

WESTERN TRAPS.

GILBERT—ELLIOTT FOR THE DU PONT TROPHY.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 24.—To-day, with the magnificent score of 97 birds out of 100, Fred Gilbert defeated J. A. R. Elliott, challenger for the Du Pont trophy, thus winning it for the third time out of the four contests the two have shot for this emblem. Elliott's score, 94, was by no means a bad one, and those who consult the records of Watson's Park will find very few scores of 94 shot there by any of the cracks in the great races, but it was too hard to beat a man who could run 69 straight without a skip or a break.

The weather to-day was warm and bright, with fair wind, not very strong. The birds were prompt, but not so fast as one would have liked to see. The moulting season is perhaps now over for pigeons at this latitude, but they are still light in plumage and easily stopped. It could not be said that the birds were extremely hard, and the weather conditions were good for high scores. The result is shown in the two high scores that were made. Elliott had two birds flagged and Gilbert one. Elliott in the luck of the game had one or two birds the worst of it. He lost two birds that hit the wire and fell dead just across, barely able to lug out to the wire. Gilbert lost one bird just over in the same manner, but in another case he got his bird inside, it hitting the top of the wire and falling inside instead of outside.

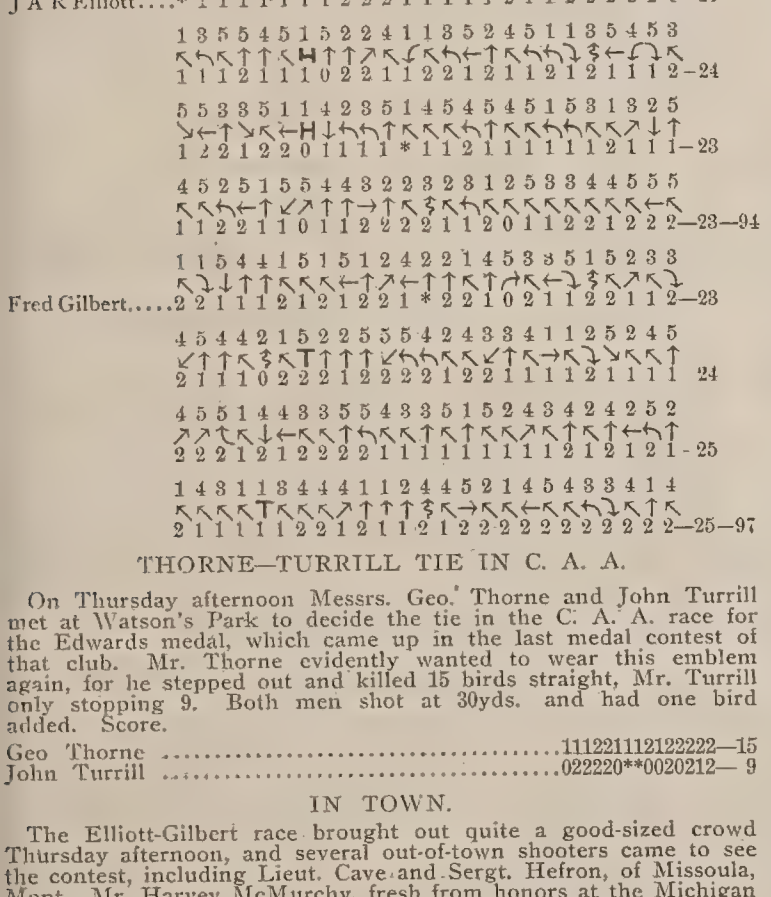
Elliott led off by losing his first bird, after his nearly invariable fashion in an important pigeon race. This bird, a strong blue, was well cut up, but hit the wire and was lost dead out. Gilbert came back to him at the unlucky station of the 13th bird, which he lost in almost identically the same fashion in which Jim lost his first bird. Gilbert then lost his 17th, which sprang very fast and high, and went away only feathered. This put Jim in the lead, and he completed a run of 30 straight, losing a high slate blue bird, on which he was very slow with his second. Gilbert undershot a high driver, his 30th bird, and lost it, putting Elliott again in front. Then the men ran along even to the 50 hole, where they stood Elliott 48, Gilbert 47. They entered the third string of 25 in grand shape, both men using perfect time and either fit to win. The larger number of single-barrel kills will show that they were not finding the game a hard one. But on the 57th bird Elliott caught a fast one after a lot of medium birds, and he could not catch up with it. This brought the men into a tie. Thence on Fred simply smothered every bird he shot at, and did not open any gap. Jim missed his 62d, which hit the wire and dropped over, and his 82, which was a fast, high starter and was not much troubled by either barrel. His 92d was another fast one after several slow ones, and he did not get on it full with either load, though it was damaged somewhat in its running gear. These made the only birds he lost. Gilbert ran clean out after his 30th bird.

Elliott was careful with his 9th bird, and needed care. His 10th was flagged. His 23d was saved by the second. His 27th was very fast. His 29th was cut too low, but scored. His 33d was a high bird, lost by a slow second, and his 35th was caught by a good second. His 43d was killed at the wire, and brought out applause. His 50th was a grand kill, far out in the field. His 60th was a fast one, but a quick first dropped it. His 62 went over the wire by an inch. His 74th was flagged. His 87th sprang very high, and its stop called out applause. His 96th was a screecher, and this kill again brought out hand-clapping.

Gilbert had a hard one in his 8th bird, but negotiated it. His 10th was flagged. His 13th, lost dead out, was a fast, low bird. His 15th was a good stop on a hard one. His 17th was a very fast starter. His 35th was a fine strong flyer, and was only stopped by the second. Again on his 40th he was asked for a grand second-barrel kill, and it brought applause. His 52d needed the second also. His 53d was a matter of luck, hitting the wire and toppling back in. His 83d was a fast white bird, low and far, and his stopping of it called out applause. His 88th was a lucky stop with the second, as it was hardly hit with the right. His 99th was also a fortunate affair, killed far out with the second.

Both men were apparently in fine physical condition, and certainly they both shot well. The wind was in the direction of a left-quartering driver. John Watson was referee. Retrieving by four dogs. Elliott used a Winchester pump, with 45grs. Hazard Blue Ribbon powder in Leader shells. Gilbert shot an L. C. Smith gun, 3½drs. Du Pont, Leader shells. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



THORNE—TURRILL TIE IN C. A. A.

On Thursday afternoon Messrs. Geo. Thorne and John Turrill met at Watson's Park to decide the tie in the C. A. A. race for the Edwards medal, which came up in the last medal contest of that club. Mr. Thorne evidently wanted to wear this emblem again, for he stepped out and killed 15 birds straight, Mr. Turrill only stopping 9. Both men shot at 30yds. and had one bird added. Score.

Geo Thorne	111221112122222—15
John Turrill	022220**0020212— 9

IN TOWN.

The Elliott-Gilbert race brought out quite a good-sized crowd Thursday afternoon, and several out-of-town shooters came to see the contest, including Lieut. Cave and Sergt. Hefron, of Missoula, Mont. Mr. Harvey McMurchy, fresh from honors at the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League shoot at Detroit this week, was present. Mr. McMurchy goes West for a brief Middle West trip this week. Lastly, but not leastly, Phil Bekeart, of San Francisco, the popular and well-known manufacturers' agent, whose name is a household word on the Pacific slope, appeared to witness a race at Watson's, which is always held to be a privilege. Mr. Bekeart goes from here to Omaha and Des Moines. He appears well contented with the world.

FALL CIRCUIT.

It would seem that the trap circuit had well exhausted its charms by this time in the season, but such is by no means the case. The fall circuit is perhaps the best part of the whole show, and offers strong attractions. There is very strong talk of getting up a special car party to start from Chicago, to take in Des Moines shoot, going thence to Rolla Heikes' shoot at Dayton, thence to the great Belle Meade shoot at Nashville, thence to Cincinnati shoot. When you come to cast an eye over that programme, it has very powerful incentives to jine.

THE DADDY'S SHOOT.

The Daddy of Them All, which is Rolla Heikes, has put out a very fetching programme for his shoot, at Dayton, O., Oct. 11-15. He adds $200, slates the now celebrated Minneapolis Gun Club "equitable system," uses the Sergeant system of trapping, and offers a whole day for live-bird shooting, handicap shooting, 26 to 31yds. Best of all, he does the graceful act of putting up for competition the E. C. target championship cup lately won by himself from Fred Gilbert. The programme of this shoot, showing as it does the manner in which the winning of the E. C. cup will be decided, is very well worth printing. It appears that it will need a three days' target average in mixed rules and at 300 birds to settle the question.

MICHIGAN TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The big shoot of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League at Detroit this week was a good and pleasant affair. On the first day McMurchy was top man, though outside the bars. He ran two straights and one 24 out of 25. Marks, Murray, Osmun, Cady, Scott and Halstead were among the high winners. W. H. Thompson, of Jackson, won the King Smokeless Powder Co.'s trophy for the third time, and now becomes the permanent owner of it. P. C. Woods won the individual expert championship from Mr. Thompson.

DU PONT, OF OMAHA.

The amateur tournament of the Du Pont Gun Club, of Omaha, this week, proved a good one, entries running to sixty. The Minneapolis "equitable system" again proved itself a thorough-going success, and gave perfect satisfaction. A large contingent of outside shooters added to the local atendance, and the whole event proved a gratifying success. It will serve very well to offset the deadening effect of the big wolf shoot there this past season, which came pretty near killing shooting for the whole State.

VINCENNES SPARROW SHOOT.

This week at Vincennes, Ind., a live-bird shoot was held on English sparrows, of which some 350 had been caught at the chimney of Balmer's greenhouse. There were thirty odd shooters. Balmer and Tindolph tied for first, Barrowman and Litherland divided second, and Eluere and Linsey split third. The special prize, a gun, was sold off for $20, winners of first dividing this.

ONAWA, OF IOWA.

Onawa Gun Club, of Iowa, will hold its annual fall shoot Oct. 13-14, with a good programme. The club is in prosperous condition and will give a rattling good shoot.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

A small crowd turned out for the regular medal shoot of the Audubon Gun Club last Wednesday at Watson's Park. The weather was bright and still, and the birds were not so sharp as they might have been had the wind been stronger. Chas. Morris won the medal over the three who appeared to contest with him, he having four birds given him in the handicap. Silas Palmer tied with Morris, but was beaten in the tie. Score:

J M Gillespie, 28	2101011021101011100 –13—1—14
J H Amberg, 20	1020102222021020222—14—1—15
Chas Morris, 28	2210111001121021111O—15—4 -19
S Palmer, 30	0221211211121101021l—17—2—19
Tie:	
Morris	0112222112 9—1 10
Palmer	1012210222— 8—1— 9

JOHN WATSON'S LIVE-BIRD SHOOT.

All lovers of a hard live-bird game will do well to keep their eyes on John Watson's coming live-bird tournament, which will be held at this city about Nov. 1. It goes without saying that this tournament will be a warm one, and will bring out some live-bird history, since it is sure to call together a number of the best pigeon shots in this part of the country. John Watson's World's Fair shoot was an event of considerable importance, and we may expect his 1898 tournament to assume equal rank in interest. We are having considerable live-bird shooting in Chicago this year, and this will be a grand addition to the record.

COMING EVENTS.

Fort Dodge Gun Club, of Fort Dodge, Ia., will hold an amateur tournament Oct. 12, open to State amateurs, at live birds and targets.

Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., will hold its third amateur tournament Oct. 11-12, at targets, $50 added. Division of moneys on second day will be four moneys, equitable system. There will be no handicaps. Sergeant's system of trapping will be used, 16yds. score.

FREMONT SHOOT.

Fremont Gun Club, of Fremont, Neb., held open house last Monday and ran off a very good tournament. The weather was warm, but not unpleasantly so. Ten events were shot, the entry running from a dozen to sixteen. Mehl, Lucraft, Hanks and Montgomery were among the high guns the greater part of the time.

URBANA SHOOT.

The seventh annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., was concluded last week. Rain spoiled the fun on the second day. High average for the two days was won by Craig, 417 targets out of 440 possible. Clark, Jones, Vorhees, Purcival and Jackson showed often among the high guns. In the 50-bird event on the second day the following scores were made: Clark 45, Smoke 44, Vorhees 44, Craig, 46, Irle 43, Miller 45, Cad 43, Sconce 45, Dietrich 46, Steck 42.

KANSAS CITY GUN CLUB.

At the last regular monthly medal shoot of the Kansas City Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., ten contestants, J. M. Curtice won the medal with 25 straight, Smith and Fletcher close behind him with 24.

PEORIA TROPHY.

Mr. A. Heilman, of Pekin, on last Tuesday won the Herald trophy, which has been in competition at Peoria, and which was won in the last open event by James Morton, of Kingston Mines. The score was 24 to 21.

PASTIME, OF DETROIT.

At the last medal contest of the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Wolf won the A medal, Shaberle the B medal and Randolph the C medal.

OTTUMWA GUN CLUB.

Ottumwa Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., has a season prize of a Parker hammerless gun for which ten shoots have been held. At the last shoot the contestant Schwartz was the winner with a total of 47. Gebhart scored 48, but did not qualify, having won the event in the four previous contests.

BLOOMINGTON WATERMELON SHOOT.

The Bloomington Gun Club is steadily growing and turns out a good delegation at each of its semi-monthly shoots. At the last contest the first prize was a 60lb. watermelon donated by Mr. Hitt. This is a very practical emblem, as it seems to me. A medal worn on the outside of one's coat is not so grateful and comforting as a watermelon on the inside of the same.

FOR CONGRESS.

I have already stated that Mr. R. B. Organ, one of the best-known sportsmen of this city, is a candidate for Congress in the 1st District of Illinois, which includes the southeast corner of Chicago from Thirty-sixth street down. Mr. Organ thinks that he will make a good pull for success. If this should fall under the eyes of any shooters qualified to vote in that district, I trust a word to the wise will be sufficient. Vote for Roll Organ, the shooter's friend. There are worse men in Congress and none better.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The shoot for the Chicago challenge trophy, between Silas Palmer, challenger, and J. B. Barto, holder, will come off on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2:45 P. M., at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.

EUREKA VS. GARFIELD.

The race between the Eureka Gun Club and the Garfield Gun Club for the Shooting and Fishing trophy will take place on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club Oct. 1, at 2 o'clock. The team of the Eureka Gun Club will consist of W. D. Stannard, A. C. Paterson, Ed Bingham, F. P. Stannard and E. M. Steck, with A. W. Adams as substitute. The race is liable to be one of considerable interest, as the clubs are very evenly matched, and are in fact the only clubs in Cook county which are rivals for first place in both target and live-bird shooting. It is very difficult at this time to pick the winners, although favor tends toward the Eurekas, who won the trophy originally, and successfully defended it several times.

WATSON'S PARK.

Commencing Dec. 13 John Watson will hold a four days' tournament on his improved grounds, at Burnside Crossing, Ill., using two sets of traps. The contest will be at live birds only. The special event will take place on the second day, and consists of a 25-bird handicap. A large number are expected to be in attendance, and it is needless to say that as good a lot of birds will be trapped as can be found on any grounds in the West.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly target contest Sept. 26. The attendance was small, owing to the number of its members who attended the Gilbert-Elliott match. The day was one on which good scores could be looked for. Several of the members' wives put in an appearance during the afternoon. All events shot from five traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	30	20	25	50	Targets:	25	30	20	25	50
A W Adams	21	23	15	22	42	H B Morgan	19	16	16	16	..
Dr R B Miller	19	20	20	17	38	Ed Steck	21	26	26	21	38
Dr C W Carson	17	22	22	20	18	F P Stannard	..	..	..	..	21	39
W D Stannard	..	..	..	..	25	14	A C Paterson	..	..	..	..	21	35
C P Richards	..	..	..	..	21	33	W T Irwin	..	..	..	..	21	..

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were known traps, unknown angles. Event No. 5 was at 50 singles, unknown traps, one man up, and No. 6 at 10 pairs, with the result as follows: W. D. Stannard 18, A. C. Paterson 16, F. P. Stannard 18, E. M. Steck 18.

In the trophy event, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, W. D. Stannard won Class A on a straight score; Dr. C. W. Carson won Class B and H. B. Morgan Class C:

Class A.

A W Adams	1011111111011111111110111 22
Ed Steck	1111111111111001111011011 -21
Dr Miller	1001110100111101111101101—17
F P Stannard	1111110111111011101110111 -21
W D Stannard	1111111111111111111111111—25
A C Paterson	1111110011110111111011111—21
C P Richards	1011111111011101111111011—21

Class B.

Dr Carson	0111011011110111111011111—20
* T Irwin	0101111110111011111111111- 21

Class C.

H B Morgan	1011101000101101110111101—16

* Visitor.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club enjoyed a pleasant shoot on the club grounds, with a fairly good attendance, Sept. 25. There was a right-quartering wind and a strong sunlight. Scores in the practice events follow:

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 were at known traps, unknown angles, and No. 6 was at 30 singles, one man up and 10 pairs. No. 7 was 10 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	5	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	7
Targets:	5	15	15	20		Targets:	5	15	15	20	
J Workman	2	11	10	9	..	De Maris	1	12	8	..	..
Pollard	4	5	11	6	..	Dr Shaw	2	13	13	14	14
R Kuss	3	15	15	12	12	M J Eich	4	11	14	..	..
Davis	..	11	11	..	..	Barlilh	..	8	6	6	..
Gardner	..	6	6	2	..	M H Shaw	..	4	5	..	..
Meek	..	8	12	7	..	Brown	..	6	5	7	..
Hellman	..	12	11	..	..	Eaton	..	11	10	1	..
Fehrman	..	13	11	13	13	Young	..	..	9	9	..
Steiger	..	..	8	7	..	Hicks	..	..	11	18	18

In the trophy event, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, M. J. Eich won Class A, S. M. Young Class B, M. Pollard Class C:

Workman	1110110110001101011110111- 17
Pollard	1010110000111011111111111—18
De Maris	0101011001111111011111001—17
Dr Shaw	1011111001111111111101111—21
Kuss	1011111111111101111001111 21
Eich	1101111110101111111111111 -22
Davis	1110100010110011110101001 -11
Gardiner	0001000001000000011000000— 4
Meek	1001110101110010110100010—13
Bartelme	1011111111010110010100111—17
Hellman	1000001101111111110111001 16
Eaton	0110011001000100000101111—11
Fehrman	1111111110011011011111110—20
Young	0111111111111011101111010—20
Steiger	0011101111110101100011100—15

A. C. Paterson.

Rolla Heikes' Tournament.

On Oct. 11-14, one week prior to the big tournament of the Belle Meade Gun Club, Nashville, Tenn., Rolla O. Heikes will hold a tournament at Fairview Park, Dayton, O., the first three days at targets, the fourth at live birds.

The programme for the four days runs as follows: First day—Five 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, $10 added to each purse; two 20-target events, $2 entrance, $10 added to the purse. These seven events are at unknown angles. In addition there will be one event at 20 expert rules, one man up, $2.50 entrance, and two events at 10 pairs each, also $2.50 entrance.

Second day—Four 15-target events similar to those on the first day, and two 20-target events, also similar to those on the first day, all at unknown angles, with $10 added to each purse. Also two 20-target events, expert rule, one man up, and two events at 10 pairs; the entrance in each of these events is $2.50.

Third day—Six 15-target events and one 20-target event, all unknown angles, and all similar to those set down for the first day, $10 being again added to each purse. Also two 20-target events, expert rules, and one event at 10 pairs, with same entrance fees as above.

An analysis of the above for the three days will show that there are five 20-target events, unknown angles; five 20-target, expert rules, one man up, the five traps down; and five events at 10 pairs. These fifteen events will constitute a race for the E. C. championship trophy recently won by Mr. Heikes, but redeemed by The American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, and put up for open competition at this tournament. The person making the highest aggregate on the above 300 targets will be entitled to hold cup and title, subject to challenge as in the past.

In all the unknown angle events the "equitable system" will be used in dividing the purses. In all the other events there will be five moneys, class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. All targets 2 cents each.

All known 90 per cent. men will be taxed $2 a day, which will go to form a fund to be divided among those shooting through the series of unknown-angle events who do not draw back their entrance money.

For the fourth day Mr. Heikes has arranged the following programme: 25 birds, $25, birds included at 20 cents each; handicaps from 26 to 31yds.

Cars run direct to the grounds from the depot. The Phillips House will be headquarters in the city. Both shells and a good dinner can be found at the park, nothing being left out that could add to the comfort of the shooters.

The above goes to form a programme of events that ought to attract plenty of attention from the shooters of the country, the open competition for the E. C. cup being of itself a good drawing card. Coming as they do right after the Des Moines tournament, and just one week ahead of the Belle Meade shoot, Mr. Heikes should have no fear of lack of support.

Ammunition shipped care Jas. Dodds, or Starks & Weckesser, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

Brockton Gun Club.

Brockton, Mass., Sept. 17.—The scores, averages and prize winners of our summer series which came to a close to-day are given below. The highest percentages for the series were Le Roy, .940, Worthing .830, Grant .800, Allen .77. Leonard won the watch charm. Our next shoot will be Sept. 29, including a 50-bird handicap.

Merchandise event:

Grant	1111111111111111111110111—24—4—25
Barrett	1111011100111101101111111—20—4—24
Le Roy	0111111111111111111111111 —24
W Woodard	1101100101110111111011010—17—7—24
Worthing	1111101001111111111111111—22—3—25
Stanley	1111101110111111111010011O—20—8—25
Allen	0111111011111111101111101—21—5—25
Donaghue	0111101101101111001001110—16—9—25

Watch charm event:

Barrett	0011001111111101011011110 -17—4 21
Leonard	1111111101110100111111111—21—9—25
Le Roy	1111111111111111111111111 —25
Worthing	101001111111110w
Allen	1111110100000011111111101—17—5—22

The winners of prizes for the season under handicap system are as follows. Le Roy did not compete for prizes: Grant first prize, Allen second, Stanley third, Worthing fourth, Barrett fifth, Stork sixth, W. Woodard seventh, Donaghue eighth, Leonard ninth.

Actual averages for the season of 1898:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Le Roy	400	377	.940	Barrett	600	453	.750
Worthing	525	439	.830	W Woodard	275	189	.680
Grant	555	446	.800	Stanley	300	200	.660
Allen	575	448	.770	Donaghue	300	174	.580
Stork	250	191	.760	Leonard	400	221	.550

A. A. Barrett, Sec'y.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Mount Kisco Handicap.

Mount Kisco, N. Y., Sept. 22.—The two events constituting the programme of the Mount Kisco Handicap were a most pleasing success in every respect. The number of contestants was all that could be expected by the most sanguine; the weather was pleasant and the birds were an exceptionally good lot for this season of the year. Had there been a wind of any consequence they would have been a hard lot, the season of the year considered. The shoot was conducted without a flaw from start to finish. The members strove to make the event pleasant in every wholesome way, and they succeeded admirably.

Much credit is due to Mr. G. E. Sutton, of Mount Kisco, who worked indefatigably to engage interest in the handicap and make it a success.

Mr. D. Gray filled the exacting office of referee with satisfaction to all. He was alert, prompt and perfectly impartial. Messrs. Otis Arnold and Frank Fowler, considering the number of shooters present whose records were unknown, handicapped the contestants very nicely. Mr. A. Betti acted as trap-puller in the programme events with satisfaction to all.

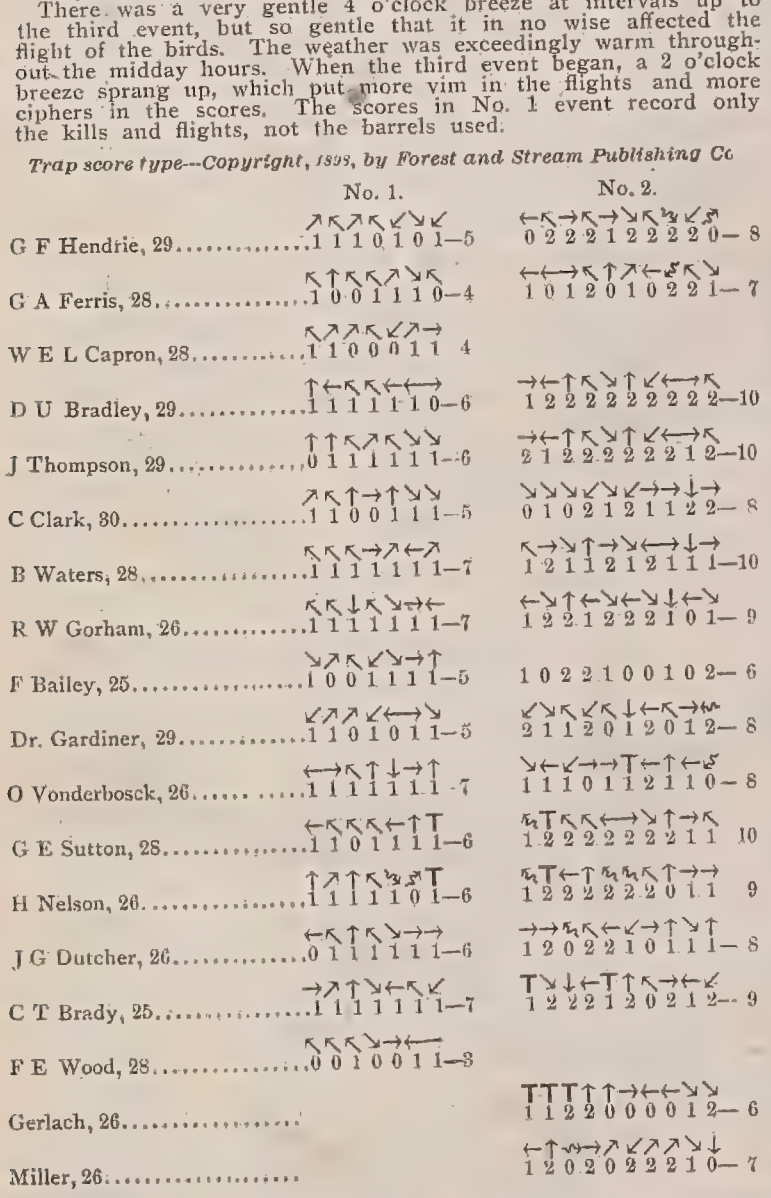
There were two events on the regular programme, one at 7 birds, $5, the other at 10 birds, $10, handicap 25 to 32yds., class shooting; over twelve entries, four moneys. An extra event, same conditions as No. 1, was shot after the programme was finished, after which the shooting changed to miss-and-out.

A few practice birds were shot before the regular contests began, and from the clean manner in which the birds were killed it was evident that the race would be a hot one. In the first event, at 7 birds, only one man was out of the money.

Dr. Gardiner's gun had a very sensitive trigger on the right barrel, which he was not quite accustomed to; in consequence of which the gun was discharged several times before he was ready, with a corresponding loss in the score. J. Thompson shot remarkably well, as did also Gorham, Vonderbosck, Sutton, Nelson, Dutcher and Brady, the latter doing very pretty work at 25yds. with a field gun.

There was a very gentle 4 o'clock breeze at intervals up to the third event, but so gentle that it in no wise affected the flight of the birds. The weather was exceedingly warm throughout the midday hours. When the third event began, a 2 o'clock breeze sprang up, which put more vim in the flights and more ciphers in the scores. The scores in No. 1 event record only the kills and flights, not the barrels used.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co



No. 3:

G A Ferris, 28	1221020—5	O Vonderbosck, 26	2110110—5
W E L Capron, 28	1211222—7	G E Sutton, 28	2211101—6
D U Bradley, 29	2202222—6	H Nelson, 26	0200202—3
Jas Thompson, 29	0200212—4	J G Dutcher, 26	2002122—5
Chas Clark, 30	1202221—6	C T Brady, 25	2221122—7
R W Gorham, 26	1021221—6	Betti, 27	2101210—5

Connecticut State League.

Meriden, Conn., Sept. 22.—About thirty-five shooters were present at the fifth tournament of the Connecticut State League, on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club, at Meriden, Conn., Sept. 22. Shooting commenced at 9:30.

The Parker Gun Club provided a sheep roast for its guests, under the skillful care of Mr. Bailey, of Bristol, whose fame as a chef in this special field of the culinary art towers above that of all other chefs. The hot dinner was disposed of in a manner which demonstrated that all were scratch men on a baked sheep and the palatable food which accompanied it.

Mr. L. J. Gaines acted as referee. Messrs. C. S. Howard and Francis Stevenson were cashiers. Mr. Marshall Butler was scorer. There were thirteen events, including the team race, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1	011	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10
Merriman	8	7	5	10	7	9	6	3	12	8	5	5
U M C	7	8	8	10	8	12	8	6	14	11	6	9
Savage	8	7	7	13	8	12	12	9	6	12	5	6
*Kink	6	7	6	10	7	12	9	7	13	10	7	8
*Fruit	10	9	5	11	5	12	8	6	12	15	6	7
Clark	9	7	7	12	9	11	8	8	10	12	4	7
Thorpe	9	7	5	11	8	12	5	2	10	11	7	9
*Norton	5	6	3	10	6	8	3	3	5	9	2	7
W Parker	8	10	9	14	9	14	10	8	14	14	7	10
Bristol	8	4	4	14	9	10	7	7	12	10	..	..
Avery	8	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	14	10	8	8
Edgarton	7	3	9	10	6	12	6	4	13	15	8	7
Stevens	8	9	4	10	8	14	9	5	9	14	..	..
Post	9	9	7	12	6	6	5	5	6	12	6	6
*Hart	2	7	4	7	4	7	5	4	6	9	..	..
*Redfield	3	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	8	8	..	..	8	11	6	..	..	..	..	..
*L Parker	8	8	5	12	6	12	..	9	9	..	..	..
*Gaines	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	6	..	..
Fairchild	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	..
*Longdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	3	7
*Phoenix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	1	4
*Savage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	..	..
Treat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	6	8
*Bowe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	5
*Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5

* For targets only.

TEAM RACE.

The team race at 20 targets per man was one of the exciting features, and much interest was taken in the individual scores of this event. Wilbur Parker was the captain of one team and U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, captain of the other. Each captain selected eleven shooters. The U. M. C. team won:

U. M. C. Thomas 17, Stevens 17, Edgarton 17, Clark 17, King 17, Treat 14, Longdon 19, Gaines 11, Norton 13, Merriman 14, Hart 13; total 168.

Wilbur Parker 18, Bristol 15, Savage 16, Avery 16, Fruit 18, Taylor 13, Thorpe 13, Post 15, L. Parker 17, Fairchild 11, Savage 5; total 157.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have recently issued a new catalogue, containing 158 pages, which will be sent to any address on application.

Stray Items.

ST. LOUIS DOINGS.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 22.—On Sept. 18 there was quite a live-bird event pulled off at Brooks, Ill., a small station on the Clover Leaf Railroad, in which many St. Louis shooters participated. In fact all the sheckels, glory and honor were scooped in by the Mound City contingent. That clever and consistent young shooter, Ed Pendergast, by virtue of his 25 straight got most of the glory as well as 40 per cent. of the purse. P. M. Kling, the old and tried St. Louis shooter, and Fred Fink, another youngster also from the same city, divided second on the capital score of 24. Kling, through overconfidence, lost his last bird. Sumpter, Hirschey and Aultman divided third, each scoring 23. A like number divided fourth money on a bird less. Beggerman, Stroh and McFadden got in on this division. Nine out of twenty-two entries got a part of the purse.

The conditions of the race were 25 live birds, entrance $5, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. American Shooting Association rules governed. The weather was perfect, and the birds were an average lot.

Ed Pendergast	2222222222222222222222222—25
Kling	2112212212211222112112210—24
Fink	2*1112222221122112122222—24
Sumpter	*2222022222222222222222221—23
Hirschey	1221211221202222222222202—23
Aultman	0212211211122210111111122—23
Beggerman	2111212120121012222201112—22
Stroh	2111221122122011221120101—22
McFadden	2222212211021202011121221—22
W S Thompson	2122221220020222212 2*1212—21
Kroel	1211221202120 12**22121110—20
Nold	2222021221221020 21*021111—20
Krueger	2*2111*2111020101211211 11—20
Cabanne	22112222*2201010222202201—19
Corray	22022*2020121221222121010—19
Collins	2202211011011120 21*021211—19
Wintrich	011020* 10112022112122202—18
Satchoe	01*2012120121010*22122111—18
Kimer	*1*0**22*2211*11211122011—17
Hansen	2000022212222220222220010—17
Selzer	10120022011*01211102*1221—17
S Thompson	2101021001202000101102211—15

CHANGE OF DATES.

Owing to the dates selected for the St. Louis tournament conflicting with those set for the Dayton, O., shoot, and as the announcement of these appeared first, Manager Corray, of Dupont Park, St. Louis, advises me that he has decided to change his date to the week following the Belle Meade tournament, and his shoot will therefore be held Oct. 25, 26 and 27, with good added money as the chief inducement.

Kansas City, Sept. 16.—There was a good attendance at the regular shoot of the Washington Park Gun Club, and an interesting contest resulted. The contest is at 15 live birds, 30yds. rise, otherwise American Shooting Association rules. Six of the contestants—Dave Elliott, Walter Bruns, N. Jarrett, W. S. Allen, Lill Scott and Chas. Wright—tied on straight scores. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Walter Bruns won by killing 6 straight. The scores made are as follows: Scott 15, D. Elliott 15, Allen 15, N. Jarrett 15, Howe 14, Kelley 13, Laidlaw 13, Dickinson 11, Gregory 11, Fairman 10, W. Bruns 15, Wright 15, Broch 14, Dr. Planck 14, Parsons 13, Bruns, Sr., 12, Rickmers 11, Moore 10, Groff 5.

Paul R. Litzke.

Trap at Chambersburg.

Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19.—The Chambersburg and Lebanon gun clubs met at the latter place Friday, Sept. 16, for the second of a series of three shoots, the final shoot to take place at Harrisburg, Sept. 28. In last Friday's contest the Chambersburg marksmen excelled at every point, making some pretty and difficult shots in the live-bird event. The Lebanonites had strengthened their team somewhat, importing Fin Cooper, who led in their target and live-bird scores.

The live-bird event resulted as follows:

Chambersburg.		Lebanon.	
Runk	12*2101121— 8	Smith	1112012112— 9
Humer	2212202*00— 6	Cooper	1111111111—10
Hobbs	0212112212— 9	Witters	1201012100— 6
Rhoads	2111121121—10	Trafford	1011202121— 8
Vanderau	2011*21221— 8	Reinohl	1220221001— 7
Elder	1112212022— 9	Bollman	2001012022— 6
O'Leary	1222222222—10	Duffy	0100212200— 5
McGowan	2220222101— 8	Zellers	1121102111— 9
Rinehart	2210020220— 6	Langdon	2112*22101— 8
Kennedy	2222102011— 8	Shoemaker	1211102221— 9
Henson	1122222122—10	Rapp	1221222021— 9
Disney	1*22122222— 9—101	Bates	1201221212— 9— 95

In the ten-men bluerock match, 25 targets, the Chambersburgers were beaten by only one target, which result was due to their shooting for the first time over a magautrap, with a large cornfield as a foreground, and two questionable decision of a Lebanon referee.

As will be seen, the scores in the live-bird event are very creditable. The Chambersburg shooters went to Lebanon in a special car, and were accompanied by half a dozen other members of the club.

The Chambersburg Club last week brought suit against Joseph Poper, of Antrim Township, Franklin county, for illegal fishing. Justice Haulman imposed a fine of $100 and costs of $20 on Poper.

Auburn Gun Club.

Auburn, Me., Sept. 18.—The Auburn Gun Club is still alive and doing business at the same old stand. We have been having good attendance at the weekly practice and badge shoots, and the boys have all put up good scores. The club sent two five-men teams to the State shoot at Waterville, Aug. 30-31, and the first team, composed of Hunnewell, Norton, Conner, Cobb and Berry, landed the championship, breaking 219 out of 250; Waterville second with 218. It was a hot race all the way through. This brings the State shoot to Auburn next year, and we shall try and give the boys a good tournament. The Auburn Gun Club team will go to Portland, Sept. 24, to shoot the Portland team for the Lowell diamond challenge badge.

A hot race was shot at the club grounds Saturday afternoon for the tin cup. Francis and While shot against Fletcher and Ashley. Conditions, 30 birds, 10 regular, 10 unknown, 10 reversed. Fletcher and Ashley won by 2 birds, and are waiting for another challenge, this being the second time they have won it. Following is the score for the afternoon shooting. Collins won the badge on 24 out of 25.

Team shoot for tin cup, 30 birds, 10 regular, 10 unknown and 10 reversed:

Francis	1111111110— 9	1101100111— 7	1100110101— 6	—22
White	1101111011— 8	1000110111— 6	1011111011— 8	—22—44
Ashley	1011111111— 9	1110011011— 7	1111111111—10	—26
Fletcher	1110110111— 8	1101011110— 7	1101100001— 5	—20—46

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	15	10	15	25
Francis	7	10	..	10	..
Fletcher	9	14	..	9	..
White	7	13	7	..	..
Ashley	7	14	9	..	19
Barker	8	11	10	..	23
Morse	9	12	10	13	25

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	15	10	15	25
Conner	10	13	7	..	22
Wood	6	12	6	12	..
Hunnewell	9	12	10	..	21
Collins	10	14	8	11	..
Merrifield	9	13	..	..	22

L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

Pittsburg, Sept. 20.—The regular monthly shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club was held at the Davis Island grounds this afternoon. In the shoot for the silver cup Dominie broke 47 targets, missing his 13th, 25th and 30th bluerocks. Fleming broke 44 and Pills and Cochran 43 each. In the 20 bluerocks race Uncle John broke 20 straight. The results follow:

Cup shoot:

Dominie	1111111111101111111111101111011111111111111111111—47
Strong	1111101111111111100111111100111111111111000101111—41
Cochran	1110011111111111111111111111111010111001011111111111—43
Uncle John	1110000111111011111110101111111011110110111011111—39
Fleming	1111010111111111111111101011101111111111110111—44
McPherson	0110110110011101111111101111100010110111111001010—34
Pills	1110011111111111111111111111101101101110011111111111—43
Hy Po	0010101101011010111000111111111111111101111010111—36
Holmes	1111110010011111110011111110111111111111101101111—41

Targets:	15	20	15	15	15
Dominie	14	19	14	14	15
Strong	14	13	12	14	12
Cochran	9	17	..	..	..
Uncle John	12	20	14	11	..
McPherson	9	12	8	..	..
Fleming	14	18	11	12	14

Targets:	15	20	15	15	15
Pills	14	16	13	15	13
Hy Po	..	..	14	14	13
Holmes	..	..	10	13	13
Scott	11	13	..	..	..
Harrison	6	12	6	11	..

Woonsocket Gun Club.

Woonsocket, R. I., Sept. 19.—The regular shoot for the championship trophy was postponed last Saturday, on account of the absence of two of the competitors. Members and friends present indulged in practice shooting and made the following scores:

Getchell 23, Mills 21, Darling 17, Callen 13, Edwards 13, Swe 6, Trafton 14, Seagrave 21, Ellis 15, Allen 16, Ballou 20.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made by members of the Cincinna Rifle Association, Sept. 18, at Four-Mile House, Reading Roa Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Ginde was declared king with a score of 207. Hasenzahl wins th Dietrich medal this month with a score of 69 on the honor targe Hasenzahl wins the Uckotter trophy this month with a score 218. A tricky 4 to 8 o'clock wind was exasperating to the contes ants to-day, and good scores were hard to make:

King target:

Gindele	24	21	19	16	21	20	22	16	22	24—2
Payne	18	20	19	24	20	16	21	25	22	18—2
Roberts	24	21	22	23	15	22	19	20	19	21—2
Weinheimer	5	24	17	21	16	17	22	15	14	20—1
Nestler	14	21	20	22	19	16	17	24	23	15—1
Hasenzahl	23	18	16	14	19	23	18	21	16	21—1
Topf	16	11	6	14	17	15	16	17	16	22—1
Drube	19	15	25	22	19	25	21	17	20	15—1
Houck	20	14	15	16	21	20	14	21	12	4—1
Strickmier	20	16	25	25	21	14	21	21	19	20—2

	Honor target.			Special score		
Gindele	24	21	19—64	214	213	209
Payne	16	20	20—56	210	209	204
Roberts	19	21	17—57	179	174	174
Weinheimer	15	13	23—51	180	175	172
Nestler	21	21	23—65	208	206	200
Hasenzahl	23	23	23—69	218	208	205
Topf	13	9	17—39	176	175	162
Drube	13	8	4—25	...	...	...
Houck	12	18	14—44	178	171	161
Strickmier	19	23	15—57	205	200	199

Shell Mound Range.

San Francisco, Sept. 12.—Shell Mound range was well patronize yesterday by marksmen. The weather conditions were favorabl as there was very little wind. F. P. Schuster in contesting for th diamond medal of the Germania Club made the fine score in shots, 25 ring target, only one entry, of 234 rings.

Scores of the day:

San Francisco Schuetzen Club, monthly class, 20 shots, Germa 25-ring target: Champion class, F. P. Schuster, 426 rings; fir class, Nick Ahrens, 419; second, John Gefkin, 382; third, R. Ste tin, 407 (final); fourth class, D. Salsfield, 366; best shot, L. Be del, 24; best last shot, N. Ahrens, 23.

German Schuetzen Verein, monthly class medals, 20 shots, Ge man 25-ring target: First, champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodger 438 rings; second, champion class, L. Bendel, 398; first class, H Stelling, 399; second class, J. Gefken, 390; third class, Willia Goetze, 362; best first shot, F. P. Shuster, 24; best last shot, W liam Goetze, 25.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, monthly class medals, 10 shot Columbia target, rifle—Champion class—D. W. McLaughlin 5 F. E. Mason 66. First class—O. A. Bremer 51. Second class A. Hinteman 116, M. J. Barley 117. Third class—E. N. Moo 99, C. F. Waltham 119.

Re-entry rifle matches, same conditions: Members' rifle medal O. A. Bremer, 56, 63;, J. E. Gorman, 59, 73. All comers' rif medal—D. W. McLaughlin, 46, 57; F. E. Mason, 51, 53; D Rodgers 54. Bushnell military rifle medal—C. F. Waltham 45.

Pistol, 50yds., 10 shots, Columbia target, medals for membe only: Champion class—Dr. Rodgers 49, C. M. Daiss 50, J. Gorman 59, M. J. White 74. First class—G. M. Barley 46, F. Mason 72, D. W. McLaughlin 73. Second class—A. Hinterma 81, Mrs. M. J. White 84, C. F. Waltham 120. Third class—Mr C. F. Waltham 74, J. P. Cosgrave 76, Mrs. G. Mannell 80, Mannell 80.

Re-entry matches, Siebe pistol medal, open to all comers: M. Dais, 36, 39; J. P. Cosgrave, 54, 61; G. M. Barley, 61.

Small rifle, .22 and .25cal. and Roos trophy, for ladies: Mr C. F. Waltham, 33, 34, 40; Mrs. G. Mannell, 42. Roeel.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Pike County.—In the Game Laws in Brief I find no mentic of Pike county, Pa., which heretofore has had special provisions, in the case of Long Island. I judged in consequence that th State laws were enforced these, but learn that they are and hav been shooting grouse since Sept. 15, and offering them for sal which is wrong according to the laws of Pennsylvania, accor ing to the Brief. My Brief is dated Sept. 1, 1898. Will yo kindly set me right in this matter? Ans. The Pennsylvania gam act of 1897 repealed all acts inconsistent with its own provision and among them the special Pike county law of 1878. If grou have been shot there prior to Oct. 15 the law has been violate just as it has been by the sale of the game.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Milam Reel Gold Medal.

The gold medal of the World's Fishery Exposition at Berge Norway, has just been awarded to Messrs. B. C. Milam & C of Frankfort, Ky., for their Milan reel; and the honor was we deserved as a recognition of an American product which has we fame the world over. The reel has an interesting history, for was invented in 1839 by Mr. B. C. Milan, who is still, after th lapse of sixty years, the head of the firm, and doing business the same old stand.

"The perfection of the gearing is the secret of the ease wi which the Milam reels run. When they were first made, back the 30s, there were no gear-cutting engines in this country, a at great cost these tools were brought from Switzerland, ve good gearing was made with them, but Mr. Milam," says th Frankfort Call, "has improved their methods, and made speci cutters, and attached other devices of his own invention, till no it is not possible to buy a tool to make such gearing as is used these reels. There is absolutely no friction, the teeth actually r one into another, and enough weight to break a tooth cannot put on the spool. The steel from which the pinions are ma is manufactured specially for this purpose in England, and of wonderful strength and temper. The proof that this geari is all that is claimed for it is the fact that the reels made fifty-ni years ago are in use to-day, and the gearing is in perfect orde Bevel gearing is not the best for use in a reel, but answers ve well where smooth running cannot be secured with a parallel.

"Always looking to improvement, the Milams were the first put jewels in fishing reels. Some years since, when bicycles a ball bearings came to the front, they received inquiry about p ting ball bearings in their reels. This not being practicab because the pivots are too small, they introduced jewels. The jewels, like the pinion steel, and in fact all the other materi they have made specially for them. The hole jewel is as ha as diamond and extends the full length of the hole, so that t bearing is all the way upon the hard and polished surface of t jewel. Break? The suggestion has never been heard; it is n in the range of possibility for the jewel to be injured in any wa they are so set they are securely protected, and will last as lo as time."

"Forest and Stream" Book Catalogue.

A new edition of the Forest and Stream Catalogue of Boo on Outdoor Sports is in preparation, to be issued shortly. R quests already in hand for the catalogue will be honored as so as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

No drink insures better health, and produces a more equable tone throughout the whole system, than the exclusive use of unadulterated water, nature's gift, the only beverage to which all animated creation instinctively resorts to quench the natural cravings of thirst. Dr. Elisha J. Lewis.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

THE CARE OF FIELD DOGS.

ONE'S dog contributes much to the success of a day's sport afield, and much more to its enjoyment. Without the dog, the sportsman finds but little to shoot, even where game is plentiful; and the sport further is then divested of its chief charm. In his swift stride, the dog in a day covers miles of field and fen, brush and brake, hill and vale, giving a touch of life to the scene in his efforts to seek game, and thereby to serve his master. His keen nose, ever alert for a scent of the quarry, detects its presence however cunningly it may be concealed, and in his canine manner he rejoices when able to inform his master of its whereabouts; and he enters with as much zest in the efforts to capture as if it were a matter in which he was chief instead of subordinate. The game being killed, he retrieves it from brush or briar, mud or water, with as much patient industry and enthusiasm as if he were on the neatest lawn. For a day of the hardest toil, his heart beats in delighted response to a word of praise or a pat of approval, and in this his reward is amply found.

At the end of the day, the good dog would fight for his master if need were, although he has had much the most laborious part of the sport for his share, for to him has fallen all the labors of seeking or pursuing. No selfish ambition nor hope of reward impels him in the rôle of companion, servant and defender. He serves his master because he loves him and enjoys the sport.

His master may walk homeward at the end of the day with heavy steps, yet the dog may be still more weary. Pleasant pictures of the dog galloping across great fields, or swiftly seeking in nooks and corners, or standing spiritedly on beautiful points, fill the shooter's mind, yet rarely does he think that the good dog has a stomach that needs good food after such labors, and bones that need a good bed in a good, warm, comfortable place for their comfort and recuperation. The nerves and stomach of the dog have their needs when he is making pretty pictures in beautiful landscapes, and if he could talk or write he would describe his enjoyment of a good meal at the end of the day as feelingly as does his master. Yet many a good sportsman, from pure thoughtlessness maybe, sits by a comfortable fire in the evening toasting his shins, and contemplating happily the incidents of the day's sport, while his poor dog lies shivering on the door step, with a stomach filled with scraps of any food that was left over, and fed to him perhaps by a hand other than that of his master.

Be considerate of the dog that has worked for you at his best, be that work good or ill. In his way he has done his best according to his light. It requires but little effort to make a dog comfortable. All he needs is enough good food, a dry, comfortable place to sleep in, and his coat and feet kept clean, dry and free from mud and burrs.

As to the food, it is an easy matter to take a supply of dog cakes when one goes on a hunt away from home. The local butcher shop will afford a supplementary supply of food, for dogs when at work should have an abundance of animal food. Put no faith in table scraps for your dog at work. Consider him as a companion to be provided for by forethought, not by chance. If circumstances should so combine that the dog's food is not available, divide your own meal with him.

The most flagrant ingratitude against the dog is in the neglect of his sleeping quarters. Sportsmen who feed their dogs well are many times thoughtless as to whether the dogs are comfortably housed or not. In warm weather a dog needs no attention in respect to sleeping quarters. In stormy or cold weather he requires shelter and comfort quite as much as does his master. It is an easy matter to provide a comfortable place for him to sleep in. If in a prairie country, there is always an abundance of hay for bedding. An old log stable with cracks in it which the dog can jump through is not proper shelter. Old boards and sticks can be placed inside after the manner of a lean-to, and all well covered with hay on the outside, and plenty of hay for bedding on the inside, will be as comfortable quarters as any dog would desire. If there is no stable or corn crib or suitable building for the dog, drive some stakes in the ground after the manner of a tepee, and cover them with three or four feet of hay; if there be neither hay nor stakes, take the dog in the house. If, at the end of the day, he is wet, let him dry out thoroughly before the fire; and if his coat is full of burrs, a good comb and a few minutes' effort will remove them. The feet particularly should be freed from mud or burrs, special attention being given to the toes. Thus cared for, a field dog will work with more spirit, prove a better companion, and live a longer and more useful life.

SNAP SHOTS.

The author of the story of a cruise down the Wisconsin, of which the first chapter is printed to-day, sent with his manuscript a deprecatory note suggesting that his were not the remarkable experiences and exciting adventures which are supposed to furnish material for the most entertaining literature of the field. But such supposition is well founded in part only. Most of us do relish in our reading a certain proportion of the lively element of thrilling situations, hazardous exploits and hairbreadth 'scapes; but since our lives are for the most part made up of less enlivening and more commonplace incidents, and even our pleasures are more likely to be placid than wildly exciting, we are quite apt to be pleased with a tale which reflects experience answering to our own, or of the class we may compass. We enjoy the common incidents if they be not commonplace; and simple happenings, if only they be not trivial.

Indeed their simplicity is one of the qualities which give abiding charm and compensation to the sports of rod and gun. Angling was the contemplative man's recreation in Walton's time, and such it is to-day. It takes us to the woods and the waters, reveals the curious ways of nature, and introduces us to the woods folk. The attractions of fishing may thus be simple in the extreme, but thousands of devotees testify to the satisfaction found in them. Were it otherwise, did our enjoyment of outdoor sport depend upon making long journeys to foreign parts, or going up and down the earth in quest of thrilling adventures, the opportunities now so generously open to all would sadly be restricted. In our home fields we may recognize and admire the familiar "primrose by a river's brim"; while but to a fortunate few is it given to pluck the orchid glowing in tropical forest or the edelweiss amid Alpine snows.

We regret that in the printed report of the recent hunting casualty in the Adirondacks, upon which we commented last week, an implication should have been contained that the hunters were employing hounds for chasing deer, a practice forbidden by the law. It is due to Dr. Currier and to his son, whose lamented death was recorded, to say that no hounds were used; both were too good sportsmen to violate the game law themselves or to permit its violation by others in their employ. The alleged hounding was an imaginary detail invented by the daily press reporters; it had no basis in fact whatever. No more had most of the other imaginary particulars given by the newspapers, notably the sensational report printed by the New York Herald, with its insinuation that Dr. Currier himself might have fired the fatal shot, and its statements respecting his presence with the hunting party and his actions at the time. It is sufficient to say in absolute contradiction of all such accounts, whether they were direct statements or cruel and infamous insinuations, that at the time of the accident Dr. Currier was not accompanying the hunting party, but was in camp a mile away.

It is a great pity that the stray specimens of rare animal life discovered here and there in unexpected quarters should not have immunity from pursuit by men with guns. There was that doe in Columbia county of this State, a district where the deer has long been extinct. A correspondent tells us in a note to-day how the creature was done to death in the excitement of the moment by two men who chanced upon her. To have looked for anything else on their part might have been asking too much of human nature, for the unexpected apparition of the deer doubtless stirred every drop of their hunting blood, and the quick action which followed was as natural and as inevitable as is the sudden scramble of a troop of performing dogs when some one throws a sausage on the stage.

A fate as summary as that of the Columbia county doe befell the eagle discovered and killed by Walter Sumpter, of Valley Stream, Long Island, last week. The eagle is in this region a rare bird, so infrequently seen that the chance sight of one always adds interest to a landscape and commands admiration. Long Island is continually advertising its native attractions for city folks, and exhorting the people of the town to come out and enjoy the country at so much per week with special rates for the season. These same city folks pay money to provide a menagerie in the Central Park, where they may go to gaze upon forlorn specimens of eagles in cages; and it is reasonable to assume that they would be gratified if, when they go down to Long Island, they could watch the majestic soarings of free eagles in the upper air. Yet Long Island views with astonishing complacency the destruction of its few remaining eagles, and the local paper records Sumpter's violation of the game law without a hint of protest. The Valley Stream eagle killing has been so publicly advertised that Chief Protector Pond should find no difficulty in punishing its perpetrator.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Climbing Blackfoot.

It was midsummer. The ceremonies of the Medicine Lodge were over, and the camp was breaking up. Everywhere women were tearing down the lodges, packing their possessions on horses' backs or on the travois, and preparing to scatter out over the broad prairie to their different homes along the stream. A party of white men were just leaving the camp to make a little trip into the mountains. Among them were an artist, a photographer, a newspaper writer, two cow punchers, three hunters, two prospectors, an ethnologist and a naturalist. So there were three of us, and we had two pack horses, three saddle horses and Nancy Hanks' colt—unattached. Two days' travel brought us well up on the narrow trail that runs along the side of Goat Mountain, and the next day found us working our slow way among the down timber, brush and swamps that lie in the narrow valley of the St. Mary's River, above the head of the upper lake.

The winter of 1897-98 had been very severe in northern Montana, and more snow had fallen in the mountains than for many years before. Spring had been late this year, and the snows had really scarcely begun to melt before summer, and now, in mid July, the streams were bank full and were rushing torrents. There is a tremendous momentum in a body of water 4ft. deep and rushing down hill as fast as it can go; and when we reached the river bank we did not need to look long at the north branch of the St. Mary's River before deciding that we would seek for an easier crossing place than the usual ford. A year before Jack and I had thoughtlessly ridden into the stream about the first of June, when it was swollen, and with our horses had been violently thrown down, bumped on the bottom and soused about in the tumultuous waters, sometimes right side up and sometimes wrong, until at last we had drippingly crawled out on either shore and counted up our bruises and the loss of axe, hat, overcoat, rifle, and other articles, which are usually considered essential to the comfort of a camping excursion.

This year, therefore, we two, who had been swept away the summer before, promptly shied off when we came to the water, and after a mile or more of difficult uphill travel found a crossing where we forded the stream with entire comfort, not even the little colt being swept off his feet. A few hours later we reached the south branch of the river, and there found things quite different. A tall fir tree had been undermined by the rushing water, and had made a bridge across the stream over which one of the party crossed on foot, sounding the depth with a stick as he went. The stream proved to be from 4 to 6ft. deep, and while to swim the river would not have been difficult, this would have insured the wetting of our bedding and provisions, and more or less serious discomfort for the next two or three days. Turning off to the right, therefore, the right hand or northwestern bank of the stream was followed up until nightfall, when we camped in the thick timber, tying up most of the horses, as there was but little for them to feed on, and there was danger that during the night they would wander off in search of grass and so be lost.

By half-past ten the next morning, after an exhausting struggle through huckleberry brush, alders, and down timber, during which the axe was continually in use, and a constant ascent of slopes that were almost vertical, we reached the edge of timber line and there pursued our way along over the snow fields along the mountain side by well-known trails to the old camp on one of the streams which have their heads in the Blackfoot glacier.

It was not yet noon when we made camp, but the rest of the day was devoted to lounging about and recovering from the fatigues of the morning. The flies and mosquitoes were as bad as they usually are in the mountains at this season of the year, and they paid unceasing attentions to us and our horses. The horses suffered especially, and smudges were built, into which they eagerly crowded. The insects were certainly a nuisance, but one who should visit this spot at the time when there were no flies would fail to see the wealth of alpine flowers spread out on the green meadows and among the white snow fields. To describe them all a botanist would have been needed, but they were certainly of all sorts, sizes, colors and degrees of beauty. Yellow perhaps predominated, in the dog tooth violets, some crocus-like flowers and a great columbine, but there were also reds and blues and purples, now carpeting the ground, and again piercing with their stalks the thin margins of the retreating snowbanks, and blooming above them.

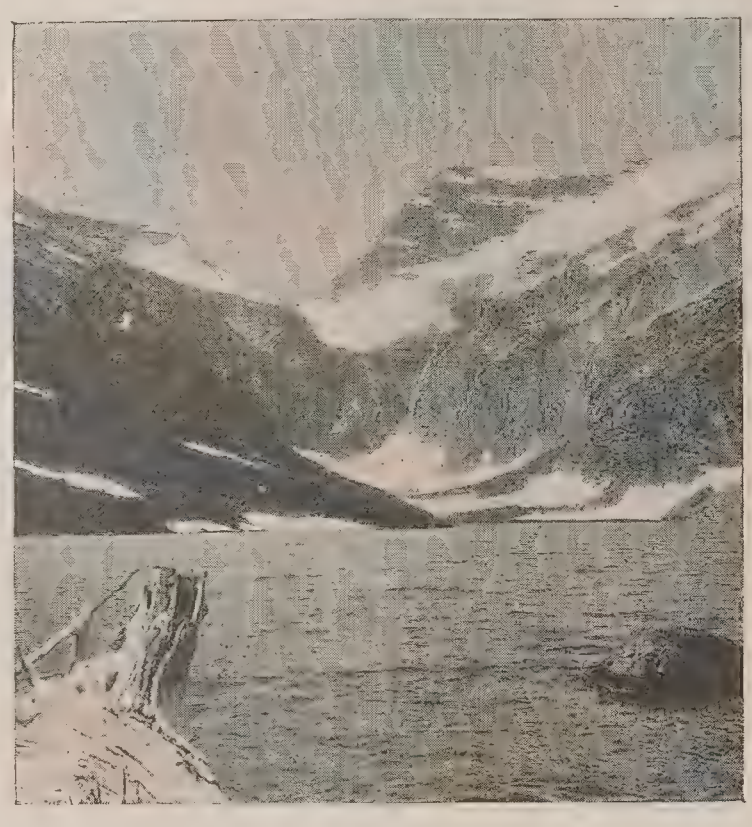
At 6 o'clock the next morning, Jack and I, armed with ice axes and a coil of rope, set out to see whether a way might be found to the summit of the Blackfoot Mountain, which had long been the goal of all his hope to one at least of the party.

Seven or eight years before this, I had taken up to the head of the St. Mary's River the first party that had ever visited it, and a few years later had led thither a Government party. I had made a rough map of the region, and had named the principal peaks here, and for years it had been my special ambition to climb Mount Jackson and Mount Blackfoot, the two highest of them all. In the summer of 1897 Jack and I had made a quick run to the head of the river, and having been wonderfully fortunate in the matter of weather, had succeeded after a hard day's work in reaching the summit of Mount Jackson, from which all the kingdoms seemed to lie spread out before us.

The Blackfoot Mountain lies further back than Jackson from the highest point in the valley to be reached by horses, and while we believed that its height was only about that of Mount Jackson, yet since it was partly hidden by a high shoulder of itself, over which only the main peak showed, and since to reach it the great Blackfoot glacier must be crossed—an ice river which might present all sorts of difficulties and perhaps even force us to turn back—it seemed a much more desirable peak to conquer than had the nearer and really more imposing Mount Jackson.

Thus we were about to attempt the ascent of the mountain of which we had often talked, Jack with the cheerful optimism which leads him to believe that he will accomplish whatever he may undertake; I with much enthusiasm, but rather hopelessly, for I regarded success as something quite beyond either my deserts or my powers. However, we were now to make trial of the difficulties of the mountain and their overcoming.

To men whose legs for a year past had only been accustomed to gripping the flanks of a horse, the climb



GUNSIGHT LAKE AND PASS.

Shoulder of Mt. Jackson on left, and of Fusillade on right.

upward, among the dark firs, over the frozen snow banks, seemed long and tiresome. Yet before the upper edge of the timber had been reached both Jack and I had got our "second wind," and went along more easily. Now there rose before us a tall precipice, broken at intervals by deep and steep ravines, some of which were occupied by great banks of ice and snow, fingers of the retreating glacier, and others by huge piles of morainal drift, brought down by the ice river from the peaks above.

Scrambling up one of these depressions, the more gradually sloping surface of the glacier a few hundred feet above was reached, and there, ascending a slight elevation, we began to study the great ice field before us in order to discover the easiest path to the peak of the Blackfoot Mountain, which just showed itself over a



MT. JACKSON FROM GUNSIGHT LAKE.

nearer shoulder. The shortest way seemed to be to the right, and either over a bare cliff which rose above the ice, or else around this cliff's shoulder and then up the sag through which the main ice field flowed. This was the cut-off—the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, and to follow it would save many steps. But at the foot of the bare cliff were abundant evidences that the ice was frequently breaking off from the field above, and between the climbers and the cliff the glacier seemed broken and contorted by many crevasses. Up the sag the path seemed smoother and safer, yet even here it could be seen that the face of the glacier was very steep, and that one or two long crevasses stretched out nearly or quite across it. Immediately before us, however, or nearly due south, and distant perhaps three miles, rose a shoulder of rock, at first low, but rising toward the west, over which, if it could be reached, there was good going in the direction of the main mountain peak; and although to reach this and pass along it meant to follow the two sides of a right angled triangle, yet to push for the lower end of this shoulder seemed the better policy. So we set out for the lowest point of this ledge.

For the next three or four hours we had monotonous but easy climbing over the gently-sloping surface of the glacier. The old snow upon its surface was soft enough to give good footing, but was not very slippery. Occasionally we were obliged to make a long detour to avoid an unexpected fissure in the ice, and some of these crevasses into which we carefully peered were awful in their depth, and in the coldness of their dry blue sides. The sky was absolutely cloudless, and the glare from the surface of the ice would have been painful and dangerous to the eyes had we not both, before leaving camp that morning, thoroughly blackened our cheeks and noses with charcoal. We took the further precaution of tying handkerchiefs across our faces just below the eyes, so as to protect them from the blinding glare from the snow at our feet. This, to my mind, is a more effective and less troublesome protection to the eyes than the ordinary colored glasses which are commonly worn for this purpose.

We were plodding slowly along and were more than two-thirds way across the ice, when suddenly our movements were arrested by a shot, followed in quick succession by two more, and then a pause and a fourth shot, and another much longer pause, and then a fifth. After that there was nothing. "Well," said Jack, "that sounds to me as if something had jumped up in front of him and he had wounded it, and then finally killed it with the last shot."

"Yes," said I, "to me it sounds as if something had jumped up in front of him, and he had fired at it and missed it, and then it had gone out of sight and come in sight again long enough to give him one shot, and then disappeared and shown itself again, and he had shot at it a long way off and missed it. We'll see when we get back."

At length we reached the border of the glacier and the rocks, pulled ourselves up, and took our way along the gentle ascent of the shoulder. Even as high up as this a little vegetation grew in the scanty soil; a bright green moss-like plant like a round pincushion, dotted with delicate pink flowers, was very striking and beautiful. Here, before long, we came upon the fresh track of mountain sheep going in the direction we were pursuing; but nothing living was seen. Almost at the crest of the shoulder we sat down and took a long rest, looking over the valley beneath us, seeing the green waters of the Upper Lake between the peaks of Little Chief and Almost a Dog, and seeing too to the south the valley of tributaries of the Flathead River, and the wooded slopes of many a tall mountain. Mount Stimson, to the east, no longer towered above us, as it had for the last two days. We were almost on a level with it.

When the pipe was knocked out, we moved on to the very top of the shoulder, and then climbed down its southwestern face into a cavity between the rock and the glacier. Here the action of wind and sun had melted the ice back for 30 or 40ft. from the rock, making a cañon with vertical sides, in which we stood. The ice wall was 25ft. high and quite soft, and Jack promptly began to cut steps in it and to ascend. It seemed to me that it would have been less laborious and would have taken no longer to have walked 100yds. or so to the right and then to have climbed up the more gentle ascent which there presented itself; but before long we had both surmounted the ice wall and were again working our way over the sloping snow field, which lay upon the main mountain.

In the next half-mile lay perhaps the only dangerous part of the climb. Here the ice field fell away sharply, and we were working across it at right angles to the direction of its slope. For 1,500 or 2,000ft. below us this slope continued or grew steeper, and then there was an abrupt fall into a rocky couloir far below. If one had slipped on the traverse, he would have brought up in another state of existence. The rope now came into play, and tied together we made a progress which was still more slow and careful. One man usually had his ice axe firmly planted in the hard snow before the other moved. It was really a relief to reach the edge of the glacier, and to be treading once more on solid earth and stone, steeply sloping though it was. We threw ourselves down by a little rill which trickled from a snow bank and rested there for a few moments. The view before us to the north and west was beginning to open out in a wonderful way. Mount Jackson, which we had climbed the year before, cut off a part of the outlook, but now we could look far down into Pinchot's icy basin at the head of Harrison's Creek, which looked like a little section of the Arctic region. Nothing was to be seen there save snow and ice, except where now and then some dark rib of gray rock showed its shoulder above the white of the snow field. From the steep sides of Jackson twenty small glaciers sent down their streams to swell the greater one that lay in the valley below. Mount Kainah, which from the camp towered so far into the blue sky, seemed now, as we looked down on it, only a valley.

Starting on again, we toiled up the steep mountain side, now winding in and out among great rocks, again pulling ourselves up over tiny precipices. As we neared the summit, nothing was to be seen under foot or about us except these great masses of lichen-covered rocks. We scrambled up over the last of these, and when only a few feet below the comb, Jack, who was in advance, with a fine courtesy and a thoughtfulness that would be matched in few companions, stopped, turned to me and motioned me to go ahead. It was a touch of delicate generosity which gave an insight into my friend's character; for, as I have already suggested, to me it did mean a little something to place my foot first on the summit. As I thanked him for his consideration, Jack responded: "It's easy to give up things that you don't care anything for." Half a dozen steps more brought us to the mountain's crown, and as we lightly hurried on to its very highest point, all the labors of the morning seemed to us as nothing.

As we stood upon the top, however, my heart was in my mouth for a second or two, for there before me was a huge stone freshly turned over. Could it be that

other people had already been here, and had begun to build a monument on the summit? A second glance, however, served to show that the stone had been turned over by a bear in his search for mice.

After the first hasty survey of the country, we sat down and smoked and talked, and in a general way located all about us the different landmarks that we knew. There at our feet to the southeast was the Pumpelly Glacier, which we both had always believed ran down from the Blackfoot Glacier, but until now this had never been definitely ascertained. Mount Jackson still cut off the view to the northwest, and Mount James that to the southwest, but in all the country near



MOUNT KAINAH AND ICEFLOW BETWEEN MOUNTS KAINAH AND JACKSON.

us there was not except these two any mountain so high as the one we sat on. Far away to the north, lying somewhere near the Waterton Lakes, were two great mountains, which in previous years we had called Mount Cleveland and Mount Hoke Smith. They were mighty masses, but too far off for much to be known about their height. The spirit level, when used, showed Mount Jackson to be very slightly higher than the Blackfoot Mountain, and Mount James not so high as Jackson, but perhaps a little higher than Blackfoot. All the other mountains were, as Jack remarked, "mere holes in the ground."

Two or three hours were devoted to determining by means of prismatic compass the relation of Blackfoot Mountain to its neighbors, and to entering in the note book such observations as seemed worthy of record. Then rather regretfully we started down. The crest of the shoulder where we had rested on our way up was reached



CROSSING A SNOW FIELD, MT. JACKSON IN BACKGROUND.

without incident, and here again we stopped to rest. As we sat there looking over the country below us, what seemed like half a dozen fleas dashed out from a rocky rib of Mount Kainah over the ice, and then turned and moved back again. "Look at the sheep," cried Jack, and thereafter we watched these tiny black dots playing about on the edge of the snow field like so many puppies. We looked down on them for quite a long time and at length the sheep returned to the rocks and lay down. Hardly had they done this, when up the steep rock walls which overhung Pinchot's Basin, at the head of Harrison Creek, an old goat clambered and started along the rocks to come up toward us. But he was a long way off, and the sun was beginning to fall toward the western horizon, so presently we got on our feet and started down over the rocks. At length we reached the glacier, passed on over that, and after a long descent came in sight of the camp.

Here our comrade was seen moving about near the tent, but no red meat gleamed on any tree, nor was there a fresh hide pegged out on the grass. Closer and closer we came, sometimes sliding down over the rough snow, and at length, when almost in camp, there, on the snow bank, close to the tent, was seen the hide of a harmless little porcupine; this, it was learned, was the game which had called forth the fusillade of the morning.

The next day was as bright and balmy as its predecessor had been. Jack and I moved the horses from the place where they had gnawed down the scanty feed over to a bare spot among the snowbanks on the slope of Mount Jackson, where, if there was no grass, there was at least abundant green. Then we took a long round across the shoulder of Mount Jackson toward the Gunsight Pass. Down at these lower levels there was some life to be seen—tiny brown butterflies were flying about the flowers; we heard the occasional shriek of a mountain marmot, voicing his suspicions of the strange animals which have invaded his territory; here and there in the snow banks were the tracks and feathers of the white-tail ptarmigan. In a little fir tree in a ravine which we crossed a pair of bridled titmice had their nest, and were tremendously busy with housekeeping cares. Among the rocks and on the snow field higher up were frequent pairs of gray crowned finches, which the field glass often brought up to within a few feet of the eye.

Passing over the shoulder of Jackson, we rounded a little point of rock and saw before us, 200yds. away, a mighty ram, slowly picking his way over the snow. Before he had seen us we had sunk out of sight, and for half an hour we sat there on the warm rocks and watched him. Jack lamented that we had no gun, and expatiated on his probable fatness and tenderness; while I declared that he was probably thin in flesh, tough and stringy, and at this time of the year strongly flavored with garlic. After a time the ram lay down in the shade of a great rock 500yds. away, and we arose and pursued our course. At this the sheep too got up, and made good time toward the summit of Mount Jackson.

Several hours later we saw, far off, seven more sheep lying down on a grassy meadow at the very summit of the Continental Divine, and it was true of all the game we saw, except the big ram—which had just been down to the water—that they were as high up as it was possible for them to get. Of course, the flies and mosquitoes accounted for this. We reached camp late that afternoon and found that the artist had made an effective study of Mount Jackson.

The next day we packed our goods on the horses and set out again for the prairie.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Down the Wisconsin.

In Two Parts—Part I.

IT has been my practice for a number of years to spend from one to three weeks of every summer with one or more companions boating down some small stream navigable for canoes, camping at night upon its shores, and fishing during the day, when humor prompted or our bill of fare demanded it.

In this way I have exchanged certain weeks of time which must pass, whether I would or no, for a store of pleasant experiences, the memory of which is and always will be a delight.

Little rivers have been given the preference for our trips, because they offer so many more charms to the boating tourist than larger streams. I like to be able to distinguish the vegetation on either bank at a glance, or to note the small bird and other life without changing the course of the boat.

An occasional portage around some dam or other obstruction must be made, which would be avoided on a larger stream; but it is so much easier to select a suitable camping place, when you have a nearby view of both sides of the stream, that we always like the upper waters of our rivers best. A number of streams in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan have been explored in years gone by, but this time we concluded to go further afield and try one in Wisconsin. It is very difficult to get the information you require in order to determine



MT. JACKSON, WITH MORAINE IN FOREGROUND.

upon the right stream; there are several features we consider absolutely essential: clear and at times rather swift water, gravelly or rocky bottom, and occasional "riffles" or rapids. Of course, we expect to encounter in a hundred or two hundred miles of boating all sorts of conditions, but we also want a reasonable quantity of the attractions enumerated above. I wrote to several parties and had as many different streams recommended, but finally settled upon the upper Wisconsin, principally because your genial Chicago editor, Mr. E. Hough, who is a recognized authority on all sports of the field, besides having a most charming literary style of his own, wrote me that I would find "riffles and rapids a plenty" on the Wisconsin, if that was what we were after. Our party for this trip consisted of four persons, Professor B. and a couple of college freshmen, T., of Ann Arbor, and R., of Yale, and lastly the writer.

I said the party consisted of four, but there was another who may have to be mentioned further on, and to whom I will give a place here: Sancho, a rough-haired

combination of a water spaniel and Newfoundland, good-natured, but courageous, who had been on river trips before, and apparently enjoyed the change of scene and habitation from day to day as much as any one of the party.

A week before we proposed to start our boats, tents and most of our supplies were shipped to State Line Station, Wisconsin, which, as its name indicates, is upon the boundary line between, in this case, the States of Wisconsin and Michigan.

The railway station is only about two miles from the Wisconsin River, but about five miles from Gen. Thomas' place on Lac Vieux Desert, where the river comes into being as a stream only a few feet wide, starting from the southwest "corner" of the lake on its long journey to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Here we proposed to launch our boats. These last are deserving of special mention. They are much larger than are usually taken on such a trip, but are made light enough to be portaged when empty by two persons without difficulty.

The Otter is a cedar boat, built by R. J. Douglass & Co., of Waukegan, Ill., in 1893; a double-ender 16ft. long by 48in. beam, decked 3ft. at each end; a very convenient arrangement for the storage of many articles of camp outfit, which you want to have at hand, but always where they will be protected from rain.

The other boat is one of Mullens' make, a steel double-ender, 15ft. long, christened Osprey. Neither of the boats have cross seats, but instead zinc lined lockers or boxes 18in. long, 1ft. wide and 10in. deep, with hinged lids, are used as seats when the boat is in use. These are fastened in place when used as seats, but when we camped they were carried ashore, and contained all the principal articles connected with the commissary department. Individually these lockers were convenient seats about the camp-fire, and when placed together they formed a table 2ft. by 3ft.

When the Otter was stripped of everything she weighed only 125lbs. The Osprey under the same circumstances weighed 140lbs.

Our tent was one of Comstock's 8 by 8, 10oz. Protean tents with two flies; the best and most convenient tent ever devised. Canvas carry-all bags contained plenty of extra clothing, and eight pairs of blankets, wrapped in the rubber floor cloth of our tent, always insured us dry bedding. Having plenty of room in our boats, we took along a varied assortment of provisions, believing it is foolish to do without anything which could be taken along without inconvenience. Accordingly our stock comprised such goods as assorted canned soups, canned pork and beans, sausages, canned cream, olive oil for salads, claret, etc. Mason's fruit jars are very convenient for carrying many articles, and our lockers were made of such size that the jars would fit in snugly and stand right side up.

Our cooking utensils were such as are commonly used except the stove or range, which is the Professor's own invention, and is such a very useful and convenient article that it deserves a particular description.

When open it is simply a grate of three bars of 1 by ¼ iron about 3½in. apart, the bars being edge up, of course. At each end are cross-pieces, to which the grate bars are loosely bolted or hinged, the bars being given a half-twist at each end, so as to bring the flat surface against the corresponding surface of the cross-pieces for convenience in hinging.

At each end of the cross-pieces, and consequently at each corner of the grate, are attached legs of ⅝ round iron pointed at the lower end; these are fastened by means of an "eye" into a larger hole in the cross-pieces so that they will work freely.

When packed for traveling the grate collapses together so that the bars are almost in contact with the legs folded down against the grate, and the whole forms a compact bundle which can be stowed away in the bottom of a boat, taking up scarcely any room, and a perfect treasure in making a quick camp.

It can be set up in half a minute, and you have a grate raised just as much above the fire as you wish, always level, for you drive each leg into the ground independently, and can set it on a side hill if you wish, and have it exactly right.

A week after our boats and other things had been shipped by freight we took the C. & N. W. train from Chicago for State Line Station, which we reached about noon on Aug. 11, and found to our satisfaction that the freight had arrived the night before. The next question was where to launch our boats, and how to get them to the river.

The railway agent said the distance by the railroad track was only a mile and a half or two miles, and that he could take everything down on a hand car for three dollars, but could not go until after 6 o'clock P. M., so as to be assured of a clear track. There was not a team and wagon of any kind in the place, but we were told that Len. Thompson, who keeps a kind of a resort at Lac Vieux Desert, had one large enough for the purpose. The Professor volunteered to walk the five miles from the station to Thompson's place, and see what could be done, while the rest of us put in the time by walking down the track to the railway bridge, with a view of determining what sort of a place we would have for unpacking our goods and preparing for embarkation, if by any means we were not able to get transportation to the lake.

If we came down from the station after 6 o'clock, on the handcar, it would be necessary to go into camp at once, without making any start that afternoon, as the river ran through low, marshy ground for a long distance below, and it would be advisable to have several hours of daylight before us when we started, so as to have plenty of time in which to find a camping place. There was no suitable place near the bridge, and we came away decidedly of the opinion that we must somehow or other have our things taken to the lake. There was nothing to do but to return to the station and await our companion's return from his tramp to the lake. About 3 o'clock we were agreeably surprised to hear the rattle of a wagon coming through the pine woods from the direction of the lake, and soon the Professor appeared in a big box wagon drawn by a pair of horses which suited the vehicle in size, with an intelligent looking young fellow for driver, whose dark complexion proclaimed his connection with the original owners of these wilds. Thompson, the elder, has lived on his present place since 1859, when the whole region around the head waters of the Wisconsin was indeed a wilderness. His wife is a half-breed Ojibway, the daughter, it is said, of a United States surveyor, who located meridians and ran boundary lines through this region in early times. The children of the present generation are bright and intelligent to a much greater degree than one would expect from their surroundings. The older ones are sent away to be educated; the young fellow who drove our team being home on a vacation.

Our tents, supplies of all kinds and boats were speedily loaded up and we were off for the lake. The road was so rough and the boats swayed about so much, notwithstanding we had tied them down as securely as possible, that we all had to walk, letting the wagon bump and lurch along with only our freight on board. The woods were full of sweet fern and ripe blueberries. The latter were so plentiful that anyone so disposed could step to the side of the road anywhere and pick a handful of the luscious fruit at one clutch without losing an instant's time, and many were the agreeable mouthfuls gathered as we followed behind the lumbering wagon. About 6 o'clock we came in sight of the big log house of the Thompsons, and a quarter of a mile beyond, on a grassy spot near the shore of the lake, we unloaded the wagon and set about pitching our tent for the first time on our '97 trip.

After having made up our beds on a foundation of hazel brush under the rubber floor cloth, we securely trenched the tent to provide against rain, a precaution it is well to take in all cases, no matter how favorable the sky may appear, and we went up to the big log house for supper, as there was not time to unpack the large box containing our provisions and cooking utensils that night. We had heard that venison was always to be had here, but perhaps something in our appearance indicated that we would not be apt to look with entire indifference upon violations of the game laws. At any rate, we were not asked if we would have any mountain mutton, as I had half expected, but our supper consisted of something which is in season 365 days in the year, and good on every one of them: fried ham, baked potatoes and coffee, with baking powder biscuits and good butter; for all of which we were only charged the small sum of twenty-five cents each.

We went to bed in our snug little tent at an early hour that evening, and were asleep sooner than might have been expected, considering that for all of us it was the first night under a tent for nearly or quite a year.

There is a strangeness about one's first night in camp which sometimes keeps the drowsy god away an unconscionably long time. Tired nature conquered after a time, and we had all been wrapped in sleep for two or three hours when we were awakened by the cries of a drunken Indian, half yelling, half singing in the most dismal accents it has ever been my lot to hear. Talk about the wailing of a lost spirit; it must be exhilarating compared to what we heard that night. The author of these hideous noises followed the path within 20yds. of our tent, but did not stop, for which we were duly thankful. When his voice was lost in the distance we again went to sleep and this time slept undisturbed until morning.

The next forenoon was devoted to getting out the contents of a couple of big dry goods boxes, in which our supplies of all sorts had been packed for shipment by rail to State Line. This done, the Professor and I went out on the lake and cast the fly for a while along the shore, in the hopes of raising a bass, but without success.

Later in the day R. got a few minnows and went out with us, using a new Bethabara bait-casting rod, while I continued to use the fly. We skirted the shore and cast patiently in all the most favorable looking spots, but for a long time there was no response. At last, when it was nearly night, I quit casting, and R. was reeling up with the intention of doing the same; his minnow was close to the boat, with not more than half a dozen feet of line between it and the tip of the rod, when suddenly, splash! snap! the rod was broken near the middle, and only the head and shoulders of the minnow remained on the hook, the rest having been bitten clean off by a muskalonge, which had seized it as it was about to be lifted from the water. It was too late to do more fishing that night, so we reluctantly turned the boat toward our camp, a mile or more away. During all the time we had been out the lake was unrippled by any sign of fish; suddenly everything changed, and within a few moments the water was covered by dozens of winged insects, and fish were rising greedily, sometimes leaping half their length out of the water for their prey, and again quietly sucking them down so that they disappeared with hardly a ripple.

All this was most plainly visible on the illuminated surface of the water toward the western shore, where our tent was pitched, and when the fading light of the sun already set was reflected upon the water. In other directions it was too dark to see much of the peculiar spectacle. The insects seemed to be light colored, but I did not succeed in getting one. If I had been provided with any small, light-colored artificial fly I should have put it on and tried to catch one of the fish, but having only big, dark-colored bass flies, it was not worth while to try.

The scene reminded me of what I have heard of cisco when the cisco flies are rising on Lake Geneva. Perhaps the fish in Lac Vieux Desert are cisco.

I do not know much about insects, but these resembled as near as I could judge the kind which are found in such numbers on some summer mornings covering the pavement under an arc light or a large street lamp. They seemed to me to come from below to the surface, and after struggling for a few moments took wing and fluttered away, if not seized in the meantime by a fish.

The next morning was the time fixed upon for our start down the Wisconsin. There is a dam where the river issues from the lake; one of those constructions which are the bane of boat navigation in the lumbering districts. We encountered them everywhere, and invariably found them a nuisance in more ways than one. Give me a stream where I can depend upon the flow of water being reasonably uniform from day to day, and where no more substantial personage than the clerk of the weather can be held responsible for the increase or decrease of volume.

To embark in the morning with plenty of water under your boats, and by noon to find the river has fallen a foot or so, and you have to drag your loaded boat over the boulders half the time, because some lumber company a few miles up the stream has shut the gates of their dam and reduced the river to a rivulet, is exasperating in the extreme.

At the source of the Wisconsin River we had a chance for the first and last time to manage matters ourselves. The dam was not more than a couple of hundred yards by land from our tent, but to reach the chute with the boats we were obliged to make a long detour around and through extensive weed beds, where it was difficult to find the channel which led to the outlet.

In order to insure plenty of water for at least our first day upon the river, we raised the gate of the dam a couple of hours before we were ready to start, and consequently when the two boats, one after the other, shot through the narrow opening on Friday, Aug. 13 (inauspicious date), we found ourselves embarked on a stream from 10 to 15ft. wide and 2 or 3ft. deep, with a tolerably swift current.

There is one part of our equipment which I have forgotten to mention, but which added so much to our comfort that any one taking such a trip should not fail to be similarly provided. I refer to two large tin canteens covered with blanketing for carrying drinking water. Each one held something over a gallon, and we never missed a chance to fill when we came to a good spring. Provided with these we were enabled to choose our camp ground each night without taking into consideration the question of drinking water, which on other similar trips had made it at times very difficult to find a satisfactory location.

All we required was a high and airy spot, where we would be as free as possible from swampy exhalations and from that pest of summer camps, mosquitoes. The two canteens held water enough to last over one day, and on one occasion we made a Sunday camp and by using river water for coffee got along very well from Saturday until Monday morning.

The Wisconsin for the first thirty or forty miles of its course is the crookedest and most deadly uninteresting stream I have ever seen. Back and forth through marshy meadows it winds with wearysome repetition; an occasional tamarack swamp affords the only change. The marsh land is bordered by sandy ridges elevated only a few feet, once covered by pine timber, but now clothed only with scrubby oaks and brush of various sorts 10 or 12ft. in height, with numerous blackened trunks rising here and there, and giving an exceedingly forbidding aspect to the scene. The Professor and I went ahead in the Otter, while the two younger voyagers followed in the Osprey. Sometimes they would be a quarter of a mile behind us by the course of the river, when we could see them across some neck of land not a hundred yards away. There seemed to be no fish of any sort, big or little, no minnows in the shallows, or large ones darting away in the deeper water as we approached; no frogs were seen, and stranger still no turtles or snakes. I was partially struck by the scarcity of birds and animals. None of the heron or bittern family or of the smaller waders were seen, and no animals except muskrats. Even when we landed and explored a little way, no rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels or any of the small wild life which gives an interest to the settled country three or four hundred miles south was to be seen—nor were there small birds or any of the hawk kind. The only explanation which seemed satisfactory to us for the scarcity of life was that the ever recurring forest fires have exterminated it. It seemed an interminable length of time after our embarkation, not less than four hours, before we came to the first of the bridges on which the Chicago & Northwestern Railway crosses the river, near its head; the other is half a mile further on. We were here four or five miles from Lac Vieux Desert, but had come several times that distance by the windings of the river. Here we threw out our anchors and took lunch as we sat in the boats, there being no inducement either to land or to linger longer than was necessary to comfortably take our meal.

For miles beyond nothing more tempting for a camping place was found than bits of ground elevated only a foot or two above the level of the water or dreary tamarack swamps. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, however, we noticed that the country back of the river bottom was becoming more hilly and was gradually drawing in on both sides toward the river. The upland was 10 or 20ft. above the stream, and ridges still higher were seen. The high banks encroached upon the stream at every turn; the current ran more swiftly, boulders obstructed the channel; little ripples gave a life and beauty to the stream which it had sorely lacked, and presently we swung around a bend of the river about a quarter of a mile long, and saw before us an old logging dam. It had been partly carried away by floods the preceding winter, but the gap filled in by tree trunks and drift stuff made the inevitable carry more difficult than it would otherwise have been, because we were compelled to make our landing further up. After making an examination of the place we determined to camp at the top of the dam or the approach thereto, for at one time there had been a road across the river at this point; the chute having been spanned by a bridge. By making our camp at the top of the dam we divided up the work of portaging, and four pairs of hands soon transferred our tents and supplies from the landing place 50yds. or so up the stream to the spot we had selected as the best which offered for our tent. It was so sandy that the malleable iron tent pegs would not hold very well, and had to be reinforced with green oak stakes a couple of feet long.

While the rest were busy with the various preparations for the night, R. took a pail and the spade and went on an exploring expedition down the river where the banks were highest, looking for drinking water. We hoped

he would find a spring, as we had not had an opportunity of replenishing our canteens during the day. His quest was unsuccessful so far as finding water was concerned, but he brought back some of the finest huckleberries I have ever seen. Throughout the greater part of our trip we had this fruit in abundance, and of the finest possible flavor.

The bushes were not more than 6 or 8in. high generally, but the berries were in such clusters as to give the effect in many places of bunches of blue flowers. The stunted character of the bushes is probably due to the frequent forest fires, which do not admit of their attaining much growth, but at the same time do not lessen their fruitfulness.

By sundown the tent was pitched and the ground within strewed a foot deep with twigs and sweet fern; the rubber floor cloth spread over this; blankets spread for the night, the mosquitoes brushed out of the tent through the open front with a bough, and the mosquito bar carefully fastened over the opening with safety pins. We have learned on former trips that too much pains cannot be expended in circumventing the mosquitoes. A floor cloth at least a foot longer each way than the inside of the tent, and a big double mosquito bar for the front with plenty of large safety pins to fasten it with, will enable one to get a good night's rest, while the mosquitoes vent their harmless rage outside.

Supper was served upon a heavy piece of canvas about 6ft. square, which was used for that purpose when in camp, and was wrapped around the tent when we broke camp, to save the latter from wear and rough handling. An account of one supper will do for all: A couple of quart cans of soup; a cold boiled potato salad, or a tomato salad when we could get the principal ingredient; fried eggs and bacon, and claret. Coffee we only used in the morning.

Below the dam was a very likely looking pool, 20 or 30yds. across, with a large section of framed timbers of the ruined structure stranded near the lower end. It seemed such a very favorable place for fish that we thought best to give it a trial before embarking the next morning, but not a sign of fish life could we discover, and after a quarter of an hour of fruitless whipping of the water we took the regular final look all over the camp grounds to see that everything had been picked up, and stepped into our boats and pushed off. For a mile or two there was considerable current, and a few boulders in the channel, with high land on one or both sides of the stream, but in a short time we were again in the marshes and tamarack swamps, with the river winding back and forth like a snake, duplicating precisely our experience of the previous day. With the exception of half a dozen ducks, and as many muskrats, which we surprised at various times during the day as we rounded sudden bends, we saw no more life than then. Clouds gathered early and threatened rain; by noon the wind had got around into the north and the air was damp and decidedly chilly. We anchored close together and from our plentiful stores had a comfortable lunch and a glass of wine, and resumed our journey without loss of time. As the next day was Sunday, we were desirous of getting a good camping place in order to avoid traveling on that day, but it was late in the evening before we reached a place where land high and dry enough for a camp came anywhere near the water's edge. The boys in the rear in the Osprey confessed themselves pretty well used up, and daylight would not have lasted much longer, when we were rejoiced to see a place where an elbow of the high land which reached out into the marsh formed the river bank for 50 or 75yds.—a steep bank or miniature bluff 7 or 8ft. high sloping down at the lower end to a convenient boat landing. The timber with which the land had once been covered had been cut away long before, as well as that from all the adjacent pine land, but a scattering scrubby growth took its place. Having landed and selected a place for the tent, some 40ft. from where we had beached the boats, we all set to work, and in a very short time things began to assume a homelike appearance. Everything having been unloaded, one of the party took the axe and set to work to lay in a good supply of fuel, another set up our camp range or stove, and unpacked the various cooking utensils and provisions needed, while the other two pitched the tent and got the blankets arranged for the night. The air was almost too cold for mosquitoes, but we always chose an airy place where the wind had full sweep, and wherever we could find such a one were not much troubled. Everything indicated rain, and our preparations were made with this contingency in view; the two flies with which our tent was provided were both spread and well secured, and the principal tent pegs reinforced with wooden ones. Before supper was ready it was quite dark, and the rain began to come down in a gentle drizzle, but moving the fire and our cooking range under the flies, which we propped up to a height of 4 or 5ft. with forked sticks, we were not inconvenienced. The flies together formed a porch to our canvas summer house, and in rainy weather we could build quite a fire under them without any danger of burning, and it was possible to prepare a meal on a rainy day without disturbing any of the arrangements of the tent.

A supper of hot clam chowder with fried eggs and bacon, and the best of coffee, put us all in good humor, and it was voted unanimously that we had selected a good Sunday camp.

Having a supply of wood under cover we were indifferent to the rain, and rather enjoyed its patter on the canvas until we got under the blankets and went to sleep.

Sunday morning was cold and windy, but no rain. A huge fire soon dispelled the dampness in the immediate vicinity of the tent, and while one of the party was putting out the blankets to air, and getting the interior of the tent in order for the day, the rest gathered a supply of splendid blueberries for breakfast, at which meal they were served with condensed cream, reduced with water to the proper consistency for the purpose. While gathering berries I noticed something white in a cleft in an old pine log, and on examination it proved to be a copy of the Youth's Companion, Nov. 5, 1895, which had apparently never been read. It was folded just as it came from the post-office, and I amused myself speculating about the probable owner of this copy of a paper which has been taken many years in my own family. There were many evidences about of another camp having been located on our chosen spot at some previous time.

Our canteens being nearly empty, we were desirous of finding a spring where we could get a fresh supply, as the river water, though cold enough, had a marshy flavor which was not agreeable. The Professor said he had heard the sound of falling water as he passed a point not very far back where there were a number of white birches, which would readily distinguish the place, and that it could only mean that there was a spring there.

R. said he had also heard it as he and T. came by in the Osprey, and that he could locate it without trouble, so taking both canteens, we started to row back up the stream, but here occurred a difficulty: there were several points at bends in the river where there were white birches, and the pattering rain drops made noise enough to drown the tinkling of the spring. We went quite a distance up stream without discovering the object of our search, and concluding we must have passed it, returned, keeping close along shore, listening and watching carefully as we went. We finally found a pretty rivulet of very cold spring water, with which we filled both canteens and a pail which we had also taken with us. On account of the unfavorable weather, most of the day was spent in the tent with our books, of which we had a goodly supply. I found Stephenson's "Inland Voyage" particularly pleasant reading for such a trip as ours, and any one who likes canoeing has a treat before him if he has not yet read this delightful but too short narrative.

Late in the afternoon R. got out his Stevens .22cal. rifle, and proposed a little target shooting. While thus employed we were almost as much astonished by the sight of two canoes containing three men, rounding a point just above the camp, as Robinson Crusoe was at the print of a human foot on the shore of his solitary domain. We had not seen a soul since leaving Lac Vieux Desert on Friday morning, and had begun to look upon the river as our private property, where we were lords of the fowl and the brute, both remarkably scarce. As the two boats came alongside our camp, I was startled by a hail and the greeting, "Good morning, Mr. M." The speaker was a young gentleman of Madison, Wisconsin, whom I had met for a few moments only in a Chicago parlor some weeks before. He knew I was on the river, and the number of our party, hence easily recognized me, while I had no idea he was in that part of the country. The other two of his party, as I learned when they pulled up at our boat landing, were his father and brother, who were in a separate canoe. They were like ourselves descending the Wisconsin from its source, but quite unlike us, who were in not the least hurry, they were doing it as rapidly as possible, and intended to push on until they reached the Mississippi.

They had started one day later than we, were traveling light, with small tent, an insufficient quantity of blankets for such weather, and few supplies of any kind, and were very anxious to reach Eagle River, which was supposed to be only a few miles ahead, so that they could have a comfortable sleep in a bed that night.

A bottle of claret, which we opened for them, as about the most comforting thing we had, was accepted with hearty good will, and soon brought something of a glow into their chilled veins, and they started on with renewed vigor.

We heard of them several times after that, always an increasing number of days in advance of us.

LEXDEN.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Letter from Antoine Bissette.

M'sieu' Fores' Strim:

Ah'll ant see you 'fore or after bose en' of de war wid dat Spaniels for talk wid you 'baout it, an' Ah'll ant know what you' 'pinion.

Ah s'pose prob'ly if you ant gat sem 'pinion of all dem feller in de city dat holler "hurrah, hurrah," for de war wen dat Maine sloop get blewed, dey was use you for sofa cushion, ant it?

Dat de way it was be here for de hol' folks dat seen some war an' ant want for see some more, de boy an' de gal was sit on it, pooty hard, Ah tol' you.

For all Ah'll gat so many experiment on de Papineau war, dey ant ax me for be offecy, dey ant want bought mah hol' hoss for de hossback sojer. Ah'll ant gat nephew can get place for be capitan, honly jes one mah hown boy in de mellyshy an' he jes private part of it, so you see Ah'll ant want some war, me, an' Ursule he ant want it too, on 'caount aour boy.

But de war he come, an' de boy he go an' we holler "hurrah" wi' aour mout' an' feel sorry in aour heart, me an' hees hol' mudder.

Den bombye w'en he gat on Chicken maugury, he ant gat clo's, he ant gat heat, he ant gat drink fit for dev' water, an' he roas' an' starve an' go dry inside hees belly of it t'ree, four mont', an' Ah'll ant see haow dat was help dat Cuba niggers for not be hongry, me.

Dey sen' some sojer feller down dere dey call hemune 'cause dey can' caught some yaller fever, but dey was plenty udder color fever 'sides yaller, an' aour sojer boys fetch 'em home wid it w'en dey come back leetly w'ile ago, an' dem fever fetch good many aour boy naow, an' more of it goin' for kep' dyin'.

Oh, bah gosh! Ah tol' you, jes' one aour boy, he wort' more as de hul bilin' of dem Cuba nigger.

Some of de hurrah for de war feller say, w'en we drive de Spaniel off dat islan' tobac' goin' for be more cheap; but, bah gosh, Clapham ax six cen' more paoun' for de blue paper as he was 'fore, an' he ant so good tobac'.

Fus t'ing you know nex' dat islan' goin' be some 'Nited States, an' dem nigger goin' vote on taown meetin's jes sem we Yankee. Ah'll wish for Ah'll be hable for shoved it all on de nocean, me.

Dat hol' Philip Hen Islan' jes de sem, an' jus' de sem Ah' wish, too, bah gosh.

'Course all us Varmont mans was felt pooty plump for had aour Capitan Commodore prob'ly, prob'ly Admaal Dewey, knock all dem Spaniel sloop to leetly piecen an' not gat hurt hees hown sloop, an' 'stonish all de worl' for show haow we can mek de sailor on de montaigne, an' prob'ly you'll hear de peop' said he was l'arn for be so good navy on some place dey call Ann Applis, but dat ant so.

Ah'll taught it hees fust lesson mahsef in mah cannew on de Onion River, me, some folk call it Ouinousqui. Yas, sir, she ant Ann Applis was taught it fus', but it was Antoine, dat's me, Bissette! 'F any body ant b'lieved it, Ah can show you de rivier if he ant dry up dis summer.

Me an' George was be good frien' w'en he leetly boy, an' me an' hees brudder Charles was very good frien' naow, 'cause he'll gat mortage on my eight nacre farm, an' dat show you he t'ink grea' deal for me.

M'sieu' Mum'son say Ah'll can' write some more 'cause he bus' hees pen.

Your respectably frien',

ANTOINE BISSETTE.

Scrippos.—Haow much you prob'ly give me for two bushel onion? He good one for heat or for bile, bose way.

Natural History.

A List of the Big Game of North America.

BY ERNEST SETON THOMPSON, GOVERNMENT NATURALIST TO THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

IT is proposed to begin an investigation of the original and present range, etc., of the Big Game or Horned Ruminants of North America. For present purposes, the southern limit will be north latitude 25°, passing just southward of Florida. This excludes a number of tropical deer of doubtful standing, and practically excludes the whole tropical region. It includes a number of deer recently described from northern Mexico, but which will surely be found within the limits of the United States.

Two references for each species, including its type locality, are given.

In the preparation of this preliminary list very essential assistance has been received from Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Agricultural Department at Washington. By putting at my disposal the specimens and records of the Biological Survey, he has greatly reduced the labor of making the list as well as increased its accuracy.

To Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., Esq., Assistant Curator of Mammals, United States National Museum, also are due thanks for access to the specimens in his care; to Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum, for aid in numerous problems of range and synonomy; and to Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the United States Agricultural Department.

1. Elk. Red Deer of Hudson Bay Co.'s men. **Wapiti** of English books; a wrong application of the name.
Cervus canadensis (Erxleben).
Cervus elaphus, var. *canadensis* Erxleben, Syst. Regni Animalis, Mamm. p. 305, 1777. Eastern North America.
Cervus canadensis Desm. Mamm. II., p. 433, 1822.

Specimens, skulls or records for the Eastern States or Canada are particularly desirable.

Baird records that the Elk of the Upper Saskatchewan is considered different by the hunters. They call it the Little Elk and distinguish it by its small size.

2. Roosevelt's Elk.
Cervus roosevelti Merriam.
Cervus roosevelti Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XI., p. 272, Dec. 17, 1897. Olympic Mts., Washington.

This is the Elk of the West Coast. It is distinguished chiefly by its black head and legs.

The genus **Odocoileus** Rafinesque, may be divided in three groups: **Whitetails, Mule-deer,** and **Blacktails.**

WHITE-TAILED GROUP.

Deer with tail long, dark colored above and white beneath. The gland on the outside of the hindleg or metatarsus about an inch long.

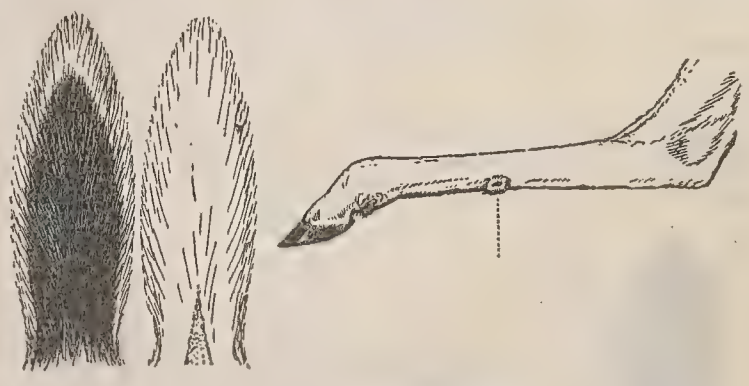


FIG. 1. WHITETAIL DEER.

Upper and lower surfaces of tail and metatarsal gland on left hindfoot.

3. Common Deer of the East. **Whitetail** of hunters. **Virginian Deer** of books.
Odocoileus virginianus (Boddaert).
Cervus virginianus Bodd. Elenchus Animalium, I., p. 136, 1785. Virginia.
Odocoileus virginianus Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XII., p. 99, April 30, 1898.

Specimens are much needed from Virginia, Maine, Ottawa River, Louisiana, etc.

4. Whitetail, Banner-tail or **Long-tailed Deer** of hunters.
Odocoileus virginianus macrourus (Rafinesque).
Cervus macrourus Raf. Am. Monthly Mag., I., No. 6, p. 435, 1817. Plains of Kansas River, Upper Mississippi Valley.

The original description runs thus:

"P. 165, Chas. Le Raye's Journal; 'During our stay the Indians killed a deer which is called the Long-tailed Deer. It is longer than the Red Deer, of a darker color

and with a white belly. Its horns are short, small, and somewhat flat; its tail nearly eighteen inches long. They are said to be plenty on these plains.' The plains of the Kansas River.

"Note.—This concise description is sufficiently accurate to enable us to ascertain that it belongs to a new species of deer unknown east of the Mississippi, to which I shall give the name of Corvus [sic] macrourus, which means long-tailed deer; it may be characterized as follows: Horns somewhat depressed, shorter than the the head, body brownish above, white below, tail elongated."—C. S. R.

Specimens are desired from Kansas River, Manitoba, the Upper Missouri, etc.

5. Whitetail of the Pacific coast region.
Odocoileus leucurus (Douglas).
Cervus leucurus Doug. Zool. Journ. IV., p. 330, Oct., 1828–Jan., 1829. Lower Columbia River, Oregon.

6. Florida Deer.
Odocoileus virginianus osceola (Bangs).
Cariacus osceola Bangs, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, X., p. 26, Feb. 25, 1896. Citronelle, Citrus Co., Fla.

A small dark form of Whitetail.

7. Arizona Whitetail.
Odocoileus couesi (Allen, *ex* Rothrock MSS.).
Cariacus virginianus, var. ——— Coues and Yarrow, Wheeler Surv. Zool. V., p. 72, 1875.
Dorcelaphus couesi Allen, Bull. Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N. Y., VII., p. 200, June 29, 1895. Camp Crittenden, Ariz.

A very small pale form of Whitetail from the arid Southwest.

8. Fan-tailed Deer of Texas.
Odocoileus texanus (Mearns).
Dorcelaphus texanus Mearns, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XII., p. 23, Jan. 27, 1898. Fort Clark, Kinney Co., Tex.

This small, graceful species may prove the same as the Gazelle Deer of more northern hunters.

MULE DEER GROUP.

Large Deer, with short tails ending in a black tuft; the gland on the outside of the hindleg or metatarsus about 5in. long; ears large.



FIG. 2. MULE DEER.

Upper and lower surfaces of tail and metatarsal gland on left hindfoot.

9. Mule Deer. Missouri Blacktail. Manitoba Jumping Deer.
Odocoileus hemionus (Rafinesque).
Cervus hemionus Raf. Am. Monthly Mag., I., No. 6, p. 436, 1817. Sioux River, South Dakota.

Specimens are needed from Sioux River, Manitoba, etc.

10. California Mule Deer.
Odocoileus hemionus californicus (Caton).
Cervus macrotis, var. *californicus* Caton, Am. Naturalist, X., p. 464. Aug., 1876. Gaviota Pass, Santa Barbara County, California.

11. Burro Deer. Desert Mule Deer.
Odocoileus hemionus eremicus (Mearns).
Dorcephalus hemionus eremicus Mearns, Proc. U. S. Nat. Museum, XX., No. 1129, p. 470, 1897. Sierra Seri, near Gulf of California, Sonora, Mexico.

This is the very pale form of Mule Deer from the arid Southwestern region.

12. Cerros Mule Deer.
Odocoileus cerrosensis Merriam.
Odocoileus cerrosensis Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XII., p. 101, April 30, 1898. Cerros Island, Mexico.

A small form of Mule Deer from Cerros Island, off the coast of Lower California.

BLACKTAIL GROUP.

Medium-sized Deer, with short tails that are wholly dark above and wholly light beneath; the gland on the outside of the hindleg or metatarsus about 2in. long; ears large.

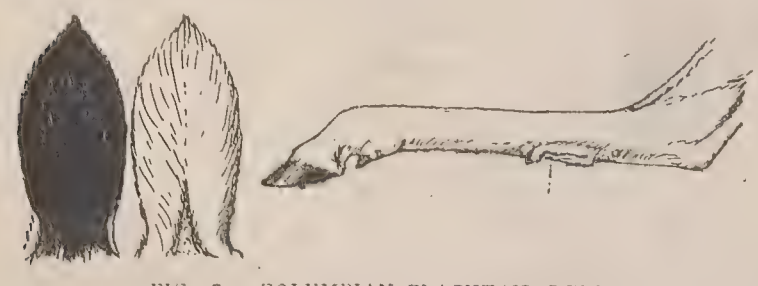


FIG. 3. COLUMBIAN BLACKTAIL DEER.

Upper and lower surfaces of tail and metatarsal gland on left hindfoot.

13. Columbia Blacktail. True Blacktail.
Odocoileus columbianus (Richardson).
Cervus macrotis, var. *B. columbiana* Richardson, Fauna Boreali-Americana, I., p. 257, 1829. Mouth of Columbia River.
Odocoileus columbianus Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XII., p. 100, April 30, 1898.

14. Sitka Blacktail.
Odocoileus columbianus sitkensis Merriam.
Odocoileus columbianus sitkensis Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XII., p. 100, April 30, 1898. Sitka, Alaska.

A small form from Sitka Island; it shows the basal half of the tail above brown instead of black.

15. Californian Blacktail.
Odocoileus columbianus scaphiotus Merriam.
Odocoileus columbianus scaphiotus Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, p. 101, April 30, 1898. Laguna Ranch, Gabilan Range, California.

A large-eared, pale-colored form of *columbianus* from the mountains of California.

16. Crook's Blacktail.
Odocoileus crooki (Mearns).
Dorcelaphus crooki Mearns, Proc. U. S. Nat. Museum, XX., No. 1129, p. 468, 1897. Dog Mts., Grant Co., New Mexico.

17. Moose.
Alces americanus Jardine.
Alces americanus Jardine, Nat. Library, III., p. 125, 1835. French Canada (?)

The giant Moose of Alaska is probably distinct. Specimens are needed to determine its rank. Idaho specimens also are of interest.

18. Woodland Caribou.
Rangifer caribou (Gmelin).
Cervus tarandus, var. *caribou* Gmelin, Syst. Nat., I., p. 177, 1788.
Rangifer caribou Aud. and Bach. N. Am. Quad., III., p. 111, 1853, pl. cxxvi.

Supposed to be the large Caribou from the southern part of the Hudson Bay watershed. Specimens from Idaho and Maine are very desirable.

19. Barren Ground Caribou.
Rangifer arcticus (Richardson).
Cervus tarandus, var. *arctica* Richardson, Fauna Boreali-Americana, I., p. 241, 1829. Barren Grounds of North America.
Rangifer arcticus Allen, Bull. Am. Museum, VIII., 234, 1896.

This is the small Caribou, found only in the Barren Grounds.

20. Greenland Caribou or **Reindeer.**
Rangifer grœnlandicus (Gmelin).
Cervus tarandus, var. *grœnlandicus* Gmelin Syst. Nat., I., p. 177, 1788.
Rangifer grœnlandicus Allen, Bull. Am. Mus., VIII., 234, 1896.

21. Newfoundland Caribou.
Rangifer terrænovæ Bangs.
Rangifer terrænovæ Bangs. Preliminary Description of the Newfoundland Caribou, 2 pp., Nov. 11, 1896. Newfoundland.

The largest of the Caribou.

22. Antelope or **Common Pronghorn.**
Antilocapra americana (Ord).
Antilope americanus Ord, Guthrie's Geography, 2d Am. ed., II., pp. 292, 308, 1815. Plains of the Missouri.
Antilocapra americana Ord, Bull. Soc. Philom. 1818, p. 146.

Specimens from Saskatchewan River and from Mexico are of especial interest.

23. White Goat or **Mountain Goat.**
Oreamnos montanus (Ord).
Ovis montana Ord, Guthrie's Geography, 2d Am. ed., II., pp. 292, 309, 1815. Rocky Mts., Montana or Idaho.
Oreamnos montanus Merriam, Science U. S. I., p. 19, Jan. 4, 1895.

Specimens from its southern range on the West Coast and from Alaska are desirable.

24. Mountain Sheep or **Bighorn** of the Rockies.
Ovis cervina Desmarest.
Ovis cervina Desmarest, Nouv. Dict. d'Hist. Nat., XXIV., p. 5, 1804. Interior of Canada.

Specimens from the Bad Lands and from the Pacific Coast are desirable.

25. Dall's Sheep. The **White Sheep** of Alaska.
Ovis dalli (Nelson).
Ovis montana dalli Nelson, Proc U. S. Nat. Museum, VII., p. 13, 1884. Old Fort Reliance, Yukon River.
Ovis dalli Allen, Bull. Am. Mus. Nat. Hist. New York, IX., p. 112, April 8, 1897.

The white form of the extreme north.

26. Nelson's Sheep. California Bighorn.
Ovis nelsoni Merriam.
Ovis nelsoni Merriam, Proc. Biol. Soc. Washington, XI., p. 218, July, 1897. Grapevine Mts., boundary between California and Nevada.

A pale Southern species.

27. Stone's Sheep.
Ovis stonei Allen.
Ovis stonei Allen, Bull. Am. Mus Nat. Hist., New York, IX., pp. 111–114, pl. ii., iii, fig. 1, April 8, 1897. Headwaters Stickeen River, British Columbia.

A small species with slender horns and very dark colors.

28. Muskox.
Ovibos moschatus (Zimmermann).
Bos moschatus Zimmermann, Geog. Geschichte Menschen u. d. vierfüss. Thiere, II., pp. 86–88, 1780. Region between Seal and Churchill Rivers, Hudson Bay.

29. American Buffalo.
Bison bison (Linnæus).
Bos bison Linn. Syst. Nat., ed. 10, I., p. 72, 1758. North America.
Bison bison Jordan. Man. Vert., 5th ed., p. 337, 1888.

30. Wood Buffalo.
Bison bison athabascæ Rhoads.
Bison bison athabascæ Rhoads, Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., pl. III., pp. 498–500, Jan. 18, 1898. Near Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake.

On Preserving Specimens of Deer, etc.

First measure the animal. All measurements should be in a straight line. Calipers and a metric rule are best; but a 2ft. rule and a tape line are more likely to be at hand and can be made to answer.

Fill in the following schedule:

Name of animal.....
Sex .....
Age .....
Condition .....
Where killed .....
Date .....
Who measured it .....
Weight (on reliable scales, or not at all). State whether live or dressed weight, the former preferred .....

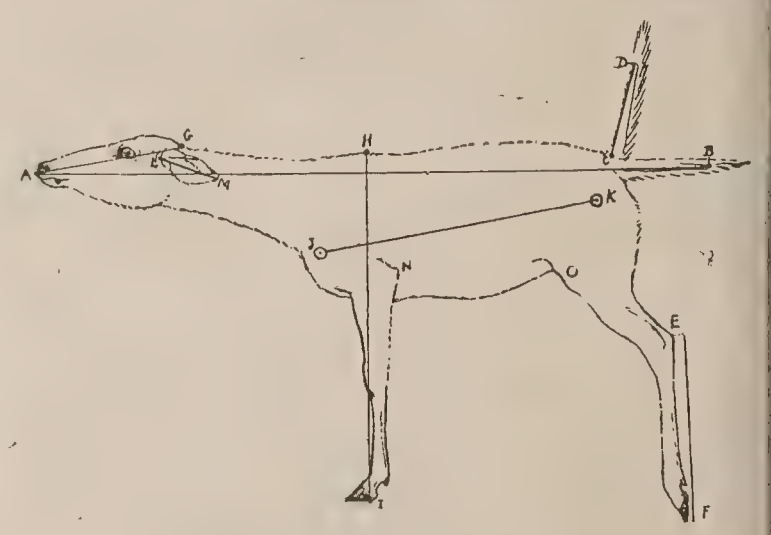
1. Length.—Lay the animal flat, stick in a straight, sharp peg, at right angles to the ground, at the point of the nose, A. Then pull the nose, the back and the tail out, as nearly as possible in a straight line, and put another peg where the bone of the tail ends, B. Measure in a straight line between these points. This is the length of the animal. AB, Fig. 4.

2. Tail.—Turn the tail straight, at right angles to the back, along a rule or stick held firmly down on the upper side, and mark where the bone ends. Note that as "length of tail," CD.

3. Hind Foot.—Measured in a straight line from the top of the hock, or heel, E, to the point of the longest hoof, F. This is the length of the hind foot.

4. Length of the Head.—This is best measured with calipers, but it can be done with the pegs. Peg A is still in place. Put another, G, at the back point of the skull; that is, on a line with the back of the ears. This point is called the hind-head point or occipital tuberosity.

5. Height at Shoulders.—Put in a peg, H, tight against the withers. Put the foreleg at right angles to the axis of the body and push it up toward the spine, so



as to get it as nearly as possible in the ordinary position of standing in life. Put a peg, I, at the heel—i. e., the ground line. The distance between the pegs is the height.

6. Length from Shoulder Head to Thigh Head.—Measure as nearly as possible from the middle of the head of the shoulder bone, J, to the middle of the head of the thigh bone, K, where it joins to the hip bone. Make sure, by working it, that you get the thigh bone.

7. Length of Ear from Base in Front to Tip.—The ear being at right angles to the side of the head. LM.

Horns need not be measured if forwarded. If measured, take length of each beam, following the curves, girth at base, greatest horizontal expanse of the pair, number of points and weight. But these items are of less importance than is generally supposed.

Skinning.—After measuring and labeling, the animal should be skinned, and the sooner this is done after killing the better.

Lay it on its back and split the skin from the base of the tail round one side of the anus, and thence following the middle line of the belly to the point of the breastbone.

Then split each leg open on the back side, following the middle of the hair ridge from the secondary hoofs to the split along the body. Let the split on each leg meet that on the opposite leg if possible.

Skin each leg, but leave the bones attached by the foot. Cut off the forelegs at the elbow (N, Fig. 4) and the hindlegs at the knee (O, Fig. 4).

Split open the neck along the nape from the shoulder to the back of the skull. If the animal has horns, the split must now fork, sending a branch to each horn.

Skin the tail out around the base until it may be pulled out the rest of its length.

Skin the body. Turn the skin over the head to complete the skinning of the head and neck through the split along the nape.

Cut the ears off close to the skull and skin out the lips fully, wholly detaching the skull from the body by disjointing it at the top neck joint.

Skin the ears out behind for at least one-third of their length.

Remove all fat and meat from the skin and the leg bones; rub all with salt or salt and alum. Put a stick in the tail long enough and big enough to keep it in its natural size and shape.

Then hang the skin in a shady place in the wind to dry.

Remove the bulk of the meat from the skull, taking great care to break no bones. Take the brains out by the spine hole. Put a number on it to correspond with that on the skin and hang it up to dry in a shady place.

Do not stretch the skin to dry it, and do not split the throat.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 11 and 25, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 11.—L. S. Foster, "A Black-capped Petrel from Cayuga county, New York." William Dutcher, "Exhibition of a Series of Red Phalaropes, Illustrating Changes in Plumage." Postponed from the meeting of May 24, 1898. Preliminary reports on the past summer's work by members.

Oct. 25.—Frank M. Chapman, "The Bird Rocks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence." Illustrated by specimens and lantern slides. WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Adirondack Deer and the Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter of Mr. J. B. Burnham in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 24, concerning Adirondack deer hunting conditions, invites a response; and as I have had some opportunities for observing these conditions and the effects of the laws which have been put in operation during the past few years, I am impelled to speak of what I have seen and heard.

It is true, as Mr. Burnham says, that the natives have never had a deer law to suit them, for, although there have been all sorts of laws, no one of them could, in the nature of things, be satisfactory to all.

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

The best protective law ever passed in this State was the one which prohibited the shipment of carcasses unaccompanied by the owners, thereby making it unprofitable to kill deer for the market; but throughout the length and breadth of the Adirondack wilderness a howl of protest went up from a class of men who complained that a legitimate source of revenue had been closed to them. We hear very little about this law now, because even the ignorant and prejudiced realize that it was wisely enacted. When hounding was shortened to two weeks there was a wail from the guides and hotel men, and when it was altogether done away with and jacking was made illegal they gloomily prophesied that there was an end to prosperity for them. What have been the results so far, and what are the indications for the future in this respect?

Last year, at a place where I have frequently made my headquarters, over sixty deer were killed by still-hunting—a considerably larger number than had been killed there the year previous, when both hounding and jacking were allowed. The guides made as much and the hotel proprietors more than during the season of '96. This doesn't seem to indicate that ruin is staring them in the face. I can see nothing but ultimate good for both hotel-keeper and guide under the existing law. Formerly most hunters waited for the hounding season before going to the woods, and while this short period was a busy and prosperous one, it was preceded and followed by a dearth of patronage. Now the hunting season, beginning Aug. 15 and ending Nov. 15, gives one a wide choice as to the time of visiting the woods. He may go in August for his summer vacation and get some fishing, as well as hunting; he may go in September and October and enjoy the delights of the forest in autumn; or he may go in November and track deer on the snow. Thus the season is prolonged and equalized for all. Unwillingly, at first, perhaps, both natives and visiting sportsmen turn from hounding and jacking to still-hunting, only to find that the latter is the most satisfactory and sportsmanlike method of getting their deer. Moreover, as the deer are increasing under the present laws—I mean where these laws are lived up to—the chances of success are continually growing better.

I admit that for cripples and lazy men sitting on a runway may be preferable to the more active work of still-hunting, but I have yet to find the real sportsman, who, having tried all methods, does not declare in favor of still-hunting, with its ever-changing scenes, its robust exercise, its wide opportunities for observation, its lessons in woodcraft and its manly requirements of patience, tenacity and skill. Furthermore, those who have either a disinclination or incapacity for much physical exertion should remember that by no means the least successful way to secure a shot is to sit quietly on a log or rock and allow the deer to do the hunting. I find an ever-increasing proportion of hunters who hold these same opinions, and I am inclined to question the statement of Mr. Burnham that "the non-hounding law is contrary to the sentiment of the great majority of men living in the Adirondacks who hunt." Most of the intelligent guides whom I have men during the past two years are reconciled to the situation, and I doubt not that they will all be so when the men who hire them take up still-hunting in earnest, as they inevitably will.

I think the author of the letter I refer to takes too narrow a view when he assumes that game laws have been framed in the interest of the "city guests, business and professional men, college students and the like." The good effects of this legislation are ample vindication of it, and if an increased supply of game is good for the visitor it is equally good for the permanent resident. "The profit in killing deer" is not to be measured by the value of the meat for home consumption, or the price it brings in the markets. Throwing aside all sentiment, and viewing the subject from a purely commercial standpoint, the prosperity of the Adirondacks as a hunting resort depends very largely on these very "guests, professional and business men, college students and the like," who would never go to the North Woods if the deer had been killed off to furnish a profit to a few native butchers.

Suppose that this army of sportsmen, who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, should decide to stay away from the Adirondacks. Could any change of the game law be a compensation for this loss in hard cash to the native population? I think not, even though the price of hounds has depreciated from $15 or $20 to $4, and Winchester rifles are a drug on the market in Mr. Burnham's locality.

In spite of salt licks, shooting out of season, and evasions of the law as regards jacking—all of which are more in vogue than is generally known—I believe there are more deer in the Adirondacks to-day than there were five years ago. They are there, for the native hunter as well as for the city guest, and if these men do not know how to get them it is the fault of neither the law nor the deer. By the way, while pitying the poor hounds that are kept in chains, why not shed a tear of joy for the deer that are no longer run to death?

I spent some time this summer traveling about Franklin county, which includes some of the best deer country in the Adirondacks, and wherever I went I found evidence that deer were plenty, and that the efforts of the still-hunter were being crowned with success. At Madewaska, where Joe Alfred's resort is located, many deer were brought in, and they were big ones too. On the Bog River a large party, some of whom I am acquainted with, had all the luck the law allows. At Tupper Lake and on the Racquette River no one was going hungry for lack of meat. At Ampersand Pond friends of mine, who had the right to hunt there, took as much venison as they needed, and at McCollom's, seven miles from Paul Smith's, I myself saw eight deer in four days, and secured shots at two. The latter place was formerly famous for its hounding advantages and will soon be equally well known as a still-hunter's paradise. A friend whom I advised to go there has just written me that he has met with good success there, and could kill more deer if he wanted to. (Perhaps McCollom's is the only place in the woods where a man may see deer tracks on a gold ground!)

In all these localities success was had without the aid of jack or hound, and this too at the poorest season for still-hunting.

Does it not seem, therefore, that the present laws are all right, that the season is neither too long nor too short, and that conditions are rapidly shaping themselves to the advantage of all concerned?

I sometimes hear or read that the deer are rapidly disappearing from the Adirondacks and that the hunting there is no longer worth the trouble and expense it involves. It is probably true—as it always has been—that one cannot shoot deer from the porches of the big hotels, or successfully hunt them with a brass band; but it is equally true that there are deer enough in the woods, and that the man who knows how to still-hunt or is willing to learn can find plenty of use for his Winchester and should not dispose of it at a sacrifice.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

A Prairie Chicken "Hot Corner."

DURING a visit to friends in southern Illinois a few years ago, I was seated on the porch smoking an after-dinner cigar, when my attention was attracted by a man approaching the front gate carrying a gun.

The combination of a gun and man operating through the optic nerve on that corner of my intellect that directs and controls my sporting proclivities always causes a sensation of greater or less proportions to pervade it. I want to know where and what after, if he is going hunting; and where he has been, and what his bag is, if he is returning.

I want to know the make, weight, gauge, length of barrel, drop of stock and general shooting qualities of his gun; and what weight loads and brand of powder he prefers. An old maid is not more interested in her next-door neighbors, that have moved from a place she never heard of, than am I in every gun and gunner that crosses my path.

The soporific effect of a good dinner and cigar, combined with the heat of a late August sun, made my interest in the approaching man with a gun almost passive.

It is

"When the frost is on the pumpkin,
And the corn is in the shock"

that my enthusiasm rises to the highest pitch.

Then I cannot meet a country boy with an old delapidated musket without stopping to hear his story of how he "Crippled a rabbit, but he got in a hole; and killed two pa'tridges, but lost them both in the thick weeds an' briers"—the same old story that we told a few years ago, and that we do not improve on now with our scientific modern lie. And then I like to take the old gun, look it all over, put it to my shoulder and sight it, wondering if it kicks as viciously as some old fellows that I knew and swore by when a boy, while its owner beams with pride at my interest in his treasure, and tells me of the marvelous shots it has made.

If the man with the gun had passed on by, he would hardly have stirred me from my perfect ease of body and mind that warm day, but as he entered the gate and came right up to me, and proved to be a young man that I had hunted with on several occasions during former visits, I shook off my lethargy and proceeded to welcome him.

He explained that he had heard of my arrival, and had intended calling at once to arrange for a chicken hunt, the season being open and a few birds near by, but had been prevented until that afternoon, when he was told by a farmer friend, who had just driven to town, of a small flock of prairie chickens that he had seen light in a field of grass choked corn, not more than a half-mile from town, so was compelled to drop everything and go after them, and wanted my company. He said he knew I would have my gun, but perhaps no shells, and had provided enough for both, so there was nothing to do but get into my togs and come on. As little as I had thought of the possibility of going hunting ten minutes before my friend's arrival, I was now as full of eager enthusiasm as though I had been planning the trip for a month.

I was soon ready and we started at once, fearing that some one might happen to walk through the field before our arrival and drive the birds out.

He had come direct from his place of business, so we went by his house, which was on our way, to get his dogs. He had three as good common stock dogs as I ever shot over, though not one had even a rumor of a pedigree. The steadiest and best of the lot was a dropper bitch called Nellie, partaking most strongly of the setter ancestor, both in appearance and characteristics.

We reached the cornfield where the birds were said to have lighted, and as my friend's informant was thoroughly reliable, and we could see no signs of any one near who might have flushed them, we felt pretty certain of getting a shot. Sending the dogs over the fence, we seated ourselves on the top rail to watch for the first signs of striking scent.

The field had been planted in corn which had not been worked properly, and the grass and weeds had caught it and so choked it out that it was but little higher than the weeds. It nowhere in the field grew high enough to interfere in the least with shooting, which was rare good luck, as most of the shooting done at chickens at that season was in the high green corn, which made the results very uncertain. The field was on a gentle slope, and the high grass soon made it so difficult to see the dogs that we dropped down from the fence and followed them. I was on the upper side of the slope, while my friend was abreast of me some 30 or 40yds. down the hill. When we approached the dogs, we found them all three on scent and working beautifully. They had evidently found where the birds had been running about feeding, and were now trying to unravel the maze of tracks and get their direction. The dropper Nellie was up near me, a large red Irish setter, called Burt, about half-way between my companion and myself, and the other dog down in front of him. I had not shot chickens for two seasons, and had never shot them much, or where big bags were made. They were big game to me, and I was not a little excited as I saw the dogs working close and cautiously on a warm trail. Back and forth they swung, each dog trailing carefully, stopping every moment or two, to see if any other dog had come to a stand. With guns at ready we slowly followed in the rear, expecting every moment that the dogs would come to a stand, or that the birds would flush without lying close, as they sometimes did when they had been recently shot at or were pressed by the dogs.

My dog had gone down the slope a short distance on a trail, and I walked forward a little faster for a few steps to get abreast of my companion, who had drawn a little ahead of me, when I literally kicked out of the grass a full-grown, strong-flying chicken. He was by no means unexpected, but was none the less startling, as he burst out of the grass. The suspense of continued expectation had wrought me up until my nerves were anything but steady. Before the bird was much past the muzzle of my gun, I fired the first barrel wildly in the general direction of his flight. This amateur performance brought me to my senses, and I got down to business with the second barrel, stopping the chicken nicely. Not pausing for an instant to enjoy the pleasure of my first bird, and hoping to get ready for another shot at the covey, I crowded in fresh shells, and was ready just as another single chicken flushed about half-way between us, a few feet from the Irish setter Burt, who had—with the other dogs—dropped to my shot. Not entirely steady, I fired too quickly at this bird, which was by rights my companion's shot, and missed. He proceeded to "wipe my eye," as I deserved, killing the bird with his first shot.

At the crack of his gun another bird flushed near him, which gave me immediate revenge, as the performance on the bird just killed was exactly reversed, he missing and I killing. Crowding in shells, I was barely in time for another bird that shot out of the grass near me, feathering him with the right and throwing him safe and quiet with the left; while my companion made a pretty double right and left on a pair that flushed near him.

The next bird rose near me, and flattered me by flying straight at my friend, so low as to prevent my shooting without danger of raking him.

He let the bird pass him, turned on his heel and killed it decently and in order.

Then we both killed one that flushed between us, and was anybody's bird, the two shots sounding as one, and the bird drifting down in a cloud of feathers. Up to this time we had not moved out of our tracks since the first bird flushed, and there had been a bird in the air all the time, and a steady serving of the guns.

Now we both got loaded, there was a short pause, and then another bird, the last one left of the little covey, flushed at my friend's very boot leg. I dropped my gun over my shoulder to watch his graceful work on the easiest shot yet. Deliberately he drew on the steady straight-away shot, fired, and missed entirely; drawing carefully down with the close choked, hard-shooting left barrel, he again made a beautiful miss, and then stood looking in the most surprised manner after the vanishing bird, too much astonished at the lack of result on the easiest shot of the whole hot corner's shooting to reload his gun; but as the cover was shot out, he had nothing more to lose by not being loaded. Moving around for a few moments, and finding no more live birds, we put out the dogs with a general order to "seek dead," and they quickly piled up at our feet eight chickens, which made us a pretty bag. The covey had consisted of but nine birds, and only one had escaped. My companion was an experienced chicken hunter, but frankly confessed that he had never known, in all his experience, such a pretty bit of shooting or such a considerate lot of birds.

"They flushed just as we needed them," said he, "and

were all prompt to accept our invitation to stop, except that old chap that queered me at the last. How he did manage to slide through those two loads of shot that I sent exactly where he was, to the best of my eyesight, is more than I can tell."

That was rather a hard thing to explain, but as it was not my miss, I felt rather glad that we had not cleared up the entire covey in our five minutes' shooting, even though it was a small one. LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Queer Deer Find.

HUDSON, Columbia County, N. Y., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For years I have hunted this county, and when tramping over the hills have thought many times of when the last wild deer was shot. Since the State established a preserve over in the Catskills for deer, several have been seen swimming the river between here and Catskill, and two winters ago one was run across the river by hounds on the ice, and was seen after that in the town of Livingston, but I have never been able to find out what became of it; I think it was shot.

Last Thursday Mr. M. O'Day and John Kittle, who are farmers living about five miles northeast from here, were walking through a piece of woods on the highway, when they saw something jump across the road. They looked at each other in astonishment; it was not a horse, cow, calf, goat, dog; what was it? They walked carefully up and there it stood, a deer sure. At first they could not believe their own eyes; but O'Day ran to the house for a gun, while the other watched, and when he returned fired one shot, striking the deer in the side and breaking the right foreleg close up to the shoulder. They cut its throat and sat down to talk the matter over. Up to this time neither had thought of the legality of the killing; it was only to kill. "I say, John, do you know I think we are in it?" "In what?" "Violated the game law." "The deuce we have. What are we going to do about it?" After quietly thinking it over, John said: "We will put this in a wagon, cover it up with a blanket and drive to Stottville and see Fred Stott. He has one of those little books, 'Game Laws in Brief,' and he will tell us what to do." They drove over to the village, called on Fred and told him they thought they were in a scrape, for they had shot a deer. "Shot a deer! Well, I guess not," he said. Then he questioned them about the shooting, went out to the wagon and saw the deer and bought it of them. He went in the office, took down the "Game Laws in Brief" and told them it was all right, there was no law forbidding the shooting of deer in Columbia county. Now that they were not liable to arrest they were happy, and were mighty hunters, but they had sold the venison and they declare they will send for a copy of the game laws at once. Now their names can go on record as killing the last deer in Columbia county.

Here was a two-year-old doe five miles back from the river, and many miles away from the Catskill preserve. How did she get here? It appears hardly possible that she could travel through a thickly-settled country and swim the river without being seen. Or could she have come from Mr. Whitney's game park over near Lenox? She was in good condition, and the coat was fine. Some weeks ago I wrote you of the "Bass Pocket." This doe was shot within two miles of the same place; some of you readers may begin to think that in Columbia county wonders will never end.

Oct. 2.—Since writing you of the shooting of the doe in Stockport, I hear from a gentleman living near Linlithgo that he saw a buck swim across the river about the same time the doe was shot. I have seen the man myself to get particulars. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Saturday Night Train.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 30.—I believe that I had occasion to mention some years ago an odd bit of sporting life that came under my notice at the City of New Orleans. I was taking the Saturday night train that runs south along the Mississippi River from that city, a train whose passengers make one of the oddest collections of sporting travelers apt to be found in America. Most of these men were Creoles or Frenchmen, and the like of their equipment it would be difficult to find anywhere else on earth. Their guns were muzzle-loaders, 6ft. in length, and they carried net game bags, such as we see in pictures made fifty years ago. In these game bags were stuffed loaves of bread and bottles of wine and such other supplies as seemed necessary. A noisier or a merrier crowd one never saw, or one with greater bonhommie. All these men were bound for a Sunday holiday out of doors. They dropped off here and there in the darkness, and I presume lay out in the open air until daybreak of the following day. By midnight the train was nearly deserted.

At the time I wrote of this unique New Orleans sporting train, it did not occur to me that I should ever see its light again. Yet right here in Chicago I have found its counterpart, if not in oddity, at least in foreign flavor. My work sometimes keeps me down town very late on Saturday night, and on last Saturday it was past midnight when I took the Illinois Central for home. There was a wait of half an hour or so at the depot, and I had ample time to see others of the belated company gathered at the depot. I presume there were two or three dozen men and boys waiting for the train, each of whom was prepared for a shooting trip, after a fashion of his own. Such a weird lot of guns I never saw in my life, unless it was on my New Orleans hunting train. The way in which these guns were carried made a study in itself. Some dragged the gun along by the muzzle, others carried it by the trigger guard, and yet again others let it project at right angles from some inconceivable position under the arm. It was easy to see that these were embryonic American citizens, just over from a country where they were not allowed to carry arms and exulting in their new-found rights. Such grotesque unfamiliarity with firearms one never would notice in an American-born, even a boy of tenderest years.

These folk were of all sorts and conditions, some short, some tall, some dark and some fair. I think they were mostly Poles and Bohemians. They wore for the most part dark clothes, and those little round, black hats which foreigners buy in some unknown market. There was but one pair of rubber boots among the lot of them, and I saw but two hunting coats. One man, evidently longer in this country, and looked up to as an oracle in sportsmanship by his admiring brethren, posed before the multitude in a new canvas coat. His friends came up to him, walked about him, looked at him, and besought him for a word of recognition, but he stood in the dignity of conscious greatness, calmly smoking a large, black pipe. He was proud, and no wonder he was proud, for quite beside the new coat, under his arm there was a brand new gun, with hammers, it is true, but none the less a breech-loader—the only one in the entire aggregation. I presume this gun would have cost $6 or $8 at the least calculation. This Beau Brummel of sport I pictured to myself as one of the successful nimrods among the mud hens and black birds of the lakes and marshes south of Chicago. I could imagine him speaking with authority, when it should please him to open his lips, upon the subjects of loads, or even the dread theme of nitro powder. I could see him coming home, and casting upon the floor of his abode, not one, but more than one, cottontail rabbit, from which he turned with a scorn of the mighty hunter who thinks nothing of coming in with game.

I examined closely the outfit of these Saturday night sportsmen, and found it to consist much after the fashion of that owned by my New Orleans Sunday hunters. A short, black bottle was circulating freely among the crowd, and the pockets of all bulged with bundles or bottles of miscellaneous sort. One man had a dazzling shell belt, which he ostentatiously displayed, with a dozen shells stuck into the loops. This was the hero with the breech-loader. I imagine the others had their ammunition in their pockets, here and there.

At last the train pulled in, and the car in which I sat rapidly filled up with its motly passengers. There was hardly a man who did not carry a gun. One huge, swarthy fellow came in bearing a 12lb. ten gauge in a canvas sack. This he slammed down carelessly against the iron steam pipes, serene in the consciousness that the gun could take care of itself. He also had a large and heavy jag, and immediately upon his leaning back began to snore in a voice of authority. Nearly everybody was more or less drunk, excepting myself, and they all seemed very sleepy. They poked and shoved each other around and quarreled noisily over the seats, and stumbled over the many baskets and bundles. I could not understand their language. I tried one big fellow in English, French and German, but the best I could get out of him was a reply which sounded like an active buzz saw into which one has pushed a large and coarse steel file. From a chance word here and there I inferred that these men were going down to the country along the marshes in northern Indiana. They would probably drop off at Blue Island and such points along the southern edge of the city, sleep under haystacks until morning, and then work off across country, shooting robins, blackbirds, larks or anything else to which their marksmanship would prove equal. Barring this license of habit in selecting their game, one would find it difficult to make any restrictions upon these people. They were about to break the Sabbath, it is true, but perhaps to their minds this meant no wrong. The main thing to them, and one could see the joy of it in their countenances, rough and stolid as they were, was the prospect of a day out of doors, a day spent in what to them meant freedom. They were, let us say, sportsmen as much as any of us, for I do not doubt that they enjoyed their outing as much as we do ours, perhaps more so, and that they spent on it proportionately as much money, in accordance with their revenues, as any of us do in our sporting trips. It needed no second glance to assure one that they were going to have a good time. Indeed, they had already had a good time. In front of me sat a large and aggressive German lady who had been imbibing rather too freely for her own welfare. This lady had evidently taken a grudge against another lady who sat opposite her, a slender damsel who, with another, was monopolizing the attentions of a very blonde, very drunk and very silly young man who had a gun against his knee, and who wore his bravest sporting regalia. "You are such a eenocent young gearl!" said the large lady, sarcastically, "you, Mary!" "Is dot your leedle lamb, Mary?" she added, pointing to the young man.

"Oh! you shut your mout', mamma," said Mary, with rising indignation.

"Don't you tare call me mamma, you!" said the large lady.

"Vell, what should I call you den—grandma?"

"You hush up now, or I slap your nose," said "grandma," much incensed by this thrust.

War seemed imminent, but was averted by the young man, who ceased his maudlin singing long enough to interpose between the two excited ladies. The peace commission was still in session when I got off the car.

This odd phase of Chicago life has never before come to my attention. The Illinois Central trains do not run into the most frequented localities in the marsh country south of the city, but are chiefly devoted to carrying business people between the city and points six or eight miles south. Where this midnight train got its midnight cargo of odd sporting folk is one of the mysteries of city life.

Western Forest Fires.

As may have been observed in the daily despatches of the week, there are raging in Colorado the most disastrous and widespread forest fires which have been seen in a series of years. The fires extend over a country of many hundreds of miles from edge to edge, and at this writing they are stated to be increasing rather than diminishing in violence. The magnificent game country in Routt county, Colo., has in part been burned over, and the effect on the big game shooting in that section may be disastrous. These extensive fires are certain to unsettle the habits of the game, which must find other ranges. While this may ruin the shooting in certain districts, it is apt to largely increase the game supply in others.

In northwestern Wisconsin, also, there are widespread forest fires this week, though not yet so disastrous in loss of life as those which burned up Hinckley and other Minnesota towns not long ago. These fires, coming as they do just before the deer shooting season, may create a disturbance in the game supply. Five counties are reported burned over. It is one of the sad things of yearly history in the pine country that these fires mysteriously spring up and get beyond control. It is said that the Colorado fires were caused by sheep ranchers, who were trying to free their pastures of a certain obnoxious weed; but this story is advanced by the cow men, and what a cow man says about a sheep man is sometimes to be taken with a grain of salt.

Deer.

There is every reason to think that the deer season in our Northern pine country will prove a good one. At Spencer, Fifield and Conover, in Wisconsin, deer have been seen all through the summer and fall in such numbers that a good season seems a certainty. Already some of the residents are taking out their deer hunting licenses.

It is still too early to learn where the great crowd of non-resident deer hunters will go this fall, but I think that Minnesota will get most of this traffic, as that States does not ask a license.

His Vacation.

I know in this city a business man, a partner in a wholesale grocery firm, who has been at work for twenty-three years. He may have slept a little in course of that time, but not very much. He is not up exactly with the lark each morning, because he would beat the lark in the first quarter of the track if there were any larks here to beat. He takes the first train down town every morning and people who get up early enough set their clocks by him. I think he has never cared to catch a fish or kill a bird, because he has been too busy to think of it. He is what is called a business success, which is to say, he has some property and more dyspepsia. This week this man, for some unknown reason, concluded to take a vacation, the first one in twenty-three years. The firm told him to go away and stay a month, if he wanted to, and he went. As luck would have it, he got in with a party of the right sort of men and went to the right sort of place. I understand that they went in at Tower, Minn., and thence took wagons for the interior, a trip very tempting even to an experienced vacationer. What a surprise there is waiting for that Chicago business man, on this, his one vacation out of his whole business life! Methinks if he does not fall dead of sheer happiness, he will come back a wiser man, and I doubt very much if there shall elapse another twenty-three years before he sees again the wide woods and the pleasant waters of Minnesota.

Ducks.

The Northern ducks are beginning to come down, and have appeared in some numbers on the Poygan, Koshkonong and Puckaway marshes. The season at Horicon Marsh has not been a good one, but may improve with the Northern flight. No ducks have yet appeared on the Kankakee marshes, and it is not thought there will be any shooting of consequence on that stream this fall.

A party of New York gentlemen, including Messrs. J. von Lengerke, Theodore Schultz, Thomas Klingman and Fred Schoverling, passed through Minneapolis this week on their way to Crary, N. D., where they expect to have fine goose shooting.

Messrs. Albert Nicholson, John Nicholson and Charles Reed have gone to Minnesota this week, and will hunt ducks near Conway, on the Great Northern. At Brown's Valley, Minn., there will, from all accounts, be good duck shooting within the next couple of weeks.

Partridge.

This will be a good season for ruffed grouse in upper Wisconsin. Near Conover, Twin Lakes and adjoining points these birds are reported as numerous. Near Houghton, Mich., there is good partridge country also, and I note that one bag of twenty-eight was made by a party one day this week.

Big Game.

The station of Opal, Wyo., is the disembarking point of large numbers of big game hunters, who go into the Gros Ventre country. This week a party of Foresty City, Mo., sportsmen left for that point, whence they go to Fontanelle, Wyo. These gentlemen are Messrs. F. W. Harmon, F. E. Bullock, L. P. Sentney, J. W. Hill and J. W. Morris. Yet another party starting for the mountains goes from Troy, Kan. There will be six in this party, headed by Dr. J. S. Dinsmore, and they will leave the railroad at Laramie, whence they go into northwest Colorado for their trip.

I have not heard lately from Mr. Wm. Wells, of Uinta county, Wyo., who wrote me a while ago and spoke of the sport to be had in his Gros Ventre country. Mr. Wells has a good pack of dogs, and he can get a lion about whenever he wants it, to say nothing of elk and other game. I wanted very much to go out and have a look at these dogs this fall, but fear it is one of the many impossibilities of life.

Chickens in Lower Illinois.

Dr. J. M. Nixon, of Columbia, Ill., offers some information about the state of affairs in regard to quail in the lower part of Illinois, he having seen the FOREST AND STREAM statements in regard to the workings of the St. Louis market. I hope this new light on the bad state of affairs in the lower part of Illinois may lead to some practical suggestions for the stopping of this leak in Illinois game. Dr. Nixon remarks:

"Not having Warden Loveday's address, and noting your article in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I take the liberty of writing you, hoping the state of affairs in this section will thereby come to the notice of the warden. We have no market hunters, nor are our

residents illegal shooters, but being situated fourteen miles south of East St. Louis, and directly opposite a ferry landing, as soon as the quail season opens (and before) hundreds of St. Louis sportsmen flock to the Illinois side, and carry to St. Louis hundreds of quail daily, and as the quail at the opening of the season are so small as to be almost helpless, they "pot" them in such numbers as to amount to a slaughter. The M. & O. Railroad carries train loads of these hunters out every Saturday and Sunday, and back Sunday night loaded with everything falling in range of their guns. If the warden at East St. Louis will walk through a M. & O. train at East St. Louis before crossing the bridge, any Sunday night during the season, he will see the reason one of the best shooting sections in southern Illinois is becoming rapidly depopulated.

"A great good could be done by changing the opening of the quail season to Nov. 1."

Personal.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may recall that some time ago I spoke of a successful mountain sheep hunt made by my former hunting partner, Mr. Calvin S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., who was with me in the Blackfoot country. I promised the readers of the paper a good sheep story by Mr. McChesney. Later I learned that Mr. McChesney had gone with his regiment to the war. Then he seemed to have dropped into a large, dark vacancy, and I did not know what had become of him. To-day I am very much pleased to have a letter from Lieutenant McChesney, and to learn that though he has been sick, he is back home at Troy, and is now better, and will some day soon, I hope, be able to fulfill his promise about the sheep story. He writes in a very wabbly, shaky hand, and this is what he says: (A soldier's letter belongs to his country.)

"From time to time I have seen my name in FOREST AND STREAM the past summer, and have intended writing you, but it was hard work to write from camp, and I never got at it. Well, the regiment came back North and went into camp a few miles from here, and the next day, four weeks ago to-day, to be accurate, they put me to bed with typhoid fever, and I am in bed yet. Have not been very sick and am now beginning to eat and hope to be out soon. Will write you when I can."

You can't kill McChesney, he's too tough, as I know from following him in the mountains.

Sergt. Robert Ansley, of the 161st Regiment of Indiana, is another returned soldier boy who came into the FOREST AND STREAM office this week. He is home on a furlough from Jacksonville, Fla., is yellow with malarial fever, and weighs just 47lbs. less than he did when I saw him last. Sergt. Ansley is one of my fishing companions at Westville, Ind., and as I look at his loose clothes now, it seems very likely that this war-business was no joke.

Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton, Ill., one of the best sportsmen of the lower part of the State, made this office a pleasant call this week, and we talked over shooting matters in general. Mr. Wills sells gold bricks and type metal as a profession, and his success in these matters lately induced a trade paper to print a descriptive article of him, accompanied with a map. In one respect, however, I think the description erred. It states, "Mr. Wills has traveled widely in America and Europe, leaving pleasant impressions and big orders behind him." I am persuaded that Mr. Wills takes very many large orders with him, and does not leave them behind.

The Daily Reporter.

My friend, the daily reporter, is very active in these days, and every once in a while prints a long story about field sports. Here is what the daily reporter says about jack rabbit hunting this week in a Chicago daily. I give it because I think it will be news:

The jack rabbit hunt has its lovers among women. It requires unusual skill in handling a gun, and a remarkably sure eye, and even long practice will kill only three out of five even when the dogs are hot on the track and uncovering the game rapidly. Most rabbit hunts are conducted with a pack of dogs that are permitted to run down the cunning quarry, to bring back the trophies of the chase in their teeth to the group of panting riders galloping in at the finish. But the true hunter wants to bring down the leaping rabbit with a swift, certain death shot that is, after all, the real dignified form of the hunt.

Minnesota Chickens.

Last fall when I was out in Minnesota I had a pleasant little shoot with Deputy Warden Jones, near Campbell, Minn., as I believe I mentioned at the time. There is a good strip of chicken country in there which Mr. Jones not only tries to protect, but does protect. This fall Attorney-General Edgerton, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Jones, with another gentleman, had a little shoot over this same country, and they had great sport, bagging over 100 birds the first four days of the season. At a second trip, it is stated, Mr. Fullerton and Mr. W. S. Timberlake, president of the State Commission, got forty-eight birds in the course of their shooting. It is gratifying to state that there were really more prairie chickens in Minnesota this year than for several years previous, and both they and ruffed grouse seem to be increasing, thanks to the law prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse. The deer law is also in very satisfactory shape in Minnesota. A man cannot ship a deer by express in that State, and many believe that this feature of the law will knock out the marketing of venison eventually.

Squirrel Year.

This is a squirrel year for central Illinois, more especially in the neighborhood of Bloomington squirrel shooting is reported as fine.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Southern Sportsmen's Association.

THE Louisiana Sportsmen's Game and Fish Protective Association is discussing plans looking toward organization permanently, the incorporation of the Association, the appointment of game wardens, and the amalgamation of the game protective interests throughout the State. It is proposed to call the Association legally the Southern Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, but colloquially it will be known as the S. S. A. It is the intention of the president to have the Association organized and working effectively this season. There are now about 175 members, and thirty-five gentlemen submitted their applications last night to be passed upon at the meeting on Oct. 4. Those sportsmen who are in accord with this movement are heartily invited to help push the good cause along.

New Hampshire Fish and Game.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season on trout and salmon (ending Sept. 15, 1898) has been one of the most profitable ones to the angler we have had in New Hampshire for years. Dr. George Fowler, of Bristol, tells me the fishing at Newfound Lake, Bristol, has been excellent from the opening to the close of the season. It is only within the last two or three years that deep-water trolling has been tried with any degree of success there. The Doctor going three times in August caught twelve fish —seven lake trout and five salmon, a total weight of 107lbs. Many others have had good luck.

At Lake Winnepesaukee excellent lake trout fishing was had for some time after the ice went out. Fine strings of large bass were caught during the open season. The landlocked salmon are also commencing to show up in this lake. There is no question in the mind of your correspondent that this body of water in the near future will be the best landlocked salmon lake of New Hampshire, if not of New England. The Belknap County Fish and Game League, many of whose members are located near this magnificent body of water, are enthusiastic in the protection of fish and game, and are doing all in their power to assist the commission to stock this lake and protect the fish in the close season.

At Sunapee Lake the landlocked salmon fishing has been excellent. Isaac Rawson—one of Sunapee's best guides—tells me there has been caught from his boat thirty odd salmon and three Loch Leven trout. The brook trout and aureolus he kept no record of. The black bass fishing has been more than good here, two of my acquaintances catching 65lbs. in one day. In fact good fishing has been had in nearly all the lakes in our State.

The stream brook trout fishing, especially in the southern part of the State, where we have had plenty of rain, has not been so good for years.

The open season for deer commenced Sept. 15 in Carroll, Coos and a part of Grafton county. The rest of the State is closed until 1901. We have heard of quite a number of deer being killed up to date, but the foliage is so thick that it will be impossible to hunt with any degree of success until the frost comes. Deer are increasing wonderfully all over the State.

It is impossible to tell at the present time much about the ruffed grouse shooting. I have heard of but few being killed. All hunters that I have talked with prophecy a good woodcock season.

I agree with my friend Stark, of Dunbarton (who is one of the best all-round sportsmen New Hampshire ever produced), that the State of New Hampshire should pass a law endorsing the FOREST AND STREAM Plank and stop the sale of game at all seasons of the year. This would surely put a check upon the market hunter and snarer. I think the close season should commence Dec. 15, instead of Jan. 1. For thousands of grouse are killed all over the State while budding in December.

While talking with one of the trustees of the Corbin Park the other day, I learned they are contemplating in the near future—this fall, I think—forming a club with a limited number of members—say from fifty to seventy-five—giving each the privilege of killing two elk, two deer, a wild boar, or whatever they may decide upon. This method, as I understand, is taken to get rid of the increase of game in the park, which is wonderful. It is estimated there are in the park at the present time 2,000 elk, 2,000 deer, 100 moose, and the largest known herd of buffalo in existence. The red fox and Northern hare are very plentiful. The park also contains hundreds of acres of the best woodcock and ruffed grouse covers New England can produce. Some of the best brook trout streams and ponds in this section are inside the park limit. With its beautiful mountains, forests and streams, it is an ideal hunting ground. The Corbin family have done much for New Hampshire. This last season they have given to the State, to be liberated, a number of pairs of deer.

N. WENTWORTH.

Vermont Game Notes.

MILTON, Vt., Sept. 26.—Game in this section of the State is a scarcity. As has been the case during the last few years, partridges are few and far between. Squirrels are far from numerous, and ducks are thus far coming in lesser numbers than for years, although the late flights may perhaps be more encouraging. Plover and grass birds are fairly plenty, and are furnishing good shooting at the marshes. The outlook for ducks is most encouraging, many having been seen, particularly in the southern and eastern portion of the State. If the Vermont shooters desire to have partridge shooting in years to come, why not make a sacrifice and demand a law that will protect them the year round for say five years? Of the success of such a measure there can be no doubt. A case to point here in this State is that of the English pheasant. Introduced some years ago and protected by legislation, they have rapidly increased until now they cover a territory of large extent, and promise at no distant day to be Vermont's leading game bird. Owing to the fact of their building their nests on the ground, the grouse has great difficulty in rearing her family. Foxes, coons, skunks and mink I have found prey upon the eggs and even at times capture the mother bird. Crows also have a hand in its persecution, and make short work of the eggs. Nesting as they do, it is indeed a wonder that so many partridges reach maturity. If the sportsmen of Vermont would take the matter in hand and see to it that such a statute was made that would save these noble birds from total extermination, the result in a few years would thrice repay them for their sacrifice.

KENEWAH.

Quail in the Santiago Campaign.

FORT MYER, Va., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may interest some of your readers to know that on the Santiago campaign, just finished, we heard the calls of hundreds of Bob Whites everywhere, from Daiquiri to Santiago, and the answering notes of the female. The quail appeared quite tame, but there was always the impenetrable jungle in which to fly when flushed—and, by the way, there was very little land that was not jungle. There was absolutely no cultivated land whatever, if I except a few small gardens on the outskirts of Santiago. It is questionable whether, under the circumstances, a hunter would have much sport in such a country.

We also ran across what appeared to be our ordinary guinea fowl, which had become wild. It appeared in the most unexpected parts of the jungle, and when flushed would sail away through the brush with a flapping of wings very much like that of our Western sage chicken.

With the depleted condition of our larder, it was a constant temptation to our soldiers to beat the brush and knock over a few of these birds with their rifles—a proceeding which met with condign punishment. There was enough shooting in the brush by the murderous Spanish sharpshooters, without assistance from our own rifles; and "guerrilla stalking" became much more necessary than wildfowl shooting.

CHARLES D. RHODES,
U. S. Army.

New York League.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Sept. 24.—To the Officers, Trustees and Directors of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League: You are hereby notified that there will be a meeting of the said officers, directors and trustees of the said Association at 12 o'clock M. on Oct. 26, 1898, at the Yates Hotel, at the city of Syracuse, N. Y., which you are expected and requested to attend.

All clubs, associations and organizations within the State of New York organized for the purpose of protection of fish, game and forests, should become members of this League (successor to the New York State Association for Protection of Fish and Game), in order to secure united effort in attainment of these objects. All applications for membership should be in the hands of the secretary (who will furnish blanks and information upon request) on this date.

This meeting is called for the consideration of introductory and preliminary work of the annual meeting of the League, to be held at the place aforesaid, on the eighth day of December, 1898, for the consideration of applications for membership and for such other business as may properly come before it. By order of

W. S. GAVITT, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

Shooting Casualties.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that another of those fearful accidents, where the shooters lost their heads and killed a boy in place of a deer, has happened in the Adirondacks. Is does seem as though people would never learn to be sure that they are shooting at game, not human beings, before they pull the trigger. And the guides—what "guides" are they who would allow such a thing?

I used to be a frequent visitor to the Adirondack Mountains, but have given up my visits entirely, especially since the law has forced people to still hunt. While I fully agree with the law as being a good thing, I am afraid of getting shot by some careless hunter who shoots at everything that moves; and as there are about five gunners to every deer, I have not been in the big woods after deer for years. In hunting birds and rabbits one uses dogs and makes lots of noise, and even at that it will be soon so one will have to hunt with a brass band. I also limit my party to two, one being my son, and I keep him to the front under my eyes all the time, and try hard to keep my gun out of the danger line.

E. H. K.

A Florida Game Preserve.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen writes from Myers: Irvin S. Singletary has just returned from a business trip down the coast as far as Marco, in company with J. M. Brady, of Bartow. Their object was the selection of a site for a game preserve of gigantic proportions for New York capitalists and sportsmen. The probabilities are good, and there is hardly any doubt of the matter developing into a certainty in the near future. Of course, the thing will be of untold benefit to this county, and will be the means of leaving many thousands of dollars among the citizens, besides giving permanent employment to a goodly number. If there is any place in the world suitable for such an enterprise, this county is the place. No doubt other gentlemen will follow suit.

New Publications.

"The Book of the Hills."—New Poems and Ballads. By O. C. Auringer. Subscription address, Troy: Henry Stowell & Son.

"Nature Study in Elementary Schools."—A Manual for Teachers. By Mrs. Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson, Ph.D. New York: Macmillan Co. Price 90 cents.

"On Seats and Saddles, Bits and Bitting, and the Prevention and Cure of Restiveness in Horses."—By Francis Dyer. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. Price $1.50.

"Handbook of Nature Study for Teachers and Pupils in Elementary Schools." By D. Lange. New York: Macmillan Co. Price $1.

"Klondike."—A Manual for Goldseekers. By Charles A. Bramble, D.L.S. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Over the Alps on a Bicycle." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Co. Price 50 cents.

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In the Louisiana Lowlands.—III.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

It was well along in the morning when Col. B. arrived at Alexandria in an old-fashioned carryall, driven by a darky boy. He greeted me cordially, and the boy took my satchel and gun in front with him, and off we started. The road was in fair condition, for there had been no recent rains, but the jolting of the antiquated carryall made conversation difficult, and we journeyed in silence past fields of corn and sugar-cane, interspersed with stretches of forest land where enormous trees almost shut out the daylight; but from the winding of the road an occasional glimpse of a stream was seen, and we were going up a small tributary of Red River, which joined it at Alexandria. Soon we came to a large white house with great pillars in front, in the Colonial style, and stopped. A brace of fine setters and several cur dogs welcomed the Colonel, and a superannuated hound limped from the stable to take part in the greeting. With a rub on the head and a kind word to them all, we entered the house, but not before the younger dogs had sniffed at the stranger's legs in order that they should know him again.

A Hospitable Southern Home.

The boy had surrendered the team to two other boys, and had brought my luggage into the great hall, and the Colonel directed him to show me to the guests' room in the northwest corner, "for," he said, "the sun will not trouble you there if you wish to sleep some morning." I followed the boy up stairs, wondering why I had been the recipient of all this courtesy from a stranger, and especially from one who, as Sam had told me, had lost two sons in a war which had also wrecked him financially, and from the troubles which followed it he had only just recovered his ancestral estate. Pondering on these things, I gave a few finishing touches to my toilet and joined my host in the large drawing room.

As he shook my hand and again welcomed me, I had a chance to see him fairly for the first time. That night on the steamer, when he first repulsed my advances toward conversation and then invited me to his room after I had dived overboard to save a little girl, there was little chance to note his personality, or if there was a chance it was neglected; as we neglect to size up men whom we never expect to meet again. Here was a man of sixty-five, of large but fine mould, erect, with white hair worn long, and a white beard not neglected by the shears. His kindly face was careworn and seamed with lines of suffering, but his dark eye was undimmed and pleasant to meet.

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, "I have your card containing your name and address, but you intimated that you had some official position which I have forgotten, will you—?"

"Certainly; I am collecting fishes and reptiles for the U. S. Fish Commission, and fortunately I had for guide one of your old-time servants, Sam, who spent a week with me on Catahoula Lake, and the old man took good care of me."

The dinner bell rang. In the long dining room a curtain cut off a large portion, for the family was smaller than in former days. The hostess was his niece, Mrs. H., evidently a widow, and her two boys, George, sixteen, and Jack, fourteen, comprised the family. I felt out of place. Here was a widower who had lost his two sons, and a widow with two fatherless boys who might have been made fatherless in a fratricidal war in which I was on the other side. I felt out of place until the soup came on, when Mrs. H. began discoursing on turtles and hoped that I would enjoy one of my own catch; for old Sam had sent them the largest of the soft-shelled turtles that we had caught. This, and her exquisite tact in leading the conversation in the direction of Sam and our trip on the lake, banished all embarrassment, and as the dinner proceeded the conversation became general, and after the lady had retired the boys wanted to know if there was to be a shooting trip on the morrow, and if they would be included.

In the Colonel's Room.

The ride over the plantation and supper passed into history. An hour or two in the drawing room was spent with the family, and when they retired for the night the Colonel asked me to his room. A glance showed the tastes and character of my host; here was a well-filled library, in which books on shooting, fishing and natural history were prominent. There was a gun rack containing fowling pieces and rifles of various patterns, and surmounted with a splendid pair of antlers, while rugs of deer, bear and coon skins lay about the floor. There was a grateful odor of lemon and other things, a silver kettle swung over an alcohol lamp, and all those little things which in the aggregate proclaim the gentleman sportsman, who is always a man of taste, were in evidence. His cigars accorded with the character.

I have said that there were "fowling pieces" in the rack, and I love to repeat that title, which is nearly, if not quite, obsolete. There is poetry in the name, and I love it as much as I dislike that abominable name of shotgun, which has displaced it. Confound the shotgun! I will never use one, but when I go forth for woodcock I will take down my fowling piece. So much for poetry, harmony, euphony and all other things that lend a charm to field sports. Call my fowling piece a shotgun? As well call my rifle a bullet gun, my dainty trout rod a pole, or say that the silver-tongued hound on yonder hill is barking when he is baying on track of fox or deer! There is much in a name, Juliet to the contrary notwithstanding, for a delicate ear is offended to hear the arbutus termed a May pink, a peony dubbed a piney, or a pond-lily called a spatterdock. Such names are degrading, and with apologies to Juliet I will assert that "a rose by any other name" might smell as sweet, but call it skunk cabbage and it loses something which is not tangible, but has lost much with its good name. A shotgun seems to be a coarse tool for a market-shooter, and may be made of gas pipe, but when we speak of a fowling piece the elderly sportsman pricks up his ears and recalls the famous handmade marvels of bygone years. But I think I have somehow slipped my trolley.

After we had smoked and the Colonel had put hot water on a lemon he said: "That bear story you told me on the steamer, after some men had killed a bear that was swimming in the river, was very funny, and I want to hear it again. I had asked you to my room on the steamer after you had changed your wet clothing, for I admired the promptitude in which you went to the rescue of the girl."

The story was one in Irish dialect, too old to repeat now, but the Colonel enjoyed it more than at the first telling, and finding that he had a keen sense of humor and only needed some one to rouse him from brooding over the past I told him other stories while he brewed the lemon, and when the time to retire came he asked: "Will you kill a deer to-morrow, chase a bear or shoot woodcock?"

"Of the three propositions the last seems most attractive, and if you agree we will try the woodcock."

"Very good, but the season is early and the birds may not be plenty, yet we will try for them. Good night."

On Woodcock Ground.

Early October in the far South differs from the "brown October days" of the North in several ways: The leaves of the deciduous trees have not begun to take on autumn tints, and will not do so for a full month. At the North there is a popular belief that frost has a hand in tingeing the maples and other trees with faint yellows, which deepen and change to bright reds, and then in a blaze of glory die into a faded brown, and expire, to be trodden under foot. The frost has nothing whatever to do with this leaf-painting, for it goes on in the South, where frost, if it comes at all, comes after the leaves have ripened and dropped. Leaves ripen and assume the colors of ripeness just as our fruits do before falling to earth, and as a halo of white hair encircles the head of man when he nears the three-score-and-ten mark and is also nearing the day when he shall also drop—but the dogs were awaiting our movements and were impatient.

I had been out on the porch, "armed and equipped as the law directs," and the setters had discovered me. They reasoned that I was a friend of their master; I had a gun and was waiting for him to join me, therefore there would be a hunt. They pranced around, licked my hands and showed their anxiety and impatience in many ways, and I talked to them as well as I could without knowing their names. But when the Colonel came out in his hunting suit and with his fowling piece they assaulted him in force. The boy drove up the carryall, and off we went just as the sun rose.

It is usual that every respectable white man who is nearing middle age in the South is given a title, either judiciary or military. I at first attributed the one the Colonel gave me to that fact, when he said: "Major, we are going to work some ground that is sometimes good woodcock ground as early as this, and sometimes it is several weeks later; I will not promise you a single shot at your favorite bird, because the weather at the North regulates its migration, but we may pick up a few snipe,* and they are not in the least inferior to the woodcock, except that they are a trifle smaller. What do you think?"

"I think that they are the only bird that should be called 'snipe,' but what I think will not affect the men who shoot sandpeeps and call them snipe. That looks like a good bit of woodcock ground in the early season."

My guess was right, and when we stopped and the boy hitched the horses I was surprised to see him gather bunches of either mint, spearmint, peppermint or some plant of that family, and rub the horses from ears to hoofs. Never before nor since have I seen a horse so protected from flies, even when tied beside a bed of mint. Such thoughtful care I could not credit to an ignorant darky boy; it must have been taught him by a master who truly loved his dumb servants, and little by little I was becoming aware that my new friend was an exceptionally thoughtful and kind-hearted man. The perfuming of the horses with an odor hateful to insects was proof enough of that.

All gunners know that as a migrator the woodcock is the most uncertain of all quantities. Where you made a good bag yesterday, there is not one to-day. Therefore our setters, Bob and Dan, started into the bog with more confidence than we had. The Colonel was fully 20yds. to my left, and shot three times before Dan made a point in my front, and I started a multi-colored flash which dodged about in a puzzling way for a second or two in front of my gun, and somehow it dropped dead as the trigger was pulled without anything like an aim or even a glance along the barrel, and Dan brought me the most beautiful bird that exists. I say this advisedly: I have bred golden pheasants and other gaudy birds, wood ducks and pea fowls, and while willing to admit that the form of the woodcock is not a model of symmetry, and that its head, with its great eyes in the back of it, is not beautiful, yet where in all bird life are such dark reds, browns and faint yellows to be found combined as they are in the plumage of a woodcock?

Early as the season was we mustered six brace between us when we turned the horses' heads home.

Cooking Woodcock.

There are men who love to shoot, but do not care how their game is served at table; they would permit a canvasback duck to be stuffed with the same "dressing" which is supposed to be proper to inject into a barnyard fowl. And there are men who never shoot, but who know how game should be cooked to bring out its distinctive flavor. Beefsteak is good and ham is good, but no man wants his steak fried in ham fat, nor does he wish his chops to have a flavor of fish. The cooking of game has never been written; there is no work on the subject. The consequence is that much game is ruined in cooking; the housewife does her best, but she fails in bringing out the distinctive flavors of the different kinds of game. A white-meated ruffed grouse, or a quail, should be as well done as a domestic chicken, but any dark-meated bird, prairie chicken, woodcock, wild duck, etc., should be served as rare as a beefsteak in order to get the distinctive flavor; else one might as well turn to the barnyard fowl and be content with that.

Next morning my host asked: "How do you prefer to have the birds served?"

"Since you have asked for my preference, I will say that in the home of a sportsman I prefer to have woodcock served in the manner in which his trained servants have been accustomed to prepare them for him."

"It is kind to say that, but for my own information I will ask how the birds are served in the North? I have never been north of St. Louis, and have never eaten woodcock in the cafés there, but I have eaten them in New Orleans, but there is only one place where they serve them to please me. I am asking for information, please do not put me off with a compliment."

"Then," I replied, "I will say that in the North, and I don't doubt but the same can be said of the South and West, there are more good woodcock spoiled in cooking than are properly prepared, in the proportion of ten to one. The worst of all places to order woodcock in New York city are the celebrated restaurants where a French chef presides. He is perfection on all foods except game, and a 'salmi of woodcock à la chasseur' is his masterpiece in that line."

"I remember to have seen the name in New Orleans cafés, but have no idea what it is like, for I tired of experimenting in that direction," said the Colonel. "You seem to speak from experience; what is the dish like?"

"Like a desecration. You know, Colonel, that the Deity is said to send us food, while an entirely different person sends the cooks, and the man who invented a 'salmi of woodcock' was certainly sent from inferno and should be ordered to return to his station at once. It is a stew of woodcock with onions or garlic, mushrooms and other things, in which the bird is smothered so that it might as well be a salmi of sparrows or bats, as far as one can discover. The mess may be good to some people, but to a man who has the sense of taste developed to the point that he wants his woodcock to differ from a kidney stew, it is disappointing. To a man who thinks a clam chowder the perfection of the culinary art, this 'woodcock chowder' would be a grand dish."

"You are right," said the Colonel, "but I have not yet learned how you prefer to have your woodcock served. You have told how they should not be prepared for the table, but have dodged the main question, if you will permit me to put it in that shape."

Cornered in this way, there was no alternative; at the risk of running counter to the predilections of my host, I said: "There are epicures who hold that a woodcock should not be drawn, but cooked with the 'trail' in; they carry this idea into the cooking of terrapin and cite the fact that we eat oysters, clams and whitebait without opening their stomachs, and ask why we should be averse to eating other animal life in the same way, especially such forms as those named, where they claim there is nothing objectionable. There can be no answer except: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, which is merely a latinization of the old Irish saying of: 'It's no use av disputin' taste, as the ould wooman said when she kissed her cow.' I am free to say that I prefer that the birds be drawn, although I have eaten them undrawn, and I do not insist on the drawing."

"Will you permit me to call attention to the fact that you have been very diplomatic and have parried my questions? You have told of the methods which you do not like, and it is evident that you have positive ideas on serving woodcock, but hesitate to give them words."

"At home I have the birds drawn, saving the hearts and livers, truss up the feet, using the bill as a skewer after the skin and eyes are removed from the head; a thin slice of salt pork is laid over the breast, the hearts and livers are chopped, seasoned and buttered. Then a thick slice of stale bread is hollowed out to receive the bird. The bread is buttered and browned in the oven; the birds are roasted about eight minutes. While they are roasting fry the bread, drain it and cover with the hearts and livers, then place the birds in the cavities and serve hot."

"Our own recipe exactly," said the Colonel, "except that you forgot to mention the Burgundy, served at the temperature of the room."

"It was not forgotten, but was left for you to add. I have spitted them on a twig and broiled them over a camp-fire," I added, "but it is best in that case to split them down the back, broil not more than five minutes, butter liberally, and eat with closed eyes."

"Excellent!" the Colonel exclaimed, "our old cook will, I think, serve them to your taste, and the Burgundy has been on the sideboard for twenty-four hours. Just step into my room a minute before we prepare for dinner."

The Colonel's Bear Story.

Such a dinner stands prominent among hundreds of good dinners; soft-shelled turtle soup, boiled bass, fillet of beef done to the Queen's taste, fried hominy and then

* There is no more misused name than that of snipe. All the little sandpeeps, teeters, sandpipers and many shore birds are dubbed snipe. Of course the whole family *Scolopacidæ* are included in the term "snipe," and the woodcock is in the family; but as the Mahomedan says: "There is but one God and Mahomed is His prophet," so the sportsman says, "There is but one snipe and that is Wilson's, the snipe par excellence.

the king of all game birds for the table, the royal woodcock; all the vegetables of the season and those other accompaniments which a refined taste suggests. Blessed be he who gave us that excellent motto, now used by the Hoboken Turtle Club, of New York City: "As we journey through life let us live by the way." It's a motto well worthy of thought, for it's about all a fellow gets in this vale of tears, bustle, rheumatism, turtle, woodcock and Burgundy; and the latter brings on gout and there you are.

In the Colonel's room the work of the setters was reviewed in detail. "Did you notice how grandly young Bob backed old Dan's point before you killed your second bird? He'll make a splendid dog in another year if he's hunted enough; there's no better stock in the South, sir; no better stock anywhere. You have had a wider experience than I, Major, but I challenge you to produce a finer brace of setters than Bob and Dan."

"I can't do it, but I challenge you to show reason for giving me a military title."

"Challenge accepted. I got it from a batch of letters awaiting you at Alexandria, and which my boy brought me for you." As he said this a shade passed over his face, and he toyed with his cigar awhile. What the old darky Sam had told me about one son being killed before Atlanta and another getting his death wound at Port Hudson came up to me, and again I felt out of place, but smoked on until after a while the Colonel added: "Were you with Sherman or Banks?"

I saw the drift of his question: Was I with either of the armies that made him almost childless? His tone expressed more than words can, and I hastily answered: "Oh, no, my service was entirely in Virginia, with the Army of the Potomac."

The old man's face changed, but he made no further remark about the war, and surely I would not.

"When we drove up to the house on Monday," said the Colonel, "you may have noticed a poor old blind hound that came out to greet me; old, lame and blind!"

"Yes, I saw the poor old dog and patted his head, knowing that he had grown old in your service, as many of your servants have, but, like them, he is not to be turned adrift because he is no longer useful."

"There is more than that," said he, "I once had two sons, as brave boys as ever trod this earth. Like their father and his ancestors, they were fond of the chase, and as they grew older they longed to hunt more dangerous game than deer and turkeys, and they collected a lot of mongrel dogs for bear hunting, and descendants of these curs were among our welcomers. You noticed them?"

"Surely, couldn't help it, for they were all eager for my acquaintance as one of your friends, and I mentally put them down as bear dogs."

"Yes, that's what they are, they will bark around and harass a bear until the hunter comes up, when braver dogs would be killed."

The old man again toyed with his cigar, and there was silence. He looked up as one from a dream and said: "You see that bearskin rug on the floor, the one with half the skull in, I mean?"

"Certainly; it is a prominent object because of having only half the skull in. I noticed it the first time I came in the room."

"About a dozen years ago my two brave boys organized a bear hunt. Old Bugle, the poor old blind hound, was then two or three years old and would not be left behind. They started a bear in a cane field, and the dogs ran him into the tall timber and brought him to bay. The cur dogs were nipping at his heels when the boys came up, and emptied their rifles into the bear—you know that we had only muzzle-loaders then—but the dogs were encouraged by the presence of the boys, even if the boys knew better than to urge the dogs on. A cur came too near the bear and was being squeezed to death when my youngest boy, Terrill, rushed in to club the bear with his rifle. He was knocked down and a great strip torn across his breast while his brother was loading his rifle. While my boy, Terrill, lay under the bear, only saved from death by his brother and his canine friends, old Bugle dashed in to rescue his master, and received a stroke which blinded him for life. The bear was so assailed on all sides that he could not attend to and finish his human prey, which was under him, and my eldest boy, George, put a bullet in his brain which took off half of the skull. The skin of that bear lies before you, and you have seen the poor old sightless hound who would, if asked, track a bear as eagerly as he did a dozen years ago, but the boys think it best to leave the old dog home when a bear is to be started. What do you say to having a bear hunt some day?"

"Nothing would please me better, for I have never hunted a bear, although I have met several under circumstances when either I was not prepared to kill one or it was in summer, when neither hide nor meat was good, and I passed them by."

The clock struck midnight; it was raining hard, and the wind beat it fiercely on the window; the Colonel wanted to hear that bear story in dialect again, and laughed as heartily at it as if he was listening to it for the first time. The kettle was steaming away merrily, and when we parted, an hour later, the famed governors of the Carolinas, had they been there, would have made no remark.

The Colonel, as he bade me good night, said: "I'm afraid that this storm may postpone our bear hunt for several days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A naval officer well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers writes: "I have a great yearning once in a while to send you some 'copy,' but there are so many interruptions that connected work is nearly impossible. I see that some can shoot and fish, if I cannot, and the stories are as good as ever in the FOREST AND STREAM. I am delighted with the work of Fred Mather. It is grand. When one knows so much as he, and can tell it so well, it is a manifest duty to write."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Roberval Experience.

CHILLICOTHE, Ohio, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hope you will publish the enclosed letter, which I have transcribed literally from the original letter I wrote to a friend, who is a brother lawyer and sportsman, of Columbus, Ohio, on the date named. When I got home the other day, we agreed that the letter might make an interesting one for your paper, and I think that it ought to be published for the benefit of sportsmen generally. It is a true and literal account of my own experience, and may be of value to brother sportsmen, whose interests your paper doubtless intends to foster.

LAKE KENOGAMI, Chicoutimi, Quebec, Aug. 18.—My dear Charles: And now I will keep my promise to tell you of my trip to Lake St. John and the Roberval, and my first experience with the famed ouananiche. Before I came I obtained of the Roberval management their printed matter giving full information about the fishing; how that the lake and all the rivers running into it were free to the guests of the Roberval. Imagine then my surprise and disgust over the denouement. I had heard that the best fishing by far was in the River Metabetchouan; that the largest salmon were there, and, of course, the mere chance of killing a big one is more to a genuine devotee of the rod than the assurance of dozens of small fish.

"But, to our tale," as our Bobby Burns introduces Tam's wondrous "ride." We came up on Monday from Quebec, reaching the Roberval Hotel about five in the evening. The hotel is situated on the southwestern shore of Lake St. John, about a mile north of the straggling French-Canadian village of Roberval. Just why, with all the country to choose from, it was put where it is I cannot imagine, as the site is quite unattractive, and far away from any of the salmon fishing, of which it professes to be the center. The inquiries I made Monday evening at the village confirmed my previous information: that the Metabetchouan, which empties into Lake St. John from the south about twenty miles east of the hotel, was the best fishing water within reach at this season. The outlet of the lake, called the Grand Discharge, is some twenty-five miles from the hotel, across the lake, only to be reached by a steamer, which does not leave the hotel until 10 o'clock. It is fished by a dozen rods every day. The fishing is quite expensive; including boat, guides and incidentals, about $8 a day, and the salmon taken average less than 2½lbs.

So I used the telephone (just think of it, on Lake St. John!) to make my arrangements; and Tuesday morning I went over to Roberval village and from there, fourteen miles, on a freight train to Chambord Junction. There my buckboard awaited me, and I was driven some six miles further around the lake to the mouth of the Metabetchouan, where I had been promised that I should find my guide, but when my French driver (with whom I had vainly struggled for the six miles to converse) and I reached the primitive ferry, just above the railroad bridge, I was dismayed to learn that Boivin was gone up the river. When we got to his home I found that he had gone up the river to guide a Mr. Follett, who has, or is to have, charge of an attempt to propagate the ouananiche for the benefit of the proprietor of the Roberval. They were expected back by noon, but when I waited until nearly 2 o'clock another employee of the hatchery, who was waiting too, offered to guide me up the river to meet them. Having secured some provisions from Madam Boivin, we rowed in a punt about a mile up the river, and then took to the trail.

You and I have done some pretty rough work together under the name of "sport," but that three-mile climb was "a corker" and no mistake. My rain coat and little Leonard weighed a ton before we reached the almost perpendicular descent of about 400ft., over the rocks to the first pool. There, to my joy, I found Maurice Boivin; and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. Men are artificially classified as English, French, "Americans," etc., but Boivin belongs to the noble genus sportsman, which knows no race nor color.

Mr. Follett had gone back from above on a wagon with their tent, etc. Boivin was just ready to take the trail, and was far from well, but when I told him that I had heard of him in Ohio, and had come 1,000 miles to fish the Metabetchouan under his guidance, he laughingly agreed in his broken English: "All rit! I show you plenty waniche," even with scanty fare, and a prospect of a night in the open. So, with a satisfactory tip, my quondam guide started again for the mouth of the river, and I got into the boat with Boivin.

The river here runs through a savage gorge in the mountains, and a short paddle took us to the foot of a wild rapid, quite impracticable for a boat. Then, for a quarter of a mile, we clambered over broken masses of rock along the stream, until we reached the second pool, where Boivin had another rough boat. While I sat panting on a rock, rubbing a bruised knee and mopping my face, Boivin put together the rod, fixed the reel, tied the well-soaked leader, selected a cast of flies from my book—a silver doctor and a queen of the waters—and we were ready for "business." Quietly along the rocky edge of the dark eddying pool he paddled the boat, turned it into mid-stream, dropped the heavy stone anchor; and my time had come. My undue exertion had made my arm a bit tremulous; and the wonderful accounts I had heard and read of "the leaping ouananiche" made me a bit anxious, as I dropped the flies to right and left with lengthening casts. At last comes a great swirl at the surface, a broad tail shows a moment, the line straightens, I "snap" the rod, and my first salmon is hooked. Boivin whispers, "He is a big wan," and I mentally admit it as the fish leaps quite 2ft. into the air, turning three back-somersaults, and makes the reel scream with the rush that follows. After ten minutes of boring, running and jumping the splendid fellow lies quivering on the bottom of the punt. Then I hand the rod to Boivin, telling him to cast, while I light my briar and admire my captive. I had no scale with me, unfortunately, as I had left everything but my road and fly-book at Boivin's house, but Boivin said it would weigh 5lbs., and it weighed 4¾ twenty-four hours afterward.

The ouananiche is truly a splendid fish; shaped like all the salmon, it is dark along the back, with a suggestion of steel blue in the color; a rather black bass yellow over the sides, but very thickly studded with jet black markings somewhat in the shape (as I have read somewhere) of a St. Andrew's cross; fading to a yellow white under the belly. But the finest feature is the tremendous tail, finely fashioned, and broader, I feel sure, in proportion than even that of his big brother, the sea-going salmon. Without venturing to compare the strength and grit of the ouananiche, pound for pound, with the black bass, any one must admit, I think, that he is a bit finer "bred" than our sturdy favorite.

After quite a while I had another strike, but this fellow in a mad rush in the current near the boat broke the hook (No. 4 sproat) at the barb. Then Boivin said that it was getting too late in the day, and that we had better climb out to an empty house he knew of, where we could spend the night. This we did, after another wearisome scramble; found a fairly comfortable place, and after some supper and a pipe slept the sleep of the utterly tired.

Before we had prepared our breakfast next morning the pleasant old Frenchman who owned the house and meadows about appeared and made us welcome; and with him I arranged to drive us out to the railroad whenever I wanted to go.

Boivin had promised a good morning of sport at the upper pool, below the principal fall, and right well did he keep his word. This pool is an ideal spot. Some way above it the Metabetchouan, which is a large stream carrying more water than the Scioto, falls sheer down some 40 or 50ft., so that this is as far as the salmon can ascend. After the fall the water leaps down several sloping ledges until it foams into an oval pool about 300ft. long by 150 wide, with the splendid wooded mountains rising from the rocky shores. But, best of all, right in the middle of the pool lies an oval gravelly island, covered with blueberries, and from the sloping edges of which every part of the eddying river on either side can be fished. Here in three memorable hours I killed twelve fish, which weighed that evening at the hotel 47lbs., none over 5 and none under 3½lbs. And this without a net, so that I had literally to "kill them on the rod" before Boivin could dare tap them on the head and draw them gently over the pebbles. But he is an artist. Though half-sick, he took as keen an interest in every rise as Zack Nott could take in an approaching black duck. Never once, no matter how tempted, did he touch the leader, and not a fish did he lose. To give you some idea of the fighting qualities of this fish, I will say that altogether I hooked eighteen ouananiche and saved fourteen (one a little one that I put back). I doubt whether one could do so well with black bass of the same weight, though you must remember that I had a perfect fly-rod, which is more deadly than the stiffer rod we use for bass. Mr. Follett afterward told me that the fish were now coming up to spawn, and were not so difficult to manage as in June. But Boivin said there was nothing in this, that he never saw the fish struggle more actively; and we know that the sea-going salmon are fished for under exactly the same circumstances. One, that I hooked some 60ft. away, gave seven great leaps before he consented to come within speaking distance.

And now for the denouement: About 11 o'clock, as I was casting from the upper end of the island, and Boivin was sitting behind me, we heard a call, and saw some one standing on the rocks at the lower end of the pool. Boivin said that it was Mr. Follett, and started for the punt to ferry him over. As they talked together for some time, I walked along the shore toward them, casting as I went, and in a moment hung a fine fish. Before I could divert my attention from the salmon Mr. Follett was by my side, and when I turned to him for the congratulations I expected I was met by the rather astonishing inquiry: "Mr. Douglas, have you any authority from Mr. Beemer (the proprietor of the Roberval) to fish here?" I told him that I was a guest, with my family, of the Roberval, and had relied upon the assurance, given in its letters and advertisements, that these waters were free to the guests during the open season. But Mr. Beemer wanted this stream preserved in order that he could take the fish for the hatchery, and had sent Mr. Follett to request me not to fish! I urged that he himself, as Boivin had told me, had taken eleven fine fish the day before, male and female, and put back none. This he admitted was true, but, said he, in effect, "I hadn't orter done it." I asked him why the Metabetchouan was not excluded in the fishing advertised in the hotel printed matter, which expressly included it among the list of salmon streams, with pictures of its pools? This he could not answer. Nor could he deny that it was the best river, for size of fish, on the lake, and the most accessible.

What was I to do? Follett himself was gentlemanly enough, and urged his orders from Beemer. I was strongly inclined to tell him to "gang ta the deevil"; but there was Boivin; I could do nothing without him; he told me that he was employed by Beemer during the close season to patrol the stream, and it would hardly be fair to induce him, even if I could, to fish on with me for two or three hours more, and risk the displeasure of the man who could give him employment half the year. Then, too, I had had "sport enough for one day," though we all enjoy playing our luck while it lasts, and having "a run for our money." So I complied with Mr. Follett's request; detached my flies and casting line, took down the slim rod, ate blueberries in peace with Mr. F.; climbed back to our night's quarters with the disgusted Boivin, and took Mr. Rovall's buckboard for the mouth of the river. Imagine my feelings on arriving there to learn that Mr. Beemer had gone up the river to fish.

I took the train back to the Roberval, where my catch seemed to create something of a sensation. When I related my experiences to the managing clerk, he simply told me that he "was sorry, but could not say anything." I declined his invitation to try the commonplace $8 per day fishing at the Discharge, gathered my "kin folk," who had spent two uninteresting days at the hotel, and took the evening train for Chicoutimi, and now write you from the lovely shores of Lake Kenogami, fifteen miles from Chicoutimi. Such is the story of my Lake St. John experiences. "Sic volvere Parcas," as Virgil has it; but I have made the acquaintance of that high-bred fellow, Sir Ouananiche, at any rate.

It surely is a pity if all the angling for this noble fish has fallen into the hands of people who keep the best

of it for themselves, and work the rest of it like a coal bank for "all there is in it," and it seems strange too if such a state of things is permitted by the Quebec Government.

Until I see you, I am, as ever, yours, A. D.

Ouananiche Stocking.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the conflicting statements concerning the ouananiche in Lake St. John waters, the following notes may be of interest, having just returned from a fishing trip in that country:

The waters of the Grande Descharge have been, for the past few years, so closely and constantly fished by visiting sportsmen that the size and number of the ouananiche show a very marked falling off. As is well known, the fish come down from the waters of the lake in great quantities in the spring, and stay there during the early part of the summer. In August, when I was there, there were still a few to be had, but they did not take the fly readily, and were for the most part fish running about three to a pound.

The western side of the Descharge, where the chief pools are situated, in fact where four-fifths of the best ouananiche fishing in the Descharge is located, belonged until this spring to William Alexander Griffith, of Quebec, one of the best known sportsmen in Canada. It was sold by him this spring to B. A. Scott, Mayor of Roberval, and has been fished during the summer by the guests of the Hotel Roberval.

In August the fish begin to move up the great rivers emptying into Lake St. John, to reach their spawning beds, and the best opportunities for river fishing are found in the large pools below the chutes. The fishing rights of these rivers, and of many of the adjoining lakes, belong to Mr. H. J. Beemer, and are used in connection with his hotel at Roberval. Mr. Beemer has very wisely determined to withdraw from free fishing one of these rivers, the Metabetchouan, and retain it as a reserve, where the ouananiche can spawn freely, and keep up the supply in the lake.

A fish hatchery has also been established not far from Roberval on the Ouiatchouan River, and a fishculturist, Mr. R. E. Follett, placed in charge. Several attempts having been made by netting in the mouth of the Metabetchouan to secure a sufficient number of spawning fish for the hatchery, with only partial success, Mr. Follett determined to obtain the necessary fish by sending them down the river alive in crates from the upper pools.

On the 28th day of August, 1898, Mr. Follett and the writer went for this purpose to the third pool in the Metabetchouan, and camped there on a small island. The location was an ideal one, as the banks of the river rise to a height of over 100ft., forming above and below a narrow and almost impassable gorge, through which the river runs in a series of rapids. We had with us three crates, about 3ft. square and 1½ft. in thickness, to hold the fish. This pool had only been fished twice before during the season, and there seemed to be practically no end to ouananiche of a large size in it. Fishing from a little after noon until dark, the following was our catch:

M. G.—Sixteen fish weighing in pounds, 4, 3½, 4½, 4, 4, 4, 5¼, 3, 4, 3, 3½, 4, 4, 4, 3½, 4. R. E. F.—Twelve fish weighing in pounds, 4, 4, 5, 4, 6, 4, 4, 3½, 4, 4½, 3, 3; and six unweighed fish of about the same size.

In addition to this, the guide took one of 3½lbs., and several fish were hooked and lost in landing, one of them being apparently rather larger than any of the above. In fact, a fish taken from the same place some two weeks previous by an English sportsman, Col. Andrew Haggard, weighed, I understand, over 7½lbs.

Any doubt that may have lingered in my mind as to the propriety of referring to the ouananiche as a salmon was dispelled by the way these large fish acted. They took the fly under water, bored, ran and leaped precisely like the Atlantic salmon. The leaping, of course, was far freer, more frequent and relatively higher than the leaping of salmon. Some of them in fact came out of the water to a height of 3 or 4ft. six, eight, nine and even ten times. Some of the fish, possibly a third of them, did not leap at all.

I had never had fishing to compare with this afternoon's sport, and when dusk came I laid aside my rod for the first time in my life with a feeling of sufficiency.

These fish were handled in every instance with the utmost care, and transferred alive to the crates, and were so far uninjured that the next morning only one fish out of the thirty odd in the crates was found dead, the others being in exceedingly good condition. The next morning, at daylight, we started the crates down the rapids with the assistance of ropes and fending poles. The work of getting them clear of the rocks below the main pool was terrific. No wooden structure, however, could stand the pounding against the rocks that these crates received in the swift water, and when they emerged from the rapids in the quieter waters of the second pool one of them was found hopelessly knocked out of shape, although the fish were still in it. The fish were beginning to show signs of exhaustion from the shaking up they received, but we fixed up the crate as well as we could and started them down the next rapid. At the last pool the broken crate was found to be entirely destroyed, only one end of it remaining, and the fish, of course, had escaped in the river. The two remaining crates showed signs of weakness, but we again repaired them, and with their living contents started them down the long rapid, some miles in length, to the mouth of the river. Mr. Follett and I hurried down the portage, and on arriving at the foot of the rapids found one crate with its end broken off, and the fish gone.

The third and remaining crate was found later in the afternoon half a mile higher up the river lodged between some rocks in midstream. The fish were in such an exhausted condition that only immediate release could save their lives, so the expedition ended with three broken crates and no fish.

The impracticability of obtaining live fish in this manner having been thoroughly demonstrated, an artificial retaining pool was decided as the best substitute. It will be built close to where the fish were taken, and the spawning fish will be placed there until they are ready to be stripped. The eggs can then be transferred overland to the hatchery on the Ouiatchouan River.

Mr. Beemer is entitled to the support of all sportsmen in his effort to preserve this finest of fighting fish from its threatened extinction. He is using every effort to do away with the nets, which in the past have been freely used in St. John waters, and is trying to limit the destructiveness of sawmills, which are to-day the greatest menace to the inland fishing interests of Canada, and, owing to the character of the Government in Quebec, it seems to be impossible to enforce the laws against throwing sawdust into the fish-bearing waters, where it spreads over and utterly destroys the spawning beds.

I understand it is the intention of Mr. Beemer to establish a great game park in the neighborhood of Lake St. John. This would be a great boon to hunting interests, as the land is of no value for any other purpose. Mr. Beemer is talking, however, of introducing various European game animals, so-called, such as the boar and Scottish stag. Leaving aside the probability of failure and the certainty of great expense in an attempt of this sort, it is, in my opinion, a great mistake to attempt to introduce animals foreign to the Canadian woods. The American game animals native to these wilds are in every way superior to their European congeners of to-day, as the latter have deteriorated in size and stamina through long years of close inbreeding.

Why anyone should wish to supplant our native moose with the European elk, our woodland caribou with the Lapland reindeer, or why anyone should want an European wild boar as a game animal under any circumstances, I never have been able to understand. I trust, however, that the proposed enterprise will not be marred by any such mistaken ideas. The project of fencing, stocking and protecting many hundred square miles of wild land in the Province of Quebec is sufficiently vast without complicating it by introducing animals unsuited to the country. Madison Grant.

The Origin of the American Fisheries Society.

[A paper read by Livingston Stone before the American Fisheries Society at Omaha.]

On the first day of November, 1870, the following call was sent to various persons who were known to be interested in the culture of trout:

"The undersigned, desirous of promoting the interests of fishculture, call a convention of pisciculturists, at the Skating Rink, City of New York, Dec. 20, 1870, at 11 o'clock A. M.

"The design of the convention is consultation for the protection of our interests, and, if thought best, to organize a permanent association.

(Signed) "W. Clift,
"A. S. Collins,
"J. H. Slack,
"F. Mather,
"L. Stone.

"Mystic Bridge, Conn., Nov. 1, 1870."

This was the very first step taken toward the forming of the American Fish Culturists' Association, now known as the American Fisheries Society.

The prime mover in the issuing of this call was Rev. Mr. W. M. Clift, of Connecticut, who was carrying on at that time a large fish and stock farm at Mystic Bridge. It is undoubtedly true that the chief motive for issuing the call was, as the call plainly states, a desire to do something for the protection of the interests of fishculturists. It is also true that from the very first moment of the assembling of the meeting, as will be seen later on, the mere pecuniary interests of fishculturists became a secondary consideration. It should be stated here, by way of explanation, that the term "fishculturist" at that time meant trout breeder, for there were then no practical fishculturists in this country except the trout breeders, and it may also be added that trout breeding meant the raising of the brook trout, or speckled trout, of New England and New York, now, I think, generally known all over the world by its Latin cognomen, *fontinalis*. The call was accordingly addressed particularly to those engaged in the raising of trout.

It is true that the State of New Hampshire had created a fish commission six years before, and the example had been followed by several other States. The Fish Commission of Massachusetts had already contributed to the world, through its reports, some of the most valuable information ever published on the subject of fishculture. Seth Green had already done successful work in hatching shad, the writer had built and operated a large salmon hatchery in New Brunswick, various States had experimented successfully on narrow lines in propagating other fish than trout, but the extensive and varied work of the United States Fish Commission, created a year later, had not then begun, and hatching work in this country on all other fish than brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) had, up to that time, been experimental rather than practical, so that fishculture not only meant trout culture, but trout culture meant the breeding of the *fontinalis*, or brook trout.

It was to brook trout breeders, therefore, that the above-mentioned call was issued, and the object of the call was to form an association for the protection of their commercial interests. But upon the assembling of the meeting, it became apparent at once that something altogether broader and less personal was in the minds of those present, and I think I can truly say that that which I may perhaps term the selfish feature of the call scarcely ever showed itself at all in the meeting. From the very beginning of the meeting the little group of men assembled appeared to be actuated more by an earnest and generous interest in the cause of fishculture than by a desire to promote private ends. The spirit that prevailed seems to me to have been that which has characterized the meetings of the association ever since. It was comprehensive rather than narrow, devoted rather than self-seeking, and good will to all prevailed over sordid feelings of competition with each other. If I remember rightly, hardly a word was said about regulating the prices of fishculturists' products or increasing the pecuniary profits of the business. Not a resolution bearing upon the pecuniary side of the subject was passed. It seems as if this handful of pioneers had a foresight of greater and better things. At all events, if the pecuniary considerations had anything to do with prompting the call for the meeting, they had no place in the meeting itself. The meeting having come to order, and a temporary chairman and secretary having been chosen, it was voted at once and unanimously to form a permanent organization, and Dr. Edmonds and the writer were appointed a committee to draft a constitution. Each member of the committee presented a separate form for a constitution, the one offered by the writer being the one finally adopted.

As the records of the early meetings of the society have been lost, it may not be out of place to present here the original constitution, as it was adopted at the time of the organization of the society. It is as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Name and Objects.

The name of this Society shall be "The American Fish Culturists' Association." Its objects shall be to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success; the interchange of friendly feeling and intercourse among the members of the Association; the uniting and encouraging of the individual interests of fishculturists.

ARTICLE. II.

Members.

All fishculturists shall, upon a two-thirds vote of the Society and a payment of three dollars, be considered members of the Association, after signing the Constitution.

The Commissioners of the various States shall be honorary members of the Association, ex-officio.

ARTICLE III.

Officers.

The officers of the Association shall be a president, a secretary and a treasurer, and shall be elected annually by a majority vote.

Vacancies occurring during the year may be filled by the president.

ARTICLE IV.

Meetings.

The regular meetings of the Association shall be held once a year, the time and place being decided upon at the previous meeting.

ARTICLE V.

Changing the Constitution.

The Constitution of the Society may be amended, altered or repealed by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

It is rather interesting to note how few changes have been introduced into the original constitution during the twenty-eight years of the Society's existence.

It is also sad to note how few of those who took part in the organization of the Association have lived to see its growth. There is no one now living, I think, except Dr. Edmonds, then Fish Commissioner of Vermont, and the writer who were present at this first meeting, or who took an active part in the organization of the Society.

A report of the meeting of organization that appeared in the New York Citizen—which, by the way, was the paper of Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt, who afterward became such an ardent and influential supporter of the Association—reads as follows:

"The constitution having been adopted, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: W. Clift, Mystic Bridge, Conn., President; Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H., Secretary; B. F. Bowles, Springfield, Mass., Treasurer.

"It was then moved that an effort be made to secure an exhibition of live fish at the next meeting, and that the following gentlemen be requested to prepare papers, to be read at the next meeting, on the subjects annexed to their names: A. S. Collins, on 'Spawning Races and the Impregnation of Eggs'; J. H. Slack, on 'The Culture of Black Bass'; W. Clift, on 'The Culture of Shad'; Dr. Edmonds, on 'The Introduction of Salmon into American Rivers'; B. F. Bowles, on 'Landlocked Salmon'; 'Dr. Huntington, on 'Fish in the North Woods of New York'; Livingston Stone, on 'The Culture of Trout.'

"It was decided to hold the next meeting and exhibition in connection with the New York Poultry Show, next year. It was voted to send a report of the meeting for publication to the New York Citizen and Round Table, the New York Tribune, the Springfield Republican, the New York Poultry Bulletin, and other papers at discretion; and the secretary was instructed to mail the published reports to fishculturists generally."

Following is an account of the first annual meeting of the Association, taken from a New York paper, of Feb. 8, 1872:

"At the afternoon session yesterday the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. Clift; Treasurer, B. F. Bowles; Secretary, Livingston Stone; Executive Committee, Seth Green, J. D. Bridgman and A. C. Rupe.

"A paper was read by A. S. Collins, on spawning races and the impregnation of eggs; a paper by W. Clift, on the culture of shad, and a paper by Dr. Edmonds, on the introduction of salmon into American rivers.

"A box of a hundred trout eggs that Mr. Stone had taken by the Russian or dry method were examined, and 97 per cent. were found to be impregnated. The interest of the meeting was very much increased by remarks interspersed during the intervals by Seth Green.

"At the evening session B. F. Bowles read a paper on 'Trout in the North Woods,' and L. Stone read a paper on 'Trout Culture.' Discussion ensued on the dry method of impregnation, and the expression of those who had used the method was in its favor. G. S. Page moved that a memorial be presented to Congress for a more general distribution of ova throughout the country, and the motion was carried.

"Interesting remarks were made by Hon. Horatio Seymour on fishculture. * * * He suggested that an effort be made to learn more in regard to fishculture in China and Japan, and also to obtain desirable varieties of the fish of those countries, and introduce them into the United States. In pursuance of the suggestions, Mr. G. S. Page and the president, Mr. Clift, were appointed a committee to communicate with various foreign countries and take measures for an interchange of fish with those countries.

"Gov. Seymour and Livingston Stone were appointed

a committee to take charge of the publication of the proceedings of the Association.

"To-day's Proceedings.—The Association met at 10 o'clock this morning (Feb. 8, 1872), President Clift in the chair. Some routine business was transacted, when the following resolutions were offered:

"1. To petition the Government to establish two or more fish hatching establishments—on Puget's Sound and the Atlantic Coast.

"2. To seek foreign exchanges.

"3. For a permanent fish exhibition in Central Park.

"4. That the headquarters of the Association be at No. 10 Warren street, New York, where the next meeting, in February, 1873, will be held.

"5. Recommendations to all States to encourage fish-culture.

"Messrs. Dr. Streeter, of New York; S. Wilmont, of Canada, and S. F. Band, of Washington, were made honorary members.

"After miscellaneous business, the Association adjourned."

Permit me to close this somewhat lengthy paper with some extracts from the report of my own work as secretary, during the first year of the existence of the Association:

"Circulation of Last Year's Report.—In order that the meeting of practical fishculturists in New York, Dec. 20, 1870, the first in the way of organization in this country, might be generally known, a copy of the report of the meeting was sent to all the leading newspapers in New England and New York, and to some further West and South, and also to nearly 200 practical fishculturists in various parts of the country.

"I am happy to say that the newspapers in almost every instance printed the report in full, or noticed it in some way.

"The Agassiz Circulars.—For some time previous to the meeting on organization, I held a correspondence with Professor Agassiz on topics relating to fishculture, in the course of which the Professor mentioned a labor in which he is now engaged, of preparing an illustrated work of all the salmonidæ of this continent, showing the variations of age, sex, locality, and the like; and after the formation of the Association he suggested that the Association should use its influence in furnishing material for this work. * * *

"I consequently take the liberty here to remind you that this is a most valuable work which Professor Agassiz is undertaking, and one which will be unsurpassed by anything of its kind in the world, and I warmly commend it to the attention and interest of the members of the Association.

"Mr. Agassiz cannot finish his work unless the requisite material is furnished him, and the members of this Society and all interested cannot do the distinguished naturalist a greater kindness, nor the cause of fishculture a better service, than by sending him, as opportunity permits, specimens of the various individuals of the salmo family. * * *

"The St. Lawrence River Correspondence.—During the session of the High Joint Commission at Washington last spring, I received a letter from Hon. Stephen H. Ainsworth, asking me, as secretary of the Association, to request our State Congressional delegation to use their influence with the commissioners to adopt some measure toward removing the obstructions in the River St. Lawrence which prevent the salmon from ascending its tributaries. I accordingly wrote to our New Hampshire Senators and Representatives on the subject." Of the correspondence which resulted, I will merely offer here one letter, and this chiefly because the name of the distinguished writer has been recently brought to the country's attention by the death of his son and namesake in the famous charge of the heroic Rough Riders in Cuba:

"Department of State, Washington, April 20, 1871.—Hon. E. A. Hibbard, House of Representatives—Sir: In answer to your note referring to a communication from Mr. Stone, on the subject of salmon fisheries in the tributaries to the St. Lawrence, I have the honor to say that Mr. Stone's letter was one of many interesting communications on the same subject.

"As the obstacles to the free access of the salmon to these rivers are matters within the control of local or provincial legislatures of the British colonies, I have brought the subject and laid several of the letters informally before Sir John Macdonald, from whom I understand that the obstructions complained of are prohibited by the Canadian laws, and that the authorities are constant in their efforts to prevent them from being placed in the river, and patrol the river for that purpose, but find it very difficult to prevent the violation of the laws on the subject. He has taken the letters, and assures me that no efforts will be wanting to prevent or punish future violations. Very respectfully yours,

"Hamilton Fish."

"New Members.—In the course of the year I took occasion to write to most of the practical fishculturists of this country, whose acquaintance I had made by correspondence or otherwise, to the number of about 200, extending to them an invitation to join the Association. These letters met with various replies, some few were not answered at all, but they were, on the whole, well received, and the replies in most cases contained expressions of interest in the prosperity of the Association. * * *

"The notification circular of the present meeting was sent to all professional and amateur fishculturists whose names were in my possession, and to the fisheries commissioners of the various States, and was generally noticed in the newspapers and agricultural periodicals.

"In conclusion I will merely add that in the course of the year I have mailed 500 letters on business of the Association, and nearly 1,000 circulars and papers.

Livingston Stone,

"Albany, Feb. 7, 1872." "Secretary A. F. C. A."

The next annual meeting of the Association was held about a year later, but the Association was no longer in its infancy. It was now on a firm foundation, and has since continued to grow in strength and favor.

Livingston Stone.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Fish Commission.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30.—The work of the Illinois Fish Commission in seining out young fish from the shallow waters of the Illinois River bottoms has received frequent comment as being one of the most practical forms of fishculture which can possibly be employed. All through the late summer the commission has been at this work in Lake Barlow and similar waters, near Meredosia, and by this time the black bass taken have attained a size which insures their life after transportation to their new homes. These great breeding grounds along the Illinois bottoms have no equal in the West. It is stated that a black bass will in one year attain a size in the Illinois River waters which it takes it four years to acquire in the Minnesota lakes. This is based on the experiment of a Minnesota angler, who tagged 1,200 bass, which he put in Lake Miltona, Minn. At the end of five years they had not attained anything like the size of the Illinois fish, which were known to have had only one season's growth. The work of the Illinois commission is elaborately described in one of the Quincy newspapers, which is sent to this office. I observe that Dr. Bartlett still asserts that the introduction of the German carp has not proved harmful to the bass, but that both bass and carp have largely increased in numbers, the bass taking very kindly to the carp when in the young and tender stage.

Indiana Fish Commission.

The State Fish Commissioner of Indiana is known as Elder Sweeney. He is a pastor of the Christian Church at Columbus, Ind., and formerly represented the United States as consul-general at Constantinople. He has served as fish commissioner for two years, and deserves credit for what he has done. The State of Indiana allows its commission but a few hundred dollars each year with which to pay all its bills. Even with hands thus tied, Mr. Sweeney has effected a great deal during his term of office. He considers that dynamiting is the most destructive form of illegal fishing. He favors a three-year law, which shall, during that term, abolish the buying or selling, or transporting for sale, any game fish taken within the limits of Indiana.

Fishing.

The fall fishing season is now in full swing, and the big-mouths are biting finely in the lake region of upper Illinois and lower Wisconsin, as well as in the streams below this city in Illinois and Indiana. September has been a very successful month in this part of the West this year, and enjoyed by no one more than the anglers. The muscallonge season of Wisconsin has been good, especially in the fall. I note that John P. Murphy landed a 32lb. 'lunge at the Fifield lakes last week. The season at Lakota has been a good one, and at Mercer and Manitowish, Fay Buck's country, the fish are now biting well. At the Kabekona Camp country the muscallonge are "just beginning to wake up," as Manager Eber Smith writes. On Sept. 23 the following fish were brought in at that point: E. A. Charles, four fish, 21, 25, 28 and 34lbs.; W. C. Gillespie and A. E. Walter, of Chicago, six fish, 20, 18, 23, 21, 22 and 24lbs. W. H. Gambool, Cedar Rapids, Ia., three muscallonge. Mr. Clarence I. Peck and family, of Chicago, were at this point last week, and they caught several nice fish, 10¾, 12¾, 20 and 27lbs. Mr. Peck's nine-year-old son caught two fish, of 20 and 21lbs. He writes very enthusiastically of the sport. Mr. George F. Jennings, at the same point, last week caught two 'lunge of 18 and 22lbs. The above weighs run into a very heavy average, and it would indeed seem as though the 'lunge were "waking up" in Minnesota.

About Mosquito Dope.

Last week I mentioned a mosquito dope, the formula of which was given by a gentleman of Kalamazoo, Mich. To-day he writes me to add the following caution:

"In writing you the other day about mosquito dope, I omitted to say that the tar and pennyroyal mixture should not be carried in the creel, as it is liable to give the trout a lasting and disagreeable flavor, as I know by experience. White vaseline 2oz., oil cedar ¾oz., oil pennyroyal ¾oz., makes a nice looking, clean repellant for mosquitoes, etc., quite similar to a preparation sold by a well-known New York firm. This preparation is not as efficient as the tar mixture."

Minnesota Bass.

Deputy Warden Stephens and four friends fished last Tuesday in Lake Lydia, one of the Detroit chain of lakes in Minnesota. They took sixty bass in a forenoon, or about a dozen bass apiece, and then quit, on the basis that they had had fun enough for one day. The fish were all small-mouths and averaged 2¼lbs. each.

In Indiana.

This is the way the Ledger, of Noblesville, gets after Rev. Dr. Sweeney, State Fish Commissioner of the State of Indiana:

"State Fish Commissioner Sweeney has been over at Anderson smelling around the strawboard works and 'smelt a mouse.' He will probably institute suit against the works over there for polluting White River, much to the inconvenience and discomfort of the festive chubs and shiners that claim that stream as their home. If Rev. Sweeney would pay more attention to the divine mission to which he seems to be called, and less attention to the interests of the sporting fraternity, the world would probably get along just as well."

It seems to me that is a pretty poor way of treating a man who is trying to do his duty in the work which he has undertaken, no matter whether that be preaching the gospel or arresting law breakers. The world will get along just as well with a little more fair-mindedness than the writer of that paragraph seems to have. It is a thankless task enough that Mr. Sweeney has with the appropriation at his disposal, and the decent folk of his State ought to help him and not hurt him.

By the way, speaking of Anderson, Ind., does it not seem to be a sort of dark and bloody ground around there? In the News, of that city, I observe a distinct squirm of some unknown citizen who signs himself Fair Play. (Is it not a singular thing that the biggest liar will usually sign himself Truth, and the most lonesome citizen call himself Vox Populi, and the most unfair man designate himself Justice or Fair Play, in these anonymous contributions of the spleen?). Well, Fair Play thinks it is all wrong about stopping the netting in Fall Creek, which is one of the streams where illegal work of that nature has been detected. He goes on to say:

"We desire to give notice through your paper to those whom it may concern that the people of Adams township are now determined not to be imposed upon any longer by fine-haired fellows that desire to put a construction on the fish and game laws of the State of Indiana. They seem to think that they are privileged characters. They will find out different. They will try to keep men from fishing and hunting on their own land, which they pay taxes on, and those very same fellows, including lawyers, doctors, judges and county officers, will come to Fall Creek with their fishing outfit and their guns and dogs, and try to make a clean sweep of the game, regardless of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, women or children, fences, men's rights or anything else. If a farmer attempts to catch a mess of fish or kill a bird, then, oh! what a howl from some of those goody-goody fellows. The time has come that these things will not be tolerated any longer. * * * If the business men of Anderson will permit things to go on thus, without objections, men who are expecting our patronage, should we not turn our trade in another direction? Now a word to those trespassers: If neither law nor kind words will prevail we will try what virtue there is in stones, and if that will not do some M. D. will have a job of extracting something that has still more weight."

There is a certain fine American ring about the foregoing declaration of independence which rather pleases me. It reminds me of a conversation I once heard between a neighbor in our town and another neighbor, a grocer by the name of Work, who had a dog which liked spring chickens—a predilection which I am sure any just and accurate taste must ratify. The first neighbor was a German originally, and he couldn't talk very well in United States, though he made his meaning clear. "Billverk," he said, "you Billverk, of you dondt geep dot dog by your own hause, by chracious I dondt buy any schucker mit you, und I got some pizen und shood um." Yet my recollection is that both "Billverk" and his dog lived to a ripe old age. E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Newfoundland Salmon.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a line from an old contributor. This is the first day of the snipe shooting in the colony, and it has been raining hard since early morning. I have been out after the long bills, and a most ridiculous accident has sent me home. I had shot five snipe, and was getting my hand in quite satisfactorily, when an ominous crack, I found that my suspender had burst and all, to use a sailor's expressive phrase, was coming down by the run, stockings as well as pantaloons. I tried all sorts of absurd expedients to manufacture garters out of rushes and twigs, but all failed, and to shoot with your garments all falling about you in pouring rain, the situation at last became simply impossible, so I was fain to take the wagon and come home. The downpour destroyed all the pleasure of shooting, and now, after this little episode, let me say a word about the salmon fishing. All your readers know about the caribou shooting in Newfoundland. The interior of this country is a vast deer park, where the lordly stags wander at their own sweet will, unmolested by man.

Hitherto our salmon fishing has not been held of much account; we have hundreds of salmon rivers, their reputation, I am bound to admit, was vastly inferior to the grand streams of New Brunswick and Quebec. This season an extraordinary change has taken place; up to last month, with the exception of one 25lb. salmon caught by a naval officer in one of our northern rivers, no big fish had ever been captured with the rod. Last month, in Harry's Brook, flowing into St. George Bay, Mr. Ernest Whiteway, son of Sir W. V. Whiteway, killed one splendid fish weighing over 35lbs., and several more have been taken in the same stream from 17lbs. down to grilse, 3 to 5lbs. An American tobacco merchant from the Southern States, A. W. Howell, did very well on the grand River Codroy; his take was 750lbs., ranging from 17 to 7 or 8lbs., with plenty of grilse and sea trout. Another American, Dr. Robt. T. Morris, of your city, has had splendid sport on the upper waters of the Humber, the beautiful river that flows into the far-famed Bay of Islands, in the words of the art critic of the Century Magazine, the most picturesque coast scenery in America.

All these beautiful salmon streams are now accessible from the railway, the line runs by them. Camp and canoe can be carried right to their banks, and supplies and letters forwarded to sportsmen thrice each way every week. Our party had excellent grilse fishing on Codroy, grand river, one of the most picturesque streams in America. Mr. Howell is building a house here for next season's sport. In a word, the new playground of America, now brought within the railway system of America, will soon become as celebrated for its fishing as it is now for its shooting. Pullman and palace cars are now complete, even to the familiar dusky conductor.

I have not mentioned that the season for fishing varies. In the northern rivers sport begins in July; in the southern rivers it commences in June. To the salmon fisher trout of all kinds are only "small deer." Brown are everywhere, and are simply innumerable. Sea trout come up the rivers in great shoals, and generally remain for some time in deep pools. Loch Leven and rainbow trout imported from Scotland and California have done exceedingly well, and around St. John's specimens have been caught up to 7lbs.

D. W. Prowse.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—The Maine trout and salmon season has closed. Oct. 1 is expected to find all the rods packed away, and this condition is generally cheerfully complied with. The last days of the season brought some remarkable catches, however, especially at the Rangeleys, where the big trout of the world abide. Among the big catches at Rangeley Lake may be mentioned that of W. W. King, with a salmon of 3⅛lbs. and trout of 5½, 4½lbs., and two of 3½lbs.; H. T. Stancliff, a salmon of 8½lbs. and trout of 4½ and 3¼lbs.; H. A. Blakiston, a salmon of 5lbs.; A. G. Frost, a trout of 6lbs.; John Lilly, a salmon of 4lbs.; M. M. Keith, a salmon of 5lbs.; Miss Fitton, a salmon of 8½lbs.; Mrs. W. F. Sturtevant, a salmon of 7lbs. Mr. John W. Rogers has broken the salmon record at the Rangeleys, landing one the other day of 12½lbs. He has also taken other fish, among which are salmon of 9½ and 6½lbs., and trout of 6, 5 and 4½lbs.

At the Upper Dam the record of the last days has been good, though with none of the great fish of 10 and even 12lbs. of former seasons. R. N. Parish has taken trout there of 6¼, 4½, 4, 5¾, 5 and many over 3lbs. T. L. Barber has caught a trout of 6½lbs. T. B. Stewart has taken one of 6¼lbs. But to L. O. Crane belongs the credit of one of the biggest strings of the largest trout ever seen in Boston. With Mrs. Crane he has been spending the close of the season at the Upper Dam. He came home on Sept. 30, and Saturday morning he showed his friends a tier of trout in the store of the firm, on Oliver street, thirteen in number, with one landlocked salmon of over 3lbs. His score, just as he made it, will best convey the amount of success he had. Sept. 17 he took two trout, one of 3lbs. 12oz. and one of 5lbs. 4oz.; Sept. 22, one of 4lbs. 5oz.; Sept. 23, one of 3lbs. 6oz., and one of 4lbs. 2oz.; Sept. 27, one of 3lbs. 11oz. and one of 3lbs. 7oz.; Sept. 28, one of 3lbs. 5oz.; Sept. 29, a trout of 3lbs. 3oz. and a salmon of 3lbs. 2oz. Mr. Crane is much pleased with fishing at the Upper Dam; remarks that persistent fishing is sure to bring success, if coupled with a fair amount of skill, and sure to include some big trout. He says that his trout were taken squarely on the fly, principally with a brown hackle, parmachenee belle and silver doctor or professor, in his cast. He was approached by a New Yorker, however, who had lately arrived, but taken no fish, with the promise of a handsome present if he would "Tell us how you get them."

The Maine big game season has opened with a bang. Most of the Sunday papers have special shooting editions, more or less serious and truthful in character. A great many deer hunters are at the camps or going; some putting off their departure so as to be on the ground on the opening of the moose season, Oct. 15. Three deer came into Bangor on the opening day; doubtless shot in the night (?). But Boston can beat that "all hollow." I saw three deer in the Boston markets one day last week and two on the following day. The Maine season had not opened then; neither New Hampshire nor Vermont. I am perfectly well satisfied that the deer were from Maine, and that the underground route by which so many reached Boston from that State after the close of the legal season last winter is still open. It seems to me that it is the duty of the Maine commission to close it, no matter what it costs.

L. W. de Pass and C. W. Hodkins are back from their Plum Island shooting trip of a week. They had good success, bagging more than 100 birds, including golden plover, beetle heads and many smaller birds. Mr. De Pass had the good fortune to shoot one Wilson snipe, which he is having mounted. They will soon spend another week at the same point, where they own a shooting camp. At that time they expect a good flight of coot and other ducks. SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 14-15.—Braintree, Mass.—N. E. K. C. open air show. Address Secretary Open Air Show, Braintree, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 3.—Connecticut Field Trials, East Hampton, Conn. Entries close Oct. 29. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, P.-O. Box 603, New Haven.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

The Open Air Show.

THE third open air show of the New England Kennel Club will open at 10 A. M. Friday, Oct. 14, and close at 5 P. M. Saturday, Oct. 15. Judging will begin promptly, and everything will be done to make the show a success, both for the exhibitor and the public.

Special trains will be run by the club from Kneeland street station to (Braintree) club grounds, leaving Boston at 9:30 A. M., Oct. 14, returning same day 5:30 P. M. from same place. Oct. 15 the special will leave at 1 P. M. and return 5:30 P. M. Fare 20c. each way for passengers. Dogs carried free. Dogs not carried on special trains can be sent by N. Y. and B. Despatch Express Company.

Trains run out and return on main line between Boston and Braintree—about fifteen minutes each way—all day.

There will be trap shooting events, and on Saturday there will be whippet racing.

The admission to the dog show, whippet racing, trap shooting and grounds of the club will be 25c. Badges will be sold at this price and will be good both days of the show. Persons purchasing badges the first day will be allowed to use them the second day without further cost. Ample refreshments can be had on the grounds. Exhibitors will have their dogs placed in good quarters in the kennels at night, and properly fed and watered without extra charge. The club house, such as is usually set apart for members' use, will be open to members and their invited guests. Rooms in the club house will also be set aside for the ladies who attend the show and the Ladies' Kennel Association of Massachusetts. Committee on trap shooting, Morton E. Cobb, Hobart Ames; committee on whippet handicap races, J. Duncan Edmands, Harry W. Lacy; judges, Mr. James Mortimer, Mr. J. F. Holt, Mr. George W. Lovell. JAMES L. LITTLE, Sec'y.

Connecticut Field Trials.

THE Connecticut Field Trial Club's field trial of 1898 will be run at East Hampton, Conn., Thursday, Nov. 3. Open to Connecticut dogs only, pointers and setters, all-age and Derby stakes. Purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; $5 forfeit and $5 additional to start. Entries close Oct. 29. President, E. Knight Sperry; judge, N. Wallace; treasurer, J. B. Robertson. For entry blanks address John E. Bassett, secretary, P. O. Box 603, New Haven, Conn.

Points and Flushes.

Entries to the Continental Field Trial Club's all-age stake close on Oct. 15, positively. This stake is open to all setters and pointers which have not won first in any all-age stake at any recognized field trial. Forfeit $10; $20 additional to start. Purse, $500. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100. Forfeit money and breeder's certificate must accompany each entry. W. B. Meares, Sec'y, Hillsboro, N. C.

Entries to the third annual field trial of the Central Beagle Club, to be held at Latrobe, Westmoreland county, Pa., Nov. 15, close on Oct. 20. The secretary, Mr. L. O. Seidel, 404 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, will be pleased to give all further information.

Mr. James L. Little, the secretary, writes us that the classes for bloodhounds at the Braintree show will be as follows: 0, novice dogs and bitches; 1d, open dogs; 1b, open bitches; 1c, limit dogs and bitches; winners' dogs, ribbon; winners' bitches, ribbon.

In the Philippines.

APROPOS of the situation in Manila, there is every reason to believe that as soon as the present state of things is quieted down the Philippine Islands will be visited by the ubiquitous British sportsman. In his way, he has had a great deal to do with the developing of distant countries; and in the Philippines he may find something to assuage his desire for novelty. The forests will afford him plenty of sport, both in fur and feather, large and small. The wild buffalo will surely prove a temptation, for he is a terrible fellow, and enjoys a reputation among native hunters for ferocity, and an antipathy to the human species, white or black. There are several kinds of deer; monkeys and foxes exist in large numbers. The flying-fox or vampire bat is a curiosity in itself, and has to be seen to be believed in. Some of them are of great size, and savage too. As big as a good-sized black and tan terrier, with a fox-like head, these animals create a gruesome sort of feeling when they are first viewed flitting through the air on wings that have a spread of from 5 to 6ft. from tip to tip. They are nocturnal in habit. The fruit and vegetable gardens of the natives suffer much from their depredations. On the other hand, the natives return the compliment by taking a hand in the game known as the "chain of destruction," and eat the little "beasties."

Even the white residents express an appreciation for the flesh of the flying-fox, declaring its delicacy to be equal to that of quail. There is a great variety of gallinaceous fowl to be found on these islands. Pigeons abound, also the francolin. Many of the forest birds are of surpassingly brilliant plumage. At Laguna de Bai, which is situated at the head of the Pasig River, is to be witnessed what may be considered the earliest effort at incubation of eggs outside of nature's workshop. At this place are many hot springs, in which the natives place the eggs of the wild duck, after having made a big collection at the more distant breeding grounds. The mode is as follows: nests are built in frames of bamboo-work lined with paddy leaves. After covering the eggs with some light material they are set floating on the warm water, where they are left till the heat of the water collected in the pools has hatched them. Each set of eggs has its owner, and a watch is kept so that the newly-hatched birds may be transferred to water more in keeping with their natural requirements. The method is effective, though primitive, and doubtless is the earliest system of incubation at man's hands ever recorded.—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Yachting.

AT last a positive and definite step toward a solution of the measurement question has been taken in the adoption by the Yacht Racing Union of the Y. R. A. linear rating rule, with girth as an important factor. The choice was made only at the last moment, when the necessity for action became evident, and the Council was practically without other alternatives. It may be said in favor of the rule that it is the best rule now in actual use; that it was devised by experienced and practical men to accomplish much the same end as is aimed at in this country, that it is, at the least, a marked improvement on the rule now in existence, and that it will tend strongly to unite the yachting interests of the two great nations. This latter point is the strongest recommendation of the rule, as in the attempts to improve it which are inevitable the two nations will be almost certain to act in harmony and to come closer together.

In the prolonged discussion of the measurement question since the Union was first in process of organization nearly two years ago, a great many general propositions and vague suggestions have been made, but there have been few complete and matured plans suggested.

It has been our aim to promote during the summer a thorough discussion of such plans, with a view to deliberate action at this time, but in this we have failed to secure that aid which might reasonably be expected under the circumstances. The only ones who have come forward to discuss the question are the two of our correspondents who are equally opposed to the Y. R. A. and Hyslop rules, and who advocate a radically different system.

We have shown during the summer the weak points of the Y. R. A. rule, notably lack of adaptability to the centerboard model, and the fact that a girth measurement is not an inducement to a larger section; and on the other hand we have pointed out the principle involved in the Hyslop formula, a formula specially designed for the American fleet at the present time, to place the keel and centerboard types upon as even a footing as possible. In such criticisms as have been made on these points, as in the recent letter of Mr. Froude, there has been no attempt to dispute our statements as to girth, and none to prove the errors of the Hyslop rule.

Had the discussion been taken up by yachtsmen on the lines we have laid down and carried on through the summer, a great deal might have been settled, and the Council would have been far better prepared for the most serious step that the Union has yet taken. As far as the work of the Council is concerned, the members have, for one reason or other, given no attention to the Hyslop proposal, a fact plainly brought out by the allusions to it at the meeting, which one and all showed a complete ignorance of its underlying principles, its practical application or its possible influence on design. Had it been discussed fairly and intelligently, and discarded on its merits, there would have been no cause of complaint; but it is disappointing to feel that a great deal of time and labor, freely given for the good of yachting, has been entirely wasted through the neglect of those who might have turned it to some practical account.

What the result of the present action may be, it is impossible to foretell; it does not affect the smaller classes, in which the racing is the most active, and the rule will not be adopted by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, for instance, with its large fleet of racing yachts in the smaller classes. It would be an excellent thing for yachting if half a dozen men about New York would take up a class, say the 42ft., and build to it so as to test the possibilities of the rule as shown in a mixed fleet of finkeels, keels and centerboards; an experiment like this, not a specially costly one, and giving a certainty of good sport for at least a couple of seasons, would go far to test the practical advantages and disadvantages of the rule. It might be made possible by early action on the part of the various New York and Sound clubs in offering substantial money prizes for a regular series of races for the class next season; thus making an early certainty of sport that would induce men to build this winter. Such a scheme would attract those who object to the one-design plan, and would be of more use to yachting at the present time.

THE sixth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York on Nov. 10 and 11. The sessions will be held in the Auditorium, at No. 12 West Thirty-first street, beginning at 10 A. M. The work of the Society is becoming more interesting and valuable each year, and of greater interest to the general public, as well as to those directly connected with naval architecture. The coming meeting should be very interesting in view of the experiences of the late war.

Dominion.

(*Continued from page 276, Oct. 1.*)

BRIEF as it is, covering a period of but three years, from the summer of 1895 to that of 1898, the history of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup covers the most rapid and extreme course of development known in yachting. The changes of former days came gradually by slow steps; it took nearly a generation in England to complete the change from inside ballast to the heavy outside lead keel, and the modern American yacht is the result of fifteen years of hard fighting and gradual modifications. In the Seawanhaka cup classes, however, the 15ft. and 20ft., an entirely new principle of designing was discovered and almost perfected in the course of a single season.

From the very beginning of navigation in sailing vessels down to the end of the year 1895, the builders, naval architects and designers of all ages have acted upon one single and simple theory of design. It was assumed in the first place that the vessel, whether a merchant ship,

man-of-war, yacht or fishing smack, was to be sailed as nearly upright as possible. While employing various means, such as beam, live or dead ballast, or cargo, to this end, the designer, even in the most remote days, fully understood that no possible power could retain a vessel when floating freely and under way with sails set in the same upright position which she would assume when at anchor, or in which she would naturally be represented in a design. The advantages of the upright position are plainly apparent, the lateral plane is made effective in the highest degree, as its actual area is at the maximum in the upright position, and the flat portions of this area, the keel, centerboard and side, are opposed to the water at the most effective angle; in the same way the effective area of the sails is at its maximum in the upright position, and the effect of the wind is greater as the angle at which it strikes the sail is increased. The comfort of passengers and crew, the facility for working about the decks, and especially the efficiency of guns, are all at their maximum in the upright position with decks level.

With a full realization both of the desirability and impossibility of holding his vessel in an upright position, the designer has accepted as one of the inevitable

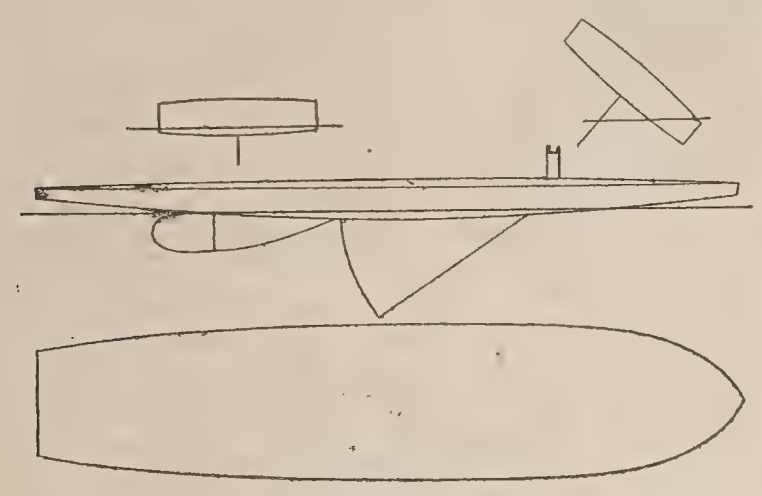


FIG. 2. QUESTION, 15-FOOTER, 1895.

and unalterable limitations of his work that the angle of heel when under way can never be less than a certain minimum, and should never exceed a certain maximum. The actual limits for most sailing vessels may be placed at a minimum angle of about 5 degrees and a maximum of about 20 degrees. There are exceptions, the old narrow cutters for instance greatly exceeded both limits, heeling heavily even in a light breeze, and lying almost flat in a hard blow. Both the old-time builder and the modern yacht designer assumed as a practical working basis that his vessel would or should do her best work, attaining her highest speed under full sail, at an angle of about 15 degrees; and the latter at least relied for success largely upon his careful adjustment of the volumes and centers of his "in-and-out wedges," the portions of the hull about the L.W.L. alternately immersed or emersed, as the vessel tacked or jibed.

The first contestants for the Seawanhaka cup, the challenger Spruce IIII. and most of the defending fleet, Trilby, Trust Me, Olita and Ethelwynn, were designed on this principle, of sailing as nearly upright as possible, the first two carrying heavy lead bulbs at a great depth, and the latter two relying on beam and the weight of crew. In this they simply followed all the larger and more famous yachts, America, Puritan, Volunteer, Vigilant, Gloriana and Defender. Ethelwynn in particular, like all of the Sorceress type to which she belongs, was intended to be kept as nearly upright as possible by a crew of two men, her topsides being carried out to

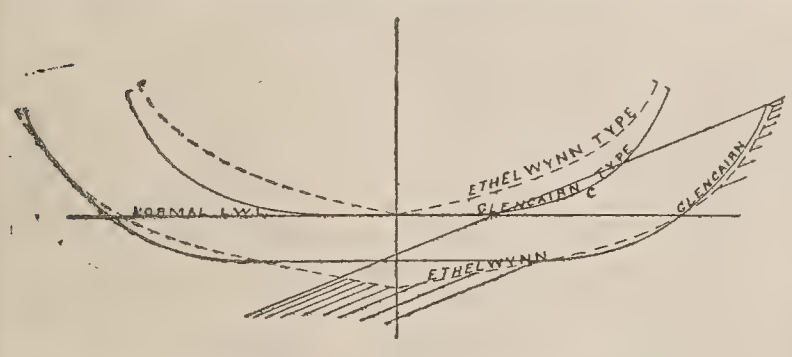


FIG 3. COMPARISON OF ETHELWYNN WITH GLENCAIRN TYPE.

an extreme beam at deck of 6ft., to give a seat for the crew to windward. She was expected to do her best work within a limit of heel of 15 degrees, or even less; and her topsides were carefully shaped in order to give her what was then considered a good form when heeled to this angle.

The great majority of yachts, as represented by such typical ones as America, Puritan, Minerva, Gloriana and Defender, whether keel or centerboard, may be classed together as of the V type of section, with a material amount of deadrise and a rounded bilge. This type is marked by a peculiar feature which is little known or appreciated by even expert yachtsmen. When the vessel rests at anchor, of course, in the upright position, the longest line of her plane of flotation is that measured by the rules, from the fore side of the stem at the waterline to the after side of the sternpost; all other fore and aft lines in this plane are shorter according to their distance from this central axis. The idea is almost universal that as the vessel heels, the plane of flotation assuming new forms, it lengthens very much owing to the immersion of the overhangs, forward and aft. This, however, is not necessarily, nor even usually, the case; on the contrary, the longest element of the new plane of flotation may and in all probability will be shorter than the measured L.W.L.

Assuming the vessel in smooth water and at rest, it is evident that her displacement must remain the same at all angles of heel, and we will further assume that the form is such that there is no material alteration of fore and aft trim due to heeling. If the vessel be heeled by some outside force until one bilge is well immersed, say at an angle of 15 degrees, the bulk of the immersed bilge will in all probability be so great as to actually lift the axis of the normal plane of flotation (the measured L. W. L.) several inches out of the water. If the yacht is well cut away below water at the stem and stern, as in all modern craft, the new waterline on stem and stern will be materially shorter than the old. The new plane of flotation will be very unsymmetrical about the axis, it will, in spite of the overhang of the bow, shorten very rapidly there, and though it will lengthen considerably aft, it is quite probable that its longest element (the longest fore and aft line that can be measured on it) will be much shorter than the original measured L.W.L.

This is shown in the accompanying design of Ethelwynn, with the list line at an angle of 15 degrees plotted in the three plans. The designed L.W.L., between Stations 0 and 12, is 15ft., the displacement to this line being 1,022lbs. When heeled to an angle of 15 degrees the axis lifts out about 1½in. for the same displacement. The immersed and emersed lines are shown in both sheer and half-breadth plans, in the latter forming the new plane of flotation, which is very unsymmetrical, the breadth of the lee side being 3ft. 1in., and that of the weather side but 1ft. 2½in. The length of the axis has been reduced from 15ft. to but 13ft. 7½in.; and this line is also the longest element of the new plane of flotation. Thus the greatest length of the yacht when heeled to the effective limit is shorter by nearly a foot and a half than when she is upright in measuring trim. Such modern yachts as Gloriana, Wasp, Vigilant, Britannia and Defender, all with long overhangs at each end, would show a similar plane of flotation when heeled; and it is probable that in none of them would the longest element of this plane equal the measured L.W.L.

The conditions assumed in a theoretical investigation of this kind are not quite true to practice; the value of the overhangs in rough water is plain enough, though even in this case the effective limit is probably much more restricted than is commonly supposed, but even in ordinary smooth water the theoretic conditions are not quite realized. There is a vertical and downward component of the driving force which actually tends to increase the displacement (to an appreciable extent in a 15 or a 20-footer, with a big sail plan and a heavy crew to windward), and the inevitable disturbance of the water, resulting in a bow and a quarter wave with a hollow amidships, tends to settle the vessel deeper in the water, and to make the actual inclined plane of flotation a curved surface following up and along the fore and aft overhangs, instead of a perfect plane. Thus in practice both overhangs, but especially the aft one, are utilized to a greater degree than the geometrical intersections and projections of the design would indicate.

The subject of long overhangs, which has been before the yachting world since the advent of Gloriana in 1891, is probably more thoroughly misunderstood and overestimated than any other known to yachting. This is especially true as applied to the fore overhang.

The small yachts of 1895 were all of the conventional V type, with one exception, the Huntington boat Question. This craft was a decided novelty, more or less of the sharpie type in a way, but still with features peculiar to herself for which due credit must be given to her designer. She was launched very early in the season, and showed great speed in the strong spring winds, and she was sailed through until the last races of the fall. With about the same designed length as the rest of the class, 15ft., she had a small sail plan, and her strong point was in a heavy breeze and sea, she making a excellent record under these conditions alongside of very much larger yachts. She was not successful in the trial races for the cup, sailed in light weather, but when the conditions of wind and sea were to her liking she was far and away the fastest of the class. These performances of Question were widely commented on in the papers, and attracted general attention to her and to the "scow" type, as it was termed at the time. Her general form is shown in the accompanying cut, the over all length being 24ft., l.w.l. 14ft. 5in., beam 5ft., draft about 3in., and freeboard about 9in. The sides were vertical, the sections showed a round of about 2in. across the bottom, and about the same amount of crown, the floor had a long easy sweep fore and aft, which was almost duplicated in the deck, the sheer line being nearly straight. The sides were nearly parallel in the middle body, narrowing a little at the transom, while the bow rounded in very bluntly.

Question did her fast sailing when heeled to an excessive angle, the lee deck awash or even under water and the keel and centerboard slot well clear of the water. In this position she became practically a narrow canoe of V section, one side and half of the bottom forming the V, while the square chine or corner of the bilge was immersed to a length materially exceeding that of the measured L.W.L. We have never understood the principle on which she and her immediate successors were designed, as we have Mr. Huntington's authority, within a few weeks past, for the fact that she and others, even including Skate of last year, were not designed upon this principle, of sailing on one bilge only; and that Akabo, of this year, is the first boat in which he has tried it. Whatever the real ideas of her designer were, however, those who have studied her have attributed her speed to this evident reduction of midship section and beam and increase of length when heeled from the upright position to an excessive angle.

This idea, more or less fully developed, was in the minds of many during the winter of 1895-6, and the "scow" type was well represented in the second series of the Seawanhaka trial races, in 1896. The most successful of the type, the winner of the trials, was El Heirie, designed by C. H. Crane, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22 and Sept. 26, 1896. In this boat Mr. Crane followed the proportions of length and sail area then common in the 15ft. class, the waterline being between 14 and 15ft. and the sail area from 240 to 250sq.ft., but the beam was reduced, the freeboard cut down, especially at the ends, and the boat was specially designed to sail at an excessive angle. The bilge was rounded, instead of being square as in Question, and when the boat was heeled

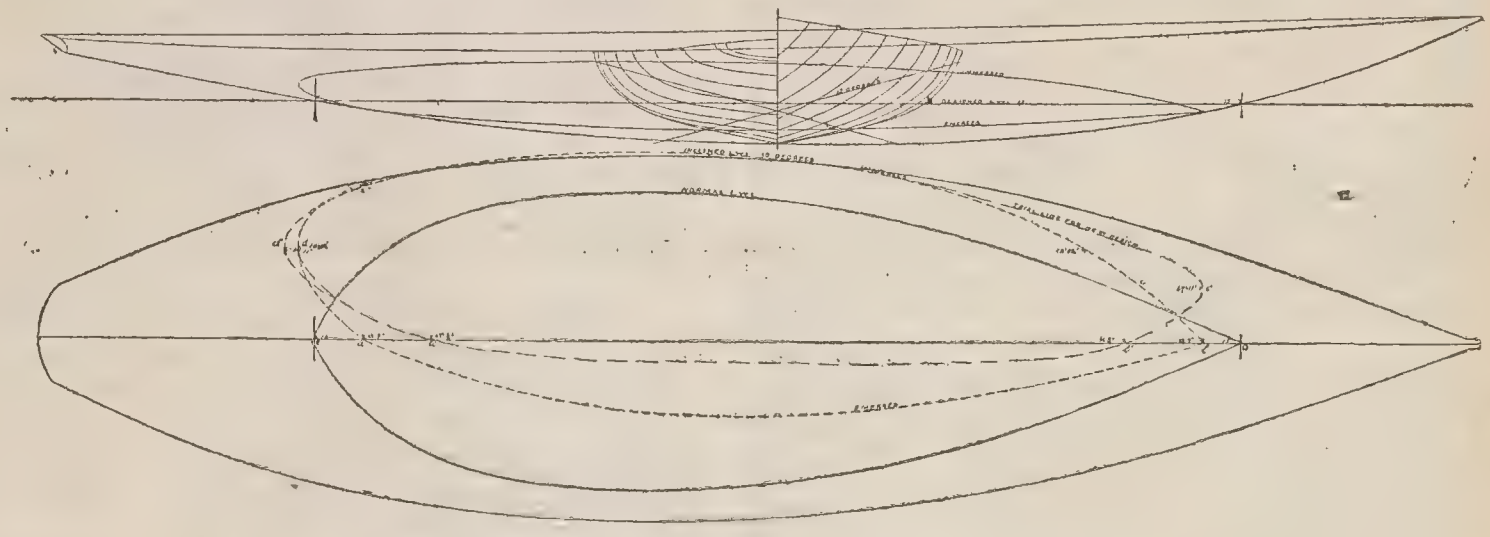


FIG. 1. ETHELWYNN, WITH INCLINED WATERLINES.

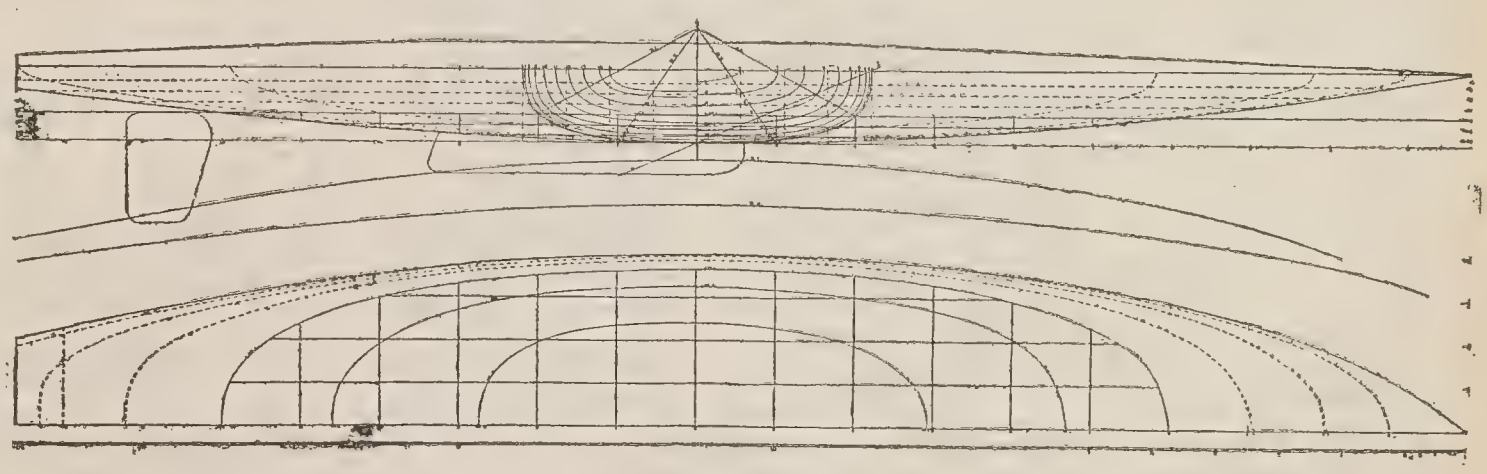


FIG. 4. EL HEIRIE, 15-FOOTER, 1896.

to about 20 degrees, or with the deck just awash to leeward, and the keel at the surface of the water to windward, this immersed bilge assumed the form of a canoe, with an effective length of 16 to 17ft., and a beam of but 3ft., instead of the length of 15ft. and the l.w.l. beam of 5ft., which she showed when upright.

In issuing a challenge to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. after the first races in 1895, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. placed its main reliance in the skill, both as a designer and boat handler, of Mr. G. H. Duggan, one of the founders of the club, and the designer of a number of small yachts well known in Canadian waters. Of the fleet of sixteen yachts built for the challenger's trial races of 1896, seven were designed by Mr. Duggan, the others being designed by other amateurs or by professional builders of skiffs and canoes. In beginning the work of designing a trial fleet, Mr. Duggan naturally started with Sorceress and the Ethelwynn type, working out several preliminary designs. The general discussion of Question and her peculiarities had already gone far enough to attract attention to the gain in effective length by excessive heeling, and Mr. Duggan from the first devoted much attention to the inclined lines. When the problem of designing is taken up from this new point of view, the inclined lines being the primary instead of the secondary consideration, the way is clear to an extensive range of experiment and development, as shown this year in the production of Dominion. When studied in this way, the lines of any of the yachts of the old type, those of Ethelwynn for instance, Fig. 2, show at the outset a most unsymmetrical outline to the inclined plane of flotation, and, what is of much more importance, a decided shortening of the length as the upright position is departed from. In going over this part of the design with his associate, Mr. Shearwood, who has assisted in the designing as well as the sailing of all the Duggan boats, both became convinced of the material gain both by a reduction of nominal measurement and an increase of effective sailing length, which must follow from an alteration of the form of the inclined plane, cutting away at the points a and b, and adding at c and d, especially at c. A new plane of flotation was roughly sketched in, as shown in the broken lines, embodying the three ideas of a symmetrical form, a reduction of length about the point of measurement (the longitudinal axis), and an increase of length at some other point.

With this much as a beginning, the investigation was continued in an inverse order to the sections necessary to obtain such a form of list lines. It was found that the cutting away of the ends of the L.W.L. involved a flat floor carried well out into each overhang, in place of the usual V; and that the lengthening of the lines at some special point involved a carrying out of the bilge into the extreme ends by means of a hard shoulder. In Fig. 3 is shown one of Mr. Duggan's preliminary studies on this point. The approximate sections of Ethelwynn at the fore end of the L.W.L. and amidships were plotted for the inclined position, and new sections were sketched in to comply with these new requirements. The V bottom was cut away amidships to make a more symmetrical form of midship section in the inclined position and also to improve in the same way the plane of flotation. The same change from the V to a flat floor forward cut off a long triangular pyramid, of small volume, but counting heavily in length. At the same time the section was made hard and round at c, so as to immerse it and carry out the length. The same changes were made in the after sections, though necessarily to a lesser degree, these sections being already flatter and with a harder turn.

When these experimental sketches were embodied in a completed design, the result, viewed from the normal standpoint of the yacht in an upright position or slightly heeled, or the design projected in the usual manner, was anything but satisfactory. The normal L.W.L. was square across at both ends, the level lines and lower waterlines showed the same blunt form, the beam was excessive for the length, there was a maximum of wetted surface, and a form that apparently was incapable of even moderate speed. All this, however, disappeared as soon as the yacht was heeled or the inclined lines were projected in the design. There then became visible a fair and beautiful form, practically a long, narrow canoe, with a well-shaped and symmetrical midship section of reduced area, a symmetrical plane of flotation, an extreme beam at the new inclined waterline of but 4ft. 5in., as compared with the beam of 6ft. 2in. when upright, and an effective immersed length of 21ft. 7in. in place of the 17ft. 6in. which showed under the measurer's tape. The performance of these boats fully justified the expectations based on theory; when heeled to a rank angle, about 22 degrees, they were wonderfully fast compared with the best boats of the old type; in light airs it was found necessary to heel them by sending the crew to leeward. When nearly upright, before the wind, they were relatively slow; their short waterlines, great beam, blunt form and excessive wetted surface, all combining to stop them. This, however, was a small matter compared with their speed in reaching and to windward. In rough water they were fast and easy, and though capsizeable, they had practically a safe range of stability for racing craft. They suffered a certain loss as compared with the old type in that the great angle of heel reduced both the effective area and the value of the surface of sails and centerboard, but the former was compensated by the extra amount of sail allowed by the great shortening of the official L.W.L., and as to the latter, the area of board was practically unlimited, and the limit of drop, when adopted in 1897, was very liberal.

From many conversations with Mr. Duggan at intervals since 1896, we can say that, apart from the first suggestions derived from the discussions of Question, his work for three years in the 15 and 20ft. classes has been thoroughly original. The successive boats, from the first 15-footers, through Glencairn I., Glencairn II., Strathcona and Speculator, to Dominion, show a definite and consecutive development of those peculiar and novel features which he, more than anyone else, has elaborated into a distinct method of designing. As now practiced, the basis of this method is the inclined waterline or plane of flotation at an angle of about 22 degrees, including but one-half of the hull, between keel and gunwale; the immersed and emersed list lines, bounding this plane, are first plotted, of a form to give the greatest possible effective length when heeled for the least possible measurement of the nominal L.W.L. when upright. The midship section, the outline of the bilge from keel to deck, as in Fig. 3, is then drawn, as nearly symmetrical as possible, and the form of this immersed bilge (but one-half of the entire hull) is filled in and faired by means of diagonals so located as to be almost equivalent to the sheer line and the ordinary bow-buttock lines of an upright hull. These lines and the sections are then carried out fair above water, meeting the sheer and deck lines to leeward and the keel line on the windward side, and completing the half hull, this is duplicated to make the other half, and the bow and transom are drawn in to harmonize with the rest of the design. The form of the hull in the upright position is hardly considered, the lines at an angle of 22 degrees being paramount to all other details.

W. P. S.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Yacht Racing Union of North America.

THE second annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of North America was held at the Windsor Hotel, New York, on Saturday, Oct. 1, the session beginning about 2 o'clock, and ending shortly after 5 o'clock. A meeting of the Council was held on Friday night, at which were present President L. M. Clark, of Boston; Secretary F. B. Jones, New York; Treasurer N. D. Lawton, New York; Æmilius Jarvis, Toronto; A. D. F. Bancroft, Philadelphia; J. M. Macdonough, San Francisco, and A. J. Prime, New York. The special topic of discussion during the evening was the measurement rule, as it was realized by all that some positive step must be taken at once; the matter not being left for another year, or even deferred until the building season had begun. The only proposals considered were the British Y. R. A. rule, now in force (the linear rating rule, with girth as a factor), and the different suggestions made at times by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff. None of the members of the Council had given any attention to Mr. Hyslop's proposed formula, and no attempt was made to discuss it. An examination of the different Herreshoff formulas showed that none were in shape for actual adoption, and it was finally decided to recommend the adoption of the British Y. R. A. rule for all classes of 30ft. and over. During the evening the Council dined at the New York Club, as the guests of Treasurer Lawton.

At the meeting on Saturday the following representatives were present:

Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, 33 clubs, Louis M. Clark; Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, 22 clubs, Chas. P. Tower, E. Burton Hart, Jr., W. P. Stephens, F. Bowne Jones, Charles T. Pierce, Walter C. Kerr and Oscar E. Chellborg; Pacific Interclub Yacht Racing Association, 5 clubs, Joseph M. Macdonough; Lake Yacht Racing Association, 8 clubs, Interlake Yachting Association, 9 clubs, and Lake Michigan Yachting Association, 7 clubs, Æmilius Jarvis; Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association, 5 clubs, F. B. Jones; New York Yacht Racing Association, 17 clubs, A. J. Prime; Atlantic Yacht Club, Newbury D. Lawton; Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club, A. F. Bancroft; Penataquit Corinthian Yacht Club, H. S. Jewell; Rhode Island Yacht Club, Dr. A. M. Potter. The Larchmont and Marine and Field clubs sent no representatives.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with; the treasurer read his report, recommending that the dues be increased or an assessment ordered, as the very small dues did not give sufficient income. The secretary reported a membership of eight associations and seven separate clubs.

The report of the Council was then read, as follows:

The Council of the North American Yacht Racing Union, in compliance with the duties imposed upon them by subdivision 7 of the articles of association, respectfully make the following report:

That they have held numerous meetings with a view to framing such racing rules for submission to the Union as relate to subjects not already provided for by the racing rules heretofore adopted. That upon a careful consideration of all the rules now in force the conclusion was arrived at that the only additional rules needed by the Union would be those relating to measurement, classification, time allowance and crews.

Of these the most important by far seemed to be the one relating to measurement. With respect to what has been done by the Council in arriving at the determination to recommend the adoption of the rule submitted herewith we would state that there has been submitted to us for our consideration almost every known formula. We have carefully investigated the merits of all the different systems of measurement in use, as well as all those submitted for our consideration or that have been brought to our notice.

The subcommittee of our Council has visited England and thoroughly investigated the effects on design of the rule now in force there. Without entering into an extended argument in support of the conclusions we have arrived at, we will state that we have found objections to the adoption of every one of the formulas considered.

Many of the rules suggested have good points, but also objectionable features which would preclude favorable recommendation. After prolonged discussion and careful study of the whole subject, the determination has been arrived at that the length and sail area rule now in force must without further delay be abrogated and something else substituted in its place. Of all the formulas considered the only one that has had a fair trial with satisfactory results is the girth rule, which, after very great deliberation and careful study on the part of some of the ablest yachting experts in England, has been tried with the most satisfactory results. The influence that the use of this rule has had on the design of such boats as have been built under it would seem to be all the argument that is needed in favor of its adoption here. The uniform sentiment in its favor wherever it has been tried would seem to be a perfect answer to all objections to its use. The designers who build boats under it, the racing men, as well as all who have had practical experience with it in operation, commend it and speak favorably of the conditions induced by its adoption.

It has proved to be a just measure of speed; it penalizes no boat; it taxes size, power, propelling force only to the extent of equalizing the chances of winning of boats of different types properly brought together in their legitimate classes. Of all the rules submitted, it presents fewer objections than any that have been considered. The adoption of this rule would promote international uniformity, the benefits of which to this Union would be incalculable. It would be quite unlikely that any change would be made in the rule anywhere without an international conference, in which our Union would then have a prominent part. The strong position that this would give to our association would make its influence felt everywhere. Even were the rule suggested no better than others, these considerations should influence us to select it in preference to others equally good. The classification under the formula follows closely the one in use under our present rule, and the slight changes recommended will not affect existing boats. The rule relating to crews has been made to conform as far as practicable to existing regulations.

The report then gives in full the Y. R. A. rule, $\frac{L.+B.+0.75\ G.+0.5\ \sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$, with the details of method of measuring, in which two changes were proposed, the present American method of measuring sail being retained and the centerboard, which is practically barred in the English rule by being measured twice, being measured as follows:

"To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel to the center of the area of the centerboard when lowered to its fullest extent. Centerboards, when ballasted, except to overcome flotation, or fitted with bulbs or otherwise, to be measured as fixed keels."

The following classes were proposed:

Schooners.—First class, all over 100ft.; 100ft. class, not over 100ft. and over 80ft.; 80ft. class, not over 80ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—First class, all over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft. and over 52ft.; 52ft. class, not over 52ft. and over 42ft.; 42ft. class, not over 42ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, not over 30ft.

The report was accepted without discussion. Mr. Kerr asked for information as to other proposed formulas investigated by the Council. Mr. Pierce moved that the rule, as embodied in the report, be adopted at once. Mr. Jewell asked for information as to the origin of the factors and the coefficients in the rule. A general discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Lawton, Jarvis and Jones spoke in favor of the rule. Mr. Stephens opposed the rule on the grounds that it had not given thorough satisfaction in England, that it would not prove as well adapted to the conditions on this side as in British waters, that from its form, apart from the actual measurement of all or a portion of the centerboard, it discriminated against the centerboard type, and that it was wrong in theory, as girth does not, of necessity, place a premium on the area of section in all cases. President Clark spoke briefly, saying that he had come from Boston without the expectation of any rule being adopted at the meeting, but that since his arrival in New York he had been convinced of the necessity for the immediate adoption of a rule, and he favored the Y. R. A. rule on the evidence as to its successful operation in England. Mr. Pierce moved the adoption of the rule, which was carried with no negative votes.

A motion was next made by Secretary Jones to change the name of the organization to the Y. R. U. of North America, the original form being cumbrous and unusual, generally being reversed in use. An amendment was offered to make it the Y. R. U. of North America, Porto Rico and the Philippines, but it was not seconded and the first motion was carried. Mr. Jones also offered an amendment changing the date of the annual meeting to the latter part of October, but Mr. Jarvis objected on the ground that it would involve a change of date of annual meeting on the part of all the associations, whose meetings must be held after that of the Union. After general discussion the amendment was dropped.

Mr. Tower brought up the matter of Rule 7, Section 2, relating to alterations of ballast and water, no time being specified, and asked for an amendment specifying a definite hour. It was explained that the rule had been purposely worded in this way to allow clubs in different localities to follow their established custom.

The following recommendation of the Council in regard to proportion of ballast to displacement was then taken up and adopted, having been omitted in its proper place in connection with the rule: "The ballast must not exceed more than 60 per cent. of the displacement of the yacht."

The following gentlemen were elected as Council for the coming year:

Louis M. Clark, Frank Bowne Jones, Newbury D. Lawton, E. W. Radder, Æmilius Jarvis, J. M. Macdonough, A. J. Prime, A. T. Bliss, G. H. Duggan, Oswald Sanderson, E. H. Ambrose, A. F. Bancroft, Oliver E. Cromwell, Ralph N. Ellis and Benjamin Carpenter.

The meeting then adjourned, a meeting of the new Coucil being held later, at which the present officers were re-elected.

Canoeing.

The Columbia River.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To satisfy a request for information expressed in your edition of Sept. 24, I would give the following recollections of a trip on the Columbia River, from Golden, B. C., on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the source of the river, at Lake Windermere. I rowed from Golden in a clumsy four-oared boat. I had to pull all the way or for four days of thirteen hours each, and yet I enjoyed the trip very well, because of the extraordinary beauty of the scenery. On the right we had the snow-capped Selkirks, on the left the ice peaks of the main range of the Rockies. The mother lakes are full of trout; the water is as clear as that of Lake Superior. Mine was a trip of exploration, and I took only a very little time for sport, but that little time made the down trip one to be remembered. If it was enjoyable going up, it was unceasingly delightful, a magnificent trip, going down. It is the big game country of America par excellence, is that 100 miles or more from Windermere to Golden. There are many channels and islands in the river, and all are full of wildfowl. I never saw wild geese in quantity before that trip, although I thought I had. I had a photographic outfit, and by climbing onto the foothills glorious panoramic views of river, lake, islands, foothills and mountains clad in eternal snows may be taken even with an ordinary camera. I brought home some views that I still consider my best.

Any time between May 1 and November is the right season, although, of course, the sportsman will be guided by the game laws. The population is kindly and honest. Many young English gentlemen, keen sportsmen, are ranching on the banks of the river. A small steamer now runs from Golden to Windermere. I would advise taking the steamer up and canoeing and shooting down. Grizzlies, elk, panthers, etc., can be had by using one's ankles. Outfits and guides can be had at Golden. I have never ceased to wish to go back, and I shall.

L. O. ARMSTRONG.

The Annual A. C. A. Meeting.

THE following notice has just been sent out to members of the A. C. A. executive committee:

BUFFALO, Oct. 1.—Dear sir: Commodore Thorn has instructed me to notify you that the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held in Buffalo on Oct. 17, Monday morning at 9 o'clock, at the Iroquois Hotel. It is hoped that you will exert every effort to attend. Yours very truly,

CHAS. P. FORBUSH, Sec'y-Treas.

Invitations have been sent out by the Buffalo C. C. for a dinner on Saturday evening, Oct. 15.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 21-23.—Los Angeles, Cal.—First fall tournament of the Los Angeles Sharpshooters. Open to all riflemen. F. S. Hicks, Sec'y.

Los Angeles Sharpshooters.

THE tournament of the Los Angeles Sharpshooters will be held on the new range at Glassell Station, on the Terminal Railway, five miles from the center of the city and reached in fifteen minutes; special railroad fare to riflemen.

The range is open and level, with no obstructions or barriers between the shooter and the target, and in this respect is superior to most ranges in this country. There will be eight or more targets, all connected by electric signal system with the firing points, and all appliances necessary to convenience and safety will be provided. Shooting begins at 9 A. M. and closes at 5 P. M. each day.

The programme of the tournament is designed to encourage rifle practice in various phases, and is as follows:

Sharpshooters' team match, Oct. 21, 1 P. M., 200 and 500yds., military target, military rifles and semi-military or sporting rifles taking Government ammunition or .30cal. smokeless cartridges, no telescope sights; minimum trigger pull, 3lbs.; off-hand at 200yds.; any position, head toward the target, at 500yds.; no artificial rest. Open to teams of five men. Entrance fee, $10 per team. Any company, club, or town may enter more than one team, but no person shall shoot on more than one team. Scores—Creedmoor count, 10 shots at each range per man; no re-entry. Prizes: Highest team, $50; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth, $10. For highest aggregate individual score, gold medal.

Ring target re-entry, 200yds., German 25-ring target, off-hand, any rifle, any trigger, no telescopes, no palm rest. Three-shot tickets, 50 cents; three tickets to count; ties decided by next best tickets. Prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $20; fourth, $10; fifth, $5. Five prizes of $3 each; five prizes of $2 each.

Expert pool, German ring target, 200yds., off-hand, any rifle, any trigger, palm rest allowed; no telescope, no rest. Four-shot tickets, $2; no re-entry. Three prizes of 35, 25 and 20 per cent. of total entrance money. Special premium of $50 for 100 point ticket.

Merchandise shoot, 200yds., off-hand, military target, any rifle not less than 3lbs. pull; no telescope, no palm rest. Three-shot tickets, 50 cents; re-entry; three best tickets to count; ties decided by next best. Attractive list of prizes will be given.

Midrange bullseye pool, 500yds., military target; bullseyes only to count; any rifle, not less than 3lbs. pull; no telescope; any position without artificial rest. Three-shot tickets, 50 cents; re-entry; 80 per cent. entrance money to be divided each day pro rata for bullseyes scored.

Bullseye pool, 200yds., off-hand; military target; any rifle, any trigger. Three-shot tickets, 50 cents; re-entry; 80 per cent. entrance money divided daily.

Members' pool, 200yds., off-hand, L. A. S. rules; open only to members not qualified on range book as sharpshooters. Three-shot tickets, 50 cents. Re-entry; three tickets to count. Five prizes, paid daily, of 30, 20, 15, 10 and 5 per cent. of entrance money.

Long range match, 1,000yds., military target; any position without artificial rest, no telescope; ten-shot tickets, 50 cents; re-entry, Creedmoor count. Prize for best score, single ticket, Winchester single-shot .30-40 rifle. Special gold medal for "possible."

Los Angeles Times Special Prize Match, Saturday, Oct. 22.—The Los Angeles Times offers a list of very valuable prizes for a match under these conditions: At 500yds., new "skirmish" target, designed by Capt. Kelly, of the Los Angeles Sharpshooters; any rifle not less than 3lbs. pull; no telescope or magnifying sights; L. A. S. rules; 10 shots only, no re-entry. Entries by Times coupons only; contestants limited to fifty.

Riflemen and sharpshooters' teams intending to compete will confer a favor by informing the committee at an early date, in order that adequate arrangements may be made for them. Teams especially are requested to send word. For further information, address F. S. Hicks, secretary, 127 West Second street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Oct. 2, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king with a score of 211. Nestler was high with 65 for the Dietrich medal. Drube was high for the Uckotter trophy with a score of 209. Weather warm and gusty, 11 to 2 o'clock wind:

King target:										
Gindele	24	17	23	16	22	22	22	21	19	25—211
Payne	20	21	23	23	13	18	25	21	19	21—204
Weinheimer	15	22	15	12	14	20	16	22	22	20—178
Drube	8	19	20	21	19	20	14	21	21	14—177
Roberts	19	21	23	20	19	15	19	19	7	22—184
Houck	23	17	19	15	17	23	1	21	21	10—157
Hasenzahl	20	22	17	21	16	22	22	20	18	21—199
Topf	5	20	11	9	17	22	7	21	11	12—135
Nestler	21	24	21	18	13	22	20	20	25	13—196
Strickmeier	16	15	20	20	23	20	20	23	20	19—194
Trounstine	11	5	20	16	21	17	20	1	11	18—140

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	22	21	19—62	221	209	206
Payne	25	21	19—65	212	207	206
Weinheimer	16	22	22—60	195	188	185
Uckotter	..	..	..	163	160	...
Drube	14	21	21—56	209	198	197
Roberts	19	19	7—45	208	205	199
Houck	1	21	21—43	181	172	160
Hasenzahl	22	20	18—60	210	208	205
Topf	7	21	11—39	189	185	176
Strickmeier	20	23	20—63	208	204	199
Nestler	20	20	25—65	214	208	208
Trounstine	20	1	11—32	196	191	187

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-7.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Tournament under the management of C. H. Miller and Lewis Melsheimer.

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona, Pa.—Tournament by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter, G. G. Zeth, Committee

Oct. 8.—Woodlawn, L. I.—Team contest between Endeavor Gun Club and New Utrecht Gun Club, on grounds of the latter.

Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breldenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-14.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. $100 added each day. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 12.—Reading, Pa.—South End Gun Club's all-day tournament and trophy shoot. Arthur A. Fink, Manager, Reading, Pa.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Rolla Heikes' tournament; one day live birds; $200 added to target events.

Oct. 15.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Central New Jersey League team contest.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 19.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Twenty-five-bird handicap, $10 entrance; 10 birds, $5 entrance. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Oct. 25-27.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament at Dupont Park.

Oct. 27-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucy Gun Club. Championship of Kentucky on last day, 25 pigeons. Emile Pragoff, Secretary.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

May 22-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

"Twenty Years of Trap-Shooting in Missouri" is the title of a work just from the press, compiled by J. E. Guinotte, first secretary of the State Association, and published by the Federation of Kansas City Gun Clubs. It gives a most minute history of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association from its organization to the present time, including a complete record of all proceeding, a list of all its officers, and other noted sportsmen, and a vast amount of information of general interest to sportsmen of the State. It contains 418 pages, and is neat and artistic in all its mechanical details. Price $4. E. A. Hickman, secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

The new catalogue of the Hunter Arms Company, Fulton, N. Y., is a gem of typographical neatness. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. In it they call special attention to some changes in their guns, notably the putting of their Damascus barrels on No. 0 and No. 1 grade, and the making of a $60 list ejector with Damascus barrels, that they are now putting the crown steel barrels on the No. 2 grade, and their new nitro steel barrels on the No. 3 grade. The company was never so busy as at the present moment.

Mr. Henry Hawkins, who holds an important official position with the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., in the manufacturing department, at Oakland, sailed for England last week on a visit of a few weeks' duration. Although Mr. Hawkins has been in America but a few months, he has learned dearly to like America and Americans, and his praises would bring a modest blush to the native American were they not so hearty and sincere. We wish Mr. Hawkins a happy voyage.

On the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Lyndhurst, N. J., Oct. 19, there will be a 25-bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra, 25c. Also a 10-bird event, $5. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock. Grounds can be reached in thirty minutes from New York via Erie to Rutherford, or D. L. & W. to Lyndhurst. Telephone 36a Rutherford. Telegrams to Rutherford. T. W. Morfey, secretary.

Mr. Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, has been taking some outings where the fish are to be found in Sullivan county, and he has caught some most enviable strings of fish, his last catch of small-mouth bass being of just the right size for beauty combined with good fighting abilities.

Under date of Sept. 30, Mr. E. D. Fulford writes us as follows: "Some one broke into my house while I was away last week and stole my Remington hammerless pistol grip; no safety. No. 104,955; barrels of gun No. 109,486; ordinance steel; stock of gun No. 109,491, straight grip, no safety."

The winners of the 25-bird handicap, at Singac, N. J., Sept. 28, were Capt. A. W. Money, who killed 25 straight; Messrs. W. Fred Quimby and T. W. Morfey divided second on 23, and Mr. Jas. Timmons, of Morristown, N. J., killed 22. The entrance was $10, birds extra.

Mr. E. D. Fulford and Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, who are both noted for their skill in handling the Remington gun, the manufacturers of which they represent, were in New York on Tuesday of this week, stopping over en route to the Newburgh tournament.

There will be trap-shooting in conjunction with the third open-air show of the New England Kennel Club, at Braintree, Mass., Oct. 14 and 15. Full information concerning this can be secured of the secretary, Mr. James L. Little, Braintree, Mass.

The three days' tournament of the Kentucky Gun Club will be held at Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 27, 28 and 29. The championship of Kentucky contest at 25 pigeons will take place on the last day. Emile Pragoff, secretary.

The Brooklyn Gun Club holds its regular monthly shoot this week on Saturday, at its grounds, Liberty street and Enfield avenue. Merchandise events and sweeps will be a feature in addition to the cup shoot.

Mr. J. A. Belden was the only contestant to kill 10 live birds straight in the Hell Gate Gun Club's club contest in Brooklyn, Sept. 27, in a field of thirty-two contestants.

On Sept. 29, Mr. Silas Palmer defeated Mr. J. B. Barto for the Chicago challenge trophy, at Watson's Park, full particulars of which will be found in Western traps.

The final match between the Harrisburg and Lebanon clubs, fixed to take place on Sept. 28, was declared won by Harrisburg by the default of Lebanon.

In the club shoot of the Hudson Gun Club last week Mr. Charles Shields captured the trophy with a score of 20 targets out of 25.

This week, at Woodlawn, the New Utrecht Gun Club and the Endeavors have a team race.

BERNARD WATERS.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Sept. 29.—Inclosed find scores of to-day's shoot. Leroy was high for the day. Griffith shot very nicely, but high scores were impossible. Each trap was set at a different height, and one threw the birds into a pond of water 75yds. distant.

High guns for the day were as follows: Leroy .900 per cent., Allison .870, Griffith .810, Barrett .800, Root .710, Worthing .700, Leonard .680, Reiner .660.

No. 3, 50-target handicap:

	Score.	Allowance.	Broke.	Total.
Griffith	41	8	6	47
Root	34	10	6	40
Reiner	27	10	8	35
Allison	46	2	1	47
Remington	32	15	7	39
Leonard	31	12	8	39
Barrett	38	7	6	44
W Woodard	33	15	14	47
Wolfe	22	15	9	31
Leroy, scratch	44	..	..	44
Worthing	32	6	3	35

Sweeps: Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	20	15	10	15
Root	6	13	13	16	8	17	8	6	9
Worthing	8	11	6	..	..	..	14	9	11
Reiner	6	12	11	..	12	10	11	10	11
Barrett	7	13	12	18	9	17	13	9	..
Allison	10	9	13	18	12	19	13	7	14
Bartlett	8	12	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
Leonard	7	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Remington	7	7	7	11	..	10	10	7	9
Leroy	9	13	14	20	13	19	12	9	14
Griffith	..	13	12	19	12	14	14	7	10
Wolfe	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	7	7
Temple	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	9

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Following scores are from Audubon Gun Club's club shoot. The second series of events for the Hebard trophy was shot to-day and won by J. J. Reid, who scored 27 out of 30, and had 3 birds added, making the first 30 score in this series. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. Class A badge was won by B. Talsma. Dr. E. S. Carroll won Class B, and Peter Stover Class C. The annual field day and merchandise shoot takes place on Oct. 12:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	*	†	5p	20
C Burkhardt	12	13	21	27	8	15
J J Reid	10	12	17	27	5	12
E Burkhardt	9	13	18	17	5	10
G McArthur	9	10	20	20	4	..
Hebard	12	12	17	20	8	..
B Talsma	..	..	..	23	25	..
A Heinold	14	15	22	26	7	19
L Warren	14	13	20	27	9	16
P Myers	10	11	19	25	..	..
A Barnes	6	10	16	11	4	..
Walker	9	12	13	20	6	..
Eaton	10	..	18	24	6	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	*	†	5p	20
Otis	6	..	..	..	..	..
Lodge	13	..	14	21	7	14
Fanning	14	..	..	..	9	..
U Storey	..	..	..	17	17	8
E McCarney	..	..	..	20	20	4
Dr E Carroll	..	..	..	22	23	..
Fanning	..	..	..	22	..	6
Jacobs	..	..	..	22	21	..
Otis	..	..	..	9	..	..
D Kerew	..	..	..	23	..	..
Green	..	..	..	..	26	3
Chabot	..	..	..	..	10	..

* Badge. †Trophy.

C. J. MOYER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL LEAGUE.

New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 1.—Following are the scores of the five-men team contest of the Central New Jersey League, held here to-day. Next shoot takes place at Dunellen, Oct. 15:

Reservoir, of New Brunswick.

McDowell	1111111111111111010111111—23
Booraem	1111101111111111101111111—23
Van Dyke	1111111111111111001101011—21
Bissett	0001111111111111100001111—18
Belloff	1011101101011101111011100—17—102

Dunellen.

Fletcher	0100111101101111101100100—15
Lindzey	1011010111111011111100111—19
Neilson	0111101001011101110111111—18
Giles	1100111111111111011101011—20
Cramer	0111011011010011110111110—17— 89

Climax, of Plainfield.

Goodman	1111100011111110011110111—19
Darby	0100001001111000111001000— 9
Manning	0101111110011101111011010—17
Keller, Jr	0011011011011111110011011—17
Keller	1111111111111111111111111—25— 87

Bound Brook.

Tingley	1111000011110110010011110—14
Hoey	1111111110111101111010111—21
Anderson	0001111000110110001110111—14
Hobart	1111110001111110111011111—20
Crater	0101000000000101111011110—11— 80

Sweepstakes: Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
J Belloff	8	10	8	..	9	Green	..	..	7	9	6
H Smith	5	..	..	..	..	Darby	..	..	5	8	..
F C Bissett	8	7	8	..	9	Giles	..	..	5	6	6
Goodman	7	7	7	..	5	Nelson	..	..	7	5	5
Manning	5	9	4	5	9	Fletcher	..	..	5	6	2
Booraem	..	..	8	..	..	Tingley	..	..	8	8	6
McDowell	..	..	8	10	..	Hoey	..	..	7	6	..
Van Dyke	..	..	8	7	..	Carpenter	..	..	..	5	6
Keller	..	..	7	8	..	Cramer	..	..	..	..	7
Keller, Jr	..	..	8	4	..	Brown	..	..	..	..	8

Team race, 15 targets:			
Booraem	14	Cramer	14
McDowell	13	Bissett	11
Belloff	11	Osborn	9
Giles	11	Lindzey	7
Keller	11	Neilson	7
Dr Neilson	5—65	Fletcher	5—53

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 1.—The following scores were made here to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dawson	7	6	8	6	4	9	8	5	10	6
J W Smith	10	8	9	10	8	8	6	10	9	9
Wilson	8	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Terrill	6	7	8	8	6	6	10	8	8	..
Thomas	..	..	8	7	..	7	10	8	9	9

I. H. T.

HANDICAP AT SINGAC.

Singac, N. J., Sept. 28.—The grounds are good and the birds were a commendable lot of flyers. There was no wind. The handicap was at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap 26 to 32yds.:

Capt Money, 30	1121211212212111222112222—25
Quimby, 29	1201101222222111211112221—23
Wright, 30	2221202220012221201022211—20
Doty, 30	2222222222220202*202222—21
Morfey, 30	2222221222220222222222222—23
Grundy, 24	2001120120201212210010110—16
Timmons, 29	1221021220211112222211210—22

Sweepstakes: Match:				
Morfey, 32	1211220222— 9	Timmons, 30	0022011222— 7
Match:				
Capt Money	2121222112—10	Morfey	22122112*2— 9
Sweepstakes, $5, handicap:				
Timmons, 28	1211122222—10	Doty, 30	0222222220— 8
Money, 30	2220122101— 8	Morfey, 30	2202221200— 7
Quimby, 29	0111022122— 8	Grundy, 26	2002120100— 5
Wright, 30	0221122202— 8		

Ties on 8, miss-and-out, 32yds.:			
Doty	22	Quimby	10
Money	10	Wright	0

TRAP AT ROCKAWAY.

Rockaway, N. J., Sept. 29.—The birds were good and bad. There was no wind; weather pleasant. Grounds were poor.

No. 1 event was at 10 live birds, $5 entrance, 30yds. rise:

Morfey	2*22012222— 8	Class	1222222222—10
Capt Money	111111111*— 9	Hull	1210200212— 7
Timmons	2222*11222— 9	Little	*111120022— 7
Bunn	1120212122— 9	Quimby	0121212212— 9

No. 2, 25 birds, $15 entrance, birds out, handicap, three moneys:

Morfey, 30	1121222212222212222221202—24
Money, 31	11121*2122120211220111221—22
Quimby, 29	1211111200220210222111102*—20
Class, 31	222222*12222221222020222—22
Timmons, 29	2111222222222122221122222—25
J L Smith, 28	1211212211110121221211220—23

No. 3, 10 birds, handicap, two moneys:

Class, 30	2221202222—9	Timmons, 30	2222*22012—8
Money, 30	1011222221—9	J L Smith, 29	2112110221—9
Morfey, 30	2210122222—9	Bunn, 27	201*011012—6

Ties, miss-and-out, 1yd. back:			
Morfey	20	Class	22
Money	10	J L Smith	12

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Brooklyn, Sept. 27.—The contest of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at Dexter Park. The event was a handicap rise at 10 birds, Hurlingham rules:

	Points.		Points.
J H Voss, 30	1012101222—8 7	A Schmitt, 28	2111021222—9 6
R Regan, 28	1011210220—7 5½	Rubenstein, 28	2211221011—9 6
Himmelsb'h, 28	0121010112—7 5½	F Guy, 28	2021011200—6 4
J Neuman, 28	2222020010—6 5	G Breit, 28	2120022200—6 4½
C Wigger, 28	2100002200—4 4	W Sands, 28	1200222202—6 7
McPartland, 28	1020010110—5 4	J H Selg, 28	2221000010—5 5
F Trostel, 30	1102112020—7 7	Doeinck, 30	2220222200—7 7
C Webber, 30	1221201002—7 7	J Weeb, 28	2001110202—6 5
L Stelsle, 28	0222112221—9 6	J Schlicht, 28	0222121121—9 6½
J Belden, 28	1220221222—9 6½	E Metz, 28	2212221020—8 7
Ph Woelfel, 28	2021102022—7 7	H Bahn, 28	2210101020—6 5
B Lang, 28	2110210110—7 6	H Haffen, 25	1102000000—3 5
E Steffens, 28	0111122110—8 6½	Marquard, 28	0012102020—5 4
L Munch, 28	1220121200—7 6	Richter, 28	1112101020—7 5
A Knodel, 28	0000120000—2 4½	Peterson, 28	1021101121—8 6½
H Foster, 30	0111022101—7 7	H Voss	1121202212—9

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Woodlawn, Oct. 1.—The feature of the live-bird shoot at Woodlawn to-day was the surprise not only to those present, but to Frost himself, who, after shooting in such poor shape in the club shoot, in No. 2 won the shoot for the shells. All club events are off for next Saturday, as we shoot the Endeavor Club a friendly match:

	No. 1, club shoot.	No. 2.	No. 3, sweep.
A A Hegeman, B, 28	2122211111—10	**1—1	01021—3
W H Thompson, A, 28	2111111112—10	201—2	.....
F A Thompson, A, 28	12*1211112— 9	102—2	11021—4
W Henry, B, 28	2010010222— 7	...	.....
E G Frost, B, 27	2002000100— 3	222—3	02011—3

No. 4, 5-bird race:			
F Thompson, 28	20121—4	A Hegeman, 29	22112—5
No. 5, 7-bird race:			
A Hegeman, 29	2121212—7	F Thompson, 29	1021211—6

The South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will give an all-day tournament on Oct. 12.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 29.—Mr. J. B. Barto, former holder of the Chicago hoodoo trophy, lost it to-day to Mr. Silas Palmer, of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, after a close race and a doubtful issue. The trophy itself had not turned up anything of history for quite a while, and was due to do so. It paused in its career down the grooves of time long enough to add another bit to its story. This time it was over the handicapping. The local paper this week published the handicap as Barto scratch, Palmer 29yds. and 2 birds. Before the shoot began there was some question as to the handicap. Mr. Watson, the referee, stated that he had not had the handicap announced to him, and no one could tell more than the published statement above referred to. It was supposed that the mother of the trophy would know her own, and the shoot began with the supposition of the correctness of the published handicap. The race ran along to the eighth bird, Barto being then one bird in the lead. At that time the passengers from one of the suburban trains came to the grounds, among these Mr. T. P. Hicks, of the handicapping committee. Some one asked Mr. Hicks about the handicap, and he said it was 29yds. and 3 birds for Palmer. This created talk at once, and the shooting stopped. Mr. Barto said he thought a letter from Mr. Mussey, chairman of the trustees, stated the handicap as 2 birds, but he was not sure.

Mr. Barto expressed regret that he had gone on with the race, as the rules were clearly in violation. The rules state that the handicap must be announced to the contestant at least three days before the contest. Of course, all this was unfortunate.

The shooting was good. The day was warm, with a stiffish wind blowing toward the score in the direction of a left-quartering incomer. The birds were lively, and as the flight of most of the fastest ones was a high jump and a twist to the left with the wind, the shooting was difficult. Both men were in good shape, and they cut out a keen gait. This high left-quartering bird was Mr. Palmer's hoodoo, both in his practice before the race and during its progress, four of his lost birds taking that flight, and all of Mr. Barto's lost birds having the same direction. At times one of these birds would make so strong and high a spring into the air and get away on the curve so quickly, climbing all the while, that it seemed impossible to get ahead and high enough. Yet both men caught a good per cent. of these hot ones, and an impartial applause rewarded their efforts. Mr. Barto got a stinger in his fifth, but cut it down inside the wire. His seventh was cut to pieces, but crossed the wire to fall dead. His eleventh was a fine quick kill, and his seventeenth fairly a grand stand kill on a high fast one, which came down whirling, stone dead. His twenty-fourth was a keen white bird, which got away not hit very much with either barrel. Mr. Barto showed rapid but careful first-barrel work, and shot a good race. Indeed both scores are high ones considering conditions.

Mr. Palmer lost his second bird, which towered away unhit. His eighth went away in similar fashion, but on his tenth he caught just as nasty a one, and stopped it in great shape. His twelfth bird also showed quick work, and his ominous thirteenth he smothered with both barrels. His fourteenth, a slow white, needed the second badly. His fifteenth called out a bit of quick and accurate work. His eighteenth was his hoodoo again, and his nineteenth, a twister straight out, was also lost, though hit hard with both barrels. After Mr. Palmer had shot twenty-seven birds, he was told to shoot the debated third handicap bird also. He lost this last bird, a twisting left quarterer. The result showed that in either case, with a two-bird or a three-bird handicap, he would have defeated Mr. Barto by one bird. Mr. Palmer shot a good score, and kept up the good impression he has been making at the live birds. He used a Greener gun, with 3½drs. Du Pont, Leader shells. Mr. Barto shot a Colt gun, 3½drs. Du Pont, in U. M. C. smokeless cases. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2	3	1	1	3	4	5	5	1	3	5	3	3	4	2	4	2	5	2	2	2	4	4	2	3
J B Barto, 30..	2	2	2	2	2	2	*	1	0	2	2	2	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	—22
	4	2	1	4	4	1	4	3	2	2	4	1	3	1	4	5	3	2	3	5	2	3	2	4	5	1	5	5
S Palmer, 29..	1	0	1	1	1	2	1	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	0—28

Mr. W. P. Mussey, chairman of the trustees who fix the handicap, was seen and stated that he had finally concluded to sever his connection with the board of trustees governing this trophy. His resignation goes in to-day. I am not in a position to quote Mr. Mussey, but I am disposed to guess that he has had about enough, and knows when he has had enough, of this celebrated emblem with the string to it.

Dr. S. Shaw, of the Garfield Gun Club, and Geo. Roll, of Blue Island, both filed challenges for the next contest with Mr. Palmer. Dr. Shaw's challenge will be the one which will be accepted. What the handicaps will be remains a matter properly to be shrouded in a large and gloomy cloud of uncertainty.

WATSON'S.

John Watson tells me that his big live bird shoot, which will begin Dec. 13 and will last three days, will be a handicap shoot. There will be a $100 medal offered, and the main event will take the form of a twenty-five-bird race, $25 entrance, birds included. There will be two sets of live bird traps, and a sweep of the above dimensions ought to attract a goodly number of the best live bird shots, of whom we have abundance in this section of the world.

In the shooting previous to the challenge trophy race on Thursday, a few of the gentlemen present went in for practice. Dr. Shaw killed fifteen straight in slashing style, and Mr. Palmer eight out of ten with equal good time. Mr. Barto scored seven out of ten in practice. Then Dr. Shaw and Mr. Palmer shot five birds, Dr. Shaw missing three, Mr. Palmer one. Dr. Shaw then missed another bird, making four straight that he missed after a grand run of fifteen straight. The pigeon game is surely a strange one.

DU PONT, OF OMAHA.

The Du Pont Gun Club tournament at Omaha, last week, was a hummer, and the equitable system gets another endorsement. One good squad score turned out. Messrs. Worthington, Townsend, Lindsay, Bray and Moore broke 74 out of 75 targets shot at in one event, Lindsay missing his second bird. A live bird sweep closed the shoot, 15 birds, $10. Score:

Lindsay 12, Mortenson 14, Bee 14, Hungate 14, Hollister 13, Hallowell 15, Schroeder 14, Dickenson 12, T. Kimball 14, R. Kimball 15, Higgins 12, Brucker 15, Riechart 13, Den 11, Trotter 14, Hardin 13, Smith 13, Burk 15, Hafer 11, Nicolai 13.

WINCHESTER, OF DETROIT.

Winchester Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., held its last shoot last Saturday. "Bluerock" won the club medal, 23 out of 25. The club will now devote itself to executive work, and do its shooting in the field. The season has been a successful one.

KENTUCKY GUN CLUB.

Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., pulled off the first live-bird match of its winter series on Sept. 28. Dr. Fallis went out with a straight score in the medal race, and Col. Thompson only lost one in the same event. Mr. Harry Lyons shot in hard luck in the medal race, losing two birds. The following are the scores in the medal event:

Lyons, 30	2	2	*	2	0	1	2	1	2	0—7
Fallis, 30	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	1	1	2—10
Miller, 29	*	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	0	2—8
B P Grigsby, 27	2	1	2	1	0	*	*	1	1	1—7
Fawcett, 30	2	2	2	2	2	2	*	0	2	2—8
G Grigsby, 26	2	2	*	2	2	2	0	1	0	0—6
Thompson, 29	1	2	1	1	1	0	1	1	2	1—9

EDGERTON LIVE-BIRD SHOOT.

A very promising live-bird shoot is that scheduled by the Edgerton Gun Club, of Edgerton, Wis., for Oct. 4-5. There are 1,000 live birds on hand, which will be trapped at 12½c., certainly a liberal price, and one which ought to bring out a good attendance. There will be five races on the first day and four on the second, concluding with the contest for the Carlton gold medal, at fifteen live birds.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

EUREKA VS. GARFIELD.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—The contest between the Eureka and Garfield Gun Clubs took place to-day on the grounds of the latter. About 125 spectators were present. There was an overcast sky and a continuous fall of drizzling rain. The race was for the Shooting and Fishing trophy. There was much interest on account of the rivalry between the two clubs, in target and live-bird shooting. The clubs have had several contests, and while the honors are fairly even, the Eurekas have enjoyed a little the best of it. During last winter these two clubs participated in six team contests, the Garfields winning two target and one live-bird event, the Eurekas winning two live-bird and one target event, resulting in a tie, which has not as yet been shot off. To-day's race has a tendency to show the supremacy of the Eureka's over the Garfield, they having twice won the trophy and twice successfully defended the same since it was first contested for, the Garfields winning but once.

Following are the detailed scores of the event, which was at thirty single targets, five unknown traps, one man up, and ten pairs:

Eureka.

W D Stannard	29	111101111110101011 10—15—44
A C Paterson	22	111110111110101101 10—15—37
T P Stannard	24	101011101110111010 10—13—37
A W Adams	22	110011110101111111 11—16—38
E Bingham	24	101100001101111011 11—13—37—193

Garfield.

A W Fehrman	18	101011110110101111 11—15—33
Dr Shaw	22	111011111110101111 11—17—39
J R Graham	15	000010101010101010 10— 8—23
R Kuss	21	110110101010111110 10—13—34
T P Hicks	23	001110101110111011 11—14—37—166

Mr. Chas. Stickles acted as referee. E. S. Rice was judge, representing Garfield Gun Club, and Jno. L. Jones for Eureka. No hitch occurred to mar the pleasantness of the occasion.

GARFIELD GUN CLUB.

The Garfield Gun Club's weekly target contest followed immediately after. The Eureka members attending also took part and shot their trophy scores on these grounds. The race was at twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles. Classified:

Class A was tied for by Dr. Shaw and T. P. Hicks, and was not shot off.

Class B was tied for by Dr. Meek and Samuel Young, and was not shot off. Class C was won by C. Workman.

The trophy event:

W Brown	0000001011000111100110110—12
Kuss	1111110011101111111111101—21
*F P Stannard	1111111101111111111111111—24
*W P Stannard	1111111010011101111011101—19
Pollard	0111000001001101001111111—14
W A Jones	0010011111110101000011100—13
Eaton	0110101111010011100011111—16
Richards	1001110111110111110011011—18
De Maris	1110111011011001001010011—15
Workman	1111101101110101111111110—20
*A C Paterson	1111111111101100111011110—20
*H D Morgan	1111110101111111111111100—21
E S Graham	1111111110101111110111011—21
Shaw	1011111111111111111111011—23
J R Graham	1100011001111111011011111—18
Meek	1111110111111111101101011—21
Stiger	1111101000001001110001011—13
Young	1111111101011110111110111—21
*T A Jones	1010010001010000100000000— 6
Hicks	1101111111111111111111110—23
Stickle	1111110010111011101101010—17
De Wolf	0110100011111100111000001—13
Baird	0011101111111111111100011—19
Dr Davis	1111011111001111101010111—19

* Indicates members of Eureka Gun Club who shot their medal scores on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Challenges for the Chicago challenge trophy have been posted by Dr. Siremdo Shaw and Geo. Roll. It is too early at the present time to say which will be accepted, but Dr. Shaw seems to have the right of way.

NOTES.

V. L. and A. have just issued their new and complete catalogue, containing a line of all sportsmen's goods, of guns, ammunition, camping outfits, etc. They have also recently opened a gun repair department, under the supervision of Henry Nathan, the well-known gunsmith, and are making rapid strides in the right direction.

The season of the Garfield Gun Club closes to-day.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

On account of the several members attending the contest between the Garfield and Eureka Gun Clubs, the attendance was very light. The day was very disagreeable, it raining most of the afternoon. In the trophy contest in Class A, E. M. Steck scored 20; Class B, C. W. Canon, 17; V. L. Cunnyngham, 22; R. B. Carson, 13.

The season of this club does not close until the last Saturday in October.

A. C. Paterson.

Trap around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 1.—At a meeting of the South End Gun Club, of this city, the tournament committee reported having engaged Arthur A. Fink, of this city, to manage their coming all-day target shoot, and also reported as having arranged a programme consisting of two events at 7 targets, 50 cents entrance; two at 10, 75 cents; two at 15, $1; two at 20, $1.50. The principal event of the day will be a team shoot for the South End Gun Club's sterling silver trophy in the shape of a shield 11 by 20in., valued at $50 by the maker. The teams are to consist of five men, each man shooting at 25 targets, with the entrance per team at $5.

The committee also decided to shoot extra events before 9 A. M., the time to commence the programme events, and after, the number of targets and entrance to be left to the shooters to decide. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. The magautrap will be used to throw the targets. Money will be divided, if less than twelve entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if twelve or more then four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The grounds of the South End Gun Club are considered to be one of the best shooting grounds in the State, and can easily be reached from Penn street, the center of the city, by three trolley roads. The grounds are located on Boyer's Island, at the Lancaster Bridge. Either the Reading & Southwestern from Third and Penn, or Third street line, or Bingaman street car from Fifth and Penn, will take the shooters to within one square of the grounds. Dinner can be had at the Packerack Hotel, just one square from the shooting grounds. All shells should be sent care Peter Texter, 427 Bingaman street, Reading, and any information or programmes wanted can be had by addressing Arthur A. Fink, manager, 426 Franklin street, Reading. Loaded shells can be secured on the grounds. Invitations have been sent to all the leading gun clubs and shooters in the State. This shoot will start promptly at 9 A. M., rain or shine, and is open to all.

Pottstown, Pa., Sept. 28.—An interesting live-bird tournament was held at Pleasant View, near here, which attracted shooters from Boyertown, Saratoga, Pottstown, Royersford and Reading. The birds were a very strong lot of flyers, five traps being used, American Association rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*	5	5	7	7	*	Targets:	*	5	5	7	7	*
Trumbauer	6	5	4	6	6	3	Yerger	2	5	4	7	7	3
Shealer	6	4	5	6	6	3	Shaner	..	4	3	6	..	..
Hawkins	6	3	3	6	6	..							

* Miss-and-outs.

Pleasant Run, Sept. 28.—A target tournament was held here to-day, some excellent scores being made. Brey carried off the honors with 25 straight in one event. All events were at unknown angles. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	25	Targets:	10	10	15	25
Miller	8	10	13	21	Brey	..	10	12	25
Irwin	7	9	11	19	Hiltebeitel	..	10	14	23
Hoffman	6	6	8	18	Weand	..	5	9	15
Small	5	7	8	15					

Reading, Pa., Sept. 30.—A shooting match at live birds took place on Rohrbach's field, near the city line, between Harry Katzenmayer, of Allentown, Pa., and Frank May, of this city. Each man shot at 13 birds, for $25 a side and loser to pay for birds and expenses. Samuel Pick was referee. The scores:

Frank May	1201112*11212—11
Harry Katzenmayer	1012*12022121—10

Phoenixville, Pa., Sept. 27.—The second of a series of three live-bird matches between John and Winfield Buckwalter on one side and Trumbauer and Hallman was shot on the Phoenix Gun Club's grounds to-day. Each man shot at 10 live birds. Buckwalter Bros. won by the score of 17 to 12.

Pottstown, Pa., Sept. 27.—Four members of the Shuler Shooting Club to-day shot at 25 targets in a practice shoot. The score: Grubb 21, Shaner 19, Johnson 15, Pennypacker 0.

Duster.

The next shoot of the New Jersey Central League will be at Bound Brook, N. J., Oct. 15.

Harrisburg Tournament.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 28.—The annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association opened here to-day with a large attendance of out-of-town and local shooters. Among the former were J. A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa.; W. H. Burnham, of York; E. D. Hobbs, of New Market, Frederick county, Md.; F. P. O'Leary (333), of Buffalo, N. Y., and also a delegation of twenty members of the Chambersburg Gun Club under the leadership of Capt. J. M. Runk, who came here to shoot the final match of the series of three matches with the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon. The following shooters composed the Chambersburg team: Capt. J. M. Runk, Irwin C. Elder, M. R. Rhoads, D. M. Minnick, J. B. Kennedy, Henry Disney, E. D. Hobbs, B. F. Henson, F. P. O'Leary, Wm. McGowan, J. Vanderau, Wm. Marshall. Mr. W. L. Boyer, of Chambersburg, also accompanied the team as scorer. Among the local shooters were Shoop (Brewster), Worder (Fuller), Harry Vanzandt (Moorhead), J. D. Kinzer, Disney, J. B. McCann, Sheriff Sellers, McKee, Geo. McGowan, Rheinhart and Dover, all members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

The shooting grounds are certainly model grounds for both target and live-bird shooting. A cozy club house is built so as to have views at both the target traps, which are erected on the front, toward the south, and the live birds are shot on the right side of the club house toward the west. A fine lawn on the front and two sides of the club house gives the grounds a fine appearance. The shooters of Harrisburg are very proud of their model grounds, so arranged at great expense. The background for target shooting is fine. The live birds used were all strong flyers, and were off like a streak when liberated from the traps.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 28.

The principal event of the first day was to have been the third and final shoot of the Chambersburg-Lebanon series at live birds and targets, for teams of ten men each, but on the last minute Lebanon wired the Harrisburg Association that they would not come, which was a great disappointment, not only to the Chambersburg Club and its followers, but also to a large number of visiting sportsmen who came here just to see this match, which was expected to be a tight one. For the Chambersburg Club I can honestly say they have a very strong team, and as they are organized not quite a year, some never having a gun in their hands before that time, they are certainly shooting at a wonderful pace.

The Harrisburg shooters on Sept. 16, at Lebanon, distributed programmes of this shoot, which announced the final match between these two clubs.

At 2 P. M., the time set for the match, Capt. Runk had each man shoot at a target and one live bird, and claimed both matches and the series, which was awarded him by Referee Moorhead.

The management of the tournament was looked after by Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., who had everything moving all the time, from 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., there being not one delay during the day. Great credit is given Manager Fink by the Harrisburg Association for the easy manner in which he managed this shoot and looked after the affairs pertaining to the same.

The scores of to-day's events are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	10	15
Fuller	5	8	8	13	7	13	10	14	6	14
M J Rhoads	6	10	6	9	6	..	..	8	..	..
Burnham	8	12	8	15	7	11	10	12	6	12
Brewster	6	11	6	11	6	10	6	..	..	..
Runk	7	10	8	17	8	10	6	13	10	15
McGowan	7	10	5	10	4	9	4	12	..	11
Vanderau	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	7	12	7	11	8	11	9	12	7	11
Kennedy	6	..	..	..	7	..	..	10	8	..
Elder	8	12	9	15	7	10	8	12	7	10
Henry	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dover	5	10	7	12	6	8	7	..	..	..
Hobbs	..	11	9	16	8	8	9	11	7	12
Kinzer	..	9	6	14	3	..	8	9	7	9
333	..	..	..	13	3	10	6	11	7	10
Henson	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Moorhead	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	..
Minnick	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	9	6 15
Sellers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
McKee	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	5	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Rheinhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

After the Chambersburg team had been awarded the series of the Chambersburg-Lebanon by forfeit, owing to non-appearance of the Lebanon team, Capts. Runk and Worden, of Chambersburg and Harrisburg respectively, agreed to shoot a team race, teams of ten men each, each man at 5 live birds. Chambersburg won by the score of 45 to 42. A miss-and-out at live birds, $2 entrance, which was divided by Rhoads, McCann, Runk, Burnham and Henson, closed the shooting for the day.

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 29.

The second day's shoot of the Harrisburg Association was fairly attended, although not a large attendance of shooters were present.

The fine weather was all that could be wanted for live-bird and target shooting. Among the shooters were Ross, of Philadelphia; Burnham, of York, Pa.; Hobbs, of New Market, Frederick county, Md.; Runk, of Chambersburg, and Brewster, Harlow, E. H., K., Moorhead and McCann, of Harrisburg.

The scores at the target events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	10	10
E H K	9	8	12	9	15	8	7	Runk	8	7	12	10	16	8	9
Harlow	8	8	13	8	16	7	9	Hobbs	8	9	12	4	16	6	8
Ross	7	8	13	7	10	8	6	Burnham	9	8	11	10	16	8	8
Brewster	7	5	..	..	..	..	..								

The live-bird events resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Runk	0	..	..	..	..	..	*Runk	1	..	..	..	..	..
Hobbs	5	..	..	..	..	..	E H K	..	0	5	..	10	..
Ross	1	3	0	8	8	5	*McCann	..	5	..	..	..	..
Brewster	5	4	4	9	9	8	Moorhead	..	..	..	..	5	3 5
McCann	5	0	5	7	10	10	Wilmont	..	..	..	..	6	..
Burnham	2	..	..	..	..	..	Kyle	..	..	..	..	9	..
Harlow	5	5	0	8	9	10							

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were at 10 birds.

* Denotes re-entry.

In all, this tournament was a grand success, and will net the Harrisburg Shooting Association a neat sum for their trouble. Among the shooters whose familiar face was not seen was that of Brenslinger (Sullivan), of Harrisburg Association, who, with his jovial ways, always keeps a tournament in good humor; but this time, owing to sickness, was prevented from being present. Sullivan is confined to bed with sciatic rheumatism, which will also prevent his hunting this season.

Duster.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

The programme of the sixth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 11 to 14, inclusive, has a most attractive list of events. Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to target events, which are alike for each day; that is, four events at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; six at 20 targets, $2 entrance; $100 added each day.

On the third day there will be three events at live birds, the Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, not class shooting. The Suburban sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns. Pimlico handicap, 15 birds, $15 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds., three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting.

On the fourth day the Maryland Handicap is on the programme. It is at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 32yds., three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting; $100 added to the purse.

The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Pimlico Road, opposite Halstead's Hotel and about 25 minutes' ride from the center of the city. Take either the Druid Hill avenue, Carey or Gilmor line of cars, and transfer to Pikesville, or West Arlington cars at Fulton avenue. All shooters will be handicapped by distance—amateurs 14yds., semi-experts 16yds., experts 18yds. The management reserves the right to change the handicaps at any time during the tournament. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, will be used. All target events will be at known traps, unknown angles. Moneys will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The tournament will be under the management of Messrs. Charles Macalester, James R. Malone and J. C. Hicks. Ship shells to Alford Sporting Goods Company, No. 120 E. Baltimore street, who will attend to delivering them on the grounds. George L. Harrison is secretary.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—VII.

THE CADI'S BIRTHDAY.

There were life, activity and gayety around the hearthstone of the good Cadi. It was a day of great domestic rejoicing with him and his family, and he had invited many of his friends to assist in the function. There were outlying signs of the presence of a merry company. Two carriages, long since out of fashion and more or less lop-sided, weather-beaten and twisted from years of strains, ruptures and hard service, with a general air of degeneracy in their decline from boulevards and parkways to rough and muddy roads, denoted the presence of Moke and Ephraim, whose turnouts were the envy of the whole neighborhood, since for elegance they were peerless in that neck of the woods, inasmuch as there were therein no others within several immeasurable degrees of being their equal. A few cheap saddles were lying about here and there on the ground, while in a small lot close by a rare collection of knee-sprung, spavined and hide-bound horses were scraping up acquaintance with each other, each assuming an air of artificial sprightliness, vigor and suppleness which their stiff joints and faulty gaits belied—a trait not exclusively possessed by horses. Some light harnesses were cast in a negligee manner on the fence of the horse lot, and they too showed signs of starting high in life and ending humbly. Pieces of stout string were used to correct a number of the harnesses' structural infirmities, and there were frayed parts which did good service without mending.

Some gaunt foxhounds, setters and pointers were an integral part of the visiting contingent. They were ceaselessly trotting about, looking for any edible treasure trove which might be obtained honestly, much to the concern of the Cadi's one-eyed pointer, with gridiron ribs, which showed his resentment by many inhospitable growlings and fierce erections of the hair along his spinal column, trotting stiltily about from place to place to repel any possible attack on his own preserves, while beneath the brave front which he presented could be noted a firm purpose to run very fast and far if the danger became real—a trait not exclusively possessed by dogs.

The day was the loveliest of summer days, the heavens seeming to smile on so much wholesome happiness on the earth below, for it was the Cadi's birthday. He had invited many of his friends to assist in the rejoicings over that most fortunate event; fortunate in many ways, not the least of which was a holiday to the children and a good, square meal for them withal; and a happy day for Hopie Jane in the felicitation over an event which had brought to her an adorable husband.

There was some constraint among the visitors at first, as was natural on an occasion so great, coupled with a misgiving as to what constituted the right of procedure in assisting a man to rejoice over a circumstance concerning which he had been without authority either to promote or prevent; but this wore away after a few moments.

THE VISITORS.

Moke and his family seemed most at ease. Every time that Moke ventured a remark, his wife frowned on him fiercely, and told him how he could have better said it so and so, or how much better it would have been had he left the remark unsaid. His three children, goggle-eyed little beauties who stood stiffly about sucking their thumbs and looking on at every movement in dazed wonderment, never moved until such times as they could get handsomely in the way of some of the elders.

Ephraim sat close by his wife, who was a very large, fat, heavy and pudgy person, who wore her gown very close fitting, and trusted to a tightly strained and much overworked corset to bring about a general harmony of figure out of the impossible; nevertheless, under the belief that she was harnessed up into shapeliness, she beamed on the group with great complacency, though she was forced to laugh with great care and moderation, sighing after she did so, and rapping her waist smartly with her finger ends to allay the sharp discomfort of the tight corset and to stimulate the impeded circulation.

M. Le Loup and his wife were carrying on a low conversation between themselves, and the furtive manner in which they looked at their neighbors indicated that they were commenting on their good points. Mrs. Le Loup affected the æsthetic, and wore a large hat which was a tower of egret sprays, ostrich plumes, flowers and festoons of bright ribbons, massed in profusion, and all built on a base which had sufficient material for three or four hats of normal size. She also wore a Scotch plaid gown. She professed to be a painter, and indeed had taken a course of lessons in drawing and painting, her masterpiece being one painting in particular, which her teacher had spent a day or two in touching up and recoloring after she had declared it finished. It was the chief of the family treasures, and was shown only to favored visitors who could appreciate true art. Her dearest friends had assured her that it was a shame that she should fritter her life away and squander her talents concocting fried bacon and corn pone; on the other hand, when among themselves these friends sympathized in a thousand keys with poor, poor Le Loup for his misfortune in having a wife who daubed canvas, and left the dear man without the cookery and home life to which he was entitled.

However, the good company was there to help the Cadi rejoice that he was born, and that he, by regular transitional stages, from being the humblest member of a family, the youngest son, had attained the dignity and honors of the head of a family, the father of eleven bright, white-haired children, and the husband and the pride of Hopie Jane.

HOPIE JANE.

There were savory smells of roast turkey in the air, and fragrant other smells of baking corn-bread and strong coffee. The long table was set its full length with a mixed array of odds and ends of tin plates and earthenware, and knives and forks for the elders. Hopie Jane was greatly excited, for she was impatient for the moment when the transformation scene should arrive; that is to say, when she could pull off her old gown and reveal the bright red new gown underneath which the old gown guarded. Then—what happiness to her heart!—she would witness the dismay of all the females present, their confusion and conscious looks of defeat, and would note the innocent admiration of the gentlemen, for

> "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel.
> Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

When at length the happy transformation moment arrived, Hopie Jane stood a vision of womanly loveliness. She had powdered and painted her face till it was a work of rare kalsomining art, with a heavy splotch of pink spread on each cheek to represent a hectic state of intense youth, while her new gown trailed the ground behind and hiked up in front, revealing two well matured feet with which she now and then took a hop, skip and jump, or cut an awkward pigeon wing or pas seul in her joyous exultation, thereby showing her No. 7 copper-toed shoes to great advantage,

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light;
> But, oh, she dances such a way!
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight."

THE TURKEY DINNER.

There was much trouble in placing the guests, parents and children, at the table and keeping them placed afterward. The home children looked upon the visiting children as interlopers for the moment, and there were a few snarlings and earnest hair-pullings and face-scratchings in consequence, although but a few moments before they had been in a swirl of friendship. It was therefore no small task for the captains and their commands, the mothers and their offspring, to secure uncontested seats and to establish silence. After many sharp orders, threats and cuffs, a kind of mutinous truce was established, all eyes being fixed on the head of the table as a group watches the camera when the photographer releases the shutter.

A nicely roasted turkey was the piece de resistance. It was placed squarely before the Cadi, who sat at the head of the table with the most benevolent poise and dignity. Alternating down the full length of the table were heaping plates of eggs and corn pone, with other heaps of sweet potatoes wherever there was room between dishes.

All being set and quiet, the good Cadi said: "My good friends, you cannot imagine how happy I am to see you gathered here to do honor to my birthday and to grace my table by your presence, helping and joining me and my family in our rejoicings. To me the day is as you see it; but it is the anniversary of a very proud day for my mother, although, on the other hand, after the first influx of joy at being my sire, my father had certain qualms as to whether he should feel proud or otherwise, as is the way of fathers who have doubts as to their sons being so smart as they are themselves. Nevertheless, on this day, fifty-five years ago, I consented to be born the good fellow who has lived among you all his life, and whom you now behold.

"My mother, whom I revere as all mothers should be revered, was always a firm believer that I was the very best fellow that could have been born on that day or any other, and that I had the qualities which make the great and famous men of the earth. In my early youth I said many bright, witty and profound things, which she rehearsed in mixed companies, always to the great delectation of those present. My father never appreciated me at my true worth; my mother always did so. However, I am lucky that I am not some other fellow, and you are lucky that I am the Cadi—to the extent of this fine turkey at least.

"We will dine on this noble bird as an interesting incident of the event, yet no mean incident withal, for the turkey, my good friends, is the noblest table bird of all the game birds when one's friends dine together with one. The ruffed grouse and a cold flagon are a bird and a cold flagon for two friends and no more; the woodcock can be eaten successfully even when one dines by one's self; the prairie chicken is good for men or dogs, and the quail is not to be sneezed at at any time.

"But the turkey, yum! yum!—that is your true bird for a man and all his friends; for any man who has more genuine friends than can sit around a turkey is a man to be found only in a day's journey. Other birds may be kings or princes, but this, the turkey, is the emperor of birds.

"He should be carved as delicately as if you loved him, after the manner in which the gentle Izaak Walton commends putting a frog on a hook." And here the good Cadi took the carving knife and fork in hand and gave them a graceful flourish right and left, placing a hand on each side of the dish with the carving implements pointing upward, continuing, "The slices should be cut clean and smooth and even as to thickness, though a little inclined to thinness if your company is large; thicker if the number of plates will warrant it. The legs and wings should be taken off smartly with a couple of quick, accurate strokes to each, with a knife sharp as a razor, as you perceive this knife to be. Keep in mind that you do not give all light or all dark meat to one person, and if any one is such a barbarian that he has no preference for any particular part of the noble bird, to such you always serve the drumstick, after which he generally has a preference. The carving should always be done with ease—no sweating, no unseemly struggle with the dead; no slipping of the bird off the dish on to the table or floor; all should be done with ease, grace, quickly, without hurry, and with the utmost delicacy, decency and neatness.

"You will all watch the Cadi, good friends, and observe how he carves a turkey on this happy day, his own good birthday, made thrice happy by your good company." Saying which he firmly drove the fork into the turkey's well-browned breast, and nearly slashed off a leg at one stroke of the knife, excepting a small piece of fibrous tissue below the joint, which held the leg; turning his sharp knife upward, he gave a firm upward stroke, and being somewhat overwrought by his oration on the turkey, he used too much force—the knife flashed upward and split the good Cadi's thumb from tip to base.

Then there was a peal of laughter around the table, as if the finest possible joke had been presented. The ladies, bless their hearts, laughed with the men, and tittered even after the men had ceased. There was blood galore at the head of the table. Hopie Jane tore up an old shirt and dressed the wound of her idol, promptly showing her bright red dress off to perfection while walking about and posing as she bandaged up the cut. When repairs were completed, the Cadi subdivided the turkey after the manner of an ordinary person; that is to say, the turkey looked much as if it were carved with an axe in the dark.

All had commenced eating, the children glaring each at the plate of his fellow to see that one did not finish to the prejudice or loss of another by securing a second helping too soon, when Moke said: "The slices should be cut clean and smooth and even, and the drumsticks should be taken off with a couple of quick strokes of the knife—."

Haw! haw! he! he! laughed the men, and the ladies chimed merrily in with as much vim as if the chagrin of the host was the happiest feature of the day.

THE AMATEUR.

The Cadi was imperturbable so far as exteriors indicated, the only sign being a lessening of his enthusiasm and blithesomeness, yet not to a degree noticeable to his guests. At recurrent periods during the dinner, one or other of the party would refer to the best manner of carving a turkey, with the usual outbreak of merriment, displaying thereby how much native good humor and kindliness excel cultured tact and sympathy.

"I think that there are amateurs in all things, and judging from the manner in which you carve your fingers, friend Cadi, I fancy that you are an amateur carver," said Ephraim.

"Hardly such," replied the Cadi, kindly. "There is one important amateur quality lacking."

"Name it," retorted Ephraim.

"I have not howled a protest, nor made the neighborhood echo with my ululations, nor asked for a million advantages. I recognize the hurt as my own, and I have not blamed any one for it, nor have I asked any one to bear it for me, all of which is not amateurish, as you know it in the trap world," said the Cadi.

Then he made a sign to Hopie Jane, who rose and went into the adjoining room, returning quickly with a demijohn of hard, native red wine, sweet and palatable to the taste, but with a wonderful hydraulic skull-lifting power if one ventured to take more than two wee sips of it. The Cadi poured out a glass of the dark red fluid for each of the elders, remarking, "My friends, I have been on earth now a great many years, and a next birthday is an uncertainty for all; for in celebrating one's natal day one may be celebrating one's last; therefore I wish you to drink my good health in real juice of the grape and tell me that I am a jolly good fellow if you do not need to borrow something immediately afterward, for I am not so big a fool as I look."

"We never thought that," said Moke, in all seriousness.

"Cadi, good friend, we have known you these many years," said Ephraim, "and you have been our advisor, our referee, our peacemakes, our leader; you have filled the office of friend and wise man so well that you have won our esteem, our confidence, our affection. We toast your health, happiness and prosperity; also the health, happiness and prosperity of your wife and children and all your other cattle, and hope that you will all live a thousand years." This was received with vociferous approval, and the red lightning was duly swallowed.

"We were a moment ago speaking of amateurs, friend Cadi," said Moke. "Will you be so good as to give us your ideas of amateurs in the trap-shooting world?"

A light shadow of annoyance passed over the Cadi's face. He deliberated a few moments, then said, "My good friends, I had hoped that on this day we would have talked more about myself than we have and less about other matters." Here Mrs. Le Loup nudged Le Loup, and said in a stage whisper, "I'll bet he means carving turkeys." "But since it seems to be your pleasure to talk only about trap matters for any length of time, I do not mind giving you my ideas on the subject which you mention.

"First of all, there are very few in the trap-shooting world to-day who are not professionals. In all other sports of any importance there is a central governing body, which keeps a close eye on the amateurs and the professionals, and even then it is a matter of no small care to keep the professionals out of the amateur ranks; for when left to himself the professional, according to his own claim, is always an amateur. There has been no such governing body in the trap-shooting world, it being considered that as some shooters ate hog and hominy, others baked beans and slapjacks, others again ate possum and sweet 'taters, or still others saw the sun rise earlier or set later, there were therefore differences which were irreconcilable.

"The whole trap-shooting world has been run without any central governing body, and each club which gave a tournament adopted such policy as seemed best for its own immediate success, without any consideration whatever as to amateur and professional; or if it did so consider, it was for the expediency of the moment in the success of its own affairs and not from any consideration of the general good. It it said that the principles, governing amateur and professional competitions respectively, are not applicable to trap-shooting, the conditions being so different. What makes the different conditions? Sport is sport everywhere if it is sport. The principles of sport are alike in all sports. The trouble lies, however, in the fact that there never has been any real general classification as between amateur and professional in trap-shooting. Under any recognized ruling as to what constitutes a professional, nearly every trap-shooter in the United States is a professional. Nearly every one has shot in an open public competition for money; nearly every one has competed in public contests for money with professionals, and not a few have shot on public grounds where gate money is charged."

"I think that you are going too fast and too sweeping in your remarks," said Le Loup. "How about a gentleman who has an income and shoots merely for the sport?"

"A gentleman who shoots merely for sport can shoot for sport within the gates of his own club grounds. He can at other times and in other places shoot for targets only if he really desires sport. When you go to a baseball game, horse race, athletic games or a circus, you buy your ticket and witness the sport from your seat. You need not actually participate in the game to have your sport. When you put your money up in a public competition, you are then doing precisely what the professional is doing. The difference between you and a manufacturer's agent is one of degree and not of kind; you simply do part of the time what he does all the time. It matters not if a shooter have a million dollars income, more or less; when he enters a public competition for money and shoots for money against all comers, he is to all intents and purposes a professional the same as a man who has a smaller income or none at all, and this under any ruling of sport wherein the amateur is really distinguished from the professional. Let us apply your line of reasoning to other sports as to amateur and professional, and all then are amateurs in like manner to your trap-shooters. The wealthy trap-shooter who shoots for sport when he can shoot for money generally looks very closely after the money features of the shoot, same as do other shooters. He usually keeps a score card, recording thereon what he shot at, what he broke, what he paid in, and what he won, but never the amount of sport which he has had. He adds his winnings to his revenues as an integral part of them, and when he pays his bills the aforesaid winnings go just as far, dollar for dollar, in making his livelihood as do the dollars which he has earned or made otherwise. A man can be a professional in many things at the same time; a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker—"

At this juncture, Moke, who had been stuffing himself with eggs on top of good turkey, arose and threw an egg violently out of the window, spattering it on a side saddle which was lying on the ground outside, and sputtering furiously the while.

"Why, what's the matter, Moke," queried the Cadi, in alarm.

"Nothing much, Cadi. Zounds! Eheu! Eheu! By my halidom! Phew! I just came across an egg which had a birthday some fifty-five years ago, and I hastened to bar it, for

> "'It is the month of June,
> The month of leaves and roses,
> When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
> And pleasant scents the noses.'"

BERNARD WATERS.

UTICA, N. Y.—I have read every word of the Cadi's wise advice, and I approve every word of it. I have taken the ground that the expert in anything should be admired; and, what is more, as you well said, and as I am in a position to know, there would be over 100 manufacturers' agents, but for the semi-amateurs, that are putting up the squeal, trying to undermine the honest man by offering to take care of a certain county or travel for ammunition only or a gun. I claim that the boom in trap-shooting is due to the interest created by the men that are able to show where the sport of trap-shooting lies.

It is the excitement, the exhilaration, or what you may call it, that starts a man's pulse beating at 140 per minute.

E. D. FULFORD.

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

THE first grand annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, held at the Rusch House grounds, Detroit, Sept. 20-23, proved to be a success in every way, under the management of "the only Jack Parker," not only in attendance, but good scores as well. Holding the shoot so late in the season made it impossible for many to attend.

The evening of the first day, Tuesday, was devoted to the regular league meeting, which was held in the parlors of the Wayne Hotel. After disposing of routine business it was moved, supported and carried that the secretary be authorized to draw up a set of resolutions to be handed to the Michigan Fish and Game Protective Association at their annual meeting at Lansing, to this effect: First—That the open season for woodcock be changed to begin Aug. 1 instead of Oct. 1, and second, open season of snipe and plover begin Sept. 1 instead of Oct. 1; and also that a set of resolutions be drawn up and forwarded to the State Legislature that it be made legal to shoot live birds from the trap, after which the meeting adjourned, harmony and good feeling prevailing on all sides.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 20.

The principal event the opening day was the race for the expert, semi-expert and amateur State championship medals. Mr. Wood won the expert medal by breaking 21 out of 25. Blue Rock, the well-known local shooter, won the semi-expert with the score of 22; and the old reliable Bartle, the veteran of many tournaments, landed the amateur medal. The King Smokeless trophy was won by Mr. Thompson, of Jackson, for the third time, thereby making it his property. The high average for the day was made by Mr. Thompson, who broke 96 out of 115—.830 per cent.

The scores:

	Handicaps.											
Events:	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:			10	15	15	15	25	10	25	25	15	10	Av.
Wood	..	..	7	10	10	15	21	9	21	22	13	10	.820
Mercier	2	3	9	12	13	12	13	7	17	19	8	7	.700
Fleischer	..	..	10	10	11	14	19	9	15	16	13	10	.820
Marks	..	..	6	14	13	12	17	9	21	20	10	7	.760
Bartle	2	2	9	11	10	9	18	7	17	22	12	7	.720
R C Yerkes	2	..	8	8	..	..	..	7	19	..	..	..	....
Brady	3	2	6	10	10	9	16	7	18	20	10	4	.620
McMurchy	..	..	7	15	14	14	..	8	24	..	13	10	.900
Watt	2	..	7	..	..	..	..	7	15	..	..	..	....
Thompson	..	..	8	12	12	13	20	8	20	23	13	10	.830
Scott	1	1	6	12	12	13	20	9	20	22	12	9	.800
Parker	..	..	7	9	10	12	14	6	21	20	15	7	.770
Cox	1	..	7	8	11	12	20	8	16	..	12	5	.720
W G Yerkes	2	..	6	13	10	..	..	5	17	..	..	..	....
Foster	1	..	..	9	8	12	..	7	21	..	11	8	....
Kramer	5	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	..	..	....
Blue Rock	1	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	21	19	..	..	....
Lyman	3	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	..	..	..	....
North	3	..	..	..	..	..	17	5	16	..	..	..	....
Osmun	2	2	..	..	..	..	20	8	21	23	9	4	....
Klein	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	12	..	..	....
Vallade	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	....
Zilke	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	18	14	..	....
Johnson	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	....
Clark	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	....
Rohrig	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	....
Nicoll	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	....
Stuart	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	..	..	....
Muir	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	....
Ives	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	....
Weiss	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	4	....
Dick	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	6	7	....

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21.

The principal event the second day was the three-men team race for the State championship diamond medals, which were won by the River Rouge Gun Club team with a total score of 63 out of 75.

In the handicap merchandise prize event, 25 to 30 targets, Marks, a scratch man, made the only 25 straight of the tournament. The generosity of the local merchants made it possible to increase to twelve the number of prizes in this event, which were taken by the twelve high guns.

High average for the day was made by Wood, 94 out of 105—.890 per cent. Northmore was second, 71 out of 80—.880 per cent.

The scores:

	Handicaps.										
Events:	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:		10	15	15	15	25	10	15	25	10	15	Av.
Fleischer	..	7	12	9	9	18	8	12	22	9	14	.750
Bartle	1	7	9	14	12	19	7	13	19	4	13	.750
Wood	..	9	14	15	11	21	10	14	21	10	11	.890
Parker	..	10	12	10	10	20	9	12	19	8	13	.800
Thompson	..	10	14	11	14	23	9	12	22	10	12	.870
Foster	2	9	12	9	13	18	8	8	18	7	14	.760
Scott	..	8	13	12	15	15	7	12	N	7	10	.800
Cox	..	8	10	12	9	18	..	..	..	..	..	.710
Brady	2	..	12	7	..	15	..	9	18	5	..	.600
Northmore	1	..	..	14	14	23	10	13	21	8	12	.880
Huston	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	....
Osmun	1	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	20	9	12	....
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	....
Scotten	4	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	19	..	..	....
Blue Rock	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	....
Klein	3	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	15	..	9	....
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	25	7	13	....
Mercier	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	19	9	14	....
Barr	4	..	..	..	..	15	18	..	21	..	..	....
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	....
Chamberlin	3	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	20	8	7	....
McMurchy	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	23	10	15	....
Dick	4	..	..	..	..	16	8	10	19	..	..	....
Shaw	4	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	17	..	..	....
Allbauch	5	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	17	..	..	....
Sterling	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	....
Jolmson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Van Buskirk	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	....
Hall	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	..	..	....
Welb	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	....
Huston	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	....
Donaldson	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	....
Sherwood	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	....
Thomas	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	....
Lane	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	....
Stott	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	....
Lyman	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	....
Bowers	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	....
Pisko Pink	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	....
Cabinaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	....
Elliott	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	....
Rennick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	....

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22.

On the third day the Marvin Preston cup, emblematic of the individual handicap championship of the United States and Canada, was hotly contested for. Marks, a scratch man, and Gay, Bartle, Kline and Chamberlin, with handicaps, all tied with 23. In the shoot-off Gay, with a handicap of 2, won out with 25 out of 27. There were six merchandise prizes awarded to next six highest scores.

The Tom Swan cup, emblematic of the two-men team championship of the United States and Canada, was won by Marks and Bartle with 46 out of 50, each breaking 23, which, as McMurchy said, is "good shooting."

High averages for the day were: First, Marks, 82 out of 95—.860 per cent. Second, Gay, 61 out of 80—.760 per cent.

	Handicaps.									
Events:	4	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:		10	15	15	25	20	15	25	20	Av.
Wood	..	9	14	9	19	14	11	20	15	.750
Gay	2	8	12	14	23	15	12	20	..	.760
Bartle	1	10	11	12	23	12	9	23	17	.740
Marks	..	9	13	11	23	16	15	23	18	.860
Scott	1	8	9	15	21	15	11	..	16	.770
Clark	3	6	8	12	14	12	..	..	..	.630
Chamberlin	3	6	11	11	23	10	..	19	..	.630
Parker	..	8	..	12	17	..	..	21	..	....
Milliman	..	2	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	....
Blue Rock	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Mercier	2	..	13	12	21	17	13	21	14	.810
Lindeman	4	..	7	..	12	..	..	..	..	....
Guthard	5	..	..	..	7	10	..	10	..	....
Randolph	4	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	....
Klein	3	..	..	..	23	..	..	15	..	....
Scotten	5	..	..	..	16	13	..	..	..	....
Fleischer	..	..	..	..	17	20	13	19	16	....
Rennick	1	..	..	..	20	..	..	21	..	....
Johnson	5	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	....
Jenicke	5	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	....
Blue Rock	1	..	..	..	16	..	13	19	12	....
Stott	4	..	..	..	20	18	13	..	14	....
Osmun	1	..	..	..	18	15	10	22	17	....
Brady	2	..	..	..	22	..	10	19	11	....
Weiss	5	..	..	..	21	..	12	..	..	....
Hall	2	..	..	..	21	15	..	21	..	....
Alvord	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	19	..	....

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 23.

On the fourth and last day the historic Gillman and Barnes trophy, which has for so many years represented the only international expert championship, was hotly contested for. During the years that this medal or trophy has been in existence it has been contested for and held by most of the experts, including Duryea, Dick Merrill, W. S. King and others as well known. It was originally a live-bird race, but the action of the State Legislature caused it to be changed to a target event, 21yds. rise, one man up, unknown traps and angles, expert rules. On this day the wind blew a gale directly toward the score, making the flight of the targets extremely erratic, and the winner, Mr. Klein, the popular proprietor of the Rusch House, deserves great credit for his good score of 21. May he long successfully defend it against all comers.

The international three-men team championship race was won by Marks, Mercier and Bartle, with 56 out of 75; Scott, Schroeder and Osmun second, with 54 out of 75.

High averages for the day were. First, Marks, 144 out of 175—.820 per cent. Second, Mercier, 140 out of 175—.800 per cent.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Special.	
Targets:	10	15	15	20	25	15	25	50	Av.
Miller	4	8	11	12	11	7	14	..	.530
Schroeder	4	10	7	12	9	..	12	..	.500
Osoback	7	8	13	13	14	8	15	..	.620
Bryan	6	7	11	19	..	..	..	..	.700
Scott	7	12	14	..	14	11	21	44	.800
Marks	9	12	14	18	19	14	18	..	.820
Fleischer	9	10	14	17	16	14	13	..	.740
Bartle	9	10	10	18	12	12	21	34	.700
Mercier	9	14	12	15	20	11	17	42	.800
Wood	8	11	13	18	19	12	18	32	.740
Eilbert	6	13	11	15	..	11	17	..	.750
Foster	8	12	13	14	11	10	17	..	.680
Stott	..	..	10	12	9	7	10	23	.470
Lamerand	..	..	..	15	16	5	..	..	....
Scotten	..	..	..	17	19	14	14	..	.750
Parker	..	..	..	18	15	14	17	..	.750
Osmun	..	..	..	..	18	..	21	39	....
Klein	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	33	....
Dick	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	34	....
Boyd	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	....
Brady	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	38	....
Cabinaw	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	28	....
Hall	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	29	....
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	....
Wier	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	....

High averages for the first two days or State tournament dates were: First, Wood, 189 out of 230—.859 per cent. Second, Thompson, 188 out of 230—.854 per cent.

As Marks did not qualify with a sufficient number of entries on the third day, he would not be entitled to prize for high average for entire shoot, which was won by Mr. Wood.

High averages for entire four days were: First, Marks, 314 out of 385—.815 per cent. Second, Wood, 392 out of 490—.800 per cent. Third, Scott, 374 out of 470—.795 per cent. Fourth, Parker, 238 out of 305—.780 per cent.

Jeannette Gun Club.

THE Jeannette Gun Club, of New York, held their monthly shoot on Friday, Sept. 23, at the Guttenberg race track at Guttenberg, N. J. The day was an ideal one for sport at the traps. The weather was partly cloudy, and a strong wind blew across the traps from right to left. Our old friend, the veteran Capt. Disch, arranged the 50yd. boundary and pulled the traps with his accustomed impartiality. No other club shoots on these grounds, and the captain must be up betimes to stretch the boundary string that he has around his patent-applied-for windlass, and to put up the cute little flags that surmount each and every boundary stake. In the team races Schorty, Steffens, Vagts, Bohling and Heilshorn got it twice in the "œsophagus" and had the unrequited pleasure of paying for the "other fellers'" fun.

Mr. Hainhorst, who has just returned from a trip "across the crick," shot a yard of some new-fangled nitro. Though doing poorly in the club shoot, he killed 8 out of his 10 in the two team contests. It is lucky nitro anyway, as he was on the winning side twice.

Foerenbach shot in excellent form from the 25yd. mark, killing 19 out of 20. Claus Bohling, the winner of the Class B trophy, also killed 19 out of 20. Schorty landed the Class A trophy from the 32yd. mark. This being the third win it becomes his personal property. He has won three of these in succession the past fifteen months, one at 28, one at 30 and to-day at 32yds. He will shoot hereafter from the 33yd. mark. He shot his usual load of Schultze in U. M. C. trap shells, special machine-loaded by the U. M. C. Company. Alderman Rinckoff did some excellent shooting in the team races, scoring all of his birds. The next shoot takes place on Friday, Oct. 21.

First team shoot for price of birds and a nominal stake:

Brunie's team.		Schorty's team.	
Brunie, 28	12010—3	Schorty, 32	11102—4
Otten, 28	00110—2	Steffens, 32	11011—4
Hainhorst, 28	11112—5	Vagts, 28	01001—2
Pape, 28	12211—5	Bohling, 25	10111—4
Rottmann, 25	21102—4	Foerenbach, 25	11221—5
Bigelow, 25	12011—4	Rohlfs, 28	21020—3
Rinckoff, 28	22111—5—28	Heilshorn, 25	21001—3—25

Second team race, same consideration as the former:

Otten's team.		Steffens' team.	
Otten, 28	12101—4	Steffens, 32	02112—4
Brunie, 28	20101—3	Schorty, 32	12112—5
Hainhorst, 28	22200—3	Pape, 28	12011—4
Rinckoff, 28	12221—5	Bohling, 25	11222—5
Foerenbach, 25	21111—5	Vagts, 28	02022—3
Bigelow, 25	21021—4	Rottman, 25	01121—4
Rohlfs, 28	11121—5—29	Heilshorn, 25	00210—2—27

Class B.

F Ehlen, 25	2001211210— 7	J F Rottman, 25	0010011022— 5
A Foerenbach, 25	1121111021— 9	Pop Bigelow, 25	1211011000— 6
J Heilshorn, 25	1100200011— 5	C Bohling, 25	2212122112—10

Claus Bohling wins the Class B trophy.

Class A.

N Brunie, 28	1201222122—9	J Hainhorst, 28	1100101200—5
H Otten, 28	0211121111—9	J Rohlfs, 28	1202221220—8
N Crusius, 28	1120100002—4	W Rinckoff, 28	1222101100—7
H Pape, 28	2201101011—7	C Steffens, 32	1212101112—9
J Vagts, 28	0120022222—7	L Schortemeier, 32	2120111122—9

Shoot-off for Class A trophy, miss-and-out:

N Brunie, 28	111111212020	C Steffens, 32	0
H Otten, 28	2121220	L Schortemeier, 32	212222122012

The last named wins Class A trophy. JOHNNIE JONES.

Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

WISSINOMING, Sept. 27.—The contest for the president's cup in the monthly club shoot took place here to-day. The shooters making the greatest improvement over their previous scores take the medal and highest points. Points were allowed as follows: Cartledge, 5½, Westcott 5½, Smith 4, Park 2½, Bell 2½. There was a clear sky and a strong northwest wind. The contest was at 50 targets, 25 magautrap, 25 from five expert traps. The letters U and K after the names of the contestants stand for unknown and known angles:

Harris	U	11101111000011101011001111—16
	K	01111001111011111011111110—19—35
Wescott	U	10010101111010110001100111—14
	K	10111100001110001000010000—10—24
Engle	U	00011111111111011111010111—18
	K	11011110110111111011101111—20—38
Smith	U	11111111111111111011111011—23
	K	11111111111111111011111111—24—47
Bell	U	11110111110101011010011110—17
	K	10011111100111111111011111—20—37
Cartledge	U	11111100111111111110111111—22
	K	11111111111111111111111011—24—46
Park	U	01101101110011111101111111—19
	K	11111111111111111111111011—24—43
Anderson	U	11011011101111111101111110—20
	K	01110101111111111011011110—19—39

St. Louis Doings.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 30.—A 25-bird handicap was the attraction that drew the shooters of St. Louis to Dupont Park on Sept. 25. The entries in this event were not near so large as that which showed up a week ago on the occasion of the Clover Leaf handicap. This to a certain extent must be attributed to the fact that the entrance in to-day's event was twice that of the week previous. The conditions here were 25 live birds, handicap rise, entrance $10, four moneys, class shooting.

There were eleven entries, and but four of these shot out of the money. Sumpter and P. Kling scored 24 and divided first money; Hirchey and W. S. Thompson with 23 did likewise with second money; Nold and Dennig cut up third on 22. Ed Pendergast took fourth on 21. The weather was ideal and the birds fair.

After the conclusion of the main event there was a 15-bird sweep. Ed Pendergast won first money on 14, which proved to be the only good place, as the other moneys were pretty well cut up.

Sumpter did the best shooting of the day, as he scored 37 out of 40.

The prospects for the approaching tournament, which is to be held on these grounds Oct. 25 to 27, are very gratifying to Manager Corray. He expects quite an attendance on this occasion, that is, if a good liberal programme will be any factor in drawing the shooters to this point. I understand that a number of those who will take in the Belle Meade shoot will stop over at this tournament on their return North.

Sumpter, 31	2222222222222222222*222—24
P Kling, 30	2222222222222222220222212—24
Hirschey, 30	2222222222222020222222*2222—23
W S Thompson, 28	2222222222220222222222220—23
Nold, 28	2221222222222*2202220222—22
Denning, 28	1122112002111222222210112—22
Ed Pendergast, 30	2022220202222222222*22202—21
Collins, 28	0101122212200002222220221—18
Kling, Jr., 26	2110202112201001121210101—18
Selzer, 28	2102121220020012102011222—18
Mallinckrodt, 26	02*1122211010100210021*0—15

Sweepstakes, 15 birds:

Pendergast	222222220212222—14	Selzer	12*22220*122222—12
Sumpter	222222202222012—13	Nold	1222202021122*22—12
Hirschey	21222222222*220—13	Winfrich	201201201102212—11
Merry	110101111111121—13	S Thompson	2222011022011122—11
Denning	212120101122122—13	Kling	02220222*12*222—11
W Thompson	222201102201122—12		

BELLE MEADE SHOOT.

The programme of this important shooting event is now being mailed to the sportsmen of the country, and must be classed among the liberal ones of the season. There are to be two days' target and two days' live-bird shooting.

Under date of Sept. 27 Mr. W. R. Elliston, the secretary, and promoter of the tournament, writes me that he has succeeded in having all the railroads running into Nashville grant a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Thus it will be seen that everything possible has been done to make the tournament a success, and I look for something like the old-time gathering of shooters—say seventy-five or thereabout. Nothing will be barred except 10-gauge guns and black powder.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

West Chester Gun Club.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 1.—The sixth annual all-day target shoot of the West Chester Gun Club proved to be one of the most successful shoots the club ever had. The magautrap worked without a hitch, throwing about 4,000 targets. The day was all that could be asked for. There were visitors from Phoenixville, Pottstown, Radnor, Springfield, Rising Sun, Philadelphia, Reading, and the surrounding country.

The main interest centered on event No. 11, in which the club gave as first prize a Winchester take-down gun. W. J. Torpy took first with 23, while Henry, Devoe and Schaaber divided second. The other two purses were considerably cut up. Appended are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	25	10	15
Gill	8	9	9	3	8	11	5	..	8	9	18	..	..
Jack	5	8	11	4	10	12	5	8	13	8	22	8	12
Dotterer	3	8	11	6	8	9	5	4	11	8	15	6	14
Grubb	8	7	13	6	8	12	8	10	12	7	20	8	10
Ferguson	3	..	13	7	..	11	..	..	..	9	18	4	..
Jackson	2	..	6	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15	..	..
Lumis	..	9	10	2	..	..	8	..	..	..	17	4	..
Hoar	..	5	9	9	6	5	..	..	..	..	18	10	11
Wade	..	..	10	6	..	10	7	..	..	..	19	5	..
Ford	..	..	13	8	6	14	6	7	13	8	19	8	14
Sellers	..	..	11	8	2	12	5	7	6	6	20	7	..
Bull	..	..	13	8	10	7	9	..	..	..	20	8	8
England	..	..	10	5	6	11	9	8	14	9	17	8	7
Loomis	..	..	10	..	..	..	6	..	11	..	19	..	..
Krauser	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brinton	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	18	..	..
C Brinton	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
Garrett	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	6	..	..	14	..	7
Torpy	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	9	13	9	23	10	13
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	7	15	..	20	7	11
Hannams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forrest	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	7	8	12	5	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	15	..	..
Mayer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	11	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	22	6	9
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Devoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	9	13
Williamson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	7	10
Beebe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	7	..
C Harple	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..
R Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	..

F. H. EACHUS, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—The elk sheds its horns annually.

Jno. R. Randall, Providence, R. I., and E. L. Snow, Detroit, Mich., whom letters of information are awaiting, will oblige by sending more definite addresses to this office.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Rod and Gun.

THE hunting grounds and fishing streams of the two Virginias are among the most attractive to the true sportsman in the United States, not alone for the quality of game they offer, but also for their accessibility to the great cities of the East and West, the light tax they impose upon the purse, and the pleasure given an outing among Virginia mountains by their great scenic beauty and interesting historic associations. The circuit of fifty miles around Clifton Forge, which embraces Bath, Highland and Alleghany counties, and the great Virginia Springs Basin, is unquestionably the best mountain deer region between the Rocky Mountains and the Adirondacks. Speckled trout abound in all the streams of both Highland and Alleghany counties, while bass are abundant in Cow Pasture, in the James between Clifton Forge and Natural Bridge, and in the Greenbrier River, in the vicinity of Fort Spring and Alderson. For further information address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Mallinckrodt's Patent.

THE Harvey & Watts Co., of Philadelphia and New York, manufacture the Mallinckrodt patent pipes, which by means of an efficient nicotine absorbent in the stem and a ventilating device, effectually prevent overheating and the passage of nicotine from bowl through the stem, thus removing the usual unpleasant effects of the pipe. The invention is a boon to smokers and non-smokers alike.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

I agree with my friend Stark, of Dunbarton (who is one of the best all-round sportsmen New Hampshire ever produced), that the State of New Hampshire should pass a law indorsing the Forest and Stream Plank and stop the sale of game at all seasons of the year. This would surely put a check upon the market-hunter and snarer.
Commissioner N. Wentworth.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photography will be found on another page.

SUNDAY SHOOTING.

THE New Jersey game law forbids shooting on Sunday; and the monthly reports sent out by Game Warden Shriner show that the law is enforced. The heavy fine imposed upon two New Jersey gunners for shooting on a recent Sunday prompts a correspondent to urge that it is a hardship that men who must work six days in the week should not be at liberty to gratify their bent on the only day of freedom open to them; and that men should be punished for Sunday shooting he thinks "a Puritanical outrage." We are not disposed to discuss the religious aspect which may or may not attach to the Sunday shooting law. If the law exists it should be obeyed. The presumption is that it embodies the will of the community, to which that of the individual must defer.

Many game laws work hardship in a like manner. Not a summer goes by that we do not have applications from school teachers or students for shooting resorts in districts which are closed by law during the period of the summer vacation. These people are compelled to forego their sport because the game seasons and the school vacation seasons do not come together. This unquestionably is a hardship, but no reasonable person would dream of insisting upon a special privilege to hunt in July because he could not hunt in October. Would-be shooters who are in school in the shooting months, and other would-be shooters who are at work on the week shooting days, both alike must perforce forego their pleasures. In other words, the individual must adapt himself to society and the social machine.

As has been intimated, the character of Sunday shooting laws in whatever religious aspect they may have is not under consideration. Accepted modes of Sabbath observance vary with localities and communities. For the most part in the East, especially in rural sections, the community demands quiet and repose, and the laws are designed to assure it. Shooting is a noisy pursuit, and as such is naturally resented. In New England particularly the Sunday shooter, who shoots near towns or farm dwellings, is looked upon as a noisy nuisance, to be suppressed. It is the experience of farmers whose fields are overrun by them that Sunday shooters are as a rule lawless, unmindful of the rights of others, and given to the wanton and heedless destruction of fences and farm property. The result growing out of this is that the enmity engendered by Sunday shooting is entertained toward shooters in general; and the whole guild suffers by reason of the misconduct of the Sunday shooting contingent.

New England game wardens have testified repeatedly to the Sunday shooter's disregard of the game laws; in Massachusetts it was found by experience to be so impracticable under the old law to suppress illegal shooting on Sunday that the statute was strengthened by making the possession of firearms in the open on that day prima facie evidence to convict.

For two reasons then, that Sunday shooting promotes prejudice against all shooting, and that the Sunday shooter is given to a disregard of the game laws, the interests of sportsmanship at large call for enforcement of the statute which forbids Sunday shooting.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

THE engagement of a guide for a hunting trip is a business transaction. Very commonly the engagement is made far ahead; and the guide is expected to make all arrangements on the spot for the expedition, providing canoes or pack horses, canoemen, packers, and the necessary camp contingent; and all this not infrequently involves the assuming of pecuniary obligations and responsibilities for the men engaged. Moreover, the guide who has contracted to go with one party must reject opportunities to go with others; the outfit he has signed with is the only one with which he may connect himself for the season, or a particular period of the season. In a financial way then the guide's engagement with a hunting party is to him a very important matter. It means quite as much relatively as do promises of employment or position in other fields of honest work.

On his part the sportsman who enters into an advance contract with his guide assumes obligations which he may not decently evade. He is held in honor to fulfill his part of the agreement; or failing that, to make such other arrangement as may be equitable and fair. He may not in simple inconstancy of purpose or idle whim revoke his woods plans, and "throw his guide overboard," unless he be willing to make good the guide's loss involved. A high-minded person will always recognize and bind himself by his just obligations, whether these be with respect to his business or social fellows at home, or to the woodsman in the depths of the wilderness on the other side of a continent.

The complication of a sportsman who unexpectedly finds himself debarred from a projected hunt and a guide who as suddenly is thrown out of employment is one which not infrequently occurs, and it is a satisfaction to record that most of the instances of this which come to the notice of FOREST AND STREAM are brought to its attention by sportsmen who are intent upon making good their obligations to the guide, either by a reasonable settlement or by providing another party to take their place. Such men are known far and wide and honored among the men of the wilderness. Not less certainly does the ill repute of the man who flippantly evades his obligations penetrate to the depths of the woods and the remote recesses of mountain ranges.

THEY MAY BE AVOIDED.

COMMENTING upon what was said in these columns the other day of shooting casualties, a correspondent remarks that "it would be as useless to attempt to legislate against such a class of accidents as against the dropping of a lamp, the running away of a horse, the tipping over of a boat or any other of a thousand mishaps, which will always occur because some are careless and some are blunderers." That is well said and truly. But the casualties to which specific reference was had are not accidents; they belong in quite another category; and that the distinction may be made clear we recur to the subject.

The incidents of the wounding and killing of human beings by firearms in the hands of hunters belong to two well-defined classes: those which are purely accidental and those which are criminally careless. When a hunting dog collides with a shooter and causes the man to stumble and fall, and his gun to be discharged by the fall, the casualty which may follow is an accident pure and simple. When a hunter discharges his rifle at a rustle in the bush, not seeing nor having identified the object shot at, the death of the human being which may follow is not an accident, but the result of criminal carelessness. The first happening was something beyond all possible exercise of care and foresight; the other was caused directly by deliberate neglect of simple, practicable and due precaution. For the accident which one may not avoid he may be held blameless; for the casualty one might have averted he must be held to account. However futile it might be to declaim against the real accidents, or to legislate for them, we should not weary of denouncing in their true character and making odious those other acts which are not accidents, but crimes. If every hunter who goes into the woods could have impressed upon him the criminal character of the killing or wounding by those who shoot at human beings in mistake for game, such an injunction would go far to promote the common exercise of caution. The Maine Commissioners are doing a public service by putting into print the letter written by Nathan B. Moore, relating so instructively his own personal experience with the man target.

SNAP SHOTS.

We print the text of the decision of the Vermont Supreme Court upholding the authority of the Commissioners to close stocked streams, and incidentally expounding certain basic principles upon which the game and fish laws are founded. The closed brook law itself is not of great importance, say the Commissioners in their report just issued, because experience has shown that the system of shutting up a stream for three years amounts to no lasting advantage, for immediately upon the expiration of the close time such a host of fishermen gather for the fishing that the waters straightway are reduced to their old condition. Instead of pursuing further the plan of closing streams for short terms, it is proposed that small brooks known to serve as spawning grounds for trout shall be set apart permanently and protected as natural hatching stations. This is now done with certain waters in Maine, and the results of the system fully justify its wider adoption.

The Asbury Park sea lion case has just been decided by the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court of New York. It will be recalled that the dispute was as to the ownership of the lion, which had escaped from Glen Island in Long Island Sound, gone to sea and been recaptured off the New Jersey coast, and purchased by Mr. James A. Bradley, of Asbury Park, for exhibition on the fishing pier. The original owner, Mr. James R. Mullett, recognized it, and brought suit for recovery. Mr. Bradley's defense was that the creature was feræ naturæ, and having escaped from captivity was then the property of no one but in accordance with the accepted principles of law, would belong to any one who might reduce it to possession. The lower courts sustained this view, and the Appellate Term has now affirmed the decision. The most notable feature of the case is that Mr. Mullett's counsel should have advised him to take it into court.

The Ontario Game Commission tells us that the law forbidding the sale of game is bearing good fruit. It is well enforced, and is actually accomplishing its purpose. The notable result is a restoration of the quail. The supply had been diminished by the traffic—Chatham alone having received 36,000 brace annually—until the depletion threatened extinction. With the market cut off the stock has come up again, and Ontario now has quail shooting once more.

A curious instance of misinformation on the part of one who should be well informed comes from Maine. One of the game wardens of that State, who also conducts a sportsmen's camp, wrote of grouse to a prospective patron in Pennsylvania, "The law allows you to carry fifteen birds out of the State at one time." The Maine law, on the contrary, implicitly prescribes that grouse may be taken only for consumption within the State. That game warden should post up on the game laws.

It is announced that the forthcoming report of Commissioner Binger Hermann, of the General Land Office, will recommend an extension of the Yellowstone National Park on the south and west. The recommendation is the outgrowth of a recent visit by Mr. Hermann to the territory concerned.

The hunter is required to distinguish between a moose and a deer, and between cow and bull, or buck and doe, before firing his shot. Is it too much to demand that he shall also distinguish between moose or deer and a human being before he shoots?

The photographs from which were made the illustrations of Blackfoot Mountain, in our last issue, should have been credited to Mr. E. W. Deming.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Down the Wisconsin.

In Two Parts—Part II.

(*Concluded from page* 285.)

On Monday about 1 o'clock we found ourselves at the mouth of Eagle River, and turned our bows up that stream. There had been higher land along the banks, farmhouses were seen, and there was a bridge over the Wisconsin before we came to the mouth of Eagle. We had made some inquiries about the prospects for fishing, and had learned that there was a big logging dam on Eagle River about a mile and a half above its mouth, and that there was fine fishing in the pool below the dam.

We had now been three days on the river without having seen a fish, not so much even as a minnow in the shallows, and all hands were agreed if the place looked favorable for a camp we would stop here for two or three days and have some sport.

The indications as we approached the dam were all favorable for good fishing. The river was some 60 or 70ft. wide, clear, with a moderately swift current flowing through channels, among the long water grasses and weeds.

At the dam was a small farmhouse on the north side of the stream, with a few acres of cleared ground near it; on the south side was an empty ice-house, but the town of Eagle River was a mile or two away and completely out of sight. The pool below the dam was a couple of hundred feet across, and surrounded by high banks of gravel, fringed with pines at the top, giving a very pretty effect.

A grassy spot on the south side just above the pool was chosen as the site for our tent, and the boats having been unloaded, the Professor, accompanied by Ann Arbor, set off for town to inquire for mail matter and purchase supplies. While they were gone the writer and Yale pitched the tent, and put everything in shape for a protracted stay in camp. A beautiful spring was found not more than 15ft. from where we had pitched the tent, and in this we placed our butter and condensed cream.

Only those who have camped in the summer without the advantages of a cool spring can appreciate what it is to have one within a few feet of one's temporary home.

While busy with our camp duties a huge column of smoke was seen rising in the air in the direction of the town of Eagle River, and from its density and great volume we guessed what proved to be the case, that it was piled lumber on fire in the immense mill yards, but did not go up to see. Having got the camp in order, R. rigged up his Bethabara rod, and putting on a frog which he had caught on the way up the river and corralled in a rubber boot, commenced to investigate the fishing possibilities of the pool. In a few moments I was hailed in excited tones, and asked to bring a landing net quick, coupled with the announcement, "I've got a big one."

The collapsible landing net with which we were supplied had not been out of its special sack since our journey began, and was in the general rod case unopened. I soon had it out and put together, and was at the water's edge, where a 3½lb. small-mouth bass was waiting to join the butter and cream at the spring in readiness to assist at supper.

We caught many more bass on the trip, but this first fish was the largest, and I do not believe there is any more sport to be had in catching bass of from 4 to 6lbs., nor as much, as where they run from 2 to 3½lbs.

We remained at this camp for three days, from Monday to Thursday, and no reasonable person could ask for better fishing. The Professor and I fished almost exclusively with the artificial fly, while R. and T. used frogs. Once only I was tempted into putting a small frog upon the hook of the fly I was using, and caught a wall-eyed pike weighing about 2lbs. With this single exception, I used only the artificial fly during the entire trip, lasting three weeks, and I caught as many fish of as large an average size as any one of the party. There was one peculiar thing about the size of our catch: from first to last not a bass was caught on the trip weighing less than ¾lb. We returned to the water at least two-thirds of our catch, and gave away some, as none of the party cared enough for fish to want them on the table more than once a day. The people in this part of the country call a pike-perch, or wall-eyed pike, a pike; and a pike they call a pickerel. I have never read of catching wall-eyed pike with an artificial fly, but here I did it until it became monotonous. It was no dry fly-fishing, however; quite the reverse. I put two or three small split shot on the snell of my fly, so as to sink it well, and then gave it time to get 2 or 3ft. below the surface before I began to draw. The bottom being of rounded boulders and gravel, without any obstructions, it did not make much difference how deep it went. When it was deep enough, as nearly as I could judge, I brought it in with a succession of little jerks, each bringing it through the water only a few inches, and giving it what I fancied might be a lifelike similitude to the motions of a water beetle. On feeling the least pluck at the fly, I struck, and in this way had remarkable success, catching fish even where frogs had been dragged through without result. It was only after trying surface fishing thoroughly, with rather unsatisfactory results, that I tried the plan of loading the flies so as to sink them to a considerable depth. Fishing this way I caught a muskalonge weighing about 1½lbs., which was returned to the water none the worse for his experience in the upper world. While in this camp I caught five varieties of fish with the artificial fly, namely, bass, muskalonge, pike, wall-eyed pike (or pike-perch) and ordinary perch; before the trip was over I added sunfish and trout to the list, making seven kinds.

There is one respect in which a fly-fisherman has a decided advantage over his friend who uses live bait: he does not have to put in any of his time in procuring the means of pursuing his sport, his lure is always ready. R. and T. spent nearly as much time roaming the marshy ground by the river banks looking for frogs as they did fishing when they got them. Generally, I admit, a bait-fisher will excel his brother of the fly in the number of sizable fish taken in a given time, but unless one enjoys the sport of catching frogs and minnows the fly-fisherman during the summer months has the best of it.

I regard the Johnson flies as the best style for every fish but trout and others of the salmon family. The principle on which they are constructed is that you do not want your fly to float, but to get under water as soon and as quietly as possible. This the Johnson pattern does to perfection, having no hackle and no body, just the shank of the hook wound with tinsel, and a head from which the wings project close together, it cuts easily through the air, so as to facilitate a long cast, and enters the water with hardly a ripple on the water to mark the spot. The Johnson fancy is my favorite for bass. I consider it even better than the buck-tail, which was for the time the Professor's pet; the changing luster of the peacock feathers, of which the former is constructed, seemed much more attractive than the unpretentious bunch of gray and brown deer's hair. During our stay in Eagle River camp we supplied the farmer, our neighbor, with all the fish he wanted, and also gave a quantity to a party of three loggers, who were getting up "dead-heads," as logs are called which have become water-soaked. Lumber is becoming scarcer and more valuable, and it is now worth while to go to the expense of raising all these sunken logs. The loggers made a live box by damming off a little pool with a wall of stones, which allowed the water to circulate freely between them, while keeping any fish we put in secure until wanted. The water was only 3 or 4in. deep, just sufficient to keep the fish well covered, and there were always more or less in the pool darting hither and thither in affright if any one approached.

One day Sancho distinguished himself by going to this pool and catching a 2lb. pike-perch, which he brought flopping in his mouth toward the tent with every appearance of pride in his achievement. Seeing everyone else fishing, he seemed to think he ought to do something in that line himself. This is the only time it will be necessary to mention the canine member of the party. Immediately after this he was taken sick with the measles, as we supposed, R. having just recovered from an attack when we started; and for the rest of the voyage Sancho passed his days on the river curled up in the boat and on land in the most comfortable quarters we could give him. He finally recovered, but for many days we thought we should have to dig his grave on the banks of the Wisconsin River. We left the camp at Eagle on Thursday, and in a quarter of an hour were again on the main river, which was to be our highway for nearly two weeks longer. It is not my intention to give a minute itinerary of each day, but if possible to give such an idea of the river from its head to where we finally left it that any future boating party may know what to expect.

Below the junction with Eagle River the banks are high—from 5 to 10 or 15ft. above the level of the water on both sides—and occasionally large boulders are to be seen. Three or four miles below begin a series of rapids, which make navigation difficult for heavily loaded boats, such as ours. We did not want to take any chance of losing part of our cargo, and in anticipation of encountering such obstacles had brought along 60ft. of ⅜in. diameter rope, with which to lower the boats down any awkward places. One of the party would stay in the boat, keeping it in the desired channel, while others walked along the shore or waded a little where necessary, holding back on the rope, so as to lessen the shock of a collision with some hidden rock, or helped to pull it off if the boat stuck fast upon one.

Most of the time we went through all without resorting to the rope, which was only used in two or three of the worst places. By 1 o'clock we were through the rapids, and for the remainder of the day our course lay through a rather low-lying timbered country, with a little fringe of marsh land along one or both banks, where hay had been recently cut and lay curing or piled in cocks.

Sometimes the strip of grass which was considered suitable for cutting was not more than half a dozen feet in width, in other places it extended back from one to two rods. Just before it was time to make camp we came upon the merry hay-makers, a couple of Canadian Frenchmen, with their hay-rack moored close to the bank, where they were loading it for transportation down stream to their farm. The hay-rack was made by fastening a couple of very long dugout canoes together by cross-pieces 5 or 6ft. long, and near enough together to furnish a good foundation for the hay. A mile or so beyond them we passed a small log house and still smaller barn on a rise of land close to the river, which we concluded, from a new hay-stack and the quantity of fresh hay littering the bank, was their home. A quarter of an hour later we went ashore, having found a high, airy spot, and carrying our tents and other needed supplies up a steep bank made camp among huckleberry bushes, scrub oaks and dead pines. We had no spring near us, but as our canteens had been filled during the day we were well supplied. Shortly after dark the two Frenchmen paid us a visit, having seen the light of the roaring fire we had built. They were brothers, one about twenty-five years of age, the other perhaps ten years older. Both were armed; one with an old bored-out musket, the other with an axe. These warlike preparations the elder of the two explained by saying he had been followed by three large wolves a few nights before, and since then they did not either of them like to go out without being armed.

The gun was the property of the younger man. I asked to look at it, and gratified its owner by pronouncing it a fine piece. He was immensely pleased at my commendation as soon as he was certain that I was in earnest. Indeed those old Springfield muskets are excellent shooting guns.

Our visitors told us how much land they had cleared and that they had two horses and two cows. A suggestion to the younger brother that a good-looking man like him ought to get married, and that those two cows should have a woman to look after them, met with the ready approval which a Frenchman accords when the fair sex is brought into the conversation.

They were out of salt, and when we gave them a liberal supply and would accept no compensation were profuse in their acknowledgments. In answer to inquiries about fishing, they told us the Little St. Germain River was an excellent stream. Fine fishing just below the logging dam, about a mile above the mouth of the river, where it empties into the Wisconsin.

They were so enthusiastic on the subject of the splendid fishing there that we decided when we reached the place the next morning at about 11 o'clock to go up the river as far as the dam and make another camp, so that we could enjoy a few hours of the sport. There was plenty of water in the Little St. Germain for the first quarter of a mile, but the current was so swift that we soon decided it was easier to get out and wade, and drag and push the boats, than to try to row.

There were innumerable fish in the stream, which we could see darting hither and thither as we splashed our way along, but we had no time to fish just then. The further we went the more difficult it became to make much progress, and the volume of water continually decreased, so that our boats were aground half of the time, and it took hard work to get them off the gravel bars, pulling at one end and pushing at the other, only to get fast again a rod or two further on. The Frenchmen had told us the dam was only a mile above the mouth of the river, and by the time we had gone as we estimated about three miles and spent as many hours in hard work we concluded it about time to find out where we were. For once one of the eternally recurring gravel bars served a good purpose, and while our boats were fast upon it we got out our lunch and found a trip up the Little St. Germain was an excellent appetizer. After our meal it was decided to send T. on up the stream in light marching order to see how much further it was to the dam, and what the prospect was of water enough to float the boats. In about half an hour he returned carrying a 2lb. pike, which he had killed with a stone as it lay basking near the surface, and reported that there was a dead muskrat on a sandbar a little further up, which he had killed in the same manner.

"How about the dam?" "Oh, yes, it's up here about half a mile. I went so I could see where it was."

Thus encouraged, we pushed on, literally, for the water became so shallow that our progress was mostly pushing and pulling. Finally we left the boats aground as usual, took our rods, and walked up to the pool below the dam to investigate; and here we found the explanation of the decrease in volume of water in the river while we were on our way up, which had caused us so much trouble. Three or four men from some lumber camp had arrived a few hours before to fish below the dam, and thinking they would be more successful if the water was shut off had closed the waste gates. They were very sorry when they found what trouble it had caused us. Had they caught anything? we asked. "Not yet; have only been fishing a little while." That did not sound very encouraging, but we jointed up for a trial. I made three or four casts from the shore with a Johnson fancy without success, and then fastened to something—nothing large, I knew, but a fish. It did not take long to bring him in. A common sunfish! I sadly dropped him back into the water, took off my leader and fly, reeled up, and began to unjoint my rod. "Come, boys, let's get these gates up, so that we will have water enough to float out boats, and get back to the Wisconsin again as soon as we can." No one objected except R., who had caught a pike weighing 2 or 3lbs., and always preferred the present joys of fishing to promised delights of any kind. With the help of the men who had closed the gates, we pried them open and were soon on our way down, with a swift current and plenty of water, where a few hours before we had been laboriously pushing and pulling at our stranded barks.

Our camp that night was not far below the mouth of the Little St. Germain, upon a grassy spot, close to the river and 6 or 8ft. above it. Behind us was a green stretch of country, from which the timber had been cut away, all but a few dead and fire-scarred trunks, which had not been worth the labor of cutting.

While we were sitting around the camp-fire after supper, night having closed in, making the little spot we occupied the only cheerful place in the wilderness which lay unseen around, Sancho created a little excitement by barking furiously at something in the bushes only a rod or two from the tent. As he was not given to such demonstrations without good cause, an examination was made with the aid of a lantern, but revealed nothing, and we were forced to the conclusion the dog's eyes or ears or both had deceived him. The next morning was Saturday. A couple of bass were caught in the river just in front of the camp, and we were satisfied this place just below the mouth of the Little St. Germain is a good fishing locality, but having practically lost a day, and being anxious to get a good Sunday camp, we packed up and started shortly after breakfast. About 6 o'clock that evening, at a bend in the river, where there was a pretty grove of pines, which had for some unaccountable reason been left when the lumbermen destroyed all their fellows, we decided to land and remain over Sunday. There had been an Indian camp here, and the frames of their "wickiups," as we used to call these temporary shelters in Nevada, were still standing. For good and sufficient reasons we located our tent a few rods away from the Indian camp, and here we remained until Monday morning. There was no spring near the place that we could locate, but our canteens had been filled during the afternoon of our arrival and furnished an ample supply of drinking water.

We could catch no fish, but had plenty of provisions in the boats, and delicious blueberries were to be had for the gathering.

The occasional puffing and snorting of a locomotive engine, which we heard during the nights, told us we were within two or three miles of some railway station or side track. Monday morning we got an early start and portaged the big dam at Rhinelander at about noon, getting a dray to haul our boats and baggage through the

town to a point a quarter of a mile down the river from the dam, and the wild rapids just below it. For several miles after leaving Rhinelander the scenery is very pretty. The seemingly endless stretches of tamarack swamp or uplands, from which the timber was cut years ago, and where fire has done its hideous work again and again, were here succeeded by the timber of Indiana. Elms and oaks and other deciduous trees drooped and nodded over the stream in charming contrast to what we had seen for the previous ten days.

The river bed was of gravel and boulders, the current rather swift and in places broken, but only once were the rapids bad enough to make us feel that it was not quite safe to run them without the rope and fending pole.

A one-night camp was made at a place where there was a farm on each side of the river, the only camp we had made since leaving Eagle Dam where we were in sight of any habitation or in hearing of any of the sounds of civilization, if I except the distant puffing and whistling of the switch engine at Indian Camp. On these boating trips we avoid wherever possible a camping place which may attract attention and bring visitors or tempt boys to hang around the place, but when we have to camp near a farm there are undoubted compensations, and a supply of delicious fresh milk and newly baked bread somewhat reconciled us to the sight and neighborhood of fences and cultivated fields. The river from this point widens out to such an extent that during the following day we often found it very difficult to locate a channel where there was sufficient water for our boats, though only 8in. was required. Time and again we were obliged to jump out and drag them over a shallow place, where there was not water enough to float them. The changes from deep to shallow water and vice versa were so frequent that our rubber hip boots were full a good part of the time. Whenever we could see a mile or so of clear water ahead we were cheered by the hope that there would be plenty to float us for the rest of the way, but in a short time it would spread out hundreds of feet wide and only a few inches deep again. During one of the intervals when we had deep water the boys in the Osprey got out their kodak, and running their boat alongside of ours at a convenient distance photographed me sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, upon the forward deck of the Otter, quite unconscious of what they were doing and minus my boots, stockings and knickerbockers, which were drying in the sun, while I was enjoying a soothing pipe.

Wherever the rapids seemed bad or where there was doubt as to the proper channel the Professor and I always went ahead, and the boys followed, taking advantage of our experience. During this day we came near having an upset in a rather disagreeable piece of rough water, where the channel zigzagged among huge boulders, and made a descent of 2 or 3ft. in a very short distance, ending in a pool 60ft. or so in length. We in the Otter found ourselves at the commencement of this descent before we realized it. The water was tumbling ahead of us, but we thought we saw a channel, and guiding the boat in that direction went through all right, having only grazed some of the rocks pretty hard. The Osprey was not so fortunate. The boys got through the worst part, but their boat struck a rock just above the pool, swung around broadside to the current, and would have gone over had they not with great coolness both perched themselves on the upper gunwale and managed to hold it down. Finding they could not get off without assistance, we rowed out into the stream, threw them our tow-rope, and finally pulled them off without any worse results than a very small leak in the bottom of their craft, which, the reader will remember, was one of Mullins' steel boats.

The varied and wearisome experiences of this day made us anxious for a good camping place, but none offered during the afternoon which was satisfactory, the shores on either side being both bushy and rocky. Finally, with many misgivings, we chose a bit of meadowland of about an acre in extent, where a stack of recently cut hay offered an opportunity to get material for a bed. There was no house or any sign of inhabitants in sight, and we conjectured the hay would probably be taken away in boats to some point down the river, as we had seen the two Frenchmen just above the Little St. Germain. The ground was some 3 or 4ft. above the bed at the front, but had a downward slope for two or three rods back to a heavily timbered swamp, which bid fair to harbor innumerable mosquitoes, but showed also a good supply of firewood, dry, and of a convenient size for the camp-fire.

Our boats could not be got anywhere near the camping spot, as the boulder-strewn bed of the river was nearly bare 40 or 50ft. back from the miniature bluff where the hay land began. We carried all our supplies which might be needed to the locality selected for our tent, and soon had our house in order, a good fire burning, and a soft bed of hay under our blankets. This we carefully put back in the morning.

A good supper of fried eggs and bacon, baked beans, Boston brown bread, claret and coffee soon made amends for the rough experiences of the day. We were not troubled by mosquitoes during the evening, but the location was such that we felt we could not possibly escape a general assault in force, and took especial pains to pin the mosquito bar securely in place before going to bed. Strange to say, there was hardly one of our camps on the entire trip so free from the insect pest as this one, within two rods of a densely timbered swamp.

When "the early rosy-fingered dawn," to use Homer's expression, appeared in the east, and we looked out we found the water in the river 18in. higher than when we went to bed. The stretch of nearly bare cobblestones and boulders, which had intervened the night before between our boats and the hay land where we pitched our tent, was now covered with running water, and the boats were tugging at their anchors. T. waded out and towed them in close to the camp, where after a hearty breakfast we loaded them once more much more conveniently than we had unloaded them the night before.

The gates of the dam at Rhinelander had evidently been opened during the night, hence the difference in the amount of water in the river. As nearly as we could judge from our map and information procured at Rhinelander, the once prosperous but now decaying lumbering town of Tomahawk was about eight miles as the crow flies below this camp, and we anticipated no trouble in passing the dam three or four miles below that place early in the afternoon, but miles seem to stretch out unaccountably on a boating trip, and the sun was getting low when we found ourselves in the channels between log booms, which are the unlovely approaches to a lumbering town. At Rhinelander there was among the booms a clear channel for boats all the way down to the dam, although we were at times uncertain which little streak of open water was the right one. Here, however, the mill men cared nothing about leaving an open way for boats, and we presently found our passage completely barred. We tried first one way, then another, only to discover we were in a cul-de-sac, from which the only way out was as we came, or to haul our boats over a barrier of logs fastened together, end to end, by a foot or two of chain, forming a fence to hold loose logs. Obstructing the channel of a stream like the Wisconsin in this manner is illegal, and we were furious. The sun was almost at the horizon, and we



HUMMINGBIRD'S NEST ATTACHED TO WIRE.

had at least an hour's rowing to pass through the town and reach the dam, where we expected to camp, even if we met no further obstacle. At this juncture we luckily discovered a place where the logs were fastened together with a rope instead of a chain. It seemed reasonable that a rope would yield more readily to the edge of our camp axe than a chain, and on trying the experiment soon made an opening, and passed on our way at the best speed we could get from our oars, with a troop of vagrant logs after us like sheep following the bell wether. A mile or so below town we again got among log booms in the dam, and darkness came down upon us while we were vainly searching for an opening or a place where we could make one. We had observed while there was still daylight a place in a bit of woods on what seemed an island, which we had thought might be a fairly good camping place. It was necessary to get out the lantern, but with its help we skirted the shore we had passed, trying vainly to discover some familiar feature. What a difference there is in the appearance of a shore line by day and the same by night. It was not very dark; the stars gave a little light, but everything looked as unlike its appearance as we remembered it an hour or so before as if the place was quite strange. Finally we found a place which answered our purpose, the tent was pitched by the light of the lantern, a fire started, a warm supper cooked and a bottle of wine opened. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we went inside the tent that night, after the only disagreeable experience on the whole trip.

The next morning we readily found our way down the river, the channel being on the opposite side of the pond, for such it really was at that place. At the dam we learned something about the river a few miles below which determined us to make a camp for a few days at the first good place after making the portage and stay there for the remainder of our time on this river. Some eight or ten miles below the Tomahawk dam are the celebrated Grandmother Falls, where a long portage by team is necessary, and it seemed better to end our trip near enough Tomahawk to enable us to ship our boats and camp equipage home from there. A mile below the dam we came to the ideal camping place, such a one as is remembered when others are forgotten, and as years pass comes to be in memory the one camp of the trip. A beautiful grassy spot, 4 or 5ft. above the water, in one corner of an old field, from which the stumps had long ago been cleared. A large and very well built log house, in fairly good condition, but untenanted, stood in the field 100yds. away. A piece of woods at our left furnished plenty of fuel, and following a path through this a few rods brought one to a cool spring. There was a farmhouse a quarter of a mile further on, but it was not in sight from our tent, nor was any other habitation or sign of civilization but the old log house, with a few fruit trees clustered around and remains of flowering bushes and plants, returned apparently to a state of primitive wildness. The view up and down the river and of the opposite shore was extremely pretty, and here we passed three or four days of pure enjoyment, with pleasant weather, pleasant books and good enough fishing for any reasonable person. An average of one fish for each half hour of actual fishing gives me plenty of sport if they are bass, and indeed if I am out on a pretty river in fine weather for three or four hours and get three bass I look upon them as clear gain, it being enjoyment enough to be out.

It was now near the end of August, and the days were perceptibly shorter, so that we usually went into the tent about 8 o'clock, lit three or four candles, which were coaxed by a little melted paraffin to stand erect on a tin tackle box in the middle of the tent, around which we all reclined and read, while those who used the pipe sent clouds of tobacco smoke curling upward. We had a lot of books with us, and everyone could find something to his taste, but all had to stop and listen whenever one of the party found anything particularly good. In this way Stephenson's "Inland Voyage" was dealt out in installments by one who was reading it, and I would advise everyone who enjoys outdoor life and trifling adventures to get that charming account of a canoeing trip.

Here I must close this account of ours. How we finally packed up for the last time, and hired a farmer to take our boats and other stuff to the station for shipment home; how we went by rail to Merrill, and from there in a three-seated wagon across the country to Prairie River, where we had first-class accommodations at Miller's farmhouse, and spent the last day of the trout season fishing the clear, cold waters of that beautiful stream; and all the incidents of a night trip over to the C. & N. W. Ry. from Miller's, would make an interesting story, but does not properly belong to a sketch of voyaging and fishing on the Wisconsin.

LEXDEN.

Natural History.

More About the Frog.

THINGS which a man is familiar with in his every-day life he seldom thinks worth mentioning; but let some one ask a question about it and he is surprised that everybody does not know the thing which he happens to know. A carpenter is surprised to see you try to rip a board lengthwise with a cross-cut saw; the difference in saws is one that he supposes is known to all men, but it isn't. He would never think to mention it if he was writing about building a pig-pen. This is said as a preface and an introduction to the subject now on hand.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept 10 I thought I had exhausted the frog question and told all that I knew about their habits. Surely I intended to do this, but a question from the editor of the Representative, Fox Lake, Wis., gives me a hint that I did not cover the subject as completely as I had thought. Mr. Hotchkiss encloses an item from an English paper, the St. James Gazette, as follows:

> A very singular incident was brought to my notice during a recent visit to Lake Vyrnwy, in North Wales. A year or two ago the breeding ponds were cleaned out, and when there was but little water remaining the man in charge—from whom I heard the story—observed a peculiar looking fish swimming about. It was captured with the aid of a landing net, and proved to be a trout of nearly ½lb. in weight. Clasped firmly around his back and shoulders was a live frog of ordinary size; the belly of the frog rested on the back of the trout, just behind the gills, and its legs were extended round and under the fish, gripping it closely. Considerable force had to be exerted in order to separate the pair, when the frog hopped away and the trout died a few seconds later. The scales of the trout were dark and discolored where this novel old man of the sea had rested, tracing out distinctly its shape; so it is probable that the fish had been troubled with this incumbrance for several days. The habits of frogs are peculiar in various respects, and students of natural history may find food for reflection in this incident. My informant is an exceedingly intelligent man, on whose word I place implicit reliance.

I have seen the frog in this position many times, usually on sunfish, small bass, or other fish, and always with its fingers in the eyes of the fish, which was either totally blinded or nearly so. Mr. Hotchkiss writes: "During your long career as a fisherman and an authority on fishing topics, did you ever hear of anything like the enclosed item? I have been wondering what the frog's object could have been."

In my lectures in the public schools of New York City, where the audience is mainly adult, I say: "The eggs of most fishes, and all those that the fishculturist propagates, are fertilized after extrusion, and in this respect resemble the fertilization of most of our flowering plants and vegetables, where the pollen of the male flower falls upon the pistil of the female flower, as it is carried by the wind, insects, or other agencies."

With this in mind you will perfectly understand when I say that the frog has its eggs impregnated after extrusion, just as the fish has. The male fish attends the female and is ready to impregnate the eggs as she lays them. The habit of the frog only differs in clasping her, often with a death grip, and then impregnating the eggs as they are laid. In hunting frogs for the table in early spring, I have found hundreds of females that had been killed by a male having drowned them, for when they came up to breathe the female could not reach the air. When I have seen a frog on a fish I have known that it was a male, and that the fish could live where a female frog could not; even if the fish was blinded in the event.

This is a subject that I never would have thought of writing about, because it was so familiar to me as a fishculturist; but I find that all men do not know these facts, which, like the saws to the carpenter, are every-day affairs with a man who gives his life to fishculture and the study of animal life. FRED MATHER.

Origin of Animal Instincts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my article of July 23 I had as little idea of arousing temper in reply as I had that my language could permit such utter misapprehension of my meaning as fills the letter of Hermit in your issue of Sept. 10. As to the personal portions my amiability rises superior to the shock. Some of the misapprehensions I will make an effort to correct in such irregular order as they come uppermost.

First, Hermit says that I denied to animals reason and the power of intercommunication. I did no such thing. I spoke of their possessing instinct, but I neither said nor implied that some degree of reason might not coexist. Indeed I would scarcely attempt to draw a line between them. I did ridicule the theory that monkeys had a spoken language, and that dogs had a wig-wag alphabet for tail use. If Hermit is Prof. Garner, or the author of the tail alphabet theory, his spleen is explained and excused. I only got what I deserved. But I never denied the existence of other methods of communication. Within certain limits it is a fact universally recognized, but it had nothing to do with my argument, and I never referred to it.

Again, Hermit objected to my use of the terms centripetal and centrifugal as applied to those forces or tendencies which result respectively in nature's unities and in her varieties. These terms seem to me to greatly promote analysis, and clear thought upon the subject. All must recognize in heredity a centripetal force—one which preserves unity. About the force which produces variety there may be different opinions, but it will facilitate the discussion to call it a or the centrifugal force. So I shall continue to use both terms. And there is also a phrase used in my first letter which I will continue to use for brevity. I spoke of the theory that wary fish derived their excessive caution by inheritance from ancestors who had been hooked, but escaped capture, as the "three crippled grandparent theory." I submit that no other short descriptive phrase so exactly conveys the essential features of that theory; but, for short, I will merely call it the grandparent theory.

Those who hold this theory not only use it to account for the new instincts we sometimes see animals acquire in a comparatively short time, but they use it to account for all instincts, old and new, instincts by the dozen and the score. And they further ascribe to similar causes all of nature's infinite variety of color, size, function, form and feature. In brief, they make the hodge-podge experiences of grandparents to be nature's centrifugal force.

I called this theory one of chance. Hermit retorts that as "there is no effect without a cause," there can be no such thing as chance in nature. In one sense that is entirely true, but the sense in which I used the word is at once very obvious and very different. It is illustrated by the following quotations from Webster's definition of chance. "Time and chance happen to all." "'By chance a priest came down that way.'—Luke x." "'If a bird's nest chance to be before thee.'—Deut. xxii." "'Ah, Casca! tell us what hath chanced to-day.'—Shaks." There is plenty of such chance as this in the world, and there are whole volumes of beautiful mathematics devoted to calculating its laws and probabilities. The immense business of insurance—life, fire, marine, accident and guarantee—are all built upon these laws and verify their soundness. So I called the "grandparent theory" a theory of chance. It is a fair and accurate statement of it. For it makes wariness in the trout depend on the previous happening of peculiar accidents to both parents, or to three grandparents. The original statement of it, which I criticised, was "an old trout often pricked learns caution and transmits that quality to its progeny. The heedless young trout takes the first lure and has no progeny. * * * The wounded that survived learned a lesson and transmitted it to their posterity." If that does not make chance decide the possession of an instinct, words have lost their every-day meanings. And when the same theory is advanced to account for every one of nature's infinite adjustments, great and small, down to the lightest shade of the obscurest feather, it makes chance nature's sole centrifugal force. There seem to me two insuperable objections. This theory violates the mathematical laws of probability and it is opposed by the best known facts about heredity. Every one recognizes that in results controlled by chance happenings there are what we may call for short harum-scarum features. If a pack of cards is found with the cards in regular order, we know that design not chance arranged them. If type are found arranged to spell connected sentences, we know that chance happenings cut no figure in their arrangement. Now, to my mind, every work of nature is what I may call also a work of art. There is beauty, symmetry, delicacy, fineness of touch and finish, and adjustment in such numberless details, that the only adequate comparison seems to me the adjustments of type in a printed chapter. One is as free from harum-scarum as the other. My mind can no more accept chance as producing one than the other.

But if there are those who do not see the art in nature as I do, to them I would commend the most patent facts that we know about heredity. There is very much that we do not know. There are occasional happenings whose causes are beyond our ken which produce strange anomalies, such as Siamese Twins, two-headed calves, and extra limbs and organs in great variety. We recognize such things as accidental happenings, and call them "freaks." But there is one fact about heredity in its normal operations which I think can be maintained against all comers. I will express it briefly by saying that it is not easy to tamper with heredity. It will not easily pick up and adopt new features to be transmitted to posterity in its endless stream. By a figure of speech we may say that heredity is very, very hard on trigger to all ordinary happenings. That fact is all I need maintain to make my argument good. For the grandparent theory assumes that every individual experience has a pull upon heredity, and that a concurrent pull by two parents or three grandparents will infallibly bring it into action or fire it off. If I show great artificial modifications of parents and grandparents for many generations without production of the slightest effect upon their offspring, I show that heredity is hard on trigger, that it is difficult to tamper with, that nature has not made it easy for accidental happenings to modify the forms, features and instincts which she has adopted as her own. In this fact, and also in the limited fertility imposed upon hybrids, nature seems to have actually erected obstacles to accidental interference with her creations. She has actually seemed to bar chance from any interference with heredity.

Hermit has paraded his misapprehension of this whole matter in telling of his double-toed cat, with its double-toed father. That is ordinary heredity of a feature already adopted in the ancestry. As well tell us that a white cat produced a white kitten. But let him show that the original double toe was an artificial one, transplanted and made to grow upon a normal cat and then transmitted to its posterity! Or let him show that a black cat artificially bleached afterward produced white kittens! No such examples can be produced. His robin incident is equally valueless. By cross-breeding and selection natural features can be modified, but to introduce new features is a different problem. As I instanced in my first paper, by selection we may breed dogs with short tails. But we can never accomplish it by trimming tails short.

I am not an extensive reader, and when I wrote that paper I had never so much as heard of Weismann, to whose class Hermit assigns me with a sneer. But I have since read of an experiment of Weismann's upon this point which seems to me the very proof of the pudding. He tried to breed tailless mice by amputating tails at birth for a number of generations. He utterly failed to produce even the slightest effect upon the tail of a single mouse. And I am told that Weismann asserts that neither compression of the feet practiced by Chinese, circumcision by the Hebrews, tatooing by savages, nor any other religious or tribal mutilation known in the world has ever produced any hereditary result upon descendants of those operated upon. These facts all seem to me to be the very eating of the pudding. Plainly heredity must be very, very hard on trigger indeed, when we cannot bring it into play even by mutilating the bodies of ancestors and keeping it up for a hundred generations.

Hermit is indignant that in a long article I did not use the word evolution. That word is one which is liable to be misunderstood if used without explanation. I believe in an evolution under the government of intelligence, not of chance. I will illustrate it by referring to the evolution of the locomotive, which exactly parallels nature's methods as I understand them. I will endeavor to show briefly the similarity of the methods by which certain locomotives developed the air brake attachment, and that by which certain serpents developed a venom fang attachment. First, needs existed; locomotives already had hand brakes, but often there was need for more brake power to make sudden stops. Serpents already had teeth and caught prey, but they swallowed it more or less alive, and that must have been often disagreeable and sometimes dangerous. And now comes in the absolute necessity for an intelligence in each case to recognize the need of improvement, or the room for it, and then to devise the improvement. We all know about the intelligence which supervised the locomotive, where it resided and how it acted. It planned and devised; it drew diagrams and made blue prints. It also learned by experience and made intelligent modifications from time to time until the machine of to-day was arrived at. Can we dispense with the supposition of some equivalent intelligence which recognized the room for an improvement upon the serpent and then devised it? What happened was this: The saliva of certain snakes began to acquire poisonous qualities, and the modification of salivary glands necessary was readily accepted and perpetuated by heredity. The effect of this poison was to paralyze the struggles of the snake's prey and to make the swallowing easier and safer. It was an intelligent device, and it was followed by others. First, the teeth in rear of the salivary glands were grooved to carry the venom more readily into the flesh of the victim. Next, these teeth were enlarged. Then they were moved forward from the rear of the jaw to the front, that the venom might be the sooner applied. Lastly, some of the ordinary teeth were omitted, the venom fangs growing larger and answering all purposes. Who can say that these are not the methods of intelligence? And is it not a fair description of them to speak of them for short as "blue-print" methods? Who can believe that the original production of venom and all the successive changes that followed, and stranger still to say, were adopted by heredity, were all freaks of chance like the Siamese Twins?

I will follow Hermit's misapprehensions but one step further. He does me too much credit in supposing the idea of what I called "sub-ego" to be original with me. It is as ancient as Socrates, who wrote of his Daimon; and as modern as the theories of sub-conscious cerebration. I merely suggested the name sub-ego as indicative of the intensely personal part played in every individual organization by something entirely apart from and beyond its consciousness. One thing which it does is to make the heart beat, and any one who chooses might call it the "heart-worker." A recommendation to that name would be that even the most captious could scarcely deny its existence. But that name hardly seems sufficient. For the beating of the heart, beginning in the embryo, long before conscious life begins, is but one of an infinite chain of phenomena, which shade into each other on the one hand, and into the conscious life of the ego on the other; so that it is difficult to draw the line between them. In the contemplation of this force, familiar though it be, we are face to face with one of nature's great mysteries—to us.

In nature's centrifugal force we are face to face with another. What is more obvious than to guess that the two mysteries are closely connected? What so natural as that the force which makes its heart beat should teach the bee to make honey, and the young bird to build a nest and choose its mate? In fact, so closely does the life of the ego depend upon the work of the sub-ego that it may almost be said to be secreted or produced by it. If the sub-ego stops its work the life of the ego terminates as suddenly as the noise made by machinery terminates when its motion ceases. And in this producing force it will not be strange to find the intelligence able to recognize the needs of an animal united with the power of modifying its organs and instincts to conform to its needs. That would be a natural working union of power and intelligence; such as has produced the evolution or development of the locomotive. A similar union is necessary to produce the orderly development of nature, or any other orderly development.

Returning then to the starting point of these letters, I think we may say confidently that the wary trout and the shy wild ducks do not derive their shyness from the experiences of crippled parents or grandparents. Of that we may be quite sure.

The only power in sight, which seems adequate, is that mysterious force manifest in the beating heart, and all the other phenomena of physical life and growth, which we have called here the sub-ego. It is a legitimate working theory that this force is able to and does supply all needed instincts, the new as well as the old.

E. P. ALEXANDER.

Ruffed Grouse in the City.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Oct. 4.—Thursday evening, after 6 o'clock, a young neighbor came to me and said that there was a bird in their yard that looked like a partridge. While he was writing the above to me (FOREST AND STREAM knows that I am deaf), my daughter came to the door and said that there was a queer bird down at Mr. Chapman's (three houses below on opposite side of street), and they wanted me to come and see it. My young neighbor and myself went over, and on the roof of the veranda of the next house was a ruffed grouse. I walked underneath it and watched it for some time, and it never moved, although I was talking all the time. Finally I threw my canvas hat, and nearly hit it, when it flew down over the sidewalk to Genesee street, about twenty rods. As it flew low I expected it would fly against the houses on Genesee street, as the birds have a propensity for doing this when they get among buildings. I found it sitting on the edge of the roof of a two-story house, where it remained until the electric light commenced burning. The strange thing about this bird being in the city is that, with the exception of one place ten miles east, you might hunt for ten weeks and not find a ruffed grouse in Niagara county. I have lived here thirty-five years, and have known of half a dozen instances where grouse has flown into or against buildings in my immediate vicinity, while I have never seen more than twice that number in all my tramping in the county, and I have done not a little of it.

The same day of the above occurrence Messrs. Edward Moody, Earl Moody and Strathers Leonard secured forty-six snipe ten miles west of the city.

J. L. DAVISON.

Bull Bats.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Are bull bats game?" No, with a big N. They are the most valuable of all our insectivorous birds.

They come out to feed about sunset, and that is the time the mosquitoes also do business. It's a one-sided war, and the havoc the bull bats make on the mosquitoes is equal to Kitchener's slaughter of the Dervishes.

I once had the curiosity to investigate a night-hawk and found the crop packed full of flying ants, etc. I have often felt sorely tempted to indulge in the sport of shooting them, but knowing their value as insect destroyers I never could bring myself to do it; and now that I am older and more considerate I would as soon go gunning for my grandmother. Nearly every civilized State places them in the insectivorous class, and protects them by a penalty. Without night-hawks and swallows mosquitoes would attack us in such swarms that we might well ask whether life would be worth living.

Chimney swallows live on the same food as bull bats and must be equally good as game birds, but they are rather smaller, and that is probably all that saves them.

Now what right have we to find fault with ladies for encouraging the destruction of innocent birds to gratify their vanity, while "horrid men" indulge in the same cruel business to gratify their carnal appetites?

The bull bats always lay their eggs on the bare ground, but not necessarily on rocks. When I was a boy I often flushed them, and frequently found their eggs, and whenever I revisited the place I'd find the female sitting on the eggs, doing her own hatching, with no assistance from the sun, moon or stars.

DIDYMUS.

A Hummingbird's Nest on a Wire.

ARROYO GRANDE, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by mail a hummingbird's nest built on a piece of wire, which I know you will be glad to keep as a sample of a southern California hummingbird's enterprise. The nest was found by Master Lowel Lewis, of this place. It was hanging on a nail between two old buildings. There are plenty of trees here, and why the bird should have chosen to use the wire I don't know.

W. T. COOK.

Hybrid Ducks.

BREWER, Me.—Col. Mather speaks of hybrids. I have in my collection two hybrids between black duck and mallard. One shows its mallard points the strongest, the other those of the black duck. I also have a half-blue-winged teal and half-cinnamon teal, and a half-widgeon and half-gadwall. I saw in Dover a half-shoveller and half-blue-winged teal. I tried to buy it,

but could not. This, as well as the two last of mine, were all taken by a Mr. W. H. Smith, of Loveland, Colo., who wrote me that they were probably the offspring of wounded ducks in the small pounds, where he shot them, and where they could not get other mates.

M. HARDY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Adirondack Deer, Guides and Woodsmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with considerable regret that I notice the efforts that are being made from time to time to convince people that, after all, the non-hounding deer law is a failure, and that the natives of the Adirondack region are for having it repealed. That sooner or later the law will be repealed there is little doubt in my mind. Pretty soon we will hear of whole gardens and countless acres of buckwheat devastated by the deer, of how the railroad trains have to run on half-time owing to the danger of being derailed by running into some fat and hemlocked-stub-horned buck; and if men are not attacked by half-starved deer some of these days it will be a wonder.

The idea of turning the hounds loose is not unattractive to poetical ears—mellow baying, and deer fleeing with graceful leaps, crashing brush and the splash of water, not to mention the privilege of sitting still and waiting for the game to come, cannot fail to arouse enthusiasm in many quarters, but especially in the opalescent-tinted prospectus of a three-story, elegantly furnished and fully equipped "camp" in the woods. Runways like cow paths, deer sure to come, all you have to do is sit and wait for them, experienced guides to put out the dogs—all these are potent arguments to the mind of many a "sportsman" whose home walls are adorned with big heads and floors covered with great skins of deer, whose brain is replete with tales of deer brought down, of wounded ones that were lost, of some few that gave scant glimpses of their sleek coats and "escaped."

I know of such a case. A man heard that deer were to be killed in the Adirondacks. He had visited a sportsman's show, or had read a story about deer shooting. He had seen a deer head, and he could afford to do as he pleased for a few days each year, so he learned to shoot deer. He got his gun and came to the woods of Moose River. He had the best guides in the country, and naturally the best dogs procurable—winter trained on bloody trails in deep snow (but he didn't know of that perhaps). For three years, or four, he came to Moose River. His first rifle practice, almost, was at a deer.

Such hunting as this man's was never before seen up there. For twelve or fifteen days the dogs ran the deer and the party killed deer every day. No one that will tell knows how many deer were killed by this one party. It makes no difference for that matter. But when the deer hounding law was passed the man ceased to go up there hunting.

He paid his four or five guides well. His chief guide was his teamster as well, and to each of these men the sum of $50 at least was coming at the end of the trip, not to mention high living for the time in the woods, and rewards for extra service, and presents. Although these guides were making good money because the hounds could be used, yet there was not one of them who did not advocate, as much as he could, a non-hounding law. They would rather have the deer preserved than to make money by their destruction.

I don't know much about the Fulton Chain and Saranac Lake guides and hotel keepers. I have steered pretty clear of the hotels there. I have always camped where the beds were balsam boughs, and the sheets thick blankets. Of course, I have met a few of the boys from that region, but mostly I have been with the men in the northern part of Herkimer county. I haven't been in closer touch than letters would fetch me for a year past, but every one that I saw who knew the woods last fall spoke about the way things were as regards deer. Herkimer county is almost solid for the maintenance of the non-hounding law, and the few who are against the law are directly connected with summer resorts.

It is probably so, that in the neighborhood of such summer resorts as may be found along the Fulton Chain of lakes and the Saranacs a great majority of the "natives" are in favor of the lawful hounding, but I doubt very much if the strict woodsmen, the ones who live in little shanties surrounded by woods, wish to have the dogs bellowing around them, and destroying the source of their chief pleasure.

It should not be forgotten that the guides are not the only ones who live in the woods, and are natives there. There is a pretty clearly marked distinction between the two kinds of inhabitants, and even among the guides there are kinds, as tourists have learned to their sorrow. The woodsmen that I know do not favor hounding. I mean by woodsmen the ones who need no trail to find their camp, and who handle axes a good deal better than they do knives and forks, and yet bear themselves at the table acceptably. They carry guns when they go guiding, or else don't go. They are the strong and picturesque men when seen going through the woods, but cut awkward figures waiting on tables in camp. They are the ones who speak but little save among their associates. Their voices are not heard in Albany, and their vote is the only thing that ever makes them felt beyond the borders of their township. They are mostly small farmers, blacksmiths, loggers and lumbermen, carpenters and tradesmen, and they form the body of every community where no great blank-sided hotel rears itself bluntly against the wooded ridge. Guides form but a small commonwealth, but they are powerful because they are all the average tourist has to do with, and by their words the tourist naturally has to judge of conditions which the guide puts in a one-sided light, of course, if it deals with his trade.

The woodsmen, as distinguished from the guides, I believe detest the practice of hounding, and the things that it involves, and more than ever now. The deer are seen more frequently in the Herkimer county clearings than two years ago, when they were scarce indeed. They have no fear of bellowing brutes which, in the old days, ran wild all summer that they might be "hard" when fall and legitimate "sport" came. Even the guides who do not openly avow the value of preventing the hounds following deer admit in private conversation that the deer hounding is a destructive practice, and tolerable only because it promises more money for the next half-dozen years. After that, "Why then I'll have something else to do." That is the literal argument I have met with when arguing the matter with a few professional guides.

It will do no good to argue with any one about how many deer escape the dogs. The field has been gone over a dozen times, but any one with practical experience knows, and if he hasn't the practical experience as to still-hunting, let him read Van Dyke's "Still-Hunter," that not one in twenty or even fifty deer, still-hunted, is more than seen. While every hounder can tell how, at some time or other, he has started after one deer, known to be hanging around some swamp or ridge, and got it.

One Saturday night four or five years ago a woodchopper came to the store at Northwood, N. Y., and said that there were an old doe and two "yearlings" up in the Dix Swamp on Little Black Creek. "All right!" said Bill Pardy, "I'll come up to-morrow with old Rover and some of the boys, and we'll get one." At 10 o'clock next morning two of the deer were swinging from poles on the way to Northwood. It is true that that was exceptional luck, but as Bill said to me one time: "If I've got to have meat, why I get it," and when the boys go out with dogs, they get game if there is any to be started. The difficulty of hounding is almost exclusively confined to having all the runways manned. Buckshot or a repeater does the little that remains to be done.

The Adirondack woods are not so large as the Maine woods, and yearly they are growing more open to traffic, but it seems to me that there ought to be some way of keeping the deer there. While Maine deer are on the increase, apparently, or at least holding their own against a multitude of hunters, the Adirondacks are being skinned to the backbone. What can the hotel keepers and guides be thinking of when they ask for the return to methods that demonstrably mean the sure destruction of one of the three attractions of the region? With the deer gone, the trout going, and the woods a mass of spruce and hemlock choppings, where do these men expect to make their livings and fortunes? Do they expect to have something else to do then?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Oct. 8 FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Arthur F. Rice makes my note on Adirondack deer hunting conditions the text for a discussion of a column and more in support of the law now in force in New York State.

Mr. Rice is perfectly welcome to use my note as a text, and I am glad it has resulted in his interesting letter, but one would infer from the tone of his article that he was arguing with a rabid advocate of hounding, whereas he has not the slightest ground for such an assumption, since in the note in question I have plainly stated my belief that the legislation against hounding is a good thing.

My note called attention to some results of the present law, and in it I made allusion to the popular sentiment of the natives of the Adirondack counties in favor of hounding. I recorded the fact as an honest observer, and your well-informed correspondent Juvenal agrees with me, as I think any fair-minded man acquainted with the conditions will agree. When I say that the law stopping hounding is opposed to the wishes of the native population (and I mean to include not only hotel keepers and guides, but also all the other classes, farmers, carpenters, storekeepers and the like), the statement does not bear on the merits of the law, and is not used as an argument against it. If is simply a statement of fact as I see it, interesting because a defeat of democratic ideals.

I think Mr. Rice will make a stronger argument in support of his case if he leaves this particular point alone, and confines himself to showing that the deer are increasing in numbers under the non-hounding law.

J. B BURNHAM.

P. S.—I also object to Mr. Rice's use of the cut and dried materialistic argument of dollars and cents where the native population is concerned. I have a sympathy for the natives, and know as good sportsmen among them as among city sportsmen (and a great deal better than the average city article). Mr. R. says: "Suppose that this army of sportsmen, who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, should decide to stay away from the Adirondacks, could any law be a compensation for this loss in hard cash to the native population?"

I have seen this argument repeated in print so many times (probably I have used it myself) that it actually makes me sick to write the words. Thank goodness, there are other things besides salvation that haven't price in dollars. If Mr. Rice ever got close to the heart of a native Adirondack hunter I think he would find in nine cases out of ten that the native longs for his old wilderness and is heartsick of the army of city visitors, whether he profits by their money or not.

J. B. B.

Zigzag Experiences.

III.—Shooting Ruffed Grouse with a Gun Wad.

THE dog-star is no longer doing business at the old stand, and the breath of Boreas has already painted hillside and dale in all the gorgeous colors of autumn. The crisp frosts have purified the air and made it more exhilarating than the choicest vintage of champagne—its stillness broken only by the tread of the sportsman and the tinkle of the bell on his well-trained setter or pointer, as they seek well-known coverts.

In addition to the good which comes from a day spent in wooded copse and alder runs, and the many fascinations and varied experiences which remain as prized remembrances, a thorough knowledge of the region and of the habits of the game birds of our country, together with a keen eye, quick hand and well-trained dog, will reward the effort with many a goodly bag. Even in this, the old Bay State, one of the oldest and most densely populated in the Union, the most optimistic would doubt, and even credulity itself would be taxed, if told the number of game birds annually killed within its borders.

But it is not my purpose now to tell of the benefit, pleasure or success that comes to him who goes afield, but to relate another of the many unexpected and peculiar experiences which befall the devotee of dog and gun.

We had spent the crisp, frosty night in the hospitable Holmes homestead, on Dresser Hill, in the old town of Charlton, and early in the morning a trio, consisting of the two sons, Erford and Charley, and the writer, accompanied by Shot and Doc—two as good setters as ever pointed or retrieved a bird—started southward toward the covers in Dudley—the land of the Nipmucks and the birthplace of Nessmuk—the land of grapevine and chestnut—the home of many a prized woodcock and lordly ruffed grouse.

We beat not the covers in vain, and the result, with smooth plumage and laid in a row, won encomiums from the farmer who kindly brought us a pitcher of new cider to add zest to our lunch at the nooning hour.

Swinging around to the westward to take in new ground on our return, we encountered a hill of considerable proportions, the sloping sides of which and adjacent territory were covered with a dense growth which made good cover, while the summit had been cleared and was now open pasture land.

My companions, who were entirely familiar with the locality, informed me that the cover was very dense around the base of the hill, and so thoroughly overgrown with grapevines and wild clematis that it was very difficult to get through it, and to make a successful shot therein was next to impossible; and they kindly advised me to take a position on the top, where I would get an open shot at every bird that they might start and not kill, as they were certain to dart up over the summit to the cover on the opposite side.

I am not boasting that I am as young or light on foot as once I was, nor am I denying that I was somewhat fatigued by the lengthened miles and unusual exercise of the day; but whether it was that my companions noticed this and desired to spare me, or because of that innate chivalry and sense of decency so characteristic of good breeding that prompted them to accord me the place of greatest advantage, I may never know. But all the same, I was only too glad to comply and soon I was in my place on the summit.

The tinkle, tinkle of the bells, and now and then a word of admonition or caution to the dogs, apprised me of their location, and an occasional bang, or bang—bang! proclaimed the death knell and that no bird would confront me on the summit.

Soon, however, a covey was flushed, when both guns did good execution, but a "Mark! Mark!" apprised me to be on the alert, and instantly an old cock bird broke cover and wheeled into an open cow-path, and came directly toward me, closely hugging the ground. I need not tell old sportsmen of the thunder of his pinions or his lightning speed.

Hastily throwing my gun to my shoulder, I pressed the trigger and received a fearful blow upon my feet. There, limp in death, lay my noble bird. I lost no time in replacing the empty shell with a fresh cartridge, when after the lapse of several minutes my dead bird began to show signs of life.

At this juncture I heard the single monosyllable "point!" and so placed one foot upon an extended wing as a precaution against any contingency and gave heed to the timely note of warning.

Soon another noble bird came my way, and discovering my presence he soared upward to pass over my head, when I scored a nice, clean kill. Meanwhile my first bird, in his endeavors to secure his liberty, fluttered and thrashed the ground with all the animation and vigor of a mature bird that had never been injured. My companions soon joined me, when we put him out of his misery by passing the small blade of a penknife through the spinal column at the base of the skull.

Subsequently, when the bird was dressed, the closest examination failed to reveal the presence of a single shot or shot mark.

Square on the breast, where the neck joined the body, was a circular black mark that was very black and about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar. The shot had been scattered to the winds, and a gun wad had brought the quarry to earth.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

The Destructive Side-Hunt.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa.—On a recent visit to Spirit Lake I found the country in the neighborhood overrun with chicken hunters. Some good bags were made, but nearly all of the hunters complained of the scarcity of birds. We are going to have another side-hunt here at our place in a short time. I will let you know about it later on. For my part I have taken FOREST AND STREAM for almost ten years, and have never engaged in a side-hunt; it has taught me better.

THE OLD MAN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Notes from New Brunswick.

THE moose is not always to the swift nor the caribou to the strong. On Sept. 20 Messrs. F. C. Peavey and Fred Stahrer, of Lawrence, Mass., went into the woods at Little River. They carried a grip-sack apiece, and had an abiding faith that they would bag at least one moose. Mr. Peavey, however, as a gentleman of very generous proportions, whose education as to firearms had been carefully neglected, was content to sit upon a log near the camp, while his more active friend scoured the country with the guide. It was while thus sitting upon the log contentedly fanning off the flies that Mr. Peavey heard the step of some foreign beast in the tote road. Mr. Peavey instinctively realized that destiny was dealing him a pat hand. When the smoke cleared away Mr. Peavey ascertained that he had acquired a bull moose. When Mr. Stahrer returned to camp that evening he expressed his surprise.

Among local sportsmen no small degree of interest is taken in the problem as to how long Henry Braithwaite is going to keep up his unbroken record of success as a guide. It seems to make no difference to Henry whether the sportsman goes in for a week or a month, whether he is armed with a cannon or a pop-gun, whether he is subject to acute attacks of buck fever or some more studiously acquired complaint—he always brings out the game. Henry is now about fifty-seven years of age. In all his long career as a guide not a single party has ever come out without a moose. His reputation has extended far and wide of recent years, and he can now command whatever wages he chooses to ask. The moose shot by Mr. Percy N. Graham, of Godalming, England, was perhaps the best specimen that has ever been secured in Henry's country. It had a spread of 54in., and was a remarkably graceful head. Mr. Graham's caribou was also ornamented with a very shapely head. Major Hallows and wife, of England, are still in the woods with Braithwaite. It is reported that they have secured a moose and a caribou.

Dr. Heber Bishop and Rev. Robert Codman, of Boston, came out on Monday after a stay of four weeks in the Indian Lake country. The Doctor secured a nice caribou, but had the hard luck to lose a monster moose after the animal had been called up within very close range by the guide. The party saw about twenty moose on the trip.

H. P. Walker and H. P. Fessenden, of New York, have returned from Salmon Brook Lake. Bill Carson was their guide, and gave every satisfaction. Mr. Fessenden shot a bull caribou and wounded a moose. They will return for a snow hunt in December.

Mr. W. Garrison Reed, of Boston, and friend returned some days ago from the Tobique lakes. They saw plenty of game, bagged one caribou and had the misfortune to lose a very large moose.

William Walker, of this city, who went up to Nictaux Lake on the invitation of Adam Moore, and remained there a few days, says that the Tobique region is swarming with sportsmen this fall. William brought out a bull caribou. He came very near getting a moose, for a Mr. Stevens, of Fort Fairfield, who was poling up the stream a short distance behind the genial William, sighted a bull moose and brought him down. William says he was so close to the scene of action that he had to dodge the bullets which Mr. Stevens was distributing.

Speaking of William reminds me that on Friday last the undersigned, in company with Harry Atherton, of this town, left for Cains River on a short hunting trip. On Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the undersigned aforesaid called up a bull moose on the Bantalorum barrens, which was subsequently induced, at the joint invitation of the party, to accompany us to camp. Harry is greatly pleased with the work of his Savage rifle, and the writer has no complaints to make as to the efficiency of the Lee-Enfield rifle with the dum-dum bullet. The internal economy of that moose, after the engagement, approximated to a junk-shop. Six shots were fired, five of which took effect, and the moose was really killed about five times. The horns had twenty points and a spread of 45in.

Mr. Jerome Bradley, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, who had such fine luck on the Nepisiguit last year, has more than maintained his reputation this season as one of the finest game shots ever seen in that section. Mr. Bradley and associate came into Bathurst the other day with a very fine moose, two caribou and four bears. Mr. Bradley is a very modest young gentleman too. He says it isn't a good year for bears on the Nepisiguit. Dr. J. C. Wilson and H. B. Smith have each bagged a caribou on the Nepisiguit. Jacob White, a local sportsman, secured a bull moose.

Mr. Sumner L. Crosby writes me that he has received up to date (Oct. 3) thirty-two moose and caribou heads from New Brunswick. As these were chiefly shot by American sportsmen, it may be interesting to your readers to learn the names of some of the fortunate hunters:

A. L. Sylvester, Boston, a moose and caribou, killed on the Restigouche. G. M. Whitin and brother, Whitinsville, Mass., two moose. George C. White, R. H. Boyd and George P. Camman, New York, two moose and two caribou, killed on the Tobique. Dr. V. F. Parker, Brooklyn, moose and caribou, killed on the Tobique. H. Radclyffe Roberts, Philadelphia, moose and caribou, killed on the Tobique. N. C. Downs, Stamford, Conn., moose, killed at McKiel Brook Lake. Edward W. Gren, Boston, moose of 60in. spread, killed on the Restigouche. D. S. Burley, Newburyport, Mass., moose of 56in. spread, killed on the Tobique. A. M. Brewster, Newburyport, Mass., moose of 52in. spread, killed on the Tobique. Edward R. Samson, Boston, moose of 50in. spread, twenty-six points, killed on Tobique. Dr. G. A. Suffa, Boston, moose, killed on Tobique. Dr. J. M. Bryant, caribou, killed on Tobique. P. M. Berry, Pasasic, N. J., very fine caribou, thirty-two points, killed on Tobique. H. L. Lugues, Passaic, N. J., caribou, killed on Tobique. B. J. Callahan, Lowell, Mass., caribou, killed on Nor'west Miramichi. J. Caswell, Boston, caribou. H. B. Smith, Norwich, Conn., very large caribou, killed on Nepisiguit. A. H. Jackson, New York, moose, caribou and four bears, killed on the Restigouche.

Mr. Crosby very truly remarks: "The headwaters of the Tobique seem to have been thus far the most productive, doubtless because more parties have been up there."

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 5.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 10.—Probably the largest moose head ever secured in America, outside of Alaska, has just been brought down the Tobique River. The animal was shot by Mr. F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass. The horns, which are remarkably massive, spread 67in., and have twenty-four extremely long, sharp, heavy points. Mr. Cook also secured a bull caribou and two large bears. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

Don't Shoot Until You Know.

STATE OF MAINE.—Office of Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.—Augusta, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nathan B. Moore, of Bingham, Maine, the oldest and most experienced registered guide in Maine, writes a timely letter of advice to his brother hunters, warning them against hasty shooting, and telling them how they may avoid all accidents. I think it worthy of printing in FOREST AND STREAM.

L. T. CARLETON,
Chairman Commissioners Inland Fisheries and Game.

BINGHAM, Sept. 10.—Dear Brother Hunter: As I am a man that has had a long experience hunting in the Maine woods and on the St. Johns River, I wish to give you all a few words of caution, as there have been so many accidents happening every year. It has come to be a serious thing, and I cannot help giving my brother hunters a few words of caution, hoping it may teach you all that takes his rifle and starts out on a hunting trip to try their luck on big game. I have hunted the Maine woods for seventy-four years; I have killed 276 moose, that I have kept a true account of, and one-half as many caribou, and many deer, bears and small game, almost without number, so you must know that I understand well the rules of hunting, and hope that I am able to give all of my good brother hunters a few good words of advice. Not any good experienced hunter is going to shoot any one.

When I first started out, in the morning of life, as a young hunter, I made this solemn promise, that I never would fire my rifle at any kind of game until I could see enough of the object to tell whether it was a man or a beast that I was taking sight at, and if I had not made that promise and stood up to it, I should have shot a man dead. I was out hunting moose in January; the snow was very shoal and light, and no one but myself would have thought of running a moose down in such hard going, and after I had run him eight miles, as he came out of a thicket, I saw him go up a little rising ground, about twenty rods from me; I tried to pull the case off my rifle, but it was frozen on, and when I got the case off, he was just going over the knoll. I soon came to the top of the knoll, and it was descending ground for about thirty rods, and there was a spruce thicket about four rods through it, and I knew the moose was not one minute ahead of me; I did not think there was a man within ten miles of me, and there was a moose standing in a thicket just ahead of me. I came running very fiercely, knowing I must be in sight of the moose. As I came, there stood the moose, head to me, in the thicket. He was as black as a bear, not over three rods from me. I took my rifle to my face and took good aim. I would hit a quarter every time at that distance, but there was the vow I had made. I pulled on the trigger two-thirds hard enough to fire, and thinking of the promise that I would never shoot until I knew what I was shooting at, I stepped three steps to one side, and I saw a man in the place of the moose. Please tell me if there is one man in ten thousand but what would have shot in my chance?

He did not see me until I said: "How came you here?" He said he was "looking at some moose tracks," and there was a tote road within 15ft. of him. He just stepped out to look at the tracks. I kept right on upon the run, and shot the moose within 100yds. Now I never was scared in my life, but I trembled for three hours to see how near I came to killing a human being.

And now, dear brother, I will tell you how to keep clear of such terrible accidents. Always bear in mind when you are in the woods, hunting game, never to shoot at the glimpse of any creature. Be sure you see the nose or ear or side foot of the animal, so that you are certain that it is not a man. How many times I have been in the woods, miles, as I thought, from anybody, and heard something coming, tearing through the bushes, and would listen to the sound. Well, I would think to myself, it is a moose or a bear or a caribou coming, and stand with the hammer of my rifle drawn back, ready for a shot, and soon see the bushes move, as though they were all alive, and soon get a glimpse of something moving, then my heart would beat high for a shot; and now remember, my good fellow, this is the time where the danger comes in, and then all at once out comes a man, rushing through the forest, and I would halloo to him and say: "Friend, where are you bound for?" For a moment he would almost forget himself, he was so astonished, thinking he was at least ten miles from any human being. A man I knew had been following two deer all day until just at night. When the deer went into a hollow, and he knew he was close up with them, he thought he would run around onto the other side of the basin, so as to get in ahead of them, and take them when they came out. He had not been waiting long, when he heard the bushes crack, and standing with his rifle to his face, with a deadly aim, he soon saw a deer's head coming toward him, and just as his rifle was going to crack he saw it was a man's head he was aiming at. He gave a shout, dropped his rifle, and had all he could do to keep from fainting.

Many a time I have been hunting and have heard the stir of the bushes, and looking sharp could see the glimpse of something moving, but could not tell what it was, when all of a sudden away would go a deer, which had got the scent of me, and I would be glad he was gone, for I had better a thousand times lose him than to risk a shot and not know what I was shooting at.

Now in a very short time the Maine forests are going to be full of hunting parties, and the warning I give to you all is, when you take your rifle to your face, be absolutely sure what it is you are aiming at, and I hope this warning may save some poor fellow's life, and you a life of bitterness and regret.

NATHAN B. MOORE, Registered Guide.

Connecticut Grouse Snaring.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It lacks nearly two weeks before the opening of the shooting season, yet the reports of guns are heard in the woods every day, Sundays especially. Yellow-hammers are shot in great numbers despite the law which protects them the year around. Now and then some person falls into the meshes of justice and is fined; but such cases are exceedingly rare. Those who seem disposed to obey the game laws in general for some inexplicable reason draw the line on yellow-hammers, and they are slaughtered by the hundreds. Many take delight in boasting of their law-breaking exploits in this line.

Some of our farmers have the notion that they have a perfect right to kill game indiscriminately the year around, so long as they do it on their own lands. For one, I do not know whether their opinion is right or not. It is impossible to comprehend, however, why any sane person should wish to kill game during the breeding season, even should some flaw in the law grant them that privilege.

Whether erroneous or not, the opinion prevails among a large number of law-abiding sportsmen in this vicinity that the slack enforcement of the game laws is largely owing to the incompetence of the game wardens. "They don't appoint men with the proper amount of sand," said a well-known shooter the other day. "But then, even if such men should be appointed, they would have to be well up in law in order to steer clear of the network of provisions which seem to have been designed in direct opposition to some of the game laws. For instance: If a warden should meet a man with a lot of snared birds on his person, how is the warden to know whether the man snared the birds on his own land or not? And how is he to know that the snarer isn't on his own land if he should catch him in the act of taking a bird out of a snare? Then again, even game wardens like to receive pay for their work; but they don't get much out of the 'public crib' of this State."

Now my personal acquaintance with game wardens is so limited that I cannot say positively whether they as a rule are deficient of "sand" or not. There is one thing, however, of which everyone must be aware, and that is this: any man who is required to go alone into the woods and arrest single-handed an armed and defiant law-breaker has got to have "sand," and plenty of it. He must also thoroughly understand the law appertaining to his business. "I'd like to have any game warden try to take me in once," boasted a notorious snarer in the presence of a number of listeners in a prominent gun store in New Haven; "I'd blow his head off so quick he'd never know what struck him." This ferocious blatherskite had his chance, for he was arrested soon after and fined. I cite this instance simply to demonstrate the feeling entertained by many law-abiding shooters and snarers in this neighborhood.

As I mentioned before, breaking the game laws is not strictly confined to what is generally accepted as the "lawless element." It is nothing unusual to meet men afield with dogs and guns before the law is off. Many mornings, while driving to the city last fall, I met one of New Haven's city ex-officials on the way to the woods with dogs and gun, and long before the law was off. He was complained of, but nothing was done in the matter.

While writing of lawless shooters and snarers, the thought comes to me that it might not be amiss to mention the lawless act of a lawless warden whom I chanced once to meet. He put in an appearance at my house one Sunday morning a few years ago, and inquired as to the snaring operations in that neighborhood. I imparted what information I could and volunteered to conduct him to where I thought there might be snares. After half an hour's tramp we came upon one of those round, fence-like structures, with an opening on four sides. There were no birds in the snares, but the fresh bait of frost grapes plainly indicated that the snares had been recently set, and everything was ready for business.

Now that structure plainly indicated the law-breaker, and I had no sympathy for him. My surprise and disgust can be imagined, however, when the warden proved himself even more contemptible than the snarer. Said he: "I'll have that fellow inside of thirty-six hours. How will I do it? Well, I'll go down town to-morrow and get a partridge from some market; then I'll come straight back here, put the bird in one of the snares, lie in the brush and collar the cuss when he takes the bird out of the snare." The warden chuckled, but I expressed my opinion of his method in words which wouldn't do well in print.

It must be confessed that it is very easy to tell these evils. To suggest a remedy for their suppression, however, is a different matter. Could sportsmen amalgamate into a sportsmen's political machine and elect their own candidates at the polls, or could they even attain such strength as to command political recognition in the Legislature, then a remedy would be in sight. They could at least insist on regular annual appropriations with which to pay salaries to good game wardens, with plenty of "sand." As matters stand at the present time, however, all that sportsmen can do is to applaud the sportsmen's press in its gallant fight for the suppression of the sale of game.

W. H. AVIS.

HAMDEN, Conn., Oct. 4.

[The Connecticut law permits snaring by land-owners on their own lands; but forbids the traffic in such snared game by any other than the land-owner. To this extent then Connecticut already forbids the sale of game.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Passing of the Kankakee.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 7.—I rather like the above heading, for it seems to have a fine literary flavor, such as I try to sling into all of my writing. It is admittedly correct to write about the "passing" of some body or something. As a matter of fact, the Kankakee River has been passing for some time, and has not yet got past. But I want to write about it in a figurative and not a literal sense.

A great deal of mention has been made in these columns of this same famous Kankakee stream, whose vast marshes in Indiana and Illinois have afforded sport for a generation of Western shooters. I recollect at one time, many years ago, an uncle of mine, who resided in Chicago, was setting forth to me the glories of that city. I urged it as an objection to city life that one could not go shooting or fishing anywhere near the city. "There is where you are wrong," said he. "You live out West and think you can have great sport close to where you live, while as a matter of fact Chicago is ahead in this respect as in every other. You can just step on a train and run down to the Kankakee River in a couple of hours, and see more ducks than you can anywhere else in the world. Every time I cross that country on a railway train I can see great black clouds flying all over the marsh."

Something of the truth of these assertions I have since then had occasion to learn. When I first joined the FOREST AND STREAM family, ten years ago, the glories of the Kankakee were just beginning to lessen. From that time until now the shooting has steadily deteriorated, until for the past few years it has had little importance in the annals of sport for this region. This fact is partly due to change of the migratory flight of wildfowl, partly to the fact the supply of wildfowl in the United States has been reduced to one-fourth of its former volume, and perhaps to the fact that the Kankakee marshes have themselves been steadily changing, so that they no longer offer the same attractions as feeding grounds to the fowl.

In the earlier days the Kankakee marsh was really a morass, impassable and wide-reaching, full of quaking bogs whose depth was unknown, one of the wildest and most dangerous countries the hunter could easily discover in any portion of the West. I have earlier written of the peculiar class of inhabitants who have so long clung tenaciously to the edges of this great game country, a class peculiar in itself and not to be duplicated in the entire country. Really there was room for the class. Nowhere else in the United States does there exist so large a body of untilled land so close to any great center of population. The average distance of the great Indiana marsh is about fifty miles from the city of Chicago, and it is crossed by nearly a dozen of the great trunk lines of railroads running out of Chicago. It lies in the heart of a farming region where land is worth from $50 to $100 an acre. To say that this land, if fit for farming purposes, would be worth $25 an acre would be putting a very low value upon it.

In company with friends I have many times wandered over many different portion of the Kankakee marshes, and it never occurred to me that that ground would be worth more than fourteen cents an acre at the outside. Upon the other hand, I have no daughter married to the Viceroy of India. If I had had perspicacity and a daughter, the positions might have been reversed between Mr. Levi Z. Leiter and myself. This is the way the worthy get thrown down, all through life. We will let that pass. What I was going to say is, that Mr. Leiter and other great Chicago capitalists did see the value lying under this wide Kankakee realm of mud and water, and wild rice and cattails. They quietly went to work and bought up great tracts of this land at low prices. The Maksawba Club holdings practically passed into the hands of others through purchases of the stock, the 5,000 acres of that body of land being capitalized at about $5 an acre.

Then the great dredges began their work. For years we have seen them cutting their way toilsomely across the great marshes, but the old marsh still seemed to hold its own. At length shooters began to notice that there was more and more dry ground around the marshes, less and less feeding ground for the jacksnipe. The fall flight of snipe and ducks steadily decreased, so that it was only in the spring that many birds could be found on the marsh. Now it is doubtful if even in the spring there can be found much longer any shooting of consequence. The great ditches are nearly done. The river has been straightened until it now is shortened by one-fourth, or perhaps one-half in some places. Meek and subdued, shallow and muddy, it runs along through straight-cut banks constructed by the hand of man. The great mallard holes which the Kankakee once held in the hollow of its arms are now dry and dusty. This fall the shooters kicked up dust in walking over what was last spring the best of the jacksnipe ground. The porous bog has sunk and settled and changed into some of the richest black farming soil that ever lay out of doors. The meadows are running out into the marsh, and the cornfields are following the meadows. The Kankakee is whipped, beaten, defeated and subdued. A shallow, trivial stream, a mockery of its former self, it hurries on through the wide realm which was once its own as though glad to leave the scene of its departed greatness. The marshes are no more. In time the farms will spread still more widely over them. This is the passing of the Kankakee.

Colorado Buffalo.

From a gentleman who asks that his name be not given I get word that he lately talked with two Denver sportsmen who told him of a Colorado point where there is still to be seen a small band of buffalo, of which one has now and then been killed, but of which four or five are thought still to be alive. The informant thought they were wood bison. I take it that this is the little bunch of buffalo already reported from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM, but am glad to have the news, which may also be of service to the game authorities of that State, if it should chance appear to be news to them.



A MINNESOTA RABBIT HUNTER'S CAMP.
Photo by Mr. James Dougall.

Quarantine and Quail.

The fever scare in the South has affected the fall shooting. New Orleans shooters complain that they cannot go out anywhere without meeting the quarantine restrictions. Memphis is under an air-tight quarantine, as well as other parts of Mississippi and Tennessee. The situation has interfered with sport in many branches, and it is hardly apt to be relieved until the first frosts, which, however, should soon be anticipated.

Ducks.

The northern flight of ducks is not yet down in this part of the world, if we are indeed to have any flight at all of that sort this fall. They tell me that it is usually along in November that the northern flight strikes the California marshes. It is a little earlier in this part of the world, and our duck season may be said to be well advanced in Minnesota and Dakota. In the neighborhood of Chicago I hardly think we may expect any very heavy shooting unless on such preserves as the Hennepin and Duck Island Club grounds, on the Illinois River.

Mr. John E. Willing, Jr., and Mr. Ed. E. Richardson, of La Crosse, Wis., returned last week from a shooting trip near Arlington, Minn. They brought back about 200 mallard ducks, besides many which they disposed of before coming home.

The duck season is well on in Kansas. Near Cairo, Kan., Messrs. O. B. Stocker and C. H. Smyth, of Wichita, bagged 125 ducks on a trip this week. They report quail and chickens scarce, but ducks in good numbers.

Reports from Sanborn, Minn., state that game is fairly abundant in that neighborhood, duck shooting being good, while the chicken crop was good during the brief season.

It seems that out in Salt Lake City the sportsmen do not devote themselves entirely to shooting grizzlies (although, by the way, I was talking with a gentleman this week who said that he recently obtained from Salt Lake City a grizzly bear skin over 9ft. long). The opening of the duck season at Salt Lake City brought out an enthusiastic showing of sportsmen, although a universal report of poor luck seems to have been the main result.

Many Northern and Southern sportsmen will be interested in the information that the famous Mitchell's Lake, near San Antonio, Texas, is this year full of water again and has some feed. The ducks are in now, and the San Antonio sportsmen are making pilgrimages with something of the old-time regularity.

Gokey, of Dawson.

Every time you see the above head in the FOREST AND STREAM you may depend that it is over some news, and some shooting news at that, not merely a pleasant saunter in the October sunshine. My friend Gokey writes me under date of Oct. 5 to the following effect:

"The Jerome Marble party of sixteen has been here for some time, and the whole sixteen had a good time and got all the birds they wanted. This party is not made up of game hogs, but on the contrary of gentlemen sportsmen. They did not care to kill all the game they had a chance to kill. During their stay here I went with them to the State Fair, at Mandan, N. D., with their two cars, and they have this to say, that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is not in it with what they saw there. They went back to Massachusetts on the evening of Oct. 4, with the promise that on their next annual shooting party they would come back to Dawson.

"Parties here who have had good shooting up to date are Messrs. P. M. Snyder, of New York City; H. Staples Potter, of Boston, Mass.; O. N. Young and C. H. Moss, of Chicago; W. H. Gray, J. W. Tape, George Tucker, Lorin Fishback and E. C. Cook, all of Chicago; D. A. Tyng and D. M. Cumings, of Chicago; A. A. Hart, C. M. Nelson and George R. Finch, of St. Paul; W. H. Tubbs, Messrs. Ginselman and Leffingwell, of Fargo, N. D.; G F. Thompson, of New York City; J. W. Strowbridge, of Cincinnati. All these gentlemen are having what shooting they want and a good time. We have had a snowstorm here, and it has brought down the birds, and for the next thirty or forty days the air will be full of powder and shot. The W. B. Mershon party of nine will be on from Michigan on the 10th of this month for a two-weeks' shoot."

The Saginaw Cowd.

Mr. Gokey's comment last above quoted received verification today, when a long, low, black, rakish and piratical looking craft on wheels was seen in the offing, and later came to anchor in the Wisconsin Central Depot to spend Saturday. The craft bore the name of "W. B. Mershon," and from observations made at a distance bears every appearance of being manned by a desperate crew, armed to the teeth and with full provisions for a long cruise. At this writing numbers of the crew are at large ashore, and one or two of the more daring ones are reported to have been seen in the neighborhood of the Auditorium Hotel, though no encounters are as yet reported. The representative of FOREST AND STREAM is upon their trail, and readers may be assured that no efforts will be spared to keep the public fully advised of the whereabouts of this craft and her crew.

Later.—The dispatch boat of the FOREST AND STREAM succeeded in landing a party on board the piratical craft this evening, and the worst suspicions are confirmed. Members of the expedition are Messrs. Geo. Dan Seib, of Bond Hill, Long Island; W. A. Avery, of Detroit, Mich.; J. E. Hinds, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuel Stevens, of Columbus, Ohio; J. W. Meek, of Columbus, Ohio; R. D. Schultz, of Zanesville, Ohio, the whole party being under the lead of Mr. Wm. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., who goes as pilot into regions made familiar by many earlier trips. The first stop will be made at Dawson, N. D., then the party will proceed to the Bad Lands of Montana, returning to Dawson later for geese.

Tips.

Mr. Mershon is a man very fertile in sporting suggestions and improvements and ideas. Two new things that I saw about the car this time were a new case for a rifle and a new mess box for a wagon. The latter is a handy contrivance indeed, something like a cow cook's mess box, with a lid to let down for a kitchen table. This box, however, has about 400 pigeon holes in it for flour, sugar, spices, matches, salt, pepper and everything you can think of. It is made in the best way, its material being a triple crossed veneer so laid that it is impossible for the wood to warp or shrink. The top of the lower compartment is made with a neat watertight hinge, so that the contents cannot get wet. The

box goes nicely into a wagon bed, and the members of the Saginaw crowd this year may be sure they can have a good meal at any station of the road or any condition of the weather.

The other contrivance which Mr. Mershon has along this year is a wood case for a .30-40 Winchester rifle, the sort that has that two-story front sight. This case is cut out to fit the contour of the rifle, which is bedded perfectly in one side of the case, so that it can not possibly be injured. The opposite side folds over the matrix case and latches with a tidy catch. In the back of the case is a slot cut for cleaning rods and rags and oiler. This case cannot be used as a saddle case, but for any ordinary travel by rail or by wagon, or for sending a rifle by express, it is the finest thing I ever saw. The Winchester people may want to see this case of Mr. Mershon's some day, for it is perfection for the transportation of the .30-40. As to that arm, Mr. Mershon says he would think of no other. He killed a number of deer with it last year, and says that this fall he is going to get a grizzly, of which animals they always see tracks in plenty in the bad lands. That they will get deer this trip is a certainty, and I hope they get the bear.

Quail.

The quail season is now on for the most of our Western shooting regions. It is pleasant to report that these admirable game birds are more than holding their average numbers. From all I can learn, I should say that the quail season for Illinois, for Iowa, Kansas and lower Minnesota, as well as for Michigan south peninsula and upper Indiana, is better than the average of the past four years. As to the Southern quail fields I cannot say so much, as it is still too early for much quail shooting there.

Reports personally received from Michigan state that the birds are abundant enough, but many of them so very small that a good sportsman will not shoot at them. The weather has been rather warm. On the whole the quail shooting of that State will be better two or three weeks later than it is at present. The crop is a great one.

In the neighborhood of Bloomington, Ill., quail are reported in unusual numbers this fall. From the line of Bloomington southward, in Illinois, there will be good quail shooting from now on out of most any of the little towns. In all that part of the State, however, and more especially in the lower part, and in upper Missouri, the supply of quail will depend somewhat on the migration. It is not generally known, yet I consider it to be true and proved by the observations of many accurate sportsmen, that there is a regular migration of quail to the southward in the territory above mentioned, and that this occurs, if not every year, at least very often. This fact I have earlier mentioned in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

Around Lansing, Mich., quail are, according to reports, very numerous this fall, but local shooters say that the law ought to begin on Nov. 1, as the birds are too small to shoot at the beginning of October.

Several shooters of Grand Rapids, Mich., who went out on opening day, had good luck. A nice mixed bag was made by Gen. I. C. Smith, Dr. Wooster and Mr. P. O'Rilley, who got twenty-seven birds, woodcock, grouse and quail.

Sedgwick county, Kan., though boasting the largest city of the State, Wichita, boasts also that it has more quail this fall than any county in the State. This Kansas quail shooting is most enjoyable sport, as I can testify after many days spent in the low and open covers of that favored land. The hedge row shooting of Kansas is the easiest and most deadly form of quail shooting to be found in America.

By the way, at Abilene, Kan., another town which I once visited and found to be full of good sportsmen, and in a country full of game, I observe they are now forming a protective association to look after violators of the game laws. The local shooters offer $50 for conviction. It is said that market hunters are shipping a great many quail out of that part of the State.

Texas opens her quail season Oct. 1. The Dennison Herald states that a great many Dennison shooters are going out after the "festive flutterers." I presume the newspaper means quail. I could never see any real reason for calling a quail a "festive flutterer," or a trout a royal encarnadined beauty of the gurgling stream, or other words to that effect.

Messrs. Geo. Thorn and W. B. Leffingwell, both of Montgomery Ward & Co., this city, will start late this fall for an extended hunting trip in Texas. They go on the invitation of a friend at Dallas, and will shoot ducks on a club preserve, and quail in some of the best covers in the world. Their trip will include a visit to the famous Rockport waters, and before they return to Chicago they will have had the best time they ever knew, even in their extended sporting experiences.

A Side Hunt.

They have some game out in Minnesota, and I presume that under fair treatment they always would have game there. The town of Graceville, Minn., was once reputed to be in one of the best shooting countries in that State. I take it that the shooters of Graceville do not like their game and want to get rid of it, for it is announced that a big hunting contest has been planned by the sportsmen of Graceville for Oct. 17 and 18. Seventy-two men will participate, and will be divided into two sides.

Past and Present.

I have had occasion to mention above the fact that the Jerome Marble special car party was this fall in North Dakota. The trips of the Jerome Marble party have in a way been famous ones, and cover a number of years. At one time this party used to go down into the Indian Territory, which at that time was considered the best shooting country of the West. I do not know how long it has been since the last trip was made to the Indian Nations, but presume that the change was made on account of the failing game supply of that country. It is a fact that to-day the Indian Nations are cleaned out of their game, and that probably there never will be much shooting there again. The opening up of the country by the railroads, and the settlement of large bodies of land by the many homesteaders, have been causes in the extermination of the game. Deer and turkeys are now as scarce in the Nations as they are about anywhere else, and even the chickens and quail are now uncertain quantities.

The remote and wilder portions of every Western district offering any abundance of game are now sought out with wonderful exactness by non-resident sportsmen. One after another these good game countries are cleaned up. I know of only two regions in the United States open to wildfowl shooters which may be called really good game countries. These are North Dakota and the Gulf coast of Texas. The towns of Dawson in North Dakota, and Rockport or Galveston in Texas, are in their way centers of a great news interest to sportsmen. When they cease to hold this interest, where will the non-resident shooters be going then? To Alaska, in part, very likely, and to the far British Northwest. I name Dawson and Rockport as the extreme northern and southern shooting points of the traveling sportsmen (or let us call the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota as the northern edge of the shooting region). Between these points and the Gulf coast there were once thousands of shooting points where one could have all the sport he cared for. To be sure, there are many points where he can still have this sport, but to one who has really had any knowledge of this country for the last decade the changes in its shooting resources are far from pleasant to contemplate. The glories of the Platte River have departed. The Arkansas River is no longer a wonderland of wildfowl. The Indian Nations are shot out. The once apparently exhaustless covers of Texas are said to be failing. The New Madrid country of the Sunk Lands, once miraculous in its duck supply, was long ago shot out. One by one the famous localities have lost their fame. Is it mere calamity howling to note these facts and their significance, or is it merely a just and open-eyed view of the actual state of affairs in Western shooting? I have been working on FOREST AND STREAM for ten years, and in those ten years I have seen such changes in the game resources of the West as would break your heart to think about.

A Game Record.

I wonder if we stop to reflect how many thousands and millions of head of game, of one sort or another, are killed in the United States every year? The Tamalpais Sportsmen's Club, of San Francisco, in its annual report, says that 1,761 quail and 44 snipe were listed on its game books for 1897. The club records state that since Oct. 1, 1892, there have been killed 10,970 quail and 96 deer. A glance over the individual scores does not show any extraordinary amount of game killed by any one man, but the totals are extremely significant. The men who complain because they cannot kill 100 birds a day when they go shooting are the men who do not deserve any shooting at all. A club limit of fifty birds to the man per day is a liberal one in any part of the United States, and is one which ought not to be exceeded. The time will come when twenty-five birds a day will be princely sport. If the hundred-birds-a-day men will stop to figure how much game would be killed on that basis in a single day by himself and men of similar ambitions, and will then multiply that amount by the number of days in the total shooting season, and then multiply that by five or ten years, he will begin to ask himself where the game is all to come from. The Tamalpais Club is a moderate one, but the figures foot large for five years. How about the market totals and sportsmen totals for the entire country?

Personal.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, the well-known maker of metal hunting and fishing boats, was in the city this week on a brief visit.

The Minnesota Indian War.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 6.—The daily papers this week are full of accounts of the so-called Indian uprising in Minnesota. As usual these stories are full of inaccuracies, partly due to the hurry of preparations, and partly to the inaccuracy of the sources of information. As this "outbreak" is occurring on the shores of Leech Lake, Minn., within six miles of one of the best patronized sporting resorts of the West, and adjacent to a country which in natural course of events would have been overrun with deer and moose hunters this fall, I take it that a brief resume of the facts may not be out of place in the FOREST AND STREAM. The history of this "Indian war" is much like that of many other Indian wars, or armed disturbances in which whites and Indians have taken part. It is a story in which ignorance, misunderstanding, dishonesty and bad faith play as usual their leading parts.

Some time during the past summer some individuals of the tribe of Chippewas, who live on Bear Island, in Leech Lake, were accused of selling whisky to the Indians. Some of these men were arrested and taken to Duluth for trial. Other Indians were taken as witnesses, necessary to the conviction of the accused parties. After these witnesses had testified, they were turned loose in the streets of Duluth, strangers, hundreds of miles from home, unprovided with mileage for their return, and without any knowledge of the new surroundings in which they found themselves. These acts the Indians did not understand, but thought it injustice on part of the Great Father. Added to this was the indignation of the whole tribe over the invasion of their reservation by the lumbermen, under the so-called "burnt timber act," to which reference was lately made in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Last winter these lumbermen stole 20,000,000ft. of lumber from the Indians of the Leech Lake reservation, under cover of this burnt timber act. The Indians had been told that the reservation belonged to them. They thought they owned it. When their timber was taken they thought the Great Father had been unjust. All of which was perfectly true.

At the time of the arrest of the whisky sellers there was one bad Indian, who escaped and refused to come in. He did, however, come in on annuity day to the agency near Walker, Minn. He was seized in the trader's store. Others of the Indians saw this, attacked the officers and took away the prisoner. He retreated to his home and defied the officers to take him.

The part of the tribe of Chippewas to which this man belonged lives, and for a long time has lived, on Bear Island, a body of land situated on the east side of Leech Lake. This island is about three miles long and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in width. It has long been held by the Chippewas as a sort of stronghold. Here was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the ancient wars between the Sioux and Chippewas. The Sioux attacked by night, coming out in their canoes to take the island, but were repulsed by the determined resistance of the Chippewas. Although the Sioux were located far to the west in the reservation days, the Chippewas have always held Bear Island by their ancient right. There are only about 150 persons who hold this island, and all of these are blanket Indians. The fugitive wanted by the authorities belong to this Bear Island band. He made his home on the main land, on a rocky point about a mile from the island. It was here that the deputy marshal and the troops this week attempted his arrest. Some of the newspaper stories say that the troops moved on Bear Island. This is not the case, because the Indians had left Bear Island in anticipation of a fight, and had taken to the main land, where they could not be penned in, but could scatter and escape. Some of the daily newspapers printed maps, showing Bear Island located on the west side of Leech Lake, and marked the spot where the fight took place as near Walker, Minn. This is altogether erroneous. The daily editors, no doubt, mistook for Bear Island that long headland near Walker on which the agency buildings are located. The truth of the matter is that the officers and troops sailed in launches, nearly twenty miles across Leech Lake, before they reached Bear Island. Then they disembarked on the headland above mentioned, where the fugitive had been joined by all the blanket Indians of Bear Island. Back of this point stretches a great point of hardwood timber, matted with the heavy underbrush common to all such timber. Along the beach at this point is a narrow strip of sand. Here, it seems, the soldiers gathered to make their coffee. The Indians were concealed in the brush back of the beach, and it was from such cover that they probably did the firing which resulted in the loss of life reported by the party of officers and troops. The country lying east of Leech Lake is rarely visited by white men. It has been little known by the sporting public until within the past year, since which time it has received considerable attention in these columns as a good shooting and fishing country. The Indians may scatter to the east and northeast into those districts most affected by the non-resident deer hunters in their fall hunting. If they are feeling very ugly they might pick up a deer hunter or two, though this is altogether improbable.

The above facts I gained largely from an interview with Mr. H. G. McCartney, the owner of Kabekona Camp, on Woman Lake, located near the edge of the Leech Lake reservation. Mr. McCartney last month made a trip over this identical region, some mention of which trip was made in the FOREST AND STREAM at that time. It may be gathered that this is a wild and lawless part of the pine woods country. Near Mr. McCartney's hotel lives old Bungo Buck, an outlawed Indian who has a certain following about him. The attitude of Bungo has been hostile to the others of his tribe, but should he now conclude to go on a little warpath of his own, he might make trouble for shooters or fishers in that neighborhood. This possibility has been considered by at least one party, who intended to make a hunting trip of some weeks in that region. Members of this party are Messrs. Clark, Pope and Reed, with the newspaper artists, W. L. Wells and William Schmedtgen, all of Chicago. These gentlemen will perhaps defer their trip. Mr. Schmedtgen was one of the ablest newspaper artists with the army in Cuba. Here he became ill and returned home to recover his health. He said that he did not relish the idea of going into another war for his health, so he thought he might wait until the clouds rolled by. Messrs. R. R. Donnelly and Alex. Lloyd, two well-known Chicago sportsmen, have been in camp weeks. They are now out of the woods and home again. Mr. and Mrs. Blin Smith, of Dixon, Ill., have also been in and Mrs. Blin Smith, of Dixon, Ill., have also been in camp on Little Boy Lake, in the same region. On Sept. 28 word came that Mr. Smith had caught two muscallonge, 28 and 30lbs. This camp has not been heard from since that time. It is altogether unlikely that the least danger attaches to a hunting or fishing trip anywhere in that region.

It is stated that the Bear Island Indians were further incensed by the report that the Government intended to remove them from their reservation and place them on the White Earth reservation, further west. They considered this removal from their ancient citadel on Bear Island as something more than their tribal pride could endure. No doubt these Indians are in the wrong, and no doubt they will be punished. Yet, if we look at it from their side, the side of ignorance and misunderstanding, we may perhaps realize that they hardly knew what all this was about, though they feel that they have been imposed upon until they would rather die than to endure it any longer. They may be wrong in this, from our standpoint, but this is perhaps the way it seems to them. Under the whole pitiful story lies the greed of commerce. The lumbermen want the pine lands of these Minnesota reservations.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Partridge Snaring.

DANVERS, Mass., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two weeks of our shooting season has gone and not much game has been killed. I went out on the opening day and got one partridge and one woodcock; have been out twice since and got a partridge on the hills or high ground, the other times in swamps. Game seems to be scarce or else I can't find it. I hear of a man in Middleton who had twenty-nine partridges that had been strangled to death to ship to Boston markets, and he stated that he believed over 100 had been snared and sold in Boston the week before. I was unable to learn his name, and as there are so many in the business up

that way, it is hard work to pick out the guilty one. It seems a shame that such a thing should exist in this State. That is what makes it such dull sport hunting for partridges. They can't snare the woodcock, and quail they don't seem to bother, but just the partridges. I have heard of a few snipe being along.

Mr. E. H. Langdon killed the first fox of the season. A fox hunting party started out bright and early on Oct. 1 from Tapleyville. Mr. D. S. Brown was the lucky man this time. On the whole, I think quail, woodcock and gray squirrels are fairly plenty, with partridges scarce, owing principally to illegal snaring.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

We advised Mr. Babbitt to communicate with the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club (Henry J. Thayer, Sec'y, State street Exchange Building, Boston), whose detectives have done capital work in suppressing the snares; and under date of Oct. 6 he writes:

"Yours received, mentioning the Massachusetts Rod and Gun Club as an association which would probably prosecute the game snarers of Middleton. I understand that such action has been taken, and one of the men was arrested last week and convicted, being caught with two partridges just taken from his snare."

A Florida Diana.

BROOKSVILLE, Fla., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hernando county is now much exercised over a picture, another "Diana after the Chase," of which it is justly proud, and which it thinks is worthy a place in the art galleries of the Paris Exposition, the subject being Miss Virginia B. Tucker, the accomplished daughter of Capt. J. F. Tucker, of this place, a vivacious brunette, and a great favorite in society.

Late one afternoon Miss Tucker shouldered her gun, and followed by her pointer, strolled off into the hammock near by in quest of game. In a very short time she returned, bearing a squirrel and trailing from a stick thrown over her shoulder a rattlesnake 6ft. long, equipped with eight rattles and a button. The dog at her side had suddenly sprung back in terror, and glancing quickly around she beheld not 4ft. away the glittering folds of the monster partially concealed in a bunch of palmetto. So quickly did her shot follow the discovery that the honorable old fellow had not time to sound his tocsin before he had parted with the greater portion of his head.

With stately tread the victor led in the triumphant procession, and when she threw down before an awestruck crowd the still writhing snake there was not the least suggestion in step or voice of the slightest trepidation. The snake skin is being carefully tanned, to be fashioned into a belt, which the huntress will ornament with the rattles and wear as a trophy of that proud day.

A DEVOTEE.

Deer of Canachagala Lake.

MR. BYRON E. COOL, of North Lake, sends this note of deer killed in Canachagala Lake, in the Adirondacks: "Canachagala Lake is situated three miles from the head of North Lake and one mile from Bisbey Lake. The Adirondack League Club owns nearly all of the land surrounding the lake and has had men stationed at North Lake, also at Bisbey Club, to warn people from trespassing upon their lands and to keep poachers (as they call them) from hunting and fishing upon any waters within their preserve, so that few have dared to go that way this season. Last week men in the employ of the State were sent there to repair the State dam. They found two deer that had been shot, stones tied to their necks and sunk in the lake. They had been killed some time, perhaps before the season opened, for they had decomposed, so that they came to the surface and were easily found. The two deer found were does, and as no part of them had been taken away it looks as if they had been killed by floating, for in still-hunting one can generally tell if it is a buck or a doe before he shoots. No doubt whoever did this killing was some one who wanted a pair of antlers to take home, so that he could show his friends what a sportsman he was. He may have been in looks, but he certainly was far from it in principle. Deer are poor in flesh this year, the same being the reports from other parts of the woods. We have a record of twenty-three deer killed in the vicinity of North Lake so far this season. That does not include any that have been pickled."

A Virginia Game Center.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Licking, in Goochland county, Va.: I am here about two miles from the James River, near Irwin Station, James River Division of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, and about thirty-five miles above Richmond. The country round about, within a radius of twelve miles, is a splendid game country. Quail are exceptionally numerous this season. Wild turkeys are fairly numerous. Besides these there are deer, ruffed grouse, geese, ducks, squirrels, hares and a few woodcock. The hunting season opens on Oct. 15, and lasts until Jan. 1. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM contemplating a Virginia hunting excursion would do well, I am sure, to correspond with Mrs. C. L. Leake, of Licking, respecting opportunities and accommodations.

Shifts and Expedients.

BREWER, Me.—It seems really curious how people far apart do the same things. Col. Mather tells of extracting a tooth with bullet moulds. I once had one extracted in the same way. I have had a boot mended with a waxed end made by putting a beaver's smeller on instead of a hog's bristle: the cut was close to the sole, where needles could not be used, and we had no bristles. I have seen Hiram L. Leonard, the rod-maker, make a hunting watch out of one which had a broken crystal by cutting a round piece out of an old tin dish, concaving it with a bullet mould and filing its edges till it was a perfect fit.

M. HARDY.

Grouse in Cen

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 8.—As the open game season advances it discloses a pretty fair supply of ruffed grouse. Some hard shooting was had on these birds at the beginning of the season, when they were fresh and guileless, and many a two-third grown grouse went limp into a capacious coat pocket during the early days of September. The birds are now furnishing magnificent sport, and the sportsman in quest of a day's shooting will find Geer's Gulf, just south of this city, the covers around Newfield, West Danby, Spencar Summit, Van Ettenville and the lake country east of Cayuga lake, fruitful grounds to hunt over.

Gray squirrels are numerous in all the suitable timber about Ithaca, Candor, West Danby, North Lansing, Etna, Genoa, Enfield and Mecklenburg. Herbert Wilson reports having shot a fox squirrel in the vicinity of Ithaca recently, the first one reported seen hereabouts in a number of years. Rabbits are plentiful enough to furnish a spirited measure of sport in the gray November days to come.

M. CHILL.

The Pump Gun.

PUMPTOWN, Va., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The only thing I have to say in comment on Mr. Hopkins' word for the pump gun is that he has overlooked or at least not noted the tendency of this facile arm to promote rapid shooting, which means shooting excess. The man with the pump shoots and shoots and keeps on shooting; when if he had an ordinary gun he'd have to stop. The pumper does not belong to the Shooters' Moderation Society.

SINGLE BARREL.

Wisconsin Deer.

MR. C. J. COON, of Woodruff, Trout Lake, Wis., a country which has not been much hunted, records that the deer, always plenty, are apparently now on the increase there. It is a section which may be recommended for its hunting opportunities.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Down Among the Fishes.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

"BUT of all critters on this created airth, on the land or in the water, or in the air above 'em, them men's the wust," continued the patriarchal pike, with an involuntary quiver of the fins. "They al'ays was, when they hadn't nothin' but bone hooks an' stone spears, an' bark lines an' nets, an' they git wus an' wus. The more we l'arn the more they l'arn, a-contrivin' new contraptions faster'n we git the hang of ol' ones, an' the scarcer we git, the thicker them pesky two-legged, gabbin', walkin' frogs gits. Wherever the's water for a fish to swim in, they're arter us from the brooks that hain't deep enough to cover you fellers' backs to the sea that's salter'n a pork rind frog, an' as deep as from here to the sky.

"A salmon 'at come from it up here tol' me all about it. He was spawned 'way up here, an' when he got growed about as big as them little cusses that stan's back there a-gawpin,' him an' his brothers an' sisters put for the sea, where their father an' mother come from. They useter come back here every year, till them blasted men built so many dams acrost the rivers an' filled the water so full o' sawdust an' stuff a salmon couldn't stan' it, an' now they don't come no more.

"That ol' salmon he'd been everywhere, an' seen most everything, an' so he knowed somethin'; an' me an' him was thick as mud if he was a hey duc.

"Wal, he tol' me how them men up an' tackled whales. Yes, sir; an' killed 'em too, for all they're a hundred times bigger'n any man every you see. Why, he tol' me 'at he heard his gran'father tell how 'at he'd heard it from his'n, an' so on, 'way back, how a whale swallered a man oncte without chawin', an' that ere tarnal man lay 'round inside of him three whole days an' nights without startin' a hair, so the whale gin him up for a tough cud an' hove him ashore, an' you can scale me if he didn't walk right off an' go to preachin'.

"But there's sharks in the sea, some like us, only bigger, an' when they git a holt of a man they chaw him up till he can't kick, let alone gab. Them sharks make a reg'lar business of eatin' men, an' I wish they'd a lot on 'em come up here.

"Wal, as I was a-sayin', them men's al'ays arter us fish from the time we're just big enough for bait till we're knocked out some way or 'nother, an' that makes me think o' the first time one on 'em tackled me.

"It was along late in the fall, when all the weeds in the ma'sh was dead an' rusty, an' the wind had thrashed the last wild oats, so't the ducks had to dive to git 'em off'm the bottom, an' the wil' geese come a-sloshin' in to stay over night an' off again in the mornin' with the north wind a-chasin' 'em with both hands full o' snow squalls a-siftin' out betwixt the fingers. Then one night it quit a-yellin an' whistlin 'through the weeds, but the breath on't hung over 'em cold enough to nip the life out'n anything that didn't wear fur or feathers. The mushrats put the last wisp o' thatch out their housen an' took a good-by mouthful o' free air that night, an' next mornin' the whole crick lay quiet as moonshine, ma'sh an' channel under a sheet of ice an inch thick an' so clear you'd bump your nose ag'in it if you didn't look mighty sharp.

"Thinks, says I, them cussed men can't go in them boats no more, an' we sha'n't be bothered by 'em for a spell anyway, nor kingfishers, nor hawks, nor cranes nuther, for the' can't nothin' git at us from above. I hadn't more'n said it afore I hear'd the ice a-creakin' an' a-ringin' over my head, an' up I went to see what all the rumpus was. Fust thing I bumped my nose ag'in the ice, an' whilst I lay up ag'in it along come a shadder an' then one o' them men, a young one, a-straddlin' 'long on some iron runners, an' then down come suthin' ker-slam right over me an' knocked me insensible. I wa'n't so big as those little cusses out there, an' didn't know much more proberbly, but when I come to what little I did know, the little man had got a hole chopped in the ice an' was a-reachin' one of his hands, red as perch's fin, down arter me an' a-hollerin' to another one of his own sort, 'I've stunted a good one, Jim!'

"Just as he got a holt on me I got a wiggle on me an' slid out'n his fingers like an eel. The wiggle an' the squeeze shot me off furder'n he could reach, into deep water, an' pretty soon I got all right in my head and body. I tell ye, I laid low arter that 'til the ice got so thick you couldn't see the sun through it, nor scarcely daylight 'nough to ketch a minny.

"Then they cut holes through it an' let down hooks with live minnies on 'em, too big for me to swaller, but many is the good pickerel an' pike I seen go a-squirmin' an' a-strugglin' up through them holes, never to come back ag'in. I could hear 'em a-slappin' the ice a spell, but it didn't last long in the cold, dry air up there.

"One day one on 'em got shoved back some way arter he was froze stiff as a bill-fish's bill, an' I'll be speared if he didn't thaw out an' come to as lively as a water-bug. You bet your gills, he looked out for minnies wi' a hook in 'em arter that.

"It run along four, five year arter that winter afore I got into another scrape with a man, an' then it was one on 'em in a boat a-draggin' a piece of pork an' red cloth on the end of thirty foot o' string. I knowed the thing wa'n't no sort o' fish, but I was just fool enough to git a holt on 't to find out what it was; an' I found out more'n I wanted to, for I got a hook in the thin o' my jaw. The ol' bow-back quit a-paddlin' an' gin his pole a yank that tore a slit in my jaw an inch long, an' lucky for me he did, for when I buckled to an' swam faster'n he pulled, the hooked dropped out, an' I showed him my tail mighty sudden.

"A few years arter that some cussed man got up a shiny, yaller thing that looked some like a young perch, an' lots o' our relations got fooled with 'em, for there was two big hooks fastened to it that hung to your jaw like a blood-sucker to a mud turkle's leg. I seen some on 'em get yanked on the journey to the fryin'-pan, an' I didn't try titles wi' the brass clam shell, but by an' by some feller fixed up a cuter contrivance that went skivin' through the water slick as a shiner, an' looked so temptin' 'at I jest had to shet on to it same as our friend here did to-day, an' I got the same sass, a hook in my jaw an' two more just ready for the job.

"I tried to break the string, but it hel' like death, easin' up on me when I'd git the best pull on it an' haulin' on me every time I stopped to rest my fins. The hole in my jaw wore pretty big, an' just 'fore I got tuckered I happened to think o' my ol' trick o' runnin' up on the string, an' I tried it for a last chance. The' wa'n't none too much room, an' I didn't get a good slack till I was right alongside the boat, an' under the man's hand. Then I ducked my head an' dropped the hook, an' down I went, heavin' a finful o' water int' the feller's face 'at left him a-winkin' an' cussin' in a way 'at 'most spilte his luck for that day. I tell you that slack-line kink is the best one I know when a feller gits his jaw snagged; but the best way is to steer clear of all contraptions 'at has got a string hitched to 'em, an' thet's my rule, hungry or mad or on a tear."

A big lout of a German carp, who had remained unobserved while he was listening among the weeds, now pushed forward and remarked, with an air of superior wisdom:

"Vell, my vrents, I dells you vat vid you de madder vas, dat you eats oudt de flesh altogeder, de fish, de vorm ant de vrog. Now if you dakes only de fegetable you vas not be drouble, vor you vinds not in dat de hook effer. I vas lif here von year, ant I vas not be gatch alretty."

"Hello, ol' Sour Kraut! Is that you a-talkin'?" cried the old pike, turning himself slightly to roll a scornful eye upon the intruder. "Wal, now, I'll tell ye what's the matter wi' you. You're so dumb mis'able the' don't nobody want ye enough to try to ketch ye!"

"Vat vor de beobles pring us all de ozean agross if ve don't vorth somedings? Dey haf you blenty alretty!" said the carp, growing red in the gills.

"Yes," the pike grimly conceded, "an' the's Spaniards an' Dutchmen, an' the devil knows what, has fetched 'emselves over here when the' was enough better folks a-livin' here a'ready. Red as salmon they was, an' decenter behaved 'an folks is now. A fish could live then wi'out runnin' ag'in forty diffunt ways o' gittin' killed."

"Dey dont' know how to lif on de fegidaple like ve does. Dat de druple vas vid you!" the carp retorted.

"Why don't you go up int' the lots an' eat clover an' cabbages, an' leave the water to fish that wants it? You taste o' ma'sh weeds so't the devil couldn't eat ye, an' tough hain't no name for you. I chawed on one o' your young uns till I got tired, an' my mouth tasted wus'n if a family o' mushrats had slep' in it."

"You haf not de guldivadet balate, you vild Amerigans," the German remarked, with offensive superiority.

"Now you git out o' here wi' your Dutch airs afore I bite ye!" the old pike snapped out so angrily and with so threatening a movement that the carp scuttled away among the weeds, whose swaying tops marked his ponderous progress.

"Them furreign fellers makes me sick wi' the airs

they put on," said the patriarch, as he settled to his restful position again and the curling eddies untangled and straightened themselves into the liquid calm.

"They don't appear to think 'at anybody can be born here wi' any brains in 'em," said one of the larger members of his audience.

"Wal, suh, dat hol' Dutch was feel purty plump, prob'ly," an eel of Canadian birth remarked, as he squirmed up from the muddy bottom in a swelling cloud of sediment, "but Ah'm's tol' you 'f a feesh a'n't heat some feesh 'e a'n't good feesh heese'f. Dat's de way Ah'm's do, me, an' Ah'm's pooty good kin' o' fish, me. Ah tol' you!"

"You call yourself a fish?" the old pike demanded, glowering down at the intruder over the side of his jaw. "Your father was a water-snake an' your mother was a ling, you ill-begotten cuss, an' if you don't quit a-kickin' up that wet dust I'll come down there an' slap your jaw wi' my tail."

At this threat the eel doubled lithely up on himself and retreated under cover of the roily cloud, from behind which he fired a volley of mixed epithets against all the generations of pike and pickerel that had lived since the foundation of the world. The gills of the pike boiled with wrath, but he restrained an impulse to dash after the insulter, and shouted after him, "You nasty snake, you! You know well enough that the' wouldn't no decent fish dirty his scales with ye. But for all that the's men 'at eats em'," he added, disgustedly.

"An' that makes me think it was men we was talkin' about when that weed-chawer come pokin' his nose into our conversation. Well, as I was a-sayin', I kep' clear o' hooks, but I swam into a net oncte that snarled my gills an' would ha' been the death on me of a mushrat hadn't got tangled up in it clus to me an' cut himself lose an' me too. Then I kep' my eyes open for nets in my path, an' many a one I dodged 'round, an' many's the fish I've seen hung in 'em by their gills a-drowndin' or dead as smelts, an' others in a sort o' bag that you run into an' can't find no way out on onless by good luck a mushrat gets in the same trap and cuts his way out.

"But one time I was a-cruisin' 'round in the lake an' was a-chasin' a school o' minnies along wi' a lot of other pike an' pickerel an' wall-eyes an' some perch, an' havin' lots o' fun, when all to oncte one of the hind ones shouted, 'Look out! the's a seine a-comin.' An' when we looked back, sure enough, there was an army o' fish a-comin' an' rollin' an' bilin' an' a-jumpin' an' skivin' an' divin', above 'em a line o' floats a-bobbin' along in a great half-circle an' below 'em a line o' sinkers a-scrapin' the bottom so clust 'at they raked up the clams an' pitched 'em along by the bushel. On come the whole business, steady and sure, the floats an' lead an' clams a-walkin' towards the slopin' beach, calm an' serene, but all the fish in an awful flurry, a black swarm o' bullheads a-gougin' an' a-hornin one 'nother, an' everybody else, bass a-jumpin, perch an' wall-eyes with their backs up a-rakin' everything, bald-headed pike an' pickerel makin' things mighty onpleasant, suckers down in the mouth an' lookin' sorry they was there, clams wi' their jaws sot tumblin' an' chuckin' over one 'nother like a scowload o' stone upsot, a sturgeon as big as a man a-slashin' 'round an' kickin' everybody right an' left, an' three, four eels a-squirmin' back an' to an' slimin' the whole caboodle, an' all scairt out o' their scales.

"I was scairt enough, but me an' a walleye, with his eyes a-stickin' out so't you could ha' bit 'em off, we stood out o' the thick on 'em, seein' now an' then a bass jump the float line an' git clear, but we knowed we wa'n't spry enough to do that, an' the rest on' 'em come surgin' along nigher an nigher to the beach, where we see two men a-haulin' on the ropes, an' grinnin' like a catfish.

"Says the walleye to me, 'Gittin' 'round the end is our only chance.' An' wi' that he pulled fin, an' I arter him till we come to one end o' the seine, where the foot of the tommy stick was a-plowin' a groove in the sand straight for the shore in water so shaller 'at walleye' back fin was a-splittin' the top on 't an' the grave scratched our bellies. The man that was pullin' the rope there kep' a-floppin' it to scare the fish back, but me an' walleye didn't mind that. Up went the rope an' tossed him up end ways tail fust, an' down it come an' hit me a slap in the middle o' my back, but didn't hurt us none, only to scare us, an' then we was safe outside on't. We didn't pull up till we was rods away, an' then we stopped to git our breath.

" 'Pretty clust shave!' says walleye, a-workin' his gills for all they was wuth. 'Did ye hear that man cuss when he see us come out?' He was as big a walleye as ever I see, 'most as big as I was then, 9lbs. or so, an' no doubt them men felt bad to see us git away. We ventur'd up behind the seine an' see bushels o' fish a-bein' dragged ashore an' that ol' sturgeon makin' the whole shore shake. I'd seen enough, an' I laid a straight wake for the crik, where there wa'n't no seine."

There was a sympathetic shiver of the audience, followed by a silence, which was broken at last by a greedy listener, who asked, "I suppose you had some scrapes arter that?"

"Not by gittin' into nets, I hain't," said the veteran, looking at his questioner over the corner of his mouth. "But there's al'ays somethin' turnin' up if a feller moves 'round in the world, an' maybe if he don't. A clam even has scrapes; for along comes a mushrat an' carries him ashore to die, or the waves of a big storm knocks him high and dry, or he gits a gravel stun in his shell an' it makes a pearl 'at one o' them men tears him open to git."

"Or some ol' woman wants his shell to scrape her kettle, an' that's a pretty mean scrape!" one of the lighter-minded and lighter-weighted pickerel interrupted.

"You shet your head till I g... done," the elder said petulantly, and then regaining his composure in a moment of silence continued:

"Now that nigger bullhead a-pollywoggin' there a case in p'int, an' jest hear the critter sing."

The bullhead was swimming leisurely past near the bottom, with a devil-may-care smile on his broad countenance and in his twinkling little beady eyes, and jerking his head sidewise, with every movement of his tail keeping time to the words he was singing to himself and chirping a creaky refrain:

"Dar nebbe's nuffin' like der bottom, karee, karee, karee;
Come down to de bottom 'long wid me."

"Sarvent, boss, you seen any wums layin' 'roun' heah loose a-waitin' to be gathered?"

"We hain't a-huntin' worms for niggers," the old pike growled. "You go 'long about your bus'ness, will ye?"

"Dat's just what I'se doin', boss. Pity you wa'n't 'roun' when manners was passed!"

The bullpout wagged on his way, accelerating his speed but little when one of the younger pike made a feint of dashing after him.

"Don't you never touch him," the old pike called out, sharply. "Once when I was your age, an' thought I knew a good deal more'n I did, I thought I'd try a bullhead. He looked as though he'd go down easy tail fust, an' so he did, slick as a frog, till it came to his horns. They stuck in the corners of my mouth, an' for all I could do wouldn't go no furder, an' what was wus, when I got sick on't an' tried to heave him out they wouldn't le' go. His back horn pricked my upper jaw so I couldn't bite him, an' he choked me so I couldn't cuss, so there wa'n't no relief for my feelin's wi' him a-laughin' at me an' callin' of me all sorts o' fools. I tore 'round till I was pretty nigh tuckered, an' had about gin up 'at I was a gone sucker, when I come along where there was a man a-fishin' with a worm on his hook. He see me, an' dropped it just before my nose, an' I'll be scaled if that bullhead didn't open his mouth an' take in worm, hook an' all. The man gin a twitch an' snagged him, an' begin to pull, an' I had to hold back with every fin I had; but he pulled me half my length out o' water, an' I thought he had us both, when the bullhead come loose an' went a-flyin over the man's head, an' not havin' any use for either on 'em any more, I come away. It's a pity a bullhead's got them horns, for it's good sweet-tasted meat if you could only git it."

"Anyhow, Uncle, you can't say but what a man done you one good turn."

"Turned me pretty nigh wrong side out, if you call that a good turn," growled the old fellow. "They don't owe us no good will, but they hain't quite so rough on us as they used to be, wi' their nets an' seines sot for us, an' a-scoopin' of us all the year round. They've got laws ag'in' that an' ag'in' spearin' of us, for they don't want to destroy us off'n the face of the earth; but they're bad enough yet, an' al'ays will be.

"One of the meanest tricks they ever served me was in the spring, years an' years ago. We'd all been shet down under the ice for five months, an' I tell you it looked good to see the sun a-shinin' down ag'in bright an' clear through the wrinkled water, an' the white bellies of the ducks a-swimmin' above us, an' the mushrats cuttin' a clean wake from shore to shore. We could see the naked trees standin' up ag'in' the sky, wi' their buds a-swellin' an' the blackbirds strung along the branches a-singin' a song that sounded like the runnin' of a gravelly brook, an' there was stake-drivers standin' 'round in the coves a-thinkin' they was a-singin', when they made a noise like an ol' pump that won' draw without primin'.

"The sperit of the time o' year got into everything, us fish amongst the rest; an' I went up into the ma'sh to pick me out a half a dozen wives. I s'arched hither an' yon an' got up int' the woods, where the water stood clear an' brown three foot deeper'n last year's leaves that foxes an' 'coons an' mink had traveled dry-footed over in the fall. Finally I got away up in the edge o' pastures where cattle feed in summer, an' meaders where the stubble o' last year's mowin' bristled under a foot o' smooth water.

"There were hundreds o' frogs lazin' 'n under the shaller water, an' on the drift o' dead weeds, but they wa'n't nothin' to me then, for I found two as plump an' pretty she-pike as ever you see, an' was a-courtin' 'em up the best I knew how, an' keepin' off other fellers a-comin' 'round. So we was a-cruisin' along together in the clear water where the sun shone warm on us, an' me, an' no doubt them, calculated showin' off our spots to the best, when I see a man a-pokin' along half-way to his knees in it for all the world like an' ol' crane. When he see us, he up an' p'inted a long iron thing with a hole in the end on't right straight at us, but I never mistrusted he meant mischief till fust I knew there come a stream o' fire an' smoke a-pourin' out o' that holler iron with a noise like thunder, an' the water over us was tore an' shattered as if a whole hailstorm had been emptied there all in a heap.

"Next I knew, I didn't know nothin'; an' the next I was a-layin' belly up with my feelin's comin' shiverin' back into my body. A little ways off lay them two pretty creeturs with their shinin' scales all tore an' blood a-tricklin' out an' stainin' the water around 'em. Then that mis'able man came splashin' out to 'em, an' reached down an' hove 'em onto the land, an' I hadn't no more 'n heard 'em flop onto it afore he come to me, an' was a-shettin' one hand on my gills. I gathered all the strength I had for a stroke of my fins all to oncte, an' I slid through his fingers like an icicle an' scooted a yard away. He took a step for'a'd an' made a grab for me, but his foot ketched under a root an' down he come most a-top of me, ker slosh! like half an acre o' bank cavin' in.

"But I'd got right side up an' shot out from under him easy enough, an' he had all he wanted to do to tend to himself, for he was a-thrashin' 'round, arms an' legs, wus'n one o' them sidewheel steamboats out in the lake, an' spoutin' water an' cuss words as much one as t'other. The last I seen of him he was a-stan'in' on the shore a-drainin' an' a-drippin' from every p'int like a willer bough arter a summer shower."

There was a general gulp of satisfaction over this disaster of the enemy, while the old pike added, regretfully:

"I was turrible sorry to lose them two wives. I found enough others, but none sech as them was. Arter spawnin' time was over an' the young pickerel was hatched out, I was a-loafin' 'round on the ma'sh one night a-lookin' at the stars shinin' down through the still water, when I see a bigger light that I thought 'at fust was the moon a-risin', till I seen it a-flarin' an' the sparks a-flyin' up from it an' showerin' down like a rain o' fire. Then I seen it was in a boat, an' a man a-stan'in' up behind with a pole in his hand, an' a-lookin into the water. There was another man settin' in t'other end a-paddlin' slow an' still, an' I begin to 'spect they was up to some mischief. They was comin' straight toward me, an' so I started off out o' their course, afore I thought they'd got nigh enough to do me any hurt; but the man wi' the pole he seen me an' let it drive right at me, full tilt.

"There was a five-pronged iron thing on the end of it, an' one o' the prongs just grazed my back. If it had hit me fair it would ha' gone clean through me, for the prongs went full length into the bottom, so 't the pole stood slantin' in the water, a-tremblin' with the force of the blow. All this I seen with the back o' one eye, for I was scairt too bad an' hurt, I didn't know how much, to stay 'round there lookin' at things, but just scooted till the light was glimmerin' so fur behind me it looked like a drowndin' lightnin' bug.

"A lot o' my scales was raked off an' my flesh was tore so the blood run, but it got well arter a spell, an' I'd larnt another lesson about them cussed men. How many more I've got to l'arn afore I die, goodness knows, for there don't appear to be no end o' their wicked ways.

"Say, is that a punkin seed or a rock bass a-comin'? Don't ye never be fools enough to swaller any one o' the hump-backed, spike-finned little scamps. I do' know what's the good o' fish bein' built such shape anyway. Why, no, that hain't a punkin seed nor a rockie—it is one o' them 'ere big-mouth bass 'at puts on more airs now-a-days 'an a wood-drake in April, jest 'cause they're some related to the black bass 'at them men makes such a fuss over, what for is more'n I know.

"Big-mouth and small-mouth is just as comfortable to swaller when they're young as a punkin seed or rockie, an' when they git big you can't swaller 'em, yet the men goes wild over 'em, an' won't let one 'nother catch 'em only jest sech time o' year an' jest sech ways, whilst they go for us all times an' all ways. See that feller set up his back-fin, an' stick out his under jaw as if the same water 'at held us wa'n't quite good enough for him, an' him smellin' stronger 'n a mud-turkle, an' no more fit to swaller 'n a thorn apple bush! Glumph! I don't believe in no spike-backs puttin' on sech airs."

The disparaging remarks were not unheard by the big-mouth, but he only stuck out his under jaw a little more contemptuously, and set his dorsal fin more stiffly as he swam silently past the group of unfriendly observers.

"Hush your noise!" the old pike sharply commanded, though not one of the company was making the slightest sound. "Do ye hear that? Well, that's a boat a-comin', an' of course there's men in it, an' we'd better keep shady."

The cautious dip of oars, the crack of rowlocks and the recurrent ripple of water from the bow, in response to the slow, regular strokes, could now be distinctly heard, and now the boat's bottom could be seen, and its shadow gliding steadily along the silty bed of the creek. The patriarch sculled himself backward half his length with a stroke of his pectoral fins and all his companions, save one pert young fellow, discreetly followed his example, backing into the marsh, till the drooping heads of wild rice, the blue spikes of the pickerel weed and the angular burs of sedges jostled each other and rustled as if a stray cat'spaw of wind was snatching at them out of the breathless air.

"What be you afeared of? I'm going to stay where I can see," said young Malepert, boldly holding his place while an oar-blade flashed above him and launched from its tip a miniature whirlpool that bored so deep that the point of its hollow core tickled his back.

"Mebby you'll see more 'n you want to," the elder admonished him, but to no purpose.

The boat passed, and its wake spent its last slow pulse among the rushes before a glittering spoon appeared 30yds. off, drawn by a line so slender that it was invisible at a little distance. In spite of the sage advice they had so lately listened to, some of the older fish were attracted by the shining lure, and made a movement toward it, but their younger relative being nearest, forestalled them by a swift, sudden dash and seized it. His jaws closed upon it savagely, but were met by something as hard as his sharp teeth, and that slipped through them till three as sharp hooks were firmly planted in his mouth.

This strange thing, which was neither fish nor frog, yielded so readily to his first instinctive burst of flight that he thought for a moment he was to bear it away as a doubtful trophy, but then began a gradually tightening strain, that promptly stopped his retreat, and brought him so nearly to a standstill that he was fain to try another course. He dashed to the right, to the left, downward till he struck the bottom, upward till he broke the surface into an upbursting shower, yet in no direction could he find relief from the steady, wearying strain that never yielded enough to give an instant's rest, never resisted enough to make breakage possible.

It was no better when he made all speed in the direction of the pull, the incessant strain continued with but little abatement, while he came so near the boat that he saw a slender rod bending toward him like a bullrush in a gale, and he heard the swift clatter of a reel that was taking in the cobweb line faster than he could swim, and he saw the terrible man, gray-bearded and calm-faced, who was managing all the deadly, relentless machinery.

Setting every fin, he checked himself so suddenly that he was sure something must break, but the rod only bent a little more, and the retarded line spun out again still unbroken. He turned and ran straight away, then to right, to left, again sounded the bottom, and again broke the surface, but nothing availed to afford release nor even relief. Breath and strength were quite spent, and his comrades saw him hauled unresisting alongside the boat, then lifted into it and a moment later heard him thrashing the bottom in his final death struggle.

"That is the last of another fool," declared the old pike more savagely than sadly. "It's a lot o' use givin' you chaps advise, hain't it?" and then added more regretfully, "It is too bad to have a lusty young life wasted that way. I wish 't I'd swallered him two year ago."

So saying, he turned and swam majestically away.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—IV.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

Contrary to the Colonel's expectation, the rain stopped about noon the next day, but the sky was overcast and threatening, so that the day was passed indoors. I now had a chance to make the acquaintance of the boys. George was a strong lad of sixteen, dark, erect, and manly, while his brother, Jack, of fourteen, was not dark, and was one of those boys who are weak from making rapid growth, but who promise to broaden out after they attain their longitude, and become strong men. Up to this time the daily greetings had been the extent of our intercourse. I was reading on the piazza, and the boys were in earnest conversation on some subject at a little distance; finally George said, loud enough for me to hear: "No, you do it," and walked away. Jack came toward the porch, and as he came up the steps I dropped the book and made some remark.

Without hesitation he stated the business on hand: "George and I have heard that there was to be a bear hunt and we want to go. We would have been pleased to have accompanied you on the woodcock expedition, but were not sufficiently urged, and we stood on our dignity, and would not ask for an invitation. George says that a word from you to grandfather would bring the invitation, that is if you do not object to our going."

Here was a manly speech from a manly boy, a straightforward statement of what he wanted, with no circumlocution. I mentally recalled the adventure his uncle had had with a bear when he was about Jack's age, and being in doubt about his mother's views on bear hunting by boys, I cautiously answered: "Well, Jack, I know just how you feel about joining the hunt, for I was a boy myself, in the auld lang syne, and when about your age was in a fearful state of excitement when a deer hunt was proposed and I did not know if I would be 'sufficiently urged,' as you put it, and, like you, I was too proud to ask.* Nothing would please me better than to have you join us, for the enthusiasm of boys is contagious with me, and I always like their company, but please remember that I am only a guest of your grandfather's, and in that capacity it might be indelicate for me to offer him suggestions concerning the composition of the party which shall compose the hunt to which he has so kindly invited me. Has that view of the situation occurred to you?"

"Yes, sir, it has; and George and I have talked it all over. Ho-o, George! Please wait until George comes up; he's only down there by the road, waiting for me to join him and report on what you say; please wait for him, he can tell you all about the case better than I can."

Jack sat down, and as George was rather dignified in approaching after his brother's call I had time to review the situation. I had in some way, not clearly understood, become the guest of a Louisiana planter who had lost his only sons in the Civil War. His widowed daughter and her two sons constituted his family. I thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of Col. B., especially as a Union soldier was generally persona non grata in that locality. To-day I say "locality," then we called it a "section," but as this term means cut-off, it is dropping into disuse, as it should. I was not sure but Mrs. H., the mother of the boys, was a "war widow," but so far the Colonel and his family had not made reference to the war further than to give me a military title, obtained from letters, and certainly I would not refer to it.

As George came slowly up the steps, I said: "George, your brother has ably laid out your case, as you decided that he should do, but as a guest I am diffident about talking on this subject to your grandfather. What do you say?"

"Mother says that you have awakened grandfather out of dreams of the past. She says that he often breaks out into a laugh when alone, and is more cheerful than she ever knew him since her brothers were lost in the war. That being the case, it is only necessary for you to say the word and we boys go with you on the bear hunt."

"Will you get your mother's consent to go?"

The result was that Mrs. H. came and talked of the dangers, but in the end I got her consent. She only got to the point of "Veni, Vidi," while the boys could have added "Vici," but the whole scheme was subject to revision by Col. B.

That evening, after the lemons and cigars had been consumed, I told him that the boys wished to go with us, and after stipulating that George should remain close to him, while Jack should do the same to me, it was settled that the boys should go. When I retired, after midnight, I was waylaid by both boys to know the verdict. They had not gone to bed, and there is little probability that they slept after they did go. Oh, if the enthusiasm of youth could only abide with us!

The Bear Hunt.

As the previous day had been overcast and somewhat threatening, the Colonel had called up a venerable darky named Tom, one of his pensioners, who had been on the plantation before the Colonel's father came on earth, and whose age was as much a matter of conjecture as that of the Elgin marbles. With his snow white head uncovered, lame with "rheumatiz," and bent "wid de misery pains," Tom hobbled up the steps to the porch, where we were seated.

"Well, Tom, what kind of weather are we going to have for our hunt to-morrow? If it is going to rain we will wait for a better day," said the Colonel.

The old man fumbled with his hat, looked at me, turned his thoughts inward and replied: "I heerd de boys talk 'bout a hunt in mawnin' an' I jess kep' a notiss awn de wedda signs fo' to see w'at's a-comin'. I all'a's keep a' eye awn de wedda, 'cause o' de roomatiz in my laig an' de misery pains in de back, an' ole Aunt Mary, who claims to be de oldes'—"

"Never mind Aunt Mary, Tom; tell us what you think the weather is to be."

"Well, Cunnel, de ole cat didn' wash hees face dis ebenin', and dat means dat dah's no rain to-maw. De smoke goes up straight fum de chimly, and dat backs up w'at de ole cat says. De mawnin' 'll be bright, an' de day good, an' Ise on'y too sorry 'at I'm too ole to go an' 'joy de spo't. I wish yo' plenty ob it." And hat in hand the old man hobbled off.

George and Jack were too well bred to knock at my door before daylight, but as their room was next to mine it may be taken for granted that I did not oversleep. I might have said, with Bottom: "And I pray you let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." But what availed such an old fogy desire to two boys who were going on their first bear hunt? Of course they talked, and not sotto voce; they were not at all interested in the somnolent tastes of their neighbors because their thoughts did not run in that direction. If some person had hinted to these enthusiastic boys that they were disturbing the rest of the stranger within their gates they would have quieted down; but what boy of sixteen, who is going on his first hunt for bear, deer, turkey, grouse or other game, ever had a corner in his brain for any other thought? If he had he would not be in my list of interesting and lovable boys. And so I rose early without regret, and I hate to be up before the sun.

After an early breakfast we assembled on the porch, and a vigorous young darky called Joe appeared and blew several long blasts upon a horn. Darky boys and dogs swarmed at the call. Jim was evidently the "whole thing" as far as darky boys and dogs were concerned, and he laid down his laws to the boys, and his law was like unto that of the Medes and Persians.

A few weeks ago in the Forest and Stream Col. Alexander attacked my notion of heredity in the matter of a trout, which had been pricked with a hook, transmitting its fear to its progeny. Several good friends, Hermit and Von W., took up the lance for me, and some day I may say a word on the subject. I refer to it here because of what happened on this morning of the bear hunt. When the horn sounded every dog on the plantation assembled. The poor old blind Bugle, who had been blinded by a bear years ago, came up and sniffed around among dogs and men, and then, with drooping tail, went off to the negro quarters before we started. The setters, Bob and Dan, were there, and after licking our hands went and lay down in a corner of the porch as the party started, knowing that their services as bird dogs were not needed. How they knew this cannot be attributed to instinct. There had been no bear hunt during the year. The actions of these dogs were the result of intelligent reasoning, not of a "sub-ego," but of a well developed canine brain.

We mounted our horses and were followed by some twenty negro men and boys, for a bear hunt was a holiday on the plantation, and there were nearly a score of mongrel dogs of varying sizes and colors, and no two alike. Old Tom's forecast of the weather proved correct; the sun rose clear, and the Colonel remarked that we would find it hot in the thickets at midday, and we did. The master of ceremonies was the before-mentioned Joe, a powerful man, whose "blacksnake" whip was held in great respect by both dogs and boys. Not a cur dared to stray from the road into the brush, nor a boy ventured to be unduly hilarious.

At a "likely bit of canebrake" near a stream Joe turned in and started the dogs, our party, the Colonel, George, Jack and I, keeping the road. A hound's voice broke into loud bay, and Jack, who was only fourteen years old, called out: "They've started him!" but Joe dispelled that notion by calling: "Bunce, come back! Yo' heah me? Come heah!" Shortly afterward a dog ki-yied, and Joe exclaimed: "You fool dog," another ki-yi, "go chasin' a' ol' rabbit w'en we's out fo' bah," and once more the blacksnake enforced the lesson.

It was slow work for men and dogs in the brakes and thickets, and we ate our midday lunch beside a spring, and had just mounted, when about a mile away the whole pack opened cry, and Jack and I, the two novices at this sport, wanted to dismount and enter the thicket to join in the chase.

The Colonel said: "There's no hurry; they've only struck a fresh track, and the bear may lead them a long chase yet. Keep in your saddles until the dogs bring him to bay, and we'll follow the roads; it's much easier."

The voices of the dogs were evidence of much hound blood in the pack; "Jess 'nuff," Joe said afterward, "to make 'em stick to de track, but all houn'," he explained, "ain't got de grit to get close 'nuff to a bah to make him stan' till de men get up, an' if dey's got too much grit dey gets killed. A good bah dog mus' hab a good nose an' not too much grit, jess 'nuff."

At Bay.

We rode leisurely along for about two hours, when the excited tonguing of the pack told us that they were near the game. Then the darky boys in the rear added their voices to the cry. It was quite musical, and recalled the remarks of Hippolyta:

> "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

A blast from Joe's horn announced that the bear was at bay, but the Colonel said: "Don't dismount yet; he'll break away and lead 'em another chase; that's only his first stand. Halt here at these corners until we hear which direction he takes."

The din was increasing in vigor; barks, yelps and howls all mixed, with the voice of Joe above all, as he encouraged a dog that needed it, or cautioned one that was too venturesome. Then the cry of pursuit took the place of that of battle, and we knew that our game had broken away and was again leading the dogs. "They are coming our way!" "Yes, sure," "No, he has turned," were the remarks as we sat in our saddles at the cross-roads. Again the bear stood at bay, and Joe blew his horn, while the same exciting sounds came to us. "Will he come our way?" "No," said the Colonel, "come on; he's tired of the brakes and thickets, and is making for the upland and the tall timber, where, if he can't outrun the dogs, he thinks he can climb a tree. Come on!" And our horses were speeded for the first time that day. Even the blasé Colonel was now excited, and we reached the next road just in time to see the bear enter the fringe of bushes below the tall timber, with Joe and the dogs close behind.

Once More at Bay.

Again Joe's horn sounded as the dogs brought the game to bay. "Here we will dismount and hitch our horses," the Colonel ordered, "and go into the woods. George, you stay by me, and do as I say; Jack, you will keep by the Major, and obey him in all things." This had been decided upon the evening before, and at my request, for I am very fond of boys who are under sixteen years, and of those who have passed twenty, but between those years the boy—I speak in general terms—has a conceit that he knows more than King Solomon, and entertains a patronizing sort of contempt for all who happen to be older than he. I speak from experience. When I was between those ages I knew positively that worldly knowledge had advanced since my father was a boy; "things are different now," is the motto of the boy of this particular age; so, George being sixteen and Jack fourteen, I chose the youngest, the one who had not yet thought of being a man. I like that sort of a boy.

The trees and underbrush tended to drift men apart as we forged along to that babel of sounds made by a score of dogs snapping at the heels of a bear, who turns upon one detachment, only to be assailed in the same place by another. Guided by the din, we pushed on, sweating at every pore in the dense woods on a warm day, the fight growing nearer every minute.

"Jack," said I, "be careful now, don't shoot without taking careful sight. Remember that Joe is there among the dogs, and you don't want to plug him nor kill a dog. Remember that you are not to use your rifle until I say the word. If you waste a shot on the bear I may have to shoot before it breaks away from the dogs, and I want you to kill this bear. Are you sure that you will do as I say?"

Jack was certain of it.

We were nearing the conflict, and while Jack and I were on an equality as far as never having killed a bear was concerned, I was older and had myself more under control. He was trembling with excitement, and my interest in the hunt now centered in Jack. The fight had drifted off our way, and we seemed likely to be first on the field, and we were.

There, not 200yds. away, in open timber, was what appeared to be a black, seething mass of growling, yelping, howling animal life, with Joe on its outskirts, yelling, coaxing and cursing, as we approached. I restrained Jack until we were within 100ft. A dog bit the bear in the hindleg, but did not get away quick enough, and had his throat cut by a sweep of the bear's forepaws. Another had his leg broken in the same manner. Jack cocked his rifle to shoot, but I restrained him.

"No, Jack, the bear is on all fours, and is surrounded by dogs. If you shoot now you may kill a dog and not touch the bear; wait until he rises on his hindlegs to cuff a dog and then let him have it."

The advice was theoretical, but good. Jack was also good, but young and enthusiastic, and he took a pot-shot at the bear and killed a dog. The shot encouraged the dogs, for they then knew that they had the backing of man, the most formidable animal that this world contains. The dogs knew it, Col. Alexander, because they had reasoning powers. Does any owner of a dog doubt this?

I brought up my rifle and lowered it. It would be more to Jack or his brother to kill a bear than it would to me. "Jack," said I, "you were shaky. Now that you have loaded your rifle, cool off a little, the dogs will hold the bear now, for he is tired and does not dare to put them all in his rear by running. You see, there is no—" Crack! went a rifle, and I turned and saw that George had fired and missed. All this time the fight continued; harassed in front and rear, with an occasional nip on the hindleg from a more venturesome dog, the bear would swing suddenly and send a dog flying several feet, yelping all the while and with several slits in his hide that would take time to heal. Joe stood near the fight, overseeing the dogs, but the other darkies were not there; it was safer in the brush.

"Now, Jack, when the bear rises on his hindlegs again take a careful sight back of his foreleg if his side is toward you; square in the breast if he faces you, or just below his shoulders if his back is turned to you. Now he's rising; take a good aim, but don't dwell on it."

The back of the bear was toward us as he rose, and the dogs in his rear nipped him. Jack's rifle was at his shoulder just as the bear whirled and faced us, and as he fired the bear tossed a dog and came down on all fours to renew the fighting. The dogs were not so eager now, the hard run, the fight and excitement had tired them as well as the bear, and the contest was not as fierce as it had been.

"Missed again," said Jack, and George called out: "I'll fetch him next time he rises," when the bear staggered among the dogs and fell. The dogs did not worry him much after this; they were glad to lie down and rest. Jack wanted to go up to the bear, but I forbade it, and it was well I did so; for a young dog, presuming that the bear was dead, went nosing around to lick the blood or to worry the animal, roused the enemy, who struck the dog a blow that he would remember, got up, made a charge on the dogs and fell dead.

We cautiously drew near. The Colonel was not there, and Joe and I had considerable regard for a bear that had made such a grand fight, and might have life enough left to rouse up and take a man with him, but several prods with a pole had no effect, and we officially pronounced the bear dead. Then the crowd of darkies appeared to spring from the earth, like Macbeth's

* "Men I Have Fished With," pp. 72-73

witches, and the Colonel came limping in. He had been hurrying on, had caught his foot under a root, and in falling had turned his ankle, and it was paining him. He wore boots, and could not bear to have the boot on the injured foot pulled off. "Cut it," said he, and I had it off in short order. His ankle was swollen, and as he could not walk through the miles of brush to the horses there was a question what was to be done. Joe offered to carry him out on his back, but I decided that Joe should see to getting the bear out of the woods and leave the Colonel to me.

I had seen wounded men carried off the field in a blanket slung between two muskets, and the Colonel must go in an easier manner than clinging to a man, "pick-a-pack." We had axes and rope. Two stout poles laid 2ft. apart were laced with rope; twigs were laid lengthwise on the litter and then a bed of Spanish moss was made on the twigs. I would have liked the bear skin to top it off with, but that was needed to keep the bear meat clean. Joe detailed two strong men and an axeman to clear the way, and we laid the Colonel on the improvised litter and started. Joe was left to dress the bear, wait for the return of the men with the litter and take the bear out on it to a wagon, which was in waiting.

We picked up the Colonel's rifle on the way out, and as soon as we came to water I wrapped up his ankle and soaked the bandages, which were handkerchiefs, neckties and his stockings. Our axeman cleared the way through the brush for two men abreast, and when we came to the horses a discussion arose.

"Riding home, Colonel," said I, "with your leg hanging down will increase the inflammation in your ankle. I am not a surgeon, but I know that; I don't know whether your trouble is a dislocation, a fracture or a strained tendon, but I fear that a ride, which I estimate as at least ten miles, in the saddle will not only add to your suffering, but may defer your ultimate recovery."

"Well," replied the Colonel, "if I go back in that lumber wagon with the bear, I will either sit on the seat and with my leg down get more jolting than I will on Caliph, one of the best saddle horses in the State. Or, if I have a bed made beside the bear I will not only have a dislocated ankle for Dr. Gordon to attend to, but there will be curvatures and dislocations of the spine to be corrected. I will ride."

I was overruled. When the Colonel was disabled I thought myself in command. Fortunately George came to the rescue and suggested: "Suppose you ride woman fashion, grandfather, and put your injured leg over the pommel?" That settled the question. And in that way we went home.

The sun had gone down before we reached the mansion, and supper was awaiting us. Dr. Gordon was there before us, having been sent for by a special messenger, and as there was no immediate danger he waited until after supper to examine his patient. In the meantime I examined the Doctor. He was stout, reserved, fifty at least, and had a glass eye. This defect was only apparent when he looked directly at you, but as he complimented me on the manner in which inflammation had been kept down in the woods and on the way home, I saw that he was willing to grant to a layman a little knowledge of "first aid to the injured."

Dr. Gordon.

Having put the Colonel to bed and ordered his supper sent him, the Doctor and I joined the family at the evening dinner. The talk was naturally upon the hunt, in which the boys occupied the center of the stage. I took a dislike to the Doctor because of his extreme punctiliousness, his deliberate speech and his general manner, all of which I mistook for affectation, a thing that is not excusable in a man who has reached the time of life when he debates whether he shall shave or let it grow. There is an indefinable something about a man which attracts or repels at the first contact, and as often reverses the verdict after further acquaintance.

Said George: "Jack missed his first shot, and so did I, but I didn't kill a dog."

"What does a cur amount to, anyway?" Jack hotly replied. If I'd 'a' killed Bob or Dan when shooting woodcock that would have been something to talk about; but a cur or two from the negro quarters are not worth mentioning."

George, who, as I have said, was at the "disagreeable age," answered: "You happened to kill the bear at your second shot, with a cooler head to coach you. If I had a second shot I might have done the same, without killing a dog."

As a guest I was uneasy, and I noticed that the Doctor was, but to our relief Mrs. H. quietly said: "Boys, remember that the table is no place to bring quarrels; there must be no more talk about the hunt until you leave the table. Doctor, will you be helped to more of the fowl? Will you, Major?"

"Blessed are the peacemakers!" We left the table without allowing the boys to mar the harmony, owing to their early training under a most excellent mother.

In the evening Dr. Gordon and I met in the room of Col. B. The Doctor still addressed me as "Sir," and I soon learned that that was a term which was common in the South, and thought no more of it. If a man in New York should begin a sentence with "Sir! I received your note," etc., I would think that there was trouble brewing. As my dislike of Dr. Gordon was merely a temporary one, not based on any reason, it soon passed, and after we had summoned Joe to look over the wounded dogs by lamplight and the Doctor had attended to them as carefully as if they were human, I knew more of him.

In addition to the one dog killed by Jack and one by the bear, the casualties included three broken legs, which were set; about a dozen cuts, which needed a stitch or two, and an assortment of cuts and bruises which time would heal. These things attended to, we took a look at the bear, as it hung in an outbuilding. It was a big fellow, fully 5ft. in length, and probably weighed close to 400lbs.

It was time that I took my leave, but both the Colonel and the Doctor so strongly urged me to stay a few days longer that I complied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Closed Trout Brooks.

Opinion of the Supreme Court of Vermont Regarding the Constitutionality of Section 4,568, Chapter 189. (Opinion filed July 20, 1898.)

STATE V. THERIAULT. ROSS, C. J.

THE respondent excepted to the judgment of the city court of the City of Montpelier, holding, on demurrer, the complaint of the State's attorney sufficient. The complaint is in three counts. They all charge him with illegally fishing in a stream known as Hale's Brook, on land owned by George Hale in the county of Washington, which brook flows into the Winooski River, a boatable stream. Each count alleges that the brook had been stocked with trout by the Fish and Game Commissioners and duly posted and advertised agreeably to V. S., Sec. 4,568. The first count alleges that this was done with the consent of George Hale, the owner of the land over which the brook flows. The other two counts do not allege any such consent.

V. S., 4,568, reads: "When the Fish and Game Commissioners place fish in a pond or stream they may prohibit fishing therein, or in specified portions thereof, for a period not exceeding three years, by posting notices to that effect conspicuously upon the banks thereof, and publishing such notice three weeks successively in a newspaper published in the county where such waters are located; if a person fishes, or attempts to fish, in such waters within the time specified, he shall be fined $50, if prosecution is commenced within six months after the offense is committed."

V. S., 4,567, reads: "Waters stocked by the Fish and Game Commissioners shall thereafter be treated as public waters, but any person who might otherwise make the same a private preserve or posted waters may do so at the expiration of five years from the date of filing, with the Fish and Game Commissioners, a written notice of his intention so to do."

By V. S., 4,565, the Fish and Game Commissioners are authorized, at the expense of the State, among other things, to introduce trout, shad, salmon and other good varieties of fish into such streams, lakes and ponds within the State, not private preserves or posted waters, as they deem suitable to the successful cultivation of fish. V. S., 4,562, defines "private preserve," "posted waters" and "public waters" as follows: "Private preserve: a natural pond of not more than twenty acres belonging to a common owner, or any artificial pond made solely for the purpose of fishculture." "Posted waters: all waters on lands posted as provided in this chapter." "Public waters: all waters of which the State has jurisdiction, except private preserves and posted waters." Elsewhere in the same chapter it is provided that the owner or occupant of enclosed or cultivated land may, by posting notices as thereby required, prohibit shooting, trapping or fishing thereon, under a prescribed penalty. These are the main provisions of the statute bearing upon the section brought under consideration. There are provisions establishing a "close season" for hunting and fishing, or a time in the year when all persons are prohibited from hunting and fishing, and also regulating the manner and means by which hunting and fishing shall be prosecuted in the open season. These statutes express the Legislative will regulating the rights of riparian owners in regard to taking fish from a common stream, and make the Fish and Game Commissioners officers to carry that will into execution. This is shown by the decisions hereinafter cited, and by all authorities. The respondent does not contend otherwise.

The respondent contends that V. S., 4,568, is unconstitutional, in that it deprives the owner of the land over which the brook flows of his exclusive right to catch fish therein for the period of three years, and then makes them public waters for at least five years longer, without compensation. This is his only contention. Without considering whether the respondent, being a stranger to the right to fish in this brook, can raise this question, we will pass to the consideration of the broader question, which alone has been argued, whether the statute is unconstitutional as regards the owner of the soil, to whom the right to fish attaches. There can be no doubt that, if this deprivation of the owner of the soil over which the brook flows of the right to fish in it, for the time specified, is the taking of private property for public use, the law must, as to him, be held unconstitutional.

Article 2, Chapter 1, of the Constitution of Vermont, provides "That private property ought to be subservient to public uses when necessity requires it, nevertheless, when any person's property is taken for the use of the public, the owner ought to receive an equivalent in money." If the act infringes this constitutional provision, the Legislature had no authority to enact it, and it is without legal validity. But this provision of the constitution must be read in connection with its other provisions, and especially must be considered with Article 5, Chapter 1, of the Constitution of Vermont, which declares: "That the people of this State, by their legal representatives, have the sole, inherent and exclusive right of governing and regulating the internal police of the same"; and Section 40 of Chapter 2, of the Constitution of Vermont, reading: "The inhabitants of this State shall have liberty in seasonable times to hunt and fowl on the lands they hold, and on other lands not enclosed; and in like manner to fish in all boatable and other waters (not private property) under proper regulations to be hereafter made and provided by the General Assembly." Hence the question for consideration is whether the act of the Fish and Game Commissioners, definitely and specifically authorized and performed by and under V. S., Sec. 4,568, is a taking of a right belonging to the owner of the land over which the brook flows, for the use of the public; or whether it is a regulation of his use of that right under Section 40 of Chapter 2 of the Constitution of Vermont, and an exercise of the right of governing and regulating the internal police of the people of the State, reserved to their representatives by Article 5, Chapter 1, of the Constitution of Vermont.

In considering this question it is necessary to keep in mind the nature of the right and of the property out of which it arises. The right to take from flowing waters, not boatable, in this State, pertains solely to the owner of the land through which such waters flow. It pertains to such owner personally, and is his private right, but he does not own such flowing water and only has the right properly to use it while on its passage. He can use it in a reasonable manner for domestic purposes, for creating power and for taking fish therefrom. He must not divert it from its course, nor pollute it, but leave it so that the land owners on the stream above and below him can enjoy their full like use of the water, and among these the right to take fish from the stream. This right implies and carries with it the common right to have fish inhabit and spawn in the stream. For this purpose they must have a common passageway to and from their spawning and feeding grounds. Fish themselves are *feræ naturæ*, the common property of the public, or of the State, in this country. From this common property, the owner of the soil over which the non-boatable stream flows has the right to appropriate such as he may capture and retain; but this right of capture and appropriation is subject to regulation and control by the representatives of the people, so that there shall continue to be a common property.

The preservation of the common property and its increase by the introduction of new and better species of fish is not a taking away of the right of the owner of the land on the stream to appropriate therefrom, but a preservation or enlargement of such right. The State, the representative of the people, the common owner of all things *feræ naturæ*, not only has the right, but is under a duty to preserve and increase such common property. Such is declared to be the duty of the representatives of the people in the articles and sections of the Constitution of Vermont referred to. Such, also, was the common-law view of the nature of the rights of persons in streams and in animals *feræ naturæ*. Says Mr. Justice Blackstone in his Commentaries, book 2, page 14: "But, after all, there are some few things which, notwithstanding the general introduction and continuance of property, must still unavoidably remain common; being such wherein nothing but an usufructuary property is capable of being had, and, therefore, they still belong to the first occupant, during the time he holds possession of them, and no longer. Such (among others) are the elements of light, air and water, which a man may occupy by means of his windows, his gardens, his mills and other conveniences. Such also are the generality of those animals which are said to be *feræ naturæ*, or of a wild and untamable disposition, which any man may seize upon and keep for his own use or pleasure. All these things, so long as they remain in possession, every man has a right to enjoy without disturbance, but if once they escape from his custody, or he voluntarily abandons the use of them, they return to the common stock, and any man else has an equal right to seize and enjoy them afterward." The same writer treats more fully of this class of common property and of the rights of individuals therein in chapter 25 of the same book, and there lays down the principle that an individual may acquire, or have, a qualified property in such animals, among which fish are classed, either because of his industry in capturing and retaining them, or on account of their inability, for the time being, to escape from his premises or control, like young game birds while in the nest, or on account of his special right or privilege of capturing and killing them in exclusion of other persons. This latter right does not exist in this country, except as limited by ownership of the place from which they are taken, and the right to exclude others therefrom.

Not a decision in this country, State or national, has been brought to our attention by the respondent, nor by quite an extensive examination of such cases which holds that such acts of the State Legislature in regard to this class of property and in restraint of the right of the riparian owner to take and appropriate fish therefrom are unconstitutional. They have uniformly been held to be not a taking of private property or private rights for public use, for which compensation must be made, but an exercise of the police power of the State to preserve or increase a common property and to regulate the right to capture and appropriate therefrom so as to preserve and increase the common property, or, at least, to prevent its diminution or destruction. Many cases might be cited in support of what has thus far been said. I quote from but a few. In Peters v. State of Tenn., 33 L. R., the plaintiff in error owned a tract of land covered by water from which he alone had the right to take fish. The water was not a stream through which other riparian owners had the right to have fish pass to and from their feeding and spawning grounds. An act limiting his right to take fish therefrom only with rod and line was held constitutional, the court saying: "Fish in streams or bodies of water have always been classed by the common law as *feræ naturæ*, in which the riparian proprietor or owner of the soil covered by the water, even though he may have the sole and exclusive right of fishing in said waters, has, at best, but a qualified property which can be rendered absolute only by their actual capture, and which is wholly divested the moment the fish escape to other waters. 2 Bl. Com. 392; People v. Bridges, 142 Ill. 30; 16 L. R. A. 684.

"But, in addition, the power of the Legislature to enact laws for the protection and preservation of game in the forest and fish in the waters of the State has been so frequently exercised, and, when challenged on constitutional ground, has been so uniformly maintained, that the question has now passed beyond debate. Morrey v. State, 6 Lea. 218; Lawton v. Steele, 152 U. S. 133; 38, L. Ed. 385; Magner v. People, 97 Ill. 320; People v. Bridges, *supra*; Tiedman on Pol. Powers, ss. 125, 127." See, also, State v. Mrozinski, 27 L. R. A. 76; State v. Lewis, 20 L. R. A. 52; Ex parte Maier and note, 42 Am. St. Rep. 129; Fish and Fisheries, 7 Am. and Eng. Ency. of Law, 23; State v. Roberts, 59 N. H. 256; Trout and Salmon Club v. Mather, 68 Vt. 338; Drew v. Hilliker, 53 Vt. 631. Lawton v. Steele, *supra*, establishes the attitude of the Supreme Court of the United States in regard to the constitutionality of such laws and that they are but police regulations within the powers of the States to exercise. Townshend v. State, 37 L. R. A. 294, is an interesting case upon the right of a State to enact a law regulating the use of natural gas. It treats it as common property from which those who

strike a vein upon their own lands have a right to draw, but subject to such statutory regulations as the law-making power of the State might enact in the exercise of its police power.

The police power extends to almost all kinds of property and rights, and its exercise by the Legislative branch is almost unlimited except where taken away, or limited, by the State or National Constitution. Courts and law writers have not attempted to define it with precision. It is the general power of the Legislative branch to enact laws for the common good of all the people. All property and all rights are held in subjection to the exercise of this power because all individual property and individual rights in every organized community are connected with and related more or less intimately to the individual property and individual rights of others. In the exercise of this power, criminal laws are enacted, laws relating to the support of the poor, to the education of young people, to build and maintain highways, and, to accomplish these ends, the individual is often compelled to surrender a portion of his rights to property and sometimes his liberty. In Livermore v. Jamaica, 23 Vt. 361, this court held that the taking of one's land for a public highway was not such a taking as required money compensation to be made therefor under the Constitution, but that the benefit which he derived from the establishment of the highway might be offset to the damage he sustained from the taking. The court says: "The Constitution is the paramount law of the land, and every statute which is in contravention of the Constitution must be held inoperative and void.

"Whether the statute, or that section of it by which the commissioners were governed in making their appeal, is repugnant to the Constitution must, we think, depend upon whether the taking of land for a highway is such an appropriation of the property to public use as is contemplated by the Constitution. The taking of land for a highway does not divest the owner of his title in fee. The public only acquire an easement and the right of the owner to use, occupy and control the land in any manner which is not inconsistent with the public enjoyment of the easement still remains. Upon a discontinuance of the highway, the possession of the land reverts to the owner in as full and ample manner as he originally held it. In the opinion of the court this is not such a taking of property for public use, in the sense of the Constitution, as necessarily requires compensation for the same to made in money. To bring a case within this provision of the Constitution it should be such a taking as divests the owner of all title to or control over the property taken, and is an unqualified appropriation of it to the public." In Commonwealth v. Tewksbury, 11 Met. 55, the owner of the fee of a portion of the beach which helps form Boston harbor was prosecuted for taking sand and gravel therefrom under a statute which made such taking a penal offense. He defended, and one ground was that the statute was unconstitutional because it was a taking of his property for the public use without making compensation. The court, in an opinion by Shaw, Chief Justice, held that, although the statute prohibited such taking of sand and gravel with no limitation in regard to time, it was not such a taking of his property as required compensation under the Constitution, but a regulation of his use of his own property necessary in the interest of the State to protect the harbor of Boston, and therefore constitutional, and that the respondent was guilty.

The same power which may tax the people to establish and maintain good roads for the common benefit of the public may tax them and take measures to preserve and increase the common fund of game and fish, from which all can take, subject to regulations prescribed by the Legislature in the exercise of this power. In Thorpe v. R. R. Co., 27 Vt. 140, Am. Dec. 625, and note, this court held that a law passed subsequently to the granting of the charter of the defendant—which this court held to be a contract—compelling the defendant to maintain, for all time, at a considerable expense, suitable fences on the sides of its railroad track, was a proper exercise of this power. That decision has been generally approved and followed. This power has been exercised in regard to almost every species of property and of all kinds of rights. It is very elastic and adjustable to new circumstances and new situations—as flexible and adjustable as the maxim, *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas*, in which it has its origin.

In addition to the case already cited, the following (which could be added to at pleasure) are good illustrations of the extent and application of this power: Champers v. City of Greencastle, 138 Ind. 339; 46 Am. St. Rep. 390 and note, in which it is said: "The police power of the State extends in the direction of so regulating the use of private property, or of so restraining personal action, as manifestly to secure, or tend to the comfort, prosperity or protection of the community." People v. Wagner, 86 Mich. 594; 24 Am. St. Rep. 141 and note; People v. Ewer, 141 N. Y. 129; 38 Am. St. Rep. 788 and note; Butler v. Chambers, 36 Minn. 69; 1 Am. St. Rep. 638 and note: State v. Heinemann; 80 Wis. 235; 27 Am. St. Rep. 34 and note, in which the police power is defined as the power of "the State vested in the Legislature to enact such wholesome and reasonable laws, not in conflict with the State or Federal Constitution, as may be conducive to the common good." Health Department v. Rector (145 N. Y. 32), 45 Am. St. Rep. 579 and note. The opinion in the last case is carefully prepared. Among other things, it says: "Laws and regulations of a police nature, though they may disturb the enjoyment of individual rights, are not unconstitutional, though no provision is made for a compensation for such disturbances. They do not appropriate private property for public use, but simply regulate its use and enjoyment by the owner. If he suffers injury, it is *damnum absque injuria* or, in the theory of the law, he is compensated for it by sharing the general benefits which the regulations are intended and calculated to secure. Dillon on Municipal Corporations, 4 ed., sec. 141 and note 2; Commonwealth v. Alger, 7 Cush. 83, 84, 86; Baker v. City of Boston, 12 Pick. 184, 193; 22 Am. Dec. 421; Clark v. Mayor of Syracuse, 13 Barb. 32, 36." This was said in upholding a law which compelled the owner of a tenement block erected and in use before the passage of the law to introduce water at quite an expense so it could be drawn from a faucet on every floor of the block. Com. v. Kimball, 24 Pick. 359; 35 Am. Dec. 326 and quite extensive note; People v. Arensberg, 103 N. Y. 388; 57 Am. Rep. 741 and note.

The framers of the State Constitution early began to regulate the right to kill deer and take fish and muskrats, for their protection and preservation for the common benefit of the people, and to destroy noxious wild animals, wolves and panthers, by the payment of bounties with money raised by enforced taxation. These were done by acts passed in March, 1797. 2 Tolman's Comp. Sts. 19 to 24. The Constitution in its present form was adopted in 1793. The act for the preservation of fish makes the erection of any dam, hedge, seine, fish garth, or other stoppage, in any watercourse whereby navigation or the passage of fish may be obstructed, a nuisance and punishes the person erecting the same with a fine. It also establishes a "close season" when trout cannot be taken.

The definition of public waters apparently excludes from the jurisdiction of the State private preserves and posted waters. This is not true. Both are subject to the police power of the State. Any man can be punished if he injures the rights of their owners. Posted waters obtain additional protection by an exercise of the police power. At common law, the owner could only recover for trespass upon his land, and the invasion of his right of fishery—generally a very ineffectual remedy. Hence the right of the riparian owner was rarely regarded, or enforced, before the Legislature, to protect his right, allowed him, if he complied with the law in regard to posting his premises, to recover of every violator substantial damages. Where the owner availed himself of this law, the Legislature evidently considered that the unreasonable destruction of the natural supply of fish in the trout brooks and streams would be stayed and that such streams would need no further protection. Hence such brooks are excluded from the jurisdiction of the Fish and Game Commissioners. But it reasonably judged that a non-boatable stream which the riparian owner would not be at the expense of posting was already depleted of the natural supply of this valuable kind of food and needed to be replenished. It, therefore, allowed the Fish and Game Commissioners to restock it at the expense of the people; and to make that expense profitable to such riparian owner and to the people of the State, the fish must be protected from destruction until they began to reproduce, and then the community should not be burdened to protect his right beyond what the common law furnished for five years longer. By providing that such waters should be waters over which the State has jurisdiction, it did not take away such riparian owner's right to maintain trespass against every one who should enter without his license upon his premises and catch fish from the non-boatable stream thereon. The action of the Fish and Game Commissioners in stocking the stream and posting it presumably would enure to the benefit of such riparian owner and all other riparian owners on that and other connected streams. Whether it would or not, the constitution clearly empowered the Legislature to pass such laws as, in its discretion, it might judge would be for the common benefit of the people of the State.

Some one has suggested that the State had no right to send the Fish and Game Commissioners upon Mr. Hale's land to stock the stream. The law is paramount to his property and rights within the inhibitions of the State and national constitutions. As well might he contend that the law could not send its officer upon his land to arrest him for a criminal act or to attach his property at the suit of a creditor. On any view, even if the owner of the land over which the stream flows had been the violator of the law and was under prosecution, this statute must be held constitutional and enforceable; and much more against this respondent, who clearly had no right upon Mr. Hale's premises nor the right to take fish from the stream of water flowing thereon.

Judgment affirmed and cause remanded to the city court.

Thompson, J., dissents.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Michigan Hatchery Mishap.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—Michigan State fish hatchery at Sault Ste. Marie last week suffered a severe loss, and from a curious cause. In the breeding ponds, connected with the waters of the Sault, there were over 1,200 large mature trout used for breeding purposes. In the morning the water was noticed to be lowering in the breeding pond, through one of those mysterious changes of the Great Lakes water level which at times take place. Before any remedy could be devised the ponds were empty, and over 900 trout were dead, the best of the breeding stock.

This rising and falling of the water in the Great Lakes is an odd phenomenon. Sometimes the rise or fall will amount to 6ft. The velocity of the wind and the variation of barometric pressure are supposed to have much to do with this "seich," as it is technically known. Sometimes within two hours there will be a difference of a foot in the tide gauges on the east and west sides of Lake Michigan. It is stated that at one time in 1893 a heavy gale on Lake Erie raised the water at the eastern end 5ft. and lowered it 5ft. at the western part. Changes of less extent have been noticed in Lake Superior, but the above disastrous flux seems to have been about as serious as any recorded.

Saving the Little Ones.

At La Crosse, Wis., the work of seining young fish out of the landlocked sloughs adjoining the Mississippi River has been continued this fall, with the most gratifying results. About 55 citizens of La Crosse have joined in defraying the expenses of this work, which has been placed in charge of Deputy Warden Carl Palmer. It is estimated that over 100,000 young fish have been saved, most of them black bass. This is a record of which La Crosse may very well be proud. I have earlier stated that La Crosse is one of the very best places in the West for fly-fishing for black bass.

Lunge.

Mr. Robert Mitchell, of Appleton, Wis., last week was lucky enough to land a 20lb. muscallunge in the waters near Manitowish, Wis.

Mr. Caldwell and party, of this city, have returned from their trip to their old stamping grounds in Wisconsin, and they brought a couple of hundred pounds of muscallunge to show that they did business.

The largest muscallunge taken anywhere this season, so far as I have learned, was that killed by Mrs. C. F. Tatum, in Big St. Germaine Lake, of Wisconsin. This fish was sent down to Kaempfer for mounting. It weighed 46lbs., and was the largest muscallunge that I have ever seen. The largest I ever heard of taken in Wisconsin was 55lbs. By the way, I should be very much obliged if some one familiar with St. Lawrence and other angling records would tell me which is the heaviest weight of muscallunge for those waters. I would like very much to know the heaviest weight of muscallunge taken in the United States or Canada.

Mounting Trout.

There is displayed in a show window on Washington street, this week, a trout mounted in a curious and effective way. This was the second largest trout taken by the Oliver party on the Nepigon, account of which was made earlier. This trout was mounted by making a half-section of the skin, cutting it along the back and belly, the half-skin being then sewed neatly about its edges to a piece of birch bark. This makes a very fetching style of mounting.

Obituary.

In speaking of noted Chicago anglers a week ago in these columns, I mentioned the name of Mr. James L. High, a Chicago lawyer who has won more than a passing fame by his legal works, which are accepted as standard in their field. I mentioned Mr. High as one of the Chicago anglers who control Canadian salmon leases. It is very sad to record this week the death of Mr. High, who passed away Oct. 3, of spinal meningitis. Mr. High was an expert angler, and an enthusiast in the gentle art. He had a grand collection of useful and valuable angling literature, including several editions of Walton's "Complete Angler." Some copies in his library are said not to be duplicated in any American collection. In large circles both of business and of high class sport Mr. High will be sadly missed.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The New Brunswick Trout Season.

EDMUNDSTON, New Brunswick, Oct. 1.—The trout fishing for the year has ended, and many were the 1, 2 and 3-pounders taken, a few of 4, 5 and 6lbs.; and two above these weights were captured in the Madawaska, in September. I spent two days in fishing as a sport; I generally go as guide and paddle and pole my own canoe; but this time a friend wished to go, and as I was the better fisher, he was to manage the canoe. We were proceeding up the river, Joe using the pole, I casting as we slowly breasted the stream. A man on a raft a short distance above us attracted our attention, as he was fishing. We were finding some fault with the way he was handling his rod and casting his flies; and had come close to him, when I heard a sharp crack behind me. Turning quickly, I was just in time to add my balance to help Joe, as he was tumbling out, and over went canoe with both of us into the cold water 4ft. deep. My first look was to this man on the raft, as I naturally expected to hear a roar of laughter from him. I know had I been in his place I could not have helped it, but there was not a sound, and his face was as sober and solemn as of a judge about to pronounce sentence. We waded the canoe ashore, straightened things up, and went out to see the man, for I felt annoyed at him for his sullen silence. When asked why he did not laugh, he answered that he did not see anything to laugh at. After this accident, I felt it would be prudent for me to manage the canoe, and I did to the finish, without further mishap. We took quite a number of trout, but I never can forget the ducking at the close of this fishing year.

Now for the next three months we will look after the deer, caribou and moose for the pleasure of the sportsmen who may favor us with their presence. The two first named animals are found in the near vicinity. While the moose roams further back in the more dense forests, where the trapper often runs across them while trapping for mink, bear, otter, marten, fisher, fox, loup-cervier and beaver. These trappers have lines of traps very often extending sixty miles, over which they go back and forth once in two weeks during the winter, at times seeing some discomfort, but having lots of pleasurable, profitable excitement, and making more money than they could by any other kind of work. Large game is plentiful, but the fur-bearing animals are becoming scarcer as the years roll by. S. J. RAYMOND.

Spirit Lake Fishing.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from my annual fishing trip to Spirit Lake, where I had a splendid good time. I did not catch as many fish as usual, but have no cause to complain, only that the lake is getting lower every year. Where there was good fishing three years ago, now the water is not more than 2ft. deep. The great lake seems to be gradually drying up. The State fish hatchery, located at the lake, is sadly neglected; everything connected with the business has gone to ruin; the pools are all dried up or nearly so, and none of them contain any fish.

THE OLD MAN.

New York Fish Plants for 1898.

THE Fish Commissioners of New York have put out during the year which ended Oct. 1. They were divided as follows: Brook trout, 4,058,807; brown trout, 960,743; rainbow trout, 188,260; lake trout, 914,511; pike, 17,550,472; bass, 116,450; red throat trout, 1,000; yellow perch fry, 2,555,300; yellow perch fry (three months old), 7,500; lobsters, 6,550,000; shad, 10,897,400; tomcods, 47,000,000; whitefish, 24,100,000; frostfish, 5,785,000; cisco, 15,000,000; muskellunge, 2,650,000; herrings, 1,500,000; smelt, 48,000,000; shrimp, 65,000; pickerel, 50. The total counts 187,809,733.

Bass in Central New York.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Local anglers report some of the finest bass fishing thus far enjoyed, the catch per angler averaging twenty-five bass per day. The best local bass grounds are found along the east side of Cayuga Lake, beginning at a point just off shore from the Esty Lookout, and running thence north in the direction of Ludlowville.

At Cayuga, across the lake from Union Springs, anglers have been, and are still, taking beautiful specimens of the pike, pickerel and muscallonge family, and now and then an enormous (for Cayuga Lake) smallmouth bass. Some very large pickerel and muscallonge are taken at Cayuga during October and early November. Trolling appears to be the favorite method of angling for the big fellows at this season of the year.

M. Chill.

Nets in Oneida Lake.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at a meeting held in Albany yesterday passed a resolution permitting net fishing in Oneida Lake until Dec. 1 next. This shows what politics will do. Oneida Lake has been ruined—and opening these waters two months to every one will clean what few fish are left. One trap net set on the bars or shoals will take every bass that there is near it. The law giving the commissioner the right to grant these licenses should be repealed. I do not think the commissioner should have allowed this to be done no matter how much influence was brought. L.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 14-15.—Braintree, Mass.—N. E. K. C. open air show. Address Secretary Open Air Show, Braintree, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 3.—Connecticut Field Trials, East Hampton, Conn. Entries close Oct. 29. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, P.-O. Box 603, New Haven.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Brunswick Fur Trials.

Roxbury, Mass.—The Brunswick Fur Club will hold its tenth annual field trials, Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 17.

The club headquarters will be at Hotel Barre. The Derby, open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Entries close at 10 P. M. on Monday, October 17; the entry fee is $2. The club diploma will be given to each of the three winners in this stake, and the first prize winner will also receive a silver medal and hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year.

The all-age stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19, 20 and 21. The entry fee is $3. Entries close at 10 P. M. on Tuesday, Oct. 18. The three winners in the hunting, speed and driving, endurance and trailing classes will each receive the club diploma. The first prize winners will also receive silver medals, and the hound making the highest general average in all classes will receive a special prize of five dollars and the club medal, and will hold the American field cup for one year. The Pope memorial cup will be held for one year by the hound showing the best combination of trailing, speed and driving.

The trials will be judged by Messrs. S. B. Mills, Eugene Brooks, W. A. Bragdon, A. B. McGregor, H. J. Given and Bradford S. Turpin.

The trials are open to the world, and all lovers of the chase are invited to be present, to enter their hounds and enjoy a week of good sport.

Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Volume 17 of the Greyhound Stud Book contains the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered therein up to June 1, 1898, besides a voluminous collection of other pertinent matter, 356 pages in all.

The Sanitas have recently brought out a new preparation, Sanitas Embrocation, for external application in the ills of man or beast. It is commended specially for its antiseptic qualities, for family use and for athletes and veterinary purposes.

Yachting.

The work of lengthening the ways in front of the Herreshoff works, at Bristol, begun several weeks ago, will probably be completed before the end of the month. There will then be water over the cradle for the hauling out of Defender. It is reported that she will be fitted out and sailed from New Rochelle to Bristol by Mr. Iselin. It is also reported that the contract for a new defender was signed on Sept. 28 by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company and Com. J. P. Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin.

Painting a Yacht.

A correspondent asks for the best method of painting a yacht used in the waters of the Great Lakes; whether white lead and oil alone are best, or whether zinc white can be used to advantage. He also asks for a preparation for the seams which will remain hard under water. Perhaps some of our readers who have experimented with paints can aid him.

Dominion.

(*Concluded from page 296, Oct. 8.*

The "scow" type, as represented by Question, has two distinctive points; the first is the material change of form, the reduction of midship section and increase of effective length at great angles of heel, as already described; the second is the lack of freeboard and the absence of sheer, or even a reverse sheer, the middle being higher than the ends. The boats having practically no depth and no internal space, there is not even a cockpit, at most a small opening in which to stow light sails, compass and water jug. As a corollary to the excessive heeling and gain of actual for a given measured length, is the possibility of building to a much shorter nominal or measured length than in the boats of the old type, and of adding to the sail area; and this addition is really necessary when it is considered how much the effective area of sail, compared with the measured area, is reduced by the angle of heel. As the first effort of a young amateur in an entirely new field, with nothing in the way of data to guide in what was necessarily an experiment, El Heirie reflects great credit on her designer; but she is marked by the weak as well as the strong points of the new type. In the matter of proportions of length and sail, with but one boat to depend on, Mr. Crane perhaps did well in adhering closely to the general proportions of the class, 14 to 15ft. l.w.l.; as he had no opportunity for experiment in this direction. In his method of handling the lines so as to produce a good form when heeled, he displayed a great deal of skill, the boat proving very fast on the wind and faster than others of the type when free.

While Mr. Crane was one of the first to appreciate and to handle intelligently the opportunity for evading the measurement of L.W.L. which the "scow" type afforded, he failed to place a true value upon the accompanying feature of very low freeboard, and gave this a prominent place in the design of El Heirie in 1896, and also of Al Anka and Momo in 1897. Thus far there has been nothing in the performance of the numerous scows to demonstrate the value of this special feature, which has won for them the nickname of "barndoor" through their appearance when upright, the deck, with its slight camber both fore and aft and thwartships, being almost flat and awash in a light sea.

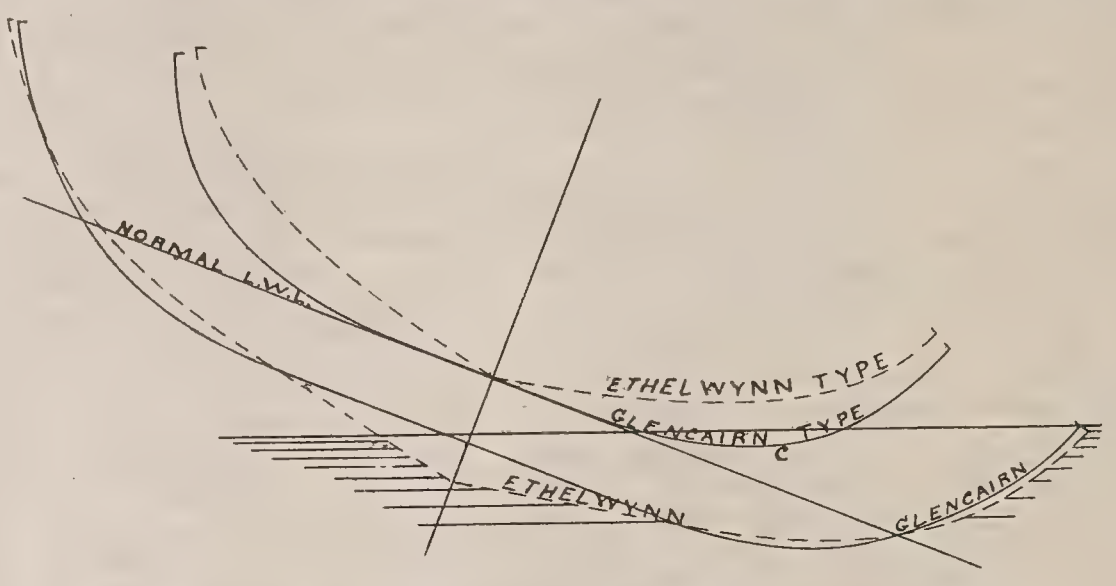


FIG. 3. STUDY OF ETHELWYNN AND GLENCAIRN II. INCLINED.

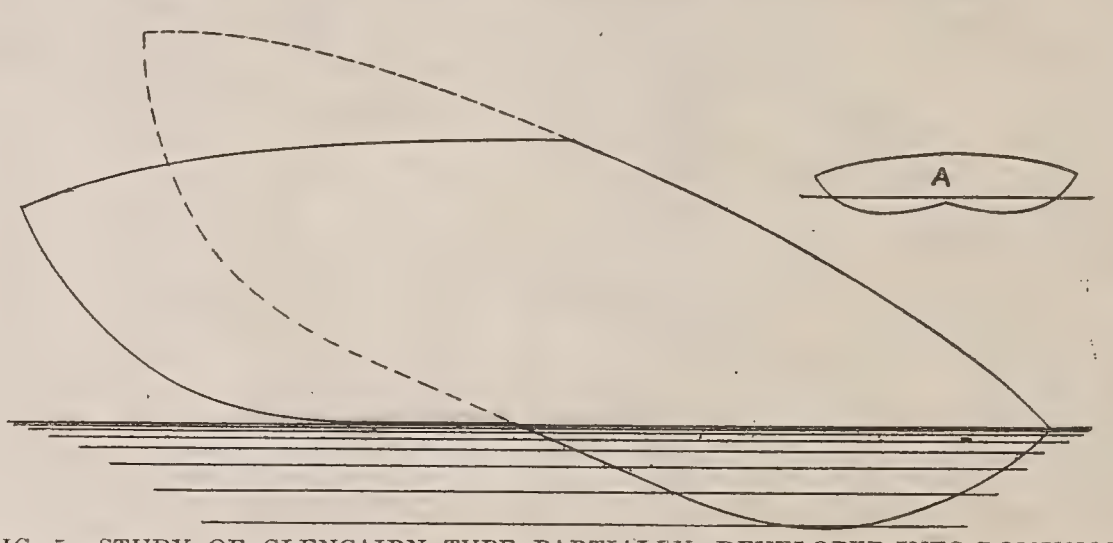


FIG. 5. STUDY OF GLENCAIRN TYPE PARTIALLY DEVELOPED INTO DOMINION.

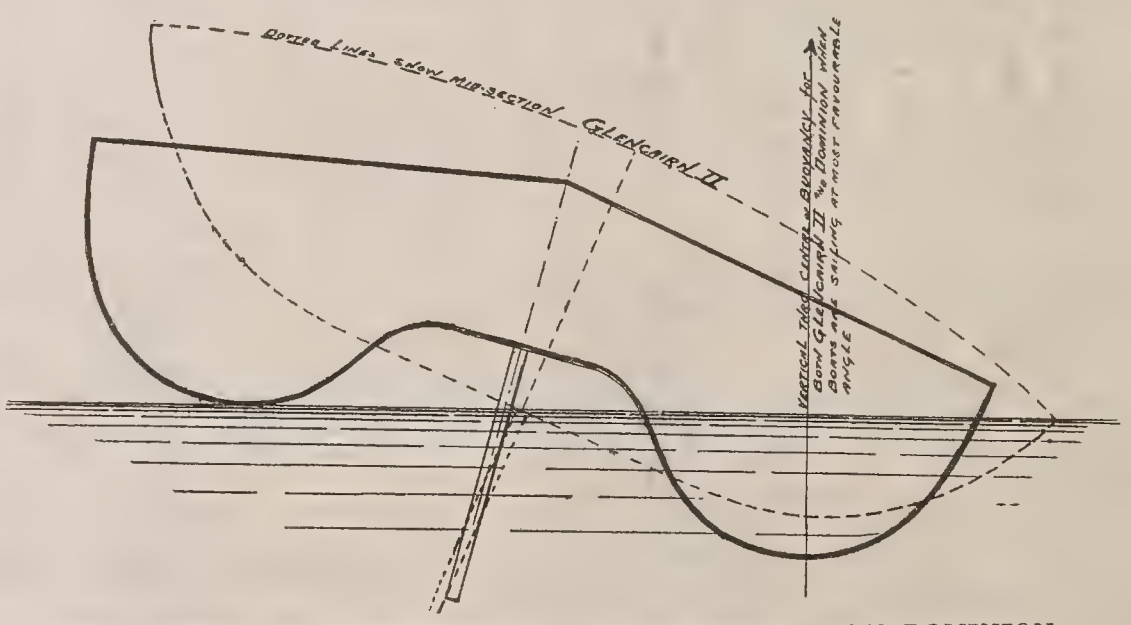


FIG. 6. STUDY OF GLENCAIRN AND DEVELOPMENT INTO DOMINION.

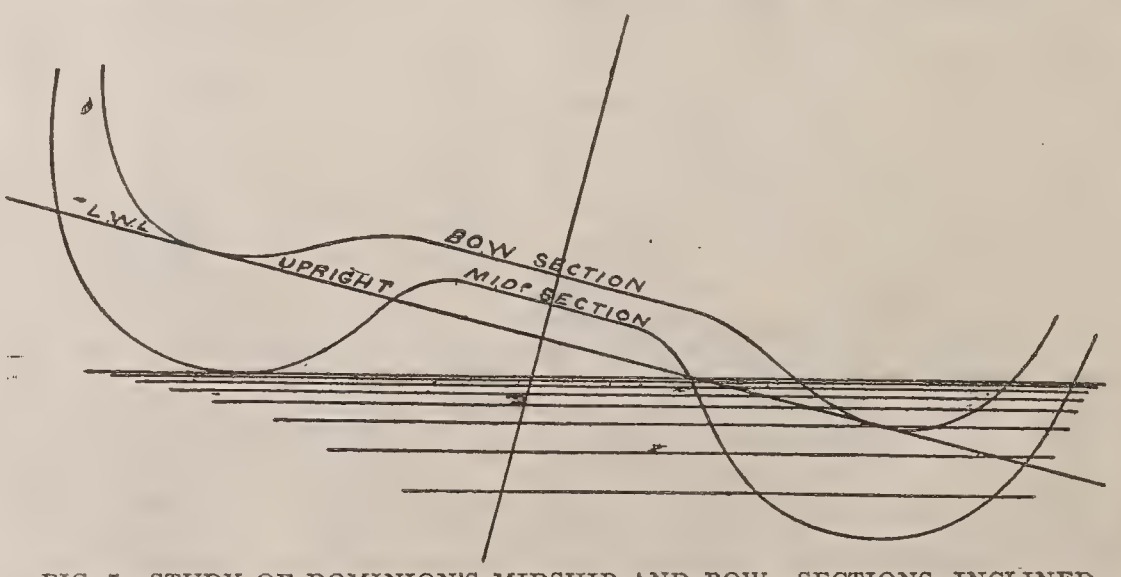


FIG. 7. STUDY OF DOMINION'S MIDSHIP AND BOW SECTIONS, INCLINED.

In attacking the same problem from the same starting point, Mr. Duggan from the beginning rejected the "barndoor" model, both in its essentials and in externals, giving his boats a good freeboard amidships and a decided sheer, quite as much as in the old type. What this amounts to in the way of "bottom to sail on," as the old term went in the cutter and sloop days, is shown in Fig. 3, the added two or three inches of freeboard amidships are worth far more as bottom on the lee side than they cost in windage on the weather side. With this, the two Glencairns and their fellows of the 15ft. and 20ft. classes are notable for the absence of such purely freak features as the bows of El Heirie, Al Anka and Momo; and after the essentials are secured in the proper shaping of the immersed bilge, the remaining lines are carried out to conform as closely as possible to the conventional yacht shape. The result is a

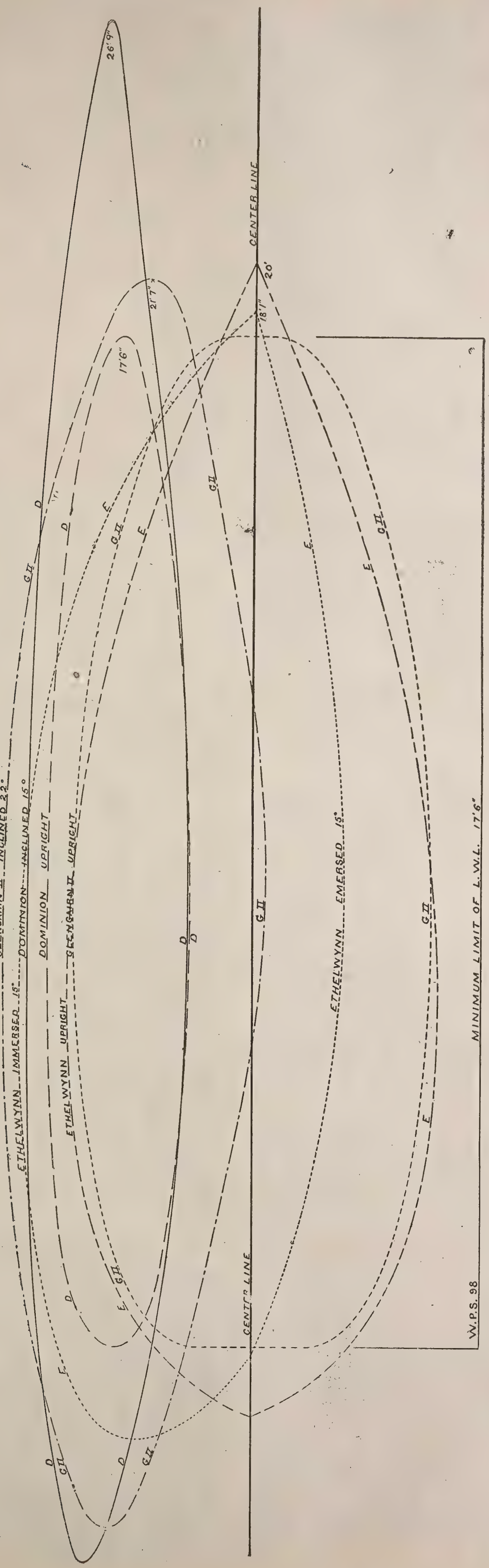


FIG. 8. STUDY OF INCLINED AND UPRIGHT WATERLINES OF ETHELWYNN, GLENCAIRN II. AND DOMINION.

boat that is staunch and able in a sea, and at the same time of fairly good appearance, even beside the shapely craft of the old type.

In their first competition, in 1896, Mr. Crane was at a disadvantage compared with Mr. Duggan, as he undertook to design but one boat, working alone on her. Mr. Duggan, on the other hand, with the assistance of Mr. Shearwood, began his special study of the 15ft. class in the fall and continued it all winter, designing and superintending the construction of seven boats; the last and best, Glencairn I., being begun after the first boats had been tried in several races. The preliminary canvass of the subject was very thorough, after the method already outlined above, and resulted at a very early stage in the actual building in the rejection of the Ethelwynn form and the adoption of the features afterward perfected in Glencairn I. But one of the seven boats was over 14ft. l.w.l., several were just over 13, and the latest, Sothis and Glencairn I., were but 12ft. 6in. l.w.l., giving a sail plan of nearly 300sq.ft.; that of Ethelwynn in 1895 being but 198sq.ft. This sail plan, ably carried by Glencairn I. at Oyster Bay, was an important factor in the winning of the cup for the first time.

A careful study of the work of the two designers in 1896-7 and 8 will show on the part of Mr. Duggan an early appreciation of the three great factors of advantage, the perfection of the form of the bilge, with its increase of length; the reduction of measured length and the increase of sail area; and the retention of ample freeboard; these being developed to a higher degree in each successive boat up to Dominion. Such a study will show ample grounds for the decisive victory of Glencairn I. over El Heirie, and of Glencairn II. over Momo, and will suggest further that had Speculator been chosen to defend the cup this year, it would still have remained in Canada.

The very radical change from the old type to the new, as brought about by El Heirie and Glencairn I. in 1896, was accepted as a matter of course by all directly interested in the Seawanhaka cup. Both designers were praised for their clever work, and every incentive was offered to them to continue in the same line of development. The size of the competitors was increased, by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., from 15 to 20ft., and both parties agreed to a limit of 17ft. 6in. as the minimum L.W.L., with its sail area of 500sq.ft. In the course of a long and thorough discussion of numerous details of the races, a number of minor changes of measurement, etc., being made, no proposal came from either side to limit the undue development of the newly discovered principle of the single-hull-double-bilge, with its patent evasion of the standard measurement of load waterline.

The extinction of the old type of yacht was accepted as a distinct advance in designing; and each side started in to rival the other in the production of an up-to-date racing machine that should achieve but one object, the winning of the cup.

The problem was materially simplified by the elimination of one of the principal variable factors, the ratio of L. to S. A. by the mutual agreement on a minimum limit of 17ft. 6in. to the L.W.L., with its corresponding maximum of 500 sq. ft. for the sail area; the two designers being thus on an equality in this question.

In dealing with the other two of the main factors, the form of bilge giving the greatest increase of effective length and the question of freeboard and sheer, Mr. Crane made a compromise between El Heirie and Glencairn I. The general dimensions and model of the new Al Anka and the second boat, Momo, were practically the same as in Glencairn I., wider than El Heirie, and with a decided flare to the topsides. In the matter of freeboard and form of bow, however, the characteristics of El Heirie were retained, there being a low freeboard, little sheer and an abrupt snubbing in of all the forward lines, making a blunt and exceptionally ugly bow on Al Anka, while that of Momo, though far less extreme, was still cut off short of the fair termination of the for and aft lines.

The five boats designed by Mr. Duggan for the new class, though varying in beam from 7ft. to 9ft., were all of one general model, an adaptation of Glencairn I. to the new class and conditions, the general form being little changed. The midship section, freeboard and form of bow, carried out to the fair ending of the lines, were practically enlarged and adapted to the 20ft. limit of the class and the 17ft. 6in. limit of L.W.L.

In the minor details Momo was of comparatively heavy construction, with moderate crown to the deck and a shoal self-draining cockpit. Her centerboards, of which she had several for the purpose of experimenting, were of solid steel or bronze of about 200lbs. weight, and her sail plan was notably high and narrow. The Duggan boats, Glencairn II. for example, were of very light construction, with an excessive crown to the deck, a cockpit open to the floors, with no bulkheads, a built centerboard of about 400lbs., and about 2ft. more on the base of the sail plan and 2ft. less on the hoist than Momo. While Momo proved herself very fast in a light air, and was fast off the wind in all conditions, she was at a serious disadvantage beside Glencairn II. in the strong winds and sea that marked most of the races. With some 2in. less freeboard for her whole length, nearly 2ft. less bow, with hard blunt lines, and a high weight of rig even when reefed, she made a poor showing except in the light weather of the first day, at which time a fair comparison of the two was impossible, owing to the disabling of Glencairn II. at the start.

The performance of Glencairn II. in both light and heavy weather, she having proved the best of the defending fleet in the light weather of the trial races, showed very little margin for improvement within the rules and conditions of the class. Her proportions and general model, the result of the extensive experiments of 1896 in the 15ft. class and of the trials of 1897 in her own class, seemed hardly capable of improvement. Her construction was as light as was consistent with reasonable safety from a racing standpoint, with a very small margin for reduction of weight, though capable of improvement in the way of better plank fastenings. Her rig was satisfactory, but her canvas was poor, good sail-makers being less easily found in Canada than in the States.

If their work of the present year is a true criterion,

both designers accepted the same conclusion from the races of 1897; that Glencairn II. in model, construction and details was capable of but little improvement. In the first of his 1898 boats, Strathcona, Mr. Duggan practically repeated Glencairn II., using the ship-lap in place of the ribband carvel construction, with a gain in strength, but a loss rather than a gain in weight. In the second boat, Speculator, the small changes of model were merely experiments which might or might not prove successful, the construction being the same as Strathcona. The third boat was Dominion, and after her a fourth, similar to the first two, was started and advanced to the planking stage, when work was abandoned, as both Speculator and Dominion were fully up to expectations, and it seemed safer to concentrate all efforts in perfecting them rather than in trying a fourth boat. In Strathcona and Speculator the general details, weight and construction of centerboard, arrangement of cockpit, etc., were the same as in Glencairn II., but the sail plan was altered in the direction of Momo, the gaff being well peaked up and the hoist increased.

In the model of his three new boats—Seawanhaka, Cicada and Strathcona—Mr. Crane practically followed Glencairn II., and there was no distinctive point of difference in model between Seawanhaka, Strathcona, Challenger and Speculator as the four lay side by side at the Dorval pier; the differences were merely in details, a hardening of the bilge, a little more or less flare to the topsides, and a difference of method in handling the abnormal fullness of the bilge in the extreme bow, which feature characterized all alike.

It was evident that Mr. Crane fully appreciated the fact that in the comparatively slight advance from Glencairn I. to Glencairn II. the possibilities of the rule had been about exhausted, and that no promising line of advance was in sight. In looking for some possible source of advantage in speed, he very naturally turned to construction, to which he had previously given comparatively little attention, being content with the best of the current practice of the shops. This time the construction was made the leading feature of the design, and every effort was made to reduce the weight of hull to the lowest factor of safety that was admissible for a short series of races. As a means to this end, a special system of contruction was designed by Mr. Crane, the details of which have been already described in connection with the late races.

The principle of this system is that the skin and frames are disregarded entirely as elements of strength, the frames being used only to give the form to the structure and to hold the skin, and this latter in turn having no duty to perform except to keep out the water. All the complex strains of the vessel are imposed on a series of metal trusses, two principal members running fore and aft, the distance between them being about half of the beam of the vessel, with a secondary series of thwartship braces spaced about 2ft. apart. The trusses were built mainly of bicycle tubing, with very light steel angles for the upper and lower members. While in the Duggan boats the skin was figured as a material element of strength, the thickness of the planking, 5-16in. in the boats of 1897, being increased to nearly ⅜ this year; in the Crane boats the sole consideration was that the planking should hold together under the mere pressure of the water. In the first two boats, Seawanhaka and Cicada, intended to sail the series of trial races as well as the final cup races, the planking was full 3-16in., or ⅛in. less than in the Duggan boats of 1897. The third boat, Challenger, was started in June and intended only for the cup races, which might be assumed to cover at most five or six days of sailing, with a few informal trial spins against Seawanhaka after both arrived on Lake St. Louis. Her planking was of 3-16in. stock before laying, being reduced still further in the finishing off. The decks of the three boats were similarly light, 3-16in., and in spite of a small gain in strength through the planks being laid "in-and-out," they were hardly thick enough to bear the weight of a man unless his movements were deliberate and careful.

In the case of Challenger, all that was required was that the trusses should take the main strains, the frames should hold their shape, and the planking should keep out the water for a matter of a week or probably less, the condition of the boat after the cup was won being of no moment. The boat, in addition to the preliminary trials with Seawanhaka, sailed four actual races, one in light weather, one in a fresh breeze and sea, and two in a good breeze. The trusses, as far as could be seen from the shape of the boat, did their work well; the sheer was still fair, and there was not the bodily pulling up of the whole bow that was seen in Seawanhaka after the trial races. The work of the frames, as shown by the local fairness of form, was only partly done, each successive day showed an increasing number of humps and hollows; that fairness of lines which at first characterized the boat gradually disappearing. The planking proved a failure, as it developed checks in different places from day to day, and after the third race was practically a wreck.

In the secondary features the three Crane boats showed important changes from last year. The watertight cockpit was discarded for the open well with light slats on the floor timbers, the opening in the deck was both long and wide, much larger than in Glencairn II., one object, apparently, being to save weight; and there were no bulkheads. The centerboards were of composite construction, bronze sides filled with lead; they were fitted, after a plan of Mr. Crane's devised the previous year, with rollers on the bolt, so that the board could be slid forward or aft in a long trunk to suit the balance of the sails. In addition to this they each had two pieces of mahogany, one about 5in. wide and one of double the width, fitted with a brass track, by which either could be hung on the after side (the top) of the board, thus increasing its area. The sail plans were of different proportions, some lofty and narrow, as in Momo in 1897, and others broader on the foot and with proportionately less hoist. It will be remembered that during the trial races the high and narrow rig of Seawanhaka was exchanged for the lower and broader rig of Cicada, the former boat being improved. The rig carried in the cup races was, we believe, the broad and low one or of medium proportions.

The design of Dominion was made at the beginning of May, by which time it was pretty well established that the boats of 1898 on both sides would show no material change from and in all probability no improvement on Glencairn II. We are not aware of the origin of the suggestion which led Mr. Duggan to take up the further development of the new principle, but it is hardly possible for one to study carefully the leading features and successful performances of the scow type without reaching the conclusion that in theory at least they are widely separated from the old normal type and as closely allied to the double-hull type. This was pointed out plainly in the FOREST AND STREAM as long ago as the cup races of 1896, and we have discussed the question of the theory and of the possibility of its successful application in practice with many yachtsmen in the past two years. An interesting study in this direction is shown in Fig. 5, where the broken line represents the windward side and bilge of the Glencairn section. When this section is studied with a view to its improvement, the idea very naturally suggests itself that as the only part to be considered as the boat proper is the immersed bilge, shown by the heavy line, the emersed side, high in the air and offering a material amount of windage and a strongly inclined deck, might just as well be dropped to the position shown by the full lines on the weather side, making a form of section such as is shown at A in the same figure. In this new section the immersed portion at 22 degrees heel is exactly as before, but the weather side offers much less windage and a deck that is practically level, with a slight gain in the lowering of weights.

This mere cutting apart and spreading a boat of the Glencairn type would not of itself produce satisfactory results, but the idea of it suggests a very wide field of development, the first step being the further perfection of each of the two individual bilges. The original body plan of Glencairn II., which we have had in our possession, shows in pencil over the inked lines a rough sketch of just such an operation, the extreme beam of the individual bilge when heeled being cut away and the area of section thus reduced being restored by adding to the depth. In Fig. 6 is shown one of Mr. Duggan's studies of this particular point, the section of Dominion as thus finally derived from that of Glencairn II., the beam of the latter being reduced from 4ft. 4in. to 2ft. 9in., the depth being increased from 10in. to 14in., and the area being the same. This new section was worked out so as to keep the center of buoyancy when heeled to the most effective angle in the same position as in Glencairn II.; these angles being for the latter 22 degrees and for Dominion but 15 degrees. In Fig. 7 is shown one of Mr. Duggan's studies of the midship and bow sections, similar to those in Fig. 3, in which Ethelwynn and Glencairn were compared. The extent of actual immersion of the bow section, at the fore end of the L.W.L., indicates a material gain in length over Glencairn, just as she already gained over Ethelwynn.

The advantages attending the new section are surprising; in the first place for the same stability of hull the section itself is greatly improved in outline, with much less beam, greater depth, and a great increase of area and of effective surface to the lateral plane; the area of the weather side, exposed to the wind, is reduced by nearly a third, the deck is made very much more convenient for the crew both in hiking, when that is necessary, and in handling canvas; the lessened angle of heel has a beneficial effect on both sails and centerboard in two ways, it increases the area and also the effectiveness of each square foot of surface.

When we turn from the midship section to the sheer and half-breadth plans, as finally perfected, reproduced in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1, other important advantages are apparent. Even with the yacht in the upright position, the improvement of the fore and aft lines resulting from the new form of midship section is very evident. The beam of each hull in this position is now 2ft. 6in., with a L.W.L. length of 17ft. 6in., the level lines, diagonals and bow-buttock lines being all fair and of easy sweep. It is when the yacht is heeled to her effective angle, however, that the great gain is apparent. In this position one-half of the total weight is taken from the weather bilge and imposed on the lee bilge, increasing its displacement by 100 per cent. and immersing to an extraordinary extent both of the long overhangs.

We have shown in the previous issue that in yachts of the normal type, intended to be sailed with keel and both bilges immersed, the gain in effective length by mere heeling is but small, even in the latest yachts with very long overhangs. When we come to the extreme of the new type as represented by Dominion, we find possibilities of gain such as were never before realized. When the inclined plane of flotation of Dominion is plotted as for Ethelwynn last week, and for the same angle, of 15 degrees, the effective length increases to 26ft. 9in., a gain of 9ft. 3in. It is well worthy of note that while the gain aft is 3ft. 9in., but 7in. over Glencairn II., the gain forward is 5ft. 6in., as compared with a gain of but 1ft. in the bow of Glencairn II.

In the case of all boats of the Glencairn type the abnormal lengthening of the forward lines when heeled is accomplished in a most bungling and unworkmanlike manner, by carrying the turn of the bilge out through the entire length of the bow and in some places forcing the lines into hard lumps that offend the eye. To the uninitiated eye even of an expert who is unfamiliar with this peculiar phase of advancement in designing, there is no reason for the lump that is certain to be but too plainly visible at one point or another of the bows of the modern scow type; but when the boat is seen heeled to her effective angle the purpose of this lump is readily discerned, as it makes the fore end of the L.W.L. plane and really lengthens the effective L.W.L.

In Dominion this lengthening of the forward lines is not only much greater in extent, as just shown, but it is accomplished in a most artistic manner. As stated by us at the time of the races, in one sense the yacht has not one hull nor two, but four; when upright and in measuring trim she floats on two short hulls, of 17ft. 6in. measured length. Above each of these is another hull of nearly 36ft. over all length, and when the yacht is heeled to her sailing angle one of these upper hulls is immersed until it uses effectively a very large proportion of this length. The large diagram shows the normal and inclined load lines of the three typical boats, Ethelwynn, Glencairn II. and Dominion, the former design being enlarged to the 20ft. class, with the original proportions of L.W.L., and so giving 20ft. L.W.L. The variations in beam and length in the change from the upright to the inclined position are tabulated as follows:

COMPARISON OF CHANGES IN BEAM AND LENGTH DUE TO HEELING.

	Angle of Heel.	Beam at L.W.L.		L.W.L.		Gain in Length	
		Upright.	Inclined.	Upright.	Inclined.	Forward.	Aft.
*Ethelwynn..	15deg	6 5	5 7	20	18 1	loss	5
Glencairn II..	22deg.	6 2	4 6	17 6	21 7	1	3 1
†Dominion....	15deg.	2 6	2 9	17 6	26 9	5 6	3 9

* Enlarged from 15ft. class to 20ft. class.
† One bilge only.

This diagram illustrates many of the points touched on in the present discussion; it shows, for instance, the serious waste of measured length in the Ethelwynn as compared with the Glencairn type even in the upright position, the actual loss of nearly 2ft. of effective length in the former compared with a gain of over 4ft. in the latter when both are heeled from the upright position to the effective limit of inclination. The changes in the beam of the two are as striking. Ethelwynn loses 10in. as she heels and Glencairn 20in. In Ethelwynn the inclined plane of flotation shows a large area on the windward side of the centerline, in Glencairn the inclined plane barely laps the center line. The extent of the shifting of the center of buoyancy to leeward may be gauged very closely by merely estimating the center of each of the inclined planes. The inclined plane of Dominion shows a great gain over Glencairn, especially in length, but also in decrease of beam, making a long and beautifully formed spindle.

It must not be assumed that the perfected Dominion, as here described and illustrated, resulted directly and immediately from the recognition of the truth of the principle which we have endeavored to set forth in these articles; on the contrary, the problem has many practical difficulties, only a portion of which have thus far been surmounted. When off her theoretic angle, either in sailing free or at frequent intervals when on the wind, she is slow compared with the Glencairn type. It is by no means an easy matter, even after some experience, to keep the right angle under all variations of wind in force and direction so that the weather hull is just clear of the water; and when it is fairly immersed she is another boat. If any one can speak feelingly of the pleasure of handling Dominion for the first time and with no knowledge whatever of her striking idiosyncrasies, it is Mr. Jarvis, who steered her, with only a few hours' trial, in her first cup race. Even in the hands of her designer she is yet, both individually and as a type, largely an unknown quantity. There is still ample room for the improvement of her speed by longer trial; and she is at best but the first experiment, presumably capable of improvement in ways not yet apparent. Even as she stands, she is as a plain matter of fact the best racing machine yet produced in the 20ft. class, far faster in spite of all defects under certain conditions, fully as stanch, seaworthy and strong, more comfortable for pleasure sailing, and making very much easier the deck work of racing.

We had at the outset no intention of carrying the description of Dominion beyond the limits of a single paper, but the subject has proved a most interesting one to us at least, and we believe that it is of great importance at the present time; the necessity for a radical revision of the rules and stringent legislation against the extremes of modern designing being more pressing every year. Our contention from the first has been that the design of Dominion is not a mere abstract freak, violating all yachting proprieties and deserving only to be frowned down by the honest condemnation of all good sportsmen, but that it is the natural and inevitable result of a special system of designing whose legitimacy has been freely recognized by all yachting authorities. Not alone in the course of preparation of this series of articles and the designs, but in many discussions and arguments with yachtsmen, we have been compelled to make a much more thorough study of the whole subject than was possible during the hurry and excitement of the races; but this study has only served to confirm our first opinions, as published immediately after the races.

It seems hardly necessary now to touch upon the question of the catamaran, as it has been abandoned by those who raised it, but if it were worth while to waste the time upon it there would be little difficulty in demonstrating that there is nothing whatever in the principles of the catamaran type or in the various features of the best boats of the type which could suggest or lead to the development of Dominion; and that the principles of Dominion, notably that of sailing on one bilge or hull, if applied to any existing catamaran would result in failure. The Boston Globe, which is one of the few daily papers which have attempted to discuss the question fairly and intelligently, adopted the catamaran side at the outset, immediately preceding the cup races, and has maintained it ever since, classing the double-hull boat as necessarily a catamaran. In its issue of Oct. 2, in connection with the plans and description of Dominion, which it pays us the compliment of reproducing, it says:

Taking up the "catamaran" question, it is evident that neither in design nor performance is Dominion a catamaran, as perfected by the Herreshoffs and as generally understood in the yachting world. Yet she is clearly a double-hulled boat in that she has two distinct waterline planes and hence two hulls for the purposes

of measurement, regardless of the means used to keep those hulls together.

In design and in actual sailing she is a double-hulled boat. In construction she has but a single hull. Clearly design should have the call, and the boat be placed in that class. She is indeed an elaboration of the Challenger, Speculator and Glencairn II. principle, but the line between single and double-hulled boats would seem to be reached when the central portion of the boat clears the water.

This is the distinction the writer made when he first saw the boat, and he sees no reason to change his opinion. There was nothing specific in the agreement for the match to bar a double-hulled boat, and so designer Duggan was within the letter of the law.

What Dominion actually is has been shown pretty plainly in the course of these articles, and we have little doubt that many who at the outset condemned her as a catamaran and her designer for building a machine to race against an honest boat will change their opinion; at any rate, here she is before the yachting world, and the immediate question is no longer how or why she came, but what is to be done with her? If she is to be accepted, as her predecessors have been, on her established merits, well and good; as a freak and a racing machine she at least possesses many advantages over the other freaks and machines of the 20ft. class.

If she is to be barred, there is work ahead for some one during the coming winter. The mere arbitrary statement, unsupported by proof or argument, that she is of a prohibited type, is likely to find little favor with fair-minded and progressive yachtsmen. Assuming that she may fairly be classed as a double-hull boat, there will probably be serious difficulty in establishing a precedent for barring her on this ground. If it be sought to make a precedent by drawing a plausible line between the boat with a plane of flotation which is one and undivided in upright position, and one in which there are two distinct planes, there is still the possibility of the type surviving by such an alteration of the design as shall preserve its essential features and at the same time keep the hollow of the floor barely below the water when measured. We are of the opinion that the only satisfactory solution of the question and the only just method of dealing with Dominion is by such a radical change of the rule as will put a fair valuation upon those elements of advantage which she now enjoys freely in company with Glencairn and Challenger; and that, in barring her, if it goes so far, will bar them with equal certainty, and make way for a reasonable and sensible type of small yacht for the cup racing. W. P. S.

Yacht Measurement.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to my absence from New York, the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 10, containing Mr. R. E. Froude's remarks on the measurement question, has only just now been read by me. My interest in such action by the clubs in the near future as shall promote yacht building and much greater activity in racing than has been had for a long time past, is such that I think it desirable to present different aspects of some matters from those offered to us by Mr. Froude. He states that "the primary and legitimate function of any rating rule is to measure size, in order to eliminate the element of mere 'size' from the competition. When, therefore, a rule directly provides that by increase of some measured dimension the rating for racing is decreased, such rule clearly contradicts this primary and legitimate function, and avowedly becomes a mere engine for the control of design." It does not appear to me that Mr. Froude's definition of the primary function of a rating rule is one that meets the common apprehension, and it very manifestly neither comprehends nor includes the legitimate function of a good and adequate rule. Since, however, he gives (and with apparent approval) as the purpose of the girth and beam rule "to take a more compact form"; "to take a larger area may be, but expressly a larger area relatively to the extreme cross section dimensions," we are left to infer that he approves a rule by the operation of which a lessened rating is secured by an increased area of midship section, provided the designer is restricted as to the form of his midship section.

It is my opinion that this restriction should not be put upon the designer, that he should be charged equitably, as nearly as can be estimated, for the use of levers which are known to give advantage; and, should be credited, as economic considerations would require, with the extent of work done as represented by the area of midship section, and that the equities having been satisfied, the designer should be left with all the freedom possible to work out his problem to his own satisfaction, and with accommodation to his owner's needs.

It would be a manifest oversight of the requirement of American conditions to regard the sail tax as "broadly equivalent to a tax simply on sail carrying power," and to eliminate the factor representative of sail area, or to take the power itself, however represented, as indicating the measure of advantage that can be gained in racing by the use of large areas of canvas in American waters, under average conditions. The premium on large sail plans, in such case, would be extravagantly heavy, and the result could only be disappointing and disastrous to yacht racing. It must be kept in mind that no large participation in yacht building and yacht racing can reasonably be hoped for without some consideration of, and adaptation to, the wants of the average owner, and that while it is no proper function of any rule to furnish an undue premium for any special type of vessel, the equities and features should be so considered and dealt with that a good and acceptable type should have at least an even opportunity for racing successfully. It is, I think, useless to expect any really satisfactory racing with vessels of much cost until these conditions have been brought about. J. H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Plymouth Yacht Club.

RESAIL of the Labor Day race. Wind light S.W.; course, six miles.

Fifth Class.

Dolphin, N. Morton	1 30 50
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	1 32 02

Sixth Class.

Houp-La, J. Delano	1 50 05
Olympia, T. W. Steele	1 41 58
Scrap, Arthur Holmes	1 44 59
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 42 54
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 44 13
Wabun, Geo. W. Shiverick	1 46 25

W. T. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Gilberts Bar Y. C., of Waveland, Fla., held its annual meeting on Oct. 1, the following officers being elected: Com., H. E. Sewall; Vice-Com., F. W. Willes; Sec'y, C. B. B. Harrison; Treas., E. S. Harmer; Referee, J. H. S. Panter. The officers' addresses are: H. E. Sewall, Commodore, Sewall's Point, Fla.; C. B. B. Harrison, Secretary, Waveland, Fla.

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C. held its fall paddling races for silver prizes at Wissinoming, Pa., Saturday, Sept. 17. The course was from the Blue House to the Red Dragon club house, a distance of one-half mile. There was a light south wind, with ebb tide. The open canoe double-blade paddling race was one of the closest in the history of the club. Sprite, E. W. Crittenden, made a grand spurt at the finish and caught Proa, M. D. Wilt, napping. Mr. Crittenden was declared winner; time five minutes.

The tandem paddling race for open canoes, single-blade, was an easy victory for Sprite, E. W. Crittenden and H. M. Rogers, over Proa, M. D. Wilt and Lloyd Titus; time four minutes..

On Sept. 24 and 25 the Red Dragon C. C. took a paddling cruise to Burlington, N. J. The fleet included Chiquita, J. E. Murray; Wanderer, F. L. Wise, E. Heminway; Proa, M. D. Wilt, Lloyd Titus; Sprite, A. S. Fenimore, E. W. Crittenden; Elinore, Harry McCormick, H. Rogers; Kazim, Chas. Zimmerling, Lieut. Cook; Fineen, J. M. Hamilton. Commodore Harry Fleischmann, with the launch Spark, accompanied the fleet. His crew consisted of H. Ripp Fleischmann and H. E. Bachmann.

The party left the club house at 4 P. M., reaching the Lakanoo Boat Club headquarters, Burlington, at 7 P. M. The supper was at Marlin's Hotel, and the evening was enjoyably spent at the Lakanoo Boat Club, where a smoker was given in their honor.

The fleet returned home on the following day, reaching the club house at 4:30 P. M. The weather was hardly favorable for canoeing, as the sky was cloudy, and a chilling wind blew during the afternoon, yet all reported a grand time.

The gun club of the Red Dragon C. C. will commence the season's trap-shooting about the first week of November. Several prizes have been donated, and a series of ten bi-monthly shoots will be held, with regular weekly practice. A handicap system will be used and points awarded, so that the poorer shots will have an equal chance to win with the best. The club is in a very prosperous condition, and several new members have lately joined. W. K. P.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 21-23.—Los Angeles, Cal.—First fall tournament of the Los Angeles Sharpshooters. Open to all riflemen. F. S. Hicks, Sec'y.

Hoboken Tournament.

THE tournament of the Hoboken Schuetzen Corps, and the Independent Schuetzen Corps, of New York, at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, was concluded early this week.

Hoboken Schuetzen Corps.

Ring target: Herman Neumann 64, George Friedrichs 64, Ernest Fischer 61, George Wehner 49, James H. Kruse 63, Michael Capp 42, Charles F. Muller 60.

Point target: George A. Friedrichs 12, Michael Capp 16, Julius Berger 14, Emil Berckmann 18.

Medal winners: Champion class, Ernest Fischer; first class, Julius H. Kruse; second class, George A. Friedrichs; third class, George Wehner.

Point medal winners: Emil Berckmann, Julius H. Kruse, Geo. A. Friedrichs, Charles F. Muller, Julius Berger, Michael Capp and George Wehner.

Best bullseye: Herman Neumann, diamond medal; Charles F. Muller, gold medal.

Independent Schuetzen Corps.

Ring target: Emil Berckmann 65, Ernest Fischer 68, Andrew Peters 62, H. W. Schmidt 58, Carl Jack 61, C. F. Muller 62.

Point target: Emil Berckmann 18, Ernest Fischer 18, Andrew Peters 14, H. W. Schmidt 15, Carl Jack 13, Charles F. Muller 7.

Medal winners: Champion class, Andrew Peters; first class, Henry W. Schmidt; second class, Charles F. Muller; third class, Carl Weis.

Point medal winners: Capt. Claus Basse, Ernest Fischer, Emil Berckmann, Henry W. Schmidt, Charles F. Muller and Carl Jack.

Most bullseyes: Andrew Peters, first prize; William Schmidt, second prize.

Medal for best man target score: Ernest Fischer.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 11-12.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's two days' tournament. J. Breldenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-14.—Baltimore, Md.—Fourth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days at targets, two at live birds. $100 added each day. Geo. S. Harrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 12.—Reading, Pa.—South End Gun Club's all-day tournament and trophy shoot. Arthur A. Fink, Manager, Reading, Pa.

Oct. 12-13.—Greensburgh, Ind.—Greensburgh Gun Club's tournament. W. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Dayton, O.—Rolla Heikes' tournament; one day live birds; $200 added to target events.

Oct. 15.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Central New Jersey League team contest.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 19.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Twenty-five-bird handicap, $10 entrance; 10 birds, $5 entrance. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Oct. 25-27.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament at Dupont Park.

Oct. 27.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Opening live-bird shoot of Greater New York Gun Club. H. S. Lippack, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucy Gun Club. Championship of Kentucky on last day, 25 pigeons. Emile Pragoff, Secretary.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

1899.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties n all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The opening shoot of the Greater New York Club (incorporated) will take place at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Oct. 27. The competition will be at live birds, four events. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents. Second event, 7 birds, $5, birds included. Third event, miss-and-out, $3, birds extra. Fourth event, Incorporation Handicap, 15 birds, $10 entrance, $15 added if ten or more entries; if fifteen or more, $22; if twenty or more, $30; if twenty-five or more, $37 added. Price of birds, at 60 cents per pair, deducted from purse. All guns to stand on or behind the 25yd. mark to suit the shooter, but no shooter has the right to change his handicap after his first shot in this event. Class shooting.

Under date of Oct. 8 Mr. C. O. Gardner, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will hold an all-day target tournament at its grounds, three minutes' walk from the Hackensack station of the N. Y., Sus. & W. R. R., on Wednesday, Nov. 23. On that occasion the club will do its best to make up an attractive programme, and can at any rate promise its visitors a good time and plenty of shooting. Very few grounds are easier of access than our, as they are less than three-quarters of an hour's run from the New York side of the North River."

Mr. E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., writes us as follows: "I wish to make a correction in my letter of last week in FOREST AND STREAM. I intended to say, and thought I did say, 'there are 100 semi-amateurs offering to do our work in their different places for ammunition or a gun.' It is all in the letter, but I think shifted." Mr. Fulford's note of last week, as corrected by him in the part referred to, would read as follows: "What is more, as you well said, and as I am in a position to know, there are over 100 semi-amateurs, that are putting up the squeal, trying to undermine the honest man by offering to take care of a certain county or travel for ammunition only or a gun."

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, have issued recently an elaborately illustrated catalogue, with a complete descriptive text and price list, 128 pages in all. The illustrations of the guns and the text therewith are particularly complete. The "Knockabout" gun, which they make a specialty of in the way of a good gun at a moderate figure comparatively, adorns the first page. The catalogue will be sent on application.

There is a need of a trophy for competition among the shooters of New York and vicinity. At present there is no competition which has more than a club significance. A trophy, with handicap conditions governing it, and restricting the competition to an area within fifty or seventy-five miles of New York, so that there would not be material expense or loss of time in travel, would meet a long-felt want.

Mr. W. F. Parker made an excellent run on the first day of the Newburgh tournament last week, scoring 82 targets consecutively. There is quite a high degree of class work in such a performance,

Mr. Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., was in attendance at the Wopsononock tournament, and on the first day smashed 115 out of 130 targets, practically a 90 per cent. gait. On the second day he missed only 13 out of 155, a .916 per cent. gait. We presume Mr. Taylor was using the new smokeless powder, recently put on the market by his company, the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

At the Iowa State shoot the L. C. Smith cup was won by W. R. Milner, of Des Moines, on a score of 19 out of 20, Grimm, Budd and Gilbert standing at 20yds. There were three cups, one each for the 70, 80 and 90 classes. No one qualified for the 90 per cent. cup. Mrs. Murray, of Stillwater, Minn., captured the handicap cup with a score of 24 out of 25.

Mr. A. C. Paterson, in "Western Traps," refers to Admiral A. G. Courtney as Col. Courtney, and that he shot at a 90 per cent. gait at Chicago recently. He shoots that way as an admiral, not as a colonel. He was promoted for gallant service during the late war, on the theory that the man behind the gun has something to do with the good shooting of it.

In conversation with Mr. Ed Taylor, ballistic expert of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., we learn that the new smokeless powder of that company is a most gratifying success in every particular. It burns almost free from residue, has hardly any perceptible recoil, and gives a very high velocity with a minimum of pressure.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will give a series of prize shoots twice monthly, the first one to take place on Saturday of this week. Two good prizes, at least, will be given at each shoot. If time permits, after the programme events are finished, 1-cent target events will be shot. For further particulars address John Wright, care Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway.

A gentleman who will be missed much from the trap-shoots in the East journeyed westward to his home in St. Louis recently. His uniform affability, and even tranquility, whether he won or lost, were but a part of his many good qualities, as a companion and sportsman. His nom de fusil is Chase.

Messrs. C. P. Hotaling and Frank Carlough, of Tuxedo, N. Y., were participants in the tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association at Newburgh last week. They enjoyed the competition, and being of the right sort, made many friends. Considering that it was their first participation in open competition, they made a very good showing.

In "Western Traps" this week will be found a mention of several shoots which are to take place in the West in the near future. Guns are not stored permanently in any section, even if there is a pessimistic opinion here and there that shooting is going to the bow-wows or vice versa.

Jack Fanning's neat little performance on the second day of the Altoona tournament last week, 152 out of 155 targets, is not a matter to be passed over lightly. Incidentally he killed 15 birds straight in the live-bird event, and then killed, as will be seen by the report of the Wopsononock tournament, some 40 more straight.

The contest for the Chicago challenge trophy, between the holder, Mr. Silas Palmer, and Dr. Shaw, is fixed for Oct. 18.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 6.—Following are the scores of a team race between the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the Forester Gun Club, of Newark. This match was somewhat impromptu, as some mistake was made in sending out the notices.

Team race:

East Side Gun Club—Perment 22, Fairmont 21, Hassinger 19, Koeller 19, Otten 19, Schortemeier 19, Fischer 12—131.

Forester Gun Club—J. Fleming 22, De Long 21, C. E. Smith 21, D. Fleming 14, Ripley 13, Winans 8, Hayes 17—116.

Sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	
Perment	..	..	..	..	6	8	22	..
Fairmont	8	7	9	9	9	14	21	..
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	8
Koeller	..	..	..	..	9	..	19	..
Otten	4	3	7	5	4	4	19	7
Schortemeier	..	..	6	10	9	13	19	5
Fischer	..	..	..	5	6	11	12	..
Richards	4	7	5	..	..	..	21	8
J Fleming	..	..	..	9	10	9	..	8
De Long	..	..	6	..	8	8	..	9
C E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8
D Fleming	..	..	3	5	..	8	..	5
Ripley	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Winans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hays	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	..

No. 7 was the club shoot.

New Utrecht against Endeavors.

The first of a series of matches between the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Woodlawn, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Marion, was shot on the grounds of the former on Oct. 8. The contest was a reasonably close one, the New Utrechts winning out, however, by the handsome margin of 12 targets in the lead.

The New Utrecht members entertained the visitors with pleasing hospitality, and administered the defeat so graciously that it was a pleasure. The return match is to be shot on a date not yet fixed upon.

The feature of the shooting was the performance of Capt. Money, who seemed to shoot better as the light grew darker and more misty. He smashed 72 out of his last 75 so easily that he did not seem to be trying.

There was a heavy downpour in the forenoon, which ceased soon after midday, but a heavy, dark sky and an atmosphere far from clear made very hard shooting.

The team shoot, 50 targets per man, entrance free, targets free, honors to the winners. Scores as follows:

Capt Money	11111110111111110101101111010111111101111110101111	—41
Dudley	01111111101100101111111110111111011101011101111111	—40
Van Brunt	00010001111101000001111111111111101111110010110111	—33
Deacon	01101001011111101111100100111111111111101001101001	—34
Greiff	11101111101110111111110101011111011111111111111011	—42
Fairmont	10111111011111111111111111111101101111101111111110	—44—234
Waters	11111001111111111111011111011100101100110111110111	—39
Banta	11110101111111111111011111111011011011101110110111	—41
Strader	00110010101101000000000101000101011101011011100100	—21
L Piercy	11011111111000011011100111110001110001100110101111	—32
H Money	10111111111111111111011111111111011111111111111011	—46
V'n L'ng'rke	11111111111101101101111110111111111011111110101111	—43—222

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25
Capt Money	9	8	8	24	25	23	Van Brunt	..	..	9	..	..	12
Piercy	7	8	7	17	..	..	H Money	..	..	..	8	22	23
Fairmont	9	10	9	20	23	21	Waters	..	..	..	10	19	..
Dudley	10	10	9	17	20	..	C von Leugerke	..	..	..	6	21	20
Greiff	9	8	8	..	..	..	Dewey	..	..	..	6	11	..
Deacon	8	8	..	..	..	..	P E George	..	..	..	..	14	13
F Thompson	3	6	5	18	10	14	Rider	..	..	..	..	17	..
P Adams	5	5	7	18	..	..	Frost	..	..	..	..	13	..
W Thompson	..	5	7	10	..	..	Banta	..	..	..	..	20	20

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 8.—Following are the scores made in the South Side Gun Club's weekly shoot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Brentnal	9	8	8	8	9	9	8	7	10	..
Terrill	8	8	8	8	9	10	..	..	..	..
Dawson	3	7	5	4	7	9	7	4	5	8
Thomas	..	9	7	8	6	10	7	7	7	..
Day	..	..	..	..	7	6	9	8	6	7

S. H. T. 3

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 8.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held their regular monthly shoot to-day. The weather was very poor for trap-shooting. Only a few members were present and shot Sergeant system, which was new to them. The traps were overhung with a fog. J. Fleming led the shooters with the highest score for the afternoon's sport. Score:

J Fleming	6	6	5	6	9	6	9	6	..	
J H Cummins	3	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	6	
Dr Ripley	5	2	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	
W Kugler	4	4	2	4	5	..	..	..	..	
D Fleming	4	5	6	4	4	..	..	..	..	

MASCOT.

Iowa State Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 6.—The twenty-first annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association closed to-day and was a success in every particular. The weather was fine, but a stiff breeze made the target shooting quite difficult, which will account for low averages. The targets were thrown from two sets of expert traps, Sergeant system, and the average flight was about 60yds. and 8ft. high. The four money equitable system of dividing money was used, and gave the best of satisfaction. The open programme for the two first days was ten 15-target events each day, with $5 added to each event.

Shoot No. 16 of the second day was for the L. C. Smith cup, at 20 targets. Grimm, Budd and Gilbert were handicapped to 20yds. The cup was won by W. R. Milner, of Des Moines, on a score of 19 out of a possible 20. Three cups were given for averages for the two days, one each for 70, 80 and 90 classes. As no one made 90 per cent., this cup went back to the Association, and was shot off on Thursday. S. A. Tucker, J. E. McDowell, Mrs. Murray and Martin scored 24 out of 25. This was a handicap shoot. Tucker had 2 added, McDowell had 2 added, Mrs. Murray had 4 added, and Martin had 4 added. The three gentlemen waved their claim to the cup, and Mrs. Murray takes the cup home to Stillwater, Minn., as a mark of her ability to handle a shotgun, and will receive a handsome sum when the cup is shot for at the next meeting. Gilbert, Budd, Grimm, Worthington, Taylor, Hallowell and Mortensen qualified in the 80 class, and on the shoot-off Gilbert won with 49 out of 50.

Milner, Kimball, B. R. Smith, Long, Crossman, and Mrs. Murray were the contestants for the 70 class cup, and Milner won the cup on shoot-off with a score of 42 out of a possible 50.

The State two-men team trophy was shot at 20 live birds per team, Grimm and J. G. Smith, of the Algona Gun Club, and Worthington and Budd, of the Capital Gun Club, of Des Moines, tied on straight scores. In the shoot-off at 10 birds for teams Worthington and Budd again killed straight and won the trophy. Grimm, Budd and Gilbert were handicapped to 32yds. in this cup event.

Among the participants from outside the State were S. A. Tucker, representing the Parker gun and a good talker; J. J. Hallowell, representing the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and a good worker; Mrs. P. S. Murray, of Stillwater, Minn., one of the best all-round lady shots we have ever seen handle a shotgun. She kills live birds in a style that would do credit to many experts. Mr. R. R. Kimball, of Omaha, a good fellow and a good shot.

Inclosed find copy of a very able address delivered by the president, Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia.

The following officers were elected for 1899: J. G. Smith, Algona, President; W. R. Milner, Des Moines, Vice-President; C. T. Chubb, Algona, Treasurer; Guy Taylor, Algona, Secretary; Board of Directors: L. C. Worthington, Des Moines; C. T. Callison, Cummings; L. C. Abbott, Marshalltown; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; W. N. Birdsall, Runbeck.

S. A. Tucker and Jack Hallowell were in the best of good humor owing to Parker guns and U. M. C. shells winning both State trophies and two or three average cups. Worthington and Budd both used Hazard powder in winning State team cup. Gilbert, Grimm and Mrs. Murray used Du Pont powder. Milner shot his special hand-loaded shells in U. M. C. cases.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the Des Moines Gun Club, one of the best shooting grounds in the United States. Algona was selected as the place of holding the next convention and tournament.

Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Worthington	12	13	15	15	12	12	12	13	15	15	134	.893
Mortenson	11	12	14	14	14	10	13	13	10	11	122	.813
Kimball	14	11	9	9	12	9	13	13	12	6	108	.720
Gilbert	14	15	14	14	12	15	13	12	13	15	136	.906
Hallowell	13	15	13	13	15	13	14	13	13	13	135	.900
Taylor	14	10	13	14	13	12	15	12	13	10	126	.840
Patty	13	10	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	15	127	.846
Grimm	14	12	13	13	10	11	13	14	13	13	126	.840
Mrs Murray	11	8	12	10	11	7	6	7	9	11	92	.613
Budd	13	12	10	15	13	11	14	9	14	15	126	.840
Long	7	13	14	12	11	12	11	13	9	9	111	.740
Dimmick	13	13	12	13	11	11	11	11	8	9	112	.746
B R Smith	11	12	10	7	12	11	12	12	10	11	109	.726
Milner	11	12	14	12	11	10	9	10	11	11	111	.740
Camer	10	10	11	12	12	12	9	10	13	7	106	.706
J D Smith	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Jones	13	8	8	7	12	10	7	7	12	13	97	.646
Grimm	10	9	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Hoffman	11	12	10	9	10	11	10	10	10	13	106	.706
J C Thompson	8	8	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	10	...	....
F E Thompson	11	8	10	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Mitchell	12	9	12	12	11	12	13	10	11	12	114	.760
McDowell	9	12	7	12	11	12	10	10	14	9	106	.706
Burris	11	6	10	13	11	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Wayman	10	9	13	11	13	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
Gates	6	10	6	..	..	..	1	6	6	5	...	....
Black	13	10	8	11	10	..	9	11	9	8	...	....
Gripp	10	12	12	10	10	13	12	8	..	..	...	....
Vert	8	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Kircher	8	7	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Schricher	9	10	11	10	9	..	10	10	10	5	...	....
Hixon	6	12	10	9	8	..	10	12	10	11	...	....
O'Donnell	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	6	...	....
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	10	9	7	...	....
Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	12	12	...	....
Steiger	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	12	13	...	....
J E McDowel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	...	....
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	...	....
Dr West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	...	....
Macarthy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	9	...	....
Drake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	...	....
Carter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	...	....

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Worthington	12	14	12	12	12	12	14	14	14	14	130
Mortenson	12	10	12	12	12	10	12	14	14	14	122
Kimball	12	15	10	11	11	14	12	8	12	12	117
Gilbert	12	14	11	15	15	10	13	13	14	14	131
Hallowell	12	9	12	14	11	12	7	15	12	14	118
Taylor	10	11	14	11	12	14	13	12	10	12	119
Patty	12	13	10	10	14	13	..	..	..	..	...
Grimm	13	14	13	12	14	12	12	10	11	12	123
Mrs Murray	6	11	11	10	7	9	11	11	11	8	94
Budd	12	11	13	14	13	11	11	12	12	13	122
J E McDowell	8	11	7	12	8	10	11	10	9	10	97
Jones	13	10	9	12	12	7	7	7	9	8	94
Densell	6	7	7	11	8	11	10	10	..	..	...
Abbott	14	9	11	10	10	11	12	11	..	12	117
Milner	11	11	12	7	13	12	6	11	8	14	105
B R Smith	8	13	14	11	9	11	8	14	11	13	111
Long	7	12	10	8	8	12	11	11	13	10	102
Dimmick	10	6	10	9	11	7	8	10	12	7	90
Steiger	13	15	14	13	11	10	14	12	9	12	123
Schricher	5	13	6	8	10	9	6	6	11	6	80
Sheldon	10	9	12	13	..	..	8	13	12	13	...
Martin	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harkins	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Doughett	10	9	9	11	..	..	13	11	11	10	...
Drake	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burris	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hicks	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	...
Hixon	11	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	11	..	...
Webster	6	11	7	8	..	..	13	12	9	9	...
Mitchell	11	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Birdsell	6	9	10	10	..	..	10	9	12	..	...
Black	10	11	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kirscher	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Tucker	..	..	..	9	..	..	11	9	12	14	...
Collison	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	12	13	...
Triplett	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	..	...

No. 6 was for Smith cup.

State trophy, live birds, any two members of Association to constitute a team, 10 live birds per man:

Worthington, Capital G C.	10	Hoffman, Oskaloosa G C.	10
Budd, Des Moines	10—20	McDowell, Oskaloosa, Ia.	7—17
Grimm, Marshalltown G C.	10	Jones, Ottumwa G C.	6
J Smith, Algona G C.	10—20	Milner, Capital G C.	9—15
Gilbert, Capital G C.	10	Vert, Des Moines G C	8
Callison, Des Moines	9—19	Searight, Des Moines	7—15
Taylor, Marshalltown G C.	10	Mrs Murray, hon. mem.	7
Mortenson, Marshalltown.	8—18	Converse, Des Moines G C.	8—15
Webster, Des Moines G C.	9		
Webster No. 2, Des Moines.	9—18		

Shoot-off of tie, 10 birds per team:

Worthington	5	Grimm	3
Budd	5—10	J G Smith	4—7

No. 1 was for Smith cup, 20 targets; No. 2, 80 per cent. cup, 50 targets; No. 3, 70 per cent. cup, 50 targets; No. 4, handicap cups, 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Milner	19	..	42	17	Gilbert	14	49	..	23
Worthington	18	44	..	22	B R Smith	14	..	30	15
McDowell	18	..	..	24	Densell	8	..	..	..
Budd	17	45	..	19	Kimball	..	..	36	20
Callison	16	..	..	23	Long	..	..	38	17
Abbott	16	..	..	..	Tucker	..	..	..	24
Steege	15	..	..	..	Mrs Murray	..	..	36	24
Taylor	15	45	..	22	Clark	..	..	..	18
Hallowell	..	36	..	21	Vert	..	..	..	20
Birdsall	15	..	..	..	J G Smith	..	..	..	21
Mortenson	14	35	..	21	Mitchell	..	..	..	22
Jones	14	..	40	23	Martin	..	..	..	24
Grimm	14	40	..	20					

Averages.

Averages for Oct. 4 and 5 on targets, for those who shot through programme:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	300	267	.890	Kimball	300	225	.750
Worthington	300	264	.880	B R Smith	300	220	.733
Hallowell	300	253	.843	Milner	300	216	.720
Grimm	300	249	.830	Long	300	213	.710
Budd	300	248	.826	Dunmitt	300	202	.673
Taylor	300	245	.816	Jones	300	191	.636
Mortenson	300	244	.813	Mrs Murray	300	186	.620

President J. G. Smith, in his annual address, said:

"In looking over the work of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, for the last twenty years, the question comes up: What have we done? Let us look at the condition of things years ago and look at them now.

"I well recollect when the first gun club was organized at Algona, and we joined the State Association, when it held its first meeting in this city. We had fair 'game laws,' but they were violated on every hand. No one cared to try to enforce the laws, and if they had tried to do so public opinion would have been against it. Now, whatever may be said to the contrary, our game and fish laws are as well enforced as any laws in our code. If we can get all the shooters in the State of Iowa to join some good gun club, we shall have but few violations of our game laws.

"The State of Iowa has done but little toward stocking our streams and lakes with fish, and nothing toward replenishing the State with game. The people of the State would be glad to have the State keep up with other States in that respect, but our legislators seem to forget the value of fish and game, and we are left far behind almost every other State. Our Governors seem to think that the office of Fish Commissioner is a sort of political plum to pay for party work. They are not selected for any particular fitness for the work they have to do. Now it seems to me that it is time for our State Association to demand that they have some voice in the selection of a Fish and Game Commissioner. I think there has never been a member of our Association in that office since it was created. It would seem strange if the Governor should ignore our State militia in the selection of the adjutant-generel, or our Dairy Association in the selection of a dairy commissioner. Why should he ignore our State Association in the selection of Fish and Game Commissioner? We can vote, and when our next Governor and Legislature are chosen vote for men that are willing to do us justice, whatever the party may be. One year from next November 10,000 votes will count, if they are thrown one way, and there are more than 10,000 voters that are with us. Let us exact a pledge from every man we vote for that he will do us justice. That is all the members of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game ask for, and that they will demand.

"A bill was presented to the last General Assembly asking for the removal of the dam in the Des Moines River at Bonaparte. That dam is so constructed that it is impossible for any fish to pass up the river. It is about twenty-four miles from the mouth of the Des Moines. Millions of fish that come from the Mississippi are stopped there, and the consequence is that the river north of there is almost deplete of fish. Two hundred and fifty thousand people in the Des Moines Valley were not able to get justice from the last General Assembly. Petition after Petition was sent there, containing thousands of names of the best men in Iowa, asking for the removal of the Bonaparte dam. I have talked with many members of the last General Assembly, and every man told me that he knew it was wrong to stop the fish from going up the river. Yet the General Assembly had not the courage to right this wrong. There are fish enough destroyed by the Bonaparte Dam every year to stock the whole State of Iowa. The damage to the State cannot be estimated. I have not as yet been able to find a man in Iowa who is not in favor of the removal of that dam, cost what it will, and the cost will be but a few thousand dollars. The taxpayers are in favor of it, but the politicians stand in the way. Money enough was wasted in the last revision of the code of Iowa to have removed all the obstructions from the Des Moines River.

"Gentlemen of the State Association, one year from next November I hope you will consider carefully how you vote, and if the politicians do not have their own way the people of the State will get justice.

"I make no complaint in regard to the money expended by the State of Iowa, but this I do complain of, the State of Iowa has not done justice toward its fish and game. Our rivers and lakes should be stocked with fine fish. Our woods and prairies could have plenty of game at very little expense. All the members of this Association ask is fair treatment. They are all taxpayers and good citizens.

"During the last session of Congress Representative Lacy introduced a bill to stock the different States with and protect by law the new varieties of pheasants that have been brought into the country from the Old World. I ask the sportsmen of the land to give him their hearty support. It has been demonstrated that we can with little care have plenty of Mongolian and English pheasants in every part of our land. The expense will scarcely be noticed. Many of our sister States have already taken up the work and have met with great success. You and I may not see the benefits of such work, but those that come after us will say that 'We lived not wholly for ourselves.'

"On account of the planting of large groves of timber in Iowa the increase of quail has been very great. Large coveys of quail can be seen to-day where twenty years ago such a bird was unknown. In many places in Iowa quail are almost as plenty as in the Southern States. There is plenty of food for the quail and the pheasants; all that is needed is timber to protect them in cold weather."

HAWKEYE.

Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 8.—Following scores are from Audubon Gun Club's club shoot. The second event was the club badge shoot. B. Talsma won Class A, Jacobs won Class B, W. R. Eaton won Class C. On Wednesday next the annual field day and merchandise shoot of the club takes place:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	*	15	15	5p	10	20	Targets:	15	*	15	15	5p	10	20
C Burkhardt	13	20	11	12	5	8	16	A Barnes	..	17	9	5	..	..	12
G McArthur	15	19	9	12	7	7	..	W Eaton	..	19	..	..	6	..	..
E Burkhardt	12	16	8	11	5	8	10	Douglass	..	..	..	4	5	..	..
Jacobs	10	22	14	..	5	..	..	D Kerew	..	18	..	..	7	..	..
J Reid	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	E McCarney	..	19	..	..	4	10	16
Dr E Carroll	12	22	..	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Walker	..	20	10	8	5	8	14	Norris	..	..	..	..	..	3	8
B Talsma	..	23	..	..	6	..	..								

C. J. MAYER.

The contest between teams of the New Utrecht Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club last Saturday at Woodlawn was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, both in respect to its competitive and social features. The New Utrecht Club served a substantial, palatable collation, the best testimonial of appreciation being the vigorous onslaught made on it during the afternoon. Scores: New Utrechts 234, Endeavors 222. The New Utrecht Club declared all regular club programmes off to make a clear field for this club contest. It was intended to be a ten-men team contest, but the Endeavors could not muster over six men, so the race was shot accordingly. It is the first of a series which the New Utrechts intend to organize, and should be the beginning of more activity in trap-shooting matters about the vicinity of New York.

Our correspondent at the Des Moines tournament reports that both Messrs. S. A. Tucker and J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell were in excellent humor, as the Parker guns and U. M. C. ammunition won both the State trophies and two out of three average cups.

Worthington and Budd, of the Capital Gun Club, of Des Moines, won the State two-men team trophy at the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's tournament last week. They used Hazard powder in segregating the trophy.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—VIII.

On the day after the Cadi's birthday, the members of the Egyptian Gun Club committee convened in the shade of the lodge as per adjournment of the last meeting. Each one had a coppery tinge on his cheeks, swollen eyes, a tired feeling, and a passionate fondness for cold water—a common sequence when friends assist at a birthday of a friend, and thereby have an opportunity to fill their stomachs gratis while rejoicing.

"The meeting will now come to order," said the Cadi, languidly. "I am troubled with something of a headache to-day, my friends, caused, I think, by the turkey which I ate yesterday, so you will please be as expeditious as possible."

Manufacturers' Agents.

"It seems to me, though I say it with as much delicacy as possible," said Le Loup, "that if you, as chairman, would preside over the meeting instead of doing all the talking, we would transact more business. I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we bar all manufacturers' agents. No, that is not what I mean exactly. We do not wish to bar them. If we do that we cut ourselves off from substantial revenue. I move that we allow manufacturers' agents to shoot for targets only."

"Second the motion," said Moke.

"Before I put that motion," said the Cadi, "I wish to make a few remarks on it, as I am quite certain that there is no one here other than myself who will oppose it. Your purpose plainly is to take advantage of the manufacturers' agents' position, and make them a source of revenue to the utmost extent possible. You bar them from competing for any of the purses, yet you charge them the full price for targets, ignoring the fact that they add greatly to the prestige and importance of a shoot, make it more attractive for visitors, who always are pleased to see the highest exhibitions of skill and hard competition, rather than the awkward efforts of mediocre performers, and thereby contribute a substantial advantage to the club. Moreover, you know that it is necessary in a business way for them to attend the tournament, so you are simply taking a commercial advantage of their necessities and the opportunity offered regardless of any considerations of sportsmanship. There is no justification in asking them two or three cents for targets under the circumstances. It costs nothing extra to throw the targets for them in the tournament, for the same workers serve for all, and are paid exactly the same whether they throw a few hundred targets more or less in a day. In consideration of the quid pro quo, you should at least throw the targets at cost for the manufacturers' agents."

"I object to that view," said Le Loup testily. "We are running this tournament to make some money. I suspect, Mr. Chairman, and I say it with all due respect and affection, that you are talking chiefly for your own advantage. As a manufacturers' agent you are barred, so that it would be quite the proper caper for you to have the views which you just now expressed, rather than views which would be for the welfare of the club."

"I wish you to distinctly understand that I am not a manufacturers' agent," retorted the Cadi, without in the least losing his temper.

"Do you not receive your shells free?" queried Moke.

"That's none of your business," promptly replied the Cadi. "By some unaccountable process of reasoning, you seem to consider yourself privileged to pry into my personal affairs in the most impudent manner. A manufacturers' agent follows a legitimate and useful business. His personal affairs are his own, yet you impudently ask him, 'Did you pay for your shells?' I do get my shells free, and I have a gun free, but I consider that my own affair."

"But you thereby have an advantage over us in the tournament," eagerly objected Ephraim.

"You traveled on a pass some time since to a tournament? Yes. Didn't that give you an advantage over the others who paid their fares? Did traveling on that pass make you an agent of the railroad? I have my ammunition free, but I have no more powers as an agent than you have, so far as representing the company is concerned. Some men have bank accounts; some, sense; some this, that and the other thing, all of which are advantages over some one else."

"But by shooting the ammunition you give your indorsement to it," interposed Moke.

"You give your indorsement to ammunition when you buy it, do you not, good Moke? You would not buy your ammunition if you did not approve of it, would you? Again, the manner in which I get my ammunition is a personal matter, and a piece of impudence on your part to pry into, but I permit you to discuss it because there seems to be a general opinion that it is the proper caper to pry into our affairs. Do you get your groceries free, Le Loup?"

"It seems to me that that question would come under the head of an impertinence," replied Le Loup.

Neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor Good Red Herring.

"Certainly," assented the Cadi. "A few more words in respect to the simon pure amateur who objects to the slightest smirchings of professionalism, particularly when it is manifested by a man who can shoot better than he can. Do you know that one of the chief petty annoyances of the manufacturers of guns and ammunition is the persistent and insistent importunities by so-called amateurs who are secretly endeavoring to obtain free guns and free ammunition? Some who wear the pure white raiment of the amateur, and are proud of it, seek to secure a gun or a thousand or two thousand shells for a dollar, or for nothing, with a receipted bill for the full price, so that, if there is ever any question raised as to their amateurism, they will have the receipted bill to show and prove an amateur standing.

"Do you know that you are all professionals quite as much as are the manufacturers' agents? They get a salary, it is true, but there are other things as well as that which make men professionals. If you are intent on barring professionals, you should be consistent and bar all professionals."

"I don't think you are talking reason or good sense," said Le Loup. "It seems to me to be mere assertion."

"Well, I receive no salary, but do receive some shells. That you claim makes me a manufacturers' agent. On the flimsiest pretext you bar me because you wish to do so on any pretext. Anything of professionalism that you cannot secure for yourself serves to convict me. Now you shoot with professionals, shoot for money, shoot in public tournaments, consider only the money features of the competition, and talk only of them; in short, you go as far as you can in professionalism, and would go further if you could do so, as all manufacturers of guns and ammunition know; yet you have the audacity to assert that you are an amateur, while following the full available scope of professionalism, while I am a professional because, forsooth, I accept the present of some shells and a gun. The better way would be to deal honestly with yourselves and with those you term professionals, by shooting all together and establishing a handicap as is proper and becoming."

"You are crazy," said Le Loup. "It would be impossible in the first place to establish a handicap for so many different shooters, and a good many would quit shooting if they were classed as professionals."

"Whether they would quit or not has nothing whatever to do with the abstract merits of the case," retorted the Cadi. "A fact is a fact, neither more nor less, whether they quit or not. It, however, remains to be determined whether they would do so. A handicap is a matter which can only be established by men who have a knowledge of the capabilities of the shooters, and the moral courage to impose what they consider just conditions. Quite as much ability is necessary in handicapping as in any other branch of sport, and much more than is commonly considered. As long as it is all professionalism, instead of the fiction in respect to amateurism, I say let all shoot together with the same equity which obtains in bicycle racing, yachting, horse racing, etc., where a handicap befitting the conditions is imposed, and there is then a competition instead of a discrimination among things that are alike."

A Sporting Authority.

"I think that you are wrong in your ideas of what constitutes professionalism," said Moke. "Have you a copy of Webster's Unabridged?" The book was produced, and Moke read as follows: "'Professional—A person who prosecutes anything professionally, or for a livelihood, and not in the character of an amateur; a professional worker.' What do you think of that, good Cadi? This work is considered the great authority in America. I consider that this definition settles the matter."

"Not in a technical sense," replied the Cadi. "It refers more to business occupations than to sport. However, the clause 'not in the character of an amateur' is as good proof for my contention as it is for yours. However, the dictionary is a very poor authority on matters of this kind, for Webster, good lexicographer that he was, and able as have been the editors who revised his great work from time to time, was weak on sporting subjects. Here is Webster's definition of that useful field dog, the pointer: 'One of a breed of dogs trained to stop at the sight of game, and with the nose point it out to sportsmen.' He could not well have been more vague and inaccurate in that number of words. The setter he defines with equal inaccuracy as follows: 'A hunting dog of a special breed originally derived from a cross between the spaniel and the pointer. Modern setters are usually trained to indicate the position of the game birds by standing in a fixed position, but originally they indicated it by sitting or crouching.'

"It would be difficult to be in greater error if one tried purposely for it. As to the pointer, and the setter too, for that matter, he points naturally without any reference whatever to a man and a gun. He uses his nose to determine the whereabouts of birds that he may catch them, and he rarely sees the game which he points, nor is it desirable that he should do so; since, if he can see the game, it also can see him, which diminishes his chance of success accordingly. The point is merely the act of locating the game for the final spring and capture of it. The dog, when hunting birds, is silent and stealthy in his seeking, for if they once take wing his chances are ended. But the same dog gives tongue merrily when in pursuit of a rabbit or other prey which has no wings, for he can cope more successfully with anything which will remain on the earth's surface instead of rising into the air. The dogmatic assertion that the setter is a cross between the pointer and the spaniel is something very novel in the literature of that useful dog, and is neither taught nor believed to be so by sportsmen. In looking for a definition of the word trap-shooter, I do not find it at all in Webster's Unabridged, so with your good permission I will dismiss the worthy gentleman from any suspicion of being a trap-shooting or sporting authority."

"While I do not admit your contention, you have a certain troublesome craftiness in your arguments, friend Cadi," said Le Loup. "I think that your opinions are really from feelings of resentment because you are barred, and that therefore they after all have only a personal significance."

"Of course, I recognize that you and many others will think that," replied the Cadi. "I know how pleasing it is to fit a motive to the words and actions of others, which is as much to their disadvantage as possible. It is a pleasing and cheap way to dispose of a subject which one cannot answer in any other manner. Your bar of me has not any special personal significance, for while Hopie Jane is able to work and the rabbit crop is good, I am in no danger of losing my means of livelihood. With you, however, barring me has a personal significance. You do not care a sou for the principles of sport any further than you can work them to your own advantage. You bar me because I can shoot better than you can; that is the case in a nutshell. Follow out your prejudices by barring every man who can shoot better than you can, till the happy moment arrives when all the shots, better than you, are barred, and you stand boldly out as the best shot yourself—at that auspicious moment, something is likely to happen."

"Humph!" said Le Loup, "you are going to say that they will bar me, but to-day we live and to-morrow has its own troubles. They will never bar me, for before that time comes there will be a general reformation. If that time should come, however, I can then shoot for sport."

The Double Profession.

"As a matter of policy, friend Cadi, do you think that it is a good thing for the manufacturers' agents to shoot in tournaments?" queried Moke.

"As a matter of policy, they should not," frankly replied the Cadi. "It is a bad business policy for the agents to take a competitive part in the tournaments. The other shooters feel that there is a certain degree of hardship imposed on them in buying ammunition and guns of the agents or the houses, as the case may be, and then have a number of agents come along and make the actual use of the goods in competition a source of further revenue. No dry goods merchant would send out a drummer with the understanding that he was expected to play games of chance or skill with his customers, and thereby make his salary. Manufacturers should pay their agents a sufficient salary to live on without any considerations of winnings to supplement it. You can no more expect trap-shooting to thrive under such a policy than you could expect sheep to thrive where wolves ate the sheep faster than they could multiply, or that chickens would fight hawks, or that a watermelon patch could withstand a raid by Senegambian chieftains. Agents can display their wares and skill without shooting for money. In the matter of professionalism, however, they differ from us only in a matter of degree, though a somewhat ultra degree of the business; but in the matter of policy, it is bound to end badly for them in time and check the growth of shooting and consequently of trade."

"There is a lot of good amateur competition in the United States to-day, friend Cadi," said Moke. "That good turkey has affected your liver, and your eyes see yellow in consequence."

"If it exists, Moke, be so good as to tell me where this amateur interest has its home and habitation," retorted the Cadi. "There are trophies without number for open professional competition. There are tournaments without number which are for professionals in everything excepting perhaps the name. I defy you to point out a single trophy, of a public character, for amateur competition. Also point out a single tournament of any importance which is given for the genuine amateur. The 80 per cent. man or less is commonly called an amateur, as if the degree of skill was the test instead of his purpose and his practice. An 80 per cent. man may be a professional, and indeed some of them are."

"Well, I call for a vote on my motion, which was duly seconded and quite as duly forgotten," said Le Loup.

"Awfully sorry, old man," replied the Cadi, calmly, "but not to-day. It is the prerogative of the chairman at a meeting of a gun club to put the question or not, as best accords with his fancy; but aside from that you will have to excuse me, because I have a violent headache—turkey never did much agree with me even on my birthday. This meeting stands adjourned to this day next week."

BERNARD WATERS.

Wopsononock Tournament.

ALTOONA, Pa.—Altoona has not been heard of in shooting circles for several years. Messrs. U. S. Houck, W. S. Bookwalter and G. G. Zeth got their heads together some time ago and determined to bring it to life again by holding a shoot at Lookout Point, Wopsononock, where the Pennsylvania State shoot was held some years ago. The spot is famous for the ideal background it affords, there being nothing but the blue dome of heaven before you as you face the trap; and misses are lost in space many hundred feet below the score. From a pavilion built at this point you can see, on a clear day, a half-dozen counties and a portion of the State of Maryland, although the border line of the latter is almost a hundred miles distant as the crow flies.

Altoona lies nestled in the picturesque Juniata Valley 1,500ft. below you. Back of you is a plateau of hundreds of square miles of forest, jungle and other cover, where all kinds of game, from bears and deer to the artful ruffed grouse, abound. As Jack Fanning and the writer on Thursday evening stood watching the setting sun throw its last lingering touches on the frost-guilded panorama, Jack remarked: "Is there a spot on God's green earth more fair?"

Friday morning dawned with indications for rain. The trip up the mountain was uneventful except to those of us who had never before traveled this winding stair of railroad, taking a course a half-dozen times as long as the distance would be up an incline. On the train were Paul North, of Cleveland; J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco; L. B. Fleming and R. B. Bennett, of Pittsburg; J. B. Holsinger and J. A. Rhoades, of Johnstown; Ed Taylor, of New York; S. L. Longenecker, of Bedford; W. S. Smith, of Osterberg; Dutch Volk, of South Fork, and a score or more of other enthusiasts from nearby towns. There were ten target and one live-bird event. In the target events the Jack Rabbit system of dividing purses was employed, the live-bird event being class shooting, four moneys.

Event No. 6 was for a medal, local shooters only being eligible except in the sweep. U. S. Houck, of this city, was the winner. The targets were faultlessly thrown from a magautrap. The scores:

Friday First Day, Oct. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	25	10	10	15	15
Fanning	10	8	9	9	12	19	9	8	12	15
Houck	8	7	8	7	12	22	6	8	13	11
Taylor	10	9	7	10	12	22	9	9	13	14
North	10	10	7	9	13	19	8	9	13	14
Fleming	10	9	8	7	14	22	10	7	14	16
Clover	9	8	8	7	13	20	9	6	10	11
Trego	9	9	7	6	12	14	8	9	13	9
Holsinger	9	8	9	7	12	..	..	..	..	13
Stine	4	10	9	7	14	20	5	9	13	10
Volk	6	5	9	7	9	20	9	7	14	11
Richey	6	8	7	7	14	23	9	7	..	13
Slater	5	2	1	6	11	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoades	6	7	7	7	9	..	6	6	13	9
Rahm	6	8	6	9	12	20	8	7	10	13
Copelin	4	7	4	6	7	..	4	6	8	10
Smith	..	8	9	8	13	20	9	9	12	14
Longenecker	..	6	7	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	..	4	8	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
Kotty	..	..	..	..	11	17	6	..	..	..
C E Rhodes	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	8	7	..
Murray	..	..	..	..	7	16	..	..	..	..
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

After finishing the target programme all hands adjourned to the hotel grounds, where a 15 live-bird race was shot. The birds were a good lot of flyers. Paul North officiated as referee. The score:

Fanning	222222222222222—15	Rahm	222202211222112—14
Kotty	220112221102122—13	Tosch	202202222222221—13
Joe	002220020w	Volk	20022001w
Holsinger	222211112011111—14	Booky	122222221121222—15
Clover	211211011112121—14	Roach	121110121222211—14
Richey	022221221122201—13	Longenecker	222122100202101—11
Houck	1202202222200w	Bastian	2120120202110w
Stine	222222212222110—14		

Fanning did some fine exhibition work after the race was over, killing some 40 birds straight in illustrating what Gold Dust powder would do at long range on fast-flying birds.

Saturday, Second Day, Oct. 8.

On the morning of the second day we woke up to find it raining in torrents. Undaunted, however, by the elements, quite a number started up the mountain, while a goodly number either remained in the city or started for their homes. On the mountain top we found ourselves in clouds so thick that shooting was out of the question. The boys put in the time for an hour or more exchanging yarns, Paul North and Old Reliable Taylor incidentally scoring Sharkey Fanning for not being able to keep pace with them on the day previous. Jack didn't say much, but he must have thought a lot, for after the clouds had broken enough to begin shooting, he went after them in fine style, breaking, as will be seen by the score, 152 out of 155 targets, the last 77 being straight.

Among the new faces to-day was a Clearfield party, consisting of H. E. Hummelbaugh, L. J. Jimeson, F. Plympton and Miss Ray Test, the latter a bright little girl, who began shooting with the Clearfield Club several weeks ago. She shows a remarkable natural ability, handling the gun like a veteran, and if properly tutored will some day become a first-class shot.

All events were shot under the same system as the first day, the principal one being a 50-target race for the championship of Blair, Bedford, Huntingdon and Cambria counties. Non-resident shooters were permitted to enter for the sweep. U. S. Houck easily won the championship by the clever score of 48. Fanning broke his 50 straight; in fact, he was not doing any missing during the latter part of the day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	10	15	50	10	10
Fanning	10	10	9	9	20	10	14	50	10	10
Houck	9	8	10	9	19	9	14	48	7	9
Taylor	9	10	9	8	20	9	15	46	7	9
North	9	8	8	8	19	8	14	47	9	9
Fleming	9	10	8	10	18	9	12	48	8	9
Smith	8	8	7	9	15	9	11	39	8	5
Killitts	7	7	8	10	15	8	13	37	7	9
Kline	9	7	8	8	18	8	13	35	..	..
C E Rhoades	8	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richey	10	8	8	9	18	7	14	39	10	5
Longenecker	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	8	4
Plympton	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	..
Miss Test	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..
Rhoades	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	43	9	..
Hummelbaugh	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	..	5
Copelin	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	35	..	..
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

Although the elements were aginst the attendance (probably fifteen to twenty shooters not venturing out), the shoot was a success. Every one in attendance was delighted with the treatment he received at the hands of the management, and promised to aid in giving Altoona one of the big shoots of the season next year. Such hustlers as Paul North, talking magautrap; Jack Fanning, showing how to smash 'em with Gold Dust, and Ed Taylor, booming Laflin & Rand, do lots of good in reviving an interest in shooting. They will always receive the glad hand in Altoona.

The Newburgh Tournament.

THE tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, Oct. 4, 5 and 6, can be classed only as a failure, though we regret that it was so. The local interest seemed to be astonishingly small. On the first day Mr. David Brown, the president, was confronted with the problem of running a tournament single-handed, no small matter when it is considered that there is cash, trap-pulling, refereeing, scoring, etc., to be attended to. However, with the assistance of the visiting shooters the details were managed after the best manner possible under the unfavorable circumstances.

On the second day the conditions were more favorable. The secretary, Mr. W. A. Kidd, acted as referee and squad hustler. Mr. John A. Wood, the captain, and Mr. George Weller also assisted.

Had it not been for the manufacturers' agents who were present, there would have practically been no tournament. Messrs. Norton, Parker, Banks, Fulford, Leroy and Glover did the bulk of the shooting. Mr. Gus Greiff was present on the second day.

Besides the regular programme, three special events were shot. No. 1 was at 25 targets, $1 entrance, high guns; scores as follows: Banks 22, Fulford 22, Parker 22, Leroy 24, Glover 21. The ties on 22 were shot at 5 targets and each tied on 4. Second ties: Banks won.

Special No. 2, 10 pairs, $1: Parker 17, Banks 16, Fulford 19, Leroy 16, Norton 10.

No. 3, 5 pairs, $1: Parker 8, Banks 9, Fulford 9, Norton 9.

Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20			
Norton	9	9	10	13	12	18	10	8	12	7	185	100	.545
Parker	13	17	17	14	18	19	20	15	20	17	185	170	.918
Gardiner	10	12	12	12	15	15	14	11	..	..	145	101	.696
Ogden	11	14	10	11	13	15	12	10	14	..	165	114	.616
Edsall	8	13	16	14	12	15	12	10	14	..	165	114	.616
Banks	13	18	20	15	19	17	19	13	19	20	185	173	.935
Fulford	11	18	18	14	20	18	18	15	18	20	185	170	.918
Leroy	13	19	20	14	18	20	19	15	18	19	185	175	.940
Glover	14	19	19	15	18	19	19	14	20	20	185	177	.956
Dudley	10	17	17	12	17	19	20	13	..	..	145	125	.862
Andrews	13	17	16	..	17	18	15	12	..	..	130	108	.830
Hotaling	6	..	12	7	12	9	10	9	12	..	145	77	.531
Carlough	6	..	11	11	14	13	11	8	..	14	145	88	.606
Tallman	15	18	17	15	17	18	19	15	17	20	185	171	.924

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	15	20	20
Tallman	12	20	20	14	15	18	18	13	19	16
Norton	9	12	7	11	6	13	16	10	14	12
Parker	15	16	20	15	13	19	15	14	18	18
Hotaling	6	9	11	9	8	8	8	2	5	..
Carlough	12	13	17	16	11	12	11	9	11	15
Banks	12	19	16	18	14	18	19	10	17	19
Fulford	14	19	19	17	14	19	18	14	20	20
Leroy	14	19	19	18	14	19	19	15	16	18
Glover	15	20	18	19	12	20	18	15	19	18
Waters	14	15	19	16	12	16	17	12	..	..
Greiff	..	..	14	19	15	..	17	13	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	19	16
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..

Besides the regular programme, there were three extra events: No. 1 was at 20 targets, $1 entrance, expert rules; scores as follows: Banks, Glover, Leroy, Fulford and Taylor, 16 each; Parker, 13; Tallman, 18.

No. 2, 10 pairs: Banks and Glover, 14; Leroy, 15; Fulford, 18.

No. 3, expert rules, 25 targets: Banks, 19; Glover and Leroy, 22 each; Fulford, 23.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Oct. 8.—The coming shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, to be held Oct. 12, promises to eclipse any shoot held in this vicinity for many years. Thus far there are five teams entered in the trophy shoot, for teams of five-men each from gun clubs of the State. They are Mt. Penn Gun Club, of Reading; Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown; Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon; South End Gun Club regulars and also their No. 2 team, called the Ponies. Teams are also expected to be entered from the West Chester Gun Club, Twin City Gun Club, of Royersford, and Spring City; Harrisburg Shooting Association and Pottsville Gun Club. The committee expect to throw about 5,000 targets from the magautrap, which will be used during the whole tournament. The management has been left to Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who is working very hard to make the tournament be the banner shoot of management for the year.

Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 8.—The Shuler Shooting Club, of this place, held a practice shoot this afternoon, Capt. Wickersham carrying off the honors with 25 straight. Summaries:

First event, team shoot, for teams of four men each, 25 targets per man:

Smith's team—Smith 23, Shaner 18, Davis 19, Cole 18—78.

Grubb's team—Grubb 24, Wickersham 19, Saylor 17, Longacre 12—72.

Second event, teams of five men each, 25 targets per man:

Grubb's team—Grubb 21, Wickersham 22, Saylor 22, Longacre 16, De Witt 15—96.

Smith's team—Smith 23, Shaner 20, Davis 16, Cole 19, Guest 13—91.

Sweeps followed. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Grubb	23	20	..	Slonaker	17	..	16
Shaner	21	20	..	De Witt	15	21	15
Wickersham	18	25	..	Saylor	14	21	..
Guest	18	..	..	Longacre	..	18	18
Smith	23	20	..				

Seyfert, Pa.—The Keystone Gun Club, of this place, held a club shoot at David Lutz's Hotel. The principal event was the club shoot, 10 targets each man. The score of the club event: John Glass 7, Wm. Huffert 7, David Brown 6, John Quinter 5, David Lutz 4, Fred Brown 4, Frank Glass 3. Shoot-off for first: Glass 9, Huffert 8.

DUSTER.

Piasa Gun Club.

ALTON, Ill., Oct. 7.—Subjoined are scores of the annual amateur fall shoot of the Piasa Gun Club, of this city. It proved a disappointment as to attendance, and the club will accept this as an evidence that it is not advisable to cater to amateurs only. However, the sport was good, and some creditable scores were made. Messrs. Craig, of Woodson, and Riehl, of Alton, won the high average honors:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Lane	13	14	11	13	11	12	11	14	15	9	13	10	14
Craig	13	15	15	13	14	14	14	12	14	14	15	15	14
Seely	12	14	12	12	14	9	12	11	11	10	12	13	12
Schiess	8	7	10	10	4	6	11	8	11	9	10	10	11
Riehl	13	10	11	9	12	13	11	8	13	13	11	14	13
Montgomery	9	12	8	12	10	14	13	10	11	13	..	..	..
Beall	..	..	..	10	15	11	12	13	13	13	12	13	11
Magill	12	14	12	14	10	13	13	12	10	13	9	10	10
Kauffmann	..	12	12	12	12	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	14	12	14	13	14	14	12	13	..	14	13	9	12
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	10	..	7	7	5	..
Lyons	11	11	10	11	8	9	7	10	12	11	11	11	13
Todd	9	11	..	..	..	..	12	14	14	15	12	11	10
Howell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	10	10

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Lane	13	13	12	11	8	11	11	11	11	12	11	14	14
Craig	15	15	13	13	14	13	13	14	14	12	14	15	15
Riehl	15	13	12	12	12	14	13	13	15	14	12	11	14
Seely	13	14	14	14	9	11	12	14	13	10	12	10	13
Schiess	10	8	10	12	7	8	13	13	11	9	9	14	11
Howell	11	12	13	10	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Todd	14	13	13	11	12	10	..	..	13	10	12	12	9
Lyons	11	9	9	11	12	11	10	11	10	10	10	11	11
Magill	11	12	11	11	11	10	15	10	12	14	13	12	13
Herschey	10	11	13	13	13	15	13	10	14	15	..	..	..
Schweppe	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	11	9	..	..	..
Smith	13	11	10	10	13	12	11	14	11	12	11	9	12

P. C. RIEHL, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Medal Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—Cloudy weather and a cool wind blowing out to the right quarter from the score were conditions that met the fourth medal shoot for the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond emblem. There were eighteen entries, and the affair was, as usual, a very pleasant one. Owing to the growing shortness of the days and the cloudy weather, it was dark before the event was concluded, the shooting not commencing till about 2 o'clock and continuing till after 4 o'clock. It was decided to shoot off the ties next Friday, Messrs. Fletcher, Hollister, Eich, Alabaster and Barto all being tied on 20. Later it was discovered that Mr. Hollister could not be present next Friday, and at a late hour it was decided by Mr. Leffingwell, manager, that Mr. Hollister should be seen and if possible an earlier dater than Friday set for the tie shoot, all others concerned being willing to come at any time that would please Mr. Hollister. Whoever wins in the tie will be a new man to hold the medal, and it seems likely now that the man who can win it twice will be apt to own it, though it is the hope that twelve different men will hold it and be obliged to meet in a grand contest at the finish next January.

Some odd things came out in the shooting as usual. Comly, who once won the medal with a 12lb. gun, to-day appeared with a 6¾lb. gun. He missed his first bird, then ran 13 straight single-barrel kills in elegant style, and seemed a winner. Then he missed 2, killed 1 more, missed again, and withdrew back of place. Barto pounded along to his 19th bird, which he killed dead out. He got one handicap bird, which was all he needed to shoot to land him in the tie. Miss Porter could have gotten into the medal class by killing all her handicap birds, but missed 2 and scored 18 total. Dr. Shaw killed 10 straight, then missed 2 straight and sat down. Geo. Roll, who was limit man in the handicap, lost 3 and fell back of the medal. Geo. Thorne, who was only given 2 birds, came out with 18. Hollister, who had only 2 birds, shot in great shape and laid claim on the emblem, coming in with Eich, 2 birds; Fletcher, 5 birds; Alabaster, 3, and Barto, 2 birds. The wind was at times very fresh, and the shooting was not easy, the birds going well. Next time, it is decided, the shooting will be begun at 11 A. M., so that the event may be finished the same day. Following are the scores:

Geo Thorne, 28, 2	22022202222222220202	22	—18
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	020220*2210112201122	22	—16
H B Morgan, 27, 5	010001202*2020221202	01112	—15
Geo Roll, 30, 1	22*222202121122011112	2	—18
C C Hyde, 28, 3	22122100222212122002	220	—18
P R Fletcher, 27, 5	21111222100112212202	122	—20
M J Eich, 28 2	12101211111112211211	1	—20
E Sturtevant, 28, 3	02202220222012110110	w	
J L Alabaster, 29, 3	21122211212021201201	112	—20
E M Steck, 29, 1	112212*0222221221211	2	—19
John Ripley, 27, 5	121220021*2210022201	010	w
S Palmer, 29, 2	12212012121212101010	12	—18
F H Hollister, 30, 2	22021211111111121211	1	—20
J B Barto, 30, 2	22121212221222222122*	2	—20
C Comly, 28, 2	01111111111111010	w	
R Simonetti, 29, 3	21022**22220	w	
Dr Shaw, 29, 1	22222222220*		
J H Amberg, 28, 3	0101221211	w	
Miss E Porter, 27, 5	01111102112221022001	02110	—18

Glen Ellyn Live Birds.

To-day Si. Palmer invites a few friends out to his farm near Glen Ellyn, twenty-five miles west of Chicago, where each year he gives one of the slickest little shoots of the season. He has about 400 birds ready for the shooting. and he claims that these birds are the fastest that are ever trapped around Chicago. They are strong country birds, fresh caught and so trapped that they head direct for their native barn as soon as released. They are said to offer the keenest sort of sport.

Milwaukee Defeats Chicago.

The Chicago team of live-bird shots who this week went up to Milwaukee under the leadership of Sheriff Pease, in the expectation of taking the measure of the live-bird cracks of the Milwaukee Gun Club under the lead of W. D. Cantillon, failed of that laudable purpose. They shot at 25 birds per man, and stood for a tie, but Mr. J. E. Flanigan, of the Chicago team, missed a bird that had alighted on the ground and waited for the second barrel that never came, so the score stood Milwaukee 148, Chicago 147. The Chicago men are not satisfied, and in a couple of weeks will try it again. Following are the scores of the race:

Chicago.

Joseph Barto	1220121221111122222222221—24
James Pease	2120210102201202021221121—19
J J Healey	2201220122022222201112212—21
J E Flanigan	2222212222220202020022022—19
Robert Simon	1212112211021222121211111—24
R S Mott	0121200102001101201222112—17
D Dwyer	2122201222212220111221121—23—147

Milwaukee.

George Johnson	2222222221222011212221222—24
J Bush	1221012212122221121111111—24
A Kiefer	2222222222201202121221222—23
Ed Moy	0200101111120201202202221—17
M White	1220022220201002222222120—18
H Roland	1001111211011020202121212—19
W D Cantillon	1212212112222120112212202—23—148

Charlie Budd's Shoot.

Charlie Budd's shoot at Des Moines this week drew out nineteen programme finishers the first day. Gilbert was apparently in his usual good form and carried off top average, 136, Hallowell close with 135, out of 150.

St. Louis K. C.

That long-promised team shoot between St. Louis and Kansas City is still in the future, though the local papers of each town declare the home team is spoiling to eat up the foreigners. We Chicago folks are in a position to give St. Louis advice about going up against those white men from the Kaw River, and our advice is: Don't!

Belle Meade.

Mr. W. R. Elliston, secretary, writes regarding railroad fares to Belle Meade shoot at Nashville: "Shooters are to pay full fare to Nashville, and when they buy their ticket have agent to fill out a regular excursion blank, stating that they are coming to Belle Meade to the shoot. When they arrive at Belle Meade, the writer will sign certificate, and on it they can get one-third rate back home."

The Man up a Tree.

The editor of the Maquoketa, Ia., Telegram seems to be a man of good fair common sense. This week he went to a trap shoot for the first time in his life, and began his education in trap matters. He saw the class shooting system at work for the first time, and naturally, to a man up a tree, it did seem a little strange and unaccountable. This is what he said about it:

"Bert Trout probably won the most money. In this particular he was certainly lucky, for more than once he carried off a bigger portion of the money than many who had far better scores. For example, take event No. 1 on Tuesday, in this he only broke 18 birds, while Young, Hipschen, Bittner, H. Brown and Brown broke 19 each. The latter, however, secured but 90 cents each, while Mr. Trout carried away $3.35.

"It does seem to me that is an idiotic way of dividing the moneys. Where three, for example, break 10, say, and secure first prize of, say $4.50, each receive but $1.50, while the next lower man, who breaks but 9, carries away $3. He should in reality be fourth, but in prize money he would fare much better than those who shot better than himself. There is one way of dividing the money, called the "equitable"; in this each person receives a percentage of the prize proportionate to the number of birds he has killed. This is fair to all alike, and this method commends itself at once to all. It is to be hoped that the Timber City Gun Club will adopt this method in future shoots."

My advice to the fellow shooters of that gun club is to let that editor man alone, for if he ever begins to shoot as straight as he can think, he will do them all up. He has arrived at the truth in the course of one afternoon. A lot of shooters have been at the game for twenty years and haven't got that far along yet.

Coming Events.

Sycamore Gun Club, of De Kalb, Ill., will hold its annual tournament Oct. 12-13.

Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., will give a live-bird and ta shoot Nov. 16-17. Anything with Soo on it is good.

Lincoln, Neb., has a gun club known as the Capital City Club, which is among the main hustlers of the State. It captu the State shoot for next spring. The new grounds of the Ca City are now in order and the winter campaign is begun regular club events.

Nichols Gun Club, of Nichols, Ia., gives a two days' ta shoot Oct. 13-14. Equitable system.

Lewiston Gun Club, of Lewiston, Ill., gives its annual tou ment Oct. 21-22. Equitable system.

Waukegan Gun Club, of Waukegan, Ill., gives its annual shoot Oct. 14-15.

Cincinnati Gun Club, a great one, with a great future, ope this week its fall and winter campaign.

The shoot of the Daddy of them all, at Dayton, next w will be attended by a goodly number of the Old Guard. They not bar the Young Guard.

E. HOUG.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

The contest between Silas Palmer, holder, and Dr. S. Sh challenger, for the Chicago challenge trophy is set for Tues Oct. 18, at 2:45 P. M., at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing. A large attendance it looked for on this occasion.

Shooting and Fishing Trophy.

It is intimated that the Woodstock Gun Club, of Woodst Ill., are contemplating issuing a challenge to Eureka Gun C of Chicago, for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, recently won the latter club from the Garfields.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club held its weekly contest last Satur afternoon. The day was comfortably worm. A soft sunli and a mild left-quartering wind prevailed the entire time. attendance was good. The club's target season ends this mo and the medals in classes will be awarded for highest and sec highest averages on the ten best scores of the season. A now appears, there are several members very close for Class Class C is about cinched, and F. P. Stannard has first claim Class A. Among those present who participated in to-day's sh was Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co., dropped in to see the trade on his way South. He shot in g form at a 90 per cent gait. The topnotcher of the day was Hoss Stannard, who broke 98 out of 100, missing his 11th and 9 Mr. Stannard has been doing excellent shooting for some t past, and it will take a good one to defeat him on targets.

The events were largely shot on the magautrap. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	15	15	25
F P Stannard	19	14	15	25
A G Courtney	16	14	14	21
V L Cunnyngham	17	12	12	24
J S Houston	15	13	11	..
A C Paterson	..	12	..	..
C C Hyde	..	..	5	..
F M Smith	..	..	..	5
De Maris	..	..	..	8

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	15	1
A W Adams	17	14	1
Dr Morton	16	..	.
F Hollister	14	..	1
Dr Shaw	15	13	1
E M Steck	..	9	.
W D Stannard	..	15	1
C W Carson	..	12	.
W F de Wolf	..	9	1

The trophy event was at 25 targets. F. P. Stannard won C A, V. L. Cunnyngham won Class B and A. C. Borroff Class C.

Class A—E. M. Steck 17, F. P. Stannard 25, A. G. Courtney A. W. Adams 23, A. C. Paterson 18, W. D. Stannard 22, J. Houston 21, Dr. Shaw (visitor) 23, F. Hollister 16.

Class B—C. W. Carson 19, C. C. Hyde 12, V. L. Cunnyngh 21, W. D. de Wolf 17, J. Walters 16, R. B. Carson 16, Morrey

Class C—A. C. Borroff 19, De Maris 15.

The Eurekas desire to extend to the members of Garfield Club, whose grounds closed Oct. 1, the privilege of shoot on their grounds during the month of October, at the sa rate as its club members—targets at one cent each.

A. C. PATERSO

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont.—Please state more fully your inqu

Homing Pigeon No. 98—724 is reported by a Connecticut respondent, to whom it came in a crippled condition on S 26; and it died the following day.

H. C. H., Little Mountain, Ohio.—Is the gray squirrel a mi tory animal? I have often wondered why it cannot be fo in this vicinity until about Aug. 15. Ans. The gray squir make remarkable migrations, congrgating in the autumn in mense numbers and moving off in the same general direct

A. H. P., New York.—Is not the bird commonly and regul known in this vicinity as a shitepoke a heron? Is it not the l green heron? If not a heron, what is it? Ans. It is the gr heron (*Ardea virescens*). Coues says of it: "This is a pretty and engaging little heron, in spite of the ridiculous name by which it is so well known to the great unwas democracy of America." And Wilson wrote of it: "This c mon and familiar species owes little to the liberality of pu opinion, whose prejudices have stigmatized it with a very vul and indelicate nickname; and treat it on all occasions as wo less and contemptible. Yet few birds are more independent man than this; for it fares best, and is most numerous, wh cultivation is least known or attended to; its favorite reside being the watery solitudes of swamps, pools and morasses, wh millions of frogs and lizards 'tune their nocturnal notes' in chorus, and undisturbed by the lords of creation."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Rod and Gun.

THE hunting grounds and fishing streams of the two Virgi are among the most attractive to the true sportsman in United States, not alone for the quality of game they offer, also for their accessibility to the great cities of the East West, the light tax they impose upon the purse, and the plea given an outing among Virginia mountains by their great sc beauty and interesting historic associations. The circuit of miles around Clifton Forge, which embraces Bath, Highland Alleghany counties, and the great Virginia Springs Basin, is questionably the best mountain deer region between the Ro Mountains and the Adirondacks. Speckled trout abound in the streams of both Highland and Alleghany counties, while are abundant in Cow Pasture, in the James between Clifton F and Natural Bridge, and in the Greenbrier River, in the vicinit Fort Spring and Alderson. For further information add H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent Chesapeake & Ohio R way, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

THE Rochester Machine Tool Works, of Rochester, N. Y., recently shipped one of their larger size Buckley Patent W Tube Boilers to a party in England, which is designed to c a working pressure of 250lbs. per square inch. This boiler tested to a hydrostatic pressure of 600lbs. per square inch out showing signs of weakness.—*Adv.*

THE writer would like to communicate with some one knows of a good partridge ground within easy traveling tance of Buffalo, N. Y., and who can furnish a good dog for purpose. Would want to hire services of both dog and ow Address Joseph Harris, over No. 272 Main street, Buffalo, N. *Adv.*

Publications Received.

"The King's Henchman."—A Chronicle of the Sixteenth tury, brought to light and edited by William Henry John Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"With Fire and Sword."—An historical novel of Poland Russia. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis." thorized and unabridged translation from the Polish. By miah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

And what sport doth yeeld a more pleasing content, and lesse hurt and charge than angling with a hooke, and crossing the sweet aire from Ile to Ile, over the silent streames of a calme Sea; wherein the most curious may finde proft, pleasure and content. Captain John Smith, 1616.

IN OCTOBER.

THE days of the year dear to the sportsman's heart are these—October days, full of soft, hazy light, mellow sunshine and change in the great transformation time of nature, when the earth has completed its labors for a season and lies by in rest. There are days which are gratefully warm, others which are bracingly cool, as the struggle between the sun god and the frost king for the time being favors the one or the other. The full sway of the latter is presaged, for his few magic touches have already wrought wonders on the garbs of field and forest, making them resplendent in bright colorings of browns, yellows, scarlets, purples, dull greens, with an infinity of tintings and shadings, all in the most exquisite harmony whether in mass or in detail, pleasing to the beholder beyond the power of words.

To the sportsman, these days bring the realization of many expectant weeks. He has in mind a lovely nook where the alder or other favoring cover grows, wherein the ground is damp and slightly wet in part and shaded. Therein are a few woodcock to be taken—birds of beauty and mystery, any one of which to the thorough devotee is worth more than precious jewels or fine gold. No small skill is his who can bring this bird of darkness to bag, a trophy of sure eye and quick and cunning hand, and a morsel to delight the palate of the epicure of epicures.

Or the fancy of the sportsman may take him into wooded swamps, or into the densest thickets of hill and vale, valley and mountain, where the fallen timber and rugged ledges are spread in never ending profusion, in the home of the prince of birds, the ruffed grouse. In haunts secluded from man, this being of supernatural cunning and swiftness of wing can defy man and dog and gun, if all do not work together as one machine which is controlled and guided by a master mind. The dog must be alert and careful, yet without hesitation or over-forwardness, if he would cope with the beautiful and bold bird of the forest; while the man must be equally alert, silent and self-possessed, qualities attained by but few, to say nothing of the matter of skill.

Or mayhap the choice of the sportsman is the beautiful bird of the fields and woods, which brings so much of good shooting to all the lovers of the dog and gun. He is the bird of all the sportsmen, is this pretty, gamy quail, with his beautiful colors and swift flight. The gunner of moderate expertness has more or less pursuit of him, for many times he will deign to make his play against the sportsman in the open. The sportsman of the highest skill will in him find a worthy object, for at other times he seeks the cover, and when filled with the strength, beauty and daring of the autumn he is a good second to the prince of birds.

The ducks, in burnished garb, strong and big and swift, have begun their southward home-coming, and in due time, according to place and season, they bring joy to him whose sport is best taken in a boat, or over decoys, or on the pass where only the highest skill can cope with the swiftness of the birds.

There is beauty everywhere in nature. For the wheelmen in the leaf-besprinkled roads through richly-colored fields and forests. For the knight of the camera, everything is dressed and composed for his special edification and use. For all people who love nature there are beauties of wood and field spread in lavish profusion everywhere.

THE NEW ORDER IN MARYLAND.

IT is a decided satisfaction to have warrant for the record that the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association is steadily making progress toward the attainment of its purposes. President Geo. Dobbin Penniman reports that the operation of the game warden system provided by the last Legislature is proving extremely successful. During the first year after the appointment of the game warden and his deputies a great many arrests were made, because the people could hardly appreciate the fact that the game laws in Maryland were at last to be taken seriously and rigorously enforced. This year there have been comparatively few arrests, and very few complaints of violations of the law. The violations which have occurred have been more through ignorance of the sweeping provisions of the general game law, passed by the Legislature in 1898, than from the desire as a rule to violate the law. Governor Lowndes has been extremely active in supporting the Association, and his assistance has counted for much. With an efficient game warden, Mr. Robert H. Gilbert, and with the aid of over 200 deputy game wardens, scattered throughout the State, Maryland has been changed from a State where the game laws were honored rather in the breach than in the observance to one of the best protected States in the Union.

One serious defect in the Maryland game protective system is found in the local jealousy which has prevailed for years in the Legislature, which gives a different game law for nearly every county. The general game law includes at present only a few counties, but it is drawn on a broad basis, and from the increasing sentiment through the State toward a uniform season there is no doubt that at the next session of the Legislature the Association can bring in a great majority of the counties which are at this time under their local laws.

THE DEATH PENALTY AND ROBINS.

NEAR Paterson, N. J., last Saturday, an Italian engaged in robin shooting in violation of the law was apprehended by a game warden, who commanded him to surrender his gun. Instead of doing this, as the warden relates, the gunner made a quick move and covered the warden with his gun, and the warden thereupon drew a revolver and killed him. The affair has provoked just the newspaper comment that was to be expected. Shooting robins, it is said, is at worst a trivial offense; to inflict the death penalty for violation of the game laws is a dreadful thing. It is dreadful indeed, or would be if ever done. But by no process of reasoning can the act of this New Jersey warden be described as an infliction of the death penalty for robin shooting. The warden shot the man in self-defense, either actual or mistakenly so supposed. If his own personal peril was real, his act was justifiable; if he was mistaken as to the Italian's intent—and it may be said as to this that even the calmest and coolest of us all might draw a wrong conclusion when looking into the muzzle of a shotgun in hostile hands—the impelling motive of the deed was none the less that of self-defense. The relative importance or unimportance of the game laws has nothing whatever to do with the case.

In fact, the nature of the original offense itself was not involved and has no place in determining the justifiable or unjustifiable character of the warden's course. Precisely the same principles would govern had the offense been horse-stealing in the country, or the blocking of city traffic with a peanut stand. The circumstance which led to the killing was the menacing resistance to arrest, the pointing of the gun, which action the threatened officer affirms he understood to mean for himself that he must shoot or be shot. The simple and only fact to be decided is as to the reasonableness of the plea of self-defense; and it must be judged here just as it would be had there been no robin shooting whatever, or had the warden been a private citizen and not an officer.

But the game warden was an agent of the law, engaged in performing his duty. When he apprehended a gunner violating the law it was his business to arrest him. Had the lawbreaker submitted to arrest, he would have been taken before a justice and upon conviction would have been fined $20 and costs, or in default of payment would have been jailed for a stated time. This is the New Jersey penalty for robin shooting. It is the only punishment provided by the law or imposed by the courts. The death penalty has never been inflicted in New Jersey for the offense of robin shooting. It is not likely ever to be. But in New Jersey, under the existing regime, it is recognized that the game laws are intended to be enforced; they will be enforced; and human nature is such that wardens engaged in arresting law violators will, when confronted by the muzzles of shotguns, be very prone to shoot in self-defense. When this may happen their course is not to be prejudged by newspaper talk of the dreadfulness of the death penalty for shooting robins.

SNAP SHOTS.

Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, wrote in these columns last week that it was the intention of Mr. Austin Corbin to organize a club of sportsmen, to whom would be extended the hunting privileges of the Blue Mountain Forest. Mr. Corbin tells us that such a club has already been formed. The plan has grown naturally out of the conditions which prevail. The owners have had very little time since the death of the late Mr. Corbin to enjoy the resources of the forest, and as the game is increasing uniformly and with great rapidity, it has become absolutely necessary to take some steps to keep down their numbers, and this is now to be done by enlarging the number of persons entitled to the privilege of hunting or fishing. The project contemplates a five-year membership, with the privilege of shooting at least one deer and two wapiti a year, and such other game as may be decided by the governors, who will consist of an equal number of the proprietors and the new members. There will probably be no limit to the shooting of small game, and the privileges as to large game will depend upon its supply and condition. The initiation fee and annual dues are to be devoted to the maintenance of the preserve, the increase of small game, and possibly the erection of a substantial addition to the central station, where are located kennels, stables, etc., and which will be the site of the club house. In addition to this place, the various camps throughout the forest will be available for the use of members—the main purpose, we are told, being to offer to congenial friends simple but comfortable quarters, and as much liberty in the forest as is consistent with its future development.

Virginia too has the disadvantage of local county jealousies in the game law; as a correspondent writing from that State well puts it, in some counties a man would have to carry a memorandum in his hat to remember when he could and when he could not "shoot certain game." Our correspondent endeavored last winter to introduce the non-shipping provision; and realizing that it would be impossible to secure the passage of such a measure for the entire Commonwealth, drew a law for his own county only, had it printed, got a petition seven and a half feet long signed by influential citizens, asking for its enactment, and took it to Richmond himself. "But I could not get it introduced," he writes, "because our member of the Legislature thought it might be a bad political move; in other words, that it might offend a certain class of voters who shot and sold game." This is not the last of such effort, we may be sure. The time is coming in Virginia, as it has come already in many other States, when members of the Legislature will be governed by the interests of the public, and not by a "certain class of voters who sell game."

The Vermont Commissioners, in a paragraph quoted in another column, give their opinion that the game interests of that State require the abolition of market shooting. The recommendation is based upon a recognition of the fact that the traffic in game is the agency which is promoting destruction out of all proportion to the public interest. This is only another way of saying that with unrestricted sale of game the common advantage of the citizens of the State at large is sacrificed to that of a class. To prohibit the sale of game is to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. We hope to see the FOREST AND STREAM Plank incorporated in the Vermont game law in the current session of the Legislature.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—V.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

Doctor Gordon found that the Colonel had merely sprained his ankle, but that it might take a month for him to recover, and forbade him to indulge in another bear hunt, even in the saddle, until he gave permission, and after our errand of mercy in caring for the wounded dogs we spent the evening in the Colonel's room, where the Colonel insisted on my repeating all the stories I had entertained him with, for the benefit of the Doctor, who, much to my surprise, not only enjoyed them, but related a few himself. His excessively formal manner, to which I took a dislike at first, thawed out considerably, and it was evidently not affected.

"Sir," said he to me, "I am very glad that you have decided to remain here a few days longer, and I hope to have the pleasure of shooting with you, sir. I came down into this country to visit old friends and enjoy a little hunting, and only arrived yesterday. I had notified the Colonel that I would drop in on him this evening, and my messenger brought back word that the Colonel was on a bear hunt, and had been injured, and that is how I happened here when you arrived, sir."

My problem now was to decide on the Doctor's nativity. In those days my ear was good on dialect and accent. Strictly speaking, the Americans have no dialects, but there are several accents, forms of pronouncing words and the use of local phrases that are peculiar to certain districts. This is not so much the case now as it was years ago. I must solve this riddle as a pleasant task, for no doubt the Doctor would tell me all about it if asked. He "came down into this country," therefore his home was north of it. His name denoted that some ancestor was "frae the land o' cakes," but Dr. Gordon was evidently born in America, but where? There seemed no marked accent to betray him.

The Colonel was lying easily, with his injured ankle well bandaged and protected from the weight of the bed covering by a light frame. Occasionally the Doctor would remove the wrappings, wet the ankle with some embrocation and again wrap it up. Then he would prepare something for the patient to take internally, and, in order to be sure that it was correctly compounded, he took a dose himself and insisted on my doing the same, "for fear," as he said, "your ankle might be sprained." There was lemon and sugar in the prescription, and it was not in the least disagreeable.

The talk had run in various directions, shooting different kinds of game, fishing for many different fishes, in different States and Territories, when, after applying another soothing embrocation, the Colonel suggested: "Tell us about that swan shooting trip, Doctor. I know that our friend will like to hear it."

"Certainly," said I.

The Doctor's Story.

"It's not much of a story," the Doctor remarked, "but there's one foot of the swan, and what became of the other I never could find out." And he drew from his pocket a pouch made of a swan's foot. The nails were left on, the bones taken out, and the skin split between the toes and the edges, and then tanned. A silken top with a shirr-string had been added, and it was a most unique tobacco pouch.

"Was that all that you got from that swan?"

"Yes, he left me that as a memento. You see it was this way. It was in the first year of the reign of President Buchanan; let's see, that was in 1857—yes, sir, 1857. I was then thirty years old, and had just graduated, but was in no hurry to settle down to the practice of medicine, because my parents were well off, and it was not necessary that I should. So, in the autumn of that year I joined two young sawbones, whose needs were no more pressing than mine, on a duck shooting trip to Beaufort, on Pimlico Sound, in North Carolina. We tried the swamps about Pantego for ducks and frogs without getting many ducks, for they were difficult of approach, but the frogs were large and fine. Then we shifted to the Pago River, and only found a lot of bluepeters and other worthless birds, and we reckoned it was best to go down on Pamlico Sound, where the natives said that not only ducks and geese were feeding, but swans also. We hired a native who was a fisherman, gunner, oysterman and beach-comber, as the season or the occasion required, to take us in his little sloop, which had a little cabin in it. He was to sail us where we wanted to go, provide fresh water, and do the cooking when necessary for two dollars a day, which was more of a sum then than now. We laid in provisions, such as we could get, ham, bacon, eggs, biscuits, etc., and started in the good sloop Eliza Jane, Captain Bill Smith. He had a quantity of fishing tackle and wooden decoy ducks, and the outfit was complete.

"We sailed about for a week, shooting from blinds on the islands, and trading ducks for provisions at the little settlements, where a hen's egg was worth as much as a duck, but that didn't trouble us. Sims fell overboard while landing a big fish, and Abbott tried to rescue him with a boat hook, but only rescued the seat of his trousers; Capt. Bill did the rest by lying on the deck and catching his hand. Fortunately the Captain was a bachelor, and was handy with the needle. A week passed and found us in a blind on Roanoke Island an hour before daylight, and a heavy fog covering everything. It was very still, and we could hear movements of fowl on the water near us.

"An hour is a long time in a blind on a raw morning, but we kept perfectly still, for Capt. Bill had whispered 'swans.' His practiced ear had detected some sound that ours did not. Just as the sun came up a puff of south wind suddenly lifted the fog high enough from the water to show a flock of swans at a long shot that were startled at finding themselves so near shore, and were swimming away. Four double guns sent messengers after them, and the flock started to take wing, but one lay on its side in the water, apparently dead. I jumped into the skiff and Capt. Bill rowed me out. The flock was pounding its great wings on the water a quarter of a mile away, for it takes a swan a long time to get on the wing, and I was watching them gradually rise when Bill said: 'Take him in.' A leg lay stretched toward me, and I caught it and began pulling. At this the huge bird gave a flop, left its foot and part of its leg in my hand, and at the same time struck me in the eye with the tip of its wing, righted itself and started off after its fellows. And not a gun in the boat! I could not have used one, for my eye pained me so much, but Bill spoke feelingly on the subject, much as an army mule-driver does when the pontoons are stuck in the mud. As we neared shore he called out: 'Boys, Gordon didn't want a whole swan, so he only brought in a drumstick.' Oh! the pain in that eye, and the other was weeping so with sympathy that I had to be led ashore. Cold-water applications were the best that could be done in that place to keep down inflammation, and when my two medical friends gave the order to start for home I knew that the case was serious. I lost an eye, but gained a tobacco pouch. My friends decided that the swan's leg had been broken many days before, and was only hanging by the skin, and that a shot from our guns had struck it in the head and stunned it. That seemed to be a reasonable explanation, and we accepted it."

We all examined the pouch again, as now it had a history, and I discovered that a date had been written on it, but was now indistinct. I had noticed the Doctor's glass eye when we first met, but it was only to be noticed in certain lights and in some expressions of his countenance.

I had followed his story closely, watching every word for an accent that would betray his nativity, and the result was: He pronounced the President's name after the Virginia fashion "Buck-hannon," and not "Bewcannon," as Northern men do. He said "well off" instead of "wealthy," and that's New England. "Autumn" instead of "fall," English and perhaps parts of the South. He said "Bewfort" and not "Bowfort" when he spoke of Beaufort; that's Carolinian. He "reckoned," which is Western, and called coots "blue-peters," but that's a local name along the sounds where he was shooting. The problem was not solved.

The Colonel's Story.

After the Doctor had finished the tale of the swan's foot and the lost eye, he at once attended to his professional duties, bathed the ankle, bandaged it, and administered the internal medicine. The patient was propped up in bed, and said: "The Doctor is a philosopher, who takes things as they come, and doesn't worry about them after the temporary pain has past. His swan's foot pouch is unique and useful, but few men would care to make the exchange he speaks of in such a light manner."

"One might as well speak lightly of it," replied the Doctor, "for the thing was done, and anything I might say to-day could not alter the fact. If I had been consulted about the trade before it was consumated, it is probable that I would have declined the offer of a single swan's foot for an eye, and might have demanded a whole swan, or a thousand swans, the number being based upon the day's market quotations of swans and eyes. The exchange was not profitable to me, and it is doubtful if the swan gained much, but when a transaction is closed, as my eye was, and there is no chance of reversing the conditions, then I believe in taking it as one does the every-day ills of life which are forgotten on the morrow."

"In other words," said I, "the Doctor does not believe in wasting tears over a pail of spilled milk when the grocer will sell you cans of the condensed article, if you have the price."

"Exactly so," the Colonel replied, "but all men's minds are not built on the Mark Tapley model." And he was silent for some minutes. I fancied that he was thinking of his son George, who was killed before Atlanta, and his younger son, Terrill, who was wounded at Port Hudson and came home to die. Perhaps the Doctor thought this, but our eyes never met while our host was meditating. Soon he remarked: "It is not wise to meddle with any large wild animal that has been shot and seems to be dead. Of course that is an axiom which is as plain as that two and two make four, but men forget it, just as Dr. Gordon did when he exchanged an eye for a swan's foot. We all make blunders, and I never grieve over them, they are personal matters that could have been avoided; but—"

"Now, Colonel, let me bathe your ankle again," said the Doctor, and he did it; "you were going to tell us a story of some kind about wounded animals; let us have it."

"Yes, yes, I forgot; pardon me. It was just an ordinary deer hunt in the swamps and canebrakes, when I was a boy of fourteen, just the age of my grandson, 'Jack,' who seems to be the Major's favorite. Let's see, that was long ago; but I remember that it was the year in which Andrew Jackson was installed president for the second time."

"In 1833," said the Doctor.

"It was in November of that year, and I was a boy of fourteen, as I said, and my father organized a big deer hunt. Deer have always been plenty about here; but in those days there were more than now, and all the planters were sportsmen, and each would have a meet on their own estates once a year, and join in a grand time. There would be fifty or sixty men from perhaps twenty plantations, a hundred or more hounds, and some dogs of mixed ancestry, with drivers, body-servants and an assortment of darky boys of all ages, who managed to get leave to come on one pretext or another. On such a hunt there might, during the three days it usually lasted, be fifty or sixty deer killed. They were gathered by the negroes and after being dressed were taken back to the plantation. The dogs were fed on the neck and fore quarters, so that at the grand barbecue on the last night there was no meat wasted.

"I had learned to use a rifle, and had obtained consent to go with the party on my first hunt. When I mounted my horse, as the head huntsman blew his horn that morning, I wondered why the party was so slow in starting. It seemed hours; it may have been twenty minutes. The dogs, strangers to each other, were fighting and the negro drivers were plying their whips, and all was excitement. Finally father and his friends came out of the house, where they had been planning the hunt, leaped to their saddles and we started.

"Then I noticed that the party was divided into four sections, and that two of the drivers were white men, overseers on the plantations, who loved the hunt. As we were from six to ten miles west of Alexandria, on Red River, the parties took the four points of the compass. We went west to the first crossroad, and then turned south, and the dogs of our division were put out. A dog here and there bayed on a cold track, and the different packs of dogs seemed to separate from the dogs that they did not know. Here was a pack from one plantation in full cry on a fresh track, there were several hounds tonguing in an uncertain manner, while yonder was an occasional note from a hound on a cold track, but who had hopes. Men had golloped down this road and up that, until I was bewildered. I fully understood that each horseman was to use his own judgment and keep the roads parallel to the movements of the hounds when the deer were in the canebrakes or the thickets, keeping ahead of the hounds and only joining in the chase when the deer took to the tall timber or the open country, where a man could ride. We proposed to shoot the deer and not to have the hounds run it down, in the English fashion, hence every gentleman carried a rifle.

"I had been keeping in advance of some hounds on my right, which were running in brake and thicket, when I came to a crossroad and went down it a few rods, thinking to get a running shot as the deer crossed. A great oak on my right, close to a rail fence, gave a grand shade, and here I could see the deer as he crossed the road within shot, as it appeared, from the voices of the hounds. My rifle lay easily across the saddle, and I felt sure of a shot on the jump, hit or miss. My horse had the rein on his neck, and was nibbling the grass. Like lightning from a clear sky, there was a crash, a start, and I knew no more.

"When my senses returned I was in bed with a broken leg, a broken arm and the scalp from the back of my head torn loose. I learned that a big buck had leaped the fence where my horse was grazing under the oak and had cut his quarter with a hoof, and this naturally started him on a run; I was thrown and dragged, but fortunately I wore low shoes, and the left one, which hung in the stirrup while my scalp was torn, came off and left me in the road until I was picked up. The horse had given me quite a severe cut, and I spent some weeks in bed with the broken bones, and that's all there is of the story."

Concerning Things Theatrical.

"Colonel," said I, "your story lacks a proper ending. There should have been a historian there to picture the grand barbecue which wound up the hunt. The deep pit with glowing coals, which were the result of cords of wood burned while you were hunting, the wagon loads of roasting ears and all the accessories of a grand barbecue, including the songs of the darkies and their feasting and dancing. As a wind up, that part of the programme is a fitting afterpiece, not exciting, like the hunt, but more amusing."

"My idea exactly," the Doctor remarked, "but from what you say it is evident that your notions of the sequence of amusements is that of a past age, for now there is no afterpiece at the theater. When I was a boy not many years older than you, the play was the thing, the *piece de resistance*, and a farce followed as dessert. At the old Bowery Theater I remember Ned Forrest in the tragedy of 'Jack Cade,' followed by the farce of 'Lend Me Five Shillings,' but if those plays were billed to-day the order would be reversed, and the farce would be called a 'curtain raiser.' There are tastes in matters theatrical as well as in other things; for instance, see how the minstrels have departed from the original darky songs and humor, until—"

Here the Colonel broke in with: "The theater is all right if the play is good, but I went to see some minstrels once and found a lot of white men who had blackened their faces, and one of their songs was:

> "My darling Nellie Gray,
> They have taken her away,
> And I'll never see my darling any more."

That was too much for me, and I left my seat in disgust."

The Doctor winked his good eye at me and asked: "Wasn't the singing good?"

"The voices were excellent, sir, but the sentiment! The idea, sir, of such a thing; making a heroine out of a colored woman may be all right in some places, but not in Louisiana, sir." And the Colonel groaned at the pain in his ankle, which he had disturbed, and the Doctor attended to it.

The Doctor had, as we became acquainted, dropped the dignified "sir" when he addressed me, and I was amused to see how the Colonel quickly assumed it when he was disturbed. And then the Doctor was familiar with "the old Bowery pit" in his youth—in those days, when the Bowery represented all that was picturesque in New York City; when Chanfrau played "Mose," the rowdy volunteer fireman, and when the "pit," now the orchestra circle, was the cheapest part of the house. I looked at the Doctor curiously, but dropped my eyes when his met them. The riddle was unsolved.

"There will be a corn shucking to-morrow night," said the Colonel, "and as both of you seem to be fond of that sort of thing, I propose that you go. It will be on the next plantation, and hardly a half-hour's ride. No, no; never mind me," at a motion made by the Doctor to say something, "Old Tom will only be too glad to come up and bathe my ankle, and spend the evening here until you return."

Going to the Shucking.

We passed the next day riding, pitching quoits with the boys, and in playing cribbage. The young moon was just visible before it followed its master below the horizon as we four mounted our horses and started for the shucking. The boys were naturally on the lead, but we older men walked our horses and talked, I ever on the alert to solve the problem.

Said the Doctor: "Of course you have seen that

the Colonel's world is narrow and is bounded by prejudice on all sides."

"Partly true," I replied, "but he is not as narrow in his views as you may think, nor are his prejudices as strong as you judge them. In proof of this I am here as his guest, and I am what is called a 'Yankee,' who fought in a war which cost him his two sons and left him almost a financial wreck. No, Doctor, I reject your estimate of the Colonel, although you are an old-time friend of his, while I have known him barely a fortnight. He has strong prejudices, and most men have the same. His are in the direction of his personal afflictions, and are so natural that I have the greatest respect for them. He lost everything he held dear in a cause which espoused heart and soul, and when I try to put myself in his place, and to think as he thinks, I am not a bit intolerant of his opinions, although I do not agree with them."

Then, for the first time, I became aware that the Doctor was studying me; that was a proposition that had been thought of, but now that it was evident that I was regarded curiously, I hastened to dispel any mystery about myself, for there was none.

"May I ask how you, a Yankee soldier, came to be the guest of Colonel B., and not only his guest, but also holding the esteem of his widowed daughter, Mrs. H., who has told me that you have roused her father from his despondency, and thereby, as one might say, brought sunshine into the household?"

"Nothing easier to answer. I happened to come down on a Red River steamer with the Colonel some weeks ago, when he refused my advances on the forward deck. Then a little girl fell overboard, and I jumped in and brought her out. The Colonel saw it, and asked me to his room to dry off and take something hot; and while doing these things I happened to tell him some old stories, new to him, and he opened his house to me. As he was fully aware of my service in the Civil War, I deny your allegation that he is narrow-minded and that his world is bounded by prejudice, and in the terms of the ancient joke, 'I defy the allegator.' You are more a man of the world than the Colonel, but the Colonel has also the trait of discriminating between a cause and an individual, as is instanced in 'David Copperfield.'"

"I see," said the Doctor, "you are welcome as a man and a sportsman, who has by some means or other raised our host out of the depths of himself; his daughter has said as much, and I add my testimony to hers. I come down here occasionally in the hunting season, but not since the war began have I seen the Colonel laugh before last night. You must stay here until he can get out of bed, and we'll do a little shooting."

"Can't do it, Doctor, much as I would be pleased to, but I am not here for pleasure, as you are, but have duties to perform for my employers, although I am allowed the largest liberty in the disposition of my time, and while I have finished my work on Catahoula Lake, I must go to the rivers flowing into Lake Pontchartrain and collect the aquatic fauna there."

By this time we came in sight of the great fire where the corn shucking was to be held, and our interest centered in that. Pausing on a mound, we could see the torches of bands of negroes which were coming from the different plantations, and occasionally could hear a note or two of their chants as the light wind drifted them our way.

The Doctor started on, and I followed. We neared the plantation, and he halted and said: "There'll be more fun to-night than you'd find at a dozen wakes." The problem again confronted me. "Wakes" are a remnant of Irish heathenism which the Catholic Church has not been able to eradicate. The wake may occur, but is not common in the South, and again I marked Dr. Gordon down as from New York or the East, for the Irish had hardly penetrated beyond Chicago in those days. I was noting every word he uttered.

When we gave our bridles to the boys we were welcomed in true Southern hospitable style, a style which was in vogue in the North when the same conditions prevailed, for civilized man is the same the world over. In isolated communities a man who bears the stamp of a gentleman is welcome, in urban districts he must prove his title.

The boys had heralded our approach, and as guests of Col. B. nothing was too good for us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Errors in the Official Adirondack Map.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The State Forest Commission map of the Adirondack forest and adjoining territory, dated 1893, is a handsome work, laid off on a generous scale. It measures more than 5ft. in length by about 6in. less in breadth, and its scale of 2in. to the mile gives opportunity for detail that is lacking in smaller maps. Unfortunately the map is in many respects a disappointment, and its chief value is confined to the one particular of showing State lands as distinguished from private holdings.

In the matter of woods and trails, location of natural features and names, the map contains many errors, and a small map such as Stoddard's is of greater value for the traveler. Here, for instance, in a small section of Essex county, are half a dozen mistakes in names. Whaton's Bay for Whallon's Bay; McComp Mt. for McComb Mt.; Shanly Brook for Shanty Brook; New Comb for Newcomb P. O.; Resiconia Mt. for Resigonia Mt., and Hopkins Park for Hopkins Peak. In the matter of roads, well-traveled ones are omitted, while roads of lesser importance are given. A tourist using the L. A. W. Road Book of the State in conjunction with this map would be sadly puzzled. As a single instance, there is no road on the map connecting the important towns of Whallonsburgh and Essex, though, as a matter of fact, there are three separate routes between the two places.

One of the roads from Whallonsburgh to Westport is given on the wrong side of the Boquet River.

As to mistakes in the location of natural features, an instance of wholesale errors may be found in the Roaring Brook tract, near the boundary of Totten and Crossfield's purchase, and the old military tract east of Keene Valley. This is a mountainous tract, bounded by the Au Sable and Boquet rivers, and various tributaries of these streams.

There are seven mountains shown in this tract, and of these only one, Mt. Baxter, is laid down in an approximately correct position. The other six are all too far east, and this is in a general way proved by the fact that the Giant, the chief mountain of the group, is placed east of the sources of the Roaring Brook, which empties into the Boquet River. There are two Roaring Brooks, it should be stated, in this tract, the second running west into the Au Sable River. If the map were correct, tourists climbing the Giant by the regular trail from the west would have to ford the head waters of the Boquet Roaring Brook, but as a matter of fact all the courses of this stream rise east of the Giant.

Beede Brook (unnamed on the map), which empties into the Au Sable, has its source around the northern shoulder of Giant, between that mountain and Green Mountain, but on the map the watershed is shown as pitched in the opposite direction. Moreover, Knob Lock Mountain is shown east of the unnamed brook, which enters a branch of the Boquet near Peter Liberty's house, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is west of this stream. The summit of Bald Mountain is shown to be within two miles of New Russia, whereas it is nearer four.

To sum up in a general way, a glance at the map would give the impression that the southwestern part of the Roaring Brook tract was low country, and that all the high mountains were in the northeast portion. In reality the direct opposite is the case, the mountains culminating to the west and south. Incidentally the small pond lying at an elevation of 3,500ft. between the Giant and Bald Mountain is left out, though shown on Stoddard's map.

I have given some specific instances of errors that can easily be verified. The chartographer of what is now the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York had at his disposal a wealth of official maps and field notes from State surveys. Verplanck Colvin's work in the Adirondacks is too well known to need comment. Its accuracy is unquestioned. Why was not this material put to better use? The result has altogether too much the character of an uncorrected proof sheet to be worthy of the great State of New York.

J. B. BURNHAM.

El Comancho Ghost Dancing.

I HAVE have been cooped up among the white folks of this Eastern country for a year now, and the longer I stay the more discontented I get. I feel just like the bears out in Lincoln Park, I guess, for they spend their days in pacing back and forth, always to and fro, before the iron bars of their den, until they have worn the stone floor smooth with their feet, and great patches of short fur are on their sides, where they have rubbed against the bars as they turned in their ceaseless patrol.

I have learned the definition of "chained to business," and I'm sorry.

However, there are a few spots where a ray of outdoor life enters my present situation and helps to make things bearable.

The white folks here have a queer way of politely listening when they ask you for a story, and then they also look at you in a way that says "You are lying" when you tell them about the high mountain peaks, the gray sage desert or the silent pine woods. Mind you, they are too polite to tell you right out that you lie, but they say it with their eyes, and to us outdoor folks who have listened to the silence of the air at an elevation of 14,000ft. above this old world, who have sweltered in the killing heat of the sage deserts, who have wandered through the great forests until we knew the meaning of its voices and have tossed about the sea with only the waste of water to meet the dome of the sky above us, and know about the things we speak of from experience, this look is worse than the words, for it gives us no chance to strike back. No "eye for an eye or tooth for a tooth" there, you know.

It rankles and the innermost soul of the narrator rebels against the white folks, for he reads the signs he sees just the same as he reads the signs of the wilderness and knows what passes therefore in the listener's mind. Verily this world is not all annexed to Chicago yet, I am happy to say, and so I can still exist here for a time.

But I am ghost dancing again, and, of course, I see visions, as all ghost dancers do. They come and go like these new fangled moving pictures they throw on a screen at the theaters nowadays. You see, it is this way:

I look out of this thirteenth story window of mine, up here against the smoke cloud that hangs over the city, and as I look it somehow seems to change, and there are mountains where there should be nothing but the great stretch of buildings—bad lands, I call 'em—dimming away into the smoke.

Then the mountains are gone and the rolling sage plains or the blue pine woods appear right where, I know from experience, there is nothing but houses and white folks and grip cars and patron wagons and—things for miles.

It's a mirage, I suppose. I've seen pictures of lakes out there in the dry country, right in the air, and these visions of mine I suppose belong to the same tribe.

I've ghost danced this way before, too, and if I just keep at it long enough I find it takes me back to the wilderness, somewhere, some day, some way. That is the way the present state of affairs will end, I am sure, and a day will come when the smoke-clouded city will sink below the eastern horizon, and I, the one who wanders, T'solo, will see a country where white folks are few and room is plenty, and then I will have peace and no more dancing for a time.

A-nah! It is writteh in the signs and it will be so.

I shall sally forth about daylight on the morrow, clad in an outfit that Chicago would probably call "tough," and armed with a fish rod and sundry hooks, flies, spoons and other ammunition. The first cars that go south toward Wolf Lake are not crowded with fine folks, because they sleep until the sun makes short shadows, therefore not many will look askance at the old hunting coat with its sacred stains gathered in past trips into the wilderness, and besides, it is my coat, to wear even in Chicago if I choose, no matter what people may think or do about it—and to-morrow I'll sure wear it.

There will also be an old creel with a worn strap, there will be a dangling knife hanging to my belt—I discard "galluses" on these trips, you know—and a sunburned hat will be my war bonnet, the same, by the way, that has been my companion before full many times.

Thus I will sally forth bright and early, even before the sleepy gripmen on the cable line are through yawning, nor will I stop until I reach Wolf Lake, over in the edge of Indiana.

Now this lake has a muddy margin, and full many tules grow in all its length and breadth, for it is shallow from one end to the other, so that he who owns rubber boots of goodly length may wade and wade a full day long, and not cross his own trail once.

Of course, there are many white folks who know of this lake here, almost against the city limits of Chicago, and they know that full many bass and pickerel dwell there, and so they too sally forth and cast their lines in pleasant places—that is, they will go out there with a big basket filled with certain sandwiches, sundry bottles of beer, and for armament they will have a multitude of long cane poles with a big cotton line attached, and many throw lines also with a string of hooks on each.

All these hooks will be carefully baited with liver and other jokes on the fisher, and he will cast them into the lake and in many hours they will return, and after eating and drinking the contents of his basket the fisher will carefully pull in all his lines and go home on the late car.

I shall see these fishermen when I wade away among the tules with my light rod and many frogs to cast among the rushes for the bass and pickerel I know are balancing there in the shadows.

The fishermen will say one to the other, "Seest thou the fool who wadeth among all the rushes to fish, thinking not that the fishes will flee before, and he will get none of them therefore?"

I to myself will smile, and in my own mind think, "The man who sitteth on yonder lake rim knoweth not of the pleasure he misseth thereby, simply because he lacketh wisdom in the way of fishes. I have a mind to subscribe him to the FOREST AND STREAM that he may obtain knowledge."

And that reminds me that I have recently rescued a promising youth from the ranks of these fishers, and he now bids fair to become a fisher after the ways of him who fishes fair and reads of others fishers in FOREST AND STREAM, for he has already shown an inclination to study the ways and read the signs that mean a good string and sport for the stringer.

Perhaps my young friend will spy my old brown coat moving among the rushes out there to-morrow, and he will join me, and together we will cast our frogs among the tules and speak few words in our enjoyment, and that will be a day when there will be no ghost dancing.

EL COMANCHO.

Natural History.

The Buffalo in the East.

My old Morse's American Geography, 1796, says, in speaking of the fauna of Pennsylvania, that "Useful quadrupeds, in the new districts, are deer, in great numbers, beavers, otters, raccoons and martens. Buffaloes rarely cross the Ohio. Elks but seldom advance from the North. Panthers, wildcats, bears, foxes and wolves are not rare; the last do most mischief, especially in winter; but the fur of all is valuable. In the thick settlements, rabbits and squirrels are frequent; also minks and muskrats in marshes; opossums and groundhogs are rare." Whatever may be said of the other animals here specified, we may predicate of the buffaloes that now they never "cross the Ohio," and very rarely any other stream in the United States. The passing of the buffalo is about an accomplished fact in this country. It is long since any lived in Pennsylvania; but certain local names and traditions go to show that this animal once inhabited the glades and hill slopes of western Pennsylvania.

The *Urus* of the Hercynian forest described by Julius Cæsar in "*specie et colore et figura*" doubtless differed in nothing essential from his congener of our Western plains as portrayed by Captain Carver 1,800 years later: "This beast," says Carver, "is larger than an ox, has short, black horns, with a large beard under his chin, and his head is so full of hair that it falls over his eyes and gives him a frightful look. There is a bunch on his back which begins at the haunches, and increasing gradually to the shoulders, reaches on to the neck. Its head is larger than a bull's, with a very short neck; the breast is broad and the body decreases toward the buttocks." The great point of differentiation between the ancient European buffalo and that of this country is that the former, as Cæsar remarks, spares neither man nor wild beast which it has espied; while of the latter Captain Carver observes that it will run away at the sight of a man, and "a whole herd will make off when they perceive a single dog."

A century and a half ago the buffalo had already retreated from the western slopes of the Appalachians to the west and southwest. As late as the year 1755 they were still numerous in central Ohio. Colonel James Smith says that a party of the Indians by whom he had been adopted, in that year killed a number of buffaloes at a salt lick, which he afterward located as nearly as he could as somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio, and Scioto. He says: "About the lick were clear, open woods, and thin white oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like wagon roads." These roads were beaten by the buffaloes in resorting to the lick.

From this neighborhood they seem to have speedily retired before the face of their foes; and in the days of Daniel Boone we find that they were still abundant in Kentucky. "Immense herds of buffalo," says his biographer, "ranged through the forest in every direction, feeding upon the leaves of the cane or the rich and spontaneous fields of clover," Dr. Joseph Doddridge,

writing in 1824, observes that at that time the buffalo and elk had entirely disappeared from the western part of Virginia; but implying at the same time that those animals had formerly been found there. Dr. Doddridge had been familiar with that region from about the year 1780. All the evidence goes to show that at one time the entire Mississippi Valley was the grazing ground of the buffalo.

Captain Carver speaks of the "amazing number" of these animals in his day. The readers of Irving will recall his description of the vast herds that formerly roamed over the plains of our Far West. All the earlier writers agree in their wonder at the size of these herds, which sometimes embraced thousands of individuals. The decimation of them, to say nothing of their extirpation, would have seemed an impossibility. On down to the middle years of the century which is about closing, the buffalo still existed in almost undiminished numbers; but the last fifty years have witnessed his practical extinction. A few specimens are found in some private and public parks, where they are preserved at great expense and trouble. In spite of every precaution, the butcher of animals, from whose murderous hands nothing is safe, still occasionally gets in his work, and the few remaining specimens are made fewer still. It makes one indignant to read such an item as this, which I find in a recent newspaper:

"Lord Clifton and Mr. Robert Lowther, owners of the 'N. F.' ranch, have returned from England. They first came to this country after the elks and buffaloes had disappeared, and are quite willing to spend several weeks in verifying some of the stories of the excitement of buffalo hunting, which have been told them by the old-timers of the Musselshell. Lester Moffett, of the 'Keg Handle,' who is an experienced buffalo hunter, says that he would cheerfully pay any reasonable fine for the pleasure of trying his hand again at the most exciting of all sport. It is quite possible he will pilot the Englishmen in the wild and desolate country through which the hunters must pass before they can reach the table land upon which the bisons are supposed to be ruminating."

The pity is that the violation of the law can be compounded by the payment of "any reasonable fine." There are many rich men to whom the payment of a fine is a bagatelle when it stands between them and their selfish enjoyment. The penalty for killing the buffalo should be a long imprisonment without the option of a fine.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Several Things.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, D. W. Prowse, in your columns Oct. 8 tells how he carried away a suspender, and was obliged to forego shooting because he could not manufacture one from twigs and rushes.

I am surprised that he should have selected such poor material when there is a wealth of good material everywhere in the woods. A small birch or hazel sprout twisted would answer very well, but if he wanted a gilt-edge pair of suspenders he could find the material in the ground. The roots of many trees and shrubs afford a good tough tying material. The bark on moose wood (*Dirca*), alias leatherwood, wicopy, etc., has a tough fibre. I do not know that moosewood grows in Newfoundland, but the bark on an elm root is about as tough, and the small roots are all right anyway.

I want to ask the writers for FOREST AND STREAM if they ever saw a mink hypnotize a ruffed grouse? I was on the way to the city last Friday morning when a turn in the path brought into sight a large mink, apparently coal black. His peculiar actions caught my attention first, but soon I saw a ruffed grouse about 12ft. beyond the mink. Every feather stood up on the grouse, causing the bird to look as large as a small turkey. The mink was making figure eights, moving from side to side of the grassy path, which was over 5ft. in width. His movements were so rapid the eye could see only a black streak. While I could not see the mink move toward the grouse, I saw that the distance between them grew less quite rapidly. Feeling sure that the grouse was doomed, for it seemed unable to do anything but follow the rapid motion of the mink, I stepped forward and gave a shout. The grouse flew away, and the mink let out a yell that seemed loud enough for a tiger. The mink yelled at me from a stone wall while I was near, and as soon as I went along he came out to the path smelling around for the grouse. If this was not a case of hypnotism, will some one please name it.

I have a pet toad, a little fellow that hopped into my sleeping quarters one morning last spring. He preferred to get under a bit of canvas, but if he could do no better he would crawl under a newspaper. I fixed him a residence by knocking a hole in the side of a flower pot. I inverted the flower pot in a paper box partly filled with dry dirt. Inside the pot I put a circular piece of heavy duck. In warm weather he sits on the duck. If the weather is cool he claws up the duck and sits on the dirt with the duck over him for protection. In cold weather he burrows into the dry dirt with the piece of duck over him. I did not put the toad in his new house. I just placed it on the floor one morning when he was coming in to sleep, and he crawled through both holes in the box and flower pot, as if he knew all about it.

HERMIT.

A Snake Bite and a Snake Weed.

MR. HERBERT BROWN sends us this report, taken from the Phœnix, Ariz., Republican:

"A Mexican employed at Fowler ranch was bitten by a 5ft. rattlesnake a couple of days ago. The bite was on the hand, similar as to location to that received by M. Bourgougnon, and which resulted fatally. The Mexican's arm swelled rapidly, but the swelling did not extend beyond the elbow. As soon as possible after he was bitten he applied a plant known as snakeweed, a species of euphorbia and called by the Mexicans golandrina. The swelling was arrested instantly, and in half an hour had passed away, leaving no other marks than the punctures upon the hand inflicted by the snake's fangs."

An Alaskan Moose Head.

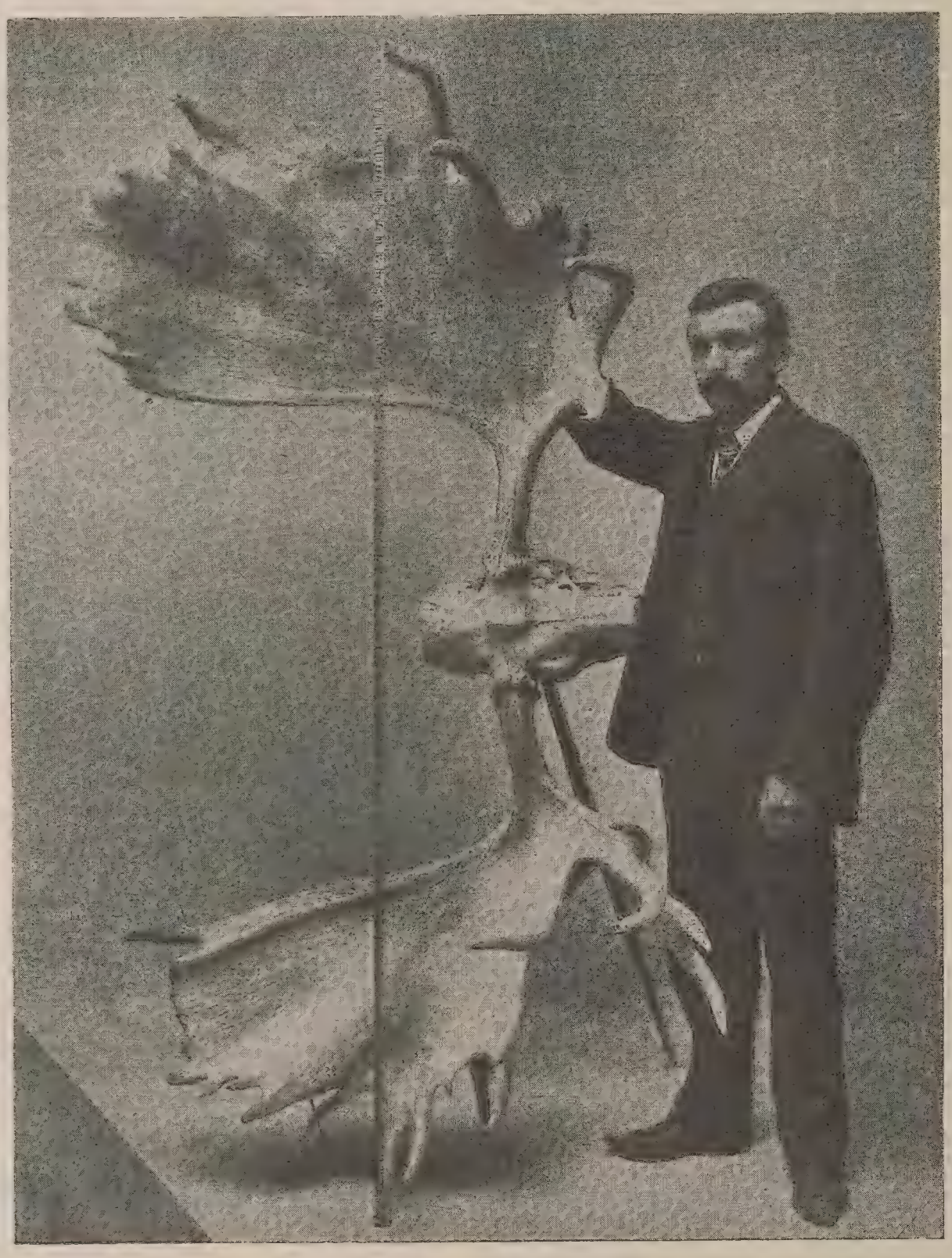
TACOMA, Washington, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 6, 1897, you showed cut of a pair of moose horns belonging to me that spread 73¼in.—at that time the largest moose head on record. I have the pleasure of sending you photograph of a set of moose horns that break all previous records, and stand to-day the largest and most massive moose head on record. Spread of the horns is 78½in.; width of the blades following the curve, 18in., with 40 prongs, four of the prongs on the under side not showing in photograph.

I have some seventy-five moose heads, and have handled and seen hundreds of them, but this discounts by far any moose head I have seen. The horns, as you will notice, are on the natural skull, and just as the animal was killed.

In showing this photograph to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I wish you would make the cut large enough to show the figures on the tape line, and also show that the skull has not been cut.

When you published the former cut of moose horns, although the cuts were splendid, they were not large enough to show figures on the tape, and I received hundreds of letters asking if the horns really spread that much, and what size was the man standing alongside, and all manner of questions. While it showed that FOREST AND STREAM is read far and wide, it caused me to answer a great many letters, and if you will show the figures on the tape it will save me lots of writing. You might also mention that the horns are not for sale.

W. F. SHEARD.



ALASKAN MOOSE HORNS.

The tape measure records from tip to tip 6ft. 6in.

Fighting Porcupines.

OCT. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One characteristic of the Canada porcupine, which I have never seen noted, but which no doubt is common enough, is its pugnacity at certain seasons. As the two instances which I have noticed occurred in October, I suppose the manifestation is directly connected with the rutting season.

In both instances I had stopped to listen while still-hunting deer, having heard some noise made by the porcupine. The animal approached from a distance of 30 or 40yds., moving quite slowly, its quills erect and making a snapping noise with its teeth. In the first case, which happened four years ago, it gave utterance also to a kind of noise like the clicking of a small hydraulic ram, but in the latest instance, two days ago, no such noise was made.

In both cases the porcupine came within 6in. or so of my foot, and not wishing to lose any of my toes, for the animal could easily have bitten through my moccasins, I gave it a tap on the first dorsal vertebra with the end of my rifle barrel. In the first case I killed the porcupine, but in the other instance I purposely did not hit very hard, and after it had regained its feet it waddled off at a pretty fast gait along its runway, under a slash of fallen trees. I am curious to know how the porcupine would have given fight. It is possible it might have wheeled at the last moment and given me a slap with its tail, as it fights dogs, but I rather imagine it would have tried to bite my feet or legs, judging from the way it was snapping its teeth. Its action impressed me as being more than a bluff; if it was a bluff the porcupine certainly had the nerve of a monumental poker player.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Frog and Pike.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mather's note in your issue of this week on the frog and the fish prompts me to send you these observations from Walton's Angler:

"But before I proceed further, I am to tell you that there is a great antipathy betwixt the pike and some frogs; and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia, who, in his book "Of Fish and Fish Ponds," relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader; which was:

"'As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swollen cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embraced the pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth those tender parts: the pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the pike, till his strength failed, and then the frog sunk with the pike to the bottom of the water; then presently the frog appeared again at the top and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror; after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the pike, that they might declare what had happened; and the pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out; at which, when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that pikes were often so served.'

"I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the first book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied: 'It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes.' But he did not consider that there be fishing frogs, which the Dalmatians call the water devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story; but I shall tell you, that 'tis not to be doubted, but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water snake that, when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths, which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.'

There is frog lore for you. Bishop Dubravius published his work in 1552; and Walton took his extracts

doubtless from the English translation, which appeared in 1599, with this charming prefix:

THE BOOKES REQUEST.

Reede over, then judge,
Condemne not before:
With judgment just reject,
Or els imbrace my lore,
Mine Author was the first
And last, as I suppose,
That we did assay
These secrets to disclose,
If ought be wrought awry,
And seeme to thee unsounde,
With penne I pray amende,
And not with tongue confounde.

Florida Turtle Eggs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I doubt if there is a State in the Union where everything in the shape of bird and beast is being so rapidly exterminated, regardless of common sense or common interests, as in Florida. Nearly every beautiful bird has gone, and now the turtle is following in their wake. There is scarcely a foot of the Florida coast that is not patroled nightly as long as the season lasts. Some of the eggs were sent to me once, and I tried to eat them, but I'd get very hungry before I'd try it again. Unless the law steps in to stop this stupid war of extermination there will soon be an end of the turtle trade; but that good result is hardly to be expected, for the average Florida legislator is about as inconsiderate as the bird and animal life exterminators.

The turtles in question weigh hundreds of pounds, and what is taken from one nest would, if left to mature, feed an army for a week; but between the bears and the other fellows, these inoffensive mammoths, like their friends, the manatee, seem to have a limited future in Florida.

DIDYMUS.

ST AUGUSTINE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Hunting on the Mermenteau.

A Louisiana Outing.

BOB and I left Chicago Saturday morning, Feb. 26, at an early hour, bound for the Crescent City, where we had planned to meet Jack on the following morning at the St. Charles Hotel. We awoke early Sunday morning to find our train speeding along through a semi-tropical country, less than fifty miles from New Orleans. We met "our Jack" as per appointment, and immediately planned to turn our backs on civilization. Our destination was among the fields and marshes of Vermillian Parish. We reached Jennings at an unearthly hour in the morning, and after a three miles' drive over rivers and swamps, the water in the roads frequently submerging the hubs of our wagon, we landed at Lake Arthur, La., and were received by our kindly host, Mr. W. D. Reeves.

After half a day's rest and recuperation, we took a whirl at the quail and snipe around the hotel over a trio of pointers under the guidance of Mr. A. S. Pinney, to whom I had a letter, and with whom Jack was well acquainted. Allow me to take my hat off and throw a few bouquets to this self-same Pinney—as true-hearted and considerate guide as ever graced a wilderness, and as faithful, industrious and generous natured hunter as ever built a blind or bagged a bird. We called him the Captain after the first day or two out with him, adopting the sobriquet given him by the native Creoles and Cadians, and he proved more than worthy of the title.

That afternoon we shot ten or a dozen quail and a few snipe, and "the next day it rained," but we started out again next morning. After an hour's trot over the fields, we had to pile out of the wagon and send back after a fresh horse, our plan being to take a short cut to a crossroad to the north, where our driver was to meet us. While taking the short cut, which turned out to be the longest way 'round, four kildeers got up a little in front of me, and I made a double on two of them, and the other two circled around to the place of beginning, where out of compassion I shot them also, much to the disgust of the other boys, who were all counting on a shot at them. I was accused of "hoggishness," "monopoly," "kildeer slaughter" and divers other crimes and misdemeanors, but as up to that time we had bagged no game, we left it go at that, and started over toward the designated rendezvous.

We finally reached the team, and after a hearty lunch, eaten while we rode, we came to some quail ground and put the dogs out, getting up several coveys, out of which we cleaned up fifteen or twenty birds, "wiping each other's eyes" occasionally, but each fellow getting a fair killing. We next struck a field of wet ground where a Cadian (French Creole) told us there were "plenty 'kosh kosh'" (jacksnipe). We found them wild as hawks, but brought back four or five apiece to the wagon. So ended the second chapter.

That evening we laid our wires to engage Capt. Dyer's steam launch, reported to be seaworthy, with a comfortable cabin and modern appliances left out. We bought a week's provisions, including canned stuff and staples, fresh eggs and vegetables. Capt. Pinney's good wife volunteered to make us plenty of fresh bread and a supply of doughnuts, "the kind mother used to make"; and we arranged for a trip down the Mermenteau River through Grand Lake, White Lake, Mud Lake and thence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Four merry hearts throbbed joyously and exultantly under as many corduroy vests as we put off from the dock one morning, and for three hours we glided over the surface of the pellucid Mermenteau through a wonderland of moss-hung china oaks, palm trees and cactus growths, wooded islands, grassy bayous and orange groves, emerging into Grand Lake and thence to Shell Beach, the island home of John David, a genuine Creole, whom we found on shore to greet us—a veritable Robinson Crusoe, with the man Friday left out. We stopped over night with David, Jack and I shooting plenty "kosh kosh" and supplying a fine breakfast for the crowd the next morning. In the course of our investigations we came across a considerable number of relics of Indian pottery and an old Indian grave.

We started at about 9 o'clock in the morning, bound for the Gulf, and with a hasty good-bye to John David and his Creole children, and the ten thousand dollars of treasure which he was reputed to have buried on the island, we steamed up and entered Grand Lake with some misgivings, but with the stoutest of hearts.

We proceeded without incident until we reached a point seven or eight miles out into Grand Lake, where the adventure of our lives was awaiting us.

We had observed when we started some ominous-looking clouds to the eastward, which in themselves might have been a sufficient foreboding to a less venturesome crew, but dauntless and foolhardy as we were, we had put forth regardless of consequences in our top-heavy craft, recking not of danger or a drenching, resolved only to reach our Eldorado—the home of the ducks—the Gulf of Mexico. When we had got about the middle of Grand Lake, ten miles from the nearest shore, a wind squall struck us, the waves rose 10, 12 and even 15ft. above us as we lay in the trough of the sea, and we realized all too late that we had taken our lives in our hands, and were helpless.

Every time our boat dipped we shipped two or three tubfuls of the wettest kind of water, and realizing our danger, some of us talked, others prayed, and others kept a golden silence; but all were scared as we had never been scared before, thinking of the "old folks and little ones at home."

For an hour and a half or two hours—which seemed a century—we buffeted the waves, balancing the boat as best we could, the Captain giving his commands to his engineer to "lower the speed" and "let off steam," meanwhile taking off his coat and getting down to the serious business of saving human life, as he was then and there called upon to do, bidding us "balance all," like a dancing master at a cotillion, fully sensible of the responsibility resting upon him for the success of the dance.

Add to this the fact that our engineer had inadvertently thrown some live coals into his fuel bunkers, and presently the soft coal ignited and we had a bonfire at sea—in short it was a "toss-up" among us whether we should burn alive or die like drowned rats in a trap; but presently, with the aid of a water bucket and with water from the lake—which was plentiful—we extinguished the fire and continued our fight with the waves alone.

Meanwhile our skiffs, which were towed by chains in the wake of our boat, became completely submerged, our oars and two or three buckets and other loose stuff were washed away, and the outlook was fearful in the extreme. One of the chains broke at this time, and our gallant Pinney, at great personal risk, and in obedience to an order from Capt. Dyer, went aft to secure the boats, and succeeded in doing so after great difficulties, but to our intense satisfaction. In fact I attribute our final delivery to the fact that these submerged skiffs, bearing down on our boat, kept us from toppling over, for as the wind would strike the roof of the yacht, it would serve to upset it, and the extra weight supplied by these water-filled skiffs helped to steady our course through the angry sea.

When at length we reached a headland where wind and wave alike abated, our handshake all around was among the best evidences of the narrowness of our escape.

If, by chance, any of us could have reached this point or any stray bunch of dead trees without life preservers or with the help of God, it might have been fifteen months before any boat would have picked us up, for that part of the lake was entirely unfrequented by any kind of life except buzzards and bald-headed eagles, to whom we would have been an easy prey.

Without further adventure we passed Mud Lake and Grand Cheniere, thence through to the Gulf, anchoring at the mouth of the Mermenteau, and thence proceeding by land to Franklin's, three miles from the river. On the way thither the rabbits were as thick as cats, or as hair on a dog, and as I approached toward evening a bunch of prickly pears, not knowing whereat I kicked, I put forth my foot to flush a possible covey of blue quail, of which I had read many tales, and ran a needle about 2in. through my rubber boot and into my foot, requiring a surgical operation to extract it. Add to this the onslaughts of countless mosquitoes, of which we had been forewarned, and the pangs of remorseless hunger and thirst, and it is needless to say we hailed our advent to even a semblance of human habitation.

That night, after a repast of canned stuff, water-soaked bread and lemon tea, a beverage as new as it was distasteful to our Northern appetites, we were assigned to a room probably 20 by 30ft. in dimensions, 10 or 12ft. above the ground, the house being supported by piling as a provision against high water from the Gulf, or its adjacent bayous and marshes.

Before retiring we took note of divers large brown and speckled hens laying eggs in as many boxes, barrels and other convenient roosts in close proximity to our beds, and also of sundry crevices in the flooring, though which, by the faint illumination of a single lamp, we could detect (and we assert the fact without the aid of imagination and "without fear of successful contradiction," as our good friend Fogarty would say) a favored few of that ignoble but democratic tribe, the genus hog, to whom, as it subsequently developed, was accorded the prerogative of assembling in delegations beneath our abode, without danger of interruption, let or hindrance. Three fellow sufferers on the nights of the 4th and 5th of March, respectively, A. D. 1898, will attest the incontrovertible fact that never in the history of journalism, fiction or real life had mortal suffered the agonies of such a baneful series of uninterrupted nightmares as we four endured those nights. If by any chance we closed our eyes in slumber, the smells that emanated from that hog pen awoke us, and the cries and squeaks and grunts and unutterable lamentations that arose at intervals through the night kept us awake. Add to the hogs the ticks and ants and mosquitoes and certain other infinitesimal but persistent denizens of all hen roosts, that infested our beds and clothes, and the reader can realize in some faint degree a few of the drawbacks to the complete and unqualified luxury of our abode.

But there we were within a hundred yards of the beautiful Gulf of Mexico on the one hand, and miles on miles of marsh land on the other, the Gulf stretching out with ineffable beauty before us, far as the eye could reach and further, bordered with a peerless beach of myriad sands and shells of infinite shape and color; and the marsh denizened with wildfowl around the waning grasses—the Gulf the acme of an artist's dream; the marsh the hunters' paradise, the home of the ducks and the geese, the curlew and the ring-tailed marlin.

The two days following our arrival at Franklin's marked an epoch in all our lives, for after our faithful Pinney had built us a couple of good blinds—it having been agreed that no gun should be fired until both blinds were ready—though the ducks, meanwhile, almost alighted on our gun barrels—none of us, I am sure, ever had such unrivaled duck shooting in our lives.

Green-winged teal, mallards, widgeon, whistlers and pintail swooped down upon, over and around us as fast as we could shoot, our guns grew so hot we had to dip them in the bayous to keep them cool enough to handle. Bob and I had the best of it the first day, having the choice of blinds, but though Bob is a crack shot at the trap, and I used to make some modest pretensions to some skill in the field, the number of "cinches" we missed and let go was something appalling, although an occasional long shot or a double would console us into believing we weren't so bad after all.

Without dwelling on details, four of us in less than two full days killed over 350 birds, the great majority of them ducks or "canard," as the Creoles call them, but a good many curlew, plover, snipe and ring-tailed marlin—the latter bird being entirely new to me; it is about the size of the curlew, flying something like a duck, generally close to the water; and distinguished by a semi-circular marking on the tail, which accounts for its name.

About noon the second day I borrowed Bob's game carrier—a device for facilitating the removal of game—threatening to kill a goose or break a leg. I waded three miles and a half toward the goose country—some flats adjoining Mud Lake, where we had observed some heavy flights and heard some vociferous "honking." On my approach thousands of geese and brant rose in a body and circled off to the south. I thought that it was all over; but reaching the shore of Mud Lake I noticed on the far side what seemed a half-mile or more of snow drift, but presently a white cloud arose, not of snow, but of solid geese and brant, and made across the lake toward my position behind a bunch of reeds.

As they drew near me they towered out of range, which was most discouraging, but I lay closer under cover, and noticed a flock of perhaps twenty coming my way not over 40yds. above the water. When they were almost upon me the flock divided, three birds "side stepping to the right" on the translucent air, but as it seemed the next moment concluding to rejoin the flock. In doing so the misguided trio passed directly over me and ran right into a couple of charges of No. 4 shot from the old Parker hammerless, two of them out of the three succumbing to the effects of the fire and falling almost on top of me.

I had a bowl of an old pipe in my coat without the stem, which I had lost, and wishing to have a quiet smoke of—well, you may call it self-complacency—I extracted a quill from the wing of one of the dead birds and improvised a very satisfactory pipe stem out of it, and had my little smoke; and after securing the victims, which weighed close to 10lbs. apiece, firmly in the game-carrier, I started back toward our blinds. Five more brant flew over me on the way back too close for their own good, but possibly decoyed by the birds thrown across my shoulder. At any rate, I picked and shot two more out of the bunch, and then sufficiently burdened with the first two, and with the weight of my 10lb. gun, heavy hip boots and corduroys, I managed to retrace my steps three miles or more across marsh land, knee deep with mud and water, to a place I named Welcome Ridge, where, after a brief but threatening interview with some long-horned Texas steers, which were inclined to dispute my passage, I came across Mr. Franklin, who was on horseback, and whom we had engaged by the day to keep the ducks stirred up.

I asked him to give me a lift with the geese. If some of the birds were wild that day how should Franklin's Mexican pony be characterized when my four white 10lb. pilgrims were thrown across the pommel of the saddle. Franklin had asked me to hold the pony while he loaded on the game; but I doubt if Sandow or any other modern Samson could have withstood the strength of that frightened steed when he realized that those four ghostly reminders were thrust upon him. He reared up on his hindlegs, kicked, plunged, trembled and kicked again, until he finally disentangled the bridle from his forelegs, and disengaging himself completely of his feathered tormentors, the head of one of which he flattened out like a pancake in a paroxysm of kicking and genuine horse-fright, he "lit out" into the prairies at a Vo Tambien gait, where after considerable maneuvering Franklin at last secured him.

I finally got back with the geese to the boys, and after firing a few last rounds at the teal and pintails we called a halt and took up our decoys and game, and two hours later, after a hearty lunch, said

our good-byes and proceeded back toward the Mermenteau River in the direction of our boat. On the beach a band of Franklin's pretty children volunteered their services in gathering sea shells for me, and we picked up enough to fill two cigar boxes. It was not without the keenest sense of regret, even sadness, that we said adieu to our good friends, and the shore birds and the placid waters of the Gulf.

We were all impressed with the beauty of the Spanish moss, which we found wherever the shores were wooded, draping the branches of the trees and deepening the shadows that fell beneath them. Here and there graceful sprays of mistletoe and holly heightened the effect; and the scene was beautiful beyond description when at sunset the foliage glistened with countless dewy gems and was radiant with the glow of the sou hern sun.

We stopped that night at Grand Cheniere, a picturesque Creole settlement, meanwhile having stored our birds in one of the large skiffs with a canvas covering to keep them from the sun. On the way up the river we encountered a Creole captain of a small sloop, who met us in a rowboat and dropped back in tow, joining us forward in a few moments after securing his boat. Some one from the sloop yelled "Fire!" as we passed by, and looking back we discovered the stranger's overcoat, which he had carelessly left in his boat exposed to the burning cinders from our smoke stack, ablaze and smoking. When he rescued it there was little left but the collar and a pair of sleeves, and I fancy the poor Creole had to charge up that trip to profit and loss.

The day after we reached Lake Arthur we were all invited by the engineer of our boat, Monsieur Louis Toups, to a goose dinner a la Francaise in honor of the Yankees, as he called us. It developed on better acquaintance with Toups that he had fought on the Confederate side in the late Civil War, but his war stories and allusions—I had almost called them illusions—his marvelous tales of hair-breadth escapes "in the imminent deadly breech," and of his capture, single-handed, of numberless renegades and deserters, and his sagacious prognostications of the events to be recorded in the annals of our future history, all paled in insignificance and receded from our transient recollections before his three-ply, double-distilled, eighteen-karat bear story. It was the legend of a man who killed 760 bears in a single year with the aid of Toups himself and a leash of hounds, and a scaffold.

He averred that this man—whose name, for reasons of his own, he withheld—had devised a plan of building a raised scaffolding a few feet from the ground, large enough to accommodate nine or ten couples of bears, and something in appearance, as we gathered, like a dance platform at a fair ground. This scaffolding was built within a few hundred yards of the bear thicket or canebrake where the hounds were put in; and as soon as they got the bears started from their respective lairs to escape the dogs, Mr. and Mrs. Bruin and the Misses and Messrs. Bruin would all take to the scaffold, according to programme, and not make the mistake of seeking a more inaccessible retreat. Here they would form sets something like a waltz quadrille or a prairie queen, and be shot down one at a time to the tune of three or four Winchester rifles and the music of the hounds, which, we were led to suppose, would "all join hands and circle round" until the last bear was dead. If, perchance, a young and guileless bear hound should be required to furnish a test of his staying powers, the master of the hounds would throw him up among the bears on the scaffold early in the action, and if he got a blow from one of Bruin's paws and lived, he was decided to be "a good bear dog." I believe Toups had rehearsed these tales so often that he has almost come to believe them himself.

We had a most delightful repast, hunters' style, thanks to Toups' good wife and the bright eyes of their children, and thanks to appetites born of exercise and privation; and in spite of many quips at our host for not lubricating his machinery with bear grease, and with much ill-timed admonition to him against "firing outside his boiler" the next time he ran a party out through a squall on Grand Lake, we said our farewells to him and his, and leaving Bob at Lake Arthur for further rest and retrospect, Jack and I quit the country; and our hunt was over.

BARNUM.

A Trip Down in Maine.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I returned from the Maine woods last P. M., and as FOREST AND STREAM is the sportsman's record, I will "rite yu thes fu lines."

There were four in the party—three from Philadelphia and myself. I did not amount to much after we got into the woods, but of that hereafter. To get to our objective point we had twenty-five miles of wagon, a carry of one-half mile, and nine miles of canoe on lake. We all started well prepared to camp. Imagine our surprise when we found a good frame house with all the appointments of a first-class summer resort hotel in the woods, right in the wilderness. Consider that this is thirty-five miles from the railroad—eleven miles by canoe—and you will appreciate the energy of the man and woman who would locate here and then undertake to educate their children—and their children are educated—in circumstances so unfavorable in so far as transportation to the center of letters is a factor in the matter of education of youth. I was curious to know how this was accomplished so far from the means of ordinary instruction. On inquiry I found that the mother had been a teacher of schools in the earlier years of her life in Pennsylvania, and the hereditary intelligence of the mother had been developed and built upon by the teachings she applied during the long absences from the schools to which access was possible. All glory to the mother.

Now to our hunt. The first day my friend R—— took the setter for grouse; no result, partridge very scarce, did not get a shot. The other members of the party, Walter and Abe, went for deer. Abe will be known hereafter as the moose caller, because of his disposition to hold his hands on his stomach and grunt like a bull moose. To return, Abe and Walter went for deer. Walter cut the head off a grouse; did not connect on deer; saw plenty of sign. Grouse very scarce and nonplussed the dog by flying into the trees.

Second day.—Not any result; plenty of deer "spoor," tracks like sheep fold, but deer had just left when we got there. By the way, deer have this unceremonious way of bidding good-bye before saying howdy.

Third day.—This was the *dies gloria* for Abe; came in at dark of day; good Lord; shot him through and through—big buck—six points—leaped 10ft. high at the shot; lots of blood; followed him by the blood into the brush until it was so dark we could not follow the trail; too bad, too bad; got supper and started with lantern to find a wounded deer in the brush. Of course I didn't go. I have been there. But the boys were enthusiastic and I let them go. Hunted until late in the night, but did not find the deer that was shot through and through, and jumped 10ft. in the air at the crack of the gun. *Sic transit.*

Fourth day.—Went out to find the wounded deer; did not succeed in search; might have passed within 20ft. of it, and it would not have made its presence known, but our boys did not know this fact, because it was their first experience with the wily animal. This day Walter shot and killed a nice yearling buck, which was the only deer killed on the hunt.

The following day being Sunday was close time in Maine. Last day we all went out early, 4 o'clock; waited for light to shoot; jumped a deer; could not see if yearling, buck or doe. Boys did not want meat, they wanted horns. Five shots fired; deer went off with flag up; came back in brush to investigate the noise. Guide standing beside R—— took deliberate aim and fired; deer ran with flag up; four shots fired.

Here I left the party and took a logwood to hunt alone, as I was impressed that I had not any chance with a guide who would take the first chance to shoot.

The weather was warm—hot—and we could not bring any game out. I was particularly impressed with the scarcity of grouse (partridge). We got all we wanted to eat of venison and grouse. What the boys wanted was horns. Moose tracks and "spoor" were frequently seen along the boggy trails where the moss was abundant, and the call of the bull was "heard in the land," more frequently, however, at camp when Abe "got on to it." The ough-ou-ough-ough-ough accentuated was a signal that Abe was prepared to replenish his inner man.

But the best of the trip was when Abe first heard the buck "whistle." He was quietly seated watching for the approach of a deer where the signs showed a crossing, and passed quietly into the arms of Morpheus. Stamp, stamp, followed by chiugh-chiugh. "What is that?" said Abe, waking up at the moment, "deer sure." He had heard it before, but not in so intense a manner, when he had shot the buck that jumped 10ft. in the air at the crack of the rifle. The deer had got his wind, and was trying to locate him. He did locate him and left sans ceremony, and Abe came back to camp a disappointed but a wiser man.

E. S. Y.

Notes from New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 12.—It is a rather singular fact that while the record spread of moose horns for this Province (and it was also the record spread for Maine and Nova Scotia) remained for many years at 62in., in two successive seasons a moose should be killed in New Brunswick which has entirely outclassed these figures. The moose shot on the Tobique last fall by Stephen Decatur, of Portsmouth, N. H., with a spread of 66in., was thought by many to be a freak, but this view of the matter will have to go by the board now that Mr. F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., has brought out a moose from the same locality with a spread of 67. Have a few of the giant moose of Alaska emigrated to the Tobique, or do these figures mean that where the moose has a favorable feeding ground, and is unmolested for a period of years, he attains a growth far surpassing that which is possible where he is hunted and harried, and where his food supply is precarious? It is a peculiar circumstance that of the many fine moose shot in New Brunswick during the last five years all heads of 60in. or over have come from the headwaters of the Tobique and the Restigouche (with the exception of one specimen shot by Mr. Bodkin on the Nepisiguit), while on the adjacent waters of the Nor'west and Sou'west Miramichi no moose has been taken for many years with a spread of over 56in. It looks as though a 6ft. head might yet be secured in New Brunswick. Chief Gabe, of the Milicete Reservation, claims that forty years ago he shot a bull moose on the Restigouche with a spread of over 6ft., but in those days the antlers were valueless, and he left them in the woods.

I have only heard of three parties of the many which have outfitted at Fredericton this season for the hunting grounds that have failed to secure either moose or caribou, and two of these had excellent chances. Some sportsmen are, of course, better shots and better able to tramp the woods than others. It is pleasant to know that our genial friend, Fred Talcott, of Providence, who last year failed to connect with his noble moose, has this time come out with the Stars and Stripes flying at the fore. In a personal note Mr. Talcott says: "I went into camp on Salmon Brook, crossing Cains River at the Forks, was in the woods two weeks, and killed a moose and a caribou. James Fowler, now eighty-two years old and over, did the calling and brought in three bulls, one at a time, of which I killed the best. A party of American sportsmen went in with Tom Weaver for guide. He lives a few miles below Blissfield. They had great luck; got one moose, two bears, two caribou and one horse. I am told the gentleman who killed the horse made a particularly fine shot at 400yds., thinking he had his sights on a moose." I have been unable to learn the names of the party who went with Mr. Weaver. Perhaps the man who shot the horse is modest. At any rate, he must be a good fellow, for he paid the full value of the horse without a murmur. The moose secured by this party had a spread of over 4ft. Mr. Talcott mentions a fact in regard to the mammoth moose killed by Mr. Cook on the Tobique that adds greatly to the value of the trophy, namely, that Mr. Cook himself called up the moose. It often happens that the sportsman who sits shivering in his blanket on the barren is really a much better caller than the guide whom he is paying $3 a day to terrify the wilderness.

Writing under date of Oct. 5, Jerome Bradley, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., says: "I have been home now over a week from my hunt up the Nepisiguit, and feel that you would be pleased to hear of our success, since you so kindly 'put me on' to that game paradise. My friend, Henry Soennichsen, and myself managed to fill our game bag with one moose, two caribou and four bears. Moose seemed to be very scarce; caribou very plentiful. We could have shot at least ten more. We saw over forty. The bears are more than plentiful; we saw eighteen. I don't feel as though I ought to kick, having in two trips shot two moose, four caribou and six bears."

George H. Adams and H. F. Whittier, of Lawrence, Mass.—which seems, by the way, to be a very prolific breeding ground of good sportsmen—have returned from the hunting grounds on Little Sou'west Miramichi, after an absence of seventeen days. They had John Wambolt as their guide, and brought out two fine moose, the largest having a spread of 55in. with twenty points, and the other a measurement of 45in. with twenty-two points.

Thomas Cox, of Fredericton, and Thomas Porter, of Two Brooks, Victoria county, had a short hunting trip the other day up the Gulquac. They brought out a two-year-old bull moose.

It is difficult to secure anything like full returns from the Restigouche, where a small army of American sportsmen are now encamped. All that I have been able to learn is that Messrs. Grew and Gardiner, who were hunting with C. B. Gray, brought out three fine moose heads, one of them 60in. wide; that Dr. Rainsford, of Stillwater, had captured a moose and caribou; that the Jenkins party on the same ground had one moose and two caribou; that the Whiting party, on the Patepedia, had three moose, and the Sylvester party, on the Upsalquitch, two moose and two caribou. Some of these were mentioned in my last communication.

Messrs. Walter L. Pierce and E. W. Jones, of New York, who spent three weeks in the Gordon Brook country with Frank Bartlett, of Doaktown, as guide, did not have quite the measure of good fortune to which their qualities as thorough sportsmen entitle them. They succeeded in downing one nice caribou, but no moose.

Perhaps the first case of a woman shooting a moose occurred last week near Edmundston. The lucky lady was Mrs. John S. Eagles, of Saint John.

Some light is thrown on the question of the weight of a full-sized bull moose by the fact that one shot on the north branch of Gibson Creek, by Edward Williams, was brought into Woodstock and weighed, when dressed, 700lbs. There can be little doubt that the live weight of this moose was full 1,200lbs.

A pedler named James McDougall had a lively adventure with a moose, while on a partridge hunt at Riley Brook, on the Tobique. The moose showed such signs of pugnacity that the pedler took to a tree. The moose remained under the tree for over an hour. McDougall then lost his balance and fell fair upon the moose, bringing out a handful of hair. The moose then concluded that the peddlar was becoming pugnacious and hurriedly broke for cover. There may be two sides to this story. This is the pedler's version.

There is good moose hunting to be had within fifteen miles of Fredericton. Will Chestnut, who was out to Bull Pasture Plains last week, to inspect the duck ponds, saw two bull moose and a cow in the two days he was there. Moose are frequently seen at Waasis and Rusigornich, but are not molested, as the hunting of moose and caribou on the western side of the River St. John is prohibited.

The .30-30 controversy still rages with great violence. One of the warmest advocates of the handy little weapon last year was Dr. Bishop, of Boston. But since the Doctor had to shoot six bullets into a bull caribou before he could stop him, and since his moose walked away when he ought to have passed in his cheeks, the Doctor has been doing some of the tallest kind of thinking.

But just here there is a shuffle in the amen corner, and Deacon Sumner L. Crosby, of Bangor, arises to remark: "By the way, I have just received twelve large caribou heads from Newfoundland, all killed with the .30-30 Winchester, soft nose bullet. W. L. Rice, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the sportsmen, told me that he killed a bull caribou at 650yds. with one shot, and that three shots was all he fired at any of the caribou."

Personally, all guns look alike to me—for a side shot. For an end shot give me lots of lead. Then again I think some shots by some people don't hit sometimes.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

In Cerritos Blind.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nine of us assembled at the depot, all in good spirits and eager for a glimpse of the webfeet, for it was the afternoon of Sept. 30, and on the morrow the duck season was to open. For seven long months we had been waiting for this very day—why then shouldn't we be jolly fellows?

There was the Insurance Man, the Lawyer, the Banker, the Capitalist, the Merchant, the Real Estate Man, the Judge, the Governor, and the Student, and we were a three-fifths majority of a duck club of fifteen members—the rest couldn't come—"chained to business," probably.

Our destination was the preserve of the Cerritos Duck Club, about fifteen miles from Los Angeles, a preserve comprising a lake somewhat over a mile long, one about half a mile long, and several smaller ponds. This preserve, owing to the protection afforded the birds and the abundance of feed for them, is a famous place for ducks and affords some of the best shooting to be had in Southern California.

The warning clang of the engine bell sounded, and we boarded the train; nine leather cases, whose outlines indicated their contents, were deposited in a corner under the watchful eye of the Insurance Man—his own beautiful little gun was in one of them, and it is the apple of his eye. The train bowled along at a fair

ate, and soon the name of our station was shouted by he brakeman. Arrived at the club house, but few moments were lost in getting into sweaters and canvas oats, whose frayed appearance was evidence that the vearers were by no means novices in the sport of duck hooting. Then each one busied himself with preparaions for the morrow's shoot till a call from the ranch ouse sent us on a double quick to a good dinner, after vhich cards were brought out and the choice of blinds ecided by drawing from the ace to the nine-spot. The nsurance Man drew the ace and the Student followed vith the deuce, which gave them first and second choice.

The blinds having been determined, the next thing vas to place the decoys—and to this end the Student nd the keeper took one of the boats and rowed from lind to blind, placing from three dozen to fifty wooden ecoys in a crescent form about each one. These linds are water-tight boxes, sunk flush with the surace at the lake's edge—the top screened from view by a ringe of growing weeds. They are fitted up with a eat and shelf for shells, and make a very comfortable lind, as one is protected from the wind and securely idden from the sharp eyes of the ducks.

The decoys placed, Charley and the Student returned o the cabin and found the rest of the members disussing that inexhaustible subject—guns. From this he conversation drifted to stories of duck shoots long one by, after which we enjoyed a social game of cards, nd then all turned in for the night, the Judge and the Governor going over to the ranch house, where they ould revel in the luxury of sheets between their blankets. s there were but five bunks in the cabin, the Insurance Man and the Student spread their blankets on the floor nd laid down to dream of countless flocks of ducks hovring over their decoys—a dream which was partly ealized in the morning. Just before the lights were put ut the Capitalist, while lying in one of the lower bunks, ound that by bracing his long legs against the mattress f the one above him he could lift it with its occupant everal inches—which he at once proceeded to do, much o the discomfort of the Real Estate Man, who in turn nstituted a rough and tumble pillow fight to give vent o his injured feelings.

It seemed to the Student that he had hardly closed is eyes when he was rudely awakened by having a heavy oot planted within an inch of his head—it was 4 A. M., nd ten minutes later nine sleepy shooters were sitting round a table on which a smoking hot breakfast was aid. Breakfast over, nine shell-laden hunters tramped r rowed to their respective blinds. Those who were o shoot on the ponds pushed their decoys over to the linds in a two-wheeled cart, and while the Banker was truggling to get his cart over a drainage ditch, cart nd contents overturned into 18in. of cold water, from nder all of which the unhappy Banker extricated himelf with difficulty. After a half-mile walk along the hore of the lake, the Student reached his blind, and fter laying out a supply of shells amused himself by olling cigarettes and watching the ducks, which by his time were being routed from the ponds and came n great flocks to the main lake. A great many lit among he decoys, and a flock of about sixty sprigs settled in a ittle arm of the lake back of the blind, and not 10yds. rom it, giving the Student a fine opportunity to study heir habits.

It was not yet dawn, but a full moon was shining brightly through the rifts in the clouds, for the sky was partly overcast. In this uncertain light four big coyotes trotted around the lake shore, stopped to take a drink and gaze for a moment at the flock of decoys, and then came so close to the Student's blind that he could have touched them with his gun. The first gun had not been fired, so they were safe enough, and seemed to realize it, for they stayed around the blind for several minutes, till at last the Student threw a clod at one of them, and away they went over the mesa like ghosts of departed greyhounds.

Dawn was breaking in the east—it was light enough to shoot and flock after flock of teal and sprigs wheeled by within easy range, many of them dropping among the decoys. Still the first gun was not fired, though the Student's fingers tingled, and he kept sliding the safety button of his hammerless back and forth nervously. For a full half-hour he waited, and then the first gun cracked a half-mile away to his right. It was almost immediately answered by another to his left, and then the Judge's gun sounded across the lake. Just at this moment the Student saw two teal—straight incomers—making for the decoys, and he opened the season with a clean right and left on them. They fell not 10yds. apart, their little black paddles beating a frantic tattoo in the air. Then for the next hour there was a perfect fusillade along the lake shore and from the ponds. Ducks were flying everywhere and coming from all directions—incomers, tailers, sky-scrapers, and crossing birds made the sport fast and exciting.

They were for the most part young birds that had been bred on the grounds, and were badly rattled by their experience "under fire." After that the shooting quieted down, till by 9 o'clock but few birds were flying.

The evening before Charley had told us that he had a tame checker breast goose, which was in the habit of flying about the lake, and asked us not to shoot it in case it went near any of the blinds. This injunction lost for the Student a nice pair of checker breasts, for during a lull in the shooting two of these birds (neither of which was the keeper's goose, as it afterward proved) flew over his blind not 40yds. high.

At 9 o'clock the Judge began taking in his decoys, and the Student followed suit, and together they walked back to the cabin, each with a goodly string of fat birds.

About 12 o'clock a strong wind sprung up, increasing in violence till it was a regular gale, which kicked up quite a sea on the lake and covered its surface with whitecaps. At this time the Student volunteered to take a boat across for the Governor. Now the Student has never prided himself on his prowess at the oars, and the boat had no keel. So the result was that the boat went stern first, sideways, and every way but the right way, but after a deal of hard work and unshipping of the oars he reached the Governor's blind, and loading his duffle on board, the Governor stepped in and risked his life and fortune with the landlubberly Student. The return voyage was made without mishap, though at times the Governor looked dubious.

One by one the others came back to the cabin and hung their birds on the side of the house, till a very creditable bag for the first day graced the wall. The Student was high gun, with the Insurance Man a close second—just one bird less than the Student had. The wind continued to blow with great violence till train time, 4:30 P. M., and this fact, and the unwonted exercise of the morning, had whetted our appetites, so that we did full justice to a miscellaneous cold lunch, after which we lounged about the cabin, discussing the morning's sport till time to go to the station. The train was a few minutes late, but we reached town on time, and one and all declared that the opening shoot had been a great success.

If the Insurance Man and the Student had been a whole circus in themselves, they would not have caused more craning of necks than they did as they walked up town with their birds slung over their shoulders.

CULPEPPER.

Maine and Boston.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—Hunting parties are now in order, and some of them are already returning. Considerable success in the capture of deer is noted by the hunters returning from Maine, with the remarkable feature that a good many bucks are being captured, whereas in former seasons the early captures have been does in majority. The Menotomy Club, made up largely of Arlington sportsmen, has just returned from a ten-days' hunting trip to Camp Foley, Northeast Carry. The company was made up of J. W. Ronco and N. J. Hardey, of Arlington; Dr. Lowe, of Newton; Dr. Scott and Mr. Evans, of Jamaica Plain; Dr. Killihur, of Woburn, and Dr. Rogers, of Boston. Three fine deer were obtained, two bucks and a doe. Partridge shooting exceeded the expectations of any in the party. One individual, the cook of the company, Mr. Ronco, was ahead in that sport, his score being 32. Others were taken, of course, but were more readily found about the camp, by the cook, than in the deep woods, where the others were hunting deer.

Hunters in the vicinity of the Rangeleys are getting a good many deer. From Billy Soule's several have already been brought out. Two or three have been taken in the vicinity of Bemis; one of the finest heads ever taken in the Maine woods. Mr. Richards has taken his two deer at the Upper Dam, and one or two others have been taken in that vicinity. The Camp Stewart party of four got a fine two-year-old buck. Lester Poor has taken a fine buck near the head of Richardson Lake. At the Big Richardson Pond the Harry Dutton party got one deer. Clayton Sweat has been guiding a party at his camp on that pond, and they have secured at least one deer. The editor of Puck, Keppler, has been camping at the same pond, and his party has had venison in camp.

Mr. Geo. T. Freeman and O. W. Whittemore, of Arlington, are just out from a most delightful Maine hunting trip, and one full of adventure. They went to Norcross, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and from thence to North Twin Dam. From that point they went up the lakes and carries a long distance to a pond to the west of Mount Katahdin. Here they got three deer, two bucks and a doe. Several times they tried to photograph a big bull moose, but failed of the desired snap shot. It was before the 15th of October, and the big fellow seemed to be aware that he was not in danger of being shot, except with the camera, and that he did not care for. He seemed to inhabit a peninsular between the ponds, and was not exactly willing to leave his quarters when the hunters approached. At one time—they saw him several times—Whittemore was ahead, while Freeman was behind with the camera. Whittemore came within a short distance of his lordship, lying down. He called to Freeman to come up with his fishing rod and "wake him up." Freeman also had a good look at the old fellow as he dozed in the sun. But the camera did not work. Another time they saw him lying on a hillock near to the shore of the pond; the hunters being only a few rods from the shore. At another time a big buck deer came out of the woods and went up the shore of the pond, followed by a doe, when tagging on behind came the big moose. This time the camera was at the camp. They saw, in all, over forty deer and five moose—three bulls and two cows. Both men declare that they want to make the same trip when the moose law is off. They feel sure that the bull moose could have been shot but for the close season.

A great many deer are coming into the Boston market; altogether too many to have been legally shot and shipped. Indeed the deer come in piles, without name or tag of ownership, though the law expressly provides that moose, deer and caribou shall be accompanied by the owner, plainly tagged and marked. Evidently the railroads are forwarding deer illegally. I am told that one moose has already reached the Boston market, though the open season in Maine does not begin till Oct. 15. The receivers say that the moose came from the Provinces, but it is darkly hinted that it was shot in Maine. There is work for the Maine commission in stopping the flood of game coming out of Maine; begun this year, following the tremendous illegal shipments of deer received last year, after the open season closed.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—Mr. Walter L. Hill, secretary of the Sportsmen's Show, of last spring, has returned from a trip to Europe. In Scotland he fished for Loch Leven trout. Friends, members of a Paisley fishing club, invited him to try the trout in their preserve. An old reservoir has been converted into a fish pond, and is kept well stocked. Mr. Hill found an American split bamboo rod in the rooms of the club, and determined to try it. It was light and shapely, but the Scotchmen declared that it was "only a toy; and no length of line could be put out with it." Mr. Hill tried it, and, much to their surprise, he cast fully as far as they were able to do with their heavier English or Scotch rods. He also took six trout, the string weighing about 4lbs., which they also regarded as an excellent catch, both as to numbers and size. The cast he used Mr. Hill has preserved. The three flies are dark and remarkably small, without the sign of a red or any bright-colored feather. He will try the same cast on Maine trout next spring.

Elmer R. Snowman, of Rangeley, was before the Supreme Judicial Court at Farmington, Me., last week, and as expected was found guilty of guiding without a license. Only a technical defense was offered: that the work performed was not necessarily that of guiding. The case went to the jury without argument, and that body quickly returned the above verdict. Mr. Snowman's counsel asked to have the whole matter dropped, but the commissioners, through their attorney, were determined to push it to the utmost. An appeal was made, and the case now goes to the law court. A great deal of interest is manifested in the case. The court room was crowded during the proceedings. It is hoped by the enemies of the guide law that before the law court the law will be shown to be unconstitutional. The commissioners and friends of the measure are equally confident that it will be fully sustained.

Proceedings have been dropped in the case of the prosecution of Col. Edward B. Stoddard, of Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Henry Roeloffs, of Philadelphia. The matter was to have been tried before the Supreme Court at Farmington last week. According to reports at the time, Warden Huntoon, of Rangeley, arrested these gentlemen for illegal fishing in Rangeley Stream; that is, fishing above a certain bound, set by authority of the Fish and Game Commissioners, under the statute. It is understood that the gentlemen were prepared to prove that the sign or board had been moved up the stream by authority of Commissioner Stanley, and that they were not fishing in closed waters. Suddenly it was announced that the commissioners had concluded to drop the whole matter. It is also reported that Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, and other gentlemen of influence, had appealed directly to the commissioners, representing that the proceedings were senseless and useless. The sentiment is strong among sportsmen, familiar with the location and the proceedings, that the defendants should have been given a chance to prove their innocence in court.

Mr. E. S. Shannon, of the Boston office of the Associated Press, has been on a bird shooting trip to Phillips and Weld, Me. Francis Henwood, of New York, has obtained a fine buck deer at Kennebago. Generally the local and Maine hunters are getting the most of the deer thus far. City sportsmen are complaining that most of the hunting sections are badly overdone before they get there. It is reported that even the foremen and engineers on the Bangor & Aroostook and Phillips & Rangeley railroads carry rifles, and fire from the moving trains at deer on the track. Deer are still coming into the Boston markets in a most shameful manner, if the non-transportation Maine law is to be enforced at all. I saw another big pile on Saturday, without tags or marks of any kind. These could not have been the legal game of sportsmen. The Maine papers say that not the usual number of deer are being received in the city markets of that State. The reason is a good one; they are coming, illegally, to Boston.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Mythical Mr. Hicks.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 15.—The city directory of Milwaukee, Wis., may or may not contain the name of one L. H. Hicks. Even should the directory print his name, it does not print the street address which this Mr. Hicks desires to be known as the point at which he does his trading. To the public at large this fact would at first not appear to possess any special interest, though perhaps we shall see that the public might well have a very direct interest therein. To certain express companies, trading as common carriers between the cities of Milwaukee and Chicago, the name and address of Mr. L. H. Hicks are very well known, and they represent a certain commercial value. This value attaches, not only during the open shooting season, but has done so all through the closed season, and in spite of the Wisconsin laws regarding the killing and shipping of game.

Mr. L. H. Hicks is not Mr. L. H. Hicks. His address is not Milwaukee, but Chicago. He is a Jekyll and Hyde Mr. Hicks, whom now you see and whom now you don't see. A great many illegal shooters and shippers of game in the State of Wisconsin, killers of chickens, grouse and red-coat deer, know Mr. Hicks, of Milwaukee, very well. For a long time they have been shipping their illegal game to Mr. L. H. Hicks, Milwaukee, knowing very well that it would not be delivered to Mr. Hicks, but be forwarded, finally to turn up in the hands of H. L. Brown & Son, of Chicago, commission merchants, and handlers of poultry and game. To the latter concern, I have no doubt, Mr. Hicks, of Milwaukee, has been a valuable friend.

The newspapers of Milwaukee have discovered a great deal more news about the violations of the Wisconsin game laws than have the representatives of the law, for that purpose appointed. For some time the leading Milwaukee papers have been calling attention to the many instances of open or covert violations of the law. Warden Ellarson, it seems, appointed Deputy Warden August Zinn to look into the case of Mr. Hicks. Deputy Zinn, it seems, is a hustler, the sort of which Wisconsin needs a great abundance, and he succeeded this week in catching Mr. Hicks, as it were, in the process of changing his coat. The express companies, who, without doubt, have been carrying this illegal game, and who will, without doubt, continue to do the same thing, profess the most extreme and friendly interest in this matter, and state that they are very sorry they did not know who Mr. Hicks was, and that henceforth they will be very guarded in what business they transact for him. The express companies regret very much the pernicious activity and reprehensible resourcefulness of Mr. Hicks.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Milwaukee press for getting details which were handed over to the proper authorities, which resulted in the discovery of Mr. Hicks, as well as for their sound stand for something beside political activity in matter of the deputy wardens over the State. An evening Milwaukee paper states: "Deputy Game Warden Zinn's work is a sample of the activity which the framers of the game law had in view when they provided for the policing of the game

country by wardens interested in the preservation of Wisconsin fish and game."

That is good doctrine. Wardens are put in power as servants of the people, and they are sworn to do their duty under the law.

Koshkonong.

There has been complaint arising to the point of indignant protest over the violation of the sneak boat law on Lake Koshkonong, in Wisconsin. I have earlier described this peculiar form of duck shooting, which seems to have been originated and perfected on Lake Koshkonong. It is a most deadly form of open-water shooting, and calculated to break up the bodies of ducks on their feeding beds. It is an exciting form of hunting, and one demanding skill, and were it not so destructive it might be called sportsmanlike. It was long ago put under ban in the State of Wisconsin, but it is well known that it has been very frequently practiced by shooters who could not endure the sight of the great bodies of canvasback lying out into the open and refusing to work. A number of these little sneak boxes, provided with aperture for the invisible sculling oar, were constructed this fall on Koshkonong, and no good purpose is subserved by denying that they went into general use. Many appeals were sent to the State warden. Many newspapers published the fact that the State warden ought to visit Koshkonong. Finally the State warden published the fact that he was going to visit Koshkonong. Now it is published that he did go to Koshkonong. I have not seen mention of any arrests. A Milwaukee papers says: "The fish and game laws of this State were never better drawn than now. They insure to the poor as well as to the rich sportsman an opportunity for honest sport, and there is an intention to see that the laws are enforced. Complaint similar to that from Koshkonong comes from Pukaway and Fox Lake, and in fact from nearly every section of the State where wildfowl abound. It is the general impression among sportsmen and hunters that the laws as they now stand are all right, and that the only thing needed is their strict enforcement."

A New Sort of Big Game.

Mr. C. L. Hayden resides at Columbus, Ohio, visits in Chicago, and lives most of the time out in Arizona, where he has had some very interesting shooting trips. He is just starting this week for another trip, going to Holbrook, Ariz., for his outfitting point. He tells me that the Mogollon Mountains still preserve their ancient reputation as a good deer country. He also tells me that he heard of a great many mountain sheep in some of the ranges north of Phenix, Ariz.

It was Mr. Hayden who informed me of a species of big game which is now being hunted in Arizona, and which, I think, will appear as a novelty to most of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. This is nothing more nor less than that well-known cherubim of the mountains, the burro, or sawed-off jackass of the West. It seems that numbers of these burros have gone entirely wild, and range, literally wild asses of the desert, over the mountains and mesas of Arizona. These herds are met with forty to seventy miles north of Phenix, and they are looked upon as legitimate wild game. The cowboys kill them whenever they can, because they run off tame stock, just as the wild mustang horses formerly did. Mr. Hayden says that he killed three of these animals, and he is ready to pronounce them about as hard game to hunt as any he ever saw. They are wilder than deer, and will run at sight of a man at any distance, from 1,000yds. up. They are very difficult to knock down, and shooting the .30 caliber, full mantel bullet, he failed to stop one, which was shot lengthwise of the body, and then crosswise back of the shoulders. (Had he used the soft nose bullet this result would have been different.)

I don't know about this burro business. I have often felt like killing a burro, because of its annoying personal habits, but I never liked the taste of the meat, and unless I had lost a burro, and wanted him to pack my flour, I don't know that I would go out hunting after him. You can't kill all the asses in the world, and we might as well be resigned. In many ways the burro is an amiable creature. I once knew a tenderfoot out in New Mexico who shipped one home to his children in Philadelphia. He paid $1.25 for the burro, and it cost him $84 express. I used to savvy burro plenty at one stage of my career, but I do not recollect ever having seen one go faster than a walk, so that this information about their big game qualities comes somewhat in the nature of a surprise.

Dope and Ducks.

Mr. J. B. Whittemore, of Galesburg, N. D., will, I am sure, pardon me for using a portion of his letter for the benefit of other "all-the-time readers of FOREST AND STREAM." In regard to mosquito dope he has this advice: "I am a little of a drug man, and your mosquito dope formula leads me to suggest that you add to the ounce of vaseline, tar, etc., about half an ounce of the best insect powder. It will not make it any more disagreeable as an application, while it will, in my opinion, very much increase its efficacy.

"This is a very nice country about here, with considerable game yet, chickens, and ducks, and a few geese. Next time you come to North Dakota stop off and visit with me. I have been here fifteen years, and know all the game pockets. When you want news from up here, I am at your service."

I hope Mr. Whittemore will not forget his last promise. The FOREST AND STREAM wants all the North Dakota news it can get, all the time.

Another Side-Hunt.

The shooters of Big Rapids, Mich., last week arranged for a grand side-hunt. W. J. Trott and W. L. Small were selected as captains, and chose sides from among the gun-bearing contingent who have a grudge against the game in that vicinity. There were thirty-seven men on each side, and I have no doubt that the birds and animals suffered after the usual fashion of side-hunts. This is a good way to keep down the game supply, which I infer must have become dangerous to the citizens of Big Rapids.

A Saturday Night Train.

Deputy wardens this week arrested John Silverman, Jacob Crowback, Nels Johnson, Fred Fostberg and Joseph Odork, the charge being that of shooting water fowl around Lake Calumet between the hours of sunset and sunrise. From the location of the offense, and some of the names of the offenders, I am inclined to fear that the officers of the law may have nabbed some of my friends of the Saturday night train, earlier mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM.

Dubuque Sportsmen.

Dubuque, Iowa, has a shooting club known as the Minnewaukon Hunting Club, which has a large membership. It is a custom of this club to make annual pilgrimages to North Dakota, more especially to the Devil's Lake country. This week the club started for its fall hunt, there being twenty-two sportsmen in the party. This means that $550 will drop into the treasury of North Dakota, or rather that the half thereof will fall into the jeans of Game Warden Bowers. This is a pretty good contribution for one city.

Texas Game Country.

Before long a great many persons will be inquiring for shooting country in the South, notably in the State of Texas. It is not always that a good shooting country has good hotel accommodations near it; so that it is a pleasure to speak of a place where it seems sure one may find both these desirable qualities. So far back as last June my friend, Joe Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., wrote in the FOREST AND STREAM about the sport he had found at High Island, Texas, which he said was as good a point for jacksnipe and mallards and other marsh ducks as any shooter could ask—and Mr. Irwin is used to good shooting all the time. This High Island country I take to be not very far from the sea marsh country where, about five years ago, I had the best snipe shooting I ever saw in my life, and where one could have killed all the ducks he cared to kill. This point was only about twenty-five miles from Galveston, and I note that the distance to High Island is stated as only about two hours' run from Galveston, so I presume is much the same country. It is one of the best wintering grounds for wildfowl to be found anywhere in the South, and I think it especially good for snipe. The Sea View Hotel is a recent thing in this country, and is said to offer attractions not only in winter, but in summer. I have some correspondence about that region which it may be well to offer now, for the benefit of any intending to make a Southern trip. The writer goes on to say: "Until within the last two years this favored spot, High Island, on the Gulf coast, had been known and enjoyed chiefly by the ranchmen, but it may now be better known. Take a map of Texas, and on the coast you will observe a long, narrow peninsula; midway the strip is located High Island, a beautiful fertile elevation, surrounded on one side by the Gulf of Mexico, on the other by Galveston or East Bay, and on the other sides by a meadow. From Beaumont to Bolivar Point, which is just across the bay from Galveston, runs the Gulf and Interstate Railroad, and this is the road that will bring you to High Island. It is a two hours' ride from either Galveston or Beaumont." E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Hunting Cat.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Oct. 2.—Mr. Warren Roark, of our city, a local celebrity in rifle shooting and squirrel hunting, besides being the proud possessor of the most distinguished squirrel dog in the State, has a hunting cat, which the enclosed photograph shows to be on a point, awaiting the crack of Mr. Roark's rifle, to retrieve the sparrow, so sure to fall.

When Mr. Roark strolls out about the cotton platform



A HUNTING CAT.

(where he is engaged as city inspector), for the purpose of adding to the feline commissary, the cat invariably accompanies him, evincing as much delight as a pointer pup in a prospective quail hunt. When game is sighted the cat crouches low, with her eyes fixed upon the bird, and the instant it falls pounces upon it, takes it to her master, and is ready for another one. She "seeks dead" and trails a wing-tipped bird with remarkable speed and unerring certainty.

B. W. SPERRY.

Notes from the Pine Tree State.

CORNISH, Me., Oct. 7.—The prospects for this season's sport are not of the best; there are but few partridges, and practically no squirrels. It is principally upon these two species that we have to depend for our fall shooting, with now and then a luck shot at a duck or a woodcock. Doubtless a few brace of the latter might be had most any day with a good dog, but we have no dogs here trained for wing shooting, and where one has to do his own hunting, in such cover as the woodcock frequents, he is seldom in a position to shoot when the bird rises.

Deer are still frequently seen all through this section, and it is probable that quite a number may be shot in nearby towns in Oxford county, which is not included in the area covered by the five-year law. Those of us who have not the means of visiting more distant hunting grounds are looking ahead to the expiration of this law, in the hope of getting a little big game hunting near home.

During the summer several of our riflemen have been keeping up their practice by shooting woodchucks. It is surprising the amount of sport these little animals afford, and one always has the additional satisfaction of knowing that he is ridding the farmer of one of his most troublesome pests.

I. W. Colcord, with his .32 caliber, has borne off the honors on this game. He shot one through the head at 75yds., and knocked over another specimen weighing 12½lbs. The latter was declared to be the boss 'chuck by all who saw it, and we would like to hear of a bigger one.

Fishing, for some reason hard to explain, has been better than for several years past. Hundreds of brook trout were taken early in the season, and later many good catches of bass, pickerel and trout were made on surrounding ponds.

The best boat fishing I have heard of was that enjoyed by Mr. E. L. Watson, our enterprising furniture dealer, who camped for two weeks on Peabody Pond, Sebago. He took many fine red-spot trout, his best catch being a 5-pounder. But the incident of the trip he takes the most pleasure in relating was the capture of two trout, hooked at a single cast. He was in a boat alone, with an extremely light fly-rod, and it required a tussle of fully two hours before he had them in the net. They weighed 1lb. and 4lbs. respectively.

Perhaps the most successful bass fishers this season were Wm. Ayer and Ned Woodbury, who took eighty bass in a day's fishing on Long Pond, Parsonfield, many of them ranging between 2 and 4lbs. This pond has recently been stocked with salmon, which are reported as doing well. TEMPLAR.

The "Forest and Stream" Plank.

[From the Report of the Vermont Commissioners of Fisheries and Game.]

MUCH has been said in the papers and magazines devoted to the interests of the sportsmen during the past years, advocating the prohibition of the sale of game, not only for shipment outside of the State, but for home consumption. Market hunters adjacent to our larger towns make a business during the open season on partridges of hunting these birds for a living. The men who do this hunting are usually well posted on the habits of the birds, and in many cases have various coveys located previous to the open season, so that they can go to them before the young birds have scattered and bag a large number daily. It is not an unusual thing for market hunters to sell from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty birds each season. One market hunter therefore destroys on an average as many birds as seventy-five sportsmen can do for pleasure. Of course, many sportsmen kill a large number of birds, but the majority of them secure none, or one or two birds. If the market hunting could be stopped entirely it would probably stop the killing of one-half of the partridges which now annually fall in Vermont before the shotgun.

An added protection would be to limit the number of birds which any one person can lawfully kill in one day. Any sportsman ought to be satisfied with five birds. It is possible to kill many more with the use of trained dogs. If the law is passed limiting the number of partridges which can be killed in one day, the same section could advantageously limit the number of pounds of trout which can be lawfully taken by one person in one day.

Reasonable.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Very well said, and very apropos, was that one short editorial paragraph in FOREST AND STREAM last week, on the editorial page, word for word as follows:

"The hunter is required to distinguish between a moose and a deer, and between cow and bull, or buck and doe, before firing his shot. Is it too much to demand that he shall also distinguish between moose or deer and a human being before he shoots?"

If we kill the farmers' hens, turkeys, sheep, cows, horses, mules, asses, peacocks, goats, or the putting up of his fences after taking them down, the aforesaid farmer has a just ground of action. But if we kill the farmer, or his wife, children, or the stranger within the gates, we only are guilty of an accident, although we pressed the trigger purposely.

An accident is something which human foresight could not guard against, unless I am hunting deer, and then anything pertaining to the wild impulse of the moment is an accident if I kill a man; if I kill a deer it is calm, skillful sportsmanship. This is following out to a conclusion what should be the statute law, for which suggestion I am indebted to the editorial aforementioned.

A Texas Diana.

MAGGIE lives at the head of the creek, and lately a wild cat or some other "varmint" has been taking off her chickens. The other morning, when she and her mother were fixing up the house, they heard the old dog baying something about a mile off. Thinking that it might be some animal that was fond of chickens, they saddled up two of the horses and started to the dog, Maggie carrying the shotgun and a couple of shells loaded with

urkey shot. When they were pretty close to where the og was baying, they saw that he was jumping round big buck and making desperate efforts to catch him by he nose. Maggie slipped off her horse and managed to reep up within 25yds. without being discovered, and hinking that two charges of turkey shot might prove hore useful than one, pulled both triggers at once. 'ortunately for her shoulder, one cartridge missed fire, nd the buck ran about 50yds. and fell dead on the top of little ledge of rock on the hillside. Maggie's mother ow came up with the horses, and they led the oldest nd quietest of them under the ledge the deer was on, and etween them managed to roll him into the saddle. 'hen there was a grand procession back to the ranch, Iaggie's mother going first with the gun, and then ime the buck with Maggie sitting behind the saddle olding him on. When I asked her afterward how she anaged to ride behind the saddle, she blushed; they ere not likely to meet any one out there anyway.

The deer was unharmed excepting the shot wounds. suppose he was too proud to run from a single dog, and hen found the dog a bit too much for him.

PURBECK.

A Maine Moose Country.

Naty Fogg, Jock Darling's grandson, whose hunting camps are on the Sebois chain of lakes, in northern Maine, writes that the hunting is better than he has ver known it, and that there are very few sportsmen in his section this fall. This is a condition of affairs a good many sportsmen are looking for. Many gave up their hunting trips, first to the Adirondacks and later to Maine, because they were being too much crowded by other sportsmen, and to this fact is partly due New Brunswick's rise in popularity. Given good hunting and plenty of elbow room, and most sportsmen would prefer the hunting grounds nearest home.

The chances for moose in Fogg's neighborhood, when he season opens, are very promising. A spike horn buck in the velvet was killed there a few days ago. There was apparently no cause for the abnormal condition.

J. B. B.

A Story of Jefferson.

WHILE he was playing "Rip Van Winkle" at Chicago, Jefferson once went to the theater very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed and he did not awaken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy.

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business!"

At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The jagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor."

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. Consciousness of the situation came to him and the play went on after that with a rush.—Philadelphia Saturday Post.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Yukon Adventures.

(*Continued from page 264.*)

Lake Lebarge.

LAKE LEBARGE is the last and largest of the lakes at the headwaters of the Yukon. It is thirty-one miles long and from three to five miles in breadth. Except for extensive flats at each end the lake is bordered by low ranges of fantastically shaped mountains, showing large areas of naked rock. Near the lower and on the east side these hills are particularly remarkable for their abrupt forms, culminating in tower-like summits of white limestone.

Lake Lebarge is named after Mike Lebarge, one of the employees of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who, more than thirty years ago, were looking for a trans-Alaskan route to Asia. It seems pretty certain that Lebarge never saw the lake, but in some way his name has been tangled up with it. George Holt, who was murdered by the Indians at Cook's Inlet in 1885, seems to have been the first white man to have reached Lake Lebarge. He made the trip in 1878. The Chilcat and Chilcoot Indians effectually interfered with the exploration of this portion of the Yukon Basin, and it was not till 1880 that the white men again saw Lebarge. This time it was a party of twenty-five prospectors who, through the effective agency of Captain Beardslee, of the United States Navy, better known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as Piseco, established amicable relations with the Indians, and gained access to the forbidden country. From that time on each year saw a handful of white men on the upper Yukon, but the number was very small, and individual prospectors were widely scattered over the immense inhospitable wilderness up to the time of the Klondike excitement.

Lake Lebarge is a bad place for camping, owing to its rocky shores and general scarcity of timber. It is subject also to high winds. When Major Walsh's outfit of police crossed, several of the boats were nearly swamped. Constable Barnes handled an oar in a boat which was steered by an old sea captain in the Government employ. Half-way down the lake the mountainous waves began breaking inboard, and as the precipitous shores made it impossible to land, it looked very much as if the boat would be swamped and all on board drowned. It was bitter cold, and the frozen spray mingled with sleety rain.

Barnes hung to his oar till, despite his violent exertions, he was chilled to the bone. Thinking he might as well die comfortably, he stopped rowing for an instant and prepared to put on his warm pea-jacket.

"What you doing there?" the old captain roared.

"Putting on my coat, sir," said Barnes.

"Drop it and take your oar, you'll be in a warm enough place before long."

In our voyage down the lake night overtook us just below Richtofen Island. The wind was blowing strong from the south, and in our desire to take advantage of the help it gave, we passed several likely camping spots. When finally we wanted to land, a sheer wall of rock prevented; against which the waves were breaking in foam, and we could not find any protection for our boats. The night was overcast, and soon all landmarks faded out, and we were left alone with the howling wind and troubled waters, with only a thin outline of the shore to be seen. We took in our sails, and for an hour or more rowed along as near shore as we dared go, looking for a harbor. At length I saw an indentation in the shore line. I rowed close in under the shadow of the mountain, heading unwittingly toward some semi-submerged rocks. My heart stood still when of a sudden I saw only a few yards away a wave break, and out of the white boil the black, jagged points appear. The reefs extended to right and left, and escape seemed impossible. I threw my head boat round, but the other, swept on by the wind, was carried against the rocks, and for an instant hung suspended. The next she was lifted clear and out in the open waters of the lake.

Again we resumed our search for a harbor. The rocky wall-like shore line became diversified by occasional shingle beaches, but on these the waves were breaking so that we dared not land. I kept my eyes fixed on the rear boat, fearing any moment she would disappear, for I was nearly positive she had sprunk a leak, but the night was so dark that I could not detect her gradual settling in the water.

It was not till with a lurch that almost stopped the progress of the head boat the other turned over, only showing a few inches of her side and bottom above water, that I knew for certain the worst had happened.

For the second time I had a nasty sensation in the cardiac region. I had on heavy hip boots, and it was several hundred yards to the nearest beach through water that approximated the freezing point in temperature. The capsized boat contained, besides half our provisions, picks, shovels, axes and other hardware, and, as she was built of canvas with the lightest of wooden frames, there seemed to be nothing to prevent her going to the bottom like a shot, and dragging the other boat along.

My first inclination was to cut the rope connecting the two boats and abandon the sinking craft, but it wasn't pleasant to think of losing the necessities the boat contained, and I resolved to hang on. Calling to Mac to stand by to help, I turned for the nearest beach. This necessitated a course in the trough of the sea—the shore directly to leeward was bare rock—and the rowing was hard and tedious.

What kept the boat afloat during the two or three minutes required to make the distance is a mystery. The only reasonable explanation seems to be that a small amount of air was retained by the upper side of the boat, and the articles in sacks took some time to wet through.

It is a fact, however, that she kept on top until we got her into shallow water, and then sunk. In this position she acted as an anchor for the leading boat, keeping her end on to the sea and just clear of the beach. This was fortunate, as Mac's boats had to be attended to. If any one of our four canvas craft had been left alone in this situation they would soon have pounded to pieces on the beach.

Into the icy water we both went, and the waves filled our boots and drenched our clothing. I held Mac's boats off while he unloaded, and afterward we carried them up on the beach high and dry. Then we went at the salvage of the remaining boats, and some time after the middle of the night had rescued about everything, the canvas which was tacked closely around the gunwales of the submerged boat having prevented her cargo from falling out.

Fifty rods back from the beach was a little group of firs in a hollow protected from the wind, and here we built a great camp-fire and dried our clothes and had a bite to eat. Afterward we stretched ourselves beside the glowing embers and had a few hours' sleep.

The following day was mild, windy and sunny. We spread out on the beach tools, clothing, beans, dried fruits and other articles, and before night had them pretty well dried out. We could not get rid of all the moisture, however, and during the winter were troubled by the frozen condition of particular articles.

All the glacial streams which supply the water to the river were frozen, and had ceased running, and the Lewis almost ran dry. In the Thirty-Mile River, as the stretch between Lake Lebarge and the Hootalinqua is called, the irregular bottom was cropping up everywhere. The perils of navigation were increased a hundred fold. We played checkers with submerged boulders that howled for our lives and roared with vexation when we escaped. The noise they made was enough to turn a man's hair white.

Below the mouth of the Hootalinqua the river improved, and the Big and Little Salmon rivers and the Nordenskiold were passed without incident. Here we averaged thirty-five miles per day, despite the fact that daylight now only lasted about a third the time one has it in mid-summer. Ice was running in the river, but there was always a clear channel, and our progress was not impeded. The country near the Big Salmon is attractive, and the hills wooded from base to summit wherever seen, something very unusual.

Nov. 3 we had a hard time chopping our boats out from the ice, which had formed around them in the night. The Indians at the Nordenskiold offered us moose meat for two bits a pound. About noon we saw an Indian canoe poled by two men rounding the angle of a clay bluff below. They hailed us and we crossed to their side of the river. They informed us that Adney sent word he had passed White River and hoped to reach Dawson. They were refugees from Dawson. Near the point they passed Adney they had lost their boat in the ice, and traveled up to Selkirk on the shore ice. Here they purchased another boat, and though they had scarcely any provisions and still had 300 miles to travel, they were in good spirits and confident of getting out alive. It is certain that they had to relinquish their boat the following day, and no doubt they had a tough time to reach the coast.

Five Fingers.

We were approaching Five Finger Rapids, with regard to which we had heard all kinds of contradictory reports. Some even went so far as to say these rapids were more dangerous than any above. Pink Rapids, five miles below, was also the subject of much contradictory report. Dawson has put it on record in his official report that Pink Rapids do not exist, or at most the rapid is of trivial importance.

As a matter of fact, both rapids are bad under certain conditions of water. Five Fingers is dangerous in high water, and Pink Rapids only when the water is low.

Both rapids are on stretches of the river having an easterly direction, and as the course of the river elsewhere, without exception, is north or west, it is easy to locate the approach.

Early in the afternoon of Nov. 3 we swung sharply to the eastward, and knew we were close to Five Fingers. We could see trails in the snow all over the northern hillside, where men had traveled to inspect the rapids before going through. The men from Dawson had told us something of the rapids, and we lost no time looking them over. We took the right hand channel and went through without incident.

The rapid is caused by the occurrence of several bold rocky islands between which the river has cut narrow channels. At one time, no doubt, there was a fall here caused by the barrier of conglomerate rock. The rapid proper is only a few yards in length. The water passes over a dam-like formation with a long swell at the bottom. We put our boats through backwards and succeeded in preventing the pairs ramming each other by rowing hard against the current the moment the freight boat's progress was checked by striking the wave.

Pink Rapids showed whitecaps from shore to shore, and there seemed to be no clear channel. We chose a place only 15 or 20ft. from the right hand bank of the river, and as we passed over the reef that forms the rapids we could very plainly see the bottom.

Mush Ice.

It was bitter cold that night, and when we arose the following morning several hours before daylight, as was our custom, we heard a new noise from the direction of the river. It was a crackling noise such as would be made by crumpling stiff paper, interspersed by monotonous swishings and scrapings.

Mac went down the river to get a pail of water and came back with the bucket full of slush instead. "I am afraid it's all up," he remarked, "you can't see any open water, and I can't jam the bucket down through the stuff." This was the dread mush ice in earnest. Up to the day before ice which had formed on ropes and oars melted when dipped in the water. Now the reverse was the case, and they accumulated ice by immersion. The temperature of the water was actually below the freezing point, and only the swiftness of the curren kept it from congealing into a solid mass of ice. As it was, it was a river of slush that momentarily became moulded into circular cakes, turning upon their axes as a result of the friction of the banks.

Much of the ice formed on the bottom of the river in eddies formed by the irregular bed of the stream, and such ice from time to time broke loose and rose to the surface, carrying with it rocks and stones. Ice formed on the bottoms of our boats, and when we pushed off into the current our oars soon became so heavy with the accretion that we could not comfortably

handle them, and much of our time was spent breaking off the ice. The weight of ice on the boats constantly drew them deeper in the water, and by the following day we were seriously alarmed lest our heavy freight boats should be pulled under and swamped from this cause alone.

Only when the current of the river swung to the opposite side from that we happened to be following could we see open water or have any control over our boats. Such a deflection that evening gave us an opportunity to land on an island, and very thankful we were to set foot on shore again. All day we had seen no one, and the track of a wolf on the shore of the island was the only indication that life other than our own existed. To protect our boats from the ice we felled several good sized spruce trees, so that their outer ends formed a breakwater, and succeeded in holding them in position to sheer the ice off by chopping slats in the thick rim of shore ice at the water's edge.

Loss of the Boats.

The next day conditions were even worse. Once we were almost carried against a perpendicular buttress of rock, on which the full current of the river set, and which ground the ice cakes into flour. These cakes had now grown in size and solidity, and most of them would have borne a man's weight. When Major Walsh's party had their trouble with the ice, in which they lost three boats and a man, those who escaped from the wrecked boats walked ashore on snowshoes over the moving ice. Freeman, Bowles and Weinberg saw a collision with jammed ice was inevitable, and leaped from their boat just as it was sucked under without ever touching the ice. Bowles and Weinberg got secure footing, and eventually reached shore, but Freeman missed and his body has not yet been found. Freeman's Point, twelve miles below the Big Salmon, will recall the man and his tragic taking off in years to come.

Early in the afternoon of Nov. 5 we decided to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity to make a landing. Several times we endeavored unsuccessfully to reach the shore, and after each attempt had to work desperately to get back into the channel before being carried on crags or bars. At length, just at the head of the Ingersoll Islands, where the river widens to a mile, and where among numerous islands it becomes very shallow and very swift, we managed to get our boats up to the rim of shore ice. The current dragged them along this so that a man, to keep up with them, had to go on a jog trot. It was a difficult matter to get from a small boat to the shore ice, and required a jump similar to that taken in getting off a street car. Mac had the misfortune to slip, and his boats, which were above, were dragged down on mine. Mac held on like a bull dog and was pulled into the water over his boot tops. The combined pull of the boats also drew me into the water, but fortunately it was shallower, and together we managed to bring the little flotilla to a standstill. The ice was piling up in an alarming way about them, however, and there was no timber or suitable camp spot near by. Quarter of a mile below we could see the grove of spruce trees that marks the flat of Wolverine Creek, and as the shore line was bad the entire distance, and there were indications of a cove near the timber, we resolved to let the boats down to this place.

Soon after the start was made the current set in more strongly to the bank we were on, and we began to have trouble. I had secured a long spruce pole and ran ahead, keeping the boats clear of the shore ice and snags, while Mac followed, holding the rope to which our little flotilla in tandem was attached. To gain a moment's time Mac tried to snub the boats on a sweeper. The rope broke and it was only by a quick leap into the nearest boat that Mac saved them from going adrift. We tied the broken rope while running to keep up with the current, and then Mac crawled out over the boats with the intention of tieing all together with our inch cable.

Before he had made much headway at the job we came to a place where the sweepers, or trees, tumbled into the river from the cut bank above were so bad that I could not follow the shore. I called to Mac that I would meet him below, and threw the rope which I held into the boat.

On top of the bank the snow was knee deep, and it was worse than a sack race to get through it. I shed my hat, coat and vest, and eventually reached the river at a clear spot ahead of the boats. Near at hand was a protected cove, where we could draw them up in safety. My first thought was of thankfulness that the boats had not distanced me, but the next moment this was changed to horror, for two boats appeared, followed by a third, detached from the others, and nowhere was Mac to be seen.

The two boats struck the ice nearly at my feet, but I was so filled with the idea that Mac had met with an accident that I did not attempt to stop them. Instead I ran back up the river's edge.

A hundred yards above I found him looking for me. The boats had been carried against the ice; he had jumped out and tried again to snub them, with only one fast to the heavy rope. First two had broken loose, and then the third. Night was upon us, and with the start they had gained we could catch them neither by running or in the boat which remained. This boat contained bedding, cooking outfit, clothing and one rifle. All our provisions were lost. J. B. Burnham.

North Carolina Quail.

Garfield, N. C., Oct. 11.—The prospects for quail in this vicinity are of the very best. It is almost impossible to walk through any of the fields without putting up a large covey of quail. I have made special inquiry of a great many farmers in this neighborhood, and they all report more birds than they have had for a number of years. The reason for the abundance of quail this year is that so few were killed last fall and winter, also the exceptional good breeding weather which we had during the past summer. The open season on quail in this county (Rowan) is from Nov. 15 to Feb. 15.

A. H. G.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Where to go.

One important, useful and considerable part of the Forest and Stream's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The Nipissing Country.

Lockport, N. Y.—It is but one night's ride from the metropolis to Lockport, the county seat of the Cataract county. We invite the New Yorker to take another night's journey, this time due north, with a party of Lockport gentlemen who annually for ten years have made the delightful pilgrimage. Leaving the peerless city of Toronto on the Grand Trunk Muskoka express for North Bay, the northern terminus of that road, we will soon lead him to a region whose pleasures are not anticipated by the smoky and poky guide books, and whose joys are untamed by descriptions from some railway pamphlet on "fishing and hunting resorts." True, we have left behind the roar of mighty Niagara not many hours since, but we are nevertheless "far from the madding crowd."

Midway between the sandy shores of noble Lake Nipissing and the pine-clad banks of the foaming Ottawa lies Lac du Talon. Some enthusiastic traveler who has threaded his way from Lake Ontario to Hudson Bay, and gazed from many a vantage point upon the lake-dotted landscape, has written: "Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods, and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface." Felicitously indeed is that imperial Northland likened to the immortal huntress, Diana. The Great Lakes are her crystal throne, the Muskokas are three graces attending her, the Georgian Bay is her bow, Nipissing is her silver crown, but Lake Talon is the pearly crescent that never fades from her regal forehead.

The vigilant representatives of Uncle Sam at the Niagara Falls custom house are easily pursuaded that the party is not engaged in the smuggling business, for they recognize in the advance guard the temporarily dignified countenance of the county judge and the stern visage of the sheriff, and so the baggage goes over the border without ruffling a fly or turning a Winchester snuggly concealed between the blankets. We rapidly skirt the lake shore, and after a brief breathing spell at hustling Hamilton soon find ourselves in Toronto. The evening train carries us swiftly through the fine farms and picturesque villages of the lower peninsula, and soon we get a sniff of the northern breezes as "bracing as the breath of an Alpine wind." But the charms of Muskoka and the delights of the Georgian Bay country are nothing to us, and we leave them behind without a lingering regret, for we seek the land where the crowd does not jostle. The veterans who have been there before relate marvelous tales as the train thunders on of remarkable catches of fish, deer invading the camp, wolves that drive away sleep. Doc tells how he drove off a bear on the trout stream with a .38 caliber revolver, which caused a tenderfoot to announce regretfully that he will have to forswear the delights of trout fishing, because he left his revolver at home, and carrying a rifle with a rod in the wilderness is impracticable. It is the tenderfoot's "buy" at Allandale, the Queen of Simcoe, and when the train starts again he has gained courage enough to assert that he will try the trout stream, gun or no gun.

The rising sun on Lake Nipissing illuminates the Pullman windows and arouses the tourists to a scene of wonderful beauty. North Bay is a picturesque village, attractive in spite of the puffing engines of the railroad center, because of the marvelously beautiful setting nature has given it. Yankee Perkins has a genuine New England breakfast ready for the hungry travelers at the Pacific House. After the meal he exhibits with pride his magnificent collection of mounted heads, trophies of the hunt in that region. Moose, elk, caribou, deer and bear, all magnificent specimens, whet the appetite of the hunter, and he involuntarily breathes a regret that this is merely a tame angling party, and that the hunting season is not on. He is reassured when Game Protector S. A. Hunting, a most courteous Canadian, observes just incidentally that the settlers are permitted to kill a deer in the way of self-support. The cook, Adolph, who has been picked up by prearrangement at North Bay, smiles quietly, and sententiously remarks that venison is good to eat any time if properly prepared. The game official, who is one of the most efficient wardens of her Majesty's Province, after sizing up the party, deems it unnecessary to remind the visitors from the States that he does not tolerate the reckless slaughter of game.

The C. P. R. has two passenger trains east daily, one at 1 A. M. and another at 8 P. M. The Lockport party heretofore depended upon freights to reach Ruther Glen, twenty-nine miles east, but on that fateful day there was not a freight nearer than Sault Ste. Marie, so the party put in the day at North Bay. The Glen was reached at 9 o'clock, and a portage by night on Lake Talon, five miles, was out of the question. The station agent hospitably invited the trappers from the south to camp out in the station house among the mowers, pork barrels and egg crates.

At daybreak, Hank Hill, the only settler in the vicinage, a Yankee who was rapidly getting rich raising hay from 1,100 acres at $12 per ton, was there with his hay rick and farm hands. He carted the baggage to the lake, where the guides were in waiting with boats. The beauty of that inland water more than met the expectation of the travelers. The pine-covered hills rose on every side, their dark edges reflected in the limpid mirror, making an entrancing study in the clare-obscure. Little islands everywhere dotted the smooth surface, now shutting out and then revealing hidden beauties of scenery beyond. Five miles up the lake we located Camp Niagara on an elevated point, which sloped down to the water by a wide sanded beach. To the right loomed an aggregation of rocks 1,000ft. high, which were punctuated with dens and caverns which we learned afterward were tenanted by all sorts of beasts of the forest. Ducks in martialed flight sailed overhead, wondering at, but not frightened by the intruders. Geese stretched their great wings in hurried retreat before the advance of the baggage-laden flotilla. Disobeying orders that not a line should be put into the water until camp was completely made, Doc surreptitiously drew from his bag his pet muscalonge spoon, and before guide Swisher had pulled twenty rods had 50yds. of line trailing in his wake. Milling magnate Witty, chief of the commissary department, and captain of our nine, shouted at him: "Doc, you have disobeyed orders, and I arraign you before the court."

Responded the judge: "Guilty; and I sentence you to stand imprisoned in the confines of the camp during the first three deer hunts. Take up your slack there; you blundering son of Walton, you'll lose him."

In an instant the canoe and skiff squadron hove to without any signal from the flagship, for Doc was engaged in deadly combat with a finny monster that in less time than it takes to relate it had three times vaulted into the air, showing the glistening scales of a powerful 'lunge. The unhappy Doc, who had fished those waters for nine years past, and who assumed to give the complete angler pointers on trolling, glared first at one and then another as advice, expostulation and entreaty were hurled at him from every boat. The 'lunge did a neat somersault over the nearest skiff, endangering the angler's $2 line, and then plunging for deep water came up a moment later near the captain's craft. In sheer desperation Doc managed to reach to his hip pocket, and clinging with a death grip to his rod, while his automatic reel sang a merry song, he whipped out his revolver, shouting: "I'll give you pirates just three seconds to give me sea room and to make for that offing before I open fire." The tip was given with such earnest that the boats fell off without further ado. The battle was a fierce one, but Doc triumphed. "Only a 12-pounder," he remarked, dryly, as he landed the fish; "just a nice dinner for me and Swisher; you pirates do not deserve any."

"You could have landed that fish with half the fuss without a rod; you don't want a rod trolling," suggested the Sheriff, tentatively. "There's only one sign board between here and Hudson Bay, and that points south. It reads: 'This way for pot-hunters.'" And that's how the friendly enmity between Doc and the Sheriff started.

Lively work saw the three tents pitched, bunks built, the stove erected, the dining table awning up, the hammocks under the pines swung by noon. Some one had strayed into the brush back of camp with a shotgun under his arm soon after landing, and he returned with a half-dozen plump partridges. Adolph apologized for the hasty meal to which all sat down at 1 o'clock, but the fish garnished with water cresses, the birds adorned with lettuce, the smoking platter of bacon, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and coffee, deserved, if they did not receive, a prayer of appreciative thanksgiving. During the meal one of the guides made the Judge restless by innocently relating in an aggrieved tone how a moose had acquired a liking for his turnip patch back in his little five-acre clearing in the mountain. Giving a wishbone a parting touch, he pushed back his tent stool and addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, I respect the majesty of the law, allowing that respect to suffer no abatement even in a foreign domain, but I submit to you that the statutes of Her Imperial Majesty should not protect and cherish under the panoply of a $60 fine any four-footed beast that has acquired a taste for vegetables in a benighted region like this, where grass is so plentiful, and where turnips are so scarce. Swisher, how long will it take us to reach a point where a reasonably good marksman could protect your friend's turnip patch?" And that is only the beginning of another story, which would have to deal with the triumph of equity over justice, and whose sequel is a pair of magnificent moose antlers, which shall soon adorn the mantelpiece of the Judge's domicile in Lockport.

Back of the camp, near the rocks before spoken of, in a deep glen, was a pond ten acres in extent. That afternoon we found along its moist margins tracks that the guides assured us denoted the presence of deer, bears and panthers. After this discovery, rifle practice was in order. Doc placed a bottle on a stump down along the shore 150yds. away, and all took a shot off hand. Eight bullets passed the crystal, leaving it untouched, until the veteran leveled his piece and smashed it into small fragments. There was no living with the champion until the next day. A fox on the rocks across the ravine had been noticed surveying the camp at intervals. When he appeared again the Sheriff was ready for him. It was a good long range, subsequently pacing the distance and carefully estimating the ravine made it 350yds. The marksman rested his gun against a small pine and fired. The beast fell backward, and was found by the triumphant Sheriff among the rocks dead as a stone, shot through the head. Within two days four more of the party defeated Doc in the rifle contests, the mark being a soap box placed on a point 450yds. from camp, demonstrating that the Sheriff's remarkable shot had taken his nerve.

Around the camp-fire at night the smaller parties that had been out during the day on the lake, or up the trout streams, told of the game they saw and the signs of game met with everywhere. The region in the open season must be a veritable paradise for the hunter. But angling was the avowed concern of the men of Camp Niagara, and to it they chiefly devoted themselves. Lake Talon and neighboring lakes, which were reached by short portages, abounded with small-mouth black bass, pike, pickerel, muscalonge and lake trout. The season was early for lake trout, but several fine specimens were caught by deep trolling. The largest black bass was captured by Aluminum Works Davis. It was a beau

ty, 23in. long, and weighing 5lbs. 2oz. "Boss" Corson, of the Lockport Union-Sun, ran him a close second with a 5lb. black bass. To the Sun representative fell the honor of catching the largest string of brook trout, capturing in three hours more than a lazy man would want to carry a half-mile on a smooth trail. Muscalonge were most plentiful in Pine Lake, and they fought like demons as fierce as the rugged hills that overshadowed their native depths.

This story, too long already, can give but a brief intimation of the glorious sport afforded in that enchanting Nipissing district, only one night and a day distant from the heated thoroughfares of New York. The nights are delightfully cool, and the days are days of comfort in that northland. We have blazed the trail for you, and with the autumn glories of Lake Talon beckoning you, perhaps you can be pursuaded that another summer would prove too long a postponement for the unadulterated pleasures in store for those who there get "near to nature's heart."

M. H. Hoover.

The Montana Grayling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an interesting article on the grayling of Montana (Forest and Stream of July 23), Dr. J. A. Henshall, the well-known angling writer and ichthyologist, writing from Boseman, Montana, says that these fish exist "only in the three forks of the Missouri River—the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers, and their tributaries." This statement excludes it from the Missouri and its tributaries inflowing below the three forks, the birthplace of the Missouri proper.

It is true that the fish, both in its Michigan and Montana habitat, shows the same apparent capriciousness in the choice of its home that its European brother in England and in Europe generally has long been noted for, but the range in Montana can be considerably extended beyond the limits mentioned by Dr. Henshall.

During a period of some ten years past the writer has been frequently connected during the summer months with the field work of the Geological Survey in Montana, and in this way has gained an extensive and intimate acquaintance with all that mountainous part of Montana which lies east and south of the Missouri, and north of the National Park. He has fished, often from pleasure and frequently from necessity, in the greater number of its streams, and has gained information of the others from observation and the knowledge of local residents. A considerable amount of information concerning the habitat of the grayling in this region has been thus gained, and it may be useful to put it on record here.

They are found in Deep or Smith River and its tributaries, and according to local information in Belt River also. These are the two first most important affluents which fall into the Missouri from the east, above the three forks. The author has not found them in the smaller streams which run directly into the Missouri, like Sixteen-Mile and Deep Creek, near Townsend, nor has he heard of them in these streams, though it is quite possible that they may occasionally occur. Their existence in Smith River is mentioned in the report of the Ludlow expedition to the National Park in 1875, by Messrs. Dana and Grinnell, and they are reported as attaining (if memory of the passage is correct—the report not being at hand) a weight of several pounds, which is much above anything seen by the writer.

In the streams mentioned the average weight is about half a pound, with individuals running to a pound, while those of a pound and a half are quite uncommon. This is, of course, merely the writer's experience as to size.

In the streams running into the Missouri below Belt River the grayling has neither been seen nor heard of by the writer. Thus it does not appear in Highwood or Shonkin creeks, nor the Arrow or Judith rivers, although the head waters of these streams contain an abundance of trout (*Salmo mykis*). Nor does the Musselshell system contain them or trout either, though its head waters are admirably adapted to either, it abounds in whitefish (*Coregonus williamsonii*), which, as it exists in all the streams mentioned in this article, is thus the most widely distributed of the three members of the salmon family found in these waters. Similarly the magnificent system of waters of the Yellowstone does not contain the grayling, though it abounds in both trout and whitefish. Concerning the streams falling into the Missouri on its left or west and north bank, the writer has no information.

In general, it may be remarked here that the shallow, winding, oozy streams which rise in the lower cretaceous country of this region contain neither trout nor grayling, though sometimes the whitefish in considerable abundance. This is due to the character of the water, which often contains considerable alkali; the whitefish appear to be able to stand a quite strong solution of it.

Nor is the grayling found in the rapid, torrential head waters of those systems it inhabits, although these mountain brooks usually contain trout to their very heads. The description, in fact, given by Sir Humphrey Davy, of the conditions of stream required by the grayling are as true in Montana as in England; he says: "They do not dwell like trout in rapid, shallow streams; nor like char or chub, in deep pools or lakes. They require a combination of stream and pool; they like a deep, still pool for rest, and a rapid stream above, and a gradually declining shallow below, and a bottom where marsh or loam is mixed with gravel, and they are not found abundant except in rivers that have these characters."

Of all the streams which contain this fish in Montana, that the writer has seen, Sheep Creek, in the Little Belt Mountains, a considerable tributary of Smith River, answers the above description best, and it also contains the most grayling, and its upper portion, which runs for miles through beautiful mountain encircled meadows and open parked country, affords the finest angling for this fish that is probable one can obtain.

The writer recalls looking cautiously over an old stump on the bank into a pool about 5ft. deep, from which he had just taken several specimens of this beautiful fish, and seeing resting quietly at the bottom a school of about forty more ranging from half a pound upward, with but a few small ones.

The same stream contains an abundance of both trout and whitefish. Each has its distinct habit of place in the stream. The trout, as usual, are found just where the swift water of the ripple breaks into the pool, the grayling lie lower down in the upper half of the pool, or reach where the water, though moving swiftly and not yet come to rest, does not break or boil, while the whitefish are more apt to be found in the shallower and quiet water, toward the tail of the pool or reach. Thus the angler, moving downward, may take specimens of all three on the same fly from the same pool. The whitefish, from their quick motion and small mouths, are the hardest to hook, they recall in their manner the dace or chub of Eastern streams. They are quite good game on the hook, but not as much as the trout or grayling. As between the latter two the palm must be awarded to the trout; the grayling, although high game, is not so long and persistent a fighter. His habit of curling sideways in the swift water puts a heavy strain on the rod at first and produces the impression of a larger fish.

Both for trout and grayling in these waters black flies are generally best, such as the black prince, black hackle, black gnat, etc. Flies of gray or gray mixed with yellow, or green, such as the professor and grizzly king, will be found excellent. The coachman is also a good fly. But the black are most serviceable in the long run. Winged flies may be tied on No. 8 hooks, the hackles, which, as usual, are best used as droppers on No. 9 or 10, sproat sizes. The grayling, like the trout, take the fly with a quick rush, and require a quick strike.

The best time for fishing is in the middle of the day, and this applies to both trout and grayling. In these high mountain regions there is even in midsummer a sharp chill in the air, until it has been warmed by the sun, and consequently no insect life abroad to tempt the fish to commence feeding. The fact that the writer has caught trout during a heavy snowstorm in early September does not disprove the generality of this rule. The long, late afternoon and evening fishing of more genial climates is unknown here.

On the table the grayling is an excellent fish, resembling strongly the whitefish of the same habitat, but in the writer's opinion is not the equal of the trout there found. On a number of occasions, while camped on Smith River and its tributaries, all three fish have been on the table at the same time, and our party have always unanimously declared in favor of the trout. But then, *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

It appears to the writer that it would be an excellent thing if the Montana Fish Commission could introduce this beautiful and interesting game fish into the Yellowstone system of waters. It is not probable, from what experience we have of the habits and character of the grayling, that it could in any way injure the supply of trout, and it would in the future, if successfully established, add to the interest and pleasure of the angler and sportsman, an increasing number of which every year visit those waters.

L. V. Pirsson.

New Haven, Oct. 1.

Vermont's Fishing Interests.

The fourteenth biennial report of the Vermont Commissioners of Fisheries and Game gives a highly satisfactory record of the fishcultural work during the years 1897-98. We quote:

We have now in our ponds about 3,500 breeding fish and several times that number in yearlings, which will keep the supply of breeders up to the full capacity of the hatchery for many years. There has been no unusual mortality among the breeding fish. Our landlocked salmon and lake trout have never yielded any eggs, probably because of their confinement in unnatural waters. Our rainbow trout do not yield eggs until late in winter or early spring, and a very small per cent. of the eggs taken ever materialize in healthy fry. Our brown trout give a few eggs, but are not a success. Our Vermont brook trout are the only fish that thrive in Vermont brooks and brook water, and to them we devote our time and attention. The year 1897 was remarkably prolific; more than 90 per cent. of all the brook trout eggs materialized in strong, healthy fry, and were successfully planted. The number of brook trout fry planted in 1897 was 1,028,000, and the total plant of all kinds 1,375,400, being a number almost equal to any two previous years. The year 1898 was an off year; not more than 50 per cent. of our brook trout eggs materialized in fry; 585,000 brook trout fry were planted, and a total plant of 972,200 being a number in excess of any year prior to this biennial term. While 1898 was not as successful as the commissioners would desire, the work of the two years are very gratifying indeed.

The commissioners cannot account for the great mortality in 1898; 100,000 eggs failed to fertilize, 300,000 fry died in the sac period and 100,000 died in our hatching troughs and nursery ponds after having fed well for a few weeks. Advices from other fish hatcheries indicate a like unusual mortality.

Does the Fish Hatchery Pay?

Our present biennial appropriation is $5,500. The output of fry for the same period is 2,288,000; the output of fingerlings, 59,600. The fry at $2 per M. and fingerlings at $30 per M., which is the market price during this period, would amount to $6,334. It is therefore a matter of demonstration that the hatchery has not only been self-supporting during the present biennial period, but has paid for all additions and improvements, with a balance in favor of the hatchery. Taking the other and larger view of the question, the hatchery pays. The commissioners have satisfactory evidence from responsible citizens in all sections of the State that the trout planted from the hatchery do live and increase, and that our brooks are fast becoming repopulated, and our ponds are furnishing good fishing. To satisfy the most skeptical that Vermont is on the forward march as a summer resort State, I ask you to compare the hundreds of beautiful ponds and lakes, with their spacious hotels, cottages and camps, where thousands of our own people mingle with visitors from abroad during the summer months, with conditions that existed ten years ago.

The Six Inch Trout Law.

The main argument in favor of a law placing a limit on trout as to length is in the fact that by thus protecting the small trout they have at least one opportunity to spawn and reproduce. This law is well observed by sportsmen throughout the State, although there are communities where sentiment is very generally opposed to the law, and where fishermen who fish for numbers rather than size and regardless of sport utterly disregard the law. It has its objectionable features in that the careless fisherman, not in sympathy with the law, will maintain that a small trout once hooked almost invariably dies. That this statement is not true may be substantiated by the fact that several thousand short trout were caught for stocking the breeding ponds at Roxbury, with no noticeable mortality as a result. Nearly all the New England States have followed the example of Vermont in placing a statutory limit upon the trout to be legally caught.

There has been a misunderstanding among many fishermen who were of the impression that it is legal to take trout of less than 6in. in length from public waters for stocking private waters. In cases of this kind the owners of the private waters have been allowed to restore the short trout to the public waters again without further action.

It is a notable fact that in communities where public sentiment upholds this law better fishing prevails than in more rural communities where the fishing should be the best.

The law is growing in favor among sportsmen as they begin to see results from its enforcement. It must be confessed, however, that in many of the mountain streams the law is almost totally disregarded.

New Varieties of Salmonidae.

The thirteenth report speaks of the rainbow trout as being introduced by the commissioners in waters formerly the habitat of the brook trout, but which have been changed in the progress of civilization to such an extent that while the water is still comparatively pure, it reaches too high a temperature in the summer months to sustain the speckled trout. It is found that the rainbow trout will stand a higher temperature of water than the speckled trout, but its successful introduction in waters described above has not been very encouraging. There are, however, a few streams where it seems to thrive.

The steelhead trout has been quite extensively introduced by the U. S. Fish Commission into the waters of Lake Champlain and tributaries of the lake. Sufficient time has not expired since this work was begun to know whether the experiment will be successful or not. Frequent catches of this species have been reported. This trout in its natural habitat sometimes attains the weight of 18 or 20lbs.

The U. S. Fish Commission is co-operating with the State Commission in introducing the landlocked salmon in Vermont waters. It is proposed to confine the work to very few desirable lakes until this species is thoroughly established to such an extent as to warrant collecting spawn from them. The lakes in which the work has been begun are Morey, Willoughby and Caspian. There are a few other lakes sufficiently large and of suitable water for the successful propagation of this valuable species, which has become so popular in Maine and New Hampshire.

Where salmon are introduced into a lake, it is considered desirable to have an ample supply of fish food for them, and the smelt is regarded as the most desirable food to introduce. Adult smelt have been introduced in some of our Vermont waters from time to time, and also smelt spawn. The commissioners were somewhat doubtful as to the results of introducing smelt spawn, but have recently been informed that smelt have been seen in Caspian Lake, which must have resulted from the spawn thus introduced.

Free Hook and Line Fishing in Lake Champlain.

Some people have frequently argued that hook and line fishing in Lake Champlain should be free at all times of the year, and that there should be no close season on any fish inhabiting the lake. The fish of the lake are not protected at all except the black bass. It is well known to all bass fishermen that black bass can be caught off from their spawning beds without even baiting the hook, and in such quantities that if the liberal laws now in force are amended so as to permit free hook and line fishing, the rapid depletion of the black bass will follow. The commissioners do not believe that the people of Vermont who are most benefited by the revenue from summer tourists want the law changed. At present our laws are more liberal for the waters of Lake Champlain than the laws in any other one of the New England States or of New York State, which protects the fish in Lake Champlain much more fully than does Vermont. If any change is to be made in the existing laws for the protection of fish, it might be proper to shorten the close season on the wall-eyed pike, which now prevails as to the tributaries of Lake Champlain and other waters. The black bass in Lake Champlain does not get through spawning before June 15, and protects its young for some little time after the spawn have hatched.

St. Louis.

Oct. 8.—Exceedingly heavy rains last week throughout Arkansas and south Missouri have caused a flood in those sections, and high water prevails, so that the angler is again shut out from his favorite fishing grounds. There is not a club preserve in that section which has had two weeks' consecutive fishing during this entire year.

Fishing at the new preserve of the Castor River Fishing and Hunting Club in southeast Missouri was first-class during the last two weeks in September, when the water was in good condition. Members who visited the club house at that time made remarkable catches of black bass, many of these running of large size. It is the intention of the directors to have a deputy fish warden appointed within a few weeks, and put a stop to the

netting for market, which has heretofore been practiced during the cold weather of the fall.

In a recent letter to me from State Fish Warden Burford, he says that he has had over 500 convictions since he took the office, and mostly at his own expense. The Missouri Legislature made no appropriation for game and fish warden, and petitions are now being gotten up to send to the next Legislature, asking for an appropriation and also for changes in the present laws. Among the changes desired, the following clause is one which it is desired to have stricken out:

"Provided, That nothing in this section shall be construed to prevent any person from catching fish with a seine, with meshes not less than 2in. in size, in any stream of water flowing through or bordering on lands belonging to such person: Provided, that such person shall not use said seine for more than two hours in any one day. Approved March 24, 1897."

This gives the market fisherman a loophole which he has not been slow to grasp, and netting for market is going on in defiance of sportsmen and fish wardens. It is certainly a shame that the great State of Missouri should not properly protect its fish and game, and I hope that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will agitate the question until protection can be had.

ABERDEEN.

An Idyl of the King.

Two parallel wooded ridges and a deep, narrow pond between, waving rushes, lilypads, where little frogs skipped and spattered, minnow-haunted shallows and dark shadowy pools. This was the kingdom of Prester John; and his throne was in the shelter of a large hemlock, which years ago, narcissus-like in love with its own reflection, had leaned over more and more until it splashed headlong into the watery depths, a victim to egoism and a haunt for the wily bass.

Now Prester John was a bass. A small-mouthed, large-brained, black bass, with many pounds of weight, many degrees of shrewdness and many years of experience. And the reason of his name was the reason of his ways; for mighty as he was, yet he was but a myth, the inspirer of weird legend and the suggester of exaggeration. He was sought for, sighed for and schemed for by many, but his existence was reputation, not knowledge, and his kingdom was one of shadows and mystery. Hence was he named for the fabled sovereign of the mirage kingdom of the deserts, Prester John, the mystery of the middle ages.

In this watery kingdom of his were many subjects, well-favored, high-spirited fellows, who from time to time succumbed to the blandishments of rod and reel; but of the king could no man say it that he had ever sniffed or tasted of bait, fly or spoon. But there is a day for all things; and so it proved with Prester John. For one day came the Professor and said unto the scribe: "Come, give over the consideration of switchboards and jars of battery and lines and cables; gird up thy rod, and let us together seek the kingdom of Prester John and dally with the king." And so it came to pass; and with good store of flies, crabs and minnows we embarked.

The Professor, in his courtesy, insisted that I should begin; so while he managed the paddle I stood in the bow and dropped three members of Seth Green's "Big Four" in the vicinity of likely-looking snags and rafts of lilypads. The first ten minutes gave me excellent exercise in casting, but no other results. "Bill," said I to the Professor, "ferry me near that submerged brush heap." Whish! went the line. Snap! "Pooh! nothing but a rock bass. Wouldn't you think he'd have the sense to know he wasn't wanted? That's a good place for a big fellow, though. I'll try again. Ah! I've hooked the King. Back water, Bill; if he gets in the brush he's gone."

But it wasn't the King by several pounds; and as the Professor with the landing net lifted him into the boat he remarked: "A good lusty fellow, but only a peer of the realm."

Then I took the paddle and the Professor the rod.

Now the Professor was a man skilled in the ways of fish and fishing. He knew how many fins and how many scales a fish should own, and what he was when he had more or fewer. He knew the length, breadth and thickness of their scientific names, and said these names were changed frequently for other reasons than merely to cause confusion. But more than this and better, he was skilled in the cast, wary with enticements and patient of results. For many years he had wet his line in the waters of the St. Lawrence, and the lakes and streams of Maine and the Adirondacks. In short, he was such an one as was truly fitted by nature and experience to dally with the King; and therefore I placed him where he might reach the waters that bordered the throne of the mysterious Prester John. Then carefully and skillfully dropped the flies upon the water—governors, doctors, premiers, grizzly kings and coachmen—all classes, colors and professions. But nothing resulted save the circles in the water that spread and widened and made wavy lines in the tree pictures reflected in the pond from the shore. Then crabs were lowered enticingly into the depth and dangled beneath the log, and finally a large, plump minnow was sent to try his charms. This caused a sensation. A shadow moved on the bottom; and then slowly, majestically, a huge form glided up through the waters, and pausing within a foot of the minnow regarded the whole situation with sardonic composure. He looked at the fish, the fishing tackle and the fisherman as though to say, "Who are you that with your transparent deceits and idle splashings disturb the meditations of the King." Then turning solemnly he returned to the shadows whence he came. He was magnificent.

"By the beard of the Prophet and the whiskers of Peffer, I'll have that fellow if it takes three moons, sidereal time," quoth the Professor.

"Und ich auch," I replied in the language of the Kaiser.

And then we moved on to ease our nerves with lesser fish. We met with fair success, taking several of about 2lbs. weight, and at divers times we sought the King, but he vouchsafed us not another glimpse.

About an hour before sundown we landed and held a council of war. We resolved, first, that the unapproachable must be approached, the uncatchable caught, and the unidentified identified. Second, we discussed all the bait that we had ever tried, read of or heard of, and lastly we started on a tour of investigation. I soon came across an old stump, and thinking to find some grubs, kicked it a hearty kick, thereby shattering it into many fragments, and at the same time destroying the shelter of a brood of half-grown field mice.

"Bill, here's an idea. Let's try him with one of these little sinners. I don't believe old Prester John gets fresh meat very often, and it may tempt him."

It was a new idea anyway, and with two of the mice we sought the pond. Again we approached the well-known domain of royalty.

The sun had set, and the gray shadows were just beginning to creep out from the woods over the water. Bats fluttered here and there, and now and then a swallow dipped and left a streak of silver in the dusky pond. The occasional quawk of a heron or deep bass of a frog made the ensuing silence more impressive. As silent as the shadows we moved on. The Professor had tied a mouse to his hook; and as we neared the old log he cast. Once, twice; only the splish of the bait and the faint, tinkling drops from the line. Thrice. Splash! Smash! Dash! "I've hooked him. Back me out quick. He'll break the line or pull me in. For Heaven's sake, pull out into the middle." The Professor was wild.

"Keep cool, Bill, likewise a tight line. We're all right."

And so we were; for I had backed out well into the middle, and there was open water on every side for the King to play in. And how he did play. He rushed and dashed and tugged. He fumed and sulked. He came for the boat like a Spanish tauro; and shot away again like a submarine projectile; and twice he leaped clear from the water, falling again with a mighty splash that told of his weight and proportions.

But the line was strong and the hand was firm; and the rushes grew weaker and less frequent. Little by little he was brought nearer and nearer; slyly the landing net was pushed beneath him; thump! and Prester John the King had left his kingdom to please the appetite of man and be no more feared of fly or frog or minnow.

"Who-o-o-o?" queried a little screech owl from the woods on the hill. "Who," quoth the Professor. "Who but the King, and if he weighs not more pounds than five, may I go supperless to my nightly cot."

And then we paddled to shore and disembarked, and the spring scales—with the aid of a match—said "five pounds and six ounces."

"It is well," said the Professor. "He reigned long, and his life was good and his death was mighty. He fought a good fight, and he died as a King should die—in the thick of battle in all his might and glory."

May his throne be soon filled by one as bold as he, and may we know his successor as well as we know him; and finally, in the words of the fickle French, "The King is dead—long live the king."

J. R. B.

UTICA, New York

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Large Muscallunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 15.—Several good-sized muscallunge have turned up this season in Wisconsin and Minnesota, as I have from time to time had occasion to report. I think I have heard of but three that went over 40lbs. each. To-day I learn of another one that was caught the first week of October by Charles E. Lewis, of Minneapolis, near Hayward, Wis. This fish weighed 40½lbs., and is entitled to go among the records of heavy fish, as it is rarely that a muscallunge is reported from these waters which weighs over 40lbs.

Run of Rock Bass.

For some reason best known to themselves, the rock bass make a fall run up the St. Joseph River, of Michigan, usually in the month of October. Last week this run of rock bass reached the neighborhood of Buchanan, and some very heavy catches were taken, it being stated that one fisherman would catch nearly three bushels in one day's fishing. I recollect that some twenty years or so ago, on the Skunk River, in Iowa, we used very often to see these large runs of rock bass (which in that country we always called "goggle-eyes), but this run was always in the spring and not in the fall. There used to be a dam at what was known as Reed's Mill, near Newton, a very famous fishing place at that time. There was no fishway in this dam—indeed, so far as I know personally, there has never been a fishway in any Iowa dam—and, of course, the fish could not get up any further, except in very high stages of water, when the dam was nearly submerged. As they moved around below the dam in big schools, we would catch long strings of black bass, wall-eyed pike (which we called salmon), catfish and goggle-eyes. I never saw a yellow perch in that stream, and we rarely ever caught any crappies. When the word got out that the goggle-eyes were in, we dropped all other business and went to the Reed's Mill dam. These fish would lie in schools along the bank below the dam, and would bite as fast as we would pass a piece of minnow to them. It was nothing unusual to catch a pail full of them in a little while, and I remember this, even to-day, as one of the keenest sporting pleasures of my boyhood life. I do not understand why this run of rock bass should go up the St. Joseph River in the fall, as the fish spawns all through the season, from spring to fall.

Iowa Fish.

Speaking of Iowa fishing, I notice that matters are better out there now than they were when I was doing my boyish fishing there. Commissioner Delevan has been doing for the Iowa waters as much as his limited appropriation will permit. He has been planting mostly bass and crappies, with some wall-eyed pike. I notice with regret that the carp seems to have run from the Mississippi River into a great many Iowa streams. When I lived out there the State gave 50,000 majority each year to the same political party, and there were no carp.

Pollution of Streams.

A nitro glycerine concern, on the banks of the Wabash River, in Indiana, has been flooding the river with refuse of a poisonous nature, and as a consequence the fish life of that stream has been destroyed for a long distance. Residents along the Wabash are protesting bitterly against this state of affairs.

At White Pigeon, Mich., a paper manufacturing company emptied a great vat of chloride of potash into the St. Joseph River, and killed a great quantity of fish. The concern will be prosecuted.

Dirty Devil.

The fish warden of Utah is having trouble in Wayne county with a reservoir built near the head of Dirty Devil Creek, where 2,000 acres of back-water has been formed by a dam of great size across the creek. A similar reservoir has been built on East Cañon Creek, also without provision for the passage of the fish. What, with the reservoir and the irrigation ditch problems combined, the fish and fish wardens of some of the Western States have a hard time.

Meshes of the Law.

During the month of September, State Warden Osborne, of Michigan, made thirty-two arrests and secured twenty-seven convictions. Fifteen arrests were for violations of the game law, and seventeen for violations of the fish law. The sum of $308 was collected in fines.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Half-Column of Appreciation.

New York.

Little Falls, N. Y.—I have read FOREST AND STREAM since I was old enough to read at all, and have always been one of its most honest admirers. J. R. B.

Massachusetts.

Boston, Mass.—I have tried all summer to get time to write to you. I wanted to send you the best word I knew how to write anent your splendid anniversary number. I never saw anything equal to it. You manage to put up the best paper ever heard of. * * * What splendid papers Mr. Burnham has written on Alaska. They are the best things I have seen on that part of the world anyway. I wish I knew Mr. Burnham. I have a half-written report, or series of papers, on my last fall Maine woods excursion, but I fear it will never be finished. I mean to go again this fall if it is possible. It is my life preserver. C. H. AMES.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1.—Say to Mr. Mather that his "Louisiana Lowlands" keeps his well-known and now famous crest "full high advanced." It is at his best. If I were a little more of a "sport" I would enjoy "Confabulations of a Cadi," but the real brightness of these Cadi sketches touches and warms the cockles of my heart.

Germantown.—Please continue on with your most useful paper, as it is one of the fixtures of the house. R. P.

California.

Oakland, Cal.—That the FOREST AND STREAM could not fail to prosper under a management as able as its present goes without saying, and that it may always be as well conducted is the earnest wish of your old-time correspondent.

FORKED DEN.

Massachusetts Again.

I was a New Hampshire boy, born near Lake Winnipiseogee, with Ossipe Mountain for a northern limit to the world, and can and do appreciate old county folks and speech like those in Mr. Robinson's chapters. I am one of the unfortunate class that can't go fishing, but I can read, and have read the paper for twenty years, and hope I shall be able to read it twenty years longer.

C. E. N.

Canada.

Montreal.—I am sure that Mr. Mather's sketches have been a source of great pleasure to me, in fact your whole publication (FOREST AND STREAM) has been to me for I think now twenty-five years. I think I am a subscriber since almost the FOREST AND STREAM was started. J. C. W.

Michigan.

Detroit, Mich.—The journal improves each year, and is a credit to American enterprise. W. P. M.

Connecticut.

Enclosed please find $10 for FOREST AND STREAM for three years. Hoping that some of my descendants will duplicate this subscription for a like term a hundred years from now, I am fraternally, G. E. W.

Another from California.

Please send the binder by mail. If there are any extra charges I will remit same. After taking FOREST AND STREAM six months it seems like an old friend, and I can't get along without it.

E. B. S.

Minnesota.

Benson, Minn.—FOREST AND STREAM is a paper every sportsman and lover of nature should keep, and it is a pity there are not more true sportsmen to learn the principle which it advocates. If every subscriber would go to work and strictly keep within the bounds of the law, and see that his neighbors and friends did the same, I believe the game would soon multiply, but as the matter stands now, no amount of legislation will help unless the laws are obeyed. K. O. K.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 3.—Connecticut Field Trials, East Hampton, Conn. Entries close Oct. 29. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, P.-O. Box 603, New Haven.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

"Hants."

THE coon discussion in FOREST AND STREAM is rather amusing for a summer's diversion; and, from the simplicity of coon lore in general, it seems morally certain that this was its origin. The numberless devices that capture coons are well known to most woodsmen, especially here in the South, where, next to the possum, of all varmints the coon is most prized by the colored contingent. Snares for his destruction are laid wherever he is likely to walk "in the glimpses of the moon," the most common, simplest and most taking of all being an auger hole in a log that crosses a branch or slough. Four horseshoe nails are driven through the edges of the hole, pointing downward; a little honey or sorghum is then poured into the hole; the coon noses out the sweets, inserts his paw to secure the feast, and —passes the remaining hours of darkness in wondering over the remarkable detaining power of the bees that grasped the offending member just at the instant he attempted to withdraw.

For the man who would revel on roast coon there is no surer way of catching his coon; but the darky, an axe and the "yaller dorg" in conjunction serve the same end, and are far more productive of sport. Once, when the nights had grown long, and the frosts of November had denuded the trees and congealed the miasma exhaled from the swamps through the long, deadly autumn, two friends, with a half-dozen curs and a couple of darkies, invaded the haunts of varmints noctivagant,

My friends were quite young, yet in their teens, while the dogs and Jul'us, one of the darkies, were veteran hunters. The moon should have shone, but lowering clouds obscured its sheen, and a fine rain was falling—an ideal night for a hunt.

Near the edge of the swamp the dogs struck the trail of a lusty old fellow, learned in all of the wisdom of coons, and out for a frolic. He, doubtless, before had often been chased, and in less than an hour had "tapped" twenty trees and led the cry for a couple of miles through bogs and across branches in such bewildering maze that the huntsmen attempted to blow off the dogs in disgust. In the language of Jul'us, however, "Dere 'us Ruler what 'us deef to er horn when arter er coon, an' he driv' 'im so hard an' he driv' 'im so fas' dat he jist 'beleged ter clam' fur 'is hide; an' when wes got dar, dar he wus!"

Yes, "dar he wus" for sure, as a brush fire revealed, well out on the limb of a tree entirely too large to cut without spoiling the hunt. Buck, the younger negro of the two, was famous for climbing, so, divesting himself of shoes and coat, he grasped a friendly grapevine and was soon on the limb and between the tree and the coon. To quote Jul'us again, "Dar sot Buck an' dar sot de coon, an' wes could see de coon jes' lack wes could see Buck, but Buck 'low dat dere wa'n't no coon up dar. Wes tole 'im ter clam out an' shuck 'im off, but when de lim' 'gin ter ben' Buck got skit'ish an' triflin' an' I make 'im cum down, an', ole es I is, up I clim' an' out on de lim' I went, but when I git dar, I did'n' see no coon, nuther; but de gem'men an' Buck dey 'sisted dat dey seed 'im, so I crawl out on de lim' fur es I could, an' I shuck an' I shuck, but dat coon des would'n' turn go, an' den I couldn' see 'im no how. By 'n' by Buck got manish an' he say so much I got mad, an' down I cum, an' up he went ergin. Sho' nuff soon's I hit de groun' an' look up dar sat dat coon out on de lim', an' he look es big es er dorg.

"Wal, sah! Buck crawl out on de lim', he did, an' de fust thing he say: 'Wher' dat coon gone?' Den I got skeerd right straight, fur dar sot de coon right befo' his eyes. I look at de gem'men an' de gem'men look at me; an' dey tell Buck ter cum down an' les go. Buck 'low he boun' ter hab dat coon ef he up dar, an' he ke'p on er crawlin' out on de lim'. Fust thing yer kno' de lim' 'gin ter crack, an' den we all seed dat coon jump an' run right squar' through Buck, jes es sho es yer lib, an' go er skin'in' up de tree. Wes tole Buck what we see, an' den he gib one yell an' down he cum, half er slidin' an' half fallin', an' de wool on hees head dun ris up lack 'nit'in' needles. Soon's he could talk fur his teeth er chat'rin', he said he neber seed no coon, an' he neber felt nothin' but sumpin' cole lack sweepin' th'ough 'im, an' den he kno'd er hant had 'im sho."

In the scramble to get away from the specter, Jul'us did not fail to remember that the dark is all dangerous when spirits stalk abroad, so he grabbed a pine knot to light the forest way. Now Jul'us, upon this occasion, bestrode a mule that was giddy even beyond the wont of his treacherous kind, and it was only a little while before some flaming rosin from the torch came dripping upon his aristocratic loins, and then there was a circus that roused the mirthful owls for a mile around. For a minute there was an exhibition of buck jumping that would have filled a bronco with envy, and then a tearing away through the forest to an accompaniment of squeals and yells, thumping saplings and flounderings though bog holes that composed a nocturne the grandest that swamp had ever known. The performance was brief, but served as a diversion that relegated the ghostly coon to forgetfulness, and after poor Jul'us had been rescued from the slough where he had finally landed over the ears of his steed, the hunt was resumed, this time, on foot, while the horses were left tied by the side of the path, where they could be conveniently found when wanted.

The hunt was now made upon higher ground, and by midnight five fine, fat possums were securely tied in a bag. At this juncture the mist that had fallen gently all the while changed to rain, with every prospect of a downpour. A deserted house near by offered refuge, but Jul'us for reasons that he was unwilling to divulge declined the friendly shelter, saying that, as his mule was gone, he would risk a further drenching and cut across the fields for home; so off he trudged, the bag of possums upon his back, and with two or three dogs at his heels. His return a short while after was as violent as unexpected, for he came as a whirlwind, bursting in the rickety door, and measuring his length upon the floor, where the slight blaze the boys had kindled on the hearth revealed him lying with bulging eyes, minus hat and bag, and virtually speechless from fright, as he could only at intervals painfully articulate that word of baneful import, "Hants, hants!" By dint of some rubbing and much whisky, Jul'us recovered sufficiently to tell a gruesome tale of passing through a joining hillside pasture and running into the arms of a whole "flock er hants" that had pursued him, with reaching arms, to the very door. A yell from Buck, who declared he could see them at the window, put a period to the story, and then a friendly lightning flash relieved the agony by revealing three curious donkeys, with extended ears, gazing placidly in the direction whence the victim of their inquisitiveness had disappeared. The guying that Jul'us received for his foolish fear roused his "gizzard," and the whisky he had drunk infused his soul to boasting, so when the rain had slacked and the huntsmen sought their horses for the journey homeward, none was so bold as he, despising the terrors of the forest's gloom. With axe upon shoulder he led the way along the path, and sighed for ghosts to battle with and overcome.

Even and anon he would swing the axe from hand to hand, discanting on the pleasure it would give him to encounter ghoul or gnome that he might smite him hip and thigh.

Now one of the boys was riding a mare, followed by a foal that had been made a pet from birth. The colt was standing in the path, doubtless watching the return of the huntsmen, and Jul'us, not seeing him in the dark, ran full against him just at the moment his soul most panted for combat with powers of evil. The docile creature, expecting a caress, extended his velvet muzzle, and Jul'us says caught him by the nose. Be this as it may, that valiant hero forgot that he was weaponed, threw the axe away and, striking through the bushes, treated the party to an imitation of the impromptu performance enacted by the mule a few hours before.

The next morning the boys returned and rescued the axe from the bushes, and the bag of possums from the pasture.

WM. M. HUNDLEY.

M. V. G. and F. P. A.

THE inaugural beagle trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, to be held at Carmichael, Green County, Pa., Nov. 28, is most complete in its programme, as will be noted in the following list of events:

Derby Class A.—For dogs and bitches 13 to 15in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897.

Derby Class B.—For dogs and bitches 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897.

Open Class C.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13 to 15in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials.

Open Class D.—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials.

Entries for Classes A, B, C and D close Oct. 24. Fee to start, $5, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry; $2 to start. Moneys divided in three purses, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Brace Stakes.—For dogs or bitches 15in. and under. Entries close at the drawing. Fee to start, $5. Two purses, 60 and 40 per cent.

Pack Stakes.—For four dogs or bitches under 15in. Entries close at the drawing. Fee to start, $10. Two purses, 60 and 40 per cent.

Champion Class.—For dogs or bitches 13in. or under, having won one first prize in any open field trial class (except Derby and Futurity). Entries close at the starting of class.

Champion Class.—For dogs and bitches 13 to 15in., having won one first prize in any open field trial (except Derby and Futurity). Entries close at the starting of class. Entrance fee for the champion classes, $5. Two purses, 60 and 40 per cent. The title of field trial champion will be awarded to winners in these classes.

The club retains 20 per cent. of all entrance money. Address all entries to the Secretary, A. C. Paterson, Homestead, Pa. The judges are Dr. George Gladden and Mr. W. H. Beazell. Both are experienced gentlemen sportsmen.

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held on Oct. 17, at Buffalo, Com. Thorn presiding. The usual routine business of the Association was carried out, the details of which will appear next week. After a prolonged discussion it was decided to hold the 1899 meet among the Thousand Islands, the exact locality being as yet not settled. The date will be from Aug. 4 to Aug. 18.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

THE annual meeting of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes will be held on Oct. 29, at Buffalo.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. will be held on Nov. 5, at Kingston, Ont.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE question of the competitors for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup in 1899 has been settled by the decision of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to accept the challenge of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The reasons for selecting the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. again instead of the Inland Lake Y. A., whose representative was in Montreal with a challenge on the day after the last race, are given in the following letters:

J. W. Taylor, Esq., Commodore Inland Lake Yachting Association, St. Paul, Minn.:

Dear Sir—I beg to confirm our telegram of 24th ult., announcing that we had accepted the challenge of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the season of 1899.

As you are no doubt aware, the deed of gift provides that priority of date in receipt of challenge need not govern during the thirty days following the termination of the last match, and it was under this provision, and after mature consideration, that our committee, who had previously decided to give up the cup, concluded to accept the challenge of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The recent match was followed by so much newspaper and other comment, and the reputation of the cup seemed so much endangered, that when a challenge for next year was received from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. it seemed to be in the best interests of international yachting that the challenge should be accepted, and we acted accordingly.

We know the keen interest our members take in our class of boats, and we feel assured that the acceptance of your challenge would have been followed by a good contest, which could not have failed to benefit the sport.

I am directed therefore by the committee to express their sincere regret that we shall not have the opportunity of meeting your club in a friendly contest next year, but trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing a large representation of your Association at our races.

Your friendly letter of the 29th ult. has just come to hand, and we thoroughly appreciate it. Yours very truly,

J. C. C. ALMON,
Sec'y Sailing Com. R. St. L. Y. C.

W. S. Morton, Esq., Sec'y White Bear Y. C., St. Paul, Minn.:

Dear Sir—Replying to your favor of the 14th inst., I would inform you that the Seawanhaka international challenge cup is at present in the custody of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, which club won the match for it in August last.

You are probably familiar, through the press reports, with the facts that there was considerable controversy over the selection of the double-hulled yacht Dominion as defender of the cup, and that a formal protest was in consequence lodged by our club's representative with the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

This protest was not allowed the Royal St. Lawrence committee adhering to their determination to sail Dominion, and as it seemed to our representative the most sportsmanlike course, the American yacht Challenger sailed the match, which, as you are doubtless aware, resulted in Dominion's victory.

This action by the committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. caused some little strain of the cordiality existing between the two clubs, and some of our members were at first inclined to engage in no further contests with the St. Lawrence Club.

The Royal St. Lawrence Club on their part held a meeting, and decided, in view of the disagreement and hostile criticism of their course, to return the cup.

We would not, of course, in honor accept the cup without having won it in fair contest, nor indeed, under the terms of the declaration of trust, had the Canadians any right to return it before the time for receiving challenges for the next season should have expired. But after conference with a representative of the Canadians it was decided that the most satisfactory way out of the difficulty was for the Seawanhaka Club to challenge for a match in 1899.

This determination was acted upon and the challenge has been forwarded, and we learn that it has been received by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

We have not, however, up to date received any official notice of its acceptance.

In the event of its being accepted, we should welcome with great pleasure a representative yacht from your club as a competitor in our trial races, and sincerely hope that you may have at least one vessel ready in time.

Apologizing for this late reply to your letter, which has been occasioned partly by the writer's absence from town, I am very truly yours,

CHARLES A. SHERMAN
Sec'y Race Com. S. C. Y. C.

The following letter has been received in New York, and in accordance with its suggestion arrangements are being made for a meeting of representatives to discuss the terms for the next race.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Oct. 7.

Charles A. Sherman, Esq., Sec'y Race Com. Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., New York:

Dear Sir—I beg to confirm my letter of the 24th ult. and acknowledge receipt of your letters of 20th and 28th ult. We understand that it is your desire to frame rules that will produce a type of boat more generally useful than those that recently competed, and in this we shall be glad to meet you.

	Length.			Beam.									Racing Length.				Speed.					
	Over all.	Erect, L.W.L.	Heeled, L.W.L.	Erect.	Heeled.	Draft.	Girth.	Displacement, lbs.	Ballast, lbs.	Righting moment, ft lbs.	Sail area.	Displacement coefficient.	Old rule, S. C. Y. C.	Hyslop rule.	Y R U. rule.	Equivalent based on speed.	Knots per hour.	Seconds per mile.	Righting moment, ft. lbs. per sq. ft. sail.	Lateral plane, sq. ft. per sq ft. sail.	Lateral plane area, sq. ft.	Midship section area, sq. ft.
20s	32.0	17.5	26.0	8.25	8.25	0.33 / 6.0	12.92	1,750	1,000	7.100	500	56%	19.95	22.37	23.3	39.7	5.8	612.0	14.2	0.068	34	2.8
21s	32.92	21.0	24.0	7.25	7.0	4.0 / 7.0	14.0	6,780	3,600	17.500	550	51.8%	22.85	23.0	25.2	18.0*	4.76	1022	31.8	0.119	65.6	9.75
30s	44.0	29.9	32.0	8.33	7.0	7.1	21.0	9,500	5,500	29.500	1000	46.9%	30.7	40.5	34.9	48.3	6.20	580	29.5	0.072	72.0	10.6
C. B	44.8	28.5	32.0	13.25	8.5	3.5 / 9.5	18.7	12,500	5,000	36.000	1560	55.5%	34.0	29.0	37.8	39.0	5.8	616	23.0	0.072	112.0	12.4
Fin	50.0	30.0	36.0	10.0	7.5	2.0 / 6.5	21.2	17,500	6,300	58.000	1250	57%	34.75	37.9	37.8	40.2	5.9	610	42.5	0.08	100.2	16.0
Keel	56.0	35.7	38.0	12.4	9.25	7.9	22.0	37,000	16,000	90.000	2450	51.5%	42.6	44.2	44.7	42.6	6.0	600	36.8	0.08	195.0	31.4

S. C. Y. C Rule.
$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$$

Hyslop Rule
$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A.} + 2(B. + D.) - 6^{2}/_{3}\sqrt{M.}}{2}$$

Y R. U. Rule.
$$\frac{L.W.L. + B. + 0.75\,G. + .5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$$

Equivalent racing length taken from allowance tables.
* Actually about 10.0.

As the subject is a somewhat difficult one, we feel that we would expedite the work if we could meet representative to discuss the question and arrive at a basis for further action. Could you not arrange to meet us in Montreal? We shall be glad to see you at any time that is convenient for yourselves. Yours very truly, J. C. C. Amon, Sec'y.

Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the consideration of the new measurement rule, we may lay down these two axioms:

A. If it fails to tax present racing machines so as to practically prevent their winning races against otherwise desirable yachts, it is a failure.

B. If it permits the building of a racing machine of any different or new type that can win against a wholesome yacht, it is a failure.

Let us investigate these two points:

First. Yachts of known elements can be compared to ascertain whether or not Axiom A is met. For this purpose I have taken the published speed records of the '98 20-footers, the Seawanhaka Corinthian 21ft. knockabouts, a fast 34ft. centerboard sloop that has won a majority of races in her class, a fin-keel 34ft. sloop, the Herreshoff 30-footers and a yacht of the 43ft. class of the conventional type, and have compared them in the table herewith given. These dimensions are taken from published records, with the filling in taken from sketches made by me, and while not strictly correct, are very nearly so. The speeds are taken from the times actually required to cover courses of known distances, eliminating all races in which there was a report of flukes or changes of wind. The 20s and the 30s are strictly racing machines. The centerboard 34 has relatively small accommodations. The fin 34 and the 43ft. yachts have about the same accommodations.

From your point of view the 21 and the 43ft. yachts would be considered of a wholesome type. From my point of view none of them are, unless it might be the fin 34, since the other two yachts have both an excessive displacement compared with available room, and remarkably slow speed as compared with their driving power (sail area).

The table shows the various dimensions when erect and when heeled to the sailing angle: the displacements, ballast, righting moment and sail area. The racing length is computed according to the old rule, the Hyslop rule and the Y. R. U. rule; the depth in the Hyslop rule being taken as the depth of keel in centerboard yachts exclusive of the centerboard. The column headed "Seconds per mile" is useful in determining the column headed "Equivalent racing length," which latter shows the racing length at which the various yachts should sail in order to equalize their chances to win prizes in ordinary Sound racing weather.

It will be seen that in the two racing machines an enormous increase of racing length must be imposed by the rule; that in the case of the 21-footers an enormous decrease must be made, and if the various elements given are carefully studied, three facts must show with startling distinctness:

(a) The absolute failure of any of the rules to meet existing conditions of yacht designing.

(b) The impossibility of making any rule which will meet these conditions if the elements of the rule are determined from the yacht when riding on an even keel.

(c) The absurdity of the assumption that any indirect method will give a correct measure of the displacement, righting moment or speed of a yacht.

Second. Either the Hyslop rule or the Y. R. U. rule is in its elements absolutely hopeless, since the measurement of L.W.L., when erect, puts a premium on the flattened elliptical waterline which may be carried so far as to produce a yacht with greater beam than L.W.L. for measurement purposes, but which, when heeled to the sailing angle, will have a waterline of elongated elliptical form, small displacement, small skin friction, large righting moment, and very fast; the element of sail area being the one element which should be at a maximum, would be made so by cutting down the other elements. The elements of beam and draft, while restrictive, do not have any influence on increasing displacement. The element of girth tends to the production of an exceedingly undesirable form. The element of midship section is one which can be easily evaded, as I demonstrated last March.

It may be thought that the ultimate development of the racing machine has been attained by Mr. Duggan in Dominion, but I am constrained to differ, since I find it easy to design a yacht with as good an inclined waterline, greater righting moment, and, in my judgment, fully as fast, having but a single hull.

With all of the elements of the rule then tending toward the design of a yacht of a most objectionable form, the simple question remains as to how large such a yacht can be built. This is a purely engineering problem. As such I have no hesitation in affirming that certainly a 43ft. class yacht can be built, and I believe that a 90ft. class yacht can be built, which would follow all of the principles of form shown in the 20s, which could race certainly throughout one season and perhaps two, and which would be absolutely worthless except as a racing machine. The fact that Challenger and Seawanhaka practically broke up under the strain of a few races simply shows that engineering principles were not applied to their construction.

The argument made in favor of the Y. R. U. rule, that it is giving satisfaction in England, is completely refuted by the showing made of its futility when applied to existing yachts.

With the demonstration then of the absolute worthlessness of the old Seawanhaka rule, the Hyslop rule and the Y. R. U. rule, does it not seem a pity that those who advocate these rules do not refute the arguments which I have raised against them, or abandon them.

I have repeatedly challenged a discussion in your columns of the fundamental principles involved in the determination of a measurement rule, both by making assertions and by asking pertinent questions, without eliciting a response. Does it not therefore seem a fair assumption to make that those who profess to have carefully studied the subject, and must therefore have their side of the case freshly and strongly in their minds, do not dare go before the yachtsmen of the world with a statement of it that cannot be disavowed in case they are proven to be entirely wrong. One explanation I know of, and that is that they do not read your paper, this in itself being a confession of lack of real interest and ignorance. Geo. Hill.

The Flying Proa.

Stottville, N. Y., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following description of the proa is given by Anson in his "Voyage," with an illustration:

The construction of this proa is a direct contradiction to the practice of all the rest of mankind. For, as it is customary to make the head of the vessel different from the stern, but the two sides alike, the proa, on the contrary, has her head and stern exactly alike, but her two sides very different. The side intended to be always the lee side being flat, while the windward side is built rounding, in the manner of other vessels. And, to prevent her oversetting, which from her small breadth and the straight run of her leeward side would, without this precaution, infallibly happen, there is a frame laid out from her to windward, to the end of which is fastened a log, fashioned into the shape of a small boat and made hollow. The weight of the frame is intended to balance the proa, and the small boat is by its buoyancy, as it is always in the water, to prevent her oversetting to windward; and this frame is usually called an outrigger. The body of the proa, at least of that we took, is formed of two pieces joined endways and sewed together with bark, for there is no iron used in her construction.

She is about 2in. thick at the bottom, which at the gunwale is reduced to less than 1. The dimensions of each part will be better known from the uprights and plans contained in the annexed plate, which were drawn from an exact mensuration; these I shall endeavor to explain as minutely and distinctly as I can.

Fig. 1 represents the proa with her sail set, as she appears when seen from the leeward.

Fig. 2 is a view of her from the head, with the outrigger to the windward.

Fig. 3 is the plan of the whole; where AB is the lee side of the proa; CD the windward side; EEGH the outrigger or frame laid out to windward; KL the boat at the end of it; MNPQ two braces from the head and stern to steady the frame; RS a thin plank placed to windward to prevent the proa from shipping water; this serves too for a seat to the Indian, who bales, and sometimes goods are carried upon it. I is the part of the middle outrigger on which the mast is fixed. The mast itself is supported, Fig. 2, by the shore CD, and by the shroud EF, and by two stays, one of which may be seen in Fig. 1, marked CD, and the other is hid by the sail.

The sail, EFG in Fig. 1, is of matting, and the mast, yard, boom and outriggers are all made of bamboo. The heel of the yard is always lodged in one of the sockets T or V, Fig. 3, according to the tack the proa goes on. And when she alters her tack they bear away a little to bring her up to the wind; then by easing the halyard and raising the yard, and carrying the heel of it along the lee side of the proa, they fix it in the opposite socket; while the boom at the same time, by letting fly the sheet M, and hauling the sheet N, Fig. 1, shifts into a contrary situation to what it had before, and that which was the stern of the proa now becomes the head, and she is trimmed on the other tack. When it is necessary to reef on furl the sail, this is done by rolling it around the boom.

The proa generally carries six or seven Indians, two of which are placed in the head and stern, who steer the vessel alternately with a paddle, according to the tack she goes in; he in the stern being the steersman.

The other Indians are employed either in baling out the water which she accidentally ships or in setting or trimming the sails. Thus much may suffice as to the description and nature of these singular embarkations. I must add that vessels, bearing some obscure resemblance to these, are to be met with in various parts of the East Indies, but none of them, that I can learn, to be compared with those of the Ladrones, either for their construction or celerity, which should induce one to believe that this was originally the invention of some genius of these islands, and was afterward imperfectly copied by the neighboring nations.

We must remember that all this was written over one hundred and fifty years ago. It will be seen by above description that in tacking a proa the whole sail goes outboard to leeward and is reversed; rather a dubious operation in a heavy sea or hard blow.

On account of her light construction a proa cannot hold her way long, so all danger from a back sail would be avoided. The rolling gear, so much used on small craft in England, would seem to have had its origin in the sail of these old-time proas. R. C. Leslie speaks of the proa of the Friendly Islands, first seen by Tasman in 1643, and says that it is of far more homely form than one found at Ladrones and described by Anson. Leslie says that the proa of Friendly Islands is most interesting from the way the yard is supported by a mast raking forward, like the "trinchetto," or foremast, of an Italian felucca. Speaking of possible origin of the proa's rig, Leslie says he believes the natives of Friendly and Ladrone groups to be of Malay origin. As the lateen sail is the sail of the Indian Ocean, it would seem to have traveled east into the Pacific, through the Malay Islands, and probably west toward the Mediterranean, up the Red Sea, via the Arab Elbow. Leslie also spells the name proah, but does not give his authority. This theory may account for the sail, but does not trace the peculiar hull construction.

Woodes Rogers, the English privateersman, visited the island of Guam in Ladrone group in March, 1709, and his account of the proa agrees well with that given by Dampier and Anson. While Rogers' ships were working up to island the captain records, "there came several flying prows to look at the ships; they run by us very swift; but none would venture aboard."

As Rogers' ship was probably not doing better than four or five knots, close-hauled, this gives us no line on speed of proa.

While this little English fleet laid at Guam, refitting after a long, hard voyage across Pacific, they treated the Spaniards with great consideration, paying for what they wanted and establishing a fair trade with natives and Spaniards.

In return for this kindness, when fleet was ready to sail, the Spanish commander presented Rogers with a proa, having noticed the captain's interest in these curious craft. Rogers took this proa on deck and carried her to England, thinking, as he says, "it might be worth fitting up to put in the canal in St. James Park (London) for a curiosity, since we have none like it in this part of the world."

Rogers figured the speed of the proa at 20 miles or better.

It is possible that it was this proa of Rogers', or one built on her lines, referred to by Anson as having shown such wonderful speed when tried at Portsmouth, England, early in that century. A. C. Stott.

The New Y. R. U. Rule.

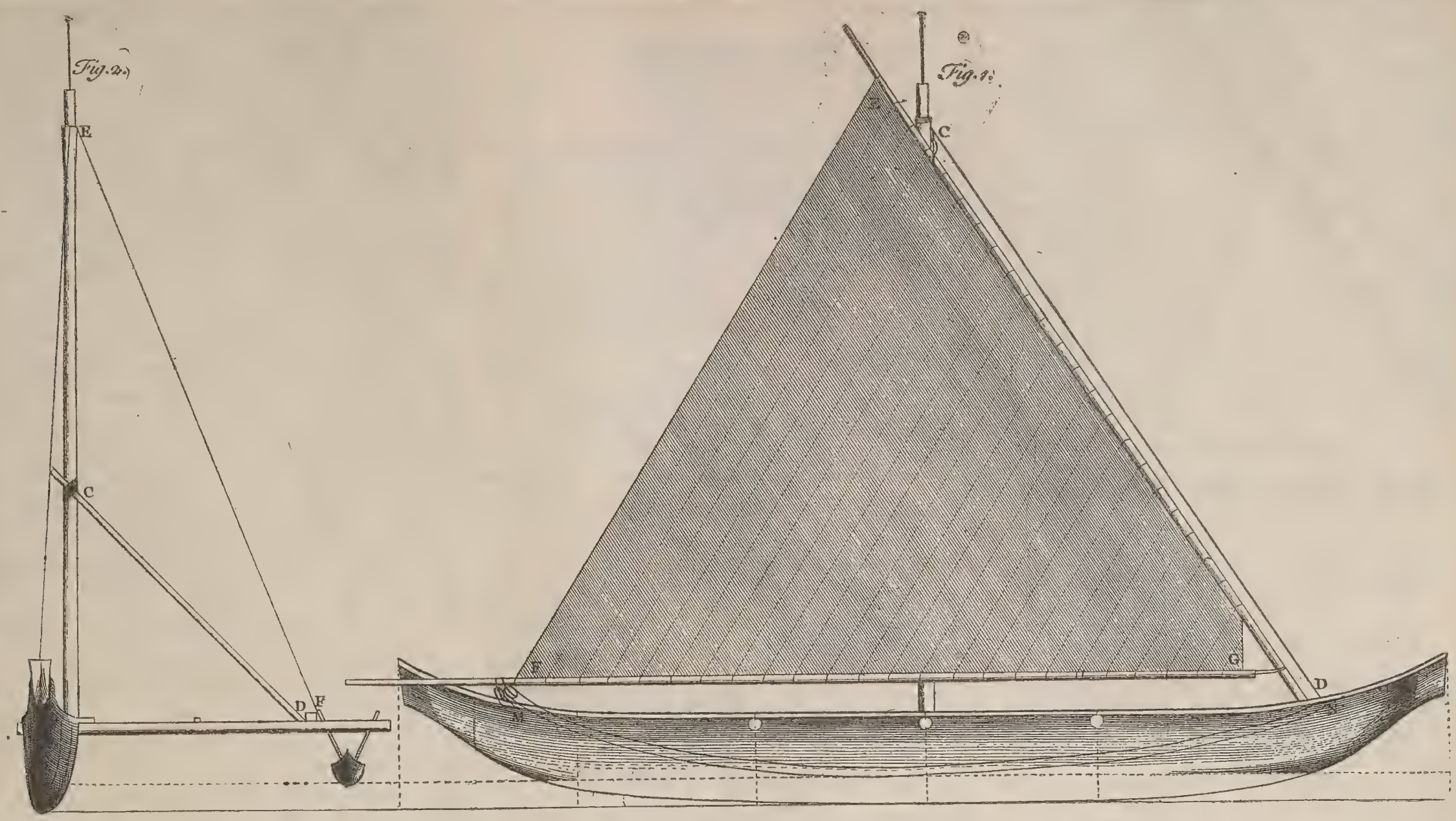
The general features of the rule adopted by the Y. R. U. of N. A. were given in connection with the report of the meeting; the full details are as follows:

Measurement.

1. Yachts shall be rated by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding together the load waterline length, the beam, .75 of the girth × .5 of the square root of the sail area, and dividing the sum by 2.

$$\frac{L.W.L. + B. + .75\,G. + .5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = R.M.$$

2. The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with any person



THE FLYING PROA—FROM ANSON'S "VOYAGE."

or persons, who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken, stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, sternpost or other part of the yacht below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length; and a form, resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline, shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurement for load water length shall be made with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs.; or, at the option of the measurer, with a dead weight equivalent thereto.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a metal plate as a distinctive, permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

3. The beam shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking on the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance should be made for wales, double-planks or mouldings of any kind.

4. The girth shall be taken from L.W.L. to L.W.L. under the keel at a point 0.6 of the distances between the outer edges of the L.W.L. marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross-section at that point at right angles to the L.W.L. If the draft forward of that point exceeds the draft at that point, twice such excess to be added to girth. In taking these measurements all hollows on the fore and aft under water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight.

To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel to the center of the area of the centerboard when lowered to its full extent. Centerboards when ballasted, except to overcome flotation or fitted with bulbs or otherwise, to be measured as fixed keels.

Measurers shall mark the points for measuring the girth as follows: By fixing three metal plates of suitable size on each side of the yacht not less than 2in. or more than 6in. above the L.W.L., level and parallel thereto, and not less than 3ft. or more than 6ft. from end to end, so that the center mark of the three coincides with the distance 0.6 from the fore edge of the bow marks.

The measurer shall also place a plate coinciding with this center mark under the rail or covering board, and another on the side of the keel perpendicular to the L.W.L. level. The distances between the L.W.L. level and the horizontal marks to be measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water and deducted from the girth as obtained from center mark to center mark.

Measurers may accept for the measurement of girth the designer's written certificate or drawing certified to as being correct by designer and builder. But this shall not relieve the owner from fixing the marks heretofore described, or relieve him from the responsibility of the accuracy of the certificate and proper position of the marks. In the event of a measurement protest the yacht must be measured as heretofore provided.

5. The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the mainmast from the under side of the sheave of the highest halyard block or sheave on the topmast to the upper side of the boom, when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of the gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, as well as the other points used in measurement.

The forward point of measurement of the base line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibtopsail stay and the center of the tack cringle of the jib or flying jib when set. The after point of measurement shall be the outer end of the main boom in schooners, cutters, sloops and catboats, and of the mizen boom in yawls.

The maintopmast shall be measured from the hounds of the lower mast to the under side of the sheave of the highest halyard block or sheave on the topmast; 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the extreme length of the main gaff measured from the inside of the jaws to the outer end, and the remainder shall be added to the base line.

In all cases where the length of the spinaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward mast to the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be taken for the spinaker boom shall be the extreme distance of its outer end from the center of the fore side of the mast, on which it is carried, measured when the boom is in place for use.

In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying topmasts the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat halyard block and the under side of the sheave in the uppermost halyard block or sheave on the mast shall be used for determining the length of the base line in the same way as is the topmast when one is carried.

In yachts which do not carry headsails the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

The sail area from these figures is obtained by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular and dividing by 2.

Where in any case, owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot in the opinion of the measurer be fairly measured in the customary way, he may with the sanction of the race committee take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual area of sail carried or that may be carrid in the spars used.

The prescribed method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and where the leach of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where, as in a lug mainsail, the luff extends forward of the mast or the head is rounded, the increased area resulting shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurement.

6. The racing measurement of a yacht launched after Oct. 1, 1898, shall be assumed to be the maximum limit of her class.

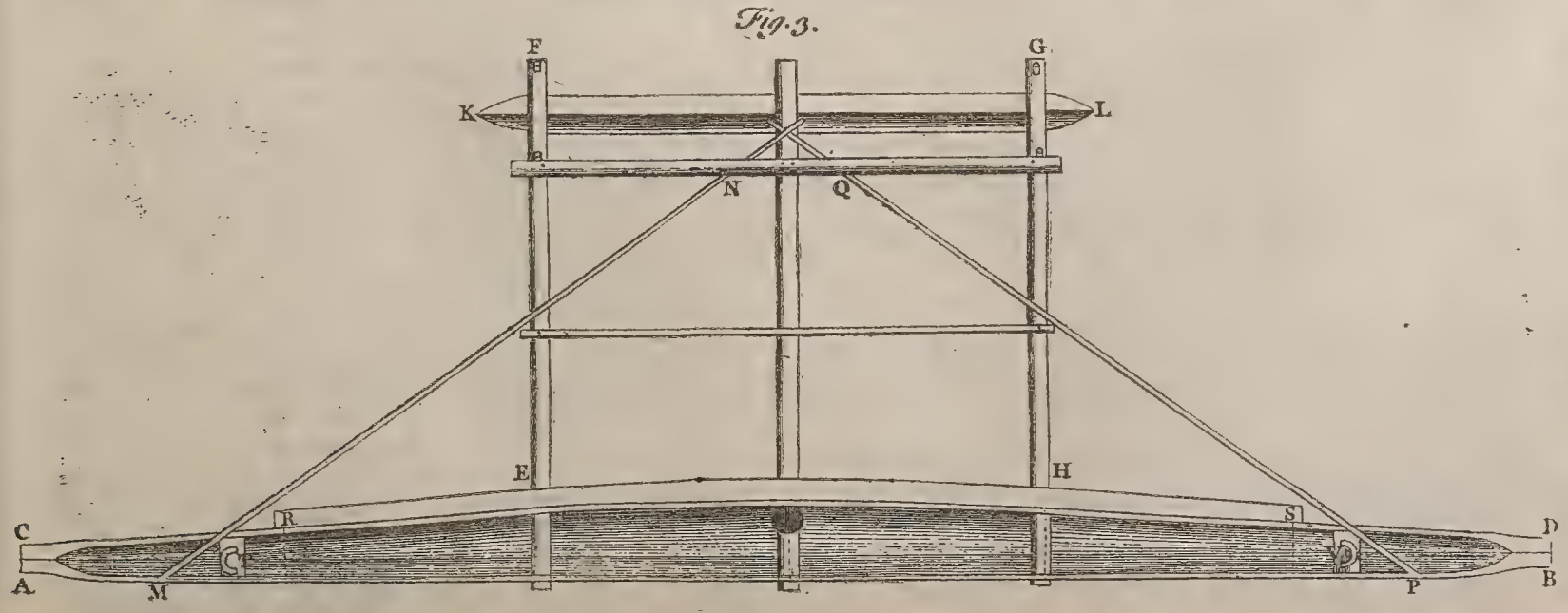
7. If a yacht after having been officially measured be increased in load waterline length, beam, girth or sail area, the yacht must be remeasured before starting the race.

8. If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the race committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner if the measurement be found to exceed the measurement filed; and from the person protesting if not.

The owner of a yacht so protested shall present his yacht for measurement immediately after the race, when so required by the race committee.

9. A yacht whose official racing measurement has not been filed with the race committee prior to the start of a race shall not eligible to compete.

Fig. 3.



Classification.

All yachts shall be classified by racing measurement, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners: First class, all over 100ft.; 100ft. class, not over 100ft., and over 80ft.; 80ft. class, not over 80ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft.

Sloops, cutters and yawls: First class, all over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft. and over 52ft.; 52ft. class, not over 52ft. and over 42ft.; 42ft. class, not over 42ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, not over 30ft.

Time Allowance.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing measurement.

Allowance for Rig.

Yawls shall be rated at 93 per cent. of their measurement in their classes.

Crews.

The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

Schooners: First class, one person to every 2ft. of racing measurement or fraction thereof; 100ft. class, 35 persons; 80ft. class, 25 persons; 65ft. class, 15 persons.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls: First class, one person to every 2ft. of racing measurement or fraction thereof; 65ft. class, 15 persons; 52ft. class, 12 persons; 42ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 7 persons; 30ft. class, 5 persons.

No person shall board or leave a yacht after the starting signal has been made, except in case of accident, or injury to a person on board.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Oct. 21-23.—Los Angeles, Cal.—First fall tournament of the Los Angeles Sharpshooters. Open to all riflemen. F. S. Hicks, Sec'y.

Tournament at Shell Mound Range.

THE twenty-shot rifle record of the Pacific Coast, on the German ring target, was broken by Dr. Lee O. Rodgers yesterday at the Shell Mound range. This feat was performed while shooting for the champion class medal of the Germania Schuetzen Club, single entry. Dr. Rodgers' score in twenty shots was 461 rings. The individual shots were 23, 23, 19, 24, 23, 24, 21, 23, 24, 22, 22, 24, 23, 24, 25, 24, 23, 25, 22, 23—461. The doctor was highly commended for his remarkable marksmanship, which to riflemen has much significance. The last ten consecutive shots were kept within a 6in. circle, and eighteen out of the twenty were kept within the same space; which, considering the distance, 200yds., off-hand, means that he must have been under a terrible strain to hold out so well.

His previous record in twenty shots was 451. He broke the coast record, which was 454, held by F. P. Schuster. The latter held the honors of being high man of the West only two months. The next in the line was A. Strecker with 451.

It is believed that it will be many a day before Dr. Rodgers' mark will be reached on the coast. The doctor has been an enthusiastic rifleman for the past twenty or twenty-five years, and has won many medals and honors, but of all he is more proud of yesterday's performance. During the last of the shooting over half of the members of the Germania Club were present watching every shot with the keenest of interest, and when the last was announced they gave him an ovation that any man would be proud of. None were more eager to express their congratulations than Schuster and Strecker. While it cannot be stated now as a fact, it is believed that 461 rings is the highest record ever made in the United States.

The day was none too good for fine rifle shooting, the light varying every few minutes so that the elevation was hard to keep. In the bullseye contest for cash prizes in the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein D. Salfield won first money on a center measuring 261 points on the machine. In the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein D. B. Faktor won out in the champion class and H. Stelling, of the third class, forged to the front with 411 rings. J. E. Gorman, of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, is now in the lead for the members' medal, having passed A. B. Dorrell, who is now in the southern part of the State. G. M. Barley, of the same club, is making good progress with the pistol, his best yesterday being 39, Columbia target count. Lieut. J. Staude and E. Jacobsen, of the Independent Rifles, tied on 44, military target count. The scores of the several clubs were as follows:

German Schuetzen Club class medal shoot, 20 shots, German ring target—First champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 461 rings; second champion class, D. B. Faktor, 437; first class, R. Stettin, 405; second class, J. Gefken, 398; third class, William Goetze, 359. Best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 24; best last shot, R. Stettin, 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly class medal shoot, 20 shots. German ring target—Champion class. D. B. Faktor, 427 rings; first class, not filed; second class, John Gefken, 300; third class, H. Stelling, 411; fourth class, H. F. Lilkendey, 377. Best first shot, John Gefken, 25; best last shot, N. Ahrens, 25.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein bullseye contest for cash prizes, machine measurement of centers—D. Salfield, 261 points; W. F. Garms, 298; O. Lemcke, 370; F. P. Schuster, 412; W. Gottschalk, 420; J. D. Heise, 432; H. Sterling, 494; J. Peters, 676; W. Morken, 847; C. J. Hinck, 976; L. Brune, 1,062; C. F. Rust, 1,149; J. Lankenau, 1,155.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club—Rifle, 10-shot scores, Columbia target—Champion class: D. W. McLaughlin, 50; F. E. Mason, 56.

First class—J. E. Gorman, 59; O. A. Bremer, 86.

Second class—M. J. White, 78; A. Hinterman, 85; G. Barley, 115.

Third class—E. W. Moore, 88; G. Mannell, 106; B. Jonas, 128.

Members' rifle medal, re-entry, 10 shots—J. E. Gorman, 57-65; O. A. Bremer, 83; G. Mannell, 102.

All comers' re-entry matches, Siebe pistol medal—G. M. Barley, 49-52; F. E. Mason, 56-59.

Pistol, 50yds., 10 shots, class medals for members only—Champion class: C. M. Daiss, 44; A. H. Pape, 46; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 58; M. J. White, 66.

First class—F. E. Mason, 50; G. M. Barley, 55; J. E. Klein, 77.

Second class—J. Hinterman, 86.

Third class—J. P. Cosgrave, 84; N. H. Neustader, 99.

All comers' re-entry matches, Siebe pistol medal—G. M. Barley, 39-67-71; J. C. Gorman, 35; A. H. Pape, 40-42-48; J. P. Cosgrave, 54-56-56.

Small rifle—N. H. Neustader, 50.

Independent rifles, medal shoot, 10 shots, Blunt military target—Lieut. J. Staude, 44; E. P. Jacobsen, 44; Sergt. G. W. Mitchell, 42; Sergt. C. Andrews, 41; Lieut. E. Moenning, 35; Corporal J. A. Stang, 35; J. H. Kuhlke, 33; H. Gaetgen, 32; F. H. Laun, 29; H. Staude, 20; C. J. Staude, 19; H. Gaetgen, Jr., 25.—San Francisco Call.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, Pittsburg, will take place on Oct. 24 to 27. On the first day the members' match will take place. It is open to members only. Conditions, 50 shots off-hand, in 10 targets of 5 shots each.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday is the all-comers' match, entrance per target of 3 shots each, 35 cents, or 3 targets for $1. Re-entries unlimited. There are 21 prizes in this match.

The Stephens trophy match, open to all, is a bullseye contest, entrance $1. No re-entries. Each contestant is entitled to three shots, the best single shot by machine measurement to count. Mr. A. C. L. Hofmeister, Secretary and Treasurer.

Conlin's Gallery.

AT the Food Show in Madison Square Garden, New York, Mr. Conlin has established his shooting gallery on the Twenty-sixth street side, at the exhibition, adjoining the main floor, and easy of access. It is fully fitted up for rifle, pistol and revolver shooting and practice as usual. The show opens at 10:30 A. M and closes at 10:30 P. M.

Under date of Oct. 14, Mr. Willey, secretary of the Dansville Gun Club, Dansville, N. Y., informs us as follows: "The Dansville Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot Nov. 24, Thanksgiving Day. The club now has a shed roof over the score 20ft. wide by 80ft. long, which gives ample protection to shooter and spectator from the weather. We expect to have the most successful amateur shoot ever held in western New York."

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 18-21.—Belle Meade Stock Farm, near Nashville, Tenn.—Two days at target; two days at live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Manager.

Oct. 19.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Twenty-five-bird handicap, $10 entrance; 10 birds, $5 entrance. T. W. Morfey, Sec'y.

Oct. 22.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League shoot, on grounds of Florists Gun Club.

Oct. 22.—Belle Meade, Nashville, Tenn.—Heikes-Elliston match for cast iron medal.

Oct. 25-27.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament at Dupont Park.

Oct. 27.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Opening live-bird shoot of Greater New York Gun Club. H. S. Lippack, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—Oakbrook, Pa.—Tournament of the Oakbrook Gun Club; targets and live birds. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.

Oct. 27-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucy Gun Club. Championship of Kentucky on last day, 25 pigeons. Emile Pragoff, Secretary.

Nov. 2-3.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; targets only. John M. Lilly, Sec'y.

Nov. 2-4.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. J. A. Penn, Recording Secretary.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

1899.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Cincinnati Gun Club, Cincinnati, O., claim the dates Nov. 2, 3 and 4 for their tournament. First day, targets; second day, Sportsmen's Review live-bird trophy, 50 live birds, $25 entrance, class shooting, 35, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; 12 gauge guns, 30yds. rise, $500 added. Third day, live birds. The winner of trophy to hold cup and defend the same, subject to following rules and conditions: First, the winner to file a bond of $500 with the Sportsmen's Review for the safe-keeping and delivery of the same, according to stated conditions. Second, all individual contests for this trophy will be shot under American Association rules, 30yds. rise, 12-gauge guns, at 100 pigeons to each man, $100 to each side, loser to pay for pigeons shot at by both contestants. Third, the holder of this trophy is subject to challenge, and must forfeit or defend the cup within sixty days after being challenged, and will be required to post a forfeit of $50 with any responsible sportsmen's journal in the United States, accepting such challenge by publication within thirty days, naming a place, hour and date for such contest to take place, giving the challenger at least fifteen days' notice of the date of contest. Address J. A. Penn, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati Gun Club Co.

It is hard, very hard, for a man to break himself of life-long habits, whether it is smoking cigars, riding a wheel or breaking targets in a string a mile more or less long. This in reference to the "Daddy of them all," not in years necessarily, nor figuratively in paternal characteristics, but in the wisdom and ability which he displays in competition. The E. C. cup was recently added twice to his museum of rare trophies. It would seem that the redoubtable Rolla was uncertain whether some one else had not a possibility of winning it, so it was again placed in open competition at his shoot last week. Well, some of his doubts may be allayed, for he was high man on the first and second days, though on the third day he seemed to relax just by way of a rest, seemingly, for he was high man in the total for the three days with an average of 477 broke out of 525 shot at, a total percentage of .908. There may be bald eagles and cosmopolitan daddies, but the real daddy eagle does not seem to be numerous.

The programme of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League's all-day tournament, under the auspices of the Forest Gun Club, on the grounds of the Forest Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Oct. 22, is now ready for distribution. There are 15 events, of which three are at 15 targets, the remainder at 10 targets. The entrance varies from 25 cents to $1, the smaller sum being in Nos. 9 and 12, to which are added $3 and $2 respectively. All sweeps are divided under the percentage system. Targets, 1½ cents, and included in entrance. Open sweeps commence at 10:30. Team match at 1 o'clock. Lunch and shells on the grounds. This is a programme which brings out the amateur and the man who likes to shoot for sport. The total entrance for the 15 events is $8.75.

Mr. J. von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, writes us as follows: "Will you please correct your Mr. E. Hough, who reported me as one of a party passing through Minneapolis for the great hunting grounds of North Dakota. We are daily receiving letters with reference to this alleged trip, and even telegrams to open letters on business addressed to me personally. No, I am sorry to say that I have to be on duty at 318 Broadway, working hard for a living, and am not after honkers. During our busy season I have to steal my days off, but managed to open the season Saturday with a nice mixed bag of woodcock, grouse and cotton-tails, which I hope to repeat weekly. By making mention of the mistaken identity you will oblige."

Under date of Oct. 12 Mr. H. T. Hearsey, of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "Our autumn tournament takes place on the Limited Gun Club grounds, Indianapolis, on Nov. 2 and 3. Targets exclusively. Open to amateurs. On the second day the Grand Hotel trophy, emblematic of the amateur championship of the five States—Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Michigan—will be contested for; 50 birds. Conditions and further information will be given in our programme, which will go to press the last of this week."

The Bison Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., will give an open shoot on Thursday of this week, on their grounds, Walden avenue and city line, beginning at 9:30. There are two 10-target events on the programme, 50 cents entrance, and two 10-live-bird events, $2 and $2.50 entrance respectively. There are two 15-target events, one 20-target event, one at 10 singles and 5 pairs, and 5 pairs walk-up; each 50 cents entrance, birds included. All moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Birds 15 cents each; targets 1 cent. John E. Wilson, Sec'y.

Mr. Ansley Fox, secretary of the Fox Gun Company, made an extraordinary good showing both in target and live-bird shooting, as will be noted on reference to the scores at the Baltimore tournament, the report of which is published in FOREST AND STREAM of this week. His company has a new lock mechanism, for which the claim is simplicity, strength, durability and efficiency never before attained in such device.

Mr. H. A. Brehm, president of the Prospect Park Shooting Association, Baltimore, writes us as follows: "We would like to claim April 18, 19, 20 and 21 for our tournament. This will be strictly an amateur tournament, and we will try to make it the largest ever held in America. Will add at least $500."

The Baltimore Shooting Association, Baltimore, Md., claims the dates April 4 to 7, 1899, for its tournament. There will be added money, and a general effort to present a programme such as is up to modern standing.

Leroy was high average at Baltimore last week in the two days on targets, breaking 332 out of 360 shot at, an average of .911. Under the windy conditions of weather which prevailed much of the time, it was an excellent showing. He also showed excellent ability on live birds, but lacks the experience so necessary in making a successful long race, and a knowledge of the manner of holding on grounds varying in their surfaces, as different slopes of ground require different holding on the birds.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, the traveling agent of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., seems to have his shooting nerve all right, as will be noted on reference to the report of Rolla Heikes' shoot, wherein Mr. Quimby made a score of 22 out of 25 on birds which heated the air in their flights. There was a prospect of a team race on the edge of this hamlet, of which Mr. Quimby might have been a member, but in the light of his recent performance he must stay with the star performers.

In "Western Traps" Mr. Hough mentions the sad plight of the Federation of Gun Clubs, of Kansas City, which has $2,000, which is a redundancy. We fancy that the Federation will have to struggle on with its burden and suffer in silence. The affliction is one which should be borne with fortitude and faith that time, which cures all things, may cure the $2,000 evil.

A match between Messrs. S. Glover and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was arranged at the Baltimore tournament last week. The conditions were 100 targets each, $100 a side, both to stand at the same distance. In the tournament Mr. Hawkins stood at 16yds., Mr. Glover at 18. It was fixed to take place on Tuesday of this week.

The daily press of New York recounts that on Saturday of last week Capt. A. W. Money shot in the live-bird events at Woodlawn, Brooklyn, at 33yds. mark, killing 33 out of 35. It was extraordinary good work, particularly as the Captain was at his home in Oakland, and therefore was not present at the shoot mentioned.

Mr. W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, Tenn., has challenged Mr. R. O. Heikes to contest for the Cast Iron Medal, more commonly known as the chafing dish or stove lid. The challenge has been accepted, and the debate will take place at Belle Meade, Oct. 22.

The South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., won the trophy at their recent shoot, Oct. 12. Their score was 87 out of 125, 5 men to a team. The trophy will be placed in competition on Feb. 22, next year, under the same conditions.

Mr. Ed Taylor, ballistic expert of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., was severely handicapped at Baltimore by an injured trigger finger, which, being hurt every time he fired his gun, had a corresponding effect on his scores.

Messrs. E. Meyers and J. Hushler, of Lambertville, shot a match at 25 live birds on Charley Zwirlein's grounds, Oct. 13. The former won on a score of 19 to 18. A return match will be shot in the near future.

U. M. C. Thomas, in a calm-like manner collogated 23 out of 25 live birds at Rolla Heikes' shoot, a .92 per cent. gait. If U. M. C. Thomas gets serious when he squints along a gun barrel, it is herein in evidence that it is a bad day for the health of live birds.

Several matches were shot at Dayton after the tournament, as will be duly chronicled in the report of it by Mr. Litzke, in our columns, elsewhere.

The Heikes-Elliott vs. Gilbert-Budd match, 50 live birds per man, was won by the Iowa delegation; score 94 to 88.

BERNARD WATERS.

Heikes' First Annual.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 14.—The little entertainment that Rolla Heikes had arranged for the benefit of his friends virtually came to a close this evening, at least so far as the programme is concerned, though there are yet several events of importance which remain to be decided, mention of which will be made herein later. Everything was conducted as per schedule, and the promoter has received many well-deserved compliments from the participants.

In arranging his programme, Mr. Heikes did so with much forethought and judgment, and it is rarely the case that the wolves and lambs mingle together so congenially as they did here. Then too there has been an opportunity for any aspiring amateur to win fame and glory in the E. C. cup race without resorting to an individual race with the possessor. Those who are familiar with the game will realize at once that this method of competition is not near so trying on the nerves of the novice as is pitting one's skill single-handed against that of the often-tried veterans. The methods of dividing the money in the unknown angle events, which were also the added money events, were satisfactory to all. The equitable system was used. The 90 per cent. men were taxed an additional $2 per day to create a fund for those who shot through the aforesaid events and failed to draw down their entrance money. This kept up the interest in the shoot. Such was the universal satisfaction at the manner of conducting this tournament that I believe in the future not a few shooting events of importance will be announced where exactly the same system will be employed. Taking it all in all, Mr. Heikes has many reasons to feel proud of his tournament, and I question if there is one present who will not return again next year should Mr. Heikes decide to make this an annual affair. Naturally there are some losers, for as yet no system has been devised whereby those who failed to shoot into a place can share in the division of the purse. True, Mr. Heikes may have been a trifle rude in not permitting some one to take the E. C. cup home with him, but as he claims that this is almost as indispensable an article as the cast iron medal, it will have to be passed over with only a slight rebuke. Business affairs and social etiquette do not always mingle as harmoniously as one might wish.

Tourists.

The trade, as was to be expected, was well represented at this meeting. There was present J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., the well-known Winchester representative; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, and Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., Du Pont and Hazard powder representatives, also Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., looking after the same companies' interests; Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, of the Hunter Arms Co., makers of the L. C. Smith gun; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y., the representative of the Remington gun; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., shooting a Remington gun and Schultze powder; W. Fred Quimby, New York, American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.'s representative; Milt Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley (Wanda), of Cincinnati, O., manufacturers of King's Smokeless powder; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y., the shooting representative of the Gold Dust Co.; A. W. du Bray, Cincinnati, O., Parker Bros.' able and popular representative; Harry King and J. W. Mackie, of Cincinnati, both connected with the Peters Cartridge & King Powder Co., and last, but not least, U. M. C. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn., of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

There were also present E. W. Hull, Akron O.; Shorty Bacon, Miamisburg, O.; Joe Coyle, Cincinnati, O.; Lon Fisher, Millersport, O.; W. G. Lyman, Kent, O.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; F. M. See, King's Mills, O.; R. B. Guy, C. W. Philis, G. Gross and P. Morgan, Mechanicsburg, O.; Grant Marchant, Washington Court House, O.; J. C. Porterfield, Columbus, O.; Chas. Young and Downs, Springfield, O.; E. H. Tripp, G. C. Beck, John W. Lilly, J. W. Cooper and T. H. Parry, Indianapolis, Ind.; Pepper and H. L. Frost, Connorsville, Ind.; Ed Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Trophy and Prize Winners.

As has been stated several times in this report, Rolla Heikes of course retains possession of the E. C. cup, which debars him from winning any of the other prizes, though he made the best general average as well. Fred Gilbert, who is next, therefore takes the Newsalt cup; Fulford wins a fine flag; Harvey McMurchy a box of cigars; Chas. Budd a fine bed spread; Jack Fanning also a box of cigars; Chas. Young a silk umbrella; Ralph Trimble a pair of slippers, while Rike, Alkire, Du Bray, Voris, U. M. C. and Courtney each get a hand protector. Then there was a special prize in the E. C. race, a very handsome and artistic cup, to go to the shooter finishing second in this race. McMurchy and Fulford are tied for this, and as yet it remains undecided.

The special fund created by the tax of $2 on the 90 per cent. shooters amounted to $48. The first seven average winners helped to make up this fund, and nine shared in the division—Voris, U. M. C., Du Bray, Courtney, Rike, Mumma, Stark, Fisher and Hull—each receiving $5.30 as their part of this money.

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 11.

The shooting to-day was not of the gilt-edge order that one would expect with so many of the experts competing. It is really a matter of surpise that, with the number of known 90 per cent. shooters participating, not one should reach this mark. The Daddy of them all came very near to it, as he is at the head of the procession, with .891, but there is quite a gap between him and Fulford, who is next with .868. While Heikes leads in the general averages for the day, he is by no means in this position by him-

self in the events that constitute the trophy contest. These are Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9, which aggregate 100 shots. In these events Heikes, McMurchy, Fulford and Fanning are tied, with a total of .870—a rather meager percentage for shooters of this caliber. The only bit of good shooting was Heikes' 20 straights in the first double event, and his and McMurchy's similar performance in the expert event.

While the shooting was of the ordinary, the weather conditions were largely responsible for this. A drenching rain fell up to about 12 o'clock, and for a while it was thought expedient to postpone the shoot until the following day. However, at 10 o'clock a start was made, and this afterward proved a wise move, as in the afternoon the sun came out and made the shooting much pleasanter. During the first part of the day it was difficult to judge a target correctly, as the dark weather and the high board fence that encases the shooting ground made the light very uncertain. Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9 are the events which count in the E. C. cup race. Thirty-seven shooters participated, but only sixteen of these shot in all the events. The table appended shows the performance of all the contestants in the order of merit:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	14	16	13	20	14	20	13	15	16	15	175	156	.891
Fulford	12	17	11	19	12	19	15	16	16	15	175	152	.868
McMurchy	13	17	11	16	13	20	12	18	16	14	175	150	.857
Fanning	11	18	12	17	14	18	14	16	18	12	175	150	.857
Gilbert	13	17	14	13	15	17	13	14	19	15	175	150	.857
Alkire	12	18	15	14	12	19	13	16	16	14	175	149	.851
Budd	15	18	14	16	13	17	13	14	15	12	175	147	.840
Young	13	18	13	12	14	18	14	13	18	13	176	146	.834
Elliott	11	18	12	16	15	18	12	13	14	14	175	143	.817
Rike	14	16	11	13	11	16	9	13	19	13	175	135	.771
U M C	11	18	12	13	14	14	9	13	17	14	175	135	.771
Tripp	11	17	14	16	10	17	15	13	16	15	175	133	.760
Trimble	12	15	12	12	11	17	9	14	15	14	175	131	.748
Voris	15	18	14	11	11	14	10	13	14	10	175	130	.742
Courtney	13	18	11	14	12	13	12	8	14	12	175	129	.737
Du Bray	8	19	10	15	10	15	11	13	14	11	175	126	.720
Fisher	12	15	11	..	15	..	14	..	17	14	115	97	.843
McDonald	..	..	..	..	15	16	12	..	14	..	70	57	.841
Lyman	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	14	30	25	.833
Tippy	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..	15	..	50	41	.820
Beck	9	20	12	12	11	19	12	..	..	..	120	95	.791
Nye	12	17	10	..	10	..	10	..	17	..	100	76	.760
Stark	13	16	12	..	13	..	9	..	16	8	115	87	.756
Kreitzer	..	..	11	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	45	34	.755
Cooper	15	14	13	13	12	..	11	10	14	14	155	116	.748
Hull	12	11	12	..	13	17	8	..	17	11	135	101	.748
Wroe	..	..	..	..	11	..	13	..	13	..	50	37	.740
Willey	..	15	11	..	10	11	13	..	18	11	120	88	.733
Protsman	..	..	..	..	10	..	12	..	..	..	30	22	.733
Mumma	12	15	10	..	11	..	12	..	12	12	115	84	.730
Mackie	9	..	11	..	11	..	11	..	16	..	80	58	.725
Keifaber	11	15	9	..	13	..	7	..	8	8	115	71	.626
Weaver	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	..	10	45	27	.600
Rex	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	30	18	.600
Schwind	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	..	8	..	55	28	.509
Emrick	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	30	15	.500
Zizert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	20	9	.450

Wednesday, Oct. 12, Second Day.

Everybody was in fine form to-day, and as a natural result the averages rank high, and some capital shooting was done. Young started off in slashing style, and never made a skip until he had the great run of 94 straight to his credit. The score does not evidence this, but No. 6 was shot before No. 5, and it was in this latter event that he lost his first target. Add to this a run of 7 from the previous day, and his total straight run amounts to 101! Despite the fact that Heikes has the manifold duties of host, manager, squad hustler, etc., to perform, he is still setting the pace, and there are none that can do it more gracefully than he. It may not be just the proper thing to invite one's friends to a shoot and beat them too, but the Daddy of them all does it in such a gracious and congenial way that all keep shooting with steady regularity. The attendance is much larger, and the shooting progresses as smoothly as clock work. All told, forty-two names appear on the entry book to-day, and eighteen of these shot through the entire programme. Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are the ones that count in the E. C. cup race, and here Heikes gained a lead of 7 birds over McMurchy, who was tied with him yesterday. Fulford scored one less than McMurchy, and Fanning is 4 behind Fulford. The score to-night is Heikes 202, McMurchy 195. Fulford 194, Fanning 190. These are the four leaders. The weather is ideal, being clear and bright, which made shooting a pleasure. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	18	15	19	19	14	19	at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	14	20	14	20	18	15	19	19	14	19	180	172	.955
Young	15	20	15	20	12	15	19	16	14	18	180	164	.911
Gilbert	15	20	15	19	16	14	19	16	12	18	180	164	.911
McMurchy	14	20	13	19	16	15	18	16	13	19	180	163	.905
Trimble	14	19	13	14	19	13	18	13	15	20	180	163	.905
Budd	12	19	13	18	18	14	20	17	13	18	180	162	.900
Fulford	13	19	14	18	18	13	19	14	15	18	180	162	.900
Fanning	15	18	11	15	16	14	19	18	13	17	180	156	.866
Du Bray	12	17	11	19	18	13	19	16	12	19	180	156	.866
Voris	13	19	13	15	14	11	18	14	10	18	180	155	.861
Elliott	12	19	12	19	13	12	17	17	13	20	180	154	.855
Rike	13	17	13	17	18	12	18	16	12	16	180	152	.844
U M C	14	14	11	17	12	10	17	16	12	17	180	150	.833
Courtney	14	16	11	15	16	12	13	12	12	18	180	149	.827
Alkire	11	16	11	20	16	12	18	17	9	17	180	147	.816
Tripp	10	16	13	18	15	14	14	12	12	15	180	144	.800
Morgan	11	17	13	14	16	12	16	17	12	15	180	143	.794
Philis	11	16	8	15	10	12	14	16	11	17	180	130	.722
McDonald	15	19	11	17	..	12	19	..	15	17	140	125	.895
Stark	14	19	11	..	..	14	..	..	10	17	100	85	.850
Beacon	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	45	38	.844
See	..	..	12	18	..	12	18	..	13	15	105	88	.838
Hull	11	17	12	18	..	13	18	..	12	16	140	117	.836
Nye	10	17	14	16	..	10	..	..	15	16	120	98	.816
Elliston	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	..	13	60	47	.783
Guy	12	16	15	..	..	10	..	..	12	13	100	78	.780
Mumma	9	16	13	16	..	12	18	..	10	15	140	109	.778
Gross	11	15	14	15	..	12	17	..	11	14	140	109	.778
Kreitzer	..	..	12	..	..	12	..	..	11	..	45	35	.777
Wroe	11	16	11	..	..	12	..	..	11	..	80	61	.763
Cooper	13	18	11	..	..	8	..	..	12	14	100	76	.760
Downs	10	..	11	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	45	34	.755
Mackie	10	15	12	..	..	11	..	..	12	15	100	75	.750
Keifaber	10	17	14	..	..	12	..	..	9	13	100	75	.750
Lyman	..	..	16	10	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	65	48	.738
Fisher	14	18	14	..	..	13	..	..	12	17	120	88	.733
Wilson	9	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	33	.660
Tippy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	.650
Willey	..	15	11	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	65	41	.630
Protsman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	35	20	.571
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11	.550
Curphey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	20	7	.350
Davenport	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866

Thursday, Oct. 13, Third Day.

The lead of 7 targets that Heikes had over McMurchy last night the latter could not overcome in the remaining 80 targets that were yet to be shot on the E. C. cup race. In fact, he could not gain a single bird, and the best he could do was to prevent him from increasing this lead, so that Heikes again won the trophy by this margin in a field of the best shooting talent in the country. Fulford, who was third yesterday, managed to gain a bird on McMurchy, so that this pair are tied for second honors in the race. Gilbert to-day came to the front, and is on top with a general average of .897, thereby gaining 8 birds on Heikes in the general average, which insures him second place. Fulford, too, shot well, being second for the day with .868. McMurchy and Fanning are only one bird behind him.

A leaden sky and a bleak, raw atmosphere added to the difficulty of the shooting, for it is a hard matter to judge a target correctly on these grounds on a dark day. Fanning won first in the double events on 17, without a tie, which netted him quite a neat little sum, as the money on this occasion was divided on the percentage system. The attendance was not quite so large as yesterday, though thirty-six participated. There were no long runs made and the averages are not very high, no one being able to reach the 90 mark. The targets throughout the shoot have been thrown low and hard, so that it is no easy matter to maintain one's average. In No. 1 event there were no straights, which is the first time this has occurred during the tournament in the unknown angle events. One other feature of the shoot is that Heikes was shot out of the money twice to-day, once in a 20-bird event, and later on in a 15-bird race. The latter though occurred right after he had won the E. C. cup, and it is probable that he let up a trifle just then.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	20	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	13	19	20	13	15	19	15	15	14	14	175	157	.897
Fulford	13	19	18	14	15	19	10	16	13	15	175	152	.868
McMurchy	14	17	19	13	15	19	13	16	12	13	175	151	.862
Fanning	14	19	17	13	14	19	11	17	13	14	175	151	.862
Heikes	14	20	16	14	14	19	13	16	13	11	175	149	.851
Budd	13	17	17	15	15	17	15	14	14	12	175	149	.851
Elliott	12	19	17	12	15	17	12	16	12	14	175	146	.834
Young	13	17	16	12	15	19	15	14	13	9	175	143	.817
Trimble	12	19	17	15	12	16	14	12	13	11	175	141	.805
Rike	14	15	16	14	13	18	10	13	12	13	175	138	.788
Mumma	12	18	18	11	15	17	12	15	11	12	175	131	.748
Du Bray	13	11	13	11	15	16	10	16	13	10	175	128	.731
Elliston	12	17	15	13	13	9	11	12	11	14	175	127	.725
Alkire	11	15	15	12	12	16	11	15	11	8	175	126	.720
Voris	11	18	15	12	13	15	12	13	12	12	175	123	.702
U M C	10	15	12	10	12	13	8	12	12	12	175	118	.674
Courtney	11	16	12	10	10	13	11	12	10	10	175	115	.658
Fisher	12	18	16	15	13	19	15	..	12	15	155	134	.864
Rex	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	..	12	..	50	42	.840
Philis	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	14	15	14	70	58	.828
McDonald	14	15	17	14	12	17	13	..	12	12	155	126	.812
Tripp	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	13	14	12	70	57	.814
Guy	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	30	24	.800
Bacon	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	12	..	15	45	36	.800
Swallow	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800
Hull	13	14	16	12	13	17	8	..	13	14	155	120	.780
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	15	12	11	70	54	.771
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	30	23	.766
Parry	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	10	12	50	37	.740
Mark	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	11	11	70	46	.657
Tippy	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	..	7	..	45	29	.644
Stark	12	..	10	12	14	..	10	..	7	8	115	73	.634
Keifaber	11	..	14	11	11	..	10	..	7	7	115	71	.617
J C	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	30	18	.600
Gross	7	..	12	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	70	36	.514
Marchant	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	30	15	.500

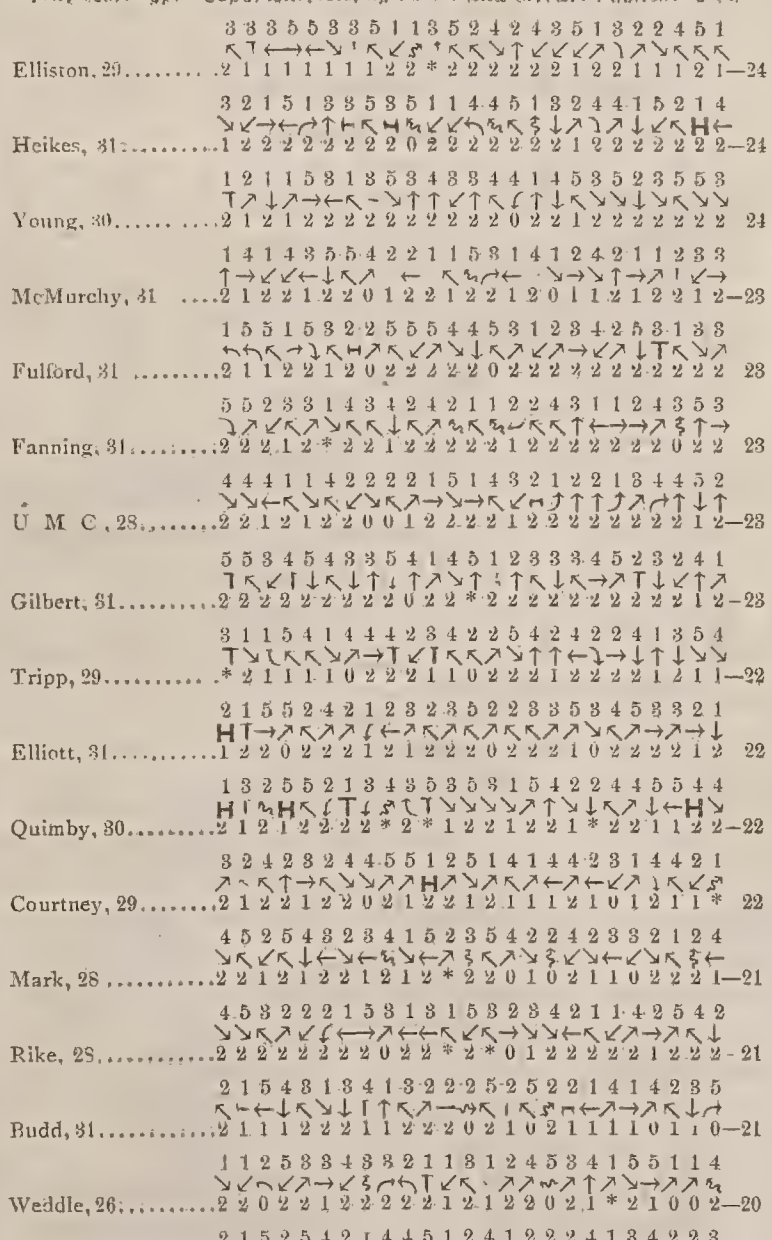
General Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	156	172	149	525	477	.908
Gilbert	150	164	157	525	471	.897
Fulford	152	162	152	525	466	.887
McMurchy	150	163	151	525	464	.883
Budd	147	162	149	525	458	.872
Fanning	150	156	151	525	457	.870
Young	146	164	143	525	453	.862
Elliott	143	154	146	525	443	.840
Trimble	131	163	141	525	435	.828
Rike	135	152	138	525	425	.809
Alkire	149	147	126	525	422	.803
Du Bray	126	156	128	525	410	.780
Voris	130	155	123	525	408	.777
U M C	135	150	118	525	403	.767
Courtney	129	149	115	525	393	.748

The weather was of a wintry nature. It was a most difficult matter to keep warm. There was a cold, raw wind, with no sunshine. If the latter had been in evidence, it would have been a typical day for pigeon shooting. The birds were the usual lot, some ordinary and many as good as ever left the trap.

The conditions of the event were 25 live birds, handicap rise, entrance $15, class shooting, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. By a rather singular coincidence second, third, fourth and fifth paid the same amount, $11. First was $22. Dr. L. O. Adams, of the Buckeye Gun Club, acted in the capacity of referee, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

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Fourth Day, Friday, Oct. 14.

This was live-bird day, and there was but one event on the programme, a 25-bird handicap, which showed up with twenty-two entries. It proved to be quite a shooting match, as only five of the participants failed to shoot into the money. There were no straight scores, and the nearest approach to this was young Elliston, who had the misfortune to lose one bird dead out of bounds by only a few feet. Had the usual 18in. wire screen encircled the boundary this bird would have gone to his credit, and he would have had the honor of beating all the cracks, as the two—Heikes and Young—who tied him for first place, each missed his bird clean. Elliston really did the best shooting, as he also cut up the money with Heikes and Rike in the miss-and-out that preceded the main event. This event had seventeen entries, and the three above-mentioned had to kill 8 straight before they could take the pot. Heikes kept up his good work, and again demonstrated to the talent that he is their master at any stage of the game; for it must be remembered that he shot from the scratch, and none of the other scratch men could equal his score. Thirty-two out of thirty-three is a killing pace from this mark. Charley Young's shooting is also worthy of mention, as he was much handicapped by his gun breaking down, to which to some extent his only miss in the big event must be attributed. It was evident that the first barrel was discharged prematurely, though he should have smothered it with the second, as it was a towering incomer. To Quimby, however, belongs the honors of making the star kill of the day. His third bird was certainly a most remarkable piece of shooting, and the wicked flight that this bird put up is seldom equaled by any. He drew screamers with aggravating regularity, and it was a great piece of shooting for him to score 22 of these birds. And even at this, all of his lost birds are dead out bounds. U. M. C. is another who shot a capital race. On no former occasion has he been able to kill 23 out of 25. Naturally he is much elated over his achievement. Courtney too was in evidence, and it appeared for a while that he would equal U. M. C.'s score, but his last bird—dead out of bounds—was a very fast blue, one that was difficult to see, it being then late in the day. He had a very much swollen wrist to contend with. McMurchy, Fanning, Fulford, Gilbert and Elliott shot in their usual slashing style, though McMurchy had perhaps a shade the worst of the birds.

Aftermath—Saturday, Oct. 15.

Quimby vs. Thomas.

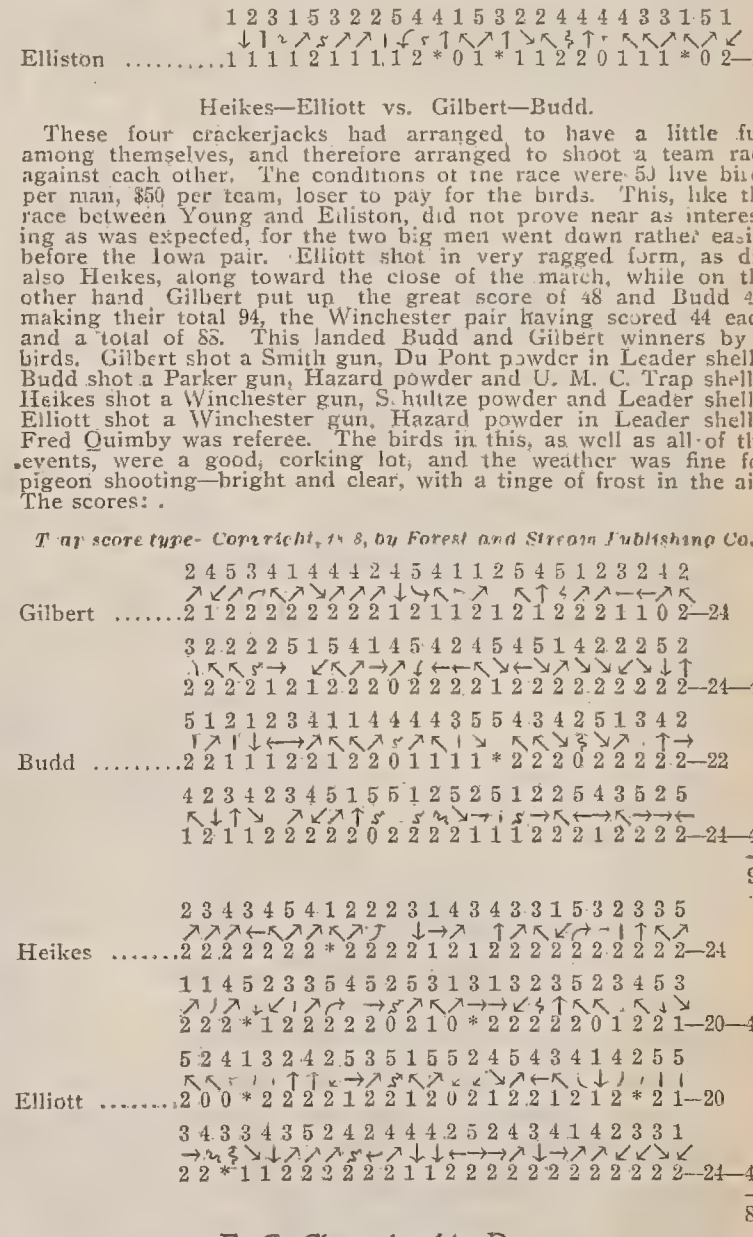
During the tournament that has been in progress here all the week several matches were made, and these were decided to-day. The first was a race between Fred Quimby and U. M. C. Thomas, which resulted in a win for the former by 2 birds, the result being Quimby 22, Thomas 20. Nothing was involved in this but the price of the birds.

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Young vs. Elliston.

After this followed the match between Chas. Young, of Springfield, O., and W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, Tenn. This was also a 25-bird event, for $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Every one expected that this would prove to be a hotly contested event, as both the principals had scored 24 in the handicap on the previous day, and each had the reputation of being a cracking good pigeon shot. Elliston, however, was evidently out of form, and Young won rather easily by a score of 23 to 19. Elliston made a number of remarkable kills and had decidedly the worst of the draw, but it would have been a difficult matter to beat Young to-day, as he too was shooting a fine race. Elliston lost 3 birds dead out of bounds. Young shot a Smith gun and Schultze powder, loaded in U. M. C. Trap shells. Elliston shot a Greener gun, Schultze powder, loaded in metal-lined Winchester shells. Jack Fanning acted as referee. Elliston is not satisfied, and speaks of shooting Young another race in the near future.

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Heikes—Elliott vs. Gilbert—Budd.

These four crackerjacks had arranged to have a little fun among themselves, and therefore arranged to shoot a team race against each other. The conditions of the race were 50 live birds per man, $50 per team, loser to pay for the birds. This, like the race between Young and Elliston, did not prove near as interesting as was expected, for the two big men went down rather easily before the Iowa pair. Elliott shot in very ragged form, as did also Heikes, along toward the close of the match, while on the other hand Gilbert put up the great score of 48 and Budd 46, making their total 94, the Winchester pair having scored 44 each and a total of 88. This landed Budd and Gilbert winners by 6 birds. Gilbert shot a Smith gun, Du Pont powder in Leader shells. Budd shot a Parker gun, Hazard powder and U. M. C. Trap shells. Heikes shot a Winchester gun, Schultze powder and Leader shells. Elliott shot a Winchester gun, Hazard powder in Leader shells. Fred Quimby was referee. The birds in this, as well as all of the events, were a good, corking lot, and the weather was fine for pigeon shooting—bright and clear, with a tinge of frost in the air. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E. C. Championship Race.

The following table has been compiled so as to show just which style of shooting each contestant in this race was the strongest at. Here the unknown angles, the expert, and the double events are grouped together, irrespective on which day they were shot. Gilbert was the strongest at the unknown, while Heikes led in the expert and doubles:

	Unknown.					Expert.					Doubles.				
Heikes	16	16	20	19	16—87	20	20	19	20	19—98	20	15	18	19	16—88
McMurchy	17	16	29	19	19—91	20	19	18	17	19—93	16	18	16	16	16—82
Fulford	17	16	19	18	18—88	19	18	19	19	19—94	19	16	18	15	16—84
Fanning	18	18	18	17	17—88	18	15	19	19	19—90	17	15	15	18	17—84
Gilbert	17	19	20	18	20—94	17	19	19	19	19—93	13	14	16	16	15—74
Budd	18	15	19	18	17—87	17	18	20	17	17—89	16	14	18	17	14—79
Elliott	18	14	19	20	17—88	18	19	17	19	17—90	16	13	13	17	16—75
Young	18	18	20	18	16—90	18	20	19	17	19—93

WESTERN TRAPS.

Money to Burn.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 15.—In Kansas City they have a federation of gun clubs which is one of the strongest shooting organizations of the West, and it seems that this confederation has now gotten into trouble of a singular sort. It has been so popular and prosperous that it has been unable to spend all the money it has accumulated, and now has about $2,000 which it does not know what to do with. One or two meetings have been called, but at latest accounts no conclusion has been reached. Jimmie Whitfield, of the Kansas City Star, suggests that it might be a good idea to invest the amount in suburban real estate for the purposes of a shooting park, or else fund the amount in productive securities. I suggest they might buy a challenge trophy with it. Yet is it not an odd state of affairs when a shooting organization gets so rich it has more money than it can spend? It certainly is an evidence of the prosperity and harmony of the Kansas City shooting clubs, than which the West has no more admirable organizations.

Hermitage, of Nashville.

The Hermitage Gun Club, of Nashville, Tenn., is a young organization, but has plenty of enthusiasm. The club medal was won last week by E. S. Sutton, who shot out Mr. T. O. Morris, Jr., in the tie. In the first sweep Mr. Morris broke 20 out of 25; in the next Mr. Sutton broke 21 out of 25.

Elliston Wins.

At Belle Meade Lodge, Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 11, a 100-bird race was shot between W. R. Elliston and James de Bow, the former winning with a score of 96 to Mr. De Bow's 78.

Ottumwa Handicap.

The twelfth handicap shoot of the Ottumwa, Iowa, Gun Club, for the special prize of a Parker hammerless gun, was won this week by Saunders.

Peoria Wins.

Peoria Gun Club, of Peoria, Ill., was the winner last week in the see-saw between that club and Pekin Gun Club. This club team contest has progressed with varying fortunes and varying interest for some time. The race in this case was at 25 live birds, four men team, and the scores were as follows: Pekin—Heilman 24, J. Hoff 23, W. Hoff 18, Baker 20; total 85. Peoria—G. Portman 24, A. E. Leisy 23, Kit Sammis 24, W. Meidroth 22; total 93.

Idaho State Shoot.

The Idaho State shoot, completed at Boise last week, offered rather tame sport in live birds, as the lot of birds shipped in proved dull, and needed the flush rope a great deal. Messrs. John Smith and R. W. Faris tied on 19 for the State medal, the following being the scores, at 20 live birds: Z. Taylor 18, John Smith 19, J. U. Wells 16, A. Adelmann 18, H. Fulton 17, H. Bayhouse 15, Dr. Maberley 15, R. W. Faris 19, J. Ridenbaugh 18, Dr. Prosser 15, G. R. Hitt 16.

Waukegan.

The annual October shoot of the Waukegan Gun Club, of Illinois, is still in progress at this writing, and will be closed to-day. This gun club is a remarkable one in many respects. It has a membership of 139, of whom a large number are regular attendants. Yet the club was organized only three years ago, in May, 1895. The organizers of this successful shooting body were Messrs. J. M. Graves, R. C. Barton, Jas. van Deusen, J. A. Woodsworth, Geo. Hallowell, Chas. Grubbs, Chas. Hoffman, L. W. Jeffery, Jas. Hull, H. A. Bangs, Clarence Bassett, Ben Dowe, Victor Rossbach and John A. Sutherland, with J. M. Graves, President; R. C. Barton, Vice-President, and L. W. Jeffery, Secretary and Treasurer. The policy of the club has been so successful that it now possesses good grounds, club house and every facility needed for pleasant shooting.

Coming.

Milwaukee Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., will hold a tournament Dec. 3 and 4 at live birds and targets. This will be a good one to keep in mind.

Do not forget John Watson's big December live-bird shoot. No stranger should come to the city without taking home a box of John Watson's hard birds for the loved ones at home.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Alpine Gun Club.

The Alpine Gun Club, of Chicago, held its final monthly shoot on the club grounds, near Hedgwich, Oct. 12, with a good attendance. There was a bright sun and a fresh crisp wind, which added to the comfort of the participants.

The medal for the season of 1898 was awarded to A. Corrieri, who won it four times out of the six monthly contests. The monthly medal was won by R. Simonetti in the final contest on a score of 23 out of 25. The medal contest is at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, with a handicap of added targets. Following are detailed scores:

A Corrieri	1110011101110111110111100—18—4—22
B Barto	1110110111111111111101111—22—0—22
D Bacci	0101111010111000111001001—14—3—17
R Simonetti	1111111111110111101111111—23—0—23
J Plouzek	0001011010101101100000011—11—5—16
J Maraviglia	0011101101110101100011011—15—5—20
J Biagi	1001100001100110100110010—11—6—17
S Toni	1101101111001101110110111—18—0—18
J Church	1010311111110110110011111—18—0—18

The season for the club has been a most pleasant and successful one, and there is some talk of furthering the pleasure in live-bird contests at Watson's Park during the winter months.

The Chicago Athletic Association.

The shoot for the Chicago Athletic trophy will take place on the afternoon of Oct. 20, on Watson's grounds.

Montgomery Ward Trophy.

The shoot-off for the Montgomery Wood & Co. trophy took place on the afternoon of Oct. 14, at Watson's Park, between P. R. Fletcher, of Blue Island; M. J. Eich, J. L. Alabaster and J. B. Barto. The day was cool, with an overcast sky, and a strong wind blew across the traps from the left quarter. The birds were very good and flew largely to the left quarter. The four contestants started with a handicap, Alabaster missing his first bird shot at, which was a left-quartering dark bird which fell dead out of bounds. M. J. Eich missed his second, a nearly-straight-away, which would have been a hard one for any one to kill. The next bird missed was by Alabaster, a right-quartering driver, which fell dead out of bounds; this bird let him out of the race, for the others killed straight up to the ninth, when Fletcher missed two in succession, and Barto killed his dead out of bounds as shown by the following scores:

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	4 3 1 2 1 1 5 4 1 5 1 2	
P R Fletcher, 27, 2	2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 0 2 1	—10
	5 3 3 2 * 3 5 3 3 4 5	
M J Eich, 28, 1	1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2	—10
	2 4 5 5 4	
J L Alabaster, 29, 1	* 1 1 1 * w	— 3
	4 5 3 4 3 3 4 3 1 1 3	
J B Barto, 30, 1	1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 * 1	—10

and Barto. Fletcher killed straight up to the sixth, which was feathered with both barrels, and fell dead out of bounds. His eighth, a left-quartering towerer, he hit, but not hard enough to stop. His eleventh was a left-quartering swift flyer, which he shot This required a shoot-off of another 10 birds by Fletcher, Eich behind.

Eich's first bird was white, and was missed clean with the first and stopped nicely with the second. His fifth was a swift left-quartering dark one, which he lost by shooting behind. His ninth was a circling one from Trap 5, which he should easily have killed, but fell out of bounds and shut him out.

Barto shot remarkably well and in excellent form, as the birds were good from start to finish. Out of the last ten he used his second barrel but three times. He won the trophy after killing 20 out of 21, and shot a Colt gun, 12-gauge, 3½ Du Pont, 1¼ 7 chilled. The winners of the trophy to date are C. E. Comley, E. M. Steck, Dr. S. Shaw and lastly J. B. Barto. The final shoot-off:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1 1 4 4 1 5 5 2 2 2 4	
P R Fletcher, 27, 2	1 2 2 2 1 * 1 0 1 2 0	— 8
	5 5 1 1 5 4 1 5 5 5	
M J Eich, 28, 1	2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 * 1	— 8
	5 5 4 5 4 3 3 4 2 3	
J B Barto, 30, 1	1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1	—10

Blue Island Gun Club, of Blue Island, Ill.

The Blue Island Gun Club, whose members are Henry Beer, President and Captain, who is county commissioner; W. H. Wearner, Secretary and Treasurer; Jacob Rehm, Mayor; C. C. Hess, Superintendent Washington Ice Co.; Oliver Bourke, Commissioner of Public Works; A. C. Boeber, Deputy Sheriff; Geo. Airey, Deputy Game Warden; J. L. Zacarias, bank president, and Henry Neipert, Henry Kline, P. R. Fletcher, Geo. Roll, R. Krueger and Geo. Boerman, has a limit of fifteen members, and the membership is always full. This club announces that it will give a live-bird and target tournament some time during November. The date will be published later.

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

While W. P. Mussey has signified his readiness to resign from the board of trustees, he will continue to act until the return of the member who is at present out of the city.

The handicap established for Silas Palmer, holder, and Dr. Sarembo Shaw, challenger, by the trustees, is alike, both shooting at 25 birds from 31yds.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club held its weekly contest on the club grounds, Oct. 14. The attendance was fairly good, considering the weather, which was quite cold. The wind blew strong in the face of the traps. The sky was clouded the greater part of the time. All events were shot from the magautrap, which threw the targets somewhat erratic, greatly on account of the wind. The scores:

Events:	1	2	4	5	Events:	1	2	4	5
Targets:	25	15	15	25	Targets:	25	15	15	25
E M Steck	19	12	..	..	V L Cunnyngham	..	14	..	20
A W Adams	21	12	12	19	F P Stannard	..	..	13	22
H Vetter	21	11	..	..	A C Paterson	..	..	9	..
H B Morgan	15	9	9	10	W D Stannard	..	..	11	20
A W Morton	..	..	14	..	Dr Morton	..	..	..	10

In the trophy contests, 25 targets, W. D. Stannard won Class A, H. Vetter won Class B, and A. C. Borroff won Class C.

Class A.—Ed. Steck 14, F. P. Stannard 19, A. W. Adams 22, W. D. Stannard 23, A. C. Patterson 18.

Class B.—V. L. Cunnyngham 22, H. Vetter 22, Dr. Morton 12, A. W. Morton 11, H. B. Morgan 16, A. C. Boroff 11.

Class C.—A. C. Boroff 11.

The club wishes to announce that on the last Saturday of this month, October 29, it will have a handicap target shoot for its members, and will give merchandise prizes for high scores.

A. C. PATERSON.

South End Gun Club's First All-Day Tournament.

READING, Pa., Oct. 12.—The first all-day open target tournament of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day. It was an unqualified success, and the members are correspondingly happy.

Although the South End Gun Club has been in existence over eleven years, and contains among its members some of the best shots in the country, it remained until to-day for them to make the initial attempt at holding an all-day shoot of open sweeps. Gun clubs from Berks and adjoining counties were invited. Although the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly, a stiff northwest wind prevailed the entire day, making good scores impossible.

Eight regular programme events and seventeen extra sweeps were shot off during the day, besides the team shoot for the sterling silver shield given by the South End Gun Club, to be shot for by teams of five men from clubs of Berks or adjoining counties. Each man shot at 25 targets, or a total of 125 targets per team. Promptly at 2 P. M., the time set for the match, manager Arthur A. Fink called out the first squad and started the event. The final score showed that the South End Gun Club, of Reading, had won the trophy, their team hitting 87 out of 125. The Shuler Shooting Club's team was a close second with 85 to their credit. The Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, Pa., was third with 77. The Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Springs, Pa., was fourth with 76 hit, and the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of Reading, finished last with 69 broke. Following are the scores of the team shoot, five men, for the trophy:

Five-men team shoot, for intercounty championship and South End Club trophy, 25 targets, $5 entrance per team:

Sinking Spring Gun Club.

Spatz	0001111111111111111110111011—20
G Johnson	0010111110101101011100000—13
Hunsinger	0110101111010100011011100—14
Hainly	0110101101001111110111101—17
Grundy	0011110100110111110000000—12—76

South End Gun Club.

Essick	0111010111100011111111100—17
Shaaber	1101101111110100001011111—16
Harrison	1101110111111110111000011—18
Eshelman	1100101111111101111011011—18
Yost	1111111111011110100110101—19—87

Shuler Gun Club, Pottstown.

Trumbauer	0111101101111111101111000—18
Sheeler	0111100100010101110100111—13
Benner	1101100111101100110111101—17
Grubb	1111101111001011011101111—18
Saylor	1111010100100111111110111—18—85

Mt. Penn Gun Club, Reading.

Yeager	0111111010010111100001011—15
Rhoads	0001001110011110101011101—14
Kuersten	1111011000100111111110101—17
Ball	1101001011010111100010001—13
Laird	1100100010001001000110110—10—69

Phoenix Gun Club, Phoenixville.

Miller	0001100000101011010101110—11
Dotterer	0100011011100011101101101—13
Harris	0010111111011101011101100—16
Erb	1000101111110111001111000—15
Johnson	1111011110111111110111111—22—77

The shoot was managed by Arthur A. Fink, of this city, to whom is due considerable credit for the prompt and efficient manner in which the various events were run off.

One event not on the programme was the shooting several rounds of ammunition at a flock of wild ducks that happened to come up the Schuylkill River. It caused considerable commotion among the shooters not engaged at the time at the score, and a general scramble for guns ensued. Slonaker, of Pottstown, proved to be the lucky man, and carried with him his trophies. Even if he team, the Shuler Gun Club, did not win the team shoot, one of their members had the honor of killing the most wild birds of the day's sport.

Among the shooters present from out of town gun clubs were Messrs. Benner, Wien and Shealer, of the Royertown Rod and Gun Club; Messrs. Grubb, Cole, L. H. Davis, Slonaker (Dick), Saylor, of the Shuler Shooting Club, of Pottstown; Messrs. Trumbauer and Jake Johnson, of Royersford and Spring City; Harris, J. H. Miller, Erb, of the Phoenix Gun Club; Chas. Miller, of Pleasant View; Chas. Eshelman, of Plowville, Pa. The Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Spring, was represented by Messrs. Hainly, Spatz, Grundy, Geo. Johnson and Hunsinger. Among the local clubs' representatives present were Yeager, Laird, Ball, Kuersten (Kerr), Rhoads, of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, and Shaaber (Jack), Yost, Shultz, Harrison (Adams), Essick (Greener), Eshelman (Mart), Jones, Gerhard, Gicker, Geo. Milles and Farr, of the South End Gun Club.

As the South End team won the trophy, it will again be placed in competition on Feb. 22 for the same conditions, when another all-day tournament will be held.

The scores of the different events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	7	10	15	20	10	10	15	20
Dotterer	5	9	8	14	6	4	11	13
Sheeler	5	8	13	16	7	7	10	..
Eshelman	6	8	15	17	8	..	12	..
Benner	5	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Wien	7	9	12	12	..	10	6	..
J Johnson	7	10	11	16	9	6	14	12
Kerr	4	8	9	12	4	9	13	15
Trumbauer	7	6	10	14	7	9	10	15
Jack	6	6	13	13	7	5	9	13
Grubb	6	6	10	17	8	6	11	13
Chas Miller	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
George	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Miller	..	..	..	18	6	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	8	8	11	13
Dick	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	..
Coldren	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	6	7	13	10
Yeager	..	..	..	..	8	7	11	..
Saylor	..	..	..	..	5	7	12	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	12
Mart	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Cole	..	..	..	..	10	6	..	..
Hunsinger	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Hainly	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Spatz	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..
Geo Johnson	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Farr	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Gerhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Louis Frieze captured the first prize in the Audubon Gun Club's fifth annual field day, scoring 48 out of 50 targets shot at. The following is a summary of scores. By way of explanation, the club has an extra day each year, which is called the field day and merchandise shoot. All members who wish contribute as they see fit. The donations on this occasion, fifty-two in number, were all very useful prizes, consisting of gun cases, fishing rods, kegs of powder; in fact, everything that is useful in the sportsman's line. The day's programme was made up of nine target events. The first seven events were sweepstake events, in which the five highest averages received merchandise prizes. The winners in this class were H. D. Kirkover, first, with .900; E. W. Smith, second, .880; J. Charles, .870; E. F. Hammond, .840; Norris, .810. No. 8 event was a 15-target merchandise. There were ten prizes in this event for high guns, finishing in the order named: Kirkover and Norris, with a loss of 3 each; Hebard, E. W. Smith, L. W. Bennet, J. Charles, Hammond, Walker, Oehmig and Jacobs. The main interest was centered in the grand merchandise, which was No. 9 event on the programme, was at 50 targets. Each contestant was assured a prize. The highest gun got first choice, and so on down to the last. Louis Frieze carried off first honors in this shoot, making a total of 48 out of 50. The finish of the others can be seen by the score. The weather was rather chilly, but a very enjoyable day was had by all. A fine hot lunch was furnished by the club, which was prepared by caterer W. E. Garbe.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	15		
Swiveller	9	8	11	9	13	7	5	9	32	
E W Smith	8	14	20	11	13	10	12	12	42	
B Talsma	8	12	14	13	9	8	..	7	41	
Norris	8	12	18	13	10	7	13	13	44	
Hammond	7	12	18	14	13	7	13	11	42	
Frieze	7	12	15	10	10	5	5	9	48	
Walker	5	9	15	10	9	6	9	11	29	
Oehmig	8	12	13	11	11	7	11	11	39	
Floss	5	9	14	8	9	7	8	13	31	
McArthur	8	13	16	12	8	6	11	9	42	
Hebard	8	13	14	13	11	8	9	13	40	
Dr E S Carroll	9	12	15	10	11	8	11	10	41	
Covert	5	12	15	12	13	9	9	10	42	
Dr McMichael	5	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	33	
McCarney	4	13	16	8	13	..	9	7	28	
J B Miller	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Bennet	9	12	10	11	13	10	11	12	42	
Kirkover	9	12	18	14	13	10	14	15	47	
Myers	4	..	12	10	10	..	..	10	36	
Jacobs	7	..	..	12	..	..	..	11	38	
Gephard	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	
Snyder	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	
Charles	7	12	16	14	14	10	14	12	43	
E C B	..	8	..	..	..	..	8	..	38	
Dr Sauer	..	9	..	..	..	..	4	..	26	
Wheeler	..	..	19	..	12	..	14	..	..	
Remecke	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	..	33	
Storey	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	29	
Soergel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	25	
Roesch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	

The main attraction at the Audubon Gun Club club shoot today was the third series of shoots for the Hebard trophy, and was won by Dr. Carroll, who scored 28 out of 30, with 3 birds added, making 31 total. No. 4 event on the programme was this event. No. 3 was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt and Warren tied for Class A; Warren won shoot-off. Walker won Class B, and W. R. Eaton won Class C.

Scores of Oct. 15:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15			15	5p	5p	Targets:	15	15			15	5p	5p
C Burkhardt	13	10	16	24	12	4	4	Dr Carroll	..	..	21	31	13	6	8
R Hebard	6	9	16	27	11	5	4	Jacobs	..	11	16	21	..	..	..
J Reid	8	11	17	26	11	7	9	J Kerew	8	9	20	26	8	7	3
E Burkhardt	14	9	18	25	10	5	2	Porter	..	..	14	23	..	6	3
L Warren	..	14	19	25	11	6	8	W Eaton	..	..	19	22	..	..	..
A Hebnold	9	10	17	25	12	4	6	A Barnes	..	..	12	21	..	..	..
Walker	10	7	20	25	11	4	5	E McCarney	..	..	17	25	..	..	..

C. J. MAYER.

Oakbrook Gun Club's Tournament.

The first two day's tournament of the Oakbrook Gun Club will be held at the Kurtz House, one mile from Reading, situated on the Lancaster Pike. The shooting grounds can be reached by the Reading & Southwestern electric road, cars leaving Third and Penn streets every twenty minutes. The first day, Oct. 27, will be devoted to live birds. The second day will be for targets. The programme of the first day is: Event 1, 10 live birds, Rhode Island rules, entrance $5, birds included; event 2, 5 live birds, Hurlingham rules, entrance $2.50, birds included; event 3, miss-and-out, $3 entrance, birds extra. Extra events to suit the shooters. Shooting begins 10 A. M. Friday, Oct. 28.—Event 1, 10 targets, $1; No. 2, 15, $1.50; No. 3, 25, $2.50; No. 4, 10 pairs double, $1.75; No. 5 miss-and-out, 50 cents. Other events to suit the shooters. Targets 2 cents each; live birds 35 cents a pair. Shells for sale on the grounds. A fine dinner will be served at 50 cents at the hotel grounds at 12 o'clock. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., has been secured to manage the shoot. James W. Kurtz is the secretary, Oak brook, Pa.

DUSTER.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 16.—The coming Cincinnati tournament will most likely be a very important shooting event. I was in that city on Oct. 8 and visited their new grounds, which had just been opened up the day previous. When all the improvements have been made that are contracted, they will be the finest shooting grounds that I have ever visited, even exceeding those of the Indianapolis Club. Owing to the fact that the Club were unable to state definitely just when the grounds would be ready for use, it was impossible to announce the dates of their tournament. Now that they have taken possession, they are out with an announcement for a three days' shoot on Nov. 2, 3 and 4. Some of the very best citizens of Cincinnati are members of the club. There are now 210 names on the club's roll.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Confabulations of the Cadi.—IX.

The Sucker.

"In our weary pilgrimage through this vale of fogs and tears," said the Cadi to his respectfully attentive circle of associate philosophers, who were gazing on him with a look of contemplation which might be interpreted to mean either affection or mental vacuity, "we are all suckers under certain favoring conditions. We at times give up our money recklessly, with no substantial return for it or without any particular inquiry into whys and wherefores as to why we part with it. This no doubt as a statement contains nothing new, since many years ago it was said that a fool and his money soon came to a fork in the road. Still, when a man parts with his money liberally, it does not necessarily follow that he should be considered a sucker, nor does it seem right that those who are beneficiaries of his open-handedness should sneer at him and treat him with contempt—always behind his back, be it understood.

"I was in a certain town some years ago in Arkansaw on a day when a circus had pitched its tent for the amusement and education of the people therein and thereabouts. A circus in that country was not an incident; it was an event which ranked with a war, an election or a dangerous comet. Men with pounds of unlaundried whiskers on their chins, and more pounds of bushy hair on their heads, came in from all points of the compass, horseback, mule-back, country wagons, prairie schooners, ox-wagons, with their Hopie Janes, or other Janes which they had hopes would be Hopie Janes as soon as time and tide would permit, and all arrayed in their best bibs and tuckers, which in most instances were the same bibs and tuckers which they wore every day and every year. The saddles were seemingly made of scraps of leather and bare trees, while the horses and mules, whose office it was to draw the wagons, had corn husk collars and harnesses consisting of about three pieces of leather, while cheap pieces of bed cord served for driving reins. If all the paraphernalia of the horses had been cast into one pile the whole would hardly have equalled the cash value of the amount spent for circus tickets, peanuts and the bright and winsome pink lemonade which brings such disaster to the wallet of the country swain and such joy to the palate of the country belle; but the circus and peanuts were the necessities of the moment, emergency necessities as it were, while the former were every-day luxuries.

"I wore a citified suit of clothes, and on that account I presume one of the star performers engaged in conversation with me. Affecting a blasé air, I viewed with calm indifference his diamond ring, when he inadvertently, as it were, flashed it into view in many different lights; so that he soon came to consider and treat me as his equal, than which no higher honors could be found in his standard of measures. An air of excitement and expectancy pervaded the groups and changing currents of humanity which moved to and fro around here and there, but all intent on the ticket wagon, from which they drifted in a steady stream to the tent entrance. My new-found friend, in a tone filled with a happy ring, remarked: 'Just see the suckers pile in. They are the biggest lot of fools that I have seen on our route.' I felt a bit of annoyance at the ingratitude of the remark. From the standpoint of the circus man, the people who patronized the circus, and whose dollars gave him a means of livelihood, were suckers. He meant it too in an ill sense. He considered them as being his dupes or gulls, and that he was getting their money under some allurement other than what gave an honest return for the money received."

"Well, what about it?" said Moke, with an inquiring look. "The sucker was a useful thing to the circus. He had a look into the tent, some peanuts and pink lemonade for his money, and all he remembered was that the clown said, 'Here we are again,' as he turned a hand-spring in a blithe manner in the middle of the ring. The circus man had some cheap money. One had only a memory; the other had good money."

"Don't you consider that the audience was well amused for the time being, and had a certain relief from the every-day cares and troubles, which amply compensated for the outlay?" queried the Cadi.

"What cares and what troubles? I have none; and if I have none of my own, how can I imagine any in the world?" replied Moke.

"You are bright, very bright, sweet Moke. Just for a moment consider that your name is Peter, and that the poet had you in mind when he so feelingly wrote:

"'Peter was dull; he was at first
Dull—oh, so dull, so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote or rehearsed,
Still with this dullness was he cursed!
Dull—beyond all conception dull.'"

"That sounds very pretty, but I think I can see into a brick wall quite as far as the next one, all the same," said Moke, somewhat peevishly. "If the people chose to be duped, it was their own lookout."

"Although the circus man had an opinion that his patrons were suckers, he did not proclaim his opinions from the housetops," continued the Cadi. "In the trap-shooting world, the poor shot has been given to understand, with little attempt at concealment, that he is a sucker. Indeed, not a few of the experts have been forward in frank expressions of their views concerning what were suckers, not infrequently in such places where the sucker, so-called, could hear the aforesaid expressions, and thereby learn the esteem in which he was held. Now, mayhap a man may be a sucker once or twice, or even a few times more, but the average man learns very quickly what are his mistakes and what are not. If a man is really a sucker he cannot know it too quickly. There is a great injury done, however, when men, who can afford to shoot, and whose means would enable them to look upon the day's loss at a tournament as a mere item of expense, are led to believe that they are looked upon in a way as fools, which is but the more generic term for sucker. A sensible man, who shoots but poorly, will not shoot long if he is looked upon with contempt for being unskillful and as easy to pluck.

"There was a certain disregard of consequences in the past, for it was the theory of a few that if the sucker crop was exhausted there would be a new one to follow, or as it was more technically expressed: 'A sucker is born every minute.' It was a mistaken assumption, as it was also a mistaken policy. It was a mistake as a policy to pretend to be out for sport when the practice was that the big fish swallowed the lesser. A sucker is not born every minute in the trap-shooting world, nor was he ever so born. Even if he were so born, a sucker is not a proper element to cultivate and levy upon as a part of a gentleman's sport. Such belongs to another sphere of action, to which a clean sport should have no affinity.

"Considering the merciless manner in which the poorer shots have been beaten year in and year out during many years past, the real cause for wonder is that there are so many trap-shooters as there are. The poorer shots have faced the traps on equal terms with the experts through many years, and have had the lessons of adversity well pounded into them. We should congratulate ourselves that trap-shooting is on such a good footing as it is. Its present condition really speaks well for the genuine enthusiasm of those who still support it. However, if we continue on the old lines, we cannot hope for any success greater than that which obtains at present. If the future is to be made prosperous in the trap-shooting world, the conditions should be changed so that all will have an even chance, and this can be done by establishing a system of handicaps."

Ethical Juggle Systems.

"But the different systems accomplish that," objected Ephraim.

"Not in the least," mildly replied the Cadi. "Systems in most instances apply only to the divisions of the moneys and not at all to the equity of the direct competition. To such as have not shot well enough to be in the money, all systems are practically alike. Without a handicap, the poorer shot cannot be any nearer a winner under one system than he can under another, no matter what the rule may be for the division of the moneys. This harping on systems as a cure for all the evils which beset the shooter of moderate skill reminds me of a story of the old country doctor, who had become so habituated to giving an emetic for every disease which came under his treatment that he once prescribed an emetic for an ulcerated tooth, on the theory presumably that in the general upheaval there would something happen to the relief of it. The juggling with conditions on the surface does not in the least affect the real evil of the situation.

"Take the equitable system, for instance. The poorer shots, who cannot shoot well enough to break at least 12 or 13 out of 15, or 17 or 18 out of 20-target events, accordingly as there are three or four moneys provided in either, is not benefited in the least by the system. It no more provides a proper equity among the shooters than does any other system. As it refers to a division of the moneys, it is far inferior to the Rose system, of which it is a bastard offshoot. It abandons all idea of a competition, and the term tournament is a misnomer wherever this system is used. Men are merely paid so much for breaking a certain number of targets if the number exceeds a certain minimum, much in the same manner that a laborer contracts to chop wood by the cord, or dig ditches by the yard, or any other matter of job work. There is nothing either direct or implied that there is a competition between the shooters, nor is there any need of it under this system. It is merely a matter of piece work. As there is no application of competition, there is still less of sport. The proposition, stripped of its few fictions, is: You, as party of the first part, pay in a certain stipulated sum to qualify in the contract, and agree to break over a certain number of targets, which is duly specified in the programme. For breaking over the certain number the party of the second part agrees to pay a certain sum apiece for each target broken. If the party of the first part fails to break over the stipulated number, the party of the second part is relieved from all obligations in the matter, etc. Now, my friends, is not the breaking of targets at so much per target great sport and great competition? Isn't it sport to lay bricks at so much per thousand, barring the fact that the work is a bit harder? Isn't business sport?

"The equitable system is a misnomer, for there is nothing equitable about it as applied to a competition. First of all, it does not recognize the shooters as being first, second and third, as is the case in the Rose system. Each man is simply an individual who broke so many targets at so much per target. The ratios too are variable. In the Rose system the ratios are invariable and each shooter is recognized as a contestant. Under the equitable system, in a 15-target event, if there are shooters who break 15, 14 and 13, then the ratios are accordingly 15, 14 and 13. But if some one should break 15, others 13 and still others 11, then the ratios would be accordingly 15, 13 and 11; so that the ratios vary each time according to the number of targets broken, instead of according to the relative standing of the scores as a matter of competition. Whether 15, 14 and 13, or 15, 12 and 9, or any other numbers were broken, under the Rose system they would be classed as first, second and third, and the ratios of 5, 3 and 2 would govern accordingly. The Rose system thus recognizes a competition, while its bastard relative recognizes only job work. Under the so-called equitable system the man who breaks the least targets gets almost as much as the man who breaks them all, in which again there is no equity whatever.

"To make the matter clearer, let us suppose that in a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, twenty men enter. This would make a total of $30. Deducting $6 for targets, there are $24 left to be divided among the contestants. Let us suppose that one man breaks 15, one 14 and one 13. Then under the so-called equitable system and the Rose system the moneys would be divided thus:

Equitable. Broke.		Rose. Broke.	
15 targets at 60 cents	$9.00	15 targets, ratio 5	$12.00
14 targets at 60 cents	8.40	14 targets, ratio 3	7.20
13 targets at 60 cents	7.80	13 targets, ratio 2	4.80

"Let us suppose that 15, 13 and 11 were broken, then under the equitable system the results would be as follows:

Equitable. Broke.	Broke.
15 targets at 61 cents per, $9.15	11 targets at 61 cents per, $6.71.
13 targets at 61 cents per, 7.93	

Under the Rose system, the latter would have paid the same as in the former instance. The equitable system as a matter of job work pays the contestants practically the same amount. The Rose system recognizes a competition, and its ratio works with mathematical accuracy at all times.

"From the most ancient times to the present, whether in peace or war, sport or business, the men who excelled were honored and rewarded much above their fellows who did the poorest, and yet the modern equitable trap-shooting system requires that the men who break over a certain number shall be all paid practically alike; that is, so much per piece of job work. But whatever system is used, as I have reiterated, it only applies to a division of the moneys, and not to the equity governing the poorer shots as compared with the experts. There can be no permanent gain unless there is a handicap to support it, as fairness requires that there should be."

A Universal Panacea.

Le Loup, who had been busily engaged writing on the bottom of a soap box, rapped on it with his pencil as a signal that he wished to have a hearing. "Worthy Cadi," said he, "you are as far from being right as a man can be and still stay on earth. No handicap is necessary, for you never heard a shooter, composed of the right stuff, who claimed that a low score was due to his own lack of skill. Every time such shooter misses a target there is some good reason for it other than fault in himself. I have taken some pains to compile the following, which I offer in lieu of a handicap, and which I think will give more general satisfaction, as there is nothing in it which will offend the amour propre of any shooter. In this respect it differs from a handicap, which necessarily implies that he who receives it is not as good a shot as are some others. To illustrate by example—a shooter goes to the score, shoots and misses. Then he turns to his neighbor and says, 'I am shooting a new load. I never would have missed that target with the old load.' Then the scorer marks it as a broken bird. No. 2 shoots and misses. He says: 'My pattern opened and let the target go through it. I never held a gun more correctly in my life.' The scorer then says in a fatherly way, 'The pattern was to blame and we will score that a broken bird.' And so the shoot goes on.

"The following is a list of reasons which are in common use, sanctioned by many good shots, and which all shooters should paste in their hats not only as a substitute for a handicap, but as a universal panacea for all kinds of bad shooting, and to be used as in the above example:

"Some one shook the platform just as I shot.

"A fly lighted on my gun barrel and disarranged my aim at the moment of shooting.

"The target was hit hard, but was too tough to break.

"The powder did not act right.

"There is something wrong with the primers.

"My gun stock don't fit.

"The shells are faulty. I never will use them again. (This is peculiarly apropos if you have tried to get the shells for nothing and been treated to a refusal.)

"The targets are thrown too fast; too slow; too high; too low.

"A tree in the background swallowed up the target out of sight at the moment I pulled the trigger.

"The wind jumped or ducked the target as I fired.

"I have a bad cold. I ate too much breakfast; too much dinner; too much supper. The cabbage, soft-shell crabs, roast beef, cold water, etc., affected my nerves and sight.

"I had a nightmare.

"A cross-eyed boy looked at me just as I shot.

"The trap-puller pulled too soon; too late; and I was balked, balked, balked.

"The referee called a broken bird a lost bird.

"The people talk too much.

"The grounds are laid out wrong.

"There was too much sunlight; there wasn't enough; it was too cloudy; it wasn't cloudy enough.

"If one does not care to go into specifications, he merely says in a scornful way, 'I am not in my usual good form.'

"In all these instances, and many more, which are to be left to the ingenuity of the shooter and the discretion of the referee, the shooter missing the target has it scored to him as broken, and in that way there will be a more equitable division of the money under modern ideas of what is equitable than there can be under any system of handicapping which can be devised, or for that matter any equitable system of division. Each target will then pay just the same amount for each shooter, for every one then will break straight, and the nearer every one receives the same amount, the greater is the equity of the system. What do you think of it, fellows?"

"But where does the sport come in?" queried Ephraim.

"Who's talking of sport," said the Cadi. "When we are breaking targets for so much apiece, we are talking of

"'Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.'"

BERNARD WATERS.

Buckeye Gun Club vs. Cincinnati Gun Club.

KING'S MILLS, Ohio, Oct. 10.—The scores herewith are of team race between the new Cincinnati Gun Club and the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., which took place on the afternoon of Oct. 7. Rolla O. Heikes was captain of the Buckeye team, and I was captain of the Cincinnati team. The match was shot on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club and was really an opening day, or house warming, for the new grounds. The day was very dark, and made the targets very difficult to see, which will account for low scores.

The race was close, and we had a very enjoyable time; the men marked D are the Buckeye Gun Club, and the men marked C are the Cincinnati men.

We shot them in mixed squads, so that there would be no possible chance for any unfair dealings; you will see that it was anybody's race almost until the last shot was fired.

We expect to shoot them a return race in the near future on their grounds at Dayton;

Mumma, D	1001111101111100100111111101111111111101111111101	—40
Keifaber, D	1110100011011011101101111101111111111111111101011	—39
Raymond, D	1111011111001010010011110111101111101111111111111	—39
R Trimble, C	1111110111101101111101111111101111111111101101111	—43
Du Bray, C	1111111101111011111111111111101111111111111111101	—46
Wroe, D	1011111111111110011001111011010111111101011111101	—38
Stark, D	1111110111010110001111011111011111111101111010111	—39
Glaser, D	0111111011100000111101101100110111111111011010011 1	—34
Dick, C	0111100001111001110111111111111011111110111101011 0	—37
Frederick, C	1110111011011100110100100010011111110011111101	—31
Craig, D	1111111111110101111111110011111111111111101011101101	—42
Achey, D	1100101001011010110101101111111111111111110001101	—34
McDonald, D	1101111011111011101011110110010111110111101010111 1	—37
L Ahlers, C	1110011111000110011110001011111000010111101101011 0	—30
Bob White, C	0011111011011001011100111011111011101111111101101 110	—35
Adams, D	1101111110110111011010111011011000101111111111110	—37
Makley, D	0111111111101010011011110111111111101111101111001	—39
Heikes, D	1111110111111111111111111111111011111111111111111	—48
See, C	1011111111111011011111111111101111111101111110111	—44
Jay Bee, C	1111110010011111110000111000101010100111110000101 1	—29
E Trimble, C	1101111011111111111111111101111011111111101110111 01	—43
Wilson, D	1011111010011001101001111011100111101110111111	—34
Protsman, D	1111001111100011100101010101110111010100010101010	—28
Waddell, C	1001111100110111001111110011110110110011010111000 1001	—31
Mackie, C	1101110001111010111110111111111010110011011000011010	—33
Coyle, C	0111101111111111111011010111111111101011011100111 1	—40
Shwind, D	1011111110011001110111110110110111110010111101011 1	—35
Altisk, D	0011101001110000001111011111001011110100101101111 0	—29
Ackley, C	1111011100011111101100110111111111111110001111111 1	—39
Squiers, C	0111101111011111110011111011111111011111010010011	—38
Goodman, C	0111111111010111001010011003111111110101111100101 0	—33
Schuman, D	1011011000111110100111011101111111111111111101110111	—38
Rike, D	1010111111110111011110010111111111111111011111111 1	—41
Lindsley, C	0111111111011011001110111001111110111010111110101	—38
Small, C	1101111110011101100110111111010001111111111111111 1	—39
Penn, C	0111110111011111111101001111111111111011111010110 10	—40

The total scores were: Dayton 671, Cincinnati 669.

MILT F. LINDSLEY.

Under date of Oct. 11 Mr. J. Arthur Belden writes us as follows: "In the issue of Oct. 8, FOREST AND STREAM, column "Drivers and Twisters," you have J. A. Belden's score 10 birds straight, which is correct; in the score of Hell Gate Gun Club contest you have the score 9 killed, on same page. Will you kindly correct the error in the column of "Drivers and Twisters" in your next issue. The reason I ask you to correct this is that I had a small wager to be decided by FOREST AND STREAM. The Brooklyn Eagle and New York Sun of Sept. 28 both had my score 10 straight, yet the party would not accept that, as the wager was to be decided by your paper." Concerning the foregoing, we cannot assume the responsibility of passing upon it, as the score sent to us was a manifold copy, which had a figure which might be taken for 0 or 1, and the total was written both 10 and 9, one over the other. It was one of those scores in which the maker knew all about them, but all others knew very little.

The Eureka Gun Club, Chicago, will give a handicap target shoot on Oct. 27.

The Baltimore Tournament.

The sixth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Baltimore, Md., was held on Oct. 11, 12, 13 and 14, on the grounds of the Association, on Pimlico Road. The first two days were devoted to target shooting; the last two to live-bird shooting. Both target and live-bird shooting had handicap conditions. In the former the shooters stood at 14, 16 and 18yds., accordingly as they were classed as amateurs, semi-experts or experts. The targets were thrown after the Sergeant system. There was $300 added money.

The weather was all that could be desired on the three first days, excepting some windiness; on the fourth there was much rain and unfavorable conditions therefore for good shooting. Mr. James R. Malone managed the shoot, assisted now and then by other members of the Association. Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., looked after the cashier's department. Mr. L. Jory was the scorer in the target competition. Mr. R. A. Scharf filled the office in the live-bird events.

The programme was a good one. There were ten target events each day, six of which were at 20 targets, $2 entrance; four at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, with $10 added money in each event. There were four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. With such a programme the shooters did not appear to give it their support further than what is apparent in the scores given herewith.

There was nothing of special interest in the way of remarkable shooting, if that of Hawkins on the second day at the 16yd. mark is excepted, a degree of skill which warranted his shooting at the 18yd. mark.

Tuesday, Oct. 11, First Day.

A strong, fluky wind, blowing quartering and at times straight toward the shooters at the score, made very difficult competition. The scores of the steadiest shooters were cut down by the erratic target flights, caused by the irregular wind mentioned. Edward Banks and Hood Waters tied on .888 per cent., although the scores erroneously give Banks but 18 in No. 9 event instead of 19, the number which he broke. Leroy was close up with .877 per cent., one target less than Banks and Waters.

The 15-target events were $1.50 entrance, 20-target events, $2. The handicaps in yards are placed after the names of the shooters. While theoretically 2yds. more or less does not seem to be much of a handicap to the experts, in practice it was found to make a slight difference, as a time and lead which would be correct in shooting at 16yds. was found at times to be faulty at 18yds., so that there was some difficulty encountered in making scores at that distance up to the expert's average.

Extra No. 1, Malone, Leroy and Hood, 10; Glover, Lupus, Banks and Collins, 9; Taylor, Coe and Haywood, 8; Hawkins, 7; Colburn, 5.

No. 2: Hood and Banks, 10, Glover, Lupus and Hawkins, 9; Malone, Leroy and Haywood, 8; Hicks and Coe, 7; Collins, Taylor and Colburn, 6; J. L. Pentz, 5.

No. 3: Leroy, Hill, Dixon and Bond, 10; Glover, 9; Hood, Banks and Fox, 8; Hobbs, 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Hobbs, 8; Banks and Bond, 7; Glover, 6.

No. 5, 5 pairs: Hood, 10; Hobbs, 9; Leroy, 8.

No. 6: Hood 10, Leroy 8, Colburn 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Banks, 18	13	19	18	14	18	17	12	18	18	12	180	159	.883
Leroy, 18	12	19	19	11	18	17	13	18	18	13	180	158	.877
Glover, 18	11	14	17	11	19	17	12	19	20	13	180	142	.788
Hood, 18	13	19	19	13	20	16	..	..	..	11	125	111	.888
Lupus, 16	9	16	19	13	15	18	13	19	17	12	180	151	.838
Hicks, 16	10	19	16	11	13	17	13	14	16	11	180	140	.777
Haywood, 16	12	19	16	14	16	16	12	17	18	13	180	153	.850
Hawkins, 16	11	18	15	14	19	14	13	17	15	9	180	144	.800
Malone, 16	13	19	17	12	17	19	13	18	14	14	180	156	.866
Taylor, 18	13	14	16	15	16	15	15	..	..	10	140	112	.800
Hobbs, 16	9	16	13	11	14	16	12	..	18	14	160	123	.768
Collins, 14	11	10	11	7	15	10	8	12	11	8	180	103	.573
Cantler, 16	12	17	17	13	15	19	10	13	17	12	180	145	.805
J L Pentz, 14	12	11	8	8	12	8	9	..	13	11	160	102	.636
Marshall, 16	12	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	43	.781
Calboner, 14	9	11	6	6	9	5	3	..	9	7	100	65	.406
Watts, 14	..	12	..	10	13	14	7	..	9	..	105	65	.619
Hill, 14	..	..	..	10	13	16	11	..	8	1	90	68	.705
Miles, 14	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	11	15	16	13	110	84	.763
Bond, 14	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	12	10	12	11	110	77	.700
Dixon, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	18	12	16	90	65	.722
Brewer, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	20	14	.700
Bangs, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	55	17	.309
Fox, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13		15	13	.866

Wednesday, Oct. 12, Second Day.

The weather again was clear and bright, with a stiff wind blowing from the rear in the morning, which gradually died away, till at noon it was calm and favorable for good scores. Hawkins was high average for the day with the excellent per cent. of .927. Leroy was next with .911, also a very good average. As in the first day's scores, the figures after the names denote the handicaps. Some extra events were shot in the morning, $1 entrance, with the following results:

No. 1: Hicks, 10; Hawkins, Haywood and Malone, 9; Leroy, Coe, Banks, Glover, Taylor, Money and Hood, 8; Marshall and Lupus, 7; J. L. Pentz, 6.

No. 2: Hawkins, Waters and Hood, 10; Hicks, Haywood, Malone, Coe, 9; Glover, Marshall and Pentz, 8; Money, 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: Leroy, 15; Glover and Money, 13; Dixon, 12; Malone, 11; Billy, Fox and Banks, 10; Latour, 9.

Following are the scores in the regular programme:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leroy, 18	15	17	18	12	19	19	15	18	18	13	180	164	.911
Banks, 18	13	16	17	14	19	17	12	20	18	13	180	159	.883
Hood, 16	13	16	14	11	14	13	12	15	..	..	155	108	.683
Glover, 18	14	19	16	17	18	18	14	17	18	13	180	159	.882
Taylor, 18	12	12	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	50	34	.680
Haywood, 16	13	19	20	12	17	17	11	18	19	14	180	155	.861
Marshall, 16	11	12	15	13	11	14	7	13	13	13	180	123	.683
Hicks, 16	12	16	19	9	16	14	10	12	17	13	180	138	.766
Hawkins, 16	15	29	17	13	19	17	13	20	20	13	180	169	.927
Malone, 16	13	18	15	15	16	18	13	19	19	12	180	157	.872
Money, 18	15	19	20	12	15	17	13	14	15	15	180	154	.855
Lupus, 16	12	16	18	13	17	17	14	16	18	13	180	154	.855
Cantler, 16	14	16	16	12	16	14	..	..	..	..	110	88	.800
Waters, 16	13	16	15	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	90	66	.733
Coe, 14	12	17	15	13	13	16	11	16	..	..	145	113	.779
Hill, 14	12	12	16	12	17	10	..	..	..	..	110	79	.718
J L Pentz, 14	8	12	11	11	11	11	7	9	..	..	145	80	.551
Collins, 14	8	10	10	5	15	12	11	10	13	..	165	94	.569
Miles, 14	..	14	13	13	18	17	12	16	14	..	150	117	.780
Fox, 14	..	..	13	5	11	11	10	16	18	14	145	98	.675
Starr, 16	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	13	20	18	..	95	86	.905
Crisp, 14	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	7	..	..	..	55	28	.509
Bondy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	12	16	14	..	95	78	.821
Thompson, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	7	..	..	55	29	.490
Jamison, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	13	11		70	54	.771
Latour, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	17	13		70	61	.871
Linthicum, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..		35	25	.714
Thomas, 16	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	..	..	..		35	26	.740
Billy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..		20	9	.450

Thursday, Oct. 13, Third Day.

The weather was calm, clear and pleasant. The sun shone clear and bright. The conditions were all in favor of high scores, but the excellent quality of the birds, and the somewhat difficult features of the grounds, they sloping gradually upward from No. 3 trap to the left, and from the same trap downward to the right. Most of the birds were first class, with some easy ones sandwiched in now and then, rather trying even to the well-schooled shooter. The regular programme was not begun till afternoon, the morning being devoted to $2 miss-and-outs, in which the scores were as follows:

Watts	....	.....	2211212
Glover	122211	1212	0	2122122
Macalester	121110	1222	22221112	12110
Hicks	2220	20	21122121	1122212
Fox	22210	1111	11211112	1112111
Dupont	122111	10	20	1210
Coulbourn	1120	20	0	.....
Williams	110	20	222110	.....
Money	211222	1111	21212110	1121222
Hood	11120	....	0	.....
Malone	111112	1211	1111220	122110
Leroy	112210	....	22211222	0
Hawkins	.....	110	21212120	.....
Waters	.....	....	.....	1221120
Glover	.....	....	1111110	.....

The first regular programme event was the Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, not class shooting. It was changed into a handicap, some of the poorer shots being placed nearer, which made it a handicap entirely different from the emphatic conditions advertised, which was a mistake, as the advertised conditions of a stake should be followed to the letter. Following are the scores:

Hayward	122211—7	Malone	1121112—7
Du Pont	11o2111—6	Glover	2021112—6
Hicks	222o212—7	Colburn	1o21220—5
Money	1o2i121—6	Fox	2212221—7
Waters	1112o21—6	Leroy	2112122—7
Collins	1012102—5	Watts	0122122—6

The second event was the Suburban sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, not class shooting. The scores:

Macalester	0121122122— 9	Glover	2012221022— 8
Ducker	1021212112— 9	Fox	2121122221—10
Hicks	1102220012— 7	Jamison	000220101w
Money	1101211211— 9	Leroy	2221222222—10
Malone	2211121222—10	Hawkins	0121111000— 6

The third event was the Pimlico handicap, 15 birds, $15 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds., three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting. Scores:

Hayward, 30	2212222111222222—15	Collins, 26	0221*0202221001— 9
Dupont, 29	1111112122211111—15	Brehm, 25	100122011112211—12
Hicks, 29	1222222022112122—14	Jamison, 27	2010122122201102—11
Money, 30	0101120121121121—12	Watts, 28	1120010222222222—12
Malone, 30	1211110211211011—13	Leroy, 30	022222**2202021—10
Glover, 30	1010111101122222—12	Edwards, 27	2101022102111112—12

Extra events, miss-and-out, $2, resulted as follows:

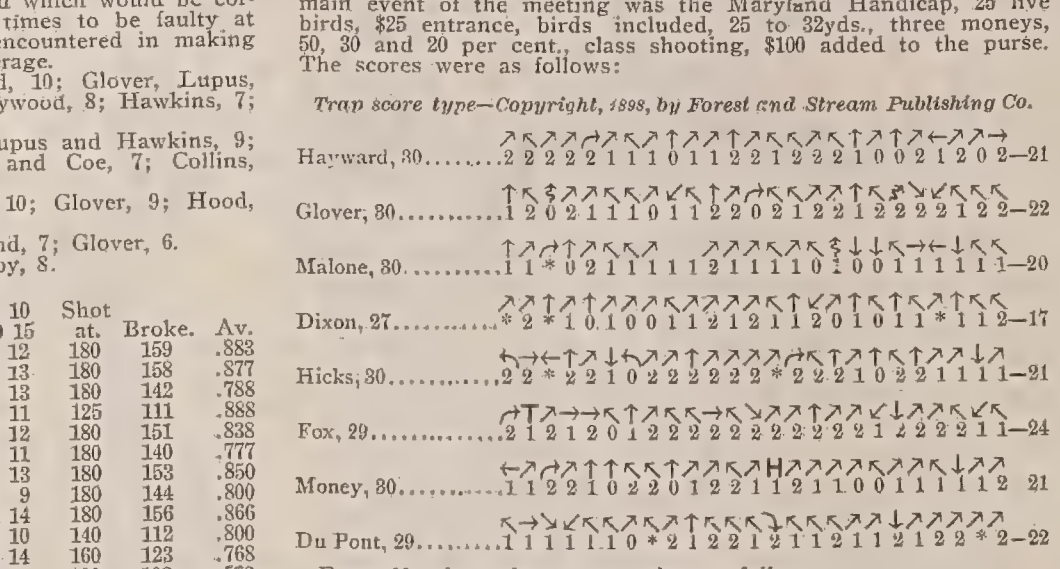
Dupont	10	1121122	Watts	210	12210
Jamison	121220	1211120	Money	2*	.....
Hicks	211211	21212*	Coe	2*	2210
Glover	221112	12*	*Malone	10	.....
Edwards	20	10	Latour	*21212	2222122
Leroy	21110	.....	Hood	111222	0
Malone	0	.....	Johnson	.....	2222122
Hayward	2111*	.....			

* Re-entry.

Friday, Oct. 14, Fourth Day.

The weather was rainy and the light dark, although there was not sufficient wind to add appreciably to the difficulties. The main event of the meeting was the Maryland Handicap, 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds included, 25 to 32yds., three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting, $100 added to the purse. The scores were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Extra $2 miss-and-outs were shot as follows:

Hayward	2220	11211112220	21221121112
Fox	0	222222222122	12122211120
Hicks	1111111	222222212122	22212222211
Hawkins	221110	2111120	.....
Malone	221121	1212211111212	10
Glover	110	2121111111111	22212122212
Money	122111	1210	21112212112
Dupont	0	11110	21111
Fox	112211	.....	.....
Gent	20	0	.....
Dupont	211110	.....	.....
Hood	.....	222112222220	.....
Gent	.....	20	10
Billy	.....	.....	0
Dixon	.....	.....	0

The Interstate Association.

A review of the Interstate Association's season of 1898 is fresh from the press. As no association approaches this Association in its power, prestige, influence and broad purpose, the following review is taken almost in its entirety to set forth what the Association has done in the passing year, and what it contemplates for the future:

"'By their fruits you shall know them' is an old maxim, the truth of which needs no demonstration. The truly great among men are those who have proven their right to the title by their deeds. 'Deeds, not words,' have been their watchword. This has during the past eight years been the policy of the Interstate Association. It was organized primarily for the encouragement of trap-shooting and the advancement of its interests, as well as the elimination of all that would tend to retard the furtherance and perpetuation of this line of sport. The history, achievements and unparalleled successes in its chosen field are of such a permanent and lasting character as needs no commendation. Its 'deeds' speak for themselves to the great army of sportsmen throughout the country. During its existence it has been in the vanguard of every effort to improve and encourage not only the condition of the individual shooter, but the segregated body of sportsmen as well.

"At a meeting of the Association held at Madison Square Garden, New York, Jan. 17, 1897, a resolution was adopted which concerned every sportsman throughout the country. It is self-explanatory and is given in full below:

"The wisdom of such a move was questioned at the time, but money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps shall be barred from participating in sweepstakes and purses, but will be perfectly welcome to shoot for targets only and display their goods. The decision as to who such paid men are to be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final.

"'Resolved, That the foregoing does not apply in any way to the Grand American Handicap tournament.'

"'The wisdom of such a move was questioned at the time, but after a season's trial and a careful consensus of the good resultant therefrom, we incline to the belief that the action of the Association is fully justified, and is a step in the right direction.

"A careful perusal of the statistical data which appear in the pages following will clearly show that the season of 1898 has met our anticipations. We were compelled to cancel two tournaments, owing entirely to the war with Spain."

The Grand American Handicap.

"The inaugural tournament for 1898 was the sixth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N. J., March 22, 23, and 24. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,500 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

"In addition to guaranteeing $1,500, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win.

"As each recurring handicap exceeded its predecessors, there was the greatest difficulty in the practical management of it up to two years ago, owing to the insufficient equipment of grounds for its peculiar needs. The large entry of 1896 made necessary the running of extra sets of traps, which in turn made necessary a new system of scoring to meet the new requirements, and further suggested the need of quicker trapping and retrieving, all of which was so nicely perfected by the opening of the Elkwood Park shooting grounds in 1897 that the opportunities to shoot in the last two handicaps kept nearly an even pace with the requirements of the shooters at the score.

"To accomplish all this so perfectly every important part of the management of the tournament was in a high degree specialized. The Interstate Association engaged only the best trained talent for every working department of the tournament, with the result that it was conducted from start to finish without any material break.

"The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1896 and 1897 was adopted again for 1898, the divisions, however, being graduated up to 170 entries for this year's event. The entries numbered 207, of which number 192 were regular entries at $25 each, 5 were penalty or post entries at $35 each, and 10 were forfeits at $10 each, making the total purse amount to $5,075. The purse under the system of division of moneys adopted by the Interstate Association provided for 25 moneys. There were nine straight scores of 25 made which took the first nine moneys—$3,713.75—a total of $412.65 each. Twenty-two tied on 24 out of 25 and divided the next sixteen moneys—$1,361.25—each man receiving $61.85. The nine men with straight scores of 25 shot off the tie, miss-and-out, for the silver trophy. This was won by Mr. E. D. Fulford, on the 23d round.

"With a total of 197 shooters facing the traps, it is impossible, in this review, to give the score of each individual. The following, however, shows the score of each of the money winners:

Twenty-five straight: E. D. Fulford, 29yds.; Geo. W. Loomis, 28yds.; Jim Jones, 27yds.; U. Bender, 27yds.; W. R. Patten, 27yds.; T. P. Laflin, 28yds.; R. O. Heikes, 30yds.; Wm. Wagner, 27yds.; J. A. R. Elliott, 31yds.

Ties on 24: E. M. Cooper, 28yds.; Aaron Doty, 28yds.; A. W. Money, 28yds.; Geo. Roll, 29yds.; J. S. Fanning, 30yds.; F. Schwarz, 26yds.; J. B. Savage, 27yds.; Sim Glover, 30yds.; Jay Snell, 26yds.; Lee Huckins, 28yds.; Allen Willey, 27yds.; J. M. Thompson, 26yds.; E. C. Burkhardt, 27yds.; E. S. Rice, 25yds.; W. P. Shattuck, 27yds.; A. W. Wiedebusch, 27yds.; H. D. Kirkover, 27yds.; H. S. Stevens, 26yds.; T. J. Laughrey, 27yds.; R. A. Welch, 30yds.; Dr. D. Mosher, 26yds.; E. A. Leach, 28yds.

Shoot-off for trophy:

E D Fulford, 29	22222222222222222222222—23
Geo W. Loomis, 28	2222122222222222222220—22
Jim Jones, 27	12122121222220 —14
U Bender, 27	2222222220 —10
W R Patten, 27	2222222220 — 9
T P Laflin, 28	1222220 — 6
R O Heikes, 30	222* — 3
Wm Wagner, 27	0 — 0
J A R Elliott, 31	0 — 0

"Two hundred and eleven shooters took part in the tournament and $9,069.40 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 6,231."

(Here follow reviews of the tournaments at Macon and Brunswick, Ga.; Meadville, Pa.; Meriden, Conn.; Waterville, Me.; and Haverhill, Mass., all of such recent date that those events are comparatively fresh in the minds of our readers.).

The recapitulation sets forth some most interesting statistics. The summary of the work is as follows:

"Shooters taking part, 471; live birds trapped, 7,217; targets trapped, 60,145; money divided in purses, $13,757.20.

"The results as above given show an increased activity and very favorable comparison with that of the preceding season. The totals fall a trifle short as compared with 1897, but it should be remembered that two scheduled tournaments were cancelled, due entirely to the war with Spain. This, coupled with the fact that the tournaments were given at relatively far distant points, the results indeed are very gratifying."

For 1899 the Interstate review sets forth that "it is the intention to perfect arrangements for giving the most interesting series of tournaments during the season of 1899 yet proposed in the history of the Association. Clubs contemplating holding tournaments and desiring the assistance of the Interstate Association should have their applications in the hands of the manager by Dec. 10, 1898, in order that they may be presented to the tournament committee for action thereon at the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 15, 1898. Communications relating to inanimate target tournaments should be sent to the manager's home address: Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa."

New Jersey Central League.

Bound Brook, N. J., Oct. 15.—Following are the scores in the club contest of the New Jersey Central League, shot at Bound Brook to-day, conditions, 25 targets per man, five-men teams, Sergeant system. There was a high, puffy cross-wind. Excepting a large tree on the left quarter, the background was good. The contest took place on the new grounds, one-half mile from town. The targets were thrown fast, and the shooting was hard.

Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick.

Belloff	1101101110111011111101101—19
McDowell	1000010110111101001000010—13
Booraem	1011011110110101011001000—14
H B Smih	1010o10111100010111101100—14
Oakley	0101000111101100111000011—14—74

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield.

Goodman	1010111101010111111011111—19
C Smith	0111001100100000000111111—13
Keller	1100111110111010111101111—19
Keller, Jr	0000000000011111010111110—12
Hobart	1111011111110101111111111—22—85

Dunellen Gun Club.

Manning	0001011000011110010000101—10
C Giles	1110111111110101101110001—18
Lindzey	0101101111110001010011111—16
Osborn	1000011100101010110010111—13
Brantingham	1110011011101111110011111—19—76

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Crater	1010101000011100100100101—11
Anderson	1011001101001000000001110—10
Hoey	0000o0100011110011111111—13
W Giles	0101100101001101111011100—14
Tingley	0000111111110111110100111—19—65

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To Omaha and the West.

During World's Fair year the railroad service of the country attracted the attention and admiration of the world, and ever since it has been the aim of all first-class roads to maintain the high standard then established. The Northwestern Line has not only succeeded in doing this, but has even made further advances in equipment and service. The running time throughout the entire system has been reduced to the minimum consistent with absolute safety, and it is justified in its boasts that its run from Chicago to Denver is the greatest railroad achievement of the age. "The Colorado Special" leaves Chicago daily at 10 A. M., and reaches Denver early the following afternoon. The journey from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains in less than forty-eight hours! Think of it! Strolling through "The Colorado Special," one is reminded of the magnificance of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights, and the illusion is heightened rather than dispelled by the marvellous conveniences created by Twentieth Century Ingenuity.

"The Colorado Special" passes by daylight through the Garden State of the world, Iowa, reaching Omaha in the evening. The traveler, however, who goes as far as Omaha should not fail to go to the Rocky Mountains, to see the intervening country and the beautiful scenery of the West.

This train frequently makes eighty-seven miles in eighty-five minutes, while the passenger takes his ease in the drawing room or buffet car, with its reading room, bath room, barber, shop, etc., or at the dinner table, where meals are served "a la carte," a way which commends itself, as the traveler may sometimes desire only a lunch and not an elaborate dinner, which, however, he can obtain on this train, served as perfectly as in any metropolitan hotel.

With such splendid facilities as are offered those who go by the Northwestern Line, the travel to the West this season will doubtless be unprecedented, and tourists may be sure of having the best of everything if they purchase tickets via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line and take "The Colorado Special."

Excess fares are no longer charged on this train.—*Adv.*

The Mullins Game Carrier.

Mr. Wm. H. Mullins, of Salem, O., has devised an extremely convenient game basket attachment, fitted on the outside of the cockpit of his well-known duck boats, so arranged that the game can drain off without wetting the inside of the boat. Mr. Mullins tells us that the carriers can be used on any of his boats already in service. A new catalogue of Mullins' duck boats and other sporting equipments will be sent to any address.

Lift up our eyes to the heights where, glory-crowned, the genius of American liberty points; and to know all that a sportsman requires to know about the game laws within the genius's purview equip yourselves with the Game Laws in Brief.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photography will be found on another page.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

CONCERNING A NUISANCE.

THE New York Tribune and Sun, the Boston Traveler and other papers, which have commented upon the case of the Italian who was killed in self-defense by a New Jersey game warden the other day, appear to entertain a notion that the game laws are quite correct and commendable so long as they are respected by everybody, but that if Italian gunners choose to defy the statutes and to menace the wardens who are charged with enforcing them, it is really not worth while to retain the laws. This is not going quite so far as does the editor of the Boston Fibre and Fabric, who counsels the summary shooting of game wardens; nor as the editor of the Port Jervis Farmer, who is forever exhorting the farmers to arise and abolish all game laws. It shows, however, that the character of the average Italian gunner as he presents himself to suburban communities is not understood by those who would abolish the bird protective statutes in his favor. Without such information, a newspaper editor is not competent to discuss the question; and may not hope to fool the public into thinking that he is by raising the silly cry that a man's life is worth more than a robin's. Of course it is, but the fact has nothing to do with the case.

In this country we make a sharply defined and commonly recognized distinction between game birds and the other species which are birds of song or insectivorous in their habits; and this distinction extends to and governs the practice of the sportsman afield. A gunner who is out after grouse or quail, or other legitimate game, would not think of counting sparrows and thrushes into his bag. We have no class of shooters native to America who kill song birds for sport or the pot. In some other lands, on the contrary, the small species are regarded as game; in Italy every feathered creature counts, even if no bigger than one's thumb; and when the Italian gunner comes to this country he brings his peculiar notions of game and sport with him, and attempts to put them into practice here. Going out from the cities, he ranges nearby fields and roadsides in pursuit of sparrows, thrushes, larks, robins, thistlebirds, swallows and wrens. Anything large enough for him to hit he counts as game, and in pursuit of it invades pastures and orchards, home yards, parks and cemeteries. In one of the Boston fells last week two Italians were arrested for having in their possession a shotgun, five robins, three hermit thrushes and a woodpecker. The park, we are told, is amply posted with warning signs, but Italians from Boston are caught in it every few days shooting song birds. In Long Island districts, where there is not the slightest pretense by the authorities of enforcing the game laws, the hordes of song bird shooters from this city have practically free range, and are an unmitigated pest. In New Jersey, where on the contrary the State game warden force is making an honest effort to suppress the nuisance, the monthly record of the department shows that of the numerous individuals arrested for these offenses a vastly preponderating majority bear foreign names.

These Italians constitute a distinct class of marauding gunners, with whom suburban communities find it most difficult to deal. The Italian hunts where legitimate sportsmen seeking legitimate game have no occasion to go; for the objects of his pursuit are the small species of farm and door yard, and he becomes a trespasser of peculiarly aggravating type. Game laws and trespass laws he regards as relics of hard and oppressive class restrictions left behind in the old world, and he shows his independence of them by insolent disregard and defiant violation. As trespasser and song bird shooter, he is a constant nuisance and menace. For his suppression some means must be devised. If the journals which are so free in their condemnation of the game wardens will suggest any other and better way of dealing with the problem, the public will give it welcome.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER.

THERE will be five Wednesdays in November, and according to the New York game law, on each of these days deer hunting will be permitted on Long Island. But here is a curious condition of things, for while the law allows deer hunting, all the people of the deer country have leagued themselves together in a compact to permit no hunting; and as they control the situation, no hunting will there be. The deer range covers a territory of about thirty square miles. Much of this is in large estates, which adjoin one another, are posted, and on Wednesdays in November will be effectively policed. The Long Island Railroad, which runs through the district, has in former years afforded in its tracks and right of way a vantage ground for the deer hunters, whose method was to line up on the railroad and shoot the deer when driven across the road by hounds. This year the railroad authorities will not permit the track to be used for such purposes. Nor will hunting on the highways be allowed. In short, the entire deer district will be tightly closed against the invasion of hunting forays.

This means that practically no deer will be killed. What then is to be the solution of the Long Island deer problem? for with a steadily increasing stock there has come to be a problem. The creatures have bred and multiplied with the prolificacy natural to the species when the favoring conditions are present of an abundant food supply, immunity from foes and security and peaceful repose. If the numbers continue to increase the people of the district will be compelled to adopt some measures to reduce them. Here, as we have suggested before, is an excellent opportunity for the State to establish a game park for a deer breeding station, from which the Catskills and other depleted deer sections may be restocked.

SHOTS IN THE NIGHT.

"WE crawled away to beds made of wild duck feathers, which conjured sweet dreams of unending sport." As he records his outings in print, we note, the average sportsman dreams of ducks or deer or fish or whatever it is he proposes to pursue on the morrow. It is quite the regular and conventional thing in print; how is it in actual experience? Does a sportsman never sleep through the night before without beholding dream shadows of the game of the morning?

If all the hosts of spectre ducks and deer and quail and grouse and antelope and bears, which course through the realms of dreamland, could be reduced to material existence, their multitude would go far to stocking anew the prairie expanses and mountain ranges of the continent.

In one of the numbers of the Spectator, Addison remarks that dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind when they are disengaged from the body; the slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, the grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. "I am in no way facetious nor disposed for the mirth of company," said Sir Thomas Browne, "yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof." So in dreams are done physical deeds surpassing those of waking hours; and in the realm of sport the veriest bungler may perform in sleep feats of skill with gun and rifle. The novice who has yet to undergo his novitiate of buck fever slays his dreamland deer with unerring bullet and the nonchalance of a Davy Crockett; and brings to bag swiftly flying game from prodigious heights. This shooting in sleep is the easiest shooting in the world. It is the mastery of the highest degree of marksmanship, the attainment of perfection in that art which Mr. Hammond in his new book calls "Hitting vs. Missing."

"Supposing a man always happy in his dreams and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them," asks Addison, "would he be more happy or miserable?" We leave that for the man who grasses his grouse in dreams and touches never a feather by day; is his trip a success? And one who thus invariably hits in his dreams, but misses when awake, is he a duffer or a good shot?

The man who, on the eve of a day in the field, lies down to pleasant dreams of the sport of the morrow may join with Sir Thomas Browne when he writes: "I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness."

SOME SHOOTING RECORDS.

THAT story of a Bohemian side-hunt is suggestive of game conditions abroad which do not prevail here. In European countries, where game is bred like domestic poultry, and if ten thousand pheasants are killed today, ten thousand others may be raised to take their places, the side-hunt is not so devastating a competition as it is in this country, where we depend on a natural supply only, and one which cannot maintain itself against such combined assaults of associated shooters. In this country then we have reason to discourage side-hunts, as in their effects opposed to the sportsman's interest. As the game supply diminishes year by year the opposition to side-hunting naturally gains strength among sportsmen. As we pointed out the other day, side-hunters as a rule are not sportsmen.

In Europe, on the contrary, where the question of a game supply does not enter into consideration, killing for count is recognized as legitimate and sportsmanlike. He is considered to have made a record of honor who has bagged the largest numbers of birds or other game. Thus we read of one Trauttmansdorff—Prince Carl Trauttmansdorff—who has to his credit for a single day's shooting the slaughter of 862 head of game, with a best bag of pheasants 303, of partridges 632, of hares 416, of rabbits 638, of roebuck 12, of fallow deer 20, and of black cock 14, and a best year's count of 10,833 head of assorted game. Another record smasher is Earl de Gray, whose exploits have been duly tabulated for a series of years, from 1867 to 1895. His pheasant score was 111,119, with 89,401 partridges, 47,468 grouse, 26,747 rabbits and as many hares, 2,735 snipe, 2,077 woodcock, 1,393 wild duck, 567 deer, 12 buffalo, 11 tigers, a couple of rhinoceros, and 9,000 assorted; making a total of 316,699 for the entire period, or about 11,000 annually. This is a record which the most industrious market shooter in this country would needs work hard to equal. In very truth the noble sportsman must have been a monomaniac in the field. Yet for all his slaughter the game supply where he shot has not been permanently diminished.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen appears to be edited on a theory that the members of the League are congenital idiots. Its columns are stuffed week after week with silly puns, the damnable iteration of which for fifty-two weeks in the year, as presented to intelligent people, must disgust and repel. We advise the League managers, who are looking about for the causes of a diminishing membership, to consider whether the imposition of such a worthless and foolish official organ upon the members has not something to do with it.

The annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League will be held in Syracuse on December 8th. The League cordially invites support and cooperation of all clubs and associations which have for purpose the better protection of fish and game. The League is in control of those who are themselves sincerely concerned to advance the real interests, and it is the most promising and efficient agency for promoting these interests. The secretary is Mr. Ernest F. Gould, of Seneca Falls.

We print to-day from Mr. Langford a further note as to the ascent of the Grand Teton; and next week we shall publish a statement of the case prepared by Mr. Wm. O. Owen, submitted by him to support his claim to credit for having been the first to achieve the ascent.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Forest.

I.

The arrival of American sportsmen is always a subject of absorbing interest to the little town of Mattawa, and was a much rarer occurrence a few years ago than it has since become. In those days the larger supply stores had not yet gathered courage to compete seriously with the Hudson Bay Company, around whose fort the settlement had first grown up. To trade with the Northern Indians, exchanging hunters' supplies for their fur in the spring, and advancing traps and ammunition in the autumn—to fit out an adventurous sportsman who was anxious to still-hunt the largest of American deer, were still the unquestioned prerogatives of the great company. Nor was the competition greater among the hotels, since the famous tavern known as Peter O'Farrell's was the only one in town, and its proprietor, with his dog Fairy, will be long remembered by the stray hunters and lumbermen who have passed the night there.

Peter was just knocking the ashes from his pipe, preparatory to retiring, when two men, obviously Americans, drove up in the crazy bus which met the daily train from the East.

"Well, well! More moose hunters, but I'm glad to see yez. Come in, sors. Yes, there do be plenty of moose this year. I seen one back of the church yisterday," said the genial but imaginative Mr. O'Farrell. "Howly smoke! But you've got stuff enough to go to the Height of Land."

"That is just where we intend going, not for moose alone, but for caribou," said Robert Daunton, the taller of the two strangers, as he entered the stove-heated office, and threw off his overcoat.

The speaker was a tall, powerfully-made man of some thirty years, and had seen much of wood life, while his companion, Roger Farnesby, had never been on a hunt before.

The two Americans had barely entered the hotel when they were followed by the head factor of the Hudson Bay Post, who at once greeted them with the news that he had their outfit ready and waiting, thanks to the telegrams he had received from Daunton.

That very evening, in spite of the protests of Mr. O'Farrell, who felt aggrieved that he had not been consulted in advance as the company had been, and who thought that he should reap the emoluments of a week's delay at least—that same evening the outfit of the travelers was carried to the company's store, and a list of further necessaries made out. While the last arrangements were being made, the Hudson Bay factor sent word to the men he had engaged for the Americans, so that the following morning the guides were on hand, and with the luggage they were embarked on the flatboat for transportation up the Ottawa River, with a rapidity that quite dazed Mattawa.

The four guides were Indians with a dash of French-Canadian blood in them, and had been chosen from among the best hunters in the employ of the company. Alexander Francois, the head guide, was noted throughout the Ottawa country for his skill in trapping and tracking.

The expedition, once under way, passed rapidly through the Keepawa Lake district without a stop for hunting on the road, and on the third day they reached Birch Lake.

That night Farnesby was awakened by a harsh whistle, followed by an angry stamping. He shook Daunton and whispered:

"What's that? Listen."

The moment he spoke the whistle was repeated, he heard two or three jumps and a few twigs snap, and the visitor was gone.

Daunton said sleepily:

"That's your first midnight alarm. You'll have plenty more until you know the language of the woods. It was nothing but a buck coming down the trail to the beach. He ran across the white tents and did not know what to make of them. When he heard you speak he bolted. Good night."

Farnesby rolled up in his blanket again and tried to sleep, but instead he kept listening to the unknown noises of the forest so mysterious to a newcomer, so simple to a veteran hunter. Far down the lake a loon screamed, and Farnesby wondered what great beast could make such a sound, for he had yet to learn that the larger animals make the least noise.

Then in the intense stillness away off to the south he heard a murmur, gentle as that of the brook, which flowed a few yards away. It grew, slowly at first, then increasing in volume until it resembled the rumble of a distant train. Farnesby sat up in his blankets and drew on his boots, intending to slip out and listen to this new phenomenon without disturbing Daunton. Each second the roar grew louder, until it resembled a waterfall in the distance, and at short intervals Farnesby heard sharp reports that sounded like rifle shots. He decided to arouse Daunton at the risk of being laughed at again. Daunton raised himself on his elbow. He listened a second and then said hastily:

"Get out of the tent and run for the beach. A tornado is coming and your rifles are pines a hundred feet high, breaking like reeds."

A second more and Daunton had rolled the guns in the blankets to keep them dry, and seizing his moccasins had sprung outside. Two quick jerks brought down the poles, letting the tent fall on its contents, in the hope that the pegs would keep it from blowing away. By this time the wind was upon them. The men aroused by the uproar had reached the beach a few rods away and were clustered around Farnesby, half dazed by the din and lightning, all except Francois, who had remained behind to pull down the guides' tent and throw some heavy stones on it.

Daunton started for the shore. The wind was terrific and the air full of flying branches and leaves. The exposed trees around them were swaying and groaning, and half-way to the beach a large balsam with wide spreading boughs impending over the path cracked ominously. Daunton hesitated a second and then decided that it was more dangerous to stand still than to dash past. He had taken but one step when a pair of arms slipped round him and drew him back. As he staggered backward, he saw the fir snap—then, slowly at first, but gathering speed each heartbeat, crash through the smaller tree tops and dash itself to fragments on the rocks beneath.

There are few wilder sights than a giant tree falling before the wind.

Neither Daunton nor Francois were struck by the flying pieces, and the latter remarked quietly in English: "Tree fall."

Daunton found Farnesby on the beach up to his knees in the shallow water. The trees along the shores were now snapping fast, some of the larger ones reaching in their fall out over the beach and plunging their tops in the waters of the lake.

There was a fringe of great pines along the shore, and they were going down one by one. Francois tapped Daunton on the shoulder and commenced wading out into the shallow lake until he was up to his chin in the water. The inlet of the lake had at this point formed a delta of sand over which the water was very shallow for some hundred yards from the shore. Daunton and Farnesby followed Francois, but the other men being shorter could not get out so far. Scarcely had they changed positions when a pine fell obliquely toward them. Daunton thought that it would reach the guides, but it just missed them, throwing over the terrified men a mass of spray. The glare of the lightning had now become continuous, and the hunters could see as plainly as in daylight. Crash after crash of thunder succeeded the flashes with scarcely distinguishable intervals. The whole forest waved like a field of grain in a gale, and the trees that were exposed by their height or by the fall of their neighbors struggled painfully. They bent with the wind until the breaking point seemed long passed, and then struggled with a mighty effort back to an upright position, only to be forced to bend again. When a specially strong gust caught them already bent over, or when wood and bark could stand the strain no more, the huge trunk would unexpectedly snap and carry widespread ruin among its lesser mates.

From their position in the Lake Daunton and Farnesby could watch the forest with safety from the wind at least, but they could not have remained standing on the exposed beach for a moment without having been blown into the lake.

The cyclone did not last long, and when once passed left behind a heavy rain. The men waded ashore, stiff from the cold water, and lit a fire. Some smaller trees had fallen across the camp, but beyond smashing a few cooking utensils did little damage. The tents and blankets were soaked by the rain, but fortunately had not blown away.

They learned the next day that the worst part of the storm had passed a little to the south of the camp, and about a quarter of a mile away they found a spot where it had cut a swath in the forest some 500yds. wide in a straight line, and had not left a stick standing. It was a perfect windfall, and had absolutely annihilated the forest, leaving in its stead mere piles of splintered, twisted timber.

Farnesby gazed on the scene aghast, and declared that he would never again allow the camp to be made near large growth. In fact, the party had been most fortunate in selecting the sheltered gully by the inlet of the lake, where the full force of the wind could not reach them, or their outfit would certainly have been blown away or smashed by falling trees, even if they had escaped uninjured.

Two days of lake travel and portages with their heavy loads brought them to Kastenan Lake. Here a halt was made to look for fresh signs of caribou, but none were found, so the journey was resumed to Grand Lac. On a portage, just before reaching this lake, Farnesby had his first view of a moose. He had gone on ahead to shoot partridges, and getting too far in advance had seated himself to wait for the others. In the act of putting a lighted match to his pipe, he was horrified to see a gigantic beast standing in the path before him, and not 20ft. away.

It towered seven feet at the withers, and the massive antlers swung clear of the shoulders. The creature was on a slight knoll, and Farnesby afterward explained to Daunton that he thought it was the Irish elk come back from prehistoric times. Although the Southerner had been on the alert for big game, and especially moose, this sudden apparition totally paralyzed him. He simply sat and looked, letting the match burn out between his fingers. He knew it was a moose, because it could be nothing else; but then it did not look like his wildest conception of that animal, and then those long white legs, like stilts, how they could kick! The moose seemed uncertain what to do, and Farnesby was inspecting the nearest tree out of the corner of his eye, when the bull suddenly stamped with his forefoot, and pricking up his ears grunted. At that second a rifle shot rang out close at hand—then another. The bull ran straight forward, stepping completely over Farnesby, who had thrown himself on the ground, and disappeared in the thick brush with a tremendous crashing.

Daunton ran up to Farnesby. "I did not see you, Roger, until I fired. Did he startle you much?"

"I rather think he'd have startled you," said his friend indignantly, as he gathered himself up. "Nice country this. Sit down peaceably to light a pipe and find a restored fossil standing over you."

The men had hastened up by this time, and throwing down their loads, all started on the trail. At the foot of the hill the moose was found facing his pursuers and in his last gasp. As Daunton came up, he staggered and fell on his side, dead. Farnesby sat down on a log, and looked in amazement at the enormous chest and long legs. The antlers, which were remarkably fine, formed a great addition to their load, almost compensating for the provisions they had already consumed, but Daunton knew that such splendid horns could only be found on the solitary bulls scattered far up north, and he intended to leave them for safe-keeping at the nearest Hudson Bay Company's fort.

The next day they landed at the little post which controlled the district around Grand Lac, and here they purchased fresh supplies, as this would be the last depot until Lake Abitibi was reached.

The factor in charge told them that his Indians reported caribou in numbers on a little river that flowed into the north side of Lake Expanse, a round body of water, some ten miles across, through which the Ottawa flows after leaving Grand Lac. Crossing this lake in loaded canoes was dangerous at all times from the frequency of sudden squalls, and impossible with high winds. They reached the inlet of Lake Traverse without adventure, and camped in a thick grove of young birches. The winds were high and it was useless to venture out until the lake calmed down.

II.

After lunch on the second day of this tiresome waiting Daunton took his rifle and started back on an old lumber road for partridges. He had his hunting coat on and in his pockets the little necessaries that a hunter carries: matches, a compass, a tin cup, a flask of brandy and some twenty cartridges. He secured several partridges by shooting their heads off with his rifle, not a difficult matter to a steady eye when the bird is on the ground walking slowly away. Hanging them conspicuously on branches to pick up on the way back, he hurried on. After several miles of walking he came across a covey of partridges, two of which he shot on the road. A large cock offered a tempting mark several times, but scuttled off just as Daunton was aiming. He was annoyed and made up his mind to secure the bird. The partridge ran into some small growth, and Daunton followed as fast as he could, barely able to keep in sight of the game. At length he took a snap shot at the bird through the bushes, and rather to his surprise knocked its head off. The report startled two more partridges which were skulking close by. Daunton picked up the first bird, and slipping in into his spacious game pocket, ran after one of the others. After some minutes' turning and twisting he lost the bird and started back to the road. He walked about ten minutes and then thought to himself:

"Singular that I should have gone so far from the trail," but he kept on. When he must have walked a mile or so he stopped again and sat down. After trying in vain to recall the zigzag course he had made after the partridge, he gave it up and concluded that he had definitely lost the road. "It's nasty work walking in the bush, and it will bring me into camp after dark," he thought, feeling for his compass. As he went through one pocket after another, the careless expression faded from his face. He stood up and taking off his coat searched the contents of each pocket separately, then his trousers—all in vain. The compass had fallen out and he was lost. He stood aghast at the thought, for he knew its full meaning. Then he figured that he had walked all the afternoon approximately toward the sun and that would be southwest, so an opposite direction would take him back to Lake Expanse. The sun was going down fast by this time, and Daunton, putting it behind his left shoulder, started into the bush; violating an old rule of hunters, which he knew well—when lost, sit down and wait, don't move.

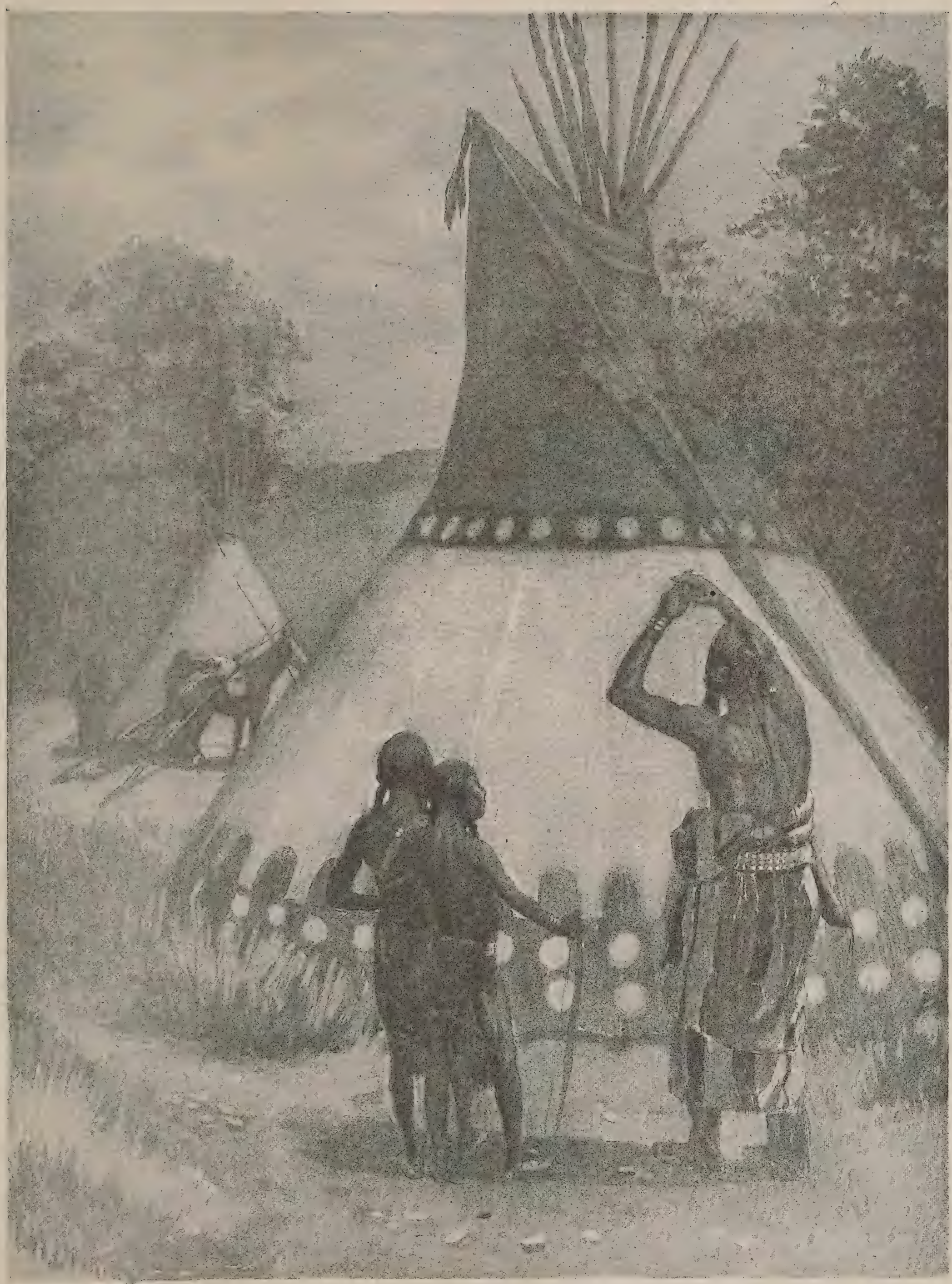
Daunton feeling quite safe in his calculation pushed on briskly, with the sun going down behind him. The woods for a while were somewhat open, and he made rapid progress, but as it grew dark he came to the edge of a swamp. He worked on for a little while in hope of finding good water, but soon gave it up as useless. A tree with its roots upturned offered a good camping place, where he could be sheltered from the wind. With his heavy sheath knife he soon cut birch bark and twigs enough to start a fire, and with the crackling blaze his spirits revived. He cooked the partridge he had shot and ate half of it, leaving the remainder for breakfast. The lack of water annoyed him greatly, but a very little brandy served to moisten his mouth. He cut a long strip of birch bark from a neighboring tree, and as the fire went down he coiled it around him, putting the foot end against the loose dirt of the upturned roots. With his blanket he passed a good night, except that the extreme cold aroused him before daybreak. He rekindled the fire and ate what was left of the partridge with the smallest possible allowance of brandy, for more partridges might be shot, but the stimulant could not be replaced.

The day broke black and cloudy, and as soon as he could see Daunton tightened his belt, and looked over his rifle and remaining cartridges, then started in the direction he considered northeast. He forced his way through the swamp in front of him, sinking at every step into the mossy duff that covered the ground, and climbing over the fallen tamaracks, which formed the chief growth in the vicinity. Early in the afternoon he found a pool of half-stagnant water. Throwing himself flat on his chest he drank with avidity the first water he had tasted for twenty-four hours. After resting awhile he pushed on in as straight a line as possible.

With the sun invisible behind the thickening clouds, with no moss on the large tree trunks, with no tall pines with their bent tops to guide him, he could only rely on guesswork.

About dusk he made a camp on a tiny hillock in the swamp, building a fire and smoking a pipe in place of supper. When the pipe burned out he threw himself on a pile of hemlock boughs he had gathered and fell into the troubled sleep of exhaustion. The wind was coming in fitful gusts, sobbing through the low tamaracks and wailing by the larger trees not far from Daunton's camp. A cold and curious tickling feeling in the face awakened him before the night was done. He raised himself, stiff and faint, on his elbow.

It was snowing. The first snowfall of the year. "It needed only this to finish me," thought Daunton, still rain would be worse. He lit the fire and cowered close to it until daylight. The loneliness of the woods came over him, so silent was everything, except the almost inaudible rustle of the falling snow. He threw more wood on the fire, for he had a large supply close at hand from a newly fallen tree, which he had broken into convenient pieces. The flames lit up the surrounding trees and cast dancing shadows on the veil of night behind. The stories he had heard in his boyhood, in his first camp in the Adirondacks, then in all their wildness, recurred to him. He remembered the tale of the sur-



THE MARK OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Painted for "Forest and Stream" from original studies by E. W. Deming.

veyor's chainman sent to the top of a mountain to flash signals at noon from the topmost peak, and who was visited that night by a mysterious prowler. How the lonely man sat up hour after hour in horror until all was quiet again, and he dropped asleep only to start up and find a panther's head staring at him across the dying embers of the fire. How no signal flashed the next noon tide or the following, and how his comrades found him stark mad.

"Mad," said Daunton, slowly, "they may find me mad, but not from panthers' heads." A twig snapped close at hand, just beyond the circle of the light.

"Food," thought Daunton, "something to eat," and he slipped with his rifle as quietly as he could out of the fire light. Many times before daylight he heard the animal, whatever it was, step heavily as it circled around and around him, only well out of sight. At daybreak Daunton found in the light snow the clear marked tracks of a small bear. The creature had walked around the camp all night, and as it was a common occurrence for almost any of the forest animals, led by curiosity alone, to watch a fire at a safe distance, Daunton thought only of his losing a chance for food, for he was now beginning to starve. With daylight he started again, and soon, to his delight, found himself at the end of the swamp. He emerged into an open hardwood country, where he made rapid progress, although toward afternoon he had to stop frequently to rest, for he was becoming weak.

At sundown he camped by a little pool, the water of which, mixed with a few drops of brandy, refreshed him. He had some difficulty in making a comfortable camp, as the temptation was to throw himself on the ground and sleep. Finally, however, he managed to cut enough firewood and boughs to cover him, and in spite of the snow still falling he went to sleep. Daunton awoke some time after daybreak, covered with an inch of snow. He lay some minutes without moving, fearing almost to test his strength in an attemot to rise.

"I'm going fast," he thought. "It's getting colder, and I feel it more. Another effort and I may get a shot, if only a squirrel. I've one, two; no, four, cartridges left."

He sat up with some effort and shivered with the bitter cold. The pool with its little brook flowing through it was not quite frozen over, and Daunton broke the ice at the edge and filled his tin cup. He added a few drops of his precious brandy, and the mixture revived him. He had perhaps two good drinks left in the flask. It was scarcely worth while to light a fire, walking would warm him, so he started on. He was dizzy at first, but that soon passed away, and left in its stead a dull ache across the left side of his head, and his left ear throbbed. His legs were strong, but he found it hard to control them. All idea of direction was lost by this time, and he forced himself on in a wolfish feeling of hunger, in the hope perhaps of finding a partridge or rabbit.

The woods seemed absolutely devoid of living things, and for two days he had seen in the snow only a few fox and marten tracks. In the first snow the wood animals do not move about, the larger ones finding shelter in the thick undergrowth of the swamps, and the partridges hiding under the low spruce and cedar boughs. So Daunton could find nothing to satisfy his hunger, but staggered on through the open woods, sometimes sitting for long minutes on a fallen trunk. Once he left his rifle against a tree. He stopped some 10yds. off and looked back at it. Should he leave it behind, it was so heavy, and his shoulders were sore from carrying it.

"A hunter leaves his rifle when a woman abandons her child," runs an Indian saying; and smiling grimly as he staggered back, Daunton took up the gun and resumed his weary tramp. His head felt very heavy and his eyes were dim, for he stumbled heavily as the day wore on, and had some bad falls, from which he rose with difficulty.

"I'm going on, on," he said aloud, "on to the end. I won't give up.

"Lost! Who says I'm lost—an old hunter like me. I'm going north! Farnesby, can't you see that I'm going north? Look at the moss on the trees on the south side; it always grows on the south side. There, that tree. It was there a moment ago.

"I can't see very well, but it's there if you'll look. Ben Hurley, when we lost him in the Aroostook up in Maine, went crazy, mad, in two days, and look at me, sane as you are. Don't you hear me? Farnesby, Roger, where are you? Gone, but you'll come back—you'll come back!"

Talking to himself, Robert Daunton, worn and wasted, struggled on, dragging his rifle after him, moving from tree to tree in that silent, snow-draped forest, stark mad!

Just before dark the clouds suddenly broke up and the sun came out in all the magnificence of a northern sunset, turning the straggling clouds into masses of flames and setting the western sky ablaze with a splendid conflagration.

It was not lost on Daunton.

"So, I'm going out in a blaze of fire," thought the sufferer. "Fire! Why, my head and veins are full of it, burning with it, but my feet are cold, so cold."

He was in a plantation of birch trees, where the loose dry bark hung in patches and shreds from every trunk. Scarcely knowing what he was about, he tore down the hanging bark, more inflammable than pitch, and a moment more he had a fire going. Alone on the hardwood ridge stood a dead pine with a hollow heart, in which generations of squirrels had made their homes. Against the foot of this pine Daunton built his fire. The dry punk of the hollow tree caught fire like tinder, and in ten minutes the tree was blazing.

When the sun had disappeared below the horizon, the great pine was flaming up into the sky like a torch, and from the ridge upon which it stood was visible for miles around. Daunton reveled in the warmth until after burning two hours the tree fell with a terrific crash, resounding like an explosion through the silent night. The wanderer crouched as close as he could to the glowing embers, and in a half-conscious state passed the night.

Daylight came at last, and with it Daunton struggled to his feet, but his legs would not support him, and he sank back again. Twice he tried to rise, for he knew it was death to lie there. His head was clear for the moment, and he felt that the end was close at hand.

"It's the last daylight I shall see," he thought, "but I won't give up yet. The brandy, yes, it's time to finish it."

He took out the flask and looked at the remaining liquid. Putting it to his lips, he drained it at a gulp. It ran like living coals down his throat, and gave him temporary strength.

Flinging away the now empty flask, he made another effort and rose to his knees. His half-frozen feet would scarce support his weight, but his will conquered his physical weakness and he stood erect once more.

The fire smouldered in the pine stump, and stirring the embers he warmed himself. Then he picked up a long pine sliver and lit one end. With this brand in his hand he shouldered his rifle, muzzle forward, and started on his last tramp. As he passed the birches he lit the hanging bark with his torch; why, he himself could not have told. The combustible bark flamed up like gunpowder and burned in a twinkling to the top of the tree, then went out as quickly, sending up into the still morning air a thick column of pitchy smoke. He must have lighted a dozen trees in this manner when his torch went out.

He staggered on with reeling brain through the endless trees, falling at times from sheer weakness, but always regaining his feet after a determined effort. He was at the end of the struggle, and could go but little further.

His rifle became an intolerable load to him, and he knew the time had come to abandon it. He leaned it against a tree and fired it.

The noise almost deafened him. His numbed fingers could hardly work the lock, but he managed to discharge the three remaining cartridges into the air. Then he affectionately placed his rifle against a hemlock and walked away. The relief from the weight of the heavy rifle was great, but only temporary, and an hour later he was again falling and dragging himself up.

He turned down hill, for no other reason than that it was easier to walk, and toiled slowly forward. Suddenly in the snow in front of him he saw tracks—human footprints.

He examined them anxiously.

They were old—a day old, at least; and the trail was uncertain and wandering. Still he would follow it back and see where the marks came from.

What, more tracks!

With blurred eyesight and pulsing brain he knelt in the snow to inspect them.

They were unmistakable. The footprints of three wolves were following the moccassin tracks and their trail was but little fresher than that of the man.

Daunton dragged himself on, sometimes on his hands and knees, sometimes moving from tree to tree for support, until late in the day he heard the tinkle of running water. A few yards further and a little pool came in sight. He drank deeply and then looked around. By the pool were the charred embers of a camp-fire.

Slowly it dawned on his fevered brain that something was familiar about the place. He examined the tracks and the ashes of the fire. There could be no doubt. It was his camp of two nights before, and the trail he had followed was his own.

He had circled on his own trail, and here was the end.

As Daunton realized this, he deliberately sat down with his back against a tree and went through his pockets. In one he found some paper. With a blackened match he wrote:

ROBERT DAUNTON,
New York,
Died Nov. 28, 1883,

and thrust the paper between his knife blade and sheath and laid them beside him.

The mental effort of this was too much for Daunton, and for some moments he did not move. Then his back hurt him, and he slid down to a recumbent position. It was cold, very cold, but Daunton felt it not, for he was rapidly passing beyond all feeling. His eyes, dim before, now perceived nothing but the light above him, and his ears were filled with a strange humming. He sank into a delirious reverie.

Back to his boyhood his mind wandered. So it was for this, to starve alone in a frozen forest, that he was trained and educated.

Old scenes came back to him. The college campus—then the music of the ballroom; but now he was dying, only too grateful that he had to walk no more among those endless, endless trees.

Again he seemed to feel the genial glow of the club room fire, with his friends around him, and now—he knew he was slowly freezing, for the cold no longer hurt him.

Then the air seemed to grow heavy with the languor of the south, and once more he sat by a dark-haired girl on the banks of the Manola. All the hate and bitterness he had felt toward her passed from him, and a long suppressed love came surging up, conquering the last pangs of starvation and death weariness in its all mastering passion. He felt her arms around his neck and her warm kiss on his frozen lips. It seemed to draw from him the last trace of feeling, and Robert Daunton sank back in the snow unconscious.

III.

When Daunton failed to return, Farnesby did not at first feel much anxiety, for he knew little of the woods, but when he could see from the excited discussion among the men that they considered it something of importance he asked Sabattis what he thought of it.

Sabattis said that Daunton had probably wounded some animal, perhaps a caribou, and in following the fresh trail had found himself too far to return that night. Francois alone said nothing, and could not be persuaded to express an opinion.

Farnesby slept uneasily and at the first flush of dawn he rose and went to the beach, where he could get a view of the lake. To his surprise he found Francois smoking the inevitable pipe and peering through the rifts in the fog, which hung thick over the water.

"Francois," asked Farnesby, "what are you doing here? Looking for Daunton?"

"Not look," replied the Indian, "hear," and he touched his ear. "May be gun."

"We must find him to-day, Francois. You can follow his trail, can't you?"

Francois listened gravely and then shook his head, saying: "To much dry. Plenty snow soon."

That day they traced Daunton along the lumber road and found the partridge he had hung up, but with all the Indian's instinct at trailing they lost the track when it turned into the bush. They circled wider and wider to recover the lost trace, but their skill for once was at fault. Francois worked with the rest, but did so in a perfunctory manner, and showed repeatedly that he considered it useless.

That night shortly after Farnesby had thrown himself on his blanket the flap of the tent was drawn suddenly open, and Francois entered and seated himself in silence against the pole. Farnesby started up on his elbow at this unexpected apparition, not knowing what to expect, for he did not feel altogether comfortable alone with the Indian. He gazed into the imperturbable face before him as the pipe now and again brought it into sight when Francois puffed with more than usual energy. After sitting for some minutes without speaking a word, the Indian abruptly remarked: "Snow come. Now find him pretty quick. Might be dead, eh?"

"Dead," said Farnesby, "what do you mean, Francois? Daunton has been gone less than two days and we can find him easily now that there is snow to track him on. Why do you say dead, Alexander?"

"No food; die pretty quick in de bush when starve," replied Francois, and then to Farnesby's horror the Indian told the other a tale. He related it in his broken, jerky English, often pausing at important parts and speaking with an effort. He had hunted before in this region, he told Farnesby, and had run a line of sable traps over the hardwood ringes to the east of them. One day, in repairing a dead-fall, he was splitting off pine slabs, when he noticed a strange looking mound at the foot of the tree. Kicking away the leaves, he found a pile of human bones—the leg bones straight out in front and the ribs and arms in a small heap against the tree. At this point the Indian emphasized the story by straightening up against the tent pole with his feet stretched out in front of him, and then with his arms made a gesture of complete collapse to illustrate how the body had fallen together. The motions pictured the scene so graphically that Farnesby shuddered, but Francois, without noticing him, proceeded with his story.

He had found among the bones some rusty buttons and a short pipe—nothing else. He shook his head solemnly as he told how strange it was that neither wolf nor bear had disturbed the skeleton, though it had lain there for months. Then the Indian constructed the history of the bones with great ingenuity, told vividly how the man, who must have been a runaway shanty man, Francois said, had lost his way in the woods, had wandered day after day, had slowly starved, until sunken eyed and fevered he had crouched in the lea of the pine tree to escape the cutting north wind—"Bones be on south side tree," remarked the Indian—until the wind ceased to cut or the hunger to gnaw.

Then the Indian told how he had taken back the bones in a bag to Mattawa for the priest to bury. Francois smoked in silence for a moment, then rose with a jerk and left the tent with the parting remark, "Find boss sure. May be bring him back same way."

Next morning Francois was gone, taking with him his canoe, his rifle and a light load of provisions.

Long before the following sun had risen Alexander Francois had paddled up the lake shore some ten miles, and then hiding his canoe in the bushes as day broke had struck into the woods in an easterly direction, examining the snow-covered ground as he hurried along. His intention was to make a complete circle around the spot where Daunton's track was last seen.

He tramped all day, and at dark camped beside a rock, which he heated with a fire, and then scraping away the hot coals lay down against it. All the next day he walked, inspecting the snow with the utmost care, so that tracks, perhaps half buried, might not escape him. At sundown he built his fire on the edge of a small lake. He boiled a little tea and ate his cold pork, and then stood smoking for a while on the lake shore. Suddenly in the far eastern sky he saw a red glow. It grew brighter and brighter for an hour, and then slowly faded out. Francois smiled to himself, and knocking the ashes from his pipe he rolled himself in his blanket and slept.

About midnight he rose, tied up his blanket and started due east. All night through the snowy forest he picked his way, like some nocturnal beast of prey. The crunching of the snow under his moccasins was the only sound in the forest, until just at dawn in front of him he heard the long drawn howl of a wolf.

"Mah-in-got," he muttered, and hurried on. Sunlight found him on a ridge with a few very tall spruces among the hardwood growth. One of these Francois climbed and inspected the neighboring woods. At length, still to the east, shot up a thin column of smoke, then another and another. Francois slid to the ground and seizing his rifle started toward the smoke on a quick walk, a tireless, swinging walk that required sinews of steel. He never paused for marsh or thicket until at midday he suddenly stooped down.

There were Daunton's footmarks a day old. The Indian hurried on, but noticed the wolf prints beside the man's. He saw the reeling, uncertain character of the trail, and an expression almost equivalent to anxiety passed over his face when the snow betrayed the spots where Daunton had leaned against a tree for support, or where he had fallen outright.

Further on Francois read in the snow that the wolves had stopped, evidently alarmed, and had then bolted

back at full speed. A few rods further and he learned the cause. Daunton's pine tree in falling had driven them off for the time being. Disappointed in not finding the lost man there, the guide rushed along the tracks, only stopping to pick up the empty flask.

The footprints were only a few hours old, but evidences of the constant falls showed the Indian plainly that he might still be too late. Next he came on Daunton's rifle, and the space from this point to the pool, a short distance that Daunton had only traversed with the utmost effort, the Indian covered with a few bounds, and an hour before sunset he found the form of Daunton.

Alexander Francois leaned over the American for a moment, and then lit his pipe with deliberation. He was not too late. MADISON GRANT.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—VI.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

THE proprietor of the plantation where the corn shucking was to come off was a young man, not over forty, but he seemed older. There is something in the isolation of a man from his fellows, or at least those whom he considers to be his fellows, which tends to age him. He gets into a habit of self-communion, a sort of introspection or whatever you may term it, that makes him feel himself to be a special creation, and on an entirely different plane from that of other men. We see this in all the old woodsmen whom we employ as guides, and who live in seclusion for more than half of each year. It is also noticeable in the isolated Southern planter, who makes stated visits to his neighbors for social purposes, and who, surrounded by hundreds of human beings, leads a lonesome life.

My notes are blurred as to names, and they are a job lot of notes anyway, but memory retains the facts and the scenes, and I drop the notes in the waste basket. The name of our host for the evening is lost, so as his cognomen is now an unknown quantity, I will call him Mr. X. He insisted on our coming into the house and keeping in reach of the sideboard, but the boys, George and Jack, were too young to care for the sideboard, and the Doctor and I preferred to see the darky bands arrive and hear the greetings.

"Here we is, fum General Cole's plantation; how you does, Unc' Pete? An' dere's ol' Unc' John from Vernon Parish, an' I ain' shuck yo' han' since de las' shuckin' awn Cunnel Law's plantation las' yeah; I'se pow'ful glad fo' to see yo' all. An' heah's Aunt Liza, the bes' possum cook in de whole parish; we got twenty fo' you, Liza, an' yo' mus' do yo' bes' awn 'em to-night. Well, I 'clar', ef dah ain' dat little buck-dancin' Sam! Say, Sam, yo' mus' rub a extra lot o' rawsin awn yo' feet to-night, fo' dey's a buck-dancah from Vernon come to contes' wid yo' to-night, an' dey say he can lay yo' out. Dey's to be some contes' in straight jiggin', but yo' ain' in dat, an' I don' know who dey is. Good ebenin', Miss Melindy, I wants to shake a foot wid yo' w'en de shuckin's done, I spec' I'm awn time."

This was a sample of the talk, as I caught it, but the names are not those of the locality; they are lost, but we must have names in order to tell the story.

Parties streamed in with torch and song until there were at least 300 negroes, 100 women and a lot of pickaninnies, not taxed. We were on the alluvial side of the Red River, where corn and sugar cane grew in profusion, and some distance north of the rice country. There was a mountain of corn in the husk, or "shuck," as they call it South, and when the forces gathered to attack it there seemed no prospect of its being done in one night. But I had not seen a Southern corn shucking. It was, in its quick work, somewhat like a "raising bee" at the North, where the neighbors put up a man's house or barn from material already prepared, and it arises like Aladdin's palace.

Corn Shucking.

When all was ready a very dark and very large darky climbed to the ridge of the long pile of corn and called out: "Now we begin, an' yo' mus' all pay 'tention to de shuckin' an' to de song, an' not do any talkin' w'ile yo's a-shuckin', fo' yo' can talk w'en it's done. Now begin!" and he sang:

"De cawn's in de shuck, but we gwine to get him out
O, roun' up, roun' up de cawn.
An' de possum's in de gum tree, but we gwine to get him out,
O, roun' up, roun' up de cawn.

W'en de cawn's in de tossel, an' de punkin's in de bloom,
O, roun' up, roun' up de cawn.
Den de darky take a res' an' he watch de harves' moon,
O, keep on a-roundin' up de cawn.

Den skin off de shuck an' tear out his heart,
But keep awn roundin' up de cawn;
Tell de gals an' boys not to make too much noise
W'en dey keeps awn a-roundin' up de cawn."

There were yards, rods and furlongs of this verse, and Jake seemed competent to spin it out forever. Doctor Gordon and I stood and listened to it in a spirit that I dare not describe as ecstacy, but will merely say that it was a thing to our mutual taste. The fire-light, the picturesque costumes, which were heightened by that light, and the quaint songs and chorus in the rich voices, were beyond description. Mr. X. and the other white men occasionally looked on, but the Doctor and I seldom left it.

The problem of the Doctor's nativity was far from being solved, and I loved to work on it. He was an American, surely, but so much a man of the world that he had words, phrases and other characteristics of all parts of the country. At the sideboard he expressed a preference for "red likkah," and I credited him to Kentucky, but when he spoke of the heavy dew and called it "doo," I put him down as from the North.

"Doctor," said I, "these darky songs seem to interest us more than they do the other guests, but I suppose it's an every-day matter with them, at least the peculiarities of the plantation darky don't interest them."

"True, they do not, for to them they are not peculiarities, but common every-day traits. They live among these people so much that they never think them at all out of the common."

Then came a mighty shout from hundreds of throats, hundreds of ears of corn were tossed in the air, and then followed a stampede to the barbecue; the last ear had been shucked and tossed into the great pen, which was literally rounded up as the singer and his chorus had advised. The Doctor and I agreed that we preferred to go to the barbecue, but the host had invited us into the house, where a dozen of us sat down to a midnight dinner, which began with a clear soup, rippled over olives and celery, held a large boiled fish awhile in a pool, then meandered over venison chops, and finally ran into a great roasted wild turkey. The flow was aided and abetted by juices of various grapes, but I was wrecked on an enormous plum pudding, and could go no further; the Doctor also stopped at this point. Such a dinner, at such an hour, needs a stronger stomach than mine, but I ate it, all but the pudding, and fortunately there was no room left for that most indigestable mass. The other articles were tempting, and then one "may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," and what if I did suffer some for a few days? One has to pay for all good things in this world.

After we had left the table the Doctor proposed that we should go to the barbecue, and I and two others agreed; the rest preferred to sit on the porch with their feet on the rail and smoke. We saw the pits and the great spits resting in crotches, with cranks and ropes to hold the spits from turning with their burdens of quarters of beef, whole hogs and sheep, which had been roasting over live coals. A few pickaninnies were feasting on the remains with great gusto, for there was plenty left. But we heard shouting back near the shucking place and the mansion, and turned toward it and found that the dancing had begun. Mr. X. gave me the number of pounds of beef, pork and mutton, and I recorded the information in my notes, which were thrown away. I hate statistics, and am not sorry; all I remember is that there were twenty possums, and these were reserved for a favored few by the master of ceremonies.

At the Dance.

Cotillions were first in order, on the smooth, hard-beaten ground, and then the old fiddler appeared. Old, frosty-headed and lame, he did not promise much music to the eye, but as he slowly mounted the platform, which had been put up about 3ft. high for the jig and the buck dancers, he realized his importance, and spent much time in tuning up, for it would never have suited his dignity to have done this in private, he called "All ready"; the master of ceremonies shouted: "Gran' salute!" and he shook "Gray Eagle" out of that fiddle in great shape.

"I 'clar' to goodness, Miss Lucinda, yo' does dat pigeon-wing de bestes' I ebbah seed, yo' does, fo' a fac'."

"Go 'long, Sam, yo' is allus flatiron; yo' know yo' does de wing to 'fection, an' I jess try to pattenise aftah yo'."

The old fiddler played the bass with his boot, and the time was perfect. He shifted off to "Money Musk" and "Devil's Dream," and as the Doctor said, was "no slouch."

This remark placed the Doctor in Chicago.

Two more "cowtillions" and a Virginia reel followed, and the "ladies" retired, for the night had waned perceptibly. Then the M. of C. vociferously announced: "Dey's a buck dancah fum Vernon Parish come heah to-night to dance ouah Sam. Dey is a prize o' five dollahs, an' Col. X. is gwine to 'pint three w'ite men judges w'at fum ouah parish o' in Vernon. Any man w'at wants to bet awn hees man, I'll hole de stake."

Straight Jig and Buck Dancing.

Our host had seen that the Doctor and I had a taste for this kind of amusement, and proposed that we be two of the three judges. "My dear sir," I replied, "I feel fully competent to judge a straight jig, but I do not even know what buck dancing is."

"I know," said the Doctor, "and your ear for rhythm and knowledge of the intricacy of the straight jig will make you a competent judge. Of course, the straight jig is the ideal dance, the neatest, cleanest expression of music by the human foot. It makes no claim to a 'poetry of motion,' but it is a dance to be heard as well as seen. The buck dance is of the same order, but coarser, and the dancer moves all over the stage. Accept, and be a judge."

Sam came forward and proclaimed himself as the champion buck dancer. He was followed by a slim fellow from Vernon, and they shook hands after the manner of prize fighters, to show that there was no ill feeling. A Mr. Petro, from New Orleans, had joined us as a judge. He understood the dance, and we made him referee. He called the dancers and warned them that wing steps, all straight jig steps, such as "weed corn," "kiver taters," etc., would be discounted, and the contestants retired to rub the soles of their bare feet with rosin. Four minutes was allotted to each, and the tune was something in the jerky time of "Johnny, get yer gun, gitcher gun," and the boys put in their best licks; Sam was the winner, and insisted on showing a few more steps that time did not permit him to bring in. I was greatly interested in this, because it was a characteristic dance, evidently evolved by the plantation negro. It is common now in the music halls of the North. It was rhythmical, sometimes graceful and at others grotesque, as suited the fancy of the performer.

The more delicate straight jig, danced in thin-soled shoes on a sanded floor, is not a negro dance, what he has of it he has learned from such minstrels as travel with the "kid shows" of a circus, and the performer tries to hold the same spot and move nothing but his legs, while he puts in light doubles and triples; but these boys were not light of foot, and the Doctor said to me: "Old as I am, I can do better than that, at least I believe I can." And I replied: "If it was not *infra dig* I'd like to show these boys a few things in that line, for once upon a time—"

"We'll have it out when we get back to the Colonel's," said the Doctor, and the boys agreed to remind us of the promise.

"For the Rain it Raineth Every Day."

It was daylight and raining when we reached the Colonel's mansion, and throwing our bridles to some of the men, we went to bed, our two boys being hardly able to keep awake until their room was reached. We met at an evening dinner, where the boys were the only ones whose digestions had not been impaired by the great midnight dinner, and as they alone of our party had tackled the plum pudding, the Doctor and I caught each other watching them eat and knew that we both were wondering at what a boy's stomach could assimilate, and were harking back to our boyhood days, when we could stow away any reasonable, or unreasonable, quantity of boiled dough in the shape of plum pudding or in its other forms of "dumplings," things we now regarded as either instant death or long sickness.

Old Tom was in the Colonel's room, where he had been since we left him the night before. The Doctor unbandaged the ankle and said: "Tom, you have done well, the inflammation has gone down wonderfully. I don't know but I had best go and leave you in charge."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "if I stirred in the night the faithful old man was by me ready to dress my ankle, but it has been a long day. Pull up your chairs and tell me about the shuckin'."

"Thank yo', sah," said Tom, as he closed the door; but to this day I do not know whether it was for the Doctor's compliment or for what I thought I saw slipped into the old man's hand. Experience has taught me that there are a few things which are none of my business.

The rain beat on the windows in sheets, and there was a monotonous drip, drip, down the chimney. Said the Colonel: "Old Tom says that it will rain for three days. He saw the cat wash its face three times last night, and the rain-bird—the cuckoo—called three times to-day. Often the old man is right, for he watches these things, but the cat might have performed its ablutions when he was not looking at it, and the cuckoo probably called many times when his ear did not record it, but it is about time for several days' rain, and I will be the gainer by having you indoors."

The boys went back to bed. They outclassed us on eating and sleeping, but we were in good condition to spend the evening with the Colonel. The Doctor no longer called me "sir" in every sentence, and we sat up with the Colonel until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," and spent three days in talk, cribbage and chess, not forgetting the jig dancing, which the boys could not be induced to forget, but which we had forgotten.

We just Took a Few Crappies.

The rain held on for three long days, and while the company was congenial I had ever in mind that I had duties to perform. I explained my collecting mission to the Doctor and the boys, as a reason for my leaving them at an early day, and that, while I was not expected to collect ten hours a day, rain or shine, I had scruples about using too much time in the way last week was spent.

Said George: "We've been talking of this, and the Doctor says that you can collect a whole lot of small life over on our pond, if you will go fishing with us. What are the funny names you told me he could collect, Doctor?"

Evidently there had been a deep and dark conspiracy against me, and the Doctor was the chief criminal, who had intrusted the details to an inexperienced boy, and the boy had, in police parlance, "given him away."

"Doctor," said I, "this is a surprise, and—"

"Well, it has turned out so; but the morning is clear, and we have it all arranged to go to the pond and fish. The horses are at the door, so get your rods and tackle, and we'll be off, and I will only say: You can collect the fresh-water mollusks and crustaceans, which you said you had not done, while we fish. You need not fish, but may go on with your collecting; we will not interfere."

"Yes," Jack interpolated, "and if any of these—what's 'e'r names?—is too big for you to handle, we'll all help you take care of them."

The pond was an enlargement of the stream which ran back of Col. B.'s plantation and down into the Red River. It was about a mile long and a half as wide. There were three boats, and I took a darky boy in one for collecting specimens for Prof. Baird, while the Doctor and Jack took another, and George and a darky took the third. I kept to the shore, and with rake and fine-meshed dip-net took in all the lice in sight. The boy who rowed me opened his eyes in astonishment at the harvest. "Well, I done 'clar'! Nebba see such cu'ious t'ing befo'. He got big eyes an' laigs, an' looks lak a heap o' dirt; w'at's he good fo'?"

"Do you see that dragon fly on your oar?"

"Yes, sah; dat's a debbil's darnin' needle; I knows him fo' shuah."

"Well, this thing will change into that big fly next year. It will come out of the water, fly around and lay its eggs, which will hatch into crawlers like this and then die. The crawlers will turn into devil's darning needles the next year, and so they keep it up."

"How does dat crawlah turn into a debbil's darnin' needle? He doan look laik it. An' how does—but I 'spect yo' want to hab some fun wid a po' fool niggah, an' so it's all right."

The boy amused me with his skepticism, and instead of trying to teach him facts in animal transformation I told him that the fresh-water mussels traveled down to salt water and became oysters; I became an authority on oysters in his opinion. The temptation was too great to be resisted. He refused my fact, but accepted the fiction, because one seemed impossible and the other looked probable. If he is living to-day he knows that after the first frost the frogs get wings in one night and fly away, to return in spring; that ghosts never go out on rainy nights, and other interesting facts in nature. His mind was well stored with an assortment of knowledge in the zoological line that day.

With a collection of invertebrates, consisting of many kinds of mollusks, some crustaceans and a lot of insect larvæ, we stopped work and joined the anglers,

They had struck the right spot for crappies, and while the most of them were the big-mouth species, they had three of the other kind, *P. sparoides*, which is more common in the North, and I was glad to note it. I fished with them for an hour, and then we started for home. I had taken about fifteen, and was surprised to see that they had over two bushels of fish, mainly crappies, and those many species of the sunfish which shade off into the rock bass, or red-eye, warmouth, etc., so common there.

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, in reply to a question; "there will be no waste; you overlook the colored contingent, which will use every fish that is left after our small family is provided for."

"Yes, and we let a lot go," said George, "because they were red-horse and suckers, and it is not cold enough to eat them now; they're too soft.

"An' we'd 'a' had more only I got snagged in the tree top three times," said Jack, "and lost time when they were biting fast, an' then I got hold of a turtle 'at wouldn't come in for I don't know how long, and I had to cut the line and rig new hooks. We used up all the bait-fish and then had to cut chunks out of suckers, and that took time, an' I think I lost a bushel of fish in that way."

"Jack," the Doctor slowly remarked, "we were not fishing against time, nor to see how many bushels of fish we could catch. Never regret the time lost in freeing your line, even if the fish are biting freely. Remember, my boy, that we do not want to catch the last fish in the pond, if we could, and that it would be a sin for us to take as many as we have if your grandfather did not have so many people to feed."

My Little Sermon on Killing Things.

The Doctor looked my way, as if he wanted approval of his sermon. He got it in this way: "Jack, never take the life of any creature unless you need it for food, clothing or other use, or because it injures you in some direct or indirect manner. Every insect, bird, beast, fish or reptile is part of nature's great balance wheel in keeping down other forms of animal or vegetable life. Destroy the pond and river fishes and the turtles would starve, the frogs would multiply until they had devoured all the insects which either destroy vegetation or act as a check upon those which do, and the entire balance is upset. Even an alligator has its uses, Jack, in the economy of nature; I don't mean in furnishing man with purses and things from its skin, nor jewelry from its teeth, but in keeping down other forms of life.

"Look at our little summer yellowbird, Jack, the American goldfinch; its mission is to keep down the thistle by feeding on its seeds; the woodpecker destroys the grub, which in their turn would destroy our forests, and the swallow, the martin, the bull bat, the whip-poorwill and the bat keep down the innumerable hordes of insects which make life a torment for us but for their unceasing work, night and day; and it is the same all through animal life, down to the earthworm.

"Jack, I want you to give this matter some serious thought, for it deserves it, and please do not hate me for putting these things before you in this way. I fully realize that it is not a boy's way of looking at the sport of shooting and fishing, and will confess that it was not my way of viewing it when I was your age, and thought it my right and privilege to kill every living thing that came in my way. I have learned better in the course of time. I have come to know that man is only one in the great plan of nature, and that he is dependent for his existence on the balance which is kept up among what he is pleased to call the lower forms of life, even down to the angle worm with which you catch a fish. Do you follow me, Jack?"

"Oh, yes; and I suppose it's all true; but when I go to hunt or fish I want all I can get, and I have no time to speculate on the balance of life or on any other theory."

"Boy fashion," remarked the Doctor, "but the seed has not fallen on barren ground; it will take root in time."

Holding a Council.

When we reached the mansion it was near dinner time. The boys selected the fish for the family breakfast, all crappies, and gave the rest to be divided among the help. When we had made ourselves presentable for the table, the Colonel was also presentable, for old Tom had dressed him, hunted up a pair of crutches, and there he was. Said he: "Tom is a better nurse than Dr. Gordon, for he does what I tell him to do, while the Doctor gives me orders to obey. If the Doctor had been here to-day I would have been kept in bed just to show me that I was under his orders, and with only a slightly sprained ankle. No, sir! Tom is a good enough nurse for me, and here I am."

The Doctor made no reply; but Mrs. H. said: "I told father that it might be injudicious for him to get out of bed so soon, even though he does not touch the injured foot to the floor. I told him, Doctor, that he had better await your coming and advice, and what do you think he said?"

"I can't imagine."

"He looked at me in a pitying sort of way and replied: 'My dear girl, it's very kind of you, and you mean well, but don't know, and Dr. Gordon also means well, but this is my ankle that is sprained, and I know how it feels much better than Dr. Gordon does—and I've ordered Tom to brush my clothes, get crutches and I will be with you at dinner.' Now, Doctor, what can be done with a patient, or an impatient, like that? I believe you take two lumps, Doctor."

"If you please. Don't worry about your father; I'll talk with him to-night in his room."

"Very well; and I think you take your tea clear, Major, do you not?"

"Yes, thanks, I take it straight; I beg pardon, I mean clear."

The Colonel was in fine fettle when we assembled in his room after dinner. He had defied the Doctor, and virtually turned the case over to old Tom, who slept on a cot in a spare room next the Colonel, where he had his meals sent from the family table, and that was good enough for him. The boys were allowed to be with us until 10 o'clock, and we were five, in council.

After a general talk on the events of the day I spoke my piece in this manner: "Colonel B., I have no words to thank you for * * *. That such a trifling incident as that on the Red River steamer should cause you to open your house to me as a guest seems like fiction. In a review of the events which are recent history it seems like a dream; but one of those happy dreams which we cherish and wish might come true, I must leave you. * * *"

Then the Colonel said something which I would not like to repeat, but it ended in an intimation that I would be welcome under his roof at any time.

Jack broke in, boy fashion, and asked: "When must you go?"

"Day after to-morrow, my boy."

"Then let's have another hunt! What shall it be, deer, turkeys or bears?"

"Why not partridges?" asked George.

"There's lots of 'em in the berry patches," Jack replied, "and the old orchard and the cornfields are full."

"All right, boys, I will hunt partridges with you to-morrow, and then I must leave."

"Before we go to bed, will you please tell us what that funny name is that you have for partridges in your country?"

"We call them quail."

"Oh, yes! Good night!"

Said the Doctor: "May I ask you where you drift to when you leave us?"

"Certainly. I go to look over the drowned lands where Red River, when in flood, overflows into the Atchafalaya, and then down into the rice country and into the brackish water, then home."

The Doctor thought a moment and remarked: "The Colonel is doing well, and it is safe to predict that he will not go on another bear hunt until I return. He will be glad to be rid of me, won't you, Colonel?"

"Since you put it in that form, and dare me to say it, I will say yes, but come back on the old terms of friendship as soon as you can."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yukon Adventures.

(*Continued from page 330.*)

Visions of Starvation.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the grove we had selected for a camping spot, but our sleep was far from restful. We did not know that there was a human habitation between the spot where we found ourselves and Dawson, nearly 200 miles away. Dr. Dawson's report on the exploration of the Yukon district, N. W. Territory, which furnished most of our information regarding the country, gave the particulars of the burning of the old Hudson Bay Post at Fort Selkirk by the Indians years before, but did not mention the fact that Harper had since established a store at the same point. We knew we were not more than eight or ten miles from the Pelly River and Selkirk, but for the reasons given we derived little comfort from the fact. We came to the conclusion that our boats would not go any great distance down the river, but that they would either sink or lodge on some bar. In the latter case they were very likely to be covered over by the ice, which had a wonderful faculty for piling up on any stationary object that hindered its progress.

In our sack of dishes we found a few scraps of horse meat and a handful of cornmeal. We made a scanty supper from this, which, as a matter of fact, only whetted our appetites, and made us realize how hungry we were.

For breakfast we determined to shoot some red squirrels. Shortly after daybreak one ran to the top of a spruce directly in front of camp, and sitting on our bedding I dropped him almost in the ashes of the campfire. A short walk gave us two more, and we fried the three in the skillet and ate them, bones and all. Afterward I felt sorry we hadn't eaten the skins.

Caching the majority of our goods on the site of the camp, we made packs of the bedding and some of the clothing, and set out down the river in search of our lost boats. It seemed better to go on foot than in the remaining boat, as if the missing boats were stranded on an island we might not see them from the water till too late, and so be carried past. After we had located them would be time enough to lay plans for reaching them in the boat. All day we followed the edge of the hurrying ice pack, scanning bars and islands for a trace of our missing craft, and seeing nothing to encourage us. At the heads of bars great masses of ice had accumulated, and any of these might be the tombstone of our lost hopes.

Late in the day, tired, hungry and heartsick over the continued disappointment, we came in sight of the high lava cliff which runs from the mouth of the Pelly for a considerable distance down the north bank of the Yukon. Three hundred yards out in the river we caught sight of a dark object stranded at the head of a bar and nearly covered with ice. The object exerted a strange fascination over us, and neither Mac nor I could take our eyes from it, though for a while at least we hardly realized its import.

When opposite the strange object we dropped our packs and without a word waded out into the river. Two other bars intervened, and between these the current swept like a mill race, carrying great cakes of ice a foot thick and many feet in diameter. For all we knew the water was over our heads. There were no two ways about it, however. We had to know then and there the secret of that black object.

We dodged the cakes of ice as well as we could, getting near the outer edges when it was impossible to escape them altogether, and letting them turn on our legs as a tangential pivot. And so we crossed from bar to bar and finally reached the last.

Thank God! it was one of the missing boats, sure enough. The provisions were intact and not even wet. We sank on our knees and from our hearts returned thanks to an all-merciful Providence.

Good things never come singly. From our position in mid-stream we could see around the next bend of the river. There, perched on a high bank, less than a mile below, was the trading post of Fort Selkirk—ten or a dozen houses, including a mission of the Church of England (temporarily abandoned), and the stock yards where Dalton slaughtered his cattle in summer after their long overland journey from the coast.

Fort Selkirk and the Agent.

We reached Selkirk just after dark, and a little man, moccasined and wearing a beaver skin cap with ear tabs 5in. long, came out to meet us and heard in silence our story. When we were quite through he opened his lips for the first time and said:

"What you fellows want by coming into this country I can't understand. Isn't home good enough for you that you should be risking your lives in such cockle shell boats on a river whose every stone is likely to be the tombstone of some man? Go over to that cabin and make a fire, I will get a lamp and see what I can do for you."

This was H. H. Pitts, the man who has had charge of Harper's store at Selkirk for four years. I should like to write a book on Pitts. He has the softest heart, the sanest judgment and the growliest conversation of any man on the Yukon.

We made our fire, and Mr. Pitts came over presently with flour, caribou liver, bacon and tea for our supper, and if ever two hungry men appreciated eating it was then and there. Everything in sight disappeared, and afterward we turned our chairs to the fire and meekly listened to what Pitts had to say. He had an idea that God intended the Yukon for Indians and traders, and perhaps a few old hardened prospectors that had found by experience nothing would kill them. He said no man that didn't know how to starve and be cheerful, or roost on the warm side of a slab of ice, should ever be admitted to the country, and he told us the story of the Thorn boys, of New York City, who spent several months at Selkirk last summer. The brothers, two in number, worked a while for Jack Dalton on condition that he would take them out with him on his return to the coast, but at the last there was some disagreement, and they started up the river on their own hook. They were athletic fellows, used to the refinements of civilization, but weren't practical enough for a country which has so many more square miles than square meals. One of them told Pitts that he hated walking over rocks and asked him if there were as many up river as there were at Selkirk.

It was plain to be seen that the little man had had the brothers on his mind. Outwardly he repudiates the men who come to him in need of assistance—and their name is legion—but in his heart he takes up each separate burden and does what he can to lighten it, though always in a method and manner calculated to make the beneficiary vituperate rather than bless him. There is nothing Pitts dreads more than to be accused of a kind action.

The Thorn boys cleared out and went up river, and for many days Pitts could get no answer to his inquiries regarding them. He worried, as came natural, though no doubt the Thorns thought he was only glad to be rid of them.

A few days before our arrival news at last was received. The Thorns had missed the Indian trail, upon which Dalton has foisted his name, and which no white man can follow when the snow is on the ground, and for days had wandered around aimlessly, wearing out shoe leather and consuming their scanty supply of food. Report had it that Swiftwater Bill had picked them up in a starving condition, and one out of his mind as a result of privations endured.

Pitts is well informed on all subjects connected with the outer world, and knows what yellow journalism is. A newspaper correspondent brought his pretty nineteen-year-old wife to Fort Selkirk, and while living near by later in the winter she froze both her feet so badly that it was at first thought they might have to be amputated. The agent was greatly worried over the case, and particularly so as he had reason to believe that the couple were short on the grub account. He remarked:

"I suppose that fellow has brought his wife into this country to freeze her and starve her, and then write up her sensations for some Sunday paper. He ought to be in a lunatic asylum or the penitentiary."

That night before we turned in Mr. Pitts thoroughly convinced us that he could furnish us no provisions even if we came to the last extreme. No trading steamer had reached the Pelly for two years, and during the summer everything edible except some condensed milk had been cleaned out. The refugees from Dawson had bought the milk and there was nothing left except a very few pounds of flour and beans and sugar, which could not be bought. The agent himself was reduced to a very scant menu, and had practically nothing saved for the support of the hundred and a half Indians who rounded up at the post after hunting and trapping excursions that took them across hundreds of miles of unmapped virgin country. We found out afterward that he was doling out flour to them in pound paper bags long after he had shut down on the white men. He said it would soon be gone, and that the Indians would starve and die like sheep in the spring, but while the little lasted he felt his obligation to the copper-colored men rather than the white. "The Indians were gathered here by traders, who promised them food," he said, "while these chechacoes (tenderfeet) have rushed in here after gold as if they were storming Hell, knowing they couldn't get grub, and deserve to suffer the consequences." There was the hardest kind of an inflection to his words, and yet that very day, when Renaud came in with frozen feet and empty stomach, it was Pitts who brought over his bean pot and ladled out the contents till the worn man said enough, and who bound up and poulticed his feet.

At Selkirk we came in daily contact with Indians. In another article I shall have something to say of the vanishing Yukon tribe.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Throw a bit of alum, about the size of a marble, into a small bowl of water, and wet the hands and face and any exposed parts lightly with it. Not a mosquito will approach you. They hum about a little and disappear.—Bombay Guardian.

Natural History.

Some Indian Natural History.

It was a good many years ago that old Hugh Monoe, who for more than seventy-five years had traveled he prairies of the Northwest, told me that once he had ound a bird's nest in the thick hair between the horns of a buffalo bull that he had killed. He had two Indians with him, and had killed the young bull which the Indians were beginning to skin and cut up; and while hey were doing this he plucked some of the long hair from the forehead to use in wiping out his gun. As he reached down and grasped the hair a little bird—a little gray bird—flew out from under his hand and away. Parting the hair to see whence it had come, he found a round, smooth nest, containing four little young birds. He could not tell me what kind of a bird it was.

Not many weeks ago, when I was sitting in the lodge with my Indian father and elder brothers, principal chiefs of the Blackfeet, I spoke of this tale that had been told me, and learned that all who were present had heard of just this thing. On-ésta-pokau, the White Calf, had known of one case of this kind where the bird was a blackbird; but this he had not seen himself.

Once, however, he did see the nest of a "snow bird" containing four eggs between the horns of a bull. Inquiry, followed by a careful and detailed description, showed that the bird which the Blackfeet call "snow bird" is the prairie shore lark.

After we had talked about this for some time E-kusini, the Low Horn, said to me: "My friend, I will now tell you something. Do you know that Neó-po-muki counts the months of the winter on his tongue?"

"No," I said, "I know Neó-po-muki, but I do not know what you mean by counting the months of the winter on his tongue."

"This is it," said Low Horn. "In spring, if you kill one, and open his mouth and lift up his tongue, you will find under the tongue five other tongues, one tongue for each month of the winter. In the fall he does not have these extra tongues. I do not know why he has them, nor what it means."

Neó-po-muki is the chickadee, and he is so called from his cry; for he says always "Summer is coming, summer is coming."

"Father," I said to White Calf, "I know that the people are afraid of those water dogs (siredons) that live in the little alkali lakes, and I know that they are Under-Water Animals, and as such are fearful; but what do they do to people? How do they harm them? They are not strong creatures; they have not sharp teeth and claws, and cannot bite nor scratch."

"Still, my son, they have strong power," answered the old man. "When they crawl on to a person they suck his skin into them; into their toes and into their belly and into their tail. Wherever a part of it touches a person, the person's skin goes into the animal. It is impossible to get back your skin from them, unless you cut them open and peel them off."

"Saiyáh, surely they have strong power," I replied.

It was a few days later that I was talking with my old father about the painting on the different lodges in the village. There was the buffalo painted lodge of the Iniskim, the elk painted lodge, the one painted with the raven, the one with the cow's head, and many others. And on nearly all of them I saw at the back of the lodge, high up behind the wings and close to the smoke hole, a design roughly in the shape of a Maltese cross, one arm horizontal, the other vertical.

"You must know, my son," said the old father, "that all these fashions of painting the lodges are very old. Long before my time or my grandfather's time the people painted their lodges in this way, and it has been handed down through the generations. Sometimes even the meaning of the painting has been forgotten, though almost always there is a medicine that goes with the lodge, and a ceremony, so that the people have not forgotten what the painting means. All these different ways of painting have come to people in their sleep. They have dreamed that they must paint their lodges in these ways, and they have done so, and now the fashion cannot be changed. Only one man in the camp may paint his lodge in the fashion of the Iniskim, and he is the man who owns the medicine of that lodge. Once there were two lodges of the Iniskim, one of these had a black ground on which the buffalo were painted to represent deep water; and one had a yellow ground to represent shallow water. Dreams telling them how they should paint their lodges came at different times to two men who owned buffalo stones, and so there were two lodges of the Iniskim. One of these is now up north among the Kainah—the Bloods."

"Father," said I, "on many of the lodges, close to the smoke hole I see a mark like that," crossing my two forefingers. "What does that mean?"

"That, my boy, is the sign of the butterfly. You know that it is the butterfly who brings us our dreams—who brings the news to us when we are asleep. Have you never heard a man say, when he sees a butterfly fluttering over the prairie, 'There is a little fellow flying about who is going to bring the news to some one to-night'? Or have you not heard a person say after night, as the fire burns low, and the people begin to make up their beds about the lodge, 'Well, let us go to bed, and see what news the butterfly will bring. All Indians think that the butterfly brings dreams to us."

"Do you know why the butterfly brings dreams, or how it brings them?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said, "but we all of us believe that it is true. Maybe it is because the butterfly is soft and pretty and moves gently, and if you look at him a long time he will put you to sleep, but I do not know why it is nor how it is that he brings dreams to us."

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

More about Instinct.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Certain of your correspondents have been arguing learnedly and entertainingly upon the subjects of instinct, evolution, heredity, etc.; and since this seems to be a free-for-all shooting match, I will claim your forbearance while I take a shot with my own little Faber No. 2, though not in a polemical vein, and give some reflections that have been revolving in my own mind on these topics.

What is instinct? The most concise definition is given by Paley, as quoted by Webster: "An instinct is a propensity prior to experience, and independent of instruction."

This means, of course, prior to the experience of the individual; and the philosophers of Paley's time supposed that the instinctive impulse originated spontaneously in the mind in human beings, and its equivalent in animals, in a purely subjective way, without connection with extraneous influences.

With later research and increased knowledge, we have learned in our day that all mental impulses are the more or less complex outgrowth of experience; and that class called instinct are the result of mental attitudes that subsisted during many generations, and became crystallized into persistent modes of consciousness that are transmitted by heredity, surviving in full force long after the impulses which gave them birth have been lost in the obscurity of past ages.

Man's brain organism has by long and slow development raised him to a plane above the instinct-producing stage. But, down in the cellars of his mental edifice there is a store of crude and antiquated furniture which still exists in a good state of preservation and all its pristine strength; constituting a substratum of brain activity which occasionally asserts itself, and proclaims man's near kinship to his brother animals, and his own derivation from quadrupedal ancestors. I will endeavor to draw a parallel between man and the lower animals on the common plane of instinct by citing a few familiar facts.

We see that man and dog enter with equal ardor and mutual enjoyment into the spirit of the chase. Whence was this spirit derived? In both cases it is a survival from a stage of existence wherein the pursuit and capture of game was for innumerable generations their sole or principal means of sustaining life. Hence the impulse survives long after the conditions out of which it grew have ceased. Indeed, the more independent both man and dog may be of the material results of their exertions in the chase, the better and more enthusiastic sportsmen are they.

It is said that the well-fed cat is a better mouser than the neglected and poorly-fed one.

Referring to the horse, we are all familiar with his disposition to "shy" at stumps and bushes, or any sight or sound not common to his experience. And the stronger and better condition the horse may be in, the stronger is his propensity to "shy" at bugaboos. This habit is due to an impulse growing out of an environment which made his own survival dependent upon constant vigilance to elude the deadly spring of predacious beasts of the cat family. The necessity for being so constantly on the qui vive to avoid such attacks planted the instinct indelibly in the horse nature, so that it still persists with unabated strength long after such necessity has passed away.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that flight is still the horse's only weapon of defense against his enemies beyond his own tribe.

Turning again to man. What individual whose habits carry him into the woods and fields has failed to experience that thrill of instinctive terror and impulse to make a great jump when he has suddenly come upon a snake of any kind, or even the semblance of one in vine or crooked stick lying in his path?

The writer has striven manfully, but in vain, to overcome this instinctive repugnance to all forms of snake life by freely handling the harmless kinds, and even with caution the venomous sort; but reason will succumb to its parent, animal instinct; and the repulsiveness of snakes is as strong as ever. But whence this natural repugnance to serpents, which is stronger in man than in other animals? At a time when man had to do battle with his numerous rivals in the struggle for existence on much more equal terms than at present, during the period of transition from physical inferiority to mental superiority, it is probable that the serpent tribe was the enemy most difficult to guard against, from its abundance in his surroundings and his frequent experience of coming unawares within reach of its poisonous fangs or deadly coils. Hence the dread of snakes was deeply implanted in his nature, and still persists with all its original force. When we ask why these instinctive impressions should so long survive the conditions that produced them, the answer is, that the period during which they were slowly developed was immensely longer than the time which has since elapsed.

Another parallel example, showing the dominance of instinct over reason in man, and placing him on the same level with the "beasts of the field," is shown in the contagion of fear, resulting in a state of panic, in which reason is as completely dethroned in large bodies of men as in herds of cattle and sheep. A very pertinent example in the concrete of the potency of fear contagion is now being exhibited throughout the State of Mississippi, where the name "yellow fever" possesses the same panic-producing power as the yelping of a small dog behind a flock of fleeing sheep.

The contagion of rage and passion among large bodies of men, in which reason is cast aside, as exemplified in the ancient cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is still very much alive among mobs and political gatherings of the present time, and has its parallel in the lower animals in the rage excited among a herd of hogs when one of their comrades gives full effect to his vocal powers in calling for help against the attack of a common enemy—a survival from a time when such a social regulation was necessary for the survival of the porcine family.

It may be mentioned in this connection that the grunting of the hog originated under conditions where, feeding in thick cover, it was necessary for the different individuals in a herd by this means to keep in touch with one another.

The whole category of the common superstitious fears in man, the dread which children (and grown persons) have of being alone in the dark, where no possible danger threatens, comes down to us by heredity from a time when man's surroundings were peopled by his imagination with innumerable evil spirits and baneful influences, and the darkness was full of hidden dangers. Instinct is a strong and lasting chain that binds together man and the whole ensemble of animated life in a common heritage of evolutionary development.

Since writing the above I have read Mr. E. P. Alexander's last contribution—a very interesting one—on the subject of blue prints.

In pursuing my own professional labors it is necessary to have stumps, buried logs, etc., unearthed and removed from the base of earthen structures. It occasionally happens in this alluvial region that an insignificant looking root end, protruding from the ground, leads to an enormous stump buried underneath. So Mr. Alexander's blue print theory opens up the whole question now agitating the minds of religionists and philosophers, whether or not a Supreme Ruler of the universe manages all the minute details in the development of organized life by His own intelligent direction on this globe of ours, and planetary system of our own sun, as well as those of some hundreds of millions of other suns which modern telescopes disclose to our view.

This is not the proper place to go into such a controversy, but I think I can present in a clear light the issue between Mr. Alexander and the Darwin school by a simple illustration from nature.

In the lowest swamps of the Mississippi bottoms there grows an oak called the overcup. It is so called because the acorn is almost completely covered by a thick outer hull. The tree in other respects is very similar to the post oak of the hill country. The thick envelope enables the acorn to float, and so survive. The overflow acorns that have not this covering, sink, and the germ is destroyed by long submergence.

Darwin's theory is that, when these conditions were developing, those acorns that chanced to possess envelopes thick enough to float them alone survived the overflow, and by the well established law of the "survival of the fittest" the ultimate form was developed.

Per contra: did the Almighty "in the beginning" foresee these late developments in the quarternary period of the earth's history, and make a blue print in advance of the overcup acorn?

It appears to me that Mr. Alexander's necessity for interposing his blue print theory arises from his failure to avail himself of the unlimited credit in the commodity of time, which all philosophers are permitted to draw upon in the great bank of eternity. In other words, granted time enough as a fulcrum, and Mr. Darwin's lever is fully capable of lifting the protozoan into man.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Oregon Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Well, my dear old friend, how are you? It's a full year since we exchanged greetings. A year! only another wrinkle in the face of time, creased deep enough to incase the panorama of a snap shot at the battle of life. But to us poor little mortals a year, with its own four seasons, to say nothing of the numerous close and open seasons added by our superserviceable Legislative Assemblies, seems like a long time.

That reminds me that the Oregon Legislature is now in extra session. That word "extra" is good, for it involves a lot of extra work, extra pay, extra legislation, etc., hardly worth the candle. However, we have at last got a United States senator, a change in the fish and game protective laws and some needed modifications of the general game laws, which will doubtless be more fully referred to in next edition of "Game Laws in Brief."

Mr. F. H. Thurston (Kelpie), of Central Lake, Mich., paid me a nice visit the first of this month. If all the Kingfishers are like Kelpie, I can readily understand why these grand old fellows all look forward with so much pleasure to a gathering of the clan.

Corroborative of the statement so often made that the Mongolian pheasant cock is aggressive, bold and valiant, let me relate an incident that came under my own observation to-day. Billy Newman and I were strolling along near a meadow within the limits of the city of Portland, when we observed, not far away, a commotion among a flock of turkeys. Upon investigation we found the big bronze gobbler doing battle with a Mongolian cock, and, of course, became very interested spectators. I think, from the published account of the Sullivan-Corbett fight, that the tactics of the contestants in the two battles were much the same, and the result was the same, except (if my memory serves me) the big fellow didn't run away down at New Orleans. That ring-neck whipped the old gobbler in two rounds—or rather, they fought two rounds and the Mongolian licked the gobbler good and hard both rounds. It was a game fight, but science won.

Much fine sport with the salmon trout is reported from all over the State. John Haggett and Billy Newman have just returned from the Siletz country, just north of Yaquina Bay, and report that they found more big salmon trout than they knew what to do with.

As an indication of the vast numbers of salmon trout to be had at this season of the year, Grant Patton (now of Tillamook) was in my office last week and told me that in less than two hours he caught with hook and line in the Nehalem River forty-five salmon trout, runing from 1 to 3lbs., and I might add that I will swear to anything Grant tells me for the truth.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 14. S. H. GREENE.

The Rime of the Deer Hunters.

(Suggested by Rudyard Kipling's "Rime of the Three Sealers.")

Away by the home of the sidling lands,
Where the rifles are rusting red,
Since the blue game law of '97
Passed on to be three times read;
There, when the Hunters congregate,
They tell the tale anew,
How the Driver claimed the right to the hide,
When deer was dead and the Slayer's pride
Made him easy to hoodoo.

Now this is the law of the Mountaineer, which he proves by custom old,
And when they drove the deer in the fall, it no man need be told:
That the hunter, who started the hounds in the woods and climbed the mountain side,
Was to have his share of the meat allowed, as well as the horns and hide.
The hunters met in the early morn, when the white frost made it worth,
And the buck deer put on his Sunday clothes, and his forefoot smote the earth.
The hounds were loosed in the mountain top, the standers they must wait
Till the deer was killed or the driver came to relieve them soon or late.
And a man who shot and missed a deer—his shirt-tail then was cut,
And he suffered the gibes of all the camp—the Camp of the Hungry Gut.
But if a deer came through the stand, and was killed in passing it,
The hunters cut him into lots, dividing bit by bit,
And whether the meat was lost or won by shooting at mark or draw,
The Driver could claim his right to the hide, and his claim was good in Law.

Now this is the tale of two City Men, but one was Hillside born,
And his nature led him back to the woods when the Shirkar shucked the corn;
And so, one Fall, he brings to hunt at the place where the waters head,
His friend from among the Up Above, who was city born and bred,
In whom the blood of his ancestry made him mad to kill a deer,
And he loaded him down with cartridges and other hunting gear.
The first knew where to find a deer, and the other went in search
Of his place by the side of the noisy stream—the stand was the Leaning Birch.
A buck came down at the Leaning Birch, and around him the water swirled,
And the look that came in the Stander's face was the look of another world;
The look of the prehistoric man, "in the hocking in the night,
When he stood to the flank of the Aurock, when the red snow reeked of fight."
"The flame spurt red sprang out ahead" as the .44-90 spoke,
And the noble brute leaped and went down as by a thunder stroke.
The chase was done, the deer undressed, and the Driver claimed the hide,
But the Slayer wished the pelt for a rug, and such was his doom and pride,
For between the two was a poker debt of nine dollars and fifty cents,
Which the Driver swore the hide of the deer should go to recompense;
Firmly he stood and nothing else would induce or make him afraid,
And ere that hide graced the city home thus was the bargain made.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—Fallen leaves are troubling the Maine big game hunters a good deal just at present. Still snow has fallen in some of the northern sections of the State to the extent that some tracking has been done. Mr. G. H. Sperry, of Boston, has captured a big moose at Great Fish Lake, Aroostook county, Me. The monster is reported to have weighed 1,100lbs., and there is no use of disputing the weight till the returns of the American Express Company can be got at, when it is likely that the carcass weighed about 600lbs. The antlers had a spread of 59½in. Mr. Sperry was accompanied on the hunting trip by Byron Stark and Dr. Simpson, of New York. They got two deer, one an albino, and a black bear. Partridges they found very scarce. Three other moose came down on the same train with that of Mr. Sperry. Rev. B. C. Wentworth, of Waterville, Me., has returned from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Norcross, Me., with a fine buck deer. C. L. Cushman, of Auburn, Me., with a New York gentleman, brings from near the Canadian border the largest buck deer of the season, weighing about 200lbs. Some Lewiston, Me., hunters, including F. H. Packard, Henry O. Cutler, Edward Wakefield, and some Portland hunters, have returned from the Seboomook Cottage, Northeast Carry, where they killed a black bear, one of the largest ever taken in that section.

Deer are coming into the markets of every village in Maine, according to the newspapers, and the numbers and size must be great, even if the reports are only half true. Not satisfied with marketing the game in their own State, the hunters or dealers are sending a great many to Boston. I saw a large number of fresh arrivals to-day. They are coming some way, of which the Maine commissioners can readily be convinced, if they will take the trouble to investigate. Evidently somebody is killing Maine big game for market, and at an alarming rate.

OCT. 24.—Moose are coming into the Boston markets, notwithstanding they are, without doubt, unusually scarce this year. A gentleman who is on the road a good deal, and very frequently over the Bangor & Aroostook, stopping frequently at the city of Bangor, is just in from a trip, and tells me that not one-half of the number of moose have passed through Bangor this season, so far, as during the corresponding time a year ago. Still, Boston marketmen manage to get hold of the few there are. I saw one unloaded into the place of a market concern Saturday. Curiously enough it was unloaded from the wagon of an East Boston express company; a team that would be as little likely to have hold of it, if it was being openly and legally forwarded, as would a gentleman's carriage. There was no tag on it, as the Maine game laws require—tag of the owner. It excited some attention, and neither the marketmen nor the expressmen had anything to say. The moose was evidently a young one; not over three years old. One horn was peculiar in formation, making it really a horn rather than an antler. It was slender, and of nearly the same size for the whole length—11in. in diameter and at least 10in. long. The horn came down in front of the animal's face, something in the shape of the horn of a gnu, possibly that of a musk ox or domestic cow with crumpled horn. The other horn of the dead moose was a regular moose antler, though small in size. I will obtain a photograph of the head, for reproduction in the FOREST AND STREAM, if possible.

F. E. Whiting, of the Boston Herald, is out of the woods from a trip to Jo Merry Lake. He brings home the head of a fine buck. Among the other Boston hunters who have taken deer in Maine this season may be noted H. L. Wiggin, C. B. Seagrave, C. C. Foster, J. Foster, H. E. Gross, D. Sheehan, A. F. Kenney, W. H. Lougee, J. L. Towle, J. F. Richardson, W. G. Payson. Gunners outside of Boston are reported to have taken deer as follows: E. W. Prescott, C. M. Gould, A. H. Doble, G. E. Morrill, W. H. Priest, M. A. Head, M. A. T. Gail, H. T. Stansfield, O. W. Whittemore, A. W. Rogers, G. T. Freeman and C. B. Gudell. Mrs. H. B. Adams is reported to have killed two deer at Julian Viles' Tim Pond camps.

A Bangor daily paper report says that Fish and Game Commissioner L. T. Carlton has just been in that city, in the interest of the enforcement of the game laws. He has brought two men from Houlton to justice for killing a cow moose in April, 1897. One he fined $200 and the other $100. Well, I thought that the Maine game laws distinctly specified "imprisonment" for illegally killing moose, and "no fine about it." Has Commissioner Carlton again taken the interpretation of the game laws into his own hands, as in the case of the boy moose killers, whom he let off altogether? SPECIAL.

Notes from New Brunswick.

THE rush of American sportsmen into this Province appears to be nearly over for the present. A much larger number than usual, however, are coming to hunt on the snow, including some parties who did not secure their full complement of big game in September.

I have had occasion to remark heretofore that no 60in. moose heads have yet been taken on Miramichi waters, whereas they have quite frequently been found on the Tobique and the Restigouche. Mr. Gordon Parker, of Woburn, Mass., however, has shot a moose in the Crooked Deadwater country with a cross section of 58in. This is crowding the Tobique moose rather close, and Braithwaite maintains that "Tim Lynch," the king of all moose, is still at large on the head of Renous. Mr. Parker and his friend Mr. Fowle are expected out in a few days, when full details of their trip will be obtainable.

Carter H. Fitzhugh and Owen F. Aldis, of Chicago, who were out on a short hunt with William Griffin, of Stanley, saw both moose and caribou, but failed to take due cognizance of the fleeting element of time, and their trophies are still "on the hoof."

John Bodkin has returned from a hunting and camping trip of several weeks' duration on the Nepisiguit. Mr. Bodkin's feat of calling up and shooting a moose with a spread of over 60in. last season gave him a well-deserved reputation as one of the best of our amateur "callers." Mr. Bodkin did not have his usual luck this season. He brought home a nice caribou, but no moose. He thinks that the upper waters of the Nepisiguit have been overcrowded with hunting parties this fall.

A party composed of A. L. Powell, M. J. Nevins, E. J. Mullaley and George H. Davis went through Vanceboro the other day in a contented frame of mind. They were hunting near the Bathurst Lakes. They killed four bull moose in four successive days, and also shot a caribou.

It was a pleasure for local sportsmen to learn that Mr. Charles S. Bird and his friend, D. F. Fales, of East Walpole, Mass., had excellent luck on the Tobique. They secured two moose, the largest having a spread of 57½in. and twenty-six points. This party had George Armstrong, of Perth Centre, as guide. Mr. Fales also shot a large caribou.

The American sportsman is almost sure to be breaking some record or other. Mr. B. R. Houghten, of Boston, takes a pardonable pride in the fact that he arrived in camp on the Tobique Tuesday night, Oct. 4, and upon starting out after breakfast next morning had his moose down in thirty minutes.

Moose heads, most of them of wide spread, have lately gone through Vanceboro, shot by R. E. Gregg, C. L. Jackson, Moses Williams, W. H. Moses, Dr. Tuttle, W. L. Miller and M. Williamson. I was unable to learn particulars. Caribou were taken out by R. E. Gregg, Moses Williams, W. L. Pierce and W. F. Jenkins, and a deer by Dr. Cliff. Six other moose heads went through last week, of which the customs agent was unable to learn the owners.

W. H. Foster, of the editorial staff of the New York World, and his friend, John Hunt, came down the other day from the head of Tobique. Adam Moore, their guide, called up three moose, but our friends were not successful in locating the lead in a vital point. They secured, however, two caribou and a bear.

A party composed of J. S. Ehrich and wife, and S. W. Lehman, all of New York, returned on the 18th, after a fortnight's hunt on the Sisters Lakes. They had as guides W. H. Allen, Ed. Norred and Ed. Church. They brought out two heads of 48 and 50in. spreads. Mr. Ehrich wounded a much larger moose than either of these.

Mr. Z. H. Jarman and brother, of Brooklyn, brought a nice moose out of the Canaan country. Their guide was James H. Ryder. Mr. Jarman states that the party wounded and lost another bull. He speaks very highly of the Canaan region in regard to its moose supply, and also of Mr. Ryder as a skillful guide and caller.

Near the country in which Mr. Jarman hunted are the wild meadows of Lake Brook. George H. Woodburn, of Philadelphia, shot a bull moose there on the 8th inst., with a remarkable set of antlers. The points numbered thirty and the spread was 55in. Careful measurements were taken of this moose, which stood 7ft. 1in. high at the withers.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 21.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Methods of "Mr. Hicks."

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 22.—The FOREST AND STREAM of last week contained a mention of the mythical "Mr. Hicks," of Milwaukee, who has been acting as a blind for the covering of the continuous traffic in illegal Wisconsin game. "Mr. Hicks," as is now fully known in the cities of Chicago and Milwaukee, is no one but H. L. Brown & Son, of 225 South Water street, Chicago. This concern has been dealing in illegal game for a long time and had managed to get it in here under cover in one way or another. The firm was trapped by means of a decoy letter, written by a man in Wisconsin, who represented that he could send in a large number of partridges daily from his shipping point. The security which seems to have been felt by this concern in carrying on its illegal work, and its opinion of the chances of being caught for handling game illegal in Illinois, may best be seen by the following excerpts from the data collected by Warden August Zinn, of Milwaukee, who detected the real nature of "Mr. Hicks." The first letter read as follows:

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 29.—Your favor of Sept. 26 received. We inclose you private instructions for shipping game. Follow these instructions closely. Bill to Milwaukee and your game will reach us all right. We will send you some tags, and the initial letters on those tags will represent your name on our books. Partridges are worth $4.50 per dozen; venison 14 to 16 cents per pound. Try and have some with us the first of the week. Treat this matter confidentially. H. L. Brown & Son.

The tags inclosed are as follows:

L. H. HICKS.
Milwaukee, Wis.
E. E. E.

The shipping instructions by which the law of Wisconsin was to be broken were sent in this form:

Wisconsin shippers should follow the instructions given below and their shipments will reach us promptly and a great deal of annoyance in receiving unknown packages will be done away with. Bill all packages to L. H. Hicks, Milwaukee, Wis., putting a tag to that effect on outside of package and another inside. The outside tag is invariably torn off after shipment leaves Milwaukee, and unless you follow instructions and place a tag on inside you can easily see that it is impossible for us to determine from whom the shipment is, as all packages are billed from Milwaukee. The letter or letters at bottom or back of tags that we sent you stands for shipper's name on our books. Do not loan tags unless you thoroughly erase these letters, otherwise shipment is credited to the name that letter corresponds with here, and sales sent accordingly.

Do not fail to put invoice inside of package, being careful to give correctly the count of each variety, and sign your name on the back of each ticket.

We will take care of you all right at this end. We have now on our books a number of unknown packages which we will readily account to the shipper for upon receiving a correct invoice and name of owner, with post-office address.

Market steady, and we hope our shippers will observe above instructions to the letter, and we can do a good business together this fall. H. L. Brown & Son.

In case of any game being caught here in Chicago by the Illinois warden, this precious set of merchants declared themselves ready to stand good for the loss. They sent the following guarantee, which I should think would make Harry Loveday think a lot of them:

"We personally guarantee to make good to any shipper any consignment that might be interfered with by the game warden at this end, providing same are consigned to us in tight packages and the shipper follows our instructions as sent out heretofore."

Loveday Catches "Mr. Hicks."

Yesterday our State warden, Harry Loveday, came in and said he had a bit of news in regard to this end of the Wisconsin steal, carried on by the Brown concern. He had located a leak, and earlier made a seizure of a lot of game that had been shipped in to the outfit, via "Mr. Hicks." The lot was mostly partridges. It is a certainty that the firm of H. L. Brown & Son would better walk the track pretty close from now on, so far as the Chicago end is interested.

Where the Illegal Game came from.

It has been urged upon State Warden Ellarson, of Wisconsin, for a long time, that deer were being killed pretty much all summer and shipped to market from the neighborhood of Greenwood. This the warden denied, but proof was later found that the charges are only too correct. A great deal of such work has been done near Greenwood, Wis. From Neillsville, Wis., comes a protest of the citizens of better sort, who declare that buyers are shipping out 500 to 600 partridges per day. The men of that country who want some game left declare that at the present rate the deer and grouse will soon be gone. This is one of the supply points of "Mr. Hicks."

South Water Street.

Warden Loveday tells me to-day that he finds that this year the marketing of Illinois game has fallen off to almost nothing. He has caught only three packages so far this season. Last year at this time, as may perhaps be remembered, he found things very different, and had in the same number of days confiscated sixty-five different packages of Illinois game. He has this fall seized on South Water street and at the depots in all eighty-seven packages of game, coming into this market ahead of our open season. The contents of these packages were 918 prairie chickens, 424 partridges, 730 ducks,

93 quail and 3 deer. "Most of this game, said Mr. Loveday, "was rotten and unfit for use. Of the lot, five packages were directed to 'L. H. Hicks, Milwaukee.' Some had on them 'L. H. Brown,' and others had nothing to mark them but 'Hicks, Milwaukee.'" Mr. Loveday says some of the heavy dealers have told him they would turn over any illegal stuff they got. A few packages were turned in. How many duplicates of the methods of the Mr. Hicks outfit there may be I presume no one but the recording angel definitely knows.

The Northern Flight.

The bad storms of the past week have sent down the Northern birds all over the Wisconsin marshes. The birds have been abundant on the best of the grounds. I saw to-day Mr. John Roberts, of Neenah, who told me he has been shooting for a long while this fall on the Butte des Morts and Poygan marshes. At the latter lake he says there were more ducks than he had seen for a long time, though they did not work very well, rafting up and not moving till sundown. On Puckaway Lake much the same thing was reported; plenty of birds, but no very heavy shooting. Theodore Thomas and a party of friends, of Milwaukee, went to Fox Lake, Wis., where they had only fair sport. Other Milwaukee men have gone to Sullivan, Winneconne and other famous points. Koshkonong Lake has been favored with a heavy flight, both of shooters and of ducks. The past week has offered splendid canvasback weather, and some fine bags have been made around that standby of Wisconsin waters. Warden Johnson, of Winnebago fame, has been detailed and put on duty at Koshkonong, so that the sneak-box work will no doubt have at least temporary check.

It is thought that at the next session of the Wisconsin Legislature there will be a good fight made for a law stopping spring shooting. It is beginning to be realized that the spring shooting in the State drives away birds that would otherwise breed on the great marshes, and make good shooting in the fall.

The flight is in all over Minnesota also. I hear that Ottertail county, around Ashby, Minn., is very good this month. Lake Traverse is another good point, though much hunted. Many are going to Brown's Valley, and the returns are good from that point. Big Lake is another Minnesota point which is good this week. At Fosston, Minn., the sport on ducks has been reported very good for the past week. This is a great point for partridges also.

Duck shooting at the Caw Caw Club, on Puckaway Lake, Wis., has been improving. Major Cunningham and party bagged ninety ducks during their stay this week.

Two Milwaukee gentlemen, Messrs. W. H. Dodsworth and John W. Mariner, have returned from Bordulac, N. D. They brought out about 200 birds, ducks and geese, and report fine shooting. They say the heavy storms have started the flight in great shape.

The Minnewaukon Club, of Dubuque, Ia., have returned from their trip to the Devil's Lake country, of North Dakota. They brought back with them 100 geese and 300 ducks. They killed in all 200 geese and 650 ducks. They say the shooting was not quite what it should have been.

Shooting at Mitchell's Lake, near San Antonio, Texas, is excellent, and I understand a club will be formed to control that wonderful wildfowl resort.

The market hunters of Texas complain that the new non-export game law is ruining their business.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

Regarding the mooted question over the ascent of the Grand Teton peak, over which there has been some discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM, Prof. Langford writes to me that he has made an extended answer to Mr. Owen's article, which was printed in the New York Herald, and he goes on to say regarding his own claim of first ascent of this peak:

"I have had some correspondence with a few friends during the past few years relative to my ascent of the Teton. Some doubt has been expressed whether we reached the highest pinnacle. One suggestion was that the misty or smoky atmosphere may have rendered it difficult to determine the relative height of two pinnacles of nearly the same elevation. Another was that the cloud which usually hangs on the top of the Teton may, from the point we reached, have obscured our view of a higher peak. These suggestions have no significance, as the day was perfectly clear. Mr. Owen challenges my veracity, and seeks to make his challenge good by ridiculous arguments. He will fail to convince a hunter that a mountain sheep cannot climb to the top of the Teton, which he has himself reached."

White Deer.

A white deer was killed in the coast range of California this month by a party of woodland hunters, Messrs. Briggs, Brown and Taylor. I do not have particulars, but it is said the animal was the first of its kind seen in that country for very many years.

Wisconsin Deer Licenses.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the non-resident deer license system of Wisconsin last year was the fact that the records showed less than a few score of non-resident hunters, whereas the resident licenses ran up into the thousands. I firmly believe that under the organized system of railroad hunting traffic solicitation there are at least half as many non-resident deer hunters in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota as there are resident hunters. To the man who is far away from a deer country it seems a very desirable thing to kill a deer. He brings back a pair of spike buck antlers, and hangs them up in his dining room, and his bosom swells as he looks at them and talks about them. To the man who lived fifty or a hundred miles from the place where this same deer was killed the matter of going out and killing deer perhaps seemed so simple and common an affair that he never troubled himself to do it. Of course, with actual residents in the deer country it is a little different. In the pine country there are not a great many cattle kept, and such meat as is shipped in by the transportation companies is mostly manufactured from the succulent hog. Fresh meat is easily obtained on the runway, and a great many deer are killed for food, to say nothing of the great numbers killed for shipping to Chicago, in spite of the eagle eye of the express companies, so reluctant to carry contraband game. Whatever the ratio of non-resident and resident deer hunters may actually be in the brief fall hunting season, there is no doubt whatever of the prevalence of the widely extended fraud in the matter of deer licenses in the State of Wisconsin. It is gratifying to learn that in the State of Wisconsin there is to be at least an attempt to correct this abuse. The licenses and applications issued last year have been recalled, and others sent in their stead to the county clerks. The license is void unless stamped by the seal of the county clerk, and under the new law, if the county clerk does not know the man who asks for the deer license, the latter must bring a certificate from the city or town clerk, telling who he is and where he comes from, the matter of personal identification being a necessity. Except under flagrant connivance of officials, this should put an end to the use of resident licenses by non-resident deer hunters, an abuse which last year was one of the most glaring shown in the all too common disregard of the public for the game laws.

The Executive.

It is an old saying that you cannot enforce a law which the people do not want. This ought to be true. Yet the people ought to reflect that the laws of America and the laws of each State of the United States are not arbitrary measures inflicted by the hand of despotism, but are measures which they themselves have asked for and secured. Game laws are no new things, but have been upon the statute books of our States for many years and many decades. As much thought and care and intelligence have been expended in this class of legislation as in any other class, and the result has been that our code of game laws is for the most part a good one. The fatally weak part in the chain is on the executive side. The system of local wardens in the regions where game is killed is notoriously weak all over the Western country, to say nothing of the inability of the whole machinery of the State commissions to break up the admitted lawlessness of the game markets. What we need, at least certainly in the West, is less time put into laws and more money put into wardens. We have sheriffs and deputies enough to arrest the murderers and thieves, the embezzlers and defaulters and swindlers. We can follow a man from New York to San Francisco and catch him and bring him back and have him tried and convicted and punished, supposing that his offense is one against individual property rights. How about it in case of a violation of the game law? It is likely that not one violation in a thousand is ever punished. To follow a man from New York to San Francisco for an offense against the game laws would be called a persecution, even if our laws tolerated his pursuit under the proper requisition. For the county warden to prosecute his neighbor is also called persecution under the laws as they are. Then why did the people make these laws? Why do they not wipe them from the statute books? Or else, if we are to regard these laws as the wish of the actual majority of the people, why can they not be enforced? It is only their enforcement which will ever bring them into respect. We would have plenty of theft and highway robberies and murder if it were not for the enforcement of the laws against those crimes. Weaken the executive and you weaken the whole law. Strengthen the executive of the game laws and you strengthen those laws.

These thoughts arise the more naturally as one reflects upon the undoubtedly increasing interest in the matters of fish and game protection in all parts of the Western country. Sometimes I am disposed to hope that there will some day really arrive a growth of popular sentiment which will set these matters right. I presume I have used as much newspaper space as almost any one in reporting and supporting game protection. It is the rarest thing that I ever have any one write to me and express the least interest in this sort of thing. Yet if perchance I learn of any new and game country and mention that, I have a great many inquiries regarding it.

The Panhandle of Texas.

A writer in the News, of Dallas, Texas, takes up the question of the complete change in the game supply of that State. He mentions more especially the practical extinction of the wild turkey in many regious, remarking, "Here and there a flock can be seen, but there is not one now to where there were once a thousand." He says that these birds were most easily killed off in the country where the timber was infrequent, as they took to the trees to roost and were easily located and killed on the roosts in the scarce timber patches. In regard to the present status of the game in the upper part of the State he has this to say:

"The prairie chickens and quail suffered from the hunters that came with the railroads from north and east into this part of the country. Thousands upon thousands were killed and shipped to St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago. In some parts of the Panhandle the chickens are increasing very rapidly. In the first place the game laws are protecting them and the small stock-owner is doing the same. Besides this, the Kaffir corn is the finest food for them and they are doing well. Three kinds of quail are to be found in what is called northwest Texas. The Bob White, the old standby bird, is (in great numbers) on hand and around the farms of the eastern part of the district mentioned. On the plains, or rather around the breaks of the plains, the blue quail are in abundance. These are the topknots, a small variety of the California quail. They are not considered good hunting, from the fact that they do not 'stand' the dog well, their means of escape being in running away. But when they can be forced into the grass, they will lie well; and as they are very game, the dog will work on them quite as well as on the Bob White. I am told that in and around the Guadalupe Mountains the larger blue quail, or the California quail proper, are numerous. All these birds, as I have said, are now protected by law, and if the courts will enforce the law as it should be enforced, in time the old abundance of game in Texas will come again."

I do not think game protection is a popular topic, yet after a while it may become more so, and perhaps all in due course we shall see a change in affairs which will go toward justifying the pains taken by FOREST AND STREAM and other journals of its kind. In line with this, for instance, is the editorial mention in the Forest City Times, of Arkansas, which comes pat with the train of thought following on the open disregard of the license law in certain Northern States last year. The newspaper mentioned remarks, "We are glad to note the interest aroused throughout all parts of the State as to the protection of game. The passage of laws simply will not remedy the indiscriminate slaughter of game. We have laws enough, and what is needed is officers to define and enforce them. To prohibit the killing of game for five years, without special officers to enforce the law, would only increase the number of violators, and game would become extinct in less than the time prescribed for its protection. Give us a game warden in each county, with deputies and a grand jury to back them, and with the present laws game will always be plentiful."

That's it. It is deputies and a grand jury that we need.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Bohemian Field-Drive.

LET us suppose that a *feld-kreis*, or field-drive, is about to take place. From a certain point two lines of beaters, with a "shooter" every 300yds. or so, diverge right and left, and, walking in Indian file, each detachment describes a half-circle, thus forming a ring usually of some two miles in diameter. In the center of the circle waves a flag upon which the whole line is to converge.

And now the order to advance, passed from keeper to keeper by the aid of the ubiquitous horn, comes. Every now and then a hare rises from its form, and steals away, generally out of range. For the first quarter of an hour or so one hardly gets a shot. But wait! Gradually the circle lessens. Hares that have been roused on the other side of the ring begin to make their appearance —some with ears laid back, and body stretched out to its full extent, as they gallop for all they are worth; others coming slowly and quietly along, and sitting up, from time to time, to look round for a way of escape. Poor things! Sooner or later they almost all come to the guns. Now and then one will boldly charge the beaters —the best chance for safety, if only they all knew it. Sometimes a covey of partridges will flash down the wind, scattering right and left, and testing one's skill to the uttermost, as they rise high in the air to clear the line.

The firing grows fast and furious as the ring grows smaller, for the hares are literally in droves. Ten or a dozen hares are frequently lying dead in front of one at the same moment; and the guns become almost too hot to hold.

A blast from the horn of the head keeper at length checks the advance. The circle is by this time not much more than a hundred yards across, and firing within it would soon become dangerous, so the beaters open out, and form themselves in groups behind each gun, thus allowing the remaining animals egress and a run for life.

In one drive like this kind 500 or even more hares are frequently killed. There is something about it, though, not quite in accordance with one's notions of fair play, the animals being, as it were, caught in a trap from which there is no escape.

The most solemn function comes at the end of a day's shooting, when the slain are arranged in rows neatly on the ground, and the head keeper, hat in hand, reads out the number of each variety of game killed and the sum total, closing with a profound bow and a "*Waidmann's Heil*," to which the sportsmen reply with "*Waidmann's Dank*." On some estates it is customary to blow the death-song of the various beasts and birds, and also to announce what each hunter has himself shot.

Many Austrian hosts give what they consider to be the best place throughout the day to the guest of the highest social rank—a proceeding rather apt to lead to a certain amount of jealousy. Sometimes it happens, however, that the favored individual is by no means the best shot, and far from being the hunt-king (as the sportsman who kills the most is called), even fails to hold his own.

An amusing incident once occurred at the end of a day's covert shooting. A certain gentleman of high rank, who had enjoyed the best position throughout the day, had fired off a tremendous number of cartridges with but very poor results. This placed the head keeper in a very delicate position. To announce the decidedly meager score of the august sportsman was not to be thought of! Approaching one of the other guests, and drawing him aside, he whispered: "Pardon me, but have you any objection to my adding forty of your hares and thirty of your pheasants to ——'s total?" "Do it by all means," replied the other guest; and, as two or three more sportsmen were equally good-natured, the gentleman in question thus obtained the nominal title of the hunt-king!

Whether he fondly imagined that he had killed all the game that he was credited with, or whether he knew that the obliging keeper had "doctored" the figures, I cannot say.—Hodgson's Plain and Peak.

Hotel Advertising Pays.

Mr. E. B. Cobb, of Cobb's Island, Va., writes: "I have received quite a number of letters of inquiry from gunners since advertising in FOREST AND STREAM this year."

I am carrying an advertisement of the Camp Franklin Hotel and Cottages in the FOREST AND STREAM at the present time, and will say further that it is the only paper that I have ever gotten any results from.—C. J. Coon, Woodruff, Wis.

On Ottawa Marshes.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the members of the Ottawa Shooting Club, Mr. John J. Flick, was up to the marsh last week, and he told me that he had a fine time. Arriving at the club house Monday night, in time to get all his traps ready for Tuesday morning, he got out about daybreak and rowed down the Sandusky River to the mouth of Green Creek, then pulling his boat over the dam at the mouth of Green Creek, he rowed up a large body of water we call "Goose Pond." As he neared the upper end of the pond quite a large number of ducks kept getting up, until having reached a large rice bed at the upper end, he decided that that was about the best place he could find to set out his decoys, so there he located. The ducks kept coming back and circling around over head, while he and his "punter" were getting his blind in shape. Having fixed everything to their satisfaction in a few minutes, they settled down to business. The wind was blowing hard from the southwest, so that the ducks coming right up the pond against the wind made nice shooting, as the wind was over the shooter's back. Some of the ducks, especially the widgeon and pintail, would swing right into the decoys, while the mallards and teal would pass on further, dropping into the rice. Well, the result was, after getting a single now and then, and once in a while a double on a pair of mallards trying to get by, and more often a clean miss with one or both barrels, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon he had thirty-six ducks. After picking up his decoys and a few ducks that had floated down the pond, he pulled over to Green Creek, then up the creek to "Rattlesnake" Cut, through the cut to the Sandusky River, and then with about a half-mile pull he reached the club house, in time for a good dinner.

On the following day, Wednesday, he located in Channel No. 1, and picked up seventeen ducks during the day, and then on Thursday he had a nice shoot again. He said that when he pulled in through Peach Island Cut and up Channel No. 1 and into the head of Channel No. 2, he put up a great flock of widgeons, and decided to locate in the upper end of Channel No. 2 and try the widgeon that day. After locating on a big muskrat cabin, pulling out the center and getting it nicely lined with dry flag, and setting out his decoys all around it, he put in the morning there, and by noon had just twenty ducks. As the shooting was poorer than he had expected, he pulled up and started up to the club house, but when opposite the "Mud Holes" just below "Dutch Gap" he saw an immense number of ducks getting up out of the "Mud Holes," and running his boat ashore, and he and his "punter" taking a box of decoys and his revolving chair, they went in and found one of the patrolmen feeding the ducks (in a number of places where the feed is not good we generally feed a few bushels of corn each fall). As he considered this a pretty good place to locate, they set out the decoys, and while they were thus occupied the ducks kept coming back and circling around, and wanted to come into the mud holes. The best shots at first seemed to be back of him, but after dropping three nice mallards in the tall flag, and the punter being able to find only one, he decided only to shoot at those flying over the pond. This decreased the number of shots, but by sundown the punter had picked up twenty-seven ducks, mallard, pintail, blue and green-winged teal and spoonbill. This made forty-seven ducks for the day's work, and was the nicest shoot of his visit. His total for the three days' shooting was just 100 ducks. He reports that the widgeon are just coming in.

The bulk of the mallards have not come down yet, the weather up north has been so mild that they still stay in that locality. I think about another week will see them here in full force. Frank B. Many.

Gunpowder in Brazil.

In reply to inquiries from a New York export association, Consul Furniss sends to the State Department the following from Bahia, under date of Aug. 24:

There is one factory in this consular district devoted to the manufacture of powder. This is situated in Cachoeira, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, some twenty miles distant from here, and reached by daily boats. The town is on the Paraguazu River, a few miles above the head of the bay on which Bahia City is situated.

I understand that the annual output amounts to about 4,000 kegs of 25lbs. each, and that it retails at from 30 to 40 milreis per keg. As the milreis vary each day in value, a definite price in United States money can not be given; but to-day a milreis is worth 14.2 cents United States.

The greater part of the manufacture is common black sporting powder; a very little of a better grade is made. Much of the powder is used to manufacture native fireworks, consisting of poor roman candles, skyrockets, pin wheels, and the like, for which there is great demand, on account of the numerous church festivals and saint days, and the national and State holidays, to say nothing of the large amount daily and nightly used for private parties and receptions, or to celebrate the drawing of a prize at one of the many lotteries.

The powder produced here does not suit the requirements of the market, but, on account of the State restrictions, and more particularly the municipal restrictions of Bahia, and in view of the fact that this is the only port of entrance into this consular district, the people have to be content with that of local manufacture, and the Cachoeira powder is much used in the surrounding country.

There are no Government regulations prohibiting the importation of powder, but after it arrives in the harbor it is loaded on a Government boat and conveyed to the quay, whence it is removed to the Government magazine, about 4 miles distant; all this is at the expense of the importer. At this magazine the Government keeps a guard, and an importer making a sale is required to petition the chief of police of this city, who, at his discretion, gives license for the removal of part or all of the quantity petitioned for. For this service the fee amounts to about 50 milreis ($7.10), and the petitioner is compelled to tell the destination of the powder to be withdrawn. The license for the removal is presented to the custom house, the duty paid, a permit received, and upon presentation of this to the officer in charge of the magazine the powder is delivered. The party purchasing from the importer must sign the receipt attached to the permit issued by the police, swear to it before a notary, and return it to the police department under penalty of a heavy fine for non-compliance.

Powder, according to present regulations, may stay in the Government magazine until wanted; a charge of 1 per cent. being exacted for storage, which amount is payable upon withdrawal. Ample storage is provided for any amount that may be imported.

In the city of Bahia no powder is allowed to be kept, except in cartridges and shells for sportsmen's use; and, on account of the restrictions, there is only one store where these are handled. There are several places where powder can be purchased clandestinely, at prices sufficiently high to reimburse for risk run. This practice is indulged in by the smaller stores, where it is sold under the name "farinha prata," or black flour.

On Getting Lost in the Mountains.

Wells, Wyoming.—Several articles have lately appeared in Forest and Stream on woodcraft, getting lost, etc. While it is true that the ability to find one's way in all sorts of weather is rather an inborn than an acquired instinct, still by following a few simple rules no one should become badly lost.

In the first place, one should carry a general idea in one's head of the main streams, mountains and gulches. In a new or strange country this knowledge should be obtained at once. On the first day out of a new camp, keep on high ground as much as possible; look back frequently, so that the country will not appear strange when you turn back, and do not try to burden your mind with too many small details. Simply remember, for instance, that if you turn to the left from the divide on which you are, you will come into the valley of the stream on which you are camped, but that if you turn to the right you will come down onto a stream that flows in another direction. Also remember that your camp is near such and such a looking hill, or, better still, that it is in range with two mountain peaks. It is always better on the first day or two not to get out of the valley in which your camp is located, but if you should do so, go back the way that you came. Short cuts in a new country lose many a hunter.

Always carry a compass, as there is no way of telling the points of compass by means of bark or branches that can be relied on. Remember the direction in which your camp is, and then if you get really lost, sit down, build a fire, and make a big smoke. This is supposing that you have companions, as no greenhorn should be alone in camp. They will look you up the next day, and it is better to sit by a fire and take it easy than it is to run all over the country. Every year men are lost in the mountains, who, if they had kept cool and sat down and made a smoke, would have been in camp by noon the next day. Instead of this they lose their heads, travel clear out of the vicinity of camp, and sometimes suffer terribly or die of starvation before being found.

Wm. Wells.

Are Bull Bats Game?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read some remarks by your correspondent, Didymus, on the subject of bull bats.

I have recently indulged in two different kinds of solid enjoyment, afforded by Bro. Bull Bat; the one, the sport afforded in shooting him—the other, that of eating him.

For gastronomic exercise, I don't believe any better material is furnished by any bird familiar to American shooters than the bull bat, with the possible exceptions of the woodcock and snipe.

As to his capacity as mosquito destroyer, I do not believe that any appreciable diminution in the mosquito supply would ensue if all the bull bats in the world should suddenly go out of existence. The great mass of the mosquito army remain under cover in dense swamps, where bull bats do not resort; and those that go out into the open remain near the ground. I once spent a night at the "Jetties," at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and finding it quite impossible to sleep under a mosquito bar full of holes, I climbed to the top of a rude observatory, 80ft. above the ground, and there enjoyed sweet repose, without any bar or other protection, until waked by the morning sun. Didymus found a night hawk's crop filled with flying ants; but what bearing has that discovery on the mosquito question? I once found a very large beetle in a bull bat's mouth.

I have invariably observed that when bull bats first make their appearance, shortly after sunset, they feed high up in the air, much too high to shoot, and gradually fly lower as the evening advances, always out in the open, where I failed to observe that there were any mosquitoes for them to feed on.

I do not believe that the bull bat is to any extent a factor in the great mosquito problem, and with all due respect to friend Didymus, in the street vernacular I think he is "off his base" on Bro. Bull Bat.

Coahoma.

Mississippi.

Cape May County Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Surely it must be unknown to the lovers of the gun and feathered game that within little more than an hour's journey by rail from Philadelphia some of the finest quail and rabbit shooting in this part of the country is to be had. In Cape May county, the most southerly of New Jersey, quail and partridges are plentiful.

A friend who has frequently visited Woodbine, N. J., gives an account of large bags made in a few hours' sport. Rabbits are equally plentiful, and offer first-class sport. Woodbine boasts a clean, comfortable and moderate-priced hotel.

Tea in Camp.

In his "Canoe and Camp Cookery," Seneca has the following about making tea:

"For most teas the right proportion is one teaspoonful of tea for every tea cup that is to be drawn, and one 'for the pot.' The simplest method of making it is to put cold water on the tea in the pot, set over the fire and let it almost boil. Just as it begins to steam, remove it to a place less hot, where it will simmer and not boil for five minutes. If it boils or simmers too long the tannin will be disolved, and the tea will have a disagreeable stringent taste. When the liquid is all used out of the pot, I do not throw away the grounds, but add one-half the quantity for the drawing, and so on till the pot is one-third full of grounds, when it is all emptied and the pot thoroughly washed."

A correspondent writes from Calcutta, India, commenting on this:

"We shall beg to correct your author of "Camp Cookery" as to the making of tea. Pour boiling water and let it steep for one minute, if, as often happens in the jungle here, no milk is at hand, and pour off. Sweeten extra if drunk without milk. If milk is added let it steep from five to seven minutes. Quantity, one teaspoonful if without milk, and say one and a quarter teaspoonfuls if with milk. Throw away the tea leaves after this, unless one is hard pushed and in the jungle, when, if the tea is Pekoe, or any other good quality, a second infusion might be made, using less water than the first time, say a half or two-thirds as much. Do not drink tea much on an empty stomach; hot, immediately after a meal, is the best."

Hunting and War.

An officer of the British army writes in a military journal in India, suggesting the value of big game hunting as a training for scouts in war:

"There can be no better training than that afforded by organized expeditions in pursuit of big game, combined with military exercises which could be carried out on the march.

"On these excursions the men would acquire the habit of shifting for themselves, and would learn all the expedients of camp life; while a genuine spirit of comradeship would be established during the chase, or when assembled in the evening to discuss the past day's adventures or the next day's prospects.

"For such expeditions India offers peculiar facilities, abounding as it does in wild animals and varied country. Whether amid the snows of the Himalayas, on the rugged mountains of the northwest frontier, or the burning plains and highlands of southern and central India, the scout would encounter danger and learn to be indifferent to it; he would become accustomed to take his rifle in one hand and his life in the other, and to look death in the face without flinching; while hard work and exposure would inure him to the vicissitudes of campaigning, give him an eye for country and a facility for overcoming obstacles and despising difficulties, and acquaint him with the inhabitants and the country over which he ranged."

Virginia Quail.

Chase City, Va., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have hunted quail in Virginia for forty years, and in no section of the State is the hunting as good as in the county of Mecklenburg. I would recommend Chase City as a suitable place for Northern sportsmen to locate. Mr. W. D. Paxton, of the Mineral Hotel, is in touch with all the farmers, and he has personal friends among the local sportsmen who own dogs, and take special pleasure in piloting visitors to the best hunting grounds. There are more birds, turkeys and deer in the vicinity than ever before. Polk Miller,

President Field Sports Association, Richmond, Va.

Eastern Massachusetts.

Danvers, Mass., Oct. 22.—Good flight of snipe along; also the migration of woodcock seems to have commenced. Coot shooting is reported good along the coast. I have seen more dead raccoons hanging in the markets than for several seasons. Quail are reported plenty, but swamps are wet and leaves plenty, so not many are killed unless on the first rise.

J. W. Babbitt.

Indians as Runners.

Gen. Crook is credited with having declared that on one occasion he saw an Apache lope 1,500ft. up the side of a mountain without showing the first signs of fatigue, there being no perceptible sign of increase of respiration. Capt. H. L. Scott, of the Seventh Cavalry, has related some astonishing feats performed by the Chiracahua Apaches forming Troop L of his regiment. He tells how nine of these Indians, after a hard day's work, by way of recreation pursued a coyote for two hours, captured the nimble brute, and brought it into camp; how, on another occasion, the scouts gave chase to a deer, ran it down some nine miles from camp and fetched it in alive. Old-timers in the Rocky Mountains declare that in the days before the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad was built the Puma Indians of Arizona would recover settlers' stray horses along the overland trail by walking them down in the course of two or three days. After this one may begin to believe that "Lying Jim" Beckwourth, whose remarkable adventures early in this century are preserved in book form, was a much-maligned man, and that he spoke no more than the truth when he said he had known instances of Indian runners accomplishing upward of 110 miles in one day.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mr. Lawhead—"Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday?" Miss Brushley—"Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you 'thought you would drop me a line.' I want you to understand that I'm not a fish!"—Chicago News.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

American Saibling or Golden Trout.

Salvelinus sunapee (Webber and Quackenbos, 1886); *Salvelinus aureolus* (Bean, 1888); *Salvelinus alpinus aureolus* (Jordan, 1891).

[From the Report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forestry Commission.]

In the summer of 1882 anglers first began to hear of the capture of a large, silvery, deep-water trout at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire. For several years this fish was known as the St. John River trout, on the presumption that it was descended from certain yearlings rumored to have been introduced into Sunapee from the St. John River, New Brunswick, in 1867, but which really came from Grand Lake, Maine, and were ouananiche. The conspicuous development of the under jaw in the males led to the local names of "hawk-bill" and "hook-bill;" the silvery sides of the fish in summer gave rise to that of "white trout."

In October, 1885, George F. Peabody, now of Sunapee, then a resident of the east shore, accidentally came upon a mid-lake spawning-bed, an acre or two in area, covered with hundreds of the new trout ranging from 3 to 10lbs. in weight. He promptly notified the Fish Commissioners of his find, and specimens were sent to Washington and Cambridge for identification. They proved to be representatives of a highly variable Alpine charr, distributed through the Dominion of Canada, Labrador, and Greenland, but whose presence in United States waters was unsuspected.

This charr is now believed to be aboriginal to Lake Sunapee, as well as to Flood's Pond, in the town of Otis, near Ellsworth, Maine. The water of both these lakes is deep and exceptionally pure and cold. Lake Sunapee is a true ancient rock-basin, as shown by the natural granite dam at the outlet. It now discharges into the Connecticut River; but until the receding ice of the last glacial epoch reached, in its sluggish melt toward the north, the lower valley of the Sugar River, the mighty inland sea of primeval times poured into the Merrimack over Newbury Summit, 60ft. higher than the level of the present effluent. Through the Merrimack watershed, while the valley of the Sugar River was as yet choked with glacial ice, the quarternary trout, if of marine ancestry, must have found their way into this mysterious lake, following, like man and the higher mammalia, but by watery channels, the retreating ice fields, and swarming into the basin of Sunapee, excavated anew for their reception by the erosive power of the glacier, and filled with its melting snows. This quarternary charr, or Alpine trout—represented in the saibling of the mountain lakes of Europe from Austria to Spitzbergen, in the Dolly Varden (*Malma*) on both sides of Bering Sea, in the pigmy blue-back of Maine (*Oquassa*), and in the large anadromous or sea-run blue-back of Labrador—is believed to be the ancestral type from which our common brook trout has differentiated. It has simply found in Lake Sunapee and Flood's Pond conditions for its survival—in the purity of the water (Sunapee, one and three-tenths grains of solid matter to the gallon), in the depth of the water (both lakes over 100ft.), in the character of the bottom (white sand and gravel), in the temperature of the lower layers (Sunapee, 38° Fahr. to 52° Fahr., according to depth and season), and in the abundance of crustacean and fish food.

The distinguishing features of the Sunapee charr are: The presence of a broad row of teeth on the hyoid bone, between the lower extremities of the first two gill arches; the absence of mottling on the dark sea-green back and excessively developed fins; inconspicuous yellow spots, without blue areola; a square or slightly emarginate tail; a small and delicately shaped head, diminutive aristocratic mouth, liquid planetary eyes, and a generally graceful build; a phenomenally brilliant nuptial coloration, recalling the foreign appellations of "blood-red charr," "gilt charr," and "golden saibling." As the October pairing time approaches, the Sunapee fish becomes illuminated with the flushes of maturing passion. The steel-green mantle of the back and shoulders now seems to dissolve into a veil of amethyst, through which the daffodil spots of mid-summer gleam out in points of flame, while below the lateral line all is dazzling orange. The fins catch the hue of the adjacent parts, and pectoral, ventral, anal, and lower lobe of caudal, are marked with a lustrous white band. It is a unique experience to watch this American saibling spawning on the Sunapee shallows. Here, in all the magnificence of their nuptial decoration flash schools of painted beauties, circling in proud sweeps about the submerged boulders they would select as the scenes of their loves—the poetry of an epithalamion in every motion—in one direction, uncovering to the sunbeams in amorous leaps their golden-tinctured sides, gemmed with the fire of rubies; in another, darting in little companies, the penciled margins of their fins seeming to trail behind them like white ribbons under the ripples. There are conspicuous differences in intensity of general coloration, and the gaudy dyes of the milter are tempered in the spawner to a dead-luster cadmium cream or olive chrome, with opal spots. The wedding garment nature has given to this charr is unparagoned. Those who have seen the bridal march of the glistering hordes, in all their glory of color and majesty of action, pronounce it a spectacle never to be forgotten. That so conspicuous a game and food fish could have been aboriginal to Lake Sunapee, and for one hundred years have escaped the notice alike of visiting and resident anglers, persistent poachers, and alert scientists, is accounted for:

First, by its habits, which protected it from observation and persecution. The white trout rarely approached the surface, except during the last week of October and the first week in November, when it appeared on the mid-lake reefs to spawn—a time of year when angling is out of season, and in localities dangerous or impossible of access in the old style, unseaworthy flat-bottoms during the autumnal wind-storms. The secluded habits of the European charrs explain in like manner the obscurity which has so long involved the life history of those fishes. Moreover, ordinary fishermen recognized no difference between the white and the brook trout, a thing not to be wondered at when ichthyologists failed at first to separate the forms.

Secondly, by the continuous exposure of the species to the ravages of the yellow perch and the miller's thumb. Before the introduction of black bass in 1868, both these enemies of trout were abundant in the lake and the connecting estuaries, and there being at that time no smelt food, subsisted largely on the eggs and fry of the lake-spawning charr. At the spring hatching season the perch held carnival among the helpless alevins, almost effecting, by their periodic havoc, the extermination of the white trout. But as the black bass increased in number, they fell upon the perch in turn, until the lake was virtually rid of this voracious pest. Thus the saibling, which had been reduced to the verge of annihilation, had a chance to multiply. The black bass do not interfere with it, for two reasons:

First, both bass and trout have an abundance of easily caught and tasteful food in the land-locked smelts, which have increased since their introduction, until now they literally school in millions.

Secondly, bass and trout are not found in the same sections of water at the same time, the trout keeping in a temperature of 42° Fahr. to 50° Fahr. (on the surface in May, 60ft. below in July and August); the bass preferring 65° Fahr. to 70° Fahr. in summer, and hibernating in winter and during the spring hatching time of the trout. Thus freed from persecution on the part of the *uranidea* and the *perca Americana*, the saibling has increased, until it is now present in myriads.

I have just received a most interesting confirmation of this theory—that the introduction of black bass into a trout lake may improve the trout fishing in that lake—from Mr. Arthur Merrill, of the Maine Inland Fisheries and Game Commission. Mr. Merrill writes from Monmouth, Maine, under date of Sept. 13, 1897:

"The theory that the introduction of black bass changed the natural conditions in Lake Sunapee, so that the saibling had a chance to increase, seems to be substantiated by well-known facts in the case of many Maine lakes, notably the Cobbosseecontee and Messalonshee chains, in Kennebec county. These lakes, twenty in number, with an area of 50,000 acres, formerly swarmed with trout; but the introduction of perch and pickerel so reduced the numbers of *fontinalis* that it was apparently exterminated. The introduction of black bass, however, has been followed by an unexpected increase in the number of trout, and now these lakes afford the best trout fishing obtainable in the settled area of the State. Lake Cobbosseecontee yielded over 500 brook trout this year, weighing from 2 to 7lbs. each, and the lake was not persistently fished, as its resources were known only to local fishermen."

The Sunapee saibling takes live bait readily, preferring a cast smelt in spring, when it pursues the spawning *osmerus* to the shores. As far as is known, it does not rise to the fly either at this season, or when on the shoals in autumn. Through the summer months it is angled for with a live minnow or smelt, in 60 to 70ft. of water, over a cold bottom, in localities that have been baited. While the smelt are inshore, trolling with a light fly-rod and fine tackle, either with a Skinner's fluted spoon, No. 1, or a small smelt on single hook, will sometimes yield superb sport, as the game qualities of the white trout are estimated to be double those of the *fontinalis*. The most exhilarating amusement to be had with this charr, after the first hot June days, is in trolling from a sailboat with a greenheart tarpon rod, 300ft. of copper wire of the smallest caliber on a heavy tarpon reel, and attached to this a 6ft. braided leader with a Buell's spinner, or a live minnow on a stiff gang. The weight of the wire sinks the bait to the requisite depth. When the sailboat is running across the wind at the maximum of her speed, the sensation experienced by the strike of a 4 or 5lb. fish bankrupts all description. A strong line under such a tension would part on the instant; but the ductility of the wire averts this accident, and the man at the reel end of the rod experiences a characteristic "give," quickly followed by the dead-weight strain of the frenzied salmonoid. To land a fish thus struck implies much greater patience and skill than a successful battle, under similar circumstances, with a 5oz. six-strip and delicate tackle. The pleasure is largely concentrated in the strike, and the perception of a big fish "fast." The watchfulness and labor involved in the subsequent struggle border closely on the confines of pain. The ductile wire is an essentially different means from a taut silk line. The fish holds the coign of vantage; when he stands back and with bulldog pertinacity wrenches savagely at the pliable metal—when he rises to the surface in a despairing leap for his life—the angler is at his mercy. But, brother of the sleave-silk and tinsel, when at last you gaze upon your captive lying asphyxiated on the surface, a synthesis of qualities that make a perfect fish—when you disengage him from the meshes of the net, and place his icy figure in your outstretched palms, and watch the tropæolin glow of his awakening loves soften into cream tints, and the cream tints pale into the pearl of moonstone, as the muscles of respiration grow feebler and more irregular in their contraction—you will experience a peculiar thrill that the capture neither of ouananiche, nor *fontinalis*, nor *namaycush* can ever excite. It is this after-glow of pleasure, this delight of contemplation and speculation, of which the scientific angler never wearies, that lends a charm all its own to the pursuit of the Alpine trout.

Finally there can be no doubt as to the economic value of the American saibling. It is one of the most prolific of our salmonoids, the female averaging 1,200 egs to the pound, and casting spawn when only 2oz. in weight. It is also a singularly rapid grower where smelt food abounds. The extreme weight proved to have been attained is about 12lbs., although accounts exist of much larger specimens weighing from 15 to 20lbs. As a rule, the greater the altitude, the smaller the fish, but the more intense their coloration. In some of the higher Swiss lakes the saibling run eight or nine to the pound. This charr is exceptionally hardy and easy to propagate. The eggs bear transportation over the roughest roads without injury. Superintendent Race, of the Green Lake Station, Maine, claims that in the percentage of eggs fertilized and fry hatched the saibling takes precedence of all congeners. As far as is known, however, it does not breed in confinement, nor under such circumstances affects a brilliant nuptial coloration. Ripe fish at Lake Sunapee can not be transferred to the State tanks, one mile from the spawning beds, without a long and serious delay in their sexual procedures. Instances occur in which females refuse to part with their eggs and carry them over to the next season. Adult saibling have been kept for three years in a cold spring at Holderness; but even when placed among spawning brook trout they remained passionless, manifesting no perceptible sexual appetite. At death the reproductive organs of these fish were found conspicuously atrophied.

In regard to the hardiness of the saibling, Mr. Merrill states: "At Green Lake the temperature of the water runs high in spring, and much loss has been occasioned thereby among the brook trout fry, but the saibling have in such cases remained perfectly healthy. My experience in rearing this fish has been extremely satisfactory, and I believe it to be one of the best subjects for the fish-culturist among our salmonidæ, especially where the fry are reared to the yearling stage, as is generally done in Maine. The eggs that I received last winter hatched well, and the fry, in the early stages of development, displayed wonderful hardiness under the most trying circumstances.

"The brook trout, during the spring, suffered from warm water, the temperature rising to 65° F. soon after they hatched. The loss was considerable, but the saibling fry were not affected by this high temperature. It would seem that at the time the saibling is hatching on the shoals, and is exposed to great variations of temperature, nature has rendered the fry immune. My young saibling are persistent hiders; any crevice in the bank or lump of clay on the bottom affords a hiding place. When fed, they will emerge and rise for their food, but will immediately hide again. Trout fed in similar ponds do not at any time hide, but school together, generally at the head of the pond. In feeding, the saibling remain near the bottom, darting up after their food and going back quickly. They are much cleaner feeders than either trout or salmon, picking up all the food that sinks, allowing none to waste. Although they will hide when opportunity offers, the young saibling are much tamer than trout or salmon, approaching more closely the person feeding them, and when in the troughs allowing themselves to be picked up with but little effort to escape. The adult saibling that I carried to the Lake Auburn hatchery from Flood's Pond last November have fed well in the stock ponds and have made a rapid growth. As in the case of my experience with the young fish, they grew very tame, and were the favorites to feed for the entertainment of visitors. Several were exhibited at the Maine State Fair this month, and have endured without appreciable injury the ordeal of river water and close confinement in a glass aquarium.

"In consideration of the experience which I have had with the American saibling, I would select it in preference to any other fish if I desired a salmonoid to rear from the fry, and obtain the best results in size and percentage matured."

I most heartily sustain Mr. Merrill in everything he says regarding the desirability of this charr, and confidently recommend it to the attention of State and national commissioners, who are presumably interested in placing a valuable and easily propagated food and game fish within reach of the American people. It is *facile princeps*, from its rush at the cast smelt to the finish at the breakfast table.

John Duncan Quackenbos.
Columbia University, New York.

Angling for the Namaycush.

Whether the namaycush, or lake trout, as he is commonly known, does or does not, when hungry, sometimes snap up one of his own species for food, he is a highly respectable fish, cleanly, trim, fair to look at and a happy addition to the feast. He is at home in the crystal waters of our Northern lakes—sweet water lakes lying in the picturesque basins of forest-clad hills—and when transplanted to weedy, muddy ponds he refuses to multiply, and eventually disappears.

After the spring migrations and spawnings of the various tribes that populate the lakes are over, and the waters become warmer, he settles into the deepest places. There he finds his favorite food, a delicate, silvery smelt, a fish seldom seen except when brought up from deep water in the maw of the trout. As a game fish he is inferior to the black bass, but it is a mistaken, although somewhat prevalent, idea that he is not a vigorous fighter, as when properly angled for he is an antagonist worthy the skill and patience of the best sportsman.

No doubt one reason why his fighting qualities are underestimated is that he is badly treated by many anglers. For instance, a common way of taking him is by attaching a huge block of lead to the line and dragging it on the bottom. What fair-minded sportsman would expect a trout to make a fight when every movement is checked and stopped by a pound or more of lead dangling on the line?

Another lure is the large "spoon" armed with three savage hooks, set back to back. When his mouth is once crammed with those three hooks it cannot be closed, and by the time the long trolling line is reeled in he is nearly drowned. What chance for a run or a leap?

Still another—and this one the unfairest and most unsportsmanlike device—is the "gang," usually constructed of nine hooks set in fearful array, baited, and used at the end of a trolling line. The trout snapping at the whirling bait will usually get half a dozen of the hooks in his mouth, and then he is expected to be fierce and display strength and agility for the gratification of the man using such an instrument of torture.

But if one really wishes to test the real character of the lake trout as a game fish, let him take a light rod, a reel holding 100yds. of the best fine silk line, lengthened

by a heavy casting trout leader 3ft. long, a slender, tough Aberdeen hook baited with a silvery minnow properly attached, a light, tapered lead sinker, and troll if it be mid-summer in the deepest waters of the lake.

When the strike comes and the fish is fastened, reel steadily until the line is nearly perpendicular, then stop and let the trout get his breath and take his time. The sport, nine times out of ten, will prove very satisfactory. Under such methods a 4lb. trout, in fairly cool water, will usually fight vigorously for at least fifteen minutes; and a 10lb. trout will demand and use a full half-hour of time, and test the skill of an expert.

When netted and stretched on the bottom of the boat, the lake trout is an attractive sight. His colors, markings, smooth skin and graceful shape indicate the aristocracy of the true trout family. J. W. HOWE.

LAURENTIAN CLUB, September, 1898.

A Sojourn in Canada.

LIKE all that great host who have laid the basis of vigorous manhood in cozy country homes, I, with the rest, won the esteem of every gurgling brook that laughed its way down to the sea, and found favor with every wild thing in the region. For miles around every craggy dell, rich in its rosy fruitage of wild plums, was fully explored, and more fully enjoyed. We knew, as only boys can know, the hidden ways of all wild things. Our early fancies were nurtured in all the romances of catching squirrels, gathering wild fruits and berries; and an occasional theft of an afternoon down to a shady pool under the hemlocks.

Grim destiny has long since substituted for tangled woods and shady dells, long, homely rows of brick and stone, and the trees are branchless affairs for the support of wires. Instead of dropping nuts and rustling leaves, one hears the crash of coupling cars and the tireless moans of machinery. It is an old and worthy maxim that our earliest impressions longest survive; hence my early longing for the delights of field and forest come with lusty vigor when the trailing arbutus and the wake robins come in the field.

When that subtle, magic influence that a vacation alone can call into being has set completely at naught the ravishes of "Old Father Time," I am a boy again raving in the delights that long, long ago charmed my childish heart. I diligently search out some wild region, that remains just as the Lord left it when He beheld everything He had created, and behold it was very good. If He saw some of it now this benediction might not be forthcoming.

In my wandering I have visited nearly every region in northern Ontario reached by the Grand Trunk Railway, and found this wild country rich in everything that delights the heart of the canoeist and camper. Woods and water and wild things everywhere, and all bathed in an atmosphere so pure, clear and bracing as to render old rusty lungs young again. I have spent several very delightful seasons in various localities, testing nearly all the woods and waters from Lakes Simcoe and Muskoka to the wilderness region north of Lake Nippissing, and found all full of delightful experiences. Especially pleasing were journeys down the Magnetawan River and up Lake Vernon to Hoodstown, and from Huntsville through Fairy and Peninsular lakes to Lake of Bays, where we caught plenty of great big speckled trout. All this vast region is a great public playground, full of pure delights to the hunter and angler, and no tourist can err in casting his lot in this lovely land.

Early in August about thirty of our party arrived at Severn Station, 100 miles due north of Toronto; here we were met by Elijah S. Bennett, of Hamlet Post-Office, Ontario, who drove us to his home, one-half mile from Sparrow Lake, where the real slaughter was to begin early next morning. We found our quarters comfortable, our boarding was indeed excellent, and a kinder hearted Canadian I have never met.

Early next morning a genial minister and the writer embarked for a swift current half a mile up the river. We found the most profitable way to fish these waters was to frequently troll with live minnow or small green frog for bait. We had our best luck while drifting down the current, keeping our baits close to a fringing reef of wild rice and rushes that grew along the shore.

Our first cruise down the current was rewarded by a very vigorous strike on my hook. I, to appear unselfish, turned my rod over to my very genial companion, that he might enjoy the electric thrills that bass was sending up the line from the inky waters of the Severn River. I was thus gracious because my friend had never before wet a line in these waters, and from my observation of his art of angling I don't think he had ever moistened many lines in any waters; so when he assayed to land the thing he unwittingly gave him some slack line, and that instant the sacred tie that binds was broken. Before we were out of the eddies at the foot of the current, a mighty tug on Sawhill's line converted a straight land Presbyterian into an old-time shouting Methodist, and when the struggling sinner in scales hove to it proved to be a 6lb. pickerel, an unusually good fish of this kind for these waters. On our next cruise down the current our Presbyterian again turned Methodist, and the vicious way he snatched a struggling bass into the boat was a caution. The fickle fates that control destinies of the angler again sided with Sawhill, and he ground out another jubilee of joy that would have done credit to a crack regiment in a Salvation Army, when his eyes feasted on the princely proportions of an 8lb. pickerel. I awkwardly assayed to gaff the thing with a huge hook an ardent friend of mine had forged himself. It was constructed on the lines of a navy anchor, and the first blow tore it loose and sent it skittering over the water.

Our exceptional luck soon attracted a host of others, and we soon had boats on starboard, port and beam. Wilder, the most enthusiastic and successful angler of the lot, to avoid the confusion of boats, ran the nose of his craft into the wild rice. He let his line float down the current, and great was his reward in bass, pickerel and channel cat. At length there came to his string a strike that was a glad surprise to us all. His silk line tightened with a swish that threw the waters into a spray. Fifty feet away arose, in the language of the Chippewa, Nahma-mische Nahma—the king of fishes. A monster muscallonge had hurled his ponderous body fully 5ft. out of the water and fell back with a resounding crash. Old Musky's shrewd maneuver had given him slack line; the arching rod straightened, telling us that the Goliath of this gorge was gone.

None of us dreamed that a monster big enough to bite off a man's leg prowled around in these waters. From that day it was the mission of every man in the party to take that 'lunge. The next afternoon Wilder thrice distinguished himself by hitching to the big one; but each time his snoods were wanting. In a frenzy of eagerness he used a soft copper wire snood, and found his line lacking. The next morning I shied my castor into the angling arena; having cut off about 20ft. of my line that had been wet too often to be safe. I had a wrapped wire snood and a strong hook, and my assurance was great. I had run the current several times, and was resting in a whirling eddy under the branches of an overhanging butternut. The sun was hot, and I enjoyed the shade. Boylike, I had to see if my bait was on. The line was fast, I fancied, to the roots of the butternut; but in an instant the line fairly zipped through the water, and twanged with the strain, as the noble fish fled to his lair to the lee of the rice bed. I hung to him, lessening the strain wherever I could, but was hampered by too little line. When my line had all played out, the fish headed straight up the channel, towing my boat with him. An old Scotchman, camped hard by, ran wildly up the shore, shouting directions how to handle him. "I'd gie twa pound for a sicht o' him. He'll gae at least 8 stone. I've fished here mony a year, but never saw a fight like thon." Well, up the channel there was a change of tactics, the noble fellow wheeled and dashed down the current. No sort of tackle could equal the strain, and I sat bitterly lamenting. For fully fifteen minutes the contest had lasted, and I was tired.

Next day Rev. Montgomery, as genial an apostle of the gentle art as ever wet a line, arrived from Pittsburg. In due season he was informed of the crocodile at the current. George was a classmate of mine in the early 80's, and one of those great, good-hearted fellows who had rendered my sojourn in that college an experience of pure delight. He had an unusual stock of self assurance, natural to men of great courage and ability. Brown, the Pittsburg tackle man, had fitted him out with a real gem of a fishing string for $2.50, strong enough to hold a bull, and guaranteed to land anything from the whale that had Jonah down to a sturgeon; and as George embarked for the scene of the recent riots, even the oarlocks caught his spirit of determination, and chuckled gleefully: "We'll git him. We'll git him yet." In an hour or so he got back; but a wheen of yards of his silken string is not back yet; and for ought I know, the old fellow still rules at the current. Thirty to fifty pounds was the estimate of the Scotchman.

A peculiarity we all noticed was that when the big fish carried away a hook and some line he usually ran into the wild rice bed, and fairly lashed the water into a foam. The old Scotch camper assured us the fish was trying to rid himself of the hooks.

I have read in FOREST AND STREAM Col. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With," and who, having read, did not enjoy them? But the man I fish with is a woman, and she knows to a nicety just how fishing ought to be fished. The angling is never so alluring as when my lady, in a gown of gray, graces the stern of the boat. On one of those most delightful Canadian evenings in August, all our party were out fishing from boats. Just as twilight began to fall, the guard in gray gleefully called out: "I have a big bite." She had. The reel fairly screamed, until all the line payed out and the fish began to tow us hither and thither. Everybody got excited, and I believe our party had reached the supreme point in angling where each enjoyed seeing his friend catch large fish almost as well as to catch them himself.

For full twenty minutes he kept up this gamy fight before he showed any signs of weakening. Thirty minutes after he was hooked I called to a friend on the shore to bring a lantern and a gaff. He came and lifted into his boat a mighty channel catfish. The postmaster weighed it—16½lbs., and it surely must have lost over half its flesh in its last battle. This was the largest catfish caught in the Severn last season. Several years ago I saw one caught of 19¾lbs.

In every neighborhood there is a type who seems to combine the best there is in each particular locality, and at Sparrow Lake Reeve Stanton answers the call. He runs the passenger boat to and from the station to the lake. Kind of heart, keen of eye, strong of hand and brain, he rules his little realm as completely as the Czar of Russia. On Thursday he brought his steamer around to tow us on our way down the Severn to the end of navigation at the first portage.

Here we carried our boats and baggage 100ft. or more over rock, and dropped them into the calm waters below the falls. This lower Severn region is as wild a country as one could wish to see. The river above the lake is prosaic enough; but down below, ah! down below things are different. At each succeeding bend the river outdoes all preceding efforts to enchant the tourist. At one place the river spreads its ebony waters out in broad and beautiful bays, whose long reaches of circular waters form delightful pictures framed with towering pines, hemlocks and balsams. At another place this romantic river gathers compactly its scattered trees for a mad flight down some gorge; thus in rounding bays, overhanging granite rocks, waterfalls and foamy rapids doth this noble river enchant its pathway down to the sea.

At 9 o'clock we reached McDonald's Falls, where we found the bass fishing excellent, and when bass fishing is good, could any fishing be better? Ingenious, the bass of this river, veritable Yankees among the other fish in vivacity, in cleverness, in the telegraphic movements of his body; his peer may nowhere be found.

We fished in circular pockets down along the shoot, and found bass waiting to take the bait almost as soon as it touched water. Just at the top of the rapids we could see dozens of bass as plainly as in an aquarium; I baited with minnow and cast above, letting the current bear the bait down to them. Several darted for it; but a large one cut it off at the head as neatly as a tailor snicks a bit of cloth; but didn't hook himself. Thrice was this performance repeated. I then hooked the bait in the back, and landed several fine bass and some pickerel.

Here was a splendid opportunity given to observe the methods these north country bass pursue in biting. They don't take the bait with a mad rush, as many suppose. If one fish is present he cautiously takes the bait and slowly moves off, and sometimes remains ruminating until the barbed hook causes pain, and then startled he begins his rushes. If numerous fish are present, the bait is greedily snapped up and made off with.

In the clear water at the falls I have caught many fish; most of which I saw take the bait. We fished just above where the water makes its bend down the steep declivity of the gorge, and the water fairly flies by, and the wonder is that fish could stay in such turbulent waters. We stood as entranced, watching the rushing, beating waters, although we knew each succeeding moment would bring the same eternal grind of rushing waters, still be stayed; reminded of the lines from Southey:

> "With splashing and dashing and clashing,
> And so never ending, but always descending,
> Sounds and motions forever are blending,
> All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
> This is the way the waters come down at Lodore."

Our party caught perhaps a hundred bass on this journey, most of which were carefully returned to the water. At 6 o'clock we heard the whistle of Capt. James O. Wood's yacht that had come down to tow us home; sorry to leave the angler's paradise, but glad to accept the hospitality of so genial and kindly a gentleman as Capt. Wood. In daily journeys into the woods for wild fruits and berries, we varied the delights of our sojourn on the Severn; but the most profitable and pleasant tour of my life was a trip through lakes Muskoka and Joseph to Port Cockburn, with stop overs at ports Carling and Sandfield. The cool, balmy, invigorating breezes put our whole being in tune to the harmony of nature. The steamer Nipissing carries us down long, delightful avenues of ebony waters, scalloped on either side with rocky castellated islands and bold promontories.

The many flags of campers, the profusion of ferns and flowers call to mind Browning's

> It was roses, roses, all the way,
> With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
> The church spires flamed, such flags they had.

But the longest journey has its end, and the time came and all too soon when we were called to turn our faces from this north country Canaan and return to the daily treadmill of toil, and the call caused as much sadness as one that came long, long years ago.

My earliest friend of the angle, my father, had taken his treasure of six stout boys down to the nearest water to hunt and fish and gather a goodly store of rich, brown hazel nuts. All day long we reveled like mad in the delights of wood and water; and finally, when the low descending sun had burned a serene and shining pathway over the sea, we heard a gentle, kindly voice call: "Come on, boys, come on. It's time to go home."

JAMES M. NORRIS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Little Kanawha.

FOR the benefit of a correspondent asking about hunting and fishing on Little Kanawha, about forty miles from Parkersburg, W. Va., I would say, from information which I have been trying to obtain for some time, that squirrels and grouse are the only game of any considerable amount. The fishing is said to be good. There are green bass, lake bass and the striped or rock bass. As to the other kinds of fish I have not been informed.

N. D. E.

To Stock Greenwood and Hopatcong Lakes.

GAME WARDENS KERR AND RILEY, of New Jersey, will stock Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood Lake with 10,000 wall-eyed pike, the same number of white bass and 5,000 channel catfish.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. R., Boston.—The first of the series of "Confabulations of the Cadi" appeared on Aug. 13. The second appeared on Sept. 3 and each week since.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. W. J. Cummins, of Bishop Aukland, England, sends us his fishing tackle catalogue, which has, in addition to full descriptions of his extensive stock of anglers' supplies, numerous interesting half-tone illustrations of fishing waters in Great Britain and elsewhere. It is not all of fishing to fish; if one would know something of the charms of natural scenery which delight our angling cousins across the water he may find it here. The catalogue will be sent on application to the above address.

Publications Received.

Bob: Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday & McClure.

A fox terrier broke loose from its cage in a Chicago bird store recently, and for more than three hours slaughtered the valuable and beautiful birds. Parrots, cockatoos, jays, finches and other screeching birds set up such a deafening chorus that a great crowd was attracted. Efforts were made to break into the store and stop the slaughter, but the door resisted all the attempts until the proprietor arrived at 7 o'clock. By this time the store was strewn with bodies of birds and plumage of every hue. Fifty canaries, a dozen parrots, a Japanese nightingale, a bird of paradise, mockingbirds, a dozen white and gray Java rice birds, strawberry and zebra finches and others, numbering between 100 and 200, were killed.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 31.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials.
Nov. 3.—Connecticut Field Trials, East Hampton, Conn. Entries close Oct. 29. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, P.-O. Box 603, New Haven.
Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 10-11.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's trials. Eber Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio State Field Trial Association's trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.
Nov. 28.—Amoret, Mo.—Missouri Field Trials Association's second annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club.

THE tenth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, which were held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 17, furnished splendid sport to the lovers of New England fox hunting. The trials were highly successful. Scent was good, foxes were abundant, the hounds did their work well, and the attendance was large. Among those present during the week at Hotel Barre, the club's headquarters, were O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; Chas. P. Wendell, Dr. Lemuel Pope, Jr., Horace P. Kent, Dr. A. C. Heffenger, W. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; A. B. McGregor, Middleton, Mass.; Dr. Chas. Alfred Nichols, Urbana, Ill.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.; S. B. Mills, Needham, Mass.; H. V. Conant, F. H. French, Dedham, Mass.; E. L. Brooks, Vernon, Vt.; J. H. Van Dorn, Jersey City, N. J.; G. Mawhinney, New York, N. Y.; J. T. Flannelly, Boston, Mass.; R. D. Perry, Edgar J. Hill, Phillipston, Mass.; C. E. Taylor, Woburn, Mass.; W. R. Dean, Worcester, Mass.; W. B. Stone, Waltham, Mass.; E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me. The majority of the judges and many of the spectators were mounted, and the experiment of riding to the hounds must be considered a success. No one could ride straight, but a mounted man was able to keep in with the chase and see more of the pack than was possible for a man on foot. The decisions of the judges—S. B. Mills, E. L. Brooks, Bradford S. Turpin, Horace P. Kent, A. B. McGregor, and W. A. Bragdon—were well received.

While the work of all the winners in both Derby and all-age was excellent, that of Flash is especially worthy of notice. In the Derby she divided third, but in the all-age her form improved, and her dash and endurance won for her the highest honors of the year. She is a handsome, well-built hound, with a beautiful head and excellent body, feet and legs. She should do well on the bench. Dash, the winner of the Pope memorial cup, is a large, powerful hound. Very little fault can be found with his body, legs and feet, but his head is coarse.

Monday.

President Joslin presided at a business meeting of the club on Monday evening. Frederick H. French, Dedham, Mass.; James A. Rice, Barre, Mass., and Dr. Chas. A. Nichols, Urbana, Ill., were elected to active membership, and Col. John D. Rogers, Galveston, Texas, and Hayden C. Trigg, Glasgow, Ky., to honorary membership. Ten entries in the Derby were then made, and the meeting adjourned.

Derby Entries.

Snowflake—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's w. and lem. bitch, by Big Strive—Linda, Walker-English cross, 19mos. old.
Jack—Chas. P. Wendell's b. and t. dog, by Dock—Brownie, Kentucky strain, 22mos. old.
Baldy—J. Wm. Jones' b., w. and t. dog, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 15mos. old.
Flash—Horace Fuller's b., w. and t. bitch, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 15mos. old.
Sauk—H. V. Conant's b., w. and t. dog, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 15mos. old.
Flirt—H. V. Conant's b., w. and t. bitch, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 15mos. old.
Bal—Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, w., t. and b. dog, by Dash—Mischief, English-native cross, 19mos. old.
Gill—Dr. C. A. Nichols' w., t. and b. bitch, by Orator—Cheekie, native strain, 15mos. old.
Jupiter—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog, by Orator—Cheekie, native strain, 15mos. old.
Lewis—W. A. Bragdon's b., w. and t. dog, by Sharper—Katy Decatur, July-Goodman cross, 13mos. old.

Tuesday—The Derby.

Morning broke clear, still and cold; hoar frost covered the ground, and the prospect for a day of exceptional sport was excellent. As usual, the hounds were started at the Rowell farm, and the sun was not yet up when the master of hounds, A. B. McGregor, ordered the pack cast off. One always expects more or less rioting among the Derby entries, but these youngsters went to work at once. A couple of thickets were drawn blank and then a track was found in the open pasture. Gill and Flirt were the first to tongue, the other hounds barked in at once and carried the trail along prettily for a mile or more, and jumped their fox. Reynard led away to the rough country northwest of the town reservoir. The pack was close behind him, pressing him hard, and the music rising and falling on the clear air was as fine as ever was heard at a New England hound trial. The country is broken by sharp, steep ridges, divided by narrow valleys, and here the fox played for an hour, constantly circling, crossing and recrossing his own track and trying in every way to throw off his eager pursuers. Scent, however, lay splendidly, and the pack followed close, with scarcely a break in their cry. The judges were unusually successful in getting into the chase, and had many opportunities to score the hounds. Jack and Bal were frequently seen in the lead, with Flirt and Flash close up, and the others near enough to get under the traditional blanket.

From start to finish the race was a grand one, and particularly exciting from the fact that the pack was out of hearing hardly for a moment, and the fox was seen time and again as he crossed the open pastures. The pace was a furious one, and for three hours the fox was hard pressed. During the first part of the run Jack was seen in the lead a number of times, but finally the pace began to tell on him, and Bal took his place in the run, and during the latter half of the morning made most of the running. But it must not be supposed for a moment that the other hounds were out of the race. They were all in till the finish, and almost all of them did work worthy of mention. Flash and Flirt were always well up, and Snowflake and Gill were close to the leaders. Most of the running was north and west of the reservoir, but the fox made one or two long circles to the brick schoolhouse and to the sawmill.

Finally, after three hours of as good sport as was ever seen at the club trials, the fox threw off the pack in a road. Throughout this great race the hounds ran well packed, and in their work showed gameness, endurance, speed and hunting sense.

But though that fox was lost, the sport for the day was not yet ended. Barre always has an apparently inexhaustible supply of foxes, and another was soon afoot, with all the hounds in full cry close at his heels. This chase was not as long as the first, but in other respects was almost a repetition of it. The same hounds did the best work, the fox ran in the same country in much the same way, but the chase ended after an hour's time. Whether the fox was lost or shot by an outsider was unknown.

The judges posted the awards in the afternoon, giving first prize to Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, Bal, second to Chas. P. Wendell's Jack, and dividing third between Horace Fuller's Flash and H. V. Conant's Flirt. The R. D. Perry cup and the L. H. Parsons medal were awarded to Bal.

Twelve all-age entries were made in the evening.

All-Age Entries.

Gamester—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., w. and t. dog, by Brooke—Primrose, Ky.-July cross, 2yrs. old.
Snowflake—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's w. and lem. bitch, by Big Strive—Linda, Walker-English cross, 1yr. 7mos. old.
Student—Chas. P. Wendell's b., w. and t. dog, by Dock—Linda, Walker-English cross, 2yrs. old.
Baldy—J. Wm. Jones' b., w and t. dog, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 1yr. 3mos. old.
Flash—Horace Fuller's b., w. and t. bitch, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 1yr. 3mos. old.
Ben Hur—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog, by Rock—Juliette, Ky.-July cross, 3yrs. 2mos. old.
Dash—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog, by Dock—Imported Snowdrop, Walker-English cross, 3yrs. old.
Bal—Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, w., t and b. dog, by Dash—Mischief, English-native cross, 1yr. 7mos. old.
Rice—J. H. van Dorn's b. and t. dog, Goodman strain, 4yrs. old.
Orator—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog, native strain, 7yrs. old.
Flirt—H. V. Conant's b., w. and t. bitch, by Minstrel—Lottie, English-Walker cross, 1yr. 3mos. old.
Hunter—C. E. Taylor's w. and lem. dog, native strain, 5yrs. old.

A song recited in the hotel parlor by Miss Shumway brought the day to a pleasant close.

Wednesday—The All-Age Stake.

The first day of the running of the all-age stake opened inauspiciously. An easterly wind was blowing half a gale, there was no dew and the heavy clouds were growing thicker each moment. It was evident that one of New England's fierce autumn storms was close at hand, and it was with little hope of good sport that the hounds were cast off at the Rowell farm at sunrise. The pack went off at a dashing gait and were a bit riotous at first, but they soon got down to work and heading into the wind searched for a trail fresh enough to be carried. Several cold tracks were found, but none of them could be followed, though all the hounds worked hard and cast well in their endeavors to pick them along. It was not long before the pack was badly broken up. Rice and Bal were trailing far to the northeast of the starting point, somewhat nearer Flash, Baldy and Flirt were hard at work; Hunter, who seemed to be an independent worker, was away by himself, while Dash and Ben Hur were leading off toward the town reservoir. Snowflake and Gamester were prospecting in a distant field and others were scattered here and there.

The hunt was a most unpromising one and the cold wind added to the discomfort of the sportsmen. About 8 o'clock, however, a number of the hounds found a track in the woods east of the old reservoir which they were able to carry rapidly along. The scent which had been so poor in the open was fairly good in the cover and at 8 o'clock the fox was up. He ran to the westward and the wind was just right to bring the music of the chase to the large party of hunters who were scattered about the great rocky pasture near the reservoir. Nearer and nearer came the cry, and within ten minutes of the jump the fox dashed into view. He was hard pressed by Gamester, Rice, Bal and Snowflake, running beautifully packed and straining every muscle to overtake their quarry. The fox was but a short distance in the lead, and a good chase seemed certain. Just as the hounds came into view, however, a bunch of young cattle stampeded directly across the trail, and a bad check resulted. It was some little time before the line was recovered, and then the small pack went out of hearing in the direction of Hawes Hill. After the leaders had been gone for a number of minutes, Baldy, Flirt and Flash came slowly along on the track. Twice within the next half-hour the hounds were scored by the judges and on both occasions Gamester had a long lead over his mates. Scent lay badly and was constantly growing worse, and the fox easily escaped, finally throwing off the pack completely in a large plowed field. Rice, Orator, Gamester, Snowflake, Baldy, Flash, Bal, Hunter and Flirt came up on the track, but they were well strung out and had no semblance to a pack.

Dash, Student and Ben Hur meantime had been working independently, and had a chase in the vicinity of Sherman Hill, but how long it lasted, or how it resulted, is not known. It was late in the afternoon when their owners brought them home.

Rain fell in torrents soon after 10 o'clock, and continued during the rest of the day. In the evening Dr. Heffenger entertained the club with an interesting account of the Spanish prisoners at Portsmouth, and related a number of incidents of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, which he had learned from the officers on both sides.

Thursday.

Fortune favored the club. The storm was at an end. The sun rose in a cloudless sky. There was no wind, and the ground was in splendid condition for running. The hounds were thrown off in Glen Valley just after sunrise and went to work with a will. But either the foxes had not moved about much after the storm, or the scent had been washed away by a late shower, for a long stretch of promising country was drawn blank. Not a trail could be found for an hour. Then, however, in thick cover north of the old reservoir the hounds struck a track and carried it along at racing speed. After five minutes' sharp work the fox was jumped and a furious race began. Scent lay splendidly, and there was no break in the fierce, eager cry of the hounds. The deep, broad valley and the neighboring hills made a fitting theater for as fine a race as ever was seen. The fox did not lead away, but was content to circle through the valley and over the neighboring hills. The pack pressed him hard, and though he ran walls and swamps, and forced his way through the dead branches that covered an old wood lot, the hounds continued to cling to him.

The pack most of the time ran well bunched, and the lead was constantly changing. Rice, Bal, Gamester, Baldy, Flash, Flirt, Student, Dash and Snowflake were seen a number of times among the leading hounds, and all worked with a snap and dash that was a pleasure to witness.

After the race had continued for a couple of hours, a second fox was jumped, and the pack divided. The newcomer ran around the old reservoir, and then returned to the country where the first fox was being hotly pursued. Their tracks frequently crossed, with the result that some hounds drove one fox for a time and then pursued the other. This, of course, detracted from the interest of the race, and everybody was glad when one of the foxes was lost or driven into the ground, and all the hounds were again on one fox.

The fox was frequently headed, and the sharp turns that he made in dodging the hunters checked the hounds, and now and again gave him a lead over the pack. Once he was seen full twenty minutes ahead of the hounds, who picked the trail along with the greatest difficulty, and it would probably have been lost entirely had not Flirt and Flash succeeded in working out the loss where their mates seemed willing to abandon it. The fox had stopped to rest, and did not jump till the hounds were again close upon him. Then he was away with the pack in full cry once more.

But the long chase was telling upon him. He was now about exhausted, and no one was surprised when he went into the ground shortly after 11 o'clock. He took refuge in a cleft of a rocky ledge, and was easily bolted out with the aid of a long stick. His sudden exit was unexpected, and though all the hounds were close by, he escaped uninjured. Indeed he appeared to bear a charmed life, for about noon an outsider fired two shots at him in vain, and at last he went to ground without a scratch upon him.

This ended one of the best races in the history of the club. The driving was fast, the fox was frequently seen and the chase was never out of hearing. Notice was given in the evening that all the entries would be ordered out on Friday morning.

Friday.

The last day of the trials was the only dull one of the week. The wind was from the east, the sky was covered with heavy clouds and a fine, cold mist made the day a disagreeable one. The hounds were cast off south of the old reservoir at 6:23, and quickly worked into the country that had supplied the club with foxes through the week. It was not long before Orator and Rice had jumped a fox, and gone off with him to the northeast. But the chase was a short one. Reynard crossed the valley a couple of times, and then went to earth. Meantime another fox had been jumped by some of the other hounds, and after a time all the entries got on, but the pack was well strung out, and the chase lacked the excitement and dash of those of the previous days of the trials. This fox, too, refused to run, and quickly went to ground. It was now about 8:30, and the remainder of the morning was occupied in getting the hounds together and trying to find another fox. None was jumped, and at 12 o'clock the horns were sounded and the trials were over.

The judges held a long session in the afternoon and made the following awards:

The All-Age Winners.

Hunting Class.—First, O. F. Joslin's Dash; second, Horace Fuller's Flash; third, Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, Bal.
Trailing Class.—First, H. V. Conant's Flirt; second, C. P. Wendell's Student; third, O. F. Joslin's Dash.
Speed and Driving Class.—First, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Gamester; second, O. F. Joslin's Dash; third, Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, Bal.
Endurance Class.—First, Horace Fuller's Flash; second, C. P. Wendell's Student; third, O. F. Joslin's Dash.
Tonguing Class.—First, Horace Fuller's Flash; second, Dr. L. Pope, Jr.'s, Bal; third, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Gamester.

Special Prizes.

Speed and driving medal to Gamester.
Trailing medal to Flirt.

The Norton Q. Pope memorial cup and the hunting medal to Dash.

The American Field cup, the highest general average medal, the endurance medal and J. Gibb's special prize of $5 to Flash.

President Joslin presided at a meeting of the club in the evening. It was voted that the winter meet be held at Barre during the week of Jan. 12, 1899. After the distribution of the diplomas, medals and cups, the meeting adjourned.

Many of the hunters left on Friday night, and the early trains of Saturday morning carried the last of the party to their homes. J. A. B.

Western Massachussetts Fur Club.

The eleventh annual hunt of the Massachusetts Fur Club will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15 and 16.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 25-27.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament at Dupont Park.

Oct. 27.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Opening live-bird shoot of Greater New York Gun Club. H. S. Lippack, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—Oakbrook, Pa.—Tournament of the Oakbrook Gun Club; targets and live birds. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.

Oct. 27-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Kentucy Gun Club. Championship of Kentucky on last day, 25 pigeons. Emile Pragoff, Secretary.

Nov. 2-3.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; targets only. John M. Lilly, Sec'y.

Nov. 2-4.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. J. A. Penn, Recording Secretary.

Nov. 12.—Princeton, N. J.—Intercollegiate match for cup, between teams from Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania and Princeton.

Nov. 16-17.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 21-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Ottumwa Gun Club; targets. Walter Gephart, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.

Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Dec. 5-9.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

1899.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Milt F. Lindsley, superintendent of the Smokeless department of the King Smokeless Powder Co., writes us as follows concerning the Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament and other matters: "You will see that we have one day targets and two days at live birds; the target events I have tried to make equitable for all. I don't believe in handicaps, as I consider it an impossibility to classify the shooters in their proper classes; and handicaps, if properly carried out, as in the case of horses, will eventually handicap the crackerjack out of the shooting world, the same as the best horses are handicapped out of all races. But when you have a programme of short events and equitable division of the money it doesn't make any difference to the 80 per cent. shooter haw many 95 per cent. shooters are competing in the event. I have read your "Confabulations of the Cadi," and with a great deal of interest, and I think that you have the right idea of the matter; and I believe the solution is short events and the equitable system of dividing moneys, with perhaps one or two long events with class shooting thrown in as a sop to the experts. You notice I used the word "experts" and not "professionals"; all experts are not professionals, and all professionals are not experts, as I have learned to my sorrow. I as captain of the club will probably have the running of the tournament, and will be assisted by Jack Parker. From present indications we are looking for a large turnout, and expect to have a very enjoyable time."

The contest for the Cast Iron Medal, between Mr. Rolla O. Heikes and Mr. W. R. Elliston, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 96 to 94, a very close finish. At times the piece of stove metal was in grave danger of having a new custodian, as Mr. Elliston gave Mr. Heikes a great race, one first class in every respect. Heikes shot his Winchester, using a Winchester Leader shell and Schultze powder. Elliston shot a Greener, using a Winchester metal-lined shell and Schultze powder.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke writes us as follows: "In my report of the Dayton shoot the name of Jim Elliott was inadvertently omitted among the list of average prize winners. He got seventh average prize, a very fine cut-glass bottle of cologne. This, however, he exchanged with Fanning for his cigars."

There were rumors at the recent Baltimore tournament, which had a stamp of authority, that any one with a craving for a match at either live birds or targets could be accommodated by sportsmen of that city, with anywhere from $100 to $1,000 on the side, merely to give the matter some interest.

Mr. Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., flies northward as far as Dover Plains, N. Y., this week. He will be the guest of the well-known sportsman Mr. Horatio Nelson, and their purpose will be to establish a familiar footing with the ruffed grouse and woodcock.

The Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap badge was an interesting event in the trap-shooting competition of last week. Seventeen contested for it. Mr. J. H. Amberg won it. This was the fifth contest. The details are fully set forth in "Western Traps."

Fred Gilbert's run of 53 straight in the live-bird events at the Belle Meade tournament of the third day was an excellent performance. On the fourth day Fred was unfortunate in losing a bird dead out of bounds, which placed him in the ties on 24.

The annual tournament of the Ottumwa Gun Club, Ottumwa, Ia., will be held on the club grounds, South Side Ball Park, Nov. 21 and 22. The programme is alike for each day, ten 15-target events, each $1.50 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

Dr. S. Shaw and Mr. S. Palmer contested for the Chicago challenge trophy on Oct. 18, the latter winning by one bird. Score, 23 to 22. Both stood at 30yds.

The scores of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club's shoot, Oct. 15, as published in the daily press, were faked and false. The correct scores will be found in our columns this week.

The live-bird match arranged to take place between Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. L. Finletter has been declared off.

Mr. D. Upson, of Cleveland, was in New York last Wednesday and Thursday, stopping over en route to Riverton.

Bernard Waters.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—X.

Happy Domestic Life.

It was a hot day, near the noon hour. Hopie Jane, with her swarm of children, was swinging an axe manfully at the edge of the woods, cutting in two a dead tree that it might the better be dragged to the house for fire wood. This was a part of the cooking labors, a preface to them morning, noon and night.

The Cadi's skinny horse grazed comfortably in the pasture close by, betimes holding his head contemplatively over the rail fence, imperturbably gazing at the group which toiled and spun while he was as the lily of the field. The Cadi's health was so delicate that he did not feel equal to the task of harnessing up the horse for Hopie Jane, nor was it prudent that he should do so: for first of all the Cadi was of such high mettle that, if he once began, common gallantry would demand at least that he manage the horse while Hopie Jane chopped up the wood and hitched the load to the horse; and second, when Hopie Jane managed the horse herself, her skill was of such an order that she guided him at eccentric angles in every direction but the one which she wished to follow, pulling on the wrong rein with great resolution, thereby imperiling the lives and limbs of the prides and hopes of the family as they swarmed in consternation around her. There were thus good reasons why Hopie Jane should chop wood and drag it to the home, while horse and man reposed to their liking.

On this particular morning things had gone wrong. The children were fretful and exacting, and all things seemed to be contrary. In the hurry of the time she had not tied her shoes, and her stockings hung in negligee furls about her ankles, with the unfortunate result that she had lost her rabbit foot from one of them. The most diligent search failed to find it. As Hopie was a great believer in signs and omens, the incident cast a further gloom over the morning. A rooster crowing on the doorstep, a lizard crossing the path, a moon seen over the left shoulder, voodoos, ghosts, dreams, fairy tales—each in its way was portentous to her, but to lose a rabbit foot filled her bosom with vague fears of evil.

Nevertheless, she had attempted a little at personal adornment by tying a knot of bright ribbons in her back hair, the elegance of Mrs. Le Loup, as displayed at the birthday dinner of the Cadi, having aroused a spirit of emulative coquetry. She paused a moment in her work, and unconscious that the Cadi and his companions could observe her from the shadow of the lodge, drew a piece of broken glass from her pocket, held it in front, to the right, to the left, almost dislocating her neck in an effort to see how the ribbons looked on the back of it. As she picked out each detail of pleasing beauty, an expression of coy, smiling pleasure spread over her face, care and drudgery were forgotten and the day then seemed to be of fairyland.

"It's a peculiar thing," remarked the Cadi, as he noted Hopie Jane's movements, "that the salvation of the human race could have been insured if Adam had had a reasonable degree of forethought."

"How?" queried Moke, with lazy effort.

"If Adam had only bought a little hand mirror, Eve never would have eaten the forbidden fruit, for in the first place she never would have had time, as the greater part of the day would have been occupied in adjusting her costume by the mirror, and the rest of the day would have been none too much in which to admire herself after her costume was completed. Even if by any unforeseen happening they had been evicted, Eve would have broken in again to be with the mirror."

"Bother," said Moke, contemptuously. "All you need do is to stand on the street of any big city and watch the well dressed gentlemen pass the big plate glass windows. They slacken their walk a bit and steal a look out of the corners of their eyes at their own reflected elegance. Some of them even stop and preen themselves with a care that no lady could imitate. To me it seems to be a virtue rather than a weakness, for if we had no vanity nor pride we could not admire the beauties in ourselves or in others, or the beauties of the world at large, to say nothing of shaving ourselves and washing our faces. It is true that some people may be more observant of those matters than you and I, good friend, but even at that there is a difference between washing our faces twice a month and not washing them at all."

In the Matter of Scratch.

"That may be true too," replied the Cadi. "Every woman had a father, and no doubt but what she came by her character by just heredity. The meeting will now come to order, and we will proceed with the business of the tournament. Will there be any handicap or will the journeyman wolves and the apprentice wolves all stand at the same scratch?"

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," said Le Loup, "that we all stand at the same scratch and shoot under the same conditions. I don't want any handicap. I can't shoot as well as some others, but it suits me to shoot with the best on even terms, whether I am beaten or not. I am glad to see the boys come and take our money if they can do the trick."

"Don't second that any of you for a minute or two," said the Cadi, as he yawned, unwound his legs and stretched himself. He walked into the house and returned soon with a bucket of cider. "Take a bath, Le Loup, and pass it along."

Le Loup drank till he was forced to stop for breath. He gave two giant sighs, then drank again. "Pretty good vinegar," he remarked, "but it beats no cider by a long ways." After all had partaken of refreshments—as we of the Four Hundred say—there seemed to be a general air of contentment enveloping the group.

"Concerning your motion, which has no standing because it was not seconded, Le Loup, there are quite a number who say the same thing," said the Cadi. "Now, whether they are posing for admiration for their gameness and broad liberality, or whether they are genuinely sincere, I will not attempt to pass upon. But it is a mistaken notion, for it is not based on good sense that the weaker should oppose the stronger on equal terms. Granting that there are men here and there who are willing to meet all comers on equal terms and lose their money for the pleasure of the losing, there are hundreds more who do not care to do so, and still more who cannot afford to do so. Now, which shall we consider as being of paramount importance—the one who is rather pleased to lose his money to the stars, or the hundred or more who wish to compete with a chance to win?

"Handicaps are spoken of as a matter pertaining to sport. They have a broader significance and a broader application. They are called by different names and have widely different adjustments to fit the peculiar circumstances to which they refer. For instance, we have a protective tariff, which simply is a handicap on foreign competition, and which gives our home contestants a chance in the sweepstakes.

"Railroads pool their interests, and allow weaker roads to charge a lesser rate, which in a way is the adjustment of a handicap.

"Last year, when there was a big fox hunt, our town officers imposed a license of $5 on all men who kept horses for hire. Its purpose was to keep farmers from bringing their horses into town to compete with the liverymen. That was a handicap.

"In wars, the troops in a fort withstand the attack of a superior force which is in the open. One has a handicap, the other shoots at the scratch. On equal terms in the open, the weaker force runs away. That is what has happened in the trap world, but you do not seem to have discovered it; my astute Le Loup."

"I am talking of shooting matters, and not of wars and commerce. In talking of shooting, I do not need to roam through the fields of earth and sky. When I shoot at the trap, there is no interest in matters of war or tariff," retorted Le Loup.

"Where men strive to excel or conquer," said the Cadi, "there are certain universal principles which are recognized by every race in every clime. The weaker cannot cope with the stronger in sport, commerce or war; that is, if the contests are on equal terms.

"In matters of sport, running horses carry weight; trotting horses have their classification on arbitrary time limits; yachts have an intricate system of handicaps; bicycle racing, sprinting, etc., also have their handicaps.

"A handicap, in the wisdom of the sporting world, has been found to be a necessity from time immemorial, except in the matter of target shooting. That, however, will be no exception to the rule, for the imperative necessities of the case will work its own cure. It makes me very dry to talk. Pass the cannikin, good Moke," said the Cadi, as he dusted the debris out of his eyelashes with a red cotton handkerchief, which had been washed the previous spring.

"Whoopie," said Ephraim, jumping into the air and cracking his heels together, "I make a motion that we adjourn and go fishing."

"Meeting adjourned," said the Cadi. Bernard Waters.

Heikes vs. Elliston.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 22.—Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, met here to-day to settle their little differences concerning the Cast Iron Medal. This, as the conditions require, was a 100-bird race, and the boy Elliston proved to be a little the hardest proposition that Heikes has had to contend with since he came into possession of that old iron plate. No one need imagine that this was not a shooting match, for in none of his previous contests with Grimm, Budd or Gilbert were his honors ever so much in jeopardy. This star, which has so lately flashed over the shooting firmament, had the big Dayton shooter guessing right up to the finish, for it was not until the 98th round that the latter could breathe easy and feel confident that the trophy would remain in his possession. The race began at 1:50, and everything moved nicely until the 11th round, when the big man lost a clipping outgoer from No. 1 trap. Elliston killed all kinds of birds in brilliant style up to the 19th round, when he too lost one similar to that of Heikes, and from the same trap. If anything, this one was a faster bird. It was hit with both loads, but kept on.

The race remained a tie until the 25th round, when Heikes again lost a left-quarterer that would always be classed good. Thus the little man was one bird ahead at the end of the first quarter. the score now stood: Elliston 24, Heikes 23.

On the next string Heikes lost his 2d bird, or rather his 27th, a bird much alike in flight to the one he had missed previously. This gave Elliston a lead of 2, which, however, was soon reduced to 1 by his loss of the 31st, a screamer that twisted a little and then quartered off to the right. For some time the contest remained even, for both contestants were now doing the finest of shooting on very fast birds. The second string was just drawing to a close when Heikes had a twisting outgoer from No. 5 trap go out of bounds. This put the boy 2 ahead, and the race was half-finished. The score then stood: Elliston 48, Heikes 46. Thus matters stood up to the 64th round, when Elliston lost a circling incomer after having made a run of 32 straight. He followed this up by losing his next bird from No. 3 trap. This bird had a puzzling flight, though it was not a very fast one. Apparently it was uninjured. The third string was finished without the loss of any more birds to either, so that at this juncture it was a tie, each having scored 61 birds.

Elliston, who was not in the best of health, appeared to be tiring somewhat at this juncture, as he was certainly much slower, his time being not near so good. Through sheer pluck and grit he maintained his position until the 87th round, when he lost another circling incomer. This put the Dayton man one in the lead, and his prospects became correspondingly brighter. He had not made a skip since the 50th round, cutting down all kinds of birds with deadly precision. It became more and more evident that the distance was too great for the youth, as he lost another circling incomer on the 98th round, which made 3 of this kind that he lost during the race. Evidently this was his weak bird.

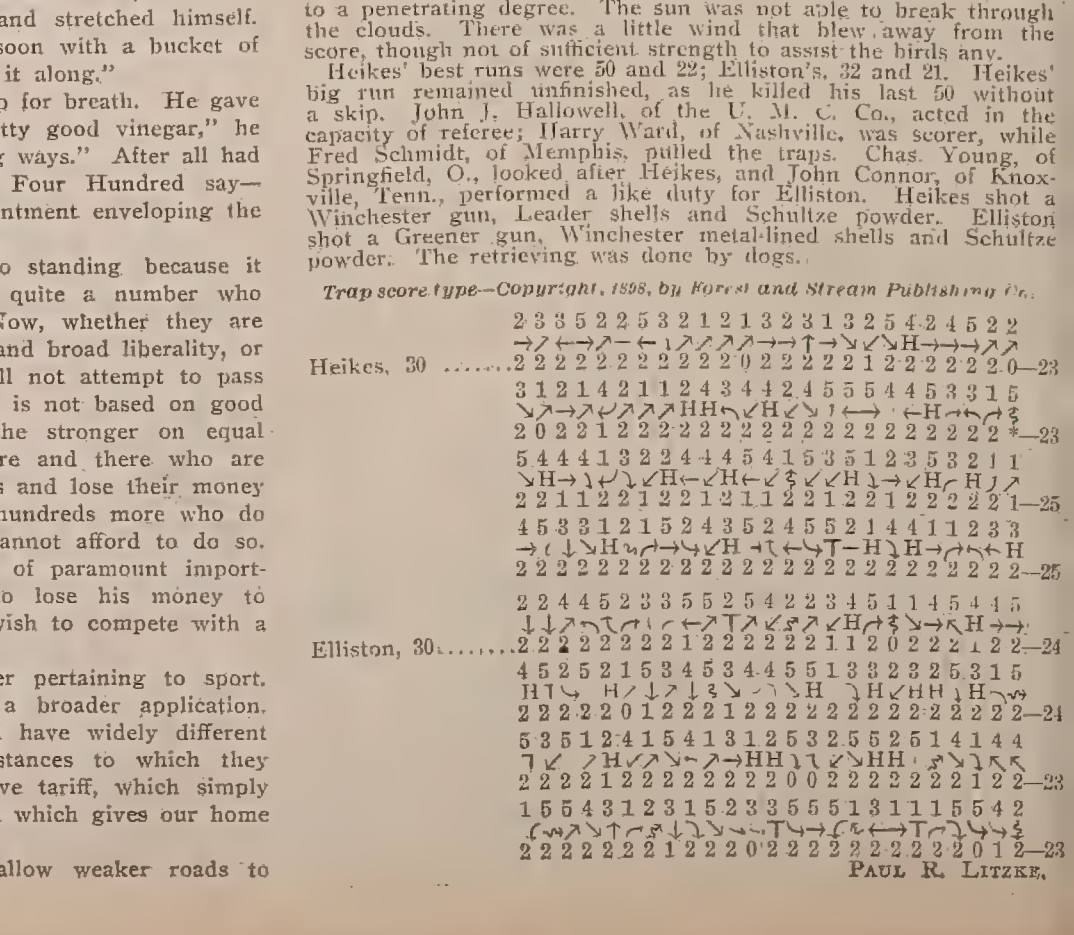
This landed Heikes a winner by 2 birds. There will be no smoke in the Heikes household, as the cover will remain on the furnace, and thereby keep the E. C. cup from tarnishing, to say nothing of the other similar silverware that now adorns the parlor. Taking it all in all, it was a great shooting match, one worth going miles to see. With the exception of the Gilbert-Deiter match, it was the most interesting it has been my lot to witness. Each of the principals shot in capital style, and it is no discredit to Elliston to be defeated by such a score; then too it is well to remember that he gave Heikes the closest race for the medal of any aspirant who has attempted to wrest it from him. Three birds is the nearest that any of the other contestants came to it. This occurred at Dayton, when Grimm made an attempt to retrieve his lost laurels. The score on this occasion was: Heikes 93, Grimm 90.

The birds were a very good lot, especially the first 100, most of which were corkers, being far superior to any trapped here during the shoot.

The weather again was of that mean, nasty nature—raw and cold to a penetrating degree. The sun was not able to break through the clouds. There was a little wind that blew away from the score, though not of sufficient strength to assist the birds any.

Heikes' best runs were 50 and 22; Elliston's, 32 and 21. Heikes' big run remained unfinished, as he killed his last 50 without a skip. John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., acted in the capacity of referee; Harry Ward, of Nashville, was scorer, while Fred Schmidt, of Memphis, pulled the traps. Chas. Young, of Springfield, O., looked after Heikes, and John Connor, of Knoxville, Tenn., performed a like duty for Elliston. Heikes shot a Winchester gun, Leader shells and Schultze powder. Elliston shot a Greener gun, Winchester metal-lined shells and Schultze powder. The retrieving was done by dogs.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Paul R. Litzke.

Belle Meade Tournament.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 21.—The initial effort of the Belle Meade Gun Club in the conducting of tournaments was crowned with success. The object of the promoters of this shooting meeting was to bring to Nashville all the famous shooters of the country. In this respect it must be admitted that they succeeded admirably, for there were few of the good ones whose names do not appear on the entry book of the club.

However, while the crackerjacks were all in the scramble, there were therein few of the simon-pure class in evidence. One is led to infer that the sucker man, who also ran, has learned wisdom by experience, and that the so-called amateur will refuse longer to shy his castor in the same ring with his more expert competitor, the trade representative, where the old system of dividing the purses prevails. In order to come anywhere near breaking even, he must of necessity outshoot himself, which rarely occurs when he is pitted against the very acme of the shooting talent. True, there were some of the rank and file on hand, but few of these went the entire distance, while the majority were content with a day's experience, for this is what most of them got.

I am led to believe that the club erred in adopting this method of dividing the money, as I have been informed that a number of those who were expected remained away, believing this would be too hard a proposition. Had the Rose system prevailed in the target events, it is more than probable that the attendance of amateur shooters would have been much larger, while at the same time it is also safe to add none of the trade representatives would have remained away. It is my opinion that it is impossible to draw a large attendance to a tournament conducted on these lines. I have always contended for the more equitable system, and have yet to see one which gives more satisfaction than that known as the Rose system, with the ratio of 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2. This partitions the money among a greater number, and not to a few fortunate ones, as has been the case. Of course it would have been impossible for Gilbert to win $97 under this system, as he did here the first day, but it is well to bear in mind that where there are big winners there must be correspondingly more losers, and all are aware that it is invariably the 80 per cent. men who are the producers. Understand that I do not want to criticise the management, only wishing to indicate points whereby it is possible to materially increase its attendance at its next tournament, for I understand that the Belle Meade tournaments are to become a fixture and to be repeated from year to year.

The programme was a most liberal one, and the treatment accorded all visiting shooters was indeed a hospitable one. The latter was of that broad-gauge, Southern kind, where nothing is too good for the visitors. The writer has attended most of the tournaments in the South that are noted for the treatment accorded visiting sportsmen, and that received by those in attendance here was equal to the very best of them.

The local contingent was loyal to a degree seldom equaled anywhere, in that they entered freely in the competition, and in addition were untiring in their efforts to show the visiting shooters every attention. When the delegation from Dayton arrived they were met at the depot by a committee of the club and were conveyed in tally-hos to the Duncan Hotel. Notwithstanding the fact that it was raining very hard the party proceeded along the way to the blast of the horn. Evidently the unsophisticated formed a rather vague opinion of the sanity of the individuals who would essay such a ride in weather of this nature. This was again repeated on Thursday, when a number of shooters drove to the shooting grounds in a tally-ho and were forced to make the return trip in a drenching rain.

The appointments at these grounds are the most complete I have ever seen, and easily surpass anything that has come under my observation. The club house was originally the Cincinnati building at the Nashville Exposition, and was moved to its present site by Gen. Jackson for the very purpose that it now serves. This building is a neat structure, containing three rooms, two 16x20 and another one 16x30, the center one being the largest and is used for a lounging place, and the cashier's office was located here, while the one to the right contains the shooters' lockers and gun racks. This room is set aside for the gentlemen. The one to the left was reserved for the ladies. Each contain toilet rooms and have water connection, while windows of great dimensions permit one to view the shooting from the inside, should the weather be unfavorable.

A spacious veranda encircles the entire building, and at convenient places gun racks are to be found, thus enabling the shooter to have his gun handy to the score, while at the same time obviating any possibility of it being injured. The clover leaf field is here also in evidence. There are a set of live-bird traps to the right and left of the club house, while directly to the rear is situated the magautrap. There are also another set of target traps to the left of the building, arranged on the Sergeant system, but these are invisible, for though they are in the live-bird grounds that are located here, they in no way interfere with the shooting, being so arranged that the surface is perfectly level. Apparently the target starts right from the ground.

This arrangement found much favor with the shooters, as it always does, for it is much easier to get on to a target thrown in this manner than where blinds are used. The target events were over both sets of traps, and Paul North looked after the magautrap, while W. Fred Quimby acted as guardian over the other. Everything moved along like clock-work, and the events were shot off with much rapidity.

The live birds were shot in similar manner. The two sets of traps were almost constantly in use. The shooter would fire at a bird on the one set and then immediately proceed to the next and shoot again. In this way a great many birds were trapped during the day. The shooting was further facilitated by dogs doing the retrieving.

The management had engaged Mr. Fred Erb, Jr., of Lafayette, Ind., and his string of dogs to look after this department. All the dogs performed admirably, and it frequently occurred that they would jump high up in the air and catch a bird on the wing which had perhaps been only slightly hit. This always brought cheers from the spectators. Another feature of the tournament was the barbecue dinner that was served each day free to the shooters in a tent just in front of the club house, across the road. This was always well patronized, and partaken with a keen relish. To many it was an entirely new way of serving meat. Not only this, but the coffee could not be excelled anywhere.

Entries.

During the tournament the following names of out-of-town shooters appeared on the entry book: Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.; Col. A. G. Courtney, Remington Arms Co. representative, Syracuse, N. Y.; W. Fred Quimby, American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. representative; E. D. Fulford, shooting Schultze powder in U. M. C. shells with his Remington gun; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y., who so ably represents the Gold Dust powder; Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., all representing the Winchester Arms Co.; John J. Hallowell and U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, the two popular representatives of the U. M. C. Co.; Herman Hirschy, St. Paul, Minn., of the Western Cartridge & Target Co.; the ever popular Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., looking after the interests of the Peters Cartridge and King Smokeless Powder companies; the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies were strongly and ably represented by E. S. Rice, Western agent at Chicago, Ill.; R. S. Waddell, who occupies a similar position at Cincinnati, O. Then there were those three able shooting representatives, Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Ralph Trimble, Covington, Ky.; Paul North, Cleveland, O., of magautrap fame; A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun, Cincinnati, O. There were also present John W. Connor, Knoxville, Tenn.; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; John Avery, J. L. Alston and E. L. Crabb, of Atlanta, Ga.; F. P. Poston, W. H. Thompson and Fred Schmidt, Memphis, Tenn.; J. B. Duncan, Lucy, Tenn.; J. W. and O. V. Eblesisor (Rattle), New Albany, Ind.; Lee Ridley, Franklyn, Tenn.; W. M. Tally, Henderson, Ky.; W. J. Gooch, Franklyn, Ky.; Harry Lyons, Dr. R. G. Fallis and W. A. Fawcett, Louisville, Ky.; J. W. Campbell, Franklyn, Tenn.; W. G. Harris, Gallatin, Tenn.; Chas. Young, Springfield, O.; Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 18.

THE opening day of the shoot was a most favorable one, the weather being all that could be desired. Most of the time the sun shone out bright and clear, though now and then a few clouds would drift across the horizon, but these did not affect the light to any perceptible degree. The wind too was in evidence, and it was quite a problem to judge the targets accurately. There was a chill in the air that made the stove in the club house a very desirable article, and it was well patronized.

Under the varying conditions, Gilbert's shooting was the feature of the day, for he lost but nine targets out of 160, finishing with the excellent average of .943. This netted him quite a sum, as he received the first average money, $10, and his total renumeration for this performance amounted to a trifle over $97. Heikes, with .918, landed second average, $5, though he did not receive near so much as Gilbert. Quaker Gay, of Pine Ridge, Ky., is third, though in regard to winnings he came next to Gilbert, as he landed a number of lucky places. The three aforesaid have each two straight scores of 20 to their credit. Budd and McMurchy are respectively fourth and fifth in the average. Young set them all a hot pace by scoring his first 39 straight, losing his last target in the second event. This also proved to be the best run of the day. Then, too, he was fortunate to win the largest purse, as his straight score in the first event netted him just $28. The entry in this event being the largest of the day, there were none of the other straight scores that paid as well as this, though Gilbert, Gay and Hallowell were each fortunate enough to win a first without a tie. In the first event a rather singular thing occurred for this class of shooters. Young, Fanning and Anthony scored 20, 19 and 18 respectively, and in this instance they took first, second and third moneys without a tie, which paid a tidy sum to each. In event 8 Gay scored the only 19, and scooped second by himself. Singularly enough, there was a flood of straights in this event, as Gilbert, Heikes, Fanning and Trimble each got their quota. Thirty-five was the largest entry, while all told thirty-six participated, and of this number twenty-seven shot through.

The programme consisted of eight 20-target events, and as these were run off by 1 o'clock, there were also two extra target events shot at a like number of birds. In these the money was pretty well cut up.

Elliston had made a match with Elliott at 50 live birds, for $25. This was originally scheduled for Monday afternoon, though rain on this day prevented it from being shot. Therefore, as soon as the target programme was disposed of, this match was shot.

This proved to be a very close race, though by no means interesting, as the birds were of a very ordinary lot, being slow and loggy, which can perhaps be attributed to the fact that they had been fed recently, for apparently they should have proved fast. The weather conditions were all in their favor, and the wind was blowing away from the score. Notwithstanding, the majority were hoverers and incomers, while 58 of the 100 were sitters. These were almost equally divided among the contestants, Elliott having 28 and Elliston 30. Elliston's 18th bird was a twister, which he lost, and with it also the race. For though he killed out straight he was never able to overtake his more experienced opponent, who ran his 50 straight without a skip, while Elliston finished with 49. After the conclusion of the race a miss-and-out was shot; this had 22 entries at $2 each. At the end of the second round Hallowell, Gay, Gilbert, Heikes, Young, Elliston, Chase, Cullom and Fulford were still in, and as the birds had about exhausted the purse, they decided to declare it off without reaching a decision.

The target events were $2.50 entrance, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	17	20	19	19	18	19	19	20	160	151	.943
Heikes	16	19	18	19	16	20	19	20	160	147	.918
Gay	17	13	16	20	18	20	19	19	160	142	.887
Budd	17	19	18	18	16	18	17	17	160	140	.875
McMurchy	17	17	19	18	17	17	16	18	160	139	.868
Fanning	19	16	18	17	19	14	15	20	160	138	.862
Young	20	19	15	16	16	16	17	17	160	136	.850
Trimble	17	13	18	16	17	16	18	20	160	135	.843
Elliott	16	17	13	17	18	16	18	17	160	132	.825
Legler	14	18	16	17	17	19	15	15	160	131	.817
Rattle	16	17	14	18	17	17	14	17	160	130	.812
Hallowell	17	16	11	14	19	16	20	14	160	127	.793
Connor	17	16	18	16	18	13	16	13	160	127	.793
Fulford	16	14	17	16	15	16	14	18	160	126	.787
Alston	17	13	15	16	14	17	17	15	160	124	.775
Courtney	16	16	16	13	16	16	13	16	160	122	.762
Hirschey	13	16	16	16	18	14	16	18	160	122	.762
Gerst	12	12	17	16	18	15	17	14	160	121	.756
Anthony	18	10	14	15	17	15	16	15	160	120	.750
Meaders	7	17	11	15	19	15	17	17	160	118	.737
North	12	18	17	15	14	14	11	14	160	115	.718
Chase	11	12	17	14	15	15	15	14	160	113	.706
Crabb	9	16	17	14	16	14	15	17	160	112	.700
U M C	9	15	16	16	12	11	11	14	160	104	.650
Stub	10	11	11	11	14	13	12	10	160	92	.575
Talley	8	10	12	10	7	9	17	12	160	85	.531
Moore	14	9	7	8	11	10	12	10	160	81	.506
Norton	17	w	17	16	16	17	17	16	140	116	.828
Elliston	14	19	15	18	15	17	..	..	120	98	.816
Lazelle	14	18	15	15	..	..	16	..	100	78	.780
Bennett	14	..	..	..	..	15	..	16	60	45	.750
Ridley	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	11	40	28	.700
Avery	10	14	13	15	14	..	..	..	100	66	.666
Campbell	14	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	60	35	.586
Draughon	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	19	.475
Marks	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	15	.375

Elliott vs. Elliston.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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Second Day, Wednesday, Oct. 19.

The chief feature of to-day's shooting was the extraordinary streak that Gilbert developed. He ran his first 66 targets straight, when he faltered once, repeating this again when he dropped his 99th. This sums up his misses for the day, and he finished with the magnificent average of .987. This, of course, is high average, and entitles him to the $10 that go with the honors. Perhaps one of the most remarkable reversals of form is that of Hirschey, who is second with an average of .950, scoring just 30 more birds than on the previous day. Five dollars are set aside for second average. After Hirschey comes Gay, who has also been shooting in fine form, landing only one bird short of second average, with .943. The averages are much better than on the previous day, and the target grinding machines of the expert are apparently in perfect working order, with perhaps the possible exception of Heikes, who is seldom seen so far down the list. To what this can be attributed to will be mentioned in another paragraph. However, he can find some solace in the fact that he was the only lucky shooter of the day, as his 19 in the eighth event netted him $18.10, while the straights received just $3.10. Straights were common enough, two being the least scored in any event. This occurred in No. 4, when Fanning and Young cut up first money.

The target programme was precisely like that of the previous day. The entries, however, were not so large, thirty being the top number, twenty-five of them shooting through. When the targets were disposed of, an extra at 20 live birds was run off. The entrance to this being $15, four moneys, 40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent., the purse was pretty well cut up, as a glance at the score will tell. The birds were an improvement over those of yesterday, though even at this they were only fair. The weather was perfect, and in this respect nothing could be asked for. The sun shone bright and clear, and there was very little wind; in addition to this it was so pleasant that the fire in the club house stove could be dispensed with. Surely the participants must have enjoyed the sport.

Courtney, Elliott, Meaders, Fanning and Gay killed straight in the live bird event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot		
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	20	20	20	19	19	20	20	20	160	158	.987
Hirschey	19	20	17	19	19	18	20	20	160	152	.950
Gay	20	17	20	18	20	12	20	18	160	151	.943
McMurchy	19	16	20	18	19	19	18	20	160	149	.931
Young	17	18	17	20	18	20	19	20	160	149	.931
Elliott	17	19	18	17	20	18	19	20	160	148	.925
Fulford	19	18	18	19	18	16	20	20	160	148	.925
Trimble	18	19	18	19	17	20	17	20	160	148	.925
Budd	19	17	19	18	19	19	20	16	160	147	.918
Heikes	20	18	17	16	17	17	20	19	160	144	.900
Elliston	17	18	18	19	19	18	18	16	160	143	.893
Legler	16	19	17	17	19	18	19	18	160	143	.893
Norton	15	18	19	17	19	20	16	18	160	142	.887
Fanning	17	18	18	20	19	18	16	16	160	142	.887
Hallowell	18	17	18	17	19	18	20	13	160	140	.875
Connor	18	13	16	18	20	18	17	16	160	136	.850
Courtney	15	20	16	14	17	17	16	17	160	132	.825
Rattle	17	16	17	19	16	16	15	15	160	131	.817
Anthony	16	16	16	18	16	16	15	16	160	129	.806
Avery	17	18	13	16	14	17	15	18	160	128	.800
Meaders	15	19	17	17	14	18	12	16	160	128	.800
Chase	17	15	15	16	13	19	17	16	160	128	.800
Gerst	17	16	16	17	16	14	15	16	160	127	.793
Crabb	14	17	17	18	16	10	16	17	160	125	.781
U M C	11	15	16	16	11	16	14	16	160	115	.718
Alston	19	17	16	..	12	..	15	..	100	79	.790
North	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	.750
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	16	40	28	.700
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	20	12	.600
Lazelle	13	12	10	11	..	..	..	..	80	46	.575
Moore	12	10	5	14	9	..	..	..	100	50	.500
Beckwith	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	20	5	.250

Twenty-bird event.

Courtney, 28	22212211211121111112—20
Elliott, 30	22212111221222111212—20
Meaders, 29	22212222121121112122—20
Fanning, 30	22222112222222122222—20
Gay, 30	22222222222222222122—20
Rice, 27	21121121211112111120—19
Gerst, 28	11222212111212112120—19
Fulford, 30	21221111211111121120—19
Heikes, 30	22022222222122212112—19
Hallowell, 30	21011211221211122112—19
Gilbert, 30	22222222102222221222—19
Hirschey, 29	22022222222222222222—19
Anthony, 30	21122111*1111111111—19
Chase, 28	12111221211111022112—19
McMurchy, 30	12120022111211111122—18
Budd, 30	02121102121112111121—18
Marks, 28	22212102121021111121—18
Cullum, 28	01112121021112222112—18
Bennett, 28	20222101212211221212—18
Norton	22222222222200120222—17
Campbell	00112221122111110212—17
Young	10111200222121221222—17
Elliston	02121222221220110112—17
Jackson	10012122100111122111—16
U M C	00202122221212120221—16

General Averages.

Two days at saucers is all the programme called for, the total number amounting to 320. For the best average in the two days there is a special prize, a gold medal. Naturally Gilbert takes this, as on each of the two days he has been at the head of the procession. Gay, by his fine work on the final day, is second, having passed Heikes, who, on conclusion of the first day's events, led him 5 targets, he having beaten Heikes 7 birds in the finish. There are no other prizes for general average, but the standing of each contestant who went the entire distance is shown in the table below:

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	151	158	320	309	.965
Gay	142	151	320	293	.915
Heikes	147	144	320	291	.909
McMurchy	139	149	320	288	.900
Budd	140	147	320	287	.896
Young	136	149	320	285	.890
Trimble	135	148	320	283	.885
Fanning	138	142	320	280	.875
Elliott	132	148	320	280	.875
Hirschey	122	152	320	274	.856
Fulford	126	148	320	274	.856
Legler	131	143	320	274	.856
Hallowell	127	140	320	267	.834
Connor	127	136	320	263	.821
Rattle	130	131	320	261	.815
Courtney	122	132	320	254	.793
Anthony	120	129	320	249	.778
Gerst	121	127	320	248	.775
Meaders	118	128	320	246	.768
Chase	113	128	320	241	.743
Crabb	112	125	320	237	.740
U M C	104	115	320	219	.683

Third Day, Thursday, Oct. 20.

Gilbert again did the best shooting, as he accounted for all the birds he shot, 52 in round numbers. The weather was cloudy, though favorable for shooting, as most of the time a strong wind blew, which sometimes approached the velocity of a gale; toward evening several heavy showers fell, though these did not interfere with the shooting, but managed to wet quite a number of the shooters, who drove home from the shooting grounds in open vehicles. The birds again were only fair, notwithstanding the wind. However, there were some fast ones, and these invariably caused trouble to those who were unfortunate to draw them. The chief failing of the birds were their sitting propensities. Once on the wing, they were not so easy. The traps are located to the right and left of the club house, so that at one set the wind was from the score, while on the other hand it blew directly in the face of the shooter. This made incomers or quarterers of most of the pigeons on the one set, while on the other hand it did not seem to affect them very much, as the building apparently broke the force of the wind, for the birds were not near so fast as they should have been in such a wind. They were all fine, sleek, healthy looking, but for some reason they did not start promptly.

This day was given over exclusively to live-bird shooting, so therefore no crockery was shattered. With two sets of live-bird traps and the underground system of trapping, the events were rapidly disposed of. The first was a 7-bird miss-and-out, or otherwise straight scores divided all the money. Of thirty-four entries no less than twenty scored straight, and these received $5.90, just 90 cents over their entrance.

Budd, 30	1212122—7	McMurchy, 30	2212221—7
Hallowell, 30	1222222—7	Fanning, 30	1112112—7
Rattle, 28	1121121—7	Cullom, 28	1212211—7
Gay, 28	2121222—7	Heikes, 30	2222120—6
Fallis, 28	2111222—7	Dupont, 28	1111120—6
Fulford, 30	2111122—7	Thompson, 28	211120 —5
Chase, 28	1211121—7	Marks, 28	12220 —4
Young, 30	2211122—7	Hirchy, 28	22202 —4
Gilbert, 30	2112112—7	Fawcett, 28	11210 —4
Lyons, 28	2222222—7	Courtney, 28	1120 —3
Quimby, 28	2121211—7	Jackson, 28	1210 —3
Duncan, 28	2222111—7	Meaders, 28	10 —1
Crabb, 28	2121122—7	Elliott, 30	20 —1
Anthony, 28	2112111—7	Harris, 28	0 —0
Gerst, 28	1111211—7	Rice, 28	0 —0
Legler, 28	1211111—7	Du Bray, 28	0 —0
Norton, 28	2222222—7	Elliston, 28	0 —0

The chief event was the Gerst Handicap, 15 birds, entrance $15, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting:

In this seven—Fanning, Anthony, Fawcett, Gilbert, Quimby, De Bow and Rattle—scored straights, for which they received $34 each. Fourteens were most numerous, eleven getting in this hole. This paid $13. The last money was divided by ten, and amounted to $9.50 each. Thus it will be seen that of thirty-eight entries only ten were out of the money:

Fanning, 31	1221211222211112—15	Meaders, 29	011*22211221212—13
Anthony, 30	1122212111122211—15	Norton, 27	2022212022222212—13
Fawcett, 28	1222212221221211—15	Gay, 30	2202212102222221—13
Gilbert, 31	1222222221222222—15	Dupont, 28	1220112112111120—13
Quimby, 28	1222212111222211—15	Chase, 29	0112222121201112—13
De Bow, 28	1212121111221122—15	Bennett, 28	*11*21121121121—13
Rattle, 28	2222222222222222—15	Fulford, 31	1201212102221121—13
Hallowell, 30	2222222222222202—14	Heikes, 31	222**1222111222—13
Fallis, 29	2212222102111222—14	McMurchy, 30	2112111202102111—13
Young, 30	1222202211122222—14	Courtney, 28	2122120111012012—12
Hirschy, 29	2202222222222222—14	Harris, 26	2202212222201102—12
Gerst, 28	1122222212201121—14	Elliott, 31	22212*212220202—12
Lyons, 29	2222222222222202—14	Elliston, 29	2222220020122222—12
Legler, 28	1212110211112222—14	Marks, 28	2*22222220202222—12
Budd, 31	1122212*222222—14	Duncan, 28	1112210121101*1—12
Acklen, 29	1012221121111121—14	Rice, 27	11212012*110011—11
Crabb, 27	2222120112111121—14	Cullom, 27	1001221101202221—11
Jonnard, 28	2012111121212122—14	Gray, 26	11120*1210222210—11
Du Bray, 28	2122102222*2211—13	U M C, 27	2022202220*0211—10

The third event was 10 birds, miss-and-out. Only nine—Fanning, Aklen, Fallis, McMurchy, Gay, Young, Gilbert, Budd and Heikes—of the twenty-seven starters went the entire distance. These were fairly well compensated, as it netted them just $16.25 apiece. This

concluded the programme, but as it was then only 2:30 another miss-and-out was started.

Fanning, 30	2222221222—10	Du Bray, 28	111120 — 5
Acklen, 28	2111111212—10	Hallowell, 30	22220 — 4
Fallis, 28	1112221211—10	Elliston, 28	2220 — 3
McMurchy, 30	1212112222—10	Dupont, 28	120 — 2
Gay, 28	2222222221—10	Fawcett, 28	220 — 2
Young, 30	2222222212—10	Meaders, 28	110 — 2
Gilbert, 30	1222222222—10	Fulford, 30	210 — 2
Rudd, 30	2111111122—10	Rattle, 28	20 — 1
Heikes, 30	2222222222—10	De Bow, 28	20 — 1
Cullom, 28	1212221120— 9	Elliott, 30	20 — 1
Chase, 28	1 1212222 — 9	Gray, 28	0 — 0
Courtney, 28	22112110 — 7	Harris, 28	0 — 0
Anthony, 28	1222220 — 6	Marks, 27	2120 — 3
Norton, 28	222220 — 5		

This proved to be a long-drawn-out affair, for when it was decided to declare it off on the 10 h round, Elliston, Du Bray, Heikes, Anthony, Budd, Gilbert and Rattle had not made a skip. As the entrance in this was only $3, there was not much left in the purse; the straight men receiving only $2.25:

Elliston, 28	22221212212222121121—20
Du Bray, 28	21212112212211111111—20
Heikes, 30	22212222122222212221—20
Anthony, 28	21122212221121122122—20
Budd, 30	12212111212212212111—20
Gilbert, 30	22122121211121122222—20
Rattle, 28	22222222222222222222—20
McMurchy, 30	1211121211210 —13
Bennett, 28	1212222122210 —11
Gay, 28	22211212222 —11
Gray, 28	12212122220 —10
De Bow, 28	111111* — 6
Hirchy, 28	2222* — 5
Dupont, 28	1110 — 3
Cullom, 28	1110 — 3
Fanning, 30	120 — 2
Fulford, 30	20 — 1
Jonnard, 28	20 — 1
Chase, 28	10 — 1
Norton, 28	20 — 1
Crabb, 28	10 — 1

Marks, Porter and Fawcett fell out on the first round.

Fourth Day, Friday, Oct. 21.

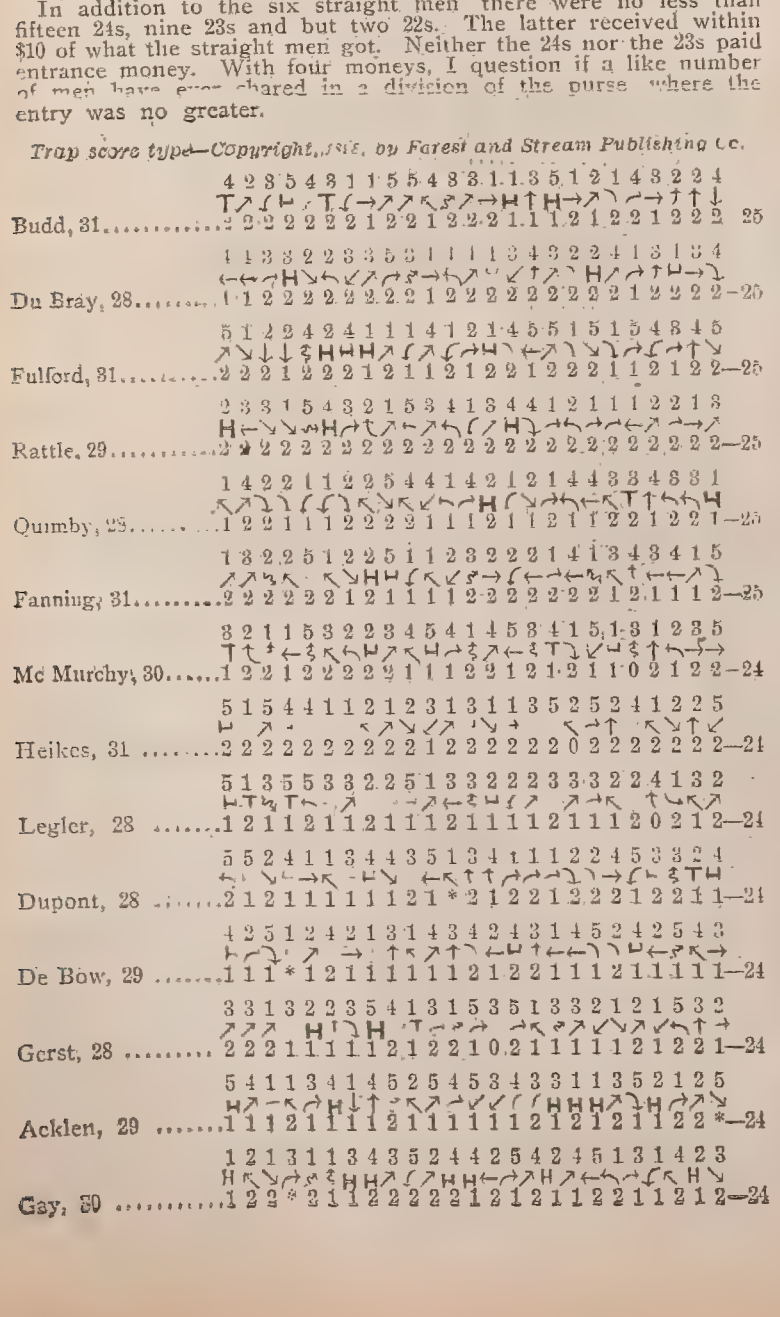
The Belle Meade Handicap, the event of the tournament, was decided to-day—the one in which the most interest centered. This was a 25-bird race, handicap rise, entrance $25; birds included, class shooting, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The event was not commenced until about 12 o'clock, as previous to this a 10-bird extra was run off, so as to enable those to participate who might perhaps be late on account of the inclement weather, for it would be an easy matter to finish it before dark with two sets of traps.

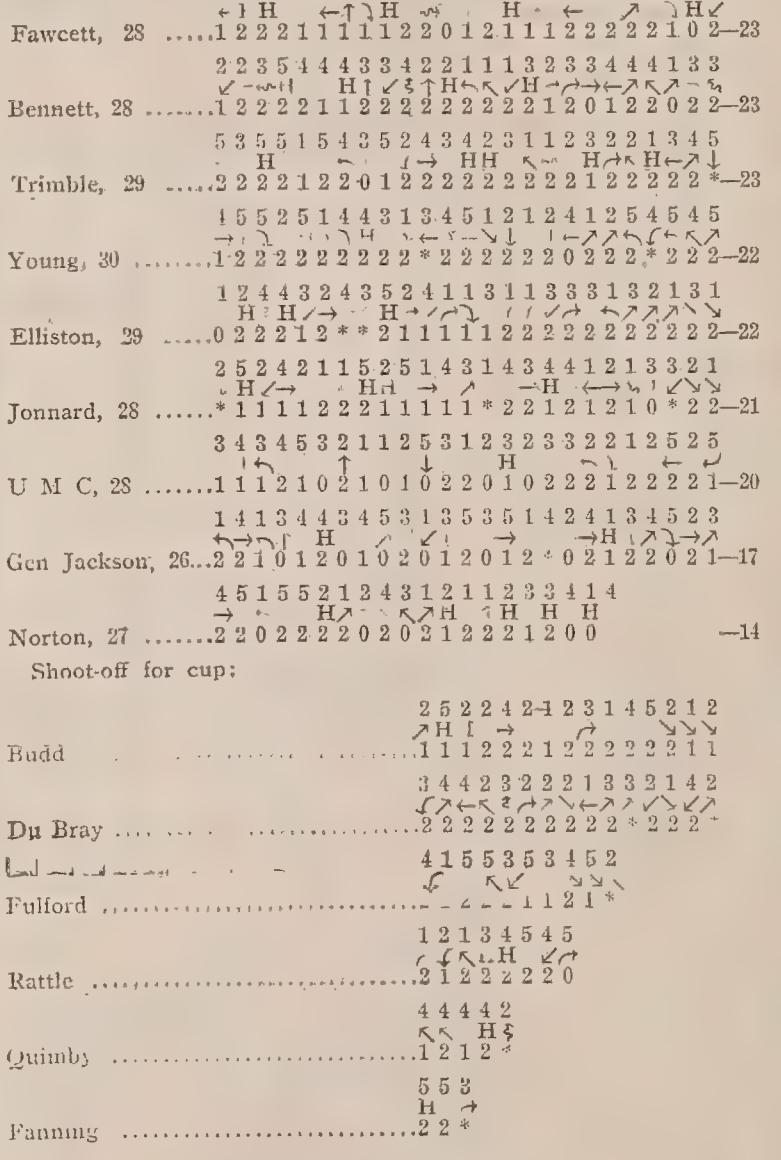
When once the race was begun everything ran along smoothly, so that it was all over by 4:30. At the finish it was found that six—Budd, Du Bray, Fulford, Rattle, Quimby and Fanning—had killed straight. As a very handsome loving cup went to the winner it was evident that there must be a shoot-off. This was at once gotten under way, and was shot off at 5 birds. Fanning was a hot favorite, as he has always been fortunate in events of this kind. However, this time he failed to have his luck with him, as he was the first to drop out on a very good bird that, though hit with both barrels, went out of bounds. Quimby managed to stay until the 5th round, when he met a similar fate to that of Fanning on a fast twisting driver. Rattle had the sympathies of the crowd, as he is a cripple, and therefore much handicapped. The eighth was fatal to him, and he was forced to retire after having run 62 straight, 20 of them on the previous day. It now looked very much as though there was going to be a shooting match, as the remaining three were killing their birds in good time. Fulford slipped up on his 10th, a slow one, whose speed had probably been overestimated; it was hit, but went out. Du Bray only survived a round longer, when he too failed on a bird that carried out a lot of shot. It now remained only for Budd to kill his 5 straight, a task he was equal to. Thus he has reversed the decision Fanning obtained over him at St. Louis last November, when, it will be remembered, Fanning had to kill 40 straight to win the watch charm that was involved in that handicap. Budd made quite a record to-day, as he went down the line without a skip.

In addition to the 40 he killed in this race, he has also 10 more to his credit, he being one of the straight men in the extra event that was shot, while on the previous day he had finished with 35 straight. This made his total 85 straight for the two days, and 50 for the day, just 2 less than Fred Gilbert had to his credit yesterday. Nevertheless some people have been cruel enough to say that Mr. Budd has seen his best days. It is a popular win, and Charley deserves all the honors that go with the trophy. Du Bray, the runner up, is worthy of special mention, for he too has been shooting very consistently. He had a run of 45 for the day, when he lost that one dead out of bounds. Thus, too, he had finished with 20 to his credit in the last miss-and-out of the day previous. This should be glory enough for one day for the old reliable Parker, as both he and Budd shoot this make of guns. The weather was of the most unpleasant nature. During the morning it rained part of the time, and while it ceased about 10 o'clock, it left a mean, nasty atmosphere, that was penetrating to such a degree that it soon chilled all the vim out of the shooters. Few ventured out to watch the race. Most were content to sit by the fire in the club house. The birds were only an ordinary lot, with some few good ones. At times there was a good wind, and while it prevailed it caused some trouble for the shooters. The referees, scorers, pullers and trappers had a very cold, disagreeable job on their hands.

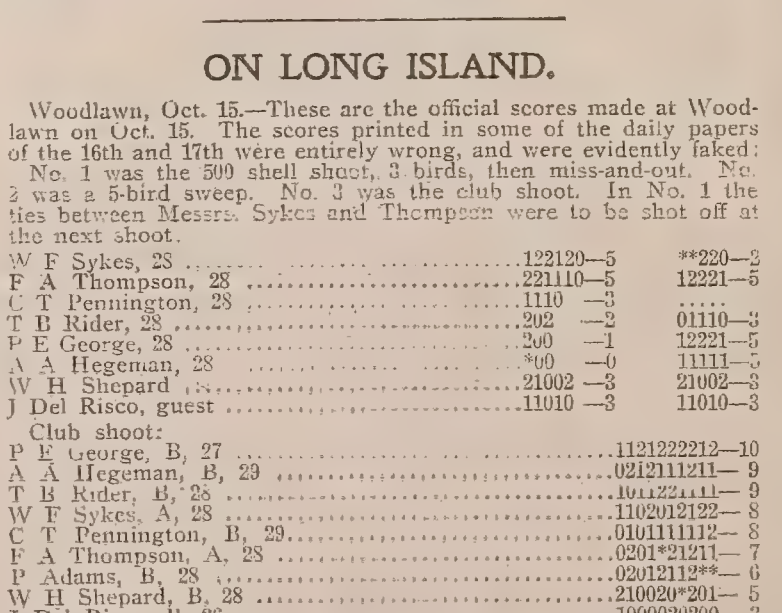
In addition to the six straight men there were no less than fifteen 24s, nine 23s and but two 22s. The latter received within $10 of what the straight men got. Neither the 24s nor the 23s paid entrance money. With four moneys, I question if a like number of men have ever shared in a division of the purse where the entry was no greater.

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Shoot-off for cup:



ON LONG ISLAND.

Woodlawn, Oct. 15.—These are the official scores made at Woodlawn on Oct. 15. The scores printed in some of the daily papers of the 16th and 17th were entirely wrong, and were evidently faked:

No. 1 was the 500 shell shoot, 3 birds, then miss-and-out. No. 2 was a 5-bird sweep. No. 3 was the club shoot. In No. 1 the ties between Messrs. Sykes and Thompson were to be shot off at the next shoot.

W F Sykes, 28	122120—5	**220—2
F A Thompson, 28	221110—5	12221—5
C T Pennington, 28	1110 —3	.....
T B Rider, 28	202 —2	01110—3
P E George, 28	200 —1	12221—5
A A Hegeman, 28	*00 —0	11111—5
W H Shepard	21002 —3	21002—3
J Del Risco, guest	11010 —3	11010—3

Club shoot:

P E George, B, 27	1121222212—10
A A Hegeman, B, 29	0212111211— 9
T B Rider, B, 28	1011221111— 9
W F Sykes, A, 28	1102012122— 8
C T Pennington, B, 29	0101111112— 8
F A Thompson, A, 28	0201*21211— 7
P Adams, B, 28	02012112**— 6
W H Shepard, B, 28	210020*201— 5
J Del Risco, B, 26	1000020200— 3

Oct. 22.—A high wind made good scores impossible at to-day's shoot. P. E. George shot in very fair form, he winning the Troisdorf cup for the fourth time. Thus it becomes his personal property. Live birds on Saturday, Oct. 29.

Club shoot:

F A Thompson	0111111101101110111011011—19
P Adams	0010110110011011001111011—15
P E George	0110110111001101010001101—14
W H Thompson	1000110100101110110010010—12
T B Rider	0010011010011001001011110—12
C C Fleet	1000000000010000000100001— 4

Troisdorf cup shoot:

P E George	1100111111111111101011011—20
W H Thompson	0001110111000001111010010—13
M Van Brunt	0110111101100111101011011—17
F A Thompson	1010011010110001010011010—12
P Adams	0000110110000011100010001— 9
T B Rider	0000001010110001100001100— 8
C C Fleet	0010001100000001010000110— 7

Events:	2	3	4	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	25	10	10	10
F. Thompson...	13	8	14	8	7	7
P E George...	17	6	14	..	..	..
M Van Brunt..	13	..	15	..	..	..
P Adams.....	12	6	9	7	9	7

Events:	2	3	4	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	25	10	10	10
W Thompson..	12	6	12	..	..	..
T B Rider....	9	1	9	5	3	5
C C Fleet....	8	4	4	..	..	..
E G Frost	7	..	12	..	..	..

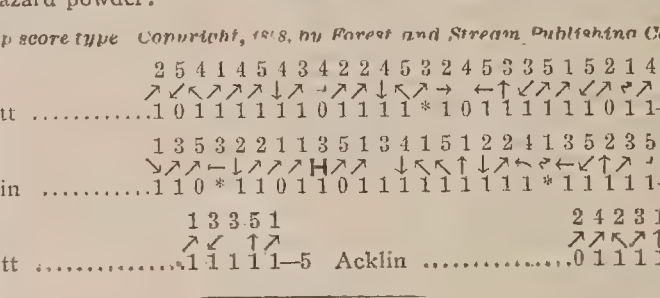
E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Mr. Joe George, of San Antonio, Tex., who has been spending the summer in the North, contemplates returning to his Southern home in the early part of November.

Acklin vs. Elliott.

The two engaged in a one-barrel race, which was shot just prior to the Elliston-Heikes match. This was equally as interesting as the main event, and was won by Elliott in the shoot-off, as they tied on the original number of birds, each scoring 20 out of 25. Acklin should have won this, and only the hardest kind of luck prevented him from doing so. He lost 2 birds dead out of bounds, and one of these was chased out by the dog, who was afraid to walk on the tin that covered the point over the live-bird traps, and therefore did not retrieve it promptly, which enabled the bird to gather strength and fly out of bounds. This too was a good lot of birds, and each made some very fine stops. Elliott was the first to miss, for his 2d, an incomer, flew away. Then he lost his 9th, a hoverer, that lit just as he shot. The 14th just got out of bounds, while the 16th was missed sitting on the ground. His 23d, a good one, beat him out. Acklin lost his 3d, a very fast one; then his 4th fell dead out of bounds just over the wire. The 7th, a driver, was too fast, and the 10th, which was also a very good one. Later on he lost the 20th under conditions described above. In the shoot-off Acklin missed his very first bird, while Elliott killed straight. The conditions of the race were 25 birds per, for $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, use of one barrel gun below the elbow, 28yds. rise. Mr. J. D. B. De Bow was chosen referee. Acklin shot a 11½lb. Purdy gun, U. M. C. Trap shells and 52grs. of Schultze powder. Elliott shot his Winchester gun, Leader shells and 3½drs. of Hazard powder:

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Elliott ..... 1 1 1 1 1—5 Acklin ..... 0 1 1 1 1—4

Glover—Hawkins.

The 100-target race, for $100 a side, arranged at the Baltimore tournament between Messrs. Sim Glover, of Rochester, and Mr. J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, was shot on Tuesday, Oct. 18, at the Monumental Shooting Park, Baltimore.

The weather was stormy. There was a heavy wind and a driving rain—conditions as unfavorable to good scores as cou'd exist.

At the end of the first 25 Hawkins was the leader by 2 targets. The relative standing at the end of the second 25 was unchanged, the score standing 40 to 38. Glover broke straight on his third 25, which put him 3 birds in the lead. This lead he held to the close. It was a very close and well contested race.

A banquet after the race made a pleasing conclusion to a friendly and interesting competition. The scores:

Glover	1011110101110111111101101—19
	0011101111011011111111011—19
	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111111111101111110101111—22—85
Hawkins	1110111101111111111110110—21
	1011101111011011111111101—19
	1111110111110111111010111—20
	1111111111101111101111110—22—82

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 22.—The shoot was very pleasant, notwithstanding the attendance was small. There were two beginners in attendance, Messrs. Smith and Williams, who I hope will become expert shooters after a little practice.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	20	20	10	20	20	20	20
Amend	8	11	15	6	15	17	16	14
Wright	6	12	11	9	11	13	..	11
Lane	5	12	14	6	..	..	..	..
G Remsen	9	16	14	8	16	15	17	..
Williams	5	..	..	..	10	11	10	8
Smith	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	4
Moore	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..

John S. Wright.

At Belle Meade, Oct. 21, the Belle Meade handicap proved to be a great contest, both in number and quality of contestants, with great performance to add a proper setting. Many of the star performers, great in the history of skillful shotgunnery, were in the competition. Six killed 25 straight, namely, Budd, Du Bray, Fulford, Rattle, Quimby and Fanning. There were fifteen who tied on 24—McMurchy, Heikes, Legler, Dupont, De Bow, Gerst, Acklin, Gay, Elliott, Anthony, Courtney, Meadows, Cullom, Parker and Gilbert. In the shoot-off for the cup Budd was the only one to kill straight, Du Bray remaining in next longest, his 11th bird falling dead out of bounds.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Palmer—Shaw.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22.—Dr. Shaw and Silas Palmer shot their race for the Chicago challenge trophy last Tuesday in bad weather, the day being gloomy and chilly. The birds flew fairly well. Only one spectator was on hand, beside two newspaper men. The wind came in from right to left. Both men shot a good gait, Palmer doing fine single-barrel work. Dr. Shaw lost a couple of his birds by a too hasty second barrel, though his [illegible] and rapid. Both men shot at scratch, 30yds., and no birds. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Mr. T. P. Hicks and Mr. A. C. Paterson have both challenged Mr. Palmer for the trophy, which he has now twice held. Mr. Hicks is about fifteen minutes ahead of Mr. Paterson, and will no doubt be next to shoot. Mr. Hicks is one of the trustees. Mr. Shepard, another trustee, is out of town. Mr. Mussey, the third trustee, has resigned, but is serving along temporarily, so that there may be some one to keep the business going.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Handicap Badge.

The fifth contest of the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond badge series was shot yesterday, Friday, and brought out seventeen contestants and a good crowd of shooters and spectators in spite of the inclement weather to which Chicago has been treated this week. The day was strictly Highlandish, now cloudy and dull, now bright, with rifts of sunshine. The cooler weather begins to show effect on the birds, which are flying keener. In spite of this fact there were six men who landed in the 20 hole, and the tie was no man's till the end. Barto, who has won this trophy once (not twice, as erroneously reported by a Chicago paper), was favorite for a long time in the tie. He lost his 5th tie bird by tough luck, it striking the top of the wire and bounding over dead. Amberg meantime was slugging along in fine shape, and though he needed the handicap of 1 bird allowed him in the tie, he landed safe with 10 and carried off the badge, his victory being received with acclamation. This makes the fifth winner of this interesting trophy, and it seems as though the hopes of the donors, for twelve different winners, may be realized.

The usual surprises turned up. Comly, the first winner of the badge, did not get further along than the 10 hole. Mike Eich had to stop at 15 scored in his 20. F. B. Stone, winner of the C. A. A. badge this week, ran out with 20, and so did Silas Palmer, who was shooting a good clip. Barto was shooting in earnest, and only missed 1 bird of his 21. Amberg, Fletcher and Hyde came in by virtue of good work and the bird allowance. Miss Porter was forced to withdraw after shooting only 10 birds, having used up her handicap. Eddie Steck fell by the wayside, and Geo. Roll could only carry off 19, tieing Alabaster. Lef-

fingwell had 3 birds, and went out with 18 this time, and Geo. Thorne packed his gun at the 10 hole. Fletcher, the big Blue Island shooter, looked dangerous, and Hyde was a problem for them all when the six straight men stepped to the score for the tie. Stone was shooting a light gun, and it is said he is practically a beginner at the traps, though a good field shot. He was in at the last row, though needing his handicap. Barto was scratch in the tie, conceding 10 to 20 birds in the 100 to the others. The finish was not made till nearly 5 P. M., though the sky brightened, so that the light was good. Tie on second was shot between Roll and Alabaster, Roll winning, 5 to 4. Scores:

Dr S Shaw, 29, 1	22222220222*20212220		—16
J L Alabaster, 29, 3	101210*2222212*11111222		—19
W B Leffingwell, 30, 3	211222110*120*221222102		—18
F D Stone, 28, 5	0111*120211221021102211 22		—20
M J Eich, 29, 2	210111001121 1*121022 w		
P R Fletcher, 28, 3	11221222012111002112221		—20
C C Hyde, 28, 4	2012211202211222002121 2		—20
Geo Thorne, 28, 3	0200202222 w		
J H Amberg, 28, 3	2101021212111*222121121		—20
J B Barto, 29, 1	1121011112212121112222		—20
Geo Roll, 29, 1	2212122221112022210 12		—19
C E Comly, 28, 2	0011110022 w		
R Simonetti, 30, 3	2201022012222*0 w		
E M Steck, 29, 1	2112222202012022211 20		—17
Silas Palmer, 29, 2	2121222011222220111222		—20
H B Foss, 30, 3	11111011002210		
Edith Porter, 27, 5	0200110201 w		

Shoot-off of ties:

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FB Stone, 28, 2	1 2 2 4 5 2 4 4 5 5 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 2	J Amberg, 28, 1	5 3 4 5 1 5 5 4 5 4 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2
P Fletcher, 28, 1	2 3 4 1 3 5 4 2 5 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1	J C Barto, 29, 0	1 3 2 5 2 4 4 1 4 2 2 2 2 * 1 1 2 1 0
C C Hyde, 28, 2	2 1 1 2 5 2 2 5 1 5 1 1 1 * 0 0 1 1 1	S Palmer, 29, 1	1 5 1 2 3 2 4 3 5 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 * 1 2

Shoot-off of 19:
Alabaster, 29, 1.....01122 Roll, 29, 0.....21111

Audubon Club.

Bad weather prevailed at Audubon Club shoot this week, only two men appearing for the medal contest, Messrs. Amberg and Gillespie. These two opened the house none the less. Both shot at scratch. Amberg won, scoring 17 to Mr. Gillespie's 15. This made the first win of the week for Mr. Amberg, though in this case the field was not so large as in the Montgomery Ward badge event.

Chicago Athletic Association.

The regular medal shoot of the C. A. A. brought out only five members last Thursday. Mr. F. B. Stone, 26yds., 3 birds, won, scoring 14. Mr. Geo. Thorne shot at scratch, scoring 12. Scores:

J H Turrill, 3	112210220200001—12
G A Thorne, 0	22222222020122*—12
E A Russell, 3	2000211222210 20—13
E W Miller, 3	021222220022010—13
F B Stone, 3	012120220112110—14

The wind and rain were against high scores.

Chicago—Milwaukee.

The second team shoot between Chicago and Milwaukee live-bird teams came off Oct. 16 on the grounds of the Milwaukee Gun Club, at the Cream City, and this time the Chicago men won decisively, in measure retrieving the defeat of the first race. The rubber will be played at Chicago, Nov. 26. The invaders of Milwaukee are members of the Sheridan Gun Club, of Chicago, of which Sheriff Pease is a warm member. The Milwaukee Gun Club is headed by Mr. W. D. Cantillon, a railroad man, assistant superintendent of the Northwestern R. R., who is one of the cracks of his city, and has been doing some good work with the birds. Following are the scores of the contest:

Milwaukee.

W D Cantillon, 30	1210221210222222112021222 12222—26
A L Kiefer, 29	2002022212002210211220202022—20
Edward Moy, 28	2102011111221001212002 12022 —22
Wm King, 29	1221112112112212012022210 12012—26
H Roland, 28	2111202112101021111021111 2 11—24
J Bush, 30	0012221122222112011112121 10012—28—146

Chicago.

Joseph Barto, 30	2221212211122211112111222 11010—28
James Pease, 29	2222112011111022111021022 11021—25
J J Healy, 29	1122122 2212222221212222011212—29
J E Flannigan, 28	2202021112211211212112212 21020—26
R Simon, 28	1222022201112112220212202 02222—25
R S Mott, 30	1111221012211222211201112022 11—27—160

At the Sycamore, Ill., shoot last week Dr. Pankhurst, of Grand Detour, was high gun the first day, .919 per cent.; Simpson, of Sycamore, second, .886. On the second day Woodford, of Dixon, was first, .900 per cent.; Simpson a fraction back.

St. Louis Trap-Shooters' League will hold its tournament at Du Pont Park, Oct. 25-27, and it is expected that the old guard and some of the young guard will be on hand.

Ottumwa Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., will hold its annual tournament Nov. 21-22. Magautrap. Equitable. Open.

Final Date of Limited Gun Club Shoot.

Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, has had difficulty with its dates. I have earlier mentioned changes. Oct. 16 they wrote, changing date from Dec. 5-9 to Dec. 19-21, having discovered a conflict. Under date of Oct. 19, their secretary, Mr. H. T. Hearsey, writes to announce another and final change of this date, the earlier date being again taken. Mr. Hearsey says: "We are compelled to ask your kind indulgence once more. The directors of the Limited Gun Club have again changed the date for the Grand Central handicap. They claim the dates first decided upon, Dec. 5-9. If you will kindly make mention of these dates in your paper, you will more than oblige."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club held its regular weekly contest Oct. 22. Many of the club members were away, duck and chicken shooting. The next shoot will be the last regular target contest for the season of 1898, after which the medals will be awarded in the various classes. The club contemplate giving some merchandise prizes for high scores of the stock on hand, which has been won by the club during the year, and it is expected that a goodly number will be in attendance.

Following are the scores in the practice events, all of which were shot from the magautrap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	10	25	10	Targets:	25	10	25	10
A C Paterson	21	6	..	..	Pollard	13	5	18	..
W D Stannard	18	8	19	8	Dr Morton	11	..	11	5
Walters	13	2	..	..	Mattheson	..	1	..	..

In the trophy contest, 25 targets, Class A was won by W. D. Stannard, Class B by J. Walters, and Class C was uncontested for. The scores:

Class A: W. D. Stannard 22, A. C. Paterson 20.
Class B: Walters 16.
Class C: Pollard (visitor) 12.

Milwaukee Gun Club.

Following the team race of the Milwaukee Gun Club was a sweep at 10 live birds, which resulted as follows: Lemon 7, Cantillon 10, Wulf 8, Barto 10, Mott 8, Kiefer 8, Flanigan 9, Moy 8, Pease 9. Barto and Cantillon divided first money, Flanigan and Pease divided second.

Watson's Park.

On Oct. 19 a few shooters of the Garfield and Eureka gun clubs spent the afternoon at Watson's Park in live-bird shooting. Sweeps and practice was indulged in. The first was a practice shoot at 30 live birds, 30yds. rise, the Carsons (father and son) being for first, with Nusley second. The scores were: H. F. Carson 24, Nusley 17, R. B. Carson 24, Wilks 15.

A. C. PATERSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bad Weather at Lyndhurst.

Oct. 19.—The heavy rain in the early part of the day put an end to all hopes of a good attendance in the 25-bird handicap Association. Four shooters only put in an appearance—Tom Morscheduled for to-day on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting fey, the proprietor of the grounds, making a fifth when it came to sweepstakes. As so few entries were present, it was decided to postpone the main event until Tuesday, Oct. 25. As those on hand wanted to shoot a few birds, the following sweepstakes were decided:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Class, 31	1102112—6	1222122—7	2121121220— 9	221*112210— 8
Sanders, 26	010121*—4	2021012—5	1221210100— 7	12*11101*2— 7
Packard, 28	0012110—4	1221011—6	1011102110— 7	1011122202— 8
Morfey, 30	2200220—4	0112202—5	1100221220— 7	*001200010— 3
Bumi, 32		2222122—7	2212211221—10	1212122122—10

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 22.—The scores made at H. R. G. C. shoot Friday, Oct. 14, at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, are appended. The grounds proved very unsatisfactory, and we have concluded to hold our next regular shoots at our old grounds, Heflich's Hotel. All shooting was done in a driving rain storm, and while it greatly impeded the flight of the birds it was by no means beneficial to the shooter:

Ten-bird sweep, $5 entrance, 28yds. rise:

Biemer	1122111221—10	Fry	1122210222— 9
J Little	12*1112122— 9	Kleber	*020212220— 6
W Hexamer	0221222222— 9	Engel	0021201000— 4
Stelze	0202022*10— 7	Hoops	2222102020— 7

Match at 10 birds, 28yds. rise, $10 a side:

Chartrand	2102202220— 7	Kramer	0*10202000— 3

Team race, for price of birds:

H Thorout	12222—5	Capt Jack	12122—5
Hoops	02022—3— 8	Young	00200—1—6

JOHN L. CHARTRAND, Sec'y.

Vermilion County Medal Shoot.

SIDELL, Ill., Oct. 19.—The medal shoot of Vermilion county, held at Sidell, brought out a few shooters, and some fair scores were made. H. J. Sconce, who has won the medal twice, was challenged by Mr. Jackson and Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, of Danville, to shoot the winner. Mr. Sconce won the first match from Mr. Jackson by the score of 45 to 44, and then shot Mr. Cadwallader, and lost to him by the score of 46 to 44. The wind was heavy, and it had been raining the two days previous, and with a dull sky, which made the targets difficult to see. Below are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	10	10
Cad	5	13	8	11	5	14	16	6	8	7
Gray	4	14	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jackson	10	9	..	13	8	10	19	10	8	7
Sconce	9	12	..	..	8	14	18	7	10	10
Carson	7	14	8	15	6	13	17	6	9	9
Linder	7	11	7	8	8	11	11	8	8	9
Laurence	7	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Club medal shoot, 50 targets, A. S. A. rules:

Jackson	1111111111101101111111111—23 0101111111011111011111111—21—44
Sconce	1101111011011111111111111—22 1111111111110111011111111—23—45

Second match:

Cadwallader	1111111101111111110111—23 1111111111111101101111111—23—46
Sconce	1011111111111111011111111—23 1111010111111111110111011—21—44

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

FROM the programme published this week, the coming meeting of the Society of Naval Architects promises to be quite as interesting as any that have preceded it. Several of the papers have a direct application to the exciting events of the past summer, and the discussions should be very profitable. A new feature of the meeting is the topical discussion of various questions. The organization of this young but prosperous society came at an opportune time, when the revival of American shipbuilding was just under way. At the present time it is in a condition to lend material aid to that development of the art of shipbuilding which promises in the near future to rival even the successes of the past.

THE first attempt at the exclusion of the Dominion type by special legislation was made last week by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. The amendment, as reported, is inadequate and ineffective, and fails to meet the conditions of the case. In order to be of any value, it must be supplemented by a comprehensive definition of the vague and meaningless expression, "yachts of the ordinary type." There is now nothing to indicate whether or no such an extreme freak as Cartoon, a fin-keel scow, is of the "ordinary" or of extraordinary type. If she and others of her kind, the modern scow, are recognized as legitimate, it is certainly most unfair and unreasonable to bar the sharpie, the more primitive embodiment of the same idea, and much closer in general features to the older yachts. It is all well enough to bar the double-hull boat, but it must be done justly and reasonably, on a sound scientific basis.

MR. JOHN HYSLOP, the well-known measurer of the New York, Larchmont and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs, was one of the few fortunate survivors of the terrible wreck of the steamship Mohegan, on Oct. 14. The vessel, bound down Channel, after sailing from London at noon on Oct. 13, went far off her course for some reason as yet unknown, and instead of keeping clear of the Lizards by some miles, she ran ashore on the Manacles, very dangerous rocks in the deep bay between Falmouth and the Lizards. Only fifty persons, out of a total of nearly 200, were saved by the ship's boats and lifeboats, Mr. Hyslop being one of the eleven passengers saved out of fifty. No particulars of his escape are yet known. After an absence of twenty-seven years from England, Mr. Hyslop sailed from New York last July, and since then has traveled in England and Scotland, using a wheel where convenient. He had planned to return on the steamer Manitou, but a change of sailing dates placed him on her sister ship instead.

AT a meeting on Oct. 18 the Chicago Y. C. instructed the secretary to notify the Royal Canadian Y. C. of the club's intention to challenge for the Canada cup for 1899. A committee will be appointed to arrange the details as soon as the class is decided on.

The 20ft. Racing Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to trespass further on your space and courtesy to develop my suggestion for the restrictions for a 20ft. class next year, as given in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 24.

The professed aim of S. C. Y. C. is to encourage Corinthian sailing in a safe, seaworthy and speedy yacht, and it seems to me that the present opportunity is a golden one for so doing by securing through mutual agreement such restrictions for the '99 racing as will compel the production of such a yacht and afford an opportunity for testing the value of restrictions such as I propose, which have the advantage of being new, never discredited, and of universal applicability, since all of the elements can be fixed by reference to our past experience in yachts of good type.

My suggestion is:

Extreme L.W.L. when yacht is heeled to gunwale, 20ft.; limit of draft when erect, 4½ft.; actual sail area, 500sq.ft. in two sails (80 per cent. in mainsail); area of spinaker, 250sq.ft.; displacement, 3,000lbs. ballast, exclusive of crew, 1,000lbs. freeboard, 16in.; crew, three men.

The effect of such an agreement would be the following:

First.—The relegation to innocuous desuetude of yachts of the Glencairn-Dominion type; this would be accomplished by limiting the gain in length from the use of a form having a flat floor and long overhangs, or through a double hull, to a reasonable amount by measuring L.W.L. when inclined in conjunction with the requirements of displacement; together securing either a full-bodied yacht of moderate midship section or a finely lined yacht of large midship section. The effect can be immediately seen by reference to your discussion of Oct. 15. All of the yachts there mentioned have about 1,750lbs. displacement, with the inclined waterline limited and 3,000lbs. displacement the area of midship section would be increased; the actual beam when inclined would be increased or the depth of body increased, and in consequence the excessive over all length would be useless; at the same time there would be enough length to afford a large above-water body to assist in preventing the undue burying of the yacht in a seaway. The inclined L.W.L. when applied generally would be given as a maximum, the designer being permitted, if desired, to decrease it.

Second.—The cost of construction of the yacht to meet these requirements would be very much less than the present cost of a racing 20-footer. I am ready now to make a contract for the type shown (Fig. 1) for $650 for one yacht, and for a proportionately less amount for a greater number, this to include the yacht ready to race with a tender 8ft. long of the bateau model. This cheapening of cost is rendered possible by requiring a good displacement and limiting the amount of fixed ballast, thereby allowing an adequate weight for a solidly and inexpensively constructed hull and spars, using practically the conventional sizes for framing. An incidental advantage is that the hull is thus left free from trussing, and thereby makes the room in the hull available for other purposes. Though intended as an open class I show what can be expected from a summer cabin.

Third.—With a roomy hull and cheapened cost of construction the cost of racing is also decreased. The yachts can be fitted with a summer cabin and used for sailing throughout the entire season, their period of usefulness is greatly lengthened and consequently it is probable that a larger number of yachts will be built for the trial races, and racing thereby stimulated, interest in the class revived and interest in yachting also revived.

Fourth.—With the amount of ballast, displacement and limit of load waterline length fixed, a smaller crew can race the yacht, its influence on the righting moment is decreased and the injurious influence of the moving of the crew to handle sails on the trim of the yacht is diminished, and consequently seamanship and not beef will be the governing qualifications in selecting the crew.

Fifth.—Any yacht built to the requirements as laid down must be safe and seaworthy, and may be fast. It is my belief that such a yacht could attain a speed of from 5¼ to 5½ knots in comparison with the 5 8-10 knots of the present 20, with 500sq.ft. of sail, and from 5 to 5¼ knots with 450sq.ft. of sail. This is said with a full knowledge of the performances of the S. C. Y. C. 21ft. knockabouts.

Sixth.—The designer would have absolute liberty of choice to use either the fin, centerboard, a modified fin keel or some new and more perfect type than any of them, and would be absolutely assured that the speed of the yacht would be dependent upon the perfection of form, rig and handling; since the driving power would be the same, the displacement would be the same and the other retarding elements would all be functions of the form, thus demonstrating the best form for wholesome yachts. This would be a very distinct gain to the science of naval architecture.

Seventh.—Many good yachts, endeared to their owners by their sterling qualities as demonstrated by miles of cruising in both fair and foul weather, would have an opportunity to compete with but slight alterations to their rig and ballast.

Eighth.—The limit of draft to 4ft. 6in. is intended to place a limit to the righting moment and to make entrance to small harbors possible. If it is desired to favor a centerboard type, this restriction might be altered so as to limit the draft of a keel yacht to 4ft. 6in., making the draft of a centerboard unlimited except by the condition that the center of gravity of lateral plane shall not be more than 2ft. 3in. below the surface when the yacht is erect.

Ninth.—As first stated, the limit of sail area was 600sq.ft.; this is a large rig for a yacht, but will of course drive it faster, and if speed is a vital consideration there is a sufficient righting moment to carry it in moderate weather. My own belief is that 500sq.ft. is better, not only because it can be carried longer and more comfortably, but also because it requires more careful trimming and management to get a high average speed, thereby developing a greater skill in sailing, and requiring a more perfect form, emphasizing the difference in form more than it would emphasize with a more powerful rig.

Tenth.—The limit of displacement is placed at 3,000lbs., the division of weight being 1,000lbs. ballast, 450lbs. crew, 1,200lbs. hull and rig, and the balance reserved for the anchors, lines, cushions, etc. This limit of displacement is the minimum that can be adopted and have anything like a wholesome yacht. It might be advantageous to increase the displacement by 500lbs., and the ballast by 200lbs., but this would necessarily slightly decrease the speed, at the same time increasing the righting moment and consequent sail-carrying power. This limit would always be a minimum.

Eleventh.—Limiting the freeboard to 16in. secures a sufficient amount to render the yacht properly dry and seaworthy; the designer would of course be at liberty to use a greater freeboard if desired.

Twelfth.—These various elements taken together may be made to produce any style of yacht, from the purely freak racing machine down to the most serviceable and seaworthy of cruisers, depending on their relative amounts, as I have said before, but they always allow liberty of choice in the selection of form; and they are the fewest elements which can be used to secure good racing in a class; no substitution for any of them through so-called equivalents is possible without disastrous results, so far as it is possible for me to see. Next to the pleasure of seeing an actual trial made would be the pleasure of having some one point out a means of evading these restrictions, just as I have pointed out how easy it is to evade the restrictions of any of the rules heretofore proposed.

Thirteenth.—It may be urged that there are practical difficulties in the way of determining the above-mentioned elements. To this it may be answered that these difficulties have been overcome in England, that the affidavits of the designer that the yacht measures within a class should be sufficient evidence except in a case of palpable dishonesty, when it would be but a small matter to check his designs and prove it. For international racing, the character of the men engaged therein should be sufficient to warrant the acceptance of their statements; should this be objected to, it would be easy to verify the measurements on the actual yacht. If the present practice of making a noticeable separation in the classes of yachts, rating them at the maximum length of the class with a one-gun start, a slight discrepancy or a slight excess of racing length over the class limits would have so trifling an influence on the speed as compared with the personal influence of the skipper and crew that the question of an inch or two on one side or other of the line could be neglected.

Fourteenth.—The above is all predicated on the desire of the committee for a desirable type of yacht, and the precedents already established by the committee. I would suggest that if speed be considered of paramount importance then the logical comparison is by sail area alone, permitting the designer to build anything under the sun which can carry the sail and make the time, including single hull, double hull, proas or anything else that the ingenuity of man can devise, sacrificing absolutely everything to the one consideration of speed.

Fifteenth.—I send herewith sketches of several different types which are possible under the rule. They are not worked out in great detail, but are suggestive of the possibilities. Some of them are more like racing machines than others, but all are seaworthy and can be used for sailing and single-handed cruising advantageously.

The following is worthy of note:

A double-hull like Dominion must sail on a form similar to Fig. 3 or a modification of Fig. 1.

An extension of the overhangs will result in increased windage, and would only be of occasional use. A study of the photos of the 20s will further emphasize this point.

The majority of the forms will be fast, and as the conditions of racing change will have a chance to win prizes.

GEO. HILL.

Figure.	Length.			Breadth.		Relative righting moment.	Depth of hull.	Head room	Type.
	Over all	Erect W.L.	Inclined W.L.	Erect.	Inclined.				
1.....	22.5	15	20	6.0	4.2	2.9	1.0	3.2	Fin Form improves when heeled.
2.....	24.5	15	20	9.7	5.0	4.3	0.5	3.0	C B —Form improves when heeled
3.....	25	20	20	4.5	4.5	1.2	1.5	3.7	Fin - Form unchanged when heeled
4.....	25	19	20	4.0	4.0	1.0	3.0	3.7	Keel—Form degenerates when heeled.
5.....	25.5	16	20	5.5	5.5	1.7	1.0	3.5	C B Form improves when heeled
6.....	25	18	20	5.0	5.0	1.9	1.5	3.5	Fin—Form degenerates when heeled

All dimensions in feet.

POSSIBLE TYPES OF RESTRICTED TWENTY-FOOTERS.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

THE annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was held on Oct. 20, at Young's Hotel, Boston, with Pres. L. M. Clark in the chair; twenty-four clubs being represented. The amendment prohibiting the cutting of notches in stem or stern at the L.W.L., to evade measurement, was rejected, also the amendment providing for measurement with actual crew on board. After discussion, the rig allowance to schooners and yawls was left unchanged, but the executive committee was authorized to draw up definitions of the two rigs, to exclude nominal rigs intended merely to profit by the rule. The following was added to this rule: "These races are intended for yachts of the ordinary type, and any evasions in the shape of double-hull, catamaran, sharpie, etc., cannot be entered."

The following amendment was adopted:

"A deposit of $2 must accompany a protest on measurement. The fee for measurement shall be paid for by the party in the wrong. The measurement of the official measurer shall be final."

The following was adopted:

"All cabin yachts must be measured and raced in accordance with the restrictions mentioned in the 'definition of a cabin yacht.'"

The amendment prohibiting the carrying of ballast in bags was not adopted.

The following was also adopted:

"Amendments to these racing rules must be submitted to the executive committee at least seven days before the meeting at which they are to be acted upon."

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

The sixth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 10, 1898. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 10 and 11.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M., Nov. 11, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be $5 each; and they can be obtained at the Society's office on Nov. 9, 10 and 11.

Notice is given that in general seats will not be reserved, and tickets must be presented. It is requested that members obtain tickets as early as practicable.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

The Council will meet at No. 12 West Thirty-first street, New York, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 3 P. M.

Following is a list of papers to be read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers at its sixth annual meeting:

Thursday, Nov. 10.

1. Torpedo Boat Destroyers for Sea Service, with Special Reference to the Conditions that Prevail on the Pacific Coast. By G. W. Dickie, Esq., member.
2. The Standard Navy Boats. By Arthur B. Cassidy, Esq., member.
3. Bilge Keels and Rolling Experiments U. S. S. Oregon. By Asst. Naval Constructor Lawrence Spear, U. S. N., member.
4. Steam Economy Test of a Unique Form of Feed Pump. By F. M. Wheeler, Esq., member.
5. Portable Pneumatic Riveters in Shipbuilding. By W. I. Babcock, Esq., member.

Topical discussion of the following questions:

First.—The utility of torpedo boats, and has the submarine boat a place?

Second.—In what respects have the recent naval engagements affected opinion as to the value and best distribution or armor for warships?

Friday, Nov. 11.

6. The Steam Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary. By William P. Stephens, Esq., associate.
7. Designs of the New Vessels for the U. S. Navy. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., Vice-President.
8. Methods of Securing Watertight Work. By Asst. Naval Constructor H. G. Smith, U. S. N., associate.
9. Tests of the Strength of a Longitudinal Bulkhead Separating Two Engine Rooms. By Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N., member.
10. An Electrically Operated 150-ton Revolving Derrick. By Walter A. Post, Esq., associate.
11. Stability of a Battleship under Damaged Conditions. By Prof. Cecil H. Peabody, member.

Topical discussions of the following questions:

First.—Under the circumstances of the blockade at Santiago, which was the more economical method of maintaining the boilers in readiness for immediate action—banking the fires or keeping them spread, but very thin?

Second.—Can you give any data as to the cost in coal of maintaining the engines and boilers in readiness for immediate service?

Third.—What, if any, difficulty was there in maintaining the supply of fresh water for the boilers; and if there was any difficulty to what do you attribute it?

Fourth.—As a result of experience on the blockade, what particular points about the machinery were most likely to give trouble, and what could be done to prevent a recurrence of such trouble?

Rules for Debate

In the Discussion of Papers and Subjects.

1. Guests of the Society are cordially invited to take part.
2. Each speaker is allowed one period of ten minutes for each paper or subject.
3. Rejoinders are in order only by writers of papers to answer questions in closing the discussion.

Tonnage Tax on British Yachts.

Under date of Oct. 11, 1898, the following circular has been issued by the Treasury Department:

To Collectors of Customs and Others:

Your attention is invited to the following provisions of Section 4,216 of the Revised Statutes re-enacted Feb. 1, 1897, with amendment:

"Yachts, belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States, shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the custom house thereof, or paying tonnage tax; provided, that the privilege of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered, or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act."

By Chapter 44, 61 and 62 Victoria, on and after April 1, 1899, American pleasure yachts will become subject in the ports of Great Britain to an annual charge of one shilling per ton as light dues.

As the British Government has thus declined to extend to American yachts in British ports the privilege now extended to British yachts in American ports, you are instructed, on and after April 1, 1899, to require British yachts visiting your port to enter and clear at the custom house, and to pay tonnage tax as imposed by law on merchant vessels. Eugene T. Chamberlain,

Approved: Commissioner.

O. L. Spaulding,
Acting Secretary.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

Annual Meeting, Executive Committee.

Buffalo, N. Y., Monday, Oct. 17, 1898.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held this year at Buffalo, the home of the incoming officers, Com. Thorn and Sec'y-Treas. Forbush. Invitations were sent out by the Buffalo C. C. to the members of the committee for the three days, from Saturday to Monday, and those who accepted were entertained as the guests of the club, the first two days being spent at the club house, Point Albino. The meeting was called to order by Com. Thorn at 9:50 on Monday morning in a parlor of the Iroquois Hotel, with nineteen members present or represented by proxy. The full list of officers for 1898-9 is as follows: Com., F. S. Thorn; Sec'y-Treas., C. P. Forbush; Librarian, W. P. Stephens.

Atlantic Division.—Vice-Com., F. C. Moore; Rear-Com., H. C. Allen; Purser, J. C. Mowbray; Executive Committee, Wm. C. Lawrence, Nathaniel Hyatt.

Central Division.—Vice-Com., H. C. Morse; Rear-Com., L. W. Woodworth; Purser C. H. Williams; Executive Committee, W. R. Huntington, F. G. Mather.

Eastern Division.—Vice-Com., J. W. Brown; Rear-Com., J. B. Waterbury; Purser, W. W. Crosby; Executive Committee, R. H. Hammond, F. A. Wallace, Raymond Appolonio.

Northern Division.—Vice-Com., George R. Howell; Rear-Com., A. G. Bowie; Purser, G. Walton Regg; Executive Committee, W. J. English, E. C. Woolsey; Board of Governors, R. J. Wilkin, Pres.; Paul Butler, J. N. Mackendrick, C. V. Winne, Recorder.

Those present were Messrs. Thorn, Forbush, Stephens, More, Morse, Williams, Huntington, Mather, Howell, Begg, English and Wilkin. The proxies were: P. F. Hogan, for Rear-Com. Allen; H. H. Smythe, for Purser Mowbray; R. J. Wilkin, for N. Hyatt; J. S. Wright, for Rear-Com. Woodworth; J. N. Mackendrick, for Rear-Com. Bowie; J. W. Sparrow, for E. C. Woolsey, and L. S. Drake, for Vice-Com. Brown. On the Board of Governors Vice-Com. Moore represented Mr. Winne, and L. S. Drake represented Paul Putler. There was practically a full representation from every division except the Eastern. The election of Vice-Com. Forbush as Sec'y-Treas., in August, left the Central Division without a head; a meeting of the executive committee of the division was held on Oct. 15, and H. C. Morse, of Peoria, Ill., was elected Vice-Com. Mr. A. T. Brown, of Rochester, was elected a member of the executive committee in Mr. Morse's place; but the present membership of the division only allows two members on the committee.

After some introductory remarks by Com. Thorn the roll was called and the minutes of the meetings of Aug. 13-15, at camp, were read and accepted. The following reports were then read and accepted, that of the board of governors being subject to audit. The pursers' reports of the Northern and Central divisions were ordered returned for addition of membership list, and those of the Atlantic and Central divisions for audit. The camp site committee made a verbal report, the accounts not yet being closed.

Official Reports of Officers and Committees, 1897-8.

REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER, OCT. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

Atlantic Division	$322.00	
Eastern Division	127.20	
Central Division	54.60	
Northern Division	34.16	
Prize fund	70.05	
Regatta launch	6.00	
Back accounts	75.78	
Entertainment committee	76.95	
Camp dues	174.00	
Code books	2.50	
Transportation committee	13.30	
Incidentals	5.85	
Balance, Secretary Blake	.79	
		$963.18

Disbursements.

Office expenses	$60.50	
General expenses	31.95	
Camp expenses	167.45	
Transportation committee	27.34	
Regatta committee	220.21	
Board of governors	110.00	
Signal officer	17.07	
Camp surgeon	11.50	
Camp site committee	100.00	
Entertainment committee	83.51	
Back accounts	3.00	
Overpaid by Atlantic Division	38.00	
	$870.53	
Cash on hand	92.65	
		$963.18

(Signed) C. V. Schuyler,
Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A.

Division Reports.

ATLANTIC DIVISION, OCT. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser H. W. Fleischmann	$329.45	
Dues for 1895	1.00	
Dues for 1896	7.00	
Dues for 1897	24.00	
Dues for 1898	218.00	
Dues for 1899	1.00	
Initiation fees	33.00	
Sales of application blanks	1.25	
		$614.70

Disbursements.

Sec'y-Treas. C. V. Schuyler, division receipts for year	$284.00	
Division smoker	81.88	
Office expenses, printing and stationery	34.50	
Express and postage	8.10	
Balance in bank	206.22	
		$614.70

Membership.

Members as per last report	189	
New members	33	
Reinstated	23	
Exempt from dues	2	
		247
Resigned	5	
Deceased	3	
Dropped	22	
		30
Total membership, Oct. 1, 1898		217

Audited and found correct.
(Signed) Wm. M. Carpenter,
Purser Atlantic Division.

CENTRAL DIVISION, OCT. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

Balance from former purser		$313.57
Dues for 1897	$13.00	
Dues for 1898	148.00	
Initiation fees	22.00	
		183.00
		$496.57

Expenditures.

Stationery and printing	$13.40	
Express charges and other sundry minor expenses	5.73	
Memento for winner of Central Division cup	7.50	
Stamps	7.00	
Thirty per cent. to Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A.	54.60	
		88.23
Balance for incoming purser		408.34
		$496.57

(Signed) L. W. Woodworth,
Purser Central Division.

EASTERN DIVISION, OCT. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

Balance, Oct. 1, 1897		$117.82
Dues, 1893	$1.00	
Dues, 1894	1.00	
Dues, 1895	1.00	
Dues, 1896	2.00	
Dues, 1897	15.00	
Dues, 1898	332.00	
Dues, 1899	2.00	
Initiation fee	70.00	
		424.00
		$541.82

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing and postage		$36.70
Sundry office expenses		20.55
Subscription Forest and Stream		4.00
Prize for division meet		67.62
Expenses of division meet	$165.88	
Less amount collected	54.00	
Net expenses of division meet		111.88
Thirty per cent. due A. C. A. treasury		127.20
Balance, Oct. 1, 1898		173.87
		$541.82

Membership.

Members, Oct. 1, 1897			288
New members, 1898	70		
Reinstated, 1898	15		
		85	
Resigned, 1898	15		
Dropped, 1898	28		
		43	
Increase			42
Members, Oct. 1, 1898			330

(Signed) Francis J. Burrage,
Purser Eastern Division.

Boston, Oct. 6, 1898.
Audited and found correct.
(Signed) Wm. V. Forsaith,
John B. May.

NORTHERN DIVISION, OCT. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

Amount from former purser	$61.56	
Dues, 1898	95.00	
Initiation fees	19.00	
		$175.56

Expenditures.

Printing and stationery	$8.60	
Postage	4.99	
Thirty per cent. to A. C. A.	34.20	
Sundries	28.88	
Balance in bank	98.89	
		$175.56

(Signed) Edgar C. Woolsey, Purser.
Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 30, 1898.

Transportation Committee Account.

Oct. 1, 1897, to Oct. 1, 1898.

Receipts.

From members for signing railroad certificates	$12.50	
Transportation car account	.80	
Net expense of transportation committee	14.04	
		$27.34

Expenditures.

Paid special agents to vise railroad certificates	$22.00	
Paid telegram	.28	
" telephone	.90	
" dinners, special agent	1.00	
" postages	1.96	
" car fares	1.20	
		$27.34

Respectfully submitted,
The Transportation Committee.
(Signed) William E. Barlow, Chairman,
Louis A. Hall,
C. V. Winne,
F. S. Rathbun.

Transportation Car Account.

Receipts.

Received for transporting 31 canoes and duffle		$18.05

Expenditures.

Paid Hawkins for labor	$10.00	
" for lumber at Sing Sing	.20	
" to Fox Clayton	3.00	
" for extra labor	1.30	
" to Hawkins, labor	2.00	
" for labor, Sing Sing	.25	
" for postage	.50	
	$17.25	
Balance to transportation committee account	.80	
		$18.05

Oct. 1, 1898.

Report of the Regatta Committee.

Sept. 5.—Com. F. L. Dunnell, New York City.—Dear Sir: Having been appointed by you chairman of your regatta committee for the season of 1898, I beg to report as follows:

Early in the season your committee prepared and later decided upon a schedule of races to be held at the annual meet at Stave Island. A copy of this schedule is hereto attached. Your committee also provided prizes for the events, a list of which is also hereto attached. At the meet the races were called, and with few exceptions successfully run off.

Your committee made a contract with A. B. Chaffee for the use of his alleged yacht for the entire period of the meet, the total expenses to be $108. Mr. Chaffee's allegation that it was a yacht has been successfully combated and refuted, and a substantial reduction in the price of same effected. It was demonstrated that instead of being a yacht the Sweetheart, of Stave Island, was an official death trap, but your committee is happy to say that it was returned to Mr. Chaffee in much better condition than it was received from him.

Your committee have received from the various clubs in the American Canoe Association donations to a prize fund, in amounts as follows:

Buffalo C. C.	$10.00	
Brooklyn C. C.	5.00	
Hartford C. C.	5.00	
Ianthe C. C.	5.00	
New York C. C.	5.00	
Rochester C. C.	5.00	
Red Dragon C. C.	5.00	
Shattemuc C. C.	5.00	
Shuh Shuh Gah C. C.	5.00	
Skating Club	5.05	
Toronto C. C.	5.00	
Vesper C. C.	5.00	
Yonkers C. C.	5.00	
	$70.05	
Received for rent of launch	6.00	
		$76.05

We have expended as follows:

For polishing A. C. A. and Dolphin cups, and insurance and express charges on same	$7.55	
For prizes	110.00	
For rent of launch	93.00	
For blanks, numbers and incidentals	9.66	
		$220.21
Total net expenses of regatta committee.		$144.16

Your committee have the following recommendations to make:

It having been demonstrated that the modern decked sailing canoe is not adapted for paddling, we recommend that no paddling races be provided for this type of canoe. Inasmuch as the trial race for the selection of contestants for the A. C. A. trophy race has become unnecessary by reason of the fact that for some years there have not been more entries for the trial races than were allowed to enter the trophy race, we recommend that the trial race be dropped.

We strongly recommend the abolition of the one-man one-canoe rule, as there will be more interest taken in the races if a man can borrow a canoe with which to enter.

It has been demonstrated that the present limitations as regards open paddling canoes are very good, that the canoe built under the new rules is a good serviceable canoe for either paddling or sailing.

The trophy paddling race this season was participated in by seven men, all of whom used open canoes. This race was paddled down the wind, the water being quite rough, and there were no accidents of any kind. It was also demonstrated that these open canoes, with 40ft. of sail, were quite able in rough water.

The A. C. A. sailing trophy was delivered to H. H. Smyth, Esq., and the A. C. A. paddling trophy to H. C. Allen, of Trenton, N. J. The bonds required by the rule please find herewith.

The Dolphin sailing trophy was won by Mr. J. C. Mowbray, but as he refused to furnish the required bond the trophy was delivered to Com. F. L. Dunnell for safekeeping.

The thanks of the committee are extended to all those members of the American Canoe Association who lent their assistance.

The annexed schedule shows the results of the races.
Respectfully submitted,
The Regatta Committee,
Percy F. Hogan, Chairman,
Raymond Apollonio,
C. Howard Williams.

The schedule of races has already appeared in the Forest and Stream.

Report of the Board of Governors.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The board of governors since the last report to the executive committee have held two meetings, one at Brooklyn, Oct. 16, 1897, and one at the A. C. A. camp, Aug. 13, 1898. At the meeting at Brooklyn the report showed a balance in the treasury of $1,025.13, a decrease from last year of $211.86. This decrease in the reserve fund was explained at that time, and in pursuance with that explanation the following resolution was passed by the board:

Resolved, That as the board of governors have estimated the net receipts of the funds of the A. C. A. for this year, 1897-98, to be as follows:

Atlantic Division	$200.00
Central Division	80.00
Eastern Division	90.00
Northern Division	30.00
Camp dues	150.00
Total	$550.00

that the commodore must limit his excess of expenditures of receipts to 80 per cent. of the above amount, and in case an exigency arises in his judgment for a further expenditure, he must obtain the consent of the board of governors.

The following resolution was also passed:

Resolved, That the sum of $100 be advanced to the general officers of the Association to meet the current expenses for the coming year, pending the receipt of money from the several divisions, with the understanding that the same be refunded as soon as practicable, or by Sept. 15.

In relation to the second resolution, the board report that no call was made for the money by the administration, it being the first time that the general officers have never called upon the reserve fund for temporary loans at the beginning of the administration. The amount for carrying on the business earlier in the year by the general officers was obtained, we are informed, from the purser of the Atlantic Division, who credited the amount to the account that would be due the Association later in the year.

In relation to the first resolution, the matter was simplified by the general officers earlier in the year; in fact, as soon as the money had been collected from the several divisions, by turning over to the board of governors, to be placed with the reserve fund, the 20 per cent. required by the board from the estimated net receipts, namely $110.

It is proper for us to report that this is also the first time that the general officers of the Association have paid this money over before the camp opened, and we wish to recognize thus publicly and commend the business sagacity thus shown by the general officers.

Attached to this report is the financial statement, from which it will be discovered that there is a balance in the reserve fund at the present time of $1,172.49.

The status of the reserve fund of the Association does not seem to be fully understood by the members, and notably by some of the older members of the Association. The reserve fund is, as its name indicates, a reserve, and should not under ordinary circumstances be drawn upon for current expenses.

There is no disposition to increase this reserve from the present amount, but during the past several years the increase has not been uniform or continuous. In 1895 it was found necessary to expend over 80 per cent. of the gross receipts of the Association to carry it on, and in 1896 it was impossible, owing to the conditions then existing and extraordinary expenditures, to return to the fund the amount of money advanced to the general officers.

Consequently, had there been in 1895 and 1896 no reserve fund, the incoming general officers in the years following would have been compelled to have begun their administration with a deficit, such as the Association in the other years had suffered from.

To meet such contingency is the purpose of the fund, and any disposition on the part of the members to reduce this fund from its present amount should be very carefully considered before being acted upon by the executive committee.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
(Signed) Robert J. Wilkin,
President Board of Governors A. C. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1898.—The Board of Governors in account with the American Canoe Association:

1897.

Oct. 1, balance Brooklyn Savings Bank	$1,025.13
Dec. 1, received 20 per cent. of net receipts as provided in resolution of Oct. 16, 1897	110.00
1898.	
July 1, interest to Nov. 1, 1897	37.36
Oct. 1, balance Brooklyn Savings Bank	1,172.49

Respectfully submitted.
(Signed) R. J. Wilkin.
Audited by
(Signed) H. H. Smythe,
F. C. Moore.

After the reports were read Com. Thorn spoke of the desirability of extending the membership and influence of the Association, especially in the West. This gave rise to a lengthy discussion of the general interests of the Association, the character of the meets, the question of dress in camp, etc. While it was the universal opinion that something was needed to stimulate a new interest in canoeing, no one was able to suggest definite plans. During the course of the discussion Mr. Williams made an interruption in order to present to the commodore and secretary-treasurer, in the name of the Buffalo C. C., yacht caps with the emblems of their rank in the Association.

At 12:40 a recess was taken for luncheon, the meeting being called to order again at 1:30. The report on the ladies' camp was read, showing an attendance of thirty-two ladies. The following associate members were elected: Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, Mrs. H. M. Carpenter, Mrs. Wm. M. Carpenter, Miss E. M. Wattles. Mr. Wilkin moved that a committee of three be appointed to revise the honorary list, but the revision was finally made by the dropping of the names of C. G. Y. King and Francesco Garguilio.

Mr. Stephens called attention to the omission from the Year Book of the name of the Forest and Stream as the official organ of the Association, and asked for the reason. No one present was able to give any information, though it was brought out in the course of the discussion that no authorization for the omission had been given by the executive committee. On motion of Mr. Wilkin, Com. Thorn appointed a committee of three—Sec'y-Treas. Forbush, Mr. Mackendrick and Mr. F. L. Dunnell—to ascertain the exact position of the matter and to report to the committee. Mr. Wilkin proposed an amendment to Art. 5, Sec. 6, of the constitution, but the amendment was withdrawn, as it was shown that no notice by publication had been given.

The question of the site of the 1899 meet was then taken up, Com. Thorn describing a trip made by him last August, in company with Vice-Com. Morse, to Lake George and Lake Champlain, visiting many sites, among them Long Island, the 1888 meet; Bow Arrow Point, 1887, and some new places. Com. Thorn favored Long Island for next year, but a lengthy discussion developed a feeling against both Lake George and Lake Champlain. Mr. Drake stated that the Eastern Division found Clayton practically as convenient as the Lake Champlain ports, and the New York men made the same statement. The Northern Division men promised to come to Lake Champlain in as large numbers as possible, but stated that it was very difficult to induce their men to make the long and difficult trip around Lake Ontario. Vice-Com. Morse suggested Seneca Lake, which he visited this fall. After a long discussion Mr. Wilkin moved that a ballot be taken on the choice of four localities, and this was done, the result being:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
St. Lawrence River	10	4	0	2
Seneca Lake	2	7	6	1
Lake George	4	3	3	2
Lake Champlain	0	3	2	6

Mr. Wilkin moved that Lake Champlain be selected, there being no votes in the affirmative. Mr. Hogan then moved that Seneca Lake be chosen, the vote being 7 for and 8 against. Mr. Stephens made a similar motion in favor of Lake George, the vote being 7 for and 10 against. Vice-Com. Howell moved that the meet be held on the St. Lawrence River, which was carried by a vote of 10 to 6. Mr. Wilkin then moved that the location of the camp among the Thousand Islands be left to the commodore and secretary-treasurer, which was carried.

Mr. Wilkin then moved that the date of the meet be so arranged as to permit members to remain for a third week if they wished. It was decided to hold the meet from Aug. 4 to Aug. 18, with the transportation arrangements continued for an extra week if possible. Mr. Wilkin moved that the recommendations of the regatta committee be carried out, but it was shown that the new committee had full power in the arrangement of the programme.

Mr. Wilkin then moved that it was the sense of the meeting that all races be held during the second week of the meet, and that they should, if possible, be limited to three days, the war canoe race being on a fixed date. This was carried, after discussion. As no notice of amendment of any of the rules had been given in advance, for the first time in the history of the Association no changes of the constitution, by-laws or racing rules were made.

Com. Thorn asked that all members would make it their business to see that correct names and addresses were furnished to the secretary-treasurer, and also that correct lists of club officers were furnished. After a motion of thanks to the Buffalo C. C., made by Mr. Hogan, and responded to by Mr. Forbush, the meeting adjourned at 4:55 P. M. The members dined early in the evening, departing by the night trains. The meeting resulted satisfactorily, all the necessary business of the Association being carried out.

"Manual of the Canvas Canoe."

With the present week a new volume is added to the nautical department of the Forest and Stream Library; the "Manual of the Canvas Canoe," by F. R. Webb, Commodore of the Shenandoah Canoe Club. Mr. Webb is well known to our readers as a practical cruising canoeist, and a ready writer on both cruising and construction, as we have frequently published logs of his cruises, and descriptions of the canoes built and used by him. The canvas canoe as developed and perfected by him after years of trial is by no means the flimsy and dangerous combination of hoops and muslin too often associated with the name, but a thoroughly staunch and serviceable boat, capable of standing the roughest usage.

Starting with the standard model of the best cedar cruising canoes, Mr. Webb has adapted to it a strong and simple system of canvas construction that is inexpensive and at the same time requires no special skill on the part of the builder. The book is written for those having no knowledge whatever of designing or canoe building, and presupposes merely a moderate amount of skill in the use of the saw, hammer and simpler tools. The necessary moulds for two different sizes of canoe are given full size in a supplemental plate, ready to be transferred directly to the boards. A complete list of the necessary materials is also given. The instructions are plain and definite, describing thoroughly every detail of the work to the final painting and finishing. The completed canoe is suitable not only for mere summer cruising, but for hard service in hunting or exploring, quite equaling in strength and durability any ordinary wooden boat. The system described is well adapted for the building of cheap and strong boats for other purposes than canoeing.

Not only the canoe, but the complete camping and cruising outfit is described in detail, with special chapters on canoe cruising and cooking. The book is liberally illustrated with over seventy diagrams and pictures, in addition to the large supplemental plate folded in a pocket in the cover. The price is $1.25.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photography will be found in our issue of last week and that of next week.

But because I speake so much of fishing, if any take mee for such a devote fisher, as I dreame of nought else, they mistake mee. I know a ring of golde from a graine of barley, as well as a goldsmith: and nothing is there to bee had which fishing doth hinder, but furder us to obtaine.

Captain John Smith, 1615.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE notes of personal relation of experience contributed to our shooting columns by Mr. Means constitute an effective half-column homily on the beauty and rewards of the Golden Rule. We all know from infancy that it is the right thing to do unto others as we would have others do unto us; but as a matter of fact the rule does not hold first place among those which we prescribe for ourselves in the field. If consideration for others were uniformly the controlling principle in our shooting and fishing excursions, and if every gunner who entered upon the property of another for shooting would put himself in the place of the landowner and treat that owner as he would himself wish to be treated, there would no longer exist a disagreeable friction between farmers and sportsmen. To ask this of all gunners would, of course, be demanding too much of human nature; for it would be with respect to some men to look for a more exalted standing of conduct in their shooting trips than they observe at home amid daily surroundings. But it should be practicable for the person who usually considers the rights of others to carry that same spirit into his sport. For, at worst, the disregard of social amenities so often manifested by the game shooter is due to sheer thoughtlessness, rather than to any deliberate or studied intention to act the part of a boor.

There is some occult influence which frequently causes well-bred and well-intentioned people to forget their breeding and their manners directly they have a gun in hand and find themselves on another person's land looking for game. Yet there is surely nothing inherent in a taste for field sports which involves such disregard of others. On the contrary, as is demonstrated by shining examples in great multitude, there are sportsmen who show themselves in the field as at home and everywhere thoughtful of their fellow men, and whose pleasant fellowship is sought not only by the companions with whom they go shooting, but by the residents among whom they shoot, and to whose courtesy they are indebted for their opportunities of sport. Every shooter who thus treats a landowner as he would be treated in turn by him will have no difficulty in finding in this country to-day an abundance of good shooting. Even if he shall at first be warned off and debarred by trespass notices, he has to thank for this, in all probability, the gunners who have preceded him, and who have made their invasion of the fields so intolerable that they have put a brand and stigma upon all of the craft. But even the most hostile and bitter misanthrope of a Northern or Western farmer or Southern plantation owner, will gradually relent and make himself agreeable if the sportsman who covets his game will but persevere in the pursuit of it according to the Golden Rule.

THE SITUATION IN NEW JERSEY.

A PECULIAR situation holds in New Jersey, where the machinery which the State has provided to enforce the fish and game laws finds itself balked in the accomplishment of this purpose by the hostile attitude of the chief executive toward the protectors and his sympathy for those who violate the laws. We recently commented upon the proclamation of Governor Voorhees, that he would promptly pardon all persons convicted of violation of one of the game laws; and a recent case in which he interfered indicates that he is bent upon making good in practice his public declaration that he does not believe in punishing people who kill birds or other game or fish out of season, as he believes in more liberty for the people. The instance in point is that of a young fellow named Teeple, who was detected spearing fish with a pitchfork in a stream in Middlesex county, the outlet of Brooklyn Pond, which has recently been stocked by the fish commission. A man named George Newman warned him to desist, telling him that he was acting contrary to the law, to which Teeple made reply: "To —— with the law; I have always speared fish whenever I wanted to, and I am now going home to get my spear to get more fish." Newman thereupon informed Warden Brown, who apprehended Teeple with the speared bass in his possession. He was promptly convicted, but refusing to pay the fine was sent to jail; Governor Voorhees, although fully informed of the circumstances of the case by the warden who made the arrest, at once pardoned the spearer and left the commissioners to pay the costs. Mr. Voorhees thus gives notice to every fish-spearing Teeple in New Jersey that he will stand between him and the penalty. He is by his official actions giving emphasis to his frequently expressed disapproval of all game and fish legislation; and making plain a deliberate intention on his part to keep open the door of assured immunity for those who have a mind to violate these statutes.

At the last session at Trenton a number of amendments of the game laws were enacted, but of these the Governor vetoed everything which did not extend an open season or give greater license to fish netters. In this he was, of course, acting wholly within his prerogative, and did only what rightly belonged to his official activities. A Governor might veto legislative acts which he disapproves, and yet escape censure. But when it comes to a question of leaguing himself with law breakers and to openly encouraging contempt and violation of the statutes, an executive who does this is recreant to his duty, violates his oath of office and menaces the very foundation of the social system. It matters not what the particular statutes may be, whether game law or what-not, the principle involved is the same; the executive who refuses to execute the law, and gives notice in advance that he will not permit it to be enforced, gives direct incitement to crime and anarchy. Some people do not regard the game laws as of great moment one way or the other; but when a Governor takes the oath of office he binds himself with a sworn obligation to execute the laws, all the laws; and he is no more at liberty to proclaim that the fish and game laws are to be ignored because he personally does not approve them than he would have because believing in polygamy to give free rein to bigamists; or because believing in a readjustment of wealth and a general divide-up to pardon the thief who takes his share now.

The situation in New Jersey is one that may well command attention, and excite the concern of all who appreciate its real aspect and the principles involved. The outlook for the immediate future of fish and game protection in the State is not promising if Governor Voorhees shall continue to put in practice his peculiar views. On the other hand, we believe that it is the sober conviction of the thoughtful portion of the community that the natural resources of New Jersey's fields and streams should be preserved from extermination; we believe that intelligent public opinion in New Jersey demands protection for the birds, both the game birds and the song and insectivorous birds of village, farm and garden. We believe that the statutes embodying this public opinion and providing this protection are so firmly established in right and reason and justice, and in the approval and respect of the people at large, that they will withstand the assault, even of an executive who because he does not personally approve of them uses his official position to stimulate contempt and defiance of them among the ignorant and criminally inclined. Game laws will prevail in New Jersey long after it shall have passed from the minds of men that there ever was a Governor at Trenton who did not believe in fish and game protection, but was solicitous for "more liberty for the people." Governor Voorhees' game law policy is reactionary; but the whole trend of legislation in this field in the United States today is progressive. We are as a people adjusting ourselves to the new conditions; and in the movement New Jersey will keep in line; he who believes to the contrary does not read aright the signs of the times.

There is a special reason why at this juncture the friends of protection in New Jersey should exert all their influence in support of the cause. That reason is found in the attack on the system inspired by the recent killing of an Italian gunner by a game warden. As we have already recorded, the incident has been made the occasion of a newspaper demand for the repeal of all the game laws, on the ground that "a man's life is worth more than a robin's." Writers who should and do know better have echoed this sentiment simply because of its sensational value. They understand perfectly well, as every one who reflects must, that a person who resists arrest and threatens with deadly weapons the officer seeking to arrest him thereby invites active self-defense on the part of the officer; and that if as a result death follows it is not to be charged to the original offense for which the arrest was attempted, but to the resistance and murderous assault on the officer. If, however, the sensational newspaper writers will insist on going back of this immediate cause to those which were more remote in the chain of circumstances leading to the final result, they might logically determine that the lawlessness and resistance on the part of this Italian shooter and his assault on the warden were all remotely, if not directly, provoked by the published statements of Governor Voorhees, that he did not believe in the game laws, but did believe in more liberty for the people. That is just the kind of talk to encourage Italian gunners to disregard the game law, and to shoot, as they have repeatedly shot, at the game wardens who interfere with them.

SNAP SHOTS.

When we shall come to build monuments to those who have been instrumental in preserving the game resources in this country, let us not forget the moonshiner of the West Virginia mountains and contiguous regions roundabout, who because of a well-known proclivity to bush unsuspecting invaders of his wilderness realm has exerted a decidedly deterrent influence on hunting excursions. To bush means to shoot at from ambush, and the reason for bushing is found in the suspicion commonly entertained by the natives that a stranger in the country may be an agent of the internal revenue bent on seizing moonshine whisky stills and distillers. Bushing is a mode of battle in which the busher manifestly holds decided advantage over the bushee; and no matter how brave one may be in the face of peril which he can see and defend himself against, it is quite a different thing to be shot at from behind by a foe concealed in the woods; and the deer hunter who cares enough for venison and antlers to quest them in the bushing districts is not likely, if he comes out alive, to repeat the adventure. In other days the Indian had a wide influence in discouragement of hunting expeditions in the West; and even just now he has made a brief re-entry on the scene in the Minnesota deer country; but the part was not played in a way deeply to impress the spectators, and it was probably his last final farewell appearance in the character. The hostile red man as a sportsman's bogie has passed from the stage. But the moonshiner is still alert and active and in full possession of his ancestral strongholds. In his peculiar office of game protector he will continue to be a factor in maintaining the venison supply of the mountain ranges.

We publish to-day communications from Messrs. Owen and Langford respecting the claim of each to the credit of having been the first to achieve the ascent of the Grand Teton. The public has here both sides of the controversy set forth in conjunction, and with such fulness that the statement of each party may be considered an authoritative and final presentation of his case.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"Mascots."

HOME they come from Cuba Libre;
And they march with hastening feet
Underneath the floating banners,
Up the thronged and ringing street.

When you cheer your sunburnt heroes,
Don't forget their pensioners small,
Led along, or perched on shoulder,
Four-foot, furry "mascots" all!

Comrades of the march and bivouac,
Sharers of the cup and can,
All unconscious of their portion
In the drama played by man—

All unconscious, did they bring good fortune
(As they brought their owner joy)?
Ask the youth who owns the "mascot"—
For a soldier's but a boy!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Pet Life in Camp.

THE keeping of pets in the army was almost entirely confined to the privates. Once in a while, perhaps, a general or even a colonel might have a captive bear, or a paddock deer; but these were rather trophies to be sent home, for the enjoyment and wonder of relatives and friends. The real vital interest in recently tamed wild animals could be found in its perfection only in the younger soldiers of the rank and file. Prominent among these were the drummer boys, almost every one of whom managed to possess himself, during campaign, of some small and inconspicuous pet, such as a flying squirrel, which he could quarter upon his person, and whose transportation caused no embarrassment.

It has been suggested that many of the characteristics of the private soldier, as distinguished from the officer, were mainly due to the youth of the soldier. Our army consisted, for the most part, of country boys, fresh from farm and village; boys whose homesickness was wont to be assuaged by any incident or habit which might recall the life at home. Domestic animals were as a rule out of the questions. Cats or monkeys do not take willingly to travel; and while a few stray dogs might be seen in camp or on the march, these were usually to be found at the heels of some officer, who had adopted them on the road (or, still more likely, whom they had adopted). Then again, so often were these canine pets not to be found when wanted, inasmuch as any search for the missing quadruped would be fraught with much danger in a hostile country, that the numbers of these four-footed camp followers were diminished as the campaign advanced.

But when we went into winter quarters, the soldiers, after building themselves habitations resembling those of the beavers, would naturally fall back upon the habits which they left at home when they donned the uniform. One of the prime delights of this kind of life was the forming of a domestic family out of the local fauna. The coon occupied a prominent place in this category. There was something in the owlish wisdom of his expression, something in the conscious grotesquery of his moments, which would set the boys laughing with the ready merriment that greets a comic actor or clown before he has opened his mouth. I have seen whole groups of young fellows following a coon, and shouting with laughter at the originality and eccentricity of his performances. The coon seems to have no habits; and thus every action was a delighted surprise to the youthful eyes which followed his antics. A prominent characteristic of the coon, which gave great delights in times of plenty, was his appetite. I have often been reminded of the famous guardsman who, at the mask ball, astonished the feasters at supper by his prowess in eating, until it turned out that the whole regiment had been passed in one by one. In similar manner would Mr. Coon go from tent to tent, appearing with new hunger and virgin appetite to each group; while his gusto in devouring whatever was set before him seemed to make good his hungry pretensions. The coon is a sociable animal; and the boys had a theory that his multiple feastings came less from mere gluttony than the desire to be sociable; and I well remember that, on the return of the First Regiment, after the initial campaign, the public were surprised and delighted by the goodly assortment of coons and foxes perched on the shoulders of their masters, and being fed afresh from every peanut stand.

Field mice, which were often caught in the neighboring pastures, were loving and docile favorites of the boys. There is something in the fact of minuteness which appeals to many natures; and the bright-eyed "cunning" little mouse often found his way to the heart of a drummer boy when that heart would have been impervious to coons and foxes. Even rats, objectionable as they are, were sometimes tamed; though they suffered a degree of ostracism due to the prejudice in the minds of the neighbors—a condition which must have made their young lives dark. Rabbits were genial pets, and were highly esteemed by the more sedate youngsters, but there was such frequent allusion to rabbits in other capacities (mainly of a culinary description) that their owners would become frightened, and attribute every absence to an untimely taking off.

Then we had some carrier pigeons, followed by base imitations, which were not carriers. These latter gladdened the hearts of their owners until an order from headquarters declared these private messengers to be illegal, inasmuch as carrier pigeons were beginning to be used in the service; and these amateur carriers in their unofficial capacity were found to promote confusion. For instance, the adjutant-general, awaiting an important order, received instead a maudlin love letter signed Jerusha, and coming from a remote country.

Among the various experts of an infantry regiment was one individual who had been a bee hunter. For some reason, which he declined to state, bees would never sting him. So, one Sunday morning—at Centerville—in the presence of General Sherman, he captured a large old-fashioned bee hive, like those we see in pictures. This was made of twisted straw, and was literally crammed with honeycomb. He bore the hive triumphantly on his head. "Let him go," said General Sherman, who had just issued an order against all marauding; "he has taken his punishment into his own hands!" And, sure enough, the bees followed in angry swarm. But such was the magic of our bee-tamer that the hive arrived in safety; and its contents were divided among the company; while not a sting bore out the prophecy of the general.

On the morning of the battle of South Mountain, a bevy of quail were started by a regiment advancing in line. Many were caught, and several of the birds flew for refuge to the breasts of the soldiers, hiding under the blouse. I trembled for their future; but so strong is the petting instinct in the young soldiers that these quail were all tamed and kept as household pensioners in the rude huts which were to be our winter quarters. I was greatly shocked, however, to learn that the cock birds were often pitted against each other in fight, following a well-known (Chinese) custom, which prefers quail to game cocks.

One of the most extraordinary incidents that I remember of pet life in camp was the infatuation which our big California Major inspired in the fluffy bosom of a young rooster (or cockerel, as they called him in Virginia). This ungainly bird, with waddling gait and ragged plumage, would follow the object of his devotion with an assiduity as absurd as it seems incredible. One night, an alarm of pickets having awakened the camp—we were in bivouac, and General Early was in front of us—this young rooster was discovered sitting on the toe of the Major's boot, head under his wing, fast asleep. It was the famous attack by Gordon's division at Cedar Creek, when Sheridan was "twenty miles away." All who were aware of the chaos and confusion of that day, which made Sheridan famous, can realize how that little cockerel was lost in the fray, and doubtless fell into the ruthless hands of the Confederates.

The reader will bear in mind that what we have to say about pets must necessarily refer to the wild creatures our boys succeeded in taming, and among so many thousand men it was not remarkable that occasional peculiar aptitude in dealing with the local fauna should have been found. Our bee-tamer, for instance, had all his life been a specialist in that line. A yet more dangerous style of pet, and requiring for its subjection certain inherent qualities of temperament, is the snake. It is well understood that certain families in snake-infected districts possess the gift of immunity, much of which is doubtless derived from long association with these creatures, and familiarity with their habits. Captain McGrath belonged to no such family. He was a city-bred Irishman, whose love of snakes was an eccentricity developed only during campaign. He gathered from time to time a considerable assortment of the more dangerous varieties. But these specimens were usually scattered in the hurry and stress of campaign life. It was his fortune to be stationed at a 100lb. battery at the top of the Blue Ridge. And here, besides reveling in the abundance and novelty of his writhing predilections, he made special conquest of a large and handsome rock snake, deemed peculiarly poisonous in that mountin region. The snake could coil itself about the Captain's neck of his own playful motion; would wind in and out, around and between his ankles, making a display like that known among soldiers as counter marching, and perform other feats of a like hazardous character—all which constituted the favorite amusement for Sunday afternoon callers, as well as for the officers and men of the post. The snake was confined in a wooden cage, built like a chicken coop, with the bars just close enough together to prevent him from escaping. One Sabbath day the commander-in-chief was visiting the out-of-the-way posts with his staff. Having heard of the snake-charming achievements of Captain McGrath, he asked if he could see something of them. The Captain, in response, drew the slide through which the snake usually came out to its master. This time, for some reason, the serpent, like a naughty child, refused to be exhibited before company; and not appearing, the Captain stooped down and looked in, to see what was the matter. At a glance he saw that something had gone wrong with his pet, who was coiled up in a fighting attitude, quite unusual with this good-humored contortionist. The Captain was on his mettle; the eyes of his chief were upon him; he hesitated a moment; then thrust his hand in, intending to draw the beast out. Before he could reach the creature it had turned and struck him on the hand, after which it uncoiled and slowly glided out to the open air, where it proceeded to make its way down the mountain side. The Captain had a dog, a collie, with the intelligence and devotion common to that species. Seeing that his master was hurt, he sprang with a yelp to his assailant, when the snake again turned and struck its fangs into the dog's throat. The effect seemed to paralyze the dog, which rolled over as though struck by lightning. The Captain started in pursuit, and pausing long enough for some words of sympathy with the dog, now in convulsions, he overtook and actually caught the dangerous reptile by the tail, and brought it back to its cage. The snake was completely cowed, and an hour later went through the performance for which it had been cast, meekly and without a fault. But the poor dog had been struck in a vital place, and died during the night. The redoubted Captain declined to have his own wound dressed by the army surgeon, and contented himself with drinking something over a pint of what the medical officer called hydrated oxide of ethyl, and which the obliging dealer had translated into whisky. After this he lay down and slept for some hours. When he awoke the commander-in-chief and his staff were gone, having seen more than they bargained for; and on some one asking why he did not kill the snake after it had bitten him and his dog, he replied: "It was all my fault. I shouldn't have monkeyed with Jim when he's out of sorts. Snakes has the dyspepsy as well as men and don't feel like foolin'." "Yes, but the dog?" "Self-defense," briefly ejaculated the Captain. "The dog would certainly have killed him, an' I always like to be fair."

Captain McGrath always did see both sides of every question; and there may indeed have been something in his utter reasonableness, which commended him to the good will of all wild creatures, even snakes.

(DR.) S. R. ELLIOTT.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, Staten Island.

Lost.

SPORTSMAN friend, did you ever lose a chum—one whom you have had the companionship of for years in your tramps through the woods and over the fields; one who has been at your side in a duck blind on the nor'-west point at Chadwicks many a time, and in a double battery on the Great South Bay, and has camped with you on the seashore, cooked by day and lulled to sleep at night by the wash of the waves of the grand old Atlantic Ocean?

We met first in a gun shop, or store, where we had both gone to see a new pattern of breechloading gun. This was about the year 1868. Whew! that figures almost thirty years ago! We were about of the same age; he of a quiet disposition, saying but little, but taking notes in his mind of the good points of the new weapon, and deliberate in all his actions. We were introduced by the salesman. The next day, after business hours, found us again at the same place. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship. I was not much of a hand to visit, so my friend came to visit me. We sailed on the waters of Long Island Sound; we fished and shot pistols and rifles at a target, and took our shotguns and made targets for patterns and penetration. Hundreds of shots were fired, and at last we became satisfied that we had found the load for our respective guns that would be sure to bring down all the wildfowl that should come within range of us in our contemplated trip after ducks at Barnagat the next fall.

At this time center-fire breechloading guns were just beginning to take among the shooters. We both had muzzleloaders. My friend had a .10 bore 32in. that weighed 11lbs., made by the finest gun workman in the country, the late Patrick Mullen, then at No. 95 Fulton street, New York City. I had a .10 bore 32in., weight 10½lbs., made by a foreign maker. Five drams of Curtis & Haney powder, No. 6 grain, was though to be the proper caper in those days, with 1¼ or 1⅜oz. of No. 3 shot, for point shooting, and double W. P. caps of Ely's make, and felt wads with a Baldwin wad over shot. At that time our American make of powder, wads and caps was not thought to be as good as the foreign make.

We waited patiently for the day to arrive for our start for "Bill's" at Squan Beach. Then you could not go to Sandy Hook on fast steamer and take rail down the Jersey beach as you can now, but we had to take the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City for Monmouth Junction, then a branch road to Farmingdale, then by team on the sandy roads through the pines to Charley Maxim's, at Point Pleasant, at the head of Barnagat Bay; got dinned there—how good it did taste—and after a good smoke the team was hitched up and a long drive over the hard sandy beach for about seven miles brought us to Billy Chadwick's gunning house about sundown.

We had a royal welcome, as all good gunners do that go to that place. After a good supper, we adjourned to the bar room, sitting room, office—all in one—to hear about how many ducks had been brought down by this and that gunner. After the reports were in, the "bay men" would begin to spin yarns about the hard storms they had experienced, and the wrecks that had come on shore. When it was time for bed, the names of the different points and blinds would be marked on a card and all the cards put in a hat. The drawing took place. We got the nor'west point. This was good luck, as it was one of the best stands. James Loveland was our guide, and a good one at that. After putting our shooting togs where we could find them handy in the morning, into the feather beds we got—feather beds so soft and deep that when in them you could see nothing but the ceiling of the room. After talking of what we expected to do in the way of slaughtering the wildfowl, we fell asleep, and in a few minutes, as it seemed to us, we were awakened and told to turn out for breakfast. Jumping out of the warm beds, we found it to be 3:45 A. M. After a wash in good, eold water, we were soon dressed warmly and down to breakfast. Buckwheat cakes 6in. in diameter, done brown, with old-fashioned New Orleans molasses, country sausages from Toms River, and a plenty of good strong coffee, made us a breakfast fit for a ducker, after which we got into our shooting toggery and left for the nor'west point. Arriving there, the blind was overhauled a bit, and spreading our rubber blankets we lay down to wait for the first ducks to arrive.

A faint tinge of gray was showing in the eastern horizon. Squan Beach lay to our left; it was blowing northeast, and old ocean was pounding its billows on the shore as if to wash the beach away and to travel on to the mainland. To the south'ard Barnegat Light was flashing, on our right was the smooth bay. Our gunner had placed about forty decoy ducks at a distance of about 30yds. away, and was now reclining on some sedge grass back of our blind. Bang went a big gun to the south of us. The birds are on the move. Now, look sharp. Here come two from the south. I say, "Take them, chum." "No, you take them." "No, you take them." "We'll both take them." Bang! bang! rang out our guns at once, and down they came, two redheads, and as the wind was off shore, our gunner went and picked them up. Mark left, here come three more. Bang! bang! bang! One down, a clear miss with both barrels by the writer. After the last shot I thought I could not miss, but by over-confidence and carelessness got nothing.

The sun was now up, but wallowing in a bank of thick clouds. Just the morning for ducks to fly well, so we shot with varying success until about 9 or 10 o'clock, when the birds came to our decoys at long intervals. About 11 o'clock we went to the house and walked up and down the beach; at 3 P. M. we went back to the

blind and had fine sport until sundown, when we took up our decoys and returned to the house. After getting out of our long boots and taking off some of our thick clothing, we were ready for dinner or supper, whichever you call it—it was both, I think. We were both tired and hungry and put away a large dish of fried eels. We had had good luck, and counted up as follows: 3 black ducks, 7 broadbills, 13 coots, 2 dippers and 5 redheads; total, 30 head. My chum got two or three more birds than myself. Well, he ought to, he is a good shot, but I was satisfied.

The next day was about the same, and the next day was Sunday—no shooting. Monday we had but the morning shooting, the team coming for us at 9 o'clock. We had two bags of ducks—about 58 or 60 in all. We had a good time. We did not punish much whisky, although we had it for proper use, and we did not sit up late over cards.

We met at that time one of the old school sportsmen—a gentleman in every sense of the word, and an agreeable companion, it was Francis Endicott. We did not come across any of the things that you see once in a while at a gunning resort nowadays. One of the things with a single eye glass screwed in one corner of his eye, a lackey to carry his gun for him, and who, when he tries to talk, imitates a foreigner, for the English language, as spoken by the American citizen, is not known to him. We see too many of these now. Once in a while we hear of one pulling a loaded gun by the muzzle, and there is one thing less.

We went back over the same route as we came, arriving at Jersey City about 8 P. M.

This is a poor account of one trip. We have had many, but I will not impose any more on the reader. A few years ago my partner moved away, and we do not now live close enough, so that we can enjoy the hunting and fishing together. I am lonesome for a partner.

B. B. B.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—VII.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

Low voices in the next room wove into dreams, and the dreams were of guns, filling shot pouches and preparations for a day with birds, sometimes with the ducks, which suddenly changed into plover, and then with turkeys, which somehow vanished before they were fairly sighted. One peculiarity of my dreams has been persistent from boyhood; when I dream of shooting, and the game is there, I pull the trigger, but the gun does not go off. I have often wondered if this happens to other dreamers. It is the day of the muzzle-loader that I am writing about, and as I was thirty-five years old before I ever saw a breech-loader, and have but little experience with them, it is natural that there should be a cap to miss fire in my dreams.

The voices became louder and the dream more indistinct.

"The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes."

So it was; the dreaming came to a point when I was conscious, and then a voice said: "I don't care if I wake the whole house up, you took more'n half of the powder and shot when you filled your flasks and turned over what was left to me; here are about a dozen wads left for me, while you have your pockets full, and I'll make you even up on the whole lot before we start."

Surely that was the voice of my young friend Jack, talking to his older brother. Something in his tone indicated that he considered himself imposed upon. By the light of a match my watch said that the night had just turned three, and daylight was more than an hour away. Wondering why boys were so enthusiastic, and in my sleepy condition forgetting that I had passed through that same embryonic stage, I tapped on their door and told Jack to go to bed and I would see that he had a proper outfit in the morning, but that if he should wake his grandfather it might anger him so that the boys would not be allowed to go with us. After that the stars could not have moved with more silence, and sleep came, only to be roused by its enemy, the sun.

At breakfast those boys bolted their food without tasting it. How I envy the stomach of a boy. He does not know that he has such an organ, or that he is abusing it in ways that will present claims for damages in the time to come, when he will scan the advertisements of dyspepsia cures which bring promise to his eye, but break it to his hope.

The Start.

The setters, Bob and Dan, who were with us on the woodcock trip, and who had retired in disgust when the horn sounded to assemble all the plantation curs for a bear hunt, were on the porch with the boys, licking their hands and wagging their tails as if to say: "Why do you wait? We are ready; let's start now." When the Doctor and I appeared, the intelligent dogs reasoned that the wait was past, and we were greeted with an effusiveness that plainly said: "So you have come at last. We've been waiting for you, but it's all right now."

We mounted our horses; I had ceased to wonder why men in the South preferred to mount a horse and have their inwards churned into chaos instead of quietly riding in some sort of wheeled vehicle, as do all the farmers in the North. They liked it because they were not accustomed to the "effete" luxury of the "buggy" or the "coach." And then a saddle is cheaper than a buggy, and in early times this was an object, but let me prophecy: A century hence a saddle will not be in use in the United States, except in regions remote from the great centers of civilization, in the army and among those who take to horseback riding as an athletic sport. It is an acquired taste that is easily lost by a sportsman who once shoots plover or other game from a buggy. The horse I rode on this occasion was one of those gentle-gaited Kentucky horses, and I got along well; but if I had choice of a journey through Hades over the house tops, or a trotting horse on a level road, the horse would be left behind. If the verdict be that I am no horseman I will not appeal. Few Northern men are brought up in the saddle, and that was the reason that the Confederate cavalry were our superiors in that branch of the service during the first two years of our Civil War.

In the Berry Patch.

Years before a fire had run through a patch of timber, and some 200 acres of stubs, stumps and dead trees bore witness to it, but dame nature will not permit a rich soil to remain unproductive, and with the sunlight came the berries, few at first from the droppings of birds, and next year there was a struggle for life among different kinds of weeds, vines and young trees. Here was a spot where the cat briers, called "bamboo" in the South, had the ascendency, and neither man nor dog could pass their stronghold. There the different edible berries of the brier kind had possession, and held on to the sportsman as death is said to detain a deceased African. But there were arches of these vines here and there that the dogs could pass under, and might stand on game until Cuba froze over, and the sportsman would never know it. Then there were something like avenues of weeds which wound about these patches, and through which a man could pass, the taller ones kindly yielding to him and shedding their seeds between his shirt and skin, where they seemed to feel no discomfort if he did. The day was warm, for it was November, the still air and the exercise induced perspiration, and the seeds down both front and back on a moist skin are still held in memory's locker.

Jack was with me, and George with the Doctor, as before. We had killed a few quail out of many that the dogs found, and had a fair proportion of birds killed, considering the conditions. The lay of the brier patches forced us together, and the Doctor said: "Really, I don't care much for this work. What do you think of it?"

"My dear Doctor," I answered, "you don't care much for it; the boys may like it, for boys are easily pleased; the dogs are enthusiastic, although their hides are pricked and torn; but since you ask me for an opinion, I will say that if this is the only place in Lousiana where quail can be found, I am content to leave it to them. I have known men who were as enthusiastic as the dogs, and who would suffer to be frozen in a sink box to kill a few ducks or to wade a cold stream up to their waists to kill a trout, or a salmon. We can never measure the mind of another man in our quart cup; if I think they do these things to brag about, I may be mistaken, because my brain is not theirs. I would not do them now, but once would. To me sport means pleasure, and there is no pleasure in physical suffering, from my point of view; yet men have sought the musk ox when they had to give their scanty supply of food to their dogs as their only hope of reaching civilization alive. They deliberately put their lives in the balance before starting."

As we took the nearest route out of the brier patch the Doctor said: "Arctic explorers go with a full knowledge of the dangers before them, and so do other men. There is an old maxim, 'The greater the danger the greater the sport.' Did you ever risk your life for any reason?"

"Never mind; all these questions which you bring up a man will answer differently at different ages. Consult Shakespeare on that subject: In the fourth of man's seven ages he depicts him as 'seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth,' but in later years he seldom cares for that kind of thing, and life, which he was ready to throw away at twenty, becomes the dearest thing on earth at four times that age."

"From this," rejoined the Doctor, "it would appear that you study man as well as fishes, and your observations coincide with mine. You know that Swift said: 'Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.' See! our boys have the dogs across the road and into the corn stubble, while we are philosophizing; we must catch up, yet it does me more good to see one of those eager boys down a partridge than to do it myself."

An Accident.

We spread out again, and I took my position on the right of Jack just as he brought down a quail over Dan's point, and the setter yelled; his "ki-yis" rent the air, and the trouble with the dog was not apparent. No gash of cat brier, cutting an inch deep, would extort such a yell from a well-bred dog in pursuit of game; no shot at a bird in the air could have struck him, but there he was at our feet, cowed and trembling. The Doctor and George rushed over; the dog still yelled, and the Doctor examined its feet for thorns or porcupine quills. Jack had gone off to look for his bird, and a minute later fired a shot and rushed in with a big rattlesnake, shouting: "The snake bit him!"

The dog was in agony, but was licking our hands as if to say: "The trouble is not in my feet, why can't you understand?" We understood only after Jack had found the angry snake, and had killed it. Then the Doctor looked elsewhere, and found the wound. We held poor Dan down while the Doctor cut out a piece from his leg, and then cauterized it and put a ligature above the wound, for he was the kind of doctor who always had a few things in his saddle bags to meet ordinary emergencies, and had slung them over his shoulder when he left his horse to enter the berry patch.

A Sick Dog.

The day's sport was over, one of our party had been bitten by a snake, and we must go home. The poor dog was weak and nauseated, and we carried him on a piece of bark to the road, where the Doctor took him in his saddle, a most uncomfortable way, but the best that offered. A short cut brought us home in twenty minutes, or about half an hour after Dan was bitten. He no longer vomited, but was very sick. As we laid our suffering companion on the porch, he was too feeble to acknowledge our attentions in his usual way, but his eyes beamed kindly on us. The Doctor had rushed up the stairs two steps at a time, and came down without noticing that steps were there. He gave the patient some whisky to arouse the heart action, took off the ligature and made another incision in the leg and applied some fluid to the new wound.

All this was of great interest to me, for it was the first case of snake bite that I had seen, and as such a thing might come my way some time, it was worth while to study it, so for the benefit of others who may be exposed to this danger I give the details.

"Will Dan die?" Jack asked the Doctor.

"Not if I can help it, but much depends on his condition and the amount of poison he received. These are the main things on which his life depends. How old is he?"

"Four years old next month," George answered.

The Doctor looked the dog over and said, partly to himself and partly to us: "He is in his prime, and his physical condition is excellent; pulse a little better since he had the whisky, the general depression seems to be passing." Then arousing from his meditation he continued: "The next two hours will tell the story."

"Pardon me, Doctor," I ventured to ask, "that last incision and liquid application was puzzling to me; would it be impertinent to ask the nature of it? My apology for asking is that such an accident might happen to myself or any companion, canine or human, when no physician was at hand, and life was hanging in the balance. Of course, I know that there is a popular belief that unlimited quantities of whisky will cure snake poison,, you used but little on the dog. Will you be good enough to tell us all about this matter?"

"Certainly; we have no secret nostrums, but here is the Colonel's messenger, who says that dinner will be served in fifteen minutes, and we must prepare for that event. Poor Dan is lying quietly on his rug, and will remain there. We will talk about snake bites in the Colonel's room to-night."

"Well, Jack," the Colonel asked, after the soup was served, "how were the partridges to-day?"

"They were plenty in the brier patches, but the dogs couldn't follow 'em, and they ran off, but we got eleven brace and lost a lot in the thickets. Then we crossed the road, and had just got nicely to work in the corn stubble, when Dan was struck by a rattlesnake, and we had to quit and get him home. It was too bad. We couldn't see Dan die, but the birds were plenty, and we might have killed fifty brace if the snake had let Dan alone."

The Colonel told his grandson that he did not want fifty brace of partridges brought in, as he did not intend to feed his negroes on them. "Bring Dan to my room to-night," said he, "and we two invalids will console each other."

Dan, the setter, had not seen the Colonel since the bear hunt, and feebly tried to recognize him as he was brought into his room. Dr. Gordon gave the dog another small dose of whisky, which gave him strength, and he licked the Doctor's hand as soon as the fiery liquid allowed him to do so. That action decided the case: Dan would live.

Treating Snake Poisoning.

"Now, Doctor," said I, "redeem your promise and tell us about poisoning from snake bite. Don't be so technical that we can't follow you, but give it to us in a way to be of use." His talk on this subject was so full and interesting that I make no apology for giving it here as memory retains it, and I was wide awake on this subject, for, while most of the harmless snakes are kindly treated by me and often made pets, the poisonous ones have ever been dreaded.

The Colonel lay upon his bed, and the snake-bitten dog was lying by his side, with his head on the Colonel's arm. Two crippled companions; one deprived of speech, but fuller of intelligence than many a man, and as we gathered there the Doctor said: "Snake poison acts in different ways, but there is no internal antidote that is efficient. The quart of whisky theory has believers because men have taken it and recovered, but they would have recovered without it; for rattlesnake bite is seldom fatal to man, while a small portion of the poison will kill a dog. The bite of the cobra, of India, is often fatal, for the reason that they are generally larger than our venomous serpents, and their poison is more potent. It has been proved that any animal can be rendered immune to snake poison by being subjected to small and increasing injections of it, but this form of poison is harmless when taken into the stomach, therefore you need never fear to suck the poison from a wound unless the skin of your lips is abraded. A quarter of a drop of rattlesnake poison in the veins of a pigeon will kill it, but pigeons have been fed twenty drops of it a day for a week, and have been unharmed.

"The effects of snake bite are divided into local and general, the local being immediate and the other remote. In the case of Dan it was local, perhaps because I was present and confined the trouble to his leg as far as it was possible to do so. He was depressed and his heart action was feeble, that's why I gave him a ½oz. of whisky just to increase the heart action and give him strength to resist the poison, and the ligature above the wound prevented a clot from reaching the heart, for that would be fatal, and snake poison tends to form a clot. If the early depression passes quickly the animal either recovers soon or passes into the second stage, in which the blood cannot clot, and every tissue is degraded, and bleeding from the mucous membranes begins and foreshadows a fatal end.

"You will notice that I first bandaged the leg above the wound, then enlarged the cuts to promote bleeding in order to get rid of such venom as might not have passed into the circulation, and then cauterized the wound. That was the best I could do in the field, where my supplies were limited, but when we reached the mansion I reopened the wound, took off the ligature and applied a solution of permanganate of potassium, which destroys the poison and is the best of all remedies.

"Woodsmen have faith in tobacco, but, like the whisky, the man would have recovered without it. If no remedy is at hand, all local dressings are useless. Open the wound to encourage bleeding by washing, or soaking in

hot water, and give a little alcohol to stimulate the heart. Snake bite is dangerous in proportion to the size of the snake, its condition, and in the South, where the reptiles are more active, they are more deadly than at the North."

Dan was lying with his head on the Colonel's arm during this lecture, apparently sleeping, but when the Doctor had finished and went to see if the bleeding still continued under the loose bandage, placed to receive the blood, Dan raised his head and licked the Doctor's hand; the hand that had cut, burned, and had dosed him with burning whisky. A wild animal would have resented such treatment, and would have bitten the hand that had caused it pain, but great-hearted Dan knew that his friends would only do what was best for him, and he trusted them. Was this instinct? Let those answer who believe that a high-bred dog cannot reason because his vocal chords are not developed sufficiently to speak our languages. That they understand such parts of our speech as are addressed to them needs no argument, but they go further, they reason. This thing is being argued now in FOREST AND STREAM, and I long to get into the fray, but will stop now and perhaps take up the question by itself. A poor, stricken dog, possessing great intelligence, provoked these remarks.

When Dan licked the Doctor's hand while he was looking at the bandaged leg, the dog had to raise up and bend over, showing that he had some strength. We all noted it, and as the Doctor patted Dan's head, rubbed his ears, and said: "Dan, old boy, you'll be all right in the morning!" every one in the room stood in line to put a hand on his head and give him a rub at the base of an ear, a spot where it always pleases a dog to have a man's hand. Jack came last. He had never taken his eyes from the Doctor's face while the poison lecture was in progress, and we had not paid much attention to the boy. When he put his hand on Dan's head he broke down; he kissed the dog and cried, and then broke from the room, with Dan up on his forefeet trying to return the kisses. George followed Jack, and somehow I had need of a handkerchief, while the Colonel rolled over with his face to the wall, and the Doctor turned to the window to see what the night was like.

Some minutes elapsed before the Colonel broke the silence with: "Doctor, my heart action is feeble, there are lemons and hot water, if you will be good enough to compound for all of us, as you have done for Dan. When I mentioned his name just now he began thrashing the bed with his tail, the first time he has used that appendage since his injury. If he is able to do it, please call him from the bed and show him the rug he is to sleep on, and then I will be ready to have my ankle dressed for the night."

The Doctor busied himself with the preparation of his heart vibrator for a while, and when it was blended to his satisfaction he called loudly: "Dan, come down here!" The dog got up from the Colonel's arm, looked over the bed to the floor, and leaped down. "There's your bed," said the Doctor, pointing to a bear skin rug, and Dan curled up on it for the night. If the dog obeyed from "instinct," I must confess to being ignorant of the difference between intelligence and what is called "instinct."

In the morning Dan greeted us all in the good old way. The Doctor and I had everything packed for our trip to the rice country, promises to write and to come again mingled with the good-byes, the carry-all was at the door and we started to meet the steamer on Red River.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

I.—Statement of William O. Owen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Capt. Langford and his friends are insisting that Messrs. Spalding and Owen are not the first to reach the summit of the Grand Teton, claiming that the first ascent was made by Messrs. Stevenson and Langford in 1872.

They point to the official report of the U. S. Geological Survey and an article by Capt. Langford which appeared in Scribner's Magazine for June, 1873, as evidence of their successful climb.

And this is the only evidence (?) they have in support of their claim. I maintain that the first ascent of the Grand Teton was made by the Rev. Frank Spalding and myself, accompanied by Frank Petersen and John Shive, on Aug. 11, 1898, and I submit herewith the statements and affidavits on which this claim is based.

I further contend that Messrs. Stevenson and Langford in their alleged ascent did not reach the true summit of the peak, but stopped about 600ft. below it. And I have the testimony to prove it.

In support of the above I send you:

First.—The affidavit of Thomas Cooper, who was with the Hayden survey for years, and who is at present an honored resident of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Second.—Extract from a letter written by Mr. Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer U. S. Geological Survey, and a close friend of Mr. Langford.

Third.—An affidavit of Gov. Richards, of Wyoming, as to the statement made to him by Richard Leigh, who was with the Langford party when they attempted the ascent.

Fourth.—My own statement as to the condition of things on the summit of the peak as we found them, and deductions from Capt. Langford's narrative in Scribner's Magazine of 1873, and in various letters to me in the past few years.

Richard Leigh's statement to Gov. Richards was made only two years after Langford's alleged ascent, and as he was with the party it is of great value.

He is commonly known as Beaver Dick, and was the guide of the Hayden party for years. He is still living, and can be reached by mail at St. Anthony, Idaho. Thomas Cooper is one of our best citizens, and is still living in Cheyenne, where mail will find him at any time.

I send you letter from Judge C. N. Potter, Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, as to Mr. Cooper's veracity and character, which please publish with this article.

In the first place, I desire to place especial emphasis on the fact that the most critical, conscientious and thorough search by our entire party failed to reveal the slightest shadow of evidence of a former ascent. Not a stone was turned over, no cairn or monument erected; nor could we find can or bottle of any description containing the customary record of ascent. Five minutes would have sufficed to erect a suitable monument, which would have completely set at rest all questions as to the first ascent, and yet Stevenson and Langford failed to build it. One stone piled on another would have answered, but even this was not done. And still Capt. Langford informs us that several days were devoted to the ascent and necessary preparation for it. Is it in the realm of probability that men would make such heroic efforts to climb this mighty peak, a mountain known the world over, and then, having reached the summit, return without so much as turning a stone over, or leaving their names to tell the story to subsequent climbers? And the Captain very wisely refrains from mentioning anything bearing on such record of an ascent.

In all his published articles, and letters to me, not the slightest allusion to this all-important matter can be found. Of course there are the best of reasons for this silence. Not having reached the true summit, it was impossible to place a record there; and the Captain believing that the ascent might be made at some future day chose to leave the question open for speculation, rather than make a statement which the first successful climber could positively disprove.

Langford's Scribner article (June, 1873) is replete with statements that the Captain would never have made had he actually reached the summit of the peak.

"Mosquitoes attacked us even on the very summit," Mr. Langford says; but this statement was not enough, and the Captain adds the following, which are still more wonderful: "Above the ice belt, over which we had made such a perilous ascent, we saw in the debris the fresh track of that American ibex—the mountain sheep—the only animal known to clamber up the sides of our loftiest peaks."

"Flowers also, of beauteous hue and delicate fragrance, peeped through the snow wherever a rocky jut had penetrated the icy surface."

Now let it be understood that this point where the mountain sheep tracks and flowers were seen is only 125ft. below the summit of the peak, taking the Captain's own figures for it. It would be just as easy for the sheep to climb to the top of the Washington monument as to scale the last 600ft. of the Teton. As for the flowers, there isn't a semblance of vegetable life, except lichens, on the Grand Teton, above the artificial inclosure. Concerning mosquitoes, it would be folly to dignify this assertion by discussing it. It is simply too ridiculous to dwell upon.

Continuing, Mr. Langford says: "The main summit, separated by erosions from the surrounding knobs, embraced an irregular area of 30 by 40ft. Exposure to the winds kept it free from snow and ice, and its bald, denuded head was worn smooth by the elemental warfare waged around it."

This statement proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Capt. Langford has never seen the summit of the Grand Teton. There are no "surrounding knobs" there in any sense of the word. When one reaches the true summit of this noble mountain the "other knobs" have all disappeared. The actual summit measured with a steel tape (U. S. standard) is just 14 by 27ft.—the 14 being the greatest thickness of the comb. Most of it is about 3ft. wide, and in several places narrows down to a single foot!

No man probably is better qualified to estimate size and distance than Capt. Langford, and his dimensions of 30 by 40ft. are quite amusing to one who has actually seen the summit. Another very instructive statement is as follows: "With the unshorn beams of a summer sun shining full upon us, we were obliged to *don our overcoats* for protection against the cold mountain breeze." (The italics are mine.) Of course they would have their overcoats along climbing that last 600ft., where it was necessary to scale a sheet of ice 175ft. long, with a slope of only 20 degrees from the vertical, and where the climbers *kicked steps with the toes* of their boots in the blue ice, as hard as granite! An ideal trip for overcoats, most certainly. And this also bears unimpeachable testimony to the hardihood and vigor of our native mosquitoes. When it comes to mosquitoes, Wyoming is hard to beat!

After reaching the summit, Mr. Langford, among other things, says: "On the top of an adjoining pinnacle, but *little lower* than the one we occupied, we found a circular inclosure 6ft. in diameter, composed of granite slabs. It was evidently intended as a protection against the wind, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of it while we finished our luncheon."

After luncheon he continues his description of what could be seen from the summit, conveying the impression that this inclosure is readily accessible from the summit, and that to run from one to the other is but the work of a few seconds, whereas it is the most difficult part of the ascent by all odds. The pictures in the Scribner article are extremely fanciful, that of the summit of the mountain being no more like the actual apex than Trinity Church is like a man-of-war. Our photographs show this conclusively.

Now, would Capt. Langford have published such a drawing as this if he had had the material from which to make an accurate and correct one? Under date of Sept. 15, 1898, Capt. Langford wrote to me as follows: "I feel sure that no one can reach the summit from that side when the mountain side is bare of ice and snow. We never could have reached the summit but for the aid of the sheet of ice, which formed our ladder." The fact is that no living man would attempt the ascent on this side were he compelled to climb over an ice sheet, and the Captain's statement that an ascent would be impossible without this ice is disproved by our own ascent, which was made over naked granite.

Mr. Langford says the ice sheet lay at an angle of 20 degrees from the vertical, and he and Stevenson climbed over it for a distance of 175ft. by *kicking steps* with their feet in *this hard, blue ice.* This statement might be passed over unnoticed by the ordinary reader who has had no experience in mountain climbing, but the man who has been through the mill cannot stomach it. It requires a steel ice axe, and a good one too, to cut steps in such ice, and every mountaineer knows it. A slope of only 20 degrees from the vertical is frightfully steep; in fact, it is practically as bad as vertical, and when a man says that he climbed 175ft. over a field of ice having such inclination, by *gouging steps with his boot toes*, it seems to me it is going a step too far.

Let your readers picture to themselves this last 600ft. of the Grand Teton, which rises almost vertically. If the climber loses his footing at any stage of the ascent he must inevitably be precipitated to the bottom of the cañon, a distance of 3,000ft.! It is, under the most favorable conditions, a hand and toe climb over glassy granite. Now, over this granite steepness lay a coating of blue, hard ice, and make the ascent by kicking steps in the ice with your boot toes, and you will realize what Mr. Langford's statement means.

The Captain would never have made such statements as the above if he could have known what an awful climb that last 600ft. is. The mountain sheep, the flowers, that picture of the summit, the overcoats and mosquitoes are too much for human nature to stand. And to crown it all, they ran away after making the ascent (?), and didn't so much as leave their card to prove their visit. They couldn't even spare the time to chisel their names in the granite, build a small monument of rock, leave a can with their names in, anything, however simple, to prove to subsequent climbers that man had been there before them.

The mountaineering fraternity will understand this statement; and it will be interesting to hear the Captain's explanation of their failure to leave some little shadow of a record on the summit of the grandest peak in the United States.

In closing I will say that I understand Capt. Langford's position in this controversy, and appreciate the fact that he has but one course open to him. He must insist that he reached the top of the peak, no matter what may come of it. He so published it in the official report of the U. S. Geological Survey, and it would be a great concession at this time to come out squarely and admit to the world that what this report says is not true. Capt. Langford, at the time of his alleged ascent, was chief of a division of the Hayden Survey, and it cannot be expected that he will admit that a wrong statement was willfully incorporated in his report. This is too much to ask, and I appreciate the Captain's difficult position at this time and make due allowance for it. But aside from this there is the fact that neither this official report nor Capt. Langford's delicate position cuts any figure in this proposition, as far as the world at large is concerned. The question is: Who made the first ascent of the Grand Teton?

And on the above statement of facts and the accompanying affidavits we rest our case. If Capt. Langford failed to leave a record of his ascent on the summit of the peak, Spalding and Owen certainly did not, and subsequent explorers will verify every word of our narrative of the first ascent of the Grand Teton. Our names are chiseled in the granite, a large monument of stone is erected on the highest point, and a metal banner of red, white and blue, bearing the Rocky Mountain Club's insignia, waves upon the Teton's mighty brow, where foot of man never trod previous to Aug. 11, 1898.

WILLIAM O. OWEN.

II.—Affidavit of Thomas Cooper.

STATE OF WYOMING, } ss.
County of Laramie, }

I, Thomas Cooper, of Cheyenne, Wyo., being first duly sworn, do depose and say that I was connected with the U. S. Geological Survey in the years 1872-73-74-75-77 and 78, in the years 1872 and 1873 being with the Wheeler expedition, and am personally acquainted with the several gentlemen who had charge of the various divisions at that time, including Mr. Henry Gannett, Mr. James Stevenson, Messrs. N. P. Langford, Chittenden, Holmes, Bechler and many others.

I was also intimately acquainted with Mr. F. V. Hayden, the director-in-chief of the survey.

I well remember the accounts of Messrs. Stevenson and Langford's attempt to climb the Grand Teton; and their published narrative of the trip provoked a prolonged and heated discussion between Lieut. Wheeler's party (of the War Department) and the friends of Stevenson and Langford.

The former persistently insisted that these gentlemen had never reached the actual summit of the peak, while the latter as strenuously insisted that they did.

All members of the Geological Survey were, to a greater or less extent, drawn into this controversy; and I can say positively, from personal talks with Prof. Hayden, that he was one of the liveliest doubters of the lot, for he frequently said to me that he did not believe that Stevenson and Langford had ever reached the summit.

My own personal knowledge of this ascent is embraced in the following statement:

In the summer of 1877 the Geological Survey outfitted at N. R. Davis' ranch, near Cheyenne, and shipped thence to Ogden. From Ogden we went to Port Neuf Cañon, thence to Fort Hall, Idaho, and thence to Market Lake. From Market Lake we proceeded to Henry's Fork of Snake River, thence to Fall River, and finally recrossed the divide to the Teton Basin, making camp on a small branch of Teton River, Idaho, near the Teton Range.

While outfitting at Davis' ranch, as mentioned above, Prof. Hayden called me aside and said: "Tom, I have a little special work for you this season. I want you, as soon as possible, to visit the Grand Teton, ascend it as far as you possibly can, and ascertain for me how high a point was reached by Stevenson and Langford. I want you also to bring back some specimens of the rock from the peak at the highest point you reach, and also some samples from the rocks forming the inclosure described by Stevenson and Langford." Prof. Hayden then gave me an aneroid barometer, telling me carefully to note the altitude at the highest point attained. He subsequently gave orders to Mr. Bechler, chief topographer, to assist me in every way possible, to camp wherever I should direct, and remain with me until this work was accomplished. In pursuance of these instruc-

tions from Prof. Hayden, having reached the camp on a branch of Teton River, described above, and finding it a fairly convenient point from which to attempt the ascent, I told Mr. Bechler that we would remain here until I had carried out Prof. Hayden's instructions.

Accordingly, permanent camp was made at this point some time in the month of July, 1877—I do not remember the exact date.

On the following morning at 3 o'clock, accompanied by Peter Pollock and Louis McKean, I set out for the peak, riding to a point about ten miles from camp. Here we tied our mules to stone monuments and proceeded thence afoot, traveling over snow for a distance of perhaps five miles, reaching finally the well-known large amphitheater lying at the west base of the Grand Teton.

We ascended along the northwest slope of the mountain to a shoulder where we found a circular inclosure of rocks, which, from their nature, had evidently been carried there by some person or persons, for their character geologically was entirely different from the stone constituting the peak. In this circle we left a can containing a slip of paper which bore our names.

I made an attempt to ascend beyond this point, but was absolutely unable to proceed, owing to the precipitousness of the wall, which at this point was all but straight up and down.

The aneroid given me by Prof. Hayden especially for this trip showed an altitude slightly in excess of 13,000ft.—the exact figures I cannot recall, but I made a careful note of them at the time, and subsequently gave them to Prof. Hayden.

We remained at this point about an hour, and then set out on the return trip, reaching our camp about 12 o'clock that night.

The following day we crossed Teton Pass into Jackson's Hole, proceeding up the Gros Ventre River to Union Peak. Here I left the party to get mail at Fort Washakie, rejoining them at the North Fork of Big Wind River a short time after.

Ending the season's work near Fort Washakie, we returned to the railway at Rawlins, Wyo., in October, 1877.

Here I met Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Langford's partner in the alleged ascent of the Teton, and he, knowing of the trip I had taken, and its purpose, said: "Well, Tom, did you get to the top of the Teton?" I jokingly told him "Yes." "Did you get clear to the top?" he asked. I said I had gotten as far as he and Mr. Langford had, and that that was a long way from the top. Mr. Stevenson then and there acknowledged to me that I was right; that the granite inclosure on the western pinnacle is the highest point reached by him and Langford, and that they did not reach the summit of the peak.

In the month of October, shortly after our return to Rawlins, as described above, I met Prof. Hayden at Cheyenne, Wyo., and he asked me what the aneroid showed. From my memorandum I gave him the exact figures. I cannot, of course, remember what these figures were; but I am positive of two things—that they were very close to 13,000ft., and that they were slightly above that number.

In the summer of 1878, being still in the service of the U. S. Geological Survey, and in Mr. Henry Gannett's party, I again met Prof. Hayden at the Upper Fire Hole Basin in the Yellowstone National Park. He e the alleged ascent of the Grand Teton by Stevenson and Langford was again referred to and discussed; and in the course of our conversation, in which I stated that these gentlemen had never reached the top of the Teton, Prof. Hayden said: "I knew their statements were not correct; I knew Stevenson and Langford had never been on top of the peak."

I have to say further that I have frequently talked this matter over with Mr. Henry Gannett, whom I know very well, and have often told him that Stevenson and Langford did not reach the summit; and it was a fact of common notoriety at that time among members of the Geological Survey that these two gentlemen did not get to the top.

And I do also repeat that, on the date and at the place named above, Mr. James Stevenson stated to me that he and Langford did not reach the summit of the Grand Teton, but that they reached a point no higher than the inclosure of granite slabs described by Mr. Langford in his narrative of the alleged ascent.

THOMAS COOPER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, F. B. Sheldon, a Notary Public within and for the county of Laramie, State of Wyoming, this 21st day of October, 1898; and I do hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with this deponent, Thomas Cooper, and know him to be a person of veracity and one to whose testimony full faith and credence should be given. My commission expires Sept. 5, 1899. F. B. Sheldon, Notary Public.

[Seal.]

III.—Statement of Chief Justice Charles N. Potter.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE SUPREME COURT, WYOMING.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Oct. 21, 1898.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been long personally acquainted with Thomas Cooper, who has made an affidavit as to the alleged ascent of the Grand Teton by Messrs. Stevenson and Langford, which has been furnished you by Hon. W. O. Owen in connection with an article prepared by him.

Mr. Cooper has resided in this city and vicinity for many years, more recently being in the employ of the Union Pacific Railway Company. He has at all times sustained a reputation for good citizenship and integrity, and is, without question, a gentleman of absolute truthfulness and veracity. I would have no hesitation whatever in accepting implicitly any statement made by him. His reputation in this country, where he is well known, fully accords with my opinion of his character. That opinion has not been acquired from observation only, but partly from personal dealings with him. Yours truly,

CHARLES N. POTTER,
Chief Justice Supreme Court of Wyoming.

IV.—Extract from a Letter of Mr. Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer U. S. Geological Survey, of Date Dec. 4, 1896.

"The Grand Teton has, to my knowledge, been climbed twice, although in neither case did the parties reach the exact summit. The first is probably the one to which you refer, composed of Messrs. Langford and Stevenson in 1872. The second was composed of Mr. A. D. Wilson and his assistant in 1878.

"The situation is this: From the saddle between the peaks south of the Grand Teton there runs up the mountain a crevice with a sheer wall upon either side. This crevice, the only way up, goes on up over the summit of the mountain, and at the summit from the crevice the wall rises on the right 40ft. sheer; upon the left it is broken down. Both these parties went up this crevice and turned to the left, and so reached a point which is about 200ft. distant from the main summit and about 50ft. below it. From this point in 1878 Mr. Wilson measured angles for primary triangulation with a large theodolite, which he succeeded in transporting to this point. The distance and difference in height here given are the result of computations for position and altitude, and are therefore stated definitely. Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "HENRY GANNETT,
"Geographer."

V.—Affidavit of Gov. Wm. A. Richards.

STATE OF WYOMING, } ss.
County of Laramie, }

William A. Richards, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that at the present time he is Governor of Wyoming; that by profession he is a civil engineer and surveyor; that in the year 1874 he was employed in surveying and establishing the western boundary of the State of Wyoming; that on or about June 30, 1874, he met a hunter and trapper known as Beaver Dick at a point on Salt River near where said stream joins Snake River; that at that time he submitted to said Beaver Dick an article written by one Nathaniel P. Langford entitled "The Ascent of Mount Hayden," and printed in the Scribner's Magazine for June, 1873; that after reading said article, descriptive of an alleged ascent of Mount Hayden, said Beaver Dick emphatically stated that the assertion therein made that Langford and Stevenson had ascended to the summit of Mount Hayden, properly called the Grand Teton, was not true; that he was one of the party, and knew just how far up the mountain said Langford and Stevenson had gone, and knew that they had not reached the summit thereof.

WM. A. RICHARDS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public in and for the county of Laramie, State of Wyoming, this 4th day of October, A.D. 1898. My commission expires Sept. 5, 1899.
F. B. Sheldon, Notary Public.

[Seal.]

VI.—Letter from Mr. Nathaniel P. Langford.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the New York Herald of Sept. 18 Mr. W. O. Owen, State Auditor of Wyoming, published an account of his ascent of the Grand Teton, in which he says that he is compelled "to make the clean-cut statement that our party was the first to reach the summit of the peak." Mr. Owen here states what is not true. On July 29, 1872, Mr. James Stevenson, of the United States Geological Survey, and I climbed the Grand Teton and stood upon the summit of its highest pinnacle. This fact is noted with little detail in the 1872 report of Dr. Hayden, director of the United States Geological Survey—and a detailed account of our ascent was published by me in Scribner's (now Century) Magazine for June, 1873. On a lower or secondary summit of the mountain we found an inclosure about 6ft. high, made by granite slabs set up on edge. This appeared to be the work of human beings—but whether of white men or Indians is not easy to determine. Various discussions of the subject by the members of the United States Geological Survey seem to have left the impression upon the minds of some of them that the pinnacle or buttress upon which we found the granite slab inclosure was the highest pinnacle of the mountain. Dr. Hayden himself fell into this error. He does not so state in his report proper, where on page 85 he notices the fact that Stevenson and I reached the summit—the erroneous statement appears only in his note to the Secretary of the Interior advising him of the transmittal of his report. In this separate note he says:

"Yet on the summit of this peak there were indications that human beings had made the ascent at some period in the past. On the top of the Grand Teton and for 300ft. below are great quantities of granite blocks or slabs of different sizes. Those blocks had been placed on end, forming a breastwork about 3ft. high, inclosing a circular space 6 or 7ft. in diameter."

Doubtless Hayden was led into this error by the confusing discussions of the various members of the Survey, and their uses therein of the word "summit." Strictly speaking, there is but one summit of a mountain; but it is not unusual for explorers to speak of two or more summits of the same mountain. Thus in a recent letter to me a prominent member of the United States Geological Survey, in referring to A. D. Wilson's report of his climb of the Teton in 1878, says: "Wilson speaks of reaching the summit in this crevice. On his right rose a smooth wall 50ft., going up to the main summit." And again he says: "On this secondary summit which he reached he found a wall of rocks," etc. These quotations show that among the members of the United States Geological Survey the word "summit" did not always signify the highest point of a mountain. Mr. Edward Whymper, one of the most renowned of all mountain climbers, in his fascinating book "Scrambles Among the Alps" repeatedly uses the word in this double sense.

And herein lies the origin of the doubt which some persons may have once entertained that Stevenson and I reached the actual summit. Having in mind the impression that the slab inclosure was on the highest point we reached, and learning subsequently that the true summit was above the slab inclosure, they have thought that we did not reach the summit.

Mr. Stevenson and I did not say that the slab inclosure was on the summit. The record made and published by me at that time shows the facts. In a brief report made by me and published in Hayden's general report for 1872, I say: "We found on one of the buttresses a little lower than the extreme top of the mountain evidence that at some former period it had been visited by human beings. There was a circular inclosure about 7ft. in diameter formed by vertical slabs of rough granite."

And in my Scribner article for June, 1873, I say on page 145: "On the top of an adjacent pinnacle, but little lower than the one we occupied, we found a circular inclosure 6ft. in diameter, composed of granite slabs, set up edgewise."

Mr. Owen now challenges the truth of my report, and declares that we did reach the summit of the Teton; and he seeks to support his challenge by evidence of the flimsiest character, but which he declares "unimpeachable." This evidence consists of a statement in a letter of Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey, written before Mr. Gannett's attention had been called to the erroneous and misleading statement of Dr. Hayden.

Second.—Owen's declaration that the tracks of the American ibex, or mountain sheep, could not have been seen where I found them—above a belt of ice which we clambered.

Third.—That we left no mound or monument to furnish evidence of our visit; and,

Fourth.—The affidavit of one Thomas Cooper that Stevenson acknowledged to him before he died that we did not reach the summit.

Since the time when Mr. Gannett wrote to Mr. Owen I have had a conversation with Mr. Gannett, in which he said that any opinion he had expressed had been formed from what he had learned from Hayden's report, and that he could now see that Hayden's erroneous statement had been misleading. Mr. Owen quotes from Mr. Gannett's letter to him the expressed belief that Stevenson and I "reached a point which is about 200ft. distant from the main summit, and about 50ft. below it"; and then Owen has the effrontery to assume that Mr. Gannett did not know what he was talking about; for he rejects Mr. Gannett's estimate, and says: "It was 500 instead of 50ft." Mr. Owen's idea seems to be that if the facts as Mr. Gannett believed them to be do not accord with Owen's theory then the facts are inadmissible.

Concerning my statement that we found the tracks of the American ibex, or mountain sheep, on the summit above the snow belt over which we clambered, Mr. Owen says: "If there were no other evidence in the world on this one question that one statement would convict. * * * A cat might crawl up that slope, but the mountain sheep would stop 600ft or 700ft. below."

If Mr. Owen's knowledge of the habits of the mountain sheep had been as complete as that of hundreds of men who have hunted both mountain sheep and mountain cats in Montana, or of the learned compilers of our cyclopedias, or of zoologists, he would have known that a mountain sheep or ibex can scale a mountain slope that neither man nor a mountain cat can crawl up. Prof. Richard Harlan, author of "Fauna Americana," says of the mountain sheep: "They are exceedingly active, and are able to ascend precipices inaccessible to other animals; they leap from rock to rock at great distances and with incredible velocity."

For Mr. Owen, who reached the summit, to say that a mountain sheep cannot reach the summit of the Grand Teton, above the ice belt which Stevenson and I climbed, is to affirm that he (Owen) can climb where mountain sheep cannot climb. This argument is too absurd to merit attention.

Third.—It would appear that Mr. Owen did not think that the affidavit of his employee, Cooper (which will be referred to later), was the best evidence to establish his contention, for he says: "The last and very convincing proof that these gentlemen did not reach the summit lies in the fact that we found not the shadow of a mound or other evidence of man's having been there before."

He also says: "We chiseled our names in the granite and planted the Rocky Mountain Club's colors to wave where flag never waved before."

Mr. Owen made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit in 1891, and again in 1897. It is reasonable to believe that his knowledge of the mountain and the difficulties to be overcome which this experience gave him was turned to profitable account this year, and that before starting he regarded his success as reasonably assured, for he carried with him a chisel and other appliances for carving his name on the granite.

Mr. Owen concludes that because we did not chisel our names on the granite at the summit, nor build a monument such as he built—in short, because we did not do in all things just as he did—therefore we could not have reached the spot he reached. To such an absurd proposition I may answer that if, before leaving civilization, we had supplied ourselves with all the appliances which failures in two previous attempts would suggest as necessary to success and to complete the record in a way Owen deems indispensable we might have included in our equipment the chisel and mallet necessary to carve our names and deeds on the imperishable granite. But as we had nothing better adapted to granite cutting than our pocket knives we failed to do that which Mr. Owen did, and which he regards as so essential to complete the proof that we reached the summit. It seems, however, that Mr. Owen did not find time to build his monument on the day of his ascent, as will be seen from a letter in FOREST AND STREAM, written from Cheyenne by one of his champions, who, over the signature of Wyoming, says: "The time on the mountain top was so short on the 11th that on the day following Messrs. Spaulding, Peterson and Shive made another ascent to finish the work of building the monument and to complete the record of the climb."

If Mr. Owen's party of four men, with a home camp much nearer to the Teton than our 1872 camp was, had not time to build a monument and return to their camp before night, why should it be thought that our party of two men only had ample time to erect a monument? Owen's argument is that as we left undone the things which he did, or did not do them after the manner he chose to adopt, therefore we were not there to do them at all. I recall a case in point. Mount Rainier was ascended by Gen. Hazard Stevens and P. V. Van Trump on Aug. 17, 1870. During the following twenty-four years the summit of that mountain was reached by no less than thirty persons. I have the names of seventeen of these mountain climbers. The list includes the name of Olin D. Wheeler, the well-known author of the interesting and attractive Wonderland series of annual publications issued by the Northern Pacific Rail-

way. Mr. Wheeler informs me that when his party reached the summit of Mount Rainier in 1894 there was neither mound nor monument of any description to indicate that any human being had ever set foot on the summit. Under the application of the rule of evidence which Mr. Owen declares is "convincing and "unimpeachable," Mr. Wheeler and his comrades may claim the honor of being the first men to reach the summit of Mount Rainier. Mr. Whymper had an analogous experience on his return from his ascent of the Aiguille Verte. He says: "Chamounix stood on its rights," and he relates that the jealous inhabitants, incensed because a stranger had come in and borne off the honors which they had hoped to claim some time for themselves, denounced him and his guides as liars, because he left no flag on the summit of the mountain.

I have devoted more time and space to the answer to these last two arguments of Mr. Owen than their insignificance deserves. They are hardly entitled to respectful consideration, but they indicate to what length Mr. Owen is willing to go in his anxiety to claim the honor belonging to another.

The remaining point of Mr. Owen's "unimpeachable evidence" is thus stated by him: "Thomas Cooper swears that Stevenson admitted to him that he and Langford did not reach the summit."

There can be nothing more certain than that such a declaration was never made by Mr. Stevenson. He often said that the slab inclosure was not on the summit, and Mr. Cooper may have heard him say this, and so concluded that we did not reach the summit, but every circumstance, apart from Mr. Cooper's bare words, points to the fact that Mr. Stevenson never made any such statement. I do not know who this man Cooper is. Mr. Owen says that Cooper "is personally acquainted with Langford, and knew Stevenson during his lifetime." Mr. Cooper seemingly seeks, by this claim, to make it appear that he was in a position to know all the facts and to interpret motives. I have no recollection that I ever met Mr. Cooper. If so, that fact made no impression upon my mind, and he was in no sense acquainted with me. I do not know whether he is or is not a man of honest intentions—whether he is or is not one of the class of men whose imaginations have such unrestrained play that they are ready to say as well as do all that their employers desire of them. I do not know whether he may or may not be classed among those men who deem it necessary to ratify with an oath any statement they may make in order that it may be believed, and who do not realize that the affidavit of such a man rather increases than diminishes the doubt. If he does not belong in one or the other of these classes then he has made a grievous mistake—for there is nothing more true than that Mr. Stevenson never made the statement attributed to him by Mr. Cooper.

I spent portions of each winter from 1872 to 1884 in Washington, and I frequently talked with Mrs. Stevenson and her husband, in the presence of friends, concerning our achievement. She was proud of her husband's part in it. Stevenson was well acquainted with many members of Congress, and in the course of the few years following he introduced me to probably as many as one hundred members and friends as the man who went with him to the top of the Grand Teton.

The Snake River branch of the United States Geological Survey in 1872 was in charge of Mr. Stevenson. Excepting the special and scientific reports of the professors, all the general information concerning the expedition was given to Dr. Hayden by Mr. Stevenson. Hayden knew nothing of the general work of that branch of the Survey except what Stevenson reported to him. Hayden's report for that year declares the fact that Stevenson and I ascended the highest pinnacle of the Teton. This fact was part of the report of Stevenson to Hayden. Does anybody believe that a man of Stevenson's character would for sensational purposes make such a statement as this and have it published in the geological report if it were not true? The one thing that gives value to such a report is its truthfulness. Is it probable that Mr. Stevenson, who owed his position in the Survey to his integrity and capacity, and who was noted for his straightforwardness—a man trusted in these respects to an extraordinary degree—a man who had been connected with the Survey in a position of responsibility for many years, ever made such a report knowing it to be untrue? And is it probable that he looked upon a falsehood of that kind as such a trivial matter that he afterward shamelessly confessed it? Such a confession would have been his utter ruin. If Mr. Stevenson acknowledged to Mr. Cooper or to any other man that he had been guilty of a falsehood in making his report to Hayden, why was not that fact given publicity while Mr. Stevenson was living? Mr. Cooper seems to have regarded the publication of a deliberate lie in an important Government report as a matter of so little moment that he did not feel called upon to express an opinion concerning the falsehood or to call attention to it while Stevenson was living. If his statement is true, why did he wait till Stevenson was in his grave, powerless to defend his reputation? If Stevenson ever made such a statement, why did not other members of the Survey know of it? I am sure that I would have heard of it during some of the twelve following winters that I was in Washington, had such a thing ever occurred. To whom would Stevenson sooner have made such a statement before he died than to his wife, between whom and himself there existed the most devoted attachment and sympathy? During the latter years of Mr. Stevenson's life, and long after Mr. Cooper had an opportunity to see him, the ascent of the Teton by us was the subject of frequent conversation by Mr. Stevenson and myself in the presence of his wife and many friends, not one of whom will now credit this statement of Mr. Cooper.

In a letter written to me since the appearance in the Herald of Mr. Owen's article, Mrs. Stevenson says: "I was his companion in everything, and we always discussed all matters of interest to him."

Concerning Mr. Cooper's attempt to defame her husband's name, she says: "In stating that Mr. Stevenson admitted to his packer, Cooper, that he did not reach the summit of the Grand Teton, Mr. Cooper has sworn falsely. I know that Mr. Stevenson never intimated to any person that he did not reach the summit of the mountain. An honorable man would have expressed his doubts to the living, and would not have waited till years had elapsed after Mr. Stevenson's death."

When Mr. Owen accepts as his own and indorses such testimony as this offered by Mr. Cooper, he seeks to impeach and discredit his own witness by trying to prove that witness to have been a liar.

In April, 1897, Mr. Henry Gannett wrote me: "Owen maintains that the summit is some 700ft. higher than our measurements make it."

In making this statement Owen overreached himself. He now states that his aneroid barometer recorded the elevation of the summit as 13,800ft. In 1872 my aneroid recorded 13,762ft., and it is so given in my Scribner article for 1873, on page 148, line 13. This is an extremely close approximation for aneroid registrations. It indicates that Mr. Owen reached no higher elevation than Mr. Stevenson and I did.

The endeavor to discredit the statements of Stevenson and myself, and especially the attempt to prove by arguments such as Mr. Owen has presented that Mr. Stevenson was a self-confessed liar, and this at a time when Stevenson is powerless to make a defense, is dastardly, and discreditable to those who have attempted it.

While all the attempts to reach the summit of the Grand Teton made during the twenty-five years prior to 1898 have eventuated in failure, Mr. Owen's party may now rightfully claim to be the second to reach the summit; but the avouchment made by James Stevenson and myself that on July 29, 1872, we stood upon the summit of the highest pinnacle of that grand mountain, will, needing neither oath nor monument to prove or establish it, stand as the absolute and incontrovertible truth.

NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD.

From the New York Herald, Oct. 23.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Having been until recently out of the world, it was only yesterday that I had the pleasure of reading W. O. Owen's account of his ascent of the Grand Teton, in Wyoming, as published in the Herald of September 18. He is to be congratulated upon his success.

Although he quotes me in support of his position that he is the first to reach the summit of the mountain, I cannot agree with him, having, as I believe, good reasons for my conclusion that Messrs. Langford and Stevenson in 1872 succeeded in reaching the actual summit.

The fact that Mr. Owen found no monument upon the summit is no evidence whatever that the mountain had not been climbed. Does he imagine for a moment that men who were in the habit of climbing big mountains nearly every day in the course of their work exhausted themselves by building cairns of rock upon every summit reached?

HENRY GANNETT.

William G. Sargeant.

A Tribute.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Oct. 24.—Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will regret to learn of the death of William G. Sargeant, of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Sargeant and a small party of friends were spending a few days at Waterford Lake, in Erie county, Pa., hunting and fishing. He retired on the evening of Oct. 21, after a day on the lake, feeling a little out of sorts. In the morning he was dead, heart failure being attributed as the cause. William Gaston Sargeant was born in Somerville, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1837, and his home in Madison, where he leaves a widow and son, dates from 1844. He was a member of Company F, of the old Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves, and after the war he was for fifteen years paymaster on the A. & G. W. Railway, now the N. Y., P. & O. branch of the Erie, during which period he handled over $20,000,000. From 1890 to '97 he was general passenger agent on the Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie Railway.

Mr. Sargeant was a sportsman of the old school, and has hunted or fished in every State and Territory in the Union. He loved nature as God made it. He loved the songs of the trees and brooks, the whirring of wings and the click of his reel—these were his sweetest music, as a beautiful sunset was the sublimest picture his eyes could behold. He knew the call of every bird in the forest, the habits of every fish in the streams, and at sixty-one he was as much a boy in the woods or on the streams as forty years ago—with the difference that his riper years had taught him to feel more eloquently and reverence more deeply the true grandeur of nature. He was a sportsman of that class which has made the title honored, and being such, he was a genial, free-hearted, entertaining companion, a steadfast friend, and under all circumstances a gentleman. He loved his friends and they loved him. His death is mourned by all who knew him.

H. S. P.

Proctor Knott's Rabbit.

EX-GOV. PROCTOR KNOTT and a distinguished professional gentleman, of Danville, were discussing the claims of Sampson and Schley to the credit of smashing Cervera at Santiago. The professional gentleman took the ground that all the honor of that memorable conflict belonged to Admiral Sampson, and was inclined to ignore entirely Commodore Schley's part in the affair. The Governor listened until his companion had finished, and then, with that characteristic twinkle in his eye, said:

"My dear sir, it is exceedingly gratifying to me to hear you take the position you have in this matter. It is like a balm to my conscience and settles a point that has worried me many a day.

"I was walking through the woods with a boy friend of mine when we saw a rabbit run into a sinkhole. We stood around the hole a while; then I told the boy to keep watch while I went to get some fire to smoke the rabbit out. When I returned the boy had the rabbit. I promptly took it away from him, claiming that it belonged to me, because I had told him to catch him if he came out.

"That was over fifty years ago, and you are the first man who has ever agreed with me that the rabbit was mine. I feel now that I was right in taking it, and my conscience is at rest."—Danville (Ky.) Advocate.

Natural History.

The Crowing Snake of Samoa.

AT the outset of any account of serpents, either of well-known neighborhoods or of the remoter regions of the earth, the question of veracity must be met and disposed of. Speaking of snakes, it is just as well to give authorities and references as to character, for more often than not some listeners will say rude things. The writer does not vouch for the actual and physical existence in Samoa of large serpents which crow like roosters. But it is a fact that all the Samoans believe that there are such snakes, that they attain great size, and that they move about the tree tops with terrifying speed. Furthermore, it is just as much a fact that more than half the white people living in Samoa believe in the existence of these marvelous serpents quite as implicitly as the natives.

The question of snakes in a tropical country is one of much interest to a woman. It forces itself on the attention just as soon as one discovers how close the jungle or bush is to the ordinary places of residence. In Samoa this distance is but a step. Along the beach is a narrow strip of cocoanut grove, with bread fruit filling the spaces in between the loftier trees. But just behind the shore orchards the bush is as tangled and trackless as it would be if human habitations were miles away instead of yards. From cultivated ground you plunge instantly into the soggy shade of forest timber, lacing boughs blocking out the rays of the sun and steadily dripping the waters stored from frequent and copious rains. In every crotch of limb and branch grow orchids and clusters of the bird's-nest fern. Every vista between the trunks is tangled with swaying lianas, which in the obscure lights might be taken for almost any fearsome thing. Under foot is a thick mat of coarse grasses and aromatic ginger, and many tall succulent herbs, which shut out from sight the real surface of the saturated, spongy soil. Such scenery may be all very well for an artist hunting after color effects and atmosphere, but it has too much the look of good snake country to make one at all comfortable when making a trip through such bush. It comes as a positive relief to learn that there are no venomous snakes in Samoa, always excepting the snake which crows.

All of the eastern archipelagoes of the South Sea from Hawaii to New Zealand are devoid of snakes and frogs. Samoa seems to be right on the line where the snakes begin. The eastern islands of the archipelago, the three islands of Manu'a and Tutuila, have no snakes at all. In Upolu they are rare. In Savaii, the westernmost of the lot, they are abundant. Still their harmlessness becomes a matter of easy belief after seeing one of the native dances in which the girls deck themselves out with bright red snakes on arms and neck, and a cluster of spare ones in each hand.

The rarity of snakes in the Island of Upolu is well established. Many of the white people have never seen a single specimen. One resident of Apia camped out for two months of every year on the mountain behind the town, and kept that up for six years before seeing his first snake, and his camp was in about as snaky looking a place as could be found. Just because Upolu has so few snakes of any kind, the story of its serpent marvel becomes all the more conspicuous. According to all accounts, the crowing snake is restricted to Upolu, the Upolu people say so, and the Savaii people, while confessing to the abundance of snakes of all other kinds on their island, declare that this serpent is a terror only of the Upolu forests.

Naturally enough, one gets the story first from native sources. If you go through the bush with them along any of the few and poorly-marked trails which lead away from the beach, you soon notice that they frequently stop and listen. Except for the long roll note of the Samoan pigeon, and the distant cooing of the manutangi, the bird-that-cries, the woods are very silent. Yet every now and then your native guides and bearers listen and whisper and listen again. It is no good asking what they hear; they may tell you they think they hear pigeon, they may say it is the dash of some distant cataract, they may impose silence and then neglect to answer. In their way of thinking there are still the old gods back in the bush, and it is just as well to refrain from calling their attention to purely human affairs. Afterward, if you remember to repeat the question in the full light of day, when back again on the open beach, where the trade wind sweeps away all such things of evil, then perhaps you may learn what it was they thought they heard at intervals along the bush trail. Perhaps you still get some evasive answer. It all depends on what reputation you have made among the islanders for insisting on the real facts of every case. If you are known to insist on the truth, they will tell you just a few lies as a concession to custom, and then will tell you that the thing which scared them was the crowing serpent. Samoans are scandalous cowards, one and all, and as densely ignorant of woodcraft as though they had been living in populous cities all their lives, but they might well be afraid if they were in any danger of encountering such a snake as they describe under the name of the crowing serpent.

In proof of the existence of this reptile, there may be offered the testimony of witnesses, eye-witnesses, ear-witnesses.

Any quantity of Samoans, and white people as well, will give you detailed accounts of how they heard the snake in the dense recesses of the bush. They tell how their ears caught the sound of stealthy movements in the tree tops overhead, and how the faint sound stopped when they halted to listen closer, or how it began as soon as they resumed the march; of how their invisible pursuer was betrayed through the miles of his fellow traveling by the rustling of leaves and twigs in the forest canopy. Inevitably the narrator closes his account by a description of his escape; he either overtook some other wanderer in the bush and found security in numbers, or else he made particularly good time homeward, or he remembered a charm which had much power. When, for any of these reasons, the snake found that he was to lose his victim, he altered his

silent tactics. He could be heard thrashing the trees and crowing like any rooster, only many times as loud, and as he noisily sought some other part of the forest the crowing was frequently repeated, until at last it vanished in the distance. When asked more particularly as to his crowing, the Samoans say that it is exactly like the crowing of roosters. They are positive that it is not the sound of some runaway domestic fowl. For two reasons they are satisfied of this; for one thing the sound is far louder than any mere fowl could produce, and the repetitions of the note until it vanishes are at a rate of progress quite beyond the powers of the bird; the other reason is that it is a well-known fact that runaway fowl cannot live in the bush. This latter is a point very well taken, for between the field rats and the dampness fowl soon perish after they leave the settled ground.

There is an equal host of eye-witnesses, men who have seen crowing snakes. They never vary from one another in their descriptions of what they have seen. Except for one spot of special conditions it is never seen on the ground, but always on the tops of the highest trees, either stretched out along a branch or gliding from tree to tree with remarkable rapidity. It is long and slender, rarely is one spoken of as under two arm spans, or 12ft., seldom is one described as exceeding twice that measurement. Its color is spoken of as uniform, a steel blue or slate, and free from spots or other markings. When at rest it is difficult to distinguish it from the branch on which it may be stretched out, when in motion it goes far too fast for any detail to be observed. The only exception to its arboreal habit is in many accounts reported from a particular spot in the mountains at the rear of Apia. This is on the Ala Sopo, the trail from Apia to Siumu, on the other coast of the island. Shortly before this difficult trail enters the Tuasivi morass on the mountain top it touches the bank of one of the many small streams which unite to form the Vaisingano River. On the very bank of the stream there is a small open place about as large as an ordinary room. It is a well marked feature, for it is one of the very few resting spots in the whole journey. On the other side of the brook the bank is very nearly straight up and down, a miniature cliff of about 6ft. in height. At one spot in this cliff is a smoothly-worn trough, about a foot wide, and reaching back from the water at an easy angle. Here the Samoans say they sometimes surprise the great serpents drinking at the stream. As soon as they become aware of the presence of men they dart with great rapidity up the runway, and up the trunk of the tree at which it ends. As soon as they have reached a place of safety, the crowing of the rooster rings out through the forest, where no rooster ever goes. The runway is very smooth, as though packed hard by frequent use, and the trunk of the tree mentioned as affording the avenue of escape is certainly stained with soil for some distance from the ground.

White people are more chary about mentioning this remarkable reptile. Yet there are many reliable people who say that they have either heard it or have seen it.

This is about as much as can be said. The ear-witnesses have heard the crowing, the eye-witnesses have seen an arboreal serpent of large size. The proof will not be complete until some one shall be both eye-witness and ear-witness, shall see the snake in the very act of a crowing which shall reach his ears. Until that combination is made there will always be those who are in doubt as to the crowing snakes of Upolu, but it is safe to say that proof or no proof the Samoans will always believe in the animal as a peril of the jungle.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

About Trees.

IN a recent paper on the "Louisiana Lowlands" Col. Mather speaks of the leaves having changed to the colors of autumn, although there had been no frost. While there is no doubt that in the North the frost increases the brilliancy of the leaves, Col. Mather is perfectly correct in attributing the autumnal colors to the maturing of the leaves and the drying up of the sap, instead of the action of frost; but still at least three people in four will dispute this, and they will do it because their father or some one else has told them so, and they have never taken pains to observe for themselves. There are many other popular errors regarding the circulation of sap, and the growth of trees, which are so firmly believed that no one ever takes pains to investigate, as they think that what has been believed so long must be true.

Probably nearly nine out of every ten believe that sap ascends in the spring and returns in the fall. Although I have never been able to find anything to the contrary in any book I have ever seen, I know from long and careful observation that this is not so. The sap never descends. It fulfills its office in causing the growth of the leaves and adding another to the rings, which indicate the annual growth of the tree. So soon as the leaves fall, the sap begins to reascend. This can be proved in various ways. Any farmer who has cut a pile of hardwood in November has noticed the sap flies gathering around the ends of the sticks on warm days. They are attracted by the sap, which can be seen issuing from the ends of the sticks, which sap had already begun to ascend before the sticks were cut. Any hunter who has set a line of log traps for sable has noticed the sap flowing from maple sticks in warm days in November. Partridges begin to bud in November, and find something besides dry twigs or they would not bud. But a still more convincing proof is that in some warm falls I have known maple syrup to be made and sold in quantities of several gallons at a time. Pussy willows, where growing in wet places, often bloom in warm November and December. One can see that the buds on the horse chestnuts are swelling in January. The sap which is proved to be present in all these cases is not the sap which went up in the spring descending, but new sap, which is going up. No one ever speaks of the sap in a corn stalk going down in the fall. It has fed the leaves and matured the corn, and its work ended there, so in the tree each year the sap has finished its work when the leaves have matured, and a new crop of sap at once begins to take its place. Of course, this sap cannot ascend when the wood is frozen, but whenever the wood is thawed it keeps ascending.

Another popular error is that trees in growing carry their branches up with them as they grow; or to make it plainer, that a limb which is 5ft. from the ground will in time be 10ft. The fact is that limbs grow as much lower on the lower side as they do higher on the upper side, and no more. A limb which is an inch in diameter, if it grows to be 3in., will be an inch further from the ground on the upper side and an inch nearer on the under side. The forks or crotches in trees often get to be considerable higher, from the two branches which form it growing together as they increase in size. The top of the tree grows up, but limbs do not rise above where they are when they first start out.

Few people realize what an immense pressure is required to send the sap up through the solid wood. If any one will try to force water through only a foot of just such wood, they will begin to understand this. Besides the upward pressure, there is a great lateral pressure. I once tried plugging a bit hole with a piece of dry poplar which projected an inch beyond the tree. In a few minutes the sap was flowing as freely as if there were a gimlet hole through it. I then tried a piece 2in. long, and soon it began to run freely through that. Three inches was tried with like result, except that it took longer, and it was not till I tried a piece 4in. long that the sap ceased to force its way through to the end, and began to creep out at the sides about half an inch from the end.

I once saw a great curiosity, which I wish some of your readers could explain. At the Outlet House, at Moosehead Lake, was a clearing made by Henry T. Wilson, the proprietor. In this clearing was a small juniper tree, which he had left, from which some one had removed a section of bark 4in. in length entirely around it. The wood in this part was not only dry, but was sun-cracked, so that I inserted a knife blade one-fourth of an inch. The tree was green and thrifty, and by actual recorded measurement measured 1½in. both sides of where the bark had been removed, and only 1in. where there was no bark. Can any of your readers tell me how sufficient nourishment passed through this section, which was denuded and dry, to cause the part above the wound to increase in growth as fast as that below?

Many are in error as to the rate of growth of trees. I heard a professor in what is now called the University of Maine, in a lecture before a forestry association, state that "under the most favorable circumstances" it required 100 years for a white pine to grow to be a foot in diameter; 115 years for a spruce, and 125 for a juniper to attain the same size. A few years after I had occasion to cut a piece of timber which I could prove had been but sixty-five years in growing since the land was in pasture. I took accurate measurement of many of the trees. I found one 32in. in diameter a foot above the ground, another 30in., and scores 24 and upward. Also many spruce 24 to 25in. This land was extremely rocky and the soil very poor. There was a great difference in the size of trees of the same age—those on the edge of the cleared land being in some instances twice the size of those further back, which were crowded.

There are many things about the growth of trees which I should like to know, as, for instance, is the sap in the same tree all of same quality in every particular? If so, how does part make bark, part leaves, and in case of nut and fruit-bearing trees the fruit? In case of a nut-bearing tree, if the sap is all the same, how does part form the shell and part the meat of the nut? Also if the sap is all the same, how is it that some kinds of apples, like the Baldwin, only bear in any quantity on alternate years? If it is the same sap and the quantity is sufficient, why is not the same effect produced every year, instead of regularly on each alternate year, while in other varieties it is done nearly every year? If anyone is able to answer any of these questions from actual knowledge (not theory), I should be greatly obliged to them if they would state the facts. If no one knows, then there is room for a good deal of study.

M. HARDY.

The Crow as a Nest Robber.

MILTON, Vt., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the Vermont legislators are passing laws on wolves and panthers (animals that probably do not exist within the borders of the State), they are overlooking a bird that is all too common within our borders, and does far more damage indirectly than any other furred or feathered denizen of our forests. This bird is the common crow. From personal observation I have found it to be one of the greatest enemies of bird life we have. I am willing to admit that to a certain extent the crow is an insectivorous bird, and destroys many injurious insects, but on the other hand the harm that this black brigand of the woods does in destroying by wholesale the eggs and young of our insectivorous birds is enormous, and is, I think, one of the reasons of the diminishing numbers of our songsters.

One morning in the summer of 1897 a pair of crows raided a row of maples near my residence, and before they were discovered had disposed of the contents of nine birds' nests, all containing eggs. The species were as follows: Four robins, two purple linnets, two chipping sparrows, and one least fly-catcher. Assuming that each nest contained four eggs and that all the eggs hatched it would seem that thirty-six birds had been destroyed, and all these are birds which live almost wholly on insects, and which, if they had been suffered to live, would have done much to rid us of insect pests. The incident I have related is by no means an uncommon one, as during the nesting season I frequently find nests of all species of birds with the crushed remains of the eggs within, remnants of a crow repast, and dozens of times have I surprised them in their depredations, which many times, I am glad to say, I forever ended with a charge of shot. Nor do they confine themselves to eggs, for to their palates the young nestlings are choice titbits, and are either at once gobbled or carried home for the refreshment of the young crows. The damage a pair of these birds do in destroying eggs and young during a season must be enormous, and as the insectivorous birds that are the best friends the agriculturist has are the chief sufferers, he that would check the insect pests that threaten his crops should, as the first move, get out his gun and kill all the crows he finds, and in the increasing numbers of birds that benefit the farm and garden he will reap a rich reward.

If State Legislatures would find out for themselves how much the crow is responsible for, instead of voting bounties for animals that do not exist, they would provide a small bounty for crows, and the result would materially lessen at no distant day the appropriations that are made from time to time for fighting such noxious insects as the forest worm, the tent caterpillar and many others equally harmful.

The game birds also suffer from the crow's depredations, for in the broken eggs strewn about the nests of the ruffed grouse I have in several instances recognized the crow's work, and on one occasion I caught the thief making off with one of the eggs impaled on his bill. No doubt many of FOREST AND STREAM readers will disagree with me on this subject, but from careful observation for the past fifteen years I have found the crow to be one of the most persistent enemies of bird life, and fit only to be classed with the pot and plume hunters as pests that can only be coped with through immediate and effective legislation, and the State that will add the name of the crow to its bounty list will have taken a great step in bird protection.

KENEWAH.

Pennsylvania Elk Horns.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From my earliest recollections I have heard old-timers speak of the elk horns that used to be found in Pennsylvania in early days; and in describing the size they invariably said: "By standing them on their points a large man could walk under them straight."

I have killed many elk in the Rocky Mountains, and I think I have seen some of the largest antlers that grow on elk in that locality, but I have never seen any that would come near comparing in size with the above described. Were the elk of Pennsylvania and the East the same as those in Wyoming and the West? Is it probable that the sizes as given by the venerable forfathers are overdrawn? EMERSON CARNEY.

[The Pennsylvania elk was of the same species now found in the West. The horns are enlarged as seen through the halo of time.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Buck Fever.

WHO is there that loves to roam the woods with a gun, and like all good men and true has inherited from savage ancestors in the distant past a fair share of the hunting instinct, who has not at some time or other suffered from that most annoying complaint known as "buck fever?"

For a well-developed case of the disease it is only necessary for the patient to have a loaded gun in his hand, and be within easy range of some wild animal that he is very anxious to slay. The first attacks are generally the most violent, and by degrees the sufferer, if he still persists in hunting, becomes as it were inoculated and to a greater or less extent fever proof.

The symptoms of the disease are somewhat as follows: Having found a deer feeding and undisturbed, some little distance away, the patient crawls carefully through the bush, becoming more and more excited the nearer he gets to his game, and at last finds that he is in a position for a good shot, and can get no nearer. As soon as he realizes this, his heart begins to rattle against his ribs, making a noise that he feels certain can be heard for a quarter of a mile at least; he also finds that, although he has been moving with the utmost caution, he is very much out of breath, his mouth and throat are as dry as the inside of a limekiln, and a sort of mist forms in front of his eyes, so that the deer before him appears indistinct and shapeless. On putting the stock of his rifle to his shoulder, the muzzle describes a series of uncertain circles in the air, and the foresight will not dwell for an instant on the spot where the bullet ought to go; perhaps he takes his rifle down for a second or two, gives a futile little gasp for breath, and tries again, with the same result; at last, in despair, he pulls the trigger with a jerk, and gives a sigh of unutterable relief as the deer bounds off untouched. After a moment's rest, devoted to steadying his shattered nerves, he begins to think that he may not have missed, and goes to examine the tracks and look for blood; he now finds that he has a very uncertain idea as to where the deer was standing when he shot at it, and so, if he is wise, he gives it up and goes back to camp, thinking the matter over and resolving to do better next time. If he is not wise, which is sometimes the case, he arrives in camp with a long story of a wounded buck, and tries to persuade some more experienced hunter to go back with him and help him to trail it up.

Sometimes, but very seldom, even when suffering from the fever, one makes a lucky shot, and I killed my first deer in a rather remarkable way. We had just come out, and had been at the ranch for about three weeks, and being unaccustomed to such luxuries, had become most heartily tired of a diet of bacon and beans for breakfast and dinner, with the same delectable dish warmed up in the frying pan for supper; and so one evening I took my

Winchester and strolled out in the hope of finding something that would change the bill of fare a little. I had been out some time and had found nothing to shoot at, and was prowling home with my back to the setting sun, when I suddenly discovered an old doe standing in some low bush about 50yds. ahead of me. She was standing broadside to me and looking straight at me, trying to make out what I was, for deer can't see well against the light, and she had probably never seen a real live tenderfoot before.

Now I had never before been face to face with a real live deer when I had happened to have a gun in my hand, and so a violent attack of buck fever came upon me instantly; however, I realized that there was no time to wait till the attack abated, so when I thought that the foresight of the rifle covered her shoulder I pulled the trigger. The smoke hung for a moment before my face, and when it cleared off there was not a sign of a deer to be seen. I went forward, and to my great surprise and delight found her lying stretched out behind a low clump of shin oak. My delight was somewhat checked by a violent kick I received as I rushed forward and grabbed her by one of her hindlegs. This was her last move, however, and for some moments I stood joyously contemplating the first deer that had ever fallen to my rifle. It was only an old doe, and I am sorry to say out of season and by no means fat, but all the same it was undoubtedly a deer, and I had killed it all by myself.

The next move was to look for the bullet hole, so as to be able to congratulate myself on my good shooting. I looked at her shoulder, where I fondly expected to find it, but there was no bullet hole there. I looked further back, there was not a scratch on her; I rolled her over, not a hair was out of place. At last, just as I was beginning to think that she had died of freight, I discovered that the bullet had broken her neck, high up, just where it joined the head. Not a very good shot, considering the distance was so short. It was with a sort of chastened humble joy that I went back to the ranch for help to get her home. We tied her legs together and ran a pole through them and brought her in in triumph, and for the next few days we feasted on venison, and we fried no bacon and boiled no beans at our little log cabin till that venison was no longer fit for human food.

Older hunters than I was in those days sometimes, under exceptional circumstances, suffer from buck fever. Our friend and neighbor, "Long Joe," came by the ranch one day last summer, riding his old sorrel mare and followed by a mule colt and a couple of hound pups, and while resting his long legs and smoking the pipe of peace on the gallery after dinner, he told us the following tale of woe:

He had about an acre planted in sweet potatoes in the far end of his field. Now deer are exceedingly fond of sweet potato vines, and if they once find a patch of them that is not too close to a house they will come into the field for them night after night, till they have destroyed the whole crop.

Well, a small herd of deer discovered Joe's potatoes, as he found by their tracks in the field, and, as, of course, they only came in after dark and left again before daylight, he determined to hide under the fence some night and wait for them to come in. And so one evening, just as it was getting dark, having armed himself with an old double-barreled shotgun and half-filled each barrel with buckshot, he took up a position in a corner of the old snake fence, near where the deer were in the habit of jumping in. He next proceeded to arrange his long limbs in as comfortable a position as circumstances permitted, propped up the old gun in easy reach of his right hand, stuck about a cubic inch of tobacco into his mouth, and made up his mind that he would spend the night where he was, or get venison and revenge for his sweet potatoes.

A young moon gave just enough light to enable him to see indistinctly anything that was in the immediate neighborhood; behind him a long, rocky and bush-covered point came right down to the field fence, and before him his field lay spread out across the narrow valley to another steep and bushy hillside, surmounted by a gray limestone bluff and fringed by the dark cedar brake that stretched away over the hills for miles to the westward. It was a nice warm night, with hardly any wind, but every now and then a little gust would sigh through the Spanish oak bush, and unfortunately it did not always come out of the same quarter.

Slowly the minutes passed for Joe crouched in the fence cover, his cramped limbs had to be carefully rearranged at intervals, and a few energetic mosquitoes had found him out and were paying him a good deal of attention. The moon sank toward the black fringe of cedar on the opposite hill, and he was on the point of giving up and going home, when something moved a loose rock on the hill behind him. In an instant he was on the alert, and carefully reached out his hand for the old gun and listened again. This time he could plainly hear two or three animals moving about in the brush behind him, and every instant he expected to see the deer jump the fence into the field close to him. Presently they were just behind the brush, not more than ten steps from him, and he could hear them sniffing inquisitively, but, of course, he could not see through the thicket, and had still to wait patiently. About this time he began to feel a little uncomfortable, and he could hardly keep his teeth from chattering; the deer too were evidently not quite satisfied with their surroundings, for they began stamping with their forefeet on the ground. This was altogether too much for Joe's nerves, and he spent the next few minutes, which seemed like so many hours, in a state of most abject misery. At last he began to shake so violently that he hit the fence with the barrel of his gun, and the deer, snorting ridicule and defiance at him, loped off up the point into darkness and security. He assured us that he felt so relieved when they had gone that he almost cried; he also told us that he had shivered so violently that on going to inspect the scene of his sufferings the next morning he found that he had shaken the top logs off the fence for five panels on each side of the corner where he had been hiding; but he exaggerates a little sometimes, and this last part of his story may not be quite true.

PURBECK.

A Hudson Bay Flintlock.

"SOUND the trumpet, beat the drums!" I've got it! It came to me. And, true to the adage, it was the unexpected.

While on a business trip down the Colville Valley I called at a house located on one of the old-time ranches of the county, where a family of people of mixed white and Indian blood had lived for more than twenty-five years, and who had left the place some years before the coming of its present tenant; and out in the chip yard, where the slops from the kitchen were thrown, I stumbled upon one of the old Hudson Bay flintlock shotguns.

So bleached by exposure was the stock of the old fusee that it was necessary to remove the brass breech plate, held in place by five screws (so honest and thorough was the old-time handwork), to prove that it was really walnut. It was at first mistaken for curly maple.

I called the rancher's attention to it, when he told me that among the old traps left by the former occupants of the place had been about a dozen antiquated guns of the percussion type. "Look here," he said, "I'll show you something I plowed up in the field a while ago." And he brought out a spur that might have been worn by the Conquistador himself. It was a massive iron affair, with a wheel a trifle over 3½in. in diameter, and heavy enough to have been made of the saw of an old-time sawmill.

He was easily induced to sell them; and after a hard day's work in overhauling and cleaning up the old gun, during which it took all the tools in the shop of the village blacksmith, including the big power drill with which to start the screw which went through the breech pin into the guard plate, the lock was found to be of splendid mechanism, able to defy successfully the tooth of time and a quarter-inch coating of solid rust.

After all these years of neglect it was surprising to see it come out in such really fine order, and in perfect fettle for shooting to-day. I should judge the bore to be about .20 gauge.

The first shot sent twenty pellets of its little charge of No. 6's through a page of FOREST AND STREAM at 32yds.

The trouble which now confronts me is the lack of gun flints.

I found a piece of volcanic rock, which does poor service in lieu of the regular flint, but I want the genuine article. Where on the planet, save in the Smithsonian Institution or the British Museum, can the old-time gun flint now be found, is the problem which perplexes. And where can I turn for help save to the members of our own family?

Can't Schultze scratch up a handful from the old stamping ground of the Blackfeet? How many has Ransacker hidden away in the chinks of his cabin in the Sierras? And surely Kingfisher has used that old flint sinker for his fish line long enough, and should now "pony up" like a little man.

There may be another Grand American Handicap some day, and I hereby give Mr. Fulford fair warning, that the old uncle is on his trail.

ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Washington.

Maryland Ducks.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 29.—Several captains of gunning craft, who charter to sportsmen for duck shooting on the Susquehanna flats, have visited Baltimore the past week. They say there are now numbers of ducks feeding in these waters; also good reports come from Back, Middle, Gunpowder and Bush rivers. Another week will open the season, and the prospects are of the very best. Havre de Grace residents say there are many bald pate ducks there. These ducks do not make good box shooting, but flocks of red-headed ducks, which make the best of shooting, are on hand, as well as some black-heads, which have prevailed in late years. Captain Holly, one of the best-known of the experts, was in Baltimore the past week. He said he had observed more coots lately than he had seen for several previous years at this time, and on this assertion the gunners are predicting great sport. A few years ago few sportsmen paid attention to coots, and they flew within range without being shot at. They are delicious little ducks, but the shooters wanted bigger ones. In the last few years they have been very scarce. The gunners and epicures then showed their appreciation of them, and wondered why they had not done so when they were plentiful. The coot is as choice in his feeding as a red-head or even a canvasback. His late scarcity has been so marked that the gunners now claim that his reappearance in numbers means that plenty of good food is in the river. Hence, they predict that there will be more ducks in general this year than for several seasons, and they do not use the regular annual reason of "more grass since the Johnstown flood."

There was to have been a sale of game, confiscated under the new law of 1898 from a prominent commission merchant, at the office of the Baltimore City Cold Storage Company, one day last week, but it failed to materialize. The game confiscated consisted of sixty-three red-head ducks, which had been placed in storage by the said commission man, labeled "poultry," and which were found after a search by a deputy game warden. The ducks were in such condition, however, that no one made a bid.

Representatives of the cold storage company and the commission merchant were before the magistrate, charged with having the game in their possession. It was shown that the ducks were shipped from South Dakota, and were not killed in Maryland, hence, it was contended, it was not a violation of the law of Maryland to have the ducks in possession, as the law was plainly intended to protect Maryland game, and not the game of South Dakota. The magistrate held, however, that the law was violated in this case, and after valuing them at $20 ordered the confiscation of the ducks and their sale under the law, the proceeds to go into the school fund, after deducting payment for cold storage.

The chief game warden was present, but did not seem to think the commission man possession of the game came under the State law. If the law can be so construed, it is claimed, then Maryland is practically making laws for other States, and seriously interfering with interstate commerce, as game killed in season in another State could not be sold or owned out of season in Maryland. Both parties' representatives talked of appealing from the decision of the magistrate to make a test case, but after consultation it was agreed that the amount at stake would not justify such action. The law of 1898, regulating the killing of game in Maryland, is much more general than that of 1896, which it is intended to strengthen. It provides a fine of from one to ten dollars for each of several species of game out of season found in possession of any person. The season openings vary from Nov. 1 to Dec. 24. As applied to ducks, the season opens on Nov. 1. Heretofore certain species of ducks called in a general sense the "summer duck" have been openly exhibited and sold during the early fall or late summer, but the new law brings these ducks under the ban. A peculiarity of the new law is the provision that, although it is a violation of the law to have game in one's possesion out of season, game confiscated by the warden or his deputies may be sold at public auction, the proceeds to go to the school fund. Possession of game bought under such circumstances does not render the owner liable for violating the game law.

By this curious provision of the new law the purchaser of the confiscated ducks will incur no risk of arrest or having the ducks seized, and may place the ducks right back in the cold storage warehouse and use them as he pleases. This seems the only safe way to secure ducks out of season, i. e., buy at auction such as have been confiscated. The agents of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association have been working more effectively this fall than ever before, and while the officers do not pretend that the Association has anything like succeeded in stopping the unlawful slaughter and sale of game, they say they are doing more in that direction than ever before, and are making the traffic in game much less safe than formerly. Within the last week or so most of the leading hotels and restaurants have been visited in search of prohibited game, and some proprietors were caught in violations of the law and have suffered accordingly. It cost one of the city's most prominent hotels more than $10, because two ducks were found there and seized, and a well-known restaurant lost $20 in fines and costs, besides the four big wild turkeys that caused the trouble.

JOHN T. HIGGINS.

Boston Hunters in Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—Again the big game has been coming in at Bangor at a great rate. Late newspaper dispatches say that all previous records of big game receipts were broken on Monday, when 127 deer, 9 moose and 2 bears were noted at the railway stations. The largest previous record was noted on Friday, Oct. 22, 1897, when 109 deer, 8 moose and 5 caribou were listed at Bangor. The total shipments over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad so far this season have been 801 deer, 30 moose, 14 caribou and 4 bears.

Mr. Howard W. Wheeler, of Boston, has shot a big bull moose in the Dead River region, in Maine. In the party were also C. H. Fosgate, of Cambridge; M. H. Gray and H. Hewitt, of Boston. On the team that brought the hunters to the station at Dead River they had, besides the moose, four buck deer, one doe and a big string of partridges. Mr. Wheeler is reported to have said that after the second shot the moose charged at him, but was stopped by other shots left in the magazine of his rifle. The party report partridges thick in the Dead River region, but they are the only hunters that bring that report from Maine. It is claimed by the Boston marketmen, however, that they are getting an unusual number of partridges from New Hampshire. Mr. L. P. Young, of Faneuil Hall Market, brings out six deer from his Maine hunting trip; two for himself, two for his wife and two for his wife's sister. The claim is made that the ladies shot the deer assigned to them. H. B. Hatch, of this city, has secured his two deer in the vicinity of Stacy Dam, Me. F. B. Parker, of Lynn, and W. H. Parker, of Boston, are out of the woods after hunting thirteen days in the section of Passagomoc Lake, Me., they bring out two deer apiece. G. W. Shattuck, of Boston, and J. H. Shattuck, of New York, have been hunting at Big Machias Lake, Me. They stopped at Reed's camps, getting all the deer they cared for, which was what they wanted to eat in camp, and one each to take home. They saw moose, but did not get a shot at them. W. D. Wright, of this city, has been hunting in the neighborhood of Sebois Lake. He brings out two buck deer. E. A. Newbegin and A. F. Stevens, of Haverhill, have been hunting in the same vicinity, each taking a fine deer.

Oct. 31.—The quail season is open in Massachusetts, and the local gunners are trying for them, with the general verdict that the birds are rather scarce. A few have been seen in the markets, but though the open season begun Oct. 15, the marketmen complain that they are not getting the usual quantity of quail—are getting about as many woodcock as quail of late. In Byfield the gunners have taken a small number, and in Reading there are reports of a few being secured. J. H. Jones, with Ed. Killam, a crack shot, went up to Topsfield the other day. They struck good weather, and had one of the best dogs in the country. Jones hired a gun, his own not being at hand, and entered the field with some doubts as to what he could do. On the first flush of quail, however, he satisfied himself that the gun fitted him almost exactly, and he brought down his bird at nearly every shot. They soon found the quail to be wild, and generally the coveys would take wing without giving them anything but snap shots, and scattering, so that the birds had to be hunted down singly afterward. Under these difficulties they got fourteen quail in their day's shoot, and naturally feel very proud of their success.

The weather has been hard for the shore bird gunners of late, and though coot and other ducks have been flying plentifully, it has been so rough a good deal of the time that boating has been very difficult. The

Plum Island boys were considerably disappointed on their trip there last week. Mr. L. W. de Pass says that there were plenty of coot flying, and even on the water, but not within gunshot, while the water was too rough each day to go out in a boat. They will try again very soon. The Gloucester, Rockport and Annisquam gunners have not obtained great numbers of coot thus far, but November is the month for duck shooting at those locations. Reports from Chatham and all the south shore say that it has been an off week for duck shooting, owing to rain and high winds. Still some good bags have been made. S. Nickerson and party, of Chatham, got twenty-eight birds in one morning last week. Boston sportsmen at the Rogers' Camp, at Orange, are reported to have lately taken over forty black ducks. The lower section of Cape Cod is covered with gunners. The railroad people say that the baggage car of nearly every train is crowded with hunters and sporting dogs. Some quail and partridge are obtained, but the birds are scarcely more than one for each sportsman.

To the list of successful Maine big game hunters may be added R. H. Nickerson, Boston, two deer; C. E. Harrison, Pawtucket, R. I., one moose, from Northeast Carry; R. L. Lufkin, Gloucester, Mass., two deer, from Patten; C. W. Whitman, of Troy, N. Y., and C. A. Hubbard, Newton, Mass., one deer each, from near Katahdin Iron Works; Geo. H. Houltham, Lynn, Mass., one moose, from the Katahdin Mountains; E. C. A. Becker, of Worcester, Mass., one moose, from the West Branch; Fred Hubbard, East Berlin, Conn., John Towne, of Amherst, Mass., and J. N. Ackerman, of Worcester, Mass., two deer each, one a beautifully mottled and spotted buck; Mrs. S. Boothby, Portland, Me., one deer, actually shot by herself; E. L. Millett, of Beverly, Mass., one moose and two deer, from the Aroostook River; Mr. Garrison Reed, wife and son, Boston, two deer, from Katahdin Iron Works region; R. Brooks, Newport, R. I., two deer, from Pratt Lake; J. W. Penniman, H. A. Penniman and E. A. Snow, two deer each, from the region of Bowlin Falls, East Branch.

SPECIAL.

"Hitting vs. Missing."

"HITTING VS. MISSING" is the title of a new work written by Mr. S. T. Hammond (Shadow), author of "Training vs. Breaking," "Nursing vs. Dosing," etc., this one being the third of the "Versus" series from his pen, all of which are published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Mr. Hammond is a master of the shotgun in theoretical and practical field work, but writes entirely from the standpoint of the man behind the gun. He gives minute directions in the necessary elementary schooling for the novice, and there is also much sage advice of value, both to expert and beginner.

The work contains 170 pages, which are subdivided into ten chapters, which treat respectively of "Choosing the gun," "The All-Round Gun," "Ammunition," "Loading Shells," "Practice at a Mark," "Practice at a Moving Mark," "Shooting Companions," "Among the Birds," "Skipping Stones and Flying Birds" and "In the Field."

Besides the practical information which abounds throughout the work, there are delightful reminiscent veins. The peculiar idiosyncrasies of shooters are well illustrated in an anecdote of a Western experience which he relates in Chapter X.

"My friend, Mr. J. M. Cannon, one of the lumber kings of the West, and myself were shooting chickens near Davenport, Ia., when we saw this man some distance away also hunting chickens, but without a dog. Mr. Cannon was acquainted with him, and proposed that we go over and invite him to join us, adding that he thought he could show me something in the way of shooting that would please me. Thankfully accepting our invitation, he informed us that there was a scattered covey near us that he had been unable to find, and the dogs were at once sent on, and in a short time both of them were on point. As we went to them, our friend was given the post of honor, while we took position on each flank. Now I was a quick shot, even in the open, and had seen others do good work in this line, but this man fairly took my breath away. As Mr. Cannon well expressed it, he was more than sudden; for his birds were not fairly out of the grass before they were doubled up, and so well did he shoot that it was seldom he scored a miss.

"After we had worked out the open prairie for a couple of hours, and had lots of shooting, Mr. Cannon proposed that we beat out an extensive cornfield, into which we had driven a large number of birds, and we at once started toward it. I could see that our friend did not quite like this arrangement, but he said nothing, and we entered the corn abreast and about a gunshot apart, with our friend in the center. Mr. Cannon and I were soon dropping them right and left; but our 'sudden' friend was out of his element, and after several shots with only two or three birds to show for them he gave it up, saying that he never could shoot in corn. I was greatly surprised, as, until I witnessed his failure, I had supposed that this was just the place to bring out to perfection the wonderful skill he had displayed in the open, and this reversal of the usual order of things bothered me not a little, especially when I learned upon inquiry that his failure was not owing to lack of practice, as he told me that he had persistently tried to get there, but somehow he could not do it.

"I ruminated over this for several days, but could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, until one day, when shooting in corn, a bird rose in front of me, and as I pitched the gun into position the bird swerved to the right and disappeared from sight behind the dense growth. Although it did not go 3ft. before I again caught sight of it, and I at once pulled trigger, I missed it clean. I did not regret the miss, as, at the very instant I had pulled to what I instinctively knew would be a miss, it flashed into my mind that here was the solution of the problem that had so bothered me in relation to the shooting of our 'sudden' friend. His nerves were keyed up to just the right tension to do their proper work in the very fraction of the instant that the music of the fluttering wings in the grass vibrated along the sensitive strings; but when, from any cause, there was even an infinitesimal break in the connection, those nerves collapsed and could not recover their proper form quickly enough to accomplish their mission on time. On the open prairie, when his nerves responded to the call of the slightest rustle in the grass, the gun was mechanically pitched to his shoulder; his eye, unobstructed, found the bird; the connection was complete and everything worked in harmony. But in the corn the surroundings were entirely different; some little time elapsed after these nerves were ready before the eye could make the circuit complete by sighting the bird, and owing to the delay the collapse came, and when the time for action arrived the sensitive tissues had not fully recovered, and hence their work was bunglingly performed."

The book abounds with anecdotes equally interesting and equally forceful in bringing home a point of practical value. What is commonly taught in dry technical detail is in this volume taught in simple and entertaining descriptive happenings which cover a vast field of sportsmanship.

As Longus wrote of his pastoral of Paphnis and Chloe, that "it would refresh the memory of him who had once loved, and instruct him who was as yet ignorant of love," so Mr. Hammond well might say that his new book will both prompt the memory of the experienced sportsman and teach the beginner the veteran's art.

Alabama to Have a Law.

GREENBRIER, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Alabama Legislature convenes Nov. 15, and we of the Alabama Field Trial Club are preparing to make a desperate effort to have first-class game laws enacted. Up to this time our game protection has been farcical, owing principally to the fact of there being no general law under which offenders could be brought to account. Some of our counties, it is true, have had statutes enacted that would have resulted in much good if properly enforced; but even in these instances, so far as my information extends, but little has been accomplished, owing to the laxity with which offenders have been brought to justice.

The success attending the meets of the Alabama Field Trial Club has created great interest and much enthusiasm in game protection throughout the State. The club membership is large and embraces numbers of influential men, a combined effort from whom will undoubtedly result in a law that will meet the exigencies that at present confront us. Among other things that we hope to embrace in the statute is that glorious platform plank of FOREST AND STREAM: "The sale of game shall be forbidden at all seasons."

Proper legislation, backed up by the determination of our club, assisted by the moral support which sportsmen in the State will give us, we hope and believe will wheel Alabama into the front rank with States that appreciate and protect their game and fishes.

Anent the Alabama Field Trial Club, it may be of interest to sportsmen in other States to know that since its formation, three years ago, it has done more to promote interest in game protection and distribution, and for improvement in breeding and developing high class shooting dogs, than all other combined inducements prior to that time. Among other things it has conclusively proven that State trials are superior in these respects to open or national events, and afford an opportunity for the development of good dogs in far greater numbers than open trials may possibly do.

The Alabama Club has been especially fortunate in securing splendid grounds upon which to hold its trials; and in obtaining the services of progressive, energetic sportsmen as officers. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Messrs. T. T. Ashford, President, and T. M. Spencer, Secretary, for the masterly manner with which they have guided the club to successful issue. The trials for 1899 promise large increase in entries, attendance and interest over the splendid meet of the present year.

WM. M. HUNTLEY.

In Nebraska Bottom Lands.

IN what more enjoyable situation could a sportsman be placed than to be dumped out of a train, bag and baggage, in some of the finest shooting ground of the mid-West? We had hardly stepped off the train since leaving New York, except in changing at Chicago and again at Omaha. Our friend C., an old New Yorker, was at the station to meet us with a dilapidated carryall, but any old thing proved welcome enough after the severe jolting of the train from Omaha. As we started off toward C.'s home a cool breeze from the west wafted to our nostrils an indescribably sweet odor of prairie grass—off toward the timber lining the banks of the Elkhorn the liquid notes of Bob White reminded us of the prime sport to be had for the seeking

As the sun dropped below the horizon the wind shifted around, blowing from the north in such icy gusts that we were very glad to turn up our coat collars and snug up close together on the seats. C., who had been discoursing upon crops, cattle, etc., suddenly switched off upon the duck outlook as augured by the north wind, to the effect that we should be in readiness for a flight of mallards and teal, which prediction from such an old hunter aroused our keenest anticipations.

At 3 o'clock in the morning we were aroused by C., and after partaking of a fragrant cup of coffee and sundry good things from the cupboard, we hitched up the team and were soon bowling along over a six-mile route of level prairie. Just as the first streak of dawn showed itself in the East, C. pulled the horses up, jumped out and led them into what turned out to be a perfectly wind proof bower of wild plum trees. Decoys were raked out of a brush patch, and in a short time we were stationed in our blinds waiting for all comers. Two of us covered the decoys, while C. and H., both fine shots, stationed themselves further up stream, intending to cut off stray pairs and stragglers.

We hadn't long to wait. A flock of mallards following on down the bend of the river swept in toward our decoys. I took the leader, a big drake, and cut him down clean with the No. 4s of my left, and in echo with the No. 2s of my right dropped another plump one. I glanced at B., who seemed to be making some uncomplimentary remarks about himself, and looking into the empty breech of his gun. Just then our friends of the other blind spoke three times in quick succession, and B. just finished loading up in time to drop a solitary teal screaming along with the wind at a 120-mile pace. The birds kept coming down first in bunches, then in straggling out pairs, till about 9 o'clock, when the flight ceased. We rowed out in a little skiff and picked up our birds, most of which had collected in a dead-water swirl below the point, together with those of our companions. Between us we had shot away forty-eight shells; we collected thirty-one mallards, pintails and teal, losing probably eight or ten down stream.

We took our birds and decoys back to the wagon, and after exchanging our duck loads for lighter loads of 8s spread out and waded through a partially submerged piece of prairie bottom along the river bank. The grass was literally alive with golden and ring-neck plover. We bagged about twenty in short order; and considering that we had taken our share of game for the day, started back to the wagon. C., to spoil his record of seven straight, tried a pot-shot at five golden plover strung out in almost a straight line from him. He squatted down; there was a bang and splash. A duck charge shot by mistake was his undoing. Five very much surprised and alarmed plover flew away to more congenial feeding grounds.

In three days our stock of game entirely disappeared, so we sallied off after quail and chickens. Some time later I may send in an account of our success with the chickens.

CHARLES G. BLANDFORD.

Why Plantations are Posted.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Within the next few weeks many of us who are fond of quail shooting will be off for the Southern States. Those who have been shooting the past two or three years must have noticed that the annoying sign "Posted" is rapidly diminishing the available shooting territory. As this is due largely to the abominable discourtesy or thoughtlessness of Northern gunners, I think it would be wise for you to call attention to the abuses which the plantation owners are obliged to suffer from those who shoot over their premises.

From what I have learned from the farmers, and have noticed myself, I am surprised that the signs are not more numerous than they are. I have known sportsmen to shoot all day over a plantation, even going into the field where the owner was at work with a green colt, which was much frightened by the constant firing, without speaking to him or even "passing the time of day." Can any one blame a man for posting his land after such shabby treatment?

At our hotel one evening a gunner told of a bevy of quail that had taken refuge in a garden patch 50ft. from a man's house, where he had had splendid single-bird shooting. I asked him if he spoke to the people, to which he laughingly replied that he only saw a few children, who rushed into the house like scared cats when the sport commenced. I could cite more examples of this outrageous abuse of shooting privileges. These are, however, sufficient for the purpose.

Now as a rule the owners of plantations are very pleasant people, and they would be glad to see sportsmen if they were treated decently. The life they lead is a circumscribed one, however, consequently they do thoroughly appreciate and enjoy any social attention. If all gunners who read this will this autumn make a point of looking up the owner of the plantations upon which they trespass, and chatting with him for five or ten minutes, giving him a few birds if the bag is a good one, the result will be that the prohibitive signs will not increase, and the advent of the sociable sportsman will be welcomed as a pleasant incident in a somewhat monotonous day.

Last spring, after a five days' shoot on a large plantation in North Carolina, I drove half a mile out of my way to visit the owner. I told him of our sport, presenting him with a bunch of fifteen birds, which he received with evident pleasure and surprise. A few days later we arrived at —— to take the train for the North. The hotel proprietor told us that he was chatting with Mr. —— as we drove into the town, who pointed us out, saying that gunners had tramped over his land for twenty years, but that we were the first to present him with any birds. Later he turned up at the hotel, and told us that we had not seen one-quarter of his plantation, adding that he should plant many acres with peas this year, which would attract the quail and give us great sport in November, which he urgently invited us to enjoy. I cite this incident simply to show that a thought of the Golden Rule in connection with our treatment of land owners will give us all plenty of shooting ground for many years, which we shall not have if present abuses are continued.

CHARLES J. MEANS.

BOSTON, Mass., October, 1898.

THE farmers of Maquoketa, Iowa, have combined in a movement thus noted by the Telegram of that town:

The farmers living about Maquoketa have made frequent complaint of the depredations of certain hunters who disregard notices posted up on various parts of their land, and enter the same, destroying the game and endangering the lives of both stock and human beings in that vicinity. A number of them have determined to put a stop to such proceedings and have organized for that purpose. They are very much in earnest, as can be seen by the resolution and names appearing below. It is without malice toward any particular person that this action is taken, but it is their intention to live up to the terms of their agreement and enforce the law with strict impartiality.

Most of our hunters are perfect gentlemen, who appreciate the circumstances, and, we are certain, will not attempt to hunt on any one's land against his expressed desire:

Whereas, the laws of the State of Iowa prohibit hunting by any person with dog or gun upon the cultivated

or enclosed lands of another, without permission; and

Whereas, such hunting has become an intolerable nuisance, endangering human life, disturbing stock and animals, breaking down fences, etc.,

Therefore, we, the undersigned owners and proprietors of cultivated and enclosed lands in Jackson county, Iowa, for the object and purpose of putting a stop to this nuisance, do hereby mutually agree to no longer grant to any person or persons the privilege of hunting on our premises; and do agree to prosecute to the full extent of the law all persons hunting on our premises, from and after this date, with dog or gun. And we and each of us do hereby mutually agree to assist one another in the enforcement of said law; and do further agree to share equally the expense that may be incurred by any of the persons signing this agreement, and who shall hereafter institute suit under the provisions of the statute in relation to the subject aforesaid; and in all things aid and assist such prosecution to the best of our ability in any manner, not in violation of law and consistent with good citizenship.

Dated this 10th day of September, A. D. 1898.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Deer.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 29.—From all accounts the deer crop in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota this fall is a good one. The number of licenses taken out in Michigan and Wisconsin this week would appear to indicate that there will be at least the usual number of hunters who will go out after deer this season. At Waukesha, Wis., twenty-one applications for licenses have been taken out this fall. At West Superior, Wis., a large number of licenses have been issued. At Green Bay, Wis., twenty-seven licenses have been issued. Other towns on the borders of the deer country report numbers equally large or larger. In Michigan there will hardly be so large a number of deer hunters as in Wisconsin, though the license law is practically the same. At Ann Arbor, Mich., eleven licenses had been issued this week. At Saginaw five licenses had been taken out at date of last report. One Michigan man, by name of Leon Reynolds, of Augusta, a man past seventy-five years of age, has taken out his license, and will go into the woods this fall for his favorite sport of deer hunting. It is safe to say that Mr. Reynolds has seen many changes in deer hunting methods in his time.

Out in Minnesota the influx of non-resident hunters has already begun. It is estimated that 200 strange hunters have gone in through Duluth. The crop of deer and moose bids fair to be a good one. Near Bagley and near Bemidji Lake moose sign has been reported abundant.

Ducks.

We have had a good flight of Northern birds in Wisconsin the past week, but the flight seems to be composed of highly educated fowl. On Lake Winnebago there have been large bodies of ducks, but they have been pursued steadily by boats of all descriptions, until they have become very wild and difficult to work. At Puckaway Lake much the same state of affairs has prevailed, though the birds have not been disturbed so much in the open. At Pewaukee Lake bags of 30 and 40 ducks have been made. At Poygan Lake one party of four Appleton gunners bagged 60 ducks, but reported the shooting uncertain and difficult. On Lake Koshkonong the flight has been heavy, the feed in this lake being the best to be found in the State of Wisconsin; yet the hammering has been so steady that the birds raft up in the open water, and do not work very well. This state of affairs would be a picnic for the sneakboat hunters, but the latter are still wary, owing to the recent visit of Warden Johnson, who is commonly known to be a bad man with violators.

The flight, of course, is scattered over a thousand miles of country now. Duck shooting is good in Texas and has been for some weeks, a part of the first flight seeming to go clear through to the Gulf without stop. In Arkansas and Missouri, more especially on the better club preserves, the birds have been in for some time, and the shooting has been fair. During the past week there has been a good flight in on Lake Senachwine and Swan Lake, of the Illinois River country, and a number of Chicago and Peoria shooters have had sport.

The Minnesota duck season is not yet over, but the edge is worn off. From all I can learn I am inclined to think that it was quite up to the average. In North Dakota, of course, the great waterways of the Devil's Lake and Dawson countries have produced their myriad of fowl in much the usual abundance. A good many Dakota canvasbacks go to the markets in Baltimore, Md., once the center of the canvasback cult of the world. Thereby hangs a tale. Last week a lot of these Dakota ducks were seized in Baltimore ahead of the Maryland season, and it is gratifying to state that the judge before whom the case was tried upheld the Maryland law, which runs to the effect that illegal game cannot be held in possession, no matter where it comes from.

Another bit of export news comes from Minnesota. Messrs. A. F. Stolt, Fred La Barre and Ben Froelich, of Waterloo, Iowa, went hunting in Minnesota and had good luck. They started back home with a nice bunch of birds, but happened to meet one of Sam Fullerton's wardens, who relieved them of their game. They returned empty handed to their homes. Expressing game is not a safe industry in Minnesota.

The State's Attorney's office of Texas hands down an opinion on the construction of the Texas game law, which runs to the effect that a man may not ship game by any transportation company, though he may carry game out of the country upon his own person. This covers deer, antelope, turkeys, geese, prairie chickens, quail, plover and jacksnipe. The ruling states that the law is not intended to prevent a man from taking home some game, but is meant to prevent his shipping game.

Quail.

This is a good quail year in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Take your dog and go south 100 miles in Indiana or Illinois. Get off at any town. Go to the barber shop and borrow the barber's dog, leaving your own dog at the livery barn, then go out almost anywhere, and you can kill a bunch of quail. Or, at least, the barber can.

Colorado Game Law.

The mooted game law of Colorado, earlier attacked as unconstitutional, has been sustained in every particular.

Ways that are Dark.

They are having fun with the sparrow law in Michigan this fall. The law itself is proving a boon to a good many poor fellows who would otherwise have to work for $2 a head on election day. Down in Indiana they have a way of putting out doctored grain for sparrows and catching about a thousand at a clatter. The State line between Indiana and Michigan is but an imaginary thing. You do not stub your toe against it as you walk from one State to the other. With unstubbed toes, men have walked from Indiana into Michigan, bearing with them 50,000 head of sparrows, for which much gold can be obtained under the Michigan sparrow bounty. Sparrow hunting has become a fine art. When the expert sparrow bounty man goes into town to collect his hard earned wealth, he nearly always manages to arrive at the house of the town clerk just about dark. He has his birds in a large pail, and he has taken care that these birds are none too fresh. The town clerk is supposed to count these birds, but he doesn't. "Take 'em away," he says, "and keep the change." Thus the sparrow hunter gets an O. K. practically on his own statement. This would seem to be shrewd enough, but does not mark the limit of the hunter's ingenuity. Sometimes he appears with a bucket of birds which in reality is a bucket of sawdust, with a few layers of malodorous birds on top. The clerk usually accepts the count without question. Nor is this all. Not satisfied with robbing the State of Michigan of sums probably aggregating several thousand dollars, the sparrow hunters have now taken to forging orders. Several arrests have been made on the latter head, and more are expected to follow. As showing the boldness of some of the hunters, it may be stated that one of them asked for an order of $35.80, for 1,790 dead sparrows. This was at Sandstone, Mich. The clerk asked to see the birds, and the most that could be produced was one pail of sawdust that contained ten sparrow heads. He refused to accept this doctrine of sparrowtorial expansion. Thus is the frugal and hard working man crushed down under the heel of an imperial government.



A MAINE HARVEST HOME EXHIBIT.

Snipe.

Does anybody know where there are any jacksnipe? I have heard that around the duck marshes of Wisconsin some snipe were in, and I have reports from Lake Minnetonka stating that a good flight is in there this week. I have, however, heard nothing from Indiana marshes which would lead one to suppose that a trip for snipe would yield any decent returns, and can not say that the snipe situation is altogether satisfactory.

Mongolian Pheasants in Wisconsin.

In several of the Western States a very interesting and important work in acclimatization has been going on, one of great interest to sportsmen, though perhaps not fully appreciated. In this importation and rearing of the Mongolian pheasant the State of Ohio has taken a most intelligent and advanced position. In Wisconsin also equal strides have been made. I have from time to time made mention of the pheasantry of Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, whom I take to be the pioneer in the Mongolian pheasant industry in that State; or at least I heard of him most frequently some years ago. Mr. Bosworth is, however, by no means alone in this good work in Wisconsin. The breeding of these birds has been carried on successfully at Tomah, and I have often had occasion to mention the turning out of some of the birds to take their chances in the woods. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be interested in the information contained in a letter, kindly sent me by Mr. James A. Wells, of Tomah, Wis., in which he says:

"I should like to give you a short history of what Tomah has been doing, and is now doing, for game birds in the State of Wisconsin.

"In 1896 the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin appropriated $500 for the purpose of breeding and rearing pheasants, and to stock the uplands and breeding grounds of the State with these noted game birds. The money was placed in the hands of the State fish and game wardens, and under the supervision of Superintendent Nevins, and we learn that several pairs were put out in the Lake Superior region last fall, whereas they should have been kept until spring before being set out. We have not learned that much if any increase or benefit has been realized from this fall planting in a region altogether too far north, with sparse feeding grounds, deep snows and extremely cold weather.

"Here in Tomah we have a pheasantry under the management of Mr. J. F. Blome, which has proven successful, and this spring there was formed the Tomah Fish and Game Protection Club, with about fifty members, who purchased from the above-named gentleman seven pairs of the English ring-necked varieties, which were put out in this immediate vicinity last spring, great care being taken to place them in close proximity to the creeks and feeding grounds, and the pledge of adjacent farmers to look after and protect them was easily secured. Most of them have been seen, and so far as heard from have hatched out from ten to twenty young to each pair, which are now nearly full grown, mature birds, and strong flyers.

"This club has also purchased ten pairs more of the young birds, which it will set out the coming spring of 1899, and by 1901, the protection limit set on them by the State, we think this will be a neighborhood well stocked with these noted game birds.

"Without the aid of any of the State funds, this club, organized last spring, and composed of fifty of Tomah's leading sportsmen and business men, have made a beginning that shows that these birds can be successfully raised in Wisconsin, with proper protection. They have also made a determined effort to see that the game laws are properly enforced.

"The officers of the club are as follows: Editor J. A. Wells, President; G. A. Altenberg, Vice-President; C. J. Wells, Secretary; L. W. Earle, Treasurer.

"The pheasants put out last spring were placed in suitable locations, from two to five miles from the city, and the club intends to extend the supply next spring to the extreme limits of the grounds Tomah's sports hunt over in the open season.

"Mr. Blome intends to raise from 1,000 to 1,500 birds next spring, and the club will have no trouble in securing the birds they want for future planting. Mr. Blome has been in the pheasant business for several years, and has met with good success. He is an ardent sportsman and a true lover of birds, hence his unparalleled success.

"Next spring we shall endeavor to inform you how our birds came through the winter. One thing, however, is evident, and that is that old birds set out in the spring, and hatching their young in the fields, will be better prepared for winter protection than birds set out in the fall, wholly unacquainted with the nature of the country, and the location of water and feeding grounds."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Told Just as it Happened.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 18.—The autumn evening was fine. It was generally known that coons did abound in goodly numbers in the surrounding forest, but not a coon dog of satisfactory reputation was in all the land. A coal-black dog with a white spot in the center of his breast, belonging to one of our number, had all the visible qualities of a coon dog. "Boys, let's go coon hunting to-night with our dog! I believe he'll put 'em up all right." Agreed! Guns, axes and lanterns were hustled out, and as darkness enveloped the surroundings we stole forth with every prospect of fun. Deep and yet deeper into the forest we went, seldom seeing the dog—because he was behind in the dark.

"Well, doesn't it beat all how the old fellow searches?"

"Yes; I always thought a chance was all he needed to make a good coon dog."

"Suppose we stop and wait; he may have found a trail."

We stop and sit down, miles from home, in a likely place for coons. We wait fifteen minutes.

"I'm only afraid he has treed one away out of hearing."

"I thought I heard him bark away over on that ridge across the creek."

The oppressive stillness makes everything weird and lonely. Our imaginations are busy picturing the noble and fearless old dog away in the depths of the lonely woods, faithfully striving to unravel a crooked coon track and run it to tree, or barking and viciously tear-

ing the bark from a tree in which are a whole family of coons, so far away that we can't hear him.

In half an hour we are almost desperate with suspense and loud in praise of our coon dog.

"Suppose we call him?"

"No, that won't do; it might spoil him."

"What's that white spot over there in the dark?"

We swing the lantern round to see, and there, not 30ft. away, is the faithful old dog, where he has been patiently waiting for us to start. And we did start—home.

EMERSON CARNEY.

A Pacific Coast Instance.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of your recent articles on mankilling sportsmen, I send a pat instance of criminal carelessness which occurred a few weeks ago about forty miles from this city. An account of the occurrence was published in the local papers at the time, but the incident had slipped my mind until a few days ago, when an old medical friend, who lives near the scene of the "accident," while paying me a visit gave me a more explicit account of the affair.

One evening two well-grown lads, one of whom had had some experience in hunting, set out for a night hunt for deer in a thickly-wooded section of the country. After a time they discovered a small, bright light shining through the tangled undergrowth. Aha! that is the eye of a big buck. A .44-40 Winchester is aimed at the buck's head, the trigger is pulled and—a loud human cry of agony breaks the stillness. Shortly afterward my medical friend was summoned to the little summer cabin of a gentleman in a secluded part of the hills. Arriving, he found two bright young misses each lying suffering from a fresh bullet wound, with their stricken parents benumbed with brief and anxiety. Calling other medical assistance, my friend found the .44 bullet, fired by one of the foregoing lads, had passed through the shoulder of the elder daughter and had then pierced the breast bone of the younger. After a severe surgical operation the flattened bullet was found lying against the heart sack (pericardium) and was removed. A little more *vis a tergo* and the bullet would have penetrated the heart cavity, with a quickly fatal result. The children are recovering.

The perpetrators of this and of all such "accidents" should be permitted to meditate for many moons on a clarifying diet of bread and water, in the hope and belief that they might emerge from such seclusion possessed of at least a glimmering of prudence and caution.

ROEEL.

The Repeating Shotgun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 1 a correspondent argues in favor of the use of this gun on the score of economy and shooting quality.

As to the first: I recently saw in a dealer's window a very attractive double hammerless at $21, and another, a hammer gun, at $22, both standard makes. So evidently his first point is not well established.

And as to the other: What, with the superb quality of the modern gun, supplemented by the great strength of our powders, making them far more effective than those in use a few years ago, when game was plentiful, it would seem as if any reasonable person should be satisfied with their shooting qualities.

There are times when the use of this gun would lead not only to slaughter, but to waste. I saw a friend hunting quail recently in a marsh where the reeds were as high as his head. Under slightly more favorable circumstances and with a repeating gun he might have killed four birds; as it was, he killed one, which his dog retrieved, but it is doubtful if he could have found the others had they been there. With a rapidly diminishing supply, it is manifestly time for sportsmen to show some consideration for the game, and incidentally themselves and others, in matter of sport for future years.

"After us the deluge," is a bad principle to work on, and your columns bear evidence as to how much it is deprecated by thinking sportsmen. Notwithstanding what your correspondent says, I believe it is the general impression that four of every five of these guns purchased go into the hands of persons who desire to kill all the game in sight.

G. H. B.

SCRANTON, Oct. 28.

New Jersey Game Interests.

THE following letter was written by Mr. J. L. Robertson, a New York business man, whose home is in New Jersey. "I feel," says Mr. Robertson, "that at my time of life, when my greatest pleasure is to go up to my shanty on Lake Culver and have fairly good fishing during the summer, and in fall with my dog and gun find some game in the woods and bush, I cannot feel satisfied to sacrifice these pleasure." Up to this time, we understand, Mr. Robertson has not received any response to his letter:

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Honorable Foster W. Voorhees—Dear sir: It is quite generally understood by sportsmen in New Jersey that you are antagonistic to the prevailing game laws, and if elected Governor would favor making such a change that our woods and streams would soon become depopulated. I represent a large contingency, and feel just as is indicated above, and although a Republican and resident of New Jersey, would hardly feel satisfied to support you or advise my friends to do so without some definite word from you as to your course in this respect if elected. Game protection is more dear to sportsmen than the question of State politics, and it would be a matter of much regret to me to openly advise that large element to vote otherwise.

I trust you will consider this of sufficient importance to plainly define in writing your views and the course you would pursue if elected. Respectfully yours,

(Signed) JAMES L. ROBERTSON.

"Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier." The wheelman should remember this when a big dog seeks to sample his calf.

Two Deer.

CORNISH, Me., Oct. 28.—The people of this vicinity, especially the sporting contingent, were greatly excited last night over the shooting of two deer by G. W. Adams, these probably being the first animals of this species to be killed in the immediate vicinity within the memory of any but the oldest inhabitants.

Deer have frequently been seen through the summer in this and adjoining towns, and at the opening of the shooting season a doe and two fawns were located in a tract of plains land on the Hiram side of the Ossipee, where they seemed determined to remain in spite of the most persistent hunting, in which about everybody joined who could carry a gun.

Yesterday morning, however, Mr. Adams tracked them down the valley to a similar tract, by the river, where he succeeded in finding them late in the afternoon, with the above fortunate result. The spot was not a mile from the village.

The singular part of Mr. Adams' achievement lies in the fact that he has hitherto taken no interest in hunting for years; yet, notwithstanding his inexperience, but three shots were required to dispatch his game, all of which took effect, and the old doe, which was one of the pair, being dropped in its tracks at a single shot. The old heads frankly admit that George has "wiped their eye" this time.

Both deer were in good condition, the fawn weighing 109lbs. and the doe 185lbs. The other fawn was shot early this morning by Mr. Ira Clemons, also of this village.

TEMPLAR.

A Maine Deer Hunting Case.

WEST LEBANON, Me., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Samuel Shapleigh told me yesterday that in August last he saw a large buck come running up through his field, and the pasture in front of the house I am now writing in; and after two or three attempts it succeeded in getting over the stone fence along the road, which it crossed and stepped on the lawn within 50ft. from where I am now sitting. There it stood for some time looking around, and finally seeing Mr. Shapleigh (who was standing in front of his house, less than twenty rods away), started off down the road. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Shapleigh saw two hounds coming through the fields on the deer track. When they came into the road Mr. S. caught one of them and tied it up, but could not get the other. The Maine farmhouses and barns are so connected that there is a lawn surrounded on three sides and open to the road. The deer was inside of this enclosure, which in this case was 50 by 80ft. There is a driveway through the intermediate building between house and barn, but as the house was not occupied at the time the driveway was closed; had it been open, Mr. Shapleigh thinks the deer would have gone through, as the back door opens in an orchard on rising ground from the building.

This house was for many years the summer residence of the late Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist. Gov. Black, of New York, lived in it when a boy, and attended the academy in the nearby hamlet of West Lebanon.

J. L. DAVISON.

Currituck Game.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Oct. 24.—Our opening day for ducks, geese and swans is Nov. 1, and unless all signs fail we shall have the finest shooting we have had for many years. Currituck Sound is literally filled with wild celery; the ducks and geese are here in countless thousands, and the swans always arrive about the first day, mostly all arriving in two or three days. Our quail crop is also a good one. For the benefit of any one wishing to come to Currituck and not knowing where to go, would advise for both quail and ducks to write to Mr. W. H. Bray, Currituck Court House, N. C.; for ducks, geese and swans, O. Ewell, Virginia Beach, Va., for his grounds are about twenty miles south of the Princess Anne Hotel. These are the only places in this section where sportsmen can be accommodated, unless they belong or are invited to some of the numerous clubs.

MORE ANON.

The Game Hung Up.

NEW. YORK, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So many of my friends have been interested in the photograph which I send herewith, it occurred to me that FOREST AND STREAM might like to reproduce it. It was taken at Norcross, Maine, the point on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, where sportsmen who visit Mount Katahdin by way of the west branch of the Penobscot begin their canoe trip.

I recently made the trip in company with Mr. Arnold R. Weber, of this city, and it far exceeded our expectations. There were numberless pretty views along the route, while the outlook from the summit of Katahdin was grand beyond description. We made our camp on the junction of Katahdin Stream with the West Branch and almost on the spot where Chase painted his famous picture of Katahdin. From there it is a tramp of five miles through the woods to the base of the mountain, and the ascent is about a mile more. We saw a number of deer, and on one occasion, while on our way up the West Branch, a big cow moose came out of the woods and waded across the river not more than 50yds. ahead of the leading canoe.

WALTER K. BARTON.

Connecticut Covers.

THE rail bird season that has just closed has been one of the best in a number of years, owing to the fact that the wild oats on which the birds feed were very plenty. It was a common thing for a man to bag from fifty to sixty in a tide, which means about two hours' shooting. This sport is growing more in favor every year, and has brought up the question among sportsmen in the State of limiting the number of birds to be shot by one man on a tide. This with the true sportsman would be unnecessary in my mind, but we have a class of men that come here to shoot these birds that only kill them for practice, and then throw them away, and as they are a very fine bird to eat, it seems too bad that they should be wasted in that manner. If the same men were put into a field of white birches after woodcock, I don't think there would be any need of putting a limit on the number they were to kill, for if there was not a meat market within a short distance of camp they would be very apt to go hungry a good many times.

The quail and partridge shooting has opened up very good, and now that the leaves are getting off the trees I expect to see some fine lots of birds.

B. A. R.

Long Island Ducks and Deer.

DUCKS, including red-heads, canvasbacks and others, are reported in big flights on the Great South Bay, Long Island. The best shooting is from Sayville east. We shall be glad to give specific directions to intending shooters.

As was said last week, Long Island deer shooting is practically entirely prevented this year by the posting of all the deer country against trespass by hunters, including the closing of the Long Island Railroad track shooting points.

Texas Wildfowl.

HIGH ISLAND, Texas, Oct. 20.—I have no doubt that some of your readers would be glad to know that at High Island the hunting season has commenced, with good sport on plenty of game of all kinds. Teal, mallards and chickens are in abundance; brant are coming in large quantities; snipe are making their appearance, and there is every prospect of a grand time for hunters.

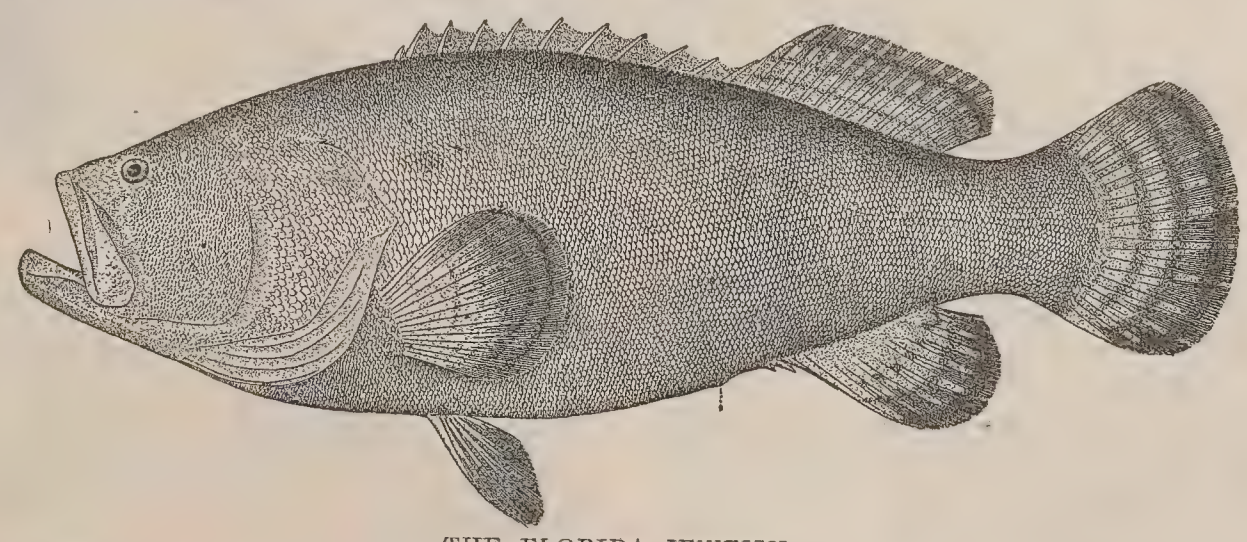
OLD SPORTSMAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Black Grouper or Jewfish.

NEW SMYRNA, Fla., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not generally known that the fish commonly called jewfish, warsaw and black grouper are frequently caught at the New Smyrna bridge on the North Indian River. The depth of water (23ft.), the velocity of the tide, and the protective facilities afforded by the numerous piles composing the foundation of the draw, together with the enormous numbers of sheepshead which frequent that locality and vicinity, and which appear to be among its choicest food, render this place its favorite feeding ground.



THE FLORIDA JEWFISH.

The beginning of the present season for sheepshead fishing demonstrated by the number of lines, sinkers and hooks lost that some unweildy denizen of the deep was entering a vigorous protest against relinquishing its share of the sheepshead supply. After exhausting his patience in renewing his fishing outfit, Capt. Alf. Sharp, of the sharpie Coronado, resolved to capture the voracious monster. Having a line specially prepared, baited with a live sheephead, after an entire day of patient waiting he hooked the fish, and while laboring to bring it to shore the line fouled round a spile covered with barnacles, cutting it, allowing the fish to escape, not, however, without revealing itself to be over 5ft. in length and heavy in proportion. Not to be discouraged, the next day found him patiently awaiting the convenience of the fish to take the bait provided, when late in the evening his perseverance was rewarded by a successful strike, and with the combined efforts of several men the fish was by main strength pulled to the surface of the water, thence over the railway of the bridge, thereby preventing the repetition of the experience of the day previous. On being weighed, it was

found to tip the beam at 110lbs., and was over 5ft. long and nearly 20in. in diameter.

During the past season a number of the same variety of fish were taken, one colored man coming with his wheelbarrow in regular anticipation of his catch.

The following, from the "Fisheries and Fishing Industries of the United States," published by the United States Fish Commission, relative to the above-mentioned fish, may be of interest:

"A very large jewfish will follow and finally swallow a hooked fish, usually a red snapper, with hooks, lead, line and all. If the line then does not break, the fish may be hauled in with gaffs. The jewfish attains an enormous size, and specimens weighing from 80 to 100lbs. have been caught. The smaller fish are quite choice, but large ones are too coarse and tough to be salable."

Nowhere on the East Coast of Florida are there better facilities for obtaining sport of a piscatorial nature than in the vicinity of New Smyrna. With suitable lines and reel the varieties of fish to be taken may be anticipated by the use of bait. Fiddlers or shrimp are commonly used for sheepshead, and cut bait or mullet for the majority of the other varieties of fish. Of the size of the strings taken in one day by one person, 125lbs. have been recorded. Sheepshead range from 1 to 7lbs. in weight. Other fish, consisting of choper, cavally, sea bass, trout, whiting and bluefish, are commonly caught by our winter visitors. Fishing parties in launches and sail boats from Daytona frequently visit these celebrated fishing grounds. Suitable accommodations for sojourning fishermen can be had in New Smyrna and near the fishing grounds at reasonable rates. The most desirable method for those who can afford the time and expense is to engage a boat with suitable cabin accommodations and cruise about the waters adjacent, breathing the pure salt atmosphere and enjoying nature free from the unhealthful and contaminating influences of city life.

JOHN Y. DETWILER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bayfield Hatchery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 29.—The State hatchery at Bayfield, Wis., has been largely improved this season, though the ponds will hardly all be finished within a couple of years. This is a well-equipped and valuable hatchery and will do grand work. About $40,000 has been spent there so far.

Bozeman Hatchery.

Out at Bozeman, Mont., Dr. Henshall is grinding out fish by the million. This fall he has been shipping fish to Melrose, Red Rock, Dillon, Lombard, Dorsey, Leadboro and many others points. Shipments to points on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads will be kept up late this fall. Some of Dr. Henshall's fish go to the waters of the Yellowstone Park.

Minnesota Fishways.

Minnesota Fish Commission is out after the dam owners at Fergus Falls. Deputy J. H. Jones has had an executive session with a good many of the mill owners, and they have agreed to put in fishways, with one exception. The city council of Fergus Falls, being haughty, as all city councils should be, refused to put in a fishway in the electric light power dam. Warden Jones has gone right ahead and asked for bids on a nice new fishway, which he will put in himself for the city council. He will then send the council a bill. I have shot chickens with this same Warden Jones, and he is a peach.

Saving Young Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 22.—Here is more good news about the young bass of the upper Mississippi. Lately I mentioned the work at La Crosse, by which so many young bass were being seined out of the drying pockets and restored to the main water. Details are at hand regarding work of the same sort at Winona, Minn., further up the same stream. The sportsmen of Winona, under the lead of Dr. R. C. Mason, raised the little sum of $40 for this work. Two men were engaged. In four days they seined out twenty-four pockets and restored in all 33,000 young bass to the river. Earlier in the season they worked ten days in the same manner and restored 40,000 bass. In all, 147,620 food fish have been saved. It would seem that the money invested in this work bore about the biggest interest that ever money did. The work is something which can be prosecuted with equal cheapness and a similar success in any one of a thousand localities in the West, and the tip should be a valuable one to all anglers.

Birch Bark and Big Trout.

Mr. Jo Cover, of Ashland, Wis., is a specialist in birch bark, having written a volume of poems called "Birch Bark Ballads." Referring to the mounting of a trout skin on birch bark, which I described recently in FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Cover goes on to say something about his own experience with big trout out in Colorado, where once upon a time he was a tenderfoot. He says:

"I can't help but reminisce as I strike the South Fork. I got out of the buckboard a mile this side of the fork, intending to fish along up to the fork, where the boys intended to camp. H. J. Caldwell, Esq., who was then secretary for Gov. Oglesby, now an attorney in Chicago, was one of the party. He diplomatically remained in the wagon. In making a cast (after I caught two or three trout of ordinary size), a big fellow showed his side as he made a snap at the hook. Whew! but I was sorry I missed him! I made another cast, and sure enough I got him. He was a big fellow. I should say about as long as my arm, and to my astonishment came out as easy as a sucker. I was so elated that I immediately struck for camp. As I came within sight of the tent I found the boys still driving tent pins, while another was arranging the fire. Striking an attitude and holding up my big trout, I said: 'Boys, how's this?' They went on driving stake pins and arranging the fire, while I held up my fish, and instead of the astonishment I had anticipated they apparently did not see the fish. Finally one of the boys remarked: 'Oh, Cover's got a fish.' Another said: 'Yes, didn't notice it before—hardly up to the average, though.' I said: 'Well, what is the matter with you fellows—don't ye know a big fish even when you see one?' The boys all laughed. 'Oh, go over there and see some big fish,'—they indicated a place under a tree. I went there and found, arranged neatly on a board, lying side by side, sixteen trout, and all but one or two bigger than mine."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Judge Hickey's Famous Shot.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Last March three Lockport men, County Judge Hickey, Sheriff Kenney and Editor M. H. Hoover, of the Lockport Union-Sun, went to Cayuga Lake duck hunting. They put up with the famous guide, Clint Martin, at his hospitable ranch, three miles down the Seneca River. The quartette were up with the dawn ready for ducks, and soon the live decoys were set in likely places in the marsh back from the river 300yds. The flight of birds was light, as compared with the previous fall, and very few were bagged. During the middle of the day none came their way at all, and the four hunters fell asleep. The judge and sheriff were in a boat 400yds. away from the guide and the newspaper man. Presently a shot was heard, and the party was all activity in a moment. The sheriff called: "Come over



here and see the prettiest set of triplets you ever laid eyes on; three pickerel that will weigh 40lbs."

We were duck hunting, and besides that sounded awful fishy, but he persisted in his iniquitous story, so the guide rowed over. Sure enough, there in the boat, nearly filling it, lay two enormous pickerel and a small one.

This is the veracious judge's story, as he told it on the spot, and a thousand times later, including his address to the jury of forty-seven at the Lockport market, where he exhibited the two pickerel shown in the accompanying photograph.

"I was awakened from a doze by hearing a ripple in the water, and arose to a sitting posture. The water stirred again near the boat, and thinking it was a muskrat, I elevated my gun and fired at the water when it stirred the third time. To my astonishment three fish came to the surface, and we hauled them into the boat, where they soon recovered from the shock and made things lively for us."

This was corroborated by the sheriff. Three pickerel at one shot. The female weighed over 17lbs., the male over 12lbs., and the little fellow 2½lbs. M. H. H.

More about the Montana Grayling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much pleased with Mr. L. V. Pirrson's article on the Montana grayling in your issue of Oct. 22. It is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. He criticises, very justly, my statement in FOREST AND STREAM of July 23, that the grayling of Montana "exists only in the three forks of the Missouri River." It was a slip of the pen, for in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 10, in an article written about the same time, I say: "The grayling of Montana exists not only in the tributaries of the Missouri River, above the falls, but principally in the three forks of that river," etc. I know of its being in several tributaries of the Missouri below the three forks, as mentioned by Mr. Pirrson, and in one that he does not notice, but where good grayling fishing may be found—Tenderfoot Creek, a tributary of Smith River. I agree with Mr. Pirrson as to the best flies for grayling fishing, and two black flies that he does not particularize, Lord Baltimore and the oriole, are both good ones.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

OCT. 28.

New York League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pursuant to call a meeting of the board of trustees of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League was held in the assembly room at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, Wednesday, Oct. 26. The board is composed of President W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; Vice-President, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Secretary, Ernest P. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay. The legislative and law committee, consisting of Cornelius W. Smith, Syracuse; Percy S. Lansdowne, Buffalo; C. B. Lapham, Canadaigua; George R. Peck, Auburn, and W. E. Wolcott, Utica; and the auditing committee, the members of which are Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; J. E. Emerson, Lockport; Thomas D. Lunt, Dunkirk. All of the trustees were present, excepting Messrs. Cornwall, Lansdowne, Emerson and Lunt.

The meeting was called for the consideration of the introductory and preliminary work of the annual meeting of the League, which will occur at the same place on Dec. 8. President Gavitt stated that the League had been duly incorporated, and that 500 copies of the constitution and by-laws had been printed. Chairman Smith, of the legislative and law committee, President Gavitt and others spoke of the good work which was done at Albany during the last session of the Legislature. The repeal of Section 249 of the game laws, which allowed the sale of game the entire year, was considered to be a great victory for the cause of protection. The amendments to the game laws, limiting the size of black bass to be taken to not less than 10in. in length, and making a uniform season for hunting grouse, woodcock and squirrels, were also deemed steps in the right direction. The trustees admitted to membership the Saratoga Sportsmen's Association and Canandaigua Fly-Fishing Club. It was thought best not to recommend many changes in the game laws next year, although a few are believed to be desirable. The trustees favored abolishing the spring shooting of wildfowl, and making the closed season from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; making the open season for black bass end Nov. 15, except on the St. Lawrence River; the repeal of Sections 149 and 151, and that Section 34 be amended so as to reduce the amount of the bounty on nets.

The subject of net fishing in Oneida Lake was discussed at some length, and resolutions were adopted expressing unqualified disapproval of the act of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners in granting licenses for the netting of fish in Oneida Lake or any other inland waters; requesting the immediate cancellation and withdrawal of all such licenses, and instructing the secretary to at once forward a copy of the resolutions to the commissioners.

C. H. Mowry, of Syracuse, was present at the meeting, and being extended the privileges of the floor, made some valuable suggestions in regard to protective matters.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 27.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Indiana Field Trials Club's trials, Bicknell, Ind. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 10-11.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's trials. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio State Field Trial Association's trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Nov. 28.—Amoret, Mo.—Missouri Field Trials Association's second annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club's Field Trials.

THIS enterprising club held its ninth annual field trials at Hillsdale, N. J., Oct. 24-29. The attendance was large, the headquarters at Mr. Schulke's excellent, the entry list was never approached in numbers and quality, and the grounds selected for the meet gave an excellent opportunity to view the work of the beagles. Everything indeed conspired to make the week a notable one in beagle history, except the rabbits. They were hard to find, and their scarcity marred what would otherwise have been a most successful trial.

The judges were Bradford S. Turpin and Chas. W. Quynn. They worked hard from Monday morning till Saturday night, in fair weather and foul. Their task was a difficult one, as the competition in all classes was very close. Their decisions appeared to be satisfactory.

Among the many sportsmen present at the trials were A. J. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn.; Dr. R. L. Bohannan, Stamford, Conn.; D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; J. H. Van Dorn, Jersey City, N. J.; G. M. Wharton, Islip, N. Y.; J. B. Lozier, Oradell, N. J.; J. W. Appleton, H.

F. Schellhass, New York, N. Y.; John Bateman, Gravesend Beach, N. Y.; J. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, N. Y.; Geo. B. Post, Bernardsville, N. J.; Staley Doub, Frederick, Md.; Homer S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y.; Joe Lewis, Moodus, Conn.; H. T. Peters, Islip, N. Y.; Dr. W. E. Johnson, Etna, Pa.; Jas. McAleer, Emsworth, Pa.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; N. A. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.

Monday.

The judges measured the hounds on Monday morning. All the entries were present except Brownwydd, Merry Boy, Beautiful and Nell S. After the measuring was completed the Futurity stake was started.

The Futurity.

There were but three starters in the stake. N. A. Baldwin's Rocket, by Bumper—Ada B., was drawn to run with Geo. A. Clark's Murry, by Bumper—Summer's Fly. The bye was drawn by Geo. F. Reed's Fancy, by Harker—Nell R.

First Series.

Rocket—Murry.—Put down at 10:48 in the outskirts of the village. Murry hunted a trifle better than Rocket, but scent was bad, and neither hound could drive, though two rabbits were put up. Up at 12 for lunch, and in the afternoon they were cast off again on the Stanton estate, three miles from the village. Murry showed a better nose than Rocket, and was a more energetic hunter. Up at 2:55.

Fancy—Murry.—The former was handicapped by her size, being much smaller than Murry. She ran a game race, but was inclined to be tonguey, and was not so quick in picking up a loss as her rival. Up at 4:30, having been down an hour and a half.

Second Series.

Rocket—Fancy.—The former ran indifferently, and the latter had the race much her own way. Up at 4:43, after a run of eight minutes.

First prize was awarded to Murry, second to Fancy and third to Rocket.

Two braces in Class A were then run, but they are reported below for convenience.

Annual Meeting.

President Post presided at the annual meeting. After routine business was completed the committee on revision of the beagle standard made its report, and it was ordered printed and sent to all members. It was voted to give three medals to the Westminster Kennel Club show. R. L. Stevens, H. B. Duryea and C. R. Stevenson were elected to membership. The election of officers for '99 resulted as follows: President, Geo. B. Post; First Vice-President, H. F. Schellhass; Second Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Third Vice-President, A. J. Purinton; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Mifflin Wharton; Executive Committee, J. L. Kernochan, John Bateman, Wm. G. Rockefeller; Official Judges, Geo. B. Post, Geo. F. Reed, H. F. Schellhass, J. L. Kernochan, J. W. Appleton, Bradford S. Turpin. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

There was a thick fog in the morning, but by 10 o'clock the sun came out, and the rest of the day was warm and pleasant.

The Pack Stakes.

This stake was open to packs of four beagles. The fee to start was $5, and the first prize was 60 per cent. and the second 30 per cent. of the entry fees. There were six starters.

The Reed Pack.—In this pack were Snifter R. D., Pride, Fancy and Reed's Belle of Barton. They were handled by their owner, Geo. F. Reed, and were cast off at 7:20 in a cornfield. They were under poor control and in a long hunt for game became widely separated. When a rabbit was at last started they failed to pack, only two of the hounds being in the drive. Up at 9:45.

Hempstead Beagles.—Bellman, Bashful, Rusty and Fearless made up the pack, which was handled by J. L. Kernochan. They hunted prettily, packed well and ran a good race. Down forty-five minutes.

The Peters Pack.—The hounds in the pack were Buckshot, Buckshot, Jr., Windholme's Growler and Windholme's Flute. C. R. Grover had them under good control. They hunted their ground well, but after the game was up they drove unsteadily, overrunning badly and casting too wide at a loss. Down forty-five minutes.

The Guyasuta Pack.—The pack was made up of Panic, Guyasuta, Winona and Little Hornet, and was hunted by James McAleer. They drove at a great pace, but overrun badly and did not pack up. Down twenty minutes.

The Summers Pack.—Summers' Sailor, Belle Summers, Minnie S. II., and Summers' Bess were in the pack, which was hunted by D. F. Summers. The hounds worked well, packed nicely and ran a sharp, snappy race. Drove one hour.

The Kreuder Pack.—The pack was composed of Pilot, June, Blanche and Kitty. H. L. Kreuder hunted them and had them under excellent control. They packed splendidly, drew their ground well, harked quickly and drove steadily. Down thirty-five minutes.

The judges gave first prize to the Kreuder pack, second to the Summers pack and reserve to Hempstead beagles.

All-Age Dogs, 15in. and Under.—This stake was open to all beagle dogs 15in. and under. The fee to start was $10, and the first prize was $40, second $25 and third $10. There were eleven entries, and the drawing resulted in running A. J. Purinton's Millard R., by Millard—Haida, with D. F. Summers' Summers' Jim, by Fearnaught—Luce; Windholme Kennels' Windholme's Growler, by Directum—Fanny, with Hempstead Beagles' Nimrod, by Noble—Countess II.; Somerset Kennels' Somerset, by Pulboro Crafty—Garnet, with J. B. Lozier's Cry Baby, by Racer, Jr.—Beastie; H. L. Kreuder's Roy K., by Rattler III.—Dora, with H. S. Joslin's Trick, by Clyde Lady—Novice; D. F. Summers' Summers' Sailor, by Sailor—Summers' Fly, with N. A. Baldwin's Rocket, by Bumper—Ada B.; Geo. F. Reed's Reed's Tom, by Harker—Scorcher, drew the bye.

First Series.

Millard R.—Summers' Jim.—This brace was handled by Geo. F. Reed and D. F. Summers, and was down forty-five minutes. Jim was timid and refused to leave his handler till the rabbit was up. Then he entered into the sport in a half-hearted way, Millard doing all the work.

Windholme's Growler—Nimrod.—Growler was hunted by C. R. Grover, and Nimrod by Geo. F. Reed. They were twice put down, and on the second occasion ran a long, fast race in thick cover. Only a little of the run could be seen, but both hounds worked well.

Somerset—Cry Baby.—The former was hunted by Geo. F. Reed and the latter by his owner. They were down an hour and twenty minutes, and two rabbits were put up. The first was lost after a short run in thick briers. The second led a long chase in timber, Baby having a trifle the better of the race.

Wednesday.

Hard rain fell almost all day. The trials were continued notwithstanding the storm, as there was no time to be wasted.

Somerset—Cry Baby.—This brace was cast off on the Lozier estate at 8.10. Rabbits were hard to find, but at last one was put up and led a good chase, much of it being viewed by the hunting party, who had sought refuge from the storm under a hay rick. Up at 8:45.

Roy K.—Trick.—The latter was handled by his owner and the former by A. E. Keen. Roy hunted indifferently, waiting for Trick to find. After the game was afoot Roy took more interest in the race, but the honors in both hunting and driving went to Trick. Down forty-five minutes.

Summers' Sailor—Rocket.—These hounds were in charge of their owners, and there was a long, tedious hunt before game was found. Then a cottontail was jumped that led a fast race in cover so thick that the judges could not keep in with the chase. Little of the work could be seen. Down half an hour.

Reed's Tom—Windholme's Growler.—This brace was hunted by Geo. F. Reed and C. R. Grover. For nearly two hours they were worked through a promising country, but without result.

This ended the day's work, and in the middle of the afternoon a thoroughly drenched and not very enthusiastic crowd of rabbit hunters returned to the club's headquarters.

Thursday.

A cool, clear morning was a welcome change from the disagreeable weather of yesterday. The scene of the day's hunt was West Ironsburg, just over the New York State line.

Reed's Tom—Windholme's Growler.—This brace was cast off at 7:40, to finish their undecided race of yesterday. Two rabbits were started, but both were lost after short drives. Growler ran riot and Tom appeared to be off in nose. Up at 8:45.

Second Series.

Trick—Rocket.—They were put down at 8:50, and ran a long, dashing race in cover and open. Trick was quicker in catching the turns than Rocket, though the latter was faster on a straightaway drive. In hunting Trick was far superior. Up at 10:40, while driving.

Summers' Sailor—Nimrod.—This brace was put down at 10:43 where the last brace was taken off. Nimrod caught a couple of turns and then the chase was abruptly ended by a sight chase, after which the game was lost. Then another cottontail was started in a thicket of locust trees, and here Nimrod had things much his own way, Sailor leading off at great speed after his mate had caught the turn. Up at 11:17.

Millard R.—Cry Baby.—This brace was put down at 11:17, and at lunch time nothing had been accomplished. After lunch they were again cast off and ran two races in thick cover on the Verdon farm. Their cry was musical, and the chase a good one. In driving the hounds were about equal, but in hunting Millard was the better. Up at 2:18.

Third Series.

Millard R.—Trick.—This fine couple ran a beautiful race in open fields, where every movement of both rabbit and beagles could be seen. Trick caught the majority of the turns and was a better hunter than Millard. Up at 2:45.

Cry Baby—Nimrod.—Down at 2:50, and drove at good speed to a culvert, where the game went to ground.

The judges then ran a formal heat between Millard R. and Nimrod, and announced the winners: First, Trick; second, Millard R.; third, Nimrod; reserve, Rocket.

All-Age Bitches, 15in. and Under.—This stake was open to all bitches 15in. and under. The first prize was $40, the second $25 and the third $10.

The drawing resulted in running Waldingfield Beagles' Dahlia, by Pulboro Crafty—Boundy, with D. F. Summers' Summers' Bess, by Hooker—Belle S.; Guyasuta Kennels' Winona, by Sailor—Lucy S., with Hempstead Beagles' Rusty; D. F. Summers' Minnie S. II., by Sailor—Minnie S., with Guyasuta Kennels' Maywood, by ch. Lee II.—Panic; H. L. Kreuder's Blanche, by Frank Forest—Ina, with Geo. F. Reed's Belle of Barton, by Col. Lee—Haida R.; H. L. Kreuder's June, by Lee II.—Panic, with John G. Reed's Splitter, by Wanderer—Triumph; Hempstead Beagles' Bashful, by Brawler—Languish, drew the bye.

First Series.

Dahlia—Summers' Bess.—Handled by Geo. F. Reed and D. F. Summers respectively, they were put down at 3:45. The race was a poor one. Dahlia was under no control and Bess was almost too timid to run in a field trial. Two rabbits were started and Dahlia had the best of what little run there was. Up at 4:30.

Blanche—Belle of Barton.—This couple was laid on at 4:45. The former was hunted by H. L. Kreuder, and the latter by Geo. F. Reed. At 5 o'clock they were taken up, no start having been made.

Friday.

It was a perfect autumn day, and rabbits were found in plenty during the morning's hunt. Scent was fairly good in the morning, but in the afternoon it was very bad. It was the most enjoyable day of the trials thus far. Class AA was finished and Class B begun.

Winona—Rusty.—This brace was put down at 6:40, in charge of Jas. McAleer and Geo. F. Reed. They hunted well and put up two rabbits, both of which were driven short distances and lost. Up at 7:27.

Minnie S. II.—Maywood.—This brace was cast off at 7:30. Minnie was hunted by D. F. Summers and Maywood by Jas. McAleer. Maywood was easily the better of the couple. She took the lead in a fine piece of trailing, and when the rabbit was up showed Minnie the way to a culvert where the cottontail had taken refuge. Up at 8:25.

Blanche—Belle of Barton.—Geo. F. Reed had Belle in charge, while Blanche, the heroine of many a hard fought race, was hunted by H. L. Kreuder. The first rabbit put up had been making his home under a farm house, and the race was a laughable one, when hounds, handlers and rabbit were all in the door yard together. The rabbit escaped with his life. A second rabbit was jumped in a weed field, and after a long and exciting race he was driven to earth. In this run Blanche had a little advantage over Belle. Both are fine, speedy hounds, and it was nip and tuck from jump to finish. Up at 9:18.

June—Splitter.—This lively pair was put down at 9:20. H. L. Kreuder and Geo. F. Reed were the handlers. They ran a fine race, Splitter catching most of the turns. June is very speedy, but she did not press for the lead, being content to follow Splitter. This was as fast a race as was seen during the week. Up at 9:50.

Bashful—Minnie S. II.—J. L. Kernochan hunted the former and D. F. Summers the latter. Neither hound was in form. Both ran heel and Minnie was very excitable and tonguey. Two rabbits were started, and one was lost after a short run, while the other was not driven at all. Up at 10:30.

Second Series.

Splitter—Maywood.—Handled as in the first series, they were put down at 10:40. Field after field that ought to have held rabbits was drawn blank, and a more tedious hunt for game never occurred at a field trial. Lunch time was a welcome relief, and then the party crowded into the barges and went to the Stanton estate. Here at last a rabbit was put up. The first burst was up a steep side hill, and bunny's heart was nearly broken when he reached the top. He narrowly escaped with his life, for the beagles cast within a few feet of him as he squatted in a grass field. The bad scenting saved him and he at last escaped. In this chase Splitter showed a level head and keen nose. Maywood was tonguey and not always true. Up at 2:00.

Blanche—Maywood.—Scent was very bad, and though two rabbits were started, neither could be driven far. Up at 3:05.

The judges then announced their decision: First prize to Splitter, second to Blanche, third to Maywood, and reserve to Belle of Barton.

Class B—All-Age Beagles, 13in. and Under.—This class was open to all beagles 13in. and under. The forfeit was $4, and $4 additional to start. The first prize was $35, second $20 and third $10.

The drawing resulted in running Geo. F. Reed's Snifter R. D., by Wanderer—Triumph, with Waldingfield Beagles' w., b. and t. dog Orator, by Pulboro Crafty—Cinderella; Guyasuta Kennels' w., b. and t. bitch Betty Zane, by Buckshot, Jr.—Minnie S., with Windholme Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Windholme's Flute, by Raffler—Rowetta; Hempstead Beagles' w., b. and t. bitch Fearless, by Tyrant—Frantic, with G. B. Kerr's w., b. and t. dog Staley, by Hooker—Belle Summers; Chas. P. Post's w., b. and t. dog Frankie P., by Frank Forest—Bady, with Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Fancy, by Harker—Nell R.; Wharton Beagles' w., b. and t. bitch Wharton's Bashful, by Bumper—Bessy, with Somerset Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch, Teckla, by Pulboro Crafty—Cinderella; Dr. R. L. Bohannan's b., w. and t. bitch Style, by Little Corporal—Cornforth's Gypsy Maid, drew the bye.

First Series.

Snifter R. D.—Orator.—G. F. Reed hunted Snifter and J. W. Appleton Orator. They were cast off at 3:22, and were so well matched that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. They were energetic hunters, and ran two short races without great advantage to either hound. Up at 4:20.

Betty Zane—Windholme's Flute.—The former was in charge of Jas. McAleer and the latter of H. T. Peters. Neither beagle was under control, and at 5:00 they were ordered up, nothing having been accomplished.

The field trial committee held a meeting in the evening, and it was voted to call the Derby off.

Saturday.

The last day of the trials was cloudy and chilly. A heavy mist fell in the morning, but ceased in the afternoon.

Fearless—Staley.—This fine brace was put down at 6:45. Fearless was handled by Jas. L. Kernochan and Staley by D. F. Summers. The first rabbit put up was a small one and furnished no sport. The second one led a splendid chase that tried the running powers of the judges and handlers to the utmost. The race was a very close one, now one and then the other catching the turns, but Staley appeared to have a little advantage over Fearless. Up at 7:24.

Betty Zane—Windholme's Flute.—This wild brace was put down at 7:26, handled by Dr. Johnson and C. R. Grover. It was exceedingly difficult to keep track of either beagle, as they refused to obey their handlers at all. Finally at 9:05 they were ordered up, Flute having disappeared. She was later found at the kennels.

Frankie P.—Fancy.—The former is one of the smallest beagles that ever ran at a field trial. He was hunted by C. P. Post and Fancy by Geo. F. Reed. After a long, discouraging hunt for game, a rabbit was found, but

almost before the chase had begun the party were warned off for trespassing. Down at 9:20 and up at 10:20.

Wharton's Bashful—Teckla.—This brace was down at 10:30, and was worked by J. M. Wharton and D. F. Summers. The first rabbit put up was quickly driven to earth. The second ran well and made a good chase. Teckla proved herself more level headed and also faster than Bashful. Bashful is very small, but ran a game race.

Style.—The bye was handled by Dr. Bohannan, and Betty Zane ran with her. Betty was steadier, and with a better nose than her mate. Down at 11:10 and up at 11:42.

Second Series.

Fearless—Betty Zane.—They were cast off at 12:35 and a rabbit was found at once. Fearless led the chase, catching the losses quickly. Up at 12:50.

Staley—Snifter R. D.—Put down at 12:55. At first the advantage in the chase lay with Snifter, but later Staley did some cold trailing that won the race for him. Up at 1:30.

Orator—Frankie P.—This brace was ordered down at 1:34. Orator was too fast for Frankie, but the little fellow kept close at his heels, and now and then caught a turn. Up at 2:15.

Third Series.

Fearless—Orator.—This brace ran a dashing race, in which Orator had the advantage in nose and speed. Down fifteen minutes.

Orator—Staley.—The couple was cast off at 2:48, and the last race of the trials proved to be one of the best. A check just in time was all that saved the rabbit's life. The beagles ran at a great pace, and there was little difference in their merits. Up at 3:42, and the trials were over.

The judges gave first prize to Staley, second to Orator, third to Fearless, and reserve to Snifter R. D.

J. A. B.

Central Beagle Trials.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the nominations to the field trials of the Central Beagle Club. Classes A, B, C and D closed Oct. 20. The other classes were closed at the drawing.

Class A, for dogs and bitches 13 to 15in., whelped on or before Jan. 1, 1897: Fannie (Base—Dell), Nell S. (Darter—Sparkle), Pilot II. (ch. Pilot—Bell C.), Dandy (Bumper—Blossom H.), Guyasuta (Sailor—Gipsy Weller), Tomer Spry (Base—Rena), Roxy B. (Base—Midge).

Class B, for dogs and bitches 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897: Harker's Rose (Harker—Rose Weller), Staley (Harker—Bell Summer), Betty Jane (Buckshot, Jr.—Minnie S.), Tansy (Bumper—Blossom H.), Boliver (Sailor—ch. Snow).

Class C, for dogs and bitches, all ages, 13 to 15in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class in field trials: Nellie S. (Darter—Sparkle), Pilot II. (ch. Pilot—Belle C.), Bugle II. (Sandy—Phyllis), Birdie S. (Spotty—Judy W.), Maywood (ch. Lee II.—Panic), Dorsey's Woodman (Chimer—Bell of Woodward II.), Winona (Sailor—Lucy S.).

Class D, for dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class in any field trials: Trump (Merrell—Ida), Smith Perry (John Bull—Lady Glenwood), Staley (Hucker—Bell Summers), Betty Jane (Buckshot, Jr.—Minnie S.), Doc Blue Cap (Doctor—Blue Maid), Madge H. (Streamer—Blossom H.), Bell of Franklin (John Bull—Belle), Lady Rose (Peterson's Jesse—Rose), Little Prince.

Continental Field Trial Club.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Oct. 25.—I inclose list of entries for our All-Age Stake. There are 17 setters and 13 pointers. The trainers are located as follows: Wm. Tallman, Greensboro; C. E. Buckle, Sherrells Ford; Geo. E. Gray, Newton; D. E. Rose, Cleveland; W. H. Hammond, Concord; Victor Humphreys, Houstonville; Chas. Tucker, High Point, all in North Carolina.

I have seen a great many young birds and very few old ones. The cover is rank.

All-Age Stake.

POINTERS.

Dr. J. S. Brown's b. and w. dog Ned B. (Rap—Lady).

Dr. J. S. Brown's l. and w. dog Will B. (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).

D. E. Rose's (agt.) o. and w. dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin— ——).

D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. dog Chisolm (Von Gull—Croxie).

George N. Clemson's l. and w. bitch Highland View Revel (Ridgeview Cash—Blithesome).

George N. Clemson's l. and w. bitch Highland Riot (Ridgeview Cash—Blithesome).

W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. bitch Fairview Meg (Prince Regent—Spinett).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah).

Wm. H. Hammond's (agt.) l. and w. bitch Forest Belle (Rap's Rip—Lafford's Pearl).

J. B. Bisbee's b. and w. ticked dog Ripstone (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot)..

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick Boy (Tick Boy—Jilt).

G. E. Gray's (agt) l. and w. dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

Tyro Kennels' l. and w. dog St. Clair (Rob—Ripse).

SETTERS.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Wise Child (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. dog Joe Cummings (Antonio—Piccaola).

Charles Sheldon's b., w. and t. Turnavo (Antonio—Laska).

Herbert Parson's b., w. and t. bitch Larissa (Antonio—Laska).

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. dog Sport McAlister (Tony Boy—Blue).

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez).

Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray).

W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. bitch Fairview Bell (Edgemark—Bell).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft).

J. B. Bisbee's b. and w. dog Paul (Paul Gladstone—Sing).

Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.).

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

Victor Humphrey's o. and w. dog Cotton Grove Dick (Dick—Donna).

S. W. Carey's b. and w. ticked bitch Shot's Kate (Albert's Shot—Sal English).

Edwards & Devereux's b., w. and t. dog Uncle B. (Harwick—Dan's Lady).

Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady).

Leon Ernest Seay's l. and w. setter dog Dick (Dick Noble—Donna).

W. B. MEARES.

Dogs for the Klondike.

MONTREAL, Oct. 26.—A schooner load of Labrador and Eskimo dogs for the Dominion Government has arrived at Quebec, and will be shipped in a day or two by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the Pacific Coast, whence they will be taken to the Klondike. There they are to be employed in the winter carriage of mails. They are all well-trained animals, weighing each from 80 to 100lbs. and valued at $20 to $40 apiece. They were collected at many points on the North Shore of the Gulf, and number 140 in all. They are quite easily managed by those used to them, but ferocious when aroused. One team of six dogs which is included in the lot set upon its late owner, a trader of the Coast, and killed him. They are being fitted out with harness and commetiques, or Eskimo sledges, which they often draw over the snow for fifty or sixty miles a day. Sometimes three, sometimes five pairs of dogs are attached to the commetique, besides the guide.—New York Evening Post.

American Fox Terrier Club Stakes.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 24.—As the Metropolitan Kennel Club, of Brooklyn, will not hold a show this year, the stakes that were to have been judged there—namely, Home-bred Puppy Stakes and second division 12th Grand Produce Stakes—will be judged at the show of the American Pet Dog Club in New York, where also the following specials "open to members and American-bred fox terriers only" will be offered: $2.50 each for best fox terrier in open class, smooth; best wire; best dog in novice class, smooth; best bitch in novice class, smooth; best dog in novice class, wire; best bitch in novice class, wire.

AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB.

Canoeing.

THE annual reports of the secretary-treasurer, the board of governors and the pursers of the American Canoe Association are most gratifying, as showing good financial management and a prosperous condition of the finances. The business of the year has been well managed, in that the executive has not only kept its expenditures within the assigned limit, but it did not call for the advance credited to it, and it paid its proportion of the receipts to the board of governors early in the season. The reserve fund in the hands of the board of governors, in spite of the deficits of several years, is now over one thousand dollars, and what is of much more importance than the exact amount of cash, it is doing what was expected of it in regulating the general expenditures of the Association. The general business has been carried on with a profit, $110 being turned over to the reserve after all expenses were paid. The four divisions are all in good financial condition, the wild extravagances that we have commented on in the past have disappeared; each division is fully solvent, and carries over a balance of from one to four hundred dollars. It is quite evident that the Association can be run properly within its income; and it is to be hoped that there will be no more large deficits for the incoming officers to shoulder. While there is no immediate need for the accumulation of a large surplus, it must be evident that a sum of several thousand dollars, such as may be realized in a few years, is something well worth having in case the necessity or opportunity for a permanent camp site is realized.

THE least satisfactory feature of the reports is the membership, which is not increasing as it should; though there is no indication of any decrease, the Association about holds its own from year to year. While this is to be regretted, it is not perhaps surprising when we take into account the growing competition of other sports, such as golf and bicycling, and the many attractive types of small yachts that now tempt the sailing men from the canoe proper, or even the canoe-yawl. The condition of the Association is after all but that of the canoe clubs, which constitute the bulk of its membership. The clubs are well housed, out of debt, and with full membership rolls, but they are taking in very few young men and novices, and there is a serious dearth of the spirit of active canoeing on the part of those who still retain their membership. This state of affairs goes to prove that the trouble lies not with the Association, but with general conditions affecting the whole sport of canoeing What the remedy may be it is impossible to say; a lengthy discussion at the meeting failed to disclose any feasible plan for arousing a new interest in canoeing or in the Association.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

THE trend of opinion at the present time is to all appearances, and we note it with pleasure, away from the racing machine in the small classes and toward safer, abler and more useful craft. The scow type, in vogue for the past three years even in the one-design classes, has probably had its day; and there are evidences that it will speedily give way to yachts of the true knockabout type, in which the first requirement is the carrying of a material weight of ballast. The Long Island Sound Y. R. A. will, in all probability, take active steps for the immediate establishment of three knockabout classes of 25ft., 21ft. and 18ft. l.w.l.; there being an evident demand for such yachts about New York. One of the Sound clubs is now at work on a one-design class of 18ft. l.w.l. in which the first requirement is the carrying of half a ton or so of metal ballast. The 21ft. knockabout has evidently come to stay in Long Island Sound, and there is quite as plainly a place for a larger and a smaller size. The subject of restricting these boats has been handled successfully in Boston by the Knockabout Association, and the two larger classes, 25ft. and 21ft., are now under restrictions which have worked very well in practice. These same restrictions are equally applicable to Long Island Sound, but in adopting them, and also extending them to cover a smaller class, the best plan will be for the two associations, the Boston Knockabout and the Sound Y. R. A., to unite in a thorough revision of the rules, correcting some minor details that are possibly capable of improvement; deciding the best limitations for an 18ft. class, and establishing a complete and permanent standard of restrictions. While the present limitations are based on actual practice and are in the main satisfactory, the whole subject of the knockabout type is better understood to-day than it was a couple of years ago; the field for these useful boats has far outgrown the original limits of Massachusetts Bay, and it ought to be possible now to frame restrictions which will be suitable for the Sound, the Great Lakes and other waters, and which will be generally adopted on their intrinsic merits.

The proposed class of 18ft. l.w.l. is an excellent one, giving an ideal single-hander, for one or two, and also a boat for racing in a restricted class.

What is even more important than the growth of the regular knockabout classes as an indication of a healthy change of yachting opinion is the proposal now under consideration by the race committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for the transferal of the cup contests to a restricted class, carrying a fixed amount of ballast, and with a rigid limitation of scantling. While it is not yet certain that such a class will be adopted, it is perfectly plain that the racing cannot continue on such a basis as now exists. Apart from the question of type involved in Dominion, the extreme of flimsy construction reached in the Crane boats necessitated a radical revision of the conditions of the races.

ONE discouraging phase of the measurement question is that all such legislation is of necessity negative in a way; no association or club is in a position to say to its members, "You must build yachts." The most that can be said is, "If you build a yacht, she must comply with such and such conditions." At the present time there is very little prospect of the thorough and satisfactory trial of any rule of measurement, good or bad. Such a trial can only be had through the designing, building and continued racing of at least half a dozen yachts in the same class. The performances of old boats, together or with one or two new ones, are useless as demonstrating the possibilities of a new rule of measurement, and only by actual designing under the rule can its ultimate results be developed. The linear rating rule just adopted by the North American Y. R. U. is in our opinion very far from perfect; but, even if it were very much better than it is, there is little chance as matters go that it will be fairly tested in the next season or two. There is no general desire on the part of yachtsmen to build racing yachts in any of the larger classes; even the 51ft., which thus far boasts but two or three boats. Whatever prospect existed of a revival in some one of the larger schooner or cutter classes next year has been dispelled by the arrangement of a match for the America's Cup with but one new yacht in the 90ft. class. As was proved in 1895, an international race of this kind between two big syndicate yachts, monopolizing the attention of the public and the press, tends to kill the regular class racing throughout the season, and we do not look for a specially brilliant year, except in the 90ft. class itself and in the smaller yachts of the Sound and Boston, the knockabouts, 30-footers, etc.

Now that a rule has been adopted, it is very important that it shall be put to some practical test, either to demonstrate at once that it is worthy of the confidence of yachtsmen to the extent of investing their money in building large yachts under it; or to develop its weak points so that improvement may be made on some definite basis. Under the circumstances it is very desirable that the new rule shall be thus tested by immediate building and constant racing during the season of 1899. If the matter be left to chance, nothing will be done, very few yachts will be built, and these will be distributed over several classes, with not enough in any one to make conclusive racing. There is one way, and so far as we can see, only one, in which the desired result can be reached. This is through the systematic fostering of some one class by the different associations and clubs interested in the new rule. The matter should be taken up at once and some one of the new classes selected; and permanent arrangements should be made for the racing of the class next season. The Sound Y. R. A., for instance, is now in a position to deal with the matter so far as New York yachting is concerned by selecting a class, arranging a series of dates covering the entire

racing season, and asking the aid of its component clubs in holding these races regularly, without default, and guaranteeing suitable prizes. With such aid from the clubs, it should be possible to secure a certain number of yachtsmen who, with races and prizes thus assured, would be willing to build at once for the class. Each would be at liberty to select his favorite type under the rule, which permits in theory at least the fin-keel, keel, moderate and shoal centerboard types; and the ingenuity of a number of designers would be called into play to test the rule to its utmost. In order to maintain the interest in the racing through the season, good series prizes might be offered in addition to the regular class prizes for each event; if the class filled to a fair number there would be no difficulty in securing one or two really valuable cups, such as have of late years been offered in vain for the racing schooners, for series trophies to be awarded permanently to the yachts making first and second averages in the class.

One special feature which we believe would attract entries to the class is the offering of cash prizes, and of value in proportion to the importance of the class. With a guarantee of a series of races for cash prizes of say $50 for first, $30 for second if four start, and $15 for third if six start, there would be a substantial inducement for building to the class, not merely on account of the cash returns, but because all the conditions would be favorable to spirited and continued racing. While these prizes might tax some of the smaller clubs, it is certain that the money would be well spent, both for the club and for yachting, and that there would be something to show for it in the record of the class at the end of the season; whereas much of the money now given is wasted on a handful of yachts distributed over a number of classes, and racing which is poor in itself and devoid of technical results.

The best possible class for such a purpose is, almost as a matter of course, the smallest that is generally practicable, the 36ft. linear rating. This gives a yacht of about 30ft. l.w.l., fully capable of making the Sound circuit, and carrying her owner and usual crew, giving fair accommodation in the keel and deep centerboard classes, and a cabin of some sort even in the more extreme of the fin-keels. In this class a man can still build a good serviceable yacht at a moderate cost; it is pretty certain that, whatever type may prove the most successful and the best suited to the rule, a yacht of good design well kept up, and skillfully and persistently raced through the season, will be able to show a goodly number of winning prizes, and quite an amount of cash to boot; while she will still have a reasonable sale value in the class. If it were possible to select and thus build up the 51ft. class, it would be an excellent thing for that part of yachting, the racing of the medium and larger classes, which is now dead. All things considered, however, a much larger number of yachts and a greater range of types may be had in the smaller classes, and we believe that the 36ft. would be better than the 51ft., or even the 42ft., being within the reach of a larger number of those men who are now actively interested in yacht racing.

This class is so nearly identical with the 37ft. class of the Great Lakes, allowing for the inclusion of topsail in the measured sail area of the latter, that the two might be brought completely into accord. This class is perhaps the best adapted of any for the needs of the lakes; it is rather small, but still even the 32-footers go from lake to lake for the races, and are perfectly seaworthy; and the next larger class, the 42ft., is too expensive for the average owner.

With the Canada cup again in competition in the 37ft. class, and the same class established on a permanent and practical basis on the Sound, the Y. R. U. would by next fall be in the possession of an ample amount of the most valuable evidence as to the possibilities of the new rule. Under such conditions the rule would be tested as it has not yet been in Great Britain; it should be possible to create a fleet of ten yachts at least on Long Island Sound, and to sail twenty races during the season; and to the new yachts might be added several existing ones fitted to the class.

This is a thing which will not take care of itself. If the rule is to be tested at all, it must be through the intelligent and persistent efforts of the larger clubs and associations. The latter have assumed of late many serious responsibilities, the majority of which they are discharging in a faithful manner. The greatest of all, however, is that of the amendment of the measurement rule, and it rests with them to continue the work to a point where they will have justified their action by a positive test.

The Measurement Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial defense of the report of the Seawanhaka committee on measurements in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 11 was devoted chiefly to three points: viz., a comparison of the merits of the two types of rules; a justification of the committee's proposed formula, and answers to sundry criticisms. The only argument advanced in favor of the formula type of rule with variable factors is the alleged fact that the consensus of opinion throughout the yachting world is overwhelmingly in favor of this type, which has been used from the earliest days of yacht racing and is in universal use to-day. The rapid growth of restricted classes seems to show that this is not true; but if it were, the answer is that all popular superstitions and errors can be justified, and all reforms resisted, by this argument. Everything said on this point could have been said with equal force concerning all the formulas that have been tried and have failed. The value of a general consensus of opinion depends upon the circumstances. Sometimes it is practically conclusive; sometimes it is worthless. The authority of a general agreement of opinion about a matter that can be tested by the canons of logic, or concerning a proposition that has been verified by long and unvarying experience, is very great. Consensus of opinion in favor of a theorem that cannot be proved by logic, and that has been repeatedly put to the test of practice, and has usually failed, may be worthless. If there be any general agreement of opinion in favor of the old formula type of measurement rules, it belongs to the last mentioned class and is of moderate value.

We understand the FOREST AND STREAM to admit that this type of rule is purely empirical, and that it has usually failed. The truth is that in the proposed formula, $\frac{L.}{2} + \sqrt{\frac{S}{2}} + B. + D. - 3\frac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.}$, the relative values assigned to beam, draft, sail, length and midship section as speed factors (viz., 1ft. of beam = 1ft. of draft = 2ft. of l.w.l. = 2 units of $\sqrt{S. A.}$) have no existence in fact. The quantitive relation of these factors to speed is not known and cannot be stated even approximately. There is then no scientific basis for their use in this manner, and no presumption in favor of the formula. Its value can be determined by trial only. But it can be tried only on existing yachts; and therefore its value for measuring the speed of yachts to be built hereafter cannot be tested. This can only be inferred from an expectation that the new yachts will be like the old ones; and there is no warrant for such expectation.

Such is the slender foundation upon which the FOREST AND STREAM bases the opinion that an empirical rule of this kind is so much better for measuring the speed of yachts than any scientific rule that can now be made as to render further discussion of this point unnecessary. So far as is known to the writer, this is the first time that any advocate of the old type of rule has admitted that it has no scientific basis; and when yachtsmen generally understand this fact, it will likely have to give way to something better.

The fundamental objections to the new formula, which have not been answered, and the reasons why a rule with absolute restrictions and a rational classification would work better, may be briefly stated as follows:

1. There is no good reason for saying that two yachts should race on even terms because they have the same R. M. under the formula, $\frac{L}{2} + \sqrt{\frac{S.}{2}} + B. + D. - 3\frac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.}$ It is rational to say that two yachts having the same sail area should race on even terms, because they have the same motive power.

2. There is no probability of foreseeing with reasonable certainty what kind of yachts the foregoing formula will produce. The main purpose in amending the rule being the production of wholesome boats, this objection to the new formula is fatal.

With absolute restrictions calling for the minimum amount of M. S. deemed essential by the committee, there would be absolute certainty in getting it.

3. Under the proposed formula the designer is encouraged to produce undesirable boats with less than the requisite M. S. if he can discover a way of cutting down L., S., B. or D. without too much sacrifice of speed. With absolute restrictions there would be much less, if any, possibility of "beating the rule." Consequently designers would devote themselves entirely to the discovery of lines of least resistance consistent with comfort and safety, and thus advance the science and art of naval architecture. The Canadian, double-hull defender of the Seawanhaka cup is an excellent illustration of the effect of the old type of rule on naval architecture.

In answer to the argument that the old type is discredited by its repeated failures it is said that those failures were not due to intrinsic defects of the type, but to specific defects of individual rules. This is fair argument, if true; but its truth is difficult to establish; and the burden of proof is on those who assert it. If there are strong presumptions in favor of a type of rule, a reasonable amount of failure may be explained in this way; but if the failures are constant after repeated amendments of the rules, it raises a presumption against the type. When a type of rule has no presumptions in its favor, repeated failure is sufficient to condemn it in favor of something that rests upon sound theory. If there are *a priori* reasons why a type of rule should not work well in practice, as in the present case, allegations that its failures are due to errors of details will be received with great incredulity.

The only argument advanced against the new type of rule is that it has succeeded because of the defects of the old rules and not through intrinsic merits; and that its success is not unqualified.

In this case the FOREST AND STREAM urges a partial want of success in the case of the Boston knockabouts as an objection to this type of rule; but it does not consider that the repeated failures of the old type are significant. The distinction in the two cases is obvious. In the one case the method of controlling design is unscientific, as has been shown, and it is likely to fail. In the other it is a rational scheme, and is likely to succeed. Errors of judgment may be expected under both systems; but a given amount of wisdom and skill is sure to attain the best results with a rule that has a scientific basis.

In justification of the formula proposed by the committee it is said: First, that fifteen years' test of the Seawanhaka formula shows that the values of L. and S. "are as nearly correct as they can well be"; and, second, that the only defect in that formula has been remedied by the addition of the factors $B. + D. - 3\frac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.}$, the arrangement of which is especially scientific and accurate. It is not clear what is meant by the first statement; and this point should be further elucidated. It has been hereinbefore maintained that there are no quantitive relations between S. and L. with reference to speed that can be stated in simple ratios. If this be true the relative values of these factors in the Seawanhaka formula cannot be correct. There is no reason why the whole of S. should not be taxed if any of it is; nor why L. should be taxed at all.

It cannot be meant that these values worked well in practice, for it is admitted that the rule is a failure. Furthermore, if S. and L. are properly taxed under the Seawanhaka formula, they are improperly taxed under the new formula, for the rate of taxation has been changed.

The scientific character of the amendment,

$$B. + D. - 3\tfrac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.},$$

is not obvious. It is based upon the theorem that speed is due to the free use of the lever by which stability is obtained, and therefore this lever is as justly an object for taxation as the other elements of speed. The truth is this lever is no more an element of speed than the main rigging. Both of them enable the yacht to carry her sail, which is the proximate cause of speed.

Apparently the committee has not apprehended the logical effect of the amendment. In the report it says: "It appears extremely doubtful if any rule which includes beam as a separate and distinct factor would meet with acceptance, and it appears to be nothing less than a truism that to assign to either of these (beam and draft) distinct and separate value or values relatively each to the other, is in the absence of more accurate knowledge wholly unwarranted."

It is obvious that in the formula, $\frac{L.}{2} + \frac{S.}{2} + B. + D. - 3\frac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.}$ beam is as separate and distinct a factor as L. or S. or D., and that relative values have been assigned to all of them.

The third division, in which the FOREST AND STREAM answers sundry criticisms, demands a few words. In saying that yachtsmen were asked to accept the new formula on faith, the perfect candor and patriotism of the committee were not questioned. It was only intended to make the point that the merit of the new formula cannot be demonstrated by reasoning, and that it cannot be tested except by building. The plan of controlling form by direct restrictions on the principal dimensions is characterized as being practically a plan for the establishment of a series of standard designs, one for each class, to which yachtsmen shall be compelled to build, all other types being barred.

It is undoubtedly fair to push an opponent's views to their logical conclusions; but the foregoing is not even an approximation to the writer's position, which is briefly this: That there seems to be a general demand for a rule that shall induce the building of safe and commodious yachts in the racing classes; that there is no other way to bring about this result so efficacious as to state in plain terms the least that will be deemed safe and commodious, and to make this a minimum requirement. It may be as little as the carrying of a life buoy on deck, or so comprehensive as to cover every element of size, form and construction. In order that these so-called wholesome boats race on fair terms, they should be classified by sail area, all yachts in each class sailing on even terms. Under any form of rule, racers that are faster must be handicapped in some way so as to enable the wholesome boats to get the prizes, otherwise yachtsmen will continue to build prize winners of undesirable form. Such handicaps practically bar these boats; and they may as well be barred at the outset in so many words. In short, the writer has not advocated "one-design" boats; but a new method of measuring the speed of yachts, and of controlling their form within any desired limits, wide or narrow.

The position of the FOREST AND STREAM on the question of freedom of the designer is left uncertain. In the issue of July 2 it said: "No rule can be framed that will not put at a premium some one class of yacht, the racing machine, the all-round fast cruiser, or possibly even the slow cruiser. It has so happened in the past that every rule tested on an extensive scale has in time resulted in the production of an extreme racing type." * * * "This inevitable tendency of every rule has been fully recognized of late years by the various experts and committees called upon to suggest new formulas." It now apparently modifies that opinion, though it still holds that the designer must not be allowed to put fin-keels in a class of full-bodied, wholesome boats. It admits the charge that heretofore designers have been free to make a single type of racing machines, and nothing else, and attributes this to defects in the rule, which it says are now remedied, so that hereafter designers will be free to design good boats.

The freedom of the designer to design good boats will depend entirely upon the speed of these boats as measured by the rule. If it turns out that the formula sufficiently handicaps all other kinds to enable the good boats to win on allowance, then the designer will be obliged to make good boats. He must design winning yachts or lose his patrons. How many kinds of winning yachts can there be under one rule? At most two—centerboards and keels—and it is doubtful if in any class these two can be equal in speed. In the small classes the centerboards seem faster; and keels apparently do better in the large classes. The extent of the designer's possible choice is between these two types. He has no liberty to make boats absolutely fast or safe or comfortable; but he is bound to turn out the boat that can win under the rule, either by speed or allowance, it matters not which. He must decide at his peril (or rather at the peril of his patron's purse) which is worth more, under this complicated formula, absolute speed or the allowance that can be obtained for a small midship section, a short waterline or a small sail plan—a problem of uncommon intricacy and difficulty. All his ingenuity and skill must be expended in getting a result worthless to naval architecture and the evolution of the yacht. If the net product of the rule should happen to be a wholesome boat (which can only be determined by several years of building and racing under it), it will bar all other types from racing, and they would better be barred at the outset, and save an immense amount of money.

The probability of predicting the kind of boat that will be produced by the formula,

$$R. M. = \frac{L.}{2} + \frac{S.}{2} + B. + D. - 3\tfrac{1}{3}\sqrt{M. S.},$$

is precisely the probability that the committee could, at the first trial, design the fastest possible boat under the rule in every case, and that every boat would turn out to be a wholesome yacht.

SEXTANT.

Painting a Yacht.

IN answer to the inquiry as to painting a yacht, a correspondent in Port Clinton, Ohio, advises white lead mixed with turpentine to a good consistency. This gives a dead white, free from the gloss and yellow tint of oil; it is light, and a little comes off with each scrubbing, leaving a clean surface. Three coats will stand a season's scrubbing, and will show white when the time comes for laying up.

The Wreck of the Mohegan.

APART from the vague and sensational stories cabled immediately after the wreck of the steamer Mohegan, very little has appeared in the papers on this side, and the details of the mishap are still unknown. The following is from the last issue of the Yachtsman, of Oct. 20, reprinted from the Western Morning News, of Plymouth; an interview with Mr. John Hyslop:

"I had been reading in my room on the promenade deck, and had got pretty well through Kingsley's Westward Ho! when the dinner bell rang at half-past six on Friday evening (the 14th inst.). We had only just got seated at dinner, and there was about time for the soup and fish to be served, when I felt the vessel strike. A Mr. Lockwood, an elderly gentleman, who, I believe, is amongst the dead, sat opposite me, and said 'What is that?' I replied, 'She has struck.' What she had struck was another matter. It seemed to me to be a rock, but it was impossible to conceive that in broad daylight the ship could have been navigated in such a way as to make it possible that she had struck rocks. I therefore supposed, as the most reasonable thing, that she had struck a submerged wreck of a solid nature. Immediately I went on deck, and I soon made up my mind that the ship was lost.

"Mr. Lockwood asked, 'What can I do?' I replied, 'We must simply do the best we can,' meaning to indicate that it was impossible to say what could be done. I went out on the port side of the ship. It was not quite dark, and I could see land close by, and wondered if it was possible a ship could have got so near. No one can understand it. There she was within a mile and a quarter off the land. The men were trying to clear the boats on the port side. The vessel had then listed to the starboard, and when they got the lashing clear it was difficult to get the boats outward. There was also a very unfortunate arrangement on the vessel. I noticed, when I first went on board, the upper deck was not nearly so clear as the Victoria, in which I came across to England. There was a rail inside the boats, as well as outside, and I have not seen this elsewhere. The men were hampered very much indeed by the presence of this inner rail in getting the boats out. The vessel being listed to starboard, they would get the boats partly out and then they would swing in again. In one case the stay which is intended to keep the davits swung out in proper position had parted. Then, too, the men were working in the dark. Some one asked for a knife, and I lent mine. Seeing the chance of launching the boats on that side was poor, I went on the starboard side. By that time she had listed the other way, and these people were equally hampered.

Then I saw the case was very bad. The ship began to settle down. Her stern had been away in the air, and none of us knew how deep she would sink. We did not know whether there was forty or a hundred feet under the stern; but it then occurred to me that the best thing was to hang the boats clear. The sailors were hesitating to cut the lashings, and I shouted, "Cut them adrift." I knew if the boats were got clear before the vessel sunk the men would not probably get more boats afloat than the women would fill.

"I thought I would take my chance in the mizzen rigging. As I was putting my resolve into execution the stern settled so that the water overtook me. It went over my head and washed my cap off. I struggled up through the water, holding on to the rigging. I knew if the sea washed me free I might be entangled and be submerged, so I scrambled up. Eventually I got altogether out of the water and I remained on the rigging. Presently the assistant stewardess and a quartermaster got below me, but as high up as possible. Sometimes I would be standing on one foot, and scarcely room for that. There was a young man close to me, between myself and the back stay.

"Having given away my knife, I was unable to cut away a buoy within my reach, but I managed to wrench it away. Then there were strappings which I could not part, and which prevented my getting into the buoy. The shoulder straps were tied so that I could not use them. Lifelines outside the buoy, which got over my shoulders, would not hold. When I was completely worn out with carrying this weight and holding on to the rigging with one hand, I asked for a knife. Some one produced a knife and cut the buoy adrift. Then I felt better.

"The vessel must have struck about a quarter to seven. Her stern remained above water not more than ten or twelve minutes, I should judge.

"I think the bottom is ripped out of the boat from forward away aft to the center. The darkness, the listing of the boat first one way and then another, the presence of the inner set of rails, hampered the men very much.

"I do not think there was any deficiency of lifebelts; there were people all about me with them on. When I came on deck immediately after she struck, the captain was on the bridge giving orders to clear away the boats. I am glad to speak of this. I did not see a man who was not doing all that a man could do. The first officer behaved well, and I was told that he was the last seen to dive from the stern of the ship as she went down. Juddery, a quartermaster, is a splendid fellow. He was in the rigging self-possessed, active, and ready to do anything possible. When the lifeboat came alongside he was the man who swam out to establish communication with her. Afterward he employed himself in fastening the ropes from the lifeboat. I assisted in that.

"It was high tide when I got in the rigging, and the sea surged well up toward those in the lower part of the rigging. When the sea swept right over us and then rolled away, I could hear the screams of the poor women and children almost within reach, and yet not within sight in the darkness. As the vessel went down that wave must have swept a score or two into eternity. The voices of the perishing people will be in my ears for a long time.

"It was extraordinary that all the lights were electric, and they were all extinguished. If there had been an ordinary lamp on the masthead it would have been of great value to us, who were in the rigging from 7 o'clock until 2 o'clock in the morning. My watch stopped at ten minutes to 2, when I took the plunge. We recognized that there was no light to guide those who wanted to reach us. A small boat discovered us and went back."

New York Y. C.

A VERY important meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 27, with Com. J. P. Morgan in the chair. Apart from the routine business of the usual fall meeting, a report was expected from the special committee on the subject of a new club house, and in this same connection the following amendment was under consideration:

Chapter I—Dues—Paragraph 1, line 2, substitute the word "fifty" for the words "twenty-five," and on line 7 substitute the word "fifty" for the words "twenty-five." When amended the paragraph will read: Each member, on his election, shall pay the sum of $100 as entrance fee, and $50 for the current year. If said sums are not paid within thirty days from the date of his election the treasurer shall notify the secretary of the fact, and such election shall be null and void. Each subsequent annual payment shall be $50, and shall become due at the first general meeting in each year. Foreigners, members of yacht clubs in their own country, and not residing in the United States, shall be exempt from all payments, except entrance fee. Members who are absent from the United States for the whole fiscal year, commencing on the second Thursday in February, shall be exempt from their dues for such year, provided they give notice of their absence to the secretary.

The report of the committee, read by Vice-Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, recommended the purchase of ground for a new house, specifying two available sites, one of 50ft. and one of 75ft. frontage, in the vicinity of Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street. Com. Morgan offered to present the ground on the conditions that a house of 75ft. frontage be built, and the dues raised to $50, which offer was accepted by the club, the committee being authorized to secure plans and to proceed with the work. An amendment to the by-laws was offered by Oswald Sanderson, providing that the owners of yachts of 30ft. l.w.l. and upward, regardless of tonnage, be accorded the right of representation; this was passed, subject to ratification at a subsequent meeting. A letter was read from Admiral Dewey, thanking the club for the honor conferred by the election to honorary membership. Messrs. Vanderbilt, Morgan and Iselin, the Defender syndicate, presented to the club a very handsome full-rigged model of Defender, the work of Gustave Grahn, the well-known model maker. The nominating committee for the coming club election was elected as follows: C. Oliver Iselin, Percy Chubb, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., Henry F. Lippitt, Harrison B. Moore, Philip Schuyler, Edward M. Brown, Arthur Ingraham, Oswald Sanderson, Francis H. Davies.

The following new members were elected: Thos. Carmichael, Abbot S. Rogers, Howard Willets, Commander Joseph G. Eaton, United States Navy; John R. Thomas, Lieut. H. W. Harrison, United States Navy; Henry G. Timmermann, Daniel Lord, Lieut. Frank Marble, United States Navy; Bryce J. Allan, Ensign Wililam H. Buck, United States Navy; Joseph E. Widener, Ensign John R. Edie, United States Navy; Lieut. Commander N. J. K. Patch, United States Navy; Edwin Gould, Past Assistant Engineer John C. Leonard, United States Navy; P. C. Stewart, A. Y. Stewart, F. S. Pearson, Pay Inspector Henry T. Wright, United States Navy; Commodore Charles O'Neil, United States Navy.

On the following morning Com. Morgan purchased the property on Forty-fourth street, opposite to the new house of the Bar Association, the price being $148,000, and presented it to the club.

Defender.

DURING the past two weeks the work of cleaning and fitting out Defender has progressed steadily at her moorings, off New Rochelle, just inside of Glen Island. The bottom has been cleaned by a diver, who reports the metal as uncorroded and easily cleaned with a brush. Contrary to the opinions expressed in many papers, there is nothing strange in this, as the bottom plating is not of aluminum, but of manganese bronze, a material which should corrode only enough to kill marine growths. Within a few days it has become known that Capt. Charles Barr has been temporarily released by Com. Postley, of Colonia, and has been engaged by Mr. Iselin. He will have charge of Defender, and probably of the new boat later on. He has been busy overhauling the yacht, and she will start for Bristol under sail, with Mr. Iselin and a few friends aboard, as soon as the new ways at the Herreshoff works are ready to haul her. She will go under jury rig, a trysail with no boom, her racing spars being left at City Island, where they have been housed, on Piepgrass' Wharf, since she was laid up in 1895.

The new railway will be of sufficient capacity to haul Defender, being carried out to get the necessary draft over the cradle. A new and powerful steam windlass has been specially constructed, operating the cradle by means of a steel cable. Preparations for the new boat are going on steadily, but no definite information is obtainable. A rumor is current that she will be built entirely of aluminum, which probably means that she will be plated with it throughout, instead of merely on the top sides.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

Notice to Representatives.

A general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound will be held at the Hotel Manhattan, Madison avenue and Forty-second street, New York, on Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8 o'clock P. M., to take action on the recommendations of the executive committee as to the new measurement and classification rules adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of North America, and as to various modifications of the classification rules of the Association. By order of the Executive Committee,

CHAS. P. TOWER, Sec'y.

The Canada Cup.

THE notice of challenge for the Canada cup, mentioned in our previous issue, has been received at Toronto, and reads as follows:

Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to notify you that the Chicago Y. C. will challenge for Canada's cup.

If agreeable to you, a committee will meet you in Toronto to present formal challenge and to arrange all details of races.

An early reply, stating when you wish to meet our committee, will greatly oblige. Respectfully yours,

CHARLES H. THORNE, Sec'y.

Chicago, Oct. 25, 1898.

A meeting of the executive and the sailing committees of the R. C. Y. C. was held immediately on the receipt of this letter, and it was arranged to hold a joint meeting at an early date.

Inland Lake Y. R. A.

THE annual meeting of the Inland Lake Y. R. A. was held on Oct. 15, at Chicago, the following officers being elected:

Pres., J. W. Taylor, White Bear Y. C., St. Paul, Minn.; Sec'y-Treas., Benjamin Carpenter, Lake Geneva Y. C., Chicago; Executive Committee, H. Battis, Oshkosh, Wis.; John Dupee, Oconomowoc, Wis., and Benjamin Carpenter.

Delegates from the following yacht clubs attended the meeting: White Bear, Green Lake, Delavan, Pine Lake, Lake Buelah, Fox Lake, Detroit, Minnesota, Lake Geneva, Minnetonka, Indiana, Oconomowoc, Pistakee, Pewaukee, Duluth, West End, Nodaway and Oshkosh.

It was decided to hold the 1899 annual inland lake regatta at Oshkosh, on Winnebago Lake.

Yacht Measurement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the table published on Oct. 22, I found one noticeable discrepancy which led me to check over the columns headed "Equivalent based on speed and seconds per mile." The whole table was prepared in time illy spared, and consequently could not be properly checked, and this must be my excuse. In the first mentioned column, first and fourth lines, substitute 37.9 for 39.7; second line, substitute 19.5 for 13.0, and leave out the foot note. In the second column mentioned, first line, substitute 620 for 612.0; second line, substitute 758 for 1,022, and in the fourth line substitute 620 for 616.

GEO. HILL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. W. B. Stearns, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, has joined forces with Mr. J. R. Purdon, the Boston designer, and the union will probably be to the advantage of both. Mr. Stearns has a large and growing business, the management of which leaves him little time for designing, and the facilities of his yard will give Mr. Purdon new opportunities for those personal experiments in construction which are now necessary to the success of the designer.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Sound Y. R. A. was held on Oct. 24, at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house, with Pres. Cromwell in the chair. There were present Messrs. C. P. Tower, F. B. Jones, E. B. Hart and W. P. Stephens. The committee decided upon the recommendations to the association at the annual meeting, which will be held on Nov. 3.

We have heretofore looked upon the flippant and would-be humorous comments on the city of Oshkosh that are so frequently seen in the different daily papers as mere slanders, unsupported by facts; but after the following, which we reprint verbatim from the Oshkosh Northwestern, we are prepared to believe the worst. There might be some excuse for such a story in a Chinese or Egyptian paper, but it is impossible to conceive how such ignorance can exist in a civilized land:

"Oshkosh has secured the annual regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association.

"The event will easily be the leading one in yachting circles in the United States.

"All Oshkoshians therefore should commence early to acquire a knowledge of yachting and nautical terms, for the city will harbor the greatest yachtsmen in the country next summer.

"The Association at the very outset decided to adopt no style of model for next year until the St. Lawrence and the Swaneca clubs, the leading yachting organizations of Canada and of Eastern United States, have adopted models, as the Western clubs want to be on the same footing when it comes to putting their champion boat against the champion of Canada and Eastern United States.

"In the race this year between the Challenger, the Canadian boat, and the Dominion, of the Swaneca Club, of Long Island Sound, the latter defeated the Canadian craft. The American craft was a novelty to yachtsmen. It had a double hull and was built by Dugan, a noted Eastern builder of yachts. After their defeat the Canadians objected so strenuously to the double hull style of yacht that the Americans returned the cup they had won and Dugan said that next year he would build a yacht that would again defeat the Canadian boat, and of a model that they could not pick on. Therefore the clubs of the Inland Lake Yachting Association are waiting for that model to make its appearance."

The Chicago Times-Herald described as follows a new class of restricted yachts, proposed for that city; the 21-footer Spray, mentioned below, was fully illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 9-16-23, 1898:

Chicago's yacht fleet will be increased next season by a new class, known as the raceabouts. These craft are of the jib and mainsail rig, and are particularly handy for amateur crews. Besides being fast and very seaworthy, for cruising purposes they have considerable room and comfort. The three which are certain to be built will be enrolled in the Columbia Y. C., and will

be owned by W. S. Burrows, a syndicate composed of the Davis brothers and Tom Smith, and W. W. Wightman. Mr. Burrows owns Query, which has yet to be beaten, the Davis brothers have built Blade and other fast boats, and Mr. Wightman is present owner of Skate.

The dimensions of the three boats will be 25ft. load water line, 37ft. over all, 9ft. beam, 5ft. draft with fin, and 2ft. draft of body. The fin will carry about 4,000lbs. of lead. The sail plan will measure 880ft. of canvas. The type is destined to be very popular in the future, and others will doubtless be built. The only specimen of this class of boats is the knockabout Spray, which was brought to this port last spring, and has proved herself a comfortable, speedy boat.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Manhattan Rifle Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This Association being now an assured success, perhaps a short description of its aims and purposes may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It was organized a couple of years ago by a few sportsmen interested in rifle shooting, living in the upper part of the city, and meeting on various ranges wherever accommodations could be secured. As our membership increased, we began to look around for a place to erect a range of our own, and after some searching we found an ideal spot at Baychester, located on property owned by Mr. J. H. Campbell.

The membership has steadily increased, until we are now in a position to supply our own range with all modern conveniences. We have a well-built butt and target house, with three sets of sliding targets, and can readily add more as occasion requires. We have a club house, in which a comfortable fire burns on cold days in winter, and which we have heretofore been using as a shooting house also, until our regular house is completed; a telephone line connecting the butts with the club house and firing points, greatly facilitating the work of those who delight in experimenting and group shooting at rest; and we will soon have firing points arranged at 500 and 600yds., to accommodate those who take pleasure in shooting at these distances, as well as 25 and 50yd. pistol ranges. The new shooting house now being built will be at the 200yd. firing point; it will be small at first, but well designed, and so arranged as to readily admit of its being enlarged as occasion requires. It will also be provided with bench and machine rests, to enable members to test their guns.

The range is located in the open country, with a hill behind the targets to stop bullets, the line of fire being due north. There are no butts to shoot through, as in the schuetzen parks, all of the targets being in full view of all shooters at all times. No liquors are sold on the premises, those desiring other refreshments than the excellent coffee served by Mr. Campbell obtaining them from Miller & Zorn's hotel near by. Baychester can be reached in about twenty minutes from Third avenue and 129th street L station, from which trains leave at a quarter before each hour via the New Haven R. R., and the range is about ten minutes from the station.

Our members are all business or professional men, who enjoy rifle shooting for the sport there is in it, and not for the profits (or losses) to be derived from the kind commonly indulged in at the schuetzen parks. Many of them prefer to shoot hunting rifles, some of the military men among us prefer to use their military rifles, while others use target rifles; each is free to do as he pleases, and so all are satisfied. It is our aim to make this Association as nearly like the Massachusetts Rifle Association as possible, rather than copy after the schuetzen corps, who seem to have the monopoly of rifle shooting in this vicinity at present; and if all those who are interested in rifle shooting as a clean sport will join in with us and help, there will be no difficulty in having an organization equal to that of the Bostonians. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all interested in this sport to join.

The dues are $6 a year, and the initiation at present is merely nominal ($1), so as to enable us to obtain as many desirable members as possible; each application, however, is carefully investigated by the executive committee before action is taken, as we only care to have true sportsmen in our organization.

Any further information will be cheerfully furnished on application to the president, Dr. W. G. Hudson, 73 West 131st street, or to the secretary, J. E. Silliman, National Park Bank, Broadway, to whom applications for membership may also be forwarded.

Elite Rifle Club.

THE shooting committee of the Elite Rifle Club, of Williamsburgh, have made up the record of the work done during the season, giving the number of targets, the counters, the total number of points and the premiums won by each man, which shows that Fred C. Ross again won the championship. The scores:

	No. targets.	Counters.	Total. Points.	Premiums.
F C Ross	68	68	14,040	$19.46
I Martin	64	56	13,308	18.45
L Zoellner	62	56	13,055	18.10
C Kanofsky	59	59	11,735	16.27
C W Horney	43	43	10,195	14.14
P Andrassy	57	42	9,841	13.62
F A Schlitz	65	41	9,611	13.29
Dr Hettersheimer	42	41	9,219	12.75
N Stern	44	43	7,382	10.28
C K Hoerning	30	30	6,987	9.59
G Frey	35	32	6,191	8.58
T Wolters	30	26	5,863	8.12
G Klingelhoefer	24	24	5,584	7.74
T B Fritz	26	24	5,319	7.38
L Mertz	24	24	5,318	7.57
G Simon	24	24	5,177	7.20
H Steinmeyer	17	16	2,879	....
J Frank	16	16	2,801	....
G Koch	5	5	1,103	....
C F Morsch	4	4	699	....
A Scholl	3	3	552	....
H Rauch	2	2	396	....
C Huber	2	2	369	....
G Heitzman	3	3	335	....
F Kronsberg	1	1	225	....
C Turner	1	1	135	....
E Gerard	1	1	132	....

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Oct. 16. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king with a score of 218. Nestler was high man for the Dietrich medal to-day with a score of 58 on the honor target. Payne was high for the Uckotter trophy with a score of 219. Weather cool, and gusty 1 to 2:30 o'clock wind:

King target:

Gindele	23	22	20	21	23	23	22	20	22	22—218
Hasenzahl	20	21	18	21	19	20	22	21	24	23—207
Strickmier	22	13	21	24	20	25	22	20	19	17—203
Nestler	21	18	18	22	24	19	22	19	21	18—202
Payne	22	22	22	15	23	18	19	24	20	16—201
Roberts	22	20	17	16	20	22	18	19	20	18—192
Weinheimer	15	16	18	18	19	22	21	9	18	19—175
Topf	13	16	17	16	19	5	18	20	17	23—164

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	20	21	21—62	215	209	208
Hasenzahl	16	21	21—58	209	206	203
Strickmier	18	17	23—58	204	202	199
Nestler	18	17	23—58	212	202	202
Payne	15	15	20—50	219	214	212
Roberts	17	17	18—52	207	205	203
Weinheimer	16	21	19—56	192	206	187
Topf	15	16	16—47	175	170	162

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, in regular competition, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Oct. 30. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared king with a score of 217. Gindele wins the Dietrich medal for the fifth and last time, and it has fallen to his lot to keep the same for good. Gindele wins the Uckotter trophy this month with a score of 229. Weather cool and cloudy, with a 4 to 7 o'clock wind:

King target:

Gindele	24	23	17	21	24	21	21	19	22	23—215
Payne	21	21	18	23	22	23	25	24	22	18—217
Roberts	7	23	18	23	18	23	23	22	20	18—195
Nestler	20	19	16	21	15	22	14	15	20	13—188
Weinheimer	23	15	21	11	19	15	19	19	19	21—183
Hasenzahl	21	22	21	20	19	22	20	22	23	24—214
Drube	24	17	24	21	21	20	19	19	17	19—203
Topf	17	18	16	20	15	11	18	19	19	1—153
Strickmier	17	11	11	25	19	19	22	16	19	17—176

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	23	25	24—72	229	220	215
Payne	22	19	21—62	223	212	211
Roberts	20	21	18—59	213	212	208
Nestler	24	23	20—67	203	198	192
Weinheimer	14	13	23—50	191	190	187
Hasenzahl	18	24	17—59	218	214	213
Drube	18	24	23—65	193	192	188
Topf	21	16	8—45	182	171	174
Strickmier	21	17	23—61	213	208	203

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 29.—The eleventh annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club was held at its indoor range Oct. 24 to 27. The first day's shooting was a members' match, each contestant firing 50 shots in 10 targets of 5 shots each on the reduced standard American target. The first prize, a gold medal, was won by R. F. Phillips, who made a score of 454 out of a possible 500. The scores follow:

R F Phillips	43	45	50	44	45	46	43	45	48	45—454
H Sperling	45	38	46	42	45	44	38	43	40	41—441
Al Hofmeister	40	42	44	40	41	46	40	44	45	46—436
H B Pierce	41	41	39	48	44	39	36	43	37	41—415
W Riebling	43	47	41	38	39	38	38	34	47	34—408
R Rahm	36	38	38	43	46	46	40	44	41	36—408
B Kestner	43	40	40	48	41	43	38	42	36	42—405
A O Goldstrom	39	43	35	42	36	44	41	45	44	36—405
J Bergmann	39	34	40	48	46	42	38	42	37	39—401
H L Born	35	39	40	33	40	38	36	40	38	46—385
Aug Holmeister	40	39	43	38	40	39	37	43	34	40—373
J F Pfeil	29	38	40	40	34	38	39	42	34	35—365
C Scheuer	40	37	40	35	34	37	35	40	34	33—355

The last three days of the tournament were devoted to the all comers matches, there being two events on the programme, the first a continuous match, 3 shots per target, the best three targets made by each shooter to count, target being the reduced standard American. The second was the Stevens trophy match, each shooter firing 3 shots on a 3in. bullseye, the nearest shot to the center by machine measurement to count for the prize, which consisted of a Stevens Walnut Hill rifle, presented by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. The scores in the all comers events follow:

Continuous prize match:

R F Phillips	30	30	30—90
L P Ittel	30	30	30—90
A C L Hofmeister	30	30	30—90
C P Mayer	30	29	29—88
R Rahm	30	29	28—87
R Hoffman	30	28	29—87
M J Bradshaw	30	30	27—87
F C Mayer	30	28	28—86
H B Pierce	30	28	28—86
H Sperling	29	28	28—85
W Riebling	29	28	27—84
D L Black	29	28	27—84
J Bergmann	29	27	27—83
B Kestner	29	28	26—83
M G Fry	28	27	27—82
D Daniels	29	27	26—82
A F Hofmeister	28	27	27—82
W S Bedell	28	26	26—80
G H Bentley	27	26	26—79
W C Galbreath	27	26	24—77
C M Mayer	26	25	25—76
J H Doughnuts	27	26	23—76
L R Bedell	25	24	23—72
L A Schmidt	26	23	22—71
S W H	24	23	22—69

Stevens trophy match:

W Riebling	0
R G Cooper	4½
A C L Hofmeister	12
A F Hofmeister	14½
F G Broadhead	14½
W G Fry	15
W C Galbreath	15½
H L Born	16
R F Phillips	17
C P Mayer	18
D L Black	18½
C M Mayer	24½
W S Bedell	25½
P Connelly	26
J H Doughnuts	27½
F C Mayer	27½
L P Ittel	30
J Bergmann	31
D Daniels	32½
H B Pierce	36
R Rahm	38
L A Schmidt	38
A O Goldstrom	41
R Hoffman	48
H Sperling	50

A. C. L. HOFMEISTER, Sec'y.

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 24.—Shell Mound range was well patronized yesterday by marksmen, and the shooting conditions were favorable.

At the Columbia Club butts some good scoring was done by J. E. Gorman with the pistol, and by Dr. Rodgers with the target rifle. Pistol, 50yds., and target rifle at 200yds., Columbia target with 1in. center and ½in. rings, count increasing outward. Scores of the Columbia Club:

Siebe pistol medal: J. E. Gorman, 35, 35, 40, 37, 42, 44; J. P. Cosgrave, 47, 52, 57, 57; G. M. Barley, 73.

Bisley Colts' revolver trophy: C. Roberts 70.

Small rifle match and Roos trophy for ladies: Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 27, 33; Mrs. Turner, 46, 51.

Rifle score, members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman 56, M. J. White 74.

All comers' rifle medal: Dr. Rodgers, 45, 45; D. W. McLaughlin, 53; F. E. Mason, 54.

At the monthly medal shoot of the Nord Deutscher Schuetzen Club the following scores were recorded: Champion class, F. P. Schuster, 433; first class, Henry Stelling, 410; second class, J. Lankenau, 382; third class, not contested; fourth class, Herman Munster, 314; best first shot, John Gefken, 25; best last shot, William Morken, 24.

The monthly bullseye shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club resulted in the following prize scores: H. Zecher, 279, Louis Haake 419, N. Ahrens, 473, F. P. Schuster 517, John Utschig 570, L. Ritzau 666, William C. Morken 723, D. B. Faktor 782, E. Goetze 832. Henry Stelling 863, J. Hartmann 1,022, Louis Bendel 1,043, R. Stettin 1,045, F. Rust 1,046, J. Beuttler 1,211, John Dewit, 1,223. ROEEL.

Brooklyn Revolver Club.

THE November programme is as follows. The club championship on Nov. 29 is the main event:

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Handicap club shoot for the Boemermann medal, 20yds., any revolver, .38 to .45cal., 10 shots per man, standard American target.

Friday, Nov. 4.—Handicap shoot for prize donated by Mr. Frederick E. Healy, .22cal. pistols, 20yds., 10 shots per man, standard American target.

Monday, Nov. 7.—Handicap shoot for prize donated by Mrs. E. Wilson, .32cal. pocket revolvers, not over 4½in. barrel, 15yds., Columbia target, 15 shots per man.

Thursday, Nov. 10.—Annual meeting and election of officers.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Handicap shoot for a silver cup presented by Mrs. A. A. Webber, .22cal. pistols, 20yds., standard American target, 20 shots per man.

Thursday, Nov. 17.—Ladies' contest, distance 15yds., .22 or .32cal. pistols, four prizes, the first prize to be a jeweled club pin.

Members are requested to bring any of their lady friends who are interested in pistol practice.

Tuesday, Nov. 22.—Old-fashioned turkey shoot, any revolver, .38 to .45cal., 20yds. distance.

Tuesday, Nov. 29.—Club championship match, 50 shots per man, .22cal. pistols, 20yds., open sight, standard American targets. The final 20 shots of this match to be shot on this evening, and the previous 30 shots to be shot in re-entry; the best three 10-shot targets to count. Targets for this match can be shot at any regular shooting night through the month, but must be previously announced and signed by the contestant and a member of the shooting committee. Prize to be a .22cal., 10in. barrel, pistol, presented by the Stevens Arms and Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 2-3.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; targets only. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Nov. 2-4.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. J. A. Penn, Recording Secretary.

Nov. 8.—Newark, N. J.—Open shoot of the East Side Gun Club; Smith Bros.' grounds, Foundry street. Louis H. Schortemeier, Capt.

Nov. 12.—Fanwood, N. J.—New Jersey State League team shoot, on grounds of Climax Gun Club.

Nov. 12.—Princeton, N. J.—Intercollegiate match for cup, between teams from Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania and Princeton.

Nov. 16-17.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 16.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five bird handicap at Bunn's; $15 entrance, birds included. Commences at 12 o'clock.

Nov. 21-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Ottumwa Gun Club; targets. Walter Gephart, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.

Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Dec. 5-9.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

1899.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Soo Gun Club's tournament, Nov. 16 and 17, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Ed R. Chapman, Sioux City, Ia. There are nine like events on the programme for each day. The first four are at live birds: No. 1 at 10 live birds, $5; No. 2, 15 birds, $7.50; No. 3, 15 birds, $10; No. 4, 10 birds, $7.50. Of the five target events four are at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; one at 20 targets, $2 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Money divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. In the live-bird events the handicaps will from 26 to 31yds. Plenty of live birds will be provided, so as to accommodate those who desire to shoot longer races for a larger entrance, or those who desire to shoot individual matches. Live birds will be trapped at 15 cents; targets, 2 cents. In each live-bird event the club will add cash in amount equal to 10 per cent. of the purse. Also $10 will be added for high average each day respectively on live birds and targets. Open to amateurs only. Professionals and manufacturers' agents are welcome to shoot for the birds only. The handicap committee are two members of the Soo Gun Club, with Messrs. W. Townsend, Omaha, Neb.; J. J. Elliott, Onawa, Neb., and Geo. R. Slocum, Pringhar, Ia.

Mr. Louis H. Schortemeier, captain of the East Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., writes us as follows under date of Oct. 20: "There will be an open shoot on Election Day, Nov. 8, at live birds, beginning at 10:30 A. M., at Smith Bros.' grounds, Foundry street, Newark, the shooting grounds of the popular East Side Gun Club. The morning will be devoted to sweepstakes. At 1 o'clock P. M., approximate, the East Side Gun Club handicap will be started, at 15 birds per man, $5 entry, birds extra at 25 cents each. All handicaps arranged on basis of moneys won on the two previous handicaps on these grounds. Those having won first money will be handicapped 1yd.; winner of second, ½yd. All those entering that have not shot in a previous handicap will be placed according to their presumed ability by the committee composed of the officers of the East Side Gun Club. To get to the grounds, take Plank Road, Newark, trolley line, east from Market Street Station of Pennsylvania R. R., or west from Jersey City Ferry to Foundry street, Newark."

The well-known shooting journalist, Mr. Basil Hayman, is in this city, convalescing from an attack of Cuban fever, contracted in the salubrious marshes of Florida. Some months ago Mr. Hayman gave up the pleasant pursuit of kennel editing for the more peaceful pursuit of war, with the unfortunate result above mentioned, which came to so many others also. His wide circle of friends will be happy to learn that he is entirely out of danger, and ere long will be able to drive a quill or ride a ewe-necked broncho with the best of us. He was one of the Rough Riders, very good men, too, for lambasting the enemy, but entirely untried in a really warm war where the color, shape and winnings of a dog are in question.

From the Daily Times-Enterprise, of Thomasville, Ga., the following interesting item concerning Miss Annie Oakley, the world-famous lady rifle shot, is taken: "The shooting of Annie Oakley was the feature of the day. Her marksmanship is marvelous. From a bicycle, which she rode most gracefully at full speed, she shattered balls in the air with a Winchester rifle, and won the plaudits of the crowd by breaking four balls thrown into the air at the same time, changing guns during the firing. Her last feat was breaking eleven balls in ten seconds. This was lightning shooting. Annie Oakley is surely a wonder with the rifle, shotgun or pistol."

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, traveling representative of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., is back in New York again after a very successful trip. In respect to killing 25 live birds straight at Belle Meade recently, Mr. Quimby says: "It is naught; it is naught. I do not count that as anything compared with what I really can do when I want to." Mr. Keller is anxious to shoot a team match with Mr. Quimby when the latter is in sufficient good form to shoot up to Mr. Keller's standard. Each man is to select a duffer for a partner, so as to equalize chances. It should be a great race if it ever comes off—25 live birds per man, 25 targets thereunto also.

Realizing the importance of the camera as an adjunct to sports afield, whether with rifle or shotgun, rod or canoe, or bicycle, etc., Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, of 318 Broadway, New York, have recently added to their stock of sportsmen's goods a full line of the excellent cameras manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y. There are all sizes and kinds, from the tiny kodak for the pocket up to the giant for solid business. The bicyclist who has a wheel which cannot be fitted with a kodak must have one which has been run over with a trolley car or otherwise smashed.

There was a very light attendance at Dupont Park during the three days' tournament last week, a report of which is published elsewhere in our columns from the painstaking pen of Mr. Paul R. Litzke. There was $148 in added money, and the targets were thrown at a 2-cent rate, but still the home talent were unresponsive. The averages were surprisingly low. Gilbert was high on the first day with .825, Elliott next with .787. On the second day Gilbert was highest with .813, Elliott next with .812. High wind, bad weather and irregular flights explain the falling off in scores.

We sincerely regret the illness of Mr. Will K. Park, of Philadelphia, the popular representative of Sporting Life, who has been prostrated from an attack of fever. Still there is that to rejoice over in knowing that he is convalescing, and may soon go to his home to recuperate. It is hard to down a good man, and of such is Mr. Park. Our sincere wishes are for his speedy recovery.

In the live-bird event, a handicap at 25 birds, Elliott and Gilbert killed straight, standing at the 32yd. mark. The former uses Hazard, the latter Du Pont powder. Elliott used his Winchester repeater, while Gilbert used his L. C. Smith. Sumpter, Fulford and Dr. Smith each scored 24, Sumpter losing one dead out of bounds. S. Thompson, McMurchy and Nold were 23 each. Taylor and Sousa, the famous bandmaster, scored 22, the latter losing two dead out of bounds.

Yale will be represented in the intercollegiate tournament to be held at Monmouth Junction, N. J., Nov. 12, the morning of the Yale-Princeton football game. Also Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania will be represented. The intercollegiate cup, the trophy to be contested for, was won by Harvard at the last intercollegiate tournament. It becomes the property of the club winning it three times.

Mr. Paul Litzke writes us as follows: "The St. Thomas Gun Club, of St. Thomas, Can., claims the dates Dec. 27 to 30 for holding their live-bird tournament. It is the intention of the club to guarantee good substantial purses at this meeting. Arrangements have been completed to have Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and King Smokeless Powder Co., to manage the shoot."

In the team contest of the New Jersey State League, at Dunellen, N. J., last Saturday, the Dunellen Gun Club was victorious by a score of 98 out of a possible 125. The other scores were: Reservoir Gun Club 88, Bound Brook Gun Club 84, Climax Gun Club 88. The next shoot of the League will take place on Nov. 12 on the Climax Gun Club's grounds, Fanwood, N. J.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of The American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., returned last Saturday from a three days' absence at Dover Plains, N. Y., where he was the guest of Mr. Horatio Nelson, also a mighty hunter. Ruffed grouse was the motive. Mr. Banks is enthusiastic over his pleasant and successful outing.

Mr. John Parker, the popular and efficient representative of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Co., is at Raleigh at present in charge of his company's exhibit at the State Fair, and also will be at the Tobacco Fair at Winston, N. C., next week, besides visiting the trade.

The fourth interstate autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club, John M. Lilly, manager, will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The main event is the Grand Hotel cup, which requires that each of the two contestants shoot at 50 targets, unknown angles.

There will be a 25-bird handicap, $15 entrance, birds included, handicaps 24 to 32yds., at Bunn's, Singac, Nov. 16, commencing at 12 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting will follow. The winner will receive a handsome cup.

At the Indian Gun Club's live-bird club shoot, Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 29, Mr. Frederick Scott killed 10 straight, standing at 29yds. There were ten contestants in the club event.

There will be target shooting this week on Saturday, on the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, at Woodlawn, Brooklyn.

The Montgomery Ward & Co. trophy will be contested for at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, on Friday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap around Reading.

Independent Gun Club.

SINKING SPRING, Pa., Oct. 22.—At a meeting of the tournament committee of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, it was decided to hold the annual fall target tournament Nov. 2, Wednesday, shooting to commence at 9:30 A. M. The principal event of the day will be the shoot for the individual target championship of Berks and adjoining counties for a handsome silver trophy, valued at $25. The second and third prizes in this event will be a 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder, donated by the U. S. Smokeless Powder Co. Each contestant in this event will shoot at 50 targets, entrance $1.50, the cup to become the property of the winner. One of the other events which will cause great interest is the Gold Dust event; six 1lb. cans of Gold Dust powder will be given the six high guns in that event.

The committee also reported having secured the services of Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, to manage the tournament. The magautrap will be used, and targets will be thrown at the cost of 2 cents each, which amount will be deducted from all purses. Loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Dinner can be secured at Joel W. Hainly's hotel, which adjoins the grounds.

Sinking Springs is located five miles from Reading, along the Harrisburg pike, and can easily be reached with the Womelsdorf electric cars from Reading; the car is marked with a large red flag from the trolley pole on the car. The management has decided to not allow dropping for place in the different events. In the individual championship shoot, in case of a tie for first or second, to shoot off the tie at 25 extra targets. The programme for the tournament has eight 10-target events, three 15-target events, and one at 50 targets. All shooters are invited to be present. Joel W. Hainly, captain Independent Gun Club, Sinking Spring, Pa.

Shooting Match at Norristown.

Norristown, Pa., Oct. 22.—Thomas V. Smith, at the monthly shoot of the Penn Gun Club to-day, carried off first honors by breaking 18 out of 20 targets. The afternoon scores are as follows:

Club shoot, 25 targets: Yost 22, Cassel 16, Penn 20, Smith 21, Bosler 16, Derr 13, Scheetz 17, Dotterer 17, Boyer 15, Johnson 23, Clay 7.

Ten-bird event: Yost and Smith 9, Dotterer and Cassel 8, Johnson and Sheetz 7, Kohl and Boyer 6, Clay 2.

Ten-bird event: Johnson 9, Yost 8, Scheetz7, Dotterer 6, Penn 3, Clay 2.

DUSTER.

Happy Days Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Inclosed please find the score of the Happy Days Gun Club, made on Friday, Oct. 28, at Murray Hill, Flushing.

This was the last live-bird shoot for the season. The Class A medal was won by our captain, E. O. Weiss, while the Class B medal was captured by our treasurer, G. Katzenmeyer. The special prize donated by our president, W. G. Ringler, in the shape of a handsome Winchester sporting rifle for the highest score on this occasion, was carried off by our champion clay-bird shot, Mr. B. F. Amend:

Class A.

B F Amend, 28	2222222202	F Passe, 28	0001110121
G A Moyer, 29	2222020221	F Siebel, 28	2011110200
F Christopher, 28	1211012210	C A Futlon, 28	1010022010
E O Weiss, 28	2102002121	C Rieger, 28	0100001121
McMullen, 28	1220101011		

Class B.

J Untermann, 25	2012122220	Willembrock, 25	0010000122
G Katzenmeyer, 25	2220001121	Dankers, 25	1100002002
Busch, 25	1000112102	W G Ringler, 25	0002200002
L Wannemacher, 25	0001012102	G I Tetter, 25	2000200200
Hachemeister, 25	0100220022	Hagemeier, 25	0100001000

G. A. MOYER.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 29.—Dr. E. S. Carroll carried off high honors at the Audubon Gun Club's shoot, winning Class B badge and also the tenth monthly cup shoot, making 23 out of 25 in the badge event and 24 out of 25 in the cup event. Talsma won Class A and U. E. Story won Class C:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15			5p	15
J Reid	11	14	12	16	4	10
R Hebard	10	12	21	20	4	12
E Burkhardt	12	13	15	21	4	12
Jacobs	12	12	19	18	..	..
McArthur	10	14	20	..	5	10
C Burkhardt	13	12	21	23	6	13
Walker	11	8	12	20	..	10
Cooper	13	11	..	..	..	9
Foxie	12	8	..	..	..	7
E Smith	..	14	..	22	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15			5p	15
Wheeler	..	..	..	21	..	.. 12
Talsma	..	..	..	22	..	.. ..
W Eaton	..	..	..	14	22	.. ..
M Hovey	..	..	..	14	22	4 ..
Dr E Carroll	..	..	..	23	24	6 11
E Hammond	..	..	..	18	22	6 14
Warren	..	..	..	18	..	7 ..
Porter	..	..	..	..	23	.. ..
Myers	..	..	..	..	19	8 13
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	5 ..

C. J. MOYER.

Trap at Riverton.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—The fall handicap of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, an event at 60 live birds, $50 entrance, open to members of the Cartaret, Tuxedo, Blooming Grove, Herron Hill, Philadelphia and Riverton gun clubs, silver prizes and money divided 50, 20, 15 and 5 per cent., was won by Mr. Robert Welch with a score of 59 out of 60, the lost bird being hard hit and dying out of bounds.

Capt. A. W. Money was second with 57 out of 60. Messrs. C. Macalester and Yale Dolan were out of form, the latter missing 3 straight after his 50th bird and withdrew with 45 out of 53 shot at.

Dr. Karsoner seemed a winner well along into the race, but he lost several dead out of bounds and missed enough to spoil his chances in the race. Quite a number of sweepstakes were shot. Following are the scores in the handicap:

R Welch, 30	222222212*122222221	
	2222222222222222122	
	1122222222221222222	—59
Dr Karsoner, 29	2222211212102122222	
	2122220222222*222222	
	212222220222**222*01	—52
Y Dolan, 30	012222221*1222201212	
	2111222101122221112O	
	2111121112000	—45
J Barker, 29	1112220222220O212212	
	2222012222121222202I	
	1121112111201011111	—53
Park, 30	02211*11121222*12222	
	22212122122*21112112	
	12*221212222110221111	—55
C Macalester, 30	2121210210211011001	
	2112112112121101111I	
	1122121110121201112O	—52
Capt Money, 30	1121211202211212011	
	1212221221112111222	
	1112221111101211112	—57
D A Upson, 30	0221022222211121011O	
	1222112121221122112	
	1222221202120112222O	—55

With all the facilities at Riverton, it would be an easy matter to arrange the shooting so that facing the sun in the late afternoon might be avoided. Those who have the sun to face in addition to killing birds have a harder task to face than they would otherwise have.

The St. Louis Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 28.—The tournament which closed here yesterday and which had been in progress during the preceding three days at Dupont Park can in no sense be classed a success, especially in so far as the local shooters are concerned. Had it not been for the out-of-town shooters it would have been a frost pure and simple; even at this it savors very much as such. No doubt some one will say the presence of a few professional shooters is responsible for this condition. Such theory is not borne out by the returns, for the most successful shoot ever held in this city in recent years was one with all the bars down, while the strictly amateur shoot of last spring was not near so well attended.

While this was an open shoot, the Rose system of dividing the purses prevailed, with a ratio of 7, 5, 4 and 3. This is always a more satisfactory method than the old percentage system, as it gives the poorer shots a better opportunity to at least win their entrance money, if they shoot well enough to get into the division.

The programme was a good one and the inducements fair, there being $148 added money and 2-cent targets.

The target events for the first two days consisted of eight 20-target races each day.

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 25.

The first day the weather was simply awful. It rained hard most of the day, though toward night it snowed. In the meantime the wind blew a chopping gale that caused the targets to cut all kinds of antics just at the wrong time. It seldom occurs that the averages rank so low:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	18	18	19	16	15	12	17	17	160	132	.825
Elliott	16	15	18	15	15	14	18	15	160	126	.787
Hirschy	18	15	16	15	14	15	14	16	160	123	.768
Chase	14	15	15	16	11	15	13	11	160	110	.687
Eaton	13	13	14	11	18	17	11	13	160	110	.687
Reihl	12	12	14	14	12	14	14	15	160	107	.668
Sumpter	13	15	14	13	13	10	11	13	160	102	.637
Palmer	12	15	15	15	8	10	13	14	160	102	.637
Taylor	14	14	12	14	10	12	8	16	160	100	.618
Fulford	15	13	14	11	12	10	8	10	160	93	.581
Markle	..	..	12	16	11	14	16	13	120	82	.683
Nold	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	9	60	33	.550
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	8	60	32	.533
Howell	12	12	6	11	12	10	..	..		120	63	.525
McFadden	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..		20	9	.450

Second Day, Wednesday, Oct. 26.

The second day was bright and clear, though it was still very cold, and the wind had subsided but little, so that there was little improvement in the shooting of the few who participated. Gilbert made high average each day, though it will be a surprise to his admirers to see how low this is. In the entire two days not a single straight was made, and only twice was the 19 mark reached, this also being accomplished by Gilbert.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	14	17	18	17	19	16	17	17	160	135	.843
Elliott	13	18	15	17	17	18	18	14	160	130	.812
Hirschy	15	17	15	16	16	17	16	13	160	125	.781
McMurchy	16	14	17	17	15	16	9	17	160	121	.756
Palmer	14	15	15	14	14	13	16	16	160	117	.731
Eaton	15	12	13	15	17	16	14	14	160	116	.725
Chase	15	13	17	13	14	14	14	12	160	112	.700
Howell	11	17	14	14	11	14	14	11	160	106	.662
Reihl	15	10	7	16	13	15	15	13	160	104	.650
Fulford	14	12	10	13	12	12	15	12	160	100	.618
Sumpter	13	15	15	9	7	13	11	7	160	90	.561
Kling	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	17	80	57	.712
Selzer	..	..	..	..	9	14	9	16	14	100	62	.620
Markle	..	..	..	16	14	8	11	11	100	60	.600
Taylor	..	..	..	..	11	12	10	9	80	42	.525

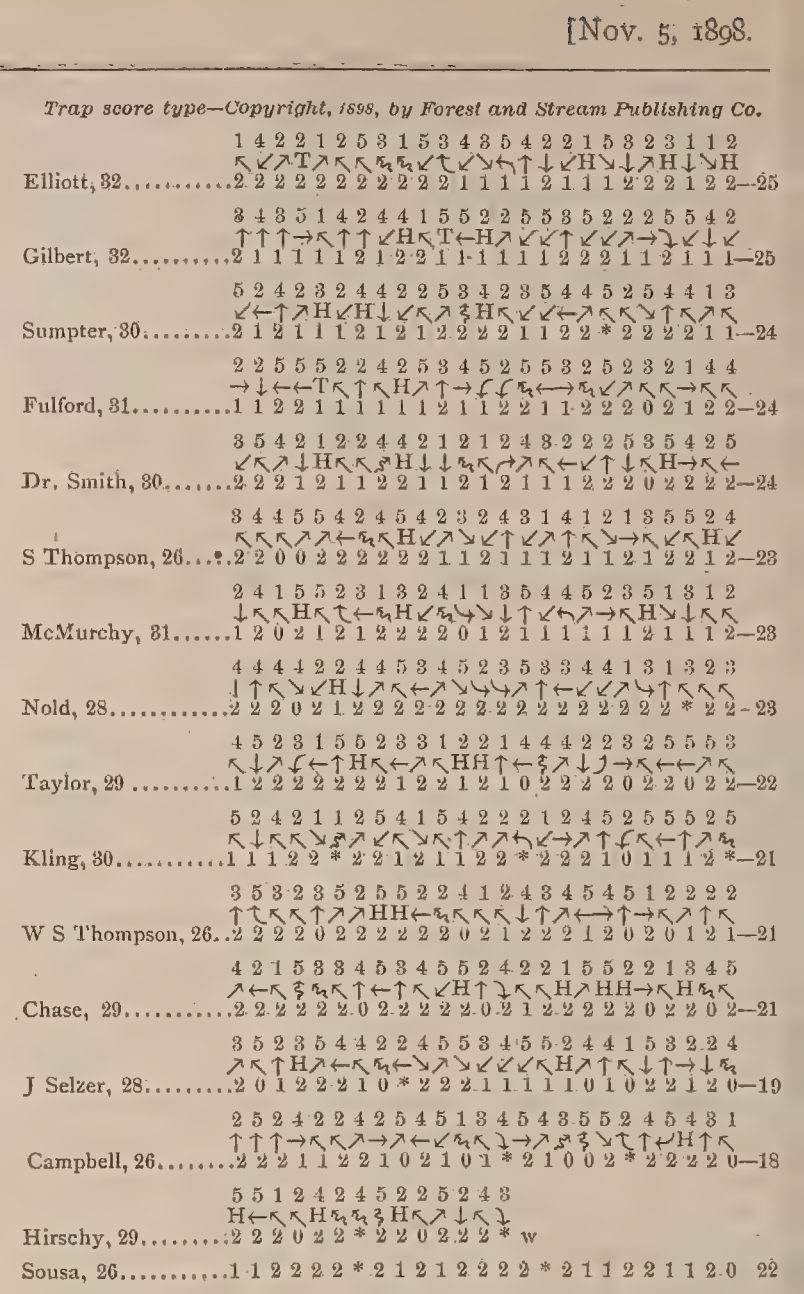
Third Day, Thursday, Oct. 27.

The third day a 25 live-bird handicap was shot, and the weather conditions were all that could be asked for. It was bright and clear, not too warm, with a good strong wind blowing away from the score, which assisted the birds materially. They were a superior lot. Those trapped at the Dayton shoot were not so good. The handicap had but sixteeen entries. Elliott and Gilbert, the two scratch men, shot from the 32yds. mark, and came out with flying colors by killing straight. Their shooting was strictly high class, and a very creditable performance on birds of such quality. Elliott had a trifle the best of the draw, but when he did get a very fast driver he was equal to the occasion, and never showed off his Winchester to better advantage. Sumpter, Fulford and Dr. Smith scored 24. Sumpter's single loss just managed to clear the wire as it went out dead. Fulford shot with good judgment, and his score of 24 is the result of some very clever shooting from the 31yd. mark. Dr. Smith had the great run of 80 straight to his credit, having scored 60 in practice and the sweep that preceeded the main event. He really did the best shooting of the day. S. Thompson's shooting is also worthy of mention, as he only began shooting at the trap last May. To score 23 out of 25 on such birds as these is something he can tell his friends about with pardonable pride. McMurchy and Nold also finished with 23, and I question if Nold ever shot better in his life. Taylor and Sousa scored 22. The latter experienced some hard luck, as he lost two birds dead out of bounds, only missing his last one. In his score the number of the traps and the flight of the birds are not given, owing to the fact that he was permitted by mutual consent to shoot his score out before the event proper was begun, and before the writer arrived on the ground. Mr. Sousa is none other than the distinguished bandmaster, and his engagement at the Exposition would only permit him to remain at the shooting grounds until about 11 o'clock; therefore those interested generously permitted him to shoot his score first.

The conditions were 25 live birds, entrance $15, birds included, four moneys, Rose system, handicap rise.

Fulford's idea of having a pit close to the traps deep enough to contain the coops of birds and protect the trappers was here put into practice and did much to facilitate the shooting. It is a simple matter to trap 150 birds an hour with this system.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



No. 1, 10 birds, $5, three moneys:

Gilbert	2222*22111— 9	Sumpter	1012112121— 9
Sousa	0112222*02— 7	Clark	2211121112—10
Selzer	0211202012— 7	S Thompson	2221212222—10
Dr Smith	2121222212—10	Campbell	2121210111— 9
W Thompson	**1222221*— 7	Elliott, birds	2112
Hirschy	1022222201— 8		

No. 2, 10 birds, $5, three moneys:

Kling, 30	1212121121—10	Smith, 30	0122222221— 9
W S Thompson, 30	0222221222— 9	Taylor, 29	222*112021— 7
S Thompson, 26	2201222202— 8	Elliott, 30	21*1121121— 9
McKann, 29	2202122222— 9	Campbell, 26	1222212212—10
Gilbert, 32	1121121212—10	Nold, 28	0022202202— 6

No. 3, live birds:

Morgan, 26	1212121110— 9	Gilbert, 32	1211112222—10
Reihl, 26	0001021111— 6	Kling, 30	1222221220— 9
Palmer, 28	2200220122— 7	McKann, 28	*220211121— 8
Sumpter, 30	222221212*— 9	McMurchy, 31	1112*20221— 8
Taylor, 29	122*222102— 8	Hirschy	2222202222— 9

PAUL R. LITZKE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The scores of the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot on Oct. 29 are appended. Several of the members are away on their annual shooting trips. The weather was unpleasant. Only four members were present. We had a first class time, notwithstanding the small attendance:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
G Remsen	14	15	16	15	16	14	17	18
G Paterson	16	12	11	14	12	11	13	13
Lane	12	11	13	10	13	11	12	14
Wright	11	12	11	12	13	11	12	13
Osterhout	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	.. ..

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Oct. 29.—A good attendance, good birds and good scores characterized the bi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. P. E. George shot in his accustomed good form, being the only man to shoot out straight. In the shell shoot, Wynn and Thompson gave a good exhibition of shooting, it being nip and tuck up to the twelfth round, when Thompson missed a corker, being a twisting right driver which anybody could have missed. All B men are allowed one miss as no bird in all club shoots.

Clay-bird shooting Saturday.

Club shoot:

P George, B, 27	2222212121 —10	F Thompson, A, 28	1121101110 — 8
W Wynn, A, 30	2101111211 — 9	W Shepard, B, 28	1120120210 2— 8
A Eddy, B, 29	1021021211 1— 9	W Allen, B, 28	1120020210 2— 7
J Gaughen, A, 29	1210122222 — 9	A Harvey, B, 29	001110*0 w
P Adams, B, 28	1110212210 1— 9	Del Risco, Jr, B, 27	0002100000— 3
W Sykes, A, 28	2222012121 — 9	*Dr de Wolf, 29	1111121*20 — 9

* Guest.

No. 2, 500 shell shoot:

W Wynn, 28	111122211122—12	W Sykes, 28	020 — 1
F Thompson, 28	2121222122 20—11	P George, 28	010 — 1
W Shepard, 28	1*1 — 2	E Frost, 28	010 — 1
J Gaughen, 28	002 — 1		

No. 3, 5-bird sweep:

W Sykes, 28	22221—5	E Frost, 28	121*0— 3
F Thompson, 28	12221—5		

Middlesex Gun Club.

SOUTH RIVER, N. J., Oct. 20.—Matches at live birds, handicaps shown. First and second matches $2 entry, birds extra, high guns. Third, $5 entry, class shooting, three moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Belloff, 28	22122—5	121*0—3	101110*110—6
Van Brackle, 28	21111—5	11121—5	0111111111—9
Capt. Bunk, 29	22202—4	22222—5	220222*202—7
Applegate, 29	2200 w	11122—5	.....
De Shays, 27	02012—3	1*011—3	.....
Bissett, 28	....	22111—5	20211222*1—8
Booraem, 28	....	.....	011*222222—8
Scott, 28	....	.....	2221202120—8
Pony, 26	....	.....	2210122210 8

Events 4, 5 and 6 miss-and-out, $1 entrance:

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Bissett, 28	12211	29..112	0
Booraem, 28	22120	29..110	1112
Belloff, 28	120	29..20	2111
Capt. Bunk, 29	0	30..222	222*
Scott, 28	20	...	....
Pony, 26	20	...	....
*Capt. Bunk	0	...	....
*Capt. Bunk	22222	...	....

* Re-entry.

We have been informed by one of the officers of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at their shoot on Sept. 27, that the score of Mr. J. Belden was 10 instead of 9, so that the latter now is officially determined, and stands as 10, a complete score.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XI.

Teeth.

"You will please come to order, gentlemen," said the Cadi, in firm official tones, "and I desire to preface the discussion by saying that there must be some definite business transacted at this meeting. You have dawdled through a number of meetings without advancing a single step toward arranging the details of the tournament. No gossip or irrelevant discourse will be allowed unless I find it uncommonly interesting or instructive. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Chairman," said Le Loup, "I move you, sir, that we settle first under what system the moneys will be divided. To that end I make it a part of my motion that we adopt the Rose system." The motion was duly seconded.

"I offer as an amendment to the motion of the gentleman from Coon Hollow that we adopt the Jack Rabbit system," said Montague.

"I offer this here amendment to the other amendment that these amendments adopts class shootin'," shouted Andy Coxey, in excited tones.

"That's as far as we can go with amendments at present, gentlemen," said the Cadi. "All those in favor of class shooting will say aye."

Coxey and Ephraim said "Aye." No one dared to say "No," which is a common occurrence at meetings—so class shooting was adopted.

"I have come to think well of class shooting," continued Ephraim, "for under it in practice nearly all the experts are bunched up in first and second places, thereby leaving third and fourth moneys to us amateurs, to say nothing of dropping into a place alone."

"I move you, Mr. Chairman," said Moke, "that we bar manufacturers' agents."

"I second Moke's motion, and don't you forget it," said Coxey. "I want to tell you fellers about my boy. You know he's only twelve years old, but he's a heap smarter than most boys of twenty. He's taken to writin' lately, and he has some of the cutest idees you ever seen. He has been studyin' up on the professionals at the trap shoots, and he has my idees exactly to an allspice. He sent a piece to the editor of the Bazoo, and I don't mind tellin' you that I read the letter and I think it such a good thing that I want to read it here and let you know that the opinions of my boy is mine too, and I want it to go into the inscriptions of this here meetin'. Cadi, old feller, you wouldn't mind readin' this here letter for me, would you, old feller? I can read all right, but my eyes is bad sometimes." The Cadi took the sheets of foolscap, and after several minutes of hard studying read the following:

Egipt, Jewly 24.

"mistur editur Man i Had a dreme ov a fabel The uther Nite and i waz in oure sheap paster 2 mende fensus and i Laid doun in The shaid on The gras wich i thort wud bea a gude thyng 2 put in youre paiper wich i rite 2 yu notwithstandin. me an yu knose wot this fabel menes wen we rede it but a hole lot ov yure reeders dont know wot yu mene in The things printted in yure paiper so hens i dezire yu kan tel them wot this menes When yu meat them at swarrays and caffays and i name it a dreme ov a fabel and i begins it rite hear so yu wil no i hav begun 2 rite it. ther waz wunst a turnamynt uppon a tyme 2 wich Evry man an evry boy had a invite with a Gun, an tha cum with dimonts 2 shute an Lots ov munny besides. Mi dad waz thar 2 an yu bet he kan shute. mi dad's a shuter frum shutervil an dont yu furgittit. and Sum ov the men wot waz at the turnymint had sors Instid ov guns but not so menny had sors az had Guns. An the men with sors sord all the targits, and the men with guns smashed sum but not so menny az the men with sors sord. and tha sord an shot an shot an sord til the men wot had guns got left, and the men with sors sord rite on an sord up the pockit bookes in 2 ov all the amitoors wich korsd them grate pane an then tha howld 2 hav the sors bard so az 2 get sum sors ov thair owne an this waz dun an then the other men wot had guns got scart an wanted 2 fite but the men wot had sors only larft. But the men with guns sed the men with sors coudnt shute no moar becors tha waz 2 hard 2 shute an waz ajuntz an thairafter it waz parst that tha cud shute for targits oanly wich woke me up an the morrul ov this dreme is 2 plane 2 talk aboute. "Socrates Coxey."

"Well," commented the Cadi, as he wiped the perspiration off his brow, "I do not remember seeing this published in the Bazoo, although I read it through very carefully each week."

"It wasn't. The editor didn't have room for it. He told us so in a real nice letter. Here it is. Read it, Cadi," said Coxey, nervously, as he passed over the letter, which the Cadi read very feelingly, as follows:

Office of Bazoo, July 25.

"Esteemed Sir—Herewith please find your MS. entitled a 'Dreme ov a Fabel,' which we return to you because it is not available for use in our columns. This does not imply that it is lacking in literary merit, nor that it would not be eagerly sought for by other publishers. Assuring you of our most distinguished consideration, we are, dear sir, yours most cordially,

"Editor Bazoo.
"(per Z.)."

"That's a very nice, gentlemanly reply, and it is printed on very nice paper. But what in the name of all that's sensible is the meaning of the saws and guns, and guns and saws?" queried the Cadi.

"Well, now that's funny too. I told my boy what you said about trap-shooting bein' a matter of teeth, and he said that you couldn't mean nothin' else but saws, for they was a matter of teeth more nor anything else he knowed of, and he said he could write about saws till you couldn't rest. Isn't it all right, Cadi?" and Coxey's face showed anxiety as we awaited the answer.

"It'll do," replied the Cadi. "It is much nearer the truth than many older than he can reach, and I am pleased to observe that he was courageous enough to sign his own name, a bit of bravery which is not at all common when men publish their opinions on controversial matters. We will now return to the motion. Are you ready for the question, gentlemen?" All were silent. "All those in favor of Moke's motion will signify it by the usual sign." All voted in the affirmative.

In re Advertising.

"Now, gentlemen, I would suggest that you give the matter of programme some consideration, for it is now high time that it was placed before the shooters of the country. Has the secretary taken any steps in the matter?"

"I have attended to the most important part of the programme," Moke replied.

"Be so good as to report upon it," said the Cadi.

"I have written to all the manufacturers of guns, ammunition and sporting goods, setting forth the many advantages to be derived from advertising in our programme, and I expect favorable answers in a few days. I am sure that all the best-known manufacturers will take a page at least, besides giving us some valuable merchandise prizes. I have also written to all the sporting papers and secured all the free advertising we want in the shape of reading notices, and I have asked that they give us from one to thirty subscriptions as prizes too."

"What were the alluring advantages that you set forth, which lead you to expect so much and so quickly?" queried the Cadi, as he filled his pipe with some rank uncured tobacco.

"Oh, the same old advantages," Moke proudly replied. "The advantage of avoiding the sandbag or the boycott."

"They both are equal to the same thing, and in time have the same result."

"My boy says that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other," hastily remarked Coxey, who was an ultra fond parent.

"Not always when your boy says it," said Moke, with irritating calmness.

"I'd like to see you prove it, you cantankerous old ignoramus," retorted Coxey, with some fierceness.

"You probably mean that you'd like to see me disprove it. That's very easily done. You are an animal, for instance, are you not, Coxey?"

"My boy said that I was an animal of the marsupial breed or the mammal breed, I disremember which, so I suppose that I am," Coxey conceded.

"An ass is an animal, is it not, friend Coxey?" continued Moke.

"Yep, sure thing," again assented Coxey.

"Then you and the ass being equal to the same thing are equal to each other, are you not?" and Moke seemed to be somewhat apprehensive as to how Coxey would accept the conclusion.

"That looks so, sure enough, though I know I hain't no ass," said Coxey.

"Well, so long as you assent to the proposition that you are equal to an ass, we will consider that the ass has no perjudices in the matter, and therefore we will take its assent for granted. Now, to convince you that you are entirely and hopelessly in the wrong, I will quote you what Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Synthetic Philosophy," says on this very point." Moke hemmed and hawed a time or two and continued: "Spencer says, 'For whether a quantified relation be or be not rightly regarded as a thing, it is unquestionably true that in the intellectual process by which relations that are equal to the same relation are perceived to be equal to each other, the concepts dealt with are the relations, and not the objects between which the relations subsist; that the equality of these relations can be perceived only by making them the object of thought; and that hence the axiom, being established by the comparison of three concepts, is established by the same species of mental act as that which has for its terms substantive things instead of relations.' I think that you will admit now, friend Coxey, that you are wrong."

"I'm dead wrong. I'm more than wrong. I give up. I had no idea that I was an ass, and that there were so much to be said on what appears to me to be a simple subject, but still if you leave out the donkey and Spencer it still seems all right to me."

"You are all right, Coxey," said the Cadi, reassuringly. "All right on that point at least. Moke is bewildering you with false logic and smothering you with a stack of words. Returning to the point under discussion, the sandbag and boycott are much the same thing, and are largely of the boomerang order in due course of time. But how did you word your letters, Moke? I trust that you uttered no threats."

"Not at all, or rather only by indirection," Moke replied. "I do not mind reading you the original draft of the circular letter. Here it is:

Egypt, July 27.

Messrs. Juvenal & Cicero, Makers of Blunderbusses, Cairo, Egpyt:

Gentlemen—I beg that you permit me to call your attention to the fact that we are preparing to give one of the greatest tournaments of modern times, and in furtherance of it we will have 2,000 programmes printed, which will be distributed to the sportsmen of America, Asia, Africa and a small section of Europe. You, being men of rare intelligence, will readily perceive the great advantages to be derived from advertising in our programme, the rates of which are extraordinarily low, $10 for a full page, or $9 for a half page. Any merchandise which you see fit to donate will win our friendship according to the amount of it. It is unnecessary to call your attention to the advantages you will secure by purchasing our friendship and our influence in pushing the sales of your goods in this section. We will be pleased to hear from you at your earliest convenience, and beg to subscribe ourselves," etc.

"Of course, the converse of that is that if they do not comply with your request they will not have our friendship and we will not push their goods. It is really a concealed threat, and you seem to presume not on the advantages that you offer, but on the disadvantages which would accrue to dealers and manufacturers if they excite your enmity. Is that right, Moke?" queried the Cadi.

"I might influence some trade," objected Moke.

"That letter is a copy of the letter you wrote when we held our last tournament. How much trade have you influenced since then? What effort have you made to reciprocate the favors you received then? When the tournament was ended, all your efforts ended, and matters of trade went on in the same lines that they did before, and your influence and friendship ended also. Each of us uses the same ammunition that he did before, and I dare say that all of us have forgotten who gave us advertisements and merchandise, and further we do not care who gave them. Speaking of influence, you have no more than any one else. You could not persuade a single one of us to change his load or his gun, and if you could not influence us, how much less could you influence strangers, even if you made the attempt, which is far from happening, so long as an attempt implies any effort on your part. Out of all the 2,000 programmes, which will dwindle down to about 200 when they are actually printed, or at least all that are needed, about 50 may reach the hands of the shooters. Give us your own opinion on the subject, good Moke," said the Cadi.

"I do not think at most that we can find use for more than 100 programmes, friend Cadi," said Moke. "But the manufacturers do not expect any real advertising in return. They look upon the money paid to us as so much money given away. When we secure one manufacturer as an advertiser, the others come in because they are afraid to remain out. A programme advertisement may be of some advantage to local advertisers, but it is not such to the great manufacturers, for in the first place the programmes go into the hands of men who are already much better informed through the advertisements in the sporting papers, and therefore have nothing to learn from a programme advertisement. Secondly, the programmes are so limited in number that, no matter what class of people receives them, they reach but an insignificant few at best. This is a matter which we can talk over here between ourselves, but it is not a good matter for publication. Still, after all is said, we are not running the manufacturers' business, and if they think that programme advertisements pay it is not for us to say that they do not pay, for if we were to say so under the circumstances we might be mistaken," and Moke made a most grewsome grimace at the Cadi as he concluded his frank admissions.

"We add some of the advertising money to the stakes if it is necessary to do so," remarked Le Loup.

"If we add the money to the stakes or to the treasury, it doesn't much matter how we get it," said Moke. "They have our friendship and influence all the same."

"A friendship and an influence which are manufactured on the spur of the moment as a premise to trade pilfering are of no worth. The promise of influence and the implied threat to do harm all end with the close of the tournament. The power for harm is no greater than the power for good, and neither one, as represented by the programme sandbag, is worthy of serious thought. These things, like many others which have been abused, are working their own cure. The aggregate returns of the sandbag has been thousands of dollars in years past, not so much at present, and will be less in the future. Ah me, this wicked, wicked world!" and the Cadi crossed his hands on his bosom and looked upward with a look which comes only on the faces of those who are of the chosen. BERNARD WATERS.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooter's League.

At Wissinoming, Oct. 22, the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League held its contest on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, under the auspices of the Forest Gun Club.

Team match, 25 targets and handicap, known angles, six men to a team:

Clearview, 225.		
Harkins	1111011111111111111111111	—24
	111111110111	—12—36
Moore	1110100111001111111100011	—17
	1111110110101	—10—27
Miller	1111110011100111111111101	—20
	1100111101111	—10—30
Fisher	1100110111111110111101111	—20
	111111011111	—11—31
Myers	1011000101001101100101100	—12
	011000010011	— 5—17
Johnson	0111011110111111110110010	—18
	100001011101	— 6—24—165
Roxborough, 199.		
Pepper	0110101111111111011101011	—19
	110011111	— 7—26
Butler	1011111001001111111111110	—19
	10111011	— 6—25
Gyles	1101111101100111111111011	—20
	11110101	— 6—26
Cowan	0111101111111111111110111	—22
	10101111	— 6—28
Free	1110111011110111101111111	—21
	01111111	— 7—28
McFalls	1111111111111111110011111	—23
	11111110	— 7—30—163
Southwark, 191.		
Fisher	1101111111101101111111101	—21
	1111111	— 7—28
O'Brien	1111111111111111111111111	—25
	1111111	— 7—32
Ford	1110101101010001000101111	—14
	110001	— 4—18
Felix..	1110111011111110111101111	—21
	1111111	— 7—28
Reed	1101101111111111101111111	—22
	0011110	— 4—26
Woodstager	0111011110011110111100111	—18
	111111	— 6—24—156
Independent, 165.		
W H W	1111111111111111111111101	—24
	111	— 3—27
Ridge	1111111101111111111111111	—24
	111	— 3—27
Whitcomb	1111101110111111111001111	—21
	110	— 2—23
Hotherall	1111101011111111111111111	—23
	11	— 2—25
Houpt	1111101111111111111101111	—23
	11	— 2—25
Landis	1111101111111111111111111	—24
	11	— 2—26—153
Florists', 174.		
Burton	1101111111111111100111111	—22
	1111	— 4—26
G O Bell	1010111011111111100101101	—18
	0111	— 3—21
Engle	1111010110111110110111111	—20
	1011	— 3—23
C Ball	1111011111111110110011111	—21
	1111	— 4—25
Harris	1010011110111111111111111	—21
	1011	— 3—24
Anderson	1111111111111111111111111	—25
	1111	— 4—29—148
Frankford, 174.		
Bourne	1110111111111100111111111	—22
	1111	— 4—26
Redifer	0101111111111111111111010	—21
	1110	— 3—24
Betson	0111111011111111111101111	—22
	0111	— 3—25
Myers	1111111111111111010111111	—23
	1110	— 3—26
George	1001111110010111001111111	—18
	1111	— 4—22
Krier	1101011101111011111011011	—19
	1111	— 4—23—146
Silver Lake, 180.		
Lane	1001011111011001111111111	—19
	11111	— 5—24
Apker	1001111111111111011111111	—22
	11111	— 5—27
Burt	0101100110011111110111111	—18
	10110	— 3—21
Mink	1110111111111110101111101	—21
	01111	— 4—25
Humer	1111111100111111111110111	—22
	11011	— 4—26
McAfee	1011110011101111110110111	—19
	11110	— 4—23—146
Delaware River, five men, 188.		
Jones	1000111101110111111111101	—19
	1100111111101	—10—29
Craig	0101111000011000111010100	—12
	1101111111101	—11—23
Smith	1111111111111111111111111	—25
	1111111111111	—13—38
Taplin	0001111011011110111111101	—18
	001110100111	— 7—25
Dorp	1010001011010110010111010	—13
	011100101101	— 7—20—135
Forest, five men, 165.		
Walker	0000011110100001111001110	—12
	11001011	— 5—17
Hancock	0111110101110110111101111	—19
	10010101	— 4—23
Bender	1111011111100100101111101	—18
	11010111	— 6—24
Van Nort	1110011101101111111101111	—20
	01110111	— 6—26
Morison	0100110111111111110111101	—19
	00101111	— 5—24—114
Wayne, four men, 139.		
Morris	1011011000110111111111111	—19
	1101110110	— 7—26
Morgan	0110100001010110111111011	—15
	1110111011	— 8—23
Green	0100110111100111001100101	—14
	1011010011	— 6—20
Riotte	1110111101101111010101111	—19
	010110101	— 5—24— 93.

The following table shows the number of points won in the eight matches:

Southwark	6½	8	8	9	8	10	6	9	—64½
Roxborough	6½	6	6½	8	4	6	10	9	—56
Silver Lake	10	3	2	6	9	9	7	5	—51½
Florists	5	4	9	4	6	8	8½	7	—51½
Independent	2	5	10	10	5	7	3	9	—51
Washington	3	9½	4½	5	10	5	8½	..	—45½
Wayne	9	7	4½	7	3	..	4	2	—36½
Frankford	4	9½	6½	3	7	..	..	5½	—35½
Forest	8	..	1	..	2	..	5	3	—19
Delaware	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	4	— 9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	15		
Ridge	8	10	8	15	9	10	9	14	10	10	12	125	115
Landis	10	8	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Houpt	9	10	8	12	10	7	7	13	8	..	..	100	84
Lewis	8	7	7	10	7	9	6	5	5	5	..	110	69
Anderson	8	10	..	13	9	8	..	..	8	8	12	90	76
B G C	10	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	...	...
Smith	9	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	7	10	13	...	...
Torpey	..	10	7	13	8	8	9	10	10	8	..	100	83
Burton	..	8	7	12	9	6	8	..	5	7	..	85	62
Engle	..	9	..	..	..	8	9	..	10	..	..	...	...
Franklin	..	8	10	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
W H W	..	..	10	8	14	10	10	15	..	..	..	80	77
Harris	..	7	9	10	..	6	10	..	5	5	..	75	52
Morison	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	...	...
Redifer	..	..	10	..	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	...	...
Riotte	..	..	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Bender	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	...	...
Bell	..	..	13	6	7	..	..	5	..	..		...	...
O'Brien	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
Gyles	..	..	13	8	..	..	..	9	..	..		...	...
Moore	..	..	10	6	6	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
Miller	..	..	11	6	8	..	..	8	..	..		...	...
Fisher	..	..	14	..	7	8	..	..	..	..		...	...
Ball	..	..	7	5	5	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
Taplin	..	..	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
Singer	..	..	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
George	..	..	10	10	6	7	..	8	..	..		...	...
Hotherall	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	..		...	...
Butler	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
Cowan	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	6	..	..		...	...
J Fisher	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	8	..	..		...	...
Morgan	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	3	..	..		...	...
Lane	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	9	..	..		...	...
Morris	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	7	..	11		...	...
Jones	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...
McFalls	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	7	..	..		...	.....
Myers	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	8	..	..		...	...
Free	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..		...	...
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	7	...	...
Harkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	...	...
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	...	...
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	...	...
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	...	...
McAfee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	...	...

WESTERN TRAPS.

Limited's Autumn Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 29.—The fourth interstate annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will be held this coming week, Nov. 2-3, and ought to prove an interesting affair. On the first day there will be twelve targe events, all of which will be shot under the equitable system, as used at the great Minneapolis tournament. On the second day the class system will prevail. The Grand Hotel cup race for the target championship will be shot off on the second day, Nov. 3. In order that conditions governing this regular competition may be known, I offer same below:

"Any amateur residing in either of the five States, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana, may challenge for the cup by sending $10 forfeit to the secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis. If the directors of the club consider the challenger eligible, they will immediately notify the holder, who will accept within ten days of the receipt of the challenge, forward $10 to the secretary and name a date for the match within thirty days of the acceptance of the said challenge. Should the decision be against the challenger, his money will be returned promptly.

"All contests shall take place on the Limited Gun Club grounds, Indianapolis, Ind.

"On the day of the match each party will put up an additional $10, the winner to take the trophy and the stake.

"The match will be shot at 50 targets, unknown angles, per man. In case of a tie, the contestants will shoot at 25 targets, unknown angles, each, and continue until the match is decided. The cost of the targets will be arranged by the contestants.

"Should the holder fail in any of the above conditions, the cup is forfeited to the challenger.

"The winner will be required to furnish a satisfactory bond for the safe return of the cup to the Limited Gun Club for challenge competition, and for the annual interstate autumn tournament.

"No challenge will be considered after the holder has been notified to return the cup for the annual tournament.

"The present holder of the cup is Mr. E. E. Neal, of Bloomfield, Ind."

At Chillicothe, O., tournament last week high honors were won by Alkire, of Woodlyn, who ran straight in several of the live-bird events, and did some fine shooting in the process.

In the death this week at Detroit, Mich., of Mr. John E. Long, Western sportsmen suffer a distinct loss. Mr. Long was fifty-eight years of age, and had always been a great lover of the gun and dog. He was for some time in the sporting trade, a member of the firm of Fisher & Long. In his time he was well known at the trap tournaments, as in many forms of gentlemanly sport, and his loss is mourned by very many sportsmen friends.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club held its final target contest of the season on Oct. 29. The attendance was fairly good, considering the weather, which was anything but agreeable. The sky was overcast; later there was mist and a strong driving wind. The targets were somewhat erratic in their flight. W. D. Stannard won first place in the trophy event. V. L. Cunnyngham won in Class B, and A. C. Borroff in Class C. The scores in the trophy contest are detailed as follows, at 25 targets:

Class A.

A W Adams	1111111110111011111101100—20
F P Stannard	1111111111111001101101101—20
W D Stannard	1111111110111101111111111—23
C C Hess	1111101011001000101011001—14
A C Paterson	1111100111101011101110101—18
L Goodrich	1101111111111001111110111—21

Class B.

V L Cunnyngham	0111111000111111111101111—20
Dr Carson	0111111110111101011011011—19
H Vetter	0010010110111001011101011—15
J L Jones	0110111101110100011100110—15
Geo Airey	0111101110001110110111110—17
Joe Lewis	0110110011110110111011110—17

Class C.

H B Morgan	1000010110111011011111111—17
A C Borroff	1101110100011111111100111—18
Pollard, visitor	1101101011000111101111011—17

Preceding and following the trophy event were practice and sweeps, in which merchandise was given for high scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	25	30	Targets:	15	15	25	30
A W Adams	12	8	..	..	H Vetter	12	10	14	18
C C Hyde	8	9	14	23	Joe Lewis	11	10	23	..
F P Stannard	14	15	20	27	H B Morgan	11	9	..	16
J L Jones	11	6	16	..	J Pollard	9	5	17	..
C W Carson	14	..	14	..	W D Stannard	13	12	19	25
Geo Airey	..	10	18	..	V L Cunnyngham	..	..	19	22
A C Borroff	..	..	10	..					

Events 1, 2 and 5 were shot from the magautrap; Nos. 3 and 4 were shot from five known traps, unknown angles.

The Montgomery Ward Trophy.

The next regular contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. trophy will take place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, on the afternoon of Nov. 4.

A. C. PATERSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Friday, Oct. 21.—Shorty won trophy, shooting U. M. C. load and Schultze powder:

Club contest, Class A:

Otten, 28	0121210101— 7	Pape, 28	0212210211— 8
Schorty, 33	2212212222—10	Hainhorst, 28	1112111222—10
Peters, 28	1212221020— 8	Rohlfs, 28	2110020202— 6

Class B, all at 25yds.:

Heilshorn	0002102120— 5	Gerdes	2002212100— 6
Foerenbach	0212111221— 9	Bohling	2020220201— 6
Rottman	1110002001— 5		

Team race No. 1, for price of birds and nominal consideration:

Steffens' team.		Schorty's team.	
Gerdes, 25	00001—1	Heilshorn, 25	01100—2
Rottmon, 25	11202—4	Rohlfs, 28	11220—4
Foerenbach, 25	21120—4	Peters, 28	02210—3
Bohling, 25	20201—3	Pape, 28	22120—4
Hainhorst, 28	01211—4	Otten, 28	10211—4
Steffens, 32	21122—5—21	Schorty, 33	12222—5—22

JOHNNY JONES.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 27.—Following are the scores of the East Side Gun Club, made at the shoot to-day on Smith's grounds, Foundry street. Conditnons, 28yds., point handicap:

Feigenspan, 7	1211211222—10	A Koeller, 6	1002222121— 8
H Otten, 7	2011212122— 9	H C Larkey, 7	*10211122— 7
B Clinchard, 5	1012111221— 9	H Reiboldt, 6	0201220221— 7
J Fischer, 6	1122012221— 9	E Waldman, 5	1110001122— 7
Dr Hudson, 7	11*2211021— 8	Schorty, 7	0110102212— 7
F Perment, 6	1021210211— 8	T H Richards, 6	0222100021— 6
F Seitz, 5	1200111112— 8		

Five birds:

Larkey	11212—5	Seitz	10211—4
Feigenspan	22101—4	Schorty	110*1—3

Seven birds:

Dr Hudson	20222*2—5	H Otten	2121201—6
H Reiboldt	1220122—6	E Waldman	1010020—3

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Oct. 25.—The postponed shoot took place today. The main event was at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, two moneys. Capt. A. W. Money won first alone with a straight score of 25. Brewer was second with 24. Aaron Doty killed 23, Morfey and Timmons tied on 21. Fairmont killed 20.

Nos. 2 and 3 were matches between Morfey and Money, for $10. They both tied on 10, then made it a double-header, Morfey winning. No. 3 was a match at 10 birds, Long Island rules, use of both barrels, gun below elbow. Each used his first barrel very effectively.

The birds were a good lot. There were a number of sitters, but they proved good ones when on the wing. A larger entry was expected. Capt. Money killed 51 straight, including two practice birds. Mr. W. A. Hobart was referee. Mr. Jacob Pentz, scorer:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                ←T↙→↗←↖←↗↙→←←↗↙→↘↙↗→↙↙↙↖↑
Money, 30.....1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2—25

                ↗↘↗↙↙↙↙↖←T→↙↙↙↖T↓↖↗↗↗←T→↑
Morfey, 29.....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 * 2—21

                ↗↖↙→→←→→→↑→→↗←↖↗↖←←→↙↑↓↓↗
Fairmont, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 * * 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 2—20

                ↑→↗↗↖↑↗↑↗↘↓↗→↓↑←→↖↙↙←↑↗↑↖
Timmons, 29.....2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 * 1 2 2 2 0 2 2—21

                →H←←↖↗↖↖→↗↑↑↗↗←→↗↗↓↑↗←H↖→
Doty, 30.....2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2—23

                ↙T↖↗↙↙↑↑↗←↖↘↖↗→↘↗→↘↑↑↗↘↘↘
Brewer, 32.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2—24
```

No. 1, 10 birds, 30yds.:

Morfey	2220120212— 8	Fairmont	1102212222— 9
Timmons	2212120222— 9	Doty	2222222022— 9
Money	1121211112—10		

No. 2, 32yds.:

Morfey	1111221111—10	Money	1111111111—10

No. 3, same:

Morfey	2112012111— 9	Money	1211010121— 8

No. 4, gun below elbow, 32yds.:

Morfey	1221212101— 9	Money	12111112*1— 9

Hell Gate Gun Club.

New York, Oct. 25.—The attendance was unusually large, owing to the fact that the full limit of club membership has been reached. All are in good standing. The score of Mr. J. Belden in the shoot-off, Sept. 27, was 10 instead of 9, as published by you:

		Points.
J H Voss, 30	2202120112— 8	7
R Regan, 28	0220001012— 5	5½
J H Selg, 28	0022201202— 6	5
J Himmelsbach, 28	2011011212— 8	6
L Stelzle, 28	0202102202— 7	6
H Koch, 28	2012022222— 7	5
H Hofftese, 28	2021111000— 6	5
H W Voss, 28	1111121120— 9	7
J A Belden, 28	1120101111— 8	6½
B Woelfel, 28	2121221000— 7	7
C Young, 28	112*211111— 9	6
E Steffens, 28	0121121111— 9	6½
L T Muench, 28	0202222000— 5	6½
E Karl, 28	2220222222— 9	5½
C Rabenster, 28	1010101012— 6	6
J Quinn, 28	2211111121—10	6½
H Foster, 30	0110020021— 5	7
F Wheeler, 28	01212020*1— 6	5½
E Doeinck, 30	2022200222— 7	7
D S Deedy, 26	002*2020*0— 3	4
E Metz, 28	2110221022— 8	7
J Neuman, 28	2*22*11021— 7	5½
F Trostel, 30	1212221211—10	7
T McPartland, 26	1120100100— 5	4½
T K Breit, 28	1011110100— 6	5
P Brennan, 28	0101001001— 5	4½
J Kessler, 28	0122020122— 7	6
A Schmidt, 28	1011102111— 8	6
J Kreb, 28	1212002200— 6	5½
H Zahn, 28	1*2*220100— 5	5
W F Noe, 26	0020201001— 4	5
W A Sands, 28	2222220220— 8	7
J Welbrock, 28	2220210111— 8	6½
E Petersen, 28	1201120102— 7	6½
C Schaffer, 28	2201011212— 8	5
E Marquardt, 28	1000202011— 5	5
A Knodel, 28	0000020100— 2	5
J Schlicht, 28	0212220200— 6	7
C Weber, 30	1102010211— 7	7
B Amend, guest	2220122*22— 8	..
C H Smith, guest	2100221102— 6	..
C Schaefer, 28	0111111020— 7	5

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Brentnal	10	8	5	6	8	9	8	9	9	7	7	..	7
Dawson	6	9	5	7	7	6	10	9	5	..	..	..	9
Whitehead	8	..	..	8	5	7	8	..	10	7	..	..	..
Terrill	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Thomas	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	8	9	6	..	..	..
P M Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	7	..
J C Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	3	7	..

No. 13 was at doubles.

Greater New York Gun Club.

Oct. 27.—The Inaugural shoot of the Greater New York Gun Club was a total failure so far as attendance was concerned. So few were present that the programme was not followed. A few friendly sweepstakes were shot. The morning hours were windy and the birds were good. In the afternoon as the wind subsided the shooting became easier. Following are the scores:

No. 1:

Schortemeier	22122—5	Waters	12122—5

	No. 2.	No. 3.
Schortemier, 31	2222211222—10	11112220—7
Capt Money, 31	2*21211121— 9	11121211—8
H Money, 30	1101121122— 9	22122122—8
Waters, 30	2211202211— 9	0
Marten, 27	.....	0

	No. 4.	No. 5	No. 6
Capt Money	22022—4	12211—5	1210100222— 7
Waters	11212—5	02121—4	22221110*212—10
Marten	....	.....	20202
H Money	....	.....	22121002212*— 9

In No. 6 Capt. Money stood at 30yds., on one foot.

No. 7:

Capt Money	02110—3	Selover	12120—4

	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
A W Money, 30	02112—4	11112—5	11111—5
Selover, 29	12120—4	12212—5	11011—4
Waters, 28	11222—5	21121—5	22122—5
Martin, 27	10012—3	20022—3	11112—5
H Money, 27	22110—4	12212—5	12112—5

No. 6 was $1, miss-and-out; Nos. 8, 9 and 10 were 5 birds, $3, birds included.

New Jersey State League.

Dunellen, N. J., Oct. 29.—Following are the scores made today in the team races of the New Jersey State League:

Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick.

Belloff	1111111111111010111111101—22
McDowell	1111110001011011111111001—18
Booraem	1111010011010110110011111—17
Smith	1100101011101111100011101—16
Oakley	0000011111111101001111100—15—88

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Tingley	1111111011111111110111001—21
Merrill	1111110101100010111101111—18
Jackson	1101110111110001110111111—19
Leake	1001100101110111100010100—13
W Giles	1000010110111010011011001—13—84

Dunellen Gun Club.

Brantingham	1010111111110111111110101—20
Cramer	0010111111110111111111011—20
Lindzey	0000111110011111110100111—16
C Giles	1011110111111111111001110—20
Baron	1111110111111111111101110—22—98

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield.

Goodman	0000101111011001110101001—13
Swody	1101000001001101111001110—13
Keller, Jr	1010000101110110100111111—15
Manning	1111001011010011111101111—18
Keller	0111111111111110111011110—21—88

Sweepstakes:								
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
Jackson	5	2	7	7	..	6	9	..
Tingley	8	2	..	8	9	..	7	7
Fletcher	10	..	7	9	7	5	..	8
Merrill	8	..	6	7	..	7	8	6
Dealamon	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swody	..	4	9	..	7	..	..	..
Apgar	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Manning	..	..	9	10	8	..	..	..
C Giles	..	..	6	8	7	5	..	..
Brantingham	..	..	10	7	7	7	..	..
Runyon	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	7	8	6	9	7
Goodman	..	..	..	9	..	7	..	..
Belloff	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	3
Nelson	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	8
McDowell	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	8
Osborn	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	5
Leek	..	..	..	..	7	2	4	2
Keller, Jr	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	5
Cramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9
W Giles	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3
Baron	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
Oakley	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Lindzey	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6
Nelson, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Runyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 22.—The following scores are from the Audubon Gun Club's regular club shoot. The shooting was very difficult, owing to the bad weather. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A, Walker won Class B, and A. J. Barnes won Class C. Next Saturday the regular monthly cup shoot of the club will take place. No. 7 event was at 10 targets, gun below the elbow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15		25	* 15	10	
C S Burkhardt	13	13	14	18	14	13	4
Talsma	10	12	19	..	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	9	12	20	19	13	11	5
Otis	8	7	10	12	..	7	5
Jacobs	6	7	14	..	..	..	..
Garbe	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	4	10	15	14	9	8	5
Walker	9	5	16	12	11	..	..
Barnes	6	6	10	9	10	..	4
R H Hebard	11	..	16	13	..	8	6
J W Warner	..	..	16	..	..	7	4
E C B	..	..	..	22	..	..	..

* 10 singles and 5 pairs.

CHAS. J. MOYER.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

The address is desired of the New England Arms Co.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting and Fishing on the C. & O.

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Since the open season began, on Oct. 1, several parties have gone from Washington into Bath county, Virginia, and the reports which they bring back are such as to make the heart of the sportsman jump with expectancy. There is plenty of sport to be had with the rifle, the shotgun, the fly-rod, and none of the game bags or fish creels are brought back empty.

Within a radius of ten miles from Millboro, Va., there are literally hundreds of deer. Then too the Cowpasture River is teeming with bass, and a 2lb. small-mouth will make the disciple of old Izaak, who has played the big-mouth on 40yds. of line, think that he has a salmon at least on his hook.

Virginia at this season is the paradise of the sportsman, and the Chesapeake & Ohio trains leaving Washington at 2:20 P. M. and 11:10 P. M. carry him right into the heart of that paradise.

For information, address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Page Fence Music.

DR. J. A. REYNOLDS has written the words and T. F. Rinehart the music of a "Page Fence Waltz" and a "Page Fence March," published in sheet music form by the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., of Adrian, Mich. We often speak of singing the praises of a good thing; here it actually is done. The musical celebration of the qualities of the famous fence will no doubt be sung over the wide extent of the continent which is circled by the Page wires. The music will be sent to any address by the Page Co. on request.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"*The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.*"
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

I never hear a greasy-faced, sanctimonious fellow declaim against the cruelty, the wantonness and the unprofitableness of field-sports, but I set him down for an arrant fool or an arrant hypocrite. But I long to assure him that in the eyes of Heaven, and God be thanked, even in the world also, some pursuits are held profitable besides that of the almighty dollar; and some amusements innocent besides cheating our neighbors on the street, and calling that business; or slandering them by the fireside and calling that conversation.

Frank Forester.

A FINANCIAL CONSIDERATION.

NEW BRUNSWICK is rapidly coming to the front as a game country. This season has proved a most fortunate one for sportsmen from the United States, as our game columns from week to week have testified. Moose and caribou hunters have been very successful; and many noble trophies have been brought out of the woods. The law of demand and supply has worked to increase the native supply of guides. A few years ago the really good guides and moose callers might be numbered on the fingers of one hand; and to supply the deficiency, Maine guides were taken in by visiting sportsmen. The New Brunswick woodsmen have learned the trick of calling, and there are now so many qualified guides among them that the visitor may be reasonably certain of satisfaction with the local talent. These guides have in many instances an exaggerated notion of the value of their services, and evidently look upon the American moose hunter as a victim to be bled. Cases are cited of guides who, when they got their parties well in hand, demanded six dollars a day or deserted. This is extortion. No guide can earn six dollars a day. If his employer chooses to give him that wage, or ten times as much, he may take it, not as earned, but as given; but the lavish rewards scattered by bountiful employers may not reasonably be accepted as affording any gauge of what the service is worth or should be made to pay when others are concerned. Moose hunters are not invariably millionaires; some of them have first to count the cost; and even millionaires are currently believed to be resentful of downright imposition.

It is with guides and guiding very much as with the tipping system, which is coming to be all so prevalent in every branch of service where one person does anything whatever for another. The person who tips thereby puts an obligation upon the next one who comes along to give a tip too, or else be slighted; voluntary tipping by some leads to obligatory tipping by all; and the exactions are such as to be burdensome to many who cannot afford them. In precisely the same way the giving of a fancy price for services rendered in the woods often means making crooked and difficult the trail for those who are to follow. No one will begrudge whatever a woods guide may receive from those who can afford it, and are disposed to give it, over and beyond the actual worth of services rendered, but the generosity of such gratuitous rewards should not be taken as the measure of what is actually due and just as a reasonable and sufficient scale of payment for guiding.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER—what changing scenes the name recalls. To-day, beneath the cold, gray sky, the trees shiver in the scant remnant of their gay attire; the forest floor is strewn thick with the cast-off splendor; the clogged pools are clotted with it, and are more gorgeously mantled than if the departed wood ducks had left their splendid plumage in their forsaken summer home, and all the summer flowers were blooming, afloat with all the summer butterflies voyaging on them.

To-morrow, under the same cold, rough sky that the harrows of wild geese do not smooth nor soften, the trees stand naked and gray, the gay litter of the forest turns to somber hue and the sodden leaves sink down, dyeing the crystal pool to amber. From aloof, the surly north wind sends a hollow murmur, then nearer and louder, clashes the bare boughs and tosses the scurrying leaves along the earth. A procession of crows is swept before it in a hurried, staggering flight, swifter than the blown clouds above or the leaves beneath.

Another day, under the pale blue sky, the windless air is soft as May. Through the veil of haze the wooded hills are stranded clouds; the mountains, piles of moveless smoke; the gleam of the sunlit stream, a ribbon of silver winding through space. From it comes, in softened cadence, the raucous call of the dusky duck; from the cloudland of the hills, the mellow chiding of a hound, the dreamy memory of the cock grouse's April drum call, the indolent cawing of lingering crows, and faint and far, or near and loud, the gun's sudden boom breaks in upon the congruous voices of nature.

Again the scene changes, the mountains and then the hills are blotted out in the lowering sky, and the world is narrowed to a dreary circle, beaten by a slant of leaden rain and downright drip of branches and roofs with dull and lifeless monotony.

Again, and the bitter north wind turns the earth to stone, the circle of the world widens toward its old bounds, then closes in a blankness of gray and white, as the desolate nakedness of autumn is made seemly by the charitable garment of winter.

CAMP PHOTOGRAPHS.

SOME amateur photographs of camp scenes or other subjects are not so pleasing in effect as they would be if the people who appear in them were not staring at the camera. Unless the purpose of the photograph is to give full-face portraiture, artistic considerations demand that the human element of it shall not be manifestly having its picture taken.

A photograph of camp life should be permeated with the theme of the subject. The campers should be dining, or making fires, or fixing tents; getting guns, rods or boats ready for the day's sport; or whatever the hour of the day, the incidents should have a corresponding fidelity to camp as it actually exists at the moment. But when the campers are lined up in front of the camp, or standing in stiffly set and self-conscious poses, they themselves have abandoned the reality of camp life to engage in having themselves photographed. Tents, trees and other detail of the camp then merely serve the purposes of a background, as the curtain does in the photographer's studio.

As one looks on a photograph composed after the set manner above mentioned, the impression of camp life is but remotely conveyed; one is impressed by the dominant feature, the personality of the camp being photographed.

If the picture is to really portray camp life, it must be as camp life really is. People must fit in with the life of the camp. People in camping, fishing, etc., do not stand stiffly looking with set eyes at a point in the foreground. To the members of the party so photographed there are associations with the subject which make the photograph an incident of camp life; to all others, the incident is stripped of all associations. It then is only an incident complete in itself, telling no story of the motive inspiring the camp in its pursuit of health and sport.

So it is with all other photographs. Each person should be a consistent part of the whole, whether of camping, boating, shooting, or fishing scenes.

If then you make part of a camp group before the camera, don't stare at the instrument, be doing something, looking at something, posing in some way to indicate that the picture is of a real scene, as natural in attitude and grouping as it would be at the very moment of the snap were there no camera within a thousand miles.

SNAP SHOTS.

Despite the posting of lands in the deer district of Long Island, and an endeavor on the part of many of the residents to prevent hunting, a large force of hunters turned out early on Thursday morning of last week; and before the frightened deer realized what was happening sixty odd had been killed, thirty-eight on the lands adjoining the preserves of the South Side Club. When the deer recognized their danger, they took to the refuge of the protected grounds; and it is improbable that there will be offered again this season another opportunity such as that of Thursday. The Long Island deer are practically tame. Living in perfect security the whole year around—save for four or five days in November, and these at intervals of a week—they do not recognize man and dog as deadly enemies. On the contrary, they stray at will, feeding by the roadsides, where as one drives he may almost flick them with his carriage whip, grazing on lawns, herding with the cattle in the fields, and in all respects conducting themselves as semi-domesticated members of the community. Such animals are hardly game in the sense of being wild creatures of the wild woods, which must be sought for with craft and cunning and skill in sportsmanship. There is in the slaughtering of Long Island's tame deer little of that pitting of the shrewdness of the hunter against the wariness of the game, of which we are wont to descant when we praise the art of deer hunting. There is, however, this to be said for what takes place on November Thursdays in the Long Island deer country, that it gives an opportunity for trophy head and haunch of venison to many a man who could not make an expedition to distant hunting grounds; and that for those people who care for deer hunting of this kind it is a chance highly prized.

In an 1857 copy of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," upon which we have chanced, complaint is made that the New Jersey game law at that time imposed a fine of only one dollar for its violation; and a moiety of this was the only stimulus offered for bringing the out of season gunner to justice. The law had thus neither terror for the violator nor encouragement to voluntary enforcement; and it was a dead letter. Forty years have gone by, and to-day we have the New Jersey game law executive force urging that the penalties now prescribed are altogether excessive, and defeat the ends sought to be gained by enlisting sympathy for those who are subjected to them. The way in which this has come about is well told in the paragraph of the report quoted in another column. The principle we have noted before as operative in other States: if a game law fails of its purpose because laxly enforced, double the penalty; if that does not help matters, double the penalty again. It is a common delusion to imagine that if only the punishment be made severe enough, the law will enforce itself. The fact is that whatever the penalty, light or heavy, the statute must be put into execution by those whose duty this is; and a reasonable penalty rigorously exacted is certain to prevent repeated violations, and at the same time it does not permit the offender to pose as a victim of injustice. With such an admirably administered system as is that of New Jersey, the suggestion to lighten the penalties may well be assented to.

In this same number of "Porter's Spirit" we find the text of a law prepared by Frank Forester for the protection of salmon in the Delaware, Raritan, Passaic and Hudson rivers, which waters there was then an intention of stocking with this fish. Forester thought that there was here an opportunity to add incalculably to the fishing resources of the three States; but the project never got beyond the drafting of the law.

The expressions "buck-ague" and "buck-fever" are given by Bartlett as Americanisms. But surely there were deer hunters who were agitated with the tremors of excitement at sight of the game long before deer were hunted in America; and there must have been at least an equivalent for the terms before there were any Americanisms.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just About a Boy.—XIII.

"Say, I got a camp all fixed up fer winter up river 'n' I reckon them beaver pelts is about right now—what yeh say, less go up 'n' git 'em?" Thus the boy spoke as he came into my workshop one bright November morning.

The leaves had become only brown bits of flotsam that the wind played tag with, and piled into long windrows and heaps in the protected spots of ground, and the trees were gray skeletons penciled against the sky. Frost whitened the ground, while every morning there was a fringe of ice along shore in the quiet reaches of the river, and the air was just snappy enough to be like wood wine.

"Well," I answered, "I guess there is no valid reason why I should not go, so make your plans and consider me a part of the outfit."

"All right. Reckon we might juss as well figger on gittin' all th' fun we kin while we're at it, so I'll take all my traps along—mebby we kin git some coons 'n' mussrats while we're ketchin' them beaver too."

"What do I want to take?" I asked.

"Oh, bring yer gun 'n' shells fer ducks 'n' geese, 'n' some small shot fer quail 'n' cottontails, nen yeh better bring a couple o' loads o' buckshot, cos we might see a ki-ote—some 'round up there all right. I got 'nough outfit fer both of us, 'n' we'll git supplies fer a week er so, nen we won't haff to come back tull we git them pelts, 'less we want to."

"When will we start?"

"In th' mornin', I guess—can't git ready much 'fore that, nen they ain't no use to hurry anyhow, an' we want th' best part of a day to git things fixed 'n' th' traps set, yeh know. Say we start early in th' mornin'?"

"All right then, I'll meet you at the landing about sunrise to-morrow."

"Uh huh. So long."

The next morning bright and early I hurried to the landing, where a clatter of oars on the sides of the boats and the sound of a merry whistle told me that the boy was already on hand and busy.

"Hullo, got here, did yeh?"

"Yes. I see you are ready."

"Yep. Got th' old 'mud hen' out 'n' loaded her up, cos I thought th' canoes ud be a leetle touchy like fer so late in th' season—ice liable to come with the first freeze 'n' it ud cut 'em all to pieces, yeh know; nen th' old 'mud hen' 'll stand most any kind o' knockin' 'round 'thout hurtin' her any. Git yer stuff in 'n' less be goin'. I'll row 'n' you steer, 'n' have yer shootin' iron ready—mighty apt to git some ducks this time o' day, yeh know."

Five minutes later we were leaving a long, wrinkly wake that spread across the quiet stream, and tinkled against the thin ice crystals that fringed the shore. The willows now were gaunt stripling trees, outlined like pen lines against the morning sky, and the blue-gray of the timber banked in behind them half-way to their tops in flattened perspective from our point of view. Small brown birds chirped among the bushes as they hunted their morning meal, but the clatter of summer visitors was lacking, for all the birds were gone, save these hardy little brown fellows, and an occasional slate-colored titmouse that ran up and down the larger tree trunks, unmindful of whether he was on the upper or lower side, or whether he was headed up or down—gravitation seemed to have no more effect on him than it does on thistle down.

"Don't seem much like it did a month er so ago 'long th' river now, does it?" asked the boy. "Still," he continued, "they's juss as much to see 'n' hear as they was then, only it's different, an' yeh got to know how to look fer it—these here frosty mornin's changes everything juss like they take th' leaves offen th' trees, don't they?"

The boy kept up a running fire of comment on river life and ways until we reached his winter camp—a snug little half-sod, half-dugout cabin hidden away in a nook of the river bank.

"Here we are," he announced, as he pushed the nose of the old 'mud hen' up against the soft bank and jumped out.

"Less git our truck int' th' cabin 'n' git things fixed up fer livin', nen I want to git them beaver traps set sure to-night, cos the sooner we git 'em th' better, while they don't know we're in th' country. Yeh see these here beaver is mighty slick critters, 'n' they savie things 'fore yeh know it, so th' best way is to trap 'em 'fore they know yer 'round—that's why I want ever' beaver trap I got set fer to-night."

We piled our outfits into the cabin, then, taking a hasty lunch, loaded the traps and axe in the boat and were soon pulling for the beaver grounds a mile further up stream. On the way we stopped long enough for the boy to cut six poles, about 10 or 12ft. long, and strong enough to hold a struggling beaver when the trap had him fast.

"Now you row 'n' I'll fix these trap poles," said the boy.

I took the oars and the youngster went to work whittling wedges and splitting the small ends of the poles, after which he slipped the ring of a trap chain over the end and drove the wedge firmly into the pole, enlarging it so the ring could by no possibility be pulled off.

"That's a trick I learnt from old man Hagey when he was trappin' 'long th' river here, an' it's the best scheme I ever saw to work on a beaver trap— Whoa! Now back up to th' bank where yeh see that kind of a wore place in th' grass, 'n' be careful yeh don't touch th' bank er th' bottom with th' boat, nen I'll set this trap fer Mr. Beaver."

I backed the boat into position, and the boy, taking one of the poles, drove it deeply into the soft mud of the river, tipping it at a slight angle downward, and in such a position that it was entirely under water when he had finished.

Then he set the powerful trap, and leaning out, placed it in the runway leading into the beaver hole in the bank, but in such a way that the pan was about 4in. under water; then he covered the heavy parts of the trap with soft river mud and was finished.

"That one'll ketch Mr. Beaver by the front foot—left front foot—when he comes out, nen when he finds he's fast he'll plunge right fer deep water, takin' th' trap with him 'n' slidin' the ring clear out to th' end o' th' pole. That's where he'll make a mighty big mistake, cos the pole's longer 'n th' trap chain is, 'n' he can't git back to th' shore, nen th' trap is so heavy he can't swim to th' top fer more fresh air, ner he can't git to th' stick to gnaw it off, 'n' 'sides it's hard 'n' dry, 'n' he couldn't cut it anyhow 'ithout breakin' his teeth. Yeh see them little knots on th' pole is all long enough to ketch th' ring 'n' stop him ef he should try to git back to shore after he gits caught, 'n' he can't hold his breath long 'nuff to gnaw his laig off 'n' git out that way, 'n' there he is—just got nuthin' to do but drownd hisself, cos he didn't stop to think about how he'd git back when he struck fer deep water. That's what old man Hagey told me when he showed me how to trap beaver, 'n' he knowed if ever anybody did—nen I've caught a lot of 'em that way since, 'n' I know it'll work.

"Some folks puts castor on sticks 'n' things to draw beavers to th' trap, but I think that kind o' stuff is a whole lot like puttin' anniss oil on fish bait—all a lot o' rot 'n' foolishness. I reckon it's a whole lot better to juss figger on bein' smarter 'n whatever you're after is, nen you don't need no such tomfoolery.

"All right, less g'won to th' next place—got to set these other five traps to-night."

By and by all the beaver traps were in position, and we went back to camp, where we soon had things in good shape for a comfortable stay of several days, if need be.

"I'm goin' out 'n' set a lot o' these mussrat traps now," said the boy. "You git a bite to eat, 'n' I'll fix these rat traps alone—they ain't pertic'lar work, cos a rat'll just purt' near fall into a trap if yeh give him a chance."

About dark he came in, tied up the boat, and said: "I figger we'll have 'bout four er five beaver 'n' twenty er thirty mussrats, 'n' maby a coon er two, by mornin', less'n it comes a storm, 'n' that ain't likely. Nothin' moves much when it's a-stormin', yeh know, but when th' weather is like it is now, all these critters goes galavantin' 'round 'bout all night, so we'll have some fur in th' mornin' all right.

"Less eat. I'm hungrier 'n a ki-ote 't ain't done nothin' but chase hisself fer a month."

After supper I smoked and listened to the homely wood lore that the boy was so familiar with, until the fireplace glowed dull red and the boy remarked that "We'd better sleep some." El Comancho.

Goin' A-Fishing.

The Man with the Old Tackle.

Unconsciously, perhaps, some men slip into the "sere and yellow leaf" and only realize their fading opportunities when routine halts, and life gazes over the widening path of the forever past. Then there is a sudden realization of years lost, for even years spent clanging a money drawer are ofttimes really lost when the brevity of life's span is considered. The mind needs a shock sometimes to bring about this realization.

Take, for instance, the "man with the old tackle." All day long the busy city has echoed with the never ending medley of noises so familiar to the man of business. The heavy drays had thundered past his office over the cobble stones of the narrow street, and his nerves had, for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time that year, vibrated and quivered with the depressing torture. Figures multiplied in his mind almost unconsciously, and the regular routine of the daily labor seemed but the greater part of his being and of his life.

He was a busy man, this "man with the tackle," and while accepting this as a general proposition, there was no special plea in the fact. The world is filled with busy men and women, and the dawn, the day, and the stars witness with wonderful regularity the procession, never ending, of the workers to tasks which never seem to be done. Narrow streets in hot, dusty cities; imperative business transactions, and can't get aways; all are more or less inseparable, but the "man with the tackle" on this 365th day of the year (might have been the fiscal, or even an imaginary year, you know) was brought up standing, as it were, and his gray matter got out of the routine groove in a jiffy.

"What's this," he mused, in a somewhat bewildered manner, as he glanced at the personal columns, "old Jones going on a fishing trip? That beats me. Never thought old Jones had it in him. Let me see," meditatively, "when was the last time I went fishing?"

"Beg your pardon, sir, Smith the broker wants your opinion in regard to that sugar stock," here remarked the confidential clerk, interrupting, and the busy man dropped his paper, got the gray matter into shape, and curtailed his musing.

"This has been a busy day," sighed the "man with the tackle" as he entered the den in which he occasionally entertained a friend. He threw himself on a worn lounge, when his eye happened to fall upon a dusty array of fishing rods hanging on the wall near the fireplace.

"That makes me think of Jones; wonder where the old rascal's going? Wish I was going with him," he muttered, as he gazed at the rods and then glanced at a little cupboard in the angle of the chimney.

"Poor old tackle. Why, now that I come to think of it, it was with old Jones I last went fishing, nearly—what? Twelve years ago! Twelve years since I went fishing? Time, thou art a mysterious thing—and Jones was not old Jones then."

Nor was the "man with the tackle," but the heavy black dust on the rod cases and the rusty key in the little cupboard, in which reposed lines, hooks, flies and reels, told their own stories, and of the passage of years—of busy years and lost opportunities.

It was but the work of a few moments to take down the rods, open cases and cupboard, and the little table with the antique legs was littered with a medley of old but almost forgotten friends. Lines were mildewed, hooks rusty, and reels groaned and shrieked upon the slightest pressure. And the rods, ah, they were all right, save a tarnish of the bright parts, but they seemed disconsolate, neglected, even antiquated, and a cricket on the begrimed hearth sang merrily, and the mind of the "man with the tackle" opened up as the cricket sang. The tree tops waved, and the water ruffled somewhere out of sight, but his mind's eye saw it all in the years agone, as the bass flirted in murmuring streams where the birds sang, and the ferns stealthily unfolded in the damp shadows. The "man with the tackle" saw it all and more. One of the pictures was something like this:

It was a crisp, cool night. The river ran rapid over the rounded stones in the shallows, and silently where the bottom dropped away and the water moved heavily and deep. A dense growth of somber-toned pines came bristling and pungent almost to the river's edge, and seemed all the more somber and deep because of the contrast made by the canvas tent, which glowed in places, reflecting the ruddy light of a camp-fire, and showing hospitable and cozy in the midst of the gloom.

Far beyond, and above the shadows of the opposite bank of the stream, the majestic, snow-capped summits of "God's eternal hills" broke almost fair upon the moonlit sky, and a few pale thin clouds drifted out of the glow and into the deeper colors of the heavens.

What a night it was. All nature was magnificent and at peace. The deep cry of a predatory bittern echoed clumsily, and scared into flight a forest mouse which had crept near the tent.

The camp-fire made the near shadows grotesque. Seated about, lounging on fragrant pine straw, were two young men. A third was busy about the fire with a frying pan. A tall tin coffee pot stood near the glowing embers, and the fragrant steam curled from the spout. Plates were scattered on a red tablecloth, spread on the earth, and a variety of edibles were awaiting a sortie upon the part of the hungry fishermen. That they were fishermen was apparent. A long string of fish hung from the limb of a nearby tree, and the frying pan was adding rapidly to a smoking heat of the cooked article then filling a good sized tin pan by the edge of the fire.

"And I was the fellow with the frying pan," murmured the "man with the tackle" as his mind played on.

The scene had changed. The sky was ominous with moisture-laden clouds. The great dark green billows swept heavily across the sea, and pounded into foamy fragrants on the brown sands. The gulls were circling on unsteady wings, screaming, and ever and anon plunging like feathery darts into the shallows where the minnows had gathered to escape the curling swells. The pass was dark with roughening water, save where the foam eddied in the swift incoming current, and made a lighter blue, which faded even as one gazed. The stiff salt grass of the sand hills bent gracefully before the ardent wind, and the small brush shivered and tossed uneasily. The scene was wild and nature severely grand. The blue-black masses of cloud wrack fled like fleeting shadows, piling in the northeast in impenetrable masses, the western heavens colored with a touch of deep cadmium and scarlet from the slowly rising sun.

A solitary fisherman stood near a damp sand knoll, which jutted into the pass. The waves here had no effect, the point sheltering the water beyond, and its depths were not stirred. The fisherman was knee deep in the clear water. His rod was vibrating in the stiff breeze, as he lightly cast his hook into the pass. No time was lost. The bait sank into the surface, and then the metallic whirl of the reel clanged sharply above the sound of the waters. How the line strained and the rod bent. The fisherman braced himself, and carefully playing his game, breathed sharply, and earnestly gave himself to the contest. Give and take. A silvery green slim object leaped desperately from the waves only to plunge like a shot beneath the surface, and once again the reel sang and the fisherman's face was drawn and firmly set. Inch by inch, and then the line came in steadily, and soon the lithe and beautiful creature lie gasping on the sands, its sides of silver flecked with the well-known deep green spots and clearly defined stripes, the king of the Gulf, a 2ft. Spanish mackerel.

"I caught twenty that morning—such sport—such weather, and that was fifteen years ago," mused the "man with the tackle."

The den faded once more, and the summer breezes sighed softly in the tops of the magnolias, and the white oaks in the bottom lands. The white blossoms of the magnolias shone like great pure stars in the deep glossy foliage. There was a carpet of soft grass under foot and the balmy sky overhead.

The roses were in full glory of life, and the porch of the weather-beaten old farm dwelling was bright with the new color. Nature was lavish. The mosses swayed gently from the limbs of the trees, and the mockingbird and bluejay whistled sweetly in the glorious sunshine.

On the wide gallery of the farmhouse, sheltered by the tender leaves and early forming fruit of the scuppernong, was a great old-fashioned table, heaped with the many good things of country cheer. Golden combed honey, the great yellow bowl with milk, fresh homemade bread and butter; simple fare, but honest.

Swinging in a great crimson hammock between the trees in the front garden were several children, their happy voices sounding in joyous play, and dear round healthy faces, pink from the pleasure and exertion. A group of elder folk gave color to the front porch, and near the old gate, with its creaking hinges, gray pickets and medieval chain weight, a sweet-faced young matron stood, gazing down the tree-arched country road as it wound toward the river.

"Here he comes," cries out the matron in a pleased voice, and now in full sight with rapid tread comes a man. He is clad in simple garments, wears boots, and over his shoulder projects a long bamboo rod, while by his side hangs a fine string of bass—the good old country sort. His face is healthy and happy, and as he removes

his old slouch hat and kisses lovingly the waiting wife, it is evident there is perfect understanding and trust.

"Just in time, Jack, dear," says the little woman; "table's set and the little ones are hungry. Did you have a pleasant day?"

The couple joined the others, and the children run to kiss and be kissed, and with merry cry and laugh the fish are carried to the kitchen, and soon the family is gathered about the simple fare, everybody happy and contented.

The "man with the tackle" sighed. "Good times those," he said, "and it was just twelve years ago. I have never had the time since. I must have been very busy, but—" here a bright look spread over his face, as though a [illegible] inspiration had mixed with his dreams.



A BUNCH OF ELK IN THE FOOTHILLS.
From a photograph by T. G. Ingersoll.

"Sam," he called, and the wrinkled face of the old negro porter was thrust inquiringly through the door.

"Here you, Sam, get all my fishing truck together in the morning sure. I am going to take the family into the country for a month. Want all my lines and my gun, and Sam, get some boy to take your place, do you hear, you old rascal? I'm going a-fishing and I want you to come along."

"Jess as I uster, Massa Jack?"

"Just as you used to, Sam, long ago."

H. M. MAYO.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—VIII.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

THOSE Southern steamboats are leisurely craft. If they do not reach a certain point to-day there is hope that they will on the morrow. Therefore one must be early and wait. We were at Alexandria about 10 A. M., and the boat was expected about noon, but no one knew when she might arrive. Strolling down to the levee we found old Sam, who had been my *fidus Achates* during the week's fishing on Catahoula Lake. He had his great line out for big catfish, and was fishing with a cane about 20ft. long for smaller fish. He had just unhooked a crappie and strung it through the gill covers and placed it in the water to keep alive, when I asked: "Well, Sam, how are they running now?"

"Well, I 'clar' ef heah ain' my Yankee Kunnel an' Doctah Gawdon too; it does my ole eyes good to see yo' bofe. Whah you bin all de time, Doctah? I ain' see yo' fo' many years, an' I 'membah yo' w'en yo's a little boy come heah to visit de ole Kunnel w'at's dead an' gone, long befo', an' yo' come wid you muddah fum Gawgy."

Here was a clue to the solution of my problem of Dr. Gordon's nativity, he was born a Georgian, and I stored that fact away.

"Sam, you are getting old," the Doctor remarked. "I was here last year, and brought you a ham and a bottle of gin for a Christmas present. Can't you remember as far back as that?"

"Wus dat las' yeah?"

"Certainly it was. I supposed that the ham would only last a few days, but the gin was well corked, and if only used for medicinal purposes, as I suggested, it could not evaporate, and you must have some of it left."

"Ise gettin' ole, fo' a fac', and can't 'membah good. I 'membah de ham, dat las' 'bout fo' days, but dattah gin, Doctah, was fo' 'dicinal puppus, an' Ise gettin' ol', an' wid de 'tism in de laigs an' misery pains in de haid an' back, dat gin nebbah got no time to 'vaporate, less de ol' woman got up in de night an' 'vaporate some, as I 'spec' she did w'en she got a smell o' de stuff, but hones', it didn' las' as long as de ham, it didn' fo' a fac'."

"Sam," I said, "the Doctor and I do not drink gin; in Yankeeland there is a saying that only women and darkies like it. Now take this and go up and treat yourself and I will fish for you."

"T'anks, Kunnel, I'm proud to have yo' 'quaintance, an' I 'member de good times awn Catahoula." With hat in hand, after the manner of the old-time darky, he left us in possession of his entire fishing outfit, without asking for security. Confidence was not a creature of slow growth with Sam. I have recorded how he left me in full charge of his fishing outfit, and went to the hotel at my expense and gave me that high compliment: "I know'd yo' was a gemman w'en I seed yo' get off de boat."

I took in quite a number of the small fishes which make their homes in Red River, without giving thought to other things, when the Doctor yelled: "There's a bite on the big line!"

I dropped the cane and rushed to help the Doctor. It was lug and tug, hand under hand, for more minutes than we kept a record of, and we landed a giant catfish. Just then Sam returned and killed the fish with the poll of an axe that he had for that purpose, and after a critical survey gave his opinion: "He's a big cat, fo' a fac', but I don' 'spec' he's so big as de one dat de Yankee Kunnel an' I got jess fo' we went to Catahoula Lake. How much did dattah fish weigh, Kunnel?"

"Just sixty-three and a half pounds."

"I doan jess 'membah de poun's, but I 'membah de two dollahs an' a half wot I got fo' him."

We went to dinner, which I afterward regretted. There we found a first course of fried crappies, which was good, one to each plate; then came an alleged "beefsteak," which might have grown on the neck or on the shin bone, and was fried with onions! If I were intrusted with the government of all the inhabitants of this world, I would select some quarter of the globe where good steak was rare (pun intended), and there colonize all people who fry a beefsteak. If there is any crime against the giver of good things, it is the frying of a succulent, juicy steak.

As we chewed away on the tough meat the Doctor sarcastically remarked: "The onions are good; I always like a steak smothered in onions, don't you?"

"Yes, if the steak is eatable, but I believe with 'Frank Forester' that the penalty for frying a steak should be death, without benefit of clergy."

"I agree," replied the Doctor, "but on the menus in New York and Paris I find an expensive item named 'chateau briand,' and the waiters tell me that it is a beefsteak cooked between two thin slices of beef, which are thrown away; all I know is that it is thick, juicy and tender, and is a veritable poem in beef; you can't dispute that!"

"When the financial wind blows from the right quarter I agree, but at other times I forget that such things are and order fried clams or a 'Hamburg' steak. But why, in this place, and with such an apology for a steak before us, do you mention a chateau briand? 'No more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.'"

"All right; in future we will order our meals while in country places and stick to ham, eggs and such things they have and know how to cook. We may be here all night for all I know, there's no telling when the boat will arrive." The landlord had removed the steak and we had finished the ham and eggs, the rice pudding and the *cafe noir* when the Doctor exclaimed: "Hark! that was a steamer's whistle. One is expected from down the river also. Say 'up' or 'down' for the cigars; not to be bought here, but when we reach a place where we can get a decent weed; we have plenty for present use."

A Little Gambling.

"Down!" and I won. We had our luggage taken to the levee, where old Sam was dickering with a man about the big fish. He had taken it up to the scales, and it weighed 54lbs. The man offered "a dollah an' fo' bits," but Sam held out for two dollars until the boat rounded to and the steward and Sam went to look at the fish, and it was brought on board to be served for the roustabouts who formed part of the crew. No wood was taken here and we were soon off. At some landing a lot of gamblers got on; the Doctor said they had left the upgoing boat, and that they worked the river nightly in that way. After supper the cabin was lighted and the games were opened. They were of the kind that follow circuses and fairs, at which the yokel has a better chance of being struck by lightning than of winning from the experts. There was the old "sweatboard," three-card monte, and a game that was new to me, called "chuck luck." It was a gorgeous lay out of watches, jewelry, and one prize of $100 in gold. Ten dice were thrown, and 60 would win the gold, while 10 would win a fine gold chronometer. It was a dollar a throw. I watched the game for an hour; the highest throw was 42 and the lowest was 30, and the prizes were trashy pins, rings and silver mugs, yet the real players did not seem to mistrust that some of the dice were loaded. After the hour

was up the play slackened and then a new bettor came in and lost a few times, and then, after a wrangle, when I saw enough to know that the dice were shifted, he took another throw and won the gold. This brought in a few more bettors, who played awhile, and then another stranger appeared and won the chronometer with a throw of 10. But at a midnight landing I noticed that the men who won the big prizes went ashore with the gamblers.

As we turned in the Doctor said: "It's curious how those fellows always find enough fools who think that they can beat them. That pack of gamblers took off at least three hundred dollars from this boat, and they can do it with the same crowd when they come back. I never cease to wonder at it."

"Nor I. If I was a gambling amateur I would not risk money on a game handled by a professional. Those fellows can juggle dice, cards or other implements of their trade in a manner that only a trained eye can detect, and they are not in business to enrich a lot of steamboat passengers. Good night!"

The Atchafalaya.

It was near noon when we left the steamer at Red River landing, on the Mississippi. Here we bought an old tub of a scow, a piece of canvas that had been in use on a steamer, pork, bacon, some bread, butter, a frying pan and an iron pot; hired a darky to load the outfit on his wagon and deposit us on the banks of the Atchafalaya River, some dozen miles to the west. The road was bad, miry in places, and the mules were slow. It was after sundown when we reached the river, which at that time was only capable of floating our craft. We made a fire. Pete hobbled one mule, put a bell on it, turned both out, and got out his blankets. We fried bacon and made tea, determined to try to enjoy life despite the swarms of mosquitoes. Pete turned in on the wagon, but we spread our canvas on the ground, turned the boat over it and crawled in, but between the mosquitoes and that clanging cow bell on the mule no one reveled in too much sleep.

Morning has never failed to come, up to the present writing, no matter how slow it may be in getting here, and this time there was no exception to the rule. The Doctor interspersed his remarks with whacks at our insect pests. Slap—"There's no use (slap) in staying here (slap) an extra minute (slap). You just make the coffee (slap) and fry out some (slap) pork fat (slap), and I'll get some (slap) fish and (slap) clean them, and we'll (slap) scoot." Slap.

I slapped and obeyed his directions in the intervals of slapping. Pete assured us that a few miles below the river broadened, and we might get a breeze that would banish the pests, and we enjoyed the very anticipation of such a respite. As for Pete, he seldom slapped, and was not much annoyed. There is much in being used to your environment, and that's a mighty good word to represent a swampy hole, where insects make life miserable. The waters had covered the earth in this part when the Red River, in its season of flood, had taken a short cut across it in order to reach the Gulf in less time than by following its usual course down the tortuous Mississippi. Our ablest engineers have tried to prevent this overflow, but without avail; each year the water covers this district and makes agriculture impossible.

Down the River.

Breakfast over, we launched the scow, loaded her with our plunder, including a ten-gallon copper tank for alcoholic specimens of the smaller forms of aquatic life, and shoved off. We had intended to drift down, merely steering with pole or oar, but anxiety to reach the place where the wind would scatter our hosts of enemies impelled the use of both pole and oar to reach the promised water. "Mark," said I, and paddling ceased; I picked up a gun and dropped two teal out of a bunch of five. As I picked them up and dropped them in the boat, I added: "There's our dinner, Doctor."

Just then he called: "Mark," dropped three out of a bunch of seven, and replied: "And there's our supper. We will shoot no more to-day, for when we reach the wide water and leave the skeeters behind we will pick up enough frogs for a good breakfast."

A full hour after starting the river broadened, and by keeping well to the eastern bank we got a breeze from above the tree tops, and were happy. Here we rested awhile, and then began collecting the fresh-water mussels, Unios, snails, crawfish, frogs and other forms of aquatic life. The frogs, and all but a few crawfish, were for our menu, the rest went into the alcohol.

The day was not bright, but the Doctor looked at the bright spot where the sun was supposed to be and asked: "Do you begin to feel hungry?"

"No, I don't begin to feel that way; my appetite is at least two hours old and has become chronic."

"But," looking at his watch, "it's only 10:30, and if you were at the Colonel's you would not think of eating for two full hours from now."

"If we were at the mansion we would not have been turned out before daylight by insects to get breakfast and escape; and then paddle and push an old tub some five or six miles down stream. I don't need a watch to tell me when I want to eat on such an occasion. You make a fire on this point, get out some fat to fry these frogs, and I'll skin the breasts of a pair of teal, cut them out and we will feast in a manner to forget that miserable steak of yesterday, and that equally miserable breakfast with slap accompaniment this morning."

"But you laid out the frogs for breakfast to-morrow, how's that?"

"Frogs, my dear Doctor, are not so rare in Louisiana swamps as to necessitate economy, as we are situated. I was not hungry when I allotted them for breakfast; I will probably lay out more for that event. It is well that our teal are all blue-wings, or we would need the whole five for dinner, and we may yet if you don't get that fire under way soon."

By the time he had a good fire started, and the frogs rolled in cracker dust and frying, I had several fillets of teal cooking on sticks and was basting them with pork fat.

"How do you like your teal, Doctor, rare or well done?"

"Moderately rare; it is better that they should be under than overdone. The frogs are ready and well done. I'll get the tea made, the cutlery out and some bark for plates, and trust the teal to you."

We passed through another mosquitoes' paradise, but in half an hour left them behind. About 4 o'clock we came to a breezy point which impressed the Doctor as the place to camp, for we might not find its equal.

The Thunder Came.

"Doctor," said I, "do you see that cloud coming up in the west, no bigger than a man's farm?"

"Yes, that's a storm sure."

"Then let us make camp at once, and let it come. Let us hope that the wind, which comes first, will drive the skeeters so far into the woods that they can't get back after the rain kills the wind."

The canvas was spread, the boat dragged up over it and propped up on the leeward side with two stumps, the canvas so arranged that the edges would come inside the boat, and our provisions secured before the cloud cut off our daylight. Then came the moaning of the forest, as if each great tree was praying not to have its roots torn from the earth, yet the air was still and oppressive. Not a sound came from beast or bird during this awful stillness. We were cuddled together under the boat, but did not talk. When all nature is hushed man should be silent. Gradually there was a sound of moving tree tops, which increased rapidly; we could feel the air move under our boat as it curled over the upturned bottom. Distant thunder rumbled, and after a time a dull flash followed it. The rumblings became louder and the intervals between them and the flashes were less; the wind was now shrieking among the tree tops, and the sound of dropping branches was frequent. Then came a roar of wind and a few pattering drops of rain fell on our boat, and we knew that the drops were great ones. A tree crashed to the ground near us, and some small animal ran under our canvas on my side, but I was too much interested in the conflict between earth and sky to mention it. There was a blinding flash that was instantly followed by an ear-splitting discharge of heaven's artillery, and a large branch fell on our boat.

Then the Doctor spoke: "That was a close call for us, but lightning will always take a tree before it will reach for a man, but will surely take him if he is under it. Did you ever hear it pour harder than it is hammering our boat now?"

"No, never; but the rain has killed the wind and the storm is passing to the east, at least the electrical part of it; I am only afraid that the mosquitoes will come to see how we weathered the storm after the rain ceases. I have been wondering if our canvas would wet through, but all such questions fade into insignificance before the mosquito."

Two Squirrels.

"Something ran over me just after that first tree fell," the Doctor said, "and I heard it jump up on one of the seats of the boat, but never heard it go away. What could it be?"

"Don't know; something ran under the canvas on my side close to my back, and it may be there yet, for all I know; I haven't stirred for fear of pressing water into the canvas. The wind has gone and the rain is going. I am in good condition to eat, and if I had a good bellyful I have an abiding faith that sleep would come; a sleep which had principal and interest due for last night, and would defy so small a thing as a mosquito to disturb it. Nothing, my medical friend, is so conducive to sleep as a well-filled stomach. Some men in your profession advise exercise after dinner. See how the cow, dog and cat curl up and go to sleep after a gorge of grass, chicken bones or milk, and then give me a reason for exercise after eating or why I should not take a nap after dinner?"

"Not a reason; and there is no reason why we should lie here all night hungry; it is hardly dark, and we can find some dry wood to start a fire; let's do it."

The sky was clear and the moon, just past the full, was rising, but was concealed from us on the east bank by the trees. We found some dry pine and soon had a roaring fire. The Doctor took the bag of provisions from the seat of the boat and turned the boat over so as to dry the canvas before the fire; something dropped from the overturned seat, and he picked up a squirrel with the remark: "That's the animal that ran over me, and it's stone dead."

"What could have killed it after it had found shelter on the seat under the boat?"

"Heart failure, my boy; its heart stopped beating and it died."

"Clear as mud! When you medical Johnnies have no idea what a fellow dies of you look wise and say 'heart failure'; want of breath would do as well, but the question before the jury is: Why did that squirrel's heart fail?"

The Doctor smiled and said: "Here's another squirrel under your side of the canvas, and that's a conundrum for you, but let's drop conundrums and get supper. If you'll skin out the breasts of the three teal I'll get more wood and fry some ham, for I could eat the teal alone at this time o' day after that early dinner."

A Frugal Supper.

Two good slices of ham and the breasts of three teal, with bread, butter and tea, made a good meal for two tired and hungry men, and as we sat on the edge of the boat and saw that the steaming canvas did not scorch we smoked in silence and watched the moon through the tree tops. I was wondering if those squirrels were killed by fright, and if so whether other sportsmen had noticed anything of the kind. It was my unprofessional opinion that the hearts of the squirrels had failed from terror, but they were adults, and must have heard thunder before; yet that storm was an extraordinary one, and had struck a tree, if not two, close by. There was no use in pressing the question on the Doctor, who no doubt thought as I did, for there seemed to be no other solution of the problem; still it was curious that two squirrels should seek protection under our boat about the same time, and both should die. I have heard that rabbits have been either killed or paralyzed by a sudden shout from a man, but never witnessed such a thing, and have thought it curious how a shout could have that effect when I have seen them escape, apparently unharmed, from a gun shot.

The frogs were discussing matters, probably freshets and droughts, or the edibility of beetles, dragon flies and other insects; the night herons were "quawking" to keep in range of each other, and an owl in a tree overhead was arguing with an owl across the stream on the cause of the scarcity of mice, and regretting that it was necessary to fill up on cold-blooded frogs. While meditating on these things, a muskrat made a great commotion in the water and roused us both.

The Doctor arose, yawned, looked at the moon, slapped a mosquito, and said: "It's near midnight, and we've been dozing. Let's turn in. There's nothing fresh in camp for breakfast except the squirrels, and here we are miles from a butcher or grocer."

"Well, Doctor, we are in a land of plenty as long as our fishing tackle and ammunition hold out, and if those fail we can get enough frogs with saplings to last if we keep our matches dry, for I'm a sinner if I want to eat raw frog. Let's spread the canvas, turn the boat over it and let the mosquitoes do the rest."

And Daylight Came.

The sun was up before we were, and our insect friends had worked faithfully, but we, fortified with a good supper, good consciences and with sleep due us, never heeded them. In those days we accepted mosquitoes as we did thunderstorms; things that there was no dodging and as necessary evils to be borne without grumbling. We knew of no combinations of tar and oil, "lolicapop" and other preparations to anoint the skin and repel insect advances. The Doctor had spoken of mint and peppermint in this connection, but we found none. He had ammonia, which we used in a diluted form to alleviate the stings. At the close of the century I glance back and see the changes. We prided ourselves that percussion caps had superseded flints, that good guns were lower in price than in 1800; but we never dreamed of such outfits as the sportsman of to-day goes afield with. He is luxuriously provided for, but I doubt if the younger men appreciate it; they have a choice of many insect repellants, and do not suffer as we did only a quarter of a century ago, and that is only yesterday.

Said the Doctor: "You do the fishing this morning and I will prepare the squirrels, and be ready to help to do the same with the fish."

He spoke as if the catching of fish enough for breakfast was a certain thing, and it was. The waters were so filled with fish and the competition for food was so great that a baited hook hardly got below the surface before a fish of some kind took it. Casting out some undesirable species, I took six crappies and three big warmouths in half an hour, and said to my friend: "There's a breakfast for you, about 6lbs. of fish, gross weight, and at least four net. Then, if you can eat a fried squirrel, with the usual amount of bread and butter, after the fish are gone, I'll go and get some frogs, for if we starve here it will be our fault."

The Land of Plenty.

After the fish and squirrels had been disposed of the Doctor said: "Now bring on your frogs."

I started for the boat, but he declared that he was joking, and that we had better pack up and drift down the river. As we drifted a few miles the river widened and we had a southerly breeze from the Gulf night and day. "The absence of pain is pleasure," and we fully realized this as we entered the country where the Gulf wind is strong enough to keep the mosquitoes back. Here I could hope to find new forms of life, and I began work again. It was fun for the Doctor, who had never paid any attention to the smaller aquatic life, and he was enthusiastic in collecting. We did not repeat the error of the first day in being caught with a short commissary. There were always ducks, frogs and squirrels enough in our larder to tide over a rainy day, or even two, but we only caught fish as we needed them. We had two rainy days, not thunder showers, but two consecutive days of drizzle, and still had meat on hand when it cleared up, for we had two soft-shelled turtles, ten squirrels, fourteen ducks and a lot of frogs when the rain began. We camped on a point and just cooked, ate, smoked and slept. We took a few fish for a change of diet, and could have killed a hundred or more ducks, but did not need them.

We had passed some houses on the higher lands, but having no occasion to stop, we did not visit them. Drifting along we naturally wondered where our boat might be in relation to a map of North America, or more particularly in Louisiana. "Doctor," said I, "this trip does not promise to yield more specimens, and we had better strike for a railway or for a chance to get to the Mississippi and go home."

A Short Cut Home.

"This is a pleasant life; why do you wish to leave it? Let us drift down to the bayou and then get back into civilization; how does that proposition suit you?"

"Can't do it. I've about finished my work on this river and must get back with my specimens. The life is pleasant, as you say, and I'd like a month of it, but I have duties to perform; you have none. There is a darky on a flatboat ferrying a team of mules and a wagon across; we can find out where we are."

He was a middle-aged man who "libed up yandah in St. Martin's Parish, 'bout fo' miles, an' jess cum fum Plaquemine, an' is gwine back in de mawnin' fo' mo' p'visions."

"How far is Plaquemine; and can we get a boat there for New Orleans?"

"I spects it's full twenty mile obah dah, an' de boat stops w'en dah's passengahs."

We arranged to camp there and go with him in the morning, and he gladly accepted our boat in payment for transportation. We would shoot a half-dozen teal to take to New Orleans, not that the markets would not supply all we needed, but a sportsman enjoys eating his own birds more than he does those he buys. He knows each individual by the shot marks, and an incident in

the day's sport is recalled by each bird. "Gawge," for so he called himself, promised to send over one of his boys to show us a marsh where the ducks came to feed before sundown, and we camped, got dinner and waited for the sun to get into the west, and for young Gawge to appear and show us the marsh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Henry Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, whom Mr. Owen quotes, has written a letter to the New York Herald, of which that paper published but a few lines. As Mr. Gannett is a disinterested party, what he says is more to the point than anything that may be written by an interested man; and the testimony will not be complete without his letter. Therefore I ask you to publish his letter, for it shows that he believes that we got to the top of the Teton, and that he had confidence in Mr. Stevenson's statement.

One very important point that he makes is that the aneroid computations, made by himself, and which Stevenson and I did not know how to make, showed that we reached the height that Mr. Owen did.

N. P. LANGFORD.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Editor New York Herald—Dear Sir: Having been, until recently, out of the world, it was only yesterday that I had the pleasure of reading Mr. W. O. Owen's account of his ascent of the Grand Teton, in Wyoming, as published in the Herald of Sept. 18. He is to be congratulated upon his success. Although he quotes me in support of his position that he is the first to reach the summit of the mountain, I cannot agree with him, having, as I believe, good reasons for my conclusion that Messrs. Langford and Stevenson succeeded in reaching the actual summit. The story of this climb was told by Mr. Langford in the pages of Scribner's Magazine of June, 1873. In the Annual Report of the Hayden Survey for the year 1872, Dr. F. V. Hayden speaks of this ascent and decribes a stone circle, evidently built by man, which, as he stated, was found upon the summit of the mountain. In 1878 Mr. A. D. Wilson, who was at that time carrying on the primary triangulation of the Hayden Survey, attempted to reach the summit with the large theodolite used for the triangulation, but found himself unable to do so. He, however, reached a point very close to the summit, both in altitude and distance, upon which he found an artificial stone circle, presumably the same mentioned by Hayden as having been found by Messrs. Langford and Stevenson. This point Mr. Wilson occupied as a station. Its position and height relative to the summit of the mountain have been computed from his observations. It was practically, although not literally, the summit. Putting these things together I assumed that this was the highest point reached by the Langford-Stevenson party, and in that belief I wrote Mr. Owen on Oct. 19, 1896, the paragraph which he quotes in the article in question.

Subsequent correspondence with Mr. Langford, now living in St. Paul, Minn., satisfied me that Dr. Hayden made a mistake in stating that the stone circle in question was upon the summit; and also that Messrs. Langford and Stevenson went beyond the point upon which the circle stood and reached the literal summit. Acting upon this, I wrote to Mr. Owen on May 5, 1897, as follows:

"Since writing you I have had a little correspondence with my friend, Mr. N. P. Langford, now living in St. Paul, Minn., regarding his and Stevenson's climb of the Grand Teton. In response to my request he has sent me two copies of the article which he published in Scribner's Magazine, one of which he desired to be sent to you, and it is forwarded, under separate cover, by this mail. Within the cover he encloses a copy of a letter to me concerning the climb, which contains certain matters not found in the article. A perusal of this article, which I had not seen for nearly a quarter of a century, together with Mr. Langford's letter, convinces me that beyond any question he and Stevenson succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain."

Mr. Owen, in quoting me, should have told not only the truth, but the whole truth. He should not have quoted the first letter and omitted the second. So much for my own connection with the matter.

Now I will proceed to the evidence upon the main question. That Messrs. Langford and Stevenson did reach the summit of the mountain is, to my mind, proven by the following evidence:

First, the statements of the two men, both in public and private. Mr. Stevenson is now dead, but Mr. Langford is one of the most prominent and respected citizens of St. Paul.

Second, the first measurement of the height of the mountain was made by Mr. Langford by an aneroid barometer, which he carried with him on this ascent. The resulting height, which was computed by myself, was 13,762ft., which is a very close approximation to the true height of the mountain. As neither Stevenson nor Langford knew enough about barometric work to manufacture a reading which would fit this altitude, this bit of evidence in itself, and without regard to the character of the gentlemen, seems to be conclusive.

As for Mr. Cooper's statement, I can only say that he was not employed by the Survey in 1872. In 1877 he was employed as a packer in the party of the Hayden Survey, working in that region, and in that year he attempted to climb the mountain and failed. The fact that Mr. Owen found no monument upon the summit is no evidence whatever that the mountain had not been climbed. Does he imagine for a moment that men who were in the habit of climbing high mountains in the course of their work nearly every day exhausted themselves by building cairns of rock upon every summit reached? Very respectfully,

HENRY GANNETT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Extracts from Letters.

LAST evening I got to the barn at 5 P. M., and shut it up for the night. It might have been some time last night or early this morning, a chipmunk came in through the window, ran along the shafts, and climbed upon the cushion of the wagon. There was a horse blanket folded upon the cushion.

This morning Frank backed the wagon out to wash it, but seeing what he thought were my shucked beechnuts in a neat pile on the cushion be laid cushion and all upon the fire clay pipe, where I found it, and asked him where he got his beechnuts.

He said he thought they were mine. They are all (about one hundred kernels) nicely shelled, and I will send you some.

I put just fifty back, and am going to see if he continues to carry his store there. He is an enterprising 'munk, for all the beechnuts I have found this year have been empty.

I looked overhead to see if by any possibility they could have been dropped through a hole, but no.

To-day I went again to the barn to see if the pile of nuts had been increased, but not one was to be seen. Mr. Chipmunk had been there last night and carried away every kernel!

There was just one that had not been shucked. He had left, of all that had been there, just that shell on the seat!

So I was outwitted by so small a creature, and instead of having more to send you, I have only half of what he first piled there.

This evening two of the fallow deer of the park, one pure white and the other brown and white, spotted, came out of the timber to the clearing about the camp. It was getting dark, and the wind was fresh. All animals seem so much wilder on a windy day.

They came out to feed on the fungus you saw before you left, that sprang up so suddenly during those two warm, muggy nights!

The deer looked awfully pretty, starting constantly as some slight noise, and being ever on the alert, sometimes holding pieces of the brittle fungus in their mouths while they cast furtive glances back toward the forest.

Suddenly their attention was attracted by some Angora goats that showed up white against a dark ground, and they seemed riveted to the spot for a moment, holding a half-eaten bit of the fungus in one side of the mouth.

Then, as if impelled from a catapult, they bounded away, fleeing from some imaginary bugaboo, conjured up in their active brains and made real by some sound in the wind.

The baby moose stays at the cottage all the time, and now eats everything, and drinks all the dish water. Salt pork he likes very much, probably because of the salt. Tobacco also. It is all grist that comes to his mill. He hates to be touched, and when he is not wanted we catch him by the hump over his shoulder, and he skedaddles.

I never was more amused at the Little Mammoth's antics than when watching him drink salty water from the bottom of a boat.

The boat was one of those very tippy Saranac Lake style of boats. It was drawn up part way on the beach, and lay pretty well on its beam.

The awkward little thing would gingerly climb into it, steadying himself as the skiff rocked. The place he wanted to reach was down hill, and you know he can't touch the ground with his nose, anyway, without bending one knee, and generally he goes down on both knees, like a goat.

We had been carrying rock salt in the boat, and the water leaking in had become salty. I think he must have drank at least two quarts in all, going along on his knees from one boat-rib to the next, and his hind part absurdly elevated, until he had her completely bailed out, salt water, mud and all. HEATHCOTE.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

Are Bull Bats Game?

Editor Forest and Stream:

If my friend Coahoma were a good Christian, as I am, he would look upon it as a duty to resist the temptations that the devil is placing constantly before us in the shape of night hawks and things. He's a very intelligent man and knows that the aforesaid bird is a fluffy little bundle of feathers and wings, with a body so small that it would take at least two dozen to fill a hungry man, and he knows at the same time that it's a harmless and purely insectivorous bird that the law protects in the Northern States, whatever it may do or not do in the South. Two or three years ago the Rev. Thos. Dixon paid two or three hundred dollars duty on a bag of robins, which, though protected as insectivorous, are guilty of many little thieving operations, which sins cannot be laid to the door of the innocent cause of our dispute. Now as the Rev. Dixon was fresh from the South, where the robin is looked upon as game, it seems to me that a little clemency might have come in play, whereas none should be shown toward a nighthawk shooter. Here is what that inexhaustible source of interesting knowledge, Fred Mather, says: "The bull bat, the whippoorwill and the bat keep down the innumerable hordes of insects which make life a torment for us but for their unceasing work." I feel proud of being supported by such an authority as that—though he did, in a weak, unguarded moment, oppose me once!

And now another word on the mosquito question. My friend asserts that the home of the little pest is in the swamps, and that the night hawk gets very little chance to feed on him in the open country. I have been two or three times to South America, have traveled all over the West, and have seen specimens of the insect on the fag end of Staten Island, but I have never seen any approach to the swarms that I found on the open prairies at the West, where there was not a drop of water within miles—not one of our party being able to give a guess as to where they came from. They don't confine themselves to their birthplace, but go on marauding expeditions.

My good, intelligent friend knows very well that bull bats are not game birds, and the only argument he can use in support of his position is that he wants the sport of shooting them. I advise him to go into missionary work and try to stop the slaughter of robins, for as it is the Northern States are simply protecting them for the benefit of pot-hunters at the South.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Oct. 30.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, at 8 o'clock. Subject: "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens of Bachman's, the blue-winged, the golden-winged, Brewster's and Lawrence's warblers, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc. WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

Fresh-Water Pearls.

WE have received from the United States Fish Commission the paper on "Fresh-Water Pearls and Pearl Fisheries," by Mr. George F. Kunz, a part of which has been printed in our columns. As published by the Commission, it has added interest and worth in the admirable illustrations.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Gun Licenses.

TORONTO, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It must be gratifying to you and the many able contributors to FOREST AND STREAM to notice the growing interest in game and fish protection in the United States and Canada. It has been uphill work to educate the would-be sportsmen to understand the unwise and destructive results of spring shooting. An account of a spring snipe shooting trip by a Chicago sportsman appeared in an early number of FOREST AND STREAM of the present year that should have had the effect of converting all spring shooters who had the pleasure of reading it. It was to the effect that a Mr. Watson, of Chicago, when snipe shooting in the vicinity of that city, after having killed a number of snipe, found one sitting on a nest of eggs, which, if it had flushed, would no doubt have gone into the bag with others killed in the act of propagating the species. This experience should result in the reformation of at least one advocate of spring shooting.

Much remains to be done under existing circumstances if the pleasure and benefits derived from shooting and fishing are to be perpetuated on this continent. When we take into consideration the great improvement in guns, and the immense increase in the number using them, in most instances not wisely, but too well, it appears to me that the time has arrived for some restriction to be placed on the guns, or on those using them, if the extermination of game is to be prevented. The true basis of taxation is to tax the luxuries and not the necessaries of life. Shooting game is, or should be, a luxury connected with recreation and health-giving exercise. While a tax on guns, however small, would be objected to by the general public as being too much of an Old Country innovation, there should be no objection to a general license being required from all persons killing game of any description, one-half of such license fee to be paid to municipalities, the other half to the respective States to be applied for the sole purpose of game and fish protection.

Game dealers ought to be licensed, and their establishments open to inspection at any time by the officer interested in enforcing the game laws. These are a few of the practical measures that would do much to protect game, and would also have a tendency to reduce the number of accidents caused by guns in the hands of small boys. The licensing of and open inspection of game dealers' establishments would also do much in preventing the recurrence of a transaction brought to my notice during the fall of 1897, viz., a shipment of 112 dozens of quail made from St. Louis to a foreign country.

RANGER.

Maine Game Records.

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has sent out a tabulation of its game shipments for October, which shows the following comparison with the statistics of former years:

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Total shipped, 1894	479	24	10
Total shipped, 1895	669	53	37
Total shipped, 1896	1,029	79	57
Total shipped, 1897	1,246	55	20
Total shipped, 1898	1,348	71	22

In 1897 the moose shipments were from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 only.

In 1898 the moose shipments were from Oct. 15 to Oct. 31 only.

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

An Alaska Game Country.

MR. THOS. C. DUNN, President of the Munina Alaska Gold Mining Co., who has just returned from Homer, Alaska, brings us word of the expedition made by Mr. Harry C. Lee, of Chicago, into a new hunting country, reached via Homer. A summary of the expedition is given in the subjoined interview with Mr. Lee by a Tacoma Post-Intelligencer representative. To Mr. Dunn we are indebted for the map and the two photographs here reproduced. One shows the remains of bones of a mastodon found on Yukon Island. The other is of Mr. Lee, who stands in the center of the picture, with his trophies, including moose, caribou, mountain sheep and bears. The country explored by Mr. Lee lies between Chugachik Bay and Tustamena Lake. It is reached by way of Homer, which is in regular mail-steamer connection with Sitka. Indian guides may be engaged at Homer. The Post-Intelligencer report follows:

"Among the arrivals on the schooner Nellie Thurston yesterday was Harry E. Lee, the famous hunter, of Chicago, who has spent three months hunting and exploring in the wilds of Alaska, north and west from Cook Inlet. He visited localities that were never before seen by white men, and went up Sheep River forty miles, a feat that even an Indian has never dared attempt. He believes he has found the paradise of Alaska, from the standpoint of gold, agriculture and scenery, and is going there next spring with an outfit and expert men to open it.

"Mr. Lee is wealthy, and spends his entire time hunting. In the winter he goes to the South, Mexico, the West Indies and other places; in summer he is found in Utah, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and nearly every State in the East, and will go from here to Salt Lake, and thence by way of Kansas City to Central Kansas, where he will try some fine dogs on quail and grouse.

"He had been planning an Alaskan trip for several years, and went up there last June, landing at Cook Inlet. He was in company that far with Dell Deweese, a wealthy hunter of Canyon City, Colo., but there they parted company, Mr. Lee heading for Sheep River, against the advice of all the settlers there. He engaged the services of three or four Indians, got a boat and proceeded up that tortuous stream. This river empties into Kachekmak Bay, twenty or twenty-five miles from Homer, and is so swift and ful lof rapids that heretofore no boat could stand against it. The shores are hills and mountains so precipitous that they cannot be penetrated. Hundreds of miners had tried the ascent, but were never able to get up more than twenty miles, their boats capsizing and losing their outfits, provisions, and frequently their lives.

"But the hunter's courage and skill got him through, and he was rewarded by discovering some extremely rich gold quartz ledges that he believes are the source of the gold that is washed toward Cook Inlet by innumerable streams. From every mountain in that neighborhood Mr. Lee inspected the surrounding country and made maps of the great unknown district.

"From one summit he discovered a large open plain that appeared to his astonished eyes like the realized Arcadia of an explorer in the wilds of Asia. Thirty by forty miles in extent, he says, with innumerable creeks running through it, and hundreds of springs bubbling up; woods, grass, beautiful climate and all—it seemed the most perfect place on earth. He found wild redtop grass growing 3 and 4ft. high, and huckleberries, strawberries, raspberries and black and red currants in wild and luxuriant profusion. The soil was a rich loam, and the natural park abounded in all kinds of wild game, from grizzly bear, mountain sheep, elk, moose, caribou and deer to pheasants, grouse and snipe. And further, Mr. Lee says, he discovered a route that needs only a little work to make an easy road for horse or railroad to the coast, less than forty miles away.

"After spending a few weeks exploring the surrounding country, the hunter returned to the coast, where he secured some men and sent them back to look after his mining interests. He has no intention of organizing a stock company, but will take his own expedition in next May, spending his own money and starting from Seattle.

"Mr. Lee succeeded far beyond his expectations in bagging good game, and brought back some of his finest specimens to have them mounted and placed in his museum in Chicago. He killed three mountain sheep, one of which is pronounced by authorities the finest they have ever seen. Three caribou are among his victims, and one of them has fifty-seven points, which furriers pronounce remarkable, the average being but thirty to forty. He has two moose, but says he could easily have killed more if he wanted, and five magnificent grizzly bears, besides innumerable birds of many and rare varieties. Each of the animals was killed by one shot, as an examination of their carcasses showed. They were shot behind the ear. The hunter uses a .30-30 Savage rifle with soft bullets for animals and steel-pointed for birds.

"Several times Mr. Lee narrowly missed losing his life. Once he was scaling the side of a steep hill, starting from a narrow ledge, 2,000ft. above the bottom of a chasm, and climbing from one projecting rock to another. He was in a particularly dangerous place and reached up to grasp an obtruding boulder. The stone broke off, and just as he was losing his balance he jammed the butt of his rifle in a projection at his feet and held himself until he caught a new hold.

"Mr. Lee gave a vivid description of his experiences to a Post-Intelligencer reporter at the Butler Hotel last night. He says there is no necessity for anybody's being in destitute circumstances, and that all needed are health and determination for any man to succeed. 'I could make $2,000 in a winter with my gun in that country,' he says, 'and have the finest time on earth. The climate is fine, there being no cold winters, and the resources are without limit. In my opinion it is the garden spot of Alaska.'"

The points from which the largest shipments have been made this year are Patten, Norcross and Greenville, which stations are tributary to the best hunting districts.

Notes from New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 31.—Why do not a few of the many successful big-game hunters who have taken out horns and health from Bluenose land this fall give us some account, in the luminous type of FOREST AND STREAM, of their experiences? Such stories are always of interest, and add to the sum of human knowledge. No two moose are ever killed in precisely the same way, and it is always good to hear about the mammoth moose who got away, and is still ripping up the roots and polishing his horns on the mountain side. There are no letters so pleasant to read as those from the true sportsman, who has enjoyed his trip, and who wants to share with you his reminiscent happiness. Here are the principal items in a letter dated Oct. 18 from my friend Mr. Charles S. Bird, of East Walpole, Mass.:

"It may interest you to know that I returned from New Brunswick last week, being in the woods seven days only. I got the best head that I ever saw, twenty-six points, 57½in. spread, and though not so large as some it was most perfect. I refused a shot the day before I got this one because I did not like the head. I got my moose in the way I like best—next to snow-tracking. He was feeding in a small lake, and in order to reach him I had to crawl for about a quarter of a mile, much of the time over an open meadow. The wind too was partly in his favor, so I consider he had a fair chance. Long before I shot him he suspected trouble. All in all it was very exciting. Mr. L. F. Fales, of Walpole, was with me in the woods, and he got a very good moose head and a caribou. You recommended to me some time ago George E. Armstrong. He is a most capable, honest guide, and knows the country thoroughly. Last summer I had him on a fishing trip down the Nepisiguit, which is the greatest trout stream, I believe, in Canada. I wish you could pass a law holding the owner of a lumber camp responsible for any moose meat found in his camp. Such a law would do much good, for the lumbermen kill a great deal of game."

Mr. Bird's suggestion as to holding lumber operators responsible for game illegally killed is right to the point, and is one which I have already drawn to the attention of the Government. Such a provision ought to be especially effective in this Province, where nearly all the large operators are licensees of the Crown.

For a very interesting letter from Mr. A. M. Brewster, of Newburyport, Mass., dated Oct. 28, the following extracts are taken:

"Last year I had a most enjoyable trip up the left-hand branch of the Tobique, and went through to the Bathurst Lakes. It was a trifle early for moose calling, although we succeeded in getting a very good sized moose, but his antlers were small. The trout fishing in the Bathurst Lakes is something I never before experienced, although I have been down in Maine spring and fall, on fishing and hunting trips, for the last twenty years. My trip last fall gave me a little better knowledge of guides, so I made preparations rather earlier this summer, and engaged for Mr. Burley and myself four of the best men in the Tobique tribe of Indians, and they proved A1 in every respect. We were fortunate in securing two very large moose, with exceptionally fine antlers. There is one little matter of detail which I would like to have corrected, as it is always well to have things right. In one of your letters to FOREST AND STREAM your informant places my moose at 52in. and Mr. Burley's at 56. The exact reverse is the case, mine being 56 and Mr. Burley's 52, although his moose was rather heavier than the one I killed. I must tell you what close connection I made with the animal in question. We reached our destination Sunday afternoon, Sept. 18, and the next morning I started out before breakfast with my guide, and inside of ten minutes had my moose down in the river. The old fellow was standing on the edge of the deadwater and watched for us from the time we got into the canoe until I commenced shooting; although we had no idea a moose was in sight until we stepped into the canoe for our start. This is even a closer connection than Mr. Houghton, of Boston, made, who got his moose within half an hour after breakfast. I read your articles in FOREST AND STREAM with a great deal of interest, and from reports think there must be a small army of American sportsmen in the Tobique country this fall. There is no danger, however, that the country will be overrun, as the trip up either the left or right hand branch is rather a hard one and takes about a week from Andover to accomplish. It is a fine trip, however, and one of the most beautiful countries I ever visited."

The veteran Braithwaite still keeps up with the procession. Messrs. Gordon Parker, W. H. Fowle and Dr. Chalmers, of Woburn, Mass., arrived from the Crooked Deadwater on Thursday with a hayrack full of horns. Each member of the party secured his full complement of moose and caribou. The three caribou heads were unusually good specimens, the points numbering thirty-four, thirty-two and thirty respectively. Mr. Parker's moose, as previously reported, measured 58in., and is perhaps the best specimen ever taken in the Miramichi country. Mr. Kidder, of New York, is now in the woods with Henry.

Frank Bartlett, the well-known Doaktown guide, shot a moose last week 6ft. 10in. high at the shoulder and with 42in. horn spread; also a caribou with twenty-nine points. If any of your readers want good snow-hunting I can unreservedly recommend Mr. Bartlett.

George R. Sheen, the C. P. R. Pullman conductor, was sighted going west on Friday, accompanied by a very large moose. Mr. Sheen will have the head mounted and present it to the Knights Templar of Malden, Mass.

Capt. Sears, brother of Mayor Sears, of St. John, had very good fortune on his trip to the headwaters of the St. John, securing specimens much above the average of moose and caribou.

C. A. Cates, of the Elgin & Havelock Railway, has returned from a three days' hunt in the Canaan woods, the proud possessor of a 48in. moose head.

Local sportsmen are aroused over the dire results produced by the amendment in the game law in regard to the sale of partridges. Two years ago the Legislature passed a section prohibiting the sale of partridges, but at the last session of the House a majority of the members (chiefly those representing rural constituencies) repealed this section. The result this fall has been a gruesome slaughter of the innocents by pot-hunters. Not less than 2,500 brace have been sold to dealers in Fredericton alone. The local covers are almost denuded of this noble bird. One must go into the deep woods now to secure a respectable bag.

Deer seem to be gradually increasing in the western counties of the Province, yet not so rapidly as might have been expected. It is believed that the wildcats, which are very numerous in York and Charlotte, are responsible for the demise of a great many deer, especially of the young. The woodcock flight, which is now nearly over, has been fully up to former years. The birds have been large and lusty, nearly all over 8oz., and occasionally running as high as 10.

Mr. Edwin B. Holmes, of Boston, reached Fredericton this afternoon after a three weeks' hunt on the upper waters of the Nor'west Miramichi. Mr. Holmes was about as well satisfied with this life in general as any one who has been seen in these parts for several moons. He not only had in his possession a moose head spreading 54in., but an exceptionally large and shapely caribou head. His guide was the well-known woodsman Arthur Pringle.

The Gueggas country, which is on Little Sou'west Miramichi waters, is fully maintaining the high reputation it secured last year. Dr. Caille's party of three gentlemen killed two moose, three caribou and two bears. The moose heads were small. One of the caribou heads, with thirty points, was particularly fine. Carl Pickhardt's party of three was also very successful. Dr. Gerster the first day on the grounds killed a moose with a horn spread of 55in., very heavy, with large blades. Mr. Pickhardt secured an exact mate for his moose of last year, the spread being 52in. The party also killed three caribou, of which the best specimen fell to Mr. Pickhardt. Caribou were very numerous, while moose seemed not so plentiful as last year. One bear, which was sighted, broke for cover and beat out the Winchester. The guides, Ed and John White, of Littleton, did effective work.

Oswald L. Simpson, of New York, and H. F. Dodge and Joseph Carleton, of Mount Vernon, N. H., who spent a week or ten days hunting in Queens county, passed through St. John on Wednesday. They had exceptionally good luck, having shot three bull moose and a deer at Congo Lake. One of the moose is said to have weighed 956lbs. when dressed. The spread of the antlers was 53in. The carcass is being taken to New York by Mr. Simpson, who will have it mounted. Mr. Simpson says that his party had in John Taylor, of Canaan, an excellent guide. The party saw twenty moose and fifteen deer while in the woods, as well as several bears.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

A Hunt with Gen. Brooke.

EARLY in November, 1893, we had a heavy snow in the Rocky Mountains, which lasted several days. After the weather cleared off and became settled, I started out one morning on horseback to look for bears. Up in the mountains where I went the snow was 15in. deep. Taking in a wide circuit westward, about ten miles from the ranch at the furthest point, I had found no tracks, and was returning homeward, about five miles distant, when I crossed the trail of an old bear and two cubs—a cinnamon bear, as the hairs brushed off along the trail indicated. The trail was at least three days old. The roughest country to be found is the kind through which bears take special delight in traveling, and as that locality was famous for roughness, I tied my horse to a tree and started on the trail.

This was about 1 o'clock, and by "cutting across lots" and following fast till 4 o'clock I found myself not more than twenty-four hours behind them. Being satisfied then where they were heading for, I started back to my horse, thinking to start early next morning for Big Creek Lake, about six miles from home, where I was confident I would find their fresh trail.

Just when it was getting dark I hove in sight of the ranch, and there on the meadow of my nearest neighbor, Elick Hilton, was a fair-sized village of campers. I could see at a glance it was a Government outfit, but on a larger scale than we were accustomed to seeing. Riding up to Elick's house, I inquired what was up.

"That is General Brooke and a part of his staff on their way out for a hunt. He came here this morning about 9 o'clock on his way into the mountains; and as none of his men were familiar with that locality, he asked for a guide."

Elick recommended me as a successful guide, but explained that I was out hunting. The General at once ordered that they camp there and wait for my return. On learning this, I was disappointed, for I had great anticipations of fun with the bears for the next day; but the novelty of accompanying such an outfit, with the knowledge I could gain, was an offset for the disappointment. That night after supper I went to the General's tent and we agreed on terms. The next morning they were astir long before daylight, preparing to pack up, for their entire outfit was carried on pack mules. There was the General and four of his staff who were to do the shooting—three Indians as guides in hunting, one of whom was the General's favorite guide and scout, who has a reputation. He is a half-breed, commonly known as Bat. I make special mention of him because he was to me an interesting character. The remainder of the men, about twenty-five in number, were packers, cooks, hostlers and general helpers. The animals consisted of ninety-four pack mules, and about thirty mules and horses for riding. It seems that trips of this sort were made every year for practice and experience for the men.

When I saw the tents all standing at 7 o'clock in the morning, I thought it would be impossible to get started before noon, for to pack that number of mules with from 200 to 350lbs. each seemed like an immense undertaking to me, who had never seen Uncle Sam's packers at work. In just one hour from the time they commenced packing the first mule everything was packed ready to start.

I thought I might get some pointers on packing by watching them, and this is what I saw: Two men worked together in packing, one on each side of the mule. The packs, which generally consisted of two pieces of equal bulk and weight, one for each side, were raised to their places, then for the space of about a quarter of a minute the air was full of pack ropes, which ended in a final yank of the rope and a groan from the mule; and it was there to stay all day. That is just as much as I learned about the way Uncle Sam's boys do their packing. To one watching them the first time it is wonderful.

At 8 o'clock we were on the move. The ground in Big Creek Park, where we started, was bare. We started went with the other two Indians, while Captain —— went with me. The Captain and I, after hunting till 2 o'clock without success, were going to camp. I was riding ahead and went into a bog hole, but having a small horse, I went through all right. The Captain was riding a white mule. Owing to the shape of the mule's feet the force of gravitation gets strong when it strikes a mud hole. The mule floundered and strove "mulefully" to keep on top, and the Captain did the "Rough Riding" act as gracefully as could be expected, but at the close of the first performance he was wandering around in the snow, hunting for his hat. He claimed that he "got off"; I could testify to the fact that he was off anyhow, and we didn't discuss his manner of getting off. ful feats of Bat, and as they were all going out next day to get in the meat, and have a final hunt, I requested that I might go along to see Bat perform. We all started out together on horseback. Soon we became separated, and the General, two of his staff, Bat and myself formed a party. Soon we struck a fresh trail of some deer. Bat took the lead; soon he dismounted and gave me his horse to care for, while he went ahead on foot. As he came on top of a rise of ground, he held up his hand for us to stop; then we saw him run at full speed until he was out of sight, then there commenced such a quick succession of firing as I never heard from one gun. Of course, we all went quickly to where he was, and he said it was elk—five of them. We followed



ALASKAN HUNTING TROPHIES.



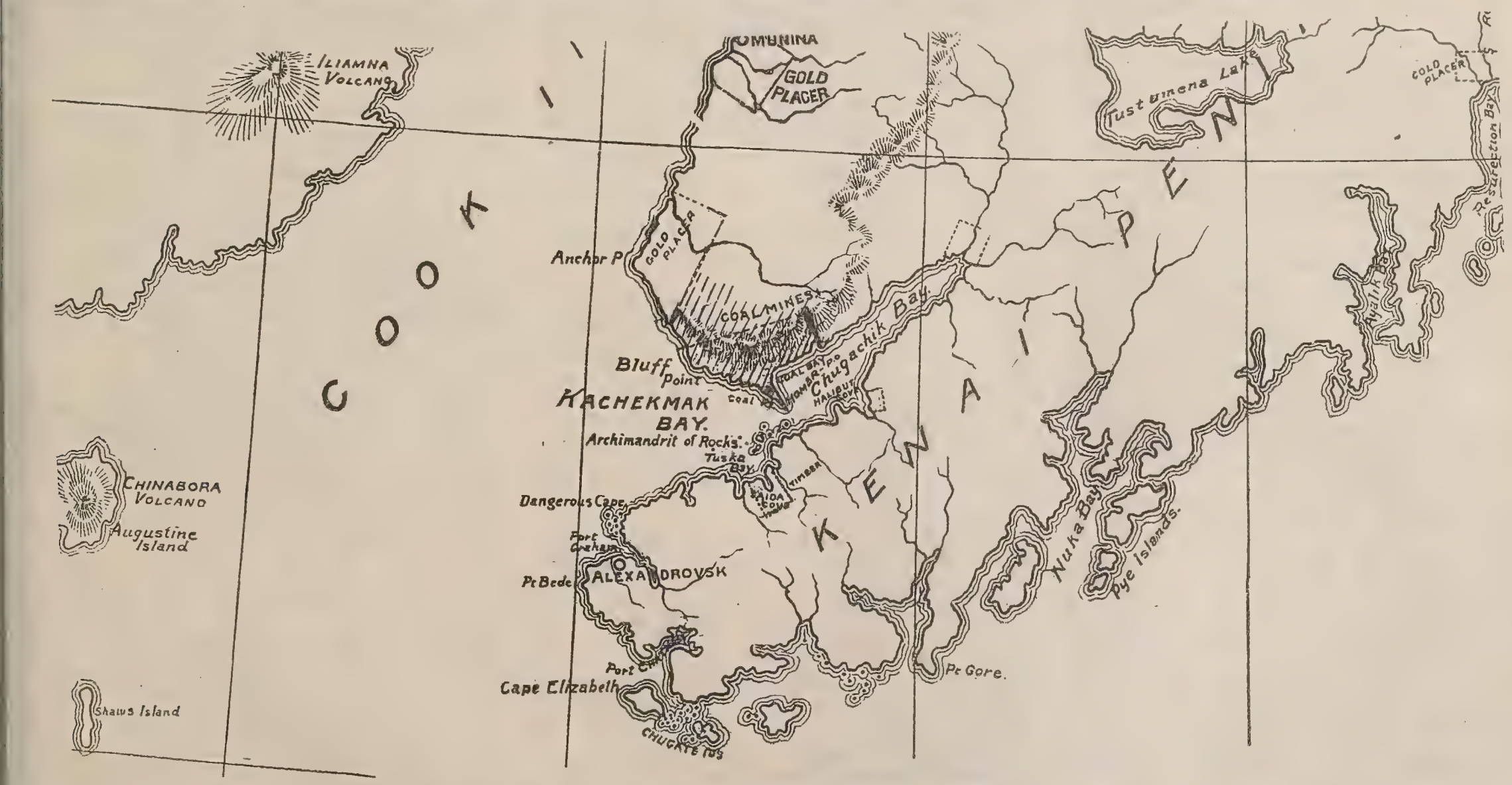
SKULL OF MASTODON ON YUKON ISLAND.

for the head waters of Elk River, on the western side of the Continental Divide.

About the middle of the day our progress was retarded by about a dozen mules getting mired in a swamp, all of which had to be unpacked before they could be gotten out. Here the packers showed the true soldier spirit: wading into the snow and mud up to the knees unpacking the mules, carrying the 200 and 300lb. packs several rods to solid footing, and repacking, was all done without a murmur. A more cheerful, jolly and manly lot of men would be hard to find than those coming from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.

The snow was becoming deeper as we advanced into the mountains, and by the middle of the afternoon we were completely swamped, and yet we were three miles He was sure he had a hat on when it commenced, but no hat could be found. There was no solution to the hat question but one—it must have fallen off while the mule was "stepping deep" in the mire, and coming under one of its feet, had gone to the bottom or at least the length of a mule's leg. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeve and reached into several of the tracks up to my shoulder, but failed to find it. Fortunately he happened to have a cap in his pocket, as a precaution against storms, and did not suffer any inconvenience.

Shortly after our coming into camp the two Indians and their men came in. One of the Indians had killed a small deer, which was all they got. Darkness came on and the General had not appeared. About an hour after dark one of the officers asked a corporal to fire a a few rods and found one unable to run, and it was killed; following 100yds. further, another one was found, lying down badly wounded, and was killed. Then commenced the wonderful part of the performance. Bat got on his horse and started on the trail of the remaining three elk. At that place the ground was bare and mostly covered with sod. He rode on a trot most of the time, and while keeping a sharp lookout ahead for the game followed their trail like a bloodhound, never even hesitating to see where they had gone; while to the ordinary hunter it would have required careful trailing on foot to have followed them in most places. After watching him awhile, I left them and went to camp, got a camp outfit and packers, and went out for the two elk they had killed.



MAP SHOWING THE ALASKA HUNTING COUNTRY DESCRIBED BY MR. LEE.

By courtesy of Mr. Thos. C. Dunn.

from the top of the divide, and as it was sure to keep increasing in depth as we went on, it was wisely decided to turn back, retrace our steps about four miles to Buffalo Park, and take another route, leading to Snake River.

By the hour we reached Buffalo Park, where we were to strike the other trail, it was time to camp. While we were making camp, the Indians, who had been rambling all over the country by themselves, and who saw our movements when we turned, from a high peak one and a half miles away, came in with a deer they had killed. The next morning we started on our new course, and after going through some very rough country arrived at our intended camp at dark.

The next morning the General and Bat took the course pointed out as being the best elk country—for it was elk they were after specially. Three of the others shot; he did so, and we heard a shot in reply, but a long distance away. In about an hour another shot was fired at camp, and a shot in reply was heard half a mile away, and about 9 o'clock the General and Bat came riding into camp. The General said they had a grand hunt; had found a band of about sixty elk, and he had killed three. The next morning the General, very unselfishly, proposed that he should stay in camp, while Bat would lead the rest of the party out to find the band, and give them a chance. I was directed to go further west and locate another camp ground to be used if we wished to move camp. The whole party returned in the evening, feeling jubilant over one of the biggest day's hunts of their lives. They had killed eight elk. That was entirely satisfactory to everybody, and there was no thought of moving camp.

The General had been telling me some of the wonder- As we came to the spot and were about to begin packing, we heard some one calling at a long distance; looking around we saw some men away on top of a mountain, over a mile away, who seemed to be trying to attract our attention, but they were so far away we could not tell what they were trying to tell us. We went up with the pack outfit, and there we found Bat and the others, whom I had left, with two more of the elk that we were after, both of which had been badly wounded by Bat's first onslaught. The fifth one had also been wounded, but for want of time they could not follow it. Bat was fully 100yds. away from the bunch of elk when they commenced running and he commenced shooting. He was shooting through thick timber, and while they were getting out of his reach, he wounded all of them, mostly fatal wounds. This ended the killing, as they wouldn't even look for any more. That was the largest

amount of meat taken out by any one party for a number of years, and at first thought it would seem like imprudent slaughter, but considering the immense party and equipments, they did not take the limited amount of game allowed them by law, and the meat was all carefully preserved and packed out and distributed among their friends from Cheyenne, Wyo., to Omaha, Neb., where it was fully appreciated, as elk meat was then becoming something of a rarity.

This to me was one of the hunting trips that was full of interest and instruction, learning many things about regular army life that I never knew, and learning to admire the gentlemanly soldiers who are a high type of manhood.

EMERSON CARNEY.

WEST VIRGINIA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Deer Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3.—This is the banner week of the deer season, and at this writing a good many thousand men are out in the woods of the three Western States of this section in which most of the deer hunting is done, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There is little doubt that the hunters will be rewarded with at least average success, as deer have been reported in good numbers at all the favorite points. The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad has carried an army of shooters and delivered them chiefly at the following points: Antigo, Mercer, Tomahawk, Conover, Three Lakes, Pelican, Woodruff, Pratt Junction, State Line, Rice Lake, Iron River, Geobic and other points in the territory above covered. The Milwaukee & St. Paul road has imported a similar number and unloaded them at such points as Star Lake, Minocqua, Floodwood, Champion, Ellis Junction, Wausaukee, Dunbar, Middle Inlet and Pembine. The Wisconsin Central lines have sent their hosts of deer hunters into the country tapped by such points as Fifield, Phillips, Rib Lake, Glenwood, Prentice, Stanley, Glidden, etc. Out in Minnesota the new road known as the Fosston branch of the Great Northern has taken out many hundred deer hunters.

It is likely that the followers of wildfowl shooting and deer hunting average an increase in numbers from year to year, this, of course, governed by the relative increase in business prosperity. The number of deer licenses issued in Wisconsin this fall would seem to warrant this belief, though perhaps the number of non-resident licenses will be cut down by the closeness with which the law is thought to be enforced this fall. The law was a laughing stock last fall in Wisconsin, and the number of non-residents who shot on residents' licenses must have run into the hundreds, if not thousands. The identification measures this season are more sensible, and the result will perhaps be a total increase of non-resident licenses registered, but a decrease in the actual number of non-resident hunters in the State of Wisconsin. Minnesota will get the benefit of a good deal of this overflow, since Minnesota has no license law as yet. There is no real way of getting at the extent of deer hunting travel in the State of Minnesota, and before the establishment of the license laws in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin the number of deer hunters in those States was still more a matter of guess.

As to the actual number of licenses issued, for instance in the State of Wisconsin, nothing but a county canvass would justify a claim to accuracy, though there are certain indications by which an estimate can be reached. At Ashland, Wisconsin, there were 627 deer licenses issued last year. At the same date this fall there was a falling off of nearly one-half, only 250 licenses having been issued up to the last week of October. At Superior, Wis., the county clerk has issued 133 licenses up to the last week of October. On Oct. 28 and 29 he issued fifty-one licenses. This town last year issued 488 licenses. At Black River Falls, Wis., there had up to the beginning of this week been issued 125 licenses. At Baraboo, Wis., the county clerk had issued 200 licenses before the beginning of the season. A friend of mine, who has just come down from Wisconsin, says that he heard that 3,000 licenses had been issued in Lincoln county this fall. He could not confirm this, and I am inclined to think that it may be a mistake. It may be seen, however, from the meager figures given above that a good many people seem to be out of deer meat, and intend to make good the shortage.

There has been a heavy snowfall in upper Wisconsin. On Nov. 1 there was 3in. of snow in the north peninsula of Michigan. A good "tracking snow" is the fondest wish of the deer hunter, and there seems to be nothing lacking this fall to satisfy the hunter.

The deer season in the State of Michigan does not begin until Nov. 8, though it is very likely that this fact is not understood by a great many hunters who have gone into Michigan north peninsula, where some of the best hunting points are near the Wisconsin State line, the law in Wisconsin making the date Nov. 1. At Marquette, Mich., 243 deer licenses have been taken out up to this week. This is an increase of about 100 over last year. At Grand Rapids, Mich., eighty-six licenses had been issued at date, and at Hillsdale, Mich., about thirty licenses.

"Grand Rapids."

I presume that in every mountain region there is a peak known as "Old Baldy." I have known many such mountains. I have nearly always found also that in any lake region there is a "Long Lake," a "Deep Lake" and a "Crooked Lake." Every once in a while, in their work, the old French-Canadian voyageurs found a bad bit of water in a river, which they would call "Grand Rapids." There are a good many grand rapids in the Northern country, and as such a piece of water nearly always came to make a good milling power in the later days, it has happened that towns have grown up at the old carries. At the Grand Rapids, Michigan, above mentioned, there was a fall of about 11ft., which built up the milling industry that made that place the center of the hardwood manufacture for an immense territory. The white men have now blown up and smoothed out most of the rapids. Naturally we may expect any town named Grand Rapids to be a good sporting town. The thriving Michigan city above mentioned is the home of a remarkable number of splendid sportsmen, as witness, for instance, the eighty-six deer licenses, most of which were perhaps resident.

At Grand Rapids, Wisconsin—for, of course, this State must also have a Grand Rapids—there have this fall been issued 175 deer licenses. This is a falling off from last year's record, which shows none the less that the town is in a sporting neighborhood.

At Grand Rapids, Minnesota, we have another instance of the quality of a name. This is the town which a couple of years ago advertised a big trap shoot and moose hunt combined, putting out circulars under the head of a "Hot Time." This effort received a great deal of condemnation, for some reason or other. There is a wide difference between Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Grand Rapids, Minnesota. The former is the home of a large element of modern, intelligent, law-abiding sportsmen, whereas the latter is a harbor of about everything which is the reverse of this. I presume there is not a town in Minnesota where the law is so extensively and flagrantly violated. The town itself is progressive and well built, but is near a good deer and moose country. Venison and moose meat are served the year round. It is the exception when the average of a certain class of men living at Grand Rapids kill a fish in a legal way. You can get a guide for a moose hunt at any season of the year at Grand Rapids, and they openly boast there that they will not allow any game wardens in their neighborhood. It is indeed likely that it would be dangerous for a warden to go in there. There are no licenses reported from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and even if there were a license law in that State it is doubtful if Grand Rapids would make many returns. At this particular Grand Rapids the game laws are run pretty much to suit the inhabitants. I fancy that this will not always continue to be true. Grand Rapids, Michigan, is an older town than Grand Rapids, Minnesota.

Distinguished Sooners.

A nice little haul of distinguished sooners was made at Lakewood, on the Gillett branch of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, in Wisconsin, last week. Game Warden Bissinger took in a special car party whose membership was as follows: J. S. Brooks, of Chicago; John M. Roach, head man of the Yerkes Street Railway Company, of Chicago; H. M. Schmidt, a Chicago lumber dealer; J. C. Durgin, of Chicago; George W. Thompson, of Henry, Ill.; C. H. Lester, of Oconomowoc, Wis.

John M. Roach is the second vice-president and general manager of the North Chicago Street Railroad Company. Mr. Moses Brooks is a member of the Oconto Lumber Company, and Mr. Thompson is superintendent of the same company. Mr. C. H. Lester, of Oconomowoc, included in the subpœna, answers very closely to the description of the C. H. Lester who once indignantly protested in these columns on account of the publication of a story about his helping to kill something like a thousand quail in lower California.

The charges against these gentlemen, or some of them, appear to be somewhat complex. They were arrested last week, whereas the game law does not open until Nov. 1. They are charged with hunting with dogs, which is contrary to the law of that State. Some of them have pleaded guilty to this charge. Moreover, the non-residents of the party had failed to provide themselves with licenses. These people seem to belong to a certain American class who have more money than they have decency, and who seem to think themselves beings set apart from the ordinary run of humanity. I think that Warden Bissinger will do somewhat to disabuse them of this erronious belief. They are just folks like the rest of us.

It seems that the charge that offense of illegal hunting in Wisconsin is not a new one with this outfit. The game warden says that a similar special car party went through the deer country ahead of the season last year and killed a great many deer, though escaping under the extraordinarily lax enforcement of the Wisconsin game laws. This special car party is said to have left Chicago about a week ago, as guests of John C. Brooks, of Chicago, president of the Oconto Lumber Company. They side-tracked their car at Lakewood, and the entire party, nine men in all, were guests of Mr. Brooks at the farm of the Oconto Lumber Company. Three of the party escaped arrest. Moses Thompson, George W. Thompson and H. M. Schmidt pleaded guilty to hunting with dogs, and have been fined $140.64. It is certainly to be hoped that all the rest of them can be brought to book.

The man who arrested the above gang is Special Deputy Game Warden F. M. Bissinger, of Green Bay. Every sportsman in this country who believes in common decency ought to arise and call Warden Bissinger blessed. There are no classes in America. We are all just folks.

Good for Wisconsin.

There has been a singular revival of energy in Wisconsin this fall in game law matters. I have already taken pleasure in mentioning the stoppage of the "Mr. Hicks" leak at Milwaukee, by which a great deal of game was coming to Chicago. I also mentioned the fact that Warden Johnson, the Oshkosh hustler, had been delegated to go over to Lake Koshkonong to look into the numerous violations of the game laws at that point. It is pleasant to be able to say that, with his usual activity, Warden Johnson got to work among the sneak boat shooters, and last week he arrested eighteen different parties, each of whom was taken to Fort Atkinson and fined. Some of these men were from Janesville, Wis., and among these were Harry H. McKinley, William McVicar and Edwin Parker. A number of sneak boxes and other outfits were confiscated. I have no doubt whatever that a deep sense of injury broods over the bosom of Lake Koshkonong at the present writing. Warden Johnson and Warden Bissinger, of Wisconsin, deserve a high place among the celebrities of the week in sportingdom.

Close in the company of the two wardens above named, should be mentioned Deputy Warden August Zinn, of Milwaukee, who located the mythical "Mr. Hicks." "Mr. Hicks" was mostly concerned with shipping partridges. It seems that Messrs. T. D. Randall & Co., of South Water Street, Chicago, wanted some Wisconsin deer, and other game, as badly as H. L. Brown & Son wanted partridges. The following is the circular which they sent out to encourage the violation of the Wisconsin game laws:

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 11, 1898.—Dear Sir: Are you doing anything in game yet? If so, we would certainly like very much to handle your shipments for you again this season as formerly. There is very little game coming forward as yet, and market here is ruling firm and active. It is quite difficult for us to keep our large trade entirely supplied.

"Prairie chickens and partridges firm at $4.50 per dozen; quail, $2; jack snipe and golden plover, $1.75 per dozen; mallard ducks, $3.50 per dozen; teal ducks, small or common ducks, $1.50 per dozen; venison saddles, 15 to 16 cents per pound.

"If there is any information that you want concerning the market, drop us a line, and we will gladly furnish same, and if out of tags advise us to this effect. Yours truly, "T. D. RANDALL & Co.

"P. S.—If you have any difficulty in shipping, send your game to the Hurson Transportation Company, of Milwaukee, Wis., instructing them to reforward it to us in Chicago. The way to do this is to have tags on one side of which is printed the 'Hurson Transportation Company" and on the other side 'T. D. Randall & Company.'

"Advise them when shipping and also drop us a line."

Deputy Zinn fell upon this circular and raided the "fence" of Mr. Hurson. The latter gentleman says that he was innocent, and can prove an alibi, and promises that he will aid in no such violation of the law henceforward. When, after a while, the enforcement of the game laws has become a matter of such importance as it should already be, there will be a system of detective work put in force which will uncover an enormous amount of illegal game, which is shipped into the Chicago market contrary to the Wisconsin law. There is no doubt whatever that tons of Wisconsin venison will come into Chicago this month, as it has been coming for the last thirty or sixty days ahead of the law. That Deputy Zinn has discovered one of these illegal schemes is a good thing, and he deserves the backing of every sportsman, and of every citizen, who believes in doing business honestly and legally. The storm center in Wisconsin this week is one of great interest, and its chief interest lies in the fact that it indicates a better, a more honest and a more manly day.

Special Cars.

This is a day of the special car. I presume that never in the history of American sport have there been so many special car parties out in the West as during this fall. My friend, Dick Merrill, who is back with his brother, Fred F. Merrill, from their annual hunting trip at Devil's Lake, says that he never saw so many hunting cars as he did this fall. They were side-tracked all over North Dakota. There is no pleasanter way of going hunting than in a special car, well equipped, and well conducted, and usually it is a splendid class of men who go in this manner. They are not all like the special car outfit further above mentioned, who cared nothing for the laws of the State where they did their hunting.

Nebraska Quail.

This is a great quail year in the State of Nebraska, as I learned by comparing reports from a number of different points in that State. The general belief is that there are more quail in Nebraska than for twenty years past. At Wymore, Neb., quail shooting has been going on for six weeks, ahead of the open season, and bags of several dozen to the gun have not been infrequent.

The States of Nebraska, Kansas and Indiana have been among the weak sisters in matters of enforcing the game laws. Kansas is better than it formerly was. Indiana takes no real interest, and makes no decent appropriation for protection. Nebraska is spasmodic. There is no general sentiment in favor of protection, though in spots the game laws are sometimes enforced.

Indiana Instance.

There is a newspaper known as "The Democrat" down at Anderson, Ind., which is a rank howler against sportsmen. This week it comes out with its customary tirade against the "annual bluff at the enforcement of the law" by Anderson citizens. It says that no prosecution has ever been made by any Anderson man or Anderson's sportsman's club, and is distinctly in favor of the farmers as against sportsmen in general.

Accidents of the Field.

The week has been a sad one in its records of accidents of the field. At Littleton, Colo., Dr. Edward Bovett and Earnest Gerard were drowned by the overturning of their boat, while hunting ducks on Bowles Lake. Near Pine Grove, Wis., Frank Somonski was accidentally shot and killed by a friend with whom he was out rabbit hunting. Vespasian Smith was last week shot by unknown parties, who no doubt took him to be a deer, the killing taking place near the suburbs of Duluth, Minn. This was two days ahead of the open deer season. At Park Rapids, Minn., on Oct. 30. William McMullen was shot and killed by his friend, Nelson Rust, while they were hunting deer together near Lake Itasca. The Minnesota deer season opens Oct. 25. Near New Orleans, La., last week, Edward Seruntine was accidentally killed by James Kearney while they were out hunting birds. He was shot through the back at close range by a load of No. 9 shot.

Ducks.

Shooting has been fair on Lake Winnebago, Wis., the past week. Messrs. Siewert and Service, of Oshkosh, bagged 59 birds last week. Two guns on Lake Poygan bagged seventy birds. Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss writes me that hundreds of ducks came in on Fox Lake last week, though the sport was spoiled by boats that persisted in chasing around in the open. Mr. Hotchkiss asks what can be done to stop this chasing of the ducks, and I am sure I don't know, unless it comes under the general Wisconsin provisions, prohibiting the use of a sneak box or sneak boat, outside the natural covering of vegetation.

An open row boat does not contravene to the law. Mr. Hotchkiss sends me two handsome photographs of his Chesapeake retriever, with whose aid, he informs me, he bagged eighty-six ducks (to three guns) one day.

From Little Rock, Ark., my friend, Joe Irwin, writes encouragingly about ducks, etc., in that country:

"I have not written you for some time, but have just returned from a day or two's trip on the prairie, where last Monday there were reported thousands of ducks, but as we did not get away until Thursday evening, we were late on the grounds. We, Pemberton and myself, landed two and a half dozen mallards. Friday turned off warm and they quit the prairie lakes and went to the timber to feed. We expect some good quail shooting this fall. In spite of several heavy frosts, the cover is very heavy yet.

"At Scott's Bayou, only ten miles out by rail, the boys are having fine fishing on crappie and black and rock bass ("bar fish"). Their catch is very heavy. Strange as it seems, there has been but little fall fishing done here until the past year. A new club house has just been erected at the mouth of Scott's Bayou, where it goes into Old River. Old River is where Pemberton and I took the big lot of bass with the bucktail flies, which I wrote about two years ago. It is literally alive with game fish, and the members of this club are having grand sport with live bait.

"There was a heavy flight of mallards last week, and I killed a few and saw large numbers feeding in Fouche, a small stream one-half mile from the city limits. Come and see us when you can."

Personal.

Mr. William Schmedtgen, artist of the Chicago Record, has this week gone down to Spring Lake, Ill., for some duck shooting and for a rest. Mr. Schmedtgen, as perhaps I have earlier mentioned, was one of the newspaper artists in the Santiago campaign. He came back somewhat hurt in health, but he is one of the few correspondents and artists who do not claim to have saved the country by their unaided personal efforts.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, maker of the famous featherweight metal duck boats, was in Chicago again this week, and paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a little visit.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Company, spent a couple of days in the city this week. He reports good sales, and looks as though he might make them.

Mr. C. W. Budd, the celebrated trap shooter, who has done so much for the Hazard powder this season, was in Chicago this week, and left for Cincinnati.

Mr. Richard Merrill and his friend, Mr. Hunt, an old Florida acquaintance, were in the city Monday, planning for a winter trip South. Mr. Merrill and his brother, Mr. Fred F. Merrill, will take a launch and a house boat down the Mississippi this winter, perhaps going by rail as far as Memphis. They will shoot in Louisiana, and may get over as far as High Island, Texas, which point I believe is a coming one among wildfowl resorts.

I had thought Mr. Leon Reynolds, of Augusta, Mich., was perhaps the oldest deer hunter of record this fall, but now I notice that in Berrien county, Mich., licenses have been taken out by George Elston, who is seventy-five years of age, and by Major Pearl, who is eighty-three years old. The sportsman's life is a healthful one.

At Chippewa Falls, Wis., there had been issued up to Nov. 1 850 deer licenses. Last year over 1,300 licenses were issued in all at this point.

Mr. L. H. Hascall, Grand Rapids, Mich., paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a little visit this week. Mr. Hascall is an old-time shooter, and knew all the sportsmen of this vicinity in the days of Turrill, Bogardus and the Kleinman boys. He tells me of trap shoots of 237 entries in the wild pigeon days, and says that in those days things were shot to a finish. Therefore he feels rather a contempt for a Grand American Handicap where one man does not take all the money at the end of the shooting. Times have changed very much since Mr. Hascall first began to shoot, but he still goes out with all of his accustomed zeal in the field. He tells me that this is a great game year in Michigan, though he is not hunting deer this fall himself. He says that deer hunting has fallen off from what it was in the old times. He says that in his day dogs and everything else used to go in the hunting methods, and he gives me the interesting news, which he says was well authenticated at the time, that in one year 30,000 deer were shipped out of the lower peninsula of Michigan. I fancy that the old-timers of the future will never be able to speak of any such record as that.

Nearly 500 Utes are reported on Sulphur and Cathedral creeks, Colo., not far from where the Ute killings took place last fall. They have killed a great many deer, and have not been troubled by any wardens. Their hunt is now nearly over, and they are expected soon to go home.

The State of Oregon, a great one, and of great game resources, is at present without any fish or game protector, the law covering that office having been repealed. The legislators of that State seem to be a gaudily intelligent body of men.

Last winter was a mild one in Indiana and Illinois, and the quail did very well. The breeding season has also been fortunate, and the shooting this fall will be the best we have had for very many years.

I have recently mentioned two or three side-hunts which have this fall been perpetrated in Western districts, but I feel after all that the West is by contrast not so bad, but that it might be worse. This week forty members of a Baltimore shooting club not only went out on a side-hunt for count, but put up a silver medal for the man making the highest score.

Buffalo Jones in the Arctic Circle.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 21.—Yesterday I sat in my office busily engaged with something which at the time seemed important. I heard a light step on the floor behind me and turned as a hand fell on my shoulder. I looked at the man who had come in, looked twice, indeed. It was Buffalo Jones that stood before me; my old friend Jones, hearty and brown as ever, and though more wrinkled about the forehead and eyes, apparently as young as ever, with his fifty-four years.

"Well," said I, "where have you been?"

"Everywhere," said he. "To the arctic circle last. I have only been home about two weeks."

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"Everything," he said, "I have been busy out West."

"Did you get your irrigation ditch in Nebraska built?" I said.

"Yes, long ago," he replied. "That was after I sold my herd of buffalo. Then I concluded to go North."

"Where in the world do you get all this money for these trips?" I said.

"Why, I sold my railroad," said Buffalo Jones.

"Oh, I didn't know you had a railroad."

"Yes, I built a railroad down in Texas, seventy miles long. I had some money, and I never had built a railroad, so I thought I would. I sold it out and made plenty of money, then I thought I would go North after musk oxen. I wanted to get some live musk ox calves."

"Yes, I know you started on that trip," said I. "The last I heard of you was a couple of years ago, when you were fast on a rock in the Athabasca Rapids. Did you get off that rock?"

"I did," said Jones, "and I got a good deal further North than that rock. I have been not only to the musk ox range in the Barren Grounds, but beyond it. I have been all over the ground covered by Warburton Pike, and far to the east of that. I was away east of the Coppermine River, and far beyond the Great Fish River. I didn't travel in a sledge, but walked it. On the furthest parts of my trip I did not have any guide whatever. With one white man, John Rea by name, who was also a stranger in that country, I was out for over a month on the musk ox range without any guide. I think I have been where no white man has been before. This I did not by the help of the Indians, but in spite of them."

"Jones," said I, looking at him, "it is barely possible that under these circumstances there is a story in you."

"I shouldn't wonder," said he.

"I suppose it is not worth while to ask you whether you got any musk ox calves, because, of course, you did."

"Yes, I got five calves," said he.

"What did you do with them?"

Jones unwound a long roll of newspaper he carried in his hand, and pulled out the strangest looking weapon I have ever seen. It was a piece of steel butcher knife blade, perhaps 3in. long, worn and ground until the word "Sheffield" was barely visible upon its face. It was sharpened with the bevel all on one side, as savage people sharpen their knives. This trivial bit of steel was rudely riveted to a long, slender, recurving piece of hard bone, apparently the rib of some animal. In the edge of the bone, close up to the tiny blade, were cut notches for finger holds. Jones took the long bone handle in his hand, its end lying back to the right and resting on his arm above the elbow, his right hand grasping the lower end of the handle at the notches. He swept the blade, thus stiffened by a strong leverage, back and forth in the air. It could be seen that much damage could be done with a weapon so strengthened by the purchase of the arm. "They whittle this way," said he, drawing the blade toward him.

"Who?" said I.

"I don't know," said he, "but either Yellow Rib Indians or Esquimaux. Anyhow, that is what became of my musk ox calves." He threw the knife down upon the table. "That is what killed them," he said. "We found this knife lying by the bodies where they were killed. We never knew who did the killing, but we found all the calves with their throats cut." Jones showed more emotion than I ever knew him to do before in my long acquaintance with him.

"Jones," said I, "I am more than ever convinced that there is a story in you this morning."

A Daring Trip.

And there is a story, I think, without doubt one of the greatest stories of personal adventure and daring enterprise that has come up in this part of the century. It is a story too long for giving in any detail in these columns, so that I am glad to say that it will soon appear in book form, being given as a climax in the story of a life spent in similar adventure, and intimately concerned in the capture and handling of large wild animals.

I shall try to give some little idea of this remarkable journey in such space as may be allowed. The trip was made without the aid of any corporation or individual. It was made under the espionage of all the white men along the route, and against the opposition of all the native tribes encountered. It required the overcoming of the superstition of the Indians and of the fears of the white men. We read about the Klondike and the Yukon trails, and about the Mackenzie River route to the Klondike gold fields. Buffalo Jones undertook a trip a hundredfold more dangerous and trying, going where there were no trails, where there were no charts, and where there was no definite destination. Somewhere out in the land of ice there were musk ox calves. Jones started from his home, his last home at Perry, Okla., to find these calves. He found them and came back, striking the old Hudson Bay water trail far up toward the arctic circle. He went within the arctic circle, reaching the mouth of the Mackenzie. He passed two thousand winter-bound refugees caught in that awful region in the middle of their journey to the land of gold. He reached the Yukon, and the Klondike seeming too tame, he went on to the mouth of the Yukon and took ship for home. Here also there was vicissitude. On the Dutch Harbor coast the vessel was nearly wrecked. Two weeks ago Buffalo Jones arrived at Seattle. When he got home he learned that he had been twice reported dead. His daughter fell in a faint at a sight of him. Instead of being gone six months, he had been gone seventeen months. And he had, I submit, carried the flag of Yankee daring as far and as well as any man has done.

Jones told me that he had in all seen about forty musk oxen. He had killed in all about a dozen, securing some of the rarest and most valuable trophies that can come to the sportsman of any clime. He brings a bad report for the future of the musk ox. He says that all over their range the arctic wolves have become very numerous. Jones is not a timid man, but he speaks with fear of these great wolves, which he says followed them day and night, and gave them continual anxiety. They came into the very camp, so close that Jones struck at one with the axe one night. They bit one of the large sledge dogs, which soon thereafter developed acute hydrophobia. This dog bit three of the others, one of the dog train and two of the shepherd dogs, which Jones had taken along for assistance in baying up the musk oxen when he was capturing the calves. All four of these dogs died of hydrophobia. They shot these great snow white wolves in scores, indeed shot too many of them.

Buffalo Jones' Last Shot.

Coming in from their last musk ox hunt, they were still fifty miles from camp when they found that their stock of ammunition was reduced to a single cartridge. They came upon some caribou, and Jones made the stalk. It was a long-range shot, and upon it rested all their hopes.

"I took a knee rest," said Jones, "and drew up until I was holding about 4in. above the top of the caribou's shoulder."

"It must have taken a good deal of nerve to go up in the air that way, with your last shot," said I.

"I don't know," said Jones. "I knew I was holding right. I never raise my rear sights, but I knew I would kill that caribou, and so I did. We lived seventeen days on caribou meat alone. At another time we lived eleven days on a biscuit and a half apiece per day. You should see me eat now."

As an instance of the ghastly blood-thirstiness of the arctic wolves, Jones tells the following story, which he admits his partner begged him not to repeat, since no one would believe it. He shot at one big wolf, breaking its foreleg. It went away and he followed it, firing at it again at long range, and breaking a hindleg, so that it finally fell in the snow. When he went up to it he saw a gruesome sight. The blood from the wound in the broken foreleg had run down and frozen, covering the lower portion of the leg. Tasting this blood, the ravenous wolf, as it lay there, helpless in the snow, had actually eaten off and devoured its own forefoot! I think this is the most savage story I ever heard, and gives the best idea of that savage country. It was no wonder that, followed by scores of these great beasts, the march with the musk ox calves was a slow and always dangerous one.

How the Calves were Caught.

Buffalo Jones had, of course, never seen a musk ox before he made this trip, yet he made his plans in advance, figuring out exactly how he would capture them, and he said that the plans worked perfectly. They apparently involved one imperative but cruel necessity, namely, the crippling of the cows. Jones took along six shepherd dogs. When the musk ox were sighted, a band in which were some calves, these dogs were loosened. The musk ox, on seeing the men, would nearly invariably come directly toward them, sometimes within a hundred yards. When the dogs were slipped the musk oxen stood and fought them, depending on their horns. This is the way in which they fight the wolves, circling up with heads outside, knowing that they dare not run. Approaching close, the hunters shot down the old animals. The cows with calves were shot down, one or two being left alive and being shot through the hindlegs, so that they were crippled and broken down. As they lay there still fighting the dogs, the calves ran about them, afraid to go away from their protection. Then Jones roped the calves, one by one, and they were pulled out of the heap of dead and dying. The calves were taken in April, and were then about ten months old. In size they were about that of a Jersey calf of equal age, though not so tall. They were of the size of a five or six months' buffalo calf, and looked something like the buffalo with half the legs cut off, being very short and stumpy in appearance.

Arctic Itinerary of Buffalo Jones.

I shall attempt to give briefly the itinerary of Buffalo Jones, without attempting to cover any of the hundreds of delays, dangers and adventures of which he told me. He left home in June, 1897, and arrived at Edmonton, Alberta, in early July. He built a boat and started down the Athabasca River alone, being unable to hire an Indian guide. In the Grand Rapids he was hung up on a rock, as I have said, this story having come back a year and a half ago, through the Hudson Bay people, to Edmonton, whence I got track of it and mentioned it in the FOREST AND STREAM. Rescued by the Northwestern Mounted Police, the latter forbade him to go on without a guide. He finally hired an Indian. He reached Athabasca Lake the middle of July, and arrived at South Landing about the middle of August. He made the sixteen miles portage at the Great Rapids, half-way between Athabasca Lake and Great Slave Lake. On the 20th of August he arrived at Fort Resolution and built a boat. He sailed to the east end of Great Slave Lake, to Fort Reliance, where Captain Back wintered in his search for Captain Ross in the winter of 1833 and 1834. He went into winter quarters here on the 22d of September, this being about the limit of good timber. He built a log cabin, using one of the four chimneys left standing by Captain Back. At Fort Resolution it was that he met his companion, J. R. Rea, a Canadian, whom Jones calls a hero, and of whom he cannot speak with sufficient admiration. Rea was a trader whose partner had left him and gone to the Klondike. Rea and Jones wintered together. In November Rea made a little trip to see if he could locate any musk oxen, and to try to do a little trading with the Indians. He found no musk oxen, and the two wintered in their cabin. In March they started out with two dog trains and one Indian. They had to take with them their lodge poles and all the wood which they would have to burn. They went west over Artillery Lake, and went up the river to Clinton Golden Lake, this being about two hundred miles from camp. They crossed Clinton Golden Lake and struck out E. by N. E., traveling about sixty miles, as near as they could tell. They found six bulls and killed them all. They

packed the heads and hides upon their overloaded sledges, but still would not turn back. They went on, E. by N. E., 130 miles more, and over the Great Fish River. They did not pause even here, but went on, circling to the east, until at length they were entirely out of wood and forced to return over the long distance to Artillery Lake, the nearest point where they could find wood. All the heads and trophies were at this point all right, but as yet no calves had been found.

"Very Bad."

Here was where the greatest difficulty of all arose. They rested and got ready for another trip, intending to go over on the Dubont River. The Indian was curious. He could not see why these white men should care for any heads, after the success and the hardships of the trip just ended. Jones at last told him that they wanted to get some calves. At this there was an explosion: "Nazùlee, Nazùlee," cried the Indian (No good—very, very bad). He protested for hours, saying that it was wrong, that it was well enough to kill some of the musk oxen, but that as for taking the calves, that was out of the question, for everybody knew that if the calves were taken out of the country every head of musk oxen in the world would follow them out, and the Indians would have none left. This Indian superstition is a very firmly fixed one, and no argument could overcome it. This was the reason that, after the mysterious way of the wild countries, the word had gone all over the far north among the tribes that this white man must not be aided, but run out of the country. The Indian took his dog train and pulled out for home on the Great Slave Lake. The two white men were left entirely alone in the icy north. None the less neither would turn back. They resolved not to go back again until they got the calves. Here is where it seems to me they showed more nerve than in any case of which I have heard among the annals of wild life.

Alone in the Barren Grounds.

With no flour, no guide, no chart, with only one dog train, and with their rifles for their dependence for food, they headed out alone for the Dubont, which they followed for a way after it was reached. Then they struck out N. E. for 150 to 200 miles, running altogether by the compass, and relying for their return solely upon the chart which Jones kept of their route—the day's march, the hours of travel, etc., being charted, with the bearings of the compass for such and such times. It is little less than marvelous, and proof of the matchless plainsmanship of Jones—in which he has, I think, no superior, as I have had personal occasion to note in trips with him in unknown country—when one says that they made this trip, being out thirty-eight days in all, winding and turning in all their side hunts, etc., and got back to their camp within two miles of the point from which they started out. This is self-reliance and generalship, if there are such things! No harder proof was ever asked of any traveler.

As last they got to their musk oxen again and captured the calves, as I have described, a task itself of seriousness. From that time on it was a continual fight with the wolves, which followed the calves all the time. Two men, five musk ox calves, a hundred wolves, no flour, cartridges getting scarce, running by compass, snowshoeing, over a country that they had never seen before, nor had any other white man—if those conditions do not ask a bit of a man's quality, I do not know what should.

Tragedy of the Calves.

In the daytime the wolves would for a time be less bold, hence the day was the time chosen for sleeping. On the fourth day after they had got the calves, and while they were slowly getting them broken in, so that they could travel a dozen miles a day, hitched on the rope and driven by the shepherd dogs, the two men went to sleep for a time in their lodge, leaving the calves tethered on a long rope outside and near by. They slept from 10 to 2 of the day, and woke to find their calves slaughtered, to the last one. The trip was to end in this failure of one of its purposes, impossible as that would have seemed from the first to any other man. The men were now well in on the hunting grounds of the Dog Ribs and Yellow Knives. They saw the tracks of fifteen snowshoes near the slaughtered musk oxen, but they never knew who did the work. The tell-tale ugly knife was the only clue. If the long handle is the bone of a fish, it was no doubt done by Esquimaux. If it be the rib of a caribou, as seems likely, then the knife was the property of some Yellow Knife or Dog Rib, who was determined at any cost to stop what he felt was to be a devastation of the range.

Homeward.

Jones still was not beaten. "We will go back," said he; "we will go back and get some more calves." He was met by the sturdy common sense of John Rea, a man as brave, if not as resourceful, as himself. "We will not go back," said John Rea. "We have no flour, we are nearly out of ammunition. If we go back we will only be eaten by the wolves." They therefore decided to come back home.

"Home" meant for Rea a trip to the Klondike, where he would meet his missing partner. It meant a journey of many months yet for Jones. The calves were killed about the 1st of April. They got back to Fort Reliance, on Great Slave Lake, on April 20. Here they lay till July 7, waiting for the ice to clear. They made 425 miles by boat, taking one storm, in which a boat that tried to follow was swamped and one man drowned, three others being rescued later after terrible exposure. They reached Great Bear Lake July 28, and July 30 ascended the Bear River, to have a look at the ruins of old Fort Franklin, where Sir John Franklin spent his last winter. Here there is but one log cabin left, with ruins of others, or rather signs of where they stood. They now went down Bear River to Fort Norman, and there made an important change of their means of travel. They traded their big scow for a Peterboro canoe, which had been left with a man at the Mission by some one of the Klondike argonauts, who, misguided by criminally inaccurate stories of outfit sellers and transportation companies, had before this gone down the river. Jones and Rea were now beginning to get into the Klondike zone. At Fort Norman they stripped down to the last ounce, resolved to make a keen run for the Yukon. The canoe was a godsend. With it they broke the record of travel over that route, doing in a little over a month what the heavy outfits have not finished in more than a year.

The Arctic Portage.

They reached the mouth of the Mackenzie Aug. 8. They went up the Peel River, which comes in at about the same outlet, leaving the Peel on Aug. 9, and getting to the Rat River Aug. 10. They were now wading in ice water all day, "tracking," or dragging by rope, their boat, whose splendid qualities were now apparent. It was over 20ft. in length and weighed but 158lbs. It saved them from wintering at "Destruction City," as Jones named that camp of woe where over 2,000 unfortunate souls will be obliged to pass the coming winter. These people have not in many cases been able to get their heavy boats and outfits beyond the first cascade of the Rat River. It was openly said that if one Wamholtz, who was a leader in some of this expedition business, could have been secured, he would have been treated at once to miner's law and hung. The man named has returned to the States, and is probably wise enough to stay there now. He is a Chicago man.

Jones and Rea went up the Rat sixty miles. They discovered a new portage by way of a smaller creek, and on the 17th day of last August made a carry of only 2,400ft. and got into the Yukon waters, this at the upper part of the West Rat River. This stream they descended to the Bell River, and thence went down the Porcupine, only seven days in all from the portage. Jones left his gallant companion Rea at Fort Yukon, Rea going up to Dawson, where it is very likely he has had a little settlement with his missing partner long before this. Jones took boat to Minock, and also visited Circle City. He reached the mouth of the Yukon safely, and caught a vessel bound for God's country, leaving St. Michaels Sept. 17. He arrived at Seattle Oct. 7.

How to Get Off a Bar.

It seems to me there was a story in Jones. This man, as I knew when I met him on a hunt on the plains in 1886, is no ordinary man. He is the worst case of nervous restlessness that anybody ever did see, and he can't be stopped. When he got his boat hung up in the rapids, the Indian wept and cried that they were lost. The water was terribly swift, and no man could swim to shore without being carried over the heavy falls below and killed, to a certainty. Jones got out and waded the 50ft. to shore, keeping his footing by shoving hard down a pole, which he prepared for the work. He got two ropes made fast to a tree, the Indian still weeping in the boat. The Indian could not see the purpose of the crazy white man, who surely could not pull off the heavy scow with its two tons of weight. Jones had a double rope, and between the two strands he thrust a pole. Then he began to wind and wind, twisting the two ropes together. The rope shortened, the boat started with the irresistible pull and swung into shore, and there was a very happy Indian. The reason why the Anglo-Saxon rules the world is because he is the best man in the world. You can't stop him. At least you can't stop Buffalo Jones.

Siberia Next.

Of all this trip, and many other things, I asked Jones many questions, and learned a great deal, for which there is not room.

"Now, what are you going to do next?" I asked him. The answer was prompt:

"Next year I think I shall go to Siberia after crown sable," he said. "I shall get me a lot of sable and raise them for profit. The Russian sable is the most valuable of all furs. The United States Government has promised me an island in the Bering Sea for my sable colony. I shall there raise sable and other animals of value or of curious interest."

Buffalo Jones to-day went to Bloomington on a visit. In two weeks he will return here and push preparations for his forthcoming book. He has relatives living in Chicago. Part of his family is at Troy, Kansas, and his home is at Perry, Okla. It does not seem exactly clear where he lives.

I think there was a story in Jones.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Brunswick Caribou Grounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is the chance of a lifetime. The soul that thirsts for caribou need seek no further. The Bald Mountain country, at the head of the Little Tobique, New Brunswick, is alive this year with unnumbered herds. Anyone with little trouble can get a good head, and at the same time have an unusually good chance at the moose.

During the time we were in camp on Nictor Lake five magnificent heads were brought in from two ranges, both within three miles of the lake. The largest head bore thirty-two points, the smallest twenty-one. Three of the caribou were shot on one ridge in an interval of six days, and each man practically picked his head. Mr. John W. Hunt, who brought down a tremendous bull, saw six other caribou the same day, and three of them had heads almost as large as the one he got. The next day Mr. Robinson, of Belfast, Ireland, tried the same ridge, saw two more big bulls, and got another rattling good set of horns. Caribou sign we saw everywhere. They were even ranging over the top of Bald Mountain, and the day we got into camp Mr. William Walker, of Fredericton, shot a fine bull from the dooryard of the camp.

Anyone in search of further information need only write to Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, York county, New Brunswick. He has three camps on the Little Tobique and Nepisiguit, and can guarantee every man his head. Also, by the way, I can guarantee him. M. H. F.

The Long Island Quail Season.

SOME uncertainty prevails respecting the open season for quail on Long Island. It is contended by some that the law makes no provision whatever respecting Long Island quail, and that therefore they may be killed at any time. Others reason that the law of 1898, prescribing for the State an open season running from Nov. 1 to Dec 15, prevails on Long Island. The Game Laws in Brief on page 47 says: "The general State law (Sections 72-73) applies to Long Island." But an addendum just now added to the Brief gives the season as Nov. 1 to Dec. 31. Our reason for adopting the last dates as those which now prevail is found in the following considerations:

Prior to the date of the last revision, April 22, 1898, the game law relating to quail made no exception as to Long Island. The law covering the entire State read as follows:

"Sec. 72. Quail shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed except during the months of November and December."

The last Legislature, on April 22, 1898, amended the law as follows:

Section 1. Section 72 of Chapter 488 of the laws of 1892, the title to which was amended by Chapter 395 of the laws of 1895, to read, "An act relating to game, fish and wild animals, and to the forest preserve and Adirondack park, constituting Chapter 31 of the general laws, and to be known as the fisheries, game and forest law," as amended by Chapter 974 of the laws of 1895, is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 72. Quail, Close Season.—Quail shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed, except from Nov. 1 until Dec. 15. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $25 for each bird killed, trapped or possessed contrary to the provisions of this section.

Section 2. Section 73 of said act, as amended by Chapter 974 of the laws of 1895, is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 73. Quail, When Not to be Possessed.—Quail shall not be sold or possessed except during the months of November and December, but possession thereof during the month of December after expiration of close season is forbidden and shall be deemed a violation of this section unless it is proved by the possessor that said birds were killed within the lawful periods for killing the same, or outside the State, and they shall not be killed or possessed in the counties of Chemung, Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben, Cortland and Otsego, prior to Nov. 1, 1898. The provisions of this section shall not apply to Robin's Island and Gardiner's Island. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $25 for each bird killed, trapped or possessed contrary to the provisions of this section.

Section 3. The provisions of this act shall not apply to Long Island.

Section 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

We construe Sec. 3, "The provisions of this act shall not apply to Long Island," as limiting Sec. 1 and restricting it precisely as if the concluding clause had been enacted, "is hereby amended to read as follows, but this amendment shall not apply to Long Island." Had this Sec. 3 of Chap. 459 been omitted, the amendment would have applied to the entire State, Long Island included; but by Sec. 3 the amending of Sec. 72 is restricted to an application only throughout the State outside of Long Island; and the original Sec. 72 in so far as Long Island is concerned remains unaltered. While the general season then is Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, the Long Island season remains Nov. 1 to Dec. 31.

The official compilation of the game laws prepared by the Fish and Game Commission adds a note to Sec. 72 saying that the law as amended apparently does not apply to Long Island; but no mention is made of the old law, nor so far as this official compilation is concerned is any law whatever given for quail on Long Island. It is stated in the Brooklyn Eagle, however, that the Commission adopts the dates of Nov. 1 to Dec. 31.

If the Brief is in error in holding that the law is still in force which makes the Long Island season Nov. 1 to Dec. 31, then there is no law whatever for Long Island quail. That would not mean, as some have thoughtlessly stated, that Long Island quail may be shot at any time. It would mean on the contrary that they could not be killed at all. For Sec. 78 of the law (page 45 of the Brief) says that "wild birds shall not be killed at any time," except "birds the killing of which is prohibited between certain dates." If the original form of Sec. 72 does not survive with respect to Long Island quail, there is then no law whatever "prohibiting the killing" of Long Island quail "between certain dates." They must be classed then with wild birds, which Sec. 78 says "shall not be killed at any time." Q. E. D. And there you have one of the beauties of the game law tinkering as she is tinkered.

The Cuvier Club.

PRESIDENT ALEX. STARBUCK writes from Cincinnati under recent date: Our club is advancing rapidly, and its influence is being duly impressed upon the public. Yesterday we elected eighteen members, and there are now eight more upon the slate for the club to determine upon. I am positive we will add fifty more to our roll before the year closes.

This year the penalty on birds is $25, and violators are somewhat scared by the expansiveness of the fines. Last week we bagged one violator, and are now on the track of two more. Our greatest violators a e those who use the cold storage houses, but I think we will do some work there this season.

Since writing the above, a member has just entered with three more names for enrollment.

Another One Dreams It.

DEDHAM, Mass.—Just been reading Mr. Mather's No. VII. in FOREST AND STREAM. He says: "I have often wondered if this happens to others dreamers." I read it to my wife, who said: "Why, how often you have told me of the same dream." It commenced in my early shooting days, and now at sixty years I occasionally have it. Another dream is of thousands of geese and ducks on the water, very tame. At 30yds. I would pull the trigger, a puff, the shot rolling out of the barrel into the water, and the birds calmly looking at me while I reloaded and repeated. FRED A. TAFT.

Quail in the South.

THE Southern Railway Company send us their new book, giving particulars of hunting resorts for quail and other feathered game and deer in the South, particularly North Carolina and Virginia. From recent reports, all gathered within the last few days, by the Southern's agents at the points designated, we extract the following hints as to the opportunities for shooting. That many of the reports are unfavorable is to be taken as a guarantee that the representations may be accepted as reliable:

Charlotte, N. C.—In regard to present conditions, would state that birds were never more plentiful.

Bushnell, N. C.—Quail are scarce.

Elkin, N. C.—Think it will be very good season.

Asheboro, N. C.—Am advised by local sportsmen that present outlook is very favorable, and quail are plentiful.

Newells, N. C.—Birds are reported scarce in this section.

Stovall, N. C.—Quail plentiful.

Lyons, N. C.—The quail are very plentiful.

Bullocks, N. C.—Birds are plentiful.

Durham, N. C.—Quail shooting will be fine in this vicinity this season, as birds are reported to be plentiful.

Flat Rock, N. C.—The quail shooting here does not amount to much.

Troutman, N. C.—This is one of the finest quail shooting districts in the State. Game is abundant this year. As there has been very little quail shooting in this community for quite a time, everything is most favorable for a season's outing.

Otter River, Va.—There is a fine lot of quail, but are hunted but little. Some of the land is posted, but I think persons desiring to hunt could get permission to do so. Would advise that you refer persons contemplating coming to this locality to Mr. E. R. Goodman.

Broad River, Va.—Hunting is not allowed by the farmers. I think every farm in this section is posted.

Mt. Jackson, Va.—Nearly all lands are posted.

Sutherlin, Va.—Quail abundant in this section, and quite a number are being killed.

Culpeper C. H., Va.—All the best country in this egion for bird hunting is posted against all persons hunting on it. I do not think non-residents will be allowed to hunt in this county.

Lawyers' Road, Va.—There is plenty of quail in this vicinity, but there has not been any sportsmen here this season, as the people around here who own the land forbid any one from hunting on their lands. This has been the case for quite a number of years.

Chase City, Va.—The prospect for fine sport has never been equalled. From all directions reports come of quail in the greatest abundance; also other game.

Fairfax, Va.—Game is not so plentiful, and farmers do not allow hunting on their farms. There are no sportsmen here who make a practice of hunting. Rabbits is the only game that is anyway plentiful.

Proffit, Va.—Quail and rabbits are plentiful here.

Skipwith, Va.—There are lots of quail around here, but not much hunting.

Scottsburg, Va.—Good many quail. Some lands are posted, but no trouble to obtain permission to hunt.

Tunstall, Va.—Quail are very plentiful in this section.

Hounds and Still-Hunters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been in the game for thirty years I think I can safely say that it has not been the sportsmen with hounds who have slaughtered the deer in this State, it's the still-hunter, and always was the still-hunter. Ninety per cent. of them are market-hunters; and I am very well acquainted with their ear marks.

I was one of a party of ten, and all good sportsmen, and we hunted with hounds. On a three weeks' trip we usually killed from twenty to thirty deer. A good still-hunter will kill as many. And I was acquainted with several other parties that averaged about the same. The men who hunted with hounds were sportsmen and did not make a business of it. As far as I know they have all dropped out of the game, as the law in this State now leaves it all in the hands of the pot-hunter, and they will finish them up in great shape—and it won't take many years at that.

I notice an article in the FOREST AND STREAM, quoting "Van Dyke's Still-Hunter," that not one in twenty or even fifty deer still-hunted is ever seen. He evidently has never been acquainted with the genuine article. I have known a score of still-hunters that averaged from thirty to sixty in a season. And I know of several now that I would like to back to kill nine out of every ten they started after on a light snow.

I have had some queer experiences with still-hunters. The majority of them was always threatening to kill our dogs, but I never knew them to fail to sneak in and kill a deer ahead of the dogs if they had a chance, and perhaps kill the dog afterward. I usually gave them as fair warning as they did me, for I should be very sorry to see a man shoot a dog of mine. They did not want but little, the best of it—all the deer would do.

I know that there are exceptions to the class I refer to, but I rarely ever met them.

All the still-hunting outfit has to do now is to take a bull dog and a hatchet and wait for a deep snow and crust. It's their long suit.

It would appear that the hounds give a deer quite as much chance as a moose gets when he is called up and potted. Men's ideas of what constitutes sport differ, and probably always will. I am on the shady side, but am looking on at the game and expect to see the finish.

For a number of years we camped at the mouth of Big Creek, on the Au Sable River, and what a splendid deer country it was! They are gone, like the buffalo and the pigeons. Perhaps some one will say the sportsmen killed them. It would be a splendid idea if more people would practice what they preach, and not preach about things they know nothing about.

The grayling fishing I have had on the Au Sable is something to be remembered. It was a very bad day a man could not take a hundred if he wanted them. While talking with a friend this summer, who had been fishing on the river, he told me that he only took two grayling—all trout. And I have fished there days in years gone by and never took a trout. The trout is the better fish. The grayling must be cooked very soon after being caught or they get soft. But they are rare sport. There is still good grayling fishing in the Manistee River.

One who remembers the countless thousands of pigeons would never have supposed they could disappear in the way they have; but when one knows how they were followed by pigeoners, winter and summer, north and south, netted and their nestings robbed of squabs and shipped to market by the car load, it's not so surprising. It's only a few years ago that deer were slaughtered in the same way—by the thousands—and shipped to market.

I am not doing any guessing in regard to it. I have seen it all; and I think it would take a man with considerable nerve to say it was done by sportsmen.

The Cadi's parting shot at the sucker was a warm one and hits so many.

L. H. HASCALL.

MICHIGAN, Oct. 30.

The Adirondack Deer Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Essex county, which comprises a large slice of the Adirondack State Park, the nominees for State senator and assemblyman on both the Republican and Democratic tickets are striving to win favor by promises to work for the repeal of the existing deer law and the legalizing of hounding. It began with a letter from the Democratic nominee for assemblyman, who purposely confused Game Protector Fletcher Beede with his brother Orlando, who is running for assemblyman on the Republican ticket, in an attempt to injure the latter by prejudicing the hunting class against him. The writer asserts that both he and his running mate for the Legislature will attempt to have "game laws that will be for the interest of the people of our section."

To this Orlando Beede answers that both he and Senator Chahoon are opposed to the present anti-hounding deer law, which is for "the benefit of the cities alone," and in favor of laws "for the benefit of the residents of Essex county."

Essex county includes as many native hunters as any other Adirondack county, and is fairly representative of the whole section. The fact that the repeal of the non-hounding law is made a leading feature in the party measures of both Republicans and Democrats shows the strength of native sentiment in favor of hounding.

The Essex County Republican is the chief newspaper published in the eastern Adirondacks. It is in touch with the sentiment of the people regarding the present deer hunting law. So are the Republican nominees for State senator and assemblyman. The Republican says editorially: "The people of Essex county want hounding. Chahoon and Beede are both in favor of hounding and will work together for the repeal of the present anti-hounding law." Incidentally, common report has it that most of the deer killed this fall are killed in front of the hounds.

J. B. B.

IN the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM is found an article on deer hounding by Raymond S. Spears, of Brooklyn, who seems to be sadly misinformed as to the real condition of affairs in at least this side of the Adirondacks. It is a well-known fact that so intense was the belief of the guides of the Brown's Track region that hounding should be prohibitory at all times, they met in Boonville last winter and perfected an organization, the object of which was to combine and act as a unit in the interest of the anti-hounding law. These guides are true sportsmen and not pot-hunters, they are men who believe that in the protection of the deer lies the safety of the beautiful Adirondack forests they love so well. To them more than any other source is due the fact that the proposed amendment to the game law permitting deer hounding failed to become a law. No one who knows the members of the Brown's Track Guides' Association would for a moment entertain the idea that they were anything but staunch advocates of the anti-hounding law, and Mr. Spears' article is unhappy in its inference that the guides are not in sympathy with the best possible means of protecting, not only the deer, but the whole Adirondack wilderness.—Boonville Herald.

The Sale of Game out of Season.

THE gauntlet thrown down by the Baltimore firm of Henderson, Linthicum & Company to the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association in attempting to have part of the '98 game law declared unconstitutional, will be taken up by the Association, which is prepared to make a hard fight in defense of the new statute. President George Dobbin Penniman, when asked what action, if any, his Association would take with regard to Mr. Henderson's attempt, said to a Baltimore Sun reporter:

"Why, certainly we shall defend the law. We have every confidence in State's Attorney Duffy, but we are directly interested in this matter, and we shall ask him to allow us to assist him in the prosecution of the case, and unless he objects, some one, perhaps myself, will make one of the arguments in defense of the law. Here is, in brief, the reason for that clause of the law forbidding the sale of game out of season, no matter where it comes from, which is the one they will attack: If the law can close the markets entirely to game out of season it will go very far toward stopping the slaughter of game out of season, but if game can be brought here from outside the State it will open the doors to all game, for Maryland game can be mixed up with that from Virginia, North Carolina and other States, and it would be next to impossible to prove that any particular game was killed in Maryland or somewhere else. Again, any quantity of game could be slaughtered along the borders of the State and shipped from just across the line, and therefore it would be perfectly lawful to sell such game, if that clause were declared unconstitutional. It would simply throw down the bars and render the law, or that part of it, valueless.

"Mr. Henderson is mistaken in thinking the Maryland Court of Appeals has ever decided the point at issue. The point did not arise in the Dickhaut case. On the other hand, Judge Alvey, of the District of Columbia, has decided the same question in a case arising out of a game law similar to ours, and he ruled the statute valid. As for this clause injuring the commission business, of course the commission men would like to sell game from other States, but it seems unreasonable to me to say that because a man cannot send a rabbit to Baltimore he will not send a crate of chickens, when he can get a better price for them here than elsewhere, or better transportation rates.

"Some people are trying to raise the demagogic cry that the game law is for the benefi of rich men. It is just the contrary—it is for the man of moderate means and the poor man. The rich man, when he goes gunning, usually goes outside of Maryland, to North Carolina and where game is more plentiful, and he is not only not interested in preserving Maryland game, but is interested in getting game to eat out of season as well as in season. Why, we had to raid the Maryland Club the other day. We are trying to preserve the game in Maryland for the clerk, the small business man, the farmer and any man who likes to take a hunt sometimes and is not able to go out of the State for his game. The season opens Tuesday, and every gunner who shoots a bird ought to thank the game association that there is still a bird to shoot."

Maine Game.

Now the Maine papers are making sport of what they seem to consider a rare joke. It seems that Senator Eugene Hale has been down to his old home at Elssworth, and that while there he conceived the happy thought of sending his mother-in-law in Washington, Mrs. Zack Chandler, a fine brace of partridges. The birds were duly packed, tagged and shipped. But a game warden smelled of the box and smelled game. It was regularly seized and Senator Hale was notified. He appeared, and quietly drew his pocketbook and paid the fine for illegal shipment of partridges out of the State, $5 for each bird, the entire shipment costing him about $40. The papers say that Senator Hale claims that he has been so busy looking into national affairs that he has not had time to study the game laws of his own State.

The handsomest moose of the season was seen in Faneuil Hall Market Tuesday, at the stall of W. H. Jones & Co., who squarely bought him of the hunter who shot him in Maine. The lucky hunter's name is Edward V. Goodwin, of Antrim, N. H. He came through with his game, and thus had a right to ship it out of that State. The animal had a beautiful set of eight-pronged antlers, very clear and symmetrical. With entrails drawn and head and hide on he weighed 730lbs. His limbs were clear and of a beautiful silver-gray color; a characteristic of an aged moose from Maine. One is sorry to think that another beautiful specimen of a noble race of animals has fallen. The feeling is general that the moose is doomed to follow the bison.

The Bangor, Me., papers say that on Friday the game wardens seized a calf moose, claimed by F. E. Wakefield, of Boston, which he shot at Stacyville. He was arraigned in the municipal court and pleaded guilty. The judge sentenced him to three months in jail. He appealed, giving bonds in the sum of $200 for appearance at the February term of court. The papers further state that this is the second case of seizure of calf moose within two days, and that the last one, up to these two cases, was two years ago.

SPECIAL.

New York League.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 1.—To all Clubs, Organizations and Associations for the Protection of Forests and Propagation and Protection of Fish and Game in the State of New York: You are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting of this League will be held at the Yates Hotel in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., at 10 A. M., Thursday, Dec. 8, 1898.

All clubs, organizations and associations created or organized for any of the above purposes or objects are invited to be represented at this meeting. No part of the State should fail of representation, for it is only by their united efforts that sufficient protection to game, birds, fish and forests can be speedily accomplished.

All sportsmen, game protectors and foresters are particularly urged to see that clubs are organized in every town and village in their districts, and that they send delegates to this meeting.

It is the special aim of this League to simplify the present fisheries, game and forest laws; to remedy any evils that may now exist; to eliminate therefrom unwholesome and unjust local legislation, and secure uniformity thereof; to create and foster a public sentiment in favor of better fish and game protection and forest preservation, and produce the enactment of just and wholesome laws for these purposes, as well as to promote the observance and enforcement of the same. At least every county in the State should have a protective game and fish or forest organization which should be represented at this meeting, thus carrying to the Legislature a voice of power making for a common interest and an honest purpose.

Additional information and membership application blanks will be furnished upon request to the secretary, with whom correspondence is solicited.

Suggestions or recommendations of amendment to the fisheries, game and forest law must be in the hands of the chairman of the law and legislative committee, above named, by Nov. 15.

All clubs and organizations well disposed toward fish and game protection and forest preservation should not fail of representation at this annual meeting. Respectfully yours,

W. S. GAVITT, President.
ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

Florida West Coast.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Oct. 27.—Deer, quail and turkeys are fairly plenty. Fishing good.

TARPON.

New Jersey Legislation.

From advance sheets of the report of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission, we take the following paragraphs, discussing the provisions of the game law as they now stand and as the commissioners suggest they might advantageously be changed. The text of the quoted sections is here summarized:

The principal objections to the present laws are that the seasons are altogether too long, that in some cases game may not be killed when it is in the best condition for the table, that some kinds of fish and game recently introduced into this State are not protected at all, and that in many instances the penalties are out of proportion to the offenses. Your commission has on several occasions suggested amendments, doing away in a great measure at least with these objectionable features, but no heed has been paid to these suggestions. Unfortunately the general public holds the commissioners responsible for the laws on our statute books, when it is too frequently the case that these laws are the result of local influences, and that broader views and the application of restrictive measures to the whole State should have prevented their enactment. We therefore desire to reiterate the opinion expressed in our preceding annual reports that the seasons for the taking of fish and game should be uniform, as nearly as such uniformity is possible, and in order that no mistakes may arise as to what the suggestions of your commissioners are, we herewith submit such measures as would in our opinion give the State of New Jersey a code of fish and game laws which will be reasonable, affording at the same time protection to our fauna without too much restricting the liberty of the hunter and angler or infringing on the rights of the owner of the soil.

Penalties too Severe.

When the present fish and game laws were enacted there was no adequate provision for their enforcement. On this account probably the Legislature placed severe penalties on the offender, endeavoring to make up in severity of punishment the laxness of enforcement. A person contemplating a violation of the fish and game laws knew that the penalties imposed were severe, but he also knew that there was little chance of his being arrested and punished. Since the date when severe penalties were visited upon the few violators who were so unfortunate as to be detected, a material change has taken place. The Legislature has provided efficient machinery for the enforcement of the laws, and where formerly convictions were few they have become numerous. The effect of the vigilance of the wardens has been apparent everywhere, not only in the increased number of native birds, but also in the multiplication of several species of fauna which had threatened to become extinct. But with increased activity on the part of those entrusted with the enforcement of the laws there has been no reduction of the penalties imposed. It is our opinion that a reduction of the penalties by about one-half would be proper at the present time, and that such a step would not militate against an enforcement of the laws, nor remove from our fish and game that protection which their welfare demands.

Uniform Seasons.

The principal difficulty in the way of a uniform season for game is the extreme length of New Jersey when compared to its breadth, making the seasons in the southern part either two weeks earlier or two weeks later than in the northern part. The experiment of having different seasons for different parts of the State has been tried in New Jersey, and here as well as elsewhere it has proven unsatisfactory. A two-section law might meet with approval in the extreme southern and the extreme northern part of the State, but it would meet with severe opposition in the large territory lying between the two extremities. The difficulty can, however, be readily overcome by opening the season a few days later and closing it a few days earlier than might be indicated if only the demands of the separate localities were considered. A few days more or less will make little difference, and there will always be the consolation that there will be so much more fish and game the following year.

Introduced Species.

That New Jersey has taken the lead in the protection and propagation of fish and game has been frequently conceded in other States, and methods first adopted here have often been copied elsewhere. There is, however, one direction in which New Jersey has been extremely lax. Thousands of adult fish have been brought to New Jersey waters from the Great Lakes, and thousands of birds have been brought hither from other States. In many cases these importations meant introductions of new and valuable species, and it is but just to remark here that in all cases the greatest care was exercised not to try experiments, but to introduce only such birds and fish as abundant experience elsewhere had shown to be well fitted for this State. Although annually a large part of the appropriation placed at the disposal of the commission has been expended in the acquisition of additions to our indigenous fauna, nothing has been done in the way of legislation to afford proper protection to the strangers and to secure for them an opportunity to increase. If the birds and fish were worth introducing, and of this there can be no question, they are worthy of protection.

Proposed Amendments.

Sec. 1. Forbidden to take any game except by use of shoulder gun, and in the open seasons prescribed by the law. Penalty $20.

The proposed section differs from the present law by reducing the penalty from fifty dollars to twenty dollars.

It also excludes from protection the English pheasant. This bird does not exist in New Jersey excepting in a few private preserves, the owners of which have taken their own precautions against the destruction of the birds; it gives such owners the right to do as they like with birds which are their personal property. The ring-necked pheasant, which has been introduced in various parts of the State, is protected.

The same protection accorded to our indigenous birds is also extended to the pinnated grouse, a few of which were introduced into this State two years ago. It was the intention of your commission to secure more of these birds, for there seems to be no reason to doubt that they would do well in parts of New Jersey where they were numerous before the lax enforcement of the laws caused their annihilation, but the person to whom the contract for supplying the birds was awarded failed to carry it out; it is hoped that better success will attend this project in the near future.

2. Proposed open season for deer, Oct. 25 to Nov. 5. (Owners of deer preserves to take their deer whenever they may see fit.) Penalty $20.

Scarcity is the forerunner to extermination, and this is particularly true as to deer in this State. The number killed annually is decreasing, while the number of hunters is larger. If the few remaining deer were left to multiply there is little doubt that in the course of a few years their progeny would be counted by the hundreds. Your commission has several times received applications for replenishing the present stock of deer, but did not deem it advisable to take any favorable action; deer which can be bought in the market are generally more or less domesticated, and their liberation in a country open to gunners would quickly result in their slaughter; but if these deer could be protected their progeny would be as wild as the indigenous deer.

Preserves containing deer are very few in New Jersey, but in such cases the deer have become private property and consequently have been removed from the class of animals generally protected by legislation; it is for this reason that it was deemed best to insert a clause providing that the law should not apply to deer preserves at present established.

Nor does your commission deem it advisable in this particular instance to suggest a reduction of the statutory penalty; men who hunt deer unlawfully almost invariably do so for gain, and consequently the penalty of an infraction of the law should be such that the violator cannot pay the penalty and still have a profit left in consequence of his offense.

3. Proposed open season for ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, gray, black or fox squirrel, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1. Quail and hare, Nov. 10 to Jan 1. Penalty $10.

The law at present permits the killing of woodcock in July, which is objectionable, not so much on account of the number of woodcock killed as because it affords the violator of the law a pretense to be in the woods with a gun. Under our present statute shooting for some kind of game is permitted from July 1 to Jan. 1, and unfortunately there are too many persons who are apt to shoot at anything affording a living target, no matter what particular kind of game they may have ostensibly started out after. Closing the month of July to woodcock shooting would mean the preservation not only of woodcock, but of other birds.

The open season for game above suggested is a compromise between the demands of the extreme northern and extreme southern sections of the State. From the 1st of November to the 15th of January would suit the people of Cape May, Cumberland, Salem, Atlantic and Gloucester; in Sussex, Passaic, Bergen, Morris and Warren an open season from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 would be preferred, but it is believed that the dates suggested above would meet with general approval in the between-lying territory, and would meet with little opposition from the two extremes.

The penalty provided by the present statute is twenty dollars for every animal killed or had in possession.

4. Proposed open seasons for gray snipe (sometimes called English or Wilson snipe), March 15 to May 1 and Aug. 25 to Jan. 1. Rail bird, reed bird, or marsh hen, Aug. 25 to Jan. 1. Dove, upland plover, the month of August. Penalty $10.

The present law prohibits the killing of snipe in October, despite the fact that during this month the birds are in better condition than during the preceding month.

The change in the date of killing reed birds, rail birds and marsh hens is made to conform to the special law passed in relation to these birds last year.

5. Proposed open season for ring-necked pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, but the birds to be protected for two years from date. Penalty $20.

Your commission during the past two years has expended considerable sums of money in the introduction of these birds into this State. It is apparent that the ruffed grouse is disappearing, despite all attempts to protect it, and the ring-necked pheasant offers the only proper substitute. On account of its extremely wild nature it has not been practicable to secure the ruffed grouse from localities where it is still numerous, but this difficulty does not exist in connection with the ring-necked pheasant. In a number of places in New Jersey where the ring-necked pheasant has been introduced by your commission the birds have been taken care of by the owners of the soil, and no gunning has been permitted. In every instance of this kind the birds have multiplied and have done well, better in fact than in their native home, showing conclusively that the climatic conditions and the food afforded are suitable to the birds. The birds which were put out were bred in confinement, and consequently had acquired more or less domestic habits; these, however, readily disappeared when the birds had been liberated for some months. Unfortunately the period of liberation required to secure a return to the wild state was not sufficient to prevent the killing of the birds under the laws at present prevailing in this State. The young, where the birds propagated, were fully as wild and wary as our indigenous ruffed grouse. Your commission would therefore strongly recommend a close season of two years, feeling confident that even in that short period the birds will have been afforded an opportunity to become firmly established.

6. The wild birds which may not be killed at any time are specified as follows: Bluebird, bluejay, brown thrasher, cardinal bird, cedar bird, chat, chewink, chickadee, cowbird, brown creeper, cuckoo, egret, finch, flicker, fly-catcher, yellowbird, grosbeak, gull, nighthawk, hummingbird, kinglet, martin, meadowlark, indigo bird, kingbird, oriole, oven bird, phœbe bird, pewee, redstart, robin, shrike, snowbird, sparrow (the English sparrow, however, excepted), swallow, swift, tanager, tern, titlark, vireo, warbler, thrush, whippoorwill, woodpecker (the yellow-bellied woodpecker, or sapsucker, however, excepted), wren, or yellowthroat. Penalty $10.

The present law enumerates a number of birds which shall not be killed, and then proceeds with a sweeping provision prohibiting the killing of all insectivorous birds. All birds, with exceedingly few exceptions, are insectivorous, if not at all times, still at some periods of their existence. Under the present law it is unlawful to kill reed birds and nearly all of the different species of shore birds, the latter feeding to a great extent on aquatic insects. For the purpose of removing this objection, and at the same time preserving the birds which are the most useful to the agriculturist or most pleasing on account of their appearance or their music, it was thought best to clearly specify what birds should not be killed. The above section is not near as sweeping as the present law, but it is believed that it will be productive of better results.

The penalty under the present law is twenty dollars for each bird killed or had in possession.

Under the present law dealers in game have thirty days in which to dispose of their stock of game after the close of the season. The law formerly gave the dealers only ten days, but this was extended to thirty days when a material reduction in the periods for killing game was in contemplation; with the seasons open as long as suggested by this act twenty days would be amply sufficient, as it would carry the time far beyond the holidays, and we do not anticipate any objection on the part of the dealers to this change.

14. It shall be unlawful to hunt with a hound or hounds, or with firearms or weapons of any kind, or to carry a gun in the woods or fields, on the Sabbath day, commonly called Sunday, under a penalty of $20 for each offense.

This is the law, with the exception of changing the word "dog" to the words "hound or hounds," as it stands on our statute books at present. The reason for the slight change will be readily apparent to all persons who are fond of taking a stroll in the woods with their dogs on Sundays: bird dogs do not destroy or injure game; hounds do. But beyond this slight amendment no reason has been adduced to warrant a change. The Sunday gunning law is generally violated by persons coming to New Jersey from New York or Philadelphia for the purpose of killing anything in hide or feathers. These men had become an intolerable nuisance until their depredations were stopped by drastic measures on the part of the wardens, and your commission sees no reason why the stringency of the present laws should be in any manner relaxed.

15. Nothing in this act shall be so construed as to prevent associations or individuals from bringing into this State any birds or other animals for the purpose of propagation, or from keeping such animals until a seasonable time for their release.

In this section the words "or domestication" have been dropped after the word "propagation," it having been found that the pretense of domestication was resorted to often for the purpose of shielding persons trapping birds intended for sale in the markets of New York and Philadelphia. The law as it stands does not prohibit the possession of a robin or other bird or animal as pets, and your commission has never tolerated any prosecutions where the purpose was stretching the law to cover cases of this nature.

A Philadelphia correspondent sends us these suggestions respecting the proposed changes in the New Jersey game law:

The most vital point which occurs to me is in connection with the ending rather than the beginning of the fall shooting season. In my judgment, no shooting or hunting should be permitted in any part of New Jersey in the season of the year when snow is to be expected. A fall of snow enables the shooter to track the game, to see it upon the ground, and in the case of quail to destroy an entire covey at a single shot. I once went quail shooting in New Jersey on Dec. 25, and found that the birds could readily be seen upon the ground, and also that they were so weakened by the cold, and perhaps by starvation, that they were scarcely able to fly. It is needless for me to say that I never went again after snow had fallen.

Another essential feature is the beginning of the ruffed grouse season. I approach this with diffidence because I fully appreciate the efforts made by the commission to compromise between the northern and southern section of the State. Oct. 15 is admittedly too early for quail shooting, yet ruffed grouse being then in season, the temptation for killing game of all kinds is constantly before the shooter. The dogs used in ruffed grouse shooting do not respect the fine distinctions of the law, and will point illicit quail on Oct. 15 as readily as they will the true and lawful ones on Nov. 10. As a consequence, their master must either become a law breaker or call off his dogs. While it is true there are to be found a few coveys of undersized quail on Nov. 1, yet most of them are full grown and fit for shooting at that date. Would it not be a fair compromise, therefore, between the two sections of New Jersey to make the season for quail, rabbits and ruffed grouse begin, not on Oct. 15, nor upon Nov. 10, but as it used to do many years ago, on Nov. 1, and then in the interest of game protection end it on Dec. 10 or 15, in time to prevent shooting in the snow.

In my opinion, the cause of game protection will be better served by making the season for ruffed grouse, quail and rabbits begin Nov. 1, and end on Dec. 10 or 15, for the following reasons:

1. Because it would obliterate the interval of temptation to law breaking between Oct. 15, ruffed grouse time, and Nov. 10, quail and rabbit time, and

2. Because—no one being permitted to hunt with dog and gun after snow falls—it would prevent the ruthless destruction of half-frozen birds, tracked to their hiding places through the snow.

On page 10 of the report the following statement is made: "It is apparent that the ruffed grouse is disappearing despite all attempts to protect it." Is it possible for me to advance a stronger argument than this in favor of postponing the season for killing ruffed grouse from Oct. 15 to Nov. 1?

Regarding the ring-necked pheasant, a foreign bird, I know nothing, and have nothing to say, but the native ruffed grouse, the finest game bird in this country, I should like to see so protected as to prevent its becoming an extinct species.

Page 8 of the report excludes summer woodcock shooting, which is perhaps an advantage, but it may be open to the criticism that there are sections of New Jersey where there is no woodcock shooting at all except summer shooting. In these sections there is nothing else to tempt the sportsman in July, the quail being on their nests; while on Oct. 15, the birds being hatched, he will be constantly required to call away his dogs from pointing covers of half-grown quail.

If there is much objection to the abolition of summer woodcock shooting and postponement of the fall woodcock season to Nov. 1, a fair compromise upon woodcock for the month of July, and from Oct. 15, would perhaps do little harm, as woodcock, being scarce and not so valuable as ruffed grouse, few people would go after woodcock alone on Oct. 15. Personally, I would rather see the shooting of woodcock allowed in July, and then again only from Nov. 1 to Dec. 10.

Page 9. Snipe, rail birds, reed birds and marsh hens between Aug. 25 and Jan. 1.

The largest territory for shooting rail and reed birds lies along the Delaware River. On one side, in Pennsylvania, the season does not begin until Sept. 1, when the birds are in better condition than on Aug. 26. There would be, I believe, little opposition from sportsmen to making the season uniform on both sides of the river, Sept. 1, which would gain six days to the cause of game protection.

On page 9 snipe shooting is mentioned. May 1 is, I think, too late to permit the shooting of English snipe. April 15 would be better, unless indeed you are able to prevent entirely the shooting of these birds in the spring, which would be best of all. The contradictory words "between" and "inclusive" appear in many places in the New Jersey game laws. I would suggest a change in the form of expression, so that the season may be described as extending from one day to another, both inclusive. This would prevent such misunderstandings as occurred on Aug. 25, 1898, when rail and reed bird shooting was allowed on that day, instead of on the following day, as provided by law.

On page 14 the duck shooting season is stated as "between" Sept. 30 and May 1, "both days inclusive." Would it not be better to say from Oct. 1 to April 30, or still better, to March 31, both dates inclusive? May 1 is surely too late in the spring to shoot egg-laden ducks. An enlightened public sentiment will sooner or later prevent all spring shooting. Let us hope that it may come before the game is extinct.

I have had thirty years' experience in game shooting in New Jersey, am tolerably familiar with the wishes of sportsmen and farmers, and feel confident that the above suggested changes would increase the game supply. I have no knowledge whatever of fishing and therefore do not venture to mention that portion of the report. I have returned the report to Mr. Moody with a copy of this letter.

Central New York Game.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Nov. 1 indicated the open season for quail in Tompkins county, the first open period upon these birds in this county for some years, and while they are by no means plenty, as your score shooter would define the term, there are quite a goodly number of bevies to be found. John Nolan and Geo. Lyon bagged twelve birds out of a bevy of thirty-six Nov. 1.

Ruffed grouse show up plenty, but the covers are difficult of access, and Madam Grouse has already acquired her winter's speed of pinions; hence individual scores are not large.

A good many wild ducks are on Cayuga Lake, and it only remains for some stiff north winds, iced with a bit of frigid weather, to afford a dash of exhilarating sport on the local marshes. M. CHILL.

Flight of Coots on Long Island.

INNER BEACH, Long Island, Nov. 7.—A great flight of coots has made lively work for gunners during the past week. On Saturday 183 birds were killed by the gunning parties who went out from East Rockaway and this vicinity. The birds were in prime condition.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Vermont Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Neglect in use has caused my FOREST AND STREAM pen to become very rusty. Generally old age makes a person garrulous, but in our case it seems to have made us indolent. It is the "height of our pleasure" to sit on our back in an armchair and read the newly-arrived FOREST AND STREAM. Once when we expressed a wish that it was double its present size, our darky, Tom, looked up from his work pulling burrs out of the setter's coat and exclaimed: "Dey couldn't do dat without dey done put it all advertisements."

"Why not, Tom?"

"Dey couldn't done get any more good things togedder in a week dan dey do now." Then he expressed a wish that the "Majah" would come up here and we would take him out with Bruce M., and he would shoot a lot of grouse for the "Majah" to take home, etc. We notice when we read the FOREST AND STREAM aloud that not only Tom, but all the members of the family, find my "den" a pleasant place to occupy.

So far some good bags of ruffed grouse have been made, and woodcock were early in the season plentiful, but with the first frosts of Sept. 11 and 13 they left us, southward bound. Since then we only get an occasional bird. In some localities gray squirrels are very abundant. Foxes also. One of our fox hunters has already killed six. And almost every school district in this part of the State can boast of its local deer, mostly does and fawns. So far about eighty bucks have been shot in the State since Oct. 1. Give us another ten years' close season and compel owners of hounds to keep their "horn' dogs" confined during the months of March, April and May. Deer would become very numerous in this State, and there is not a farmer in this section but would stand uncomplainingly all the damage the deer would do to their crops. It is only the greedy pot-hunter, whose only desire is to kill and destroy, that makes such claims, and as they have votes, they are unfortunately able to have their complaints heard in our legislative halls.

It is too early to say positively what our present Legislature will do in amending the defects in some of our game and fish laws. It is a great pity that we haven't got some legislator with backbone and sand enough to stand up and make a successful fight against seine and net fishing in the waters of our beautiful Lake Champlain. It should be made a severe penal offense to pollute its pure waters with such nefarious devices, and unless such a champion soon appears, policy and petty politics will prevent any radical change being made.

STANSTEAD.

SHELDON, Vt., Oct. 29.

No. We Expect More.

I HAVE been a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM for some time, and have greatly enjoyed the articles entitled "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman," by Shadow, who is the author of "Hitting vs. Missing." Lately I have missed his articles from your paper. I hope they have not been concluded.

S. R. LONGENECKER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Black Bass Rearing and Stocking.

[From the Proceedings of the American Fisheries Society Meeting at Omaha.]

DR. MILLER, Omaha.—Mr. Ravenel, of the United States Fish Commission, has been very polite in making suggestions to me about a lake which I have of forty acres. I began without any scientific knowledge to put in breeders, and through the courtesy of Mr. May I put in some young trout and some old ones. I had hopes I could exclude all other fish, but to my utter astonishment the selections were not properly made, and I find I have all sorts of fish, peculiar and indigenous to the country. Mr. Ravenel told me that the rainbow would probably live in a temperature of 60, but for the reason that the water would become warm very soon after coming out of the artesian well, which is about 1,000ft. away, I didn't venture to risk it. What I have come here to find out is, whether I could risk putting the rainbow in that water that is fed by water of 60° temperature?

I would like to know if bass are cannibals. As I say, it is a purely selfish interest on my part, outside of a public one. I have raised bass from breeding to 1½lbs. and 1¾lbs., and I have had two or three thousand fish taken out of there by fishermen.

I want to know another thing, if some gentleman will give me the information, whether bass are in any danger from bullheads and carp? I also want to know whether I am in danger of overstocking this forty acres of water, which has neither inlet or outlet. I want to know what proportion I can expect to raise from breeding, and whether I am in danger of overstocking this place and making it an offensive place.

Mr. Peabody.—We have a number of gentlemen who can give you a great deal of information. You will find out a great deal of that information from books written by Dr. Henshall.

Very many people feel that they would like to know whether they can take a given water and stock it ad infinitum and make a success of it. I suppose it is a pretty well established fact that nature sets up a pretty correct natural balance between varieties of fish in all waters. Many of the States have beautiful lakes to which people resort for summer homes. Those lakes may have been naturally stocked with black bass, but the persistent fishing of a dozen or more anglers for four or five months in each year, with the spearing that goes on at other times, has in course of time depleted the waters of bass. The next thing that we as commissioners hear is an application from the denizens about some lake for a permit to net out the suckers, which they say have grown in numbers enormously, and they believe the suckers are killing the bass. This is not so. The bass is a fighter who will maintain himself against any other fish of even greater size. In no case should the attempt be made to destroy the sucker, which is prime food for the bass, or the carp, which is also fine food for the bass. If I had a private water, in which I wanted to raise bass, I would see to it that a certain number of carp were put in there as food for the better fish, and they wouldn't hurt at all if you can keep them in control.

Again, we hear some one say, I have a magnificent stream; I want 50,000 or 150,000 brook trout put in that stream at its source. That is the poorest place that could be selected. Plant them away from the source; put them in ponds made along the stream. You there give opportunity to the insects to deposit their eggs, which are fish food. In time you have natural food that will to a great extent support fish life. You may overstock a stream or lake, and if you do so, in time you will have a generation of runts. You must avoid that. If you do it your fish will be undersized, and that is the case with many clubs who have overstocked their waters in their anxiety to increase their stock.

Dr. Miller.—Would you leave the carp in the water?

Mr. Whitaker.—You cannot get them out after they are once in.

Mr. Miller.—Would you keep them reduced?

Mr. Whitaker.—Yes, and I would reduce them by putting in enough bass to keep them down.

Dr. Miller.—How about the bass eating one another?

Mr. Whitaker.—The bass is supposed to be one of the very few fish that takes care of its young. They select a place for nesting and lay their eggs, and guard them from their enemies.

Dr. Miller.—I think that Mr. Henshall states that after they leave their nests they eat each other.

Mr. Whitaker.—Large fish will eat small ones under all circumstances if they get a chance. The fishculturist learns that in his practical work. You have got to separate fish of different ages as well as you can, to prevent it, when held in ponds.

Mr. Stranahan.—The black bass won't prey on their kind if they have an abundance of other food. I believe it is of more importance to you, Dr. Miller, with your area of water, to see to crossing your fish with new stock than it is to look after the carp. I have had some experience with much larger ponds than yours, where the stock has become diminutive through inbreeding. I should say it would be the best thing to introduce every year a new stock of bass; if you don't you will get a diminutive race.

Mr. Peabody.—There is a club in Indiana that has taken up the subject of producing bass artificially. They have two artificial ponds in which they keep their bass, and another in which they carry on the hatching. In the small one they keep the bass until they get large enough to be active; then the club takes all the larger ones and puts them out. They have a drain in the center of this pond by which they can draw the water all off. They can go into it and take out all the fish. They have met with such success that they have their larger ponds amply stocked. They do this in an artificial way.

Dr. Miller.—I wish to state for the information of the gentlemen that Mr. May, the honorable president of your convention, is the gentleman who started me in my enterprise, with this result, that this year out of my lake there have been caught, I suppose, two or three thousand bass by hook and line. This spring I put in twenty breeders and I don't know how many young bass there are, but the lake seems to be alive with bass.

Mr. O'Brien then read the following paper:

Large-Mouthed Black Bass—Methods of Hatching and Rearing.

A great deal has been said and written, at former meetings of this Society, on bass culture, by persons of much greater ability than myself, therefore do not expect an elaborate essay from me. But as we departed somewhat from the usual method of handling our bass spawners at the Nebraska hatcheries the past season, possibly my experiments and the results obtained will prove of interest to those engaged in this branch of fishculture.

Our main spawning pond has a surface area of about one acre, and with the exception of the kettle, or drainage point, averages about 2ft. in depth; bottom being both mud and sand.

Previous to the spring of 1896 it had been the custom to place the spawners in the pond as soon as the ice melted off, together with a large number of chubs and shiners to serve as food, and pay no more attention to them until the pond was drawn off in the fall to remove whatever young bass there might be. This haphazard manner of propagation, of course, resulted in rather indifferent success.

In the spring of 1896 I used gravel spawning beds with brush shelter, and removed a large number of the fry to another pond when about a month old, and fed ground crayfish with considerable success.

The spawning season for bass in our ponds extends usually over a period of about six weeks, and I noticed when we transferred the fry there was a great difference in the size of some as compared with others, and after the fry was moved I noticed that, although I fed an abundance of ground crayfish, and there was considerable insect life in the pond, the larger fry preyed on the smaller ones continually, diminishing the number to a considerable extent.

In the spring of 1897 I decided to change the method of handling the spawners entirely; instead of transferring them from the winter pond to the spawning pond when the ice melted off, we placed the spawners in a pond that had previously been used for trout, where temperature was about 55°.

We then drew off the water in the spawning pond about May 1 and allowed it to remain dry for ten days. We then placed eight wagon loads of mixed fine and coarse gravel on the bottom of shallow portions of the pond, in spots or beds about 8ft. square and about 2in. deep. We also put in twelve spawning boxes made of wood 3ft. square, with sides 3in. high and filled with

gravel. The pond was then filled with water and willow brush laid in V-shape, the butt ends of the brush being crossed at the pointed end of the V, being placed around each spawning bed, forming a perfect inclosure.

Willow brush with the butt ends sharpened and stuck in the bottom of the pond was also placed around the spawning boxes to afford seclusion for the spawners.

May 29 the spawners, forty-two in all, about an equal number of males and females, were transferred to the spawning pond; the temperature in the pond being about 66°, a change of 11° from the pond from which they were transferred; the spawners were put in near the inflow pipe, and the change of temperature did not seem to affect them in the least, but, as I had expected, it caused the ova to ripen rapidly, and within twenty-four hours they began to pair and spawn, and in nine days from the time they were placed in the pond the last pair had spawned; out of the whole number only two pair used the spawning boxes, and one pair spawned in open water on fine sand.

The eggs hatched out in eight days, and when the fry were about a month old I transferred what I estimated at 20,000 to an adjoining pond, collecting them with a ⅛in. mesh common sense minnow net, the most of them being taken about sundown around the inflow pipe.

In the same pond with the fry I placed a large number of eyed carp eggs laid on moss, the carp when hatched to serve as food for the young bass. This experiment proved a failure, for within a month the carp had grown so rapidly that they were as large as the bass and were destroying all insect life and making the water very muddy.

Wooden boxes 2ft. square, with slat sides ½in. apart, and supported by stakes driven in the bottom of the pond, were then placed at different points in the pond, and ground crayfish placed in these fed for the balance of the season; but the carp kept the water so roily that the bass did not seem to thrive, and when the pond was drawn off in September less than 15 per cent. of the number placed in the pond were found.

The original spawning pond was well stocked with chubs and shiners, which spawned about the same time as the bass. About Aug. 1 I partitioned off about one-third of this pond near the inflow pipe with 1in. mesh galvanized wire fencing, supported by stakes driven in the bottom of the pond and extending 10in. above the surface of the water; this fence being put in to allow the young bass to feed on the minnow fry undisturbed by the parent bass. The bass in this pond thrived beyond my expectations, and when the water was drawn off in October I removed over 33,000 young bass of an almost uniform length of 3in., not to exceed thirty oversized fish being found among the whole number.

The uniformity in size I attributed entirely to the fact that the fry were all hatched at practically the same time, and I believe that if bass spawners were held in water of a low temperature until about June 1 and then placed in spawning ponds where the water is several degrees warmer, so as to ripen the ova rapidly and thereby shorten the spawning period, that much of the loss and annoyance caused by oversized fry would be avoided.

Although the experiment in feeding the carp fry to the young bass in the pond proved a failure, yet I am convinced it would be possible to keep carp spawners in water of a low temperature to prevent them from spawning until late in the season, allowing a few pair to spawn at intervals as needed; this, I believe, would prove a cheap and easy method of feeding bass fry in troughs or small ponds where the number of carp fed could be completely controlled by the attendants.

Mr. Stranahan.—With reference to this matter, I will say that experiments have been made in France, also in this country by the United States Fish Commission in Washington, to retard the growth of carp. It has been found very successful. Mr. Ravenel told me that the results were very gratifying by withdrawing the food.

Mr. Clark.—From Mr. O'Brien's paper I see that he is an advocate of the partial rearing of fish, and that brings us back to the old question that Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Mather and myself fought over so many years ago; the question of yearlings. I think, if I am not mistaken, they dubbed me the Father of the Yearling. I will say I don't want to bring that question up now, but I am still an advocate of it, but not for bass. If the gentlemen that have been raising bass will take the pains to examine them minutely with the microscope they will find that a young bass one week old is as mature a fish as at five years old. For that reason I am an advocate of planting the fry of the bass. I think when it is thoroughly investigated it will be found better to plant the young bass. I want to put myself on record as an advocate of planting bass fry. If you plant them broadcast in lakes and rivers they can spread out more. It is a more difficult thing to find artificial food for young bass than for other fish.

Mr. Oberfelder.—As far as the United States Commission is concerned, I presume it is all right to deliver fry, but when the people who pay for this work are sent the fry they don't think they are getting any fish. The Nebraska Fish Commission are trying to deliver pike six months old; I think the people throughout the State would be better satisfied with the delivery of such fish to them than the fry. They might not from the standpoint of the United States Commission. I know the Commissioner of Wyoming told me that they sent trout last year in cans, saying "There is 5,000 trout in a can," but those who received them said it was the same old fish story; we counted them and found there were but 850. After this they say we want more yearlings and no more fry.

Mr. Whitaker.—I don't suppose there is any way by which you can guard against misrepresentation as to the number of fish that are put in cans. I think it is poor policy on the part of a board, and I think they will find that misrepresentations of that kind must ultimately come back to them injuriously. It is not policy, if you want to put it on the ground of policy. It is not honesty, if you want to put it on the ground of honesty.

So far as not getting results from the distribution of the fry is concerned that may be as stated in the State of which the gentleman speaks, but it is not so in Michigan. The great and successful work of stocking there has come solely from plants of fry. There is this to be said, in my opinion, that notwithstanding the fact that the planting of fingerling and yearling fish has been advocated in this country by some for ten or fifteen years, the planting of fingerling fish has not made perceptible headway anywhere and the large work of distribution is still being done with fry.

Mr. Clark.—And always will be.

Mr. O'Brien.—I don't wish to be understood as advocating the planting of fingerling or yearling fish. I just mentioned the fact that we are rearing our bass to an age of six months. It is not done because we thought we could transport them with greater safety at the age of six months. That is the reason I should put out the bass in the fall. We have hot weather in June and July, and we are not as well fixed to carry fish as the United States Fish Commission.

Mr. Clark.—I don't wish to prolong this discussion, but I want the members of this society to understand the point. I don't care to bring in the yearling question, but the point is that the black bass is a fish that should not be held and reared, because it is not necessary; because at the end of a week or two weeks they are just as mature as they ever will be, just as well able to take care of themselves as they will be in a year.

Mr. Peabody.—I understand you are in favor of fingerlings and yearlings as to trout.

Mr. Clark.—I will say I stand just where I did ten or fifteen years ago. In answer to what Mr. Whitaker said, and he perhaps didn't wish to be understood just exactly as it sounded, that the yearling theory has not progressed, I wish to say that arises from the fact we cannot raise enough. We can only keep two or three hundred thousand at any station. There is no station in the country large enough to raise a million yearlings. The point is to raise what you can, and as to the balance distribute fry.

Mr. Nevin.—Do you mean that in relation to lake trout?

Mr. Clark.—Yes, I do.

Mr. Peabody.—I am glad to hear you say that. Last winter I talked with the New York people, and they are strongly in favor of fingerlings.

Mr. Whitaker.—There is no probability, so far as the results are concerned, if you will watch them for the next ten years, that you will find any great increase in their output of fingerling trout. It is impossible, with the multitude of streams we have, taking the great comparative cost of planting fingerlings, to stock the streams of this country with fingerlings.

Nets In Oneida Lake.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New York Fish Commissioners having granted licenses for netting in Oneida Lake, it is reported that the fishing has become general. Here is what is going on at Oneida, as told by the Herald this week:

"It is stated upon unquestionable authority that many persons are unconsciously violating the fish laws through the resumption of the use of nets in taking fish from the waters of Oneida Lake. About two weeks ago press dispatches sent out from Albany stated in substance that the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission had adopted a resolution permitting net fishing in Oneida Lake, and the general understanding of the announcement seems to have been that the resolution passed was in itself a license for all who desired to engage in fishing with nets without restriction for a time.

"This understanding of the situation is declared to be erroneous, according to those who profess to be well versed in the fish laws, it being meant by the resolution that those desiring to fish with nets could again obtain license by applying to the commission, a specific license being required for each individual fisherman. Hundreds of fishermen are reported to have begun the use of nets without having obtained the required license, and it is said that they stoutly maintain that the resolution recently passed obviates the license required by the fish laws. It is as strongly urged on the other hand that the fishermen are making themselves liable to prosecution through their ignorance of the meaning of the resolution, in the publication of which there appears to have been omissions in the press dispatches."

They have nets on the bass grounds at lower South Bay to my own knowledge; and allowing them the right to use 14ft. trap nets, is an outrage to the angler. The fishing has been ruined by netting. What will be left for hook fishing another season will be very little. The netting period will run to Dec. 31.

The opening of the lake to netters is the undoing of all that has been done there this year; and will be just so many more nets to get and so many more bounties to be paid out. It is no question but it is done to get votes.

ONONDAGA.

At a meeting held last week, the Anglers' Association of Onondaga adopted resolutions on the subject as follows:

"Whereas, the people of the State of New York spend annually thousands of dollars for the propagation and protection of fish in the inland waters of the State; and,

"Whereas, the Commissioners of Fish, Game and Forests has granted licenses to fish with nets in Oneida Lake, thereby depriving the public of one of the best fishing grounds of the State; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that the Anglers 'Association of Onondaga emphatically protests against this action of the commissioners, and earnestly requests them to revoke all licenses at once."

The text of the resolution adopted by the New York League, as noted in our last issue, reads:

"We, the executive committee of the State Fish and Game Protective League, assembled at a regular meeting, do hereby express an unqualified disapproval of the act of the honorable Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests in granting licenses for the netting of fish in Oneida Lake or other inland waters of the State; and we hereby petition and request the immediate cancellation and withdrawal of such licenses; that we instruct our secretary to forward a copy hereof to each of the said commissioners."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Story of a Leader and Three Flies.

"COME in a minute. I've got something I want to show you—something you will appreciate."

"Oh, yes! I know you always have something fine and tempting, but you won't catch me this time, for I won't buy a thing. I have more tackle now than I can ever use, and I am not going to invest in any more—you will only waste your time showing it to me."

"Oh! that's all right! I won't ask you to buy, but I want you to see some of the finest flies and leaders and lines that ever happened."

And so I followed my friend into the store and temptation, and of course fell a victim to the snare. I have often thought that if fine fishing tackle is half as attractive to the fish as it is to an enthusiastic angler it is not surprising that they need protective laws. The flies that lure them to the surface have first dangled before the eyes of the sportsman, and landed him; but the experience don't kill him, nor even cure him, and he is sure to rise again if the bait is good enough. What a good thing he is for the manufacturers and dealers, and what a pity 'tis that the fish is denied the privilege of being caught again and again! The baits I saw in the store that morning were the product of a famous maker and bore a name which bespoke their quality. They were simply beautiful, and I came away with a cluster of flies and half a dozen leaders in spite of my declaration that nothing would catch me. But those leaders! Who could resist them? The gut was round and perfect, the knots tied to perfection, the loops perfectly spaced, and they were dyed a peculiar greenish bronze that made them look like some aquatic thread that must appear natural in the water.

"I'll guarantee these leaders to be the best you ever had, and if you break one of them in any legitimate way, so that you say the leader is at fault, you shall have two in its place." and I felt that the statement was a safe one for him to make.

Not long after this a party of kindred spirits met at the house of the Mastigouche Club. Not a chance meeting by any means, for the agreement to be there was one of long standing, and the event was one to which all had looked forward with anticipation of a genuine good time, and an outing in the most attractive part of Canada's domain. About a hundred miles from Montreal, on the shore of a beautiful lake, stands the big club house. Numberless other lakes are tributary to the little river which flows through this valley in the Laurentian hills, filling to the utmost the ideal of one who loves forest and stream, is fond of canoeing and tramping, and enjoys out-of-door life and the delights of enticing Salmo fontinalis to join in the game. At least twenty of these lakes are within two hours by canoe and trail from the club house, so that no one need go into camp unless he desires to visit the distant parts of the tract. The afternoon of our arrival was devoted to visiting among ourselves, and with the guides—those sturdy examples of French-Canadian habitant—unpacking of luggage, etc., preparatory to commencing business next day. My guide was one I had known before, and never want a better, a thorough woodsman, strong, tireless, devoted to his patron, and the best man in a bark canoe that I have ever seen, and withal a good cook. Next morning everything was ready for a start long before we finished a good breakfast, and we were soon afloat.

"Well, George, where shall we go to-day?"

"If no want to go veree far, Ah t'ink Lac au Cap bes' place for fly-feesh, prob'ly. Ah see some trouts jompeeng dere yes'day, me."

Crossing Lac Seymour, and paddling up the river about a mile, a short carry, then through Lac Crescent, another portage of about half a mile brought us to our fishing water for the day. It was in August, a perfect summer day, with the water like a mirror, except for now and then a bit of ripple, but too warm and too still to hope for great sport in the way of fly-fishing. So I was not looking for anything unusual either in the size or number of the day's catch.

"What do you think of it, George, shall we have any luck here to-day?"

"Sometam can't tell notting 'bout feesh; one day jomp, jomp, all tam, all round; an'udder day no jomp tall. Ah'll see two, t'ree now ove' dere, me. We get some sure, prob'ly, p'r'aps note so manee; wataire ver' warm an' feesh no raise ver' mooch."

The rod was jointed, and with one of those brand new leaders, decorated with a Reuben Wood, Montreal and a "Cheeney Belle" for a stretcher, the game was opened. If I had tested that leader as I almost invariably do, this story would have had no beginning or ending, but having unlimited confidence in its maker, this precaution was neglected. A few minutes of casting yielded a few small fish, and then a good one rose a few rods ahead of the canoe, and in a few moments the flies were over him. He came up like a rocket, landed on that R. W. with a rush, and I struck for keeps, expecting to set the hook for a good tussle, but alas! for that big expectation. The next instant the line and about 2ft. of leader came back, a clean break at the upper loop, and away went Mr. Goodone with the remainder of the leader and three flies.

"Bah gosh! dat too bad! good feesh too! He got hook in hees mouth an run all roun' with leader an two fly. T'ink he got all fly he want for one tam."

With no little disgust another new leader was well tested and bent on, and with a fresh display of feathers we went on. The sport was fairly good, and we were just about to quit for luncheon, when suddenly the canoe was brought about with a whirl and a shout of laughter, and paddling as if in a race away we went up the lake toward our starting point. As soon as we swung around I saw at quite a distance a good sized trout flopping on the surface, and there we were going as fast as George could drive us.

"Ah been look' for heem all tam since he run way wiz dem fly. Dat feesh ver' good kine. He catch heemself an' now come up top and ask for net, an'— Look at dat! He been fly-feesh too, an' have good luck; catch two more. Ver' smart trouts in dis lac."

And so it proved, for on netting the big fellow, which

weighed a trifle over a pound and a half, we found that in running about with the trailing flies he had caught and killed two others of about a half-pound each. The struggle had been too much for him, and though I tried to bring him around and give him his liberty, which I felt he had richly earned, he was too far gone, and was dead nearly as soon as netted.

I retied the leader to its short end and used it for the rest of the day, and then put it away among the relics which serve to recall many an hour of pleasure and many an incident of the kind that so often get tangled up in the experience of the angler, but none of them brings to memory anything so remarkable as this. It is to be hoped, however, that it will meet a better reception than a few days ago, when I related it to a friend and substantiated my tale by exhibiting the leader with my clumsily tied knot of repair. He listened patiently to the end and then remarked with some emphasis: "Oh, get out!" B.

American Fisheries Society.

We have received the "Proceedings of the American Fisheries Society" at the twenty-seventh annual meeting at Omaha. The papers read and discussed at the meeting and here printed are: "Artificial Propagation versus a Close Season for the Great Lakes" by James Nevin. "Notes in Connection with the United States Fish Hatcheries in Michigan," by F. N. Clark. "The Protection of Fish and a Closed Season," by F. B. Dickinson. "Natural versus Assisted Reproduction of Certain Kinds of Fishes," by Seymour Bower. "The Origin of the American Fisheries Society," by Livingston Stone. "The Identification of Adult Fish that have been Artificially Hatched," by Dr. H. C. Bumpus. "Large-Mouthed Black Bass Hatching and Rearing," by W. J. O'Brien. "The Microscope as Practically Applied to Fishculture," by J. J. Stranahan. "The Fishculturist," by J. E. Gunkel. "The Relation between the Areas of Inland Lakes and the Temperature of the Water," by E. A. Birge. "Observations concerning the Artificial Culture of the Grayling," by Dr. J. A. Henshall. "Protection of the Food Fish Supply on the Pacific Coast and in Alaska," by Dr. B. W. James. "State Organizations for the Promotion of Fishculture and Protection of Food and Game Fishes," by J. W. Titcomb. "Aquacultural Experiment Stations and their Work," by Dr. Henry B. Ward. The Society invites membership of all persons interested in its work. The membership fee is $1 a year. The secretary is Mr. J. E. Gunkel, Toledo, O. The next meeting will be held at Niagara Falls, June 28 and 29, 1899.

A Salmon's Last Jump.

San Diego, Cal., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A rather curious incident occurred while fishing for landlocked salmon trout three miles distant from Port Angeles, on the Puget Sound, western Washington, with my friend Mr. Charles Dyer, who was at that time receiver for the bank in that town, and who can vouch for my story. My friend and myself are ardent lovers of Walton, and have passed many happy hours in the trout streams of western Washington. We determined to try our luck at the salmon trout, which were very shy, but would rise occasionally to the fly, providing one could send a good long line after them. I had caught about ten, average weight about 1lb. My friend Charley not having good luck, both of us determined to "jack it up." When we were taking our casting lines off, a salmon jumped about a yard and a half out of the water and landed in our boat at Mr. Dyer's feet; the fish was 2lbs. weight and in good condition.

John P. Frizell.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 10-11.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's trials. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Eastern Field Trials Club's trials, Newton, N. C. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio State Field Trial Association's trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.

Nov. 28.—Amoret, Mo.—Missouri Field Trials Association's second annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

New England Beagle Club's Field Trials.

The New England Beagle Club held its sixth annual field trials at Oxford, Mass., Oct. 31-Nov. 4. The club made its headquarters at Bacon's Hotel, where everybody was well cared for and made comfortable. The judges were Geo. B. Appleby and Harry B. Tallman, and their decisions apparently gave satisfaction. Game was scarce, and most of the rabbits went to earth as soon as possible. Had there been more long, hard runs the result of the trials might not have been different but would surely have been more satisfactory to those whose beagles had but little opportunity to show themselves on game. To remedy this defect, if possible, the club will next year run a pack stake for an entire day. The pack will be made up of hounds entered in the regular classes, and each owner will be allowed to enter but one beagle. The rules to govern the judging and running of this novelty in field trial work are left in the hands of the field trial committee. Some are of the opinion that the running of this stake will revolutionize the method of running beagle trials, while others are quite as confident that it will be impossible to get satisfactory results by running all the entries in a class at once. The outcome will be watched with interest. Owing to the generosity of Jas. L. Kernochan, in adding $50 to the entry fees in this new event, it will be known as the Hempstead Beagles' Stake.

Wm. Saxby made an uncommonly fine record at these trials, and had the satisfaction of carrying home two beagles who can henceforth claim the title of field trial champion. His wins were popular ones, and he received the heartiest congratulations.

Among those present at the trials were Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; G. H. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; Howard Almy, F. W. Cielfeld, Providence, R. I.; L. F. Akers, Melrose, Mass.; Philip A. Hutchins, West Medford, Mass.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; W. H. O'Connor, Springfield, Mass.; Jas. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, N. Y.; A. J. Purinton, Waterbury, Conn.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The beginning of the trials was postponed from Monday to Tuesday, as a number of the beagles entered here had not arrived from the national trials at Hillsdale, N. J. When the hounds were measured in the afternoon Hunter was thrown out for being over size. All the other entries filled except Splitter, Somerset, Starlight and Belle of Barton.

Tuesday.

It was a beautiful day. Scent, however, was bad at times, and rabbits were hard to find.

Class A, All-Age, 15in. and Under.—This stake was open to all beagles 15in. and under in height which had not been placed first at any recognized field trial. The fee to run was $8, and the first prize was 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent. of the entry fees.

The drawing for the first series resulted in running Thos. Shallcross' w., b. and t. bitch Helen Briggs, by Rustic—Daisy, with Hempstead Beagles' w., b. and t. bitch Rusty, by Lasell's Ringwood—Lasell's Royal; Howard Almy's w., b. and t. dog Buckellew, by Lewis—Skip II., with Thos. Shallcross' b., w. and t. dog Baronet, by Dauntless—Reckless; A. J. Purinton's b., w. and t. dog Millard R., by Millard—Haida R., with Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch Dime's Della, by Clyde—Saxby's Pleton's w., b. and t. bitch Dahlia, by Pulboro Crafty—Time; A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. dog Sportsman, by Clyde—Lady Novice, with Howard Almy's w., b. and t. bitch Miss Quynn, by Diamond—Nancy Lee; J. W. Appleton's Bounby, with Howard Almy's w., b. and t. dog Lewis, by Bannerman—Parthenia; Hempstead Beagles' w., b. and t. dog Bellman, by Florist—Bashful, with H. S. Joslin's w., b. and t. dog Trick, by Clyde—Lady Novice.

Helen Briggs—Rusty.—G. A. Clark and Geo. F. Reed handled this brace. They were cast off at 8:30 on the McCabe farm. Two rabbits were started, and both were lost almost immediately. Rusty pottered and Helen tongued on the track and off it. The work of both hounds was unsatisfactory. Ordered up at 9:14.

Buckellew—Baronet.—The latter in hunting covered his ground well, but Buck was too fond of his master to work out as he ought. A rabbit was found by Baronet, but bunny went to earth before the hounds were fairly started on his trail. Down at 9:44 and up at 10:35. Buckellew was hunted by Howard Almy, and Baronet by G. A. Clark.

Millard R.—Dime's Della.—They were handled by Geo. F. Reed and Wm. Saxby, and did the first really good work of the trials. Millard proved his starting abilities by putting up two rabbits, but in driving he was not as fast as Della, who picked up the losses quickly and worked beautifully throughout the race. Down at 10:35 and ordered up at 11:31.

Sportsman—Miss Quynn.—This couple was in charge of A. D. Fiske and Howard Almy. They were unable to find a rabbit in a half-hour's hunt, and at 12:10 they were taken up, while the party discussed one of landlord Bacon's picnic lunches. After lunch two rabbits were started. The runs were comparatively short, and Sportsman appeared to be faster and to have a better nose than Miss Quynn. Up at 1:33.

Dahlia—Lewis.—The brace was ordered down at 1:40 in charge of Geo. F. Reed and Howard Almy. Two rabbits were found, but the drives were so short that they were but little test of the ability of the hounds. Lewis did not get out to his work, and Dahlia was under no control, and was frequently lost. Up at 2:23.

Bellman.—This youngster was hunted by Geo. F. Reed. Trick ran with him, but only for exhibition, as his win at the national trials last week had placed him in the champion class. They had a short run in a very wet swamp, where neither hound could do good work. Up at 2:53, after a twenty minutes' run.

Second Series.

Dime's Della—Sportsman.—They were ordered down at 3:06. In a short run to a burrow neither gained any advantage. Up at 3:20.

Millard R.—Helen Briggs.—This brace was cast off at 3:37. Millard worked in the eager way characteristic of him, and had the advantage in two drives. Taken up at 4:26.

Baronet—Bellman.—This couple was ordered down at 4:35. It was rapidly growing dark when they started a rabbit in a large, thick swamp. The chase was a long, hard drive, and gave the party the first real music of the trials. Judging by the tonguing, which is always a dangerous thing to do, Bellman was far in the lead in the last half of the race. The run, however, counted for nothing, as but little of it could be seen. Up at 5.

Wednesday.

It was a clear, beautiful day, with a high wind, which marred somewhat the pleasure of the hunt. Rabbits continued to be scarce, and scent was not good.

Sportsman—Lewis.—A. H. Morse had the former in charge, and Howard Almy, Lewis. They were put down at 8:40, and Sportsman trailed to a start. The run was a short run, and Sportsman appeared to have the best of it, showing an excellent nose and pretty casting. Just after they were ordered up at 9:10, Lewis jumped another rabbit, and drove him well till he was caught off the trail.

Baronet—Bellman.—They were ordered down at 9:14 where Lewis was taken off his rabbit. Neither caught the trail, but Baronet was strongly suspected of running heel. Taken up at 9:20.

Bellman—Helen Briggs.—They were put down at 9:28, and taken up at 9:40, without making a start.

First prize was awarded to Dime's Della, second to Millard R., third to Helen Briggs, and reserve to Bellman.

Class B, All-Age, 13in. and Under.—This stake was open to all beagles 13in. and under in height, that had not been placed first at any recognized field trial. The fee to start was $8, and first prize was 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent. of the entry fees.

The first series resulted in running Hempstead Beagles' b., w. and t. bitch Fearless, by Tyrant—Frantic, with Howard Almy's w., b. and t. dog George F., by Harker—Nell R.; Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch Saxby's Bessie, by Judge—Baby, with H. S. Joslin's w., b. and t. bitch Cora J.; Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Snifter R. D., by Wanderer—Triumph, drew the bye.

Fearless—George F.—George F. Reed and Howard Almy handled this pretty pair. They were put down at 10:20, and at lunch time not a sign of a rabbit had been found. After lunch, however, fortune changed and a cottontail was discovered in his form. George F. had a slight advantage at first, but he soon lost it to Fearless, who cast well and ran true to the trail. Up at 1:25.

Saxby's Bessie—Cora J.—The former was in care of Wm. Saxby and the latter of H. S. Joslin. Cora was freightened and refused to hunt. She was withdrawn by her owner, and the brace was ordered up at 1:35.

Saxby's Bessie—Snifter R. D.—This couple was hunted by Wm. Saxby and Geo. F. Reed. Bessie was under no control, but in two races she showed greater speed and full as good nose as Snifter. Down at 1:37 and up at 2:34.

Second Series.

Fearless—Snifter R. D.—This brace was ordered down at 2:54, and ran one of the longest and fastest races of the day, finally driving the rabbit to earth. Unfortunately much of the work was done in a thick swamp, where the hounds could not be seen. Up at 3:30.

Saxby's Bessie—Fearless.—They were cast off at 3:38 and Bessie quickly disappeared. She was under no control, and Mr. Saxby could neither find her nor call her in. At dark the couple was ordered up and the day's work came to an end.

Annual Meeting.

President Joslin presided over the annual meeting in the evening. Geo. B. Post, Bernardsville, N. J.; J. W. Appleton, New York, N. Y.; N. A. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.; G. Mifflin Wharton, Islip, N. Y.; L. F. Akers, Melrose, Mass.; Philip A. Hutchins, West Medford, Mass., were elected to membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: H. S. Joslin, President; A. J. Purinton, J. L. Kernochan, Vice-Presidents; A. D. Fiske, Secretary-Treasurer; Thos. Shallcross, C. J. Prouty, Executive Committee. It was voted to abandon the Futurity Stake in future trials. H. S. Joslin, Geo. F. Reed and Bradford S. Turpin were appointed a committee to revise the running rules. The Hempstead Beagles' Stake, which is spoken of above, was discussed, and it was finally voted to leave all arrangements in the hands of the field trial committee. An oil painting for the most typical beagle at the trials was offered by H. B. Tallman, and the meeting adjourned.

Thursday.

Another beautiful day greeted the early risers. Scent lay well, and the best sport of the week was enjoyed on the Shepardson farm, which has been the scene of so many good races in former years.

The first event on the day's programme was the bench show. H. W. Lacy judged the beagles at the kennels and gave first prize to Hempstead Beagles' Fearless, with A. J. Purinton's Millard R. reserve. Fearless won Mr. Tallman's special.

Saxby's Bessie—Fearless.—They were ordered down at 9:06. Bessie surprised everybody by hunting close to her handler, and behaving throughout the whole heat in a most exemplary manner. They had a long run in the alder thicket back of the Shepardson barn, and Bessie's work was considered the best. Up at 10:22.

First prize was awarded to Saxby's Bessie, second to Fearless, third to Snifter R. D., and reserve to George F.

Class C—The Derby, 15in. and Under.—This stake was open to all beagles, 15in. and under in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1, '97. The fee to start was $8, and the first prize was 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent. of the entry fees.

The driving resulted in running G. A. Clark's w., b. and t. dog Murry, by Bumper—Summers' Fly, with Hempstead Beagles' w., b. and t. dog Bellman, by Florist—Bashful; A. J. Purinton's w., b. and t. dog Dykeman, drew the bye.

Murry—Bellman.—This couple was put down at 10:48. The former beagle was hunted by G. A. Clark, and the latter by Geo. F. Reed. Murry did not work in his true form, and Bellman won with considerable to spare. He picked up the losses quickly, and ran at great speed and with fine judgment. Up at 11:40.

Dykeman.—Bellman was put down to run with Dykeman, who was handled by A. J. Purinton. Dyke was inexperienced, and Bellman defeated him without much trouble, but nevertheless the youngster is a promising hound, and will do better the next time he runs. Up at 1:35.

Second Series.

Murry—Dykeman.—The former started a rabbit, and the brace ran a long race in cover. Murry had the best of it. Up at 2:10, after a twenty-five minute heat.

First prize was given to Bellman, second to Murry and third to Dykeman.

Class D—The Derby, 13in. and Under.—This stake was run under the same conditions as Class C, except that it was open only to beagles 13in. and under in

height. The draw resulted in running Wm. Saxbys' b., w. and t. bitch Balance, by Bumper—Bessie, with Geo. F. Reed's w., b. and t. bitch Fancy, by Harker—Nell R.; Howard Almy's w., b. and t. dog George F., by Harker—Nell R., drew the bye.

Balance—Fancy.—This stylish pair was put down at 2:20, in care of Wm. Saxby and Geo. F. Reed They ran a long race in thick cover, and Fancy appeared to have the best of the race. She was a bit quicker on the turn than Balance. Up at 3:28.

George F.—Balance was run with him. They took part in a long drive, and the judges could see but little difference in their merits.

First prize went to Fancy, and second and third money was equally divided between Balance and George F.

Friday.

This was another excellent hunting day. The Championship Stakes were run, and the trials brought to an end.

Champion Class, 15in. and Under.—This stake was open to all beagles, 15in. and under in height, that have won a first prize in an open class at a field trial. The fee to start was $10, and the first prize was 80 per cent. of the entry fees and the title of field champion.

The only entries were Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Dime's Della, by Clyde—Dime, and Wm. Saxby's w., b. and t. bitch Saxby's Bessie, by Judge—Baby.

Dime's Della—Saxby's Bessie.—The brace was handled by Wm. Saxby and was cast off at 10 in a brush field. Rabbits were scarce, but Della finally found one and in a fast and pretty run defeated Bessie. Up at 11:05.

First prize and title of field champion was awarded to Dime's Della.

Champion Class, 13in. and Under.

Saxby's Bessie.—This well-known beagle was the only entry, and she walked over for the title of field champion.

The judges then awarded the following special prizes. Best in trials, best combination of speed and nose, Dime's Della. Best at hole, best trailer, best starter, greatest sustained speed, Bellman. Best 13in. all-age entry, Saxby's Bessie. Best voice, Millard R. Best Derby entry bred by owner, best style, Reed's Fancy.

Field Trials in the North.

THERE are many reasons why field trials on quail could not successfully be held in the Northwestern States. First of all, it is almost impossible to secure proper grounds, and by this we mean grounds which are near enough to hotel accommodations, large enough in area and suitably divided into cover and open so that the dogs could properly be under the eyes of the judges. Last, but not least, the grounds must be sufficiently stocked with birds. This has been found almost impossible of attainment in the Northern States from a field trial point of view. Hard winters and poaching are against it. Every club which has attempted trials in the Northern States has either been forced to abandon them entirely or to move its trials to the South.

Besides the field trial grounds proper, wherever a trial is held, there must be territory more or less near suitably stocked with birds and of a suitable character for training purposes, otherwise the trainers could not prepare their dogs. As all the trainers are in the South at such times as the season is right for trials in the North, and as they are then preparing for the fall and winter trials held in their section, they would not as a business proposition consider a Northern trial.

The early trials were far from being so exacting in their requirements as are the modern trials, for the simple reason that they were then in a more or less rudimentary stage, and utilized what was most conveniently at hand. Standards of merit, of judging, and of all the circumstances appertaining to a competition have so changed that what was possible twenty years ago in the way of field trials might be impossible now. The trainers, many of whom lived and trained in the North, have either moved to the South permanently or spend the training season there, returning to their Northern homes only when the season closes. There are many minor reasons bearing on the subject, but the foregoing are the most important. LIVER AND WHITE.

Connecticut Field Trials.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the Connecticut Field Trials All-Age Stake are as follows:

J. B. Robertson's (New Haven) b. and w. setter Pet.

Bassett & Reeves' (New Haven) b., w. and t. setter Rowdy Roy (A.K.C.S.B. 24,226).

Lester Jones' (New Haven) b. b. setter Shot.

F. G. Goodridge's (Abington) o. and w. English setter Pearl D., b. b. English setters Tilda and Pauline Rainford.

H. T. Morsely's (Chaplin) b. and w. English setter Bob M.

Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport) English setters Albert's Daisy Queen and Albert's Woodcock.

Hiram Dawson's (Rockville) b., w. and t. English setter Conquer (A.K.C.S.B. 40,919).

H. W. Stoehe's (Hartford) o. and w. English setter Joe.

No Derby entries were received.

JOHN E. BASSETT, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

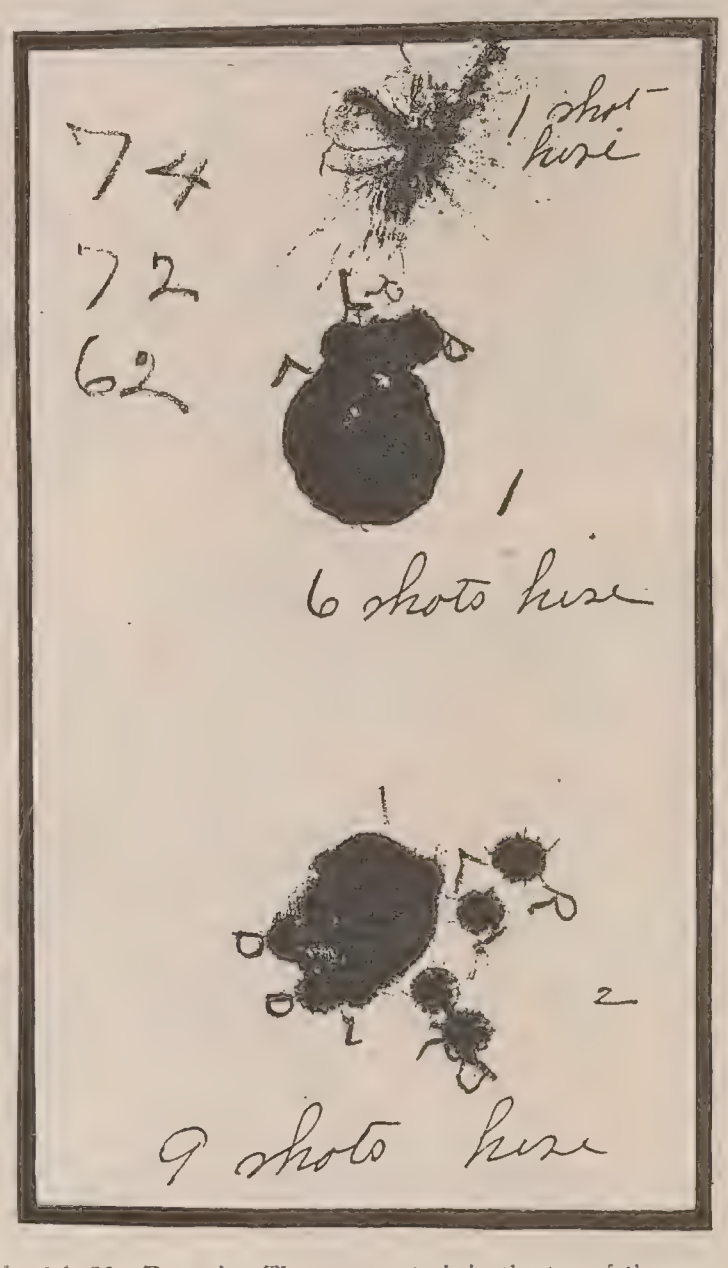
The prize list of the American Pet Dog Club's show, to be held on Thanksgiving Day, at Sherry's, Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, New York, is now ready for distribution. A number of valuable specials have been added to the list of prizes, and all the prospects indicate a successful show. Mr. Fielding C. Roselle is the secretary. Mr. S. C. Hodge is superintendent. Office, Bowling Green Building, New York.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Veterans to the Front.

IRONTON, O., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I mail you a target made here to-day by Messrs. E. Lawton, G. Rogers and R. S. Dupuy. Mr. Dupuy is seventy-four years old, Mr. Lawton seventy-two, Mr. Rogers sixty-four. They used a Stevens Sure Shot .22cal. U. M. C. long rifle. The shot in the center of



No. 1 is Mr. Dupuy's. There was a tack in the top of the paper; Mr. Lawton drove it for his last shot. I don't think you can find three more men of their age anywhere who can beat these three men. Messrs. Dupuy and Lawton have been shooting matches for thirty-five years. Can you tell which is ahead? They can't. I thought you would be interested, so mail this to you. JAMES DUPUY.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Brooklyn Revolver Club will take place on Thursday of this week.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 12.—Fanwood, N. J.—New Jersey State League team shoot, on grounds of Climax Gun Club.

Nov. 12.—Princeton, N. J.—Intercollegiate match for cup, between teams from Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania and Princeton.

Nov. 16-17.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 16.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five bird handicap at Bunn's; $15 entrance, birds included. Commences at 12 o'clock.

Nov. 21-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Ottumwa Gun Club; targets. Walter Gephart, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Nov. 23-24.—Pueblo, Col.—Tenth semi-annual State tournament of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association; $100 added each day. C. L. Funk, President.

Nov. 24.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Bison Gun Club; targets. John E. Wilson, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day Turkey shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Pawling, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.

Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Dec. 5-9.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

1899.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 15-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. W. R. Nold, Cor. Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

Mr. Neaf Apgar, well known as an expert trap shot and salesman, has accepted the general management of the Gun Bore Treatment Co., 7 and 9 Warren street, New York. He began the duties of his office some days ago.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Oct. 27 the election of officers of the Boiling Springs Gun Club took place. The list is as follows: President, Mr. E. A. Jenerette; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Secretary, W. H. Huck; Treasurer, Frank Crebs; Captain, E. A. Jenerette. The foregoing officers, with Messrs. J. C. Blauvelt and L. Laue, are the Executive Committee. In December the club will shoot a series of five matches with the Passaic City Gun Club. On Thanksgiving Day it will hold a turkey shoot.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club will give an open shoot on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There are fifteen programme events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance respectively $1.20, $1.30 and $1.40. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock; Sergeant system. Special rates given to sportsmen at Dutcher House. Pawling is ninety miles from New York, on the Harlem Railroad. Geo. S. Williams, secretary.

The editor of this department leaves New York for North Carolina on Wednesday of this week for a month, to gaze sweetly on the doings of the smell dog as he engages his nose on the quail bird, in competition and good sport assembled, so all communications intended for publication should be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM.

The Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association claims May 15 to 21 as the dates for holding its next annual meeting and tournament. St. Louis is the city in which the meeting will be held. The local organization expects to add at least $2,000. W. R. Nold is the corresponding secretary.

Mr. U. M. C. Hallowell, who has been making an extensive trip through the West since the Grand American Handicap, made the excellent average of 94 per cent. at the Kentucky Gun Club tournament. Mr. Hallowell arrived in New York on Monday of this week, looking the picture of good health.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, who is well known to fame as a man who is mighty where guns are aimed in great competitions, added new honors to his already long list at Cincinnati last week. The story is told most interestingly by Mr. Litzke in the report of the tournament.

The State shoot of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association will be held on Nov. 23 and 24. There will be $100 in added money. C. L. Funk, president.

The silver set to be shot for at Singac, N. J., in Bunn's 25 live-bird handicap, is in design most pleasing to gaze upon.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Tournament.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 4.—The first annual tournament of the new Cincinnati Gun Club was brought to a most successful close to-night. In many respects it must be classed as an impromptu event, due entirely to the fact that through a combination of circumstances the club was unable to take possession of its new home as soon as had been anticipated, therefore no announcement of this tournament could be made until only about three weeks ago. All the visiting sportsmen who were the honored guests of the club were outspoken in their praise of the management. All are unanimous of the opinion that this was one of the most successful shooting meetings they have ever attended. To the untiring zeal of the officers this can alone be attributed. The lion share of the credit belongs to Messrs. R. S. Waddell, president; J. A. Penn, corresponding secretary; Milt Lindsley, captain, and Arthur Gambell, the club's active and efficient manager.

Mr. Waddell, the club's chief executive, is a man peculiarly fitted for the position. On several previous occasions he has displayed wonderful executive ability in the art of conducting successful shooting events. None will gainsay that the big Du Pont and Hazard tournament under his able guardianship was other than a model affair. It must be recalled that at the Hazard shoot the top entry in the history of target shooting was reached. In several events 134 shooters participated. This was mainly due to Mr. Waddell's personal popularity and executive ability. True, on this occasion nothing unusual in the way of large entries was recorded, but the average maintained, and furthermore the foundation to future big tournaments was laid. I feel safe in predicting that ere another year rolls around Cincinnati will have held one of the best attended tournaments in the history of the sport. Mr. Lindsley, the club's genial captain, contributed more than his share of labor to the success of this event, and notwithstanding the demand on his time managed to shoot in nearly all of the events. In the live-bird events he more than held his own with those less hampered.

The club, when its present improvements are complete, will be one of the best equipped in the country.

Each day during the tournament an excellent dinner was served in the club house, under the supervision of Mrs. Gambell, the estimable better half of the manager. Everything that the market afforded was to be had in both quality and quantity, so that there was no occasion for any one to go hungry.

First Day, Wednesday, Nov. 2.

The programme of this tournament calls for but one day of target shooting. The target events were disposed of to-day. They numbered twelve, ranging from 10 to 25 targets each. All of these but Nos. 9 and 11 were divided by the equitable system. In the two referred to, the old percentage system, class shooting, four moneys, prevailed. This was done to give the expert an opportunity to win a good purse. Both of these were long races, 25 and 20 targets respectively, with $10 added. The opportunity to make a killing was there in the 25-target event, and Frank Alkire was the only one equal to the occasion. He smashed his 25 straight in clean fashion, and as no other contestant could duplicate his feat he scooped first money, $25.60, alone. The place hunter was evidently not present, for there was an opportunity to win third money alone, as there were no 23s, though Heikes, Gilbert, Young and Fanning each scored 24. In the 20-target events, where the system of division prevailed, the money, as is usually the case, was very much split up. The other features of to-day's shooting was another one of those oft-recurring races between those old-time rivals, Heikes and Gilbert, for the premiership. This varied from event to event; first one and then the other would lead, and it was not decided until the very last target was broken. Gilbert lost 3 targets in the last event, and this made it possible for Heikes to win out by a single break if he could score his final 15 straight. Notwithstanding that this event was shot on the hardest set of traps, he was equal to the emergency, and thereby finished first. Young, who is tie with Alkire for third place, made the longest straight run of the fifty-nine. He scored 10 straight in an extra that preceded the regular events, and continued smashing them up to the very last target in event No. 4. In the events where the equitable divisions prevailed targets were worth from 14 to 20 cents, so that any one who shot into money always received a trifle more than his entrance money. No one made very much money, and none lost any to speak of. The weather was beautiful, clear and bright, with just a tinge of frost in the air, and scarcely a breath of wind stirring. It was absolutely a perfect day for big scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	10	14	15	10	19	10	13	9	24	14	19	15	180	172	.955
Gilbert	10	14	14	8	20	9	15	9	24	15	20	12	180	171	.950
Young	10	15	15	9	20	10	15	9	24	10	17	14	180	168	.933
Alkire	10	12	15	8	20	10	13	10	25	13	20	12	180	168	.933
Trimble	10	14	14	8	18	9	15	10	21	14	20	13	180	166	.922
Budd	9	15	15	9	20	8	15	10	19	12	19	14	180	165	.916
Hallowell	10	13	14	8	19	9	13	8	22	12	20	11	180	161	.894
Fanning	10	14	15	8	19	9	11	8	24	12	19	12	180	161	.894
Elliott	9	14	13	10	19	9	12	9	22	13	18	12	180	160	.888
Meaders	10	12	15	8	18	8	12	7	20	12	18	11	180	151	.838
Penn	9	12	12	6	18	6	11	9	21	13	19	13	180	149	.827
Ney	9	12	15	7	18	7	12	7	21	11	15	12	180	146	.811
See	7	12	13	8	16	7	12	7	21	11	19	12	180	146	.811
Courtney	9	12	11	9	17	7	14	9	17	9	15	13	180	142	.788
Mackie	8	13	12	9	18	7	14	5	20	12	16	8	180	142	.788
Ripp	9	11	14	8	20	7	8	8	22	13	19	14	180	142	.788
Dick	9	12	13	8	18	8	13	8	20	12	13	12	180	137	.761
Kirsch	4	12	12	7	19	4	11	8	20	10	15	13	180	135	.750
Small	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	22	11	16	..	70	58	.828
Fulford	7	12	12	10	18	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	66	.825
Wirt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	9	17	9	75	61	.813
Slow	9	10	13	8	..	6	12	7	21	11	10	12	160	125	.781
Gamble	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	10	..	..	40	31	.775
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	16	12	75	58	.773
Du Bray	..	..	15	5	15	8	10	9	..	9	..	..	95	71	.747
Winchester	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	21	10	..	..	55	41	.745
Babcock	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	45	33	.733
Stuart	5	8	10	9	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	85	62	.729
L. C. Smith	9	9	14	8	14	7	9	3	22	6	17	..	165	118	.715
Ackley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	35	25	.714
Maynard	7	12	12	8	15	8	13	9	..	12	..	10	135	106	.711
Richmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	30	21	.700
Ahlers	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	..	9	..	10	55	37	.672

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Confabulations of the Cadi.—XII.

The Equation of the Systems.

"At our last meeting," said the Cadi to the club dignitaries who were grouped about him in solemn session, "we officially decided to adopt class shooting, therefore the manner of dividing the moneys at our forthcoming tournament is settled. Also we decided to allow to manufacturers' agents the privilege of shooting for targets only, while we sandbagged their employers for advertisements and donations of merchandise. On the whole, we have made extraordinary progress of late in the arrangements of the necessary details, and in due course of time all other essential matters will be settled, which probably will be before the tournament takes place; in any event, we can arrange many important details after the tournament is over, a procedure which is sanctioned by good usage amongst gun clubs in some sections of this country."

"Mr. Chairman," snappily exclaimed Le Loup, as his matted beard bobbed about in jerky responsiveness to his jerky jaw, "on further thought, I am convinced that class shooting will not be the most attractive system whereby to draw the amateurs to our tournament. It is not the system which best fits their moderate skill and which best juggles them into the money. I therefore move you, Mr. Chairman, that we reconsider our former action in respect to the subject, and adopt the equitable system instead."

"Mr. Le Loup, I object to opening anything in this here meeting that's already settled," shouted Coxey.

"Mr. Coxey, I want you to understand that this meeting acts as the members see fit, and that we are not bossed by anybody who is rooting for any one system," exclaimed Montague.

"Order, gentlemen! Order!" said the Cadi. "You are drifting into that delightful freedom so common at an old ladies' tea party, wherein everyone is talking to everyone else and no one is listening to anything other than her own voice. However, as chairman I may say that to a certain degree it is allowable, for there are many men who, if held to talk only to the question, could not talk at all, their manner of thought being much after the manner that an old stiff car-horse walks when he is accorded the freedom of green pastures; that is to say, he has his eyes fixed on a certain point, but his legs having different degrees of stiffness and lameness do not co-ordinate, and he walks off in a direction other than the one he intended to walk in.

"I will now take advantage of my position as chairman to do a little talking on the subject, and by way of illustration I will tell you a short story which is brought to mind by your clashing contentions concerning systems. It is of a country doctor who for many years was conceded to be the greatest medical genius of the world, and this by the unanimous acclamation of the people in his bailiwick, a section of river bottom some ten miles long by eight in width, famous in market reports for its excellent corn and hog products. His admirers were accomplished judges of hogs and geniuses, as the qualifications for judging the one are reciprocally useful in judging the other, although in justice to both it may be said that they possess many traits which are not held in common, one of which is that the hog is not a vain creature.

"On visiting a patient the benign doctor would begin by brusquely feeling the patient's pulse, then as one in authority he would command the patient to stick out his tongue, whereupon he would scan much as one looks at a counterfeit half-dollar of which one is the unintentional possessor; then he would ask the patient what was the matter with him, laughing quietly, kindly and indulgently at the reply, as if to say, 'Poor boy, it will not do you any harm to think so; but I know a heap better.'

"Then collecting himself into becoming gravity, he would look sharply at the patient about three seconds, remarking to the nurse as follows: 'The etiology of the disease is obscure, and the semiology indicates indisputably that the pathogeny will be greater at my next visit, when I will be able to make an absolutely correct diagnosis and possibly a prognosis, if the patient only develops his ailments into a settled nosology. You will in the meantime give him No. 2 of my famous downendibus remedy, a teaspoonful every two hours, alternating with a half-teaspoonful of my upendibus remedy, giving this bolus of circumendibus the last thing at night. If any feverish symptoms develop I will then prescribe my infallible clyster if ice water and frozen gravel to reduce the temperature to the normal. Keep his head hot and his feet cold. Good day.'

"And then the good doctor would step into his chaise and drive furiously, as if he were on missions of life or death in all directions of the river bottom, although he simply was going home in a roundabout way at the time. Nevertheless he understood the value of driving fast and looking grave, with the aspect of serious affairs which was thereby implied, as was becoming to a man who was forced to live up to the character of a genius, even if the degree was conferred by people whose judgments were matured by growing corn and making estimates on the market value of hogs.

"In the course of time the years touched heavily on the shoulders of our Æsculapius of the river bottom, much lightened, however, by a good bank balance, so he concluded to engage an assistant, who must needs practice after the same school as his master; for when people become habituated to the curatives of a certain school they always feel that they are not well cured if the treatment is that of any other.

"Taking the young man into his study one morning to give him his preliminary suggestions, he looked at him solemnly and in a deep bass voice said: 'Young man, I will now induct you into the mysteries of my wonderful system of medicine, which is a vade mecum for all the ills of which flesh is heir and all the ills which are imaginary. The system has proved eminently successful in a long practice, and has enabled me to hold my job as a genius without trouble. All my medicine is made of the bark of the ash tree. There you have it. You may now begin practice at once.'

"'But you have different remedies,' said the surprised assistant. 'What is the downendibus?'

"'You pull the bark off the tree downward,' replied the aged medicine man.

"'What is the upendibus?'

"'You pull off the bark upward,' was the sage reply.

"'What is the circumendibus?'

"'You pull it off round the tree, and that completes the whole system of therapeutics,' as practiced by the greatest medical genius this river bottom ever had,' said the good, wise man, with a glow of conscious worth."

Here the Cadi stopped talking.

"I don't see how that story has any application to the point in question," commented Ephraim.

"There is no harm done in that case," replied the Cadi, "and your inability is quite what I expected."

"But what is the application of the ice water and frozen gravel to a system of trap-shooting moneys?" queried Le Loup.

"That's concerning the added money, which reduces the trap-shooting fever after a few trials, if properly applied," replied the Cadi.

"Are all systems alike then?" queried Moke.

"Not at all, when compared with each other," the Cadi replied, "but they are all alike to the shooter who cannot get into the money without a handicap. Your downendibus and upendibus and circumendibus systems may lead him to think that there is a true remedy in one or the other, whereas it's all the same thing, and without a handicap he cannot shoot well enough to get into the money. A system which only applies to a division of the money does not benefit him in the least. Shooting well enough to get into the money and dividing the money afterward are quite distinct matters."

"You have been kicking against everything that has been proposed," said Moke testily. "Will you be so good as to tell what you would agree to, assuming that you would not disagree with yourself if there was no one else whom you could conveniently disagree with or oppose."

The Equation of the Shooters.

"With pleasure, gentle Moke," the Cadi replied. "I have told you my views several times already, but I am far from expecting you to overload your brain with more than two consecutive ideas on the same day. I maintain first of all that we are all professionals, and if there is any virtue in the accepted tests of what constitutes professionalism I can come pretty near proving it on fit occasion. If this is conceded, I further maintain that we target shooters should all shoot together, under the equity of a handicap, after the manner of live-bird shooting. It is absurd to maintain that a handicap is good for contestants at live birds and not good for contestants at targets. The handicaps have no reference to the objects shot at, but to the inequality of skill which exists between the shooters. If we once for all reject the term amateur, it will simplify matters greatly. As commonly used, it denotes one who is inferior in skill, yet who is trying to do what is possible only to the most skillful. He really is the semi-expert or the novice, as distinguished from the expert, and as to profession they might be classed as circumendibus, upendibus and downendibus shooters.

"As to the novice, much has been said about him and his chances in competition, but the place for the novice is within the limits of his own club confines, which in a way is the preparatory school. His place is therefore not in the serious competition of a tournament. There is nothing in any of the affairs of either business or competitions of skill which can be arranged to make the incompetents appear as being the best performers. At the present time the competition at the traps is of such a high order that a man who can shoot no better than 80 per cent. is a losing tailender, and the 85 per cent. man is but little better off. Establish a handicap, and you bring in all the men, who are 80 per cent. or better, into the competition, with some chance to win."

"But it would be impossible to handicap such a host of target shooters," objected Ephraim.

"How do you know that?" queried the Cadi. "You have never seen it tried. As a matter of fact, it would be no more difficult to handicap target shooters than it is to handicap pigeon shooters. Nothing on earth is possible to the man who folds his arms and asserts that it can't be done. The history of civilization and progress is against the 'can'ts.' The great difficulty is not in the theory, but in the dearth of good handicappers. By good ones I mean those who have the knowledge of the class to which each shooter belongs, and also the moral courage to place the men accordingly. It requires a great deal of moral courage to do that. I have in mind one man in particular who is a model to aspire to in this respect. When he says a thing you may be sure that it is right, and equally sure that it is final; hence he and his rulings are respected. Such procedure squelches effectually both the man who kicks eternally on principle, to the end that he may get all the advantages possible, whether they are his by right or not, and the man who always believes that he is getting the worst of it, regardless of all fact. The proper way is to know what is right and then use a firm hand in maintaining it, regardlass of man or beast."

"I fear that your ideas will not be generally accepted, good Cadi," said Le Loup.

"I know that the expediency of the moment will govern, and what promises success in the concrete will be used regardless of abstract merits or demerits," the Cadi replied. "But there will come a time when the old expedients will avail nothing, and then there will be a groping for the new."

"Do you mean that trap-shooting has taken a start on the toboggan slide of failure?" said Coxey.

"On the contrary, I asserted not long since that it was in an extraordinary good condition, considering the lack of equity which governs the target competition. There is no danger of chaos. But I think that it could be bettered and improved, and that a handicap as a logical necessity will be established in time. Club shooting is good and thriving, but tournaments, wherein the weaker shots are required to meet the stronger on equal terms, and wherein more money is involved, do not receive the support that they should. Some men are satisfied to quit when they are well thrashed just once; some men will take a hundred or two hundred thrashings; but if you thrash any man times enough he is bound to have a sufficiency sooner or later.

"The time will come when the handicap will be the expedient of the moment, and then it will be popular. Till that time comes, the upendibus and the downendibus and the circumendibus systems will be in the ascendent, because they are the illusive expedients of the time being, and we will continue to talk of the upendibus amateur and the semi-circumendibus expert and the downendibus professional.

"I never had such a dry feeling in my throat. The meeting is adjourned till next week, when I will tell you about handicaps, and we will now proceed with the previous cider question, the reply to which is mostly always, 'Some of the same.'"

BERNARD WATERS.

Nov. 24 there will be a Thanksgiving Day shoot under the auspices of the Bison Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., on their grounds, Walden avenue and city line. The programme provides for ten 20-target events, each 75 cents entrance, and $5 added to each. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns and ammunition shipped to Chas. H. Werlin, 1634 Broadway, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Take Sycamore street cars direct to the grounds. Targets 2 cents each. John E. Wilson, Sec'y.

Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., Cleveland, O., sailed for England last week on a business trip of two months' duration. The hustling representative of this company will induct the sportsmen of England into the uses and advantages of the magautrap and the rapid-fire system, which gives a maximum of fun in a minimum of time.

Trap around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 27.—The two days' tournament of the Oakbrook Gun Club at targets and live birds opened to-day. Live birds were used in all events. The birds were a fine lot of strong, old flyers, who left the traps like a streak when liberated. A strong wind assisted the birds, and many "dead out of bounds" were just caused by the bird being blown out and then dropped. The tournament was held in a large open field adjoining the Kurtz House, and although the crowd was not very large, those who were fortunate enough to be present enjoyed the day's sport.

The Peace Jubilee parade at Philadelphia hurt the tournament, as many said if the event would be postponed until later on they would come, but secretary James W. Kurtz decided not to change, and the tournament was held.

Mr. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who has been managing all the tournaments held in this vicinity lately, had full charge of the shooting and attended to his duties promptly, allowing no unnecessary delays whatever.

Among the shooters present from out of the city were F. T. Felix and J. T. Delaney, of Philadelphia; J. T. Benner, of Bingen, Lehigh county; Charles Hiltebeidel, of Telford, Bucks county; Harvey Clouser, of Gibraltar. Clouser is but eighteen years of age and is a wonder at pigeon shooting, having great control of his first barrel. The scores of the first day follow:

Event No. 1, 10 birds, Rhode Island rules, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

Benner	1001111110—7	Geikler	111011001—7
Clouser	1111101101—8	Hiltebeidel	000111111—6

Event 2, 5 birds, American Association rules, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Benner	02012—3	Hiltebeidel	0**11—2
Geikler	11210—4	Clouser	2012*—3

Event 3, miss-and-out: Clouser 0, Geikler 1, Hiltelbeidel 1, Benner 1, Delany 0, Clouser , re-entry, 1; Delany, re-entry, 2.

Event 4, match at 10 live birds each, for $5 a side, between Clouser and Delany, Rhode Island rules, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary: Clouser 10, Delany 8.

Event 5, miss-and-out: Geikler 8, Clouser 3, Delany 7.

Event 6, miss-and-out: Geikler 2, Clouser 0, Winthrop 0; Delany 3, Clouser, re-entry, 3.

Event 7, miss-and-out: Geikler 3, Clouser 1, Delany 3, Winthrop 2.

Event 8, 10 birds: Geikler 7, Delany 8, Winthrop 6.

Event 9, 10 birds: Geikler 6, Clouser 6, Delany 6.

Shoot-off of tie at miss-and-out: Geikler 0, Clouser 2, Delany 2.

In a match between Geikler and Clouser, at 15 birds each, for $10 a side, Geikler scored 9 and Clouser 14.

After the last event a match was made between Clouser and "an unknown" of Philadelphia to shoot at 50 birds each, Rhode Island rules to govern, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, gun to be below elbow until bird is on the wing. The date to be selected later on and also the place, but as both shooters are satisfied with the Kurtz House grounds, they will probably be selected. The match is for $100 a side and a side bet.

Second Day, Oct. 28.

The second day of the Oakbrook Gun Club's two days' tournament opened to-day promptly at 10 A. M., the hour set to start. One thing very noticeable was the absence of the Reading shooters, the majority of whom were at Philadelphia viewing the large parade. Manager Fink had everything in fine working order, three traps being used to throw the targets, Sergeant system. All the shooting was over by 4:30 P. M., so as to allow the visiting sportsmen time to catch their trains for home. Among the out-of-town shooters present were M. S. Brey, of Zionsville; Hufford, Hainly and Spatz, of the Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Spring; W. I. Grubb, of Pottstown, and Chas. Hiltebeidel, of Tolford, Buck county. The traps were in charge of Benneville S. Keim and Edward Mengel Krebs. The referee of the live-bird events was Manager Fink, while Mr. Francis Yost, of Reading, officiated in the target events. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Brey	8	10	9	9	10	4	5	7	10	10	9	8	4
Grubb	7	6	7	8	6	9	5	8	5	9	9	8	6
Hiltebeidel	7	8	7	6	6	6	4	7	5	5	7	9	7
Kurtz	5	4	4	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hufford	4	5	5	5	2	3	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Hainly	5	7	5	8	10	3	w	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spatz	8	6	6	5	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Limekiln, Pa., Oct. 26.—A sweepstake pigeon match was held at the Oley Line Hotel, this place, to-day, each contestant shooting at 10 birds each, entrance $2.50. Scores: Gechter 8, Wertz 7, Carroll 6, Stein 5.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 29.—Arrangements are being made to hold a two days' shoot at Seidel's Spring Valley grounds, near this city, to be held about Nov. 22-23. This ground is the finest in the State, having a set of underground traps for pigeon shooting of Mr. Siedel's own patent. Also a magautrap is on the grounds, and two squads can shoot, neither squad bothering one another. The principal event will be a 15-bird match, $10 entrance, birds included. As yet the positive date has not been decided upon.

DUSTER.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

At no previous time in the history of yachting has it been so difficult to predict the temper of yachtsmen and their probable action on any proposed change. Old methods and ideas have disappeared entirely; new influences are at work in different ways, and in spite of the lack of one final standard of measurement, and the general confusion existing among those most active in the improvement of the rules, there is good ground to hope for better things before many seasons. While definite and satisfactory proposals for amendment are still lacking, there is evident a general feeling, such as has not yet been known in yachting, in favor of restrictive legislation in the interest of the all-round yacht, as opposed to the racing machine. While many of the changes proposed or adopted by clubs and associations are but experimental, and some of them will doubtless prove failures, the situation is such that they can do little harm to yachting; and in the end they may lead to satisfactory results. The over-development of the racing machine, permitted by all clubs, with no efforts at timely restrictions, has resulted in the past three or four years in the stoppage of all building save in the smaller classes, and the withdrawal of many yachts, both small and large, from the racing. This has happened not as the result of legislation, as some would claim, but as the result of a general refusal to act until it was too late, the whole field of yacht racing being then monopolized by the lightly built racing machine, the fin in the larger and the skimming dish and scow in the smaller classes. With practically no yachts building of late years, and but few racing, matters are in such a state that positive legislation, even though of doubtful benefit, is better than mere continued inaction; and from this point of view all new experiments are to be welcomed.

Through various causes, but mainly through the practical example of the different restricted classes, there has been of late a visible change of opinion among yachtsmen in the matter of restrictive legislation. Many

who have always opposed the proposals for restrictive legislation, on the ground that the object of yacht racing was the development of the highest possible speed, have at last come to realize that there is no such thing as absolute speed in yacht racing, according to all standards thus far accepted by yachtsmen; that among fairly good yachts the winner and loser are only determined by the particular standard by which the race is measured; and that the search for absolute speed at the expense of the essential qualities of a vessel must inevitably result in the survival of one extreme racing machine in each class, and the exclusion of all true yachts.

The proposal to limit the scantling has been made repeatedly of late years, but no attempt has been made to put it into practice, some being opposed to any such restriction on racing speed, and others recognizing the difficulty of the task. At the recent meeting of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, this proposal came up, almost by chance, as a mere suggestion, and at once met with such favor from those present that it was decided to attempt to put it into immediate effect in some of the smaller classes. Such racing as there has been about New York for the past three years has been mainly under the direction of the Sound Y. R. A., the fleet being made up mainly of yachts under 36ft. R.M., cutters, sloops and catboats, of moderate type and reasonably staunch construction. The classes that have filled best have been those in which the older yachts have still had a fighting chance, which they have made the most of. As matters now are, these classes are rapidly dying out, through the introduction of a few new and extreme yachts. Instances will occur to all who follow the racing where the sport has been good for a season in some particular class through the continued competition of half a dozen or so of evenly-matched yachts. The promise of sport in the class leads some one man to build to the limit of the rule, with extreme dimensions and light and temporary construction. The first season he wins everything, the old boats put up a good fight for a time, but the hopelessness of it is soon too painfully apparent, and one by one they abandon the racing. The next year the new champion is left to enjoy her honors alone, the old boats will not continue to sacrifice themselves for her benefit, and there is no strong inducement to men to outbuild her by a more extreme machine. The result is that the class is killed for an indefinite time.

If the new yacht represented any substantial improvement on the old, as was once the case, there could be no objection to such a survival of the fittest, inevitable in all sport; but as it now happens, the new yacht is probably inferior to the old ones in every respect save speed; she is unfit for other use than racing, through her light construction, extreme draft and limited accommodation, she costs much more to build, and when her brief racing career is at an end, through outbuilding if the interest in the class keeps up, and through the absence of competitions if it fails, she is entirely worthless.

This course of racing evolution is now so common that it can no longer be overlooked or denied, and yachtsmen generally have come to understand that they must choose one of two things, a single racing machine in each class, or a standard of limitations which will preserve the class to a number of yachts of moderate type. This is the case to-day in several classes on Long Island Sound, where there is a plain and direct issue between one or two new boats and half a dozen older ones. So far as speed is concerned, the issue, broadly speaking, is not between a fast boat and slow ones, but between a number of fairly fast boats and one that is just enough faster to win with certainty under the average racing conditions. With such perfection of design and construction as is quite compatible with strength, accommodation and seaworthiness, a modern yacht may be in every sense a very fast boat, and but little inferior to the racing machine.

The proposal now before the Association, so far as it has taken definite shape, is to divide each of the several classes concerned into two divisions, which, for want of better terms, may be roughly designated as racing and cruising. The former will be open to all yachts built under the rule as it now stands, without regard to construction or accommodation. The latter will be open only to yachts, new or old, which conform to certain standards established by the Association. These standards, of construction and arrangement, if not of actual design, will be such as are indicated by good existing yachts; such as the average all-round yachtsman will be glad to build to with the assurance that he may have a yacht that is at least thoroughly strong and staunch and so fitted that he can live aboard; and at the same time he can race her against others of her own kind. How far it may be possible to go in the regulation of design, as well as construction, is as yet an open question. It is possible that some general restrictions on design, construction and accommodation combined, as in the knockabout classes and the definition of a cabin yacht, may be found practicable, so that the necessity for separate knockabout classes may be avoided. The task assigned to the committee is by no means an easy one, and it is too much to expect that perfectly satisfactory results will be attained from the start; but in the present condition of racing the experiment is well worth trying; at the very least it can make matters no worse than they now are; and it may lead to a general improvement in the rules.

A Chicago Challenger.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—The coming season bids fair to be an active one in yachting circles on the Great Lakes. On next Tuesday evening there will be a meeting of the Chicago Y. C. for the purpose of appointing a committee who will go to Toronto to represent this city in arrangements for the international regatta next summer. This committee will meet representatives of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and perhaps we may seen an early arrangement of details in the American attempt to win back lost yachting honors. We are likely to have a number of good boats on Lake Michigan for the trial races, and it is thought that three or four boats will be built by the Chicago Y. C. for the trials, probably in the 65ft. class. One boat may already be considered under way, and will be owned by Com. Morgan, Sec'y C. H. Thorne and William Herrick. E. H.

Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have to thank you for sending me your issues of Sept. 10 and of Oct. 1 and 8. I could not deal adequately with the two questions referred to in the conclusion of your comments, accompanying my last letter, without hunting up some mislaid papers, which I have only now had leisure to do. I will take the two questions successively:

1. Your arguments against a girth tax as an inducement to a greater area of section.

I fully agree that, per se, a girth tax, like any other cross section dimension tax, as e. g., a tax on B and D, operates primarily against, and not for, increase of section area. But a sail tax also operates against increase of section area; hence an exchange of sail tax for girth or other cross section dimension tax (such as the Y. R. A. change of 1895) may very well operate to increase section area, not only relatively to extreme cross section dimensions, but absolutely as well.

Secondly, speaking now specifically of an outline girth tax, such as your arguments mainly related to, I agree also that, as compared with a B and D tax, such a girth tax operates specially against section area in the region of the bilge, while in favor of it in the region of the garboards. Whether this, so far as it goes, is an advantage or the reverse, is a debatable question. But anyhow I insist that both these special effects of outline girth taxation, particularly the former, are of very secondary character. Other and much more cogent considerations, concerning sail-carrying power in relation to resistance, tend inexorably to impose on the cross section a certain general character; and this character, such measurement considerations as we are here dealing with, avail only to modify in a minor degree. To say that outline girth tax acts in effect as B and D tax, and nothing more, would be an exaggeration, but not a very gross one. How else can we account for the survival—the still very flourishing survival—of the plate and bulb form of section, or something scarcely distinguishable from it, under the present Y. R. A. Rule?

Your view as to the effect of girth tax on ratio of beam to draft I do not quite follow. In a combined beam and girth measurement the girth is the draft-taxing element, and the higher the coefficient of G relatively to that of B, the greater the ratio of beam to draft which tends to be encouraged. At present, under the existing English rule, this ratio varies widely; I doubt, however, whether there is a single case in which it is as low as 10-9, while in some successful boats it much more closely approaches your other extreme of 14-6.

The effect of a girth tax on centerboards must, of course, depend entirely on the degree in which the centerboard projection may be discounted in measuring the girth.

2. Comparison between the Hyslop, Herreshoff and other formulas.

For an adequate discussion of this subject, I fear I must be content to refer you to a letter which I contributed to the Field of Feb. 19 last, following the lead of Thalassa in a previous issue. But I may notice here that, broadly, Mr. Hyslop's formula may be regarded as a combination of the Y. R. A. with the Herreshoff rule, sharing as it does cross section dimension tax with the former, length tax and sail tax with both, and cross section area premium with the latter. In the Hyslop formula, the cross section dimension tax is rather lighter than in the Y. R. A., and the sail tax much heavier, while both the sail tax and section area premium are considerably lighter than in the Herreshoff rule. In virtue of their heavy sail tax, both rules would tend to promote under-canvasing (relatively to stiffness) much more strongly than the Y. R. A. Rule; and the Herreshoff rule the most so of the two. At the same time, in computing the probable indirect effects as well as the direct effects of all the taxations concerned (by a method which cannot be explained here), I was led to the conclusion that both rules, and especially the Herreshoff rule, would to such an extent encourage greater sail carrying power (relatively to length) than the Y. R. A. rule, that in spite of the under-canvasing the actual sail spreads (relatively to length) likely to obtain under them would be as great, or greater, than under the Y. R. A. rule.

Here again I am using the word "under-canvasing" perhaps in a different sense from yourself. By "under-canvasing," in my previous letter and here, I mean giving a definitely smaller sail spread (and by "over-canvasing" a definitely larger one) than the hull upon which it is put could in the long run utilize to advantage for prize winning, if there were no sail tax in question. So defined, it seems inconceivable that, in the absence of sail tax, over-canvasing could continue to generally obtain, whether in England or America, or anywhere else. I can see no conceivable inducement either to owners or designers to continue to give excessive sail plans to their boats, to the detriment of their chances in racing. While again, using the same definition, it seems equally certain that any sail tax must in the long run, pro tanto, operate to promote under-canvasing, and do so approximately in proportion to the severity of the tax. R. E. FROUDE.

GOSPORT, Oct. 20.

P. S. (Oct. 21).—I have just seen the letter from your correspondent, J. H., in your issue of Oct. 15. For the explanation of what seems to strike him as an inconsistency on my part, I must refer him to the final paragraph of my letter, "Every practicable rating rule," etc., observing also that under the girth and beam rule the "lessened rating" is not "secured by an increased area of midship section," but by lessened cross section dimensions. I must also call his attention to the reservation "qua effect on hull design," which I expressly attached to the proposition concerning sail tax, to which he takes exception. For the rest, I repeat that, historically at any rate, the original purpose of yacht measurement for racing was unquestionably that of handicapping or classification by size, and that only, with the object that the fastest boats of their size might win the prizes; secondly, that this purpose has as yet never been admittedly repudiated or superseded or belied by the shaping of the formulas that have been adopted. We have, of course, a perfect right, now or at any time, if we choose, to adopt the rating machinery to a new and different ostensible purpose; but it is desirable to recognize that in doing so we shall be taking a new departure. R. E. F.

The Sound Y. R. A.

A SPECIAL general meeting of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound was held on Nov. 3, at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, with Pres. Cromwell in the chair. The executive committee made the following report:

In the matter of the new measurement rule adopted on Oct. 1 by the Y. R. U. of N. A., your executive committee recommends that it be adopted, to apply to schooners and cabin sloops, cutters and yawls; that, as regards open sloops and all catboats, the rule now in force be retained; that, as to classification, the 43ft. class be retained as at present; and that other changes as adopted by the Y. R. U. be adopted by the Association. Your committee also recommends that the 15 and 20ft. classes be abolished, and that 18 and 21ft. classes be established in their places; also that provision be made for knockabout classes of 18ft., 21ft. and 25ft. l.w.l.

The report was accepted and the recommendations adopted, after which Mr. Jones made a motion that existing yachts be retained in their present classes, giving time for the excess of measurement in cases where they may exceed the limit of a class. An amendment offered by Sec'y-Treas. Tower to substitute the date Nov. 1, 1898, for Nov. 1, 1896, in paragraph 4 of the measurement rule was adopted. A motion of Mr. Jones, that a committee be appointed to confer with the Boston Knockabout Association as to uniform rules for three classes of knockabouts, was adopted.

Mr. E. C. Seward, of the Sachem's Head Y. C., called the attention of the meeting to the rapid introduction of yachts of light and flimsy construction in all classes, to the exclusion of yachts of reasonable construction. He spoke of the necessity in his own club of strength and seaworthiness, as the yachts, though of small size, were expected to be capable of cruising well to the eastward on Long Island Sound. The remarks were received with favor, and awakened a lengthy discussion as to the means of accomplishing an object of which all present approved. Mention was also made of the serious results in certain classes through the introduction of a single new yacht of extreme model and construction driving out of the racing a number of good all-round yachts and entirely killing the class.

It was suggested that some limit to construction be imposed on the classes from 30ft. R.M. downward; and also that in imposing restrictions each class might be separated into two divisions, one of yachts under the rule as at present, with no restrictions as to construction or arrangement; the other of yachts conforming to definite restrictions on construction and other details. The following motion, made by Mr. Seward, was finally adopted: Resolved, that the executive committee be instructed to prepare a scheme of restrictions as to scantling, construction, etc., for all classes from 30ft. downward, to the end of establishing cruising classes as distinct from racing classes; and that the committee shall report to a special meeting of the Association at the earliest possible date.

In view of the possibility of arranging such restrictions in the regular classes as would admit the knockabouts without making special classes for them, the motions already passed, relating to the changes in the 15ft. and 20ft. classes, and the change of date, were recalled and laid on the table. The committee will act in the matter at once, so that any possible changes may be made before building begins.

Defender.

THE fitting out of Defender was completed by Nov. 2, such sails, spars and gear as were needed being brought by tug from City Island, and all the work being done while the yacht lay at her permanent moorings inside of Glen Island. Capt. Chas. Barr was assisted by Capt. Hansen, who was in command of Vigilant in 1893, as first mate, with a crew hired for ten days. At 1:10 P. M. on Wednesday the mooring lines were cast off and the tug Theresa Verdon took Defender in tow for the open Sound. The yacht turned round and went ahead through the narrow channel, but before she had been under way for ten minutes she brought up hard and fast on Lecount's Rock, inside of David's Island, between it and the main land. The tug Flushing came to the aid of the Verdon, but both were unable to move Defender, even after her mainsail had been set to heel her. Thomas Webber, the yacht builder, of New Rochelle, was out in his launch, and he was able to direct the towing so that the yacht finally swung clear after being aground for some time. She was towed to Premium Point, anchoring off Mr. Iselin's house. At 5 P. M. she got under way with Mr. Iselin, accompanied by Messrs. Newberry Thorne and J. G. Berresford, and Sandy, the yellow dog of the Defender-Valkyrie races. She carried a gaff trysail, with lug foot, staysail and jib. The wind was light at the start, but soon freshened so that the staysail was taken in. She made a quick run through the Sound, reaching Bristol at 9:45 on Thursday morning, the distance of 145 miles having been covered in sixteen hours. She was immediately stripped and lightened, her mast being removed so that she could be hauled out as soon as the ways and steam capstan were ready.

The Society of Naval Architects.

THE annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place on Thursday and Friday of this week, at 12 West Thirty-first street, New York. The annual dinner will take place on Friday evening at Delmonico's. The Bethlehem Iron Co., of Bethlehem, Pa., has invited the Society to visit its works on Saturday, Nov. 12. The members of the Society will be the guests of the company on leaving New York. Members desiring to take the trip will please notify the secretary at the meeting on Nov. 10, when particulars will be furnished.

Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes.

Annual Meeting, Buffalo, Oct. 29.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes was held at the Hotel Iroquois, Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 29. The following members of the Council were present: Chairman F. B. Hower, E. W. Radder, of Cleveland, and Otto F. Barthel, representing Interlake Yachting Association; Æmilius Jarvis, J. Frank Monck and Secretary J. E. Burroughs, representing Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and W. R. Crawford, Geo. R. Peare and F. W. Morgan, of Chicago, representing Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

After confirming the minutes of the previous meeting the members proceeded to discuss the amendments to the measurement rules, which were identical with the ones adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of North America at the meeting in New York on Oct. 1, 1898.

Mr. Crawford stated that through some oversight he had not been furnished with any copies of the amendments, and as it was impossible for him to act on the amendments without thoroughly looking them over and consulting with his Association, he would go on record as voting against them as a whole.

After some discussion the following changes in the measurement rules were adopted:

Measurement.

1. Yachts shall be rated by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding together the load waterline length, the beam, .75 of the girth .5 of the square root of the sail area, and dividing the sum by 2.

$$\text{Formula: } \frac{\text{L.W.L.}+\text{B.}+.75\,\text{G.}+.5\,\sqrt{\text{S.A.}}}{2}=\text{R. M.}$$

2. The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with any person or persons, who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken, stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, sternpost of other part of the yacht below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length; and a form, resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline, shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurement for load waterline length and girth shall be made with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs., or at the option of the measurer, with a dead weight equivalent thereto.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a metal plate as a distinctive, permanent mark at each end of the load waterline.

3. The beam shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking on the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance should be made for wales, double planks or mouldings of any kind.

4. The girth shall be taken from L.W.L. to L.W.L. under the keel at a point 0.6 of the distances between the outer edges of the L.W.L. marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that point at right angles to the L.W.L. If the draft forward of that point exceeds the draft at that point, twice such excess to be added to girth. In taking these measurements all hollows on fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight.

To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel to the center of the area of the centerboard when lowered to its full extent. Centerboards when ballasted, except to overcome flotation or fitted with bulbs or otherwise, to be measured as fixed keels.

Measurers shall mark the points for measuring the girth as follows: By fixing three metal plates of suitable size on each side of the yacht not less than 2in. or more than 6in. above the L.W.L. level and parallel thereto, and not less than 3ft. or more than 6ft. from end to end, and so that the center mark of the three coincides with the distance 0.6 from the fore edge of the bow marks. The measurer shall also place a plate coinciding with this center mark under the rail or covering board, and another on the side of the keel perpendicular to the L.W.L. level. The distances between the L.W.L. level and the horizontal marks to be measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water and deducted from the girth as obtained from center mark to center mark.

Measurers may accept for the measurement of girth the designer's written certificate or drawing certified to as being correct by designer and builder. But this shall not relieve the owner from fixing the marks heretofore described, or relieve him from the responsibility of the accuracy of the certificate and proper position of the marks. In the event of a measurement protest the yacht must be measured as heretofore provided.

Page 18, paragraph 4, amended to read:

"If a yacht after having been officially measured be increased in L.W.L. length, beam, girth, or sail area, the yacht must be remeasured before starting the race."

Page 18, Rule IV., regarding restriction on area of midship setion, was stricken out, as the new measurement rules cover these points.

The classification was changed as follows:

Classification.

First Class, A, yachts over 45ft. racing length; 45ft. class, B, not over 45ft. and over 40ft. racing length; 40ft. class, C, not over 40ft. and over 35ft. racing length; 35ft. class, D, not over 35ft. and over 30ft. racing length; 30ft. class, E, not over 30ft. and over 25ft. racing length; 25ft. class, F, not over 25ft. racing length.

Rule VIII., time allowance, was amended to read:

"Time allowance shall only be allowed in the first class, and shall be calculated on the racing length according to the appended table, but in class racing the racing measurement of a yacht shall be assumed to be the maximum limit of her class."

And paragraph 2, page 21, was stricken out, together with the formula on page 22.

Page 25, Rule XV., crews, amended to read:

"1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

"First class, one person to every 5ft. of R.L. or fraction thereof.; 45ft. class, nine persons; 40ft. class, eight persons; 35ft. class, seven persons; 30ft. class, five persons; 25ft. class, four persons."

Page 32, paragraph 11, converging close-hauled, amended to read:

"When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to windward shall keep clear."

Page 33, Rule XXVIII., protests, paragraph 3 amended as follows:

"If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the regatta committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. A charge of 10 cents per foot R.L. for measuring shall be collected from the owner if the measurement be found wrong to a greater extent that one per cent. of the R.L., and from the person protesting if the measurement be found within that limit."

Page 35, paragraph 7, amended to read:

"If a yacht which has been officially measured makes any alteration causing an increase of her racing length, and starts in a race without having been remeasured or notifying the regatta committee in writing previous to the start that such alteration has been made, she must be disqualified."

The definition of a yacht was amended to read:

"A yacht shall be defined as a vessel of not less than 16ft. L.W.L., and must carry not less than 300lbs. of ballast stowed under the platform or in lockers, or have a beam of not less than one-third of her L.W.L. length. She must have standing rigging or a fixed mast, and must be kept permanently on the water during the season, and must not be engaged in trade. Yachts built after Nov. 7, 1896, or brought to the Lakes after that date, shall comply with the restrictions on draft and size of timbers, keels, planking and other parts required by the rules."

Page 20, paragraph 2, amended to read:

"Each yacht shall be entitled to sail in her own class and in no other."

Page 20, Rule VII., restriction on draft, amended to read:

"The maximum draft of any yacht built after Nov. 7, 1896, or brought to the Lakes after that date, when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard if it be not a board weighted for ballast:

"First class, 10ft. draft.; 45ft. class, 9ft. draft; 40ft. class, 8ft. draft; 35ft. class, 7ft. draft; 30ft. class, 6ft. draft; 25ft. class, 5ft. draft."

The balance of the rule was stricken out.

The list of classes in the official table of scantling was amended to conform to the class limits by the new rule.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Chairman, Charles E. Kremer, Lake Michigan Yachting Association, Chicago, Ill.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Edmund Burroughs, Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Æmilius Jarvis was unanimously chosen as delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of North America, and Chairman Hower congratulated him upon the excellent work he had done for the Great Lakes at the numerous meetings.

A committee consisting of Æmilius Jarvis, E. W. Radder and W. R. Crawford, was appointed as an advisory committee on the Stephens scantling table.

Mr. Radder said that in view of the fact that the Chicago Y. C. had challenged the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Canada's cup, and that such a race would undoubtedly stimulate the building and racing of yachts on the Great Lakes, if confined to a small class, that the Council recommend to the Royal Canadian Y. C. that the acceptance of the challenge be made on behalf of a yacht of 35ft. R.L., believing this to be in the best interest of yachting.

Meeting adjourned.

In the evening the visiting delegates were banqueted by the members of the Buffalo Y. C. at the Hotel Iroquois. Ex-Commodore Frank B. Hower presided as toastmaster, and Messrs. Jarvis, Lee H. Smith, Horace Noble, W. J. Conners, E. W. Radder and W. H. Crawford provided the "feast of reason," which compared favorably with the most excellent menu.

The Buffalo Y. C. boys know how to do other things besides sailing, and here's hoping that we meet there again.

J. E. BURROUGHS.

The Proa and Modern Designing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the proa which you published in the issue of Oct. 22, as nearly as I can work it from the reproduction the sail area is 324sq.ft., displacement 1,240lbs., midship section 1.08sq.ft., lateral plane per square foot of sail .0.0.72. The ratio of sail area of displacement is almost the same as in the twenties. The peculiarity of form, that is the elongated ellipsis for the waterline with symmetrical entrance and run, is almost the same; the differences in the form, which are a reverse curve of the shear plan and a sharp entrance, would probably account for some of the differences in speed, and the balance could be accounted for by the increased resistance of the outrigged hull when it touches the water momentarily. It is interesting to note that nearly two years ago, when designing Akista, I decided on the elongated elliptical waterline and a practical symmetry of entrance and run for what was, I think, the largest yacht built on which it had been tried, and it is very mortifying to note that these principles, which are really fundamental in design, should have been known for nearly two centuries before we put them into application. It is about time for us to unload the useless lumber of the old rules of design and come down to five fundamental principles:

1. All waterlines more or less elongated ellipsis.
2. All buttock and shear lines either straight or convex.
3. The unchanged or approved form, with change of inclination of mast to a vertical line.
4. The lateral plane a true plane as far as possible.
5. Minimum of wetted surface for a given displacement. Any man who designs according to these rules must design a relatively fast yacht; any man who violates them will pay the penalty by having his yacht look pretty perhaps, but will be slow.

GEO. HILL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

It is not through its merits or any fault of its own that yachting has almost invariably fared badly at the hands of the makers of encyclopedias. Its unfortunate initial inevitably brings it near to the end of the last volume, where space is precious, and it is consequently curtailed and compressed to a mere sketch. It has seemed that full justice would not be done to this subject, important as it is, until the usual method was reversed and the alphabet taken up in inverse order; but that such is not the case is fully proved by the last two numbers of the Encyclopedia of Sport, Parts XIX. and XX., completing the work as published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. In this work, at least, yachting is accorded space in proportion to its importance, and the subject has been covered comprehensively and intelligently. The principal article, by Lord Dunraven, was written for the English edition, but it is supplemented by an article on yachting in America by Chas. Pryer, of New Rochelle. Similarly, the detail of ice yachting is treated from the British side by Mr. Herbert Crossley and from the American by Mr. Archibald Rogers. Lord Dunraven's history of yachting is comprehensive and very well written, and it cannot fail to interest American as well as British yachtsmen. The origin of the sport is described in detail, the growth of the different British clubs being traced down to the present day. The history of measurement legislation is clearly outlined, and then the principles and methods of yacht designing are described at length. While this branch of yachting is in nature and extent far beyond the possibilities of treatment in popular or encyclopedic form, its leading points are presented in a way that is fully adequate to the demands of the average reader. The details of designing are outlined very plainly, and such subjects as the making of the design and the model, the laying down, methods of construction, etc., are dealt with briefly but clearly. The materials and methods of sail-making, its history and principles, and the theory of the action of the wind on the sail, are treated at considerable length. After describing the general details and methods of yacht racing, the author takes up the actual history of yachting, and describes very fully the first pleasure vessels and their successors of one period and another down to the present day. The changes of type, as produced by alterations of the measurement rule and other controlling causes, are shown by representative vessels, a number of designs being given. The later development, under the original rating rule and the new linear rating rule, is particularly interesting in view of the recent adoption of the latter rule in this country. The new boats built under the rule for the 20-rating and other classes, as yet little known here, are described and compared. The subject of cruising comes in for mention, with the modern one-design classes, steam, etc. The present Y. R. A. rules are given in full.

Mr. Pryer's article traces the development of the yacht in this country down to the present day; the leading yachts of each era are described and illustrated by numerous diagrams. The English type of ice yacht is described by Mr. Crossley, with details of the sport. Mr. Rogers writes of sport as developed on the Hudson River to a science. The articles are illustrated by numerous diagrams and some very fine reproductions of yachting photos and paintings.

The racing of the Eastern Y. C. for the present season is summarized in printed form by the regatta committee, full records and details being given of the six races sailed. The report is interesting as making a permanent and public record of the work of the various yachts.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting and Fishing on the C. & O.

No necessity exists for a journey across the continent for the sportsman who is looking for an outing. Five hours from Washington, through the most beautiful mountain scenery this side of the Rockies, deer are almost as plentiful this year as they were in the days when the Old Dominion was first settled by white men.

Since the open season began, on Oct. 1, several parties have gone from Washington into Bath county, Virginia, and the reports which they bring back are such as to make the heart of the sportsman jump with expectancy. There is plenty of sport to be had with the rifle, the shotgun, the fly-rod, and none of the game bags or fish creels are brought back empty.

Within a radius of ten miles from Millboro, Va., there are literally hundreds of deer. Then too the Cowpasture River is teeming with bass, and a 2lb. small-mouth will make the disciple of old Izaak, who has played the big-mouth on 40yds. of line, think that he has a salmon at least on his hook.

Virginia at this season is the paradise of the sportsman, and the Chesapeake & Ohio trains leaving Washington at 2:20 P. M. and 11:10 P. M. carry him right into the heart of that paradise.

For information address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Creeks regularly make a Burnt Offering of what they conceive to be the most delicious Parts of every Animal taken in Hunting, before they presume to taste a Mouthful. The Parts they commit to the Flames are proportional to the Size of the Animal, probably about 2 or 3 lb. from a Buffalo, and still less in a regular gradation down to the smallest Quadrupede, Fish or Bird.

John Pope's Tour, 1792.

FROM PLAGUE TO PROFIT.

THE problem of abating the rabbit nuisance of New Zealand, after having for so long taxed the ingenuity of the world, promises to be solved by the realization that the rabbit has a commercial value. The industry of converting the game—or vermin—into meat for export to European markets has assumed large proportions. One shipper was recently reported to be in receipt of from 15,000 to 20,000 rabbits per day, and to be paying to the trappers wages aggregating £800 and £1,000 per week. Thus has a plague been converted into a profit.

In this country a nuisance which has destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of food fishes in inland waters is the refuse sawdust from sawmills. The sawdust is dumped into the stream as the readiest mode of disposing of it. Carried down by the current, when in suspension it kills the fish by lodging in and irritating their gills; and sinking to the bottom it overwhelms and ruins the spawning beds, and destroys both the aquatic vegetation in which the fish live and the minute forms of life upon which they subsist. Fish commission after fish commission has investigated the sawdust nuisance, and various expedients have been resorted to for its suppression. Laws have been enacted only to be ignored or set at defiance. Despite the known ruinous effects of sawdust, mill owners have gone on practically without let or hindrance dumping it into fishing waters and destroying native resources of inestimable value. Sawdust has been a waste product; the thing to do with a waste product is to get rid of it in the easiest possible way. If sawdust were found to have a value, the problem of its disposition would be solved, and we would hear no more of it as a fish destroying agency.

If the reported discovery which a Baltimore inventor, Mr. Victor L. Emerson, is reported to have made shall prove to be what is claimed for it, such a solution is just what we may look for. Mr. Emerson has devised a process for carbonizing sawdust and extracting the by-products. Certain mill owners on the Ottawa River, Canada, who had been ordered by the Government to discontinue dumping sawdust into the river, sought the services of Mr. Emerson, and built a plant for his experiments on a large scale. According to reports, the result of these tests is such as to have proved that "the 500 tons or more of sawdust and refuse that these mills have been throwing away daily for years have suddenly been discovered to be worth $30 a ton—in other words, equal in value to the highest grade of gold quartz." Iron and steel smelting works, white lead and printers' ink manufactories and calcium carbide works are to be operated in connection with the central plant; and the city is to be lighted and heated from the hydrogen gas given off during the process of carbonization. In short, there is to be a sawdust bonanza of the biggest kind; and so cheaply are all the products to be obtained that the capitalists behind the scheme already announce a determination to restrict production so as to provide against glutting the market and destroying prices. This indeed is the only somber shade in the golden prospect. Thirty-dollar-a-ton sawdust will be confined like gold to certain favored districts. The common sawdust pouring out every day from countless mills in countless tons into countless waters is still and still will be the worthless plague it has ever been.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

AN interesting and surprising indication of the recent change of public sentiment in the West concerning forestry matters comes to us in a report from Washington.

It will be remembered that when President Cleveland originally set aside the thirteen forest reservations in the West, no portion of the community was more outraged and none more bitter in its condemnation of this action than the people residing in the Black Hills. The columns of the local newspapers fairly overflowed with editorials on the subject, and the Senators and Representatives from South Dakota had great difficulty in finding language severe enough to fitly describe the injury that had been done to their constituents. The South Dakotans were urged to be patient and to take a little time to think about the matter, but they declined to do so. Now, however, we are told on high Washington authority that the people of the Black Hills have petitioned the authorities to have the size of the Black Hills forest reservation increased by 4,400,000 acres; that the surveys have been made; that Senator Pettigrew has washed off his war paint and laid aside his arms, declaring that the increase should be made; that the surveys for this increase have been completed, and have been approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

We believe that the time is coming, and coming soon, when the forest reserves of the Western country will have no more ardent defenders than those who dwell on and about them—the very people who a couple of years ago declared that the Federal Government had determined to create widespread ruin over the whole West. The change which has taken place in the feeling about these forest reserves is encouraging not only as to this especial matter, but also as giving evidence of the common sense of the American people when they have had time for sober second thought.

It is objected by some persons that the forest service is being turned into a huge political machine, which will be used to control elections in the States and Territories where these reservations exist. If this should prove true, it is greatly to be deplored; nevertheless the important thing is that we have now a forest service—a force of men appointed to care for our forests; whereas formerly there was no one whose duty it was to do this. If for any reason this service is not all that could be desired—as, of course, it is not—it is our business to strive by patient effort to reform it, and to make it as nearly perfect as may be possible.

At the head of the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture we have perhaps the most competent person in the country, and the steps which he is taking for interesting and instructing people in forestry matters, both in the East and in the West, cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect on the public mind.

SNAP SHOTS.

An exhibition of live snakes is an amusement novelty which is just now engaging the attention of New York. Specimens of numerous venomous and harmless species have been brought together from the snake thickets and holes and dens of the earth, and put on show in a public hall, to which visitors are cheerfully paying the admission fee. Incidentally human nature is on exhibition too; for nothing in the natural history of snakes is more curious than this fact, that while mankind abhors and fears the serpent, it cannot resist going to gaze upon the object of its dread and disgust. Whatever may be the snake's powers of fascination over birds and animals, it has had for man in all times and in all places a compelling interest, a repellant attractiveness. There are some people who, like Mr. Fred Mather, make pets of harmless snakes, and others who, like Dr. Ditmars, handle with composure and immunity the poisonous species; but such persons are the exception and not the rule. As for petting garter snakes and other innocent and beautiful creatures, they have reason and common sense on their side; but even reason will not avail against the stronger instinct of dread and alarm. Witness the confession made by Coahoma the other day. Here is a man who has for years been schooling himself to overcome the instinctive repugnance to snakes; who has by precept and example sought to stay the heel that would bruise the serpent's head; and yet in spite of it all is moved to acknowledge, "but reason will succumb to its parent, animal instinct; and the repulsiveness of snakes is as strong as ever."

Mr. C. H. Townsend, of the United States Fish Commission, who was deputed to investigate the condition of seal life on the Pribilof Islands during the past season, found the percentage of decrease of the seals more noticeable than in previous years, owing to the more marked effect of pelagic sealing on the diminished herd. The decrease of seals born on the island was for 1898 22 per cent. since 1897, against 11 per cent. for 1897 since that of 1896. A rational scheme of seal ranching is in course of development on the islands, but Mr. Townsend reports this will be powerless to preserve the seals from extermination if pelagic catching shall be continued. Should pelagic sealing cease, and land sealing be sufficiently restricted, the present stock of seals is such that at no distant day the supply might be restored to former proportions.

The rapidity with which a water or land species which has been pursued to the point of extermination will, when that pursuit ceases, multiply and replenish the earth, is one of the surprising phenomena of nature's resourcefulness. The beaver is a familiar example. In one region and another where it has been trapped until becoming so scarce that trapping became unprofitable and was abandoned, the unmolested remnant has thrived and developed into numerous colonies. We are told by returning moose hunters from the New Brunswick woods that the law on beaver in that Province, which has prevented their capture for several years, has resulted in restoring the species again to commercial importance. The law is up this year, and numerous trappers who have marked the beaver colonies are preparing to take them.

The principle is illustrated on a large scale by the fluctuations of the whale fisheries, which, after having sunk to a point where the pursuit was no longer profitable, and was accordingly abandoned, have now come up again and assumed a place in the world's commerce, to be measured by the fact that four Arctic whalers which reached San Francisco the other day brought into port catches aggregating a value of $750,000. And in the Antarctic another illustration is found in the case of the sea lions, which, having been depleted far below the point of profit to the sealers, have so far recovered that an expedition recently made for their oil proved a remunerative venture.

"Spoodler" is a fictitious name, but that is the only fictitious element of the moose episode reported in our game columns. The case was actually tried in court, and this is a transcript of the proceedings. To a New Bedford, Mass., man, we believe, belongs the credit of demonstrating to unsuccessful moose hunters the happy expedient of having their game snared and made secure for them by the guide in advance. This is a "dead sure thing," warranted to assure the veriest duffer his just quota of moose meat, if only the officious game wardens would not intervene as they did with the New Bedford man and the defendant in the Nova Scotia case. It takes all sorts of people to make up the world, and the Spoodlers are ever with us.

The signs of the times point to Alaska as the coming big game country to be exploited by the American sportsman. Indeed it is the only fresh territory left for him without invading the remote British Possessions. The big moose heads sent down from Alaska have excited the envy of scores of hunters; and since there are bigger moose heads in the woods than have ever been brought out of them, we confidently expect some day to illustrate in the FOREST AND STREAM a giant exceeding the seventy-two-inch head shown in our issue of October 22; and to print with it the portrait of the man who brings it down.

Announcement is given elsewhere of the fifth annual Sportsmen's Show, given by the National Sportsmen's Association, in Madison Square Garden next March. The exposition will be modeled in large measure upon the lines of the Boston show, which was so popular and profitable; and for the New York enterprise a similar success may be anticipated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Jamestown Hunting and Fishing Club.

Maine Trip of 1898.

No better fortune can well befall a true sportsman than first to anticipate and then to realize the full pleasures of a hunting trip to the great forests of northern Maine. I venture the assertion that in no part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains can game of such numerous variety as inhabits this State be found in greater quantity. Fortunate is he who can visit this great game field, for it is here that realization and anticipation come nearest to being synonymous terms.

The Jamestown Hunting and Fishing Club is composed of twenty-four members, all lovers of the gun and rod, who reside in and near the city of Jamestown, New York. It is the aim and one of the purposes of the club organization to take an outing at least once in each year, either on a hunting or fishing excursion, to enable its members to realize the relaxation from business cares so necessary to the health and well-being of business and professional men. Several years in succession our outings were taken on the Alleghany River in a house boat, and many delightful days have been spent in floating down the river and hunting and fishing by the way. In the fall of 1896 we visited the Adirondack Mountains in New York. Last year we visited the famous camps of "Jock" Darling on the Sebois Chain of lakes in northeastern Maine, going in by way of Patten. The trip was a delightful one, and successful to the extent of our killing fifteen deer and one moose. The weather was very dry and the woods noisy during our entire stay, but our success was all we had anticipated, and all were satisfied.

Even before the trip of 1897 was ended did speculation become rife as to where the next outing would be taken. Everybody talked of Maine. Upon arrival at Boston, where we spent twenty-four hours, Dr. E. M. Scofield, president of the club, fell in with M. Abbott Frazier, that prince of good fellows and noted taxidermist, who has a branch supply store at Greenfield Junction on Moosehead Lake. He extolled the Moosehead Lake region as a great game country, and advised us to go there. Subsequent correspondence with him and others induced us to make that our objective point this year, so our guides were engaged, and having made all preliminary arrangements, the date of departure was fixed, and on the morning of Sept. 28, with joyous hearts filled with pleasant anticipations, and with the best wishes of friends who had come to the depot to bid us "Godspeed," we boarded train 8 on the Erie Railroad bound for Greenville Junction via Boston. At 8 P. M. of the 30th we arrived at Greenville Junction, the end of our railroad travel, where we were met by Captain Samuel Cole, who had had charge of purchasing supplies, engaging transportation over the lake and making all necessary preparation for the trip into the woods. He told us, much to our gratification, that all preliminary arrangements had been completed, and that our provisions and the horse which we were to take into the woods for toting purposes were already at camp. We were then conducted to Moosehead Inn, where we were well taken care of for the night. At 8 o'clock the next morning we started on our steamboat ride over Moosehead Lake, on our way to camp, and the beauty of that clear, still, sunlight morning lent additional splendor to the most beautiful body of water and some of the finest scenery which most of us had ever seen. The lake is nearly forty miles long, and from one and one-half to thirteen miles in width, and wooded to its shores. The shore line is very rugged and irregular, and bays and coves are more than numerous. Islands, large and small, are to be seen on every hand in great numbers. Some of the smaller ones are nothing but barren rocks, while others are sparsely covered with timber. The larger ones are wooded and range to several hundred acres in extent. One is said to contain 3,000 acres. The hills and mountain peaks rise in every direction, particularly to the eastward. Half-way up the lake on the easterly shore Mount Kineo seems to rise directly out of the lake. Its southerly and easterly sides rise like perpendicular walls of rocks to a height of nearly 800ft. above it. On the northerly and westerly sides the slopes of the mountain are wooded and render it comparatively easy of ascent. Projecting from the southwesterly side of its base is a small cape, upon which is situated the Kineo House, built to accommodate about 250 people, and several cottages. A most beautiful place it is.

We reached the head of the lake at the northeast carry about 11 o'clock, and our outfit was soon loaded upon wagons to be taken two miles across the carry to the west branch of the famous Penobscot River. Here we met the remainder of our guides, Bert Doty, James Reynolds, Adelbert Harrington and Herbert Keith, with their canoes and a bateau. It was over this same noted carry that Henry D. Thoreau, the great writer and student of nature, passed about fifty years ago on his travels through Maine, which gave rise to the publication in 1864 of that interesting book written by him entitled "The Maine Woods." The difference in his mission and ours was the subject of thought and discussion by us at the time. We were there for the purpose of destroying nature's handiwork, and he was there, without firearms, for the purpose of observing and studying nature for his own gratification and the enlightenment of future generations. But one thought must have impressed us in common, and that the distance between the waters of those great rivers, the head waters of the Kennebec and of the Penobscot, only two miles apart, divided by a watershed which seemingly is not 50ft. in height above either, and each draining its own great section of territory and playing such important parts in the commerce of the country.

After taking dinner at Luce's Hotel, on the Penobscot, the canoes and bateau were loaded and we started, most of us on foot, for our guides had about all the load they could carry, for our destination, Caribou Camp, on Russell Stream, thirteen miles away. Two miles up the river we reached the mouth of the stream, and there had to abandon the bateau on account of the scarcity of water, and resort to canoes and horse power. It took two days to reach camp, and still another to get all our paraphernalia in. We stayed the first night at Mitchell Camp, about two miles up the stream from the river. Everybody was happy, for on the morrow the deer and caribou season would open. Inasmuch as the history of a hunting trip is largely made up from the personal experiences and reminiscences of the individuals composing the party, it will be well to understand who made up the party. They were Dr. E. M. Scofield, Judge V. E. Peckham, Judge F. S. Wheeler, Surrogate E. E. Woodbury, Assistant District Attorney H. L. Hunt, Alderman C. M. Nichols, Dr. A. E. Smith, Dr. E. A. Scofield, ex-Superintendent of the Poor M. T. Howard, Dr. H. W. Davis, Carver Hidecker, B. K. Soliday, E. W. Brownell, John C. Thomas, Attorney R. A. Hall, E. E. Wilcox and H. K. Thornton.

At Mitchell Camp we were the guests of John Holmes, a very intelligent, elderly gentleman, who is employed as clerk to a lumber company, and has been in the woods a great many years. He treated us with the utmost kindness, and greatly aided us in getting in and out of the woods, holding his tote teams one whole day for the purpose of helping us out the next. We were all very hungry and ate ravenously, but Judge Peckham seemed to overstep the bounds of hospitality when, after eating at two tables, he sat back and expressed regret that he had eaten, saying that he would like to eat again. The number of the party and the paraphernalia that we had brought along had caused our guides to doubt our prowess as hunters of big game, and from all appearances they seemed to regret having engaged with us, but when after we had eaten and repaired to the front yard parlor and sung a few songs, each in his own voice, tune and time, their disgust was evident, we were quietly informed that such noise would scare all the game out of the country. Well, we promised to behave better when we were encamped, but gave them to understand that we were out for recreation and relaxation from business, and our good time wasn't dependent upon the quantity of game killed. I think the truth of this assertion was subsequently impressed upon them, and I know that we enjoyed ourselves very much.

The next day was spent principally in getting into camp and making things comfortable, although in the morning Dr. Davis shot a doe and Judge Wheeler a spikehorn buck. The latter was shot from a canoe on Russell Pond, on our way to camp. The following two days were also used up principally in the work of camp-making, although some hunting was done on the second day, Dr. E. A. Scofield killing a five-point buck having a very fine head.

Our camp consisted of a good log house, in size about 16 by 20ft., built by Captain Cole for a Mr. Jackson, of New York, in 1893. It had a cook stove, good bunks and a table; a cosy log hut about 6 by 8ft. in size, built at the same time for the use of guides. Then we had two tents with sheet iron stoves, one 12 by 20, and the other about 10 by 12. This hut was taken possession of and managed by Judge Peckham, who, after getting in about 1ft. of boughs and an old kettle with a small hole in the bottom for a stove, and finding a cover for it and stove pipe, did indeed have as comfortable quarters as any Nimrod could ask. The hospitality of this hut was also enjoyed by Dr. Davis, Hunt and Thornton, and a merry crew were they. The kettle weighed at least 25lbs., but is now a relic in the Judge's office in Jamestown, where it will serve as a gas stove.

Camp had scarcely been made when the only incident occurred to mar the pleasures of the trip, and which cast a gloom over the entire camp. Mr. Howard, who had been sick himself so that he had not been away from camp, received a telegram by special messenger one evening just about dark announcing the serious illness of his wife and calling for his return home. Knowing that Mrs. Howard had been in poor health for some time, the worst was feared. Mr. Howard started for home at 3 o'clock the following morning, and on arrival found that his wife had passed away the day he left camp. It was a great shock to him and to us, because Mrs. Howard had been better and more comfortable when he left home than for a long time before, and strongly insisted upon his going.

It would be useless to undertake to recall all of the interesting incidents of the trip, and it would not be profitable to relate them if I could. Dr. Davis is a great case to circle, and sometimes he circles to his own discomfiture. I remember meeting him one evening about sundown on an old road about one and one-half miles from camp, and traveling away from it. I asked him what he was doing there, and he said he was on his way to camp. I laughed and asked him if he wasn't lost. Just then he looked up and saw a bridge across the stream away north of the camp. A sort of sickly smile crept across his face as he said he knew where he was, he could see the bridge, and then reversed his course and started on his back track for camp. He was stopped and given a seat in the canoe.

Carver Hidecker is an old lumberman. He one day started out to hunt a bit (quite an unusual thing for him) along a newly blazed line, leading to Little Russell Pond, intending to meet his companions at the pond. He wandered off his course, and then endeavored to take a short cut to the pond. When he discovered himself he was in one of those fearful blow-downs common in northern Maine. He failed to find the pond, but arrived in camp some time during the afternoon. He still insists that it was the pond that got lost and not himself. On another occasion he was out with a guide and both became queered, but on this occasion he sat down and perused a novel, while the guide did the hunting to discover themselves.

Mr. Thomas, the patriarch of the party, being sixty-eight years of age, saw more game than all of the boys. Besides seeing a large number of deer, he saw two caribou, seven or eight moose and a bear. He had his principal experience with the bear. The bear, a very large one, was seen standing beside an old tote road with her head and forward shoulders extending into the road. He fired and she tumbled to the ground, but got up and wabbled off into the swamp. Investigation revealed the fact that the bear was seriously injured, and was bleeding considerably, but as there was no snow it was impossible to follow her but a short distance. Mr. Thomas was using an old .44-40 Winchester, and it didn't do the execution necessary to bring this large game to bag, as would likely have been done by one of the modern strong shooting guns.

Assistant District Attorney Hunt had his experience with a caribou. He had two standing shots. The caribou was standing broadside to him in an old road about twenty rods distant. He failed to kill or hit, said he was nervous. His statement wasn't doubted. This nervous feeling has at times come over others, as I am informed.

Dr. E. M. Scofield killed the only moose which was taken by our party. The head was not large, nor a very good specimen, but as it was the only one the Doctor ever killed, or shot at, he was naturally gratified at results, especially as he fired all his shots at a range of from seventy to eighty rods. He used a .30-30 smokeless, and is in love with it.

R. A. Hall, in company with James Reynolds as guide, probably had the most exciting experience. He was encamped on Scott Brook, with a few companions, taking a short side-hunt. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he and his guide were on the brook in a canoe, when they discovered a monstrous bull moose standing in the water. The guide had no gun, and Mr. Hall was using a .44-40 Winchester, and something was wrong even with that, as it was totally wanting in penetrating force. The guide rowed Mr. Hall up to within 30 or 40ft. of the moose, and he then commenced pumping the lead into him. Eleven shots were fired at him in the water and upon the shore, and probably every one hit him, and yet he got away. The next day they followed the moose a long ways, but were unable to find him. Mr. Hall says the only time the moose showed any evidence of being hurt was when a shot struck him just back of the ear, when he shook his head and started to charge. Both Mr. Hall and the guide say that the spread of his antlers was at least 5ft.

Judge Wheeler killed his second buck and secured a fine set of antlers. I mention this because of the fact that the Judge has but one leg, having lost the other in celebrating the victory of Harrison in 1888, and to show you that a man of pluck and energy can kill game in Maine even though he be thus greatly handicapped.

Mr. Soliday had charge of the culinary department, and the responsibility resting upon his shoulders was enough to crush any ordinary man, but he withstood it all, and how we did live! Such meats, such johnny cake and bread, pies and any number of other good things! Yet notwithstanding all this responsibility he found time to kill his two deer, and one was a buck with a beautiful set of horns.

Dr. Smith, who cannot live any length of time without his "toast bread," killed his two deer within hallooing distance of camp.

It would cease to be interesting and make this article too long to follow the fortunes and luck or ill-luck of each individual member. Altogether we killed twenty-nine deer and one moose, besides a goodly supply of ruffed grouse, which were delicious for a change of diet. We saw one bear and another was driven out of an old hunter's camp, three caribou, sixteen moose and approximately 500 deer. Many were the standing shots at deer offered at a range of from five to eight rods which were not taken. They were does or fawns, and we had no use for them. Several good opportunities were offered for seeing and observing moose. The writer, in company with Bert Doty, the guide, sat on the shore of Little Russell Pond one evening just before sundown and saw a cow moose come out into the water and heard her call. In a short time a spike bull came out and the two had a splash and play in the water. Then going ashore they romped up and down the bank. Shortly after a bull, with a fair set of antlers, came out of the woods. The smaller bull was driven away, and the remaining two went into the water for a time, then went ashore again and more romping. Finally the cow went into the brush along the shore and the bull took to the pond and followed along down beside the bog splashing and making the water fly tremendously as he ran. The cow finally ran into the woods, and the bull returned to the pond. Here he stayed the greater part of the night. We camped by the shore of the pond that night by an open fire, without blankets, because we were six miles from camp, and it was too far to return. We could probably have killed the moose, but did not attempt to do so, as the season was not open. We had no canoe, and made no attempt to stalk them. Our mission to the pond was to see what the game prospects were, with the intention of returning later and bringing in a canoe if everything was satisfactory. This we did, but did not happen to see moose. After the moose season opened we did considerable hunting around the pond, and saw much sign made during the different nights, but as the weather was cold and raw, and the wind blowing every night, we did no night hunting. Dr. E. M. Scofield and Mr. Thomas had like opportunity of observing some cow moose in another pond near camp, and several were seen in Russell Pond by different members of the party.

Camp was broken Oct. 19, and we arrived at home on the 22d, in time to register, after spending a very pleasant day in Boston.

In closing, let me say that we were more than pleased with our guides. They were, one and all, extremely courteous and obliging, and anxious to do everything in their power to make our trip successful and pleasant, and fully succeeded in so doing. We can cheerfully recommend them to anyone desiring the services of guides.

Every member of our party has commented upon the hospitable manner in which the people of Maine receive and entertain their guests from without the State. We were, one and all, royally received and entertained by those with whom we came in contact, and made to feel that we were welcome to visit the greatest hunting and fishing grounds of this country. We expect to return.

E. E. WOODBURY.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—IX.

BY FRED MATHER.

[*Continued from last week.*]

A LOT of crawfish had been gathered, and now was the time to utilize them. In the lobster country this small brother is not regarded as food, but it is very good, and in Germany it is bred for the table. To-day quite a number are sold in New York and New Orleans. But, as I am using a local name, it may be well to say that the English took the French name, ecrivesse, and turned it into "crayfish," and "crawfish" is a further corruption, but more popular. In some salt waters there is a spiny lobster without the large claws which is also called "crayfish." Our crayfish are almost miniature lobsters, living in fresh waters, some specimens burrowing through the levees and causing damage to the amount of millions of dollars, some living in streams under stones and some living on the prairies of Kansas, and burrowing down to water. Where Germans and Norwegians have settled they are called "crabs," after their German name "krebs." So much for the name, as necessary information to thousands who know the animal well, but never heard it called a crawfish. We have in America a verb from this noun, as "he crawfished," meaning that he backed out.

We had kept none under 5in., extreme length of body exclusive of claws, and had none over 7in., but we had about sixty. The water in the iron pot was boiling, and in they went, all alive and kicking. Dr. Gordon remarked: "They never make a kick after they strike the water, neither does a lobster, if the water is boiling. I believe it paralyzes the nerves, don't you think so?"

"Perhaps it does; they never stir after they strike boiling water, but perhaps they're used to it, as the eels are to being skinned. We eat fish which die from asphyxiation, although they would be better if killed at once, but a lobster that dies in the air is really poisonous, and that is why I always buy live lobsters and have them cooked."

"Now you've opened up a new subject which interests me. I have had to treat a case of lobster poisoning, and while you are frying the fish and boiling the crawfish I'll make the tea, set the table and listen."

The fish sputtered in the pan, and a big drop of boiling fat found rest between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand, and just then a change of wind filled my eyes with smoke. Here my notes are blurred and all remarks are lost. I only remember that Dr. Gordon stood looking at me for a moment and then remarked: "Language has its uses, but I do not remember to have heard it used as fuel before; you seem to be impatient with the process of cooking; fix your mind on Job and consider how patient he was for a long time, and here you let a trifling bit of smoke upset your temper."

Smarting in eyes and hand, the humor of the situation came to the fore at his reference to Job, and I said: "Job was all right in his day and time, and he was sorely tried, but he never camped out on the Atchefalaya River, and after days of mosquito stinging tried to cook his dinner with his eyes full of burning smoke and his hand burned with boiling fat at the same time that an old sawbones wants to know a lot about lobster poisoning. Go back to Job if you want to learn about boils, and perhaps you may learn how to boil lobsters."

Peace Spreads her Wings.

When all was ready we sat down to our dinner. The table, be it of mahogany, a stump, or a bit of canvas on the ground, is a treaty of amnesty; all hostilities are suspended and are temporarily forgotten. The man who brings up a disagreeable subject at table is an enemy to all mankind. This is the rule the world over. "Pistols and coffee for two." We may fight, but not at the table; there we bury the hatchet, if only for an hour.

We started in on the fried crappies at a safe distance from the smoke, which, Dr. Gordon remarked, "always follows beauty, and if the adage is true I wonder how it ever got into your eyes."

"That's dead easy, Doctor; it had no other way of avoiding you. Have another crappie; these are even better than the ones from Red River and Catahoula Lake. I wonder if they go down into brackish water; if they do, I don't know it."

When the crawfish were served there was a pause while I arranged the fillets of duck before the glowing coals, and the Doctor was awaiting my return. Said he: "I am in doubt just how these things should be eaten, whether shells and all, or how?"

I was pouring the tea and answered: "Open them and use them as if they were lobsters, that's all."

"I know nothing of the anatomy of a lobster, but have heard that there are poisonous parts. A while ago I ventured to speak of this, but between smoke and scalding fat you lost your temper so far as to speak disrespectfully of Job, and no doubt the equator might have come under your disapprobation at that time if any person had been rash enough to mention it."

Picking up a crawfish for illustration, I announced: "This is the first lecture on crustacean anatomy, the subject being the lobster and the related species. It will be short, for two reasons: First, the lecturer doesn't get a cent for his services; and second, his dinner is waiting. It is to be hoped that the audience will be attentive and will restrain their enthusiasm, for the rule of only one encore will be strictly enforced. Now, Doctor, you will observe that first I break off the head from the thorax, which in the lobster cannot be done, and throw it away. In the lobster we merely take out the stomach, which is just back of the eyes, and is one of the 'poisonous parts,' but as no one could eat it there is no chance of poisoning from it. It is something like a gizzard and has teeth, which when opened show the 'lady in the chair.' From the stomach there is no opening except the mouth, and as the owl ejects the skins and bones of mice, so does the lobster eject material that is not digestible. Then, all food that is assimilated is strained through that stomach, and forms green and white fats in the carapace, which are delicious in fresh lobster, but are lost when the meat is canned. Then, at the beginning of the abdomen, where the joints of what is called the 'tail' start, there is a green-colored drain-tube which runs to the vent, and this is the other so-called 'poisonous part,' but why any person should eat this intestine I don't know."

During this talk young Gawge came in camp. He was a "likely" boy of perhaps fourteen years old, and seemed diffident. He took off his hat and waited to be noticed. I had seen him standing behind the Doctor while giving the lecture on the lobster and its cousin the crawfish, and at a convenient time I noticed him and asked: "Is yo' young Gawge?"

"Yas, sah, I is, an' dey sayed yo' wanted fo' to go to de duck ma'sh, but didden' know whah he was."

"Yo's right, honey," said I, "an' yo' jess squatulate down heah an' fill yo' insides w'ile we gits ready."

"Pardon me," the Doctor interposed, "your disquisition on the lobster may be all right, but your attempt at darky dialect is a failure; the boy has no idea what you mean by 'squatulate;' that's some of your Northern coinage; let me try him. Ho, Gawge! Come heah an' stick yo' toof in owah poak an' chicken fixens."

He grinned, sat down and watched us eat crawfish; but when the Doctor offered him a dozen on a piece of bark he looked disgusted and said: "No, sah, I don' eat nun o' dem crawlahs; dey's p'ison."

He could not be induced to touch one; the argument that we had eaten them many times had no effect. Prejudice is a powerful thing, and is not to be put down by reasoning. The London boy in the country who wanted to go home and get good milk from the milkman because, "here they pull the milk out of a nahsty cow, I saw 'em do it," is a sample. An Arab, brought up on milk from mares, camels and asses, wonders why some people spleen against the milk of those animals, and we often run against a prejudice against frogs and eels, and all this is simply because they are unaccustomed foods to some people, who will not try to like them. George would not eat frogs, and here was a poor darky family living on hog and hominy, with an occasional fish or duck, declining to eat two things that are considered delicacies, the crawfish and the frog. The fried crappies were just to the boy's taste, and with the hardtack he made a meal before the ducks were served. But his appetite was of the full size ball-bearing, easy-running, self-lubricating, reversible action, non-assessable kind that, once started, was like Tennyson's "Brook," and as we had a desire to be hospitable the Doctor put in six more crappies that had been reserved for supper, for we intended to keep the teal for ourselves, as eating crawfish is as unsatisfactory as eating peanuts, one never gets enough, and can't stop until none are left.

The southern breeze that came up the river day and night made our camp delightful, because it kept off the mosquitoes, which, having no keel nor centerboard, can only go with the wind. After dinner we lay down and slept. What George did, or what he thought about an after-dinner nap, we did not know; but when I became conscious it was 4 P. M., and the boy was seated on a log with his bare feet dangling in the water. The Doctor soon aroused, and we arranged to go to the ma'sh where the ducks came at sundown; and here a new question arose.

"Doctor, this old tub of a boat is all right to float down stream in, but suppose this marsh is some miles down the river, how will we get back? In my younger life I thought myself a fair oarsman, but would have hesitated to take an old water-soaked packing box like ours a great way up stream."

The Doctor reflected a minute before he said: "The river is wide here; there is but little current, and the wind will be with us coming back. How far is the ma'sh, George?"

"Jess yandah, sah, awn de oder side in de grass you see aroun' de bend."

"Not a mile," the Doctor remarked, "we're good for that, I think; what do you say?"

"Of course we're good for that; I can swim that distance, and tow the old tub if you'll pole a little. Let's get the guns and ammunition aboard, and get over and build our blind. The only drawback is that we have no light boat to chase cripples and pick up the birds."

The boy said: "I'll swim out fo' de ducks."

Among the Ducks.

We had already limited our killing to six blue-winged teal to be taken to New Orleans, as has been related. The marsh was in a bend of the river, and covered several miles. We had no decoys, but we had some poles, over which we laid grass, and waited. Along about sundown the sharp-eyed boy jumped up and yelled: "Dah he come!" and a flock of pintails swerved to the east and passed us out of shot.

"George," said I, "many are the men and boys that I have killed for scaring game away, but I don't want to kill you, 'cause you's a good boy. But I'm a Yankee, an' a Yankee jess likes to kill a darky boy an' cook him fo' his dinnah. Didden yo' fader tole yo' I was a Yankee? If he didden, den heah's Dr. Gawden'll tell yo', an' if yo' yells out w'en de ducks is a-comin' in, Gawge, I'll hab to 'cide ef I has ducks fo' dinnah o' a roas' darky boy. I doan lak fo' to kill yo', but yo' mus' keep still an' not 'larm de ducks."

"Very good! Better dialect," said my friend. "Now George, you must keep down and keep still. When you see ducks coming say 'Mark!' in a low voice or our Yankee friend may do as he says, fo' he's a sho 'nuff Yankee, an' he might think that he would rather eat yo' than a duck. Yo's heard 'bout Yankees?"

With his eyes fixed in a stare on my face and almost a pallor on his face the horrified boy managed to say: "I'se heered 'bout 'em, but he doan look lak a Yankee. I'll keep still, but yo' ain' no Yankee, is you'?"

"Yes, I am a Yankee, but I don' eat colored boys now, 'less I hab to kill 'em fo' scarin' ducks away. If yo' keep quiet and do as Dr. Gordon says, yo' will go home to yo' mammy safe."

The ducks came in and we could have slain hundreds. Our forbearance puzzled the boy then, and perhaps he does not understand it to this day. Our limit was six blue-winged teal, for green-wings were scarce. But a flock of green-wings came over and we gathered in four of them.

Said the Doctor: "We did not count on these small ducks, hardly as large as a pigeon, but let us rate them at two for one blue-wing in weight of meat, how do you rank them in the epicurean sense?"

"Higher than the blue-wing, and that's very high. But tastes differ as well as ducks, and I know men who prefer green-wing teal to any duck." A flock of ducks was coming up, and we were watching them, when they whirled away over the stream and might have turned and come our way, behind the island, but the excitement was too great for George, who jumped and called out: "Yandah he go!" Then he caught my fixed gaze and collapsed. Every time he raised his eyes he met the same gaze. He picked at his fingers and was wishing himself safely on shore, but in all his after movements he kept the Doctor between him and that gaze.

A single duck came over and the Doctor winged it, and now George saw his chance, and in he plunged to catch it in water almost knee deep. The duck would dive, and the boy could see it in the shallow water and would rush to head it off, for with one wing broken it circled about, and once I might have shot it, but the boy was in the way. He splashed and tumbled after the bird for a while, but lost it in the marsh and returned with his two garments dripping. He spoke to the Doctor: "Sometime I mos' fotch him, an' den he gwine undah, an' I run hard fo' him an' 'spec' to fotch him w'en he come up, but I fall down an' he crawl in de grass, an' w'en I get dah he gawn." He would occasionally glance my way, but I had punished him enough, and no longer stared at him in a cannibalistic manner.

A Few fo' de Fambly.

We had our allotment of six blue-wings, or their equivalent, when I said: "Doctor, we have reached the limit where we agreed to stop shooting."

"All right, we'll go to camp."

"Doctah, mommy say w'en yo's got mo' ducks 'an yo' want, yo' might send some fo' de fambly."

"How many in yo' fambly, Gawge?" the Doctor asked.

"Dah's me an' Ben an' Pete an' Bill an' Jo an' Mose an' Kate an' Lucy an' Sue an' Lindy, I 'spec's dat's all."

"That's ten children, and the old folks make an even dozen. The ducks are coming in thicker now. What d' ye say, shall we load the boy up?"

"Yes, it's a fair excuse for more shooting; there will be no waste. Mark behind." A big flock of pintails came fairly over us, and the four barrels brought down seventeen ducks, of which only one got away, although we had to shoot two of them again. "Only eight more," said the Doctor, "to make just two apiece 'fo de fambly.'" That was a good start. The next flock yielded six "Two more," said the Doctor, and a bunch of blue-wings came past and left us seven. "And that's good measure," was the Doctor's remark.

As George lived on that side of the river and knew a short cut to the road, he gathered his ducks and proposed to carry them home. "Let's see," the Doctor soliloquized, "twenty-two sprigtails, twice two are four; and a half make 11lbs. more, that's fifty-five, and the teal." Then aloud: "Why, boy, there are over 60lbs. of ducks, and you've got four miles to go. You can't do it. Make two loads of them and you'll have all you want to carry then."

Concerning a Mink.

We strung half the ducks on a string through the under bill, and tying the ends of the string, put it over his left shoulder and under his right arm, as a soldier carries his blanket in the field, the ducks equally divided in front and rear. He wanted to leave the rest of the birds on a hummock until he returned. As he could not return under three hours, and the sun had gone down, I overruled his proposition by saying to the Doctor: "We have killed these ducks to be used as food, and we must see that they are so used. I will not agree to leave them in this marsh, for I know what occurs after dark here as well as I know what is sure to happen to an unprotected duck on the Bowery after the shades of night have fallen. One mink has a good nose, twenty minks have twenty good noses, and as soon as it is dark there be scores of mink hunting crippled ducks and other prey in this marsh, and coming on a pile of ducks there would not be one left beside the stake which we planted to mark the spot where the game was left. These ducks must go to our camp, where the boy can surely find them, even if he travels further."

"But," said the Doctor, "I have understood that the mink only sucks the blood of living creatures, and if so, why should he carry off ducks that are dead, and which yield no blood?"

The boy had gone, for I had spoken authoritively, and as we poled toward camp I found occasion to say: "You have a wrong understanding of the habits of the mink, but your view of the habits of this animal is the popular one. I can't work hard and talk at the same time. You pole over to the east side of the river, where you remarked that there was no current when we came down, and I will steer and unfold unto you the true character of the mink."

When we got into the slack water I resumed: "A mink loves warm blood, and if one gets into a hennery, a duckery or among other birds where it can load up on warm blood there is hardly a limit to the number of fowl that it will kill. Such an orgie seldom happens more than once in the life of an individual mink. If it comes to one it is the event of his lifetime. He enjoys it as Jack does a night in the Tenderloin after being penned up on a cruiser for six months. Fresh, warm blood in quantities *ad lib.* are in the nature of a grand carouse to a mink, but not any part of his every-day life. His food is meat, but he will discard meat for warm blood if it is on tap, just as we will discard our hardtack for soft bread when we get to New Orleans. I speak by the card, because in my younger life, as a trapper, I often took the mink with baits of chicken, fish and partridge, and they have killed my pet wood ducks by the dozen when they found an opening in the pens."

The Last Night on the River.

It was very dark when we reached camp, and it might have puzzled us to find it if the few coals from our fire had not indicated it. The moon was past the full and would not be up for some hours, and but few stars were visible.

"Doctor, we are hungry, and if you remember there is nothing to eat in camp but hard bread and butter. The fish that we had cleaned and laid by for supper you fried for that ever-hungry darky boy, there must have been a dozen at least. What will we do?"

"Eat bread and butter, I suppose, for the ducks are too freshly killed to eat. There are frogs enough bellowing around us, but it's too dark to get them. What do you say?"

"I say that bread, butter and tea are not enough, and as you say the ducks are too warm to eat. Just skin out the breast of one of the boy's pintails and I'll get a catfish supper out of this river in short order; they are night feeders, and while I fish you gather some wood and have everything else in order."

With a strong hand-line and a dozen fair-sized hooks I ran out a set-line baited with duck, for there was no time to fish in the regular way. The line was staked out at each end, and ran out a hundred feet. Then I went ashore and was seated by the fire when the Doctor came in with a load of dry wood.

"I thought you were fishing!"

"I am."

If the Doctor was curious to know how I was fishing he said no more, but peeled bark for plates, and went on with his work. Bark plates, burned after each meal, are away ahead of the tin abominations which need washing. After a while my watch said that the line had been fishing twenty minutes, and I jumped into the boat and took it in. Of the twelve hooks, four were skinned and the others had one big, soft-shelled turtle, two medium sized eels and five catfish weighing from 1 to 6 lbs. Here was supper and breakfast too, and I took the overcoats from those eels and from three of the smaller catfish in short order, for in boyhood days I always prepared my catch for mother's table, and I was expert in relieving a bullhead or an eel of his jacket, and the Doctor had them in the frying pan before they had time to make his acquaintance. An appetite is a thing that improves with age, up to a certain point, where it vanishes. The odor from Doctor Gordon's pan stimulated a rather fagged appetite and increased its energy.

"Don't you think they are done, Doctor?"

"Just about done. You pour the tea and I'll just fry a couple of these hardtack that I have soaked in water. Here's an eel to begin on."

Verily, Louisiana is a land of plenty. If a man could get along without bread he could live for years as we lived. The woods and the waters would furnish food, and if he lacked ammunition he could get fish and game by more primitive methods, if he knew how to spear and trap. The De Long party of wrecked arctic explorers perished in sight of game in Siberia because there was not a woodsman in the party. To them the footprints of the nocturnal arctic hare meant nothing; the deer did not stand to be shot, and they starved amid plenty. Perhaps the same party might have starved in the Louisiana lowlands, surrounded by a wealth of life, but we never came near the vanishing point of hunger, nothing more than what they call being "sharp set," across the water.

We had smoked, and were lying on the canvas after a full feed in what I call "hog comfort," and it must have been a full hour before my friend remarked: "It's about time the moon came up; it's nearly 11 now by my watch."

Voices across the river were coming nearer, and as we heard men getting into the flatboat we knew that some one was coming for the ducks. We listened and heard: "Yo', Mose, yo' ain' pushin' hahd; I kain stee'; an' ef yo' doan push, an' we'll go down de ribbah."

"I'se a-pushin' awn mah pole, but Ben and Pete is bofe awn he uddah side, an' I'se done ovah. I sees de fiah fum de camp an' I'se wuckin' to get dah, but dem boys boun' to push me down ribbah."

"Yo', dah, Ben an' Pete! Doan push so hahd ag'in Mose, o' we doan go 'cross."

When they landed, young George was not with the party. His father explained that the boy was afraid to come back for the ducks. "'Cause," he said, "dey was a man who said he was a Yankee and dat he sometime eat a cullud boy, an' he look at him 's if he like to chaw awn him. But I tell him dat Yankees is lak oddah people; but he doan want fo' to come."

We gave them the ducks, the turtle and the two big catfish, and as they left I called the Doctor's attention to the fact that there was nothing in camp for breakfast, and that we must be ready to start for Plaquemine some time to-morrow, and that it might be after dark when we got there, and being human we must eat on the way.

"My dear boy," said the Doctor, "the richness of the fried eels and catfish may disarrange your internal economy, and I advise that you take these pills. As for a supply of food, I have so far relied on you for it, and there seems to be no reason why I should not rely on the same source for what we need on the morrow."

"Thanks, Doctor; but if you will get up early and catch fish enough for breakfast I will feel that you have no reason to rely entirely upon me for our sustenance; good night."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Mr. Lee's Alaska Game.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your favor of Oct. 29 has just been forwarded to me at this place. As I am here for a few weeks, having some grand sport shooting quail and chickens, I note what you say about reprinting my interview with the Post-Intelligencer. There are some statemens in that interview which are not as I gave them. It states that each animal was shot behind the ear, which is not at all correct. I shot a few of the animals in the head, while others were shot through the neck and some back of the shoulder. You will kindly make this correction.

I shall send you a photograph, which I had taken at Seattle, as it gives a much finer view of the heads and with it shall send a description in full of my hunt, which I think might be interesting to brother sportsmen.

I have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM for twelve years. HARRY E. LEE.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My letter to FOREST AND STREAM, which was published in your issue of Nov. 5, was written in reply to the letter of W. O. Owen which appeared in an earlier issue of your paper. I had not then read Mr. Owen's letter which appears in conjunction with mine in the Nov. 5 issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

This last letter of Mr. Owen contains so many glaring but artful untruths, which, if not denied, may be believed by your readers, that I ask in behalf of myself and the truth-loving mountain climbers of the clubs of America space sufficient to direct the attention of those who are most interested in this question to these misstatements.

In referring to my statement in Scribner's Magazine for June, 1873, relative to the knobs surrounding the Grand Teton, Mr. Owen says, "There are no surrounding knobs," etc. I answer that there are such knobs or pinnacles, and that the photograph taken by Mr. Owen, and published by him in the New York Herald of Sept. 18, shows three knobs or pinnacles in addition to the main summit.

In speaking of the ice sheet, Mr. Owen declares that in my Scribner article I say that Stevenson and I (I quote from Owen) "climbed over it for a distance of 175ft. by kicking steps with their feet in the *hard, blue ice.*" (The italics are Mr. Owen's.)

Mr. Owen here gives utterance to a plain falsehood; and to intensify the deception he italicizes the false quotation. There is no such statement as that which he pretends to quote to be found in my article. That magazine may be found in the public libraries, and I ask every one who desires to ascertain the truth to examine my article, when this false statement will be apparent.

On page 143 I speak of this ice sheet as "a coating of ice and snow"; and a fair inference from this statement and subsequent references to it, show that it was not "hard, blue ice," but a honeycombed mixture of ice and snow, such as we find on a mountain side, rapidly disappearing under the influence of the sun's rays. Mr. Owen also tries to make it appear that I assert that we climbed the face of this sheet of ice and snow. On page 144, line 6, I distinctly state that we climbed along the side or edge of the ice sheet, and made the ascent by "laying hold of the rocky points at the side."

Mr. Owen, in presenting what he claims is a plausible reason why I still maintain my claim to having reached the summit, says: "Capt. Langford at the time of his alleged ascent was chief of a division of the Hayden Survey."

This statement is absolutely untrue. I have never been even a member of the U. S. Geological Survey. The nearest approach to it by me was the suggestion of Dr. Hayden, made on the occasion of the union of the two branches of the Survey in 1872, that there be created an honorary membership, in which I might be included; but nothing ever resulted from this suggestion. My relations to the Survey at that time are shown from the following quotation from Dr. Hayden's report for 1872, page 5:

"N. P. Langford, C. L. Spencer and Dr. Reagles accompanied the Snake River Division from Fort Hall as guests."

Mr. Owen asserts that Beaver Dick was one of the ascending party, and to back up that assertion he publishes the affidavit of William A. Richards, who swears that Beaver Dick, on or about June 30, 1874, stated to him (I quote from the affidavit) "that he was one of the party, and knew just how far up the mountain Langford and Stevenson had gone, and knew that they had not reached the summit."

This statement illustrates the recklessness and disregard of truth with which Mr. Owen makes his most positive assertions. On page 140 in my Scribner article I say that our ascending party was composed of fourteen persons. Hon. Robert Adams, Jr., now Representative in Congress from the 2d Pennsylvania District, Philadelphia, was one of our ascending party. He was a member of the U. S. Geological Survey from 1871 to 1875, and in 1872 he was correspondent of the New York Herald. In a letter to that paper dated Aug. 1, 1872, a copy of which I have in my scrap book, where it may be seen by any interested person, he says: "The next morning the party of fourteen set out from camp: James Stevenson, Prof. Bradley, Mr. Taggart, Mr. Beckler, Mr. Hamp, Mr. Coulter (botanist), Mr. West, Mr. Langford, Dr. Curtis, Dr. Reagles, Messrs. Adams, Spencer, Keyser and Sherman."

Mr. Adams here gives the names of the fourteen of whom I speak in my Scribner article. Beaver Dick's name (Richard Leigh) is not in the list. Where then was Beaver Dick while we were making the ascent? Mr. Stevenson had sent him and Shep Medary in search of a feasible route over the mountains to the Firehole geysers, and on the day of our ascent, and for several days both prior and subsequent to it, he was engaged in this service. This statement is not an afterthought; the fact was recorded by me twenty-five years ago in my Scribner's Magazine article, on page 148, in the following words: "Beaver Dick and Shep Medary, who improved the time we had spent in visiting the Tetons by exploring a route for our train over the main range, returned into camp with the report that by following up Middle River we could pass over a divide at the head of that stream into the basin of the Firehole River."

Beaver Dick knew that he was not one of the party making the ascent, and it is evident that Gov. Richards did not rightly understand him. Beaver Dick was the guide of the Survey; but on the day of our ascent he was fifty miles away, as the above record clearly shows.

I have no doubt that Gov. Richards intended to state the exact truth when he made his affidavit on Oct. 4 of this year but a quarter of a century is a long time for a busy man in active political life to look back and to accurately recall the details of a conversation of this nature. In my opinion Beaver Dick's statement was misunderstood; but I leave the matter for all who are interested to judge whether Gov. Richards is probably mistaken or whether Beaver Dick's memory of these events had so failed that he made a statement which, on reflection, he would realize was incorrect.

Hon. Chas. N. Potter, Chief Justice of Wyoming, says of Mr. Cooper: "I would have no hesitation whatever in accepting implicitly any statement made by him."

Judge Potter's good opinion of Mr. Cooper will not be shared by everybody. Mr. Cooper swears that he was a member of the U. S. Geological Survey in 1872. Mr. Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer of the Survey, and a member of it in 1872, says that Mr. Cooper was not a member in 1872. Mr. Cooper also swears that he was a member of the Wheeler expedition in 1872. The Wheeler expedition of 1872 was under the direction of the War Department; that of Hayden was under the direction of the Interior Department, and they were not connected. Was Mr. Cooper at the same time a packer in both the Wheeler and Hayden Surveys, separated by long distances and mountain ranges?

Mr. Cooper also swears that at the time in 1872 and 1873 when he was with the Wheeler expeditions he was personally acquainted with me as one who had charge of a division. In regard to this I say, what the members of the Geological Survey know, that I was never in the field with the Survey except in the year 1872, and that I was never a member of the Survey, nor had charge of a division. During the entire summer of 1872 I was with the Stevenson branch of Hayden's Survey. I did not even know of the Wheeler expedition until long after. I now know that Cooper never saw me. His affidavit, well prepared in some respects, exhibits the inherent weakness of a declaration which, having a slight coloring of truth, is chiefly notorious for a disregard of facts.

Which of these statements of this reliable man would he have us believe? They cannot both be true, and yet he swears to both. Whether the one or the other be true, the oath of Mr. Cooper does not make either one more worthy of credence.

From Mr. Cooper's affidavit concerning his ascent of the Teton I quote the following: "The aneroid given me by Prof. Hayden, especially for this trip, showed an altitude slightly in excess of 13,000ft.—the exact figures I cannot recall, but I made a careful note of them at the time, and subsequently gave them to Prof. Hayden."

Does anybody believe that Mr. Cooper, a packer in the Survey, possessed the technical knowledge necessary to compute from an aneroid registration the height of a mountain, or that he made such a computation "at the time," as he swears? I leave the answer to this question to those who know how to make such computations, for I do not know how they are made.

As it is evident that very many of the statements made by Mr. Cooper in his affidavit are untrue, it becomes an open question which each interested person will answer for himself whether any portion of Mr. Cooper's affidavit is entitled to credence. An examination of it will furnish to any one who is interested only in discovering the truth abundant evidence that the declarations imputed to Mr. Stevenson were never made by him.

Mr. Owen, in support of his claim, quotes from a letter from Mr. Gannett, well knowing that Mr. Gannett had on investigation altered his views, and had so written to Mr. Owen. Mr. Gannett says in his letter to FOREST AND STREAM that Owen "should have told not only the truth, but the whole truth," and should not have quoted his first letter and omitted the second.

Mr. Gannett's recognized abilities and the responsible position he occupies in the Geological Survey entitle his opinion to the highest consideration. Mr. Owen's attempt to establish his contention by publishing as Mr. Gannett's opinion what he knows is not his opinion, and thus alleging to be true what he knows is not true in this respect, taken in connection with the other misstatements herein referred to, reveals the character of a man destitute of any high ideal of moral honesty.

The barometric computations from the aneroid which I carried were made by Mr. Gannett. They show that I reached the same elevation on the Teton as that attained by Mr. Owen. It is a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Gannett is still living to give to an interested public, and especially to the various mountain climbing clubs of America, the truth connected with the history of an event which, with the lapse of a quarter of a century, has passed out of the memory of nearly all those who were not directly connected with it.

Mr. Owen attempts to ridicule the statement that I carried an overcoat to the summit, and also that I found mosquitoes at that great elevation.

It was for the purpose of freeing myself from all unnecessary weight of clothing that I left in the camp my camping coat and wore a much lighter overcoat, and none other. Mr. Owen need not worry over the thought that I burdened myself with two coats.

Mr. Owen thinks that my statement that we found mosquitoes at our greatest elevation is conclusive evidence that we reached only the slab inclosure. On this point I have the testimony of Mr. Adams, who himself reached a point hundreds of feet above the line of perpetual snow. In his letter to the New York Herald he says: "Mosquitoes too extended far above the snow line, and undauntedly attacked us during our progress." If mosquitoes can live far above the snow line they can live on the top of the Grand Teton.

These straw arguments at which Mr. Owen grasps are too frivolous and puerile to demand respectful attention. It is incomprehensible how an intelligent man can present such as they are in trying to bolster up his claim.

Mr. Owen still seems to think that the strongest proof that Mr. Stevenson and I did not reach the summit is found in the fact that we erected no cairn nor monument. He says: "I desire to place especial emphasis on the fact that our most critical, conscientious and thorough search failed to reveal the slightest shadow of a former ascent. Not a stone was turned over, no cairn or monument erected."

I accept this challenge as a test of the fact at issue, and submit the matter to the judgment of the mountain climbing clubs of America.

Apropos of this argument, the following quotations, which I am permitted to make from a recent letter to Warren Upham, secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society, from Prof. Charles E. Fay, the editor of Appalachia, the journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club, is most interesting. Prof. Fay writes:

"On the occasion of a most attractive first ascent in

the Canadian Rockies this past summer, I failed to erect a cairn in evidence of this first appearance of man on the spot, familiar as I am with the fact that custom among mountaineers almost requires the formality. Had I not, by a not unmitigated misfortune, left behind me one of my pairs of goggles—the green glass of which is at least indestructible, and which may at the proper moment escape being covered with snow—our visit would lack all possible substantiation, if any one saw fit to assert that my series of photographs, made from the summit, were taken from points much below the same."

In Mr. Owen's disregard of facts, and in his attempt to gather and knit together these odd ends of defamation, having their origin for the most part in rumor and hearsay, for the purpose of piecing out a consistent calumny with a web of a little truth and more falsehood, we have a realization of the truth of a sentiment uttered, if I mistake not, by the distinguished Lord Clarendon. "The judgment of God," said that nobleman, "will be plainly visible in infatuating a party ripe and prepared for destruction." NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD.

Natural History.

About Trees.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article "About Trees" in your last issue is by one of the most careful observers and accurate reporters of things odd and interesting in nature. I should think more of his dictum than that of almost any other man personally known to me. If, as he thinks, the common notion that just as sap ascends in the spring it returns in the fall is wrong, Mr. Hardy has started a very interesting discussion, and one which I hope will stimulate observation and give us the result in FOREST AND STREAM. I am unable to contribute anything of value, having merely accepted the common idea that sap returns in the fall, though supposing it to be in much reduced volume. I have, like Mr. Hardy, heard of maple syrup being made from sap drawn in the fall, but supposed it was the returning sap, and that the fact that trees were seldom tapped at that time was because the fall flow was small. Mr. Hardy's arguments are strong. If growth and expansion depend on sap then the swelling of buds in fall and winter prove the presence of sap.

Mr. Hardy's experiments proving the enormous pressure required to "send sap up through solid wood" are most interesting. I, however, suspect the possibility of an error in his conclusion. It will be remembered that his bit-hole was plugged with dry poplar, and that when a piece 4in. long was tried the resistance was such that the "sap ceased to force its way through to the end and began to creep out at the sides about half an inch from the end." Now, I suspect that dry poplar and living rock maple are two very different things, and that in the latter the sap has not a resistance to overcome, but finds the lifting power itself, which draws it up, instead of a resistance to be overcome by some hypothetical vis a tergo. That the tremendous bursting or lateral pressure spoken of by Mr. Hardy exists there can be no doubt whatever; but I suspect that to explain it we shall have to know something of what "life" means. When we can tell just why water leaps up through a lump of dry sugar or in a capillary tube, in such direct opposition to its ordinary action in seeking the lowest level, we may have taken the first step in our explanation of the ascent of the sap in a tree, but is it not likely that another will be made when we know just what is involved in the phenomena of endosmose and exosmose, and still another, and the greatest of all, when we go beyond mechanics and find what life means and the exact difference between inanimate and animate tissue?

My suspicion is that sap is drawn up, and not pushed up. But whatever be the power and however it may be applied, it is certainly tremendous. The physical power of the plant organism we have all seen exerted where trees growing in the cleft of a ledge have pried apart, lifted and sometimes thrown over heavy masses of rock, and I believe a case is on record of a tree growing up through the hole in the center of an abandoned millstone, and eventually lifting the stone, and still growing, sustaining the whole weight of the stone on the expanded portion near the root. I cannot give chapter and verse for this, but often heard of it when a boy, and think the case was well known in my neighborhood. The discussion reminds me of an experiment made at the Amherst Agricultural College some twenty-five or more years ago to test the physical force exerted by a growing squash. As I recall it the test was made by placing a lever across a growing squash in such manner that by attaching weights to one end of the lever the pressure on the squash could be accurately computed, the weight being gradually increased until the squash, without rupture of tissue, lifted and sustained the surprising weight of nearly 3,000lbs.! The natural reflection of almost every one would be, I think, like that of a friend of mine, who vowed he should think it would "squash the squash."

If such a soft tissued thing as a squash plant has a sucking or pumping apparatus equal to such a performance, what may we not believe possible of such an iron-limbed tree as the rock maple of our Northern hills!

Since my letter, like Mr. Hardy's, is mainly "about trees," let me mention, as I did some years ago in these columns, the notion prevalent in some quarters that birch trees are never struck by lightning.

My old guide, T. W. Billings, of Brownville, Me., often spoke of the notion, and took delight in pointing out to me a practical refutation of it in the case of a tall young birch near the Gulf road, above Katahdin Iron Works, which had the telltale streak of a lightning bolt nearly the whole length of it, though it was still alive. During my recent trip to the Maine woods I discovered another undoubted instance of a lightning-marked white birch. Why the birch should ever have been considered "immune" from lightning I never knew.

Again, as to the more rapid rate of growth of the white pine as given by the college professor, I can corroborate Mr. Hardy. There is at this moment—unless cut within the past year—on a piece of land in Boscowen, N. H., adjoining what was my father's farm, and which was bare pasture when I was a boy, a sturdy growth of white pine, many of the trunks of which are at least 18in. in diameter a foot from the ground. This growth cannot be more than forty-five years old.

As to Mr. Hardy's inference, that because the same tree produces material so different as bark, leaves, nutshell and nut fruit, the sap must be of varying quality, I do not see why this follows any more than different qualities of blood in the human system are to be inferred because from the blood is drawn that which nourishes such diverse substances as the bones, nails, hair, muscle and nerve tissue, and the lenses and fluids of the eye.

Must we not in this case also look to the mysterious selective power of the organism, the attribute of life, for the explanation of what is accomplished?

It is true that I cannot answer Mr. Hardy's question, and that I am equally with him desirous of having it answered; but I am sure he will tolerate my suggestion that, however much we may learn of the mechanics of these wonderful performances of plants, we are likely to find that the final reason for them cannot be given in terms of mechanics. C. H. AMES.

The Shedding of Deer's Horns.

NEW YORK.—Will you kindly give us your decision on a discussion a number of us had. Do the deer drop their horns each winter, and go without horns for several months? Also, how soon do they grow again? Some of the party claimed that when they drop their horns new ones are immediately seen, in other words, the outer part of the horn peels off. The other party claimed that the entire horn falls off, and it takes several months for the new one to appear. By giving your opinion on the above, you will greatly oblige J. S. EHRICH.

[It is not a matter of opinion, but of observed facts. The deer drops its horns annually, in the fall or winter, or sometimes in the spring. As observed by Judge Caton, "When the antler is dropped in the fall or winter the periosteum which surrounds the pedicel, or the process of the skull on which the antler grows, the edge of which was left naked and bleeding when the old antler was cast off, commences extending itself over the naked end of the bone which it surrounds, and which constituted the seat of the antler, and in a few days at most it has closed over it, and consists of a thick vascular naked covering with a black cuticle, and in this condition it remains, just fairly filling the concavity which is left by the lower convex end of the discarded antler. This vascular covering forms no more during the winter, but the blood circulates moderately through it. This remains in a quiet state till spring, when vegetation begins to shoot forth and a scanty supply is procured by the deer. Then the top of the pedicel rises up in convex form, assuming first the appearance of a great blood blister. Now the antler commences a longitudinal growth, the top maintaining its convex form, while the beam attains at once its full diameter; and so it grows in length, but never appreciably in thickness. When the beam has attained the height where it is to throw off a branch, it first becomes flattened at the end, and then bifurcation takes place, and the two parts grow on pari passu, ever increasing in length, but not in diameter, that which is to be the longest growing faster than the other, and so on to the completion of the external growth, so that all the parts shall be completed about the same time. When this growth is finished externally, the circulation of blood along the antler becomes slower and at last ceases. The vascular covering, called the velvet, and which consists of the periosteum overlaid with a short, dense fur, is rubbed off by the animal against small trees or other convenient objects."

The process is described at length in Judge Caton's work "Antelope and Deer of America."]

A Note on Buffalo.

A PRIVATE letter dated in October, from Uinta county, Wyoming, gives the following notes on buffalo—or as they are more commonly called by mountain men bison—just outside the Yellowstone National Park. The announcement that a calf was following the cow is the more interesting because most reports this year from the Park affirm that no calves or signs of calves have been seen there this summer. We are disposed to think, however, that some calves have been born. The writer of the letter says: "This spring we saw where a buffalo cow had wintered in the Wind River range, and this spring she went back toward the Park, and had a calf with her. Also, one of the guides saw where some buffalo, three or four, were running between the Buffalo Fork of the Snake and the headwaters of the Gray Bull and Stinking Water.

"Bears are certainly increasing here. I suppose that it is owing to the small number of trappers, and the overflow from the Park. I hope that the Park will be enlarged."

A Maine White Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. R. Hegeman, Jr., the well-known sportsman and hunter, is the lucky man. For several years strange, weird stories have come from guides and hunters in the neighborhood of Mount Katahdin of a ghost or phantom buck of enormous size having been seen in this mountain. Many so-called crack shots had fired at the animal only to see a white object disappear into the forest. Guides became superstitious, believing the strange animal was protected against bullets by some special providence. However, such was not the case, as has been proved by Mr. Hegeman. He was hunting with his guide toward the top of the mountain, when they saw through the brush some strange white form standing between a good-sized pine tree and some large boulders. They could not distinguish just what the object was, as the tree and brush hid most of the body.

As the animal had not been startled, the hunter watched it breathlessly for a few moments. Suddenly a pale reddish-colored head of a buck with magnificent antlers marched down in the brush to nibble some food. The head surmounted a snow-white neck and shoulders, and looking the other side of the tree could be outlined the pure white hindquarters of the animal. The head partly disappeared again and left no shot except one which was most difficult to calculate on.

Carefully outlining the body, Mr. Hegeman figured out the position where the vital spot would come behind the tree, and taking careful aim, fired deliberately through the pine tree and into the buck. The ball, having flattened somewhat, entered the deer in the proper spot just back of the shoulder, dropping him in his tracks.

The deer was undoubtedly the long-hunted phantom, and is said to be the strangest specimen of an albino that has ever been seen or captured. The entire body is snow-white, with the exception of a few reddish spots on the shoulder. The head is a light reddish color, mixed with white hair reaching down to the nose and under jaw, which are also white. The feet are black as coal. The deer weighed 240lbs., when dressed, an exceptionally heavy weight. W. W. H.

A Red Squirrel which Turned White.

BREWER, Me., Nov. 8.—Yesterday I obtained a most remarkable specimen of red squirrel, not so much on account of his color as the fact that we have positive proof that since June he has changed from the common color to nearly white. Last June we saw a red squirrel in our garden. This is a very uncommon thing, as we are over a mile from any trees except shade trees, and do not see a squirrel here once in a good many years. He kept visiting us quite often. In September, when my daughter was picking crab apples, he several times came into the tree close to her, and then was quite light in color, and she saw and told me that he had a notch in one ear as if it had been bitten. Lately, men working for me have several times told me of seeing a white squirrel in my garden. Yesterday I shot it, and it proved to be the same one, as the notch in his ear proved conclusively. He had a quite dark head to the ears. All the rest of his body is white, tinged with reddish gray, but looking pure white a short distance off. His tint is like that of any red squirrel, but shows signs of changing color at the base.

I have seen a great many albinos of many kinds of animals and birds, but this is the first instance I have ever known where it could be proved that one became white by changing color. I omitted to say that his eyes were the common color, instead of being pink, as is usual in albinos. M. HARDY.

The Ways of Roots in the Ground.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A peculiar phenomenon, which might be classed as a case of "natural selection," has recently come under my observation, and might prove of interest to your readers. Some twenty years ago, my grandfather permitted the body of a person who died without relatives or friends to be placed in his burying lot. The lot having since become somewhat crowded, it was found necessary to remove this body, which had been placed in a simple wooden coffin for interment. When the grave was opened for the purpose of removing the body, it was found that nothing remained of it but a few teeth and some hair. But now comes the remarkable part. Near the head of the grave grows a medium-sized cedar tree, a root of which had entered the grave at its head, and had continued its growth throughout the length of the body, branching at the limbs and continuing throughout their length. Branches had also left the main root at the shoulders, and had assumed practically the shape of the arms. The root was detached from the tree and reinterred. WARREN.

MISSISSIPPI, Nov. 7.

[This comes with a letter from Coahama, who vouches for the reliability of Mr. Shelton's statements.]

Quadrupeds in Town.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Even the fragrant and thoroughly independent American skunk has apparently come to appreciate the educational advantages of this university city, and he is no longer a rare old visitor to the business center of the place. Within a few days two of these animals have been killed scarce a stone's throw from the principal street, and the death of the second one disclosed the fact that a happy family of five little skunks, snugly ensconced under a friendly barn, have been made orphans. But the city cat, after the manner of the municipal tabby the world over, has appeared upon the scene in quest of enjoyment, and daily gives the disconsolate family of skunkies a violent romp.

One morning recently a gray rabbit common to the covers about here came scudding down State street (the main business street), pursued by a foxhound in full cry, and for the length of two of the busiest blocks there was a fine example of enclosed coursing. Gaping clerks, clamorous fruit venders and blasé men about town elbowed each other ferociously for a view of the wildly exciting chase, which ended by bunny saving his white flag of truce under a yawning culvert.

M. CHILL.

A. O. U. Meeting.

THE sixteenth annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union is being held this week in Washington, D. C. The first session, the business meeting, was held on Monday evening, Nov. 14, at 8 o'clock, at the Army Medical Museum, at which the active members of the Union considered the election of new members and such other business matters as came before them.

The public sessions of the Union are being held at the United States National Museum, commencing on the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 11 o'clock. These sessions are devoted to the reading and discussion of papers.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Deer Hunting in the Alleghanies.

IT is to be hoped that the average reader does not care for tales merely giving statistics of great slaughter, and will permit me to recount some of the incidents of an expedition after deer without requiring me to make his senses swim in blood by details of the death of enough noble animals to load a freight car. I was educated to a large extent on Sir Gordon Cummings and Sir Samuel Baker, and the main objects of each of those estimable gentlemen seemed to be to creep upon game with gunbearers bringing along an arsenal, and then shoot and shoot until he reached for more guns and found that the rest of his bearers, being cowardly, had taken refuge in a tree, and consequently failed to kill enough to quite feed the heathen principality in which the hunter found himself. Therefore, if the reader will excuse us for not killing more deer, he may get some idea of the conditions of the sport of deer hunting in the Alleghanies by allowing me to give an account of a recent trial.

In the State of West Virginia a provident and thoughtful Legislature tried to insure sport for a future generation by closing the season for killing deer for five years and thus causing the average mountaineer to come to a state of mental revolution, to the extent that while the majority sullenly obey the law, a grand jury of sixteen citizens refuse to find indictments for violations of the game law, for fear of opportunity, which might make felons of them all in the twinkling of an eye. The law apparently lacks sanction, and I do not believe that any good can come in cutting off all sport from sportsmen, who alone insure fair play for deer. On account of this law we were compelled to cross the line into Virginia, to go away from Newcastle for coals, and we settled on the adjoining county of Bath, near the famous Hot Springs, where the millionaires and their satellites most do congregate. Think of going within the sound of the locomotive to hunt—we who know of many a perfect wilderness. It could not be helped, and we relied upon having a good time camping, with the remote possibility of getting a deer.

We proposed to chase with hounds, and as it seems to be necessary for the deer chaser to defend his position as against those who lie in wait and murder in cold blood, as a preface, I wish to file a plea of justification. First, the market-hunter is invariably a still-hunter. Second, the chase affords sport for a whole party, and the deer has the finest show of escaping he could ask, while the expert and idle tug or sangdigger spends month after month locating deer that he may shoot them down like sheep. Third, only a small portion of the forest lies in the right shape to be hunted with hounds, leaving vast regions where deer can breed in the quiet necessary for their rapid increase. Lastly, it is the only way in which men who have work to do, and are consequently the bone and sinew of the land, can ever hope to kill a deer.

There never was a time when a novice could approach a deer in the woods on a still-hunt, and if they legislate from now till doomsday they will never be able to go into the woods and shoot deer as they fondly imagine.

We had to raise a pack of hounds, and it having been against the laws in this State to chase for ten years, we had less difficulty in finding four deer hounds than you might imagine. Three of them showed a suspicious amount of business sense. The first we got from a man who was under obligations to us, and his twelve-year-old boy looked so pitiful when he saw his dog was to brave the dangers of poison and getting lost in a strange country that it was hard to take him. I am glad to state that the boy's bosom companion has been restored to him sound and well. This was Jack.

Old Lias Harmon, who once camped two nights on the trail of a deer, and carried it twenty miles home, gave us another, and he died before we started. May he rest in peace. He was a most destructive hunter. This parting gift we called Harmon until it was lengthened to Harmony by a man with some latent poetry in him. Harmony would run all right, but had a tramp streak in him that caused him to put up at the first house he came to, and as at this season of the year hounds are worth their weight in silver in Bath, he is still there.

The third acquisition was Rebecca. She put on too many airs, and was not only no good herself, but she evidently tried to make Jack, Harmony and Driver believe that chasing was very unhoundlike behavior.

Driver was the apple of the eye of the guide. How such a dog could know so much about chasing, and come from West Virginia, will remain one of the great mysteries to those who believe that laws, to be observed, must simply be enacted. Driver was the starter. Almost any old dog will run a deer when his blood is up, but Driver would work until the deer was jumped. And such a voice! It was a mellow roar to be heard a mile.

To render this account more intelligible, the personnel of the party must be noticed. The roster: the Captain of gang, a lawyer from the city of Charleston; the Judge; the Doctor; the Prosecuting Attorney, familiarly called the "Persecutor"; the Hermit, a stock-raiser; the old Colonel, and a sable functionary, the cook, Old Joe, who has gone with us dozens of trips and who is almost indispensable.

We got together our tents, blankets, food and necessaries, and sent them on in a road wagon in charge of the Colonel and Joe. We followed, and after a drive of thirty miles reached our camping place on the banks of Jackson's River, here about 30yds. wide. This stream is the head of the James River. We had obtained permission to hunt upon the 3,000 acres comprising the Warwick estate, and as we passed the fine old mansion we called to pay our respects to the lady of the manor and her charming daughter, who alone remain to occupy that spacious country seat, which was once the center of life and gayety. We had come up with the heavy freight and from thence we trailed up to the head of the place and found a suitable camping place at the mouth of Muddy Run, where wood and water were convenient. Then the Judge and Doctor arrived, and we pitched the big tent and got comfortable. We had breakfast before day, and waited for the guide, who was to start the dogs. He evidently had sized us up as an inexperienced, luxurious set, and we had to wait near an hour on him. He was on hand after that. As a matter of fact, we could see it sticking out of all the natives that we were imposters, when in reality we had all of us killed deer and had had long experience in hunting them. Even old black Joe, on one notable occasion, had thrown down a loaded gun and gone into the flood and drowned a deer that was struggling with the hounds.

The first morning we were deployed up and down Jackson's River. The stream at this point is a set of long, smooth rapids, slipping away at rate unknown in other mountain streams of its size. The driver disappeared in the woods with the hounds. I got to my stand, which was like the rest at a place where the rush of the waters conjured all manner of sounds. A dozen times I heard the deer plunge into the water or the cry of the hounds on the trail. After about five hours of anxious waiting, we all trailed into camp again. No deer. The dogs had started a big one and driven it into the river two miles above the first stander. That was the history of most of the chasing. The deer would run wild. We would go to our posts, fall into a pleasant train of thought, chew the bitter cud of reflection, or else read a book with our eyes off the page half the time. Reading on the deer stand is permissible in our gang, but is not encouraged. One of our friends who opposed such reading had the strong side of the argument until one day, when it turned out that he was asleep at the critical moment.

On the whole Jackson's River is too much in the world for good deer hunting. Cows come and look over your shoulder and shake their bells and make you uneasy. We built fires to warm on the cold mornings, supported by the Judge's theory that we needed the smoke as a deodorizer. He said there was a suspicion of scented soap about some of us that would disgust a deer. About the middle of the week we put a five-pointed buck into the river at the poor farm, and it was killed by a man who was husking corn. Under the custom of the country we were entitled to all of this deer except a ham to the man who killed it, but we did not know of the killing until the next day, by which time it had been marketed at the Hot Springs. All the week our bad luck in general continued the same—never failing to start and the deer running wide. We held a trial over our guide when it was suggested that he was doing us, and pronounced him honest. The more experienced had had such luck a number of times. But with it all we had meat in pot, and the way it came to pass was a little peculiar.

In the afternoon of the first day the party scattered to hunt small game for a few hours, tramping through the fields for partridges, or scanning fallen logs in the woods for grouse. The Doctor had a peculiar ambition, however, and that was to kill a wildcat (bay lynx). Why, no one knew, for of all underhanded, sneaking, spiteful, cowardly animals when alive, and carrion when dead, the wildcat heads the list. He is about as noble an animal as a mangy dog. But the guide promised the Doctor to show him a den where there was the hair of a wildcat on the rocks, and did so; but the Doctor pronounced it coon hair and was still disconsolate. They then hunted the woods, having separated. In a few minutes the guide saw a buck fawn and shot it through the skin right over the saddle, and his dog, a shepherd, caught it in a few jumps. It was as large as many a yearling deer, and it was eaten down to the last morsel.

On the second day we had made things comfortable in camp. I do not believe that one ever ceases to learn how to camp. I have often thought if our volunteers had had some experience as campers they would have known how to have remained contented and well in camp, and the most distressing part of the war would have been averted. We lived in a big wall tent with a good wood stove in the corner. A table and two benches were made. The beds were filled with straw, and we had nice clean blankets to wrap up in. At night, when one would wake and breath the air of that high-pitched tent, he felt that he was taking in life and health with every breath. You may open your windows at home, but such air does not come over the yard fence as seems to circulate through the tent in the night time. One night was most wonderfully windy, and the tent creaked as if it could not possibly stand the gusts, but the majority of us got reckless, built a big fire in the stove and surrendered ourselves to the comfort of lying warm and drowsy, and letting the wind do its worst. Not so the Judge. He feared that the tent would blow down and catch fire, though he did not show his fear. After everybody was asleep, the Judge thought of his $275 shotgun, and stealthily packed it in its case. Then he slept the sleep of the just with it at hand. Morning came and nobody was afraid then, but the guide could not find his gun. He was terribly distressed about it, and it was finally discovered packed in the Judge's case, and so the exposure came, how the Judge was scared and packed up the ordinary, every-day shotgun of the guide for his own noted gun.

A week passed in this manner, and those of the party who live in the city took the train one Sunday night from home, and the "Persecutor" said that we would test it to see if there was a hoodoo among that part of the gang by having one more day's hunt. There were but three left to cover the river where seven had left gaps. The Judge had said we needed a whole regiment. But Monday morning dawned soft and cloudy, and we sent the three hounds to the woods, and the "Persecutor" went to the Fish Trap to look after the interests down stream, and the Colonel and I took our horses and went up stream to two stands the deer had been going through. In an hour or so word came by a man passing down that a big buck had been run in above the poor farm, and five or six shots had been heard, and the guide wanted me to come up the river and back up our lawful claim to the body as our deer. The Colonel had already gone on, and we were all shifted to the uttermost ends of the hunting territory, when we found that the dogs had been putting in a five-pointed buck in the river at different points, and that the buck and hounds had a hurry call, and were taking a general direction down stream. I rode to hounds that day. My first place was The Pines, and the buck and dogs came within 50yds. of the river there when he winded me and kept down stream. Then came a wild race with the hounds in full cry in hearing down a narrow valley for three miles, over rocks and through brush and plunging through the fords in water girth deep. I had a good lead on the Colonel most of the way. My saddle girth had been broken the day before, and was tied with a shoe string, and I was carrying a heavy Winchester. It was desperate work. I lost my lead by hearing a house dog behing me, and turning back for a couple of hundred yards. Then the Colonel got by on a skinny bay colt, and he got to the "Persecutor's" stand just as the deer came through, and jumped into a cornfield.

He took three hasty shots, and the deer went out of sight in Cobbler Mountain, and the hounds raved by and we swept on for a couple of miles more to still lower stands.

Now the deer had run within twenty steps of the place where the "Persecutor" was standing, and we afterwards got his explanation why he should not be fined for his failure to shoot the deer. He is probably the most experienced deer hunter of the lot, and the coolest shot, but that morning he was the victim of a strange occurrence. Driver and Jack came down to the water, and by all precedent this could mean only one thing—that the deer had silently entered the water and stolen away. He went down a hundred yards and tried to call the hounds across to lay them on the trail, for if was a now or never time in our hunt. The hounds were unsatisfied, and went back in the mountain and brought in the deer right by where he ought to have been. Then it was the Colonel shot at distances from 200 to 300yds. What had happened was that the deer had been turned by a lot of hogs just as it was going in the river, and the hounds, as many highly-trained dogs will do, dashed into the stand regardless of the trail.

The deer, passing on to the next runway, met a boy hauling wood, and turned and came back and through the stand it had first attempted. The rest is soon told. The deer circled for ten minutes and came back into the field and dropped dead in a pond of water, with the three hounds at its heels making the woods ring. One of the Colonel's shots had raked it aft and fore. The Colonel and I were called in by two shots, and there lay a big, fat doe on the ground.

"There," said the "Persecutor," "you all have run all the horns off your buck."

We held an inquest, and it was decided that we had been chasing a big buck, and that he had run across a doe, and the hounds taking the new trail had put in the doe. This was abundantly proven by the fact that the dead deer showed no signs whatever of being hard run. We had liver for dinner, and the "Persecutor" went hunting and killed a wild turkey, and could not find the carcass. It was a bad day for him.

The next morning the tents were struck, and westward we took our way.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Ducks on Ottawa Marshes.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week ago last Tuesday the weather reports read: "Heavy snowstorms on Lake Superior," and predicted heavy gales on Lake Erie. I thought that this would mean a good duck shoot on the Ottawa marshes, so on Wednesday morning I took the 10:40 A. M. train for Fremont, O. Before leaving, I called up several of the members by telephone to see if I couldn't get some one to go up with me, but business was too pressing for most of them. When I called up two of the members' offices, the answer came back, "Gone to the marsh Monday morning," so I knew that there would be company when I arrived at the club house. As soon as I arrived at Fremont, I was told that word had come down from the marshes that the ducks were coming in in large numbers. It is about a ten-mile drive from Fremont to the club house, and I arrived there at 4 P. M. As the law in this State prevents shooting on Sunday and Monday of each week, this makes Tuesday an exceptionally good day, and generally each alternate day during the week is a good day. On arriving at the club house, I found six members there, some who had been there for a week or ten days, and others who had come up on Monday. They reported to me that they had had fine shooting on Tuesday, the party getting 135 ducks.

Wednesday the shooting was poor, only about thirty-five ducks being brought in. On Wednesday evening after dinner we brought up the question as to what time we would have breakfast the next morning; four of the party decided, as they were not feeling extra well, they would not get up early; so Mr. Laughlin, Charlie Scofield and myself decided that we would have our breakfast at 5 o'clock. So in the morning we were up bright and early, but being delayed by several little things we got away late, and it was almost 6 o'clock before we left the club house. The water had been so low the night before that the naphtha launch had to be anchored out in the river, as they could not get it into the boat house; so we went out to the naphtha launch in our duck boats, and after fastening them on behind the launch we all got into it and started down the Sandusky River for the mouth of South Creek, where we left the launch to go into the marshes. Our run down took us about half to three-quarters of an hour, for the distance was about four miles. Going in through South Creek to Peach

Island Cut, we found the water pretty fair, but my punter and I had to push hard with punt paddles all the way through Peach Island Cut, and upon turning into Channel No. 1 we found it nothing but a mud flat; so I got out and waded in the soft mud, which was above my knees, and it was slow work, as I had to take hold of the tops of my rubber boots to keep them from coming off, first hold of one and then the other, and in the meantime both of us were dragging the boat through the mud as well. We finally got to a cut that runs between Channel No. 1 and Channel No. 2, that has a dam on the Channel No. 1 end of it, and this keeps from draining out the water that is raised by our dam at Coon Creek. The Coon Creek dam raises the water on about 2,000 acres and insures good duck food all over this section. After getting our boat over the dam, we had good water, and we then went up Channel No. 2 to the upper end of it, and decided to blind in a cane blind that had been built at that point early in the season. The wind was blowing very strong from the southwest, so putting our decoys to the northeast of our blind, we had the wind over our backs and the pond stretching off to the northeast in front of us. I had figured that the ducks in coming in would come right up this pond against the wind, but they swerved off to the right of me a little.

To go back a little, when we came into the marshes it was a sight to see the ducks get up. There were thousands of them; they rose in flocks of all sizes and headed for Sandusky Bay. There were a great many long, yellow-legged plover all over the marshes, and the sandpipers had massed up ready to go South. There was one flock of sandpipers that flew by my blind in the middle of the day, and I asked my punter how many he thought there were in that flock, and he said that he thought there must be at least 5,000; it was like a small flock of blackbirds. It is funny what different estimates different people will put on the number of birds in a large flock. Every evening the blackbirds will pass over our marshes in dense flocks, sometimes a half a mile long, and I have heard people make estimates of the number in a flock, running all the way from hundreds up to millions. I was on the marsh one November day four years ago, and I saw a square mile of marsh that was frozen over that seemed to be just black with black mallards; there must have been tens of thousands, but of course there was room enough in that space for a great many times that number.

Well, to get back to my story, Scofield waded down through Channel No. 1 and located in a cane blind in a large open space south of that pond, and Mr. Laughlin located in another cane blind about 2,000ft. back of me in Mound Spring. It was about 9 o'clock when the ducks commenced to come back, and by that time I was ready for them. As Scofield and Laughlin were behind me and almost all the ducks passed either a little to the right or left of me, or right over me, I tried not to shoot at any ducks that were long range shots, as I did not want to spoil the others' shooting any more than I could help. I was right in the line of flight, and I had an awfully nice shoot. The pintails would come in very high, and some of them on seeing my decoys or hearing my call would circle once or twice and then would drop right down to my decoys. This was pretty shooting, and I did pretty well on pintail. The widgeon would circle round and round, and did not seem to care to come down; my shots at widgeon were few. A few green-winged teal and one gadwall alighted among my decoys before we saw them, these I scared up and knocked down before they could get away. The large flocks of mallards did not decoy very well, but every little while a lone mallard would come along and I called a good many of them close enough for good shooting; some I hit and a great many more I missed. By noon I had counted thirty that were down in sight, and my punter set them up on wires, which made my flock of decoys larger and more enticing.

I carry steel wires in my boat about 1/8in. in diameter and about 2ft. long, and we put these down in the mud and run the wire up through the duck's neck and into its head, and push the wire into the mud just far enough to allow the duck to rest on the water as though it was swimming. For my live decoys I have a wire crate that will hold six live ducks. On each duck's leg I sew a small band of light canvas that has a small ring attached to it; then I have a heavy piece of fish line, with a small snap on one end of it; then about 1ft. from the snap I put a small brass swivel; this keeps the line from getting tangled; then at the end of the line, which is about 8ft. long, I fasten about a pound weight. I take the duck out of the crate, snap the line to the ring on the duck's leg, throw the weight into the water and the duck after it. The water being anywhere from 6in. to 2ft. deep, this gives the duck a circle about 16ft. in diameter to play around in, and by throwing in a couple of handfuls of corn once in a while, it keeps them moving and makes a perfect decoy. I generally put out about two dozen Acme folding decoys with my six live decoys, as I consider them the next best decoy to a live duck. My live decoys I have raised at the marsh, using a small, gray duck without any white feathers in it.

After eating my lunch at noon, during which I had to drop my lunch once or twice to get a shot, I had good shooting almost all the afternoon. Sometimes there would be quite a wait between shots, but by dusk we counted up and I had fifty-five ducks; and take it all in all, I considered it one of the nicest duck shoots I had ever had. In looking over my shells, I found that I had shot about 150 shells of No. 5 shot, and my punter had used about fifty shells of No. 8 shot on cripples. I find that I generally shoot from three to five shells for every duck I get over decoys, and from five to ten shells for every duck I get in point shooting.

As I found after picking up our ducks and decoys I had a pretty fair load, I decided not to go to the club house that night, but pulled into John Thompson's farm-house on the lower end of our marshes, that we use for a club house when it is too stormy or too hard to get up to the upper club house.

The next morning I went back into a mallard hole in the heavy flag, and got seventeen nice big mallards by noon. That was fine shooting; they wanted to come down there to feed, and they dropped in like bees. I missed a good many as usual; but kept a few from getting away. As the indications were that there would be no ducks flying in the afternoon, as the wind had died away, and as we had about all the ducks we could carry in the boat with the other truck, we loaded up after eating our lunch and started for the upper club house, where we arrived at just 6 o'clock P. M., in time for a good dinner. I tell you it gives one a great appetite to be out in the marsh all day, with just a light lunch at noon, and you can generally do justice to a good dinner.

After dinner, by comparing notes, I found that Scofield had got forty ducks the day before, and Mr. Laughlin seventeen. I noticed that the ducks did not come very close to Mr. Laughlin; the shots he got were almost all very long ones, and he did some fine shooting. He was stationed out of the line of flight of the ducks.

The game register showed that the seven shooters had killed between 450 and 500 ducks during the week, not all the scores having been entered when I looked over it.

This is getting back to old-time shooting. We have not had as good shooting as this for about three years. As the water was so low in the marshes there was but very little duck food, and the ducks on their way South would soon eat what food there was, and would then leave for the better feeding grounds further south. The game register up to last Saturday showed about 1,200 ducks killed since Sept. 1, 1898.

From present indications this number will be about doubled before it freezes up. FRANK B. MANY.

Coon History.

As your contributors occasionally allude to coons, they remind me of things that I have known to occur. Coons occur, as it were, quite generally throughout all that part of this land with which I am acquainted.

One time, or that is to say, many times, I have aspired to coons and have acquired them now and again, sometimes with considerable difficulty and other trouble. Some of them that I have endeavored to attain escaped, and in that manner got away.

I am of the opinion, together with other persons of enlightenment, that most dogs who have not confined themselves to any special pedigree, or to collegiate education, enjoy the pursuit of coons. I have known many dogs who would work harder, run faster and ki-yi louder, and bark longer, in essaying coons, than they would in any other event of their mortal career. I believe a dog is happier of a cold night, when the moonlight glistens over frozen and frosted ground, barking himself hoarse at a coon tree or a treed coon, four miles from everywhere else, than he ever is upon any other occasion.

With this much for my private opinions, I shall cease to speculate and proceed to record a fragment of the true history of our commonwealth, which, by the way, is not as common to the general, according to socialistic ethics, as well as to apparentness, as might possibly be.

At a tavern where I sojourned for a time there were, among other things, a native of California of the aboriginal tribes (so far as we know), erroneously called Indians by those not overly choice in the phraseology of the times; and some four several dogs, no two of them being alike in size, color, style of locomotion, tone of ki-yi, or indeed in any particular or general attribute. In the comparative wilderness that surrounded the tavern there were, among other natural provisions, some coons.

Now, notwithstanding the diverse characteristics of the four dogs, they affiliated into unanimity almost as cohesive as the partisan press attains about the time of a general election, but instead of votes the dogs combined for coons; instead of barking up all trees but the right tree, the dogs also differed from the others by usually barking up the right tree. The difference in methods is creditable.

And so, one night when it was about as cold and dark as it gets, the dogs set up a remarkably unanimous pow-wow about a mile down the creek. After listening intently—as people are frequently reported doing—I was convinced that they were sincere, and that in all probability they had something up a tree. I summoned the aboriginal American, whose name was never Richard, but always Dick, and asked his opinion.

Dick said: "They're about a mile down the creek. Got something sure."

"All right; get a lantern and I'll get the shotgun."

With the faithfulness they are not always credited with, the red man was promptly prepared, and we set off in the plutonian darkness into the cold, frost-covered willows and undergrowth. Half an hour's walk with numerous stumbles brought us to the dogs that were clambering about the trunk of a large live oak, and sending up an assortment of yips, ki-yis and howls that made one of the most unmelodious aggregations of discords that I ever heard, for the number engaged—and I have attended camp meetings and operas.

The tree in the darkness, by the indifferent illumination of the farm lantern, seemed a few shades darker than a black cat, and the foliage was like a huge pyramid lost in eternal gloom. We walked around it many times, Dick holding the lantern and endeavoring to "shine the eyes" of whatever the dogs were so confident they had up the tree, and I following with the blunderbuss of a shotgun that was a relic of overland emigration.

It was no use. We built a brush fire and it went out without effect in illuminating the tree. Dick said: "They's something up there sure. Dogs too crazy to be fooled. I'll climb the tree and you can shoot when I'll hold the lantern."

This was a brave proposition for a man red or white to make. Dick had prospered, physically, in his connection with civilization, for he weighed about 200, and was not as nimble as others of his tribe; besides, he knew the shotgun, and that I would hit the tree—probably all of it. Nevertheless, after a great deal of clambering and puffing he reached the first branches, and I handed up the lantern.

After much struggling and crashing of small branches Dick got about two-thirds of the way up the tree. The lantern went out, and he was a long time in getting it relighted with his numb fingers. Meantime I was trying to keep my own from freezing to the combination of pot metal that was loaded from the top, and shot backward as well as in the other direction, whenever it was exploded.

The lantern having been relighted, Dick got up a few branches higher and shouted: "I see him! You see? It's a coon, a big fellow. Shoot when you see him—shoot high, shoot pretty high, he's in top of the tree—right in the top! You see me, don't you?"

The dogs became more animated and tried to increase the noise they had been making all the time. Four ambitious dogs of the kind, thinking of nothing else in the world, and executing all the phonetics they have, are about as audible as anything you want. I pulled up the hammer of the old gun carefully, to be sure that it stayed set, and shouted to Dick that I could see its eyes.

"All right," he shouted, "shoot pretty high!"

The noble but fat red man held up the lantern steadily without a tremor. I took aim at the two shining spots high up the tree, and amidst the loudest effort the dogs had yet achieved I pulled the 20lb. pull necessary to discharge the uncertain quantity of thunder and lightning that was reasonably certain to follow—or rather proceed.

The old gun shot forth a stream of fire that seemed to light up things like a battleship's searchlight for a single instant. I heard it boom above the yells of the dogs, and I knew also when it went off by the way it came back. There was then an instant of total darkness and silence, and then a commotion as though the tree itself was crashing to the earth. I never brought so much out of a tree at one shot, or otherwise, in my life before, and everything seemed to reach the earth exactly on time, or a trifle earlier. The dogs were game—they might have wavered an instant—but they jumped into the arena, and piled into whatever had come down.

Then there was an unmistakable grunt and a formidable protest in the tones of Dick. He proved more thoroughly civilized by his fluency of speech, in some of our obscure phrases, than I ever dreamed he would. Amidst the jingle of the glass and tin of the smashed lantern, the yelps of the dogs, and the departure of two dogs and an object that reached the creek and plunged into it with a splash, I was still overjoyed to think that some of the charge had missed Dick, or he would die quicker.

In the total darkness what was presumably Dick floundered near, and asked for matches and a fire. Fortunately I found some dry leaves and soon started a blaze, and with some driftwood made a good fire. An inventory of casualties then ensued, showing Dick to be alive, but bleeding. He didn't know how bad he was shot, and limped around, looking for the coon. He was quite certain the coon must be dead, for it came down with him, he said. Further investigation disclosed no coon, but all the dogs vainly swimming in the ice-cold creek and snarling their disappointment among themselves.

After warming at the fire, and an examination of Dick's head and neck, which were badly scratched, I concluded he was able to walk home, and he did so, somewhat sullenly.

"You must have put all of it in me," he said, "and I told you to shoot pretty high up in the tree."

On the day following Dick had to admit that he could find no shot in his personality anywhere. The coon had dropped or jumped on him at the firing of the gun, and had scratched him. Thinking he was shot, he let go, and fell 20ft. without other injury than some trifling bruises. And the coon was one that escaped by getting away—as far as the four dogs, Dick and myself could ascertain. RANSACKER.

CALIFORNIA.

A Tough Fox.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my time I have killed a good many foxes in our New England manner of hunting them—something over 200 in all—and almost invariably have found them easy to kill. Three and one-eighth drams nitro and 1¼oz. No. 1 chilled shot in my 12-gauge gun stops the average fox at quite long distances when I get a side shot.

A day or two since I ran across a fox having more vitality than I ever found in one. My hound had been running a fox for about half an hour, and I was slowly walking along a ridge in an open pasture, when I thought I saw something move slightly on a small knoll about 100yds. away. I stopped at once, and carefully watched for some time, but failing to see anything concluded it was only a yellow leaf, as the leaves were constantly falling from a maple near by. I was on the point of moving, when I saw a fox raise its head from the spot I was looking at. The fox looked around; in fact, looked straight at me, as I stood in plain sight, but like other wild animals, seeing no movement on my part, he did not notice me, and lay down again. I bent slowly down and got behind a bunch of ferns and began calling him. It was very evident that that particular fox was not just then much interested in a mouse, and I worked the best I could for some time. Finally I induced him to raise his head, and then he sat up and yawned and stretched himself, just like a dog, and started toward me. When I thought him near enough I shot, and down he went, but was up in an instant, and ran past me about 45yds. away. I was surprised at not killing him the first shot, but shot a second time, rolling him up in a heap. Again he jumped up, and was out of my sight before I could get in another cartridge. I felt sure of finding him dead just over the ridge, but didn't see any signs of him. Just then my dog crossed one end of the pasture on the trail of the fox he was after, and I made out to head him, and slipping a cord on him led him to where I had shot at the fox, and in less that five minutes he caught the fox in a thick swamp; the fox was by no means dead, and the old dog had quite a time finishing him. I took off the pelt at once, carefully noting the effect of my two shots. The first struck him with four pellets; one in the corner of one eye, one broke a leg and two in neck and chest. The second put ten No. 1 pellets straight through him, seven going through his shoulders and neck.

I have dropped almost in his tracks many a fox which was not half so badly hit.

As this fox seemed very indifferent about coming to my call, I knew there must be some reason, and noticing that his stomach was pretty full I cut him open and found he was full of what looked like a chicken or a partridge. There were no feathers mixed up with what I found, but he may have been a dainty fox and removed feathers or skin from what he was about to eat. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

An Episode in Moose.

NEW GLASGOW, Nova Scotia, Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nova Scotia is the home of the moose. There are seasons when the laws of the Province forbids that he be slain; there are laws enacted under the auspices and recommendations of the Game Society how and when he shall not be slain; there is appointed by the Government a Chief Game Commissioner, whose duty it is to see that these laws are respected and that offenders are punished. For snaring, hunting with dogs, killing out of the prescribed season, there are heavy penalties, ranging from $25 to $200. Yet, notwithstanding all this, in outlying districts, miles away from the centers of civilization, as it were, there are occasional breaches of the law, and it is a very difficult matter to have the offenders brought to justice and punished.

Quite recently the game warden at New Glasgow received information that a notorious pot-hunter, some thirty miles distant, had brought home the carcass of a moose, a very large one, with the most magnificent antlers that had been seen for some time. The circumstances of the killing were reported as suspicious, and it was evident to the informant, although the animal had been shot and bore the marks of two bullets, that at the time of receiving these bullets the animal was standing helpless, caught in a snare. All incriminating marks that might have been made by this snare were, however, so skillfully removed from the carcass that it would be an utter impossibility for a casual witness to swear positively that the animal had been snared.

The young man who accompanied the hunter to the woods and helped him home with the venison, horns and hide, was something of a hunter himself, although it was not known that he had ever been successful or had brought home such large game as a moose.

The Commissioner was informed of the circumstances, and the suspicions of the warden that this particular animal had been unlawfully taken, and they had Mr. Spoodler summoned before the justice at New Glasgow, charging him with "setting snares for the destruction of moose, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

Mr. Cross, the young man who had been his companion on this expedition, was subpœnaed as a witness, and on the day of trial Mr. Spoodler was present with his attorney, expressing his determination "to fight it out."

It is hardly necessary for me to go into the full details of the trial, but parts of the evidence were of such an extraordinary nature, and so interesting to listen to by those who were concerned in the preservation of this noble game, that I shall give only a particular part.

The questions were asked the witness, Mr. Cross, by the attorney for the prosecution, and were about as follows:

Q. You are quite a hunter, are you not, Mr. Cross?
A. I've done a little of that in my time.
Q. Ever shoot a moose?
A. Yes.
Q. When?
A. Last Monday, week.
Q. How long ago since you first commenced to hunt moose?
A. Probably fifteen years.
Q. And this moose that you refer to is your first successful shot?
A. Yes.

And he continued: On the third day of October Mr. Spoodler asked me if I would like to accompany him that day to the woods. We took provisions for a couple of days, my rifle, a Winchester magazine, 15 shots, and some things in a bag which I did not see at the time of starting. We took Mr. Spoodler's horse and wagon, and drove eight or nine miles to Dunbar camp. Putting up our horse and wagon at the camp, we started through the woods, made horns of birch bark and commenced calling for moose; had proceeded about a quarter of a mile or so, when Mr. Spoodler shouted out, "Look ahead!"

Q. Shouted out loud, did you say?
A. Yes. I looked ahead; I distinctly observed up over the underbrush the horns, head and neck of a moose. I raised my gun and fired. Seeing that the head was in nearly the same position, I fired the second time, and the head disappeared.
Q. At about what distance, should you judge?
A. I would say about 50yds. Mr. Spoodler had no gun. Immediately after firing, Mr. Spoodler told me to run back to camp and prepare the dinner; that he would attend to the moose now, dress it and make it ready to carry in to camp. When dinner was ready, I was to come out and help him. In the course of half an hour I went back to the place. Mr. Spoodler had the carcass cut up and roped, ready to be carried in. With a pole through a loop of the rope, we slung it on our shoulders, and made three trips before we got it all in. We then loaded it up in the wagon and started for home, arriving there after dark.
Q. After you fired at the moose, you went up to examine what you had shot, didn't you?
A. No.
Q. For what reason?
A. Before starting on this trip, Mr. Spoodler instructed me, that to be successful in our hunt I should obey him in everything; in other words, I would be required to do what I was told by him, and ask no questions about it, as upon my obedience to orders depended entirely and altogether our success, and when he instructed me to proceed to camp I did so.
Q. Did Mr. Spoodler instruct you as to any further details?
A. He told me, after I had shot the moose, that it was not necessary that I should go up to where it was lying; it was getting late in the afternoon, and night would be upon us before we got home, unless we hurried up.
Q. Did you, when you first went to the place where the moose had fallen, observe anything pertaining to snares?
A. No, I did not see anything that would lead me to infer that I was in the vicinity of a snare.
Q. Did you observe any ropes, chains or poles?
A. There were poles kicking about there.
Q. Anything else?
A. Yes, bushes and blood and hair.
Q. In going through the woods after you left the camp, did you proceed noiselessly, picking your steps cautiously?
A. Not particularly cautious. We talked and laughed and smoked our pipes.
Q. Did you blow the calling horns?
A. Yes.
Q. Are you an adept in the art?
A. Not particularly so.
Q. Now, Mr. Cross, isn't it the practice of moose hunters in the woods and during the calling season to station themselves in one particular spot, near what is called a "yard," and call without moving from that spot?
A. Yes, I think so.
Q. But in this case you walked along, talking and laughing and smoking, until suddenly Mr. Spoodler shouted out, "Look ahead!"
A. Yes.
Q. Is it not your opinion, now, Mr. Cross, that this particular moose was at the time you fired the shots caught fast in a snare? (The justice ruled that "opinions" were not particularly wanted just then.)
Q. Are you certain that this moose, at the time you fired the shots, was free to jump and get out of the way as fast as moose generally do under such circumstances?
A. I cannot say.
Q. Did you ever see a moose in a snare?
A. Not that I am aware of.
Q. In what direction was the wind blowing when you started from the camp into the woods?
A. I did not observe.
Q. Did Mr. Spoodler make any remarks about the direction of the wind?
A. No.

There was a good deal of cross-firing here between the attorneys; they addressed the court for and against the respective clients, and awaited the decision.

Mr. Cross was the sole witness available to the prosecution, and it was evident that the Commissioner had not made out a case, although the circumstances pointed strongly in the direction of an infraction of the law, yet it was insufficient for conviction.

The justice read over the evidence. Then he commenced by saying that it was purely circumstantial. Fifteen years ago, if he recollected aright, from this same bench, Mr. Spoodler had been before him on a similar charge. On that occasion he had been convicted and fined in the sum of $25. From that day to this he was under the impression that fine had had its effect, and Mr. Spoodler had been a good and law-abiding citizen ever since. But in the statement of the witness on this occasion he felt bound, before giving a decision upon the case, to say something more than usual. It was simply an opinion, drawn from the evidence given to the court.

He proceeded by saying that he was something of a hunter himself. True, he had not aspired to anything larger or heavier than partridge, with an occasional duck, accidentally perhaps a wild goose or two during their season.

Upon one occasion a discussion arose as to the most exciting and ecstatic moment during the period of a successful hunt. First, whether it was when the game was sighted; second, when the trigger was being pulled; third, when the shooter ran out to ascertain the result. The decision was in favor of the third, although some of the boys afterward declared that the decision was faulty, and that the supreme and most exciting moment occurred when after returning to camp they were getting themselves outside of three or four fingers of good "hot Scotch."

"Be that as it may, however, I feel that I must say that here we have two hunters starting out for moose; they arrive at the camp; they take one gun, and a bag containing something else; they fashion the proverbial moose horn; they proceed to call; they keep right on through the woods, never halting for a moment to ascertain whether or not their call is being answered by the unsuspecting moose; they laugh and talk and smoke—things that the true hunter never thinks of doing when in pursuit of the game.

"All at once, according to the witness, Mr. Spoodler shouts—yes, actually shouts—'Look ahead!' Mr. Cross looks, and sees the horns, head and neck of a moose towering up over the underbrush. As I am informed and verily believe, no well regulated animal of this kind, wild in the woods, would have hesitated the fraction of a second before he had put sufficient distance between itself and that sound to have insured its escape; but it didn't do anything of the kind. We must infer that there were good and sufficient reasons.

"Mr. Cross raises his gun and fires at the head. Seeing that there was not a perceptible move, he fires again, and the head drops out of sight.

"In a Winchester rifle, such as he had, it takes very little time to drop the lever and insert a second cartridge; it works almost automatically, but there is a perceptible lapse of time—very short, it is true, but still sufficient for the animal shot at, if it were not killed dead at the first fire, to have moved, and moved a perceptible distance at least. But according to this witness, the animal still kept its postition, and it took the second shot to make it disappear.

"And now comes the most extraordinary part of the story of this witness. What does he do? He deliberately does as Mr. Spoodler tells him; he immediately goes back to camp, a quarter of a mile away, to prepare dinner, without a protest, without even manifesting a desire to ascertain the result of his shots.

"True, he had been cautioned by Mr. Spoodler that it was entirely necessary to obey the orders given him, that they might be successful in their hunt. Abjectly, like a child in its pinafore, when the most supreme and exciting moment had arrived, this witness was content to go from the vicinity of that successful shot, and after fifteen years of hunting for this opportunity—fifteen years of tiresome tramping through the forest in search of the very game he had just sighted, without seeking to ascertain the result of his shot. It must have been galling in the extreme.

"But why? The inference is plain, plainer by far than the ancient handwriting upon the wall—there was a purpose in all this. I am inclined to infer that this moose was, I was about to say, 'spellbound' by the sight of these two mighty Nimrods of the chase, and that he lost his presence of mind. That is not the case, however; the instincts of this animal never desert him when he is in danger and free to act.

"I infer, and I am bound to say that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will coincide with me in the assumption, that this particular animal, and at this particular time, was anchored fast in a snare or trap of some kind, and it was ruthlessly shot down without a ghost of a chance for its life, and contrary to the habits of every genuine sportsman the world over.

"Mr. Cross was conveniently absent, and at the proper time to suit the hunter. He saw nothing at all—nothing incriminating—it was all removed, conveniently removed, I may say; and he appeared upon the scene of his exploit only when all evidence of the presence of a snare had been put out of sight, by whom I am unable to say.

"We can draw our inferences, but such inferences are not evidence.

"The charge against Mr. Spoodler is dismissed."

ARTHUR MAIN.

Boston Notes.

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—Dr. G. A. Suffa and Dr. Robbins, of Boston, have returned from a successful hunting trip to New Brunswick. Both bring back fine bull moose, though that of Dr. Robbins was not equal to his trophy exhibited at the sportsmen's show last spring, in the exhibit of the Megantic Club, I believe. That head was one of the best ever taken, with a remarkable spread. This year his moose was a young one of fewer prongs. Dr. Suffa's moose was a fine one, with beautiful antlers, and he is justly proud of his success. Both hunters are much pleased with moose hunting in New Brunswick, though they do not like to give away the location they visited to everybody. They saw twelve moose in all. They were on the ground early in September, though not as early as they will go again. The calling was good, though not what it is a week or two earlier, according to the opinion of the guides they met. They got repeated answers to the birch horn, but either the calling was not all it should be or the bulls already had mates. Dr. Suffa shot his moose in broad daylight, the guide paddling him up to the game in dead water. It took six shots from the Doctor's .30-30 expansive bullet, three of which hit him. The bobbing moting of the canoe made the shots go wild; but odd enough the great moose only turned as each shot struck him, and did not attempt to make off. The guide was much alarmed at the determination of the moose not to move, and expected the brute to charge the canoe. In another instance the guide was unwilling or afraid to paddle the canoe up to a bull moose, evidently standing his ground, just behind some alders that projected out from the shore of the same dead water where the other moose was taken. Both could hear the animal, but he could not be seen clearly enough for a shot. Mr. Suffa whispered, "For heaven's sake, put me on to that moose!" The canoe did not move. The hunter almost shouted this time, "Put he up to that moose!" The paddle splashed, and the moose was gone. In explanation, the guide declared that the moose behind the alders was a cow, but that there was a big bull just up the shore all ready to charge upon them had they troubled the cow. But Dr. Suffa is sure that he saw the horns of the one behind the alders, though indistinctly. He considers the location a remarkable one for moose, and I have no doubt but what he would point it out to one or two of the right sort of hunters, who might address him at Berkeley street, corner Boylston.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boynton, of Lewiston, Me., and Mr. and Mrs. Dumfee, of Waltham, Mass., have returned from a hunting trip to the wilds of New Brunswick. They went about forty miles into the woods from Keswick, and lived in an improvised cabin. Mr. and Mrs. Boynton got two fine caribou, Mrs. B. shooting her share. She is an expert with the rifle, or proving such, having never used one till within a year or two. She succeeds in shooting off the heads of partridges almost every shot. To the list of successful Maine big game hunters there may be added: H. E. Hayes, Brookline, Mass., one deer; Edward Burbeck, Newton, Mass., two deer; Charles Rickenberg, Jamaica Plain, Mass., two deer; B. S. Tolman, Waltham, Mass., one deer; O. H. Hallett, Waltham, Mass., one deer; H. S. Milton, Waltham, Mass., one deer; all the above were taken at Eustis, Me. From the Megantic Preserve, A. W. Robinson, Mrs. A. W. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce, H. W. Robinson and G. O. Currier, all of Boston, have brought out ten deer. Mrs. E. S. Briggs, of Boston, has taken a deer at Loon Lake, Rangeley. Geo. Russell and W. H. Kingsbury, of Everett, Mass., have taken three deer at Kennebago. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Bradbury, of Chicopee, Mass., have taken two deer at Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. John Kennedy and Guy Kennedy, of Boston, have killed two deer at Round Mountain Lake camps. G. F. Foyle, of Boston; John Foster and E. A. Emerson, of Waltham, Mass., have been at Salmon Stream, Benedicta, Me., on a hunting trip. They secured six deer.

NOV. 14.—Considerable snow has lately fallen in the Maine woods; from 6 to 8in. reported in some sections. Yet it has not generally been very satisfactory to the big game hunters, being followed by crusts, and then rapidly melting away. Still it has covered the rustling leaves, and hunting has been better than before, and doubtless some big reports will be heard concerning the game taken when the hunters return.

Mr. W. C. Harding, of the Boston Herald, is out of the Maine woods, from a delightful trip into the Sebois region. Here he secured his moose and full allotment of deer. The claim is made that he shot his moose at a

distance of 300yds., near nightfall. He was accompanied by Theodore Ripley, of Somerville, who also secured his two deer. Mr. Kelley, of Worcester, has also secured a big moose in the same region. John Foster, E. A. Foy, A. E. Emerson and Z. S. Snyder, all of Boston, have also taken deer in the same region the past month. There may be added to the successful sportsmen from this section Judge Bolster, of Roxbury; Frank Ferdinand, of Boston; Z. H. Sullivan, of Franklin; J. S. McQuaid, of Webster, and James O'Donnell, of Hyde Park. This party brought out six deer. B. J. Mowry, S. H. Mowry, and M. W. Mowry, all of Boston, have also returned, bringing four deer and a moose. This animal was the property of B. J. Mowry.

The week's receipts of big game, up to Saturday last, at Bangor, Me., were 335 deer, eighteen moose and four caribou. Another bear was also added to the returns. For the season, up to Saturday, the total there of big game received was 1,567 deer, ninety-two moose and thirty-seven caribou.

NOV. 12.—Boston and Maine sportsmen with rod and gun will be pained to learn of the death of James F. Dwinell. For a number of years he visited Maine regularly, and very often twice a year. He was fond of casting a fly on Moosehead waters, and few fishermen were more successful than he. Still, his greatest treat was his annual visit to the Rangeley and Upton woods for partridge shooting. Later he confined his fall trips almost altogether to visiting Upton, where, with Lomin Sargeant for guide, he would spend his time in the woods. Kind and generous almost to a fault, no man ever guided Mr. Dwinell without being the richer in pocket for the trip. All the sorrows and pecuniary losses of his humble woods friends were taken up with a generosity and judgment that made his guides feel the superiority of the unassuming lover of the woods that they labored for. A mortgage on a humble home of one of his guides, about to be foreclosed, was once lifted, with the admonition to the guide that he should have ample time to repay; while it is more than probable that repayment was never exacted.

Smelt fishing is very popular with the Boston rod and line sportsmen who have had the good fortune to be initiated. The law that prevents netting smelt has had the good result of making the taking of smelt with rod and line in many of the off-shore inlets not only a possibility, but an enjoyment that is increasing. Mr. Elmer E. Tilden, whose present home is at the beach, near Point Allerton, has made several good catches this fall. His best one gave him 157 smelt for two and a half hours' fishing. He fished near the outlet of a creek or sluiceway running out of a little inclosed pond, caused by the grading of the Nantasket Beach Railway. The day was a dark and rainy one, but the smelt were biting gloriously. When the sport was over, Mr. Tilden was so tired and numb with the cold drizzle that he could scarcely stand, but his trophy was won and he was happy. Mr. Charles S. Robertson is another dweller at the beach of occasion, who makes smelt fishing his Saturday pastime, with some catches recorded that would make his friends open their eyes with wonder.

A friend gives me an account of a Maine shooting trip, made by a couple of his friends who do not desire their names published. They went to Norcross, and thence by water thirty or forty miles; then eighteen or twenty miles into their camping place. Here they secured six buck deer and three moose. They claim to have found a herd of moose in which there were eleven cows, besides the three bulls shot. They had no trouble in calling one of the big bulls, or rather their guide called him up within shooting distance. It is possible that the reading of this item carefully shows why the hunters do not desire their names published. The law allows but a couple of deer to each man, and a moose apiece.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Western Deer Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—Our Western deer season is progressing merrily, and it is gratifying to be able to state that the deer seem to be abundant enough to give pretty much everybody a show for venison. The towns of Drummond and Cable, Wis., are sending out a great many deer, and from any one of fifty similar points in upper Wisconsin and Michigan from two to a dozen carcasses are shipped daily. We have no means in this country of getting at the exact number of deer killed during the season. I presume there are 12,000 known hunters out in Wisconsin and Michigan this week, to say nothing of the residents and the market hunters who do not bother to take out licenses or mention their whereabouts. A good many of these hunters will not kill anything, but on the other hand some of the market men will kill from twelve to forty or fifty deer during the season. It is perhaps within bounds to say that each hunter will average his two deer, and therefore I presume that something like 25,000 deer will be killed this year in Wisconsin and Michigan alone. This does not include Michigan south peninsula. Of course, this is a mere guess, but I do not think it very far out of the way, though to many it may seem large.

There has been a flood of venison in the market of Chicago for some time, and of course there is no use saying that this stuff does not come out of Wisconsin and Michigan, because a great deal of it unquestionably does. It is not likely that all the underground railroad between Milwaukee and Chicago has yet been uncovered, and most of the deer shipped from our north woods are shipped to "Milwaukee." On one day last week there were seventy-five carcasses counted at Ashland, Wis., all of which were billed to "Milwaukee." On the day before the American Express Company handled forty carcasses at one load. The regulations of the law are contemptuously disregarded in probably the very great majority of cases. Quite aside from the fact that the Wisconsin game warden does not catch all the Chicago venison which goes to Milwaukee, there is a great deal of venison openly billed to Chicago which goes through without let or hindrance, and in spite of the pious protestations of the express companies, who have things pretty much all their own way. Thus from Chippewa Falls, Wis., Mr. J. V. Cunningham writes to the Milwaukee Sentinel:

"I am by no means a crank, as I do not approve of the non-resident license of $25, but would be glad to invite any sportsman from any State to visit our northern woods and kill his deer, or even two, and take them home with him, wherever that home may be, in or out of the State. The law provides, however, that no deer shall be shipped out of the State. I counted at the Wisconsin Central Depot here, last night, nineteen whole carcasses shipped to Chicago, and not one owner accompanying either carcass. To-night, at the same depot, are twenty-one carcasses and one saddle loaded on two trucks. The saddle is billed to Milwaukee, and all the rest to Chicago, and not one owner present. And this is only one station. It is safe to say fifty carcasses are shipped openly each day out of the State."

I have not heard of any enforcements of the deer shipping law in Wisconsin in this week, but there is to be recorded one attempt at the enforcement of the law. At Rhinelander, Wis., Deputy Shafer attempted to search one car on which he was told the express company had a lot of venison. He was put off the car at the point of a revolver, the express agent being aided by the trainmen. They told him he must have a warrant, or he could not search the car. As a railway car has a habit of changing its locality, it may be seen what chance a man has to seize illegal game in transit. Most of our laws are skillfully constructed, so that they can be evaded.

The season in Michigan did not open until Tuesday of this week, but the hunters have swarmed all over the upper peninsula. The counties of Marquette, Ontonagon, Goebic, Mackarac, Iron and Dickinson are getting perhaps the best of this north peninsula rush. The crowd of deer hunting travel has practically swamped the railroads. The towns in upper Wisconsin and Michigan have given up the hope of getting their mails regularly, so much are the trains delayed by the handling of this hunting traffic. Sometimes there will be 250 pieces of hunting baggage on one train. This sporting traffic is eagerly competed for by the railroads each year, and it seems to grow from year to year, in spite of license laws and everything else. The deer supply thus far has held out wonderfully well, and with care this vast body of pine lands in the Northwest ought to turn out an annual crop of many thousand deer. What the future will hold, however, is something which no man can tell, and it surely would seem probable that the great body of non-resident hunters who each fall are out after deer would, within a few years, use them up, unless there shall be a stricter observation of conservative measures.

It is stated that last year there were 3,500 deer killed in the upper peninsula of Michigan, that is to say, there were that many known to have been killed, not mentioning the unrecorded. Incidentally it is stated, also, that there were twelve hunters accidentally killed during the season in the north peninsula last fall. Thus far I have heard of but few accidents this season, though no doubt we shall later learn of plenty. Near Lakewood, Wis., last week, Mr. M. A. Barnes had a close call while hunting deer. A friend of his who was out with him wandered off to one side for a time, and later coming up through the woods saw the gun of Mr. Barnes glinting through the leaves, and took a shot at it just for luck. He hit the gun, and scared his friend out of a year's growth.

Among other items of interest gleaned in the deer hunting field this week I note one statement which is important if true. It seems that a shipment of nineteen deer was received by a Milwaukee commission house, among these one big buck which "had a large soft bullet all but buried in his antler." The reporter who describes this phenomenon says: "The lead was encrusted by the horn, and had evidently been fired by an old smoothbore many years ago. The buck had carried it through the woods until he received the shot that laid him low." It has been popularly supposed that a buck sheds his horns every year, and one is compelled to regretfully discredit the old smoothbore story.

Competition in the venison business is so strong that dealers are reluctantly obliged to violate the law in order to protect their business interests, even after they have their game in hand. Wisconsin law requires venison to be tagged, but the Milwaukee dealers have been removing the tags from the carcasses, in order to prevent rival dealers from learning the place from which they have received their game. Deputy Zinn has told them that they must leave the tags on their venison.

Another Game "Fence."

It seems that the underground railway idea, lately developed at Milwaukee, is not absolutely new. Out at Omaha there has been discovered another large case of "Mr. Hicks." The grouse and quail of the country west of Omaha are shipped into that city by the thousands of dozens, and they bring good prices in any amounts that can be offered. The city of Omaha and vicinity uses but a fraction of this immense amount of game, which cannot legally be shipped out of the State. The fact is that Omaha, exactly like Milwaukee, is nothing more nor less than a great clearing house for the Chicago commission trade.

Side-Hunts.

At Osage, Iowa, last week a number of shooters paired off and indulged in a big side-hunt. Nearly thirty men in all competed, there being an individual gold medal offered for top score. They shot for points, and presumably killed pretty much everything that came their way, the winning side scoring over 5,000 points.

At Bowling Green, Ill., there will be a big side-hunt on Thanksgiving Day, with nearly fifty starters, the losing side as usual to pay for the supper.

Wolves.

The cow men in the recently opened Indian lands east of the Black Hills are offering good bounty for wolves, and the professional wolfers are getting from $5 to $8 a head. One wolfer has killed forty-three gray wolves and 110 coyotes this fall, nearly half of which was done inside of ten days.

Ducks.

The duck flight is not yet over in this region, and the boys up in Wisconsin are still hammering away. The season along the Illinois River is still in progress, and I heard from Lake Senachwine that the flight is good. The birds are scattered all the way from here to the Gulf. Mr. A. E. Grimes writes from Green Ridge, Mo., that ducks have been flying there in numbers for the past two weeks. He reports chickens and quail as scarce in that locality.

Quail.

It is a splendid quail year. Illinois, Indiana and Michigan are showing plenty of birds. Three men, of whom Oswald von Lengerke was one, bagged seventy-six quail one day last week at a little country town in this State. There has been a heavy snow this week in lower Michigan and upper Indiana, but the birds should begin to move in a day or so now. The weather has been very bad around Chicago this week, and we may expect a freeze-up at any time which will end the duck season in these parts, and turn everybody's attention still more exclusively to quail.

Wisconsin Game.

Mr. Hascall, a FOREST AND STREAM friend, dropped in to-day on his way back from Wisconsin. He says they are killing a pile of game up in Wisconsin this week, the deer coming into Milwaukee fairly by carloads. He saw some grand bucks, and was pleased to note but few does. He tells me that up at Green Bay the duck shooting has been good lately. One gun killed 115 ducks one day recently, and others have bagged in the neighborhood of fifty daily. This is on the marshes, inland.

Indiana Game.

Fred Erb writes me from Lafayette on game and game law matters. He says: "You are about right, the game laws are not watched very close. It is best in Tippecanoe, Clinton, Benton and White counties. The first two named are the best in the State for quail and woodcock, and the last two are best for snipe, plover and chickens. These are all watched closely, and any gentleman can shoot there and not have any trouble. Would like you to come and see for yourself. Indiana is one of the best all-round game States of the country, if you could only get them up to having good game laws. The State League don't seem to bother much about it, they only want to hold a trap shoot of some kind. I tell you they have got to wake up or it will be only a little time before the game of this State will be done up. This last summer I was along the line between Illinois and Indiana, and to see and hear of the chickens that were shot and sent in to Chicago was a disgrace to sportsmen. I could have caught a lot of these violators in Illinois. I know a few wardens cannot watch all the shooters, but if they would watch the express companies that carry game from other States into your city, they could nail them all right. Our law will never amount to much till the express companies stop carrying illegal game. They are the ones that cause all the trouble. Now, what is to be done?"

There is much truth and justice in the above. It is the great express companies that do most of the mischief. If they were content to live as law-abiding members of society, as the rest of us are asked to do, or if they were in any way sincere in their protestations of a wish to help the wardens stop the illegal shipping of game, we should have the question of protection solved at once. This game that is being killed up in Wisconsin this week, of what earthly use would it be to the Chicago commission men if it were not carried here by the express companies? Now, you go to these people, and they say they are "heartily in sympathy" with you, and say they have "sent orders to their local agents not to receive any game for shipment." They would discharge any local agent who pretented to obey any such instructions, and the local agent knows it, so he goes right ahead taking and shipping the game, and the express companies know it, the dealers know it, and the wardens must also know it. All the talk of the express companies aiding the wardens is in substance fol de rol. They carry tons of game into this city every month. If they would only really be sincere and would really try to live within the law, there would be a sudden end to all the marketing of illegal game; for nearly every Western State now prohibits the shipping of its game to market. As to what we shall do, I imagine we shall do nothing. That is the American way. We love to be imposed upon by big corporations.

"Non-Export."

I wish that State Warden Chase S. Osborn, of Michigan, would tell us what is his construction of the non-export clause of the Michigan law. As to preventing the expressing or other shipping of game out of the State, the law is clear and cannot be enforced too strictly. But how about the man who comes over into Michigan, shoots a few birds, puts them in his pocket and brings them home to eat on his own table or to give to his own friends? I am a good deal of a crank, but how about that man? His sin is one on which the game law authorities have always looked with a good deal of leniency. Indeed, a former warden of Michigan once told me—and the warden of Wisconsin once told me the same thing—that if they caught anyone thus taking game home with him they looked the other way and did not try to make a case, for they did not believe the law would hold water, but would be proved unconstitutional on test. I have earlier called attention to the fight made on this clause of the Indiana law by the late Judge Knickerbocker, of the Tolles on Club, of Chicago. The Indiana law was knocked out, and ever since then sportsmen have openly carried their game out of that State. Indeed, I have always done this myself, and in common with all my friends never knew it was against any law at all. I have also lately cited the ruling of the law department of the State of Texas, on the county export clause of the Texas law. It was held that one may not ship, but he may carry or accompany his game. Cer-

tainly this would suit the sportsmen, even those of the most exacting class. All our shooting nowadays is more or less non-resident, and if a man may not take home a bird to eat, why should he go out to shoot it? At least half the sport is in coming home and letting on what a great fellow you are, to kill all this game that you display. In this way a man may be a good deal of a hero at home in his own family, where they don't know him very well; but if he comes home and says that he killed a lot of game, but didn't bring home a bird for the dear ones he left behind him, aforesaid dear ones are apt to tell him he is another, and that he never did kill anything at all. In practice this clause of the law is violated very much and very often, and I have very little sympathy with a State law myself which allows a man to come and shoot birds, but not to use them for himself. If I kill my twenty-five quail down in Indiana, what shall I do, sit down and eat them on the spot?

The Reward of Virtue.

We have all heard of the good young man who, because he was good, one day found a purse containing $4,000,000 in gold, and who was thus enabled to marry the daughter of the rich candy woman, whom he had long adored. Somewhat in this line are a couple of shooting stories which appear in the daily press this week, and which show how good a thing it is to be a true sportsman. In one case a hunter was chasing a rabbit, which took refuge in a hole in a stone wall. The hunter reached his hand into the hole after the rabbit, but drew forth, instead of the game, a long lost marriage certificate, which had, by reason of its absence, caused for some years a distinct family disturbance. In another case a poor but honest sportsman was out squirrel hunting. He shot and wounded a squirrel, and in return for his kindness the squirrel ran into a hollow tree. Reaching down into the hollow, the sportsman pulled out a box full of gold coins of ancient date, but of much intrinsic value. There are many of us who have hunted for many years and have never found either a marriage certificate or a box of gold, but we should not be discouraged. If we are good we shall perhaps some day be rewarded by some such discovery.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Gun Flints.

ORIN BELKNAP'S story of the old flintlock gun, which he found in a pile of rubbish, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred away back in the twenties, in a newly-settled part of Erie county, New York. It was here that a man, while cutting out a new road, had occasion to roll out an old rotten log, which lay bedded in the decayed leaves and rubbish, under which lay a rifled gun, the barrel and lock covered with rust and the stock mostly rotted off. Near by was a blacksmith shop built of logs, owned and occupied by an old uncle of mine, not so very old, however, at that time, as it was about seventy-five years ago. The shop was quite a resort on rainy days, and several men had gathered here, when along came the man with the old gun barrel, and stuck the breech end into the red hot forge, thinking perhaps by heating he might get the breech pin out. As it became sufficiently heated the barrel did not go off, but the charge did, and sent a bullet into one of the hardwood side logs of the building, barely missing two or three men in its course. The surprise could better be imagined than described. Of course there was no clue as to how or when the gun had been left there. It had evidently been secreted for some purpose, and nothing more was ever learned about it.

I am sorry that Mr. Belknap should have to quarry his flints out of volcanic rock, as it must come far short of the genuine flint. Cannot some enterprising member of the FOREST AND STREAM family find some gun flints among some relics of the past age, and send the old hunter a half-dozen or so by mail?

In my boyhood days, when I began my shooting, it was only flintlocks that were known or used, and every store kept gun flints in plenty, and they sold cheap, at one, two or three cents each, as near as I can remember.

I never could learn how or where they were manufactured from the rough material. There were two sizes, the larger for muskets and the smaller for the rifles, and they were nearly uniform in shape and had the appearance of being cut out.

It was on some rare occasions that I was compelled to break out my own flints, but they were ill-shaped, and sometimes I had to break up a peck of flint stones before I could get one in shape to answer the purpose.

ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.

One word in regard to Mr. Orin Belknap's quest for a genuine old-fashioned gun flint. As it happened, Mr. Hardy, of whom I have just spoken, showed me only a few days ago a few of the veritable old-time flints, and very interesting and familiar they looked; and he showed me something much rarer, viz., a couple of old hand steels, against which the flint was struck for the spark which was to ignite the tow or punk for the kindling of a fire. I confess these last were unfamiliar to me, and I did not know their use till it was explained.

I know another man who must have some gun flints, and will tell Mr. Belknap his name if he cares for it. But will not some of the brethren tell us the source of the old supply of flints, and how they were given just that convenient form which they all had. Their manufacture must have been a regular industry somewhere seventy-five years ago. My own impression is that they came from the chalk cliffs in the south of England, where the same quality of flint occurs plentifully in nodules, though some American source may have been drawn upon for the American supply.

I have heard that the Kineo flint of the Moosehead Lake region was used at least by the Indians for fire-making and gun flint purposes. I feel sure Mr. Hardy could tell us about that. I have been told that Kineo is the Indian name for flint; also that it was the name of an Indian chief who made his favorite camp on Kineo cliff.

It seems to me, by the way, that nearly all the Indians of tradition were chiefs. One is tempted to wonder how among so many there were enough followers to make the chieftainship worth much. However that may be, count me as one who wants to know more "about trees" and "gun flints."

C. H. AMES.

Dreams and Dreamers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While many appreciative commendations must come to Mr. Mather for his admirable articles in FOREST AND STREAM, to which I would add my own, yet mostly his must be the

> "Thanks untraced to lips unknown,
> That greet him like the odors blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown,"

which, in a greater or less degree, every writer receives. In his No. VII., Nov. 5, article, "In the Louisiana Lowlands," he speaks of the persistent peculiarity in his dreams of not being able, after game was sighted, to fire the gun, and has often wondered if this happens with other dreamers. My own experience coincides with his, and I think may be too general to be peculiar.

An older brother, however, once had a different experience. The gun of our earlier boyhood days was an old flintlock Queen's arm, that had the power to shoot off a tree top, and an almost equal reverse force. It was the idol as well as the terror of our young lives, and was carried over the New Hampshire hills with heroic feelings.

One night, in the stillness of the later hours, there was a tremendous jar in our sleeping room, as if a heavy body had been violently thrown down. Paterfamilias, aroused by the shock, came rushing in just as my brother, in a semi-somnolent condition, was slowly gathering himself up from the floor to regain his place in bed, from which he had dropped a moment before. Father exclaimed: "Bill, what is the matter?" to which Bill drowsily replied: "I dreamt I fired the old gun and it kicked me out of bed." It was emphatic enough to him to be peculiar.

CORPORAL.

NORTH CHELMSFORD, Mass.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one of Fred Mather's interesting articles a week or two ago he expressed a wish to know whether any one but himself had been troubled by being unable to fire a gun when hunting in his sleep.

"Misery loves company," and it may gratify him to know that I have had the same experience many a time and oft, and have been so savage that if the trigger had not been protected by a guard something would have given way.

I have never been able to account for it, unless it be that because we hear no report we imagine the charge has failed to explode.

DIDYMUS.

New York Sportsmen's Show.

THE fifth annual exposition will be given by the National Sportsmen's Association, in Madison Square Garden, New York, March 2 to 11, 1899. The managers announce an intention to give a genuine sportsmen's show, abounding in features and demonstrations of life in the woods. Prominent among the most interesting features will be an artificial lake, 75ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 8ft. deep, containing 200,000 gals. of water, for the purpose of holding water polo, swimming contests and other competitive matches of interest to sportsmen, as well as for the exhibition of launches, ducking boats, canoes and yachts.

The water sports will be under the supervision and management of Mr. J. E. Sullivan, president of the New Jersey Athletic Club and secretary of the A. A. U.; Mr. Harry Cornish, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and Mr. Samuel Armstrong Nelson, who have been prominently identified with athletic sports for many years.

Log cabins and tents, presided over by experienced guides and hunters, properly equipped, portraying life in the woods.

Sportsmen's camps will be represented by their owners, who will entertain their friends.

Indian camps, occupied by families of Indians engaged in building canoes, snowshoes, bead work and basket making.

Revolver and rifle ranges will be under competent management, who will arrange matches and tournaments. Bowling alleys will be under the management of experts.

Association championship and other events at inanimate targets will be held on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, under the skillful management of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who is recognized as the manager of this class of sport.

Dr. Heber Bishop will represent the Association in Maine and Canada.

Big game park, enclosing in a miniature forest live specimens of buffalo, moose, caribou, elk, deer, antelope and other large game animals, mostly prized by sportsmen. Native game birds, live specimens from all sections of the country. Native game fish will form a very attractive exhibit.

It is the intention of the management that the decorations will be in conformity with a sportsman's ideas. There are many other features under consideration that will make this show probably the best one that has ever been held in this country; it certainly embodies features that have never been attempted at any other show, and will be the only sportsmen's show in this country in 1899. Mr. J. A. H. Dressel is the secretary-treasurer, 280 Broadway, New York City.

New Brunswick Grouse Market.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., Nov. 5.—This year the Provincial Government have withdrawn the restrictions re selling partridge; consequently the market is flooded; every countryman is shooting birds for the market. This will exterminate this noble bird in a season or two in New Brunswick.

H. H. H.

A New Brunswick Moose.

EDMUNDSTON, New Brunswick, Oct. 8.—Several parties have been out after moose in our country, and all have succeeded in getting their game. Two boys from this town were out three days, when they got a fine moose, bringing the whole animal home with them; another townsman was out two weeks with the same results, each reporting plenty of moose and caribou, but not many deer.

John Eagles took his wife along with two guides for a trip after a moose. He chose a route by water all the way, excepting one carry of four miles. Before reaching the lake they started a moose and saw him, but were not quick enough to shoot. Reaching the lake at 2 in the afternoon, tents were pitched and preparations made for a stay of some days. As sunset drew near they got into the canoe and paddled across the lake, about half a mile. The moose call was given, and they stood quiet listening, but no sound broke the stillness. Again the peculiar sound rang forth, but nothing took up the answer except the echo. After waiting the proper time, again they sounded the eik-eik-eik-coughoo-o-h. Before the echo died away there was heard from the hilltop the hoarse bellow they were so anxious to hear. Down the hill he came, like a torrent in its wrath, seeming, by the sound of breaking wood, to be crushing everything in the way. Soon he came out into the open in all the pride and vigor of his forest life, standing a perfect picture of nature's majesty, reveling in his might, unconscious of fear. Jack, who is really a good shot, was rattled. The magazine of his Winchester was quickly emptied, and not a shot touched the moose. While the firing was going on the game was only 50yds. away, but while the gun was being reloaded the moose had moved further away. This was bad for him, as the former bullets had been going over him, and he had gone just far enough so that the first shot hit him in the shoulder; the next struck him back of the shoulder in a vital part; when he began to sway like a great tree just before its fall, and down he fell right in his glory and prime. Truly I felt sorry to see the life taken so quickly from the great, magnificent beast. Then more moose were seen, and two caribou; but they were not molested, as they were not wanted.

All the meat was brought in, and Jack and his wife departed for their home well pleased with his ten days' vacation and his moose hunt near here.

S. J. RAYMOND.

Died while Bear Hunting.

S. E. L. GREWS, an Englishman, of Mingo, West Virginia, died of cold and exhaustion on Cheat Mountain on the night of Oct. 27. He, with three companions, had pursued a bear in a light tracking snow all day, and at dusk his companions left him in sight of his house, their ways diverging. He was found the next morning dead within a few hundred yards of the place his friends had left him. He was in a sitting posture at the foot of a tree, with his gun across his lap. The evidence at the inquest was to the effect that he seemed no more tired than the rest of the party.

It is believed that his death was due to overtraining. Sept. 24 he ran a Marathon race of twenty-four miles from Mingo to Marlinton, over two mountains, in two hours and fifty-nine minutes. He had trained for two months for this race. He told some of his friends a short time before his death that he could not run five minutes since the race.

His friends believe that he was tired to death, but was too gritty to show it, and those who knew him think this is the solution of the trouble. He had a peculiarly strong pride in not showing distress in athletic exercise.

The deceased was twenty-six years old, and had lived in America for six years. He was much loved and respected by all who knew him. He was the owner of a fine grazing estate. The night was bitterly cold, and there was considerable snow on the ground, the point being nearly 4,000ft. altitude.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As predicted by your correspondent some days ago, the shooting at Currituck, which opened Tuesday, Nov. 1, was excellent. The day was a fine one, with a light breeze from the northwest. I give below a few bags made on the first day, which shooting was repeated with few exceptions on the second. Hon. Pierce Hampton, 158, 114 of which were redheads; Humphries Lewark, 80 (50 redheads); James Hampton, 81 (50 redheads); while the writer bagged 33, nearly all redheads. This is an average of the bags made, and the number killed all over the Sound would foot up about 3,000, with perhaps 2,500 the second day, or Thursday, Nov. 3.

For some unaccountable reason, all the ducks are in the north end of the Sound. The food is abundant everywhere, and we do not understand it. There was only a sprinkling of canvasbacks the first two days, but the weather is rather warm for them yet. As I write I can see from my house large flocks of redheads coming in, and anticipate a keen day's sport to-morrow. Altogether I think we shall have a good season.

MORE ANON.

That Sly Old Coon.

ENOUGH has been said already to disprove some one's statement that the raccoon cannot be trapped save in one way, and never in the woods; yet another instance drawn from my own limited experience may be of interest to some. Once when a young fellow I set a line of deadfalls for mink along the bank of Louis Creek, under the direction and with the help of an old fur trapper. The traps were made with a straight smooth sapling for the fall, shutting evenly upon short bed pieces of like diameter between four smooth guide stakes, at the extremities a cob-house of weathered strips or bark. When set the fall was upheld by an upright, which rested on a spindle which held the bait of muskrat flesh. When completed the whole affair looks quite woodsy and unsuspicious, but no pains were taken to eliminate or disguise the taint of human scent. When I looked the

line over two days later I was not a little surprised to find one very large raccoon crouching in under the trap as natural as life, so natural indeed that I could not believe him to be dead until I touched his rigid body. The heavily weighted fall had killed him so quickly that there was not a sign of a struggle.

During the season I caught a skunk in the same trap, and he too was killed so instantaneously that he had not been given time to fire a parting salute; and his fur was as scentless as a lady's muff. From this experience I always thought that if I were to trap skunks I would set only deadfalls for them.

For the benefit of young trappers I will add that I did not catch mink in all my deadfalls, but caught several in steel traps set along the same line, and four in one set in the lucky place where the raccoon and the skunk were taken.

I know old coon trappers trap this animal successfully in the entrance to the dens in made places with bait under water, and that they do not consider them by any means the most wary of fur bearers.

AWAHSOOSE.

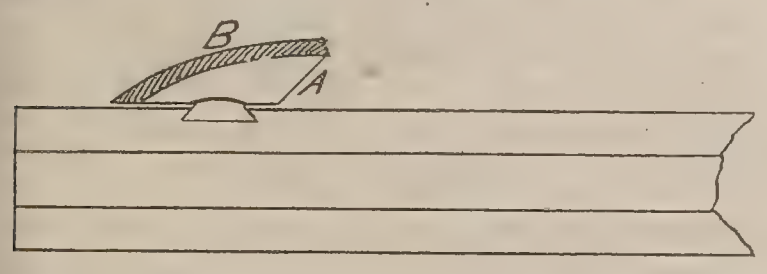
A Virginia Game Country.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading of "Why Plantations are Posted" Mr. Chas. J. Means said some very good things, and some that every true sportsman should make note of, but which I venture to say too few will ever think of again. But, my dear shooting friends, that sort of treatment is not the only reason we have for posting our plantations. If our lands were not posted we would not have anything to hunt, nor would we be able to get any work done here during the open season, for the negro is a very persistent market-hunter, and will kill more birds in one day than will one of our Northern friends in three. I do not mean to reflect on the ability of our visitors, but as they are out for sport and not for slaughter they do not exterminate the game like our own pot-hunters. We have here in Halifax county some very good hunting, and if the birds are not hunted too late next spring will have a splendid supply next year. Turkeys are also on the increase here, as are woodcock. Should any one wish to try their luck in this locality, I feel assured that they can have all the quail shooting they are looking for. There are good hotel accommodations and three liveries; but our dogs are few and scarce, for there was an epidemic here last summer which killed the best of them. Some very large bags have been made in this locality, all full grown and well developed birds.

H. P. WILDER.

A Rifle Sight.

I STOOD the rifle against a tree for a moment, a gust of wind caused it to fall, and when I took it up I found that the Lyman sight had lost its bead, and was as unsatisfactory to use as could be imagined. On reaching



camp I knocked it out and put in a sight of my own make fashioned from a silver half-dollar. I have never used any other sight that proved so good in all lights. The under bevel, A, is always in shadow, and the upper, B, always in the light. Almost any German silver sight can be cut into the same shape easily. The upper edge can be thinned down as much as desired.

KTAADN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

An Old, Old Story.

THE Philadelphia Saturday Post printed last week this story, ostensibly as an original anecdote:

Ole Hanson had trouble with a bellicose dog belonging to his neighbor—a Russian by the name of Havva Drenkovitskey. The Swede shot the dog as soon as he discovered that he was not friendly to him, and the sequel found him in a justice's court.

When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecution, he evidenced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed. "What sort of a gun did you have, Mr. Hanson?" inquired the attorney. "Es var two-hole shotgun." "Don't you think you could have scared him away?" "Aye might ef aye had not bane scare so lak deckens maesal." "Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and scare him away?" "Val, master lawyer, vy dedn' de dog com for mae oder end first ef hae vant to hav' mae do det vay vid him vid de gun?"

The Post is, we believe, entitled to the claim of being the oldest paper in the United States, but about 200 years before Ben. Franklin started the Post this story was told, or another one having the same point, in a book entitled "Pasquil's Jests, with the Merriment of Mother Bunch," printed at London in 1650; and nobody knows how long it had been current before Mother Bunch got hold of it:

A Country Tanner that was running hastily through Eastcheape and having a long Pike-Staffe on his shoulder, one of the Butchers dogs caught him by the breech. The fellow got loose, and ranne his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher seeing that his Dog was killed tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him, What reason he had to kill the dogge? For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner). Why, quoth the Deputy, hast thou no other defence but present death? Sir, quoth the Tanner, London fashions are not like the Countries, for here the stones are fast in the street, and the dogs are loose, but in the Country, the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them; and what should a man do in this extremity, but use his staffe for his own defence? Marry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will needs use his staffe, he might use his blunt end, and not the sharp spike. True, Master Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had used his blunt end, and runne his tail at me, then had there good reason for me to do the like; but I vow Master Deputy, the Dogge came sharp at me, and fastened his teeth in my breech, and I again ranne sharp at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knave, quoth the Deputy, if you will both stand to my verdict, send for a quart of wine, be friends, and so you are both discharged.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

New Jersey Pound Nets.

From the forthcoming report of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission.

Your commission has on previous occasions called attention to the existence along the coast of this State of large numbers of pound nets, and has urged the passage of some legislation restrictive of the operation of these nets. It is but a few years ago since hundreds of hardy fishermen earned their living either by taking fish with hook and line or by sweeping the sea with seines. The many residents along the shore, especially during the summer time, were thus supplied with an abundance of fresh fish. The same was true of some of the larger inland waters, estuaries of the ocean. As early as 1842 the Legislature passed a law restricting the size of net and mesh used in Barnegat Bay, the argument used to secure the passage of the law being that the fish were being so reduced in number in consequence of continual netting, that their practical extermination was a question of only a very short time. The law then passed was in force for a number of years, and the benefits derived therefrom were recognized by all, so much so that in later years when, despite the limited size of net and mesh, the number of fish were again on the decrease, the Legislature passed a law still further restricting the operations of the netters. The protection afforded the fish in Barnegat Bay worked excellently, and none would now care to see the law repealed, and a mere suggestion of such a proceeding would cause an uprising which would quickly indicate the feelings of all persons interested. The protection afforded brought to Barnegat Bay hundreds of wealthy people from other States, and the income derived by Jerseymen from these now equals in a week more than the total value of the product of the netting formerly would have aggregated in a year.

The fish that came to Barnegat Bay came from the ocean, where the high surf prevented the operation of destructive nets. It was while the fishermen along the coast were supplying the hotels and residents with fish that the pound net was devised. At first one was constructed, and the profits arising therefrom soon attracted other men of means, and soon our coast was lined with these nets. The individual fisherman had been driven to secure other employment, for he could not begin to compete with the huge nets, for not only did these nets take fish in enormous quantities, but they prevented the fish from coming in shore near enough to be within reach of the angler or the user of the seine. The pound nets were supplying fish at a lower price, and the benefit to large numbers of consumers of fish was offset against the hardships of the individual fisherman. But it was soon apparent that the supply far exceeded the demand, and it was necessary to devise other means of disposing of the fish taken. It was then that fish began to be used for fertilizing purposes, and the question arose whether the ocean, large as it is, could withstand any such drain. Not satisfied with their profits from the sale of fish for both food and fertilizing material, the pound net owners increased the size of their nets until they reached so far into the ocean that it was impossible to raise the pockets excepting when the water was comparatively calm. The construction of these nets precludes the possibility of any fish getting out after they have once been imprisoned in the pockets. The result of the increased size of the nets was that annually thousands of tons of fish died in the pockets; when the latter were raised these fish were dumped into the ocean, and many tons of them were washed ashore by the tide, creating not only serious detriment to the seaside resorts, but in some cases nuisances injurious to health. So great had this nuisance become two years ago that a bill was introduced in the lower house prohibiting the use of pound nets altogether; the measure was opposed by the lobbyists of the trust which to-day controls all the pound nets, but it came within one vote of passing.

Your commission had the previous year advocated the passage of restrictive measures, but the pound net owners argued that they had invested thousands of dollars in nets, and all they asked for was the privilege of using up these nets, which would be done in one year's time. The elements then came to the assistance of the people living along the shore, and last year every net was swept away by a storm. The same has taken place this year, and consequently the present seems to be a very good time in which to pass some restrictive measure, which, while not interfering with the supply of cheap fish, will effectually prevent the abuse of the right to net. Fish come to the shores for the purpose of seeking the estuaries for spawning purposes, and your commission believes that restrictive legislation something like that passed in 1842 for the benefit of Barnegat Bay would result in similar benefit for the thousands who crowd our ocean shores during the warm weather.

The statute recommended by the commission requires every pound net to be licensed, fee $100; forbids erection of pounds with leader nearer shore than 1,000ft. at low water mark, or with leader of less than 5½in. mesh, or with pocket of less than 3in. mesh; for violation of these provisions license to be revoked and net removed. The commissioners may refuse to license any net, because of unsuitable location or of applicant's previous conviction for law violation.

Cuvier Club.

THE Cuviers are still bagging new game, and adding largely every day to their ranks of membership. Only a few days ago a list of eighteen new members was made public, and yesterday twenty-six more prominent citizens were elected members of the famous organization.

President Starbuck predicts that all records will be broken this year in membership, and would not be surprised to see other clubs in the city outranked in number of members. The club possesses a meritorious object—the preservation of fish and game—and is deserving of the popularity it has achieved. The annual banquet, which is scheduled for Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, will be a triumph of the culinary art. It will be under care of Chef Max Basse, who has similarly presided for years. All the toothsome game that is then in season will be on the menu, as well as the delicious salmon and muscalonge that cleave the cold waters of Lake Superior and the St. Lawrence River.

Mr. Washington van Hamm, through Dr. T. C. Minor, has presented to the Cuvier Club a beautiful case of hummingbirds, once the property of Dr. N. B. Wolfe. These tiny birds are an admirable creation from almost every point of view—as delicate as the cobweb that can cause its death, of such emotional intensity that even terror alone may quench its life, of ethereal mold and resplendent color, this tropical atom is, notwithstanding, lion-hearted to attack even a man in defense of its nest. Valor and grace ne'er found a more unique companionship. And what a great little traveler the hummingbird is, darting like an electric spark from torrid climes far up into the arctic regions with each returning spring, and back in the fall—the merest mote in the vast blue expanse. They are gems of infinite beauty and are, in consequence of their brilliant plumage, used in my lady's hat with pleasing effect.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, Oct. 30.

The annual banquet of the Cuviers will be held next Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, when the reception committee of seventy members appointed by President Starbuck will give a characteristically cordial welcome to the favored guests

A Salmon Freak.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose a clipping which I cut out of last night's St. Johns Globe. It may be interesting to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM; the slip will give all information. The salmon are caught and put in this pond, then stripped and let go again into the salt water, and the eggs are sent to the hatcheries.

"An exceedingly interesting fact came under the notice of the men employed in stripping the salmon at the Carleton Pond. One fine looking salmon was provided with both roe and milt, and thus was practically of both sexes. There could be no doubt whatever of the fact, and the men say that such a thing never before came under their notice. The fish was carefully saved and will be kept as a curiosity for Prof. Prince, of the Fisheries Department, who may come here at any day. The fish in its exterior appearance was not different from the others in the pond. The work of stripping the salmon has been completed and the experts left to-day for their homes. Something more than a million eggs were secured, and these have been sent to the hatcheries at Grand Falls and Bedford."

H. H. H.

A Fly and Mosquito Dope.

BOSTON, Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed recently several allusions by Mr. Hough to a fly and mosquito dope. To get a good one, nay, to get the best, is the desire of all who go into the woods where these "pesky critters" abound. But nearly all these formulas have tar as the leading ingredient. Now, tar is villainous stuff at best, and I used it for many years until I found a better thing.

Many years ago—it was on my first trip to Amasa Ward's camps at Hellgate Falls, Dead Diamond River, that Ward gave me a trial of a mixture that he had used for years, and here it is: A 6oz. vial is made up of oil of pennyroyal, 1oz.; ammonia, 1oz.; sweet oil, 2oz.; glycerine, 2oz.; larger or smaller quantities in the same proportion. It is the best, as well as the cleanest, preparation I have ever used, and I have given it to many friends, who have used it with great satisfaction. The pests of the woods don't like it a little bit, and I confidently recommend all sportsmen to give it a trial.

WM. B. SMART.

Mr. Robert Graham, of New York, told the Merchants' Association of the commercial fishery opportunities in Porto Rico: "The consumption of codfish on the island is simply enormous. I should think it is a very large factor in the ordinary diet of all classes. While the adjacent waters teem with fish, there is very little caught, only small lots, which are sold in the market places by local fishermen for immediate consumption, as there are no means of keeping it for transportation. The salt fish is shipped from Nova Scotian provinces; it was formerly shipped from the United States, but changes in the tariff and other laws have destroyed that business for us."

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 15.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio State Field Trial Association's trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—International Field Trial Club's trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 15-17.—Central Beagle Club's annual trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 22.—Fourth annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Greene county, Pa. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homesdale, Pa.
Nov. 28.—Amoret, Mo.—Missouri Field Trials Association's second annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Indiana Field Trial Club's Trials.

A GENIAL party of sportsmen began to assemble Sunday, Nov. 6, at Squire Buckle's famous hostelry at Bicknell, and by Monday morning quite a crowd were in attendance on the historic field trial grounds of Bicknell. A more congenial gathering was probably never held in the same interest. While the crowd was not so large as in the former years of trials at Bicknell, it improved in numbers over the past two years at Carlisle. As is well known, there is no better grounds for the purpose of holding trials in the country. Birds were found in abundance, the horses were the usual average, and the hotel accommodations were excellent.

The farmers who so kindly took an interest in allowing the club the privilege of running the trials on their grounds are to be commended for the courteous treatment of club members and those in attendance. Many thanks for the privilege are extended to them, no doubt, by all concerned. The club is especially indebted to Messrs. J. Emory Horn, its president; Cliff Horn and John Horn, for many accommodations.

Mr. S. H. Socwell made an efficient secretary, and the club feels indebted to him for his painstaking work. An affable gentleman, his words were always courteous and his actions accommodating to all that approached him.

The judges in the Derby were Messrs. Gil. T. Kerr and S. H. Socwell, of Indianapolis, and John Horn, of Bicknell. The latter officiated in the saddle for the first time with much credit to himself. In the All-Age Stake Messrs. Kerr and Horn officiated during the first series; when Mr. Socwell's dog was not continued in the second series, he was asked to assist. Their decisions met with general approval, and their management was fair, skillfully and painstakingly done.

Quite a number of entries in both stakes did not start, several were reported sick and one injured, thus the starters were cut down somewhat. The quality of those started would hardly be excelled in the land, and was of decidedly excellent merit.

The regular club meeting was held Monday night. The officers for next year were elected as follows: President, Mr. J. Emory Horn, Bicknell; First Vice-President, Dr. C. I. Shoop, Racine, Wis.; Second Vice-President, Mr. Geo. D. Maxfield, Indianapolis, Ind.; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. H. Socwell, Indianapolis, Ind. It was decided to hold trials in '99 at the same place on the first Monday in November, as heretofore.

The gentlemen named as follows were interested spectators during the running: Mr. C. W. Harris, Mattoon, Ill.; Dr. C. I. Shoop, Racine, Wis.; Messrs Geo. W. Maxfield, P. T. Madison, G. T. Kerr, S. H. Socwell, H. S. Humphrey, Dr. B. H. Sellers and Capt. C. S. Tarleton, all of Indianapolis; Messrs. J. Emory Horn, Cliff Horn, John Horn, Simpson Bicknell, Obadiah Holmes, Uncle John McLin and quite a number of other gentlemen of Bicknell, whose names I did not get. The handlers in attendance were J. H. Johnson, of Carlisle, Ind.; B. W. Butterfield, of Brooklyn, Ind.; R. W. Riley, of Indianapolis, and George and Joe McLin, of Bicknell.

Taken all in all it has never been my lot to attend a field trial where there was less friction than at this. I must properly remark that I did not hear a real kick or notice any clash during the progress of these trials. The "kicker" was conspicuous by his absence, and matters all through were of the most pleasant character. One of the most enjoyable of treats were the many reminiscences of years gone by told by several of the party around the hotel office in the evening. Many a happy laugh was created at the expense of some of the veteran handlers of the past.

The Derby.

In this stake there were but four starters, however, it seemed as though their owners knew what were the right sort to start. There was not a poor one in the lot, and it may be remarked that anyone of the three first placed would give the strongest competition anywhere should they show the superior form here exhibited. What was lacking in quality was undoubtedly made up in merit of truly a high class order.

The drawing resulted as follows:

Dr. B. H. Seller's black, white and tan setter bitch Beaut Gladstone; whelped June 27, '97, by Rodfield—Brownie Gladstone, handled by Joe McLin, with G. F. Poulson and C. W. Criswell's black and white setter dog Rodfield Gladstone, whelped May 16, '97, by Rodfield—Florence Gladstone, handled by Geo. McLin.

A. E. Schilling's orange and white setter bitch Nancy Gladstone, whelped July 27, '97, by Count Gladstone IV.—Hopp's Hunter, handled by Joe McLin, with Dr. B. H. Seller's black, white and tan setter bitch Rod's Pansy, whelped Jan. 2, 97, by Rodfield—Kate N., handled by Geo. McLin.



JINGO'S JOHNNY—THIRD IN ALL-AGE.
Photo during his work by H. S. Humphrey.

Monday Morning.

After the drawing, which occurred immediately following breakfast, the party mounted their horses, and were soon at the edge of the Cliff Horn farm. The weather was all that could have been desired, with the exception that a high wind was blowing, which was decidedly unfavorable for point work. The sun shone bright and clear, and the plentiful rains, which had occurred a day or two beforehand, left the ground in an almost perfect condition for scent, had not the high wind interfered.

First Round.

Beaut Gladstone—Rodfield Gladstone.—They were put down in a weed field at 8:25. Both went merrily to work, Rod showing the best range and speed. Beaut hunted her ground carefully, and quartered nicely. Both going at a good clip should have found a bevy, which they passed, that was afterward flushed by their handlers or the judges. The birds were not followed. Over the fence into another stubble, the field was drawn blank. Arriving at an old corn crib, dogs were sent down a likely looking fence next to a cornfield, where Rod secured a bevy point. Beaut coming up pointed also. The scattered birds went to the high corn with the exception of two outlying birds, which were afterward flushed by Beaut, who was steady to wing. Ordered up at 9. Rod having the best of it. He is fast, with a wide, stylish manner of going. Beaut proving a nice stylish little one, with but moderate speed.

Nancy Gladstone—Rod's Pansy.—Cast away in stubble at 9:05. Both going handsomely. Some scattered birds were flushed by McLin. Nancy coming up steady to wing. Sent on, roaded to a bevy point in gully, where she was nicely backed by Pansy. McLin flushed the birds which flew to scrub oaks. Both steady. Going up the hillside, Nancy scored points on singles, right and left, steady to wing. Pansy having made for the oaks soon found and pointed single in ravine. Steady to wing. On the hillside Pansy wheeled to point on a single bird, which flew to the corn. Sent on. Pansy made game near a brier patch on edge of the woods. She soon roaded to a bevy point, where she was backed by Nancy. McLin ordered to shoot, both were steady. Birds going well into a thick woods. Sent back along the other side of scrub oak patch for the remaining singles of previous bevy, Nancy was soon roading to a point. The bird flushed wild. Nancy steady. Pansy was a bit wider ranger and hunted out her ground well. Both very speedy. Nancy excelled a little in style. The heat was well contested, Pansy having the advantage.

Second Round.

Rodfield Gladstone—Rod's Pansy—Started at 9:57 in stubble, after allowing Pansy twenty minutes' rest. Down the hillside, Rod soon found a bevy which he pointed stanchly. Pansy immediately wheeled to point close by, where her handler started a rabbit. McLin ordered to flush from Rod's point, a nice bevy arose which scattered in same field. Both were steady to wing. Sent on, Rod flushed a single, steady to wing, and Pansy to the left roaded to a flush on single, also steady to wing. Along a rail fence Pansy secured a nice point on a single. McLin ordered to shoot. Pansy steady. Down ravine, in briers, Parsy wheeled to a point on bevy, where she was backed by Rod. Following scattered birds, Rod made game and pointed a single. His handler flushed; Rod showed an anxiety to follow, but was restrained. Pansy, to the right, pointed single and was steady. Taken up at 10:29. Pansy having easily the best of it, she being a consistent worker, and showing a finished order of going. She staved well out and showed the better judgment at her work, her point work being of a higher form than Rod's, who also got a bit the worst of it in speed and quartering.

Beaut Gladstone—Nancy Gladstone.—Got away at 10:33 in stubble. Both dogs were lacking range. Nancy the speedier. Some scattered birds were flushed by spectators. They were not followed. Drawing several stubbles without finding birds, they were sent on to the woods, with no better success. No birds were found by the dogs during this heat, and they were called in at 10:56. Both evinced style and quartered well, but Nancy was far the best in speed and range. The judges then consulted and it was decided to go to the hotel for luncheon. After partaking of same, the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Rod's Pansy; second, Rodfield Gladstone; third, Nancy Gladstone; fourth, Beaut Gladstone.

The All-Age Stake.

Seven dogs filled for the All-Age. As in the Derby the quality was of the first order. The stiff wind which had been blowing earlier in the day had died down considerably since morning, thus making better chances for work on birds. Immediately after luncheon the drawing was held. Following is the order in which they ran:

Geo. D. Maxfield's black, white and tan setter dog Rod Gladstone, whelped July 23, '95, by Rodfield—Sue Gladstone, handled by Geo. McLin, with Dr. C. I. Shoop's black and white pointer dog Hal Pointer, whelped Aug. 25, '91, by King of Kent—Daisy, handled by J. H. Johnson.

C. W. Harris' lemon and white pointer dog Jingo's Johnny, whelped June 24, '91, by Jingo—Goldie Croxteth, handled by B. W. Butterfield with S. H. Socwell's black, white and tan setter dog Rodfield's Mark, whelped Aug. 27, '04, by Rodfield—Queen, handled by Geo. McLin.

Alex. B. Meier's black, white and tan setter dog St. Cloud, whelped June 26, '06, by Judge Scarlett—Lillian, handled by Geo. McLin, with J. R. Hayes' black pointer



WHILE THE JUDGES WERE CONSULTING.
Beginning at the left, are: R. W. Riley, P. T. Madison, Dr. C. I. Shoop, Joe McLin, Geo. McLin (with St. Cloud, winner of fourth, All-Age Stake), J. H. Johnson (handler of Hal Pointer).
Taken by H. S. Humphrey.



ROD'S PANSY—FIRST IN DERBY.
Photo during her work by H. S. Humphrey.

dog Keno, whelped Nov. 0, '96, by Don Ritchie—Nelly K., handled by R. W. Riley.

Fishback and Baughn's orange and white setter dog White Line, whelped Dec. 1, '96, by Rodfield—Gath's Belle, handled by Geo. McLin, a bye.

Monday Afternoon.

First Round.

Rod Gladstone—Hal Pointer.—This brace was cast off in stubble at 1:25 at the Cliff Horn farm, on which the morning start was made. Rod made a magnificent cast down wind, leaving the stubble to hunt a long hedge, Hal quartering speedily in the stubble. Rod coming back, both dogs hunted out their ground with plenty of movement. Continuing down the field and into another stubble, both were drawn blank. Hal was soon out of sight into a large cornfield, where he was soon joined by Rod. Hal's handler found him in time to see him making game, where he roaded in his high-headed way to a bevy, which flushed wild 20ft. ahead of the dog. Rod coming up, started to back. Continuing in the corn, Rod found and flushed a bevy. They were then taken to the stubble, where, in a hollow thicket, Hal nailed a single stanchly, which was flushed by Johnson. Hal steady to shot. On the hillside both passed within 10ft. of a single, which was afterward flushed by your reporter. Taken in tow at 2:38, Hal having slightly the best of the heat in point work. Both went a clipping gait, and never have I seen a higher-headed dog than the pointer. They were a magnificent brace as regards style, speed and range, and it was most to be regretted that they did not handle their birds better, even though their opportunities were limited.

Jingo's Johnny—Rodfield's Mark.—Got under way at 2:52. Mark pointed on foot scent, where birds had been running a short time before. None were flushed. In range, Johnny was getting a bit the best of it. Later Mark pointed where a bevy had arisen during the day; fresh droppings were the indications. Sent on, Johnny wheeled to point on feeding bevy, where he was handsomely backed by Mark. Both steady to wing. Birds flew to high corn, where they were not followed. Over the fence into scrub oaks, Johnny established point on part of a bevy which had been scattered in the morning. Steady to wing. Following down the brier patch Johnny pointed a single, which Butterfield flushed. Johnny steady to shot. Into the woods Mark pointed a single bird, and was steady to wing. Coming back on the other side of the oaks Mark pointed a small bevy, probably the other half of Johnny's last bevy, and Johnny refused to back. Both steady to wing. They were stopped at 3:35. Johnny having the best of it in range and speed. Both dogs hunted their ground well, doing excellent quartering. Mark is a dog that has been heavily shot over in the past, which has probably cut his range down some. Johnny and Mark are both very stylish dogs, and the pointer proved especially stylish on point.

St. Cloud—Keno.—At 3:58 this brace was sent into a fresh stubble, which had not been worked during the day. Down a branch St. Cloud turned to a stanch point on a stray bird. McLin flushed, and Cloud was steady. Keno was coming up, but was not in time. Passing on to the Horn orchard, it was drawn blank, and the dogs were ordered back to the stubble. St. Cloud then pointed some scattered birds. Keno proved slightly unruly, but was held in check by Riley. In next field Cloud pointed a bevy. Keno arriving helped himself to a point on the same bevy. Both were steady to shot. Sent on, Keno pointed a rabbit, but did not follow. St. Cloud then roaded to point on scattered birds: they were flushed. Darkness coming on ended the day's work. They were a speedy pair, St. Cloud having a little the best of it in range and style of going. Keno is a nice little dog with plenty of movement, hunting his ground cleverly, but did not get much chance on birds.

Tuesday.

A late start was made for the J. E. Horn farm, where the old familiar sugar camp was made the scene of the starting rendezvous. While waiting for the wagons, R. W. Riley went on a "self-hunt," coming back with four rabbits and his revolver empty. Rabbits were so plentiful that at several stages of the trials the work of the dogs was somewhat impaired. The weather was cloudy and moderately cold, the wind not so high as on Monday, but blowing enough to make matters uncomfortable.

White Line, a bye.—Got away in a clover and weed field at 9:33. His first move was to eat part of a dead rabbit, for which he was reproved. He moved away very cleverly, and soon roaded to a point in which an outlying bird flushed wild. He soon located the bevy up the ravine, on which he cleverly wheeled to a point. The birds were flushed by McLin. White Line steady to wing. Over the hill into a weed field he pointed a single, which flushed wild. Steady to wing. His range and speed were improving every minute. Then a small orchard was drawn empty. Starting down a woods ravine, White Line pointed. McLin started a rabbit. Down the draw a short distance he secured a bevy point and was steady. Birds flew into heavier timber, and were not followed. A large stubble was then drawn blank. Put on chain at 10:04. White Line did not know his handler, having been sent to him but three days before the trials. His speed and range were above average, and his work throughout very clever.

Second Round.

After a short consultation the judges decided that five dogs were to be taken in to the second round.

Rod Gladstone—Jingo's Johnny were put down in a deadening at 10:38. Both went with excellent pace and range. Rod, making game, pointed rather indifferently, to which a lark was flushed by McLin. Going on, Johnny then pointed stanchly, but nothing was found until your reporter, coming up, flushed a crippled bird, which he tried to catch, the bird getting into dense briers. The dogs then came to a large barren field, which was drawn blank: nothing in sight but winter wheat. The dogs were ordered temporarily up. They were then put down in a long stretch of deadening marsh, with the water shoe-top deep in many places; nothing was found. Approaching a weed field, the dogs were sent on, going magnificently. This was also drawn blank. It was unfortunate for Rod not to be able to improve his bird work, as otherwise he stood well for place. Ordered up 11:47, with reserve to continue after lunch. The party adjourned to the kennels of Geo. McLin for lunch. It may here be properly remarked that the writer never saw a large number of dogs in nearer perfect condition than McLin's string, which were examined shortly after the inner man was satisfied.

Tuesday Afternoon.

Rod Gladstone—Jingo's Johnny heat continued. Went away at 1:40 on the Cliff Horn farm. Up a draw, a bevy flushed wild, most of the birds going to the corn. On the hillside Johnny pointed stanchly, but Butterfield could not flush the bird. Coming up a few seconds afterward, one of the judges flushed it. Several birds were here flushed by the overanxiety of both handlers, which scattered down the scrub oaks. Crossing the fence, Johnny went clippingly down the hill, and reaching the other side, wheeled to a bevy point. Rod was going well, but was evidently off nose. Johnny to the left soon nailed a single; steady to wing. Going on, both dogs pointed, but nothing was flushed to either point. Continuing to the woods, no birds were found. Upon returning down the clearing, Johnny pointed a single in perfect style, which point, taken by your reporter is the subject of the photograph. Johnny was steady to shot and wing. Up at 2:15, Johnny having the best of it.

Hal Pointer—White Line.—At 2:29 the sun came out, after it having been behind the clouds all day, to witness one of the star heats of field trial history. Both dogs going magnificently, White Line improved greatly over his bye heat and had only a bit the best of Hal in range and speed. White Line roaded the distance of 30yds. on a running bevy in the corn, which he gamely pointed. McLin flushed; Line steady. Sent on, Line wheeled to point on outlying birds, where he was slightly unsteady to wing. Hal was unruly, and was being duly administered to by Johnson. Sent ahead Hal pointed a single, and was steady to shot. McLin then called point, but no bird was found. Hal, going on, overran a single, which was probably the bird Line was previously pointing. In the edge of briers Hal pointed a bevy which flushed wild; Hal steady. Continuing, Hal pointed a single, backed by Line in good style. Further down the line both dogs pointed a bevy in good shape; Line steady; Hal a bit unruly. Sent on, Hal pointed a single. Immediately after McLin called point for Line. Hal, coming up, stole point. Both steady to shot. In the woods Line pointed a single in dead tree; Hal, a few feet away, passed within 2yds. of a bird, which flush wild. Sent back to the corn, Line soon had a bevy point, and was soon up pointing the scattered birds right and left, doing the highest class of work in a field trial heat ever seen by a majority of the spectators. Hal was under poor control, having been only two weeks in preparation. Even at that, he should have had the edge on Line, who arrived in McLin's hands only a day or two previous to his work. This was a clever brace. Hal full of style and go, high-headed and with plenty of range. Line handled his birds in a truly excellent manner, went a clipping gait, stayed out at his work, and certainly hunted his ground in a finished style. Ordered up at 3:07.

St. Cloud, a bye, was accompanied by Jingo's Johnny, the judges wanting to see more of Johnny's work on birds. Into the stubble both went away at a clipping gait. Johnny soon left for the corn, and Cloud, going down the fence into high weeds, nailed a bevy in good shape; steady to shot. Johnny coming up they were sent to an old orchard, planted in corn, where Cloud made two points on singles, Johnny getting one. Going ahead, both handlers called point, to which nothing was found. Later Johnny pointed scattered birds and was steady to wing. Continuing, Johnny wheeled to a stylish point on a brace, and was steady. This ended the heat at 4:12, as well as the work of the trials Johnny having run four long, tiresome heats that day, three of them in the afternoon, and he seemed ready for more. Johnny was the best of the two in speed, range and style. Shortly after supper the judges announced White Line, first; Hal Pointer, second; Jingo's Johnny, third; St. Cloud, fourth. These awards seemingly were very satisfactory.

The Derby Winners.

Rod's Pansy, winner of first, is a medium-sized, white, black and tan bitch, of rangy character, clever in the way she handles birds, quartering nicely, and showing qualities that would be a credit to an all-age dog. She was superior in staying at work, and hunted her ground in a knowing way. She was first, with not an abundance to spare, yet clearly so.

Rodfield Gladstone, winner of second, is a medium-sized, heavily ticked, black and white dog who went a clipping race; is stylish and snappy, and has plenty of endurance. With his high-headed, wide way of going, we expect to hear from him in the future.

Nancy Gladstone, winner of third, is also a medium-sized one, orange and white, full of style, snap and vigor; is a consistent worker, with no very bad faults. Her speed and range were above moderate.

Beaut Gladstone, winner of fourth, is a small blue belton bitch, has clear style, moderate range, and fair nose. The awards in this stake were properly decided.

The All-Age Winners.

White Line, winner of first, is a medium-built one, orange and white, and is in every sense of the word a crackerjack. His way of going is a very merry, clipping style, with plenty of movement. He is certainly the best of his age the writer has had the pleasure of seeing. Line was only one month too old for the Derby. His work on birds was of the most finished order, and he was clearly the winner, outclassing the others. He is undoubtedly among the first flight, and will no doubt demonstrate it again in the future.

Hal Pointer, winner of second, is a fair-sized black, white and ticked pointer, of very gamy character. He is one of the highest headed dogs I have even seen, having plenty of movement, is speedy, and quarters nicely. He showed evident lack of work, and his opportunities on birds were limited. He is a high-class individual, reminding one of Kent Elgin, of former glory, and is his half brother.

Jingo's Johnny, winner of third, is a large lemon and white pointer, with superabundance of speed, style and range. He was under good control, and certainly has more endurance than the greater majority. On point he is particularly stylish. He is a consistent worker, goes like the wind, withal being perfectly stanch and certainly belongs to the stem-winder class.

St. Cloud, winner of fourth, is a white, black and tan setter, a bit above medium in size, and a merry worker, possessing speed and range, is excellent in quartering and stylish on point. He is a handsome dog, of the right type, and was properly placed. H. S. Humphrey.

E. F. T. C. Trials.

The Members' Stake.

The advance guard of the Eastern Field Trial Club were assembled in St. Hubert's Inn, Newton, N. C., on Thursday evening, Nov. 10.

The number of starters were not quite up to what was expected. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., who has been a staunch supporter of the Members' and other stakes, was absent at the opening competition this year, much to the disappointment of the other members, all of whom are desirous of keen competition.

The evening of Nov. 10 was most pleasantly spent in reminiscent chat, making the entries, drawing the order of running and admiring the beautiful prizes, of which there were four, a beautiful silver cup being first prize; a cut glass silver claret pitcher second prize, and a beautiful silver flask and silver cork screw, with a silver-mounted horn handle, third and fourth. Also, Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus donated one of his beautiful paintings to the winner of first, and it is hardly necessary to add that each competitor eagerly desired the honors accompanied by such rare trophies.

The trials of this year in a way seemed to be most naturally linked to the trials of a year ago, for on the blackboard in the hallway of St. Hubert's Inn was the list of winners of each stake, as it had been marked in chalk by the hand of one of the judges the year before. It set forth the list as follows: "Members' Stake, 1st, Ripsey; 2d, Artonia; 3d, Shadow; vhc., Roland, H. C., Molly B. Derby, 1st, Zeb; 2d, Pearl R.; 3d, Why Not. All-Age Stake, 1st, Count Gloster; 2d, Anne of Abbottsford; 3d, Elgin's Dash. Subscription Stake, 1st, Tony's Gale; 2d, Young Rip Rap; 3d, Elgin's Dash."

It is interesting to note that the winners of first and second last year, Ripsey and Antonia, repeated their good performance and again appear in the winning list.

So far as the grounds are concerned, the available area for competitive work is much lessened, owing to the large acreage sowed to wheat, large stretches being this year cultivated for that purpose. The routes therefore were considerably narrowed as compared with those followed in previous years in the day's competition.

The judges were Mr. S. C. Bradley, the club's secretary, and Col. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn. Both gentlemen are thoroughly experienced and proficient in judging, and they managed the competition with the ease and accuracy which only comes from a thorough schooling in field trial matters.

Mr. George F. Nesbitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a famous trap shooter of that section; Dr. D. Fitzgerald, of Baltimore; Messrs. M. Bulkley, Southport, Conn.; F. E. Arend, of Trenton, N. J., and F. J. Arend, of New York, were present.

Messrs. Osthaus, Meares, Bradley, Fox, Sturgis and Dr. Brown were the members present. Mr. R. V. Fox recently became a member. Two ladies graced the event with their presence on the first day. They were Miss Parmelee, and Miss E. B. Bradley, the secretary's daughter.

Ripsey, liver and white pointer bitch, by Rio Rap—Dolly B., won first on a most excellent all-round performance. She worked with excellent judgment and fidelity to the gun. Her range was conducted with great skill, and was quite wide enough for practical work, being about midway between the wide and narrow, just right for a high-class practical working dog. Her locating and point work were notably skillful and successful. She uniformly went to her birds in the right manner, and pointed them at the right distance. She was free from the "hard luck" happenings so frequent with some dogs; that is to say, flushes across wind, etc. The reason of her success could be found in the diligent manner in which she constantly used her good nose, and the good judgment she used in following up the scent to find and locate. She goes with spirit, points in good style, and works to the gun perfectly in all details without orders. She is a very finished worker.

Antonia, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Antonio—Miss Nellie Y., won second. She also was very skillful and accurate in her finding and pointing, and made an admirable competition. She ranged very well at times, but on the whole her range is narrower than what one could desire. She proved herself an excellent worker on birds, and also in her observance of the requirements of the gun. Her class of work, however, did not rate with that of Ripsey.

Molly B. won third. She is black, white and tan, and is by Rodrigo—Lily B. Her point work rated very high, being sharp, accurate and quick. She is very skillful in locating and pointing, and worked very faithfully to every requirement of the gun. Her range is good, but she mars it by coming in unnecessarily to her handler at times. As with the winners of first and second, she was thoroughly broken, and worked perfectly to the details of brace requirements, backing promptly and cheerfully, doing her part with most pleasing faithfulness. I preferred her for second place.

Ned B., black and white pointer by Rip—Lady Grace, showed a great deal of natural ability, but his work to the gun was faulty. He was hard to handle, and in brace work he showed a disposition to take all the leading parts to himself. He needs more discipline in working to the gun. His range and judgment were good. His work on birds was lacking in accuracy and finish.

The handling was done quietly and skillfully, as it should be done, whether by amateur or professional, with

the difference, however, that the professional would seem to be the one to handle with the greatest skill, and therefore with the least fuss and noise.

The Members' Stake was a most pleasing introductory to the trials, and as a feature should receive the staunch support of the members, and should be placed in the position of the most important event of the trials.

This stake was run on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11 and 12, at Newton, N. C. There were nine starters, run in the following order:

W. B. Meares' liver and white pointer dog Fitz (Tick Boy—Abdallah Romp) with Edm. H. Osthaus' liver and white pointer bitch Ripsey (Rip Rap—Dolly B.).

Dr. J. Spencer Brown's black, white and tan setter bitch Molly B. (Roderigo—Lilly B.) with R. V. Fox's black, white and tan setter dog Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

Theo. Sturgis' black, white and tan setter bitch Vivian (Gath's Mark—Gossip) with W. B. Meares' liver and white pointer dog Glenn (— — —).

Dr. J. Spencer Brown's black and white pointer dog Ned B. (Rip Rap—Lady Grace) with Theo. Sturgis' black, white and tan setter bitch Antonia (Antonio—Miss Sally Y.).

W. B. Meares' liver and white pointer dog Don (— — —), a bye.

Friday, Nov. 11.

The weather was cool and bracing. A moderately stiff wind blew throughout the day. The sun shone clear and bright. Taken all in all, it was a model field trial day in respect to weather. Birds were found in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of the competition. The work as a whole averaged fairly good, though it varied a great deal in character, some of it being superior, while a part of it was quite inferior.

The handling was done most pleasingly, courteously and skillfully. A start was made at Gibson's well, and the day's competition ended near Conover.

First Series.

Ripsey and Fitz began at 8:45. The morning was charmingly pleasant and favorable for good work. Ripsey pointed at a place where a bevy had been seen to flush from. In pine woods, Ripsey pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. Soon after being sent on she pointed another bevy. The dogs were worked some minutes afterward, when in open weeds Ripsey found and nicely pointed a bevy. Fitz going down wind flushed it. Both were steady to shot. They were ordered up at 9:40. Ripsey was decidedly better in every respect. Fitz seemed to be lacking in working knowledge, although he sought with diligence. Ripsey made a very clean, finished performance, working most pleasingly to the gun. She was sweetly obedient, though few orders were necessary at any time.

Mollie B. and Forzando were started at 9:55. Forzando made a point, which was handsomely backed by Mollie; nothing found. Sent on. Mollie pointed a bevy prettily and accurately. Her work on birds was reliable and quick. The birds were followed into woods, and Forzando pointed a single. Up at 10:52. Each ranged fast. Forzando was difficult to handle. Mollie worked neatly to the gun, and was promptly obedient. All in all, she had much the better of the heat.

Vivian and Glenn were cast off at 11:05. Vivian soon pointed a bevy in sedge. Sent on. Glenn found a bevy in open stubble; Vivian backed promptly and prettily. In spite of much cautioning by his handler, Glenn broke shot. Sent on. He again pointed a bevy and broke in. Vivian was promptly reliable on back. On some marked birds in sedge, each made a point and lost several opportunities on remaining birds. The heat ended at 11:58. Vivian displayed good judgment in locating and pointing, and was reliably stanch. Her range was narrow. Glenn's performance was lacking in finish and in reliability to the gun.

Ned B. and Antonia were started at 1:05. Antonia made a good point on a bevy in open weeds and grass, while Judge Bradley's gun-shy horse waltzed around in anticipation of being scared when the gun was fired. At the same time, Ned made a point on a bevy a short distance away. When the birds were flushed Ned marked them, followed and secured a good point on a single. In the meantime Antonia was held up till Ned was brought back to the course. Sent on. Antonia made a good point on scattered birds in weeds. Ned was not near to back. Antonia next made two more good points on two bevies, though her range at the time was of moderate scope. Up at 2:08. Ned was hard to handle. His speed and manner of going were pleasing. He covered a good range, but was not so attentive to the requirements of the gun as is necessary.

Don, the bye dog, ran alone from 2:16 to 2:40. On birds he acted badly. He showed lack of discipline, and was deficient in stanchness. He was industrious without much reference to the needs of the gun.

Second Series.

Six dogs were quite correctly taken into the second series. They were run as appears in the following description of the heats:

Ripsey and Mollie B. started at 3:05 and ran the star heat of the day. They were worked about to some birds which were marked down in pine woods. Mollie pointed the scattered birds and Ripsey backed promptly and well. Both were steady to shot. Next, Ripsey pointed a single and Mollie backed well. In woods each made separate points on singles. Sent on. Soon in the pine woods each pointed. Mollie had a single bird by the edge of the woods; Ripsey roaded accurately to a point on the single from the woods into the open. Next, in short, thin weeds, in the open, Ripsey flushed excusably. Sent on. Ripsey pointed a bevy and Mollie backed. On the scattered birds, Ripsey made two points on singles. Mollie, at the end of the cover, a few yards away, seemed to be in mischief for a moment, as some scattered birds flushed near her and she came out in their wake, but resumed work promptly when cautioned. Up at 3:30. It was a heat notable for its clean, accurate work to the gun, and the pleasant promptitude with which each dog observed the details of brace work, in backing instantly and reliably on occasion. There was a total absence of all jealousy. Mollie was a little more dashing in going to her birds, but was not equal to the pointer in painstaking accuracy in finding and locating.

Antonia and Fitz began at 3:36. Antonia found and pointed a bevy nicely. Sent on. Soon Fitz pointed a bevy at the edge of some corn by a ditch, and Antonia backed or pointed close by him. Next, Antonia pointed a bevy in cotton; she next secured a point on the scattered birds. Up at 4:20. Antonia was covering but a moderate range. Fitz showed signs of inexperience. Antonia's bird work was very good.

Forzando and Ned B. began at 4:29. Forzando stopped to a flush on a single bird of a bevy marked down in woods. Ned had passed across wind close by the bevy in the open without happening to catch scent of it. Next Forzando in woods made two single-bird points, the bird flushing each time while the dog was standing. In the open Ned pointed a bevy well. The birds were followed. Both pointed about the same time, moved on and flushed. Next Forzando pointed a single in the open and Ned backed to caution. Sent on. In the open, Ned apparently pointed a bevy and Forzando backed; at least, their positions would indicate that such was the case, though it cannot be so stated positively, as Ned was a bit shaky in backing, and the first part of this work was not seen. Dr. Brown killed a bird very dead to Ned's point. Forzando pointed; Ned refused to back; nothing found. Neither one worked with proper regard for the gun. They handled hard and their work on birds was lacking in precision and finish. Up at 5:16. This ended the day's competition.

Saturday, Nov. 12.

Third Series.

Five dogs were retained in the running, namely Ripsey, Antonia, Molly B., Ned B. and Fitz, although the judges qualified the matter with a statement that it might not be necessary to run all the dogs mentioned. The weather was clear and cool. A gentle bracing breeze blew betimes. The sun shone bright. Everything was favorable for good work. A start was made at Gibson's well.

Ripsey and Antonia were cast off at 9:15. They ran forty-one minutes. Near a house by the edge of a sorghum patch, Ripsey pointed and Antonia backed. Some poultry was found close by. Sent on. Ripsey pointed a bevy stanchly in open weeds; Antonia coming up caught scent and pointed independently on the same bevy. They held their points with admirable stanchness while being photographed. Antonia ranged much better than she did on the previous day. Ripsey covered a good scope of ground, and beat it out with judgment.

Ned B. and Fitz started at 10:10. Fitz going across wind close by a growth of briers flushed a bevy. Sent on. Ned pointed a bevy, concealed in heavy cover, just a moment before it flushed. The dogs showed some jealousy of each other in ranging, and they were hard to handle. Up at 10:40.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Ripsey; second, Antonia; third, Molly B.; fourth, Ned B.

Mr. Osthaus, having won first, donated the picture to the winner of second. The entrance was $10 each, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Central Beagle Club Trials.

The Central Beagle Club's field trials began on Tuesday of this week, at Latrobe, Pa. A report of the running will be given in our next issue.

Yachting.

Messrs. Gardner and Cox are already very busy with yachts for next season, the list including four large steam yachts and one schooner. The steam yachts are one of 140ft. l.w.l., for J. G. Cassatt, to replace the Eugenia; one of 140ft. l.w.l., for Eugene Tompkins, to replace the Illawarra; one of 120ft. l.w.l., for Richard Stevens, to replace the Aileen, and one of 200ft. over all for A. E. Tower. The schooner will be of steel, 80ft. l.w.l., for J. Berre King, owner of Elsemarie. She will be of the deep centerboard type, for racing.

Emerald, schr., has just been sold by J. R. Maxwell to W. E. Iselin, who will use her for cruising.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

Sixth Annual Meeting.

New York—Nov. 10-11.

The sixth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers took place in New York last week, the session practically covering three instead of the usual two days, as on the third day about 100 of the members were the guests of the Bethlehem Iron Company, visiting the works of the company at Bethlehem, Pa. This all-day trip gave even greater opportunity than the regular sessions for social intercourse and informal interchange of ideas.

The sessions were held as usual in the house of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the auditorium, which is well suited for such a use, being very well filled. President Griscom opened the meeting at 10:30 A. M. on Thursday, the report of the council being read by Sec'y-Treas. Bowles. The report showed a handsome balance in the treasury and a good membership, increased by the election of about fifty candidates. The officers were re-elected, Mr. G. W. Dickie being elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late John F. Pankhurst, of the council.

In his opening address Pres. Griscom spoke of the impossibility of creating a navy at short notice, and of the importance of timely preparation in all directions, as well as the great value of a prosperous merchant marine as a reserve on which to draw for ships and men. He also spoke of the importance of the newly acquired insular territory as an aid to the adequate extension of American commerce.

The first paper taken up was "The Standard Navy Boats," by Arthur B. Cassidy, Esq., member. In the absence of Mr. Cassidy, the paper was read by Naval Constructor J. G. Tawresey, of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. The standard navy boats, launches, cutters, whaleboats, gigs and dinghies, were described; and in addition the lines, construction plans and photographs of nearly all of the different boats were given.

The second paper was read by Prof. W. F. Durant, in the absence of the author, now on the Pacific Coast: "Bilge Keels and Rolling Experiments U. S. S. Oregon," by Asst. Naval Constructor Lawrence Spear, U. S. N., member. The addition of bilge keels to the Oregon, the experimental tests of the ship before and after the keels were added, and the observed results, were fully described, the paper being illustrated by diagrams and photo reproductions. The third paper, read by the author, was "Portable Pneumatic Riveters in Shipbuilding," by W. I. Babcock, Esq., member. The new system of pneumatic riveting, by which hand labor is almost entirely displaced in the works of the Chicago Shipbuilding Company, of which Mr. Babcock is manager, was described in detail.

After a recess for lunch, Capt. W. H. Jaques exhibited a number of lantern slide views of submarine torpedo vessels, of different nationalities, described by a brief summary of a paper read by him before the British Institute of Naval Architects. Following this, Sec'y Bowles, in the absence of the author, read the next paper, "Torpedo Boat Destroyers for Sea Service, with Special Reference to the Conditions that Prevail on the Pacific Coast," by G. W. Dickie, Esq., member. Mr. Dickie, manager of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, described a special type of fast torpedo gunboat designed to meet the conditions of the Pacific Coast, where harbors are few and long sea voyages are necessary. The paper was illustrated by a sketch design of the proposed type. In connection with a very interesting discussion of this paper, the first of the scheduled questions for topical discussion, "The Utility of Torpedo Boats, and has the Submarine Boat a Place?" was taken up. The session closed with a paper by F. M. Wheeler, Esq., member, "Steam Economy Test of a Unique Form of Feed Pump."

The first paper on Friday was "The Steam Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary," by William P. Stephens, Esq., associate. The work of the steam yachts in the late war was described, with partial plans and photos of some of the leading yachts, and suggestions were made as to the future value of the yacht fleet in war.

In the absence of Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., his paper was read by Sec'y Bowles, "Designs of New Vessels for the U. S. Navy." The paper was very completely illustrated by plans of the new battleships, monitors, torpedo boats, destroyers and the training ship now under construction. The following two papers, being closely connected, were read by their authors so as to be discussed at once: "Methods of Securing Water-Tight Work," by Asst. Naval Constructor H. G. Smith, U. S. N., associate; "Tests of the Strength of a Longitudinal Bulkhead Separating Two Engine Rooms," by Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N., member. The final paper was "Stability of a Battleship Under Damaged Conditions," by Prof. Cecil H. Peabody, member. Owing to the late hour, one paper, "An Electrically Operatedy 150-Ton Revolving Derrick," by Walter A. Post, Esq., associate, was read by title, and but two of the special subjects were discussed:

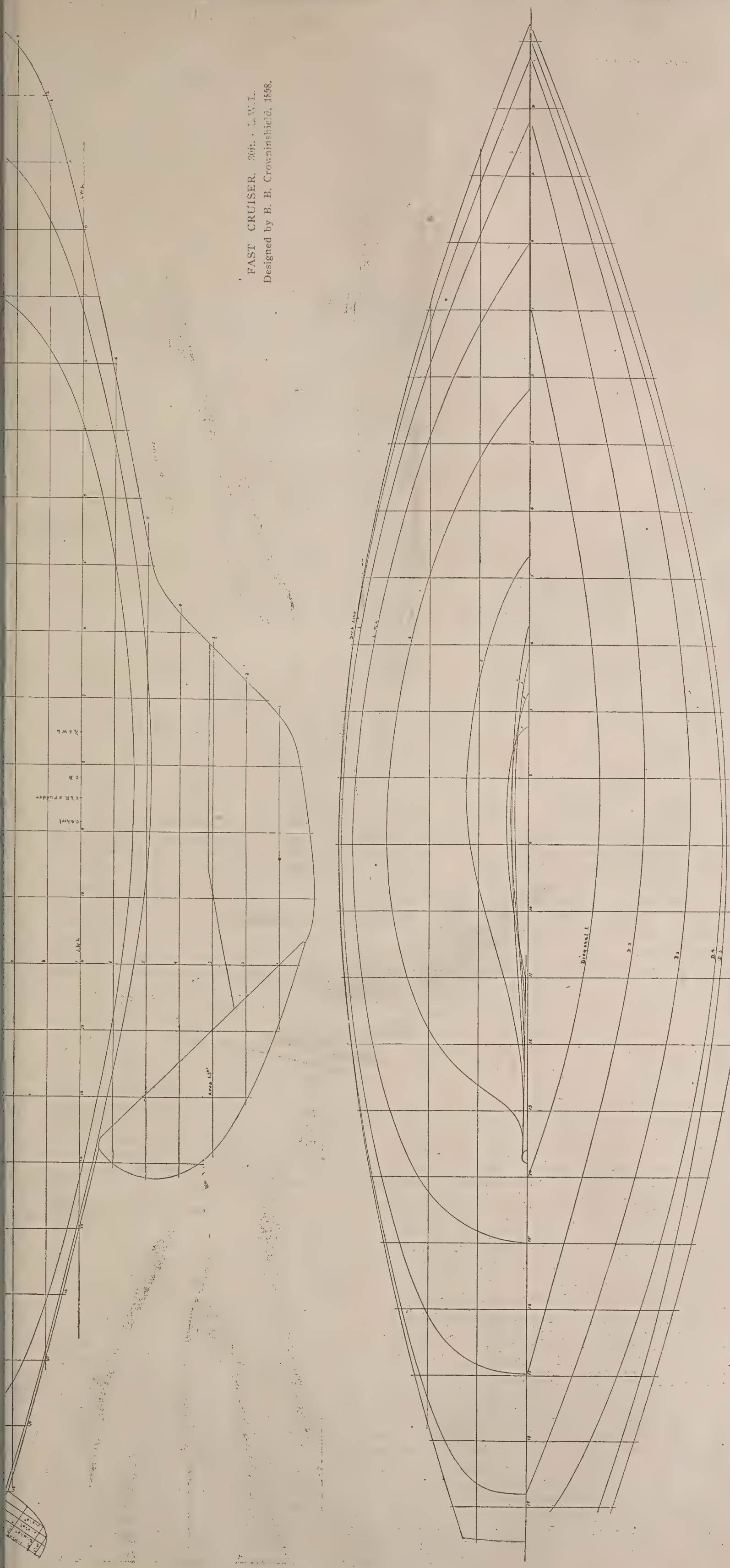
First. Under the circumstances of the blockade at Santiago, which was the more economical method of maintaining the boilers in readiness for immediate action—banking the fires or keeping them spread, but very thin?

Second. Can you give any data as to the cost in coal of maintaining the engines and boilers in readiness for immediate service?

Just prior to adjournment, Mr. Lewis Nixon made a motion that the Society should invite papers on the subject of ships' boats and other methods of saving life at sea, to be prepared before the next meeting, and the best two to be read and discussed.

The annual dinner of the Society followed in the evening, at Delmonico's, a large number being present. Early on Saturday morning the members met at the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City, where they were received by the representatives of the Bethlehem Iron Works. Two special cars were provided, each of which was filled. When the party reached Bethlehem, at about 11 A. M., a train of three flat cars provided with temporary seats was backed down and all hands boarded it. The train was then run slowly through the various shops of the company, stopping at each point of special interest. The programme was so arranged that the visitors were able to witness a number of special operations, the casting of a huge steel ingot under hydraulic pressure, the forging of a jacket for a 12in. gun, the forging of an armor plate, the straightening of an armor plate, the tempering of a plate, and the oil tempering of a gun jacket. At various points all left the train and passed through the shops on foot. The largest machine shop was crowded with work of all kinds, the 12in. guns for coast defense, completed and in course of construction, with their disappearing carriages, immense shafts for street railway work, and shafts and crank shafts for yachts and other vessels. One piece of fine work that was generally admired was the four-throw crankshaft for the new steam yacht designed by C. D. Mosher for Chas. E. Flint, every part being hollow. The armor plate shop, with its special saws and other tools for shaping the plate, and with much work in progress for the new battleships Alabama, Kearsage and Kentucky, was specially interesting. After an elaborate luncheon, served in the offices of the company, the guests returned to the train and were landed in New York about 7 o'clock, more than satisfied with their hospitable reception, and the opportunity thus afforded to study the manufacture of armor plate, guns and the other products of the great plant.

The meeting of the Society throughout was most interesting and successful, a result very largely due to the care and the untiring labors of its secretary.



Lake Y. R. A. Annual Meeting.

Kingston, Nov. 5.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held on Saturday, Nov. 5, at the Hotel Fontenac, Kingston. The first session was called to order at 11 in the forenoon, with the following present:

President Frank Strange, Hon. Secretary-Treasurer Frank M. Gray.

Delegates—Kingston Y. C.: Dr. Black, H. H. Gildersleeve, W. C. Kent.

Royal Canadian Y. C.—Æmilius Jarvis, J. Carl Reed, Temple McMurdich.

Queen City Y. C.—Owain Martin, W. Q. Phillips.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.—E. H. Ambrose, W. J. Brigger.

The Victoria, Oswego and Buffalo yacht clubs were unrepresented. The delegates from the Rochester Y. C., J. E. Burroughs and T. B. Pritchard, arrived in the afternoon.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved. The financial report was presented, and the secretary, Mr. Gray, announced that whereas there was a deficit of $40 in the treasury last year, there was $118 to the good this year, with some places to hear from.

It was decided to purchase a dozen mushroom anchors for buoys to mark courses.

The Genesee Y. C. applied for admission into the L. Y. R. A., but as it did not fulfill the conditions laid down for entrance, no action was taken.

Mr. Jarvis addressed the meeting with regard to the recent challenge for the Canada cup, stating that the new 36ft. linear rating class would be selected for the races, and urging that every Canadian yacht club furnish a candidate for the defense, adding that the Buffalo Y. C. would send a boat to Chicago to compete in the trial races for the selection of a challenger.

An informal discussion was held on the knockabout class and the proposed alterations to the measurement rule.

The members then adjourned for lunch.

The afternoon session was called for 2 o'clock, Messrs. Burroughs and Pritchard, of the Rochester Y. C., were present, and the meeting proceeded to formally consider the vote on the various amendments offered.

The following additional restrictions were imposed on the 22ft. knockabout class, the present length and sail area measurement being retained for this class in any event.

The freeboard at the lowest point must not be less than 21in.

The extreme beam for keel craft must not exceed 8ft. 3in., and shall not at any point exceed the waterline beam by more than 15 per cent.

Neither forward nor after overhang shall exceed 40 per cent. of the extreme load waterline.

The cabin shall have a height of 4ft. 6in. for a distance, fore and aft, equal to one-third of the waterline.

The area of sail abaft the mainmast shall not exceed 85 per cent. of the total sail area.

Mr. Jarvis introduced the girth rule, the formula of which is:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.}+\text{B.}+.75\text{G}+.5\sqrt{\text{S.A.}}}{2}$$

proposing to apply it to all except the knockabout class, together with the following classification, as adopted by the Union of the Great Lakes:

First class, all over 45ft., linear rating; 45ft. class, all over 40ft. and under 45ft.; 40ft. class, all over 35ft. and under 40ft.; 35ft. class, all over 30ft. and under 35ft.; 30ft. class, all over 25ft. and under 30ft.; 25ft. class, all under 25ft.

A general discussion followed regarding the adoption of the rules, which were in the main approved; but some difference of opinion was expressed with regard to the necessary change in classification and the proposal to introduce a certain measure of time allowance.

Mr. Jarvis explained that the classification had been adopted by the two American unions, and that it was altogether desirable, if not a moral obligation, for the Association to accept it.

Generally speaking, this would keep boats in their present classes, but there would be some over the new class limits, notably the Kestrel and Verona, now in the 27ft. class, which would run over the new limit of 30ft., owing to the penalizing effect of the new rule on their midship sections. To overcome this difficulty, in fairness to all concerned, it was proposed to allow all yachts to remain in classes as at present, time allowance being exacted from those over the limit.

Mr. Martin expressed himself as strongly opposed to any time allowance, regarding it as a backward step that would discredit the policy and record of the Association.

Mr. Phillips was opposed to any exceptions to classification, and suggested a general resumption of time allowance for a year as an alternative measure.

Mr. Ambrose considered that both time allowance and the proposed exceptions to the classification necessary under the circumstances, and offered a formal amendment to bring these into effect, providing as follows:

Existing yachts to remain in their classes as at present; time allowance to be computed on their racing lengths, except that any yacht within 1 per cent. of the upper limit of its class be rated at that limit.

Yachts built or brought to the Lake after Nov. 5, 1898, and existing yachts which may increase their measurements for the purpose of entering a higher class, to be rated at the upper limit of the class.

Mr. Martin offered an amendment, deprecating the principle of time allowance, but conceding it from yachts over the class limits only.

The amendment was lost.

Mr. Ambrose's amendment was then put to the meeting and carried.

The proposed measurement rule was then adopted without dissent.

Mr. Pritchard, Rochester Y. C., spoke about the Fisher challenge cup, which is held by Onward, of Rochester. He wanted proper conditions arranged, so that the races for the cup could be properly carried out. A committee, consisting of F. M. Gray, E. H. Ambrose and T. B. Pritchard, were appointed to attend to the matter.



SAIL PLAN OF FAST CRUISER—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD, 1898.

Rochester was named as the next place for the annual meeting.

The following officers were elected: Pres., A. G. Wright, Rochester Y. C.; Vice-Pres., F. B. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., Frank M. Gray, Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; Council: Messrs. John Mott, Oswego Y. C.; E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; T. L. Stephens, Victoria Y. C., Hamilton; Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C., Toronto; Frank Strange, Kingston Y. C.

The following delegates were appointed for the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes: Messrs. J. E. Burroughs, Toronto; F. Monck, Hamilton.

Mr. Æmilius Jarvis was appointed delegate for the annual meeting of the Y. R. U. of N. A.

The meeting then adjourned, the delegates being very handsomely entertained at dinner by the Kingston Y. C.

Rules and Restrictions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 12 you have at last brought forward what has been for the past three years my pet solution of the measurement question.

You indorse the action of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, taken on Nov. 3, on the ground that at present it can at least do no harm; but why not go further and seriously discuss the merits of a rule which would not only put a stop to flimsy construction, but also insure the patient owner a sensible, usable type of boat? Briefly, let us adopt a table of scantling for each class, and then let us restrict what I may call the fundamental dimensions, including a demand for a certain area of mid section, or mean, of a number of sections, and a certain amount of ballast. We have the rules of the Knockabout Association as a basis to work upon, and to my mind with a very few changes in these rules we would develop two very good types of boats, one keel and the other centerboard. Finally, let us adopt these rules for a term of years, say five; certainly not less than three.

These rules would govern the regular classes, for which the regular prizes are given; and any boat failing to comply with these rules would be debarred from racing. Vested interests should not be taken into consideration. If we are going to make new rules, and good rules, let us go to the root of the matter.

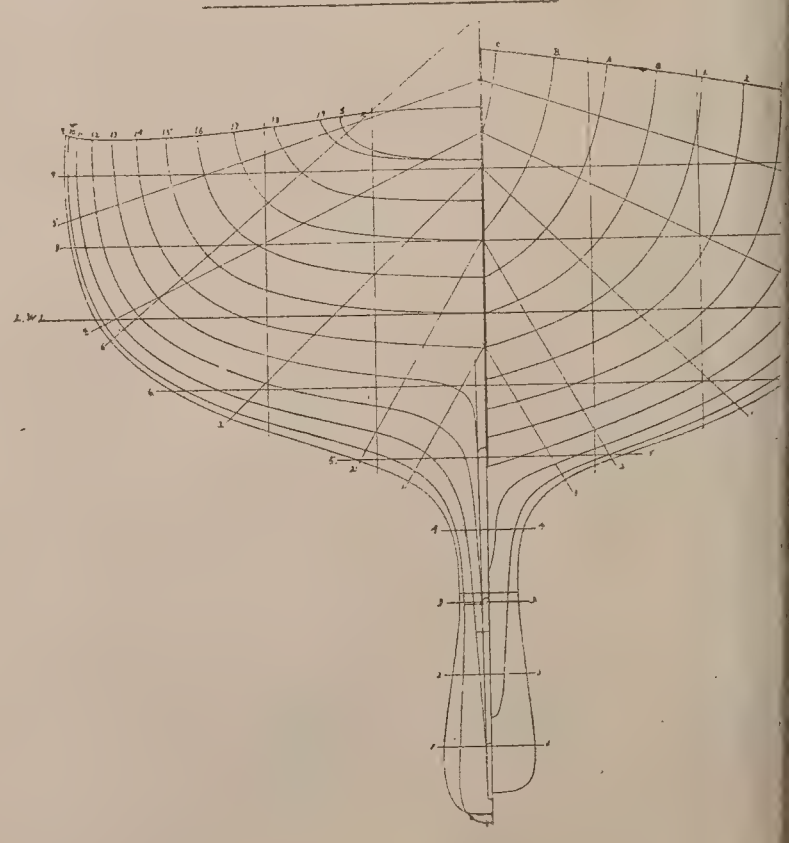
Partly to give existing boats a chance, however, and in order that the designers may make experiments, let us make special classes (to take the place of the present one-design classes), governed by the present Seawanhaka rule, or by a simple waterline rule.

Of course, the foregoing is a suggestion, and not what we are looking for, i. e., a rule; but we have any number of committees made up of experienced men, to whom the task of picking out some good existing boat as a standard should not be so very difficult, or should they fail to find such a standard let the designers get up two boats, one centerboard and the other keel, and let the committee select their standard from the designs submitted.

This may seem like a lame conclusion after all these years of figuring on rules of from 1in. to 1ft. long in ordinary type, but it is the simplest way of getting at the root of the difficulty, and it has been arrived at after some little figuring at the aforesaid "factor" rules.

We want good, honest, inexpensive and fairly fast boats. If we pick out a good standard and are forced to stick fairly close to it we will get them, and they will be more useful than one-design boats, because they will have individuality, and therefore building to the classes will go on until at the end of a few years we should have a dozen good boats in each class; and if I am not mistaken that is what we want.

B. T.



The Capabilities of Small Yachts.

APROPOS of the noted yawl Spray, Capt. Joshua Slocum, which craft, by the way, is now high and dry at low water in the little creek of the Erie Basin dry docks, a correspondent of the Field has started a very interesting discussion of the capabilities of small yachts. The subject is by no means local, and should appeal to many on this side of the water, where unequaled facilities for Corinthian and single-hand cruising are to be found. We reprint from the Field the following letters in the hope that they may lead to a further discussion of the subject of small cruising craft, their design, use, outfit, etc.:

Editor The Field:

It would be interesting to have a discussion in your columns as regards the real capacity and power of small vessels. Capt. Slocum's voyage suggests that decked boats of 6 to 15 tons, if strongly built on good seagoing lines, stoutly rigged, and properly handled, can keep the sea in all weathers, including under that phrase the sea and wind ordinarily to be met with in winter, but excluding, of course, tidal waves and such violent sea disturbances as arise in tide races in certain well-known localities, and excluding also winds of exceptional violence, such as may reach a speed of eighty to a hundred miles an hour. The opinions of those who should know seem to vary considerably as regards the safety of small craft in gales of wind. In the late Mr. R. T. Macmullen's judgment it was only by the exercise of great skill and watchfulness, combined with unusual powers of endurance, that it was possible to "come through" such weather in a small vessel. Mr. E. F. Knight seems to be of the same opinion, and advocates close attention to the barometer in waiting for a "slant" before attempting even a run across the Channel in a small yacht. Some skippers of large experience, to whom I have put the question, thought that nothing short of 20 tons was at all fit to keep the sea, except in fine weather. My own boat Corsair, a converted lifeboat, 21ft. length, 8ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft, has done some fairly extended cruising from the North Minch to the Solent. During four years summer cruising we had only what we considered one severe brush with wind and sea in the open—off the North of Ireland, crossing from Islay to Lorne—described by the Meteorological Office as "7, a moderate gale." It was two years since, the night before Swansea regatta, which some yachtsmen will recall, was postponed, as few even of the larger boats arrived in time. My companions (we had no paid hand), Mr. L. B. Chatwyn and Dr. O. J. Kauffmann, who are both "cruising" yachtsmen, agree with me that it was an experience we are not anxious to repeat, and that, but for the power of the boat, we should not have come through it. The question seems to be: Does a small vessel really escape all heavy weather on deck if she possesses a long, flat floor, great lifting power forward and aft, and is hove to in time, rides to a drogue, or is run with extremely moderate canvas. We did so on the occasion spoken of, but we have not sufficient experience to say more, and no thirst to make the necessary experiments to enable us to do so. We should like to take the opinions of some experienced yachtsmen among the readers of The Field in respect of the sea-keeping capacity of small yachts, and the type best suited to really hard cruising in open water. W. Macneil Dixon.

Mason College, Birmingham.

Editor The Field:

A most interesting question, and likely to prove profitable to all concerned in cruising. May I venture to record an experience, although the boat to be spoken of is slightly over the limit mentioned by Mr. Dixon. In 1874 John H. Cooper, builder of pilot boats, at Pill, near Bristol, for over fifty years now, built and launched a cutter yacht on his pilot boat lines, 48ft. l.o.a., 43ft. 1in. between perpendiculars, 12ft. 9in. beam, about 8ft. 5in. draft, and 17 tons Customs tonnage. Soon afterward she was bought by Mr. Ellis, a Pill pilot of renown, who reduced her spars and sails from yacht dimensions to those suitable for piloting. The boat, called Christabel, had a long, flattish floor and good full lifting ends.

At the end of September, 1875, I sailed with Ellis for the westward of Lundy Island "seeking." I remember that on a Friday afternoon, after being at sea a week, dirty weather brewed up from about S.W., the wind increased in force through the night, and on Saturday forenoon, finding we could no longer with advantage sail the vessel, we hove her to under very shortest canvas. At this time we were probably about forty to fifty miles westward of the island, as we expected a New York mail steamer. I will not say the force of the wind, but from previous experiences in that and other channels and seas I knew it to be more than a moderate gale. On Sunday morning, still hove to, with a heavy sea running, bright and sunny aloft, but blowing guns all the same, we sighted a large bark quite near us before the wind under close-reefed foretopsail and two staysails; several other sails were stowed in tatters. I was lying on a coil aft under the weather rail, the cabin hatch was open, and our decks had only a few trickles of water on them occasionally, and we laid snug and comfortable, and as buoyant and dry as a "murre," if I may be permitted the phrase. As the bark rose on a sea, laboring heavily, her foretopsail and mainstaysail went to ribbons out of the bolt ropes, and we very soon lost sight of her. In the evening the wind moderated and we bore up for Lundy, and about midnight brought up in the midst of a small fleet sheltering under the island. Before this, while running up to the Shutters on the west face, the boat ran very dry and easily, and made astonishingly good weather in the midst of a nasty, confused sea.

About 3 o'clock A. M. Monday the wind flew round, and we all had to slip and clear, for Lundy is not a charming spot under such conditions. Monday evening, having missed the "mailer," we put Ellis aboard another homeward bound bark, which showed signs of having been in the late disturbances, and we then bore up for Ilfracombe to wait our pilot's return, to go "seeking" again.

We were four all told aboard the Christabel, but one of us, the pilot's son, had been there before, and remained hors de combat throughout the breeze, I think he had only been one trip to sea before. We had no consultation about drogues or sea anchors, and I do not remember seeing one aboard. We simply rode it out, secure in a good ship and gear, and on looking back I can truly say that, during the years that have passed, although I have since piloted off the Wolf and Lizard, and knocked about a bit generally, I never found myself aboard a better form of cruiser than the 17-tonner Christabel; and if I could afford some elements a trifle difficult to acquire, I would hie me to Pill, and try and persuade Mr. Cooper to build me a cutter, or perhaps a ketch, from his fifty years' storehouse, secure (peace be with modern designers!) that I should have a real knockabout cruiser. As to size and for pleasure work as against piloting in all seasons—well, in this respect of size and draft, chacun à son goût.

May I add, that in my humble judgment, Charles Livingston's Geneth, designed for Russell Allen recently, is very like the type of pilot boat, bar modern overhang, rake of sternpost, and draft under foot, which, no doubt, are improvements for those who like them; but, after all, it is a curious commentary that we cannot much better Mr. Cooper's methods, save and except speed, perhaps. F. Cecil Lane.

Plymouth.

Editor The Field:

I was interested in the two letters on the above subject that appeared in your last two numbers, and now add my own, or, at least, three of my own, experiences to the list.

The first happened about seven years ago in a 3-ton cutter called Spray which belonged to my brother and myself. She was 24ft. o.a., 20ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam, and 5ft. 3in. draft; she was a full-bodied boat, with a displacement of 5 tons.

We were sheltering from a gale of S. wind in Loch Ryan on our way back to the Clyde from a Channel cruise, and left it one morning in a very light N.W. wind and a very heavy sea (owing to the gale of the two days before) as soon as we got outside. We at first thought of putting back, but after watching the shore for a bit found we were slowly leaving it, so decided to carry on. About an hour and a half after getting out of the loch we lost sight of land, owing to rain coming on, and plenty of wind along with it. The latter, getting stronger and stronger till it was blowing a gale, and of course making a very nasty sea, coming as it did across the swell left by the southerly gale of the two previous days. We got two reefs down, and would have hauled down the third, but by this time the sea was rather heavy, and one of the crew (which consisted of three all told) was too frightened to do anything, and the seas were coming over forward in lumps, about 2ft. of solid green water, a good part of which washed right aft, but very little came into the cockpit, which was a water-tight, self-emptying one. Our compass having gone wrong that trip, we were not quite sure where we would make our landfall, but knew that if we kept her close-hauled we would make it some part of the coast of Arran. The course was to windward of Ailsa Craig, but owing to the very heavy sea and the boat being so small I expected that she would make so much leeway that we should be to leeward of it when we sighted it; you may therefore judge our surprise when we sighted it on the lee beam, about two miles distant, feeling very thankful to be able to give her sheet and run into the lee. On arriving there the squalls were simply awful, and in every conceivable direction. The boat was gibed five or six times in as many seconds. We let go the anchor in about five fathoms very close in, and got all sails off as quickly as possible, very glad of a rest after coming through the biggest sea we had ever seen up to that time. The three big waves which always follow each other in heavy seas seemed to be about the height of our crosstrees. I several times saw the curling crests of them over the peak of the mainsail when I was sitting steering. The head lightkeeper on the craig told us he had (in summer) been seven years on the rock, and had never seen it blowing so hard. But throughout the whole passage I had no fear of anything, as the boat was getting to windward, and I knew all the gear was good, having fitted it myself.

My next experience was coming from Belfast Lough to the Clyde in a 2.5-rater, built by Fyfe, of Fairlie, for racing. She had her big racing mainsail on, and we had no topsail, so had to sail her with her long, heavy boom over the side and a long bowsprit that shook the whole boat every dive she took, even though we had no jib set on it, as we sailed her under three-reefed mainsail and staysail. This time we had not so much wind as on the former occasion, but owing to the big, heavy spars, we made much worse weather of it; it was the very worst experience I ever had in a yacht. The crew again on this occasion consisted of three, and one of them got so seasick that I actually thought he was dead once when I went to see how he was getting on, which fact of course gave me a fright. Well, we battered at it all night, the wind being N.E., the owner of the boat hoping he would not carry away his bowsprit, and I wishing every dive she took that it would snap, as she would have been so much more comfortable without it. We could not get it reefed in, as the rigging was steel, and spliced to the exact lengths to shackle in, and therefore could not be shortened. By daybreak in the morning (the month was April) we were about two miles to leeward of Ailsa Craig, and our sick companion was so bad that we thought something more than seasickness was wrong with him, so we decided to run back to Loch Ryan and get a doctor to him; but as soon as we got into the smooth water he got better.

This trip proved very conclusively that racing spars are not the things to do Channel passages with; also that, for a very heavy sea, a boat with a heavy displacement is far the best, as I also found again in August last, when making a passage in my own 5 ton cutter Petrel from Douglas, Isle of Man, to Bangor, Belfast Lough. We left Douglas with one reef down, wind S.W. and freshening; off the point of Ayre we had to take down two more and put the spitfire jib on the bowsprit, also house the topmast; then started to run up Channel, the sea getting bigger and bigger as we left the Isle of Man, and the wind still freshening, till we had to lower the throat till the jaws of the gaff were right down on the boom. We put her on a broad reach for the Irish coast, so as to smoothen the water as soon as possible; made a landfall at Skull Martin Lightship, then ran up the shore to the Copelands, and round to Bangor, where we let go at 4 A. M. One of our crew on this occasion distinguished himself by making tea by holding the kettle on the Primus stove (I do not know to this day how he managed it), and after it was made it was almost as difficult to get it into mugs and drink it. After all hands had a sleep I went ashore and got a paper, and found one article headed "Gale in the Channel," which, on reading, I found was the notice of the gale we had been in the night before, saving the Channel steamers had all had rough passages, etc. An old boatman we met while ashore amused us by his reply to us. He asked us where we had come from; on our telling him, he said, "Well, yez would have plenty of weather in the Channel last night, I know." Petrel, like the old Spray, is a full-bodied boat, with cruising sails and spars, and last, not least, a very short bowsprit. She is 5 tons by Lloyds' register, but 7 displacement; and all that night she hardly took any green water. Robert S. Banner.

Gourock Slip, Gourock, N. B.

Editor The Field:

Mr. Dixon, in his letter, raises points concerning the behavior of small craft at sea on which I should much like to be enlightened.

When we speak of a seaworthy vessel, I think it is as well to know exactly what we mean. Now, personally, I should define a thoroughly seaworthy small craft (that is to say, a vessel not exceeding 10 tons) as a yacht, which possesses the following characteristics, each of them being brought to the highest efficiency in the craft in question, and neither being placed before or after another: 1. Capacity to lie to in safety throughout the biggest breeze and sea which can possibly occur during an intended voyage. 2. Capacity to claw off a lee shore under adverse circumstances in similar weather. 3. The highest possible power of running in safety before a heavy wind and sea. I say highest possible because I take it there is always a point at which a yacht will be pooped even if specially built for running, and that one therefore cannot have perfection in running powers.

If to these qualities can be added general handiness so much the better, but in my opinion the three essentials should not be sacrificed in a seagoing small cruiser for any unreasonable amount of handiness. Certainty of staying under all conditions is all that is required. I do not wish to lay down the law in these matters, but this is how the case stands in my opinion.

Now, my friend Mr Dixon is dealing with No. 1, and I should like the opinion of your readers on Nos. 2 and 3. I am quite convinced that the proper thing for a small cruiser to do, if possible, is to run for it. No advantage can be obtained in a small cruiser in heaving to if a comfortable harbor can be obtained under one's lee, though one may be caught on a lee shore, as I have been when running, is an impossibility. Now what, in your readers' opinions, are the essentials for a safely running boat? Is there a point at which the counter-sterned boat will be pooped when the sharp stern will run free? If so, then all small boats should be built with sharp sterns. Now, I can find nothing for or against a counter as a cruising adjunct for small craft in "Yacht and Boat Sailing," unless we take the remark on Clyde sailing boats on page 358, that "it is questionable whether a short, neat counter could not be made 'to pay,' at least in heavy weather," and this probably refers to the boats from a racing more than a cruising point of view. Mr. E. F. Knight, in his "Sailing," calls a counter an abomination, and the reverse of an ornament, and so do many other writers. If this is the case, I am at a loss to understand why design after design for small yachts is published, each of them adorned with a counter stern, while in the "Yachtsman" designing competitions what appears to me a most serviceable form of sharp stern is termed unconventional. I do not seek to criticise, but merely ask for information, though from my experiences on Mr. Dixon's Corsair I have the greatest respect for her lifeboat stern.

I should like also to write on my second point, but my letter is already too long. The only question I will ask is this: Why is a boat which is cut away fore and aft supposed to point higher to windward than a boat with a moderate forefoot? Are the crack racing yachts cut away merely to reduce their wetted surface and to assist their staying powers, or do they claw to windward better on this account than the yacht with the tolerably long keel. Overhang forward in moderation is also most valuable, as I have learnt from my cruising this summer; but how far can it be carried out with advantage? L. Boughton Chatwin.

41 Waterloo street, Birmingham.

A Fast Cruiser.

THERE is at the present time a strong indication of a reaction against the extreme scow and fin types in favor of yachts in which accommodation is a distinctive feature. The lines here given show a yacht of the fast cruiser type, well cut away below in accordance with speed requirements, but at the same time giving very satisfactory accommodation for cruising. She was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, and will be built at once. Mr. Crowninshield has now in hand several designs for cruisers of various sizes. The dimensions and further details will appear next week.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Varuna.

THE steam yacht Varuna, Eugene Higgins, arrived at New York on Nov. 14 from Bordeaux, after a cruise of just two weeks less than a year. Sailing from New York on Nov. 27, 1897, she visited the Mediterranean and Black Sea, and on the breaking out of the war she was laid up at Venice, her owner traveling in Europe. She was recently fitted out and on Nov. 1 Mr. Higgins joined her at Bordeaux, in company with Messrs. Alan Arthur, Leslie Cotton, Wood and Dr. Mitchell. The following is a summary of the log:

Left Bordeaux at 7:30 A. M. Tuesday, Nov. 1, and took departure from whistle buoy, outside Gironde; moderate breeze and fine weather. Distance run from Bordeaux down river from departure, sixty-four miles.

Saturday, Nov. 5, light and variable winds; 3 A. M. arrived off Funchal Bay, and anchored 3:10 A. M. Distance run from yesterday noon, 205 miles.

Total distance from Bordeaux to Madeira, 1,185 miles; average speed from departure to Madeira, thirteen miles per hour; time of passage, three days, thirteen and a half hours; including one hour difference in time, three days and fourteen and a half hours.

Total distance Madeira to Sandy Hook, 2,893 miles. Time of passage, eight days and eighteen hours, including three and a half hours' difference in time. Average speed, 13 78 miles per hour.

Capt. Troyler is still in command of the yacht.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

WAVELAND, Fla., Nov. 8.—The Gilberts Bar Y. C. held their usual monthly regatta on Nov. 5, the wind being southeast and very light.

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Albatross	0 51 20	0 51 20
Penguin	0 53 14	0 52 28

Won by Penguin. C. B. B. HARRISON, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Louisville Revolver Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 8.—Louisville Revolver Club was reorganized on Oct. 15, with sixty members. A splendid range has been secured at 112 Third avenue, and no expense will be spared to fit it up handsomely, and to make it the finest in the country. The room is 30 by 125ft.. A new steel target box and bullet catcher has been placed in the range and the first official shoot took place Oct. 27. There will be three official shooting nights each week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—when all scores will be recorded in the various contests. Twenty gas jets will give ample light around the front of the target, and at each distance an arm of five jets, protected by a hood, will be placed. The cleaning table will allow twenty members at one time, past experience having taught that an extra large table is necessary, as each member cleans his revolver thoroughly before going home for the night.

The walls will be painted black and adorned with pictures. A railing separates the cleaning table from the range proper. Revolvers are loaded only when members' names are read out to take position on the firing point, and every caution has been taken to avoid accidents. When in position on the firing point at any distance the shooter's back is turned to the part of club room filled with members, and new beginners are not as nervous as when members are standing at their sides offering suggestions. This rattles the person considerably, and our new arrangement overcomes this. Sportsmen when visiting our city are always welcome to visit our club room and range. The following gentlemen were elected to office for one year: R. S. Witherspoon, President; Dr. B. G. Rees, Vice-President; Eugene B. Dye, Secretary; Mead Board, Treasurer, and Sim Watkins, Official Scorer. Board of Directors: H. S. Gilbert, H. G. Walker, Sim Watkins, W. C. Magruder and Geo. C. Benedict.

Detectives Hickey and Donahue joined at the last meeting, and are anxious to become expert shots. Dr. B. G. Rees is at Cumberland River, fishing for bass. He writes to the angler members of the club that he is having fine sport.

The following are the scores of the first official shoot, standard American target, 10yds.:

E. B. Dye 86, Dr. T. J. J. Meder 85, R. T. Chapman 75, H. S. Gilbert 68, F. M. Taylor 64, D. C. Hagerman 48, Mead Board 34, A. J. Schulten 39, Henry Young, Jr., 39, J. C. Grinstead 22, J. D. Hughes 26, O. W. McCarty 25, H. G. Walker 10.

Twenty yards, Standard American target: H. S. Gilbert 72, E. B. Dye 69, Dr. T. J. J. Meder 65, W. C. Magruder 46, F. M. Taylor 46, J. D. Hughes 16, Ed F. Herms 12, J. C. Grinstead 11.

E. B. DYE, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 13.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared king with a score of 214. Payne was high for the Uckotter trophy with a score of 227. Hasenzahl and Payne began a series of 50-shot matches last shoot, the former making 1,034, the latter 1,057. In to-day's match Payne scored 1,041, Hasenzahl 996. Scores:

King target:

Gindele	23	22	21	22	19	20	21	23	20	19—210
Payne	21	22	22	23	24	19	21	22	19	21—214
Roberts	8	23	23	21	20	22	24	24	20	20—208
Nestler	19	18	21	25	20	19	22	19	20	21—204
Weinheimer	20	22	16	16	20	17	15	13	12	22—173
Hasenzahl	21	22	14	21	21	22	18	17	12	22—191
Topf	12	8	19	23	16	22	22	18	12	16—168
Herman	7	18	19	19	22	24	1	1	20	21—151
Drube	23	21	21	21	15	19	23	19	11	15—187
Strickmier	23	21	18	22	20	17	20	17	15	23—196

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	25	19	22—65	218	218	218
Payne	21	22	16—59	217	219	219
Roberts	22	19	23—64	205	202	15
Nestler	22	18	21—61	208	200	200
Weinheimer	15	25	20—60	201	194	189
Hasenzahl	19	15	16—50	211	209	207
Topf	12	19	21—52	197	177	168
Herman	17	22	21—60	183	118	144
Drube	20	14	20—54	200	195	192
Strickmier	20	22	15—57	214	206	199

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 16-17.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-17.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Dan R. Scammon's tournament; two days at targets; one at live birds.

Nov. 16.—Singac, N. J.—Twenty-five bird handicap at Bunn's; $15 entrance, birds included. Commences at 12 o'clock.

Nov. 21-22.—Ottumwa, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Ottumwa Gun Club; targets. Walter Gephart, Sec'y.

Nov. 22-23.—Bernhart, Pa.—Annual fall tournament at Spring Valley Shooting Park. Targets and live birds. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack, N. J.—All-day target tournament. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

Nov. 23-24.—Pueblo, Col.—Tenth semi-annual State tournament of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association; $100 added each day. C. L. Funk, President.

Nov. 24.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Bison Gun Club; targets. John E. Wilson, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day Turkey shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Pawling, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.

Nov. 24.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Keystone Shooting League; live birds.

Nov. 24.—Newark, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the East Side Gun Club; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Captain.

Nov. 24.—Pottstown, Pa.—All-day open tournament, under the auspices of the Shuler Shooting Club. W. I. Grubb, Captain.

Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.

Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

1899.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 15-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. W. R. Nold, Cor. Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, have issued an attractive programme of their second Grand Central Handicap tournament, to be held Dec. 19-23, at Indianapolis. The tournament is open to all, 10-gauge guns and black powder barred. The first day will be devoted to targets, and there will be eight 20-bird events, each $2.50, money divided into 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Known experts will be required to pay $2 each on this day, which will be divided among the amateurs shooting through the eight events. Second day, sparrows, class shooting, four 20-bird races, $6 each, 10 per cent. to be deducted from net purses and divided among five high guns shooting through the day's programme, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. divisions. The second day's programme will be duplicated on the third day. Fourth day, pigeons. Event No. 1, 7 birds, $7 entry; No. 2, 10 pigeons, $10 entry; No. 3, 10 pigeons, class shooting, $10 entry, three moneys, 40, 35 and 25 per cent., three misses out, 30yds. rise. Fifth day, Grand Central Handicap, $600 guaranteed, all surplus added, 25 pigeons, $25 entry; ten or more high guns; distance handicap, 26 to 31yds.; three misses out. Programmes can be had from H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y, 216 North Pennsylvania street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Elmer E. Shaner has been in the mountains of Pennsylvania for a couple of weeks, forming one of a party known as "The Rainmakers." Not that the party use black powder; their nickname came to them from their usual bad luck in the matter of rainy weather while on their annual camp hunt. Mr. Shaner will next be heard from at the annual meeting of the Interstate Association, to be held early in December. It may not be generally known that the tournament at Haverhill, Mass., was the fiftieth tournament managed by Mr. Shaner for the Association, viz., six Grand American Handicaps and forty-four target tournaments.

J. S. S. Remsen, president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has returned from his trip to Maine. While the party he was with did not get a moose trophy, they had a good time, and could have killed any quantity of deer. Moose they report as very scarce; that is, bull moose, for they saw nine cow and calf moose during their stay in the woods. One of Mr. Remsen's party killed a caribou, while another brought home an albino deer with a very pretty hide.

It will be good news to many people to learn that Noel E. Money, late secretary of The American E. C. & Schultze Gun Powder Company, is in all probability now on his way to visit this country, business calling him to make the trip to San Francisco. His stay here will be short, as business interests in Europe demand his attention the greater part of the year. It will be necessary therefore to be thankful for small mercies.

It is understood that the Carteret Club has issued challenges for four-men team races at live birds to the Riverton Gun Club, the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., and to the Chicago Gun Club. In all probability favorable answers will be received from at least two of the challenged clubs. The races ought to prove very interesting and close, as both Riverton and the Herron Hill gun clubs can get together strong teams of four men on a side.

The proposed exhibition of fancy shooting by Rolla Heikes and Fred Gilbert on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa., has been postponed indefinitely. The exhibition was to have taken place on the 18th inst., but was found to clash with the tournament at Blooming Grove Park, which will be a big event in amateur circles.

U. M. C. Thomas, who, with Mrs. Thomas, has been visiting the exhibition at Omaha, and other Western points for the past few weeks, has returned to Bridgeport well satisfied with his trip. He remarks that you can't keep good people down, and incidentally adds that the factory at Bridgeport is working five nights each week.

Lou Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., is once more in New York. He has come East for his usual winter visit, and made his debut for this season at the live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, held on Saturday last, Nov. 12, at Woodlawn, L. I. Mr. Harrison is always a welcome guest at any club gathering around New York.

The Keystone Shooting League announces a Thanksgiving Day shoot, to be held on the club's grounds at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Pa. The shooting will commence at 10:30 A. M. There will be a 25-bird handicap, $10 entry, $150 guaranteed, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., birds extra, and numerous sweeps.

It has been found necessary to postpone the shoot announced for Nov. 23 by the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., on account of its occurring one day before Thanksgiving Day. It will probably be brought off on the 30th inst., or on Dec. 7, the exact date to be announced next week.

The Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League will hold their monthly team match and open tournament on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, on Saturday, Nov. 19. The shoot will be under the auspices of the Delaware Gun Club. Fifteen target events are on the programme.

The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford, N. J., will be one of the usually large holiday gatherings to be found on the grounds of this popular club. One hundred pounds of turkey meat "in the feather" will be distributed as prizes to the lucky winners.

Thos. Donley has secured 5,000 live birds for his tournament, to be held at St. Thomas, Ontario, Can., on Dec. 27-30. There will also be target events. Added money and guaranteed purses will be announced later in the programmes. Jack Parker will manage this shoot.

Gil Hatfield, the ex-New York baseball player, is making rapid strides as a trap-shooter. One year ago he couldn't hit a barn, as the saying goes, and liberal handicaps were his lot. During the whole of last season he practiced assiduously, and made good progress. During the summer months of this year he played ball, leaving his gun and the target traps severely alone, only to blossom forth last Saturday at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot with 47 out of 50 in the club handicap, in which he had an allowance of 13 extra target to shoot at! He broke 3 straight of that allowance, and walked away from the score with his hat on one side and a chip on his right shoulder!

Justus von Lengerke hunts just as regularly this season as he has done in the past. But "birds are scarce this year," and Justus' game pockets do not bulge as in former years. Birds must indeed be scarce when he cannot bring them home.

Where is Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company? He has not been seen around "sporting goods row" for over a week. Report has it that he is taking a well-earned vacation, and bagging a few quail on the side.

John L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Company, in company with Harry Palmer, et alia, purposes making a trip into the country the latter end of this week, quail and grouse being the objects sought by the party.

In the six-men team races between teams of the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass., last week, the former won by a total of 140 against 134, each man shooting at 30 targets.

The tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club takes place this week, Nov. 15-17, at Eau Claire, Wis. Two days will be devoted to targets, and one to live birds. The tournament is open to all.

On Nov. 8 John Rothacker defeated Felix by a score of 82 to 79, in a race at 100 live birds.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 8.—I again ask your indulgence on behalf of Mr. John M. Lilly, who is manager of our tournament, and this date is final. Our Grand Central American tournament will take place Dec. 19 to 23. Please cancel the previous dates asked for, and announce these dates in your fixtures. Our programme will be out the latter part of this week, and I will mail you the first copy

Inclosed you will find score of our shoot, held Nov. 2 and 3, at targets:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Britton	12	18	12	16	12	16	13	19	14	17	13	18
Lockie	13	16	13	15	11	13	11	11	10	17	8	16
Clark	17	12	19	13	17	11	18	12	14	12	14	17
Tripp	14	18	10	18	13	19	10	16	13	13	12	17
Parry	13	18	12	19	13	18	14	17	12	19	12	17
Beck	13	19	12	16	13	16	15	11	14	16	13	20
Cooper	12	16	14	..	..	15	14	18	10	17	..	..
Anson	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Apperson	..	20	15	18	15	17	14	17	13	17	11	14
Dietrick	..	18	11	15	13	16	12	16	10	17	17	12
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	15	..	..	..	..

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	*7	8	9	10
Targets	15	20	15	20	15	20	50	20	15	20
Britton	12	20	12	20	13	19	48	17	10	19
Clark	14	18	12	17	11	17	44	15	15	18
Parry	14	18	13	16	13	14	43	18	15	17
Beck	13	17	12	19	16	12	42	16	14	18
Vorhis	13	16	10	17	12	18	42	13	13	16
Tripp	13	17	12	16	12	14	42	15	14	17
Lockie	13	15	14	16	12	13	43	..	..	..
Deitrick	14	19	10	15	10	16	45	17	..	..
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	46	18	14	15
Anson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39	..	..	..
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	..	..	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	..
Stillwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

* Grand Hotel cup; won by Dr. O. F. Britton. Dr. Britton also won the highest average for the both days, as follows: Dr. Britton broke 370, T. H. Parry 364, Geo. C. Beck 362.

The attendance was light, the weather fine, and we had a pleasant time.

N. T. HEARSEY, Sec'y.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 10.—The Soo Gun Club had for a visitor to its shoot to-day Philip Sousa, the great composer and bandmaster. Mr. Sousa can handle a gun almost as well as a baton, and his scores compared favorably with the best of those made to-day. Seven events were shot, one of which was at live birds, five at single targets, and one at pairs. The scores:

	No. 1, 15 singles.	No. 2, 15 singles.
Hoberg	111101101101000 — 9	110110110111110—11
Duncan	111111111100111—13	111111111111111—15
Sousa	111111111001111—13	110010111011000— 8
Ellis	101110101111111 12	111111110111111—14
Myers	011100111101111—11	001111111100001— 9
Otten	101111011101111 -12	111011110010111—11

No. 3, 12 live birds:

Hoberg	010*0 w — 1	Myers	11120 w — 4
Sousa	1*2122220222—10	Otten	*1*111102212— 9

No. 4, 20 singles:

Hoberg	00111000101111011100—11
Duncan	11110111111111111110—18
Sousa	10101111110101111111 -16
Ellis	11111011111111110111—18
Myers	10100111111101101110—14
Otten	11111111111111111101—19

	No. 5, 15 singles.	No. 6, 15 singles.
Hoberg	111101111110111—13	111111011111101—13
Duncan		111111111011111—14
Sousa	111111011111101—13	111111101011111—13
Ellis	011101010111011 -10	
Langers	110111110001100—19	
Hunter	111101111110111—13	
Wells		010111111111101—12
Boyd		110111010111101—11

No. 7, 15 pairs:

Duncan	11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11—27
Sousa	11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—26
Langers	10 11 10 11 00 10 10 01 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—22
Harris	01 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11 01 11 10 11 11—23

Shooting at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8.—After the Palmer-Hicks match had been shot, Wiley and Comley shot a race at 35 birds, in which Comley came off the victor by 2 birds. There was also some practice shooting. Scores:

Match, 35 birds per man:

Comley	11212211110302111111120111211102111—30
Wiley	11211102011111021121212011012202011 —28

Practice:

Reid	20202021220110110201200000100 —15
Dunn	02102122102211022212020201 —20
Palmer	21201221122111111111120 —21
Rice	20020110002002101000022221110 0—15
Hicks	01101221222222 —11
Amberg	2021011011 — 7
Farrington	11111 — 5

Nov. 11.—Eight men indulged in practice shooting to-day:

Mussey	12011122*21**11012011201212111211111 —28
Von Lengerke	202*2222222222101222 —17
Wright	220222222*22222*0102 —15
Thomas	01121121102101101211100002 —30
Rice	00111112011012222120112211111212212121001200022 2—37
Smith	11211222210111210122201101110111011 —31
Leach	12110101211001101011 —14
Wheeler	22000022000000021210 — 8

Nov. 12.—Practice:

Hollester	12200111212212200121222 12 —21
Rice	11210012022212201201212211102 —24
Comley	02222110211111101121101121121121121111010111210 —39
Wiley	01012222211022112221021211 11 —24

RAVELRIGG.

The Intercollegiate Championship.

MONMOUTH JUNCTION, N. J., Nov. 12.—The annual contest for the intercollegiate championship at targets was decided to-day on the grounds at this place. Yale proved the winners, but by the narrowest of margins, as both Harvard and Pennsylvania, who tied for second honors, were only one break behind the winners. The scores were: Yale 108, Harvard and Pennsylvania 107, Princeton 95.

The winners took away a handsome silver trophy, emblematic of the intercollegiate championship, and also five smaller trophies, one for each member of the winning team. Bancroft, of Harvard, won the prize for highest individual score in the match, his total of 27 out of 30 going a long way toward placing his team in second place. Yale's win was the result of good team work, each member making a good average, while in the case of both Harvard and University of Pennsylvania there were weak spots in the teams. The scores were:

Yale.

Eastman	10111111101101010111111111111—24
Knowlton	10111011110111101011111111110010—22
Brooks	01011010011110111011111011111011—21
Schley	10111111010100011101111111101011—21
Loomis	00100111111101001101011111111110—20—108

Harvard.

Bancroft	11111011111111101111111011111111—27
Kinney	11111110111100111111011111111101—25
Blake	11001101111011110110110110111111—22
Campbell	10111001001110110111001111111111—21
Saxford	00111011000000100100111000011 0—12—107

Pennsylvania.

Paul	11011111110111111110011111111111—26
Singer	11011111111111011101111001101 11—24
Steel	11101110010011111111111001101 01—21
Parish	11011000001000110111011111111111—19
Nielson	11011001010101001101101001111 0—17—107

Princeton.

Elbert	11001111110110011111111011111111—24
Laughlin	11111111000111111011101110110 10—22
Young	10110110011101111111100111101111—22
Kendall	00111001010110011100011110000 0—14
Cass	01100110011111000000011001 1001—13—95

Each man shot at 30 singles, or 150 per team. Thus, Yale's average was 72 per cent., while Harvard and Pennsylvania were close up with .713.

Harvard was the winner of the championship last year, with Yale second, Pennsylvania third, and Princeton fourth, as in this year's contest.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 5.—The fourth series of shoots for the R. H. Hebard trophy was the feature of the Audubon Gun Club shoot of to-day, and was won by Geo. P. McArthur, who scored 27 out of 30 shot at, with 3 birds added, making him a total of 30. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A badge, Jacobs won Class B, and U. E. Storey won Class C. No. 4 was for the Hebard trophy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	15	15			5p
C Burkhardt	12	10	18	27	6
R Hebard	12	9	14	23	2
E Burkhardt	10	13	23	23	6
G McArthur	8	11	18	27	4
J Reid	8	11	18	23	4
Forester	12	11	19	20	7
Jacobs	7	12	19	20	..
A Heinold	10	9	17	23	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	15	15			5p
J Fanning	13	14	19	27	4
Talsma	8	..	..	..	8
Jones	10	5	9	8	..
Storey	..	15	22	..	..
Warren	..	..	17	..	..
Foxie	..	..	19	25	..
Ditton	..	..	18	24	..
McCarney	..	..	..	15	..

Nov. 12.—The following scores were made at the regular club shoot of the Audubon Gun Club. Event No. 3 was the badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won in Class A, Reid in Class B, and Kerew in Class C, the latter after tieing with Barnes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	20	25
C Burkhardt	11	13	24	16	22
Reid	10	10	19	18	16
E Burkhardt	9	9	24	15	20
Fanning	15	13	23	..	..
Walker	5	8	15	9	16
Jacobs	12	..	20	13	..
Hebard	11	11	16	..	18
Barnes	10	6	16	7	..
Otis	..	4	12	9	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	20	25
Ditton	..	12	20	15	14
O'Brien	..	11	..	15	..
Forrester	..	14	22	15	19
Heinold	..	12	22	16	21
McArthur	..	9	15	..	..
Clark	..	3	..	..	..
Kerew	..	..	19	..	..
Sauer	..	..	15	..	..

E. C. BURKHARDT, Sec'y.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 10.—A private shooting match at live birds was held on the new Spring Valley shooting grounds, near this city to-day between Robert Welsh, of Philadelphia, and Midget, a well-known shot of this city. Each man shot at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise. The birds were all fine flyers, and went off like streaks when liberated from the traps. The new underground traps of Mr. Seidel's invention worked finely. Mr. Seidel has spent $1,500 this season to make these grounds one of the finest in the country, and has succeeded. Mr. Welsh killed 95, while Midget shot rather poorly, scoring only 88 killed, with 5 dead out of bounds.

Norristown, Pa., Nov. 12.—The monthly medal shoot of the Penn Gun Club, of this place, was held to-day. Mr. J. R. Yost was the successful contestant. A sweep at 25 targets followed. Scores: Cassel 23, Kriebel 21, Jenkins 21, Franklin 21, J. R. Yost 20, Keherer 16, Ritter 15, Gleason 16, Penn 16, Derr 15.

Mohrsville, Pa., Nov. 11.—A preliminary meeting was held at the Central Hotel, this place, to organize a gun club, and already thirty-five names are on the list of membership. Temporary officers were chosen, and a committee appointed to purchase three traps and 1,000 targets. It was also decided to hold the first shoot on Nov. 24, on the new grounds, which a friend has kindly donated to the club free of charge.

Pottstown, Pa.—At a recent meeting of the Shuler Shooting Club, of this place, it was decided to hold an all-day target tournament on Nov. 24. If the weather should prove unfavorable the shoot will be held on the 30th, on the club's grounds at West End. This tournament is open to all, no shooters barred. As there is a shoot at Spring Valley Shooting Grounds, near Reading, on the 22d and 23d, this tournament of the Shuler Club should attract quite a number to Pottstown on Thanksgiving Day. As yet the manager of the Shuler tournament has not been selected. It is very probable that manager Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, will be selected by the committee, as his name has been mentioned for the position. The Shuler Club has fine grounds, with an excellent background for target shooting, and all shooters who happen to get to Pottstown will receive a hearty welcome and a good time.

DUSTER.

East Side, of Newark.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold another live-bird handicap, similar to the most successful one shot on Election day, on Thursday, Nov. 24, Thanksgiving Day, at their grounds, run by Smith Bros., at Foundry street and Plank Road, Newark. This will be the fifth handicap held by the club this year, and each one has been a success. Regarding the quality of the birds, suffice it to say that but 76 per cent. were killed at the contest on Election day, and no straight scores were made by any one of the entries on that day. The grounds are as fast as any in the State of New Jersey, and the birds, as supplied by the Messrs. Smith Bros., are as good as can be obtained anywhere. The handicap will be, as heretofore, a yard added to winners of first money, and one-half yard added to winners of second money in previous handicaps; newcomers to be handicapped by officers of the club. These handicaps favor the novice in live-bird shooting, as the entrance is small, and as the purses are divided by the Rose system in proportion of 6, 3, and 1 if less than ten entries, and 6, 3, 2 and 1 for ten entries or over, the expert shooting anywhere near the rear handicap has no cause to complain. At the before-mentioned class handicap the 14s divided first money, or $15 each; second money was $7.50; third $5, and fourth $2.50 each. The entrance will be $5 each, 15 birds, price of birds extra at 25 cents each, as in the previous handicap. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock A. M., and the main or handicap event will begin as soon as ten entries or over are obtained for it approximately at 1 o'clock P. M., those arriving later may enter up to the 10th round. The days are now getting short, remember, and it behooves the lover of live-bird shooting to get there on time. Plenty of birds will be on hand for side matches or sweepstakes up to the time of the main event. Get there at 10 o'clock, if possible.

LOUIS H. SCHORTEMEIER, Capt.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XIII.

THE committee of the Egyptian Gun Club had reported to the club proper, at a meeting held the previous day, called specially for the purpose of hearing the report, that it was making progress, recommended about a hundred matters for the club's consideration, and asked for more time to perfect sundry matters of unfinished business. It covered many pages of closely written foolscap, and was chiefly devoted to a recountal of their many and arduous labors, their devotion and loyalty to the club's interests, and the thousand obstacles they were encountering at every attempt in arranging tournament matters. About three lines sufficed to recount what work the committee had definitely accomplished. Indeed, the members of the committee fell into the ways of expert committeemen with a deft ability which indicated an innate fitness for the work.

The club was fortunate in having members so enthusiastic and ardent in promoting its work; men whose esprit du corps was so great that they would let personal interests rest in abeyance while those of the club were engaging their best effort.

The Storks.

Several of the committee had ensconced themselves in the shade of the lodge, and assuaged their thirsts with several gulpings from the cider bucket while waiting the arrival of Moke and Ephraim, one or the other of whom were needed to make a quorum. At length Moke arrived, looking much disturbed. He walked straight to the bucket and took a generous drink, which as to size would not have been a discredit to a large, thirsty farm mule.

"You are very late, Moke," said the Cadi, in pleasant rebuke, "and have kept the meeting waiting a long time on you and Ephraim. We needed you to make a quorum. Punctuality is the very soul of business, my good friend. You may have a right to squander your own time, but you have no right to squander your neighbor's. But where's Ephraim?"

"He's not coming to-day, nor for several days, Cadi. Things have happened," Moke replied in tones of sorrow.

"Something serious has happened, I'm sure," commented the Cadi, and his manner betrayed great concern over the absence of his friend and co-worker. "It cannot be that he has wearied of club-work? No; for there is plenty of cider on hand, and therefore—but what is the matter, good Moke? Speak out, man."

"The storks have come," replied Moke sententiously.

"Oh," grunted the Cadi.

"Oh," echoed Le Loup.

"What! again?" queried Coxey, in indignant tones.

"And when club matters are so much in need of attention, too," added Moke.

"Gentlemen," said the Cadi, in mild but firm tones, "the matters concerning the storks are not to be classified as exclamatory or interrogatory. They are not 'what-agains,' nor are they to be considered as preceding club matters in interest or importance. Each event of that kind is a distinct beneficent happening. It is, not to be considered as referring to the past, present or future events of a like kind. It is indeed a happy, happy day for our good friend Ephraim, and we will set aside a few minutes in which we all may rejoice at his good fortune. I will refill the cider bucket, and we will toast him many happy returns. Ah! happy, happy day! Good Ephraim! Fortunate Ephraim!" and the Cadi bustled away for the cider, warbling in a badly damaged voice:

"'She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife of mine.'

"Beneficent happenings, indeed," commented Le Loup, as he tilted his nose scornfully in the air. "When a fellow has to be cook and dishwasher himself for several weeks, it's bad enough; add to that the duties of a nurse, and it's much worse. The Cadi doesn't know as much about these matters as he might, for Hopie Jane never misses more than half an hour of time, and keeps on working just the same, storks or no storks. But here is the Cadi returning, and we must fall in with his humor, boys, or there'll be a cut in the cider allowance."

"Here is to the health of the young trap-shooter," exclaimed the Cadi, as he held the bucket aloft.

"For a better understanding, I hasten to remark that it isn't a trap-shooter," interposed Moke.

"Oh," said the Cadi, "that's different.

"Quite different," assented Coxey.

"Much different," added Moke.

"We're glad anyhow," said the Cadi. "Here's to the young queen of some future trap-shooter's happy household."

"It's two queens," said Moke.

"Drat it!" said the Cadi. "Here's to all young queens in number from one to a dozen, and may Ephraim have many happy returns."

Each member drank with much fervor, as would have been the case whether they were drinking to a toast or to nothing, such was the excellent and durable quality of their thirsts.

Demosthenes Brown.

"We will now proceed with the business of the meeting, my friends. The club is somewhat impatient over our slow progress, and they hint that we are not working with due diligence. Come to order, gentlemen," and the Cadi rapped his pipe on a log as a sign that he had on the robes of office.

"I move you, Cadi, that we appoint one of our members a subcommittee of one to solicit local advertisements," said Le Loup.

"I second the motion, and nominate Mr. Le Loup," said Montague.

"Gentlemen, I have so many business matters to look after that I haven't the time to spare, even if I had the necessary ability. Our worthy secretary, Moke, is a man of great popularity, and has had great success in securing local advertising. I take great pleasure in giving this deserved testimony; and I nominate the good, sweet Moke in my place.

"I thank Le Loup," exclaimed Moke, as he rose hastily, "for his high praise, and I would blush with pleasure if I were only able to blush at all; but I have so many business cares to engage my time and attention that, anxious as I am to serve the club, I am unable to do so in this matter. I take pleasure in nominating Mr. Coxey as a substitute for my own."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said Coxey, "when there's any real hard work to do, I allow as how I'm just as busy as anybody else. I'm too busy to work for nothing, same as the rest of you. You all say in a nice way that you are sorry you can't do this work for the club. You know you could give ninety-nine good excuses, and the hundredth one, which you all keep to yourselves, would be the truthful one. The truthful one is the one I'm a-tellin'. I don't want to do this here hard work for nothin', and I hain't a-goin' to do it neither. I'm awful sorry I can't. I'm just as sorry as you all are. I nominates the Cadi," and Coxey sat down grinning.

"I think," said the Cadi, "that the better way is to make a contract with Demosthenes Brown, advertising solicitor, and give him 25 per cent. commission on all advertising secured, same as we did last year. The secretary will give him a letter to every man in town who is more or less dependent on our patronage and influence, asking him to do his best for us. In that way the advertisers will be paying us for advertising, and paying our agent at the same time. In this way you will be promoting good sport in the usual good club manner, where the financial part includes manufacturers, manufacturers' agents, local tradesmen, etc., as a source of revenue."

"That's the right thing," said Moke. "We are sure of the hotel proprietors, for if they do not advertise we will influence the visiting sportsmen to go elsewhere. The same with the soda water men, and the other concocters of bromo seltzer and other pleasant summer morning drinks."

"The motion is carried," ruled the Cadi.

"What motion?" queried Le Loup.

"Pay attention to the business of the meeting and you will know what the motions are," retorted the Cadi.

Targets.

"What targets will we use?" queried Montague.

"I have fully attended to that part," said Moke, somewhat curtly.

"I'd like to know the name of the target all the same, Moke," said Montague.

"Tell us about it, Moke. There is nothing to conceal. What target will we use?" queried the Cadi.

"I don't know," Moke retorted peevishly.

"He has attended fully to that part, and he don't know anything about it! Very strange," commented Montague.

"If you must know, gentlemen, I have written to three different target manufacturers, telling them plainly that we expect them to furnish targets free for use in our tournament. I have shown them that the advertising which their goods will thereby receive will more than repay them for the outlay. Out of the three I expect one at least will comply with our demand. We will assure the shooters that the target we use is the best in the land. That is the way to have the simon-pure, sporty competition."

"Suppose they all refuse?" ventured Coxey.

"They will not all refuse," replied Moke, calmly. "If one of the manufacturers does not give us the targets outright, some one of the others will offer us them at a very reduced rate; for the sandbag and the boycott are bugaboos which are very potent. If they do not give us the targets or make us a rate at cost, we would buy the targets, but the bugaboos never fail."

"I am glad to note that tournaments are on such a sterling base of good sport," said Le Loup. "We sandbag the manufacturers for merchandise and for advertising in our programme; we assess their agents for the privilege of shooting; we sandbag the local tradesmen for their contributions, and we sandbag for free targets."

"It is all very unlike Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee," said the Cadi, with an abstract air. "The Heathen Chinee was peculiar for tricks that are vain. All tricks are not vain. The Chinee has much to learn."

In re Handicap.

"Do you intend to take any action concerning a handicap, or will you run the tournament in the same old manner; that is to say, all shoot together on precisely the same terms, regardless of relative ability?" queried the Cadi.

"I am in favor of running in the old manner," promptly responded Le Loup. "If we experiment with handicaps and other novelties of any kind, we may make some mistakes. At all events, we are sure to offend the most skillful shooters, for to them a handicap signifies impairment of their revenue. It is much better for them to have a small tournament with no handicaps than a big one with handicaps. One is a revenue to a certainty; the other is as it may happen. The business features must be considered before those of sport."

"I think we might try some kind of a handicap which didn't make much change; for instance, place the professional amateurs—that is, the novices—at 14yds., the semi-experts at 16yds., and the experts at 18yds. What do you think of that, Cadi?" Moke queried.

"I don't think that makes much difference," the Cadi replied. "The average expert, after firing a few shots to get the range, will smash targets at 18yds. about as well as he will at 16. The difference is not sufficient to add to the difficulties of his shooting to any appreciable extent, hence it practically amounts to nothing as a handicap. On the other hand, the novice, who cannot break targets at 16yds., cannot break them at 14. The mere change of a yard or two in distance in no wise compensates for the latter's lack of skill. There will be very little difference in the scores of a number of men, all standing at 16yds., when compared with scores made when they are divided up, some men standing at 14yds., some at 16 and others at 18yds. On the other hand, all the men who are classed as experts at the 16yd. mark cannot be put back to the same distance, since some are slower shots than others, and the slower ones would not need to be set back far before the gun is handicapped instead of the man.

"If you give each one of the weaker shooters a certain number of extra targets to shoot at, you then give no handicap at all. You merely give the shooter an opportunity to obtain a handicap, but then the handicap is contingent on his ability to take advantage of the opportunity. Thus, two shooters whose shooting averaged alike might have five extra targets to shoot at in a certain event. One might break the five; the other might miss the five; thus one had a handicap of five and the other, as it turned out, had no handicap at all. The handicap should be an arbitrary fixed quantity. If five is to be given, let five misses count as five breaks. Give a handicap in reality. The weight a horse carries, the yards a sprinter has over his fellow competitors, etc., are all fixed arbitrarily, and count from the very beginning. There is a great deal of fallacy in the managements of handicaps as applied to target shooting. For instance, if a man is classed as being 80 per cent. in skill, the handicapper is likely to give him 20 extra targets to shoot at in a, let us say, 100-target race. At the first glance that appears fair. But the 80 per cent. man will get but 80 per cent. of the next 20; that is to say, he will break 15, for he is only an 80 per cent. man in either instance. At best then he can get but 95 out of 100. Class your men according to their known ability as shown in several weeks of shooting, and give them a fixed number of misses as breaks. If you give him an extra number to shoot at you give him an opportunity, but you do not give him a handicap. You are merely dangling the prizes a little closer, but still dangling them out of reach.

"As a general proposition, you will find that the experts are loth to give a handicap of this kind, though cheerfully willing, if need be, to give the other handicaps, such as an extra target or two to shoot at, or an extra yard or two in distance. We are always pleased to put bait on our hooks."

"Let us put off the handicap matter till some other time," said Moke. "If we adopt a handicap now, the semi-experts and experts might not come, and the novices would be sure to quit after a short time, regardless of who won. Let us stick to the faith of our daddies, and if we can't eat corn we can eat hay."

"It has taken a long time to prove that the earth is not flat," said the Cadi, sadly. "It isn't fully proved yet to the satisfaction of all people, and even if it was it would not add a mite to their wisdom or happiness. Let us consider money matters, and then our opinions will concur," and the Cadi scratched his head thoughtfully, after the manner of the aboriginal ancestor.

Droppers Barred.

"I move you, Cadi, that dropping for place not be tolerated," said Coxey.

"That is well thought of, Coxey. We came near forgetting that. It has a good, round, sonorous sound, significant of a rectitude which would withstand a cyclone of assault from all the wicked shooters in the world. A tournament which is evolved by us with so much business probity should not be marred by any sharp practices of the shooters. I don't know why dropping for place is wrong, but I do know that it is wrong to use the sandbag and the boycott," said the Cadi.

"It doesn't matter in the least," said Le Loup, "whether we adopt it or not, so far as dropping for place is concerned. Men will drop if they wish to, and we will not know the difference. But it has a pretty sound, and gives a good flavoring to everything else, so I think we should adopt it. It denotes that we are not as other men are."

"Motion carried," said the Cadi. "We will now call on our good friend Ephraim as a committee of the whole, and condole with him. He thinks that:

"'The booby father craves a booby son,
And by heaven's blessing thinks himself undone,'

but we'll try to make him think different."

BERNARD WATERS.

Tournament at Sinking Spring, Pa.

SINKING SPRING, Pa., Nov. 2.—The annual fall target tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Spring, Pa., was held to-day on the club's shooting grounds, at J. W. Hainly's Hotel, at this place. The weather was just the kind wanted for target shooting, a light wind blowing over the traps, which carried the targets swiftly. The tournament was a grand success, and netted the club a handsome profit. The management was attended to by Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, Pa., who deserves credit for the fine manner in which all the events were run off.

The principal event of the day was the individual championship of Berks and adjoining counties for a handsome silver trophy valued at $25, and donated by the Independent Gun Club. A 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder was also given for second and third prizes, donated by the U. S. Smokeless Powder Company, of Batavia, New York. The winner of the trophy turned out to be Mr. Francis Yost, of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., who, after shooting a tie with J. W. Hainly, of Sinking Spring, each breaking 40 out of 50, shot at 25 in a shoot-off, Yost hitting 18 to Hainly's 17, and thus won the handsome trophy. Mr. Yost, although high in the seventies in years, can give the trap-shooters of this community a lesson both in trap and field shooting. At present Mr. Yost holds the office of captain of the South End Gun Club, of Reading, and besides this trophy holds several other individual prizes, which he has won at the trap. Among the Berks county shooters he is better known as Pop Yost.

Among the shooters present were Fred Coleman, of Hegins, Pa.; W. J. Irwin, of Pottstown; Jack, Greener, Francis Yost and Mart. Eshelman, of the South End Gun Club, of Reading; L. Wertz, of Limekiln P. O.; also Hainly, Spatz, Huntsicker, Young Kautner, and Ruth, of the Independent Gun Club, of Sinking Spring.

The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Irwin	6	6	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	6	12	8	8	6	6	4
Coleman	6	5	7	8	6	7	9	7	7	6	7	11	6	8	6	8
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	9	9	8	9	8	10	4
Hainly	6	7	6	8	6	6	7	..	5	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Greener	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	8	8	8	3	6
Spatz	7	8	7	7	6	6	..	..	7	7	..	..	7	4	..	..
Wertz	8	9	8	6	8	5	0	9	0	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Yost	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	6	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Huntsicker	5	8	5	8	5	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eshelman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	..	..	..

The scores of the individual championship follow:

Event 10, individual championship of Berks and adjoining counties, 50 targets, $1.50 entrance, first prize, a handsome silver trophy, valued at $25; second prize, a 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder; third prize, a 1lb. can of Gold Dust powder: Jack, of Reading, 32; Greener, of Reading, 36; Coleman, of Hegins, 33; Yost, of Reading, 40; Irwin, of Pottstown, 37; Hainly, of Sinking Spring, 40; Wertz, of Limekiln, 38; Young, of Sinking Spring, 35; Spatz, of Sinking Spring, 31; Eshelman, of Reading, 34.

Shoot-off, to decide first between Yost and Hainly at 25 targets each: Yost 18, Hainly 17.

The Independent Gun Club after the tournament held a business meeting, and decided to engage manager Arthur A. Fink to manage another shoot, to be held at the same place, under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, some time in December, the date to be selected later on.

DUSTER.

A Grab Bag Shoot.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Paul North dropped into my office yesterday afternoon to say "good-by" prior to his starting on a two months' trip to England and the continent of Europe. While discussing our views as to the coming Grand American Handicap—which, by the way, are precisely similar—Mr. North told me of a new scheme for a sociable shoot. It had been introduced into Cleveland by Mr. Alexander Forrester, of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y. The scheme is such a good one, particularly for a holiday shoot, that I think it worth while making it public. Here it is:

An event is arranged at 50 targets, entrance $1 (price of targets), with an additional condition that each entrant must bring a prize with him, the value of the said prize not to be more than $1. As each man makes his entrance good for the 50-target event, he hands to the cashier or committee his prize, carefully done up in paper and tagged with the donor's name in full. When the entrances are all made, the prizes are numbered by the committee or cashier.

After the event has been shot out, numbers corresponding to those on the prizes are put into a hat, the high man having the first draw out of the hat; the second highest, the second draw; and so on. Low man takes the number left in the hat. Everybody gets a prize.

Then the fun begins. The prizes are allotted according to the numbers drawn by the contestants, and sometimes a man gets his own prize. He naturally gets roasted with something like the following: "Serves you right for bringing such a measly old prize."

Of course there's no money to be made in the shoot for the shooters; but if they're out for fun, they'll get it, and their full money's worth.

EDWARD BANKS.

Lincoln Interstate in 1899.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On April 19, 20 and 21, last, we held out first tournament, adding $225 to the purses. The shooters in this trans-Mississippi valley seemed to appreciate our effort to the extent that we immediately decided to make our tournament an annual affair, and at that time claimed out dates for 1899, when we will add $500 to the purses. We will therefore ask you to insert in FOREST AND STREAM fixtures our claim for April 18, 19 and 20.

LINCOLN GUN CLUB.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Nov. 12.—The Brooklyn Gun Club's regular monthly shoot was held this afternoon, in glorious fall weather, just the conditions for good scores. There were fourteen shooters on the grounds, and it required some hustling to get through a programme calling for 115 targets before the short afternoon shut down on the sport.

Among those present were: U. M. C. Hallowell, lately returned from Omaha, Belle Meade, Cincinnati, etc.; C. C. Beveridge (The Dominie), also a new arrival from the wilds of Pennsylvania; Edward Banks, C. W. Billings, Platt Adams, W. M. Harding, C. W. Dudley, J. S. S. Remsen, Gil Hatfield, etc. In the club handicap event Gil Hatfield, with 13 handicap allowance, was the surprise party of the afternoon, scoring 47 out of 50, and then only requiring 3 of his allowance to make up his highest possible. Harding broke 7 out of 9 in his allowance of 10, and also landed with 50, as did Billings, who required to break all his 5 extra targets to get into the tie. This tie will be shot off on Dec. 10, the club's next regular shoot. None of the others in the event could get 50, so did not shoot off their allowances. Banks missed his first bird, and then ran 49 straight. During the afternoon he broke 104 out of 105 at unknown angles, and also broke 9 out of 10, Long Island rules, gun below the elbow. Scores in the club event were as follows:

Fifty targets, unknown angles:

E Banks, 0 ..01111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111 —49
Dominie, 3...01001111111111111011111111111111001111111111111111 —44
Billings, 5...11011111011101111111111111010111111111111111111111—45
11111 — 5—50
Dudley, 3....11111111110011011111111111111111111101110001100111 —41
Remsen, 4 ...11111110011111111011111111101111111111111100111111 —44
*Hallowell ..11111111111101111111111111101111111111111101111101110 —45
Adams, 9 ...11111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111 —39
Sanders, 10..01000000000100111010000011000101000100010001011000 —15
Harding, 10..11101110000111111111111111111011101111111111111111—43
010111111 — 7—50
Hatfield, 13..11101111111111111111111111111111111111111011101111111—47
111 — 3—50

* Guest.

The following table gives the totals made by each shooter in the six events decided during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	50	10	15	Targets:	10	15	15	50	10	15
Banks	10	15	15	49	9	15	Adams	8	14	12	39	7	..
Dominie	9	15	13	44	10	13	Lane	9	12	10	..	3	..
Billings	8	14	14	45	..	12	Hatfield	..	11	9	47	..	..
Dudley	8	11	15	41	5	10	Harding	..	..	8	43	6	12
J Remsen	8	14	15	44	..	12	G Remsen	..	..	..	..	5	..
Hallowell	8	15	13	45	9	15	Smith	..	..	..	..	9	9
Sanders	5	7	..	15	0	9	Davis	..	..	..	..	..	11

No. 5 was at 10 targets, gun below the elbow until the target was in the air. The Dominie won the silver flask put up as a prize by the management for the high man in that event; he broke 10 straight and well earned his victory.

No. 6 was a handicap prize event at 15 targets per man, allowance of misses as breaks. Hallowell and Banks, who shot for "targets only" during the whole afternoon, did not compete for the prize. When the allowances had been added to the scores made by those in for the prize (silver spoons), it was found that Harding (2) and Saunders (5) were tied on 14; they divided the spoons, as it was took dark to shoot off. The other totals were: Dominie (0), Remsen (1) and Billings (1) 13; Dr. Smith (3) 12; Dudley (1) 11.

Spring Hill Rod and Gun Club.

Nov. 5.—The first monthly shoot of the Spring Hill Rod and Gun Club was held to-day at Spring Hill, Corona. Eight members took part in the shooting, which was at 10 live birds. The scores:

Voehringer .....0211112212— 9
Moe .....1221202122— 9
Sands .....2202222222— 9
Walters .....0221210211— 8
Mager .....2200011221— 7
Simon .....0122012012— 7
Brust .....0120202102— 6
Geibel .....2012021002— 6

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 3.—The East Side Gun Club held its club shoot here to-day. The shoot was a 25-target event, known angles, point system. After the regular club event a number of sweeps were shot. The scores:

Fairmount, 20 .....0111110011111111111101011—20
Hassinger, 18 .....1011101111111011111100110—19
Perment, 18 .....0111111110011111110111100—19
Koeller, 15 .....1011101101111000001110111—16
Richards, 18 .....0001000010010110011101010—10

Sweepstakes, 10 targets each:

Perment	5	10	7	5	6	5	Fairmount	8	8	9	10	8	9
Koeller	7	7	7	7	6	..	Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	6
Richards	5	9	7	5	5	..							

Newark, N. J., Nov. 8.—The weather favored the shoot of the East Side Gun Club to-day. The weather was cool, with a stiff wind blowing up to and partially through the main event, which was begun about 1 o'clock. The feature of the event was Harold Money's excellent shooting. He shot with admirable precision, time and finish, killing some 48 birds out of 50, missing but 2 throughout the shoot. Several minor events were shot before the main event began. Many of the birds were big, strong, lusty fellows, apparently iron-clad, for some of them went out of bounds after staggering to the shock of two charges of shot. Hallowell was distinctly unfortunate, for several of his birds were smashed with both barrels, and still went out of bounds. The Rose system, four moneys, prevailed. The club holds a Thanksgiving Day shoot Nov. 24, with much the same programme. The main event, 15 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra:

H Money, 28½.222111212221011—14
H Otten, 28...2121012121112112—14
Larkey, 28½...2200111112111222—13
T Russell, 26.2122001212121101—12
J Hallowell, 30.202022022222202—11
Fairmont, 28..2220220202*1221—11
W Canon, 26½.222010211001122—11
Dr Hudson, 29.2210*1121110120—11
Waters, 28.....0122102101*2212—11
L Schorty, 28½.21*022100221202—10
Ferguson, Jr..1200211211l0*0*— 9

No. 3, miss-and-out:

Hallowell 211211111
Fairmont 212211111
Larkey 211112221
H Money 212211112
Duston 1111110
Canon 10
Waters 10

New Jersey Central League.

Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 12.—The last shoot of the season under the direction of the New Jersey Central League was held to-day on the Climax Gun Club's grounds, at Fanwood. Four teams competed, but only two presented the regular five-men teams. The Dunellen Club shot with four men, and the Reservoir Club, of New Brunswick, had only three men on the grounds. Climax won with a score of 69, and Dunellen, with one man missing, beat out Bound Brook by 1 target. Each man shot at 25 targets under the Sergeant system. The Climax Gun Club also held its regular club shoot to-day. The scores:

Climax.

C Smith .....0111111101111001111011101—18
Keller, Jr .....1010101111011111111001000—16
Goodman .....1101111101001010110000000—12
Darby .....1000011010101110010111000—12
Swody .....1001011000111010000001101—11—69

Dunellen.

Apgar .....0001111111111101110101111—19
Manning .....1010111110011100110100111—16
Brantingham .....1111010100110111101101001—16
Cramer .....1000001001010011010010110—10—61

Bound Brook.

Tingley .....1110111010111001011000010—14
Ziglio .....0111011100011010101101110—15
Hobart .....0100101101110011101100010—13
Jackson .....1100000000100101011000101— 9
Terry .....1100101010001001000010010— 9—60

Reservoir.

Bissett .....1111111101010011010110101—17
Belloff .....1111011000000110011011000—12
H B Smith .....0000100111010011100110001—11—40

Climax Gun Club shoot: Brantingham 23, Keller 22, C. Smith 21, Manning 20, Swody 19, Goodman 18, D. Darby 17, Keller, Jr., 16, S. Terry 15, Lambert 9.

Washington Heights Gun Club.

Guttenburg, N. J., Nov. 5.—The first out-of-town shoot of the Washington Heights Gun Club was held at the old Guttenburg race track to-day. For over twenty years the club has held its shoots at 170th street and Kingsbridge avenue, New York, but buildings are now being erected on these grounds, and the club has chosen Guttenburg as temporary grounds. To-day's shoot was at 12 live birds per man, for yearly prizes. The scores:

Dr Friedenberg..110111222111—11
Dillinck .....222211202211—11
Terwilliger .....220222121201—10
Meckel .....110111111102—10
Belden .....022112121011—10
Sherry .....101221121120—10
Russell .....211021000121— 8
C Jacob .....001101201121— 8
Oliver .....001222000121— 7
Forster .....110201100011— 7
Radle .....110110011000— 6
A Jacob .....220000000121— 5

E. Dillinck, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, Nov. 5.

Brentnal	8	9	8	7	7	6	5	8	10	8
Dawson	6	10	7	8	8	8	9	6	6	9
Whitehead	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
W Smith	8	8	6	9	8	8	9	9	10	7
Terrill	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kietching	..	..	..	1	7	8	8	8	7	7
Furgerson	8	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	6
J Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

J. H. Terrill.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cincinnati Gun Club has leased for a period of ten years a beautiful plot of ground containing four acres, fronting on Ross Lake, a body of water consisting of forty-two acres, which the club also controls, and which it will shortly stock with bass; so that it will not be all of shooting that the Cincinnati Gun Club will offer to its members. Furthermore, a bathing beach is to be added next summer. On these grounds the club has erected a model club house, a magnificent structure of two stories. Each of these is 32 by 32, and the lower one is subdivided into five compartments. The larger one is 32 by 20, which is the main club room. This, being located directly back of the shooting stands, permits one to witness the shooting from within, as the windows are of large proportion. To the rear is the gun locker and toilet room for the shooters, and adjoining this is a room set aside for the use of the manager, while to the left as one faces the grounds in a wing are two smaller rooms, the front one being utilized as a cashier's office and the rear one as a kitchen. On the upper floor is one large room of the same dimensions as the main club room; this is used as ladies' reception room, and when occasions require dinner and lunch are served here. The other three rooms are set aside for sleeping apartments for the manager and his family. There is also a veranda the entire length of the building, and here on pleasant days one can obtain a most delightful view of the shooting. Old-fashioned fireplaces are used to heat the large rooms.

The grounds are equipped with two batteries of target traps, one of these consisting of three expert traps arranged on the Sergeant system, while the other is a magautrap. These are encased in brick structures 7ft. wide, with ample room for the traps, and enough additional space to permit the storing of 7,000 targets. The advantages of this will be readily understood, as it means that there will be no interruption of shooting during the day in order to allow the trappers to replenish their exhausted supply of targets. Then add to this fact that the tops of these structures barely protrude above the ground and you will have an idea of what an up-to-date arrangement for target shooting this progressive club has. But this is not all, for when it comes to live birds the arrangements are equally complete. The underground system is of course in vogue here, but the pit is of such dimensions as to permit not only the trappers and birds, but there is ample room for two or three dogs and an additional man to look after these. Furthermore, room for a small stove has not been overlooked, and one will be put in to add to the comfort of the trappers and also to prevent the birds from becoming chilled on cold days. Just in the rear of the pit the ground has been a trifle raised, and in this is fitted a pane of glass of about 6in. square and 2in. in diameter. From this those in the pit can obtain a view of the score, and thereby know when to release the dogs to do the retrieving. In this manner 200 birds can be shot in an hour. This arrangement is according to plans submitted by Mr. E. D. Fulford, who will equip these grounds with his new traps, which are far superior to any that have yet come under my observation, and accomplish everything its enthusiastic inventor claims for them. It was the intention of the club to use these traps on this occasion, but unfortunately the set the club had ordered was lost en route from Utica. However, Mr. Fulford had one that he was carrying around as a sample, and this was used on this occasion, being placed in the center, and when it is properly manipulated sitters are out of the question.

One other thing that the club possesses worth mentioning is a magnificent flag. [illegible] This first saw service on a [illegible] the Jacob Strader, and [illegible] East End Gun Club then came [illegible] Waddell was at that time president [illegible], and upon its amalgamation into the present [illegible] on the staff came with it. Messrs. Mosby and Waddell offered to donate a flag if some one would put up the staff. Mr. Henry Robinson, one of the club's most active shooting members, generously offered to perform this service. Then on the formal opening of the club grounds, Oct. 7, the occasion of the team race between Dayton and Cincinnati clubs, forty shooters gathered around this staff, and at the drop of the handkerchief Old Glory went aloft to the salute of the forty guns, and has proudly waved from the staff ever since.

With such model arranged grounds and 1 cent targets and good live birds at 20 cents to practice on any day of the year, the members of this organization have reason to feel proud, and it is nothing surprising that the club roll now shows something like 215 names (J. J. Hallowell being the latest addition), many of whom hold the most responsible positions in their respective vocations.

The grounds are reached by the electric line. It is only twenty-five minutes' ride from Fountain Square, where all the cars meet.

Paul R. Litzke.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Hicks—Palmer.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 12.—Silas Palmer successfully defended his title to the Chicago challenge trophy last Tuesday afternoon, easily defeating T. P. Hicks. The day was cloudy and the wind strong. Half a dozen spectators witnessed the race. Mr. Hicks stood at scratch, Mr. Palmer being conceded 2yds. and 2 birds; not 3yds. and 2 birds, as was erroneously reported in a local paper. Mr. Palmer shot a good race on stiff birds, and easily won over Mr. Hicks, who seemed not at his best. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

1 5 4 3 4 2 3 5 5 1 4 4 1 4 4 5 5 1 2 4 5 5 4 3 3
↖↘↘→↖↙→↗↑→↗→↙↓↘↘↙↓↘↘↘↗↘↘↘
T P Hicks, 30,0..0 2 1 2 0 1 1 0 2 1 * 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 * 0 1 1 — 19

5 4 5 1 3 1 1 2 1 3 1 3 5 3 1 5 3 3 2 3 5 2 5 1 5 4 5
↖↖↘↗→↘↗↑↗↗↗↗↗↘→↗←→↑→↑↙↗↗↖←↗
S Palmer, 28, 2..1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 * 1 * 2 0 1 * 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 2—22

Mr. A. C. Paterson will probably be next to shoot Mr. Palmer. C. P. Richards, of a local sporting paper, replaces Mr. Mussey on the trustees of the "Chicago" emblem.

Eureka Live-Bird Shoots.

Mr. C. C. Hess, secretary of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, issues the following schedule of the series of live-bird contests of that club, which well be held during the coming winter:

"There will be given, by the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, a series of live-bird contests during the winter, shoots to be held the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 1 P. M., from Nov. 19, 1898, to March 18, 1899, inclusive, at Watson's Park, Burnside.

"Conditions: 15 live birds, with handicaps ranging from 26 to 32yds., as handicapping committee may decide.

"Entrance fee $2 for each contestant for the season; each shooter to pay for his birds.

"Three medals are to be awarded, one in each class for the highest five scores during the season.

"It will be necessary for each contestant to participate in six contests to be eligible.

"You will be advised of your handicap at each contest by Capt. Paterson or John Watson."

Kentucky Gun Club.

Mr. H. J. Lyons, with a score of 23 out of 25, won the target medal of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, in the last shoot. The live-bird medal in the last contest was won by De Long, 9 out of 10.

Waterloo.

E. W. Coburn won the main medal of the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club in the club shoot this week, scoring 20 straight. H. Steege won the minor prizes, once with 20 and once with 18.

Peoria.

In the contest for the Crawford medal at Peoria, Nov. 7, W. F. Meidroth won under somewhat novel conditions. Meidroth broke 37 out of 50, and William Webber 44 out of 50. They then shot at the number of targets they had missed, Meidroth breaking 11 out of his 13 and Webber 3 out of his 6, the former being declared winner.

Marshalltown.

Marshalltown Gun Club, of Iowa, will hold a big shoot Thanksgiving Day. There will be a team contest between Marshalltown and Des Moines, and it is expected that the attendance will be good.

Pike's Peak Gun Club.

Once the travelers watched it for hundreds of miles and now they shoot asphalt targets there. The Pike's Peak Gun Club held its regular monthly medal shoot this week, at the grounds on Knob Hill, Colorado Springs, in a storm that was more than half a gale. The scores were not high, but were good for the weather. Garrett won the medal with 43 out of 50, Lawton second, 42.

Kentucky Gun Club.

The last medal shoot of the Kentucky Gun Club to date was turned off this week on the pleasant Louisville grounds, and resulted in a deferred tie. Lyons dropped out, and Schultz and Chadwick remained tied. They agreed to shoot off the tie on strings of 3 birds, and they kept on killing three 3 straight until they had gone through nine strings, and until darkness called a halt. They remained tied at the close of hostilities, having killed 36 straight each.

St. Paul Shoot.

St. Paul Gun Club, of Minnesota, will hold a State tournament Nov. 16, putting up all the club badges and offering team races of two and three-men teams, representative of the cities competing. It is thought there will be a good State showing, and the occasion is sure to be a very pleasant one.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—John Watson announces to the shooters that he will give a live-bird tournament on his grounds at Burnside Crossing, beginning Monday, Dec. 12, and continuing throughout the week. The grounds have recently been rearranged, and an extra set of live-bird traps have been put in, making it more available in accommodating a large number of shooters. On each day, aside from the regular events, will be given a 15-bird contest, in which the money will be divided on the equitable system. On the concluding day a 25-bird handicap contest will take place, the handicaps being yards, and ranging from 25 to 32. To the winner of this contest will be given a unique medal valued at $150, and the money divided as follows: Twenty entries, four moneys; thirty entries, five moneys; forty entries, six moneys. Birds will be trapped at 20 cents each. A large number of participants are expected to be in attendance.

A. C. Paterson.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

W. S.—The European roe deer and the American red deer are two distinct species.

J. E. S., Jersey City.—Will you kindly inform a reader the effect it has on a she dog if you change its collar? Does it change her disposition in any way, has it any effect on her hearing, or does it make her dumb or fond of figthing, or does it affect her in any other way? Ans. Probably not, if the new collar fits.

W. G. Frost, Portland.—Wild rice is very prolific, and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold, and has not a strong current and is not more than 8ft. deep. It will succeed in any of the Middle States, and northwest as far as latitude 50°. Rice has been found doing well on the prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is tinctured more or less with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh-water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, i. e., in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established. Its failure to grow in so many cases is due to the fact that the seed has been impaired by too long keeping, and in a number of cases the seed used has been threshed by the Indians, who scorch the grain to facilitate the operation. A few months seems sufficient to destroy the vital germ, so that, though spring sowing has succeeded in some few cases, the trial of winter storage is usually too much for this delicate grain.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting and Fishing on the C. & O.

No necessity exists for a journey across the continent for the sportsman who is looking for an outing. Five hours from Washington, through the most beautiful mountain scenery this side of the Rockies, deer are almost as plentiful this year as they were in the days when the Old Dominion was first settled by white men.

Since the open season began, on Oct. 1, several parties have gone from Washington into Bath county, Virginia, and the reports which they bring back are such as to make the heart of the sportsman jump with expectancy. There is plenty of sport to be had with the rifle, the shotgun, the fly-rod, and none of the game bags or fish creels are brought back empty.

Within a radius of ten miles from Millboro, Va., there are literally hundreds of deer. Then too the Cowpasture River is teeming with bass, and a 2lb. small-mouth will make the disciple of old Izaak, who has played the big-mouth on 40yds. of line, think that he has a salmon at least on his hook.

Virginia at this season is the paradise of the sportsman, and the Chesapeake & Ohio trains leaving Washington at 2:20 P. M. and 11:10 P. M. carry him right into the heart of that paradise.

For information address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Gun Barrels Protected from Rust.

The "Singer treatment" is a process devised for protecting the barrels of firearms from rust and leading. The treatment is chemical; it hardens the surface and penetrates the pores of the metal, preventing the entering of moisture and corroding agents. Guns thus treated do not require cleaning; not even when subject to the influences of water, salt or fresh. The treatment is administered by the Gun Bore Treatment Co., of No. 7 Warren street, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

THE TUNNY-FISHERS.

In rude log-cabin by the lone sea-shore
Two aged fishers slept the sleep of toil.
Rough was their life, and scant their household-
store,
Scarce aught but hooks and nets and seamen's coil.
To one of these came visions of strange spoil;
He caught a fish—such fish as none before
Caught ever, bright with sheen and glittering foil,
A golden fish; and made high vows no more
To sail the seas, but spend the troven gold;
Then woke and wept to starve or be forsworn.
To whom his fellow: "Surely, being old,
Thou drivellest. Vow and vision both are born
Of air. Catch living fish or die." And cold
Through eastern windows crept the ashy dawn.

THEOCRITUS (B. C. 270), Lefroy's Translation.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF FISH AND OF RAILROAD TICKETS.

WE observe with interest the pother some well-meaning folks are making over United States Fish Commissioner Bowers and sundry railroad tickets. Commissioner Bowers is charged with having distributed one hundred and fifty railroad tickets to as many Government employees in Washington, that they might go home to West Virginia to vote in the late election. Now Sec. 14 of the Civil Service Act provides:

> That no officer, clerk, or other person in the service of the United States shall, directly or indirectly, give or hand over to any other officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States, or to any Senator or member of the House of Representatives, or Territorial delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever.

Further, Paragraph 2 of Rule II. provides that "No person in the executive civil service shall use his official authority or official influence for the purpose of interfering with an election or controlling the result thereof." But the Commissioner is charged with "having sent a letter urging John B. Conaway, an employee at the Navy Yard, to go to his home and vote; and also with having sent to Conaway a railroad ticket."

It is reported that Commissioner Bowers has admitted the facts as stated; and the matter is now before the Civil Service Commission. The penalty prescribed for such acts, the accused having been by due process of law proved guilty, is a fine or imprisonment, or both, and dismissal from office.

But no one is so simple as to believe that, railroad tickets or no railroad tickets, it would ever actually come to this with Commissioner Bowers. Mr. Bowers was given his place in violation of law by the President, and holds it only by continued and continuous violation of that law; and when the master sets such an example what may you expect of the servant? The law required that the President should appoint to the office of Fish Commissioner "a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fish and fisheries." Mr. Bowers was a West Virginia politician who was devoid of the legally required qualifications. He was given the place in fulfillment of a bargain to that effect, made by Mr. McKinley when a candidate for the Presidency with Senator Elkins of West Virginia. Nobody on earth knows better than Commissioner Bowers himself just what influence put him where he is, and would keep him there despite unlawful use of railroad tickets. Knowing this, he would be an ingrate should he refuse to distribute a few railroad tickets where they might do the most good, and no less a fool, if, having sped the voters on their way, he were to worry about what the Civil Service Commissioners might determine would be the proper thing to do to him if they could.

THE GAME FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

THAT section of the New York game law which restricts the transportation of woodcock, ruffed grouse (or partridge) and quail forbids the shipment of these birds "from any one point to another point within or without the State from or through any of the counties thereof," except when accompanied by the owner; and even then one person may not carry more than twelve of each at any one time, or thirty-six of each in a season. (The meaning of the text is indefinite as to whether it means twelve of each or twelve of all; but the game protectors construe it as meaning twelve of each separate species.) A similar provision restricts the transportation of deer to a single carcass, which must be accompanied by the owner.

Such regulations are not original with New York. This State has copied them from the codes of others, where they have been in force for years. The Republican-Watchman, of Greenport, Long Island, asks for an explanation of the underlying motive which prompted the enactment of such a law. The motive first underlying was to stop the shipment of game to market; the motive next underlying was to stop the killing of game for market; the next stratum of motive consisted of an intention to stop the cleaning out of the game covers, and to maintain a parent and self-replenishing supply of game; and the foundation bed-rock motive was to give the game to the sportsman—the sportsman of to-day and of to-morrow, not to the sportsman of the town alone, but to him of the country as well, to the Greenporter quite as much as to the New Yorker or Brooklynite. Despite the way the Watchman puts it, the sole privileges of "local gunner" and of "city [illegible]" are "What do you think of [illegible] game; each may kill a like number [illegible]rence," the [illegible] home with him. Each is accorded so much [illegible] ake the game of the State, and so much freedom to do with it what he may please, as in the judgment of the Legislature is consistent with a due conservation of public interest.

The game of this continent, East and West, North and South, rightly belongs to that element of the community which makes pursuit of it for sport and not for profit. This is the irrefutable principle, the bed-rock sure foundation "underlying motive" of all wise game protective legislation. One after another, State by State, those who inspire and frame game laws are coming to an intelligent comprehension of the principle, and giving expression to it in the restrictions of these laws. The Platform Plank promulgated in these columns in 1894 has just this aim. In that year it was advanced doctrine. To-day, as we are drawing near to the close of 1898, it is a familiar principle, in which the public recognizes in large measure the solution of the game protection problem. Who shall say that with the beginning of the new century the Plank shall not have place in the codes of a majority of the States?

We sympathize with the Long Island gunners, if any find themselves cut off from what they undoubtedly in good faith believe to their just right to market game. But theirs is only the local and personal hardship incident to every reform which affects the community at large, and to every changed condition which makes for an enforcement of the inexorable rule of the greatest good for the greatest number. The market-hunter, the killer of game for profit, belongs, as a factor to be given consideration in game legislation, to a past age. The only class whose interest may now reasonably be taken into account is that of the sportsman. The term sportsman's class may not have a very definite meaning to journalists who are given to denunciation of game laws. To understand intelligently what the term sportsman means in this country, as applied to the gunner or angler, it must be remembered that the American sportsman spends on the average less than a fortnight all told per annum in the field or on the stream. For the rest of the twelve months of the year he is "chained to business," to as many businesses, vocations, trades, professions, occupations, industries, employments, as make up the activities of organized society. When, then, the community resolves to protect the game for the sportsman, that is only another way of resolving to protect the game for itself; and when the community cuts off the shipment of game to market, that is only putting into effect its determination to have the game in the field, to-day and to-morrow and always, as lure for an outing, rather than on the market stalls for consumption to-day and done with it. In other words, the game is for the sportsman.

SNAP SHOTS.

Pursuit of game in Australia has so diminished the stock as to excite genuine concern among sportsmen, and ways and means are sought to check the destruction. The prevailing interest in the subject is well indicated in a letter referred to us by Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of this city, written by the secretary of the Australasian Gun and Game Association, to elicit information respecting the means adopted in this country to preserve our game. The protective system which provides a force of paid wardens or protectors is the only one which has ever amounted to anything in the United States; and our cousins in Australia would do well to labor for the adoption of like methods.

One weak point in the system with us is the influence of politics. In New York, for instance, we have a vicious breed of politicians, who by devious means win their way into the Legislature, and take part in making fish and game laws, and then encourage their violation. In certain localities and as to certain people the protectors do not pretend to enforce the laws; they even refuse to enforce them when urged to do this by honest citizens. The reason is that the law violators have votes, the politicians want these votes, and to make sure of them shield the law breakers and stand between them and the protector. So we sometimes hear it openly given out—and the declaration provokes no special remark—that such and such a fish and game protector will make no arrests which will antagonize votes. And there are districts along the inland lakes where the netters go unmolested because Senator So-and-so needs their votes, and in exchange secures them immunity to defy the laws. These politicians carry their heads high in public places, but honest men know them for what they are, and to know them is to have contempt for them. One might much sooner intrust the interests of the widow and the orphan to the roughly-clad illicit fish netter than to the silk-hatted politician who mortgages his soul to get to Albany.

This paragraph is devoted to the memory of Jacobus Barhydt, *obiit* 1844, a man wise beyond his day and generation. In the old days Barhydt owned the Saratoga Springs property now famous as Mr. Spencer Trask's Yaddo. The lake on the estate was then known as Barhydt's Lake, and on its shores Barhydt kept a public house, which between 1820 and 1835 was a favorite resort. The waters were well stocked with trout, and attracted anglers from near and far. In those days fishermen were not accustomed to be hampered in their sport by restrictions of law or of thrifty proprietors; but to Jacobus was given the uncommon sense to impose on his guests rules and regulations intended to maintain the fishing resources of Barhydt Lake. Writing to the New York Commercial Advertiser in 1835, Wm. L. Stone, the author of a volume of "Reminiscences of Saratoga," said: "At Barhydt's the sportsman is obliged to throw all the trout he may take back into their native element again, and pay by the hour for the privileges besides. He may, however, retain enough for his own dinner, provided he allows it to be cooked there and pays pretty well for that into the bargain." According to N. P. Willis, however, the old man was not grasping. "He will give you a dram or cook you a dinner of trout," Willis writes, "and seems not only indifferent whether you like his fish or his liquor, but quite as indifferent whether or what you pay him." But the essential fact, and the point of this paragraph, is that here in the Saratoga wilderness was an innkeeper who put in practice a scheme of fish preservation which was hardly more novel then than it is to-day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Thanksgiving Dinner in the Woods.

As Thanksgiving draws near I am reminded how we boys were wont to spend the day, in the times when each Governor independently exercised the right of his sovereignty in appointing for the feast whatever day it pleased him. Then the holiday was likely enough to dribble through the several commonwealths during the whole of November and over into December, so that if one's kinsfolks were properly distributed he might have the luck to eat three or four Thanksgiving dinners in one year. But we wildwoods ranging boys were lucky if we got more than the cold remnants of one at eventide, or rather were apt to count ourselves unlucky if we were obliged to waste a rare holiday in idle home staying and mere gorging. Better a crust in the woods and contentment therewith than a stuffed turkey in a house with continual longing to be abroad. So if the morning was not too stormy, our company was pretty sure to muster at some convenient central point, each member provided with a pocketable scant ration of bread and butter and a little salt, and each armed with a gun of some sort, upon which we depended for game to eke out our stores. Sometimes good fortune more than skill gave us a partridge or a hare, and we feasted savagely, but if only squirrels furnished our roast we were quite content, and scoffed at home dainties.

Thus we met on one particular Thanksgiving morning, a particularly cold and sour one, with a chilling northerly air astir and a gray, sunless sky that boded snow. Certainly our good Governor had been unfortunate in his choice of a day, and we blamed him for it; but since we had got away from home before it snowed, and now had the freedom of the woods for the whole day, we were not greatly dissatisfied. There were four of us, George, nicknamed Apple Tree, for some unknown cause; Charley, called Spry because he was not; Lias, rechristened Ben Hardin, after Davy Crockett's comrade; and another, hailed as Little Man, because his father so called him when he had grown so tall that the pet name was ridiculous.

"Well, our ol' Gov'nor do' know much," George remarked. "Just look what a Thanksgiving the Gov'nor o' York State picked out last week, right in Injin summer."

"Guess our Gov'nor wouldn't have us Green Mountain boys givin' thanks the same day York State was."

"Oh, this is good enough day for us," Lias shouted in the joy of freedom from work.

"Oumph!" Charley grunted, as he tumbled over a cradle knoll, and the grunt passed as a remark that might be taken either way.

The hemlock woods were gloomy and solemn enough to have awed any one of us had he been alone, but not so as we were, and we broke their brooding silence with merry gabble and laughter, until a frightened partridge, bursting to flight unseen and far out of range, made us aware that game was not to be got by such noisy stalking. Then we separated and hunted more stealthily, each imagining himself a Leather Stocking or a Last Mohican. But we gained nothing from it but a conviction that the partridge was the last of its kind to depart to some place distant and unknown, where perhaps all the tribe had gathered to celebrate the day in safe sequestration.

To such remoteness too the hares and the squirrels seemed to have betaken themselves. Not one timid, crouching form, conspicuous in winter disguise on the brown floor of the woods, not one savory tawny-coated fugitive darting up a gray trunk or cocked on a horizontal branch, was to be seen anywhere. Apparently the woods were deserted by all but us and one uneatable old horned owl, a hermit whom we came upon moping in the dim shadow of an evergreen. At last Lias did by some chance find and slaughter one red squirrel.

It was past noon, and we dressed our meager quarry and prepared for its roasting a most disproportionately generous fire on an old coal-pit bottom, where there was no danger of setting the woods afire. Poor little fellow, he looked lonesome enough, impaled on his roasting stakes, tilted against the great fire, and exceedingly small, considering a quarter to each of four hungry boys. Charley grunted and gave other audible expression to his longing for the flesh pots of home, but his jolly brother Lias declared that enough was as good as a feast, and for his part he was not meat hungry, while I, though sharing the grumbler's feelings, admired his brother's cheerful philosophy.

George, the bravest hunter of us all, had some time since gone aloof from us according to his wont, and now we heard the unmistakable voice of the long gun away over toward Louis Creek—the lucky old gun which his grandfather had brought from Rhode Island, and had killed a deer with at Thompson's Point, and with which one uncle had killed an otter with in Louis Creek and another a silver-gray fox on Mount Philo; and still something was sure to come down when that old gun spoke. With one accord we lifted up our voices, and with a great shout called George to a very small dinner. Then we turned the squirrel, and each took a sniff at the fragrance that made us hungrier, and sat waiting deploring the scarcity of game in that too thickly settled country, and unanimously agreeing that we would go to the wildest West as soon as we got old enough. None of us have ever got old enough. By and by George silently materialized out of the shadows of the woods, bearing two skinny things headless and footless.

"What be they, Apple Tree?" Lias asked.

"I'll tell you when we've eat 'em," he answered.

"Mushrat, I'll bet," Charley ventured too disgustedly, for his palate was not yet educated to that delicacy.

"D'ye ever see a two-legged muskrat?" George asked, exhibiting the evidence in a pair of legs and a pair of wings to each of his trophies.

"They hain't crows, be they?" Lias asked, suspiciously.

"You don't suppose I'd eat crows, an' I'm a-goin' to eat some o' these ere," George answered, settling that question.

So without further spoken objection the unknown fowl were spitted, basted with butter scraped from our bread, as they had timely turns over the glowing coals, and after what seemed an unnecessarily long time were pronounced done by Charley, who was always cook, and made the best pohnnycakes I ever ate since my grandmother's, which were baked on a board. Then the birds were served upon birch bark, with abundant Spartan sauce, which had been for hours accumulating, and we fell to, tooth, nail and jackknife. The first and last could not well be too sharp for the service required, for the meat was inordinately tough, and the sauce could not quite disguise a certain rank and suspiciously fishlike flavor. Nevertheless we made away with them down to the bones, and as we polished these we demanded of George the name of the original owners.

"Well," he answered, as he tossed a scoured thigh bone into the fire, "they was sheldrake."

"Oumph," Charley groaned, rather than grunted, for he was fastidious.

"Well, by grab, sheldrake is almighty good," Lias declared.

Dear comrades of that happy day, how are ye scattered about the wide and dreary world, and out of it. How long ago, yet what a little while since we feasted on fish and fowl, and were thankful.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Just About a Boy.—XIV.

"SAY, I reckon that ain't more'n haff bad fer one night's work, huh?" said the boy as he finished stretching the last muskrat hide over a bent willow stick and hung it in company with a dozen of its kindred, a couple of coon skins and five fine beaver pelts that dangled from the low elm limb in front of the shanty.

"That's whut I c'nsider a purty fair night's work—that is seein' that trappin' ain't nuthin' like it ust to be when old man Hagey trapped up 'n' down th' river here—he ust to git fifteen 'r twenty beaver 'n a night, 'n' never took no 'count o' mussrats 'n' such stuff. Them was trappin' times, but now they's so many folks cum in 'n' settled 'long th' river that trappin's petered out complete.

"I missed one old beaver up there by that old cottonwood log—guess I set the trap a little too deep fer him, maybe—anyways it was sprung 'n' on'y a few hairs in th' jaws.

"He'll be mighty cute now, 'n' I dunno if I kin git him right away er not. Gee, I'm hungry—bin up since daylight, 'n' I like to froze 'fore I got warm pullin' up to th' traps. This north wind has got a mighty snowy feel to it, 'n' ducks are thick on th' river this mornin', so I wouldn't be s'prised if we git snowed up here good 'n' plenty 'fore we know it. Got plenty o' grub though, so let 'er snow, whut d' we care, huh?"

I had breakfast all ready when the boy finished his hide stretching operations, and after a dip in the icy current of the river and a scrub with a rough towel the youngster came in to the table, his face aglow with health, and his appetite in keeping with his looks.

"Say, I'll tell yeh whut less do after breakfast—less go 'n' git some ducks 'n' have a reg'lar barbecue—whut d'ye say?"

"All right, I'm with you. Won't you have anything more to do with the traps to-day?"

"No, I left 'em all set when I cum down, 'n' I'll go look at 'em juss 'fore dark again, 'n' set them other two er three mussrat traps, nen I guess they'll do the rest."

Breakfast over, we got the guns, and crossing the river, were soon tramping through the sighing woods in the direction of a string of ponds that the boy knew of.

"We don't want to hunt along th' river, cos the more racket we make the more we are li'ble to scare the beaver I'm after," said the young trapper.

About noon the chill wind that had been moaning among the trees all day lulled itself to comparative quiet, and a few big flakes of snow floated down through the gray branches.

"Less git back to camp. We got ducks nuff, 'n' it's goin' to snow plenty. We better git a stock o' wood up to camp 'fore it comes too—hard work, yeh know, huntin' wood when the snow's got it all buried up. I don't like the looks o' this weather a whole lot, cos I figger a good, old-time storm's a-comin' sure, 'n' if it does we'll juss haff to hoof it back to town when it clears up, 'n' leave th' boat 'n' outfit tull the ice gits hard 'nuff to bring 'em back on a sled."

We were walking back toward the boat as we talked and by mid-afternoon had crossed the river again amid a flying swirl of downy flakes that half hid the fast whitening landscape, and after our guns and game were stowed away inside the cabin we put in the rest of the afternoon hustling good, dry wood, and building a rough pole and grass shelter over it to keep the snow off.

"Well, I'm goin' 'round to see if th' traps is all right—goin' 'long?" asked the boy, as the signs of evening came into the sky.

A good deal of scraping and brushing of snow was necessary before we got the old "mud hen" in shape for the journey, but in time she slipped out into midstream and pushed her now icy nose up the current amid a cloud of flying flakes until we reached the beaver grounds.

The river looked strangely black in the new white of the rest of the landscape, and every solid object bore a great burden of snow where the wind did not sweep it off as fast as it fell. Our voices sounded muffled and echoless in the increasing storm, and there was a strange hurrying sound in the air that rushed along above the tree tops.

When the traps were all inspected, the boy cast a quick glance aloft and around the sky, and said: "We're goin' to have a chance to break ice along shore in th' mornin' when we look at these traps, 'n' I wouldn't wonder if to-night's the last of it till it freezes up solid 'nuff to travel on skates—looks that way 't any rate, so we might 's well git ready to break camp to-morrow, 'less you want to stay tell it freezes up."

An hour later we were snug inside the cabin, with a booming blaze in the dug-out fireplace, giving a cheerful warmth to the little home in the white wilderness.

"Say, when are we goin' to take that trip west?" said the boy, as he finished hanging his stock of green pelts up over the fireplace so they would dry, and then pitched a huge section of dry limb on to the blaze, so it would need no more attention for some time.

"In the spring, I suppose; say when grass gets good—about the last of May or first of June," I answered.

"Where'll we head for? I'd like to go to them Black Hills, up there 'n Wyoming, where you was—that's a good huntin' country, ain't it—'n' mount'ins 'n' pine timber 'nuff too, I reckon—less go up there."

"All right, that suits me. It isn't so far away as the main chain, and it's as good a game country as there is in the States to-day. Besides, it has this advantage, we can drive all over the country up there with a wagon, which makes it a mighty pleasant place to spend the summer in. The water isn't anything to brag about, but we don't need to go into the alkali country much if we don't want to; the water in the hills is all right, except in a few places, and I know where they are."

"All right then, that's a go. How'll we go, wagon or pack horses?"

"I think a wagon the better. Take a good broncho team and a light outfit that won't wear the horses out and then travel slowly, and we will be all right for the summer if we want to stay that long. There is plenty of good mineral in the hills, and we might do a little prospecting too if we want to as we go along. Who knows, we might strike a gold mine before we get back."

"Well, I dunno much about rocks 'n' stuff, but I reckon I kin learn, an' I'll prospect all right. I reckon I'd know a chunk o' gold if I see it growin' on a tree, anyhow; so I'll try it with yeh. What I want more than anything else, though, is to git a crack at them deer 'n' elk 'n' bears up there."

"Well, we can get our outfit together this winter and hit the trail as soon as grass is good. The details we can figure on as we go along, and we'll be ready before we know it. What do you say to getting this barbecue of ours going about now?"

"That's so; I'd furgot all about that bunch o' ducks. What'll we do, chuck the ducks 'n' squirrels 'n' snipes all in together 'n' make a potpie of 'em?"

"I reckon I'm good for half of that kind of a stew if you can handle the rest," I answered.

"Here they go then. You get the 'taters 'n' onions 'n' things ready, 'n' I'll yank the pelts off this bunch o' game while yeh wait, as th' shoemaker sez 'bout half-solin' shoes down 'n town."

The big stew kettle was soon giving forth savory odors, and we hustled around, fixing up a camp supper that was good for hungry outdoor folks, but probably a little rich for dyspeptics to sleep on.

"Gee! we're sure in fer it now, snow's a foot deep this minit, 'n' still comin' down like th' ole scratch," said the boy, as he opened the door and squinted out into the night with the air of one who knew the signs.

EL COMANCHO.

A Tennessee Thanksgiving.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot resist the temptation of giving to our brethren an account of a bird hunt I had the pleasure of participating in one Thanksgiving Day. Until that year I have never known what Thanksgiving Day meant. It means that it is one of the few days that are set aside in this busy nation of ours to try and act as a lock, or scotch, or breakwater, or hindrance to keep the American people from working themselves to death.

For weeks my good friend, Sam Wester, and I had had this hunt "cut and dried," to use an old expression. We found a Mr. Alfred Swind, who is a sportsman, and owned four fine bird dogs, and soon persuaded him to take his dogs and go with us; or rather, allow us to go with him. We had all arrangements made to meet Mr. Swind at the depot at 5 o'clock of the evening before Thanksgiving. About noon on that day I read a note from Mr. Swind, requesting that I call to see him at once. I grabbed my hat and made a break for his place of business, as I "smelled a rat," and knew something was the matter about our hunt. I found Mr. Swind was very sick, and would be unable to keep his appointment. My heart sank, and I think my face must have shown it, for Mr. Swind laughed and said not to be disappointed; but to take two of his dogs and go anyway. He said we were welcome to all four of them; but only two would hunt with strangers. I was somewhat dubious about the work we would get out of the dogs, and regretted deeply that we would be deprived of Mr. Swind's company. Wester and I were at the depot with the two dogs, and a happier pair never boarded a train for a day's outing.

We reached Collierville, Tenn., and after supper at the hotel we were preparing to walk around and try to pick up a few points about localities, when we were called upon by Mr. Joe Irby, a cousin of my wife, who had received word from his brother in Memphis that we were coming out to hunt on Thanksgiving, so he had made all arrangements for us. To say that we were pleased is putting it mildly. If my reader has never hunted in Mississippi or west Tennessee, as the guest of some friend, he just does not know what clever treatment is. Now I had never seen Mr. Irby in my life, just knew of the relationship that existed between his family and that of my wife, and had gone to Collierville on my own hook, and was not his invited guest at all. So when I found that he had been notified by his brother, and had all arrangements made to insure us a pleasant time, I was both grateful and delighted. Well, the horses were all ready, the lunch was prepared, and we were to have a negro go with us to hold our horses, and Mr. Irby and his friend, Mr. Hart, were to accompany us, thus giving to each a shooting companion who knew the covers and best routes to get at the birds.

The weather was fine, the moon shone her silvery beams upon the little city, and the planets, from red-eyed Mars to blue-eyed Venus, and even old stern-faced Jupiter, smiled benignly upon us. We were happy, and as anticipation is half the pleasure, we slept soundly. But in the morning, as we climbed out of bed, our spirits were much subdued. The sky was dark and threatening, and old Æolus had opened his flood gates and was now pouring his pent up winds upon us. How

they howled as they rushed from the far-off grottoes and caverns of the West and swept over this flat country. Well! we were almost paralyzed. Our only day, and just look at the weather. We decided that we would go anyway, even if we got wet, and Messrs. Irby and Hart were good natured enough to humor us. So about 7 A. M. we got on the road.

We had five good dogs, three Llewellyn setters and two pointers. Two of the setters belonged to Mr. Irby, and one pointer to Mr. Hart, and we had brought one setter and one pointer from Memphis with us. We were well equipped in horses, dogs, guns, lunch and everything that went to make a pleasant and successful day, all we lacked was propitious weather.

We traveled about three miles down the road, when one of the dogs jumped a fence, and as he landed on the other side flushed a covey of quail. We all started afoot after them, and soon one of the setters, Fanny, belonging to Mr. Swind, had them. Then the other dogs came up one by one and supported her, until all five dogs were circled around that covey of quail. Gracious, what a picture! Five dogs rigid as death, four men standing with guns at rest admiring the beautiful scene. That picture was worth our trouble, and all expressed the thought that if we did not see another bird that day we had been amply repaid. Finally Cap, Mr. Hart's pointer, seemed to think it was time for action, and dived into the covey. Birds went in every direction. Three guns fired and two birds fell; Hart got one, Irby one, and I missed; or feathered my bird, which is worse.

We concluded that there were too many men and dogs to hunt well all in one bunch, so we would separate in pairs.

Irby and Wester and Wester's little boy Sam, whom I forgot to mention was with us, went one way and took Dick, the negro, to hold their horses. Hart and I went in a different direction. Irby and Wester had Mr. Irby's two setters, Prince and Cleveland, with them. We had Mr. Swind's setter Fanny, his pointer Chess, and Mr. Hart's pointer Cap with us. It was awfully hot and dry, and the wind kept the dust blowing in a regular gale over the cotton and stubble fields. Hart said we would hunt this covey out and then go to the swamp along the creek bottom, as all the birds would be in the thickets on such a day as this.

We had not gone 100yds. when Fanny came down on a single. She is a regular jewel, and has a magnificent nose, besides a very quaint habit of dropping flat when she points. We walked up the bird, and I took the first shot and feathered it, and Hart killed it. I was shooting a light load of smokeless powder and No. 8 shot, which was not effective enough in the strong wind that was blowing. I never will believe that smokeless powder is as strong as a good quality of black powder. I know many experts pronounce it stronger, but when I want to kill birds at long range, and kill them dead, and not feather them, I will take black powder. I borrowed a box of black powder shells from Mr. Hart, giving him all my smokeless shells to use at some future day when there was no wind. We proceeded, and soon Fanny had birds again, and Chess and Cap came up and backstood or supported her in fine style. Hart insisted on my shooting first. That is the way all West Tennesseeans treat strangers, he said. We sent Cap into the brush to score out what we thought was a single bird, and were surprised when he flushed a new covey. I killed my bird, and Hart said: "I hit one very hard, and think we will find it out yonder." I sent old Chess after my bird, and soon heard him in the briers scratching and gnawing at something. I went in to see what he was up to, and found him rolling a rabbit trap over and over, and exerting all his talents and strength to tear one of the boards from the side of it. It seems that Chess must have gotten after the wounded bird and it had run into this rabbit trap to get away from him, and the door of the trap had snapped on the bird, thus shutting it in completely. Old Chess was determined to have that bird, so he had set to work very industriously to tear the trap to pieces. I patted him on the head, and then took the bird out of the trap. Hart had a good laugh at me. He said I was determined not to go home empty handed, as I not only shot birds, but afterward caught them in traps.

Well, we went on, and soon Cap had birds. The dog was standing stiff, and was pointing right down between his two front paws. Hart called my attention to the position of the dog, and after looking carefully for a moment we saw the bird within 10in. of the dog's nose, crouched low under a tuft of grass. I never in all my life saw a dog get so close to a bird without flushing it. I really believe he could have caught the bird had he jumped upon it. Hart insisted on my taking the shot, and I walked up and missed beautifully, and Hart smashed it down. I was beginning to get rattled or something. At first I thought it was the light loads and the white powder. Now I was missing with heavy loads and black powder. Well, I grit my teeth and resolved to do better. Hart "let me down easy" by saying, "We all miss sometimes."

We had gone only a few rods when Chess pointed, and when sent in he sprang upon a dead bird, the one Hart had hit in the flush of the covey. We started again, and soon Fanny found birds, and dropped flat on her stomach, the prettiest point I ever saw made by any dog. She would not go in, so Hart stepped up and put up the bird, which flew directly over his head and behind him. He could not shoot, as I was in his range; but I turned in time to knock it down. This gave me confidence in myself, and I did not miss another shot that day, but I did not have very many more chances. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and the wonder to me is that we killed at all.

We now went down to the creek, and it was not long until Fanny had birds again. She pointed in the thick switch cane, and I got one as the birds flushed. We hunted out this covey as thoroughly as the ground and circumstances would permit, and got several more birds. I sort of had it on Hart in the woods and brush, as I always could kill a bird with greater ease to snap shoot it in a thicket than I could to take deliberate aim out in an open field.

We now started to find the other party, as we were getting pretty hungry, and they had the lunch basket with them. In a short time we came up with them seated at a well, near a farmhouse that belonged to Mr. Irby. They had just finished eating their lunch, but the basket was brought out again and the menu, simple as it was, should have satisfied a king.

We found that Wester and Irby had eleven birds and we ten, and that each had killed about his quota. The wind was so high that no birds could be found, excepting along the creek in the brush and cane, so we agreed to hunt toward town and not go any further. We started as soon as all were rested and refreshed, and Hart and I rode away, leaving Wester and Irby banging away at birds down in the bottom. We got back to town without starting any more birds, as we left the bottom and rode through the open cotton fields. After a while Wester and Irby came in and reported that they had bagged four more birds, making a total of twenty-five birds to the four guns, an extremely light bag for this section of the country. One hundred or 150 birds to four guns would have been a good day's hunt if the weather had been suitable. Mr. Hart told me that twelve miles from Collierville on his brother-in-law's plantation he had often started twenty-five coveys in one day's hunt. We counted twelve coveys that we had found on a very dry and extremely windy day. Several of the coveys were not fired at, owing to the extreme thickness of the cover where they were found. Wester and Irby had got into a regular nest of birds after lunch, and soon after we had left them. Wester said they found four large coveys in a patch of cane less than an acre in size, but the wind was blowing so hard, and the cane and bushes were so thick, they could scarcely shoot at all. They managed to bag four birds, however, and then gave it up as a bad job.

Neither Mr. Hart nor Mr. Irby would have a single bird, but just compelled Wester and me to take them all, so we had a dozen large, fat quail each to take home to our families, and best of all we had had a day of unalloyed, unequaled pleasure. And last, but by no means least, we met and enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of three of the biggest-hearted, most whole-souled gentlemen that ever trod mother earth, namely, Mr. Hart and the Irby brothers. To form the acquaintance of three such men would be worth a dozen trips if not a feather had been seen.

Now, kind reader, if ever you have a chance to come to West Tennessee or Mississippi you just come. It don't make a whit's difference from where or whence you come, if you are a sportsman and a gentleman, you will receive treatment that will always make you glad you are both. If you are a gentleman only, you will receive a cordial welcome.

We boarded our train for home at 6 P. M., and were at our respective firesides an hour later. Now I know what Thanksgiving Day means to the busy man, and I thank God for having given it to me, as well as others. The day following my outing the air was sweeter, the flowers brighter, everyone seemed to wear a smile instead of the frown of yesterday. The very rattle of the drays upon the stony streets chimed music instead of discord.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

Yukon Indians.

THE Indians on the Yukon are good-natured and harmless. In many ways they remind one of the Southern negro. They sing "My Girl's a High Born Lady" and all the latest Bowery airs. It is said that the British drum beat sounds around the world, but nowadays popular songs do the same thing, and in a very much more thorough way. At Guam, our new possession in the Ladrones, the newspapers tell us the natives sing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-aye," and this air is often heard along the Yukon. No doubt it has penetrated to Timbuctoo, and the sacred city of Thibet. Judging from the Yukon, native music seems to be dying out. The catchy airs of the music hall are supplying a world music.

The Indians have very keen ears, though their voices can hardly be called melodious. Some of them will catch an air after hearing it once, and reproduce it correctly by humming or on the mouth organ. I never heard an Indian whistle or sing at the full extent of his lungs, though very likely they do both.

Give an Indian a mouth organ, "juice harp," as Huckleberry Finn's negro had it, or an accordion, and you will insure his happiness, no matter if he is cold or starving. The Indian is as yet ignorant of the banjo, but when he is once introduced to it I think it will be his favorite instrument, as it is with his sable brother. It must be borne in mind that I am speaking of the interior Indians. The coast Indians are a very different breed. They are fighters and quarrelsome, robbing the white man by exorbitant packing charges now that they have learned it isn't wise to do the thing by force of arms. It was these Indians who, by right of their possession of the passes, made the interior an unknown country for so long to the white man. Up to a very recent date they effectually monopolized the trade of the Yukon. They even checkmated the Hudson Bay Company when it attempted to gain an entrance into the country from the east, capturing and burning the post established at Fort Selkirk in 1852. These Indians are powerfully built, and a twelve-year-old girl will trudge along with as heavy a pack as the average white man can carry, while their skookum packers carry as much as a horse.

About 300 Indians make their headquarters at Fort Selkirk. They call themselves Yukon Indians, and consider the name Stick Indians (which Dr. Dawson applies to them) an insult. "Me no Stick," they say with disgust, "me Yukon Indian." Instead, they apply the name Stick to the Tagish Indians, whose headquarters are on Lake Marsh, and who, while they resemble the other interior Indians in manners and customs, are undoubtedly a branch of the coast Indians.

The Indian in Camp.

The Fort Selkirk Indians are the Gens des Bois, or Wood Indians, of the fur traders. They are poor boatmen as a rule, but have a wonderful knowledge of woodcraft, and particularly of the twin arts of keeping warm with very little protection from the weather, and keeping alive on next to no food in periods of scarcity. Recently they have to a certain extent taken to living in houses, and are suffering seriously as a consequence from pulmonary diseases. They are seen to best advantage under natural conditions, living in their brush lean-tos and subsisting on the game. While on the hunting trail in winter their camps are designed chiefly for the purpose of breaking the wind. Two or more families commonly travel together, and the camps are built facing each other. The sides and back are built up to a height of 2 or 3ft. with spruce boughs, and over the pole rafters, which rise to the height of a man's head in front, a piece of drilling or other light material is thrown for a roof. The roof keeps out the snow, and serves to reflect and utilize a portion of the heat. Between the two camps is a passageway, which also serves for the fireplace. The camps are located sideways to the direction of the wind, which passes directly down the passageway and carries off the smoke. The fire itself is maintained in the hollow which it melts in the snow. Green logs are laid at either side, and across these split pieces of green wood are placed, which are renewed as they burn out. It is a combination of Nessmuk's outdoor fireplace and the Buzzacott idea. Indians make camp early—say at 2 in the afternoon when it grows dark at 4—and they are very careful not to be caught out late on a cold night without firewood.

They carry their food and outfit on toboggans drawn by the dogs and female members of the party. The dogs, like their masters, can get along on very little food, and one of the chief articles of diet of the true Indian dog is ordure. They are perfect scavengers in this respect, and no filth is ever left around an Indian camp where dogs are, unless by chance it becomes so frozen that it cannot be eaten.

Moose and Caribou.

The mainstay of the Indians in the way of game is the caribou. Oddly enough they often call caribou moose, and when talking with the Indians one has to question closely to make sure which animal is meant. When they have meat to sell it is generally "moose meat," though in nine cases out of ten it was cut from a caribou.

The reason of this interchange of names is due, I think, to the confusion in the terminology of the white men when alluding to caribou. The Hudson Bay men and Canadians, who come from a country having no Virginia deer, call the caribou a deer. Mr. Harper, the founder of the existing trading store at Fort Selkirk, tells newcomers that there are no caribou in the country, and that the correct name for the animal is deer. The men from the States, who are in the vast majority as regards numbers, are unfamiliar with caribou, but they all know the common deer, and know that the caribou of the Yukon is a different animal. Some of them call it a reindeer, but many others saddle the name of moose on it. Moose and caribou are a good deal the same thing, they fallaciously argue, and anyhow by calling the caribou a moose they won't get into an argument with a redheaded Scotchman as to whether or not it's a deer.

The Indians kill both the woodland and barren ground caribou. The horns and skins of some killed early in the winter near Fort Selkirk were those of the familiar woodland caribou. I believe, however, that their main dependence is the barren ground caribou, which penetrates the country at the sources of the Yukon in midwinter.

I mentioned elsewhere the herd of barren ground caribou, estimated to number 10,000, which crossed Twelve-Mile Creek late in December, and out of which Quin Taylor, of Seattle, killed forty-five, which he packed into Dawson and sold. This herd was on the wrong side of the Yukon, according to precedent, and many of the Tanana Indians who expected to intercept it on the other side starved as a consequence. They had such implicit confidence that it would turn up on its accustomed route of migration that they waited long after prudence dictated going elsewhere, and not till they had eaten their dogs and moccasins did they lose faith in the integrity of the caribou.

Food Economics.

When the Indians find such a herd they follow along in the rear with the wolves and foxes, in very much the same way that our Western Indians used to follow the buffalo. They kill all they can, and what meat they are unable to dispose of on the spot they cache in trees. In this way they accumulate depots of supplies over a large extent of country, and as the air is pure and very dry, the meat remains edible for considerable periods even in warm weather.

Indians are not very particular about the condition of their food, and will dispose of some pretty rank messes, but one thing they will not eat is wolf. More surprising still, if true, is the reported fact that Indian dogs will not eat wolf. These dogs rob white men's caches, tearing open sacks and gorging on raw flour and oatmeal, and nothing from soap to sulphur matches is safe from their depredations. Wanting to dispose of the carcasses of the wolves we killed below Selkirk, I asked the Indians if they could use them. They said no. I suggested feeding to the dogs, and they shook their heads again. "Dog no muck muck wolf," they said. "Todder way, wolf muck muck dog."

When the time comes for starving, the Indian takes it as a matter of fact, and contentedly. Only once in a while is there a weak-livered one who cries and says: "Muck muck all gone. 'Fraid poor Indian die." They peel the bark from pine and even popple trees and eat the softer inner portion. The pine bark is full of resin and nasty stuff, and there is certainly no nutriment in it. It serves, however, to fill the stomach and lessen the gnawing at the inwards. One can travel for miles along the Yukon and never be out of sight of peeled trees, marked with the characteristic arrow-shaped blaze. The fact signifies the frequency of periods of starvation, for there are only a few hundred Indians in all on the whole length of the upper river.

Through the kindness of Mr. Pitts, we occupied a cabin at Fort Selkirk for two weeks, while searching for our lost boats, and this cabin was a great center of attraction with the Indians. They came there at all hours of the day and night, men, women and children,

and nothing we did was too trivial to escape comment. It amused them to see us comb our hair, and we remembered this suspicious fact when they wanted to try on our hats. I never saw Mac madder than once when he caught a bushy-headed Indian strutting around in his new fur cap, that he had just gotten out from his clothing bag to forestall the colder weather.

They were very vain, and next to white flour and sugar and fat, "gree" they called it, they desired articles of personal adornment. When we left for the coast we held an auction sale to dispose of our surplus outfit. This was patronized by the Indians, and nothing went so well as little fancy articles. The women bought suspenders and men's colored socks, and they hung oil cans and nickel wrenches around their necks as ornaments. Pocket handkerchiefs and towels and any little metal articles were in great demand. A fancy leather belt brought as much money as a good light weight overcoat, and the oil cans and medicines were the star bargains of the lot.

Indian Financiers.

The Indians had plenty of money, for they had earlier in the season sold meat and dogs at exorbitant prices. In a general way they knew its value, but they prized silver a good deal above the sixteen to one ratio. When they wanted to drive a good bargain they always specified that the price was to be paid in "silver money," and similarly they hated to part with their plunkers. They seemed relieved when we accepted their gold pieces at par, and when they got silver money in change they tried hard to conceal their satisfaction for fear we would find out the mistake we were making in parting with it.

There are very few pennies in circulation on the Yukon, the bit being the unit of value, and the Indians have not yet learned how to place them.

One of the Indians named Bailey tried to purchase a rifle with six cents he had in some way accumulated.

The Indians are suspicious in their bargains, and afraid of being cheated, and in our desire to do the square thing by them we suffered financially. Instead of getting many times the value of the articles sold, the price received for the better class of things, as a rule, was below the real value.

The Indians are honest in their way, but not moral. Early in our stay at Selkirk I traded a new pair of trousers for a caribou skin, that we might sleep the more comfortably at night. It took the Indian nearly two hours to complete the bargain, and he had thumbed over the trousers in the meanwhile till they looked as if they had had a week's wear, and discussed something like a hundred permutations and combinations with all the other articles of our property he could see or imagine. He got nothing to boot that way, however.

The next day an entirely different Indian came to the cabin with the trousers on his arm and a very serious expression on his face. He turned them over and over, and finally pointed out some very minute flaws in the cloth, and solemnly shaking his head said: "No good!"

Then he laid down the trousers and walked over to where the caribou skin hung and made a motion to pull it down. Mac promptly interfered, and it looked as if there was going to be a fight then and there, for the Indian seemed bent on repudiating the exchange. Thinking, however, he had carried his bluff far enough, the Indian suggested that Mac's hat suited him very well, and intimated if we would give him that he would overlook the defect in the trousers. It was a flim-flam game pure and simple, and we showed that Indian the door in a way that surprised him.

Forty Dollar Snowshoes.

The Indians have one uniform business rule in their dealings with white men. They raise their prices when opportunity offers, but they never come down. Snowshoes at the Pelly are now $40 a pair, because a white man with more money than brains tried to buy from an Indian woman a pair which did not belong to her.

He offered her $10 first, and when she said, "No sell um," raised the price by fives to $40, and then the woman told the other Indians that white men give $40 for snowshoes, and the price has been that ever since.

We had previously bought two pair of snowshoes for $25, and the Indians came around and tried to collect the difference. When we refused to pay and turned them out they seemed to think they had been cheated.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Twenty-third Trip to Maine.

A BUSY Boston man writes:

My trip to Maine this year was an attempt to mix oil and water; that is, work and rest. I did not care much about the hunting, though I got one little buck, mainly out of shame because of the letters of my children, asking if I had shot anything, and if I was going to. The truth is I took down hundreds of pages of manuscript to work over, and did spend most of my time quietly in camp, feeling that the relief from things done, things which have been present and have grown to be a nightmare, was more vacation than anything else. Then came an attack of the grippe, which laid me out. Fortunately my companion, the owner of the camp, was a first-class nurse, and he pulled me out, but my twenty-third trip to the Maine woods was not all I could wish, though the camp and country and the weather were.

There were plenty of deer in the woods and a few moose. I was at Little Benson Pond, a dozen miles or so west of Katahdin Iron Works. Our cook shot a deer after I left without going out of the camp yard, and the trains on the Canadian Pacific, which ran within a quarter of a mile, did not seem to do any harm, and the cleared up space along the road seemed to be the favorite stamping ground of the deer.

Minister (on his way home from church, to little boy fishing): "Oh, you wicked little boy, to fish to-day! Do you not know that it is Sunday?" Little Boy (unabashed): "No, it ain't wicked, mister; I ain't caught nothing."

Natural History.

New York Zoological Park.

THE work of preparing the grounds of the New York Zoological Society's Park, which was begun last July, is progressing rapidly, under the superintendence of the executive committee of the Society. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the director, has taken up his quarters in the Park in a comfortable office, and spends all his time in personal direction of the operations.

A number of the low spots in the Park, which are to be used as lakes and pools for various purposes, are being excavated, and on the beaver pond, the pond for other aquatic rodents, one of the wildfowl ponds and the elk pool, much of the excavation has been done. The plans for the enclosures for buffalo and mountain sheep, with their shelter houses, have been determined on, and work commenced on them. The wolf dens are being arranged, and the foundations for a number of the bear dens, with their tanks and the plumbing which is to supply the tanks with water, are in position. The foundations for the reptile house are above the ground, and the walls of the bird house are rapidly growing.

Even though the work has only just begun, a visit to the Park will well repay anyone interested either in zoology or in the progress of New York toward better things. While as yet only a beginning has been made, anyone familiar with the plans of the Society, as explained in its last annual report, can gain a very good notion of what will be seen here in the course of the next year or two. South Bronx Park is still unimproved. There are no roads, no paths, no water system nor sewerage; but all these things are being provided for, and all will go on together with the building, so that in a comparatively short time a great transformation will be worked in this beautiful spot.

Every effort is being made by the executive committee of the Society to carry forward the work as rapidly as possible, and it is greatly to be desired that members of the Society should show their appreciation of this energy and their interest in the work by visiting the grounds and keeping themselves informed of what is being done. The director will no doubt take great pleasure in affording to any member who may call on him every facility for inspecting the work, and in offering full explanation to the Society's plan and purposes.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE sixteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Washington, D. C., Nov. 14, and continued until Thursday, the 17th.

The evening or business session was held at the Army Medical Museum, the public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 15, being held at the U. S. Nat. Museum, the Eastern High School and the Cosmos Club.

The active members present were: Drs. Coues, Merriam, Merrill, Gill, Fisher, Richmond and Shufeldt, and Messrs. F. A. Lucas, E. W. Nelson and Wm. Palmer, of Washington, D. C.; Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Chas. B. Corey, of Boston; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Dr. Thos. S. Roberts, of Minneapolis; Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia; and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The associate members present during the session were: Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. Julia Stockton Robins, Vernon Bailey, Outram Bangs, Job Barnard, Paul Bartsch, J. Newton Baskett, Prof. F. E. L. Beal, R. P. Currie, R. H. Dean, H. W. Fowler, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, W P. Hay, A. H. Howell, W. A. Johnson, Sylvester D. Judd, F. C. Kirkwood, Dr. F. H. Knowlton, Colton Maynard, G. S. Miller, Jr., Harry C. Oberholser, H. W. Olds, W. H. Osgood, Dr. T. S. Palmer, E. A. Preble, Dr. W. L. Ralph, Jos. H. Riley, Dr. W. C. Rives, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, W. E. C. Todd, C. H. Townsend, John Van Denburg, Nelson R. Wood, Sam'l N. Rhoads, A. E. Colburn, John W. Daniels, Jr., W. L. Baily, Prof. B. W. Evermann.

Robert Ridgway, of Washington, D. C., was elected President; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington, D. C., and Chas. B. Cory, of Boston, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn., Secretary; William Dutcher, of New York city, Treasurer; Charles F. Batchelder, Witmer Stone, Ruthven Deane, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher, L. Stejneger and Frank M. Chapman, Members of the Council.

Mr. William Palmer, of Washington, D. C., was elected an active member, and the Hon. Walter Rothschild, of Tring Museum, England, a corresponding member of the Union. One hundred and one associate members were elected, the largest number in any one year since the foundation of the Union.

Mr. Witmer Stone, chairman of the committee on protection of North American birds, read a most interesting report of the work done by his committee during the past year. The report will be published in The Auk, the official organ of the Union, and reprinted as a separate pamphlet to be sold at a very low price.

Through the kindness of Prof. W. B. Powell, Supt. of Schools of Washington, a hall at the Central High School was placed at the disposal of the Union Wednesday afternoon. Certain papers illustrated with lantern slides were read there before a large audience.

On Wednesday evening the Union met at the Assembly Hall of the Cosmos Club, by courtesy of that club. Here several communications, illustrated with lantern slides, were read.

Two members of the Union, Messrs. Nelson R. Wood and Louis Agassiz Fuertes, by special request gave imitations of the notes of birds. Another interesting feature was the graphophone demonstration of a brown thrasher's song by Sylvester D. Judd.

Resolutions were passed thanking the regents of the Smithsonian Institution, the Army Medical Museum, Prof. W. B. Powell and the Cosmos Club for the use of halls under control for a meeting place of the Union, and thanking the Washington members for the cordial welcome and generous hospitality extended to the visiting members.

The character of the papers read was higher and the attendance much larger than at any previous congress of the Union.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 13, 1899.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. Among the Birds in Nevada—Harry C. Oberholser.
2. The Moult of Passerine Species in the Vicinity of New York City—Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
3. A Brown Thrasher's Song per Graphophone—Sylvester D. Judd.
4. The Distribution and Relationships of Ammodramus maritimus—Frank M. Chapman.
5. The Geographical Distribution of the Wrens of the Bewickii Group—Harry C. Oberholser.
6. Polygamy among Oscines—F. E. L. Beal.
7. The Prothonotary Warbler (P. citrea), a Common Summer Resident of Southeastern Minnesota—Thos. S. Roberts.
8. Some Early Philadelphia Collectors and Collections—Witmer Stone.
9. Chadbourne on Individual Dichromatism in Megascops asio, with Some Evidence in the Question—William Palmer.
10. Some Characteristics of Neossoptiles—William Palmer.
11. The Bird Rocks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence (illustrated with lantern slides)—Frank M. Chapman.
12. Exhibition of lantern slides of birds, birds' nests and nesting haunts—Thos. S. Roberts.
13. Exhibition of lantern slides—William Dutcher.
14. Exhibition of lantern slides—Wm. L. Baily.
15. On the Nesting Habits of the Brown Pelican on Pelican Island, Florida (illustrated with lantern slides)—Frank M. Chapman.
16. A Chapter in the Life of the Canada Jay (illustrated with lantern slides)—Oscar Bird Warren.
17. Clarke's Crows and Oregon Jays on Mt. Hood (illustrated with lantern slides)—Florence A. Merriam.
18. Crow Roosts in Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey—Witmer Stone.
19. The Generic Names Pediocætes and Poocætes—Theo. Gill.
20. The Blue Honey-creepers of Tropical America—Harry C. Oberholser.
21. The Water Ouzel on Mt. Shasta—Florence A. Merriam.
22. The Nocturnal Flight of Migrating Birds—O. G. Libby.

About Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Much of the information sought by the writers of articles "About Trees" in your issues, Nov. 5 and 19, can be found in "The Pruning Book," by L. H. Bailey, The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

The common belief that sap ascends in the spring from the roots to the ends of the limbs, and that a return current exists at the end of the season, is no doubt true, but seems far from being the whole truth. Accepted authorities agree that water holding in solution matter adapted to the growth of the tree, and called sap, ascends throughout the growing season to the leaves, and is there by chemical action changed into food for the growth of the tree, and descends throughout the growing season, to be deposited between the sapwood and the bark of the tree, in "the cambrium layer, the active living tissue, the inside of which by the growth of cells produces wood, and the outside produces the inner bark, expanding the outer bark to make room for the new growth."

An experiment can be easily made with a white pine. Select a tree say 3 to 6in. diameter of trunk and remove all the limbs to a height of 3 to 5ft., and girdle the trunk of the tree just below the first remaining limbs by removing the bark a few inches in width all around the trunk, leaving the wood bare. The tree will live several years. The trunk below the girdling will increase little if any in size; the part of the tree above the girdling will continue to grow with somewhat reduced vigor, but the part of the trunk next above the girdling will increase much in size. A tree treated in this way two years ago is 11in. in circumference next below the girdling, 9¼in. where girdled, and 14in. next above the girdling; thus showing that the sap must have ascended through the sap wood and little if any of the food elaborated at the leaves descended below the place where the tree was girdled.

N. M.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Nov. 19.

NEWBURYPORT, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Nov. 5, Mr. Hardy, in an article about trees, asks, if the sap in a tree is all of the same quality how it happens that part makes bark and part leaves. I would like to ask Mr. Hardy how it happens if the blood in his body is all of the same quality that part makes hair, part makes eyes, and part makes teeth?

H. M. A.

[This is putting one question not in answer, but in avoidance of another one.]

A Bird's Nest in a Buffalo Head.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in Mr. Grinnell's account of the stories told him by Blackfeet Indians about snowbirds nesting in the head of a buffalo bull. In 1884 I had for some time as a hunting companion an Indian—I think a Cree, though possibly it may have been a Sioux—from a little Indian reservation south of Deloraine, Manitoba. This man told me that sometimes, though very, very rarely, snowbirds' nests were found in the heads of buffalo.

These snowbirds are little birds of the prairie, which go in flocks. They are gray above, have a black crescent on the breast, and are elsewhere whitish beneath. The males sometimes show little black horns sticking up on each side of the head. I confess that when I heard it I put down the Indian's story as fable, but now it is confirmed by the Blackfeet Indians I am very much disposed to believe it. When one thinks of the thick and deep mat of hair between the horns of a buffalo, there seems no reason why this situation should not be a safe and desirable one for a small bird's nest.

E. G. B. HAYMON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

A Red-Letter Day.

IN telling one's experience in the field, it must naturally afford greater satisfaction to the narrator to describe successful trips than to try to give entertaining descriptions of unsuccessful outings. As a rule no trip in the open air is entirely disappointing to me; yet some prove dry in the telling.

While my undying hobby is for boats (constructed on FOREST AND STREAM ideas) and the water, circumstances make it impossible to indulge that propensity. Next to yachting come forest, stream and field. A permanent residence in the country affords me ample opportunity to spend many days and half-days with gun or rod. Measured by the amount of game or trout secured, most of these trips could be set down as failures. Yet, game or no game, fish or no fish, I derive great satisfaction and pleasure from such rambles. I shall tell in this paper of one of those red-letter days when all the elements were propitious for a day afield.

It was one of those clear October mornings when all nature seems to rejoice, and men are thankful to be alive. Out of the rosy east the morning sun sent long, mellow shafts of gold aslant the autumn tinted fields, and reflected countless glittering sparkles from the frost-jewels that lavishly scattered on every hand. The foliage of a bunch of young maples, alders and white birches, in a nearby swamp, burned under a bewildering profusion of colors. The hills, clothed from foot to summit in raiment whose colors rivaled the choicest hues of the rainbow, formed a fit frame for the glorious panorama that stretched from their feet. The crisp, life-giving air was sweet to breathe.

Such a morning was it that greeted Sam and me as we stepped from the old farmhouse into the open air, bound in quest of gray squirrels. Climbing over a rickety rail fence, we entered a field which had been sowed to rye a month or so before, and had sprouted in such luxuriance as to assure a heavy crop the next summer. Keen flashes among the green blades were thrown out by the frosty diamonds, and the frozen vegetation scrunched musically underfoot. Clambering over an old stone wall, and passing through a field of corn stubble, we reached a marshy place, densely covered with small trees, underbrush and greenbriers. So thick was this tangled vegetation that it was almost impossible to penetrate it. We fought our way through for a mile, however, and finally emerged into a huckleberry pasture, where a number of old apple trees were growing.

We had half-crossed the field when an animal ran skurrying over the ground and up the side of a dead tree, and we saw that it was a large gray. I stayed where I was, while Sam worked cautiously in the direction of the tree. As soon as in range he slowly raised his gun and I was anticipating its report, when the squirrel suddenly vanished back of the tree. Sam approached the tree and I walked to where he had stood. He had hardly reached a point where he could see the back of the tree, when there was a quick flash of gray and the squirrel appeared on my side. I was not quick enough; the sly little rascal observed my movement and slipped to the other side. Sam's gun spoke, and as the echoes reverberated among the painted hillsides he picked up the first squirrel of the day.

We entered another lot, and had nearly reached a corner formed by a stone wall and woods, when a black object dashed out of the grass ahead. Like an ebony streak it made for the wall, and as it gained the top two reports rang out as one, and the animal disappeared from view. We ran to the wall just in time to see a cat scurry for dear life across the next field. I climbed over the wall and picked from among the fallen autumn leaves a headless gray squirrel. It was still warm, and we had surprised the cat at breakfast. I dropped the squirrel into my hunting coat pocket, and we moved on into the patch of woodland.

We had hardly gone 100ft. into the woods when a partridge whirred almost from underfoot. Sam didn't offer to raise his gun, but as a streak of brown flashed across a golden bar of sunlight, my gun instinctively flew to my shoulder, and I pulled the trigger with no hope of success. Indeed, I aimed in a vague manner, for with the exception of that momentary flash of brown I could see no bird. Far away we saw a swiftly-moving object tower high above the painted leaves, then there was a thump, and all was still. Sam gazed in open-mouthed amazement for a moment, then exclaimed: "That was the best shot I ever saw." and away he scampered through the underbrush to where the bird had fallen.

We searched long in the underbrush, and were on the point of giving up when my eyes rested on a stunted bunch of laurel. On the ground, directly in the center of the laurel, lay the partridge, stone dead. I quickly retrieved the bird, and upon examining it was surprised to find only one shot mark. That shot had entered the eye, and penetrating the brain had caused instant death.

We passed through the strip of woods, without seeing any more game, and entered another lot. Here the brush had been cut a year or so before, and the foliage of the young growth presented a confused mixture of entrancing coloring. On every hand were signs which told of a thrifty farm in the long ago; probably when deer roamed over this section and the nearby stream was swarming with trout. Mossy stumps here and there showed where the apple orchard had flourished, and an old tumbled-down foundation marked the site of the ancient New England home which once had stood there. The bright bars of sunlight seemed to fall more tenderly than elsewhere on these venerable relics of bygone days, and as we tarried by the side of the old filled-in well, and gazed about us, our minds deserted the present for visions of the past. Imagination saw the deer, the result of a day's hunt, hanging by the door side of the old home, and heard the drowsy hum of the spinning wheel. With other thoughts came reflections of the seasons of those olden times, and I found myself unconsciously repeating those lines of Whittier:

"The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall.
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

We passed through a number of fields without meeting game, and the morning was well advanced when we came to a point directly opposite a famous squirrel forest on the other side of the mountain. Selecting an easy place, we climbed to the top of the cliffs. By this time the sun's rays were very warm; and as we had been compelled to scramble over loose, jagged rocks, and through thick laurels and other underbrush, we voted to rest awhile; so we reclined on the edge of the cliffs and enjoyed the panorama. Alternating patches of woods and meadow extended for miles, and the sun cast a mellow blanket over oceans of bewilderingly beautiful autumn colors. A small stream flowing through a meadow resembled a trembling band of silver stretched through a sea of gold. A dreamy, Indian summer haze hid from view the distant City of Elms and Long Island Sound. After an hour's rest we struck off through the dense underbrush of the mountain's top, and had gone but a short way when a partridge darted almost from under out feet. The guns roared simultaneously. The bird went on.

From the western edge of the rock we descended into a forest of giant oak, chestnut and hickory trees. Partly hidden by the variegated foliage could be seen many bunches of dry leaves in the crotches of the trees, far above the ground, and we now realized that we had reached the most noted place in this section for squirrels, so, selecting seats among the laurels, we devoted our time to watching nests and treetops. One by one the minutes slipped by. No word was spoken, and my neck was beginning to ache from the steady gazing into the treetops. Finally I grew lax in my vigil and was on the point of going to sleep, when I heard the bark of a gray in the top of a tree over near Sam. Then a chestnut burr rattled down through the foliage and struck the ground. Sam was stirring, and I saw him crouching and working through the laurel in the direction of the squirrel. Stealthily he approached, and as the squirrel's bark echoed once more his stooping form assumed the perpendicular; he raised his gun, and far above the charge of No. 6 cut loose a bunch of brilliant leaves to rain down in a golden shower. Down too came a big gray, which Sam, with a satisfied chuckle, stored away in his hunting coat pocket. I shouted congratulations, then silence settled over the woods again. Exceping the far-off crow of a farmyard fowl, no sound could be heard. I had decided that Sam had shot the only squirrel abroad, and was on the point of proposing that we move on to some other place, when what appeared to be a shadow glided up the trunk of a tree directly in front of me, and not more than 20yds. away. I perceived the shadow to be a large gray, and quickly brought him to bag.

As it was now nearly noon we decided to have dinner, and agreed that it must be a warm one. So we went to the side of a small rill, where the water trickled down the mossy face of a large rock into a limpid, icy pool at the base. On the emerald carpet surrounding the pool we built our fire. Each then produced a long, tin shallow box. From one of the boxes we took a generous porterhouse steak, four potatoes, and some pepper and salt. The other box contained tea, sugar, and bread and butter. As soon as we had a bed of coals, the potatoes were buried, one of the tins was filled from the pool, and tea was started. Then, after awhile, the steak was broiled on crotches of birch, and we soon sat down to a meal fit for a king. The tin boxes answered for tea cups. A red squirrel could not have made a meal of the scraps that were left.

Then we took up our watch again under likely looking trees. The faintest breath of an autumn breeze rustled the leaves far up in the tops of the trees, and caused their variegated hues to shimmer in the slanting rays of the sun. Many times I imagined I saw a gray moving, but closer observation would prove that what I had taken for a squirrel was only a flickering leaf. My cigar had nearly assumed the proportions of a stub before any sign of a squirrel was seen. Something falling through the foliage landed on the ground back of me. A look into the treetops in that direction revealed two large grays running among the topmost branches of a large chestnut. Scrambling to my feet, I shouted for Sam, and made my way in the direction of the chestnut as quickly as the thick, tangled underbrush would permit. Reaching the tree almost together, we stood with ready guns and closely examined the top, but the squirrels had disappeared. Sam moved to the opposite side of the tree, and I caught sight of one as it slipped around a branch. I fired and expected to see the squirrel drop, but it dashed off through the foliage. As soon as the chance came I fired again, but much to my surprise the gray continued its aerial flight. Sam fired at the other one, which had started to run in the opposite direction, but his shot too was unsuccessful, for he soon used the other barrel. Stumbling and scrambling through the thick underbrush in a wild chase after my squirrel, I raised the gun half a dozen times, but the little rascal was too quick for me. He managed to place a limb between him and me every time I aimed. Finally, in jumping from one branch to another, he misjudged his distance and lost his grip. He caught another limb, however, but before he had fully recovered his footing I had caught an aim, and the game fell to the ground. With the greatest confidence I walked to the spot where that squirrel fell; I could tell almost to the very inch where he lay, but search among the laurels failed to discover him. Hunt as I would, there was nowhere any sign of him. Presently Sam joined in the search, but after twenty minutes spent in kicking and scraping among the leaves we gave it up. Sam had met with better success, for he had had no trouble in finding his.

We shot several more that afternoon, and the light and shade had ceased to play hide and seek in the forest aisles and among the richly colored tree tops before we started for the farm; the sun had set over an hour before we gained the mountain top; and as we looked down from the ledges we had climbed in the morning night had fallen. Yet, like a dream of fairyland, the hills, woods, fields and stream lay fully revealed to our vision; for a great, full-orbed moon flooded the landscape with a soft and silvery radiance. The faint tinkle of a bell floated up from the pasture below, and lights glimmered from the windows of peaceful farmhouses. As we stood silently enjoying the entrancing scene, a beautiful meteor in a blaze of splendor flashed athwart the eastern heavens, burst and scattered a shimmering shower of gems on the autumn night.

"A red-letter-day—long to be remembered," said Sam, as we began our descent down the ledges; and so it was.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

In Nebraska Bottom Lands.—II.

WHAT a change it was for all three of us. We, who for years had not raised a gun to our shoulders, and had been stooping over our desks grinding away, trying to forget the good times we had had every year with partridges, quail and rabbits, when living in the country.

The four days' feasting upon ducks and snipe, to say nothing of our regular morning diet of fish and buckwheat cakes, had tightened our waistcoats to an alarming degree.

These fish I must mention; perhaps some one will recognize the species. They are delicious; the flesh is of a lightish pink, and in flavor very much like salmon. They are speckled and have a long snout like a pickerel's. Here is their history: "About fifteen years ago two cars containing fish in glass tanks were wrecked at Jackson Lake, and the finny occupants, true to instinct, flopped into the water. It was a sad day for other denizens of Jackson Lake; the newcomers waged a relentless war upon all species, until now they have everything to themselves. In warm weather they bite upon a hook, taking a piece of raw meat better than anything else. Later in the season they are caught in nets. Some fish have been taken that weighed over 16lbs." I am quoting my friend C. in all but the eating part.

C. had two of the finest cocker spaniels in the country, Nip and Tuck. They were thoroughly broken in every way, and willing to hunt for anybody who knew how to handle a gun. Tuck couldn't stand having a gun pointed at her, and would instantly sneak out of range if a down-turned barrel happened to point in her direction. On account of business C. was obliged to stay home on the day we had decided to hunt chickens—so he gave us these directions: "Strike right across the prairie a half-mile to Plum Creek; hunt up the creek for wood ducks till you come to a firebreak. Walk across the firebreak for quail till you come to a slough. Look out for ducks in the slough. Then to the north, hunt across that partly submerged piece of alkali bottom for snipe and plover, around to the east toward the Elkhorn, and hunt the rolling ground back toward the ranch."

Such a meaty prospect as this set the blood tingling in our veins. Each took fifty shells (ten loaded with 4s, twenty with 7s and twenty with 8s) and our 12-bore guns. We struck into Plum Creek and picked up four wood ducks within the first hundred yards. Nip didn't much like retrieving in water, but Tuck braved the icy bath and retrieved beautifully. We left the creek to keep out of temptation, following along down toward the firebreak. Before we reached it, Tuck, ranging on ahead, came to a point. Nip came up, sniffed a little and kept on toward the scent, putting up a little prairie sparrow. So Nip redeemed himself from failing to retrieve the wood ducks. Whenever we had a doubtful point from Tuck, Nip would settle the question in short order. Quail were very numerous in the break, and either one or both of the dogs were on the stand continually. Long before we reached the slough we were forced to leave the quail grounds with twenty-eight birds. The slough was literally alive with wildfowl—mallards, canvasbacks, widgeon, teal, pintails, mudhens, bittern and quawks. We crawled through the tall grass to the edge, and feasted our eyes on the sportsman's elysium. Then having picked out a certain bunch of canvasbacks about 20yds. from the shore, at a signal all three stood up. What a whistling swirl of wings! Our canvasbacks were swallowed up in the mass of ducks taking wing. I sighted one off to my left, and a widgeon got mixed up in the pattern in some way, and both came down together. I fired again at a mallard which was slow in getting up, and scored a clean miss. B. got a canvasback and a teal with his first barrel, missing with his second. Poor H. neglected to remove his 8s, and got a handful of feathers as his reward. Some of the ducks in the upper end of the slough refused to leave, even after the fusillade; and continued to upend as though nothing had happened. We crossed over toward the alkali bottom, picked out several golden plover and surprised a bunch of seven mallards fast asleep with their heads doubled under their wings. We managed to get within 50yds.; then they rose, towering, and we fired, killing two and tipping a third, which Nip finally bagged. We now had to our credit four wood ducks, two canvasbacks, three mallards, and five plover. We were weighed down already, and before reaching the chicken grounds.

We turned as C. had directed down toward the Elkhorn and the cornfields. Nip made a stand on the edge of the corn, toward a tumble-down shock, and thinking it was another flock of quail, we didn't attempt to shoot. Right from under our feet flew a big flock of prairie chickens. We had resolved to let the chickens

go for another day, but this was more than human nature could stand. I volunteered to shoulder H.'s and B.'s ducks, and we continued on down through the field. Tuck made a pretty point, which being verified by Nip, put B. and H. on the qui vive. Whirr! eight fat beauties. A pretty double by B. and a mussy single by H., in no way helped by the second barrel. Having marked down the first flock, we soon came up with it, adding two more to our load. Then we divided up weights even, and made a cast iron resolve not to shoot again, which, to our credit, we kept.

We raked out from under our quail in our hunting coats a well-warmed and bloodied lunch of pickled tongue sandwiches, cheese and ginger snaps, which we dispatched to the last crumb. Then we trudged home through flocks and flocks of chickens and quail—perfectly satisfied that in spite of our heavy load of game we had kept within the bounds of fair sportsmen.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

Mr. Wakefield's Moose.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although I am not a regular subscriber to your esteemed sportsman's journal, scarcely an issue escapes being read by me from cover to cover, even the advertisements. FOREST AND STREAM is too well established I presume for you to be interested in expressions by any one of opinion as to its merits, but feeling obliged to address you upon the matter which is to follow, I take pleasure in expressing to you my feelings upon the subject.

Upon page 391 of your last issue there is a short article upon "Game from the State of Maine," said article being signed Special. In that article you state that E. F. Wakefield, of Boston, shot a calf moose at Stacyville, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad; that said moose was seized by the game warden at Bangor, and that Mr. Wakefield "plead guilty," was sentenced and appealed, furnishing bonds for his appearance at the February term of court. In justice to Mr. Wakefield, who is, I am sure, a thorough sportsman, as well as an exceedingly good fellow, I wish you would kindly correct this misstatement of his case. It is true that Mr. Wakefield shot a young moose in the vicinity of Stacyville, and that upon his arrival in Bangor the same was seized by the game wardens as a calf moose, but it is not true that Mr. Wakefield "plead guilty." He plead "not guilty," was sentenced, and appealed to the Superior Court, which meets in February, and he furnished bonds for his appearance at that time.

Now as to the moose in question, the following are the facts: Mr. Wakefield was in the woods with Fred Gilman as guide, who is one of the well-known guides in Maine. They followed this moose for several days and nights, and on getting near enough discovered that he was a young moose, but that he had horns several inches long. They hesitated some time before shooting him, but finally decided that he must be at least a year and a half or two years old. He weighed between 350 and 400lbs. Now the game law in Maine reads that a cow or calf moose shall not be killed under certain penalty, but it does not describe what shall be considered a calf moose, that is to say, whether his age shall be three months, six months, or a year. Among the sportsmen with whom I am acquainted there has prevailed the opinion that a calf moose was one without any horns, so it seems to me in the case under consideration the court will have considerable trouble to convict Mr. Wakefield, under the law as it now stands, of having killed a calf moose. I was on the train with Mr. Wakefield, returning from a week's hunting in Aroostook county, at the time that this affair took place. I heard the facts stated to one of the game wardens, who was present, and he expressed his opinion that the warden who seized the moose had made a mistake. The part which I wished especially to correct, however, was the statement that Mr. Wakefield "plead guilty," which would lead people to believe that he knew at the time he made the shot that he was transgressing the law; such was not the case, as he is not the sort of a man who goes into the woods for that purpose.

I trust that you will kindly publish such parts of this letter as will correct that statement and the impression that might follow from it. HOWARD F. BUTLER.

Ontario Deer.

MR. W. E. DAVIS, General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, writes from Montreal under date of Nov. 17:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed I send you an item which appeared in the Toronto Evening News, relative to the deer hunting in the northern part of the Province of Ontario:

"Fully 6,000 sportsmen are now ranging the northern hunting grounds in chase of deer. This is the estimate of Chief Game Warden Tinsley, based upon the number of licenses issued this season to hunters and settlers. This official further calculates that each of these 6,000 sportsmen kills at least one deer on an average.

" 'At that rate,' said the reporter, 'the deer ought to be decreasing, ought they not?'

" 'On the contrary,' replied the game warden, 'they are increasing. The clearing of large timber tracts and their replacement in the course of nature by thick undergrowth is one of the prime factors in this increase, for it not only affords protection to the deer in places impenetrable by hunsmen, but also gives them a better supply of food. Nobody can gauge the vast number of deer in the north, as they are scattered over such a wide district.' "

That the deer are increasing each year throughout the part of the country referred to is owing to the fact that the open season only runs from Nov. 1 to 15, and during the close season the game wardens and inspectors are very much alert for any breach of the law.

The close season being so long, one would naturally think that the deer would be exceedingly wild and hard to approach, but the fact is that it is quite the opposite, and to illustrate this fact I am instructing our photographer at Norway, Me., to send you copy of a snapshot photograph of a deer taken in the Muskoka Lakes district this fall.

The Quebec Club's Fortieth Annual

MONTREAL, Nov. 15.—It is a well-known fact that when a number of keen and enthusiastic sportsmen gather together in festivity the occasion cannot fail to be an exceptionally merry one, and no more ample proof of this could be given than that furnished by the fortieth annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, held in the St. Lawrence Hall last night, which will linger in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present as being in its nature one of the most successful and enjoyable dinners they had ever attended.

This is certainly the case so far as the club itself is concerned, as both as far as the numbers who attended, and the enthusiasm which pervaded the whole gathering throughout the evening, were concerned, the dinner was one of the most representative and successful held during its history.

The members and guests, numbering upward of eighty in all, were accompanied on their entry to the dining room, which had been carefully and tastefully decorated for the occasion, by the inspiriting strains of the pipes, which were continued at intervals during the evening.

Mr. J. T. Finnie, M. D., the president of the club, presided at the head of the table, having at either side of him the guests of the evening, namely, His Worship Mayor Prefontaine, Mr. W. E. Davis, Major Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries; C. E. E. Ussher, C. P. R., and Dr. Drummond.

After the toast of the Queen had been proposed and enthusiastically honored, Dr. Finnie rose to propose the toast of the Fish and Game Club. He traced briefly the history of the club since its origin forty years ago. He referred with feelings of gratification to the gentlemen who had stood by the club throughout its many vicissitudes. Commenting upon the recent accounts published of the wholesale slaughter of game carried on in the Province, he believed that in order to cope at all with the difficulty it would be necessary to reframe entirely the law dealing with the killing of game in the Province of Quebec. He thought that if the game laws were carried out as they ought to be, the number of sportsmen who would visit Canada and the good that would be done the country thereby would be largely increased.

Dr. Drummond, in replying to this toast, said that there has never been a time in the history of our Province when these interests required more sharp and aggressive guarding than they do at the present moment. He then quoted the report of the wholesale slaughter of fish and game in the county of Ottawa, Quebec.

"This horrible slaughter of the innocents," he said, "is seldom done for the purpose of appeasing the pangs of hunger. We don't read in the papers that settlers in the neighborhood of Labelle or other parts of Quebec have been compelled to kill so many deer and catch so many fish in order to avoid starvation. No—and I question very much if the hard working pioneer of the forest is as a rule responsible for the destruction of more game and fish than he actually requires for his temporary wants, and if he does sin to any appreciable extent, it is largely because of ignorance, and the hereditary training which has taught him that the fish and game are his to take whenever he sees fit to do so. The poor settler, although of necessity an all-round craftsman, and capable of making nearly everything pertaining to his daily wants, has not yet mastered the art of manufacturing powder and lead; with him, too, money is a scarce commodity, and he certainly has neither time, nor I trust inclination, to go out every day on a wholesale butchering expedition. But the individuals whom I do blame are those fiends in human shape who are largely recruited from the towns and cities, and who go into the woods or on the lakes and streams to make a record.

"In conclusion, I would respectfully, but firmly urge upon the French and English press, city and rural, continually to keep their readers in touch with everything pertaining to the fish and game of the Province, and due observance of the laws regarding the same.

"We have as Canadians a God-given heritage, of which we, as honest and intelligent men, are the natural guardians; it is a great trust, a tremendous responsibility, and if we fail to render a faithful stewardship, it will be to our national shame and disgrace."

Dr. Drummond, who is the author of the book of Canadian verse entitled "The Habitant," and containing "The Wreck of the Jule Laplante," concluded with this happy bit of verse, intended to hold up to ridicule, and point out as a type of huntsman to be abhorred, that excrescence of the true sportsman who is known by the self-applied and truly descriptive characterization of "sport."

Deer Hunting.

By an Expert.

You see I was there on the runway
Just near where it enters the lake.
Couldn't get better place if I tried,
For the deer would be certain to take
To the water the moment he saw it,
And then I could pump in the lead
At ten or a dozen yards' distance
Till I couldn't help killing him dead.
(Oh, 'twas great sport.)

(And the excitement!)
There I sat watching and waiting
For maybe an hour or two;
I could hear my poor heart go a' throbbing,
And once when a chipmunk drew
Near to my trembling ambush,
I had almost pulled trigger, when
He ran up a silver birch tree,
And I saw 'twas a chipmunk then.
(But 'twas great!)

I could see the bright leaves of the autumn
Sprinkling the forest floor,
Each leaf all bespattered with crimson
As if dip't in the blood of more
Than a thousand innocent victims;
But pshaw! 'twas the frost and rain,
So I said to myself, "Old Fellow,
Brace up! Be a man again!"
(And I braced.)

Then suddenly over the hillside,
Where the hounds killed a fawn last year,
An echo kept ringing, ringing,
'Twas the baying of "Chanticleer."
"He's got him at last," I murmur,
"And the old dog will make him jump,"
So my hold on the rifle tightened,
While my heart went thumpety-thump.

(Holy murder!)
Here he comes down the pathway,
Good Lord! how he must have run.
But with "Chanty" let out on the homestretch,
Don't suppose he enjoyed the fun,
Hardly able to bring his legs with him.
Well! don't get excited yet.
Just wait till he reaches the water,
Then "fill" him before he gets wet.

Keep still! Why, I hear him breathing,
And now he has passed so close
The point of my rifle could touch him
And easily give him a dose.
Just see how he jumped when he smelt me,
And look how he struggles and pants,
But I'll wait till he gets to the water
And give a poor devil a chance.
(That's right, isn't it?)

And now he has entered the water,
And when he's gone ten yards or so
I bang away. Bang! with the Marlin,
Till I find that I've killed a doe.
But a nice little doe, I can tell you,
Is better than nothing at all,
So if Providence only spares me
I'll try it again next fall.
(D. V.)

Vice-Chairman I. H. Stearns, in proposing the health of the guests, referred in terms of high praise to Mayor Prefontaine, and the other distinguished gentlemen who were present as guests. His Worship the Mayor replied to the toast in a few felicitous sentences. He did not speak, he said, as mayor of Montreal, but as a member of the club, and as a sportsman. He had often wondered why in the Province of Quebec, the premier Province for sport in the Dominion, the laws governing the killing of fish and game were not in a better condition. He thought that the people of this Province were not yet fully alive to the situation, and pointed out that the wholesale shipping of fish and game into the United States, as at present carried on, was doing an almost irreparable injury to the interest of sport in this country. He suggested that at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec the club should advance a plea asking that a law be passed prohibiting the sale of game into the United States, and added that he was ready to go with them and support and give them whatever help lay in his power to gain their end.

His Worship's remarks were received with much applause. Major Gourdeau and Mr. Ussher and Mr. Davidson also replied for the guests. The toasts of the Ladies and the Press were also made and suitably responded to.

During the evening a number of choice musical selections and enjoyable songs and recitations by members of the club were rendered, adding much to the pleasure of the festivities, which continued until an early hour in the morning.

The Doctor's Doubles.

DOCTOR HORNBLOWER was a crack shot. That is a fact. The Doctor himself said so, and what the Doctor says "goes." Yes, I know there are some things that "go" without doing very much after all—squibs, and firecrackers, and bad eggs, and tin horns, and toot, pop, splutter, and—this is a very senseless digression, as it has nothing whatever to do with the story. I repeat it—nothing whatever. He certainly was a crack shot, and took much pleasure in the chase, as many crack shots do.

Now in the good and quiet city wherein the Doctor lived dwelt many others of the sons of men whose heartstrings twanged responsively to the whir of wing and crack of gun, and ever and anon would the genial Doctor say unto certain of these, "Come, let us gather ourselves together, beat our plowshares into weapons, gird up our loins and go forth to seek the grouse in his lair." And for a time many went forth rejoicing. But the Doctor was a man of might and wondrous skill, and although of them who went with him there were many who, in other company, cut down the swift-winged birds with fatal regularity, yet with the Doctor they prevailed not at all; for, though they were quick, the Doctor was quicker, and was moreover very keen and skillful in the difficult practice of simultaneous discharges—that "why! did you shoot?" custom. It was one of his pleasant little jokes to pull trigger just as his companion's gun cracked, and then to say with a benevolent smile, as he picked up the bird (he always did his own retrieving), "What's that? Your bird? You didn't hear me shoot? Why, my dear boy, I shot just as you did. I don't think you touched it, for I saw just where my shot struck it, and yours clipped a bush just behind its tail. Never mind, don't get discouraged; you'll have better luck next time. Charming day for sport—charming."

Now this policy was very fine—for the Doctor—but—well, yes—it was discouraging to his companions. It happened every time. Even when they thought the Doctor was out of sight, he would often step from behind a bush, smile, explain, retrieve and pocket.

After a time the Doctor had to find new companions for every hunt; and after that again he found the habit of going alone. For a while he prospered not so well; had bad luck, aye, worse, no luck. But there came a day, and on the evening of that day—about the eighth hour of the P. M. part of the day—the proud and skillful Doctor strode into a lounging place of sportsmen bearing half a score and four of most plump and excellent grouse.

"Well, Doctor, that is a fine bunch. Shoot them all to-day?"

"Yes, indeed; the best bag I have made this year; and it is some time since I had done as good shooting. It may astonish you, but I killed these birds with just fourteen shots. They flushed beautifully—six doubles and two singles. First I killed a single, then the six doubles, and then a single brought down the last bird of the brood. It was—yes, if I do say it myself—it was good shooting."

Everybody in the room seemed to think so too, but they didn't say so. In fact, nobody said a word, but each lounger seemed to remember something he had forgotten, and went out to see about it.

There was once an honored custom, in obedience to which, after a round of stories, everyone used to go out, leaving the teller of the biggest tale alone in the room, monarch of all he surveyed. I don't know whether the Doctor was cognizant of this ancient custom, but when everyone had left but the proprietor and a sturdy old veteran, Hank D's, he turned to them and said, "Would you suppose that intelligent men would display such jealousy?" And then he walked out with his birds, to find a more appreciative audience.

Now in the after days (and about the tenth one after) a certain sportsman went forth in the country to sport, and he procured for hire a farmer lad who went with him afield to show the likely nooks and corners of the cover; and as they walked the lad talked, as lads will.

"Y' orter see the feller kill 'em up here 'bout two weeks ago. Gosh! but he knocked 'em; killed twelve in no time."

"That was a good bag. How did he do it?"

"Why, easier'n nuthin'. I had my little dog Touz. He's a good un, half-cow and half-spaniel, and the rest most everything, but he's slick on birds and skunks and mushrats. The city feller said ef I'd show him birds he'd kill 'em and pay me ten cents fer ev'ry one he killed. Fur a while I thought I wa'n't goin' ter make nuthin', cause he shot and shot, and couldn't hit a bale o' hay. Bye 'n' bye he did hit one, though; and then it begin snowin' and snowin'; and pritty quick we come to some evergreens, and Touz run in and barked, and up flew a hull bunch of pa'tridges and lit in some big hemlocks, and I never see such stupid fool birds, and the ole feller kep' shootin', and Touz barkin', and I'm durned ef he didn't kill twelve birds right there out of them trees, and I soon see he wuz a good deal better shot at 'em sittin' than he wuz at 'em flyin'. And then we went along, and on the way home he killed one more. He told me not to tell about the trees; and I thought at ten cents a bird I would git quite a lot o' cash; so I said I wouldn't. But when he come to go he just give me a quarter, and told me ef I ever come to town to be sure to come to his Sunday-school."

"Didn't tell you his name, did he?"

"Yes, but it was so dumb long I furgot it. Seems as ef it ended up with 'blow.' Somethin' like 'Tooter' er 'Blower,' er—

"Hornblower?"

"That's it; that's it, sure! Do you know him?"

"Yes, a little."

Well, when this sportsman came to town he brought the story with him, and told it to the same crowd who had heard the story from the Doctor; and a great shout went up from the people. And it came to pass that old Hank, meeting the Doctor the next day, bespoke the gentleman thus: "Doctor, what makes you such a liar?" And lo! it smote the Doctor like a blow, and he glared and demanded what manner of speech was this. "Well," said the sturdy Hank, "any man that will pot twelve birds out of trees and then come to town and tell honest, anti-pothunting sportsmen that he made six consecutive doubles, what can you call him?"

And the Doctor tarried not, but went his way.

TEN-BORE.

Notes from New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Nov. 14.—Now the local sportsman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of deer. There has been a good enough tracking snow for the past three days, and the corn-fed contingent has been out in force. A good many queer men with queer guns are prowling over the hills. Deer are plentiful all around within a radius of three or four miles of this city. The veteran marksman, Sam McFarlane, has already bagged two bucks wi h his trusty Martini, and the like luck has fallen to the lot of your correspondent. James Perkins, Harry Atherton, Harry McLary, James Anderson and Dr. Seery have each scored one. There are few better things in this life than stalking deer on the newly-fallen snow. The broad expanse of the St. John River, and the cleared land on each side, seem, by the way, to offer a considerable obstacle to the eastern migration of these animals. They can now be found in every section of the Province, but are far more numerous on the western side of the St. John.

That a buck deer will show fight when wounded has frequently been shown. William Stanhope, of Piskehagen, had a rumpus with a big one the other day. Had not another man been close at hand it would have gone hard with William. When a man sees his pants flying at half-mast on the end of a deer's horn, it is time that his friends should make themselves known.

Mr. J. B. Brainard, of East Orland, Me., and William Chestnut, of this city, have returned from a caribou trip to the famous Chicchock Mountains of Gaspe. William thinks that country has been greatly over-estimated. The two caribou which the party secured were sma'l, and the signs generally were s'im. The trip proved to be a very hard one, taxing the physical endurance of the party quite severely. The St. Anne de Monts River was found to be fairly alive with salmon. There is a record, I believe, that three anglers, M. J. Hogan, of Montreal, and the well-known actors, Sothern and Florence, took a ton of salmon in this river with the fly in three days. They didn't fish much either, so the Frenchmen said.

William Griffin, of Stanley, one of the most modest as well as capable of our local guides, had excellent luck with his last party, Linford Biddle and Charles T. Norris, of Philadelphia. Each of these gentlemen secured a moose, with antlers spreading 54 and 46in. respectively.

J. B. Scott, of Newburgh, N. Y., and Ross Burchard, of South Norfolk, Conn., left for home the other day, after a most enjoyable hunt in the headwaters of the Little Sou'west, with Thomas Pringle as their guide. They brought out a moose and a caribou.

Mr. J. H. Carnall, of St. John, is mounting about twenty moose heads at present, most of them the property of American sportsmen. The best head of the lot is owned by F. H. Hale, of Woodstock, and has a spread of 61in.

J. H. Owens and R. T. Evans, of Cleveland, O., have emerged from a trip of ten days on the head of Nappadoggan. They brought out a small bull moose, a deer and a bear. All these fell to the unerring aim of Mr. Owens. This did not disturb Mr. Evans, for he carries a scatter gun, and has no use for big game shooting. He feels that Mr. Owens was not really in it with him, for he bagged twenty-two black ducks and over fifty partridges.

I note that editorial mention is made of certain Provincial guides having threatened to desert their employers unless they receive $6 a day. If there is any foundation for this story, I think it probable that there are two sides to it. I have never heard of such a figure being asked by a guide for his personal services only. Our best guides charge from $3 to $4 a day where they supply camps, tents, canoes and all outfit except provisions and team. I know of only one man who charges $5. He enjoys a widespread repu'ation, is very much in demand, and has been to considerable expense in opening up a very remote game country. I have heard of two or three cases where the teamster's charges were excessive. Doubtless some cases of abuse on the part of our guides have arisen. As a rule, being very anxious to build up a business and make a record for themselves, they do their utmost to please their employers.

There are some other individuals to whom the genial editor might well devote his judicial mind; for instance the sportsman who engages a guide for a month, and having secured his game, or for any other reason, goes out at the end of ten days or a fortnight without paying the guide for the balance of the term; also the sportsman, if he can be called by that honored name, who engages a guide, fails to come at all, and makes no compensation for his default. Such cases, of course, are exceptional. The American sportsmen who have come to New Brunswick this fall have been almost invariably the most generous and reasonable of men, and have made themselves immensely popular with all classes.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

New England.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Duck and coot shooting has been pretty good off the Massachusetts coast the past week or two. Cooler weather seems to have set the birds flying, and the bags have been fairly good. Some gunners at Brant Rock secured a big bag of black ducks the other day. At Chatham the Boston gunners have been having good sport. At Plum Island the shooting has been uncertain, with now and then a good day and a fair haul of birds. At Anisquam there have been a good many gunners, but the coot shooting has not yet been up to former seasons; later better success is reasonably looked for. The storm yesterday started another lot of gunners down there.

At Plum Island the other day Capt. Stevens, of the Knob Life Saving Station, saw a new kind of game for that island. He was out after some hay poles in the woods when looking at him, over a sand knoll, there was a live deer. The animal looked for some time till the Captain threw up his hands and shouted, when it made for the thicket in quick time. At the station he told of his discovery, and found that others had seen it. The doubting ones went to see the tracks, and sure enough there were the sharp footprints of a deer, and the holes dug in the sand where it took long bounds when frightened by Capt. Stevens. It was so near nightfall that he is not sure as to whether it was a buck or a doe, but doubtless it was the latter, or the antlers would have been noticed. The tracks were followed till it was found where it had doubtless swam the Ipswich River to some woods, where it has since been seen. The distance swam is nearly a mile. Tracks also suggest that it had swam from the mainland over the Merrimack nearly a half-mile to the island. Was it chased by dogs, or did it swim over to the island of its own accord?

Among the successful sportsmen at Chatham last week may be mentioned A. Harding, S. B. Mayo, S. Nickerson and H. W. Berry. They made good bags, and say that there are still lots of birds on the flats. Coot are reported coming into Chatham Bay in good numbers, with the gunners not quite as numerous as last week. At Orleans and Simpson's Meadows the storm has driven in a good many ducks, and a couple of Boston gunners who came up on the train to-day report good shooting. Charlie Paine, of Harvard, and Sumner Paine, of Boston, have been hunting quail at East Harwich. They are reported to have secured seventy quail and thirty partridges. Quail shooting near Boston has not been satisfactory of late. At Essex and Bayfield the gunners have been somewhat disappointed.

Nov. 21.—The heavy rain has again made the New England north woods hunting grounds bare of snow. Telegraphic reports say that the snow is all gone. The last fall of about 6in. made good hunting for one day only. Then it was followed by a noisy crust. Some good reports of moose and deer, taken that day, are coming in. Mr. D. J. Flanders, Dr. H. F. Libby, Eugene Nelson, W. E. Barker, E. W. Sprague and J. A. Flanders, of Boston, are out the woods from a very successful hunting trip. D. J. Flanders secured a moose, Mr. Nelson a moose and a bear, Mr. Libby a moose, Mr. Sprague a deer, Mr. Barker two bucks, and Mr. J. A. Flanders a deer. The party hunted in the vicinity of Pratt Lake and Moose Ridge, Aroostook county. G. D. Pike and J. R. Stewart, Jr., of Boston, have been hunting in the neighborhood of Greenlow Stream. Mr. Pike secured a moose wi h a spread of antlers of 54in. Mr. Stewart got a caribou and two deer. C. E. Duckering and his brother, of Boston, have been hunting big game in the vicinity of Camp West, Portage Lake. They have taken their two deer apiece. M. G. Titcomb, of Boston, is out with a couple of fine deer from the neighboorhood of Ripogenus. Other lucky hunters from this vicinity may be named, as follows: J. A. Ober, C. M. Knowlton and J. A. Woodward, two deer each from the region of Mattawamkeag; G. W. Bailey, H. S. Pike and S. M. Morrill, one moose, a caribou and six deer, from the Oxbow region; John Marno and John E. Lynch, four deer from the East Sebois region; J. B. West and E. A. Conant, four deer from the Katahdin Iron Works region; B. D. Metcalf, two deer from Shin Pond; A. N. Bridges, A. B. Stewart, F. D. Stevens and F. J. Dunlap, five deer from Webster Brook, Ashland region; C. C. Blood and C. Stinchfield, four deer from the Patten region; C. E. Corliss and H. S. Pond, four deer from the vicinity of Roach Pond; J. A. Little, two bucks from King and Bartlett; J. W. White and Mrs. J. W. White, three deer from East Branch, one deer killed by Mrs. White; A. J. Ghas, two buck deer from Stacyville; N. F. Stanley, a fine buck from Stratton.

The woods are also full of Maine hunters, and a great deal of game is being taken by them. It is estimated by those who have returned from Maine hunting trips that the number of moose and deer being taken by local and Maine hunters is more than double that reported at the railroads, the property of hunters outside the State. The interest in hunting has greatly increased in that State, even within a year, and if the deer supply can stand up under such excessive hunting it will be the wonder of the age. Following the FOREST AND STREAM, the Maine papers are taking up the complaint of so many deer finding their way into the Boston markets, declaring that something should be done to prevent it. The fact has been stated many times in these columns, but still the deer continue to come in. Quincy and Faneuil Hall markets are fully supplied, while not an outside market of any note is without its deer strung up at the door. On every street in the city and suburbs the same thing appears at the doors of the markets; a deer out for an attraction or an advertisement. I believe it a safe statement to make that 1,000 deer could be found in the markets of Boston at the present time; many of them in sight, and fully as many in cold storage. The Maine papers are complaining that these deer are killed by "cheap sportsmen, who pay nothing for guides, and as little as possible to hotels and camps." They return to Boston and other cities, and sell their game for nearly or quite enough to pay their expenses. Well, they have the same legal rights as the rich sportsmen, who pay liberally for guides, etc. The FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, stop all sale of game, is the only remedy. Maine people and newspapers will do well to give more attention to the illegal shipping of game out of the State, both in the open and close seasons; shipments that the FOREST AND STREAM has so often called attention to. Some astonishing statements are yet to follow from sources that none will care to dispute.

SPECIAL.

Sale of Pennsylvania Game.

EASTON, Pa., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly oblige me by settling the following dispute in regard to game laws in the State of Pennsylvania. Here in this town all the stores are selling pheasants, quail, woodcock, wild turkeys, etc., and in fact all the game in season. Now we claim that they have no right to have any game in their possession for the purpose of selling the same. But they claim that they have the right to sell, because they have not shot the game themselves, as the law reads in Section 5 in your Game Laws in Brief (Pa.), as follows:

"Section 5. Taking for Sale.—That it shall be unlawful at any season of the year to kill any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock, for the purpose of selling the same."

Now you can see into their argument, as they claim that the only one that can be held is the one who kills the game; and so long as they can find some one to run the risk and sell to them, they will put the game out for sale. We are certain that somewhere in the game laws of Pennsylvania there is a clause that prohibits anybody from buying or selling any kind of game, or the shipment to or fro in the State.

Please answer this question if possible, and you will greatly oblige EASTON.

The law most explicitly forbids traffic in game. It is the same Section 5 which is given in the Brief in abridged form. The full text of Section 5, act of June 4, 1897, reads as follows:

Section 5. That it shall be unlawful at any period or season of the year to kill, entrap, or pursue with intent to kill or entrap, any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock in any part of this Commonwealth for the purpose of selling the same. And it shall be unlawful for the proprietor, manager, clerk or agent of any market or other person, firm or corporation, to purchase, sell or expose for sale any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock killed or entrapped within this Commonwealth. That it shall be unlawful for the proprietor, manager, clerk or agent of any market or any other person, grm or corporation to purchase for the purpose of again selling the same any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock killed or entrapped within this Commonwealth. Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for every elk, deer, fawn so taken, purchased or sold, and twenty-five dollars for every wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock so taken, purchased or sold, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a period of one day for each dollar of penalty imposed.

A Colorado Lion Hunt.

DE BEQUE, Colo., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are cordially invited to attend the Roan Creek lion hunt, given by the members of the Western Slope Hunting Association, Dec. 8, 9, and 10. The lions and wolves have become so numerous and have destroyed so much stock that we resort to this means for their extermination. The Association expects at least 500 sportsmen from all sections of the West.

H. A. STROUD, Sec'y.

Oregon Game and Indians.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping from this morning's Oregonian is self-explanatory. Twenty years' experience and observation in the West incline me to the belief that the Indians have done and are doing more to bring about the complete extermination of all big game (except buffalo) than all other influences and agencies combined. S. H. GREENE.

"Willard H. Herren, who is in the sheep-raising business in the Heppner hills, and who runs his sheep in the Blue Mountains during the summer season, has just returned to the home range near Heppner, and writes to a friend in Portland as follows:

"'I have not hunted much for the last month, but in September I shot several deer, elk and bears. I got some particularly nice fat elk, and could get plenty now by going after them, as I know where they are, but a white man is not allowed to kill them now, as I see the last Legislature passed a law prohibiting the killing of elk during the next eleven years. I fear it will do but little good, as the Indians will slay them just the same.

"'I found a nice band of six elk last fall out in the Blue Mountains, and expected to keep track of them and shoot a large one as soon as his horns got ripe. But as soon as the snow got deep enough for the Indians to be able to catch up with them, they went in there and exterminated the whole bunch.

"'Last spring I was running a band of yearling sheep over on Skookum Creek, and the deer were very plentiful there, especially the old does, who were heavy with fawn. I used to take great pleasure in watching a band of them feed near our camp. But just about the time they commenced dropping their fawns a band of Umatilla Indians came in there and began slaughtering them. I soon fired the Indians out of that immediate vicinity, but of course they went elsewhere and killed all they could. They wasted most of the meat, simply skinning the deer and letting the carcass lay. I hope that there will be a game warden to stop the Indians from killing deer out of season. I think it can be done by going after the different Indian agents.

"'I expect to go out in the mountains soon and shoot a few good fat deer, and will start as soon as there is snow enough for good hunting. Will get enough for dried venison for the winter, and may also get a few bear skins for robes.'"

The New York Non-Transportation Law.

SEVERAL readers in this town have asked us to tell them why the game law in regard to transportation of certain game birds lawfully shot or taken in the season therefor is so framed as to practically prevent the sale or sending to market of such birds. As the law now reads it absolutely prohibits transportation of woodcock, partridge, any member of the grouse family, or quail, from or through any county of the State, except that they may be carried from the county where killed when accompanied by the owner; it also definitely prohibits common carriers from having these birds in their possession or in that of their employees, on penalty of guilt of a misdemeanor and a fine of $25 for each bird. The effect is to destroy any market (except local) value the birds might have for the local gunner. He can't afford to go to the city with a bunch of birds, and must forego all profit from their sale. But the city sportsman can come out anywhere on the island, kill all the birds he can find, and carry them back with him on his return, either to eat, to give away, or to sell. In such an obviously unfair discrimination what can be the underlying motive if it be not to discourage logal gunners and help "preserve" the birds for the better success, pleasure or profit, of the city sportsman? Can any one tell us, so that we can answer our querists?—Greenport (Long Island) Republican-Watchman.

[The Republican-Watchman will find an answer to its question on our editorial page.]

A Virginia Quail Country.

LUMBERTON, Sussex County, Va., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since a recent publication in your columns of my report from "The Game Fields of Virginia," so many inquiries have come to me by letter that I have been unable to answer all. Will you therefore give me space in your columns to satisfy these "inquiring friends"? I will endeavor to be brief:

First.—The season for quail opens here Oct. 15 and closes Jan. 15.

Second.—Owing to protection by State laws for two years past, and unusually mild winters and favorable breeding seasons, quail were never more abundant. A good shot can bag fifty in a day's hunt with ease. The coveys are very large, and until late in December lie well to the dogs.

Third.—The lands in this section are not generally posted—with some exceptions—and the cover is of the best.

Fourth.—Delightful accommodations can be had at at least two or three country houses, where a few sportsmen are taken and guides, horses and dogs furnished at reasonable rates.

Fifth.—Besides quail, deer, fox, squirrel, hares and wild turkeys are hunted and killed in large numbers. Fox hunting is the favorite sport with our country gentlemen.

Don't write, please, unless you mean to come to Virginia. L. P. BLOW.

Hounds and the Still-Hunt.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some of the ideas advanced by L. H. Hascall in his "Hounds and Still-Hunters" of Nov. 12 are misleading. By his statement "all the still-hunting outfit has to do now is to take a bull dog and a hatchet and wait for a deep snow and crust," we would infer that he is trying to class the dastardly and unmanly practice of slaughtering big game when the deep snow and crust place them entirely at the mercy of man or beast (which should be put together when it comes to anything so inhuman) with the manly sport of still-hunting. This classification every true sportsman will resent.

The still-hunt proper is to me the only true sportsmanlike way to hunt big game. It was the mode adopted by our forefathers in pioneer days, when the safety of our race and the development of our country depended largely on the qualities in a man, which are called out by the still-hunt, in which the patience, endurance, art of woodcraft, keen sight and steady nerve of the hunter were pitted against the instinct and cunning watchfulness of the game, each having an equal opportunity for victory. True, since the game has diminished in numbers, and with it the chance for a successful hunt, we must be lenient with those who take advantage of the game in such manner as the law allows, such as watching on crossings while some of the party drives the game, or calling a moose up within gunshot. Yet how much more gratifying it is to kill our game by fair still-hunting, where it has a fair and equal chance to defeat us.

Mr. Hascall speaks of men he would back to kill nine out of every ten deer he would start after on a light snow. We infer that he means by fair, still-hunting. That's a stunner to me. I supposed myself and several others I know were fairly good still-hunters, but we must take off our hats to such men as he speaks of.

Any observing person must agree with me that it is not the amount of game killed in hounding that causes game to decrease in a locality so hunted. Hounding deer tends to drive out that which is not killed.

One day's running of hounds in a deer country will alarm deer within a radius of several miles, and put them on the move for safe and quiet quarters, whereas the still-hunter only disturbs the game with which he comes in contact. Surely any one noting the effect of hounding deer as I have done, and instances of which I could give, could not uphold the practice as tending to the preservation of game. EMERSON CARNEY.

Ducks in Long Island Sound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have been shooting at Sachem's Head, Conn., since Nov. 9, and will not return until the 19th. Therefore I can't get out the concluding chapter of "The Louisiana Lowlands" for your next issue, as promised. Dr. Bashford Dean, of Columbia University, and Mr. W. H. Avis, of the Winchester Arms Company, are with me (Mr. Avis is our host), and we have a cottage where we do our own cooking, and are jolly. The ducks are scarce and wild; do not stool well, probably they have been deceived too many times this season. Old squaws and sea coots are about all that we get. A few "broad bills," the "ruddy duck" of books, are seen, and one day we got four of them. None since, and I am writing this as we pack up for home. If ducks are scarce, fun has been plenty, and we have enjoyed every hour. There was a little shooting on Sunday, but not by our party.

FRED MATHER.

GUILFORD, Conn., Nov. 19.

Gun Flints on the Way to Mr. Belknap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To-day I opened FOREST AND STREAM, issue of Nov. 5, because it was a rainy day. The appeal of Mr. Orin Belknap for a flint, a regular simon-pure, for his old Hudson Bay gun, sent me to the garret in search of a box of flints, from which receptacle I had my supplies back in the thirties, and from which I fitted out the "bear gun" some thirty-two years ago. I was fortunate in finding a dozen or more, and mailed three, different sizes, to Brother Belknap, address, "Valley, Washington." JUNIATA.

Virginia Game.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, Mr. Van Dyne, and I have just returned from a two weeks' shooting trip in Virginia. We found abundance of Bob Whites and other small game, but failed to bag the wily turkey. Shooters contemplating a Southern trip can do well by communicating with Mrs. C. L. Leak, Licking, Va. LE ROY JOHNS.

In North Carolina Mountains.

SAPPHIRE, Jackson County, N. C., Nov. 12.—Mr. J. P. Cunningham, of Newcastle, Pa., who is one of the shareholders of the Toxaway Company and Fairfield Gun at this place, is on here for the fall shooting, and a few days ago brought in a buck which weighed 186lbs., shot within an hour of the house. This is heavy for North Carolina. J. F. H.

Michigan Ducks in Spring.

NORVELL, Mich., Nov. 14.—I have seen more mallard ducks flying about this fall than I have seen in the past five years combined. This is the first season in which spring shooting has been prohibited in Michigan. H. H. R.

The annual meeting of the Vermont League was held at Montpelier on Tuesday, Nov. 22.

The New York League will meet in Syracuse, Dec. 8.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Late in the Season.

I WANT to go a-fishing,
The wind is blowing hard;
I'll lay aside my tackle,
And take the role of bard.
For days I've lingered, waiting
For a man, for boat, for bait;
Now that I can command them,
The wind blows at great rate.
There is no use of wishing,
I must accept my fate;
I'm sadly disappointed,
The season's getting late.

I'll sing of seasons past and gone,
Of many a long, bright summer day;
Of casts I've made, of fish I've caught,
And of the fish that got away.

Who can portray, in verse or prose,
The fisher's joys, the fisher's woes?
Who, but by experience taught
Expresses sense of that word "caught"?
Who, but has counted to his cost,
Knows grief endured when fish is lost?
With faculties alert, alive,
Emotions, varying as you strive,
With springing rod and singing reel,
Excitement one can scarce conceal—
You've struggled manfully and deft,
Your skill's outwitted, and you're "left."

What fisherman cannot recall
Days when it seemed that fishes all,
In lake and pond and running brook,
Sought eagerly his baited hook?
How he has scorned small fish to show,
But put them back to let them grow.
No length prescribed by statute law
Has this day filled his soul with awe;
He on its limits won't encroach,
Nor ordinary things approach.
How he has wended homeward way,
Eager his prizes to display.
Success and confidence would seem
To stimulate his self-esteeem,
Till ere he seeks his downy bed,
All symptoms indicate "big head."
What shall we sing of other days,
When sweltering 'neath the sun's hot rays
He's striven with all skill and might,
For fishes small—even a bite.
How he has found at set of sun
No fishes caught—no trophies won,
Save such as other days he scorned,
'Gainst laws' infractions—even warned.
Such days as these, 'tis plain to see,
Develop great humility.
On the one day he "owns the earth,"
The next—"life's living's hardly worth."

The lesson taught don't fail to see,
When in great extremity
Things which in brighter days we'd scorn
Are welcomed as a hope forlorn.
Shall we not view with charity
Those mortals whom adversity
Has driven, unrelentingly,
To deeds they'd scorn as soon as we
Could they but with clear vision see.
When casts are made with bait or fly
We measure distance with the eye;
Imagination gen'rously
Fills up the space for you and me.
If fighting bass or wily trout
Leave in our minds a shadowy doubt
Of weight, or size, or length of run,
Or height of leap (isn't it fun?),
We've ample source from which to draw
When telling what we did, and saw.
Why should one doubt were I to state
That each lost fish was heaviest weight?
For this is true—I tell but facts,
I've seen the scales (upon their backs);
And furthermore, all fishers say
'Tis biggest fish that get away.
In speaking thus of fish we've caught,
The story's often overwrought;
And some maliciously have said,
"You slyly stuffed their throats with lead."
When showing fish in self-defense
(Of fine day's sport good evidence)
'Tis said with sneering, doubting look,
Those fish were caught with silver hook.
This is hard lot for fishermen,
No matter where—no matter when;
No matter how sincere they be,
They're met with incredulity.

Would that I might good reason find
For treatment so severe—unkind;
For habits, it is sad to say,
Our fishermen too oft display.
Perhaps the cause of the complaint
Lies with our wicked Patron Saint (?)
Old Ananias, cynics say,
Guards fishermen from day to day.
If so, the reason we reveal,
Why stories of the rod and reel
Are often met with doubts and jeers,
And truth is crushed when it appears.

Our fishing seasons, one by one,
Are passing by, soon they'll be gone;
If in our visions we must paint
The image of some "patron saint,"

Should we in fancy yet desire
Some potent spirit to inspire
Our lives, our hearts, our thoughts, our ways,
Throughout our few remaining days;
Discard the one whose record shows
Deceit and lies, e'en at its close.
There is no "sport" in trickery,
Nor fun in like iniquity;
Be honest with yourself, nor try
Deceit, though meant in levity;
If honest with ourselves, we then
Are honest with our fellow-men.

Saint Peter was a fisherman,
Install him as your saint, and then
We will no more exaggerate;
Pleasure in "sport" shall not abate,
Besides, he tends at Heaven's Gate.

H. F. TAINTOR.

AT BARNEGAT BAY, October, 1898.

"Goin' A-Fishing."

Wherein Lies the Pleasure?

MEN may be different in the ordinary attributes of life and habit, yet there is that in the composition of the entire human family which revels in a temporary return to the primitive conditions of mankind, as exemplified in one or more of the several features of the early environment of the race.

This does not necessarily imply that savagery or brutal first motives be the moving spirit. On the contrary, it is in communion with those things which marked the primeval man—the sea, the forest, the fields, the mountains—these and their accompanying and varying features are the essences which delight the heart of the average man, and in them for a time doth his nature revive, and his blood course rapid and ardent.

Where is the man, be he whom he may, whose soul does not expand when its possessor is for the time removed from the conventional trammels of society and of prosaic business and confronted with nature pure and simple.

Gazing into the sapphire skies; upon the surface of reflecting lake, murmuring stream, or never quietening sea; surrounded by the delicate greens of the summer covering or the ardent coloring of October foliage; heels pressed deep into the leaf-strewn sward and back contentedly resting upon the crusty bark of some forest giant—the breath comes freer, the limbs more pregnant with strength, and life takes on a fresher tinge, as he or she takes in the full significance of the vista and the conditions which govern it.

Man is more himself thus. Shorn of the echoes which ring of the pavement and of the mart, the full humanity of self becomes apparent, and the shams and mockeries of a nineteenth century civilization dwindle under the softening influences of good old Dame Nature, until the soul is nearer the surface and the dwarfed mind broadens with the expanding body. God is nearer to man when he lists to the breakers roll on brown sands; to the tremor and soft rustle of the wildwood or the early quaver of the winds when they sweep the marshes in the morn. And then, too, how much more so when one stands upon the bank of some fresh-running stream and sees the trout spring into active being in the clear depths; to watch the fish as it lithely breaks the surface and the water curls in ever widening circles, which reach the shore and die in the shadows.

"Ah, how good it is to live!" one sighs contentedly—and that brings me to the subject matter.

Sometimes a fellow runs along moralizing as he goes. A vast deal of time is thus wasted, but then, what's the odds? Life is a medley, and we are apt to remember those things which at one time or another afforded the greatest degree of pleasure. Why one should moralize about so simple a thing as "goin' a-fishing," I can't imagine, but you may understand it. The prospect for retrospect is infinite. Goin' a-fishing! Why, that expression has been ringing in my ears since the early days, when, with a "spool of thread for fishing line and bended pin for hook," I perched myself on a little knoll which jutted into a summer-lit old moat, and waited for a bite.

That old moat was a source of never-ending pleasure to me then. It was by the little, old, red schoolhouse, and when lessons were over I would tuck my old third reader into my shirt and make for the time-honored pool. I remember one day how I threw myself into the soft spring clover by the moat and watched a water snake try to swallow a red-bellied perch it had caught. Seems cruel now, but I never thought of trying to prevent the snake from getting its dinner. Guess I must have recognized the earthly rule which permits the strong to do up the weak, and thus tacitly, if unconsciously, agreed to the proposition.

I suspect that if the man of to-day were to analyze his make-up he would find a vast number of records of days when he was "goin' a-fishing," and too he would learn that in the majority of instances he never got any further than the "goin'" stage.

In the boy, I rather am inclined to the belief that the bare brown rafters and ink-stained, knife-chipped forms of the little schoolhouse have been responsible for a very large number of the goin' a-fishing periods. You know yourself, and from experience, that the sky seems bluer when viewed through the open window. The summer day—ah! so many summer days at school. There was the dull hum of the human bees in the hive of learning. A very distinct hum that dulled the senses, and you looked through the wide open window and there were the golden-barred bees themselves sporting amid the white crests of the clover blossoms, and then off into the cool looking shadows of the woods near by. There were a lot of gleaming clouds lazily floating across the sky, making huge deep-toned blots upon the fields when they came between the sun and the grass tops.

How could you study when the note of the mocker came crisply in through the window, and you heard the rustle of the leaves as they flirted against each other in the south wind? The barren, mundane, tiresome schoolroom, and the glorious sunlighted out-of-doors. What a comparison, and to make it harder, just as you caught sight of Tommy Green, with a reed cane on his shoulder and a mysterious looking old tin can in his hand, walking stealthily in the direction of the woods, there came a sharp summons: "Class in second geography, please come forward." And you walked to the instructor's desk, wondering what the lesson was, and between times wondering how many fish Tommy Green was going to catch. You knew as well as Tommy that the stream in the wood was "just filled with 'em."

When one comes in after years to think of it all, it seems that it wasn't so much the fish one caught that set the measure of enjoyment. Then if not the fish, what was it?

For my part, I am inclined to the belief that it was just the getting out of doors. A little lad I know quite intimately—he's only eight—not infrequently disobeys the maternal admonitions, slips off, is gone several hours, and comes home, mud from head to foot. More or less shame faced, he admits he's been fishing—fishing in the gutters for minnows and "crawfish," and then he proudly exhibits to his younger but admiring brother a tin can, which he produces from beneath his shirt bosom, and in which rests a tadpole as large as a collar button.

Shades of Izaak Walton—a tadpole! and yet the little scamp's face is wreathed in smiles as he views his treasure, and I suppose he feels as you or I might after the landing of a 6lb. bass. I doubt, however, if it is the tadpole itself which gives the young angler the greatest degree of pleasure; rather is it the brief freedom from restraint, the absence of the maternal apron strings, and the temporary revel in the grass tops, listening to the sharp chirp of the cricket, chasing the yellow butterflies—in other words, a delight in an unconscious return to primeval conditions, when clothes and conventionalities were scarcely so necessary as during the to-day.

And I really believe that in after years, if God lets him live, and I pray He will, this now immature and defiant rascal will view his childhood in retrospect, and swear by the moon those were his happiest days. The environment of his being then—the evidences of man's progress, the luxury and opportunities for enjoyment, will pale and fade, and in his mind's eye will come a picture of tall grass with damp roots, a muddy gutter in a city's suburb, and a diminutive tadpole flopping in the depths of a battered old condensed milk can.

H. M. MAYO.

Tuna vs. Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a communication to your valued paper some time ago, I mentioned, I believe, that a black sea bass of 400lbs. had been taken with a rod, thus beating Mr. Frank V. Rider, the honorary secretary of the Tuna Club. If you will permit me, I should like to make a correction. Mr. Rider holds the record for the largest black sea bass ever fairly taken with rod and reel, the fish weighing 327lbs.; and he is given credit for it on the Tuna Club book, a copy of which I enclose. This gives Mr. Rider, if I am not mistaken, the record for the heaviest game fish ever taken with rod and reel. The 400-pounder was not caught fairly, the angler receiving aid from several people, according to report, which has not been denied. This gives Mr. Rider the championship of the world, to quote the ethical expression used in other sport. The question now agitating the minds of anglers in the Tuna Club is, Does Mr. Rider's catch of a 327lb. black sea bass on light rod and 21-thread line entitle him to the real championship of the world? I have a strong suspicion that my friend proposes to claim it. In fact, he has claimed it, and I confess that he has me at a disadvantage at the outset, as, while I have caught on a hand line many black sea bass ranging from 200lbs to an estimated 500-pounder, I have so far failed to land one with rod and reel.

I believe it is the consensus of opinion in the Tuna Club that the leaping tuna stands alone and unequal in the world as the hardest fighting game fish known, not excepting the tarpon. The record fish which I had the honor to take (weighing 183lbs.) fought me four hours, and I do not believe Mr. Rider, who is a very powerful angler, could have killed the fish in less than two; yet he brought his record 327lb. bass to gaff in fifty-five minutes. This very fact, Mr. Editor, tells the story. The black sea bass, for half an hour or twenty minutes, is perhaps the equal of the tuna; but if he is fought vigorously for that time he is soon worn out; in a word, he has in no sense the staying or fighting qualities or the strength of the tuna, in which expression, I think Mr. Beard, who took the first 200lb. black sea bass, will bear me out.

On the other hand, I do not believe the man lives who will take a 327lb. tuna with rod and reel and 21-thread line. Such a large fish has been known to jerk a man overboard and drown him with a hand line. It is true that I have not taken a black sea bass with the rod, but I played a monster during the past season for twenty minutes who certainly must have weighed 200 or 300lbs. Yet I had him very badly demoralized in twenty minutes, and not being very well, I did not have the strength to push the fighting; so he towed our boat to a kelp bed half a mile off short, and I lost him by fouling the weeds. If I had had clear water and could have husbanded my strength, or taken my time, I am confident I could have brought my fish to gaff in at least three-quarters of an hour. When I hooked the 183lb. tuna, I was in fair condition physically, and fought the fish as hard as I could for four hours; and during the fourth hour the tuna, still full of life and vigor, towed the boat at least four miles. To my mind there is no comparison between the two fishes. I believe any strong man, who, like Mr. Rider, is a skillful rod fisherman, can kill a 400lb. black sea bass in an hour, or less, with 21-thread line. I do not believe it possible to take a 300lb. tuna, much less a 400lb. fish, at all on the same tackle. I believe the 200lb. tuna is very near the limit of possibilities, though I should not be surprised to see the gold medal of the Tuna Club go to the catcher of a larger fish, especially if Mr. Vom Hofe can provide a reel that will hold 1,500ft. of 21-thread line.

By the above I do not wish to detract from Mr. Rider's catch or belittle it. Many men have "gone to pieces" during the past season in trying to land a smaller black sea bass. But I wish to record my opinion that the king of the bass, though a magnificent fighter, is entirely outclassed by the leaping tuna, size for size, pound for pound.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Cal., Nov. 9.

New Jersey Legislation.

[From the Report of the Fish and Game Commission.]

The Fish Law.

The present law does not permit the use of eel baskets anchored on the bottom of streams. Some years ago the law of New Jersey did recognize these wicker eel baskets as lawful contrievances, but for some inconceivable reason this law was repealed. There is no greater enemy to fish life than the eel, and its extermination would be of benefit to fish of all other kinds; wicker eel baskets anchored on the bottom of streams and ponds take no fish but eels, and there seems to be no reason why their use should be forbidden.

Under the present law the use of small perch by the angler is prevented, the statute having apparently been framed on the law of some State where baitfish are more plentiful than they are in New Jersey. As a matter of fact, small perch form the food to a great extent of the larger fish, and consequently there seems to be no reason why these small perch should not be used as lures by the angler. For this reason the word "perch" has been dropped from the list of fish which the law requires to be released from the minnow net.

The present law imposes a penalty of fifty dollars for violation; in the opinion of your commission twenty dollars would be sufficient.

17. Proposed open season for black bass, pike-perch, white perch, June 15 to Nov. 30. Pickerel, pike, May 1 to Feb. 20. Unlawful to take any of these fish between 9 o'clock at night and sunrise. Penalty $10.

The law at present opens the season for taking black bass on May 30. As a matter of fact, in no year are the bass through spawning by that date, and a great many fish taken in the early part of June are removed from their spawning beds. In most of the States the protection to black bass is extended to the middle of June or the 1st of July. The difference in dates has frequently given rise to annoyances, and this is especially the case in Greenwood Lake, one-half of which is situated in New York State, where the law does not open until June 15.

Your commission has during the past two years brought considerable numbers of white bass and pike-perch to the waters of this State, and perhaps the best method of propagating them would be to establish a close season for two or three years; the difficulty in the way of such an enactment arises in the fact that these fish are angled for in the same manner as black bass and pickerel; to prohibit taking white bass and pike-perch would practically prevent taking the other fish. To provide for the return to the water of all white bass and pike-perch taken would be impracticable, as the fish in most cases would be so injured that death would follow even their return to their native element. It might be argued that this same objection would apply to the present law, prohibiting the taking of small trout and bass, and it does so to some extent, but this law prevents the fishing for these small fish, and consequently indicates the use of appliances which the small fish will not take. With the adult white bass and pike-perch it would be impossible to use contrivances which would not be readily taken by them as well as by the black bass. The precautions which the lawful angler takes to prevent the capture of small bass and trout would inure to the benefit of the small white bass and pike-perch. In consideration of all these facts your commission is satisfied that ample protection would be extended to the white bass and pike-perch if they were placed in the same category as the black bass.

The provisions against the taking of fish at night will apply to very few persons, and will meet with no objections excepting on the part of those who have been in the habit of slaughtering fish at night for the purposes of sale. It will be observed that the provision extends only to the better class of game fish. Such a law has been enacted in a number of the States.

It will also be observed that the penalty for the violation of this section has been reduced from twenty dollars to ten dollars.

18. Proposed open season for brook trout, April 1 to July 15. Penalty $10.

This is the law as it now stands on the statute books, with the exception that the penalty has been reduced from twenty to ten dollars.

19. Lawful length of black bass, white bass, pike-perch, 9in. Trout, 6in. Penalty $10.

The reason is obvious why the recently introduced pike-perch and white bass should be accorded the same protection extended to the black bass and trout. The penalty attached to the section of the present law is twenty dollars, which your commission thinks might be reduced by one-half without prejudice to the interests of the fish.

23. It shall be unlawful to put, place, use or maintain in any of the waters of this State inhabited by pickerel, pike-perch, black bass, perch or trout, any setline or setlines, or to use upon a line for the taking of fish in such waters any contrivance having more than three hooks attached thereto, under a penalty of $10 for each offense.

Laws against the use of setlines have been on the statute books of this State for a long number of years, and this manner of fishing has been practically put a stop to. Little less destructive to fish than the setline is a contrivance which has recently been put on the market; it fairly bristles with hooks, and on this account its use has been prohibited in other States. A law against its use in New Jersey would not in the least interfere with the sportsmanlike manner of taking fish, and it would be welcomed by nearly every angler.

25. It shall be unlawful to remove from this State any quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, squirrel or ring-

necked pheasant; provided, however, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to such quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, squirrel or pheasant as may be in the possession of the person who may have lawfully captured the same during such periods as the provisions of this act make lawful for such capture, and that such removal shall not take place excepting within such periods. Penalty $10 for each bird.

A large number of the States have passed laws absolutely and under all circumstances prohibiting the removal from their borders of all fish and game, and sportsmen who go thither cannot bring home with them trophies of their vacation. Your commission does not approve of measures which prohibit lawfully secured fish and game from being taken wherever the owner may see fit, nor has your commission any intention of interfering with the sale of reed birds and with other similar commercial features pertaining to the capture of fish and game, and consequently does not suggest any such drastic measures as have been adopted by some States very close to New Jersey. But your commission would very much like to put a stop to the taking of the better class of game for the purposes of barter and sale. There is not the slightest doubt that the adoption of a section like the one above suggested would tend in a large measure to put a stop to trapping and other unlawful methods of taking game, for if the pot-hunter and poacher cannot market the product of his work he will soon cease it. Now it is a well-known fact that railroad and express companies are strict in their observance of the fish and game laws, and annually stringent instructions are sent out to the agents of these corporations requiring them to observe the laws of the State pertaining to the handling of contraband goods, especially fish and game. The number of ruffed grouse, quail, squirrel and other indigenous game animals in New Jersey is not large enough to supply the markets of Philadelphia and New York, nor can the most effective protection during closed seasons and the most expensive propagation keep pace with the demands of those who hunt or fish for gain. Your commission has no doubt that if the removal of game from the State under certain circumstances, such as are indicated in the above section, is prohibited, it will aid materially in the preservation of such game in this State.

26. The term "waters of this State" for the purposes of this act shall be construed to mean all the fresh waters of this State; provided, that all ponds, lakes and waters created by or under the exclusive control of individuals or associations, stocked and maintained at the expense of such individuals or associations, and not runways for migratory fish, shall be considered private waters and be exempt from the provisions of this act as far as such individuals and the members of such associations or persons receiving permits from them are concerned.

The above section is a considerable modification of the law at present on the statute books. There is at present on our statute books a law which provides that the wardens shall enforce the provisions pertaining to trespass, but only to such trespass as is committed by a person going on the lands of another for the purpose of taking fish. There are several laws relating to trespass by gunners, but the wardens are neither required nor authorized to enforce these. This anomalous condition of affairs has frequently given rise to unpleasant situations. The wardens are State officers, and consequently it should be, and it is, their duty to enforce the laws as far as the general public is concerned. They should not be required to look after private interests in which the public has no concern. There certainly seems to be no reason why they should enforce the laws against trespassing anglers and not against trespassing gunners. There are in the State of New Jersey a number of preserves, and these generally combine both woodland and water; they are owned either by rich individuals or by associations, and the benefits accruing to them are only for the owners. This principle seems to have been recognized by the Legislature in the passage of the laws pertaining to trespassing gunners, and for the purpose of carrying out this very principle your commission has omitted from its suggested law the provision requiring wardens to enforce the laws pertaining to trespassing anglers. If the interests of the State should be divorced from private ownership, there seems to be no reason why these private owners should not be permitted very wide latitude in the management of their property. The above section contemplates the giving of such rights by permitting owners of preserves to do as they deem best as regards ponds under their immediate control, and for the maintenance of which they pay. No harm can inure to the interests of the public by the passage of such a law. The fish planted in these ponds are purchased by the private owners; they are cared for without expense to the State, and as long as these ponds are not runways for migratory fish the supply of fish in which the public is interested cannot in any way be diminished or deteriorated. A different state prevails as to gunning. It would be impossible for any individual or association to so securely fence in property as to prevent the movements of birds and other animals, and for this reason it is but just that private owners and associations should be required to abide by the laws of the State pertaining to game. There is little danger that such private owners will ever abuse the privilege sought to be granted them by the above suggested section; if they do abuse it they themselves are the losers, and not the public. Placing the private owners in absolute control of ponds in no way interferes with proper protection, for every constable and every member of a regularly incorporated fish and game protective association—and nearly all sportsmen's club are such—have the same powers to prosecute possessed by the wardens, and applications for the appointment of deputy wardens by owners of large estates have always been cheerfully granted by your commission.

In concluding these suggestions and comments, your commission desires to express a hope that the former will be adopted. We have had many years' experience in the enforcing of the statutes protecting fish and game, and we have come into contact almost continually with persons interested in these laws. The above suggestions represent our best judgment in regard to the matter, and we feel confident that their adoption will give to the State a code of laws which will not be disturbed for many years.

The Cuvier Club banquet in Cincinnati was held on Tuesday of this week.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association got together at Copley Square Hotel last Wednesday afternoon, for the first time since the long vacation. There was a good attendance, although many of the members are still scattered at various points—some on the Cape, where they have been having excellent sport with the birds, while others are in the down East woods after bigger game. Representatives from other kindred organizations were present by invitation to consult upon the best means to be taken to further the objects of the Association—fish and game protection. These gentlemen were Prof. Niles, of the Appalachiam Mountain Club; George H. Mackay and C. C. Munn, of Springfield; W. B. Phinney and Thomas L. Bunney, of Lynn; I. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, a member of the last legislative committee on fish and game; George H. Palmer, of New Bedford; C. N. Raymond, of Rehoboth; C. C. Peck, of North Attleboro, and Dr. Spaulding, of Hingham. Col. Rockwell, the president, was in the chair, and the records were looked after by Secretary Kimball.

A very profitable and interesting discussion ensued, taking as usual a wide range, including, of course, protection as the main object. Mr. Stevenson enlarged upon the latter point, referring to the need of more stringent laws against poachers; that game was becoming more and more depleted no one would deny, and he was fast coming to the belief that the sale of game should be prohibited. There was room, he thought, for reform in the fish and game commission, which should be made up of men who were experts in all matters of fish and game. Dr. Spaulding touched upon the very important subject of the smelt fishery, which is a great source of recreation to many in the waters around Boston and the islands in the harbor. Much of the illegal seining of smelts had been stopped by energetic work. Mr. Peck advocated the appointment of paid deputies to enforce the laws. While it was agreed on all hands that there were opportunities for new laws or amend-



CATCHING BASS FOR RESTOCKING.

ments to old ones, it was the general opinion that better results were to be obtained, for the present at least, by a more rigid enforcement of the present laws than by attempting new legislation that would arouse antagonism now nearly overcome.

A subscription dinner followed the conference, at which speeches were made by several gentlemen, and President Rockwell appointed the usual committee to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Transporting Fish Alive in Ice.

THE Norman Fish Company, an American concern operating at the Lake of the Woods, on the Minnesota boundary, has recently been shipping bullheads to St. Louis and Buffalo packed in ice; and the same not only arrive fresh, but all alive, at their respective destinations, provided they are put into cold water and thawed out. More than this, Manager Jos. Armstrong states that scale fish sent to Buffalo have been known to revive if treated in the same manner.

Now this solves the oft-mooted question, whether fish can be winter killed by freezing. It is not the congelation which kills them off en masse in some waters on occasion, but the lack of air simply, as has been satisfactorily demonstrated time and again.

Opening air holes in the frozen surfaces of ponds for breathing spaces for the fishes will save great mortality in cases where they become hermetically sealed by severe cold weather. Black bass are of a species which could probably be transported long distances in ice, and come out alive, and it seems only necessary to prove by experimental tests that this can be done to make the winter season an advantageous period for stocking depleted and barren waters from hatching houses. It would be incomparably less expensive than using special fish cars, with their attendants, for aeration and other care.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Fishing in a Maine Harbor.

ABOUT twenty miles this side of Eastport there is the little fishing hamlet of Cutler, on the Maine shore, which was cool and pleasant all through the past heated season.

A land company has built a commodious inn, where good meals, restful beds and general comfort may be enjoyed for about one-half Bar Harbor rates. The harbor, about a mile long, is very safe, and fishing may be enjoyed there in weather when it is too stormy to venture upon the ocean for the larger cod, haddock, pollock and halibut. In the harbor the smaller cod and pollock afford good sport with light tackle, and 2lb. flounders may be easily secured for the frying pan. The red perch is perhaps the handsomest fish falling to the rod, and like all his family is a free fighter.

Within two miles of the hotel are trout brooks, so that small trout may be secured in sufficient quantity to vary the fishing.

Deer and other game are said to be abundant in their season; about 150 deer being recorded as having been shot in 1897. An all-water route from New York, via Boston or Portland, is not the least enjoyable of Cutler's attractions.

W. H. R.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 19.—Will the movements of our coast fishes ever be understood, or the influences which impel the never-ending vagaries? Since August all varieties have been most erratic, and save for an occasional run have been phenomenally scarce. Never were prospects brighter than during the early and middle summer months. Kingfish, bass and weakfish came in early, and in abundance, took the hook freely, and were fine in size and condition; but conditions suddenly changed and remained unfavorable during the rest of the season. This applies to surf fishing. In the rivers and bays the supply was fairly abundant at all points; even the plaice, usually so very abundant during September and October, have been absent. This is accounted for in a measure by the absence of the sand eel or sand laut, which usually swarms in the open sea during the fall months.

Cod are coming in now, and a few specimens have been taken from the piers during the past week. Ling are abundant and are taken every night. The whiting, or as they are commonly called, frost fish, have not yet put in appearance, but are being sought every night. They are a sprightly fish on the rod, and when of good size put up a good stiff argument. While there is an abundance of bass in the surf, they will not take the hook, and surf fishing can fairly be said to be at an end.

LEONARD HULIT.

New Jersey Fish Stocking.

IN his report of recent operations, Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner says of the restocking work: "An attempt during the first part of October to bring an adult live fish from Lake Erie resulted in failure, the first failure which has attended a number of similar attempts on the part of experienced wardens designated for that work. Arrangements had been made with fishermen on Lake Erie to save in ponds such varieties of fish as might be wanted here; although the fishermen succeeded in keeping the fish during an exceedingly warm period of weather, all the fish were killed in one night, when there was a severe thunderstorm. When the wardens reached the lake not a fish was to be had, and severe storms prevented netting for some days. When finally a lot of fish was secured a rise in the temperature prevented them from being removed to New Jersey. A delay was determined upon, and at the date of this report the wardens at Lake Erie report good promise of success. The trout purchased have been nearly all distributed, and that with a fair degree of success. Delays in making connections with trains caused a small percentage of loss, although on several days 10,000 each were distributed to all parts of the State without the loss of a single fish. Every application, with a few exceptions, has been filled, and I trust within a very few days to satisfy the few remaining applicants."

The Vermont Fish Commission Appropriation.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Penny wise and pound foolish" is the mildest term to be used when mentioning the stupid work of our legislators in cutting down the beggarly $5,500 fish hatchery appropriation to a worse than beggarly sum of $3,500. This is Dogberries in office with a vengeance.

Any intelligent person well knows that with the waters that Vermont possesses $25,000 should be the minimum amount appropriated to give good results in stocking, which, if done properly, would bring into the State a yearly return of twenty times that amount.

We have some notably well-informed men in our Legislature, but they are overruled by the great majority who are of a class dubbed cent pinchers. It would be a thousand times better for the progressive interests of our State if we had woman's suffrage, then these noodles would remain at home, and we would have better law makers in the persons of their wives, daughters, sisters, female cousins, or their aunts.

STANSTEAD.

The Ohio Centennial.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doubtless you are aware that Ohio is to celebrate her one hundredth anniversary at Toledo in 1903, or possibly in 1902, but perhaps you do not know that in the recent organization of the local centennial commission, Mr. John E. Gunckel, of this city, the secretary of the American Fisheries Society, has been elected its president. Mr. Gunckel has expressed himself as desirous of making prominent features at the coming centennial of a parliament of religions, and an extensive exposition of fish and fishing. What a railroad passenger agent can know about either of these subjects is something of a puzzle to those who are best acquainted with him, but his Toledo friends stand ready to coach him in both, including

JAY BEEBE.

Mr. Plant's Tarpon.

WE have received from Mr. J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System, a taking colored print of Mr. Henry B. Plant's tarpon. The fish was caught at Fort Myers, Fla., in April of 1897, and the artist has pictured the big fellow as he leaps clear of the water.

Catching Bass for Restocking.

MR. DAVID H. HOGG sends us the accompanying photograph, in illustration of catching bass in Lake Nipissing, Canada, under warrant from the Ontario Government to stock a lake at Huntsville, Ont.

Mr. A. N. Cheney asks us to say that illness and absence from home have prevented him from giving attention to a number of correspondents, whose letters he has been compelled to defer replying to.

The Changed Adirondacks.

Our Northern Lakes and Mountains.

THE Adirondack Mountains of northeastern New York afford a striking evidence of the changes which advancing civilization has wrought along our Eastern seaboard. There can be seen the development, almost within a decade, of a wilderness into a great summer and autumn resort, dotted with luxurious modern hotels, and traversed by stage routes and railways.

The sportsman, whether he be hunter or fisherman, familiar with even a portion of the Adirondack Mountains, more poetically termed the North Woods, fifteen or twenty years ago, and who now revisits the scenes of his youth, will find such visit a dream dispelled, for his is the memory of their former wildness and beauty, of trout rising on lakes and streams, of deer roaming the dense woods and drinking from quiet waters, and of a strange, wild life. With this memory he now finds a large part of the woods region peopled for three months of the year with the votaries of fashion, with steamboats puffing on the lakes and engines shrieking through the forests, with prosperous villages here and there, and the old wild life gone never to return.

I open as I write an old and well-worn book dear to all older American sportsmen, written by William C. Prime, and published in 1873, entitled "I Go a-Fishing," and I turn to two chapters respectively entitled "The Saint Regis Waters in Olden Times, 1860," and the "Saint Regis Waters Now, 1872." Would that the venerable author, now I believe a very old man, and long since unable to handle the rod and gun, could revisit the Saint Regis waters and paint us their scenes of to-day. The twelve years which elapsed between his first and second visits seemed to him to have brought many changes, the most marked of which was the expansion of Paul Smith's first little house, built in 1858, and holding not more than eight people, to a large hotel, capable of accommodating 150 guests. On both occasions Mr. Prime had to drive into Paul Smith's from Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, a distance of fifty-five miles. The rare old fisherman and lover of nature, floating in his canoe on the lower Saint Regis in 1860, wrote as follows: "The day had died most gloriously. The 'sword of the sun' that had lain across the forest was withdrawn and sheathed. There was a stillness on land and water and in the sky that seemed like the presence of an invisible majesty. Eastward the lofty pine trees rested their green tops in an atmosphere whose massive blue seemed to sustain and support them. Westward the rosy tints along the horizon deepened into crimson around the base of the Saint Regis hills and faded into black toward the north. No sign of life, human or inhuman, was anywhere visible or audible, except within the little boat where we two floated; and peace, that peace that reigns where no man is—that peace that never dwells in the abodes of men—here held silent and omnipotent sway. Then came the wind among the pine trees. The gloom increased and a ripple stole over the water. There was a flapping of one of the lilypads as the first wave struck them; and then as a breeze passed over us I threw two flies on the black ripple. There was a swift rush—a sharp dash and plunge in the water. Both were struck at the instant, and then I had work before me that forbade my listening to the voices of the pines. It took five minutes to kill my fish—two splendid specimens. Meantime the rip had increased and the breeze came fresh and steady. It was too dark now to see the opposite shore, and the fish rose at every cast. When I had half a dozen of the same sort, and one that lacked only an ounce of being full 4lbs., we pulled up the killeck and paddled homeward around the wooded point. The moon rose, and the scene on the lake now became magically beautiful. The mocking laugh of the loon was the only cause of complaint in that evening of splendor. Did you ever hear that laugh?" Again Mr. Prime well says: "One who has in former years lived in the woods forms a stronger attachment for that life than a man ever forms for any other. The affection which we have for the companions of our solitude is very strong. Hence, when I find myself in the woods the old sights and sounds come back with such force that I cannot tear myself away."

I have given Mr. Prime's charming picture of the Saint Regis waters forty and twenty-five years ago so that I might the better in my feebler way sketch them to-day, and by this contrast emphasize the difference between our Northern lakes and mountains of the middle and the end of the century. For the change that has transformed the Saint Regis country from a wilderness and the delight of sportsmen to a fashionable summer resort has also taken place throughout the North Woods, except in a few portions, and will not be long in taking place there. I reached Paul Smith's on a recent September evening by a walk of four and a half miles through a settled country and over a macadamized road from a brick station on the main line of the Adirondack division of the New York Central, which runs from Utica to Montreal. Darkness had fallen before I entered a strip of woods through which the road runs for a mile before it reaches Paul Smith's, and cherishing the memory of Mr. Prime's picture, as I neared the Saint Regis waters I listened for the laugh of the loon and the wind among the pines. So listening I suddenly stepped from the darkness of the woods into a blaze of light which flashed out from the countless windows of an enormous wooden hotel, and which were reflected far out on the waters of the lake. There was no laugh of the loon, but the sound of oars in the rowlocks of numerous boats, and of men and women's voices "with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted." Gone in an instant was Mr. Prime's picture—vanished the dreams of the sportsman—and I turned with a sigh to the comforts of civilization and the atmosphere of New York or Newport in the season.

I had heard of the "camps" on the Saint Regis waters, and rising soon after daybreak the next morning, I engaged a guide and was rowed by him in an Adirondack boat across the lower Saint Regis through Spitfire Pond and around the beautiful wooded shores of the upper Saint Regis. The morning was very beautiful. Far to the west the Saint Regis mountains lifted their pine-crowned peaks into the hazy blue, while the sun, just risen, made the dancing ripples of the lake seem like ridges of burning gold. The wind blew soft and cool, and there was that vigor and life in the air which one only finds in the mountains at sunrise. A procession of boats laden with supplies for the "camps" plied between them and the hotel, and two naphtha launches puffed hither and thither. I saw the "camps" of Henry L. Hotchkiss, Whitelaw Reid, Charles A. Barney, H. McKay Twombly, Anson Phelps Stokes, P. H. McAlpin, a son-in-law of William Rockefeller, and others. They are, for the most part, really villas, with sea walls, summer houses and every appliance of comfort and luxury. The guide told me that in some of these "camps" there was hot and cold water, and in one electric lights, and it all seemed to me like playing at roughing it, and as if the title "camp" was the only link that connected these modern summer villas with the old free life of the woods. Why does not some modern essayist write of and on "the millionaire of the wilderness"? One finds strange things in the woods, but the sportsman and true lover of nature can find no stranger bird in the North Woods than the modern millionaire. I believe that the first of these "campers" on the upper Saint Regis went in about fifteen years ago, to the astonishment of the guides and natives, armed with a hair mattress, an air pillow and a nameless article of domestic utility. Now he brings electric lights and naphtha launches. It is unnecessary to say that there is little fishing in the Saint Regis waters to-day, and a report that a deer was seen near there this year is not generally accepted. So was my dream dispelled.

But if Paul Smith, with the Saint Regis region, is now solely a fashionable resort, what shall be said of Saranac Lake, and especially Lake Placid? I had heard much of both places, and I visited both. At the former I found a large village and a hotel—the Ampersand—the most modern, most luxurious and most pretentious house in the Adirondack Mountains, under whose electric lights and in whose dark wooden halls and rooms one feels as if in town in mid-winter, and at the latter I saw a continuous village surrounding its lower end, four or five barnlike wooden hotels, and golf, croquet and tennis in full force. They have golf links, by the way, at or near all the Adirondack hotels now. There is, however, a portion of the North Woods where the man or woman who, whether or not in search of fish and game, loves the sense of remoteness and the feeling of the wide woods around can still find sport and an idea at least of primeval wildness. I refer to the southwestern and far western sections, and to that central district which lies west of Port Kent and Port Henry. In the former lie the Fulton Chain of lakes, Long Lake and Lake Massawepie, on whose wooded shores, after a six-mile drive through the virgin forest, I found the best kept and most comfortable hotel in the woods, that of Childwold. In the latter region are Blue Mountain Lake and a series of lakes and mountains which are still sportsmen's resorts, and from which the railroad is still far distant.

There are two standpoints from which to view our Northern lakes and mountains to-day. I have treated them thus far from that of the sportsman and lover of the woods. The other standpoint from which to regard them is that of the student of the development of our summer resorts, and of the believer in the march of modern improvements. There are five men whom I hold chiefly responsible for the transformation of the Adirondacks from a sportsman's paradise to a fashionable summer resort, and these are in order of precedence Paul Smith, who entered the woods from Vermont as a guide in the early fifties; the late Thomas C. Durant, who projected the Adirondack railroad, built from Saratoga to North Creek in the early seventies; Le Grand Cannon, who projected the narrow gauge Chateauguay Railroad, which was first built from Plattsburg to Dannemora in 1879, and completed by successive stages to Saranac Lake and Lake Placid in 1889 and 1890; "Adirondack" Murray, whose ephemeral but flashing pen pictures of the "North Woods" first drew public attention to them and gave him his nom-de-plume twenty-five years ago, and lastly, Dr. Seward Webb, who finally carried out his long cherished plan of building a trunk line through the heart of the wilderness from Utica to Montreal in 1891. I should perhaps add to this list the names of Drs. Loomis, Trudeau, and others who first directed attention to the Adirondacks as a resort for consumptives and a natural sanitarium, but I find that the hotel proprietors and many others interested are not anxious to have this feature of the mountains emphasized. With the building of the railroads and the consequent bringing of the mountains within easy access of the cities, and especially New York, the old boarding houses and small hotels scattered here and there, and which are comparatively few in number, have been enlarged or have given place to fine and expensive structures. Paul Smith's has grown upon and around itself from a little frame house accommodating eight people to an immense building, with spacious piazzas and hallways, which can hold nearly a thousand guests, and is a city in itself. Then comes the Ampersand, a handsome house on Saranac Lake; and then in succession the fine and well situated Wawbeek Lodge, at the foot of the Upper Saranac; Saranac Inn, at the head of the same lake, and the cluster of large hotels at Lake Placid, beginning with the White Face Inn and including the Ruisseaumont, Lake Placid, Grand View and Stevens houses. Scattered here and there throughout the mountains there are also fine or comfortable houses, such as those in the Keene Valley, St. Hubert's Inn and the Chateauguay, Chazy Lake and Loon Lake houses on the lakes of those names.

I was most impressed, in my trip through the Adirondacks, with the beauty of the forest in and around Childwold, the solitude of Long Lake and the Fulton Chain, the view from Lake Placid and over Mirror Lake, with the peaks of Mount Marcy and its fellows in the south, with the vistas of woods, lakes and streams along the line of the Webb railroad, and particularly with the superb prospects from the Chateauguay road as it climbs Lyon Mountain, which recalls the scenery of the Blue Ridge. I found much of interest and information in the talk of the guides of the region. The older guides are as a rule pessimistic as to the future of the woods, and groan over the change from the old sporting days. They do not care for the tourist business and the hanging round the hotels, even if they make $3 and $4 a day, or double the wages of a decade ago. The younger guides who knew not the early days, and did not fish and hunt with W. C. Prime, Kit Clark and their fellows, find the present conditions advantageous, and welcome the increasing bands of tourists. But they spend less and less time in hunting and fishing with their patrons and more in rowing the latter tamely around the lakes, perhaps accompanying them on a day or two's journey through the lakes and over the "carries." In the more remote districts there is still fishing to be had, and the deer are still fairly abundant. I was told, however, of many instances of flagrant violations of the game laws, and it is evident that the woods are not adequately supplied with or patrolled by guardians. Hounding and "jacking" for deer, while forbidden, are still practiced, and the remark of a guide on Long Lake, when questioned as to some infraction of the game laws, that "there never was any law on Long Lake," emphasizes the situation.

But while the Adirondacks are changed and are changing they will remain for many years to come the great natural mountain and lake resort for the larger cities of the Eastern seaboard. They are to our generation what the Catskills were to our grandfathers and even to our fathers in youth, and if your true sportsman must now seek the far Canadian woods for big fish and big game, he cannot take with him or away the life-giving air and the exquisite scenery of the Adirondack hills and lakes. He loses, but his loss is the gain of thousands and thousands of less fortunate beings, to whom the woods and hills bring relief from the heat of summer, renewed life and strength, and a keen realization of the old saying that "man made cities, but God made the country."

Lakes George and Champlain, which are always associated with the Adirondacks in the public mind, have undergone comparatively few changes during the past twenty years, and so do not require more than a passing allusion in this sketch. Lake George is still the same beautiful sheet of water, set in a frame of forest-clothed mountains, as when the first French explorer gave to it from its azure depths the name of Saint Sacrament. There are more villas on its shores, more boats upon its waters, a new hotel here and there, or an old one restored, but summer after summer the lake calls to its lovers to return to its beauties in such a way that they must respond. Lake Champlain now has the fine Bluff Point Hotel just below Plattsburg on its western bank to add to its attractions, and the tourist, even if he or she is familiar with both lakes, should not fail to again traverse them. Their beauties never fade, and whether one sees Lake Champlain from the slower and comfortable steamboat, or the fine, rushing trains of the Delaware & Hudson, which traverse its entire western shore, or steams through Lake George, one cannot tire of the infinite variety of water and landscape which both lakes afford. September is the month of all months to rightly see and appreciate the air and scenery of our Northern lakes and mountains. Now come days filled with sunlight which does not oppress, cooled as it is by the home wind of the northwest, and now succeed nights whose frosty airs give to the woods and lakes a clearness of outline and to the skies a splendor that summer never brings.—Town Topics.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 28.—Amoret, Mo.—Missouri Field Trials Association's second annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

E. F. T. C. Trials.

THE trials began with the Members' Stake, which in the quality of the competition rated well with that of the All-Age Stake, and much better than that of the Derby.

The changed character of the grounds, brought about by large areas being sowed with wheat, contracted the useful hunting area greatly in places, so much so that consecutive ranging was out of the question. The dog with good judgment had an excellent opportunity to display it. The dog which ranged wide, regardless of whether the ground was bare or otherwise, was handicapped from the outset.

During the first few days birds were difficult to find, but after the rain storm of Wednesday the conditions for good work improved greatly.

The judges worked diligently, and handled the competition skillfully in all its details. It was done in a model way in many respects. The handlers kept well together as a rule, and there was no scrambling as in the old days.

Messrs. Hitchcock, Lorillard, Duryea and others, who were expected, did not appear, much to the regret of the gathering. It is to be hoped that another year will find them in attendance as of old.

Taken all in all, there was a falling off in quality of competition as compared with that of some of the previous years, though there were parts of the work that were commendably good.

The loss of time occasioned by rainy weather prolonged the trials. Had the weather permitted, the trials would have been finished by Saturday afternoon. The Subscription Stake was postponed till Monday of this week, owing to the loss of time above mentioned.

The Derby.

THE Derby had sixteen starters, a goodly number, as members go in that stake of late years.

The quality of the work was decidedly inferior; in fact, much of it was very weak. The competition, on that account, was spiritless at times. No doubt but what the character of the grounds accentuated the poorness of the competition, but be the grounds as they may be, there were certain unmistakable signs of inferior capabilities.

The winner of first, Count Danstone, was easily the best dog in the stake. He was wiser in beating out his ground, and his work on birds had greater accuracy and finish than had that of his competitors. His performance as a whole was commendably well sustained throughout his two heats. While his work was not brilliant, it was well done, and easily surpassed that of all the others.

Halbard, winner of second, made a commonplace competitor, and was in about the same class with Colonel R. and Bob, all of which, doing some good work on birds, with a lot of faulty work of different kinds mixed in with the good. Halbard's first heat was decidedly poor. His second heat was better, but of no special excellence either in the competition or as individual field work.

Bob ran a fairly good first heat. His second was weak in places. He showed good ability on birds, and was quite obedient. In speed, range and ability on birds, he classed much higher, in my opinion, than did Halbard.

Nightingale showed a great deal of natural ability. She is sharp and quick in her point work, but is lacking in experience and discipline. This is in a measure true of Matt of Cotton Grove.

The judges were Messrs. Theodore Sturgis, of New York.; S. C. Bradley, the club secretary, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., and Mr. A. Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn. They were painstaking, and handled the competition quietly, without fussiness, and with skill.

The handling was free from scrambling, and it was rarely that the handlers were separated from each other. Fairness and courtesy were observed throughout. After the winners were announced, Judge Bradley, who has had great experience in such matters, complimented the handlers on their excellent handling, and declared it the best of any professional stake he had ever seen.

Monday, Nov. 14.

The weather was most unpromising. A heavy rain storm set in Saturday night, and continued steadily till far into Sunday night. Monday morning was cloudy, foggy, damp and uncomfortable. Roads and fields were muddy, making bad footing for handlers, dogs and horses. In the forenoon a thin sprinkling of rain fell a few times. In the afternoon the weather cleared up. A cool, stiff wind set in. Birds were not easy to find. The work of the day averaged very mediocre in quality. There were a few patches of good work, though nothing particularly brilliant. It was good by contrast. The available grounds were hard to work, owing to their irregular shape and insufficient areas, which no doubt added somewhat to the poor showing.

The order of running was as follows:

Geo. E. Gray (agt.), b., w. and t. setter dog Count Danstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), agent, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Jean de Reszke (Gleam's Pink—Dell F.), C. Tucker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Pink's Boy (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with J. B. Bisbee's liv. and w. pointer bitch Jubilee Blythe (Rectoné—Dinah), W. H. Hammond, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler, with D. E. Rose (agt.), b., w. and t. setter dog Dewey (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), agent, handler.

Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Tobard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Ranée (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler.

H. R. Edwards' b., w. and t. setter dog Colonel R. (Harwick—Trap, Jr.), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Halbard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler.

Miss C. Parson's b., w. and t. setter dog Berber (Antonio—Laske), John White, handler, with E. Hart Height's b., w. and t. setter dog Bob (—— — ——), owner, handler.

D. E. Rose (agt.), b., w. and t. setter dog Lena B. (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), agent, handler, with Fox & Blyth's b., w. and t. setter bitch Nightingale (Antonio—Reta H.), R. V. Fox, handler.

Victor Humphrey's b. and w. pointer bitch Matt of Cotton Grove (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent), owner, handler, with H. H. Sheperd's b. and w. setter dog Jersey King (Rod's Boy—Cincinnatus Girl), Dr. Walter L. Steele, handler.

This stake was for all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897. The prizes were: First, $300; second, $200; third, $100. First forfeit, $10; second forfeit, $10; $10 additional to start.

A start was made some distance beyond Gibson's well, and during the day the ground was well worked out toward Conover, near which place the day's competition ended. The stormy weather had affected the birds so that they were rather wild and difficult to work upon.

First Round.

Count Danstone and Jean de Reszke were cast off at 9:15. Jean flushed a bevy near the edge of a cotton field. On the scattered birds in woods, each made two points, and drew to points on the footscent. Both were steady to shot and wing. Sent on. Count pointed a bevy which was on the other side of a fence from him and which flushed wild. The birds were followed, but aside from some roading nothing was done on them. Sent on. After searching awhile, Count pointed another bevy nicely. The heat ended at 10:25. Count had much the advantage in every respect. While his range was a bit more than medium, he hunted diligently, and showed good ability in his bird work.

Pink's Boy and Jubilee Blythe began at 10:48. Jubilee pointed hesitatingly at the edge of woods and moved on. The birds at the same time flushed in a run close by. Boy pointed a bevy in briers, and soon afterward secured two points on singles. Up at 11:52. Boy's performance on birds was creditably good. His range was moderately wide. Jubilee's ranging was poor, and she was lacking in her finding and pointing.

Nana and Dewey started at 12:15. Dewey flushed a single bird in open weeds. Next he made a point, to which nothing was found. His range was moderate. Nana was fast, but apparently was not seeking birds, as she ran with little plan as to beating out her ground, and was not using her nose. The heat ended at 1:12.

Tobard and Ranée began their heat at 2. In corn, in a bottom, Buckle called point and immediately afterward a bevy was seen to flush near by him. Some cover intervened, shutting off the view somewhat, but everything indicated that Ranée had the point. The birds were followed. Each secured a point and was steady to shot. Sent on. Each made a flush in open weeds. The birds were marked down again in weeds, close by a growth of willows. Tobard going across wind flushed a single, and stopped in the middle of the scattered birds without showing any sign of stiffening on point. The birds flushed wild in ones and twos around him, and he remained steady. Up at 2:30. Both were lacking in judgment in beating out their ground and in work on birds.

Colonel R. and Halbard were cast off at 2:34. Colonel devoted the first half of the heat to vigorously amusing himself by flushing and chasing sparrows. In the latter part he settled down to work, and performed quite creditably. Halbard made a poor competition. Both made game, roading and pointing. Halbard flushed a bevy. Sent on. Halbard roaded and pointed firmly in open and in woods, but nothing was found. Soon afterward, in other woods, Colonel flushed an outlying single of a bevy. He next made two good points on scattered birds, and was steady to shot. Up at 3:32. Colonel ranged vigorously and fairly wide, but he did not use good judgment in beating out his ground.

Berber and Bob began at 3:40. Berber stopped to a flush in open weeds. He next made three flushes on singles. Bob next pointed a bevy which was on the opposite side of a fence from him in woods. He moved on to locate better. Berber crossed the fence and pointed the bevy, and Bob backed well. Both were steady to shot and wing. On the scattered birds in woods Bob pointed a single. Both pointed and roaded on the footscent of birds which had flushed. A few yards outside the woods, in a bottom, Bob pointed on a single a moment before it flushed, and later in woods made a good point on a single. Up at 4:28. Bob was promptly obedient, was well in hand at all times, showing good training and good purpose. His point work also was commendably good.

Lena B. and Nightingale commenced at 4:31. Nightingale pointed a bevy and then broke in and flushed it. In woods on the scattered birds Nightingale pointed a single, but was stanch under compulsion. Lena made a point on a single, and afterward flushed one. Next she pointed, and nothing was found. Up at 5:01. Nightingale was a merry worker, and sharp in pointing and locating, but was not stanch. Lena was a narrow ranger.

Matt of Cotton Grove and Jersey King were started at 5:11. Matt going down wind flushed an outlying single, then stopped and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. They were marked down in the open a few yards away, and the dogs were worked to them. King flushed and then dropped to order, and the rest were flushed around him. Sent on, King pointed a bevy in open weeds, and Matt backed promptly and prettily. On the scattered birds in weeds, Matt pointed and King backed. The former moved on to locate better and the birds flushed wild. Up at 5:40. King was slow, ranged narrow, and his point work was ordinary. Matt was quick and sharp in her point work, but she needs more experience. She was speedy and had middling good range.

This ended the day's work.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.

The weather was delightfully pleasant. A cool, frosty morning softened into a warm, pleasant day. The sun shone clear and bright. Birds were found quite plentiful at times; at others they were apparently scarce and difficult to find. The start was made near Conover. The work as a whole was of a very commonplace kind, both in the finish of the Derby and the heats of the All-Age Stake.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in the competition, with two more, Lena B. and Nightingale, to be given further trial.

Lena B. and Nightingale were cast off at 9:18. The handlers flushed a bevy. On marked birds Lena flushed a single, held her point, and a remaining bird was flushed to it. Each flushed a bevy. Lena trailed a great deal. She followed Nightingale's lead, consequently her work was not independent. The heat was a poor one. Up at 9:50.

Colonel R. and Tobard were cast off at 10:00. Tobard made a point, to which nothing was found. Colonel made game in a cotton field. Gray was attempting to get him in hand when a bevy flushed wild close by. On the scattered birds in sedge Colonel flushed twice. The dogs missed several opportunities on birds which were afterward flushed by the handlers. The bird work at this juncture was poor. Colonel pointed some scattered birds, and was steady to shot. Colonel flushed a single and was a bit unsteady. On a side hill in sedge Tobard pointed; Colonel backed; nothing found. Tobard again made a similar point. Colonel was much the faster and better ranger, but he was hard to handle. Both made an inferior competition in respect to bird work. Up at 10:26.

Pink's Boy and Bob ran a long heat, commencing at 10:36 and ending at 11:50. Bob pointed in a cornfield and Pink backed; nothing was found to the point, though it was in a most promising nook for birds. Bob made game and pointed a bevy in sedge grass, after a good effort at roading and locating. Pink's Boy pointed; nothing was found. Bob's bevy was marked down and followed. Bob pointed a single bird nicely and Pink backed well. The dogs and handlers were working close on the bevy when it flushed in sedge close by a fence. Pink made two good points on singles and was steady to shot. Both worked diligently. Their work on birds was mixed in quality; good and poor. They ranged fairly well. Up at 11:50.

The running was suspended while the party took lunch.

Count Danstone and Halbard began at 12:53. Count pointed nicely a bevy in weeds and briers, and Halbard backed well. Both were steady to shot and wing. The birds were followed into pine woods. Halbard made three points and flushed twice on the scattered birds. He was lucky in having the opportunity alone, as, at the same time, Count pointed in the open, probably where the flock of crows had been feeding. Coming into the woods, where Halbard was working on the singles, Colonel made a good point on some scattered birds. This ended the work in these woods. Colonel next pointed a bevy beside a ditch and was backed. Halbard next pointed a bevy in the open beside a ditch, stopping a moment uncertainly before the bevy flushed. The find was not from good seeking, as Halbard was not going wide in his casts. Count was the better worker in every respect. Up at 1:27.

This ended the Derby. The judges then announced the winners as follows: First, Count Danstone; second, Halbard; third, Bob.

The All-Age Stake.

There were sixteen starters in the All-Age Stake, many of which were already known to fame. Immediately after the conclusion of the Derby this stake was begun. The work during the remainder of Tuesday afternoon was of a very low grade, excepting that of Young Jingo, which would rate as fairly good.

The dogs ran in the following order:

Robt. J. Emmett's b. and w. pointer bitch Ney (—— — ——), E. Hart Height, handler, with J. P. Green's liv. and w. pointer dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), agent, handler.

Geo. Crocker's b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.), Victor Humphrey, handler, with J. B. Bisbee's b. and w. pointer dog Ripstone (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), W. H. Hammond, handler.

D. E. Rose (agt.), liv. and w. pointer dog Chisholm (—— — ——), agent, handler, with Charles Sheldon's setter dog Turnavo (Antonio—Laska), V. Humphrey, handler.

Geo. Crocker's b. and w. pointer dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), V. Humphrey, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Herbert Parson's setter bitch Larisso (Antonio—Laska), V. Humphrey, handler, with Deveraux & Edward's b., w. and t. setter dog Uncle B. (Harwick—Dan's Lady), George E. Gray, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. setter dog Joe Cummings (Antonio—Piccaola), Victor Humphrey, handler.

D. E. Rose (agt.), b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McAllister (Tony Boy—Blue), agent, handler, with Victor Humphrey's setter dog Cotton Grove Dick (Dick—Donna), owner, handler.

D. E. Rose (agt.), b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donnoshey), agent, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby), C. Tucker, handler.

Joe Cummings, winner of first, made a good class competition. His work was sound in all the details of

ranging, finding, pointing and work to the gun. He displayed "bird sense" of a superior order. His speed was well sustained throughout. He is owned by the celebrated field trial and field handler Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss.

Pin Money, winner of second, was at one time a promising candidate for first honors, but owing to some errors in her heat with Young Jingo her chances for first honors vanished. She, however, was a good second. She ranges fast and wide, is a good finder, points her birds accurately, and shows sterling merit as a field dog.

Uncle B. is a good worker, but his class would be about that of the average good shooting dog. His range is of the common kind. He is uniformly industrious.

Young Jingo ran a good race as a whole, and in my opinion was far superior in class to Uncle B.

The judges were Mr. R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa., and Messrs. Merriman and Sturgis.

This stake as a whole was weak in competition in the greater part of it.

The conditions were as follows: Open to all setters and pointers that have never won a first prize in an all-age open stake at the Continental or U. S. Field Trials. First prize, $300; second, $200; third, $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to start.

Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; M. Buckley, Southport, Conn.; Geo. F. Nesbitt, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; S. C. Bradley and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth B. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia; G. G. Williamson, Muncie, Ind.; H. H. Shepard, New Berlin, N. Y.; L. E. Leay, Salisbury, N. C.; Julian Corbett and Miss E. Corbett, Charlottesville, Va., and Mr. Whitehead, of New York; the Messrs. Arend and others followed the running of the stake.

First Round.

Ney and Young Jingo were the first to begin the competition, which commenced at 1:48. Jingo pointed a bevy by a fence at the highway, a most unpromising place for a bevy; Ney backed. The birds were followed. Ney roaded to a flush on a single, and about 20yds. further pointed a single. Each pointed and roaded in the open near thick cover, in which a bevy was heard to flush. The birds were followed. Jingo roaded a long way in woods, and made a good point on scattered birds. At the same time, Ney roaded in the opposite direction, but failed to locate. Up at 2:30. Jingo was the better in every way.

Sam T. and Ripstone began at 2:40 and ran thirty-eight minutes. Sam pointed a bevy in open sedge; Ripstone coming in across the point pointed the same bevy. Sam next pointed foot scent, and Ripstone neglected to back. Ripstone pointed a single. At the same time Sam pointed; nothing was found. He afterward made a similar point in a narrow strip of sedge. He would draw on apparent expectations of scent. Sam was the faster and wider ranger. The heat was a poor one.

Chisholm and Turnavo began at 3:30. Down forty-three minutes. The work on birds was much alike, each flushing awkwardly on bevies and singles in open and cover. It was a very poor heat in every respect, marked with errors and lost opportunities.

Tick's Boy and Minnie's Girl began at 4:23 and ran till 5:27. A single was seen to flush where one of the dogs was ahead. As the horsemen rode up, the rest of the bevy flushed. Minnie was lost for some minutes. She pointed and Tick backed; nothing found. Minnie pointed later and again nothing was found. Tick was lost, and the dogs were thereafter separated till the heat ended. Minnie in the meantime pointed a bevy. The heat was a poor one.

Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16 and 17.

Heavy rain fell on Tuesday night, and steadily till late in the afternoon on Wednesday, therefore the competition was necessarily postponed.

Thursday morning was foggy, with signs of more rain. A late start was made in consequence. Fields and roads were very muddy. The sky was heavily overcast, but birds were found in good numbers, and the work was the best of any displayed in the open stakes, though there were only small parts of it that rated as really good. Miss E. Corbett, a relative of Mr. C. E. Buckle, was an interested spectator of the competition on this day. The first round was completed late in the afternoon. Thereafter two braces of the second round were run.

Larisso and Uncle B. were cast off at 11:34, near Gibson's well. Larisso pointed a bevy in weeds, and was well backed by Uncle. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds in pine woods each made a point on singles. The remaining scattered birds flushed wild, the ground being devoid of cover. After ranging over open ground seeking bevies, Uncle pointed in an open weed field; Larisso coming in, pointed about 40yds. behind Uncle on foot scent. Both roaded, Uncle on the true trail, Larisso casting about and not following the scent with precision. Uncle at length made a point on the bevy, and Larisso, crossing in ahead, pointed the same bevy about 30yds. ahead of Uncle. The credit of the work was Uncle's. Up at 12:09. Uncle made two points on singles. Both ranged middling well, though Uncle's range was rather narrow at times. Each was industrious.

Pin Money and Joe Cummings were cast off at 12:21. Soon after starting Pin Money was lost. When found she was on a point on a bevy in pine woods. Joe was casting wide. On a side hill quite a distance away he pointed a bevy and held it stanchly while his handler struggled across a creek, through bushes and up the hill to him. He behaved well to wing and shot. Sent on. Pin Money pointed a bevy in a narrow strip of cover in open ground and held her point well. Some of the birds passed close over her head, and she made a single spring at them, but steadied instantly to caution. The dogs were brought together, and were started again in search of bevies. On a side hill in weeds Joe pointed a bevy and was well backed. On the scattered birds in open weeds Pin made a good point, and she too was nicely backed. Joe flushed a single excusably near a ditch by the edge of a cornfield. Up at 1:04. Both ranged wide and fast, and their finding and pointing was done with good judgment and finish.

Sport McAllister and Cotton Grove Dick began at 1:12. The heat was very much disorganized by first one then the other dog becoming lost. Each dog in his way was hard to handle, and the courses of the dogs were much as they pleased, regardless of handlers. Sport was lost soon after starting. Dick flushed a bevy. Sport next pointed a single in woods in sedge. In the meantime Dick was lost. Up at 1:51. The heat was a very poor one in every way. Each dog had good speed and wide range, but was extremely deficient in working to the gun. The party went to lunch, after which the heat was resumed at 2:35. A bevy was flushed near Dick, and on the scattered birds each pointed. Next Sport pointed a single in open weeds; Dick backed, then moved and flushed the bird. There was an abundance of birds. Each roaded and pointed, Dick making a point on one. The work done was far short of the opportunities. Up at 2:53. The continuation of the heat was very weak, as was the fore part of it, in respect to finding, locating, pointing and pleasant work to the gun. Each dog was hard to handle.

Pearl R. and Why Not were started at 2:59. Why Not pointed a bevy in an open weed field, and Pearl to order backed for a moment, then broke her back. A single bird flushed near by. Pearl in the edge of a thicket pointed one of the scattered birds, flushed it and was unsteady. Why Not pointed a bevy at the edge of a wheat field. Pearl pointed a single, then flushed it. Next Pearl in weeds pointed a single and Why Not backed. Sent on. Both dogs were roaming about riotously on the foot scent, and were doing very inferior work, considering the abundance of opportunities. Pearl flushed a single, with Why Not close by. Why Not pointed in cane, moved on, and both roaded a long distance in corn on foot scent of birds, presumably. Pearl flushed a single. Up at 3:37. The heat was a very poor one.

Second Round.

Ten were kept in, a very liberal number considering the very inferior competition made by several of them.

Young Jingo and Tick's Boy were cast off at 4:10. Tick took a number of wide casts, but marred his range by returning to his handler and requiring much urging to start him out again. In weeds, on a side hill across the valley, some 300yds. away, he pointed. His handler failed to flush and Tick abandoned the point. His handler worked him on the scent again, and at length he pointed the bevy. It was a very inferior piece of locating. Sent on in search of another bevy, Tick pointed twice in different places; nothing found. Jingo wasted some time and points on larks in an open field. They ranged some minutes, when in an open weed field they were out of sight for a few moments. When next seen the position would indicate that Tick was pointing the bevy and Jingo was backing; circumstances by no means conclusive as to the manner in which the work was done. Both were steady to wing and shot. In woods on the scattered birds, Jingo pointed a single. Tick pointed twice and nothing was found. Up at 4:56. Both had speed, and went quite wide enough at times, and both showed poor judgment most of the time in ranging.

Uncle B. and Pin Money began at 5:05. They ran a very good heat. Pin pointed nicely a bevy in an open weed field, and Uncle backed stanchly some 50yds. behind her. On the scattered birds in woods Pin secured two good points on singles. Uncle flushed a single excusably. The dogs were separated. Pin pointed; nothing found. Next Uncle pointed a bevy. A few moments before the heat ended, each at the same time pointed singles. Both ranged well, and their pointing and finding were pleasingly good. Up at 5:25.

The weather was very thick in the last hour of the running, with signs of more rain. The scent was excellent, and the conditions were seemingly the best of any existing during the previous days of the trials. This heat ended the day's competition.

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18 and 19.

Friday was a day of almost steady rain, therefore no attempt was made to start the competition.

Saturday was clear, bright and favorable for good work. The mud dried up rapidly. The fields were heavy, but still passably good for traveling over. The whole field trial contingent were out to see the work. Birds were found in sufficient numbers. The general class of work was fairly good, though the best of it was not at all brilliant. A start was made near Conover. Lunch was eaten at Yount's, and the trials ordered not far from Sherrill's Ford.

Minnie's Girl and Sport McAllister began at 9:37. On some scattered birds of a marked bevy Minnie made a flush. Sport dropped to a point, and some birds were flushed to it. Minnie was self-willed and ranged without much regard to her handler. Sent on. Sport dropped to a point in sedge; nothing found. Up at 10:28. Both dogs were very disobedient, and beat out the ground without much consideration of the gun. Minnie was the worse offender of the two. Each was out of bounds part of the time.

Joe Cummings and Why Not were started at 10:32. Joe pointed a bevy in sedge in pines, and was backed by Why Not. The birds were followed and Why Not first flushed a single excusably; next she pointed some running birds well. Returning to where the bevy was first flushed, Joe nicely pointed some remaining birds. Sent on. After ranging a while, Joe pointed some marked birds in pines, and was backed. The heat ended at 11:08. Joe was the better in every respect. He displayed sound judgment and practical skill in his work throughout.

Cotton Grove Dick and Pearl R. ran a very commonplace heat. They started at 11:17, and ran forty-five minutes. At the edge of pine woods Dick pointed a single and Pearl backed. Pearl pointed a bevy on a side hill in sedge. Sent on. Dick found and pointed a bevy on a side hill, and Pearl backed indifferently to order. On the scattered birds in pines, Pearl made five good single-bird points, by far the best work done by her in the trials. Up at 12:02. The range and general character of the work was lacking in finish, excepting Pearl's work on the scattered birds. In many respects they were inefficient.

Third Round.

Six dogs were selected to continue in the third round. They ran as follows:

Young Jingo and Pin Money were cast off at 1:28, after lunch at Yount's. Pin Money pointed in an orchard and was handsomely backed by Jingo. Nothing found. Sent on and Pin money soon was lost. When found she was within bounds on a point on a couple of birds in woods. Jingo, after the dogs were brought together, pointed a single bird in open weeds. Sent on. The horsemen flushed a bevy, and the dogs were worked around to the marked birds. Jingo pointed, apparently on the foot scent. Soon afterward Pin pointed a bevy in sedge in pine woods. Next she made a flush on scattered birds. Up at 2:45. Both dogs were fast rangers, but they were hard to handle, and the heat was not a good one in matters of finish. Pin made a few points which proved barren. Both dogs in a general way, however, showed that they had good capabilities.

Tick's Boy and Uncle B. were started at 2:57. Tick pointed a bevy in a cornfield, moved on and a single flushed; then he stopped on point and the rest of the bevy flushed wild. Working on the scattered birds, Tick pointed a single. Next Uncle pointed and Tick refused to back; nothing found. The dogs became separated. Uncle pointed a bevy. The birds were marked down in woods, and the dogs were brought together to work on them. Both at the same time made two points on the same birds, which flushed wild. Next, each made separate single-bird points. Next, ranging in search of bevies, Uncle pointed a bevy in corn; Tick backed, and broke his back as the handlers approached him. Uncle held his point on the bevy and it flushed as the handlers advanced near to the dogs. Sent on. Working on the scattered birds in sedge, Uncle pointed; his handler failed to flush; Tick moved on and flushed the bird. Uncle next made two excusable flushes across wind. Tick next was lost for a few moments. Uncle made a sloppy point on a single. Up at 3:56. Uncle was much the better worker. He showed more judgment in ranging and finding, was stancher and more finished in his steady work to the gun, though as to class he would rate as a fairly good shooting dog.

Joe Cummings and Pearl R. started a very one-sided heat at 4:01. Joe, standing on a bare wheatfield, pointed a bevy in bushes. Pearl passed close by him and refused to back, but at length stopped to order. Next, while the dogs were again ranging, the judges rode up a bevy. The birds were marked down in the open. Joe soon pointed them in sedge; Pearl made a poor back. She was a bit unsteady to shot. Sent on. Joe pointed a bevy in open weeds; Pearl backed very shakily for a few moments, when her handler made her lie down. Joe moved on to locate. Pearl cut across a few yards and made a point. Again moving on to locate, Joe pointed the bevy. Both were steady to shot. Joe was the better in every respect. The heat and stake ended at 4:25.

The judges soon announced the winners. First, Joe Cummings; second, Pin Money; third, Uncle B.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 21.—There are six starters in the Subscription Stake, namely, Joe Cummings, P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Roland, Tick's Boy, Pin Money, Sam T. and Young Jingo. The morning is clear, frosty and favorable for good work. The start will be at Gibson's well. Each hunt of the first series is two hours in length.

Newton, N. C., Nov. 21.—(Special to FOREST AND STREAM.)—The class work in the Subscription Stake was commonplace. There were six starters. Winners, first, Pin Money; second, Young Jingo; third, Sam T. The competition, aside from that for first and second, was very weak. The weather is pleasant and birds are in ample numbers. Messrs. Merriman and Sturgis judged. Only one heat was run after the first series, that of Pin Money and Young Jingo. B. WATERS.

International Field Trials.

MITCHELL'S BAY, Ont., Nov. 16.—The eighth annual trials of the International Field Trials Club, of Chatham, began at this point yesterday morning, the party putting up, as before, at Mr. C. W. Raymond's comfortable sporting hostlery, which is much patronized by duck shooters, bass fishers, and quail shooters. Here all were well taken care of, and the party was conveniently located near the working grounds, the traveling being all on foot, as is always the case in these trials—a commendable way to work, albeit a trifle hard on the judges until they have seasoned up a bit, as the Canadians are all walkers from Walkerville, Ont. The weather was grand the first two days, the storm of last week having quite spent its resources. It left the eighteen miles of road from Chatham to Mitchell's Bay anything but a dream of delight. The party left Chatham early in the morning, but didn't reach the Bay until afternoon, so that only four braces went down yesterday. The walking was not bad, and the birds, while not so numerous as last year, were abundant enough to satisfy requirements.

The judging was done, and very acceptably done, by Messrs. Stoddard, of Thomasville, Ga., U. S. A.; and A. Herrington, of Leamington, Ont. They took plenty of pains with the work, the first two days showing heats nearly an hour in average. From what was seen to-day, I rather fancied Tickler over Ramona, but this judgment is formed without having seen the work of the first four braces, during which work Tickler came down for a flush and was criticised for not quartering well, having the fault of working the same ground twice. He showed to-day a very useful dog, with a great eye and nose to business, but the judges saw all his work, and no doubt placed him safely on the total.

Among others, a few of those present at the trials were Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.; T. G. Davey, London, Ont.; J. B. Dale, Petrolia, Ont.; H. Milliken, Leamington; W. B and A Wells, Chatham; Jas. McGregor, Chatham; Chas. Allen, Bothwell; J. W. G. Winnett, London; Marshall Graydon, London; E. E. Bliss and John Baird, Saginaw, Mich.; Geo. Dale, Wyoming; Dr. O. Totten, Forest; J. W. Du Long, Thamesville; J. Trudell, Thamesville; A. Herrington, Leamington; Chas. Mills, of Mitchell's Bay.

Mr. Johnson came all the way from Winnipeg to visit this old friendly meeting ground, and he brought along a pointer and a setter, but started neither, though both were entered. His dogs had had no training on quail, as they were broken in a chicken country. Tummas blinked the walking on the second day, and went over

to Big Point Club as guest of Mr. Wells, and put in his time shooting ducks.

Nothing startling came out in the Derby, though the average was good, and with but few exceptions all the puppies showed training and were obedient beyond an occasional puppyish break in after flying birds. Mr. Wells, or rather the Wells brothers, Wm. B. and Alphonse, had four entries in the Derby, all of the same litter (by Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa). These were a very tiny lot, Selkirk Stella not much over the size of an old-fashioned beagle, and weighing, at a guess, less than 25lbs.—so light that her handler could tuck her under his arm and carry her as he liked. All the four were a nervous, active lot, all were good for an hour without tagging, and all showed bird work. Mr. A. Wells handled these all. He did this very nicely—indeed, all the handling was pleasant and free from jockeying. Certainly Mr. Wells might feel pleased, for he took first and second with Selkirk Bretta and Selkirk Ramona. Bretta is the handsomest of the four, and very clever. They are 13 months puppies. Tickler, third, I have mentioned above. He is a much larger type than the two above, with coarser head, not so much for bench as for field work. He created a very good impression and was a popular favorite. He will make a good bird dog, which is very good praise. London Boy, Mr. Stegman's entry, handled by Charlie Allen, shows a very good notion of the game. He can nail a single, and he is very much steadier to wing than the average Derby entry.

The Derby Draw.

The dogs were drawn for the Derby in the following order and description:

W. B. Wells' blue belton setter bitch Selkirk Bretta (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa) with H. Milliken's l. and w. pointer bitch Cousin Peggy (Uncle Sam—Beppo's Molly).

J. W. Humpridge's blue belton and w. setter dog London Boy (Roy of London—Fanny) with W. B. Wells' b., w. and t. setter bitch Selkirk Stella (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa).

T. C. Stegman's blue belton and w. setter dog Tickler (Duke—Press) with T. G. Davey's b. and w. pointer bitch Bessie (Brighton Joe—Girl of Kent).

J. W. G. Winnett's blue belton and w. setter bitch Jubilee Vic (Roy of London—Bessie) with W. B. Wells' b., w. and t. setter bitch Selkirk Freda (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa).

W. B. Wells' b., w. and t. setter bitch Selkirk Ramona (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tessa) with Jas. B. McKay's b. and w. setter bitch Blue Bonnet (Dash Antonio—Nelly Breeze).

J. W. G. Winnett's blue belton and w. setter dog Doctor Jim (Roy of London—Bessie) with J. R. McGregor's b., w. and t. setter bitch Rod's Clip (Rodfield—Latonia).

Dr. O. Totten's l. and w. ticked pointer dog Norwood (Bedouin—Lady Rip Rap), a bye.

Derby Runnings.

Selkirk Bretta (A. Wells) with Cousin Peggy (H. Milliken). Owners handled. In range good, but with no luck at birds for a time. At edge of woods Bretta drew ahead and made game, but did not locate the birds, which flushed out of a tree top as she cast about. Peggy meantime came up, and stopped just about as the birds flushed. Both steady to wing. Nothing was done on singles. The heat was but ordinary. Both worked well out, but Bretta showed the more eagerness and zeal. Down 52 minutes.

London Boy (C. Allen) with Selkirk Stella (A. Wells). Stella was faster with her nipping gait. Two bevies put up by handlers or dogs were not followed, and there was no work. On corn a third bevy went up, and Boy got a point on a single on leaves. Stella had a point claimed, not seen by judges. Both steady to wing. Down 57 minutes.

Tickler (Jas. McGregor) with Bessie (C. Allen). Quite the best, fastest and most stylish brace yet seen, with plenty of speed and independence. They worked out a good heat in the open. The judges thought Tickler might cut out his ground better. They thought also that Bessie was letting down distinctly in speed before the close of the heat. Mr. Davey, owner of Bessie, thinks this was due to the fact that McGregor, in punishing Tickler, cowed Bessie so that she would not go out again well, though she had then eight minutes left in the heat. Tickler pointed, but flushed (it was for this he was punished). No work had on singles. Down 45 minutes.

Jubilee Vic (Winnett) with Selkirk Freda (A. Wells). Owners handlers. Both ranged enough, but they ran an hour and got no birds. On a field Freda roaded nicely, and Vic made a good point on a house cat, Freda backing. Freda very properly chased the cat up a tree. It is thought that no doubt this cat had at some time eaten a quail, and the dogs pointed because they were cognizant of that fact. This ended the day's work. The first thing on the following morning, Wednesday, Nov. 16, this same brace were the first ordered down again, being cast off at 8:40 A. M. They both showed good range for twenty-five minutes, Freda more intelligently going at her work. On open corn, part of a bevy had run, and a couple of birds went up near Vic, who was none too guiltless. Meantime Freda pointed the bevy at a ditch near by, and needed caution, as she was edging in. She chased as they rose, stopping to loud commands. Freda also broke in after a single. Vic did not get any point. Down 35 minutes.

Ramona (A. Wells) with Blue Bonnet (Jas. McGregor). Both were fast enough. Blue Bonnet very fast and wide ranging, but not intelligently so. On a stubble and ditch a few birds went out ahead, the dogs then drawing in, Ramona ahead, she pointing, Bonnet steady. Ramona needed severe caution as the bevy went up. On a slashing, two singles went up ahead, Ramona pointing a small bevy at a brush heap, Bonnet at one side, cautioned. On, and two singles flushed; Bonnet near by. On, at a thicket, two more singles got out, not pointed. At a fence Ramona pointed and a bird was put up, Bonnet now far out in the field. Ramona showed much better notion of hunting. Down 45 minutes.

Doctor Jim (Winnett, owner, handler) with Rod's Clip (McGregor). Clip is a little whippety black and tan, but went out and outranged Jim, though the latter hardly was up to the game fully, and at times showed plenty of range. A bevy went up ahead of the dogs in weeds, no glory to either. On slashing, Rod pointed a single, broke in, steady only to caution. On over slash, but they quite missed a nice bevy, which was put up by the crowd. Rod pointed at a log heap; McGregor put up two birds, Rod chasing a bit. Down 50 minutes.

Norwood (McGregor). The only pointer to run today. He ran alone. He had a long go without making game. The crowd put up a single near a ditch. Brought around, he made a nice bevy point. These birds were not followed. Just ahead, a large bevy was seen to rise and was marked down on nice ground among high weeds. Here fully twenty birds went out, but Norwood seemed always just too late to nail his points, though he was steady and roaded well along on footscent after the birds were gone. He should have picked up three or four points here, but got no square point at all. On ahead, at slash, the birds kept on going up ahead, but he was again just too late. At the path a bird was flushed, and he at once dropped handsomely to wing. Down 50 minutes.

Lunch followed. The judges then announced that they would run the second series as follows:

Second Series.

Selkirk Bretta with London Boy. Selkirk Stella with Tickler. Selkirk Ramona with Jubilee Vic. Selkirk Freda with Norwood.

Selkirk Bretta (A. Wells) with London Boy (C. Allen). Both went a clinking gait and hunted indifferently. On open cornfield, Boy pointed but moved on. They had a good walk in the middle of the day, but both held a slashing gait. Boy pointed a pig for luck, having nothing better. On a weedy slashing Bretta pointed a bevy nicely. Ahead, on singles, Boy pointed handsomely, steady to wing. Boy again made game and was moving on, but Allen called him off, a bird later being walked up here. On, at grass and weeds, Boy pointed again, nothing seen, but he was not allowed to work it out, the brace being ordered up at that moment. Down 43 minutes.

Selkirk Stella (A. Wells) with Tickler (Jas. McGregor). They ranged quite widely enough, Tickler making a very good impression with his evident bird sense and the idea of what to do and where to go. He made one point, steadied, but moving on, no bird going up. They had a long round without birds. On a slashing, Stella chased a rabbit, bustling it for quite a way. The dogs separated, and Tickler was now at open grass near the edge of the slash, when he made game and roaded on nicely 50yds., finally stopping at a fence, and the small bevy going out on stubble beyond, he steady to wing. He now made a long cast up this same fence, and located a large bevy, McGregor following, and the bevy going up, Tickler perhaps going too close. Stella was now brought over, and on the stubble both made game, Tickler pointing handsomely. Stella chased for a few steps, as Tickler's two birds started by. They went to thicket, Tickler taking the edge well ahead and very knowingly. He again pointed in the thicket, and his bird was put up. He pointed again and a bird was seen to come out. They now left the thicket and tried the open again, making a stiff run on corn and stubble, both still going. The little one had no business with Tickler, who ran the best heat of the day. Down 1 hour.

Selkirk Ramona (A. Wells) with Jubilee Vic (Winnett). Ramona showed the more intelligent ranger, Vic apparently lacking experience. Ramona pointed uncertainly at ditch, but nothing was found. A long walk followed. On open corn Ramona pointed a bevy nicely, Vic backing handsomely, and Vic steady to wing. On these singles, on slashing, three birds went up ahead, Ramona stopping just about as they rose, and Mr. Winnett cautioning Vic, who was making game. Another bird flushed to noise, and Ramona chased, but stopped to repeated orders. Again Ramona nosed at a woodpile, and a bird rose on the other side of it, no point. Down 1 hour 4 minutes.

Selkirk Freda (A. Wells) with Norwood (Jas. McGregor). On corn Freda made a bevy point, none too steady to wing, but dropping to repeated commands. Both kept out well. No other work. Down 24 minutes.

This ended the series. Dusk was approaching. The judges now asked for Selkirk Ramona and Selkirk Bretta, and W. B. and A. Wells took these and went back with the judges for a twenty-five minutes heat over thicket and corn. They got a rattling good heat and put up three bevies. Bretta pointed the first bevy in weeds, Ramona soon after nailing a second bevy at an orchard. A third bevy flew wild. Bretta pointed a single, and backed Ramona's bevy point nicely. Both dogs showed training, and worked a merry heat together. It was near dark when they were taken up at the road, and the judges then announced their decision: Selkirk Bretta, first; Selkirk Ramona, second; Tickler, third; London Boy, fourth.

The All-Age Stakes.

Nov. 17.—The All-Age Stakes were run off to-day, being barely concluded before darkness put an end to the work. The weather was clear and not cold, all that could be asked. Birds were by no means so abundant as might be wished, but each brace down got bird work, except in the final heat of ten minutes just before dark.

There were ten starters in the All-Age, and these ran a workmanlike average, for, though nothing of exceptional brilliancy turned out, all the dogs showed handling and were well broken on birds, the entry being of higher class than the Derby. There was but one pointer, Maud W., and one Irish setter, Goldie. Mr. W. B. Wells ran his old standby, Cleopatra, but the old lady is now past eight years of age, and was hardly up to her own standards. Mars, her heat mate, ran a stylish heat early in the day, showing nice range and head carriage, but later he did not do so well with his birds. Essie D., Mr. Marshall Graydon's smart little bitch, that won second in last year's Derby, was in great form in these trials, and was guilty of little, if any, fault. She ran a great contest, merry as a cricket, faultless in range and gait, and was quite free of all that timidity of her birds that marked her last year. I could see no other for first, though the judges placed her second. Mr. Graydon shared the general admiration which he heard expressed for this fine little one, but he was most gentlemanly sportsmanlike in the acceptance of the decision. Noble Chieftain, placed first, is to my fancy a better type of dog than Essie, bigger and more powerful and useful looking. He showed much bird sense, and is a very practical dog. He let down a little in range, not enough to hurt, and his worst fault to-day seemed that his nose needed sharpening up a bit, though he got quite a lot of work on birds. Brighton Bob, third, was a favorite at the start. He is a handsome and commendable sort of dog, not whippety, but like a setter and a shooting dog, one of the sort to go a heat or a day, or even a week. He did nicely at first, but to the surprise of everyone ran a very sloppy heat in the second series, and let himself down very much. Both Bob and his heat mate, Chieftain, seemed totally demoralized in that well-nigh fatal heat. Della Bondhu, Selkirk Tana and Selkirk Dan did not do much but range. Goldie, the Irish, was the fastest dog put down in the trials, but he closed up a bit later and lacked nose and positiveness. Maud W. was merry and eager, but was not much to the fore in bird work, lacking confidence and positiveness. There was no dog down that was not plenty fast enough, and they were all good enough at the end of an hour. Of the three winning dogs it may be said that without doubt they are the best three that ran, judged on the work they did here and not what they may have done at some other time, or may be able to do at some future time. It was also obvious that Noble Chieftain had far the best of Brighton Bob to-day. Many thought that Essie D. was quite as far ahead of Noble Chieftain, yet the latter will be seen to have perhaps more bird work to his credit than any other, and the judges valued this positive credit even with some faults over the faultlessness of Essie.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

W. B. Wells' b. and w. setter bith Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Lady Thunder) with J. B. Dale's b. w. and t. setter dog Mars (champion Cincinnatus—Daphne).

Marshall Graydon's b. and w. setter bitch Essie D. (Brighton Dick—Nancy H.) with Leamington Pointer Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch Maud W. (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

Geo. Kime's b. and w. setter dog Noble Chieftain (Dash Antonio—Rose Rapid II.) with Jos. Trudell's b., w. and t. setter bitch Della Bondhu (Rod's Whim—Mary T.).

C. W. Watson's red Irish setter bitch Goldie (Shaun Rhue—Nellie D.) with W. B. Wells' b., w. and t. setter bitch Selkirk Tana (Thiers—Cambriana).

T. G. Davey's blue belton setter dog Brighton Bob (Brighton Dick—Misfortune) with W. B. Wells' b., w. and t. setter dog Selkirk Dan (Whyte Be—Luna).

Cleopatra (W. B. Wells) with Mars (J. B. Dale). Owners handled. Down at 9:12 A. M. on stubble. Both went out fast and wide, the old bitch with her customary hard-working eagerness, Mars with a very good and stylish gait, but less independent. They got nothing in the open, and crossed a slash blank. At a weedy ditch at the edge of a field Mars made a fine bevy point, steady to wing. Cleo came in to him, and put up a pair of birds just ahead of Mars. They did little at singles. Cleo pointed, a bird having gone out of a brush heap before her point. Mars backed handsomely. Again Cleo pointed at a log, and Mars backed nicely, but all that could be found was a rabbit, which Mr. Wells shot; both steady, Cleo the more so. On stubble, at a fence, Cleo flushed a single, down wind, and dropping to wing. Down 45 minutes.

Essie D. (G. Kime) with Maud W. (Milliken). A merry brace, quartering well and staying out, both quite fast enough. They got a long trying out over slash and corn, until at last at the edge of a stubble Essie pointed a bevy, Maud to one side, and not at first seeing her. On further on the same field both dogs were seen pointing, Maud moving up as Kime passed on and put up the bevy, neither at fault. An odd thing had happened here. Messrs. Wells and Davey were sitting on the fence as Essie came up. She stopped and looked at them, and they called to her to go, but she at that instant turned her head and located the bevy handsomely. On same field the weedy corner was full of birds. Both made game, Maud disappearing in weeds, no one present to see whether or not she pointed, several birds going up and no point being claimed. Essie also went into the weed thicket, and Kime called a point, and she was seen pointing, three birds going up. On over this same wide field, they got nothing at singles, and were taken up. It was warmer now, and the dogs showed it, but were going well. Down 46 minutes.

Noble Chieftain (G. Kime) with Della Bondhu (Trudell). Owners handled. Down at 11 o'clock. Both ranged, but did not seem brilliant, Chief not quartering as systematically as he might on stubble. Della pointed uncertainly, but not moving on, and scored a false point. They worked blank for fifteen minutes, but at length, just over a fence on stubble, Chieftain made a grand stanch bevy point, dropping to wing. Della was away. On the marked birds Chieftain made game and squatted in a stanch point. Della did not honor, but ran in ahead of him, he still steady. Many birds went up (a new bevy probably), both steady to wing. On woods, Chieftain pointed running birds on leaves, Della running ahead again and putting up the birds. Chieftain worked for singles intelligently. Down 48 minutes.

Goldie (C. Watson) with Selkirk Tana (W. B. Wells). Owners handled. Both were fast enough, Tana with much less speed than Goldie, which cut out a hot pace, going wide and independently. It was warm, and they both let down at close of the heat. They showed no special quality, leaving a lot of country blank. At last on open ground near a pasture fence a bevy rose about Tana, she not having scented them, Goldie apart. Tana pointed tarrying single at this same place, Goldie refusing to back, going ahead and nosing about, Tana steady to wing. On the marked birds in a thicket these did very low-grade work, losing nine chances for points on birds that went up singly or in pairs, and not even catching the footscent where birds had flown. Goldie was now not very cheerful in work. Goldie flushed on grass, Tana close by; both steady. An indifferent heat. Down 55 minutes.

The party now ate lunch, which the landlord, Mr. Raymond, had brought out in good shape.

Brighton Bob (T. G. Davy) with Selkirk Dan (W. B. Wells). A handsome pair, and good rangers, Bob making a very good impression. They knew their business, Bob's greatest fault in range, not a serious one, being that of coming to the gun very often for instructions. Bob was well under control, dropped at distance to hand, and seemed a sweet one. They ran half an hour blank, the handlers often separated and quite out of sight of each other and of the judges. A half-dozen birds flushed ahead of Dan on corn, and were marked at a ditch, neither dog noting them as they came by. On over this field Dan made a glaring false point, Bob when swung around backing finely at 60yds. Over on stubble and at fence Dan three times more pointed to no results, and though moving on each time got no credit at this, surely. They went over, and at the edge of a stubble field Bob made a bevy point. Dan ran by, refusing to back, and ran up the birds. No work was got on the singles. Down 1 hour 13 minutes.

Second Series.

The judges now asked for the second series, naming Cleopatra with Essie D., Mars with Maud W., Noble Chieftain with Brighton Bob.

Cleopatra (W. B. Wells) with Essie D. (G. Kime). Down at 3:12 on a wide stubble, both going a slashing merry gait. They crossed to a weedy fence, and here Essie pointed a single, Cleo backing, both steady to Kime's shot. They crossed a road to another wide field, which was well cut out, both going far and free, Essie at times 300yds. or more ahead of the judges. They drew blank and went on to wood, where Essie pointed a partridge nicely, Cleo backing. No more work had. Essie left a good opinion of herself again. Down 35 minutes.

Mars (J. B. Dale) with Maud W. (Milliken). They went out well, Maud still eager and busy as ever. Luck was with Mars, who made a nice bevy point on stubble, Maud at one side. Trying for singles on a weedy flat, Mars made game and stopped, but couldn't locate. Later he ran over a bird near here, steady to wing. They drew corn blank, Mars' stock was lower, as he had let down in quality. Down 23 minutes.

Noble Chieftain (G. Kime) with Brighton Bob (T. G. Davey). Owners handled. This heat was looked forward to with great interest, but was cruelly disappointing, since it saw Bob, a very popular and very worthy one, quite ruin his former record in one of those inexplicable off-streaks which come to the best of dogs at times, and since in it Chieftain was guilty of some work not worthy of him and verging on the middle class. They went down at 4:27, a good time for birds to be moving. In range they were both good enough, Bob still coming in to his handler now and then, though he was cheerful and merry as one could ask, and quite under control. At length on open corn Chieftain made game and made three roading points. Bob did not honor, but cut in ahead, his handler following, both ahead of Chieftain. Bob had the bevy, and he dropped flat, edged in and dropped. The birds were close as they rose. Bod had no glory here. They went on after the singles on a slashing, and made bad work of it, as not less than seven birds went out, and it is doubtful if a genuine point was had by Chieftain, while Bob had not even one claimed for him. At a brush heap Chieftain rose up, planting his forefeet upon the brush, but not noticing three birds, which went on the other side of the heap. Again Chieftain put up a bird, but Kime claimed a point, and he perhaps stopped before the bird rose. Again he put up a single, not noticing it till it rose, but steady to wing. Bob had not even a flush on his finding record here. The birds were lying close, not having had time to run, but the work was ordinary. On, at a fence, and on stubble, Davey twice called a point for Bob, but Bob knew better and moved on.

They now moved on up over a fine open stubble, at the most favorable time of day, and when the birds were feeding, and with the advantage of what little wind [illegible] as. Going thus into the wind, Bob ran bang into a big bevy, dropping to call. This was too bad for him. They went on up the field, and Chieftain pointed. Bob was at his right and slightly ahead, and now began to edge in ahead of Chieftain, cautioned. Kime, with his eyes on Bob instead of on his own dog, now went on ahead of Chieftain, apparently not noticing what he was doing. Chieftain roaded up, and stood looking down under his nose eagerly, then making two or three short runs after something which ran in the stubble just under his nose, and which was thought to be a rabbit, but which was really a quail. Two birds went up at his face, and the bevy followed, between the dog and his handler, who was to blame here nearly as much as the dog.

They went up the same field, and Bob pointed, roaded up, flushed his bird and chased it a few steps—a most singular thing for a dog that has had several hundred quail shot over him. They were now taken up, after a disappointing exhibition. Down 31 minutes.

Final.

The judges now called up Essie D. and Noble Chieftain for the final heat, to decide place for first and second. They went down on this same stubble at 5:11, nearly dark, and ran a perfunctory ten minutes. Chieftain was naturally not so fresh as Essie, who was merry and businesslike as ever. They got no birds, and were taken up at dusk. The decision was: Noble Chieftain, first; Essie D., second; Brighton Bob, third.

Noble Chieftain is a well-put-up setter of medium size, weight about 50lbs., oddly marked, with a heavy black spot on either shoulder. He has bird sense and showed himself a bird finder. Essie D. is a lighter type, under 40lbs., compact, able to go and apparently to repeat, she has a very pleasant, amiable way of work, and while no wonder is a very good one. Brighton Bob is a sturdy one, about 53lbs. weight, white, with belton marks, a powerful and well-built dog, to whose type more attention might well be paid. He is not tall and lathy, and is no wind-splitter, yet can go and keep it up, though his condition hardly shows that he has seen recent hard service. Noble Chieftain and Essie D., first and second this year in the All-Age, were first and second last year in the Derby.

The winnings in the stakes were as follows: Derby, first, $61; second, $30.50; third, $22.87; fourth, $15.25. All-Age, first, $44; second, $33; third, $16.50.

At the annual meeting of the International Field Trials Club, held at Chatham, Nov. 15, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. Marshall Graydon, London, Ont.; First Vice-President, T. G. Davey, London, Ont.; Second Vice-President, Dr. O. Totten, Forest, Ont.; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; Executive Committee, Geo. Kime, L. H. Smith, A. Wells, Thos. Gutridge, I. L. Nicholls, A. C. McKay, W. D. Tristram, J. B. Dale, A. G. Smith, T. C. Stegman.

The following new members were elected: A. J. Smith, of Detroit, Mich; A. C. McKay, Chatham, Ont.; J. B. Dale, Petrolia, Ont.; T. C. Stegman, Toronto; J. W. Humpidge, London, Ont.

The club shows a balance of $120 in treasury.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

Western Massachusetts Fox Hunters

Westfield Correspondence Springfield Republican.

An ideal day marked the opening of the eleventh annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club at Westfield, Wednesday, Nov. 16. The morning was cool and frosty, and many foxes were started during the day, although the number of brushes secured is considerably less than in past years on the first day of the hunt. There seemed to be about the usual number of hunters and hounds, but for some reason most of the foxes managed to evade the watchful nimrods. Three are known positively to have been killed, and these were shown at the Park Square Hotel last evening. The owners of these are W. Stiles Bush, William Tice and Frank Williams. The start yesterday morning was from the Park Square Hotel, and the guests were taken to the hunting grounds at Pochassic in barges. The house of William Moore was made the headquarters as usual, and there were groups of sportsmen about the house all day. Many of the hunters drove to Pitcher street in Montgomery, which is high above Pochassic, and where the best hunting seemed to be. About thirty hounds were used, but the "driving" lacked some of the exciting features of previous hunts. Foxes were frequently started by the dogs, but the latter seemed unable to hold to the scent as well as ordinarily, and this was very aggravating to the hunters. At frequent intervals, however, the heart of the true fox hunter was made glad by the music of a half-dozen hounds in full cry closely following a fresh scent. Every hound has a different voice, and to hear a fair sized pack hot after a fox is anything but music to the unaccustomed ear, but to the experienced fox hunter there is none quite so inspiring, especially if the "bedlam" issues from the throats of his own favorite hounds.

One of the first brushes of the day was secured by W. Stiles Bush, near Ball Mountain. Mr. Bush took A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, to the top of the mountain in his team, and Mr. Kinney had with him four hounds. When just above the Kelso place both men saw a fine fox standing on a rock only a few rods from the road. The animal did not seem to notice the men and started to take a nap on the rock, but this was disturbed when the hounds were released. The dogs were nearly crazy when they found the tracks, and it required several minutes for them to settle down to business and follow the scent. Mr. Bush and Mr. Kinney at once started for their favorite "stands," and not long after Mr. Bush got a fine shot at Mr. Fox and bowled him over. There was considerable firing done during the day, and at least two foxes were fired at seven and eight times each, and yet escaped. One of them was toppled over once or twice, and still kept on his way. Probably during the day no less than seventy-five hunters joined in the sport, and many of them had the pleasure of seeing a fox running, even if they did not have an opportunity to secure a brush.

There were a number of fine hounds in the hunt, but Logan, of the Kinney-White pack, was missed this year. He was unable to take part in the meet, as he has been used a great deal this fall at Worcester, and was not in first-class condition. Mr. Kinney brought along Sam, Carl, Belle and Tom, and they were much in evidence. John R. Thayer had Rose, Dick and Speed, and among other dogs were: John T. Way's Jake and Jerry; Walling brothers' Hunter, Rock and Rye; A. A. Sibley's Bailey, A. G. Dodge's Josie, L. M. Pomeroy's Sancho, F. C. Pomeroy's Mascot, Dick, Flirt, Sport and John; C. S. Davis' Ranger, H. H. Carrier's Spot, George W. Roraback's Walker, W. A. Cooney's Sam and Ponto, Frank Wililam's Spot, and B. R. Holcomb's Prince, McKinley, Bryan and Tug. George W. Roraback's splendid hound Tip was not in the hunt this year, and it is thought he has gone to the happy hunting grounds, for he has been missing for two weeks, and it is now believed he met his death while chasing a fox on the railroad near Shaker Crossing, toward Southwick. This is the second dog Mr. Roraback has lost at the same place, and both were his special pride. The hunt to-day will be in the same section. Judge Clark, of Derby, Conn., is again present at the hunt. Judge Clark has but one arm, and that is his left, but this does not deter him from being an enthusiastic hunter and an excellent shot.

The annual banquet at the town hall last evening, for which over 150 covers were laid, was served at 6:30 o'clock, with William Kimball, of the Hotel Worthy, in this city, as caterer. The spread was one of the best ever served to the club. Excellent music was furnished by the Cleveland Wheel Orchestra. The club had as honored guests Congressman Lawrence and Congressman-Elect John R. Thayer, and both were given a royal reception. The presence of Congressman Lawrence was a very enjoyable surprise to the members and guests of the club, for very few knew that he was to be present. He spoke of the good feeling that was always engendered by such gatherings, and referred eloquently to the era of good feeling that had now come between the North and South, and of the loyalty of American people without regard to section to the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Thayer was given a hearty reception, such as can be given by fox hunters, and in his remarks he, of course, avoided politics. He said he had had a glorious time, and stated that although the orchestra music of the evening had been unusually fine, there was no music so sweet, so inspiring, so exhilarating as that furnished by a pack of eight hounds that he had heard early in the morning. He spoke strongly of the joys of fox hunting and of the good that comes of it. He alluded very pleasantly to the friendship that he had formed with Congressman Lawrence, and said that he hoped it would continue, "as it does with some Republicans and all Democrats."

F. M. Dean, of Boston, told some very good stories, and among the other speakers were James H. Bryan, who welcomed the guests; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; C. F. Holmes, president of the Waterbury (Conn.) Fox Club; Dr. Holbrook, of East Douglas.; Charles S. Chapin and Henry W. Ely, of Westfield. Mr. Ely hit the fox hunters pretty hard in his remarks, and made lots of fun by his clever thrusts. He also gave the congressmen some advice concerning "imperialism," to which he is strongly opposed. Lawyer Harold P. Mosely acted as toastmaster in a most acceptable manner. Congressman Lawrence was elected an honorary member of the club. The officers elected were: President, John T. Way; Vice-Presidents, James B. Hazelton, N. A. Harwood; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Treasurer, C. N. Lewis; Executive Committee, J. D. Cadle, William H. Foote, F. F. Shepard; Reception Committee, R. B. Crane, Dr. J. W. Holland, F. S. Dewey, Jr.; Dinner Committee, Fred E. Lay, T. J. Cooley, G. E. Austin; Master of Hounds, B. R. Holcomb, James Jeffers.

Among the guests present were A. B. F. Kinney, A. G. Dodge and wife, J. E. Fuller, J. E. Fuller, Jr., O. M. Ball, Charles F. Mann, C. W. Walls, A. W. Hunt and H. L. Jilson and wife, of Worcester; E. L. Walling, Walter Walling, of Auburndale; A. A. Sibley, of Leicester; O. F. Joslin, of Oxford; Dr. J. H. Pomeroy, of Gloucester; L. M. Pomeroy, of Poquonock, Conn.; F. C. Pomeroy, of Windsor, Conn.; S. E. Horton, of Windsor Locks, Conn.; Dr. George E. Pomeroy, of Hartford; M. F. Slattery, of Lenox; Henry F. Rice, of Sutton; Charles S. Davis, of Philadelphia; W. A. Coomey, of Chicopee; Dr. Holbrook, of East Douglas; Ben Babb, of Southwick; E. A. Nelson and Fred Morse, of this city; Walter and Charles Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; Judge Clark, of Derby, Conn.; E. S. Baxter, of Colebrook River, Conn., and B. S. Beecher, of Winchester, Conn.

Raw and rainy weather interfered, to a considerable degree, but did not wholly spoil the second day's hunt. Between twenty and thirty enthusiasts, including, of course, Congressman-elect Thayer, and all but two or three others of the Worcester contingent, and visitors from Connecticut and Maine, started as soon as darkness lifted in the morning, and when the hunting ground in Pochassic district was reached the hounds were loosed on the side of the mountain and within a few minutes were hot on the fresh scent of a fox.

It was not long before Walter Walling, of Medford, got a fair shot at reynard and bowled him over. Several other foxes were started during the day, but the wet condition of the ground and the steadily-falling rain prevented the dogs holding the scent, and the hunters, late in the afternoon, gave up the hunt with but a single pelt.

Only five were taken during the two days' hunt, a smaller number than for some years. Last night the visitors and their hounds returned to their homes, the former expressing satisfaction with the sport enjoyed and the fine banquet of Wednesday night.

F. F. T. Club Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trial Club was held in St. Hubert Inn, Newton, N. C., Nov. 22. Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus presided. Following is the list of officers elected: President, P. Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Phelps; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn. Board of Governors, Dr. J. Spencer Brown, James L. Baker, S. C. Bradley, W. A. Coster, Edward Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. R. Hitchcock, F. A. Hodgman, P. Lorillard, Jr., W. B. Meares, Edm. H. Osthaus, James E. Orr, C. H. Phelps, Jr., R. V. Fox and George Crocker. The rules governing the Members' Stake were amended to read that a dog or dogs owned by a member of the club may be handled by any other member whenever the member owning the dog or dogs is absent. The date fixed for the Members' Stake was Friday, Nov. 19, 1899. The open stakes will begin on Monday of the week following. The conditions of the stakes will be same as those of this year. A vote of thanks were extended to Messrs. Crocker, Baker and Hodgman for their generous gifts as prizes for the Members' Stake.

Central Beagle Trials.

In the trials of the Central Beagle Club, at Latrobe, Pa., last week, the Derby Class A (13in. to 15in.) had six entries, with winners: 1st Thomas Spry, 2d Pilot II., 3d divided by Guyasuta and Dandy H., res. Nell S. In Class B (13in. or under), with five entries, the winners were: 1st Staley, 2d Betty Zane, 3d divided by Bolivar and Harker's Rose, res. Fanny S.

Open Class C (13 to 15in.) with seven entries, the winners were: 1st Wiona, 2d Maywood, 3d divided by Birdie S. and Nell S., res. Dorsey Woodman. In Class D (13in. and under), with eight entries, the winners were: 1st Staley, 2d Madgett, 3d divided by Little Prince and Lady Rose, res. Smith Perry.

Details of the running will be given in our next issue.

Points and Flushes.

The show of the American Pet Dog Club, held in New York on Thursday and Friday of this week, had the following entries: 12 field spaniels, 47 cocker spaniels, 43 collies, 41 poodles, 52 bull dogs, 46 French bull dogs, 50 bull terriers, 62 Boston terriers, 40 dachshunde, 32 beagles, 35 fox terriers (smooth), 41 fox terriers (wire), 24 Irish terriers, 7 Scottish terriers, 16 Airedale terriers, 17 Black and Tan terriers, 10 Yorkshire terriers, 6 toy terriers, 46 toy spaniels, 4 pugs, 4 Maltese terriers, 5 Skye

terriers, 8 Italian greyhounds, 12 miscellaneous. Total 660.

In order to comply with A. K. C. rules there will be only two winners' classes for pointers at the Joliet, Ill., show, instead of four, as printed in their premium list. The premium list is now ready, and may be had of Secretary W. F. McMasters, Joliet.

The Continental Field Trial Club will hold a meeting in their club rooms at Lexington, N. C., on Dec. 8, 1898, at 8:30 P. M., for the election of officers for the ensuing year. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 24.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Bison Gun Club; targets. John E. Wilson, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Rutherford, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day Turkey shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Pawling, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club. Geo. S. Williams, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Keystone Shooting League; live birds.
Nov. 24.—Newark, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the East Side Gun Club; live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Captain.
Nov. 24.—Pottstown, Pa.—All-day open tournament, under the auspices of the Shuler Shooting Club. W. I. Grubb, Captain.
Nov. 24.—Dansville, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Dansville Gun Club.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1.—Sterling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club. C. F. Wayte, Sec'y.
Dec. 1.—New Brunswick, N. J.—New Jersey Tray-Shooters' League; live birds; open to all comers.
Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.
Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.
Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.
Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.
Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

1899.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.
April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.
April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.
April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.
April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.
April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.
May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.
June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., has definitely decided to hold its all-day tournament (previously fixed for Wednesday of this week) on Wednesday, Dec. 7, on which date it promises to entertain its friends at Hackensack to a hot turkey dinner and a programme of interesting events. The main feature in that programme will be a contest for the Inanimate Target championship of New Jersey, and the E. C. cup that goes with that title, which have just been resigned by Mr. Ferd. Van Dyke, the holder, by reason of ill health. Mr. Van Dyke has been ill for some time, and now feels that he would be unable physically to accept any challenges for the trophy and title. He therefore, in a most sportsmanlike manner, hands them over to "the boys" to fight for, and wishes that "the best man may win." The conditions will be 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance $1, price of targets. An optional sweep on each 25 will be shot in connection with this event. The cup and title are open only to members of clubs that are members of the New Jersey State Association.

The Massachusetts weather is too cold, and her stock of game birds too depleted, for O. R. Dickey. He likes to be where birds are plentiful, and where the sun shines occasionally during the month of December with the warmth that comforts. For the above reasons Wellington, Mass., will shortly suffer a temporary loss, as Mr. Dickey has completed arrangements for a trip into North Carolina in search of quail and sunshine warm. Incidentally he will put in some licks on live birds, with a view to training for the Grand American Handicap next April, as the New England States frown upon live-bird shooting, and forbid the trapping of pigeons for the purposes of trap-shooters.

Harold Money, the youngest son of Capt. A. W. Money, of The American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, has been known for some months in the target shooting world as a 90 per cent. shooter. He has now blossomed out anew, and has showed both at the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, on Nov. 8, and at Arthur Bunn's shoot at Singac, N. J., on Nov. 16, that live birds are also a specialty of his. At Bunn's he had the satisfaction of being the only 25 straight, with Capt. Money and John L. Brewer among those who finished behind him.

The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., seems to have discovered a new shooting star in the person of D. G. Geddes, of that city, who has lately been doing some excellent work at the traps. Some of Mr. Geddes' work would be classed much more highly, were it generally known how poor a background there is on the club's grounds for target shooting. In Messrs. J. S. S. Remsen and Geddes the Crescents have a pair of crackerjacks who could set the pace for most any pair of amateurs in the country.

Lieut. Peter Gibson, of Cincinnati, has just arrived in New York. He came here for various reasons, business and pleasure, the chief ones being to view the horse show in Madison Square Garden and to try and get a date fixed for his proposed rifle match with Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand. He saw the horse show all right, but expresses grave doubts as to being able to agree with Mr. Taylor as to date, place, etc., for the match, which has now been hanging fire for over fifteen years!

E. C. Meyer, of Rochester, N. Y., president of the Rochester Gun Club, and ex-president of the N. Y. State Association, was a visitor to the Empire City last week. Shooting in and around Rochester still holds its own, and it is doubtful if there is a gun club in the United States that is more comfortably fixed, both financially and as to club house, grounds, etc., than the club of which Mr. Meyer is not only president, but also one of its very best shots.

Notwithstanding the extremely bad weather that prevailed in this section last Saturday, John J. U. M. C. Hallowell was not to be deterred from journeying to Wissinoming station, P. R. R., to take part in the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League contest, held on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club. Mr. Hallowell did not make his journey in vain, for he came back to New York thoroughly satisfied with his day's work, having landed U. M. C. shells at the top of the high average column. On Thanksgiving Day he will make one of the party that will be present at Rutherford, N. J., being on that occasion the guest of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at its holiday shoot.

For a wind-up of the season of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick, will hold a live-bird shoot on Dec. 1, open to all comers. Part of the programme will be a 15 bird handicap event, $10 entrance, birds extra at 20 cents apiece. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. Pennsylvania Railroad to New Brunswick, Commercial avenue trolley to the grounds. Committee: John Belloff, Henry B. Smith.

Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, is expected to be in this city within the next week or two. His friends are hoping that he will give them a chance to make things pleasant for him; in other words, there is a wish expressed that he will not be in too much of a hurry to get back to Memphis. Our weather is bad up here, we know, but still there are compensations.

Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, N. J., was in New York on Monday of this week just long enough for him to call in at Schoverling, Daly & Gales, and choose a Daly gun that Bob Snyder picked out for him. This gun will be christened at Passaic on Thanksgiving Day, when Mr. Wise forms one of a quartette that shoots a match at live birds with another quartette, all members of the Passaic City Gun Club.

Mr. J. H. Amberg, of the Audubon, Garfield and other gun clubs, of Chicago, was in New York for several days last week, and visited the FOREST AND STREAM office. He spoke encouragingly of shooting matters in Chicago, and said that John Watson's coming tournament is going to be a big thing. After leaving our office he went down to Sportsman's Row, to look up some of the shooters of this town.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., hopes to bring off a series of five team races with the Passaic, N. J., City Gun Club. Paul Jeanneret, captain of the Boiling Springs Club, has been in communication with the Passaic City Club, and all details will be arranged shortly.

John Watson's tournament, Dec. 13-16, ought to be a good one. Mr. Watson's grounds at Burnside Park are run well and capably, and shooters always get what is coming to them when Mr. Watson himself has the chief say in the matter. He promises a good programme; and what he promises he fulfills.

Mr. Henry Hawkins, of The American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, has returned to this country after a brief trip to England. Mr. Hawkins, accompanied by Mrs. Hawkins, arrived in New York last Saturday, having made the trip from Europe on the Cunader Campania.

The fall tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club will be held at Sterling, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. There will be seven target events on the first day, and eight target events and one live-bird event on the second day. Chas. F. Wayte is secretary.

Mr. Everett Smith, of the Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club, was in the city last week, and found time to pay a call on FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Smith said that Schnectady had a live gun club, and that there was a likelihood of some tournaments up that way next year.

The first annual amateur shoot of the Mt. Pleasant Gun Club will be held on the club's grounds at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., on Nov. 24. Prizes are offered for the best average, the next best average, and the poorest and next poorest averages.

We have this week from Mr. Waters, in place of a Cadi chapter, a report of the North Carolina field trials. If somewhat wanting in the wise and kindly humor of the chronicler of the homestead of Hopie Jane, it is nevertheless excellent reading in its way.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., have on their programme for Thanksgiving Day ten 20-target events, 75 cents entry, $50 added. There will also be a match at 100 live birds per man for $200 between Chas. S. Burkhardt and Otto Besser.

Last week was a dull one in the trap-shooting world, the Thanksgiving Day shoots of the current week and the wet weather on Saturday, the 19th inst., being jointly responsible for the lack of news matter.

Chas. Reichert and F. L. Goodrich were scheduled to shoot a match at 25 live birds for $25 a side on Nov. 24 at Belvidere, Ill. Four other live-bird events were on the programme.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Nov. 14.—The semi-monthly shoot of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club was held here to-day. Several sweeps followed the club event. Scores:

Club shoot:

Bill	0111111011—8	Bock	1011011111—8
Banta	1011101111—8	White	0011011110—6

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15
White	8	..	5	6	6	Bock	5	7	8	8	11
Banta	7	9	5	8	12	De Long	..	7	..	..	..
Bill	7	10	10	8	12						

Emerald Gun Club.

Dexter Park, L. I., Nov. 15.—The monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, which was held here to-day, was as usual well attended, twenty-six members taking part in the shooting. Three men—Sands, Short and Harrison—tied for first place with clean scores. The shoot was one of the series to count for the yearly prizes, which will be awarded after the February shoot. The scores:

Sands, 28	2222222222—10	Hilbers, 28	10121122*2— 8
Short, 28	2111122222—10	Woelfel, 25	2*01221112— 8
Harrison, 30	2221121122—10	Brown, 25	0112121200— 7
Ruyle, 28	21*1111211— 9	Moore, 28	2102221**2— 7
Clarke, 29	0121111122— 9	Regan, 25	1000222222— 7
Haften, 28	2112122101— 9	Fessenden, 28	2002202222— 7
Hallowell, 30	222212222*— 9	Weisse, 25	***0112212— 6
Amend, 28	2222202022— 8	Hudson, 29	200*112*11— 6
O'Connell, 29	0211210222— 8	Kitching, 28	10012*2210— 6
Rathjen, 25	1121011120— 8	Norton, 28	2010002221— 6
Van Allen, 29	121211*120— 8	Stuetzle, 25	1002222100— 6
Vroome, 29	0222*21111— 8	Briet, 25	0200011000— 3
Billings, 28	2120111120— 8	Codey, 25	01002010*0— 3

Aqueduct Gun Club.

Aqueduct, L. I., Nov. 15.—The Aqueduct Gun Club's regular monthly shoot was held here to-day. A strong wind was blowing, and the shooting was difficult. William Hopkins won the club event with 13 breaks. After this event had been decided a number of matches at doubles were shot. The scores:

Club event:

W Hopkins	1111111111101101—13	Camden	010101010001000— 5
J Hopkins	1010100111010110— 8	Dayton	0001000100000100— 3
Van Siclen	0010010100100111— 7		

Five pairs: W. Hopkins 9, Van Siclen 6.
Three pairs: Dayton 3, Camden 2.
Four pairs: J. Hopkins 7, Camden 2.
Five pairs: W. Hopkins 7, Van Siclen 3.
Three pairs: Dayton 6, Camden 4.
Three pairs: Camden 3, Dayton 2.

Mr. Fulford to Brother Shooters.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 19.—I am out with a petition to the officers of the Grand American Handicap, requesting them to divide the purses into six moneys, class shooting, or its equivalent, 25, 20, 20, 15, 10 and 10. I would like to hear from brother shooters, with permission to use their signatures.

The man who can kill 25 will be handsomely rewarded, and nearly all the rest will more than get their entrance back.

I have shot in the Grand American Handicap for five years, and last year was the first time I got a penny back. Many men I know have shot in this event from year to year and never saw the color of a cent in return, and shot pretty good too.

E. D. FULFORD.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Harold Money wins at Singac.

Singac, N. J., Nov. 16.—In the 25-bird handicap shot on Arthur Bunn's grounds here to-day, Harold Money captured first money alone with a clean score against a strong field of shooters. Capt. Money, Doty and Brewer each missed one bird and tied for second place, while Jack Hallowell and Miss Annie Oakley were tied for third with 23. Wright finished with 22, and Harrison and Morfey withdrew. Annie Oakley shot finely, missing only one bird out of the 25, the other lost bird dropping dead out of bounds. In the miss-and-out sweeps Jack Hallowell carried off first honors, killing all his birds in both events. Event No. 1 was at 25 birds, distance handicap, $15 entry, three moneys. No. 2 was a miss-and-out, 5 birds, $2 entry, and No. 3 a miss-and out, 8 birds, $2 entry. The scores:

No. 1:

H Money, 28	1221211112221211222222222—25
J L Brewer, 32	2012221112212122221112221—24
Capt Money, 31	1211211112112111221111011—24
A Doty, 30	2222122222202221221212222—24
Annie Oakley, 26	1*2222212122022211212222222—23
J J Hallowell, 30	2222222222210222222222222*—23
T C Wright, 29	1122*2221221122221110210 1—22
L Harrison, 28	1020012112212201112120 2 w
T W Morfey, 30	010022002102 w

No. 2:

H Money, 28	21122—5	Capt Money, 31	22220—4
Hallowell, 30	22221—5	Morfey, 30	110 —2

No. 3:

H Money, 28	2* —1	Morfey, 30	22221220—7
Hallowell, 30	22122112—8	Doty, 30	* —0
Capt Money, 31	12211222—8		

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 20.—The members of the Hudson Gun Club held their second November shoot to day. The weather was fine, but the high wind made good scores impossible. Schorty was the greatest sufferer from this cause, and was subjected to some good-natured chaffing, the outcome of which was a match at 100 targets per man, for $10 a side, to take place at the first shoot in December. From now on a boom is expected in the club, as most of the members have returned from their shooting trips. At the annual election of officers, held this month, the following were chosen: President, E. G. Heritage; Vice-President, Henry Van Dyne; Secretary, Thomas Kelly; and Shooting Captain, George Brewer. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	25	Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	25
Banta	13	9	19	7	10	19	Tommy	10	..	12	6	..	..
Schorty	9	7	16	7	9	18	Schields	8	..	13	7	..	..
De Long	12	5	12	6	..	..	Altz	7	7	11	5	..	..
Hughes	10	8	17	..	..	..	Nagle	8	..	..	..	..	..

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Trophy.

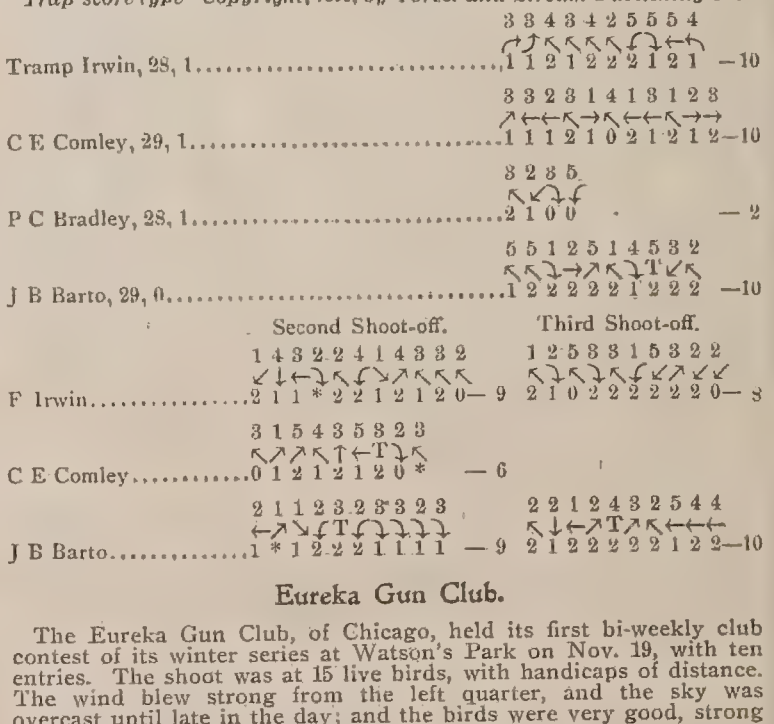
The seventh semi-monthly contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. trophy took place on the afternoon of Nov. 18. While the attendance was fair, it was not up to that of previous shoots. The interest nevertheless was not lacking, and ties for the trophy necessitated shooting off three times before the winner could be decided upon. The shoot-off in the last tie continued well into darkness, so that blue or black birds were difficult to see over a gun unless they towered. The shoot-off resulted in J. B. Barto winning for a second time, after killing 49 out of 50, and thereby tied C. E. Comley for first place to date, as the trophy has not been won more than once by any other contestant.

The contest was at 20 live birds, with a handicap of distance and birds. The wind changed during the contest from left-quartering to right-quartering, and finally to left-quartering driving. The sky was clouded the greater part of the day, with an occasional sunburst. The birds were good, strong flyers, and got away without hesitation. Following are the detailed scores:

E C Rice, 26, 6	022002222212200*1121222202—	19
Geo Roll, 29, 1	2221121212111*2122210 —	19
H Levi, 27, 5	2102101100020*1220 w —	10
C C Hyde, 29, 4	022222*020220* w —	8
Tramp Irwin, 28, 3	211202211 21*2*121111212 —	20
C E Comley, 29, 2	21112111112122211112 —	20
Silas Palmer, 29, 2	21110121210022221210110 —	17
F H Hollister, 30, 2	21112*1211120121110201 —	18
P C Bradley, 28, 3	121*011121211011211 2112 —	20
J L White, 29, 3	1102112201011102222121 2 —	19
J B Barto, 29, 1	1122121112122221122 2 —	20
J S Boa, 28, 4	0022112121222 2*222*20222 —	19
E M Steck, 29, 1	211121*01222221122022 —	18

First shoot-off:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its first bi-weekly club contest of its winter series at Watson's Park on Nov. 19, with ten entries. The shoot was at 15 live birds, with handicaps of distance. The wind blew strong from the left quarter, and the sky was overcast until late in the day; and the birds were very good, strong flyers; many were killed, but fell over bounds.

The club offers three handsome prizes, for the three highest averages in five contests out of the nine scheduled, and it is necessary to participate in at least six events to qualify for the trophies. C. C. Hyde and Lem Willard made the high scores of the day, each missing but one, and, unfortunately for Hyde, his 15th bird, after doing good execution on those previously shot at. Following are the detailed scores:

E Steck, 31	122022110221012—12	E Rice, 29	010121122020*00— 8
C Hyde, 28	112211222221210—14	E Bingham, 32	210*222*2222212—12
R Carson, 27	101102221111202—12	G Roll, 32	*2101*21*201222—10
L Willard, 31	121111221222201—14	A Adams, 30	02*10*121*01*21— 8
Lord, 31	120211122122201—13	J Houston, 29	22*121012120222—12

The officers anticipate a larger attendance hereafter at the contests, which are to be held the first and third Saturdays of each month up to and including March.

Calumet Heights Club.

The Calumet Heights Club announce a programme for Thanksgiving Day, which consists of the regular live turkey, shooting, rifle and target shooting, foot races, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, as well as the evening entertainment in the club house, as usual, by way of singing, dancing, etc. A large attendance is looked for, and anticipations may be fully realized.

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

The trustees for the Chicago challenge trophy, notwithstanding A. C. Paterson's challenge to the holder, was mailed first in Chicago, have decided that E. S. Rice is to shoot for the trophy

at the next contest, which will take place on Watson's Park grounds, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on the afternoon of Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 2 o'clock. The handicaps will be given out at least three days prior to the day of contest.

J. J. Smith's Park.

J. J. Smith announces that he will give a Thanksgiving Day tournament at his West Emerson street park, in Evanston, Ill., consisting of live-bird and turkey shooting. For bus accommodations call at 1624 Maple avenue, Evanston.

A. C. PATERSON.

Shooting at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 18.—Some lively shooting has taken place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, this week. The fun began on the 15th, when four men came together and shot a 25 bird match. Hollister won with 22 kills, and E. S. Rice, with 19, was second. The scores:

Hollister .....1211212222011220121211220—22
E S Rice.....2021022210120121101122202—19
E C Rice.....2012212000200111222101111—18
Lloyd .....1012001020200100212011110—14

Nov. 16.—The Audubon Gun Club's regular monthly medal shoot was held to-day. This was at 20 birds, distance handicaps and bird allowances. Palmer, at 29yds. with an allowance of 2 birds, was first with 18. Mussey and Hollister, who shot from the 30yds. mark and had no allowances, finished with 16 kills each. Mussey shot at 100 birds in practice after the club shoot, and scored 90. Palmer killed 16 out of 20 in practice. Scores:

Club shoot:
Palmer, 29, 2.....11120111112202010112—16—2—18
Hollister, 30, 0.....10110220112121211*2—16—0—16
Mussey, 30, 0.....20022011211012211121—16—0—16

Practice:
Mussey 0212222121222111222221*1122211211201212222*122111
1121121011112112111212222112*12200220111211012211121—90
Palmer .....1111120101212211021O—16

Nov. 17.—J. A. Harding and A. Sundermeyer shot a match today. The match was at 50 birds, for $20 and the price of the birds. Harding led throughout, and finished 6 birds ahead of his opponent:

Harding .....01221011111111211112201121101111112012200122111121—43
Sundermeyer ....12101002120221102221101012001021222102010212212121—37

A 25 bird match between E. S. Rice and P. F. O'Leary was also shot, in which both men killed 20 birds:

Match, 25 birds:
Rice .....22221111222012100111200ll—20
O'Leary .....22202111002222102222110111—20

The Chicago Athletic Club's shoot was held to-day. Six members and four visitors took part in the shooting. Drake, Turrill and Rice tied on 15 birds, and in the shoot-off Drake won:

Chicago Athletic Association club shoot:
Drake, 28, 2.....122211022110222—13—2—15
Turrill, 25, 3.....2102112011220l2—12—3—15
Rice, 27, 1.....1101222222222l—14—1—15
Russell, 25, 3.....2100022011222l0—10—3—13
Frothingham, 27, 0.....2022222220220l0—11—0—11
Miller, 25, 3.....000000001102022— 5—3— 8

Ties:
Drake, 29, 1.....1211121212022l2—14—1—15
Turrill, 28, 1.....1200 w — 2
Rice, 29, 0.....00 w — 0

Visitors:
Parker .....211111101111212—14 Smoke .....012212222222222—14
Dewing .....222210221021210—12
Duryea .....2020112221111110112112111211111111121222221212011l—46

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 19.—Several members of the South End Gun Club's regular team and several substitutes held a practice shoot this afternoon on the South End grounds. The call for the shoot was issued by Capt. Yost, so as to pick the team which is to represent the South End Club at Pottstown on Nov. 24 in the shoot of the Shuler Gun Club, of that place, for a handsome silver trophy, representing the championship of Montgomery and adjoining counties. The shooters who were present shot the three events in a drizzling rain, but this did not dampen the ardor of the shooters. Shaaber and Capt. Yost, of the regulars, seemed to have their eyes on the targets, and both made good scores. Farr, one of the substitutes, shot an awful streak, and bids fair to replace some of of the regulars. The South End Gun Club's team for the Shuler shoot will be Shaaber, Essick, Eshelman, F. Yost, captain, and Harrison, with H. Yost, Farr, Ball and Yeager substitutes. The scores to day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	10
Capt Yost	19	17	20	20	..	Shaaber	17	19	22	20	5
Ball	11	15	16	12	6	Essick	13	18	15	17	7
Farr	12	23	21	8	..	Texter	12	..	..	..	..
Gicker	..	..	..	..	6	Eshelman	..	..	..	10	6

Farr in event No. 4 shot at 10 targets only, his shells being exhausted.

Fernwood, Pa., Nov. 19.—The monthly shoot of the University of Pennsylvania Gun Club was held here to-day. Owing to the weather conditions the entries were few. The loving cup, presented by Mrs. Wm. J. Swain, of West Philadelphia, to be competed for at each monthly shoot, was won by Steel, '99 M., with a score of 18 out of 20; Parish, '99 C., was a close second, with 17 killed. Besides several open events, two team matches were shot off. The scores:

Swain cup match, 20 singles, unknown angles:
Steel .....11111110111111110111—18
Parish .....10011111011111111111—17
Paul .....11110101110111110111—16
Swain .....11001111010111110111—15
Weaver .....10001111011110101011—13
Neilson .....10101110011100101011—12
Jacques .....00000110101110110101—10

Event No. 2, three-men team shoot, 10 targets per man:
Steel's team—Steel, captain, 8, Swain 8, Weaver 7—23.
Parish's team—Parish, captain, 7, Paul 8, Neilson 7—22.
Event No. 3, three-men teams, 10 targets per man:
Steel's team—Steel, captain, 7, Swain 10, Weaver 4—21.
Parish's team—Parish, captain, 8, Paul 10, Neilson 7—25.
Event No. 4, 5 targets: Parish 5, Weaver 4, Swain 3, Neilson 3.
Event No. 5, 15 targets: Parish 13, Weaver 12, Swain 10, Jacques 10.

DUSTER.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 19.—The fourth event, for the Hebard trophy, was the drawing card at the Audubon Gun Club's shoot to-day. Geo. P. McArthur and Crooks tied in this event, Crooks winning the shoot-off. No. 3 was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A badge, Geo. P. McArthur won Class B and Crooks won Class C. No. 5 was at 5 pairs. The regular monthly cup shoot of the club takes place next Saturday. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	30	10	Targets:	15	15	25	30	10
Kerew	12	13	16	25	9	B Talsma	14	11	22	26	..
R Hebard	12	11	14	20	7	Crooks	8	..	14	25	..
C Burkhardt	13	12	22	28	4	Fanning	14	12	23	28	..
E Burkhardt	8	13	22	28	4	A Barnes	7	8	12	11	..
Lodge	10	9	12	17	4	J Reid	..	15	18	25	..
J Miller	5	12	19	21	6	E B	..	9	14	..	6
Jacobs	11	14	15	23	4	Foxie	..	9	18	..	..
McArthur	13	14	21	27	7	Dr E Carroll	..	..	19	26	..
Walker	8	11	20	18	3	Porter	..	..	12	19	..

C. J. M.

A Shoot at Utica.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to claim Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the week before the Grand American Handicap for three days' shoot at pigeons only. I will hold up the manufacturers and dealers, and sandbag the local dealers, as the Cadi says. This will amount to over $200, as they should be more liberal when held up by their own party. This I will add to the ten highest guns that shoot the programme through.

The shoot will be known as Fulford's shoot. I will give the boys fast birds from fast traps, and show them that 300 pigeons can be shot and gathered in one hour.

Utica is on the New York Central, West Shore, D., L. & W., and Ontario & Western railroads, and my Western friends can get stop-over tickets without any extra cost while getting their rate to the Grand American Handicap.

E. D. FULFORD.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle Shooting in Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 14.—Yesterday was monthly medal day at Shell Mound range. Also the North German Schuetzen Club held a public shoot on the man target. Capt. Siebe, proprietor of the park, held a turkey shoot, which was well patronized.

Winning scores in the North German contest:

Regular tickets: Louis Haake 77, A. H. Pape 76, F. E. Mason 74, George Alpers 74, John Utschig 73, A. Jungblut, 72. Among the other prize winners were A. Strecker, C. Thierbach, F. P. Schuster, D. B. Faktor, D. W. McLaughlin, H. Hellberg, J. Gefken, N. Ahrens and H. Burfeind.

Premium tickets: A. H. Pape, A. Strecker, George Albers, John Utschig, F. P. Schuster. Other prize winners were E. H. Goetze, H. Burfeind, A. Jungblut, D. W. McLaughlin and L. Haake.

San Francisco Schuetzen Club, monthy medal shoot:

Champion class, John Utschig 440; first class, Nick Ahrens, 427; second class, Frank Koch, final, 391; third class, R. Stettin, final, 416; fourth class, J. W. Goetze, 364; best first shot, August Jungblut, 25; best last shot, R. Stettin, 25.

German Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot:

First champion class, F. Schuster, 447; second champion class, L. Haake, 369; first class, H. Stelling, 385; second class, E. Goetze, 402; third class, William Goetze, 343; best first shot, H. Stelling, 25; best last shot F. Schuster, 24.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, rifle shooting:

Champion Class: A. H. Pape 50, D. W. McLaughlin 52, F. O. Young 90.

First class: J. E. Gorman 70.

Second class: G. M. Bailey 101, M. J. White 102.

Third class: E. N. Moor 115, B. Jonas 142.

All-comers' rifle medal: A. H. Pape, 42, 51; D. W. McLaughlin, 51; F. E. Mason, 55; Dr. Rodgers, 59.

Bushnell military rifle medal: F. O. Young, 47, 44.

Members' rifle medal: J. E. Gorman, 56, 60.

ROEEL.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting and Fishing on the C. & O.

No necessity exists for a journey across the continent for the sportsman who is looking for an outing. Five hours from Washington, through the most beautiful mountain scenery this side of the Rockies, deer are almost as plentiful this year as they were in the days when the Old Dominion was first settled by white men.

Since the open season began, on Oct. 1, several parties have gone from Washington into Bath county, Virginia, and the reports which they bring back are such as to make the heart of the sportsman jump with expectancy. There is plenty of sport to be had with the rifle, the shotgun, the fly-rod, and none of the game bags or fish creels are brought back empty.

Within a radius of ten miles from Millboro, Va., there are literally hundreds of deer. Then too the Cowpasture River is teeming with bass, and a 2lb. small-mouth will make the disciple of old Izaak, who has played the big-mouth on 40yds. of line, think that he has a salmon at least on his hook.

Virginia at this season is the paradise of the sportsman, and the Chesapeake & Ohio trains leaving Washington at 2:20 P. M. and 11:10 P. M. carry him right into the heart of that paradise.

For information address H. W. Fuller, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

THE large auxiliary bark White Heather, of 635 tons, one of the finest of her class, is now offered for sale at auction, as advertised on another page. She was designed and built by J. Reid & Co., in 1890, the hull being of steel, and she is 179ft. b.p., 28ft. 2in. beam. She is fitted for long cruises, being a real auxiliary, with seagoing rig.

Yachting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter-century.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

The Canada's Cup Races, 1899.

The final arrangements for the international match of 1899 on fresh water were made in Toronto last week, the conditions, as given below, being agreed to and signed by the committees of the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. The former club, at a meeting early in the month, appointed Messrs. W. R. Crawford, George Warrington, J. B. Berryman and Secretary Chas. H. Thorne a special committee to convey the challenge to Toronto, and to arrange a match with the Royal Canadian Y. C. The latter club, at a meeting on Nov. 10, appointed a special committee of four, Com. Jarvis, C. A. B. Brown, Frank M. Gray and E. H. Ambrose, the latter of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., to confer with the Chicago yachtsmen. At the same meeting the following sailing committee was elected for 1899: Messrs. C. E. Archbald, F. M. Gray, J. Wilton Morse, J. S. McMurray, W. H. Parsons, J. Carl Reed and F. A. Turner.

The Chicago party arrived at Toronto on the afternoon of Nov. 15, being met at the station by a number of Toronto yachtsmen. After luncheon the two committees met at the town house of the R. C. Y. C., where the formal challenge was presented, as follows:

"Chicago, Nov. 14, 1898.—F. J. Ricarde Seaver, Hon. Sec. R. C. Y. C.: Sir—We have the honor, on behalf of the Chicago Y. C., to challenge your club to sail a series of races for Canada's cup, subject to the deed of gift and other conditions to be agreed upon.

"As required by the deed of gift we name the 35ft. class as the class in which races shall be sailed, and Aug. 22 as the first of the days upon which races shall be sailed.

"W. R. CRAWFORD,
"GEO. WORRINGTON,
"J. B. BERRYMAN,
"C. H. THORNE, Sec'y."

The only points on which a difference of opinion existed were the date, the location of course, and the length of time limit. The Chicago representatives favored Aug. 22 for the date of the first race, with the course directly south of the island, and a time limit of five hours for a 21-mile course. The Toronto yachtsmen wished to sail the races a couple of weeks later, at the date of the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto, with the course a little to the west, and in front of the exhibition grounds; the time limit to be six hours. The latter point was finally settled at five and three-quarter hours, the date and course being left open for the present. The regular crew limit of the class has been reduced from seven to six, as each yacht will carry a seventh man as scrutineer.

On Tuesday evening the visitors dined at the Toronto Club as the guests of Com. Jarvis, leaving for home the following night.

CONDITIONS governing the match for the Canada's cup to be sailed between the yachts representing the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C.:

Rules.—The racing rules shall be those of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes as existing at this date, subject to such additions and variations as are herein provided, and in accordance with the deed of gift dated 16th of January, 1897.

Construction.—The yachts shall be of wooden construction, in accordance with the scantling tables in the rules above mentioned.

Size of Yacht.—The competing yachts shall be in the 35ft. class.

Number of Races.—The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match.

Date of Races.—The first race shall be sailed on——— ——— and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed, Sundays excepted.

Courses.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Ontario, off Toronto Harbor, on courses to be hereafter agreed upon.

The first course shall be triangular.

The second course shall be windward or leeward and return. The tug bearing the buoy shall start at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third and fifth shall be similar to the first.

The fourth shall be similar to the second.

The triangular races shall be once around an equilateral triangle of twenty-one nautical miles.

The windward or leeward races shall be nine nautical miles to windward or leeward and return.

The triangular courses shall be so sailed that one side of the triangle shall be to windward, if possible.

In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard, and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

Time.—All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M.

Any race not sailed in five and three-quarter hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges:

First—In case of fog.

Second—If, in their opinion, the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.

Third—In case both yachts consent to a postponement.

Fourth—In case of serious accidents to either yacht, as hereafter provided.

Fifth—Should such a course appear to them desirable.

And in case of postponement the judges shall determine the time for starting, but in no case shall a race be started later than 1 P. M.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is given shall be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the hoisting of her national flag.

Unfinished Races.—An unfinished race shall be resailed until completed.

Accidents.—In case of accident to either yacht prior to the preparatory signal, notice thereof shall immediately be signaled to the judges, who shall have power to postpone the race if the accident, in their opinion, is sufficiently serious to warrant such a course, or if an accident occurs during a race the yacht to which the accident has happened shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

Scrutineers.—Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor, whose weight shall not exceed 150lbs.

The names of the scrutineers shall be given to the judges not less than twenty-four hours before the first race, and the scrutineers shall report to the judges within six hours after the termination of each race.

Management.—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of whom shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third on or before the 1st day of July, 1899, and they shall act as judges and time-keepers and settle all disputes. The decision of the majority shall be final in all matters.

The judges shall be the regatta committee referred to in the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

Measurements.—The yachts shall be measured by the judges or by a disinterested person appointed by them, and each yacht shall be entitled to have a representative present when measurements are taken.

The yachts shall be measured not less than two days before the first race.

Crews.—The crews shall be limited to six men, whose total weight shall not exceed 1,050lbs.

Instructions.—Charts of the course and instructions shall be furnished to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock of the morning of the race.

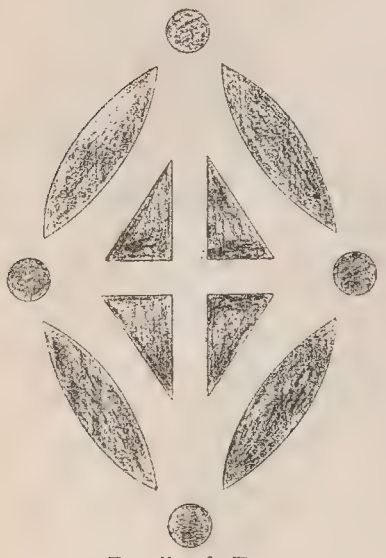
Alterations.—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

For Chicago Y. C.:

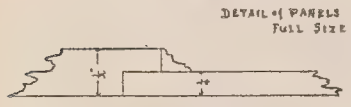
D. R. CRAWFORD, Chairman.
JOHN B. BERRYMAN,
GEORGE WARRINGTON, Committee
CHAS. H. THORN, Secretary.

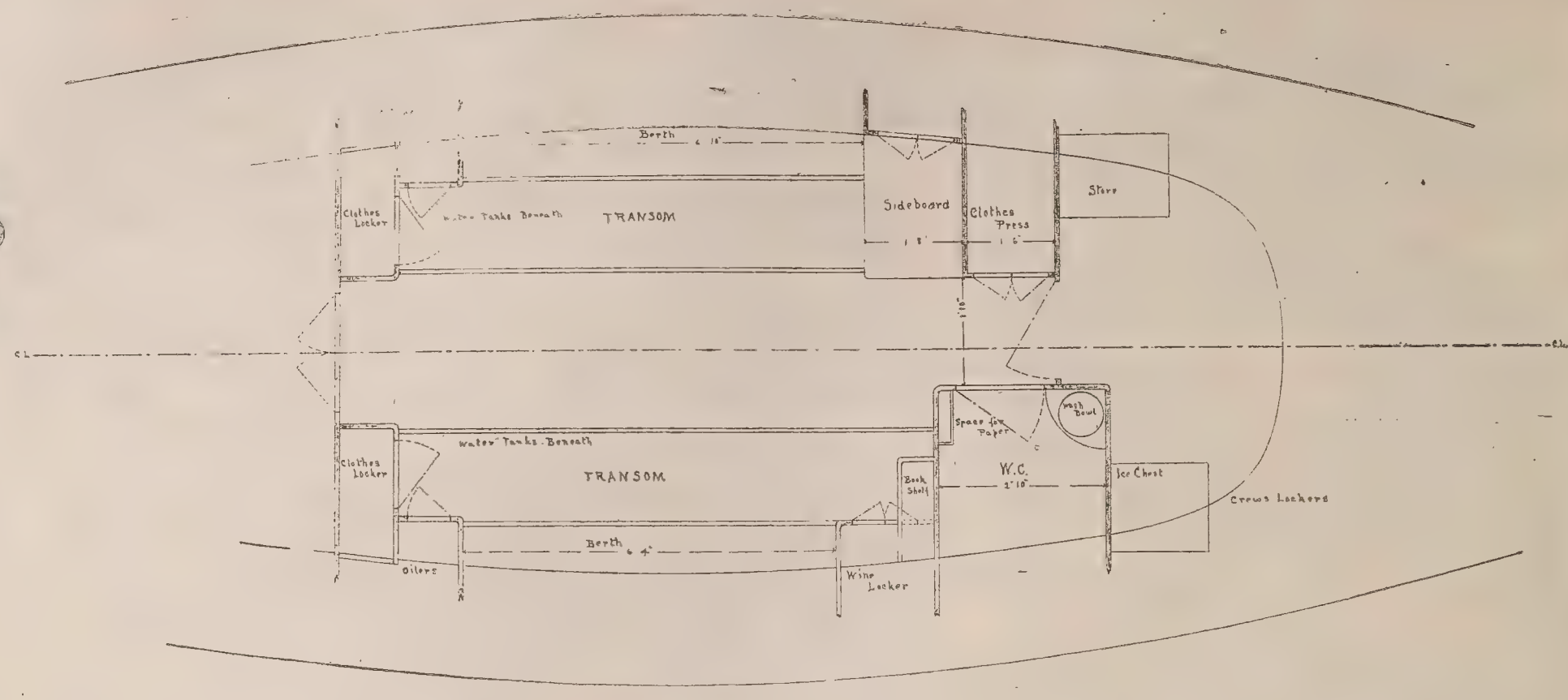
For R. C. Y. C.:

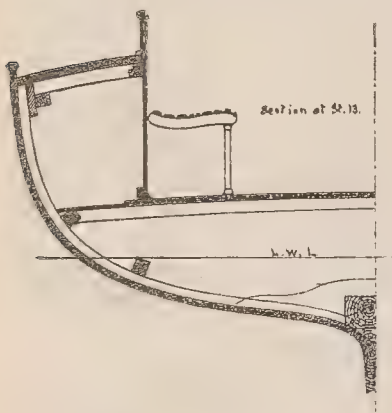
ÆMILIUS JARVIS, Commodore.
C. A. B. BROWN,
E. H. AMBROSE,
F. M. GRAY,
F. J. RICARDE-SEAVER, Hon. Sec'y.



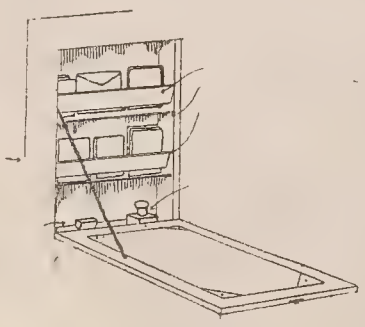
Detail of Door.



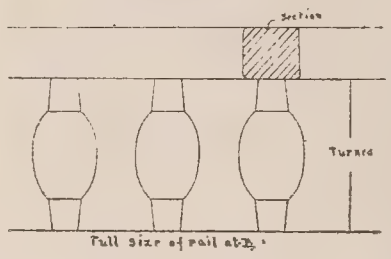


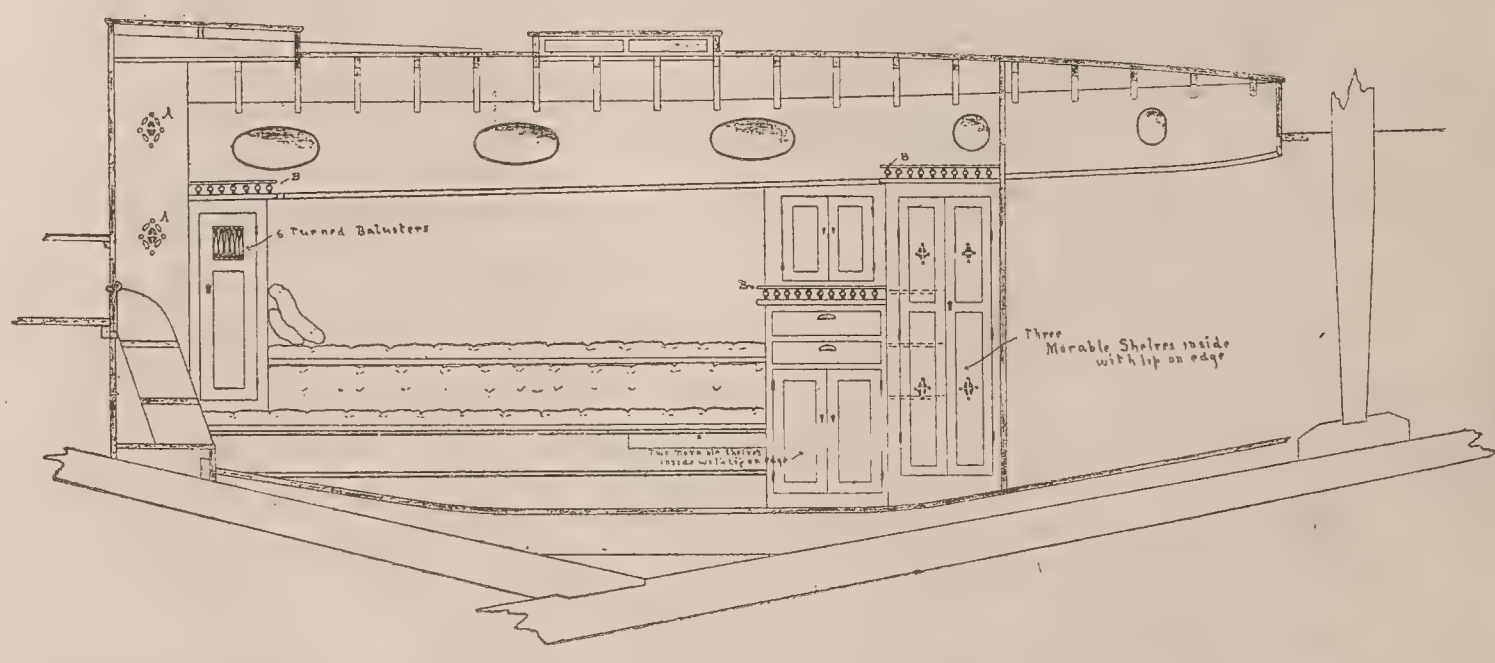






Writing Desk.





A Fast Cruiser.

WHATEVER the winter may bring forth in the line of racing yachts, there is at present every indication of a material increase of the cruising fleet. The new yachts, as a rule, promise to be literally "fast cruisers," following closely in form the modern racing craft, but with greater freeboard and such increase of other dimensions as will give good room in cabins and forecastle. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, whose work is already known to our readers, has now in hand a number of yachts designed specially for cruising and general sailing, and not for class racing, but at the same time expected to show good speed under the conditions of summer cruising. The accompanying plans show the construction, arrangement and details of one of these, the lines and sail plan being published last week. This yacht was designed for G. S. Silsby, of Boston, and she will be built in one of the Maine yards. Her dimensions are:

Length—		
Over all	45ft.	8 in.
L.W.L.	30ft.	
Overhang—		
Bow	6ft.	6 in.
Stern	9ft.	2 in.
Beam—		
Extreme	11ft.	6 in.
L.W.L.	10ft.	8 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	8 in.
Least	2ft.	6 in.
Stern	2ft.	9½in.
Draft—		
Extreme	7ft.	½in.
To rabbet	2ft.	9½in.
Displacement, 19,770lbs	8.882	long tons.
Ballast (in keel), 8,362lbs	3.73	long tons.
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.42	
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	967sq.ft.	
Jib	248sq.ft.	
Total	1,215sq.ft.	

As the design shows, both displacement and deadwood have been freely cut away, and in general type the yacht comes very close to the fin-keel; but the beam, the freeboard and the round full form of section give a large amount of internal space, and in a form that may be utilized to good advantage. The main cabin is particularly wide and roomy, with 6ft. headroom under the skylight. There is plenty of room between the faces of the transoms, a good permanent berth in each wing, and the sofas draw out, making two extra berths, four in all, at night. The cabin is very well arranged, with plenty of locker space, there is a good-sized toilet room, and the galley is under the fore end of the trunk, giving headroom and ventilation. The forecastle is necessarily low, but there is plenty of room for a couple of hammock cots, clothes, lockers, etc. As a matter of course the floors and lockers are worked clear out to the skin, and there is no room for stowage under the cabin floor, but there is space for a watertank under the cockpit, the ice chest being in the galley. The cockpit is roomy, well above the water, and there is stowage room abaft it and on each side.

The construction is thoroughly strong, nothing being sacrificed in this essential; the keel is practically in two pieces, well butted amidships, and backed by the deadwoods and metal keel, and extending for the full length of the yacht. The clamps and double bilge stringers run the full length, and a shelf is worked inside the clamp. The details of the construction and fittings are very clearly shown by the plans.

The rig is of the "fast cruiser" type, only mainsail and jib, like the knockabouts, very well proportioned for general summer sailing.

It is probable that Mr. Crowninshield will build a second yacht similar to this, with auxiliary power, and he has already under construction two larger ones, both yawls. One of these, to be named Regina, is for W. E. Barrett, of Melrose, Mass.; she will be 78ft. 8in. over all, 50ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 5in. beam, 7ft. draft without board, and 13ft. with board, iron keel 15 tons, sail area 3,000sq.ft. She will carry mainsail, jib, staysail, mizen and topsail. Her main cabin will be 12ft. 6in. long, with three fixed berths, three transoms and space for a piano. The owner's room is 8ft. long, with bath and toilet room adjoining; on the port side is an extra stateroom, with passage; forward is the galley, 7ft. by 7ft. 6in., with a room for the captain on starboard side. The forecastle will be quite roomy, with four hammock cots. The construction will be strong and durable. Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Me., are the builders. The dimensions of the spars are: Mainmast, deck to hounds, 46ft.; masthead, 9ft.; topmast, 29ft. 6in.; mizenmast, 34ft.; bowsprit outboard, 12ft. 6in.; main boom, 46ft.; gaff, 29ft.; mizen boom, 24ft.

The other yawl is for Francis H. Bacon, of Boston, 65ft. over all, 43ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 3ft. 9in. draft, with iron keel and polemasted rig. The main cabin will be 13ft. long, with three berths and piano, the headroom being 7ft., under a high house. The owner's room will be 10ft. long.

In addition to these, Mr. Crowninshield has a 55ft. l.w.l. cabin launch for Dr. Wm. R. Powell, of Erie, Pa.; a 25ft. keel cruiser for F. J. Bradlee, a 25ft. deep centerboard cruiser for Emor H. Harding; a 28ft. 6in. cruiser, deep centerboard, for W. B. Rogers; a 21ft. keel raceabout for John D. Minton, and a 21ft. keel knockabout for James Lawrence.

The Royal Victoria International Challenge Cup.

THE following editorial from the Field reads very much like the obituary notice of the Royal Victoria Gold 600 Guinea International Challenge Cup, established by the Royal Victoria Y. C. in 1890. This cup was won by Britannia in a race across Channel against Navahoe in 1893, the only occasion on which it has been raced for; and it was afterward withdrawn from further competition for an indefinite time.

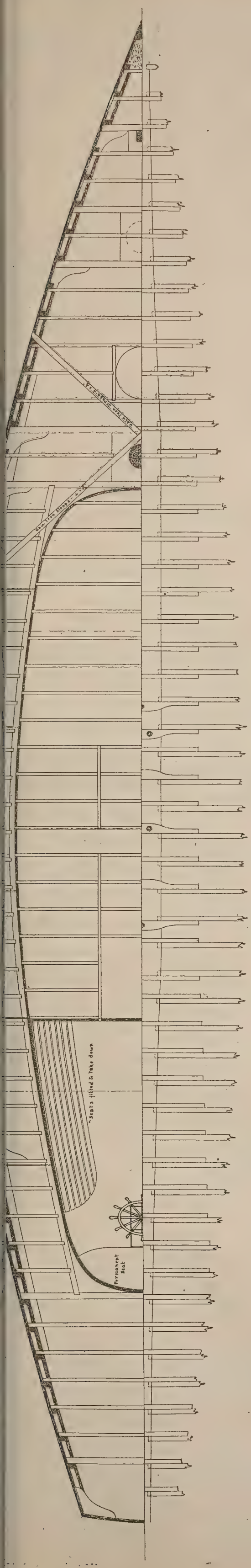
We have drawn attention to the fact that the gold cup of the Royal Victoria Y. C. has been withdrawn by the club from competition, and that it therefore is absolutely the property of the Prince of Wales, who won it with his yacht Britannia from the American yacht Navahoe. Two or three correspondents have written privately to us, stating that the withdrawal of the cup from competition was an illegal act, but, unless the whole of the subscribers to the fund interfere in the matter, we do not see what can be done. The cup was in possession of the club, and the committee of the club, on their own authority, withdrew it from competition, thereby practically, as far as we can judge, leaving the trophy in the possession of the Prince of Wales as the right owner. This abrogation of rights over the cup we understand was entirely the act of the flag officers of the club and the committee. Of course, the Prince of Wales could alter the awkward predicament by informing the club that he would represent the cup for competition; but why should he do so? We said that the fact of the withdrawal of the cup from competition was an illegal act, and we consider this a correct statement of the case, as in the original deed it was enjoined that it should always be subject to challenge subject to nine months' notice.

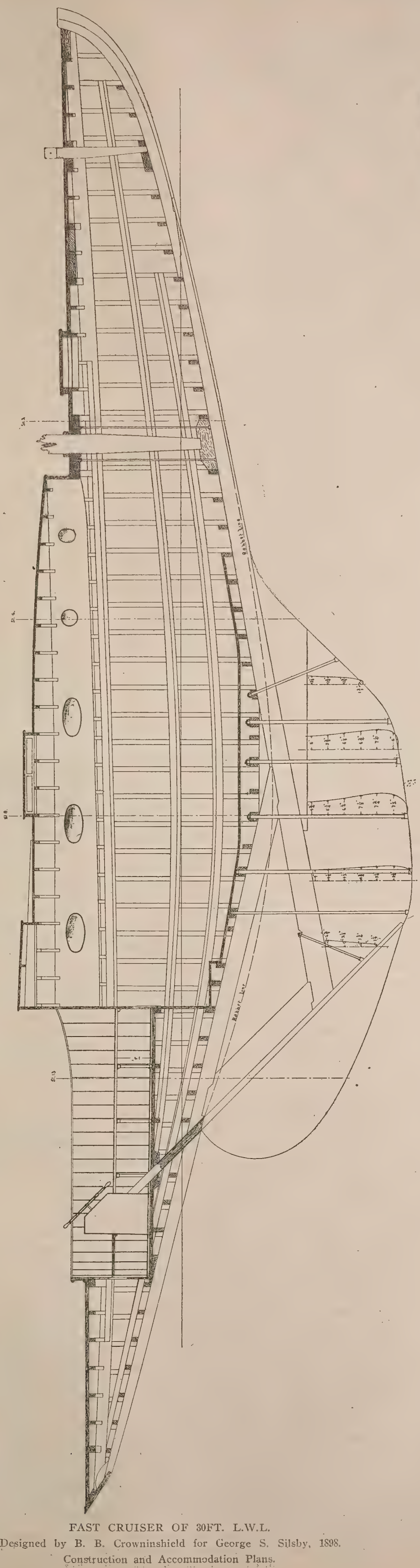
The cup has thus far proved entirely useless in promoting international competition, and it is a pity that it was ever established. Considering the widespread feeling of disgust which prevailed in 1890 on both sides of the Atlantic over the action of the New York Y. C., in arrogating to itself the sole ownership of the America Cup, there was every opportunity for the Royal Victoria Y. C. to have successfully established its new cup as the premier yachting trophy. This, however, it has failed to do. The original terms on which the cup was offered were fair enough, but the management of the trophy has been very poor indeed, the effort apparently being to discourage instead of encouraging competition.

Had the R. V. Y. C. in the first place offered the cup on such fair terms as to have induced American competition, but stringent enough to prevent all tampering with them in the interests of a temporary holder, and then judiciously lost the cup to the first American challenger, it could in the following year have had a race in American waters that, with the America Cup locked up in a safe and under the ban of public opinion, would have altered the whole course of international racing.

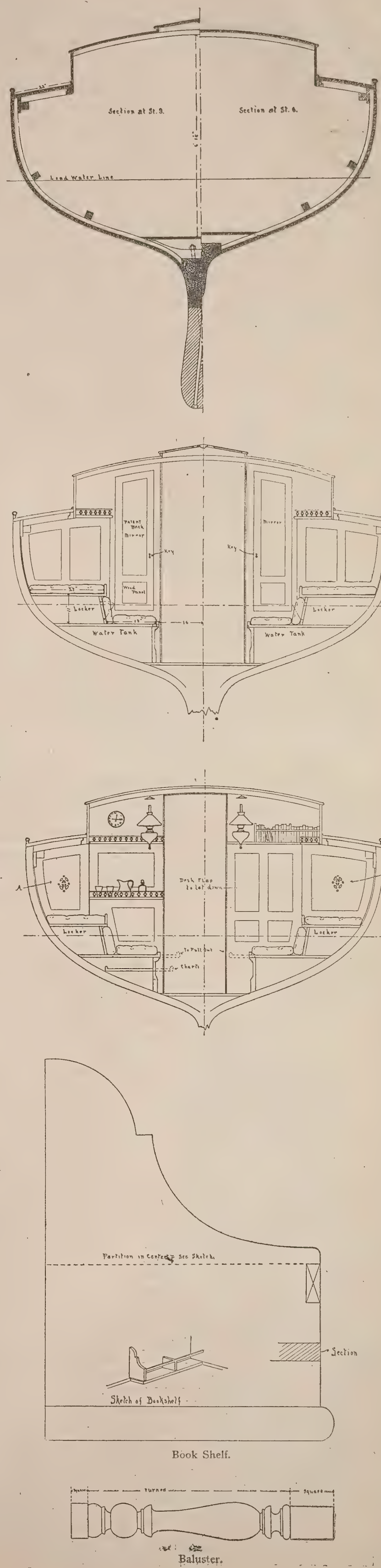
As matters now are, however, while the New York Y. C. has striven for some years to rectify the mistake of 1887, and to cut away the numerous strings that have long been tied to the America Cup, the R. V. Y. C. has tied up its cup in such a way that it is now discredited and worthless. The moral is a perfectly plain one, and well worth the attention of all clubs interested in international racing; cups with strings tied to them in the interest of any parties can never be successful as international trophies, however useful they may be in promoting local racing.

Mr. F. Bovie was fishing for eels in Wimbledon Park Lake, in 4ft. of water, using as a bait a small dead roach on a double gorge hook. During the whole morning Mr. Bovie did not get a single run, and went away at 1 o'clock. On returning he saw an unusual commotion 30yds. from the bank, and looking more closely noticed that the disturbance was caused by a young crested grebe floundering about in the water near where he estimated his bait would be. Mr. Bovie picked up his rod, and discovered that the bird was hooked, and on reeling in found that the grebe had literally gorged the roach, so much so indeed that it had to be killed.—London Fishing Gazette.





FAST CRUISER OF 30FT. L.W.L.
Designed by B. B. Crowninshield for George S. Silsby, 1898.
Construction and Accommodation Plans.



Book Shelf.

Baluster.

The America Cup, 1899.

THE work of constructing the new challenger and defender for the America Cup races of 1899 is now well under way on each side, but as a matter of course very little is known as to the plans and progress of either party, and nine-tenths of the special reports are mere guesses and unverified rumors.

The final plans of Shamrock have been completed and submitted to Sir Thomas Lipton and his associates, and the work of actual construction will begin very soon. It is reported that the hull will be built by Yarrow & Company, on the Thames, the famous torpedo boat builders. The firm is thoroughly equipped for handling aluminum and very light plating, and will no doubt turn out a fine job if the work is entrusted to it. Another report in connection with the races is that the Duke of York will visit New York to witness them.

On Nov. 1 Valkyrie III. was towed to Greenock from her moorings in Gourock Bay, where she has laid since her return from New York, and she was hauled out at Scott & Company's yard for cleaning and painting. She has been cleaned, a heavy growth of barnacles being removed, and after the bottom was tarred she returned to her moorings. Nothing is known of the purpose of her owners, but she may be fitted out for trial races with Shamrock next season.

At Bristol the new defender is laid down and work is under way on the first patterns, etc. The lead for her keel has arrived, and the frames are being bent. She will not be set up, however, until Defender has been repaired and launched from the south shop, where she now lies. She was hauled out on the new railway on Nov. 15. This railway has been specially constructed within the past two months for the handling of the old and the new boat, it runs out 300ft. to a depth of over 20ft. on the cradle. The ways have been laid by a diver, the work being interrupted at times by bad weather. The cradle is but 28ft. long, but very strongly built, of wood, steel and cast iron. It is fitted with a number of steel struts, extending up to the body of the hull, instead of the ordinary sliding blocks or poppets. The hauling is done by a powerful steam winch at the head of the shop. The work of hauling out Defender is described as follows by Mr. Robinson, of the Boston Globe, who was present:

Just how extensive will be the work of repair on the Defender cannot be stated with exactness until after careful examination of her hull, but Mr. Herreshoff considers her in good condition for a boat that has lain idle at her moorings for three years, and has not been hauled out since before the Cup races in September, '95. The aluminum plating of the topsides and the aluminum deck beams are undoubtedly in bad shape and practically will have to be replaced, but it is believed that the steel frames of the boat and the manganese bronze plating below the water line are sound and that they will need comparatively little attention.

A good look at the boat to-day, as she was being hauled out, confirms these impressions. The corrosion of the aluminum topsides is mostly hidden under a coat of white paint applied before the boat left New Rochelle for Bristol, but in places the plates were deeply pitted, and there are other evidences that the lightweight metal has not stood a long seawater test. Still it stood long enough to successfully defend the Cup, and that was really all that was expected of it. The new syndicate has money enough to replace it for next year's work, as well as to build the new boat, so that outsiders seem to have no quarrel with the use of aluminum in either new or old.

In many places on the manganese under-water body of the boat, notably on the rivet heads and the edges of the plates where they are butted together along both bilges, there are quantities of iron rust.

The difficult task of hauling out Defender was accomplished with neatness, if not with dispatch. Plenty of time was taken, for the work begun soon after 8 o'clock in the morning was not finished until late in the afternoon, but since the safety of the boat was the first consideration, time did not count, and nothing that could insure that safety was left undone. The Herreshoff ingenuity was shown everywhere in the work, and Mr. N. G. Herreshoff gave the job his personal supervision.

The cradle is fairylike compared with the cradle of the ordinary marine railway, and yet it serves its purpose much as do the light launching cradles used by the Herreshoffs. It is noticeable for its absence of heavy bilge blocks. In place of them on either side is a series of inclined shores reaching from the sides of the cradle to the body of the boat just as it rounds into the keel, or just where the garboard strake would come in boats of ordinary construction, and extending about 30ft. fore and aft.

The keel rests on the usual heavy blocks, but of other support there is none, except a shore on the forward end of the cradle, which finds its top bearing on the bobstay plate, where it is riveted to the stem. The construction is of course solid, but its lightness and simplicity are marked.

The work of hauling out was begun just before 9 o'clock, when Defender was warped from her berth at the north pier by means of properly placed cables, and was moored stem and stern at the outer end of the ways, ready to be run into the cradle when it should be let down the ways from the shop. But the cradle wasn't ready as soon as Defender. Men were still at work in the shop on its wooden blocking. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, who had been on Defender, went ashore in a small boat to hurry things along, but it was 9:45 before the cradle ran slowly and smoothly down the ways and stopped at their end just under Defender's bow.

Defender was hauled slowly and carefully ahead and was apparently almost in place on the cradle when she refused to move further. Diver G. O. Phillips, of Quincy, who has been at work for eight weeks on the ways for the Fall River firm having the job in hand, was sent down from its diving scow to see what was the trouble, and reported that Defender was binding hard against the cradle on the starboard side. The boat was then hauled somewhat to port and soon slid ahead until her keel had full bearing on the blocks. Then the cradle was hauled up until Defender's waterline was about 2ft. above the surface, when the diver again went down and drove home the wedges between shores and hull, making everything solid.

The work of getting Defender on to the cradle had been done none too soon, for there was barely a foot of water under her keel when she was finally settled in place, where there had been nearer 3 at high water.

The cradle and with it Defender was now slowly hauled up on the ways, with one or two stops for the firm placing and wedging of the forward shore, and as the noon whistles were blowing the boat's bow was within a dozen or 15ft. of the end of the shop.

Here work was suspended until after the men had had their dinner. Defender was now left to herself for a while, with the water just lapping the bottom of her lead keel.

And very handsome she looked, too, when left alone and with only the lightest of cradle support. Rust stains on her underwater body could not hide, much less detract from her fine model, the easy and graceful sweep of her fore and aft lines and her general racerlike look all around. No irregularity in form was to be seen, and she looked outwardly as though a little scraping, polishing and painting was all that was needed to put her in shape. She is certainly a beautifully modeled boat, as all who saw her in the dry dock in New York in '95 will testify, and it is not easy to see where Mr. Herreshoff can improve on her. Whether or not he can improve on her will be shown later in the new boat.

Soon after 2 o'clock the work of hauling the boat into the shed was taken up, and with a stop now and then to make sure of dredging and shoring, was completed before dark. There had been no serious hitch in the work and everyone interested breathed more freely when the 150 tons and 20ft. draft of Defender was safely housed, shored and blocked for the work of repair. This work will now be pushed so that Defender may be launched and the new boat set up in her place.

Assisting Mr. Herreshoff to-day, aboard the Defender, was Capt. Charlie Barr, who sailed her around from New Rochelle, and who will sail her in next season's races. Pres. John B. Herreshoff of the firm was a frequent visitor to the north pier during the forenoon, and was kept well posted as to the progress of the work. After the boat was in the shop both the Herreshoffs expressed satisfaction that a job which would have taxed any of the regular marine railways had been satisfactorily done, but neither would give an opinion as to the extent of the repairs needed or the probable time required.

Defender's mast, boom and other spars are on the south pier, where later they will be safely covered from the winter storms. Sails and rigging have been stowed away in the lofts.

Capt. Barr has returned to his home at City Island for the winter.

The Capabilities of Small Yachts.

WE continue below the republication of the very interesting discussion of this important subject, from the Field. As a matter of vital interest to all cruising yachtsmen and single-handers, we hope that our readers will feel inclined to discuss it still further. The designing of a thoroughly stanch and seaworthy cruiser, capable of keeping the sea and of giving good living room to her crew, and at the same time a smart lively boat, and not a mere leewardly box, is one of the most interesting problems of yacht designing, especially when the fitting up to the best advantage of every inch of space is included.

The discussion thus far has developed various views of the value of overhangs versus square ends, all types finding their warm advocates, but the happy mean for real sea-going will probably be found very far from the square stem or stern in the form of moderate overhangs of the whaleboat type, giving long diagonals, an easy form, and ample buoyancy above water. There is little doubt that this type of boat is superior both to the square-ended craft with straight stem and bluff bows, and the racing type with excessive overhangs on each end.

The question raised in your issues of Sept. 24 and Oct. 1, on the capabilities of small boats, is, in my humble opinion, of paramount importance to all yachtsmen. My experience of sailing began with a small deck boat about 17ft. long, with a cutter rig. In this craft I knocked about the lower reaches of the Thames for a season. The following year I had a 3-tonner, but still I was ambitious for a boat which could stand almost any weather that one is likely to encounter on our east and southeast coasts. As this boat did not answer my requirement, I sold her some time before the close of the season, and then spent my leisure in going from one yacht yard to another. I visited the whole of the yards inside the Solent, and then up as far as Brightlingsea, for the ideal cruiser. I came across many that would answer my purpose, but there was invariably some drawback, and I had almost made up my mind that, to get the boat I wanted, I should be compelled to go to the expense of building; but when I asked a friendly builder the probable cost, I was winded on the spot at his reply. Luckily, however, an agent, just at the right time, sent me particulars of a boat which he thought would suit.

I went down to the fort where the boat was lying, and at once saw she was the craft I wanted; Thames measurement, she worked out at 8 tons. Her length over all was 30ft., 26ft. l.w.l., and 9ft. 3in. beam, and cutter rigged.

A few days later she became mine, and I shall not easily forget the satisfaction I had when we brought her round to the Thames.

Her draft was 5ft. 3in., which gave comfortable head room. The cabin was about 9ft. long and 9ft. wide, giving plenty of room to move about in.

The gunwales were only 4in. high, provided freely with scuppers, so that when under way the water simply washed over her.

Of course the proof of the pudding is in the eating. To look at from the shore she looked an ideal cruiser, but the primary consideration was what would she be like under canvas well down Channel.

To find out from one's own personal experience is, I think, decidedly the best; therefore I resolved to bring her up to the Thames myself instead of engaging any extra hands. On board with me was a skipper and a boy.

At the end of April we got under way and stood up Channel. The day had been fine, but toward evening I noticed the wind was shifting from S. to S.W., and the glass falling. The clouds were chasing one another up from the windward like mountains of black wool, and I made up my mind for a wicked night. I was at the tiller, which we moved in a somewhat large cockpit, made completely watertight by a wooden covering. The tide was favorable, and the course easterly. I had all my work cut out in watching the end of the main boom (the sheet being free) and the waves, which were chasing us astern. The wind increased in violence every minute, and as we ran up the breast of one wave, and halted on the crest for a dive down into the gulf of another, I took a hasty glance to windward and saw the waves following each other, regiment after regiment. I thought it was utterly impossible to avoid getting pooped, but we did not get so much as a bucketful over the counter. To the buoyancy of the boat I could only attribute this fact. Hour after hour we slashed her through, and having gained confidence in the boat's seaworthiness, I had not a particle of fear that we should weather the gale safely.

On the following day we got round the North Foreland in a brutal sea, caused by the tide rips, and the wind being abeam we were scudding along with double-reefed mainsail, reefed foresail and storm jib. The water occasionally came over the bows simply in tons, but owing to the low bulwarks simply rushed over the sides, back from whence it came. Instead of a fair wind, it was a dead peg the whole of the day to Queensborough. Tack after tack we made, and the wind and tide contested every foot of the way. After a spell at the tiller I dived below for a rest, and lay for some time listening to the wind howling through the shrouds, and then dozed off into a sound sleep. I must have slept for about three hours, when I awoke and found by the motion of the boat that the going was much easier and not accompanied by a vicious kicking at her heels. Going on deck, I found that there was less force in the wind and our port of destination was in sight. When at anchor that evening I took up the floorboards of the cockpit to see what water was in her, and was delighted to find that there was scarcely a bucketful of sea water. A water breaker which had broken loose accounted for the rest. I have had a good many dustings off the Forelands this year, but none so severe as the one just related.

Looking back over the cruises of this year, I cannot but feel satisfied, as well as confident, that a boat well built and well handled can hold her own in almost any weather.

The recent contest on the Medway, between the Maid of Kent and the Irex, contains food for ample reflection for yachtsmen generally. In conclusion, I am decidedly of opinion that there is a large field open for builders if they can turn out cruisers of the above type, or, say, a shade larger, giving a length over all of 36ft., 30ft. on the water length, beam 9ft. 3in., draft 5ft. 3in. These dimensions would give a large forecastle and two cabins, with a cockpit amply sufficient for working her. With a schooner bow and an elliptical counter such a boat would, I venture to assert, be one that any yachtsman would be proud of.

ERNEST A. ORR.

The letters which have appeared in the Field under this heading, and the interesting editorial remarks on the subject, open up a wide area of discussion, in which I hope I may be permitted to join.

Mr. Chatwin admirably sums up the three most urgently necessary points in the design of a yacht intended solely for cruising purposes; but I am not quite in agreement with him in making it an absolute rule that a small yacht when caught must necessarily "run for it." It all depends upon circumstances, and under some conditions good seamanship would dictate heaving to in preference; but, at any rate, it is desirable to be able to run successfully whenever necessary, and as small craft are not often caught very far from shelter, it is most usually resorted to. I do not anticipate that any of your readers who have had much experience at sea in small craft will deny that running a small yacht in a heavy sea, even under the snuggest sail, is an anxious and trying job, and if the correspondence should clear up any doubtful point in the design of cruising yachts, very much good will have been accomplished.

With regard to counters—if the words quoted from "Yacht and Boat Sailing" be taken in their absolute and literal sense, i. e., "a short, neat counter"—I think there can be no question that such an adjunct is most valuable in running. The kind of counter usually found on a racing yacht can hardly be accurately described as short; but even that is better than an absolutely square stern, although one would hardly put such a long tail on a small cruising yacht, and I doubt very much whether any form of counter and after body would run longer or more safely than the "unconventional" sharp stern form alluded to by Mr. Chatwin, if this were accompanied by a fairly long heel, and a nicely rounded off forefoot of not much more than half the depth of the sternpost, and a sufficiently large rudder.

"Broaching to," that ever-present terror when running in a high sea, would not perhaps be entirely banished; but at any rate it would be removed to a safer distance.

This particular form of stern, which, I think, was first introduced by myself for cruising purposes (the Jullanar possessed one years before, for measurement cheating purposes), very much approximates to what was known as the elliptical or round stern, which that veteran cruiser, Mr. McMullen, speaks so favorably of. His words are: "Having experienced the great discomfort of riding at anchor in rough weather in a boat with a long counter, I had the Sirius built with a round stern, which, although it was at the time considered an ugly innovation in yacht building, has since become common * * * the long overhang stern * * * is an excrescence and a nuisance in seagoing vessels, where comfort and safety are of more importance than elegance."

On turning to the plates in his book "Down Channel," which give outline views of the different cruisers he built, it will be found that the overhang aft of Sirius, 11 tons, was only 3ft.; and that of the Orion, 16½ tons, but 4ft., while the Leo, his first yacht, although only 20ft. over all, had 2ft. of overhang aft. It is probable that these yachts would nowadays be voted intolerably slow; but there is no denying their abilities as cruisers when handled by their owners. Yet, remarkable fact, the Procyon, a later boat still, and a single-hander, has a perfectly flat stern, and only 6in. more draft aft than forward! Evidently a "master" can cruise safely in a square-sterned boat; but that a "short, neat counter," carrying out the body of the boat, would have been a vast improvement, it is hardly possible to deny, with out present knowledge of form.

The limits of overhang, both forward and aft, are practically decided by the form of midship section. It is only the flat-floored, high-bilged bulb-keeler that can take unlimited overhang. With the full, deep body necessary in a cruising model, it is not very easy to overshoot the mark if the design is kept fair, even with a large amount of cutaway forward, though this feature, carried to excess, is one of the causes of unsatisfactory behavior, when hove to, which a designer of experience would know how to avoid, without actually indulging in a "square toe," and given, say, 36ft. as extreme over all length, a more satisfactory and actually larger cruiser could be designed with 3ft. overhang forward, and 4ft. or 5ft. aft, than one with a straight stem and an 8ft. counter, the greater part of the after end of which would be useless, and therefore, as Mr. McMullen dubbs it, an "excrescence."

Although "converted" lifeboats are often made into fairly successful and safe cruisers, they can be at best but makeshifts, costing nearly as much in the end as would a properly designed and built cruiser, in which one could obtain far more comfort and an exact disposition of the centers necessary to successful performance in all weathers, in addition to the very valuable amount of surplus buoyancy gained by judicious overhang fore and aft.

Mr. Chatwin may be glad to hear that the unconventional sharp stern, which he evidently approves of, is rapidly coming into favor in the small class of cruisers now known as canoe-yachts. Several are being built in England and America, and I am at present engaged upon the designs of two others which will be afloat next summer.

ALBERT STRANGE.

Scarborough, Oct. 15.

In the discussion about designs for seaworthy yachts, and even in editorial paragraphs on that subject, certain misleading definitions have crept in, which may prove to be hurtful.

The controversy centers on the value in strong weather of overhang, either forward or aft, or at both ends. The Field, in an earlier stage of the discussion, took the view that "overhang at either end was of great value in a sea, and any one who had ever been caught in a blow in a square-sterned craft would recognize the use of the counter, either for running or jamming the wind in a heave-to."

It has been my lot to have watched both experiments in both types, and unreservedly I dissent from the implied conclusion. The question really is, in effect, what is the length of a vessel? Compactness of hull in all directions facilitates construction, docking, storing and swinging, and is therefore desirable. For purposes apart from convenience, yachts are rated in most countries by their waterline length; without doubt additional length in the ends, which comes into play at high rates of speed, or in broken water, may add power to a boat, but the overhang ends are in fact length, added, but not counted.

Any naval architect would, I imagine, design his waterline the full length of the hull if no penalty of measurement were thereby incurred, and if the vagaries of fashion were neglected. If noses and tails are of greater value for seagoing purposes than waterline length, logically it would improve the model of a successful square-sterned boat to carve away at either end till the ideal shape were attained. A cutter without overhang, scientifically designed and constructed, whose waterline length was equal to the over all length of the Britannia, would lose that successful vessel in any weather.

Lifeboats and crabbers, Penzance luggers and torpedo boat destroyers, are all practically the length on the waterline that their respective sizes admit, and even in the newest Atlantic liners the trifling overhang at one end is barely sufficient to keep hawsers clear of propellers. It seems to me that the dispute arises from misapprehension.

SQUARE TAIL.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"*The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.*"
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

It is when the snow is on the ground that we take the census of the woods.

E. E. Thompson.

GAME AND THE FOOD SUPPLY.

Commenting upon the current high prices of English game occasioned by the unfavorable weather prevailing during the breeding season, the London Standard points out that under ordinary conditions game birds from the great preserves are cheaper than domestic poultry. "Thirty years since," the Standard says, "it would have been thought a piece of extravagance to buy game for ordinary consumption in any middle-class household. Latterly, however, ladies have found pheasants cheaper in the end than fowls. Without costing more money, they go a good deal further. A prime young pheasant, well fed on buckwheat and other nutritious delicacies, has more meat on him than the much-vaunted Surrey fowl. We must all be glad that both pheasants and partridges have been brought within the reach of the middle classes; and it would be an evil day, for more reasons than one, if ever they were placed beyond it again. We anticipate no such misfortune as that." Partridge and pheasant are cheap commodities, of course, only because they are bred in enormous supply; and bred with as much system as are the ducks in any Long Island duckery that sends to market its twenty thousand ducks in a season. In this supply of cheap food for the large class in England who habitually buy game for their tables is found an answer to much of the criticism upon game preserves. Only for the sake of shooting will landed proprietors go to the expense and trouble of maintaining game-keepers, pheasantries and costly establishment of a game preserve. In Great Britain then sport has a direct and wholesome effect upon the market price of cheap food.

We have at the present time in this country no game conditions answering to these. A well-known sportsman of Ohio once made an eloquent plea for the protection of quail in that State, and clinched his argument with the declaration that if duly protected the birds would become so abundant as to furnish an unending supply of cheap food for the people. Except in certain circumscribed localities, where birds are many and people few, this consummation can never be realized. Wherever and whenever the condition has existed it has been with the primitive stock of game, before it has been given protection, before there was apparent necessity of protection for it. Protection never has and never can so restore a wild game supply as to make it a source of cheap food for the people. The game in our markets to-day is a luxury. Canvasback ducks are quoted at $6 a pair, redheads at $4.50 a pair, quail $3.50 a dozen, woodcock $2.25 a pair, snipe $4.50 a dozen, partridges $2.25 a pair, loin of venison from 50 cents a pound for fresh killed to 30 cents for refrigerated stock. No feathered species which is dependent upon natural supply alone can ever compete with the domestic hen, or with the imported pheasant, if that bird shall be bred in the English way. Given thirty years of extension and development of the game preserve system which is so rapidly taking hold in this country, and the experience of the United States, with the pheasant as a factor in the food supply, may answer to that of Great Britain; we may then be where England is now.

RING-NECKED PHEASANTS IN NEW JERSEY.

The most important and significant story of game stocking enterprise ever told of the Atlantic States is contained in the chapter in the New Jersey Commissioners' report for 1898, which records the introduction of the ring-necked pheasant into the covers of that State. In 1897 some four hundred and seventy-four birds were distributed through the several counties, where they were entrusted to the care of persons who undertook to assure security for them by posting the land and other means. The letters published by the commission, some of which are quoted in our game columns to-day, establish the fact that when put out and left to shift for itself, the pheasant is abundantly able to find food, to stand the climate and to maintain itself with our native birds. In New Jersey the pheasant has increased and multiplied. By giving us such a demonstration the Commissioners have rendered a service to game interests extending far beyond the limits of their own State. Pheasant breeding has been successful in numerous instances when undertaken as a private enterprise; here it was entered upon as a public charge, and the success attending it is such as must insure the adoption of similar work by the game commissions of other States.

A service like this rendered to the people by a fish and game commission must go far toward strengthening the commission in public esteem, and toward enlisting an improved public appreciation of its game protective functions. The persons of the community most difficult to deal with in these matters are those who look upon the commission and its executive force as having only the one purpose of restricting their sport and denying them the right to hunt when they choose to. The commission stands to them in the relation of a spoil sport. They cannot or will not look beyond this to the ultimate purpose of close seasons, and other restrictions, as measures adopted to insure the perpetuity of the game supply But here surely in this pheasant introduction is something which the most obstinate and wilfully obtuse opponent of game protection must see and acknowledge as of direct value to himself and his fellow shooters. The enterprise declares upon the face of it that instead of seeking to restrict shooting, a commission which introduces a new game bird must be intent upon promoting sport with the gun. By and by, when the required close season on the game shall have expired, and fortunate gunners shall return from the field with the magnificent trophies, they will see this more clearly yet. The establishment of the pheasant then will have a two-fold result, it will supply a new game bird, and it will foster and make converts to the game protection idea.

THE SNIPE BAG.

The trick of posting a greenhorn to hold a bag for snipe at night has remarkable persistence; hardly a season goes by without its reporting from some quarter; and not infrequently the results are fatal to the victim. Usually the bag holder is a guileless stranger, at whose expense "the boys" determine to have some fun; to that end they take him out into the swamp, where the mosquitoes are thick if it is summer, or to the bleakest spot they can find if it be winter, and standing him there with a bag to hold open for the game, they caution him to silence, and go away ostensibly to beat up the game, but actually to return to the tavern to await the advent of the bag holder, when he shall come to a realization of the sell. There was a blizzard in Iowa last week, and among the newspaper dispatches about it was one from Sioux City, recording that a young stranger who had been induced by practical jokers to hold a bag for quail on the bank of the Little Sioux during the storm was supposed to have wandered away and frozen to death, or to have fallen into the stream. At last accounts the searching parties had not discovered the body. The unfortunate individual appears to have fallen prey to that canine instinct in man which prompts him to do for the stranger after the manner of a band of dogs which will invariably set upon a strange dog.

The snipe bag jokers we shall have always with us, but it may be noted that the stranger who is likewise a greenhorn is not nowadays so often as formerly the butt of village tricks. This is in particular true of those communities which derive a revenue from providing for the sportsman tourist, for it has come to be understood that no matter how green the person may be, his money is quite as good as that of any other man when paid for hotel, boat, camp outfit, guide and cook. The first thing the dweller in an isolated place must learn, in order to put him on good terms with a stranger, is that in dress, deportment, speech and equipment as to information or skill or ability, one may be at wide divergence with local standards, and yet be "a very decent sort of a fellow" after all. In teaching this lesson, the sportsman has always had a large influence, because it is the sportsman who so frequently first invades remote communities and puts them in touch with the world. The man with the gun and his brother with the fishing rod have thus in numberless instances been the bringers of many social amenities.

SNAP SHOTS.

They do things differently in New Zealand. In that land of extinct and extinguishing forms of animal life they have a bird remnant, the *Notornis mantelli*, a giant flightless purple coot, first described from bones found with those of the moas, and like the moas supposed to be extinct. After a while a living one was discovered, and was, of course, promptly killed and made into soup. Years afterward a second one was captured, and the skin was sent to the South Kensington Museum; and then, some twenty years ago, a rabbit catcher one day found in his snare the third known specimen. A fourth has just been captured, also by a rabbit snarer, and promptly killed. It is, of course, a great pity that rare forms of bird life should be destroyed in this way, but what more could be expected of New Zealand rabbit trappers? In this enlightened country it would have been different. The same foresight and provident self-control which have preserved to us the wild pigeon and the buffalo, the Pennsylvania elk and the Florida plume birds, would have taken good care of a bird which could not fly. The genius of American sportsmanship is such that this continent would be a secure paradise for wingless wildfowl.

Mr. Titcomb sends us the list of deer killed in Vermont this year, as reported by postmasters. It runs by counties: Addison six, Bennington four, Caledonia two, Chittenden one, Essex ten, Franklin one, Lamoille two, Orange one, Orleans four, Rutland thirty-five, Washington two, Windham four, Windsor fifty-eight—a total of one hundred and thirty. This is against a total of one hundred and seven reported by postmasters in 1897; the whole number for that year was estimated at one hundred and forty; and it is probable that the number this year is much larger. The open season in 1897 and in 1898 comprised the month of October, and the use of hounds was permitted. The experience of these two years has demonstrated that this drain upon the supply was too great, and acting at the instance of the game commission, the Legislature has changed the law; the game is protected except for the last ten days of October, and the use of dogs to pursue deer is prohibited.

"It is the almost universal custom with the local shooters here to shoot the bucks and let the does go free," writes Mr. Risteen from New Brunswick. "I never shoot does nor fawns, but always wait for something with a head on it," said a Florida sportsman the other day, describing deer hunting in that State. And so from Canada to the Gulf sentiment is growing in favor of sparing the does. The rules which sportsmen impose upon themselves for conduct in the woods are not constant from generation to generation, but are made more and more stringent as time goes by. The tendency is all in the direction of a more provident and careful use which shall not diminish the parent stock.

Guide Joe Francis of Maine woods trail and camp is Gov. Joseph Francis, of the Penobscot Tribe, having been elected to that office on Tuesday of last week. If the Governor is as capable as the guide, the Penobscots have made a capital choice.

The organization of the Alabama Field Trial Club has had a distinct influence to quicken public interest in shooting and the game supply, and it is probable that one good result will be the securing of a game law to cover the State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Yukon Indians.

(*Continued from page 224.*)

Pink Tea on the Yukon.

The first night we were in the cabin about half the village organized a surprise party. Everybody came except those who had to stay home to keep the dogs from stealing the meat, and they brought their appetites with them. In this respect it differed from other surprise parties, for the hosts were expected to furnish the dainties, as the Indians weren't slow to explain. They sat around on our provision sacks and the bed, and some of them squatted, Indian fashion, with crossed legs on the floor.

Mac and I elected that, as we had to furnish the grub, we would change it into a 5 o'clock tea, or a pink tea, or any old thing where solids were not called for.

We set a pail of water on the stove and dropped in a handful of tea (we had more tea than anything else in our outfit), and then we gobbled our own supper and were prepared to be sociable.

I filled half a dozen tin cups with tea, and Mac passed them around to the ladies first. Somehow when we looked around the men all had the teacups, and they were the biggest and ugliest looking men at that.

In our own selfish interests we had forgotten the sugar, but the first man to taste his tea remedied the defect. He got up from his seat on one of the three chairs that the cabin boasted of, and stationing a boy on guard over it, walked over to the table and put his hand into the tin pail containing sugar and helped himself. His hand would hold a lot of sugar, and it looked as if he had been skinning caribou that day. We were quick to appreciate the delicate hint, and passed no tea after that night without a modicum of sugar.

The party was laughing and chatting among themselves, and firing questions at us when they could invent some way of framing them to suit our comprehension.

Bum, a fierce looking little man, as black as most pure-blooded negroes, asked our names. We told him Jack and Mac. On hearing the name Mac, all the Indians with a common impulse laughed as if greatly amused.

Mac looked a little mad, for he couldn't see anything humorous in his name, and asked Bum what there was to laugh about.

"Mac," said the Indian, and he laughed again at the mention till the tears came into his eyes. "Mac, him no matches. Him cold; bu'r'r. Him stop, all the samey Yukon. Him no muck muck." From which we gathered that the Indians had been acquainted with a man by this name who had frozen to death. When the Yukon freezes they say it stops. Why the incident and the coincidence in names seemed funny to them is more than I can explain, unless they were putting it all on to tease Mac and scare him.

They couldn't scare the plucky Scotchman, who was nothing if not cool grit, but he showed very plainly his annoyance, and I resolved to try to rid him of the attentions of the crowd.

Burning Water.

Our light was furnished by a bacon grease lamp (called "bitch" for short on the Yukon), and as it happened the Indians had never seen anything like it. We had taken an empty butter can, melted in that our grease, with a little lard and salt mixed in, improvised a wick from a raveled cotton rope, and a burner from the top of a condensed milk can, and finally supported wick and holder on a wooden float, so that the flame would always remain a suitable distance above the grease. When it was completed the grease at our disposal would not fill the can, and the rim cut off a portion of the light. To remedy the trouble we poured water into the can till we had raised the grease and flame to the desired level.

The Indians it seems are unacquainted with the fact that grease has a lower specific gravity than water, and will float on top without commingling.

"Johnson," I said, addressing the most troublesome Indian of the lot, "you asked us a while ago what we burned in that lamp."

Johnson went over and examined the lamp, and the Indians forgot all about their joke and became interested.

"It's water," I said, telling only about two-thirds a lie. "If you don't believe me, get some water and see it burn."

The Indian was incredulous, but he took a cup and went to the pail from which they all had been drinking since the tea gave out, and dipped up some water and poured it in the lamp. None happened to fall upon the wick, and it continued to burn as brightly as ever.

The Indians were convinced, and I had furnished them a subject which gave them plenty to talk about the rest of the evening. They have been trying to burn water there ever since, but they haven't succeeded.

Good Indians.

Along the Yukon they bury dead Indians in boxes that look like chicken coops or dog kennels with pickets around them, and instead of spending their money on a lot of carriages and flowers they buy red, white and blue paint and try to make the place look cheerful. To scare off bad spirits they hang up various articles on poles. Sometimes it is a tin can, but more commonly some kind of a gaudy streamer of silk or cotton.

It is getting to be the fashion among them to cremate their dead and carry them around with them wherever they go in little decorated trunks. These trunks come in handy for seats in their houses, and they don't seem to think it is bad medicine for a white man to sit on one of them. For themselves they prefer to squat on the floor when at home.

Mr. Curtis, at Marsh Lake, told me the following incident. The Tagish Indians had a settlement there till they got into trouble with the whites, and set up a war-whoop and left in a body. The most intelligent Indian is named John. He had a store, and was a trader in a very primitive way. Some one had made him a sign, which is still there, and reads: "John's House, Merchant." This is the way Curtis tells it: "An Indian by the name of Slim Jim—he's the fellow that goes up to all strangers and says, 'Me good Christian. Got chew tobacco?'—was off hunting near the Salmon cache on the McClintock, and his wife, 'Couchman' the Indians call them, died. Jim brought her down to John's store, and the Indians had a big feast, stove going red hot and the woman propped up as if she was looking on.

"Next day John came to me and said, 'Come to my store; I want to show you something.' Jim was there sitting in one corner, with his face blackened up like the ace of spades—suppose that is some Indian custom.

"John pointed to him and said, 'Him poor Indian. Lost his wife.' Jim didn't look particularly sad—was grimacing over it. John said, 'Want to see? Want to see?' He began pulling off coats and a whole lot of truck piled upon the bed, and there was the corpse. Wanted me to give some money to Jim for the show. John will keep her there all winter and burn the body next spring. He has a whole lot of burial trunks on storage there. Sort of safe deposit for the other Indians, you know."

Not Related.

The Indian's idea of relationship is queer. They inherit property through their mothers, and their fathers are not considered relations by blood. When the father dies his children inherit none of his property, which all goes to the relatives on his mother's side. A man's father or children may be starving and get none of his property at his death. In Dawson's report a case is mentioned where a rich Indian would not go out or contribute to send others out to search for his aged and blind father, who was lost and starving in the mountains. Not counting his father a relative, he said: "Let his people go and search for him." Yet this man was an over-average good Indian.

The Indians steal from each other, it is said, though as far as our experience goes they do not steal from white men. They entered and left our cabin constantly, and yet we never missed anything of value. The white men are the thieves of the Yukon. J. B. Burnham.

Monsieur Marmie.

For the last hundred years western Pennsylvania has taken a leading part in the iron industry. I find from my friend James M. Swank's valuable work on "Iron in All Ages," that the first iron furnace west of the Alleghany Mountains was the Alliance Furnace, on Jacob's Creek, in Fayette county, which was first put into operation on Nov. 1, 1790. This was almost in the shadow of the Chestnut Ridge. A chief partner of this enterprise was Peter Marmie. The 6lb. shot for General Wayne's expedition against the Western Indians was made at this furnace in 1792. This enterprise was carried on at intervals until the year 1802, when it finally went out of blast. Mr. Swank, writing in 1891, says that the stack of this primitive furnace was then still standing, but in ruins.

Peter Marmie, mentioned above, if he had been only a manufacturer of iron, would be no more entitled to notice in these columns than are his partners in the Alliance Furnace business. But he is otherwise worthy of distinction. He was a Frenchman—a dashing, high-living, enthusiastic fellow, and notably addicted to field sports. The region in which he lived afforded abundant scope for these pursuits. It was then an almost unbroken wilderness, and alive with wild turkeys, squirrels, foxes, bears, and deer. We imagine Monsieur Marmie's taste for sylvan diversions might easily grow by what it fed upon. There was no let or hindrance to its free exercise; no game laws, no trespass notices, no private right even in a large part of that vast wilderness. A man with a livelier imagination than mine could easily depict an old-time hunting party under the auspices of the mercurial and wealthy Frenchman; could in fancy pursue the wily fox or the bounding elk through his devious way, make us hear the baying of the hounds down in the woodland hollows or along the rough hillsides, and the clear ring of the view-halloo as the unfortunate victim of the chase came into sight.

"Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountains gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along;
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew."

Only a sportsman with the genius of Sir Walter could so glowingly portray the glories of the chase in the merry days of old. But, however merry the dogs of Monsieur Marmie may have been at their best, they ended in a frightful tragedy. For any knowledge of the fate of this old sportsman and iron master I am indebted to Frank Cowan's poem, in his volume entitled "Southwestern Pennsylvania in Song and Story." It seems that the Alliance Furnace was not a successful enterprise. After a few years the firm was dissolved, and the works were left on the hands of Marmie alone. His affairs went on from bad to worse, till finally, with that recklessness and penchant for the dramatic which characterize his people, he resolved upon an exit from this mundane sphere in a style at once tragic and memorable.

One day, when the furnace was glowing like a volcano and the molten metal bubbled and hissed in the vast cauldron, Marmie was seen to ascend to its brim accompanied by his faithful dogs. For a moment he stood, then casting the dogs two by two into the seething mass, he paused for an instant to wind a blast upon his huntsman's horn, and then leaped into the furnace to die with the constant companions of his woodland sports.

"Tirr-ill irr-ill, larry o-hee!—
Why that glowing, curling wreath
Of the smoke above the crater?
It is Marmie at the death."

Such was the fate of Marmie, according to the poet. It is further related that his perturbed spirit still frequents the melancholy spot, and "the hunter on the hillside" sometimes catches the sound of the horn as it echoes up from the infernal regions.

It is a gruesome story. The exigencies of the poem may have required some amplification of the circumstances; but that Marmie committed suicide in somewhat the manner described seems to be a well settled belief in that region. Mr. Cowan writes me: "As far as I know there is no historical basis for the suicide of Marmie, only tradition. I got it from an intelligent man who belongs to one of the oldest families in the neighborhood, and was the treasurer of all their traditionary lore.

"I cannot say how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as told to me."

A boon companion of Marmie's was a brother Frenchman named De Harperd, who, after a meteoric career, in which he married the most beautiful woman in southwestern Pennsylvania, suddenly disappeared from view. His wife got a divorce, married her lawyer, who committed suicide by cutting his throat when he thought his wife was dying, and she was carried to her grave on the following day. They left a daughter, who became the wife of a well-known citizen of an adjoining county.

T. J. Chapman.

Ingram, Pa.

The Copper River Country.

Tyonic, Alaska, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will be pleased to learn that I have been to the Tanana Valley this summer, having traversed the unexplored region between the Suchitna and Copper Rivers. I returned to the Knik Station on Sept. 24, and on the 28th I found a praeticable route across from Portage Bay to the Knik Arm. Late in July I packed up the Matanuska alone, seventy-five miles, to Lt. Castner's party. In August Capt. Glenn came out with his party and we proceeded north with fifteen pack animals (horses and mules); at Bubb River (a branch of the Teslina) we fell in with Mr. Castner's guide, an old-timer in the country, who led us to the Tanana country. Pack animals can go anywhere through this country, and they do not apparently suffer from the mosquito pest.

The route we pursued was not the best one, and can be much improved. After we passed the head of the Matanuska (120 miles), in looking south one could see a vast ice-bound region of snowy peaks and glaciers extending to the coast on Prince William's Sound. As we advanced north through the forest lake region beyond Bubb River, the Wrangel Range loomed up at intervals through the mists. Mount McKinley can be seen from the Knik Arm only, but once, when about 200 miles north (magnetic), I saw a tremendous high peak true north from my position. Soon we saw a barrier of snow-clad mountains ahead, extending east and west beyond a range of isolated foothills. The Gerstle River, down which we proceeded, flows south out of these foothills into a chain of lakes, thence north about 100 miles through this barrier to the Tanana.

As we approached the Tanana, the country appeared rounded and very dry. On the side hills I found cottonwood, willows and alder 3in. high, and flattened out like vines. From the head of the Matanuska to the Tanana we found caribou and moose, also black bears. On the lakes we found few ducks (mallard and teal), once we saw geese and a few swans. We wasted a good deal of ammunition on loons. Some prairies on the Gerstle reminded me of Montana. Not a single rabbit was seen. This must be one of the years during which they disappear. On the glaciers enormous brown bears are found, and the largest wolf tracks I ever saw. We passed several river beds scooped out by glacial action, and some of these places I wanted to prospect, but could not stop. Fair indications of gold are found on Gerstle River, and on streams between Portage Bay and the Knik Arm. Except in mosquito time we did not use tents much from May to October, but slept in the open or under spruce trees.

Luther S. Kelly.

John Gomez and a Coincidence.

Coming down in the elevated train the other day we read in the morning Times a dispatch from Knoxville, Tenn., reporting the death in that city of Mrs. Susan Sanders, aged 107 years. Mrs. Sanders was a relation of John Sevier, first Governor of Tennessee, and owned many souvenirs of the battle of King's Mountain. This record of the advanced age of 107 years called to mind old John Gomez, of Panther Key, down on the West Coast of Florida; and when we reached the office we found in the morning's mail this note from Tarpon, dated Tarpon Springs, Fla., Nov. 21:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your inquiry about old man Gomez should have been announced before, but I have been waiting to send you something definite. I have heard a rumor that he was dead, but I do not believe it. The yacht Maud, of this place, is now on a cruise to Miami. She will call at Panther Key one way, and I shall know all about old John when the Maud returns, which will be soon. I will write as soon as I learn the facts. I mean to take one cruise myself this winter, and I want to see old John once more. We are having glorious weather, and I never saw so many quail. Tarpon.

Nessmuk.

Medina, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Who is Nessmuk, the author of "Woodcraft"? Is he alive; if so, where does he reside, and how old is he? Kindly give such biography of him as you can without too much trouble, as I am certain it will interest many of your readers. D. D. W.

[Nessmuk was the pen name of Geo. W. Sears, who was for years one of the best known and best liked contributors to Forest and Stream. He died May 1, 1890, at the age of sixty-nine. An autobiographical sketch is contained in his book of poems, "Forest Rimes," which has also an artotype portrait.]



THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.—X.

BY FRED MATHER.

(*Concluded.*)

Two sharp reports of a gun rebounded from the forest opposite, and seemed half a dozen as the echoes died away. I crawled out from under the boat and found Doctor Gordon running toward it. "Launch it quick, I've got some ducks!" he called, and we shoved out into the fog on the river. The ducks had fallen up stream, and the current was weak on our side, so that we were in time to harvest them as they floated past, but our range of vision was limited to about 20ft. in all directions. We picked up six green-winged teal and heard a couple of cripples flop out into the dense mist to hide in the sedge all day and be eaten by the keen-nosed mink at night. It is a mistaken idea that a crippled duck pines away and dies from blood poisoning or starvation. One of two things happens to a wounded wildfowl. If only just wing-tipped so that it can't fly, it may skulk by day and have a chance for life by feeding at night and sleeping on open water, for all wildfowl are on the constant watch for danger. But if badly crippled in body or brain, the gulls watch for it by day and the mink searches the shores and marshes for it by night. The duck then fills the mission for which nature intended it, food for man or other animals, and in nature's scheme the beasts and birds of prey are to be provided for. The moral of this is to show that if a sportsman wounds a duck it has a chance to live, mate with some other "pensioner" and so round out its life for another season, but if badly hurt there is no prolonged suffering.

An Early Breakfast.

"Now," said Dr. Gordon, "these six green-wings are more than equivalent to three blue-wings, and we may use three blues for breakfast and take the fresher birds to New Orleans, for the blues were killed long enough to be eatable now; you prefer the greens, and I want to take them to New Orleans and have them served there under your orders."

"You said that you were going to get fish for breakfast, Doctor, and while my last waking thoughts were on fish, they found no place in dream. I think I slept solidly all night, for this Gulf breeze, with its freedom from mosquitoes, is a relief which I fail to find words to express. An aching molar deftly removed is an instant relief, but our immunity from the insect has been gradual. I can only compare it this way: Our first night on the Atchafalaya, near Red River Landing, may be likened to 'Fiddler's Green,' which the Irish locate as being nine miles below Gehenna. Then we reached a spot which was an ordinary Hades, as figured in Dante's 'Inferno'; a place of punishment for those who had committed only the minor sins. Another day brought us where the terror of the night is only an annoyance, and here we are in the Elysian Fields!"

The fog was lifting before the rising sun, and we had a journey of some thirty miles before us to Plaquemine, with no idea when a steamer would pick us up. The Doctor took off a lot of catfish from the set-line, and I knocked down a lot of pintails before the fog lifted, and we exchanged them for the darky's teal. If a darky thinks sprigtails as good as teal, why not? but the fact is that bacon is the grandest thing that his palate knows, and all other foods are classed below that great staple.

The sun was hardly an hour high when we finished our breakfast, and the Doctor remarked: "It will be two or three hours before our smoked American will be here with his team, and we might as well put in our time in accumulating a wealth of frogs for use on our journey; how does that strike you?"

"Just the thing; no man can say when we will reach the father of waters, and if we have a well-filled commissary we don't care. Get your fish line rigged and I'll cut a pole."

We had by after count sixty-seven giant batrachians, taken in three hours, before we heard our wagon coming to the landing. It was the middle of November, and the sun rose about 6:30, we began frogging an hour later, and here was our friend, who promised an early start, about to reach us at 11 A. M. If "time was made for slaves" it must have been abolished in George's household when emancipation was proclaimed. While we were in no pressing hurry, we had an inclination to start when ready, and now we began to think of dinner.

After the creaking lumber wagon had moved off the flat boat George remarked: "We's done a heap o' wuk dis mawnin', an' me an' Mose is gettin' hungry, an' as dis is de las' place whah dey's no skeetahs, I 'spec's we bes' get ouh dinnah; ha, ha! W'at yo' say, Doctah?"

"Yes, get dinner first." Then to me: "That 'skeeter argument was a good one; when we leave this Gulf breeze we hit the enemy again, and they hit us."

"Doctor," I asked, "is there no way of hurrying these people; have we got to spend the night in a dense forest where uncounted millions of poisonous insects are waiting to feed on us?"

"You might as well try to hurry the sun as to try to instil push into one of these Southern plantation darkies. They suffer with pains and aches, largely due to careless living; but they live long. See all the old ones in almost every house. I sometimes think that Dryden had one of these uncles in a prophetic mind when he wrote:

> 'Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score years;
> Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
> Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,
> The wheels of weary life at last stood still.'

Many of these old darkies approach the mummy line before they die, and just live on in a sort of vegetable life until there is no sap left, and they simply wither."

While dinner was preparing I was busy with my self-imposed task of discovering Dr. Gordon's ——. Here our language lacks a word that "nativity" does not fill. Old Sam, at Alexandria, had revealed the fact that the Doctor was born in Georgia; the Doctor's idioms were from all over America and England. He had just spoken of a Louisiana negro as a "smoked American," a term that was common to the Western troops in Sherman's army, but one that I never heard from any Eastern regiments. Where was he educated?

We used our fish and some of our frogs for dinner, and George and his boy Mose, who had lain on his back on some hay in the wagon until the landing was made, looked on the frogs with such disgust as they could not conceal. They watched to see if we really did eat frogs, and after dinner looked over the bones in order to be certain that they were "sho' 'nuff" frogs, but our offers of this delicacy were politely declined with the assurance: "We's got plenty 'nuff, thankee, an' we's got to eat all dis bacon an' fried bread an' not was'e it."

We Start for the Mississippi.

It was high 12 before the mules were hitched and moved their hoofs and the wagon toward the Mississippi. We left the old tub of a boat as payment for our transportation, and we walked. I insisted on taking the canvas, and that was all. George might have it when we left him at Plaquemine, but in case of rain it would be of service. The mules were in fair condition, but we now saw that there was no chance of getting through before sundown, and that we must pass a night in the woods within whose still recesses lurked millions of mosquitoes ready to take our last drop of blood and leave poison in its place. Somehow we conveyed this thought to each other without speaking, as we glanced at the midday sun at starting.

The old wagon had seen long service. The tires had been tightened up with wooden wedges, which the swamp water swelled so that the wheels were kept from dissolution. The axles groaned and cried piteously for grease until after a consultation the Doctor and I called a halt, stuck a limb under the end of an axle, lifted the wheel, propped up the limb, and took the wheel off and slipped it on again over a bit of pork rind, and after treating each wheel to the same sort of plaster we went our way without further protest from the wheels. When I expressed surprise that George had not greased the axles before starting, the Doctor replied:

"These plantation negroes like to hear a wagon squeal, possibly they think it keeps off savage beasts, or perhaps evil spirits, but I have no idea that George knows that grease on an axle serves any other purpose than silencing the noise. I'll ask him. George! why didn't you grease your wagon this morning before starting, and not have it go groaning and complaining of your neglect through the forest?"

"Hit come dis-a-way, Doctah; I tole my boy Mose, a-layin' in de wagon now, to 'range de wagon fo' a long trip to Plaquemine, an' he dun fo'got 'bout de grease fo' de w'eels. He's de laziest boy, dat Mose, wot I got, an' I'se a min' to make him walk, same as we's doin, 'stead o' ridin' awn de straw. Hey! You Mose, wake up an' 'splain wheffo' yo' no grease dat wagon dis mawnin' 'cordin' as I tole yo'!"

This was accompanied by a very light stroke of the black-snake whip as a sign of authority, but which would not have hurt a fly, and Mose emerged from the straw and said:

"Yo' done tole me to 'range de wagon fo' dis trip, but I knowed yo' like to heah him squeal fo' to wawn off de bahs an' de ghosts, so I 'glect fo' to grease de w'eels. Ef yo' done tole me fo' to put grease awn de w'eels, I done put it awn; dat's so, Doctah, fo' a fac'."

We had gone a mile or two after lubricating the wheels, the Doctor and I were walking behind the wagon when there was no water in the road, and piling in when we came to a wet spot. We were discussing some question of science or of natural history, when suddenly the wagon stopped and the mules went on, while George lurched out ahead. The animals kicked at the whiffletrees dangling against their heels, and then turned aside to browse. The old wagon-tongue had broken when the wheels dropped into a rut and the mules gave it a side strain.

A Breakdown.

"I 'clar' to goodness ef dat ah tongue ain' clean busted," George remarked, as he pulled himself out of the mud. "Ho! Mose, yo' pull yo'se'f out dat straw an' min' dem mules w'ile I see how we gwine get awn."

The Doctor and I looked at each other. His face expressed abject misery, and mine must have impressed him in the same way, for we both burst out laughing. The prospect of spending several nights in the mosquito-laden woods, after our anxiety to get through them in one day, was regarded as a joke on us. The insects had found us; we could fight them feebly by day, but what of the night?

The two darkies, father and son, stood gazing at the wreck. The father dreamily said: "Ef I had some slabs an' nails and some strong cawd, we's done fix dattah tongue so he go awn good."

"Very true," the Doctor replied, "but you have no slabs, nails nor cord, and there's no use to wish for them. We must make a new tongue."

"I kin fin' a small 'cawn tree fo' to make a tongue, but we ain' got no kin' o' tool fo' to make de holes fo' de bolts."

"Doctor," I asked, "what does he mean by a corn tree?"

"It's a species of hickory that bears the pecan nut of commerce, but the Southern pronunciation is pecawn, which our teamster, and other darkies, shorten into 'cawn."

"I see. George, you go get your 'cawn tree and make a tongue and I'll bore the holes in it."

"W'at is yo' gwine make 'em wid?"

"My fingers! You go get the tree and trim it in shape, never mind how I make the holes, and don't be all day about it; here it is 3 o'clock, and only two more hours of daylight, and we have not made ten miles. Hurry up or we will leave you and walk to the landing, for we might as well walk all night as to sleep among the 'skeeters for two or three nights. Strike out now, get your small tree, square it where it goes between the braces, or whatever their names may be, on the axle, and get back soon."

The Doctor smiled as the man walked off with his axe, and remarked: "If you were talking to some Northern woodsman or farmer, your words might have a stimulating effect, but as for hurrying George, you might as well try to hurry a clam. It will be dark before he comes in with the tree; yet I don't know but your threat of walking may bear fruit."

"Let us hope that it will. In the darkness of this forest, with its miry places in the road, we could not make a mile an hour, but we can't move until morning. The squirrels are chattering and the frogs are croaking in a swamp off to the right. You go for squirrels and I'll see if I can't get some frogs and so help out our commissary."

As I cut a long sapling to hypnotize the frogs with and started off, I heard the Doctor singing:

> "As I was a-comin' to Lynchburg town
> My ole ox-cart it done broke down;
> My oxen run, an' never did stop
> Till dey got 'fore de do' ob de blacksmith shop.
> Oh, Johnny Booker, help dis niggah,
> Oh, Johnny Booker, do, oh, do.
>
> "Says I, 'Mis'r Smith, do you charge anything
> Fo' to men' my oaken ring'?
> 'Oh, no,' says he, 'we nebber charge
> Unless de job am berry large;
> A job like dat it am so small,
> We nebber charge anything at all.'
> Oh, Johnny Booker, help dis niggah;
> Oh, Johnny Booker, do."

This old-time song evidently was suggested to the Doctor by the breaking of the wagon-tongue, but that he knew it brought up the old question of his early and late environment, for it was one of the old and early minstrel songs, and therefore did not originate in the South.

A Night in the Woods.

The frogs were difficult to get, because the swampy bottom of the marsh was hospitable, and only on the extreme edges could I persuade a frog to be mine by stroking its back with the sapling or by dangling a fish hook before its nose. The diminishing light of the sun hinted that an immediate return to camp would be preferable to spending the night in the swamp, and I took the hint.

At the show-down George displayed a crude wagon tongue of pecan, all complete except the holes for bolts. The Doctor brought out fourteen squirrels, and I laid out thirty big frogs; not bad work for two hours in a swampy land, where locomotion was sorely impeded.

Supper over, our darkies proposed to turn in, but I objected. The wagon tongue must be completed for a start in the morning. The Doctor and I agreed that an early start was desirable, and he turned over the command of the camp to me. I had felt the necessity of this move, but was diffident about suggesting it. The way was clear now. There was no more consultation with our darkies. Mose was ordered to look after the mules and George burned the old wagon tongue, or "pole," in order to get out the bolts. Then I took the smallest bolt and at a red heat made a hole where needed, for a burned hole is always larger than the iron that burns it, and so we had a serviceable tongue fitted before we lay down to sleep in the wagon, with the canvas propped over us as a ridge pole to protect from rain or mosquitoes.

The ground was too wet to sleep on, and a wagon box or "bed," as it is sometimes called in the West and South, is only 8ft. long, hence the problem of four men sleeping in it when it would only accommodate two abreast. There was but one way to do it. The Doctor and I took the front end, under the seat, which kept the canvas from our faces, and the Afro-Americans slept with their heads to the tail board, which protected them from the weight of canvas, but there was a lapping of legs, which was a necessary condition in an 8ft. box. We slept in our clothing, of course, but after a side talk with the Doctor I ordered that no shoes be removed. It was better to have bruised shins than to risk evils whose extent we did not know.

Just how much sleep came to each one of the party was an unknown quantity. Some slumber may have ventured my way, but was not remembered in the morning. There was a sound of revelry in the frog pond, a croaking of night herons, which were combining the sports of fishing and frogging without partiality to either as long as the diet was sufficiently "fillin'," the hooting of one owl and the so-called "screeching" of another, with the occasional whicker of a coon, and the omnipresent song of the myriads of mosquitoes outside our canvas, and the jubilant tone of the few which had got under it through the low ventilating folds, seemed a continuous performance.

Now the Frosty Stars are Gone.

The night was long, close and stifling. The necessity of a change of position naturally awoke others whose shins were creased by boot soles, and when morning came we were glad to lift the canvas, get on land and stretch our legs. After breakfast our teamster showed no sign of preparation for the start, and as the Doctor had turned all authority over to me I said: "Come, George, get a move on you; send Mose out for the mules and get ready to go on."

George was seated on the new wagon tongue in the attitude of prayer, and looked up, saying: "Dis yah's Sunday, an' de good book says we muss'n' do no wuk awn dat day, an' I 'spects we has to camp heah till to-maw."

The fact was that since leaving the mansion of Col. B. and the Red River we had taken no note of time, but the proposition to lie in the mosquito-laden woods and cook because it might, or might not, be Sunday was a little too much for me, and there was the Doctor enjoying the situation, probably wondering what form my indignation would take. After meeting his eye I cooled down and said to George:

"If your conscience forbids you to travel on Sunday you may remain and cut wood and cook your dinner and supper, but I will take the team and wagon and go on to the river, where you will find your property when you get there. Mose! you get the mules up and harness them now, hurry up!"

"Dad he say we ain' gwine move to-day—"

"Doctor, hand me that shotgun! Mose, if you don't bring up the mules I'll put so many shot into your trousers that they'll be too heavy to walk in. Your young brother, Gawge, must have tole yo' I was a

Yankee, an' was hard to keep from eating colored boys, but if you don't have the mules here in ten minutes I'll have you for dinner."

Old George, the Doctor thought, had no religious scruples about travel on Sunday, but he hoped for a pecuniary reward for doing it, and after the mules were hitched and the start was made he said: "The bluff didn't work, but it was fun to see it tried. These darkies are not consistent and are not truthful. George has not half as much respect for Sunday as we have, but on this occasion he paraded his respect for the day in an attempt to get money; it did not work, and here we go."

The old darky took his place on the driver's seat as usual. If he was at all disgruntled by my action it was not apparent, for he soon began to sing:

"Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll;
I want to go to heaven w'en I die,
To hear old Jordan roll."

He gave us snatches of other religious songs, for the plantation darky is fond of sonorous hymns, especially if there is a good chorus to them. When we stopped for dinner he asked: "Is yo' gwine trabbel all day?"

The deference with which he asked this question was evidence that he acknowledged my assumption of authority over him and his team, therefore I answered: "Yes, all day or all night, until we reach the river. We've fooled along this road too much, and the sooner you push your mules into Plaquemine the sooner they'll get a rest, and if you can't get them there to-night, I will."

"I dunno, I 'spect de rain's make de road sof', an' de wagon done pull hahd, but if yo' mus' get dah to-night we's gwine try."

As we started and the Doctor and I dropped into our places behind the wagon, he remarked: "I've enjoyed the way that you have issued orders where you really have no authority, and also the way in which they have been obeyed. The boy is afraid of you, and perhaps his father is also, but there is no excuse for more delay. We had only about thirty miles to go when we started yesterday noon, and can't have much more than half that distance before us now; but if you let George have his way it will take two days to get to the river."

Then I adopted new tactics: at every stretch of good solid road we would pile in over the tail board and one of us would work up alongside of George and "feed" the mules with the blacksnake until they were wide awake; and we had over an hour of daylight when we pulled up at a hotel in Plaquemine, then a village of some 2,000 inhabitants. We gave George enough to buy several new blacksnakes, and when I told him that I knew the mules could make the trip before night he grinned and replied: "Yassah, but dey done got some help wid de blacksnake, o' I 'spect we be back in de woods now."

We got a steamer for New Orleans about midnight, and next day Dr. Gordon voluntarily solved the riddle that I had propounded to myself. In the course of conversation he told me that his father was a rich Georgia planter, but he had run away from home with a circus when fourteen years old, and had gone North; interspersing his narrative with reminiscences of Dan Rice, Jo. Pentland, Dan Costello and Tony Pastor; names known to every boy half a century ago, when a circus billed its clown as the star feature, and had only one, who was better known to the small boy than any of our statesmen. Two years of this life satisfied him, and the boy went home. Then he studied medicine in New York and graduated; drifted to California and back to Chicago until the Civil War broke out, when he returned to Georgia and was appointed surgeon of a Confederate regiment. Afterward he had traveled abroad. Hence my failure to fix his locality by provincial terms and expressions, he was too thoroughly cosmopolitan to be so fixed.

The Doctor knew of a quiet restaurant where for three days we had green-winged teal served in different ways, and he declared that they were all so good that he couldn't tell which were best, and that never, until then, did he know how much excellence lay under the feathers of a duck that was usually spoiled in the cooking. He said: "I will treasure your rule and never allow any sort of dressing in a wild duck unless the bird is fishy or sedgy, and the flavor is to be destroyed."

As a man of leisure the Doctor could hardly understand my anxiety to get back to Washington with my specimens, and make my report; but some years later he dropped into the aquarium at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, and in the evening we ate teal in my favorite café, and in memory floated down the Atchafalaya River, hunted frogs and squirrels in the intervals of blacksnaking the ribs of mules over the roads through the woods in Iberville Parish, after time had obliterated all the discomforts of the trip, while memory retained only the pleasures which were magnified in the fog of distance and loomed up as our pleasures of the past are wont to do.

The past is all that we are sure of, and the "good old days" are always behind us, but when they were with us we still looked back or forward, according as we were old or young. It was with young men in mind that Pope wrote: "Man never is, but always to be blest."

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

The Antelope's Horns.

To men who have hunted much in the West the antelope is familiar and needs no description. Strong, swift and graceful, he gives life and movement on the bare yellow prairie, where often no other living thing is to be seen. Being so common and so familiar, few people realize how singular an animal the American antelope is. They may imagine—if they think about it at all—that other creatures like him inhabit other portions of the globe, and perhaps suppose that the antelopes of Asia and of Africa are similar in general characteristics to the one of our Western prairies. This is far from being the case. Nowhere in the wide world does there exist another animal at all like the prong-horned antelope. He stands alone—the only representative of his family, the *Antilocapridæ*, just as the giraffe is the only representative of his family, the *Camelopardidæ;* and as the giraffe is found only in Africa, so the prong-horned antelope exists only on the plains and among the mountains of western America.

Besides his structural peculiarities, which separate the prong-horned from all other antelopes, he is remarkable for shedding his horns. He belongs to the horned section of the great group of ruminating animals called *Pecora*, which includes the giraffe, the deer, all antelopes, sheep, goats and oxen. This group is further divided into two; one is the deer whose solid bony antlers are shed and reproduced each year; and the other is of the hollow-horned ruminants, in which the horns are permanent and covered with a sheath of horn or skin. These bony outgrowths are usually permeated by large air cavities, and it is on account of these that these animals are called hollow-horned.

Of all the hollow-horned ruminants the prong-horn antelope alone sheds his horns, yet he does not shed them as the deer does. The bony growth never drops off from the frontal bone, but each year the sheath which covers this process of bone becomes loose and falls off. Many a hunter, ignorant of this peculiarity of the antelope, has been astonished after killing a specimen in the early winter to have one or both of the horns come off in his hands, as he straightened out the animal preparatory to butchering. If one looked carefully at the support on the antelope's head, from which the black sheath has just slipped away, he would see that it was covered with soft skin, from which grew fine, whitish hairs, looking a good deal like those on the antelope's leg and that only at the tip was it black, hard horn. It is the growth of this hair, and of the new horn, which pushes up and loosens the sheath of the old horn.

In the spring and summer the process of bone supporting the sheath is covered with living tissue as thin as paper, just as are all living bones. This is the periosteum, which keeps the bone alive, and which in case of injury secretes new bone.

Toward autumn, however, the periosteum becomes thicker, and takes on the character of skin, and from this skin grows the fine hair, which, as stated, finally pushes the sheath of the old horn away from its supporting bone, and at the extremity of the skin becomes new hard horn. After the sheath has been shed, the hair continues to grow, and as it grows it becomes matted together below the tip, dark and hard, and gradually working down toward the head, changes from a covering of single hairs, which are white in color, to a mass of black agglutinated fibers, precisely like the sheath which the animal carried the year before. This process gradually extends further and further down the horn, until at the base it is sometimes difficult to be certain just where the sheath ends and the skin of the head begins.

During the rutting season, which takes place late in September and during the first half of October, antelope use their horns to some extent in fighting, and often come together with considerable force and energy, and push head to head for a long time. It is not probable, however, that such battles are ever severe enough to loosen the horns, or that they have anything to do with the annual loss of the sheath, which has been described.

As already intimated, the fact that the antelope sheds the sheath of its horns is a very remarkable one. For years scientific people denied that they did so, although the fact had long been known to many old hunters. A description of the process was written out and sent to the Smithsonian Institution in 1828, a long time before the fact was finally published, but the statement was so contrary to all that was known about hollow-horned ruminants that it was thought that there must have been some mistake, and the statement was never put into type. The first published observations on this subject were in 1855, on an antelope that was for years on exhibition in the Zoological Gardens in London, England.

Our issue of Nov. 19 contained a note explaining the annual shedding of the horns of the deer. If there is so much uncertainty as seems to exist in the minds even of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about the shedding and growth of the horns of deer, we need not be surprised that the belief about the shedding of the antelope's horns is still more vague and hazy. It is hoped that this description will clarify the ideas of some of our readers as to the matter.

Wyoming Wolves, Coyotes and Game.

JACKSON, Wyo., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last meeting of the Jackson Hall Gun Club, a $1 bounty on coyotes and a $3 bounty on wolves was offered, payable in scrip—due in cash three months from date. The killing of game by coyotes especially has reached enormous proportions, and the Gun Club knew of no better way to get rid of its surplus cash than in this manner.

Louis Lonigan, a constable, was also hired by the Gun Club to patrol the wagon roads leading into Idaho, and to arrest all persons who were unlawfully killing game—the game wardens hired by the county at $3 per day being absolutely no good and incompetent.

WM. L. SIMPSON.

Not the Passenger Pigeon in Mexico.

MACOMB, Ill., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We will have to acknowledge at last that you are better posted in regard to the wild pigeons of Mexico than all of us. The FOREST AND STREAM has claimed all the time that the wild pigeon of Mexico was not the passenger pigeon of America, but was probably the band-tail pigeon or some other species that resembles the passenger pigeon. I wrote to the Agricultural Department at Washington, and through it obtained the address of E. A. Goldman, who is employed by the Government traveling through Mexico in the interest of agriculture, and wrote him, asking if he would go to the trouble to find out if the American passenger pigeon could be found in Mexico. The following letter will explain itself:

"GUAYMAS, Mexico, Nov. 14.—Dr. W. O. Blaisdell: Dear Sir—The passenger pigeon, so far as we know, does not occur in any part of Mexico. Another bird, the red-billed pigeon, is very common in the tropics on both coasts, and has sometimes been mistaken by Americans for the passenger pigeon. The band-tail pigeon, which occurs in the mountains of Western United States, is quite common through the Sierra Madre, Mexico, nearly as far south as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Yours very truly, "E. A. GOLDMAN."

I shall have to fall back on my old theory that the passenger pigeon of America must have perished of some disease. They disappeared almost at once. The millions and millions of these birds could not have fell a prey to the shotgun and net in so short a time.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Forest Preservation in Bohemia.

CONSUL MAHIN writes from Reichenberg, Sept. 28, 1898: Bohemia is one of the most populous countries on the globe. Its climate is relatively cool, with rather severe winters. Therefore much fuel is used, and it is largely taken from the forests which cover the mountain sides. Yet, after the many centuries during which these forests have furnished fuel and building material for a dense population, they retain nearly their primeval area. This is due to the forethought of the Government in ordaining that as trees were cut down others should be planted to fill the vacancies. Vast stretches of dense forests cover the mountain slopes of this district. The wood is mostly pine. Trees are constantly being cut: but wherever a clearing is made small trees are planted the next spring. What at a distance may appear to be a bare spot in the forest, on near view is seen to be covered with little trees, set out in symmetrical rows and varying in height according to the length of time since they were planted. These new trees are raised from the seed in small inclosures, scattered in the mountains, and are thence transplanted. A similar custom in the United States might yet avert the serious danger threatening at least the Western part of our country.

"The Ways of Roots in the Ground."

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The account given in your issue of Nov. 19 by Mr. Shelton under the heading "The Ways of Roots in the Ground," can be matched by the behavior of a tree root which is—or was a few years ago—preserved in the Natural History Museum of Brown University at Providence, R. I. The legend concerning this root is piously believed by all good Rhode Islanders, as it has to do with their patron saint, Roger Williams, and is, as I remember it, in substance as follows:

On some occasion of exhumation of the remains of Williams, or at least examination of them, it was found that a root—I think of an apple tree—had behaved exactly as in the case reported by Mr. Shelton, and had sent out branches to follow the arms—the main root following down the spine and dividing at the base, a thick branch following down each of the legs. It is supposed that all that is left of the bodily substance of the doughty old pioneer and disturber of the peace of the Massachusetts colony is preserved in the tissues of this root.

C. H. AMES.

Insects on Mountain Tops.

THE claim of Capt. Langford that, at the time when he reached the summit of "The Grand Teton," he found mosquitoes there, reminds me that one time, as I stood at noon of a sunny July day on the summit of the Little Matterhorn—one of the minor peaks of the Pennine Alps—at an altitude of almost 13,000ft., there floated directly over the summit and within reach of my hands a beautiful black butterfly. I also have a distinct recollection of reading in Tyndall or Whymper observations of bees seen on the snow on some mountain top—I think it was the Matterhorn itself.

As a member of the Appalachian Club, and just a bit of a mountain climber myself, I have been interested in Capt. Langford's, to my mind, rather impressive defense of his claim to have reached the summit of the Grand Teton, and possibly what I have said may lend verisimilitude to his statement on one of the points challenged.

C. H. AMES.

As a Life Preserver.

I CALL FOREST AND STREAM my "life preserver." It is the only reading matter I can pick up for a few minutes, when worried with business, and my mind all in a muddle, and find instant relief by becoming oblivious to all cares and business perplexities; and I verily believe such a blessing as that will add years to the life of any business man. Then why do I not rightly call it a life preserver?

After spending years in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains with the full enjoyment and freedom of such a life, with its attendant pursuits of game and close touch with undisturbed nature, a change into a business life would be almost greater than I could bear were it not for the weekly visits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

The illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

The Grouse of School-house Run.

This is the way we bagged him:

Jack and the Colonel, Doctor and I were beating the hills and vales of Essex county, New York, what time the October flight of cock was due, having been lured there by word from our old guide that grouse were in fair numbers, waiting to be shot "on the wing, on the head, on the tail, any way to get 'em." For several days we drove from cover to cover, shooting over the likely places with indifferent success, and finally landed under the hospitable roof of the widow Wall, in Olmsteadville, where a week was spent hunting the surrounding hills. For some unknown reason the expected flight did not materialize, and so far as ascertained philohela has whistled a swift au revoir to his usual haunts in the Eastern States on his journey to the south land this year.

One crisp morning we started out to beat a long, narrow patch of alders, through which ran a little rivulet—an ideal place for woodcock—and where a day or two before, when hunting without a gun, a few birds had been started, among them a grouse "as big as an owl."

On the way over the hill Fred pointed out a precipitous mountain side rising sheer 500ft., over which, once upon a time, three deer were driven, one of them in his downward flight striking a treetop and was torn literally in two, and a part left hanging in the tree. We gave him a long, stony stare and trudged on. Five years ago it was one deer dashed to a shapeless mass. For modern embellishments to ancient history, commend me to an Adirondack guide.

As morning mists wreathe about his native hills, transforming them to shapes that loom up imposing and fantastic, so his imagination playing about the simple event of yesterday produces it to-day impressive, to-morrow grotesque and startling. He is a romancer accomplished and cheerful, furnishing with elaborate detail the event that never happened as a sauce piquante for the noonday lunch by the brookside. At such times we couldn't keep house without him, and we love to linger in his shadow while the tide of years or the advance of civilization makes it beautifully less.

The drumming of a grouse from a bunch of spruce led to a council of war, which resulted in our stalking him to his death. Then through a clump of alders, where Jack picked off another over a staunch point, on to a dense cover, where three grouse flushed all around the Doctor, causing such uncertainty in his trigger finger that both barrels of that priceless Greener discharged at once; and when he tried to shoot one of them that treed, the nitro powder just dribbled the shot on the leaves before him. When birds are scarce, such trifling incidents are trying even to one of the Doctor's selfpoise; and especially so when the reputation of a much-lauded sportsman's equipment is at stake. We consoled him in the manner common to sportsmen, but there are times when human sympathy availeth not.

Beating along a hillside of scrub pines, a grouse flushed wild, and going fleet as a shadow for the cover below was cut down at long range by the Colonel's little Parker. Then the dogs scrapped a little for the honor of retrieving after such a rattling shot, and between them delivered the bird sans tail.

Passing around a swamp, we found some fresh bear tracks, and when Fred suggested looking around a little the Colonel declared he hadn't lost any bear, and the rest glanced furtively about for a roost in a stout sapling. There appearing no appetite for fur, the hunt for feathers was continued.

Reaching "schoolhouse run" we arranged to hunt it four abreast, about 20yds. apart, Jack with peerless Tick on the left, then Colonel with Shooting Star, Doctor with old Jaroff, and the Scribe with Pepper on the right. Advancing, a cock was sprung at the left of the line and swung ahead into the alders. Again Tick pointed, and again Jack and the Colonel paid their leaden respects to those whistling wings, which would have gone away unharmed had not the Doctor made a long, clean kill, thereby turning the tables on the left of the line, which, en passant, had been a trifle hilarious over his double-trigger and nitro powder act. Going on, the Colonel drifted about 100yds. behind the scribe, and from a thicket too dense to afford a shot flushed the big grouse. With a startling whirr away he went, rushing up through the brush, heedless of leaves and twigs, and making more noise than seemed possible for one pair of wings. I heard him coming and turned around just in time to see him break cover, about 70yds. away at the other end of a narrow opening, and come toward me like a rocket, mounting higher every instant. Quick as thought the gun was thrown on him, and as he loomed over the sights he looked indeed "as big as an owl." I felt rather than saw Pepper expectant a few yards away. At the crack of the nitro the grouse came swiftly on, but describing an arc toward the earth, went by me like a flash, struck the ground with resounding thump, and such force as to burst his crop and lay there fluttering and beating the air in his "last strong agony."

Pepper broke the spell by picking him up—after two or three attempts—and brought him in as proudly as though he were entirely responsible for the whole affair. A bouncing bird indeed, and as I shook into place the ruffled plumage it dawned on me that in my hand was the coveted prize—the big grouse of schoolhouse run. With breast beautifully barred, tail a royal fan, wings strong from long flights and the love-beats of many springtimes, ruff to rival the boa of any belle, he was easily lord of the glade. Then quoth the Colonel, as he balanced him on his palm:

"I never saw but one larger, and that was in a museum; this is a 30oz. bird."

"Nay, nay, Colonel, 30oz. would break the record for these hills; let us call it 26!"

"Thirty ounces at least; not one less. I'll bank on my judgment."

Evening coming on, we took a turn along a hillside, hoping to start a white grouse the guide had seen (?); failing in that, we set our faces toward the glimmering light above the river, where awaited us a game dinner, followed by the usual siesta and story telling, and then sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

The Colonel was right. Two different scales told the same tale—31oz. plump. If you think that not remarkable, please weigh the next big one you shoot, and drop a line to

Alma.

Alma, Mich., Nov. 18.

A Day with the Birds in Prince Edward Island.

Three youths sat planning a shooting trip in a country "place" in Prince Edward Island. One of these youths was a visitor. His voice was seldom lifted in the council of war, for lately arrived, the places discussed and their relative merits were unknown to him. So he listened while the others reviewed the pros and cons of this pond and that, and became excited, as was natural, as he heard the others tell of the ducks that had been seen upon these ponds, and the snipe that had been put up in the marshes surrounding them.

After due deliberation, and a careful comparison with the others, one pond was selected as presenting most attractions to the three in the smoking room, and it was moved, seconded and carried unanimously—the mover and seconder not voting—that preparations be made, and the three depart for two days' shooting on the morrow.

Now, the carrying out of this resolution was so very enjoyable that he who was the visitor begs leave to recount the experience.

A problem presented itself at the outset. The three were after black ducks. The pond was large, therefore decoys were an essential to the success of the expedition, and the party possessed none presentable. True it was that a flock of wooden ducks were produced—stiff and angular affairs—resembling nothing so much as a small boy's wooden horse with legs and tail amputated, but the three knew the wary, sharp-eyed black duck too well to believe that for one moment he would be deluded by such poor imitations of his kind.

Frank said: "Why not press some barnyard ducks into our service." He imagined, he added, that a search among the surrounding farms would produce enough tame ducks resembling sufficiently closely the wild ones to make a presentable flock of decoys.

So the three knocked together, in anticipation, a rough duck coop, and started in the search. They found many farms containing, among the other poultry, the birds they sought. In each case, after an explanation, the farmer himself, or his wife, or his boy, would collect the stock of ducks, and cause them to waddle past—I cannot say march past—for inspection. Very much like judges in a dog show, the three would single out the best one or two and examine them, allowing the others to paddle back demurely to the puddle from whence they came. The three rented the selected ducks at so much per head.

It was curious, and not in the least flattering, that each farmer, after looking the youths up and down, asked them what price they would agree to pay if his birds were shot. From six flocks fourteen ducks were chosen that resembled more or less their wild brethren. Certainly some had white rings around their necks, all had yellow bills and legs, but it was argued that when a duck came near enough to remark these discrepancies it would be from the duck's good luck and gunners' bad shooting if he ever went away again.

The pond—their destination—was long and narrow, running parallel to the sea, and separated from it by a low sand strip. So narrow was the strip and so flat that the breakers from the ocean nearly found their way into the pond, as they chased each other across this bar of sand. This little lake was the source of a stream that ran a mile through flat and marshy land before it found the sea.

Curlew, snipe and plover of all kinds found the food they liked best up and down the length of this stream—but more of this later.

Across a bay of the ocean, and through the creek up to the pond, the three brought their low, green, flat-bottomed boat, and the ducks poked their heads through the slats of their coop, and quacked lustily to see around them so much water and such good feeding. The only watch said it was 4 o'clock when camp was made and a meal eaten. They always ate—those three—after a hard piece of work, quite independently of the hour of the day, and without the least reference to the time elapsed since last "grub."

The day seemed rather too bright for duck shooting; so Frank, taking the tin plover decoys, started off down the edge of the stream in search of a suitable place to await the evening flight of shore birds.

The "Doctor" (a brand new title, as was proved by a crisp sheet of parchment, with a great deal of Latin thereon, bearing the date—in Roman numerals, of course—of 1898) and his friend, the visitor, commenced very leisurely to get ready the decoy lines and anchors. While thus engaged, their eyes swept from time to time the horizon, as one will when duck shooting, and they both perceived at the same instant a long black line, like the waving tail of a kite, off in the direction of the stream and high in air. Frank had seen this too, and the two at camp watched him a quarter of a mile away settle slowly into the long, rank grass.

As it approached the water, the flock of ducks—for, of course, it was ducks—descended until 40yds. over the stream, then followed it up until it had passed directly over the concealed hunter's head. It looked well to see two ducks—like tiny black specks—fall from the line at the white puff of smoke from Frank's gun. This little incident stimulated, naturally, the energy of the other two shooters. It was not long before they had the punt completely hidden in a point of bullrushes that extended out into the pond, and the decoys pluming themselves and swimming as far as their lines would permit in the still water.

Everything was quite ready for it, when a single duck came hurling along, low over the water, like some huge bumblebee. It curved its wings almost into a semi-circle as it neared the decoys, then fell among them, to the Doctor's gun, on its back.

The two friends waited long after picking up the single bird ere the first flock came in from the sea. Well hidden in their bullrush blind, the two could watch it coming. The flock was passing to the left when their leader heard the decoys—and just here let me say, in justice to them, that whatever the decoys may have lacked in personal appearance, however much their protruding crops may have differed from the rounded grace of the black duck's breast, or their yellows bills from his dark green one, they certainly made up for these deficiencies and differences in the strength and persistence of their calling. Did sand lark or crane pass within vision the flock ceased not to quack and call out a lusty invitation, until the bird had quite disappeared. They wheeled—this flock of wild ducks—and a moment after the two in the green punt heard the water hiss as the ducks skimmed into its surface. They jumped up, the Doctor and his friend and the ducks. The two former fired four barrels—bang-bang, bang-bang—but alas, that it must be recorded, not one duck wavered in its flight. They looked at each other—the Doctor and the visitor. There are times when words are hopelessly inadequate—and yet, perhaps, unnecessary to express one's feelings—this was one of those times. The Doctor simply looked the disgust he felt for his friend, and his friend, I hope, did not altogether betray the scorn he felt toward the Doctor at that moment. Here had been thirty big black ducks—the air was full of them—and two men had exploded four cartridges into their very midst—so to speak—and yet there they were off in the distance, not one of them the worse, and it was but poor consolation to know that they had been very badly frightened.

The visitor had not recovered from his disgust when a single duck passed close to his end of the punt. It was one of those ducks that seem suddenly to spring into an existence. Have you never, brother sportsman, stood up very cautiously in your blind, and swept with eye the whole expanse of sky and water, convinced, after a careful and thorough search, that no duck is flying within the mile, and then, just as you settle down again into your blind, have you never heard, brother sportsman, the whistle of wings as a duck shoots past you—30yds. away? This was one of those phantom birds. The visitor fired at its retreating form. The duck mounted in air. The visitor fired again—the duck mounted higher as he scuttled along under forced draught. Some moments had passed before the visitor dared turn his eyes to meet those of his friend, and he smiled very sheepishly indeed as he made the weak apology, "I hardly liked to shoot that bird; he seemed to have something on his mind." The Doctor muttered something to the effect that the duck certainly had nothing more now on his mind—or anywhere else—than he had before the two shots.

Another duck passed the same end of the punt. After a long time had been expended in finding its dead body—for it fell behind them, among the rushes—it was becoming too dark to shoot, and the two took up the decoys and returned to camp.

Frank was already there. He showed about ten birds—yellowlegs, curlew, a black-breasted plover, and the two ducks that had been shot in the beginning.

Old Sol had just got out of bed and was opening slowly, one by one, the shutters of his room away off in the east, when the two who had been together in the green punt left Frank asleep, and paddled down to the far end of the pond. There was little clear water here—all wild rice and reeds and bog.

They placed the decoys in a little piece of open water, but the ducks were not flying well, and what few did pass regarded not the decoys, nor their calling.

A green-winged teal planted himself suddenly among the decoys. He looked inquiringly as a man's head and shoulders issued from the reeds, then pelted away as fast as his little wings would carry him. He fell into a very thick bit of marsh, and the two shooters had a long search. Later they watched a single duck circle round and round the foot of the marsh, and finally, after so many circles that one became quite giddy following it with the eye, settled in the very thickest place. The two in the punt waited a few moments longer, and then, because no more birds were moving, poled the punt into the thick rushes in search of the single duck. A snipe rose from somewhere, and crossed in front of the punt's nose. The visitor shot it, and at report of gun the black duck got up almost, it seemed, from under the punt. It dropped dead when the Doctor fired. While retrieving this bird, another rose from one side, and fled away, quacking with fear. It fell at 40yds. to the Doctor's other barrel. They retrieved the game, pushed, paddled, poled and pulled the punt through the liquid mud, that pouted and swelled in front of the boat as it reluctantly yielded a way.

The ducks seemed all to have settled in the little pond in the midst of the marsh, so the two paddled slowly around its edge. They had not gone many yards before four ducks got up—and now the two shooters wiped out the disgrace of the night before—for after four reports not a duck was left in air.

And so they went on all that morning, every few moments a single duck or a "double" would be frightened into flight. Sometimes they were killed, sometimes they escaped.

At lunch time the two friends placed the dead on their backs upon the seats of the punt, smoothed down the ruffled feathers of their glossy breasts, and counted them—fourteen black ducks and a teal.

Is there anything that makes one more absolutely and more sublimely contented than to gaze upon a good bag of one's own shooting? You find yourself, do you not,

making very good resolutions? You remember at such times how much your guide admired the knife with the long business-like blade, and you resolve on the spot that it shall be his; and you even think of the friends who would not come when you asked them, and assign to them mentally a fat brace of birds.

To this benign influence the Doctor and his guest succumbed. The visitor said: "I'll paddle home, old man; you just stretch yourself out in the bottom of the punt and have a snooze." And he asked the Doctor thoughtfully if his heel still pained where the rubber boot had blistered it, and complimented him upon his shooting.

While the Doctor said: "No, old man, I'll paddle you. You worked hardest coming down, and it is only right and fair and proper that I should do my share now." And he spoke so nicely about the other's shooting, who replied, "Not at all." And in fact they were both just as polite and genial as it was possible for two men to be—not at all like the two who started out in the morning, cold and hungry, when the other told the Doctor that he really didn't know the first thing about paddling a punt quietly, and that he had chosen the very worst place in the whole pond to set out decoys; and when the Doctor had reminded the other of his shooting of the night before, and had put it to him whether any one who could not hit a duck in two tries was likely to be an authority on placing decoys.

On their way back the two in the green punt found a little creek fringed on both sides with rushes. They explored this. The visitor, having the place of courtesy, sat in the bow with his repeater (12-gauge) ready for action. A sharp turn revealed two ducks; one was killed and the other swam off with a broken wing. A shot from the third barrel of the repeater stopped proceedings. It is in cases of this kind that, it seems to me, the repeater has an advantage over the double-barrel arm.

Nothing more was seen, and the punt's nose was turning to descend the creek, when the almost tangible stillness of that lonely swamp was broken rudely by the hoarse honks and croaks of a flock of geese. They passed perhaps 20yds. high over the creek and about 100yds. ahead of the punt. How they wished, those two youths, that they had turned that boat a moment or two before.

Still in the bow, a little later, as they rounded one of the sharp turns in the stream, the visitor caught sight of the geese coming back, following the creek and low over it. A motion to the Doctor, and the whispered word "geese," and the punt backed quietly until hidden to the coming flock by the bend. The rushes were low. By peering through their tops, the two could see the grand, big birds, with their long necks straightened, flapping nearer and nearer. It was an exciting moment. Would they come as far as the bend, where the concealed hunters lay, or would they strike across country before they were within range? As a matter of fact, they did neither, for when within 70 or 80yds. of the bend they curved their wings and slid quietly into the water.

The Doctor called himself something under his breath for forgetting to bring with him that morning the few cartridges that he had filled very full of black powder and AA shot. As it was, their shot was small, the birds were very large, and the two did not think that at such a distance they could do them much harm. So they waited, and watched the geese drink their fill of the fresh water, then turn, alas! and swim slowly away. The two in the punt said things quietly to themselves as they saw the distance increase. The geese were going away. They had gone 100yds. when the disappointed two of the punt heard off in the distance the boom of Frank's gun. The geese heard it too, for they rose, turned once more, and honking and howling like a pack of beagles approached rapidly the ambush. The main body struck across country before they were within range; they seemed to fear that turn of the creek, but four more venturesome followed the water and passed the shooters 60yds. away.

The Doctor jumped to his feet with the pent-up energy and excitement of ten long minutes, singled out one goose and "let him have" both barrels. The visitor—the Doctor laughs yet at the recollection—jumping to his feet too in the glorious excitement of the moment, pumped the whole six shots of his "squirt gun" at another goose. Perhaps it was the distance, perhaps the shot was too small, perhaps the birds were too large, perhaps the shooting was poor. I know not which, but the geese, their necks a little longer, their speed a trifle faster, flew on, apparently unharmed. How envious the others would have been had they brought home the first two geese of the season! for it was the second day of the open season. How splendidly the two big geese would have set off the others. How—just here the Doctor and his friend ceased abruptly their vain regrets. The wings of one goose 200yds. away closed, his neck drooped, and he fell to the ground with a thud which the two vowed afterward to their friends that they had heard. A moment later, and another left the flock and scaled down rapidly into the woods. The first one was stone dead; the second one, though the two thrashed the woods for an hour or more, was never found. I fear some fox is still licking his narrow mask in fond recollection of that juicy bird. They were merry, those two in the green punt, as they paddled toward camp, their boat heavier for the presence of sixteen black ducks, two snipe and a Canada goose.

They saw in a marshy meadow, as they returned, several small flocks of grass plover. The day only half-grown, so they landed and had half an hour with those gamy birds. Once disturbed, the flocks scattered out over the marsh, rising in singles and pairs as the shooters walked them up.

Now, "Enough is as good as a feast," to quote a very old proverb, and one which the good sportsman bears always in mind. So it came across the two friends, after shooting for some time, that they already had all the birds they and their friends at home could advisedly consume, and they left the grass plover alone again with their meadow.

That evening the three counted their slain. Frank had returned with more black-breasted plover, yellowlegs, turnstone plover and grass birds.

Laid out upon the floor of the smoking room for the express purpose of causing envy and jealousy in the hearts of those who would not come, and who two days before had scoffed at the rented barnyard fowl, was the following display—I take it from a list I made at the time: 1 goose, 20 black ducks, 1 green-wing teal, 31 grass birds, 2 Wilson snipe, 11 yellowlegs, 3 gray plover, 1 turkey curlew, 6 turnstone plover, a marsh harrier and a grebe duck.

J. K. Kennedy.

Montreal.

Lake Superior Deer Hunting.

This was to be my first camp on Witch Lake. The M. & N. Ry., now a part of the C., M. & St. P. system, was being completed between Iron Mountain and Republic, and opened up a new field for sportsmen, that heretofore could be reached only by canoeing on the Michegamme River, or by long trips through the forest. There were nine in our party—Messrs. White and Gilmer, Winters, Bender, Proper, Lewis, Hearn, Baur and the writer. We went via Fort Wayne, Chicago and Milwaukee, our destination being 244 miles north of the last city. We came to our journey's end about 2 P. M., and jumped off and into about 4in. of snow. A company from Convoy, Ohio, got off also, and a few moments later we were all searching for a desirable place to camp. We finally chose a spot on the south side of a ridge, through which the road was graded, and something like twenty steps from the railroad and fifty from the Lake. We did not have time to make permanent camp, as night was near; so set up our two tents, put the trunks in one, placed our sheet iron stove in the other, just as we meant it should remain, opened up our grub boxes and Baur got supper, while others of our party brought in wood, water and branches for bedding.

Baur saw more game than anybody, and could hit a spot on a tree, but he never touched a living thing. Bender, a quiet fellow, and as sly as an Indian, seldom missed.

We made a bad night of it, for it was quite cold. The boys gave me the place of honor next the stove, and when I was not burning I was shivering. Four of the party slept in the other tent, and had to huddle like pigs. Our tents were neither large nor of good quality.

The next day Gilmer, Hearn, Winters and I built a permanent camp by leveling a side of the hill and boarding it up with lumber off a stable built by the railroad graders, then lining one end of the shack with one of the tents. Lewis, who was our photographer and an experienced hunter as well, covered the sleeping apartment with a large section of oil cloth he had brought with him for the purpose of covering a pit in the ground when he should need a dark room. This effectually headed off any possible annoyance from a leaky roof.

Those who hunted came back from different directions, some with rabbits or grouse, or both, except Bender, who brought in a deer that would weigh probably 65lbs. From that to the end of our three weeks' stay we had venison. That evening, as we who had stayed in overhauled our shooting irons, the boys took occasion to poke fun at me. There was one heavy double-barreled shotgun, one .45-90 Winchester, and one other large caliber, probably a .40-65. Five were .38-40, while my gun was a .32-20 Winchester, model '73.

Baur gave us flapjacks and venison steak for breakfast, and just as the sun painted the tree tops with gold we started out. Bender went west, in the direction he had been the day before, and I crossed the railroad also and pulled off to the north of him. The morning was an ideal one, clear and quiet, the snow lying lightly on the leaves in the timber, while adhering to the ice on the marshes. A quarter of a mile from camp rabbit and grouse signs were abundant, while deer tracks led in every direction. A rifle shot off to my left caused me to look sharp, and a moment later a gray and white streak passed across in front of me, broken by intervening timber, and quite out of range. It emphasized the fact, however, that I was again in a deer country, and made me more watchful and cautious. It was trying to walk past where a big northern rabbit had patted the snow down on a mossy knoll, and I frequently stopped and stood enjoying the scenery. The surroundings were not grand, but had the charm of being wild. No timber had been cut; there were no roads, paths nor other landmarks; while the air was laden with perfume from the fragrant evergreen trees, and I almost envied the wild creatures that inhabited that silent woods.

About a mile from camp I saw blood in the fresh trail of a deer, and as it was circling to the left in the direction I was going I followed the trail. It used a deal of cunning in its efforts to conceal its trail. One place it came to a large birch tree top that had succumbed to old time and consequent decay, and covered probably 50ft. square of earth. It walked the logs, jumping from one section of a broken limb to another like a goat.

I left the trail after a time, and went south, but had gone but a short distance when I ran into a brood of grouse. I was sorely tempted to pot some of them, but pushed on, keeping a sharp lookout for a deer. I didn't know how far I was from camp, nor certainly in what direction, but that did not matter. I saw an opening in the timber ahead, and approaching found it was an extensive burned area, running south fully three miles. I stepped on to a log and swept my eye over the barren waste, instinctively raising and cocking the rifle as the trim outlines of a deer came to view off to the left. The thought flashed through me that the distance was too great for the little gun, and I would better elevate the sights; but the same instant I was locating the shot I meant to hit; and bringing gun to eye I drew a bead on the center of the shoulder, and as the gun cracked the deer whirled a half circle, took a couple of steps and stopped just as I fired again, this time at the other shoulder. As the gun cracked the second time the deer dropped, and was dead without a struggle. I found the distance to be quite 150yds., and also found that both balls had gone entirely through both shoulders near the center, the second one possibly 4in. further forward than the first. What I would have done with a large caliber gun is left to conjecture.

I hung the deer to a bent bush out of reach of wolves, looked at my watch, saw that it was 3 o'clock, also noticed that the clouds hung low and threatening, and flakes of snow were filling the air, looked at my compass, took my tomahawk in one hand and began blazing in a due easterly direction, while opening a way through a willow thicket with my left hand. I knew that by going east I would come to the railroad, and could follow that to camp, but I had a miserable climb over logs and through burned and seasoned thickets and tamarack swamps for a mile, where I struck heavy forest.

It was getting gloomy now, and I pushed on, and was within half a mile of the railroad, when I heard men talking, and discovered Winters and Baur crossing my trail in a northwesterly direction. When I hailed them Winters swore by his compass in true hunter fashion, contending they were going to camp, and I was all wrong. I laughed at him. At the same time it would have been no laughing matter to make camp in the woods in a snowstorm, and without an evening meal. But Winters finally declared his compass was wrong, and dropping into line, blazed the remainder of the way to the railroad, which we struck about half a mile south of camp.

The following day Gilmer and Hearn went with me to get the deer. A large lynx or some animal of the cat tribe had back-tracked my trail during the night, stepping into my rubber shoe tracks, and leaving a footprint nearly 3in. in diameter. We said nothing about following its trail, and I don't know why, unless the others thought as I did, that we would run across it again, but we didn't.

My trail led over a high ridge between two lakes. This hill had been almost stripped of timber at some time years ago, by storm, or fire, or both, only a few large old pine trunks standing, while a heavy growth of black birch and other shrubs had sprung up, the largest reaching a diameter of probably 3in. This growth had been visited during the summer by a scorching fire, and each individual shrub was seasoned and blackened. There was no way around it, so we clambered through as I had done the evening previous. We had come through one of those dense swamp thickets where a person gets a shower of little yellow spines or needles every time he touches a bush, and we yet had to coon logs over the marshy outlet to a lake, and crawl through the willow thicket before we found the deer. When we reached the place Gilmer and Hearn sat down and emphatically declared that they would not shoot at a deer in such a place. I reasoned that if either of them had been in my shoes he would have made an effort to get that deer, for it was in line with human nature. But to lighten their burden I skinned out the forequarters, and we left them, since they were badly shot up. Some time after noon we got back to camp.

The next day I went west again, but kept within the circle I had made two days previous. I must have gone close to two miles, and was skirting the border of a small lake, when a rabbit skipped away from my feet and did not stop until quite ninety paces distant. I was tempted to try my little gun on it, and when I stepped the distance to where the rabbit lay the game looked a good deal as if it had passed through a pulp mill. I then half circled the lake, which was only a pool, and stopped on the west bank to get a drink. The lake was very deep; the logs that lay in the water were at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the water was so clear I could see them for quite a distance. The lake was surrounded by a heavy growth of large hemlocks, with scarcely any undergrowth, and this would be an ideal place to lose one's self for a time. I have tramped that territory over several times since, but never happened on to that pool a second time.

Just west of it I was sitting on a sapling that had been uprooted and facing the west, when I saw a buck coming directly toward me from the north. He was some 200yds. when I first saw him, and there were many small trees and saplings intervening. He would come a few steps and stop to listen and look, then move on again. He came to within some 40yds. of me and stopped behind a clump of trees. I could see a part of his right horn, and sat there fully a quarter of an hour waiting for him to move. He evidently had scented me, and was afraid to come further, so I slowly rose to my feet, turning as I did so, pushed my gun out in front of me and leaned over to the left as far as I could, but could only see his right eye and a streak of his head. I worked my feet over a couple of inches, leaned nearly off my balance, and tried to hold a bead on his head, but my position was so unnatural that I could not hold my gun steady, and missed. He bounded off, and I took a snap shot through the timber and missed again. I did not care much, for we had plenty of venison in camp, and I knew we would get more if we needed it. When I returned to camp I passed near where Proper had killed a large doe, and had her hanging on the pole at camp. There were about twenty-five hunters camped at this place, and yet I seldom met any of them in the woods.

If these random notes are readable, those who follow me will see that my aim, in part, is to relate personal experience and personal observation, touching some points that have been under discussion in these columns, and which I observe seem never fully settled. There are many by-plays, however, in hunting camps, and I both enjoy engaging in them and reading of them.

The boys laughed a good deal at my hunting rabbits with a lantern. Before we had been in camp many days, a big grizzly rabbit, nearly white with age and the cold season, came at dawn to nibble the apple and potato parings on our garbage pile, so one night I got a lantern and my single-barreled scatter gun, which I had taken along for no purpose in particular, and went down into the swamp in front of camp to look for him. I soon had him up and going, and the way he did kick the earth. It sounded like a horse trotting. Thump, thump, thump went his hind feet, as he vanished into the gloom. I could walk him up, but when I tried to hold the lantern and shoot him on the jump I found I had bargained for too much. It was a new experience for me, and probably was for the rabbit. If I had put the lantern on my head, or let the rabbit carry it, I might have gotten him.

G. W. Cunningham.

[To be continued.]

The Song of the Grouse.

I'm an old cock grouse, and I'm lusty and strong;
My ruffs are glossy and black and long;
I'm nimble-footed and keen of sight,
And swift of wing as an arrow's flight.
I'm the bird of the mountains and brush-grown hills,
And the darksome glens with their tinkling rills;
And I wake the woods with my whirring hum,
When the snow drifts deep and the streams are dumb.

I love the time of the shining haze,
That dims the hills in the autumn days,
When the wildfowl pass on tireless wing,
When the air is sharp with a bracing sting,
When the frosted leaves whirl gaily past,
And the ground is thick with the fallen mast.
I love the time when the old year fades,
For it's then I'm king of the woodland glades.

If men must hunt, let them have their fun.
'Tis little I reck of the crack of the gun;
For the pattering shot it's little I care,
Or the crouching setter that sniffs the air.
Though the gun be sure and sight be keen,
There's naught I fear with a tree between.
I slyly run and I swiftly fly,
Or I spring with a whir when they've passed me by.

There's danger in it? Oh, yes, that's true—
I've lost a toe and a feather or two;
And once and again have I felt the sting
Of the scattering shot, with their spiteful "ping."
But it's all in life that is worth the name;
And if at the last you must die—die game.
Or else be an owl, and mope and whine,
And doze in the dark of a gloomy pine.

Then here's to the grouse—the mountain king,
So keen and lusty and swift of wing—
The Northland's spirit strong and free—
The flitting ghost of the hemlock tree,
As long as the seasons shall come and go,
As long as the brooks of the mountains flow,
May the heart of the sportsman be thrilled and stirred
By the whirring burst of the brave old bird.

J. R. B.

Notes from New Brunswick.

It grieves me to note in the secular press that John Perry, of Megantic, who officiated as my guide in that region two years ago, was recently shot and severely wounded in the Maine woods by a gentleman of an imaginative turn of thought who took him for a deer. John is one of the most careful, cool-headed men in the woods I ever had the pleasure of meeting, but this did not avail to save him from being shot down. The bullet passed through his right hand and into his side.

The papers also report that the body of Richard Robinson, a young man who formerly lived in St. John, was found dead at Dennysville, Maine, with a bullet hole in the back. He was undoubtedly shot by some reckless deer hunter. Whoever did the shooting examined the body and then walked away and gave no information. There is only one way to stop this murdering, and that is to make the killing or wounding of people in the hunting woods a criminal offense, punishable with a liberal term of imprisonment.

It is a pleasure to turn from the contemplation of such things to the luminous countenance of our friend Charles Phair, of Presque Isle, who has just returned from a goose and brant expedition at Tabusintac on the North Shore. Mr. Phair was accompanied by his newly wedded wife on this trip, and claims that he never had so good a time before. He says big game hunting is not to be placed in the same class with the fun of persuading a big goose to come down and smite the water. It was his first experience. There were, he thinks, some millions of geese and brant tarrying at Tabusintac on their way southward, and the shooting was superb. Charles brought down sixty-five geese and brant, and is positive that he missed a few. Harry Chestnut, of this city, also gathered in a large nest of feathers at Tabusintac recently. His haul consisted of fifty-five geese and brant, and about the same number of partridges and woodcock.

Deer have been coming in rapidly this week. Charlie Gallop shot two on Friday near the Gornish Brook, and on the same day Charlie Grier, of Maryland, brought in two fine bucks. On the following day two deer were shot by Joel D. Scott, one by Percy Camber and one by T. W. Elliott. A fine caribou was brought in from the Keswick to-day by Charles Hoyt. The head, which has twenty-eight points, will pass through the skillful hands of S. L. Crosby, of Bangor.

The newspapers mention that a deer, which had escaped the dogs by running and then swimming the St. Croix River at St. Stephen last Wednesday, and also escaped the school boys on the other side, was finally killed on Lincoln street, in Calais. This has a tendency to make the man who sits on the fence feel sorry for the deer and sorry for Calais. Deer are frequently seen within the city limits of Fredericton; but no one would think of molesting them. I might add that it is the almost universal custom with local shooters here to shoot the bucks and let the does go free.

At Centreville, Carleton county, a deer was caught on the ice of the main river last winter. While deprived of her liberty she dropped two kids, a buck and a doe. Both of these have been kept ever since by R. W. Balloch, and are now in the best of condition.

What is claimed to be a record caribou for this Province has just been shot by Mr. Charles F. Reardon, of Boston, who hunted with Arthur Pringle as his guide for about ten days on the Nor'west Miramichi. Mr. Reardon's trophy is remarkably massive, contains thirty-nine points, and the brow prongs have a depth of 13in. This gives me a mild attack of grief, for I am the possessor of a caribou with thirty-eight points, which I had come to regard as a record head. There is no doubt that woodland caribou occasionally have over forty points, though these, being shed as a rule before good snow tracking, are seldom taken. Billy Chestnut has a "combination" caribou in his camp at Pine Bluff with forty-two points, the antlers having been picked up separately on the snow in the Nor'west district.

Mr. W. M. Kidder, of New York, who went into the Deadwater country with Henry Braithwaite the first of this month, came out to-day. He brought a nice bull caribou and had several chances for moose, but did not shoot, as the heads were small. Henry's next party is James Turnbull, of Halifax. His assistant, Tom Pringle, will take in next week Gen. Hutton, commander of the Canadian militia, and several of his staff. Braithwaite utterly condemns the small caliber rifles, and says they are responsible for a great many animals being wounded and lost in the Miramichi country this year.

C. B. Dykeman and G. A. Pollock, of Acton Settlement, had a lively scrimmage with a huge bear one night last week. The bear came one evening and lugged off a bee-hive. The next night these gentlmen laid for him with rifles. The bear appeared again and was shot, but traveled 200yds. before he succumbed. The chase with a lantern was exciting. Upon being examined it was found that one bullet had passed fair through his heart. The bear was brought in town to-day, and measured exactly 7ft. from tip to tip.

At McAdam Junction on Saturday D. Stuart and S. Tracey brought in an unusually fine buck deer. Mr. Tracey was recently fortunate enough to shoot a bear weighing 400lbs.

Frank H. Risteen.

Fredericton, Nov. 24.

On Maine Snow.

Bemis, Me., Nov. 25.—Well, I am in the deer country. We hunted yesterday on the ridges between this point and Rangeley. Four inches of crashing, crusted snow prevented us from seeing more of the big game than an aggravating glimpse, and to hear them crashing through the trees. But this morning we are in luck. Four inches of light snow fell last night. The crust is buried and the tracking will be all that can be asked for. It is now 5:30 A. M., and breakfast is ready. We shall be off as soon as it is daylight. A deer's track means that we are near him.

Tracks we found not a mile from the camp. The track I undertook led me up the mountain a short distance. The deer saw me first through the snow-covered thickets, and jumped. Making long leaps he went a quarter of a mile, then turned square about and watched for me. Of course he saw me first, and leaped again. Three times he went through the same tactics. I was disgusted and turned about. A mile and a half up the mountain I had the fun of tramping back by compass to the tote road with no deer.

Prof. J. F. Moody got his deer within half an hour, and but a short distance from the tote road. Mr. Lambert did not get a shot, though tramping all day in 3 or 4in. of light snow, over 4in. of crusted snow that breaks at about every step.

To-morrow will be just as good deer hunting as to-day; since it has snowed about all day, followed by a northwest wind that has shaken all the snow off the scrub firs and underbrush. The tracks will be fresh again.

Nov. 26.—The mercury registers only six above zero this morning, and Lake Mooselucmaguntic is frozen over, or will be as soon as the wind goes down, not to be opened till the trouting season is on again, some time in May, 1899. The Government fish transportation car has been up here, and the fish commissioners have put large numbers of nine-months-old salmon into this lake. Capt. Barker's natural fish hatching spring has been full of parent trout. Captain has kept a man there all the fall to prevent poaching. The spring is up a little brook a mile and a half from Bemis camps; is 10 or 12ft. in circumferance. It is not an uncommon sight to see hundreds of noble brook trout there late in October and early in November. The gravelly bottom is thoroughly mixed with trout eggs now, spawned naturally, to hatch naturally in February. Capt. Barker's idea is that this natural hatchery is of much importance to the trout supply, and one who sees it at this time of the year will be much inclined to agree with him.

Special.

Conditions in Florida.

Your St. Augustine correspondent has been harsh and unfair, I think, in some of his remarks aimed at Southerners, especially in the ones concerning Floridians, for he must remember how little we did in the Middle and the New England States to protect game till it was nearly exterminated, and see that the people here, profiting by our experience, are taking earlier measures. The laws here are not ideal ones yet, but they are better enforced than would seem possible under existing conditions. Florida has an area larger than New York and Massachusetts combined, less population than Boston, a lower tax basis than some of our cities; and being unable to police her territory thoroughly, depends upon the character of her people to a great extent for a proper observance of game laws in outlying districts. If these facts were generally realized this State would be more justly treated.

One who is in his fifth year of hunting and fishing in Florida ought to know how well laws for the preservation of game are enforced here, especially in an experience covering many parts of the State from gulf to sea, and it is with some degree of pleasure, being a sportsman, that I can say quail were well looked after everywhere I have been, and shipments of game strictly prohibited. A few deer may have been shot out of season the year after the big freeze, when the orange growers in the woods lost everything they had, and probably found hunger unpleasant, but no venison was sold in town. It is difficult for any of us to say what we would have done under such conditions if we had been either the authorities or the unfortunate people.

Others may have had a different experience, but in my intimate acquaintance with the people of Florida I have never seen a gunner who had been raised here shoot a harmless bird unfit for food. The destruction of plume-bearing birds still goes on in remote parts of the State; as the more the authorities try to suppress that kind of traffic, the more tempting are the prices offered by foreign buyers; but with this exception the killing of birds not game is done by non-residents. The man who has grown up in the midst of good hunting cannot see the reason for useless extermination.

Local protection is given distinctive birds and small animals about some of the resorts. The pelicans roost about the pier at St. Petersburg with the other fishermen and the ducks there are equally tame. The gray squirrels at Clearwater were amusing as they chased and chatted in the limbs of a hickory a few feet from our porch, at times rowing with the blue jays, with whom they seemed to be at constant war, and at other times marching over the grass—a sedate procession, in which the leading squirrel buried a nut that was dug up in turn by each of his followers; the line reforming itself and reburying the nut till none of us could calculate either how many squirrels would be disappointed or how many times when the season came for harvesting cached food. At Seabreeze, on the Atlantic coast, the Florida blue jays will eat from the hand when food is scarce. Local birds are said to be protected at many of the resorts on the Indian River and further south; but this may be a mistake, as I thought till I read the remarks of your correspondent that these varieties were cared for on Anastasia Island, near St. Augustine.

All of this is a beginning, and shows that public opinion is being educated. All of us should hesitate before shooting a bird of any kind unfit for food, simply because it happens to be in Florida; killing harmless creatures for scientific purposes is bad enough, but destroying them to satisfy a whim is thoughtless cruelty degrading to human nature. If being a hunter prevents one from cultivating humaneness toward all live things, we ought to give up amusement of that kind and change to some such sport as hunting bouquets. I hunt and fish for pleasure, and have nothing to say to women that wear pieces of dead birds in their hats. They know by this time that the plume hunting is done in the breeding season, and each set probably means a starved nest of young birds. If any human being desires to wear that kind of grave-causing ornaments, let those of us who value our own lives have a care and say nothing. The tails of dead fish might be substituted for her uses; but this is only a suggestion. If I wore egret plumes I would be haunted by voices of nestlings starving by myriads calling on lost mas and daddies for food, and by visions of their dead parents' decayed corpses, and no longer white-winged purveyors to broods with open mouths. But this is between ourselves. And the hotel men push the erection of their large caravansaries further into the woods here every year for natural evirons, plant royal palms and cocoanuts for additional attractions, then twiggle their thumbs while guests and others destroy all the beautiful birds in the neighborhood. Individual goodness might save many of the harmless creatures in districts too far away to be policed by our refusing to shoot except for legitimate purposes. We might forego turtle eggs, too, without testing their edible qualities.

An Alien.

Ducks at Harvey Cedars.

Harvey Cedars, N. J., Nov. 24.—Harvey Cedars, New Jersey, is situated on a narrow strip of sand beach near the famous Barnegat lighthouse. It has been for years a well-known resort for sportsmen in quest of ducks, geese and brant.

The shooting is done in comfortable pumpkin seed shaped boats, that are hauled up on points with decoys anchored near by. The shooting is mostly on the wing, the wildfowl trading back and forth between two big bays.

The sportsman only needs to bring gun, ammunition and rubber boots; there are plenty of boatmen here to supply all the rest. One minute's walk from the hotel and you are in your gunning boat. Twenty minutes' brisk row and you are on one of the points for the best shooting.

Most of the sportsmen come in from the bay in the middle of the day for a hot dinner, as few wildfowl fly at that time.

I have been here several weeks, and have shot geese, brant, canvasbacks, redheads, broad bills, black ducks, pintails, golden eyes, dippers and other varieties of wildfowl.

The shooting has been good and bad, according to the flight of birds. But I know of no place within 500 miles of New York or Philadelphia where you can get better. I find the shooting here more comfortable than battery shooting—for you can get out and run around the meadow when tired of lying on your back. Trains arrive every day and leave every other day. That this is a genuine sportsman's house is shown by the fact that every one is called at 4 o'clock for early breakfast, and in time to be snugly stowed away on one of the points with decoys a-bobbing on the bay before the first peep of daylight, or a goose or duck has even thought of flying.

The Forest and Stream has guided me to many a place for sport with rod and gun, and other readers may wish to learn where good sport can be had among wildfowl within a few hours' ride of Philadelphia or New York.

Willard Spenser.

One Way it may Happen.

Bridgeport, N. J., correspondence of the Philadelphia Ledger tells of a shooting accident at a club house on Raccoon Creek. This morning they went out with their guns, and visited the farm. Young Schwerle was standing on the porch, when his companion, Shirley, had his attention attracted to a hawk, which was circling over the house. He slipped a shell in his gun, and was standing with the weapon resting on his arm, with his finger on the trigger. Just at this moment a big dog, belonging on the farm, jumped playfully on Shirley, pulling his arm, elevating the gun and discharging the weapon, the charge taking effect in the side and back of his friend. The young man was taken to the German Hospital, Philadelphia, where the leaden pellets were extracted, and at a late hour the physicians stated that while the wound was a serious one, he had a chance of recovery.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Nov. 14.—Under date of Nov. 7 Mr. Wm. Wells writes me from the far-away Wind River country, of Wyoming, about game and Indians, of both of which I understand they have plenty in his neck of woods, and indeed too much of the latter commodity. Mr. Wells' Gros Ventre Lodge, in Uinta county, is one of the places I didn't get to visit this year, but have on my slate for some other year after I have become so wealthy I don't have to work or do anything but just run bear and things. Regarding the game, Mr. Wells has some good big news, especially about bear. I hope they haven't killed my long lost grizzly. He says:

"My hunting parties are all gone, and we are having any amount of sport by ourselves. Nice weather and just enough snow for tracking. We killed a lion just back of the lodge last Friday, and will keep the dogs pretty busy from now on.

"The bag for our hunting parties this fall has been ten bears, five lions, two lynx, seven sheep, twenty-seven elk, eleven deer, and about thirty antelope, divided up among a dozen sportsmen. The snow came late, and kept down the catch of lions and lynx.

"We are going to Jackson's Hole about Dec. 15 for a six weeks' hunt after lions, which are killing lots of elk over there.

"We are having lots of trouble with the Indians killing game. They are coming in in strong parties, and say that they will fight. Eighteen of us were out on a scout the other day, and found a camp where a splendid trap had been laid for us, if we had come along while the Indians were there. There were three tepees out in a park and nine more hidden back in the timber, where they could command the park. That meant about thirty bucks, and they would have mopped the ground with us beautifully. There were about six wagon loads of elk hair at the camp. I should say that showed several hundred hides grained.

"This thing of having a lot of redskins thinking that they can kill our game and defy us is getting tiresome.

"There are only about seventy-five of them making trouble. WM. WELLS."

About the Deer Supply.

In regard to the actual status of deer demand and deer supply, obviously that estimate should be most accurate which comes from points near to the grounds where the deer are found, and therefore I take pleasure in offering the opinion of the Superior, Wis., Telegram regarding the relative supply of venison and venison seekers this year and last:

"The deer season is now fully opened, and the woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota are full of hunters. Although hunting is so largely done this fall, the number of deer coming into the city is small compared with the number which came in last fall. In fact the number is just about half of that for last year at this time, although the meat shops about the city are getting all that they need, and are well stocked with good deer meat. The condition of the meat is very fine this season. One prominent meat man in the city says that deer are becoming very scarce in the woods in this part of the country, and this, of course, has an upward tendency on prices for deer meat. It is generally believed that one thing, that has considerable bearing on the growing scarcity of deer, is that every year for the past five or six years there have been too many amateur and would-be hunters thronging the sections where deer are found to be the most plentiful, and that the deer are chased in all parts in season and out of season, thus having no chance to multiply. In Duluth deer are coming in in much larger numbers than on this side, and while the number is considerable that comes from Wisconsin forests, the deer sections of Minnesota are furnishing by far the larger number of deer. Venison is selling higher this fall than last season, and meat men are getting good prices.

"It is toward the end of the season that the number of deer on the market is the largest, in many cases the game being held off until the end of the deer hunting season. But it is a noticeable fact that this species of game is becoming very scarce, and each year the number of hunters going out is larger than during the preceding fall."

A Trunk Mystery.

A party of Indiana licenseless deer hunters, who operated in Wisconsin and Minnesota, concluded last week to ship out some of the fruits of their labor. They packed up 400lbs. of venison and thirteen deer hides in three trunks, and checked the lot on out of the State. Warden Stone, of the Barron district, wired on ahead to the husky warden, A. J. Klofauda, at Eau Claire, and the latter visited the depot of the Omaha road with an eagle eye and a sledge hammer. He broke open the trunks and confiscated the game, which was sold at auction. The owners of the trunks did not materialize and remain a mystery. They can have three damaged trunks and a few fines by calling on Klofauda, warden. The venison was not tagged.

Quail.

The quail season fulfills prophecies, and is really a great one in the average Western district. Lower Indiana is full of quail, and lower Illinois also shows plenty of birds. Knox county, Sullivan county and others of that region are tipped to me by a friend as being good enough for the most fastidious. Upper Indiana and lower Michigan are also good. Ohio has an average crop, much shot as that State is, and lower Minnesota, pretty much all Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas show that this truly lovable game bird is not passing away, but actually increasing.

Mongolian Pheasants.

Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., in course of a visit at Chicago this week told me that his stock of Mongolians never promised better. He has over 1,000 now on hand in good health, and has put down many pairs at different parts of Wisconsin, notably Wauzeka, where there is a supplementary pheasant laboratory. Of the birds liberated near his summer place, at Pine Lake, Mr. Bosworth hears often, and now and then they come into farm yards near by. One cock for a time lived with the domestic fowls of a farmer and became quite tame. One day a little girl of the family started off to get some milk, carrying a bright, new tin pail. This bird followed her for a long time along the path, jumping up and fighting the tin pail, which he seemed to look upon as something of a gorgeous rival. These pheasants are a game bird without question, and it is to be hoped that they will finally fill our pine woods and hardwood forests. They should do well in central and lower Wisconsin. Mr. Bosworth I have always regarded rather as a pioneer in this acclimatization work in Wisconsin, and he has spent a great deal of money in getting his present practical knowledge of the bird.

The Law of Trespass and Shooting Preserves.

An interesting decision comes to hand this week which bears on the law of trespass as regards the property of shooting clubs. Mr. E. W. Bangs, president of the Swan Lake Club, of Chicago, sends this to me, with the remark that it is apt to prove of interest to members of shooting clubs all over the country, as well as to "parties who consider private grounds public property." The copy of the decision is given below:

In a trespass case recently tried before a jury in Hennepin county, Illinois, in which the Swan Lake Club was plaintiff, the following instructions were given by Judge Shaw, one of the foremost Circuit Court judges of the State, resulting in a verdict in favor of the Swan Lake Club.

Instructions of the Court.

1. The court instructs as a matter of law, that possession is sufficient in the law to sustain a suit for trespass, and the plaintiff is not bound to prove ownership or title; possession is sufficient in the law.

2. The court instructs the jury, that if they find from the evidence that at the time of the alleged trespass the plaintiff was in the possession of the premises on which it is alleged the trespass was committed, using it for such purpose as it was adapted for, then the plaintiff is entitled to recover of the defendant for any trespass shown by the evidence to have been committed to said possession, and this is the law, whether the premises were fenced or unfenced.

3. If the jury believe from the evidence that the defendant went upon lands then and there in the possession of the plaintiff, and then and there remained, hunting and shooting, after having been warned to leave by an employee of the plaintiff, then, in such case, the defendant is guilty of a trespass, and this is the law, regardless of the right of property in the game.

4. If the jury find the defendant guilty under the evidence and these instructions, and shall further find from the evidence that the defendant committed the trespass wantonly and wilfully, and in defiance of the rights of the plaintiff; then in such case the jury may find in addition to the nominal damages implied in the law, or to the damages proved (if any such damages have been proved by the evidence), such further sum as punitive damages as the jury may find reasonable under the facts in evidence, not only to compensate the plaintiff for the injury inflicted, but to teach the defendant and all others not to repeat, or be guilty of like offenses.

5. Though the jury may believe from the evidence that at the time of the alleged trespass the possession of the plaintiff (if such trespass was proved) was covered in part or in whole by water, yet, such covering of the land by water would give to the defendant no right to go on to the land so covered with water against the will of the one in possession thereof, or without his permission, nor to remain, nor to hunt thereon.

6. If the jury believe from the evidence that the defendant went on to lands in the possession of the plaintiff in a boat and stopped thereon, and shot a gun thereon, without the permission of the plaintiff, then in such case the jury should find the defendant guilty, and assess the plaintiff's damages.

7. The fact that the premises in question were covered with water at the time and place of the alleged trespass, in the law, gave the defendant no right to be there, nor to hunt and shoot on or over the same, without the permission of the plaintiff.

8. The jury are instructed that this is not a criminal prosecution under the game laws of the State of Illinois, but a civil suit, in which the plaintiff demands damages from the defendant for an alleged trespass, and before you can find the defendant guilty you must believe from the greater weight of the evidence that the defendant committed the trespass, and that the plaintiff was damaged thereby. But, if the trespass is proven, the law implies at least nominal damages.

9. A party suing for an injury or trespass can recover only such damages as naturally flow from or are the immediate result of the act complained of, and the jury should be governed solely by the evidence introduced before them, and they have no right to indulge in conjectures or speculations not supported by the evidence. This is the law, unless the evidence shows the trespass, if any proven, was wanton or wilful, in which case punitive damages may be allowed, as defined in these instructions.

10. In this case the Swan Lake Club can recover no damages for the value of any wild ducks shot or killed by the defendant on the premises of the Swan Lake Club.

Closing of the Deer Season.

The deer season in the Western States draws to its close. It ended on the 15th in Minnesota, and on the 20th in Wisconsin, in which State the five days of grace ended yesterday. Michigan allows the season to run to Nov. 30, so that there will be a chance to get a buck north of the line of Wisconsin—or south of it; such being the virtue of different dates for adjoining States.

In Wisconsin the hunting was fair and the results various. More deer would have been killed had there been more snow, but as it was it would seem that the total number killed is less this year than last. This fact I take to be rather proof that the non-residents are becoming afraid of the enforcement of the law on licenses, than that the deer are actually growing less abundant, though naturally the latter alternative may have much to do with the success of the average hunter.

At Marquette, Mich., report comes that there were more deer hunters this fall than were ever known in all the history of that country. The results are not commensurate with the extent of the invasion. At Superior, Wis., in the same region, there were 370 licenses issued, "no non-resident licenses reported." Last year the total amounted to 488, showing a slight falling off. This is in Douglas county, and the report runs that deer were not killed in such numbers as has in the past usually been the case.

At Bessemer, Michigan north peninsula, the situation was more encouraging. The clerk reports twice as many licenses issued this year as last, and most of the hunters have had luck. It is thought that over 300 deer were shipped out of that county, Gogebic county, in the first two weeks of the season. The Godding party of deer hunters, from Grand Rapids, Mich., last year killed thirty-seven deer at this place, which is thought to be a good deer country; better than it was four years ago. The deer seem to be moving up further north each year, as the farmers begin to get into the pine country. This settling up of the denuded pine lands by small farmers is one of the corollaries of the pine operations. In many parts of Michigan south peninsula the little ragged, hopeless farms have crowded far up into a region where once it was thought the wilderness would forever hold sway after the spiked heel of the lumberman had left it. Indeed, the quail are now coming into country which was once deer range. This will be the history of Wisconsin from now on, and I presume that it means the eventual crowding out and killing out of the deer, which already show signs of that great and fatal cause of game diminution, failure to breed when too much disturbed, and harried by hunters or the advancing lines of civilization.

From Merrill, Wis., up in the trout country, the report shows that the deer are by no means scarce in that neighborhood. The clerk had issued 335 licenses at last account, as against 427 issued last year. It is said that more deer have been shipped from this point this fall than at any previous season; about forty carcasses going out the first week. It is thought that at least 125 deer will be shipped from that point during the season. No arrests are reported, though hounding is considered extremely probable, in many cases not proven. Four hunters killed eight good, big deer in a week's hunt near that section, and pretty well on to half the number of hunters going in are estimated to be successful.

At Rhinelander, Wis., about 200 licenses were taken out, and conditions were favorable for deer hunting, though there was no tracking snow. "No violations of the law reported."

At Eagle River, Wis., about fifteen to twenty deer daily are reported as "shipped to Chicago." I have no doubt that this is literally true in all particulars.

At Heafford Junction, Wis., there were 180 carcasses of deer lying on the station platform tagged for shipment; this at one time on the same day.

At Ashland, Wis., in the upper part of the deer country, reports say that the lack of snow made the results less than might otherwise have been. In the first twenty days of the season one express company handled 200 carcasses, and it is thought that at least 500 carcasses will be shipped from or through Ashland during the season.

At Flint, Michigan south peninsula, there were 101 licenses issued at last account. At Saginaw, Mich., a great many hunters took out licenses, and when I passed through there this week I heard of many hunters who had gone out after a little deer hunt. Some of these had sent home venison. Among others who went in near Baldwin were Wm. Held, well known in deer hunting ranks of Saginaw, and Mr. Held was reported to have been very lucky. He varies his deer hunting with a little grouse shooting, and will be in camp some time.

At Standish, Mich., thirty-eight licenses were taken out, "all by residents." It would be very interesting to have a notion about the numbers of resident and non-resident licenses issued in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. Without any earthly question there are hundreds of non-residents who evade the law in each of these States. Indeed, they sometimes boast of their shrewdness in doing this unlawful act. Two such boasters are C. K. Woolman and Henry Johnson, of South Bend, Ind., who shot in Michigan under resident licenses. These were both apprehended, and the former, who is over sixty years of age, and who has shot in Michigan for many years, took a nice long ride to jail because of his offense. Attorney General Maynard is taking charge of these cases. Johnson will fight the law on the ground that it is "unconstitutional." Of course it is. Yet another case of this kind is that of W. O. Jackson, of the same Indiana town. State Deputy Brewster is getting after a few of these folk, and establishing some very good precedents for other deputies in other States.

Chippewa county, Wis., appears to be about the center of the deer industry this fall, and I take it that its license record is the largest in Wisconsin this year. At last account there had been issued 1,534 licenses in Chippewa county. Eau Claire county issued 257, this not being a deer hunting county, but near to the better ranges. Barron county shows 600 licenses issued. It is thought that 250 or 300 of Eau Claire county product of hunters shot within Chippewa county limits, as well as 300 of the Barron county shooters; 300 more from Buffalo, Dunn, Jackson, Juneau and other counties south of Chippewa; about 200 non-residents who took out licenses at Madison, the State capital, as well as about 100 lawless and licenseless hunters, and who all did their hunting within Chippewa county, Wis. This would mean, according to the best obtainable advices, that about 2,600 men shot in that one county of Wisconsin. It is said to have meant a reign of terror. Some men who were obliged to go into the woods made a practice of wearing bright clothing—not always an effective device, as some hunters seem to think a deer is a bright crimson in color. Others took up the habit of vocal melody while passing through the forests, a well-shouted hymn being regarded better protection than a red shirt. In five years in Chippewa county there have been three men killed by careless shooting at the hands of others, six men seriously shot

and scores of others shot at, but missed by a greater or less margin. One farmer lost a black horse and a white heifer, both on the same day, both victims to the skill and judgment of "deer" hunters. Another farmer lost five head of cattle by the same causes. One man, who was out along a woods road with a red wagon and a team of large horses, was shot at by a party of hunters, and it is said that seventeen shots were fired at him before he could make it understood that he was not a deer. These shooters are reported to have been "Eastern men," but this I hope is a libel, though it makes no difference what State they hailed from. I adduce these facts as showing that deer hunting nowadays, under our liberal Western system, is a sport which has certain excitements.

In this same Chippewa county forty-five deer were marketed by butchers; sixty went out by one express company, seventeen went out at one depot, 196 at another depot (the Wisconsin Central), forty were taken home by local hunters, one express company shipped twenty each day for many days, 100 were shipped from one town (Cadotte) in one day, 300 were shipped by the Soo Railway from towns along its line, and several hundred others went out to the markets from Cadotte, Boyd and Stanley, all within this county. This is one county, and though perhaps the greatest of which we can get definite news on these points, it shows pretty well what a development there has been in deer hunting. The main wonder is that so many deer still exist.

Deputy Warden Henry, of Michigan lower peninsula, made a visit to the upper peninsula early in the season. He reported that there were 4,000 hunters in the upper peninsula alone. On one day before the season opened 1,400 hunters crossed the Straits of Mackinaw. Mr. Henry reports ten arrests for violations of the deer law. He thinks the average of success is one deer to five hunters. This may be true of the visiting hunters, but I do not think it at all covers the case of local shooters who kill for their own use, or of the many covert market-hunters who sneak out deer steadily to the big city markets. I should think that, taking these local and more skillful hunters into account, we may allow one deer at least, perhaps more, as the average of every hunter of whom we can get word as having gone out after deer. My earlier estimate of 25,000 deer for Michigan and Wisconsin, perhaps including Minnesota, I believe is not very far out of the way, all things considered. I have never before been able to get at this thing so closely as this fall, and some of the above facts have interest, since they begin to give an inkling of the magnitude of this Western deer traffic and deer travel. I do not have the figures of the Maine deer records at hand, for this season or last, and of course have no wish to make any comparison between our Western deer product and that of the big and good old State of Maine. Yet it seems likely that the history of our deer country and that of Maine will, year by year, take on the greater resemblance, and that our newer Western woods will be obliged to come to the check and tab system. I want to quit hunting then myself, and indeed I did quit deer hunting in this country a good while ago. It is too blamed civilized, and likewise too populous to suit a timid man.

And yet, speaking of accidents, the record obtainable for this section of the West for the present deer season is not so formidable as we might be entitled to suspect. I hear of less than a half-dozen shootings. At Ashland, Wis., Willie Moore shot himself. Not far from that place a farmer was out cutting evergreens, when he was seen and shot by a man who "saw something move." In another case two tenderfeet went out together to "shine" deer (an illegal method). They became separated. One saw a gleam of light, which he took to come from a deer's eye. It was from the lantern, and he killed his friend. These things sound absolutely incredible, but they go to prove what incredible idiots sometimes buy and use deadly weapons. One writer in a Wisconsin paper says that more men have been killed in that State by reckless deer hunters, since the shooters began to come in there, than have been killed by bullets in the Spanish war. I have heard used with contempt the expression "hunting with a brass band," this applied with scorn to the tenderfoot who broke twigs and made other noise in his hunting, but I am disposed to think that, on the whole, since neither hymns nor red shirts will always do, a brass band and a drum major would be about the best outfit a man could have along on a deer hunt in our north woods. But I shouldn't like to carry any risk on the drum major, if I were in the life insurance business.

White Deer.

I have heard of not less than three white deer being killed in Wisconsin alone this fall. One was taken into Ashland by F. C. Klady, H. Palmquist and Eric Scheideen, who shot it Nov. 19. Another was killed by Ole Catfish, a Flambeau Indian, on Nov. 10, on the Lac du Flambeau reservation. It weighed 254lbs. and had good antlers. It was bought by the Indian agent and sent to Chicago for mounting. A third albino deer was killed by A. Vine, son of the school superintendent on this same Flambeau reservation. It weighed 225lbs. and also had a good set of antlers. This specimen had a few small dark spots on the legs, but was otherwise white. In the case of Col. Catfish, the Indian, it would appear that he is forgetting a good many of the sacred traditions of his people, one of which says that the Indian who shoots a white deer is forever accursed and followed by ill fortune. Perhaps Col. Catfish is willing to take a few chances in that line for sake of the additional price that a white deer brings in valid coin of the realm. Superstition and commerce sometimes blend rather strangely. Thus I have heard that the common belief that opals are a most unlucky stone arose originally from the act of a hook-nosed citizen of Russia, who had a lot of other jewels to sell, whereas a fellow merchant was doing a good business in some newly imported opals. He industriously circulated the story that the new stones were unlucky, and adduced hook-nosed facts to prove it. Result, a posterity saddled with superstitious disbelief in the most beautiful stone there is on earth. I honor Col. Catfish, who saw the white deer and soaked him, even as, I am told, other men have betimes soaked opals, regardless of the superstition thereunto pertaining.

Half-rate Lion Hunt.

On Dec. 8, 9 and 10 there will be held, at De Beque, Colorado, a grand hunt of the round-up sort, which all are invited to attend, on condition that they bring their own blankets and have the price of 25 cents per meal. It is made a further condition that all participants in this hunt shall become members of the Western Slope Hunting Association, which costs only $3. It is the intention to make a regular thing of this hunt, and to bring to it as many hunters from as wide a scope of country as possible; in fact, the wider the scope the better, as I am persuaded to believe. The object of this hunt is to suppress, slay, exterminate and otherwise make uncomfortable all and several the mountain lions, bobcats, lynxes, wolves, coyotes and other cow-eating animals, which are alleged to be swallowing De Beque up, body and boots. Mr. M. R. Morse, of Parachute, has been elected captain, and has behind him fifty enthusiastic citizens, the county commissioners, and the passenger department of the Colorado Midland Railway. Mr. Bert Stroud, of De Beque, is secretary, and the citizens of that town have made arrangements for shooting matches, barbecues and other things appropriate to successful lion hunting and wolf extermination. Camera clubs are expected to attend to photograph the slain animals of prey. Everything will be done on a magnificent scale—provided that the lions, wolves, bobcats, etc., catch the true spirit of the occasion, and do their part, or any part of their part. It ought to pan out quite a good-sized affair, especially as I understand that the railway will advertise the hunt, and do everything possible to boom it. I presume that the people of De Beque know whether or not they are content with the present status of their lions, wolves, bobcats and other animals above enumerated, though it might seem that if they want to get rid of them, this is a very bad way to do so, as hath been many times proven in the history of similar enterprises. The word "enterprise" perhaps covers this project neatly. Passenger agents are proverbially enterprising, and the Colorado Midland is a hustling road. I trust I violate no confidence and disturb no one's equanimity by suggesting that while perhaps the lions, wolves, etc., above specified will perhaps not be exterminated, there will perhaps be no more than the usual damage done when large bodies of men go out to disturb the game of a region, but upon the contrary there will have been a certain benefit accruing to the eisenbahn, the carro ferril, and likewise the chemin de fer of the Colorado Midland. We are nowhere more American than in Colorado, yet I could wish there were held to be sufficient in the other boundless resources of that great State without calling upon the big game to make this truly American holiday.

Half-rate Rabbit Hunt.

The dates of Dec. 15 and 16 have been claimed for the annual jack rabbit hunt at Lamar, Colorado, and it is reported that the rabbits are as abundant as ever, in spite of the inroads of earlier years. Rev. Thos. Uzzell, of Denver, is credited with the inception of this jack rabbit round-up for the benefit of the poor, and though I have doubts about the priority of this claim, there is no doubt that he was first to put the idea into practical and extensive practice. This year the parson—"Parson Tom," he is called—intends to branch out a little. A New York fur house offers 7 cents apiece for the jack rabbit pelts, intending to make sealskins out of them, and Mr. Uzzell thinks there will be something in this for the poor. From a Chicago furrier I learn that the use of jack rabbit skins in the manufacture of "electric seal" (commonly made of coney fur) is a thing of some years' practice, though the hide of the jack rabbit is so tender as to be practically worthless. The big Lamar hunt, which is annually boomed to the good of the town and the railways, will no doubt this year, as for several years last past, net about 5,000 jack rabbits.

Dakota Licenses.

The county clerk at Steele, N. D., this fall issued shooting licenses to the total value of $1,035.25. If all the other counties in the duck belt did as well as that State Warden Bowers must have money enough to carry in a shawl strap.

Minnesota Justice.

In January, 1897, State Agent Fullerton seized over 1,000 illegal partridges shipped by a notorious alleged offender against the game law, E. W. Davis, a commission man of Detroit, Minn. Four indictments were brought and Davis was tried in June, 1897, being acquitted on the ground that the game was killed by Indians on their reservation. Then came the ruling of the Interior Department, as exclusively reported in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time, by which Indians were held amenable to the game laws the same as white men. Davis was tried under this new status of the law. The judge, Baxter, of Moorhead, fined Davis $10 and costs on three counts, and dismissed the rest, thus allowing him to go practically unwhipped of justice. This is a defeat to the Minnesota commission, and one which comes with a tinge of bitterness, as it seems neither law nor justice, Davis' record entitled him to a severer handling.

The Law.

"Game killed on an Indian reservation by a tribal Indian and transported by wagon to the nearest railway station off the reservation, and there delivered to a carrier to be shipped out of the State, is held, in Selkirk vs. Stevens (Minn.), 40 L. R. A. 759, to be subject to the game laws of the State."

"Live Quail."

Mr. H. G. McCartney, of this city, told me a curious thing the other day. He said that his groceryman, who lives and trades somewhere in the vicinity of Thirty-first street and Cottage Grove avenue, came to his door not long ago and offered to sell him some quail. "These are not any cold storage quail," said the honest grocer, "but real, live quail. I have just got a lot from South Water street, and if you don't believe it I'll bring them right here to your door and kill them, so that you can see for yourself that they are all I claimed." Mr. McCartney verified this man's assertion. He was really, in the year of grace 1898, in the city of Chicago, and in full sight of our game law, keeping live quail for sale, to be butchered on demand. He said he could get them right along.

Tacoma Duck Record.

Messrs. H. T. Denham and E. A. Kimball, of Tacoma, Wash., last week brought into town 113 ducks, the result of one day's shooting. This is said to beat the earlier record of W. A. Eberly and W. R. Dodge, who killed 104 in one day. Mr. Eberly and another man once killed 134 in one day. These are top notches for the duck men of that city, it seems.

Grouse.

Mr. C. A. Duke writes me from Duke Center, Pa., that he has this season killed in all sixty-six ruffed grouse. Certainly a very good run, even in a country where, as he says, the birds are quite abundant.

Thanksgiving.

Deputy Willis, of Bay City, Mich., early this week seized 1,600lbs. of under-sized fish at the markets, and caused them to be distributed among the poor.

Personal.

Mr. Chas. Lungren, the noted painter of Western subjects, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a little visit to-day, and spoke as usual with enthusiasm of the sweet and sleepy Southwest.

Oscar Guessaz, once of San Antonio, Texas, and well known to all American sportsmen, is now at Savannah, Ga., still with the army, and so much with it, as he writes me to-day, that he can't get away from it. He is on the staff of not one but two generals, Wheaton and Lee, and neither will accept his resignation. He has been regimental adjutant, commissary quartermaster, ordnance officer, and division inspector of rifle practice, all at the same time, and has also been doing the work of lieutenant-colonel. This is a good deal like Guessaz, and I am satisfied there is enough of him to go round. It is no wonder he can't get resigned.

Mr. Louis Duryea, of New York city, called at this office to-day, and speaks very pleasantly of Dick Cox, the former beloved Chicago shooter, who went out to Seattle to grow up with the country, and who has grown. Mr. Duryea spent some time on the Sound, and reports that country flourishing and full of fine sportsmen.

Hon. Nat. H. Cohen, the much-alive president of our State fish commission, is among those who have recently reposed their feet on the FOREST AND STREAM furniture here. Mr. Cohen has caused several bass to grow where but one grew before, and sportsmen may remember this to his honor.

Mr. Jos. A. Baker, of Benton, Mont., seems to be on about the right lines to have a good time while he is alive. He lives in one of the best sporting countries on earth, and has made several trips down the Missouri, which he describes to be one of the best voyages one ever made, and full of interest. To-day he came in to get advice about Texas coast country, and I have sent him and his friend, Mr. F. S. Eaton, of Boston, down to Aransas Pass, Texas, where they will remain probably until next May, just thinking and shooting and eating. They will see Johnny and Jimmy Bludworth and all the rest of the Rockport friends known to the FOREST AND STREAM, and I hope will have a very pleasant time. They intend to charter a boat and cruise by themselves, as they are both good sailormen.

Speaking of sailors, it was this week that Nat. Cook, of Chicago, and Fred Dickens, of Milwaukee, both prominent members of the Western Canoe Association, dropped in to pass the time of day. They were about to attend a meeting at the Great Northern Hotel, with a view to rehabilitating the old W. C. A., whose winter meeting will be held at Milwaukee in January. It is many a tale of wild adventure by stream and lake that these two spirits can tell.

Mr. J. M. Morley, of Saginaw, Mich. (who is "Brooks" of the "Saginaw Crowd" hunting party), called this week as it happened right while I was over in his State, so we passed each other. Mr. Morley leaves word that he will see me some day and convince me of the overdrawn character of some of the hunting stories told by his friend, the ex-Mayor of Saginaw, in regard to the performances of "Brooks." It was on the cards that we three were to meet this week at the city of salt and shavings, but it fell out otherwise. Mr. Mershon himself, the said ex-mayor, was in Chicago yesterday, and left for home late last night.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Connecticut Game Interests.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All true sportsmen and those interested in the preservation of our fast-disappearing game birds in Connecticut will be pleased to learn that the subject will be taken up at Hartford during the coming session of our Legislature, when a strong effort will be made to pass such laws as will prohibit the sale of game in the State, also the export. Old Connecticut, with its ideal territory for the propagation of the partridge, the quail and the woodcock, with its acres of delightful covers, is fast and surely being depleted of its game birds by the incessant market-hunter, who from sunrise till dark pursues to kill, and incidentally to sell. In many cases whole coveys of partridges are easily bagged by the practiced killers before the open season, and when the opening day arrives the law-abiding sportsman finds but very few scattered birds as a rule. Add to this class the imported pot-hunter, with his single-barrel gun, who pots the robins and all other protected birds that come his way, and one can see plainly the "handwriting on the wall." The whir of the partridge and quail, and the whistle of the woodcock will soon be music of the past, unless our lawmakers act wisely and quick.

ORONOQUE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Ring-necked Pheasant in New Jersey.

THE report of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission for this year contains an exhaustive and highly interesting review of the work undertaken to stock the State with the ring-necked pheasant. We quote the following paragraphs:

In many of the States of the Union the ring-necked pheasant has been introduced with success, although in nearly every case its introduction was due primarily at least to private enterprise. There is perhaps no State better adapted to this bird than New Jersey, especially the southern part, where the sparsely settled yet cultivated country seems to offer them a home where they may propagate their species without assistance from human kind. For it must be remembered that in most places where the ring-necked pheasant has been introduced it was propagated by the eggs being placed under the common hen, the parent bird declining to sit long enough to hatch out the young or to take care of them after they had left the shell. Experiments tried in this country show that the female bird makes a better mother in this country than it does in England, and many instances are recorded of the bird rearing its own young. Scientists attribute this to the more prolific insect life in this country; they argue that in Europe, and in England especially, insects are less numerous than they are here, and that consequently there the pheasant has enough to do to provide for its own subsistence without troubling itself with a numerous progeny. Be the facts what they may, it is well established that the ring-necked pheasants in this country take care of their own young.

All these facts having been taken into consideration your commission concluded to try the experiment of introducing the ring-necked pheasant into New Jersey. For this purpose a number of birds were sent out two years ago, care being taken to provide homes for them where there was a probability of their being looked after for some time. Everywhere they were received with pleasure, especially so in farming communities. The inhabitants had observed with regret the diminution in the numbers of the indigenous ruffed grouse and they welcomed the beautiful stranger. No argument could be adduced against the bird, for it destroys no growing crops, pilfers little of the fallen grain and far more than compensates for the loss of the grain by the destruction of insects. The result of the experiment was closely watched, and it was so encouraging that your commission was induced to continue its efforts toward the better introduction of the bird. Last year the number put out was increased over that of the preceding year, and although failures are reported in a few instances, a perusal of the subjoined letters will probably bring the careful reader to the conclusion arrived at by your commission, that the bird may be introduced into New Jersey, and that with a close season for a few years, and proper care, it will soon become more numerous here than the ruffed grouse. Your commission has no desire whatever to persist in the experiment of introducing the bird unless there is at least a probable chance of its ultimate success, and in order that yourselves and the public generally may know just what degree of success or failure has attended the experiment, letters were written to those who had received birds, inquiring as to what had been the outcome. All the answers to these letters are herewith reproduced, both for information as to the experiment itself and for the purpose of guiding such persons as may in the future feel inclined to assist in the introduction of the bird.

Ring-necked pheasants have been distributed to counties as follows: Atlantic county 6, Bergen county 37, Burlington county 63, Camden county 6, Cape May county 12, Cumberland county 98, Essex county 0, Gloucester county 24, Hudson county 0, Hunterdon county 12, Mercer county 18, Middlesex county 18, Monmouth county 24, Morris county 42, Ocean county 24, Passaic county 18, Salem county 54, Somerset county 0, Sussex county 6, Union county 6, Warren county 6; total 474.

From Fish and Game Warden George W. Phifer, Manumuskin, Aug. 24, 1898: They have done grandly in our county. I know myself of several flocks of them, and I also know of a nest of twenty-nine eggs hatched last week. Colonel Willets told me he had two nests in his meadow this spring, and there are numbers of them down along the Maurice River. It seems that they all do well, as none of them are found dead. I have heard from several other counties with similar reports. They seem to have wintered very well.

From Mr. William W. Woodward, Newton, Aug. 24, 1898: I have been able to find three broods of young ones. These birds are all where they will have plenty of protection. We have more birds in our county to-day than I have seen for years, and if the commission can keep up its work of stocking I can see no reason why we cannot have better shooting than ever before.

From Fish and Game Warden Harry R. Dare, Bridgeton, Aug. 24, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants thrive and do excellently here, and make good sport. I have located broods of ring-necked pheasants this season both in this and Salem county.

From Mr. John P. Hutchinson, Bordentown, Aug. 24, 1898: Four pair of pheasants were released on and near my farm at Georgetown, where I resided last year. Two cocks I believe to be alive; the others were destroyed. Two hens are reported alive without any young. One nest has been reported; the eggs failing to hatch.

From George W. Dunham, fish and game warden, Flemington, Aug. 25, 1898: In April, 1897, you sent me twelve pheasants—three cocks and nine hens. They were turned out in different localities, between Flemington and the Delaware River, a distance of about ten miles. Wherever they were placed the farmers promised to protect them and prohibit gunning that year. This was done, and so far as I can learn but four birds were shot. Three of the hens, however, were killed by mowing machines, leaving but six to hatch. Last December, after careful investigation, I found that there were at least sixty birds in the vicinity where they were released.

I have visited these farms recently and find the result most satisfactory, the farmers having taken pride in protecting the birds and feeding them during the winter. Many of them fed with their fowls all winter. Several have been killed by mowing machines this summer, as they nest in the tall grass near the underbrush, and cannot be seen. I attach hereto the names of some of the farmers upon whose lands they have hatched, and do not hesitate to say there are at least 300 birds in the immediate vicinity where they were first released.

There is exceptionally fine cover for them in that locality. This, together with the protection afforded them, accounts for the increase. A few of the young birds scattered, but I do not learn of any nesting far away, and the old ones are still on the ground where they were turned out. Other broods are reported, but I am unable at this writing to say positively that the information is true; these farms are situated in three adjoining townships. The old pheasants on them number at least 100, and quail are abundant throughout that section. The report is made upon personal examination, and the numbers are not exaggerated.

From Assemblyman E. C. Hutchinson, Trenton, Aug. 26, 1898: I do not think that under the present game law there is much use in putting out ring-necked pheasants. We had quite a large number hatched, but I do not believe that there is one living to-day, all having been killed off. If we could protect them for two or three years I feel confident that we could get quite a stock of birds around here. The farmers would protect them if the law gave them an opportunity.

From Gus Hilton, fish and game warden, Anglesea, Aug. 26, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants you sent me were all put out, and all lived and are doing well. They laid and hatched out their young. There were plenty of nests to be seen in the places where I put these birds out, and now there are plenty of young birds. I think the birds all right. They seem to be very healthy and strong, and no doubt can stand a hard winter.

From Mr. George Van Buskirk, secretary of the Farmers' Game Protective Association of Bergen county, Hackensack, Aug. 26, 1898: I cannot report as good success with the pheasants as I did in regard to the quail. I have requested all the farmers to look after them and report to me if they had seen any young broods. They have reported from time to time having seen the old birds, but no young ones, with the exception of one report I have just received from Paramus, where they have seen one brood of twelve young birds. These were all doing well. There is no doubt that others have hatched out some, but we have not seen them.

From Mr. Joseph B. Righter, secretary of the Denville Game Protective Association, Denville, Aug. 26, 1898: After a varied experience in trying to raise the young ring-necked pheasants under setting hens, and not having succeeded to any appreciable extent, we turned them all loose, and since that time they have done finely, most of them remaining in the neighborhood of their former captivity.

From Senator Robert B. Engle, Beach Haven, Aug. 27, 1898: For the birds sent me last year I cannot give a very good report. I heard of only two nests of them, which were both destroyed by reaping machines, as they seem to prefer the fields to nest in. I have not heard from them this year. From the twelve sent me this year I hope to report more favorably. I have heard of two broods that were successfully hatched.

From Mr. M. L. Hoagland, secretary of the White Meadow Club, Rockaway, Aug. 27, 1898: In addition to the three cocks and six hens received from you, we purchased six hens, making twelve hens and three cocks in all; these were put in coops separately, with one cock and four hens to a coop; they began laying on April 16, and averaged nine eggs per day till they had laid in all 308 eggs up to about the latter part of July, and then they stopped. The eggs we hatched under hens and found that Bantam hens are far superior to any other kind; in fact nearly all we lost were with large hens, so there is no question but that Bantam hens are the best to mother the chicks. We also found the first eggs were by far the best, producing stronger chicks and a larger percentage than those laid later in the summer. Out of the 300 and odd eggs received we hatched about 230 chicks; these we kept in runs made of 1in. mesh wire, 4ft. wide and 8ft. long, with a tight coop in one end for the mother hen. All the birds we hatched out at first died from different causes, but I think the most fatal of all was the lice, which seem sure death to little pheasants; it was not till we had lost by far the greater number of those hatched that we found out how to care for them, so we could raise them with any degree of success, and by that time our old hens had stopped laying. Of the 230 chicks hatched out we have only succeeded in raising to maturity thirty-six, which we have recently liberated. This seems a very poor return for all our trouble and expense, but I am certain that next year we can raise seventy-five per cent. of those hatched; when we began last spring no one knew anything about raising them, and we went by such instructions as we could gather, with the result that we lost nearly all our birds, and it was not till we began to follow the dictates of common sense that we succeeded in raising any. I would advise any one trying to raise pheasants to burn up all printed matter he may have on the subject and go at it to reproduce, as near as possible, the natural conditions as the birds would find them in the woods, giving them all kinds of insects and plenty of fresh water. There is no reason why they cannot be raised if they are properly cared for; the last hen we had came off hatched eleven birds from thirteen eggs, and we raised nine of the birds, and let them go, so you see if we had been able to do anything like that at first we would have had a fine lot, but experience is absolutely necessary, and when we began we had none; however, we propose to keep our old birds over till next year, and fully expect to raise a good lot of birds. I hope that those who, like us, have tried to raise them and failed, because of inexperience, will not get discouraged and quit, but will keep at it till our State is well stocked with them. We hope for some good results from the thirty-six young birds we turned out this summer, as if they breed at all and we raise some more next year we will soon get the country stocked with them.

From Assemblyman David O. Watkins, Woodbury, Aug. 27, 1898: The pheasants have become extinct, and nothing is seen of any of them; a number were killed the season after they were put out.

From Fish and Game Warden James Huston, Jr., Trenton, Aug. 29, 1898: Of the six pair of ring-necked pheasants which were sent here to Mercer county three pair I can give a definite account of. The other three pair were taken down the country into the pines by Assemblyman E. C. Hutchinson, and of these I have not been able to secure any information. Of the three pair turned out within eight miles of Trenton I can give an account. One pair hatched out nine young and another pair hatched out three; they were all healthy and strong. The third pair was unfortunate, their eggs being destroyed by a field mower unintentionally. They seem to be a very tame bird, which makes them an easy mark for the gunner, but I do not believe that they were all destroyed, for I was informed by a farmer that two of them were seen last Friday a week ago about four miles from Trenton.

From Fish and Game Warden B. W. Brown, Roselle, Aug. 29, 1898: I have not heard much about the ring-necked pheasants excepting in this county, where I know there is a flock of eighteen from the six which were put out here. I feel confident that they will do well here if they are given a chance.

From Assemblyman Joseph B. Crispen, Salem, Aug. 29, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants put out this year have done exceedingly well. The three I let out on my farm have eighteen young birds with them.

From Colonel J. Howard Willets, Fort Elizabeth, Aug. 29, 1898: The pheasants sent last year did splendidly, and if they had not been killed by law in the fall we should have had hundreds of them for breeding this spring. The last consignment this spring also did well. I placed two hens and a cock from last year's birds in a pen; one hen laid twenty-seven eggs and the other thirty-two, but neither hen would set. I took the eggs and placed them under a bantam chicken, and they hatched out two broods. These lived and did well, and this spring I turned them loose, so we had them to begin with. This spring's consignment of one dozen I turned out at once. I located four nests, and they all hatched out well, one of thirty-one, one of twenty-six and one of twenty-two. The last nest had only nine eggs; as they were very late I judged that something destroyed the first nest, and that the hen laid only nine on second laying. A farmer mowed over her nest, and as they were all "pipped" and the workmen kept the hen from returning to the nest, he notified me, and at noon I went over and got the eggs, placed them under a hen, and the next morning they were all hatched. I took them back, found the old bird (with my dog) and I let the young go. Their "peep" soon brought the mother, and she has the whole nine, save one, now. I saw them yesterday; they are the size of quail. A farmer told me last week that he had found a nest of thirty-one eggs a few weeks ago, and watched them until they hatched every egg. The only reason I can see that will prevent the plan of introducing them here is that they will go to the open fields of grass and especially meadows to breed, and as the law permits shooting and they in the open they will all be killed as fast as they breed, and before they become numerous enough to be compelled to take to the woods. The three farms upon which we have seven broods that we know of we shall be compelled to "post" this year, and keep everybody off in order to save the birds. Our local sportsmen we can control, and they will not kill them, but the reed and rail bird shooting here brings so many strangers that they follow it up when the quail season comes in, and we can protect the pheasants in no other way. The "out" birds in the woods will no doubt, many of them, be killed. I know of at least a dozen broods in the woods within two or three miles, which shows that they will soon spread over a large area of territory, and I think enough of them will escape this fall to insure the success of their introduction. They breed such large broods, take good care of their young, stand the winters well and will no doubt multiply. If we had only had last year and this year, while they were gaining a foothold, a close season, we would have made a complete success of their introduction, and would probably after that never had need of anything.

From Senator Robert C. Miller, Alloway, Aug. 30, 1898: I hear most favorable reports from the ring-necked pheasants. They passed the winter very nicely and have been noticed during the summer by several who say they have increased in number. I believe the result will prove very satisfactory.

From Mr. W. E. Cox, Cream Ridge, Aug. 31, 1898: In regards to the ring-necked pheasants we went according to instructions, and built two pens, 20 by 10, with house at one end. They did finely, laying nearly 100 eggs, of which about fifty hatched out. Unfortunately we could not raise the young; we tried all kinds of feed, but it was of no use. The old birds are doing finely; we shall try again, and if we do not succeed turn the birds out.

From Assemblyman Charles Wright, Columbus, Sept. 1, 1898: Of the six ring-necked pheasants received last spring I can report that one hen died the day of arrival. One cock and one hen we cannot account for at present. The other cock is about, and the two hens each have broods, one of eleven and one of thirteen; so we think they have done very well, and appreciate receiving them.

From Mr. James G. West, Vincentown, Sept. 1, 1898: The birds are doing well. They have been seen several times lately, and one has twelve or fifteen young ones.

From Fish and Game Warden Newell, Salem, Sept. 1, 1898: I regret to say that most of the ring-necked pheasants were shot off last year before the law came in. Lawless characters shot them because they wanted them for mounting and mantelpiece ornaments. They covered up their violations of the law under the pretense of woodcock shooting. Subsequently the people here did all they could to protect the birds, and I think they will now have a chance to multiply.

From Mr. H. S. Kinmonth, Asbury Park, Sept. 2, 1898: I have seen some of the old ones several times, but cannot say whether they have raised any young or not.

From Mr. T. C. Shreve, Pemberton, Sept. 2, 1898: Two of the three pheasants have raised broods of young; I have lost trace of the other female. You would be surprised at the enthusiasm manifested by those who are not sportsmen over the liberation of these birds.

From Mr. W. E. Young, Chester, Sept. 5, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants sent me last spring I turned out the first of April, and from what I can learn three of the hens have hatched and possibly the fourth. The broods were of about a dozen each. One brood had the misfortune to be run into by a mowing machine and about half of the young ones were killed. The mother bird, however, escaped with the balance of the brood. With that exception they are doing well. The people—both sportsmen and others—are taking a great interest in the work of the Fish and Game Commission in trying to introduce these beautiful birds, and almost daily some one tells me of having seen some of the birds. All agree that it was unfortunate that the Legislature by an act did not protect the birds for at least three years. Nevertheless the sportsmen have agreed not to kill any this fall, trusting that the next Legislature will afford the desired protection. Owing to the extreme heat, I have not looked around personally lately, but I am satisfied with what others tell me that the birds have done very well. If the birds do not leave their present location we intend to build booths of brush, etc., and feed them regularly through the winter. I fed the birds last spring after I had turned them out, and I find by so doing they will not scatter much. They all remained within a circle of one mile.

From Assemblyman John J. Quaid, Sayreville, Sept. 5, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants have done very well, but not as well in proportion as the quail.

From Mr. William J. Husted, Mays Landing, Sept. 6, 1898: The pheasants sent to me are doing nicely. The country down here is just to their liking. I have planted twenty-five acres of grain for the use of the quail and pheasants. I often see the old birds and their young out feeding in the afternoon. I am very proud of the birds, and will protect and do the best I can for them.

From Mr. M. Warner Hargrove, Browns Mills, Sept. 9, 1898: I have delayed an answer to your letter inquiring my experience with the ring-necked pheasants sent me in April, 1897, that I might give the matter more attention toward a satisfactory and truthful reply. At this date I am not able to report that the birds have been a success. I believe every hen or nearly so hatched out young, which appeared to thrive well during the summer and fall of 1897. During the gunning season I made strenuous efforts to protect them, and with such success that I learned of only three birds being killed. A number were seen during the winter and early spring which had wintered over, but I have not heard of any being seen around for some time, while I hear of a number being seen further out in the country. Browns Mills is directly on the edge of the mammoth pine district of southern New Jersey, and from this I am led to believe that the ring-necked pheasants are not suited to forests, but that they will thrive better and spread in semi-open and farmed land. The effort on the part of the commissioners to introduce such a game bird is commendable. I might add that a gentleman who killed and ate one tells me the flesh was excellent eating.

From Mr. Julius Munch, Preakness, Sept. 15, 1898: The half-dozen ring-necked pheasants sent me gave me a desire to attempt the raising of these birds on a more extensive scale, and I accordingly secured two dozen more, and I am glad to say that I am more than gratified with the result. I was wholly inexperienced, and to this I attribute the loss of many young birds. I first attempted to induce the hen pheasant to sit, but did not succeed. I watched the bird very closely and thought she showed a determination to sit, as she was most of the time crouched on the ground in a nest she had made in the sand. I permitted her to keep her own eggs, and added others to it, but the bird never sat more than five or ten minutes at a time, when she would get up and run away for several minutes, after which she returned to her eggs. I saw that she would not hatch, and so I took all but two of the eggs away from her, and she spoiled these two.

I found that I had the best success with game and bantam hens, the only objection to the latter being that they cannot cover more than eight eggs. I hatched out nearly every egg in this way.

At first I started near my house in small boxes, with a little runway for the chicks, keeping the hen shut up in the box. Rainstorms killed from thirty to fifty chicks a day, and so I abandoned this method and placed the hens and chicks in the woods, where I gave the little ones more runway. I think this obviated the difficulty, for after that I did not lose more than one or two chicks a day, and some days none at all. It is my opinion that most of the losses were due to the fact that the chicks did not have enough exercise to keep the body heat while I had them near the house.

I think the birds have locality very well developed, and do not believe that they will wander far from any place where there is food and shelter. Even the chicks showed this to a remarkable extent, and it was amusing to watch them at feeding time. At one time I had as many as two dozen broods in the woods, each brood with its own enclosure and feeding box. The chicks wandered at will in the woods, but when feeding time came they each repaired to its own box and never have I seen a chick from one brood eat out of a box placed for another brood. It was very amusing to see them scurrying about looking for their own particular feed box and paying no attention to the boxes used by the others. I had the woods fenced in with wire netting, but occasionally some little fellow developed sufficient strength of wing to get over the fence without having sagacity sufficient to find its way back. When we opened the fence sufficiently to permit it to come back, it made a direct line for its own feeding box, passing others by on the way.

Of course a number escaped, and others I liberated purposely. I should suppose that over 100 thus got away from my enclosures, and these are in the woods or fields adjoining, excepting, of course, such as were destroyed by hawks. I have over 200 of the birds, either old or half-grown, now in my enclosures.

The Vermont Deer Protected.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Vermont Legislature, although it did a bad thing in cutting down the amount of the fish commission appropriation, passed two measures of great value to the cause of game protection. One was a measure to prohibit the sale at any time of the ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge. The other prohibits the killing of deer and their kind for the next four years. The deer law comes just in time, as this year many more deer were killed than last, and the measure will at least preserve the survivors for purposes of propagation. It seems very strange that a Legislature that had in years past so carefully fostered the few deer we had in Vermont should allow an open season as was voted four years since. That enabled hunters to kill the semi-domesticated animals, and to place the numbers of deer back to where they were a quarter of a century ago, when the deer protection legislation was first inaugurated, but as the sagacity of Green Mountain Solons has become proverbial, especially in game law matters, the fact is not to be wondered at. KENEWAH.

Diagnosed the Dog's Trouble Wrongly.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The abundance of quail seemingly everywhere is gratifying to any lover of this sport. Yesterday with all the unfavorable conditions I was tempted to take my gun and dog through the misty rain and drove to Haddan Heights, only six miles from here, thinking it would be amusement to me, if only to give my dog a run. In making my way to the woods where they naturally abound for shelter in wet weather, I was compelled to hurry to relieve my dog of being fastened in what I thought a barbed wire fence. He looked to me as if he were in great agony. I had not quite reached him, when to my surprise a covey of a dozen or more birds arose, and he quickly fell, seemingly exhausted. You can imagine the rest. G. E. RIEDEMEYER.

South-Bound Geese.

ESSEX, N. Y., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A great flight of wild geese, estimated to number 4,000, passed over this place to-day going south. They were flying low, and the noise made by their wings was sufficient to attract people living near the line of flight to doors and windows, and even in some instances to scare horses into running away.

The symmetrical, harrow-shaped formation was preserved, though the flock was separated into some twenty divisions. This is the largest flight of geese seen in this neighborhood for years. B.

The Kentucky "Swamp Hen."

SOMERSET, Ky., Nov. 23.—A pot-hunter came in today with a dozen quail and one woodcock. On a purchaser buying the quail, he said, "I will throw in the swamp hen," so you can see in what high regard this fine bird is held by our country people. J. M. R.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Marked Zero.—Teacher: "What does the word marsupial mean?" Tommy: "Carrying a pouch." Teacher: "Give an example of a marsupial." Tommy: "A tobacco smoker."—Chicago Tribune.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Summer at Clearwater.

CLEARWATER, Fla., twenty-five miles north of Tampa Bay, though set down as inland on some of the maps, lies on a sheet of water that is separated from the Gulf only by small islands and narrow sand keys. My visit there was from May to October, a season when many kinds of fish were away in deeper water, but my experience even at that time may be of use to readers of your paper who come South in winter.

We arrived at the above town about midday, after making a trip that lay through pine barrens nearly all the way from St. Petersburg, and saw both the "harbor" and the Gulf of Mexico for the first time through an opening beneath live oaks at the end of the street leading from the station. The view was a pleasing one. The outer limits of the "harbor," or bay, were marked several miles from shore by palmetto islands and two narrow sand keys, the latter separated nearly off the street by a "pass." The water thus enclosed was composed largely of grassy shoals, submerged at the time by a half-tide that colored the surface with as many tints as there are in a shell. Innumerable channels like blue ribbon dropped at random wound through the flats. Far out the Gulf lay, a dark contrast between the white surf at the keys and the distant horizon. To us the sparkling scene beyond the shady street was a glimpse of a strange world.

Our first afternoon was spent on a pavilion at the end of a pier that extended 600ft. out from shore. The air was delightful after sandhill blasts of the interior. We reveled in the extent of our new horizon, after six months inland, where pine trees cut the vision to short range. The bay was a lively scene. The change indeed was in every way agreeable to us.

Schools of fish leaped as if they entered into our exhilaration. Porpoises that rolled by with heart-racking heaves had evidently labored a great distance. Pelicans, cormorants, and other strange birds, on stakes and flying about, croaked incessantly, pleased with their serenade. Sailboats, large and small, surely in numbers unusual, nested in foam, tacked about in hopeless confusion till eyes ached with watching. Soon the sun dropped from sight, with no preliminary change except a slight reddening of its face, with no afterglow, but as if a fire ball that extinguished in the Gulf. Stars appeared instantly overhead, and brighter ones back of town where night shot up. The bay glowed with phosphorescence where disturbed. The posts under the pier were circled with light. Leaping mullet made streaks and flashes. Every school of minnows was a milky way. Large fish shone according to size. It was all much as if we stood on our heads, and saw past our feet a sky luminous with shining fish. I retired that night haunted with what I had seen, to dream afterward of things besides ordinary sport.

The next morning I went down town to buy tackle and learn about the fishing. Storekeepers are not always the most reliable informants when what they say affects the sale of goods, but often they drop useful remarks.

"Yes, sir, I have plenty of tackle, the best in town too, and the cheapest. There is fine fishing about here; nothing like it any other place in Florida. Only the other day a boy caught a 300lb. jewfish off the public dock. I sold the line. And as for trout—I am tired of them. The old man that takes care of your pier does more fishing, and catches more too, than any other person in town. He buys his stuff from me. Won't have anything but Limerick hooks, because they are Irish too. See him?"

Dennis, the old caretaker, was willing to tell me more than he knew about the fishing. I remember distinctly part of his instructions: "Cut up some mate as fine as ivver you kin," he said, "thin ketched a minny and bait wid the same, and if the fish is feeding it won't be tin minutes maybe before the biggest trout thot ivver you seen grobs the minny, and if the fish ain't biting you might be sitting wid your line up a tree for all of thim whicht you will ivver ketched. Fish from the south ind of the pavilion."

And I tried right where he told me a week for trout and did not get even a nibble.

It became my turn to coach when another victim settled next door, by showing him how scarce the fish were about the piers. I even went out in his boat with him a number of times without changing the luck. We knew every house along shore after awhile, and every craft on the bay, but caught few fish. Scorching sun blistered patterns on our faces and about our shirt collars. At times we were driven to shelter. While cooling off under a pier on one occasion, we discovered good sheepshead fishing among the piles. These fish are worthy of notice, for they know how to utilize their surroundings, and a 5-pounder can make half an hour of saving tackle from piles and sharp barnacles very interesting. As they seemed to be nearly the only fish around the piers, we spent much of our time during the very hot weather in catching them. And we enjoyed it. The landing of a troublesome large one meant a smoke, and sometimes a song, for John could sing, and at such moments of exhilaration gave his favorite, "You shan't play in my back yard," to an accompaniment of bumping boat and flopping fish; music indeed, I thought, only equaled by running hounds.

The sheepshead were caught with sand-fiddlers. When we walked along shore these small one-clawed crabs formed wheat-colored waves that swung to and fro between holes above the highest tide and water to points far ahead, till our near approach caused them to hunt their dens. When we stopped, however, the ones that had vanished down holes near by appeared again and signaled with large claws to friends up the line. To do this, they scuttled to one side and waved, then to the other side and waved, rising to the tip of their hindlegs at each swing of a claw, till the same performance was going on as far up the beach as crabs were visible. They were like cadets at flag practice, or engineers at work,

It seemed almost homicide to take these intelligent wig-waggers for bait. They were courageous too, and fought viciously with claws when a part of the wave was cornered against the sea wall. It makes me tremble even now to think what might have happened if they had been as large as horses. But they were not.

There was sport in sitting under piers, perhaps for hours, with a can of fiddlers, dropping hooks with mechanical toss near piles, and striking an occasional fish that aroused one from lethargy. If minnows bit we tried not to lose our tempers; if large fish, we tried not to lose our heads. When we found a good place, we chained the boat there with an extra hitch. A number of large sheepshead flopping about the boat, their plump bodies clothed in convict colors, perhaps for the hooks they had stolen, made a handsome display. Their meat, too, when cooked, was white and delicious. But this was only a fortunate fact, as we were there for the sport, and often wished that more of them were needed for a meal.

White drum were almost the only other variety of large fish we saw around the piers. Great schools of them, generally on afternoons, often swam by, feeding with heads down and tails whirling the surface, a sight to behold. Some of them must have weighed over 40lbs. We tried often to catch these from the pavilion overhead, and lost hooks and line for our trouble. They were shy about biting. The best way to get a bite was to throw in a handful of fiddlers with our cast. Even then they frequently ejected bait after taking it. If one was hooked the reel screeched, became silent, screeched again, confusing eye and ear with its action, till finally a plunge against slack broke the line. The large ones were not for us; they were for boys with spears out in boats, which caught a number of 30-pounders. The drum owe me for hundreds of feet of line, to which they are welcome. I hope the acquaintance whose outfit I used feels the same way about the matter.

We began after awhile to look on these large fish with superstition. The ease with which they broke our lines was uncanny. Women say that they are not afraid of mice, but of the idea, whatever that means. John and I were victims of an idea. John nearly overcame this weakness about drum before leaving. A larger fish frightened him. He was alone, trying for sheepshead under a pier, when a tarpon, by his first account a 6-footer, by later ones much larger, dove at a pile near, and whirling the surface of the water with its tail, munched the barnacles on bottom. My chum spoke scarcely above a whisper in describing the way the line was then reeled in. While in a chained boat among piles he did not care to hook a large tarpon.

We went out on the flats at low tide to catch stone crabs when we tired of fish diet. These hard shells, with rending claws, live down holes from which they are hooked with long pokers. After being robbed of their claws they are usually released to grow new ones, a fact we were ignorant of at the time. But we learned how to catch them. We raked each hole carefully at first. Then we found if one of us probed with a rapid piston-like motion, and the other swept the entrance of the hole with his poker, going at innumerable strokes to the instant, we shot a crab some yards across mud and grass to a spot suitable for capture. Our half-bushel baskets were quickly filled, and were then fields of carnage, such as one rarely sees, in which cast-iron shells shattered as if dried leaves, and amputated claws flew in every direction. The crabs, spuming foam from their mouths, insane in their unrighteous rage, were devils incarnate. And some hunters search the holes with hands!

I went out to Little Pass when the weather moderated in August. The point of the key south of the pass deflects the current rushing through and causes a still, deep pool, in which large fish of various kinds feed on small fry thrown there by the running tide. Groupers, pompano, blackbill, trout, sheepshead and many other varieties are caught from this eddy. I took from it several rovalion or large salt-water pike and skip jacks, that were in the air half the time while I played them. Sand-diggers, a variety of minnows marked with rings, made the best bait. They were easy to catch, either with meat on a fine hook, or with a seine, in the shoals about the pass. These minnows come about in schools when the mud is stirred.

A canvas canoe, built after the Field plan, published by FOREST AND STREAM, was just the craft for these trips to the point. It would make the trip with a fair wind in twenty minutes. Three boys I met out there caught all the bait we needed, and I carried the bucket. Sometimes we went down the beach half a mile before we caught enough, and ran back with the boys yelling, sand and shells flying, hats blowing off—races in which I always lost.

We met out there one morning when the chickens in town were crowing the sleep out of their eyes. The water was cold, the sand was ice, and the breeze a chilly bath. The boys had been unusually lucky a few days previous, and had left all except their redfish at the point for the hot sun, so the air was fragrant for awhile. Cleaning house purified it, but brought the sharks. Our surroundings, with the exception of the bad atmosphere at first, were pleasing. Immense skaits 4 and 5ft. across leaped from the water at times and hit again with cannon reports that startled with their suddenness. Masses of screaming gulls and pelicans covered the exposed sand flats just inside the pass, and rose into the air every few minutes, for no apparent cause, with noisy fluttering. Tarpon shining like silver leaped from the bay, many of them close in, and played around half-submerged. Herds of porpoises came through the pass with the tide. Monster sharks 10 and 12ft. long went by in the clear water near shore. One of the boys plunged in to untangle a line from a snag a few minutes after a school of these large fellows passed, and another boy had his line snapped later as if web. About 9 o'clock the redfish began to bite.

The boys caught fish then for two hours. Their hooks fell exactly where large redfish waited with mouths open. Each of my companions danced on the tips of his ten small toes while hauling in these beauties, and met them in water knee deep. The first fish hooked each time was used to toll others near shore, sometimes where the school was seen, and two more fish were caught by trolling the other lines behind the first one. The three lines plunked out then in quick cadence, to be hauled in almost immediately as before. The red beauties, as they came in, swayed and shone a sight to behold. For some reason my line caught nothing—a source of amusement to the others only. The shoals were soon alive with their tethered fish, each of the half a dozen bunches too heavy for a boy to carry. My companions left when they had caught more than 200lbs. They would leave me a few to practice with. I might catch one in time if I stayed by my work. They would take the "hoodoo" off.

I set to work then with the bait they left. Luck changed at once. Fish at last found my bait. One after another they came ashore, such fine ones, to be met in shallow water and carried out with hands that trembled. They looked so much handsomer as they layed and fought on a line that was mine. There were 64lbs. of them before the boys reached town, the largest a highly-colored 9-pounder that was received by me with extra ceremony. When I arrived home about midday this large one was selected for baking, and serving afterward with drawn butter, and slice egg and parsley over it. We had a cook whose art was witchcraft, and she did much for that beauty. And I did much for him afterward when I seasoned delicious morsels of him here and there with Worcester sauce, and lingered loath to leave such food while a scrap remained. There were many such days during the summer, and many such dinners.

H. R. STEIGER.

The Tuna's Supreme Place.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 26, page 429, I find in an article, "Tuna vs. Bass," that my friend Prof. C. F. Holder has been good enough to defer to my opinion as to the merits of these two extraordinary fish in the following words:

"The black sea bass (*Stereolepis gigas*) for half an hour or twenty minutes is perhaps the equal of the tuna, but if he is fought vigorously for that time he is soon worn out; in a word, he has in no sense the staying or fighting qualities or the strength of the tuna, in which expression I think Mr. Beard, who took the first 200lb. black sea bass, will bear me out."

Now, feeling duly honored by being thus specifically designated by so able an angler, naturalist and author as Prof. Holder, I beg to make the following remark or two:

In the first place I thank Prof. Holder for the compliment he pays me. Then to be brief, I agree with him. I consider that he is entirely right in his dictum. I may be pardoned too, I hope, if I say in support of my opinion that I know thoroughly what constitutes a game fish. Aside from quite extensive journeying in the delightful province of angling literature. I may lay claim to considerable actual practical experience with rod and reel. Not to mention years of angling elsewhere, I have paid two visits to that Mecca of all good anglers, Santa Catalina Island, where the superb game fish and the unequaled fishing cause the unaccustomed Eastern angler astonishment, wonder and admiration. I know the fishing there as thoroughly probably as any man in the East to-day, and here at the risk of being accused of vaunting my own exploits I might say that I have killed with rod and reel at Catalina almost 7,000lbs. of fish; that my best catch of yellow-tail (*Sereola dorsalis*), twenty fish, 368lbs., one day, one rod, is still the Island record; and that the 200lb. jewfish Prof. Holder refers to was the Pacific Coast record for something like two years.

All this to prove that I know something about game fish, and what good fishing really is. And yet in the face of all that, I count it as nothing alongside of Prof. Holder's single fish, the 183lb. tuna. As I said once before in FOREST AND STREAM, that was an angling feat to be proud of. When I learned that such a fish had fallen to my friend's rod I was not only pleased, but I considered that, although my very game 200lb. jewfish had probably outweighed his tuna by more than 20lbs., my fish was not to be mentioned in the same mouth with his on the score of gameness. In other words, I was ready to acknowledge from that hour that my record was hardly worth speaking of further, so vastly greater as a fighter do I consider the tuna when compared with his sable rival. I used a rather light rod at Catalina. It was built for killing striped bass, and would pull, dead weight, not over 4¼lbs. At that tension it was bent as much as I dared to bend it, and yet with this rod, by constantly keeping a good arc on him and compelling him to "fight or come in," I have frequently taken a 25lb. yellow-tail in not over nine minutes. Harry Elms, my boatman, has often timed me in fighting these game fellows, whose average is about 18lbs., and I think I am right in saying that I averaged about seven minutes of them day in and day out. This may mean nothing to one who does not know the fish, and yet I may say that frequently I have seen a 20-pounder give battle royal to and well nigh exhaust his would-be captor during a struggle of twenty to thirty minutes, simply because the angler did not know how to "force the fighting." I used this same rod on my jewfish, of which I took a number. I would have caught more, only I hated to do so, for I could make no use of the brave fellows after they had been brought in and admired. This almost destroyed the sport of catching them for me. I found the jewfish with this light tackle a dogged, stubborn and extremely strong fighter. Had I used a rod such as most men used at Catalina, a now tuna rod, which was capable of pulling at least 12 to 15lbs. of dead weight, I could have killed all my fish within an hour readily. As it was, two of them went over three hours of steady give and take before they were utterly fought to a finish as I wanted them to be. My largest fish, the 200-pounder, was taken by lantern light, in the midst of a hard gale of wind, on a 15-thread line, after having towed the boat with three of us in it for nearly four miles, and during three hours and thirty-five minutes of very hard fighting.

To sum the whole matter up in a few words, I consider the black sea bass or jewfish as capable of putting up a very interesting and prolonged fight when taken with light tackle, such as I used. He will give an angler, and a good angler too, all the work he wants under such circumstances. Nevertheless he is as nothing when compared with the magnificent tuna. That fish is a wonder. He has unequaled speed and strength, unrivaled pluck and cunning, but above all else and beyond all other fish that the angler knows of to-day he is remarkable for his tireless energy, which renders him as well the terrible Nemesis of the swallow-swift flying fish as what I have long maintained him to be, the "greatest game fish in the world."

Consequently, with all due deference to Mr. F. V. Rider, honorable secretary of the well-known California Tuna Club, whose very remarkable performance in catching a 327lb. jewfish on a 21-thread line is well worthy of the praise and attention of anglers, I must confess that I do not value his achievement as I do that of the honorable president of the club. Mr. Rider is outclassed just as certainly as I myself was outclassed under like circumstances. To my mind the case does not admit of a moment's hesitation. Prof. Holder is still unquestionably high hook of the club, if not of the world as well.

STUART-MENTETH BEARD.

"Red Water" in Narragansett Bay.

THE sudden and often unexplained epidemics which occasionally destroy fishes by wholesale are of great interest to the angler, and the following description of such an occurrence on the New England coast last summer and autumn, contributed by Mr. A. D. Mead to Science, is worth bringing to the notice of all who devote any attention to fishes. Mr. Mead says:

"During the last two months the inhabitants of Rhode Island witnessed the following remarkable phenomenon. The water of a considerable portion of the bay became thick and red, emitting an odor almost intolerable to those living near by. The situation became alarming when, on Sept. 9 and 10, thousands of dead fish, crabs and shrimp were found strewn along the shores or even piled up in windrows.

"At the request of the Rhode Island Commission of Island Fisheries, an investigation was made to determine the cause and extent of the unusual color of the water and of the great mortality of the fish. The results of this investigation are briefly as follows:

"During the last of August, throughout September and a part of October streaks of red or 'chocolate' water were observed from near Quonset Point and Prudence Island, north to Providence, and on the flood tide up the Seekonk River, nearly to Pawtucket, a range of about fifteen miles. In other parts of the bay, as far as could be learned, the phenomenon had not been observed.

On Sept. 8 and 9 the water became extremely red and thick in various localities from East Greenwich to Providence, and the peculiar behavior of the marine animals attracted much attention. Myriads of shrimp and blue crabs, and vast numbers of eels, menhaden, tautog and flatfish came up to the surface and to the edge of the shore, as though struggling to get out of the noxious water. Indeed, the shrimp and crabs were observed actually to climb out of the water upon stakes and buoys and even upon the iron cylinders which support one of the bridges and which must have been very hot in the bright sun. In several instances, on these two days, hundreds of blue crabs were caught by a single individual in a few minutes' time, at the mouth of the Seekonk.

"On the following day, Sept. 10, and for several days afterward, hardly a live crab or shrimp could be found. Along the shores, however, in the same vicinity, cart-loads of dead shrimp were piled up in windrows, and among them were strewn great numbers of crabs and fish of various kinds, especially menhaden and eels. This singular behavior and alarming mortality of marine animals was reported from nearly every station at which the red water occurred, and from no other station, which indicates that the two phenomena are related as cause and effect.

"It was commonly believed that dye-stuffs or other refuse emptied into the rivers at the upper part of the bay gave to the water its color and unpleasant odor, but microscopic examination showed that the water was swarming with minute organisms, a species of *Peridinium*. The *Peridinium* is reddish brown in color, and occurred in such excessive abundance that it gave to the water its peculiar color and odor, besides making it so opaque that one could hardly see a white shell 6in. below the surface.

"With regard to the systematic position of this organism there is a difference of opinion. It is, in fact, ranked with the animals by some authors, and with the plants by others. I have not yet been able to determine the species of our *Peridinium*. * * *

"After Sept. 9 and 10, when the great mortality of fish occurred, the *Peridinium* became, for a few days, less abundant, and then increased again until the 23d. There was a heavy rain on the 23d, and on the following day the water was comparatively clear. Since this date it has been more or less in evidence up to the day of writing (Oct. 7). On Sept. 21 the number of *Peridinium* per cubic centimeter in the Seekonk River was estimated at 5,880. This was enough to give the water a very noticeable red color. Nevertheless the marine animals appear not to have been seriously affected since Sept. 10 or 11, though the approach of a streak of red water has, in some instances, interrupted good fishing.

"In the Seekonk River the shrimp and crabs gradually returned, and in about three weeks after the sudden mortality were nearly as numerous as before, though the water was at times distinctly colored. On the 23d some shrimp, oysters and small fish (*Fundulus*) were kept in the water where the *Peridinium* were the thickest, and suffered no apparent injury. In consideration of these facts, it has been doubted whether the *Peridinium* was the immediate cause of the peculiar behavior and death of the fish which occurred on Sept. 9 and 10, especially as the weather had been phenomenally hot for several weeks previous to that date. I believe, however, that the *Peridinium* was the cause of the trouble, and not the hot weather, nor manufacturers' waste, for the following reasons:

"On the two or three days in which the mortality took place the water was extremely red.

"The hot weather was followed by a cold wave a day or two before the mortality commenced.

"The phenomena occurred in Greenwich Bay and off Nayatt, many miles from any considerable source of contamination.

"Finally, the phenomena in question were noticed by very many persons throughout the whole range of the red water, while in neighboring portions of the bay, for example in the Warren River and in Bristol Harbor, where the temperature of the water is quite as high as in the red water districts, no *Peridinium* and no mortality or unusual behavior of the marine animals was reported, though the regions were carefully canvassed.

"There are many recorded instances of salt and of fresh water colored red probably by *Peridinium* of this or a similar species. H. J. Carter, in his account of 'The Red Coloring Matter of the Sea round the Shores of the Island of Bombay,' described the new species *P. sanguineum*, which produces this effect. He points out, also, that Darwin's description of the animalcule which he found to color the sea red, a degree south of Valparaiso, accords exactly with that of *Peridinium*. The animalcules which, according to Salt, produce the red color in the Red Sea, may also be due to this form. and the same cause may perhaps be ascribed to the red color of the sea off Iceland in 1649. Porter quotes 'the following passage from an eye witness of a similar occurrence at Porebunder, on the coast of Khattywar, India, where the red water is extremely common, viz.: "the color of the sea water on Saturday evening last, Oct. 27, 1849, was changed from its usual tint to a deep red, emitting a most foul smell; the fish speedily were all destroyed and washed upon the beach in large quantities, etc."' Though the narrator believed that this might be due to a submarine eruption of mud, Mr. Carter is inclined to ascribe it to some 'animalcule,' most probably *Peridinium*. He also directs attention to the Mosaic account of the plague of Egypt given in the following verses: 'And all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood.' 'And the fish that was in the rived died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt.'"

The Cuvier Banquet.

The twenty-fifth annual banquet of the Cuvier Club was held Nov. 22, "with all the ancient glory, with some new features introduced, and with possibly a greater crush than ever known before." The menu was, as usual, the perfection of the art, with the choicest trophies of the sportsman's prowess in evidence throughout. There were handsome decorations, music by a brass band and a little excellent speaking, and the dinner, which began at 5 o'clock, was not over with till almost 10.

Of the 400 members of the club, there were few absentees, and there were present as guests of honor Prof. W. H. Venable, the poet and historian, and Coates Kinney, well known as the author of "The Rain on the Roof." The venerable president of the club, Alexander Starbuck, was present to second the efforts of the reception committee and to add a welcome to the guests, and there were present both of Cincinnati's congressmen and the many men eminent in professional and business circles of the city who constitute so large a portion of the membership of the club.

Along one side of the club dining room was set a long table, which bore as decorations the pieces de resistence—huge Kennebec and California salmon and muscallonge—as well as fruit pieces, stands of flowers, etc. The dining room had seating accommodations for about seventy-five persons at a time, and as fast as the tables were vacated others stood ready to take the places, until the 400 had all feasted. The banquet committee was made up of George Gerke, A. N. Sackett and A. J. Conroy. The menu card was a very handsome specimen of engraved and embossed printing, and presented an extremely tempting array, served under the direction of Max Basse, whose fame as a caterer is widely known.

During the progress of the banquet a band of music marched through the front door and circled the dining room, playing a popular march, and afterward taking up its stand in the museum, where it played during the evening. This was a pleasant surprise to the members, planned by President Starbuck.

Later in the evening Mr. Coates Kinney, the venerable poet, read, with much feeling and effect, a patriotic poem, "The American Citizen," which was greeted with much enthusiastic applause; and succeeding Mr. Kinney Prof. Venable made a brief and felicitous speech, in which he said:

In a city famous for clubs—commercial, political, literary—the Cuvier Club is distinguished and unique. This society has other functions than to give exquisite dinners. The outings of its members are but incidents in their busy life. The Cuvier is an educational body. It fosters science; it teaches good fellowship and genuine humanity.

The true, modern sportsman possesses the manliness of a man, and the gentleness of a gentleman. He is not cruel. Away to the lakes he hies, away to the prairie or the wildwood, under God's blue sky, feeling the joy of vigorous life in body and in soul. He likes sport—he loves his dog, his gun, his angling rod, but he loves nature and humanity more. He is a naturalist—he dedicates his club house to the name of a great scholar. Any citizen of Cincinnati may well feel proud to sit a guest at this board.

For myself, I cannot claim to be much of an expert in sportsmanship, by land or by water, though I might tell a fish story. My exploits in boyhood, shooting squirrels in the big woods, or quail in my father's stubble fields, or catching fish in Newman's Run, fill a large volume in memory. But then, and since, on various excursions, I confess that I have often forgotten the trout in poring o'er the brook that babbles by, and have lost sight of the birds in the grass listening to the birds in the trees. Though I have not "named all the birds, without a gun," I hold this in common with old Walton and with most "brothers of the angle" and of the gun—a full enjoyment in being out of doors. I will venture in conclusion to read you some homemade verses, celebrating, in a capriccio, the marvelous performance of a catbird whose college of music is in my orchard trees on Mount Tusculum:

My Catbird.

Nightingale I never heard,
Nor the skylark, poet's bird;
But there is an æther-winger
So surpasses every singer
(Though unknown to lyric fame)
That at morning, or at nooning,
When I hear his pipe a-tuning,
Down I fling Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth,
Shakespeare, too—for what are bards worth
When my *Mimus carolinensis*
(That's his Latin name),
When my catbird wild commences
Song's hilarious rhapsody,
Just to please himself and me.

Prime cantante,
Scherzo, andante,
Piano, pianissimo,
Presto, prestissimo,
Hark! Are there nine birds or ninety and nine
And now a miraculous gurgling gushes
Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,
The laughter of tune from a rapturous throttle,
Such melody must be a hermit thrush's,
But that other caroler, nearer,
Outrivaling rivalry with clearer
Sweetness incredibly fine;
Is it oriole, redbird or bluebird,
Or some strange un-Auduboned new bird?
All one, sir, both this bird and that bird,
The whole flight are all the same catbird.

The whole visible and invisible choir you see
On one lithe twig of yon green tree,
Flitting, feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantical,
To his sacred canticle.
Hear him lilting,
See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering,
While uttering
All the difficult operas under the sun,
Just for fun;
Or in tipsy revelry,
Or at love devilry,
Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an inimitable poet
Who captivates the world's heart,
And don't know it.
Hear him lilt!
See him tilt!

Then suddenly he stops,
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he might gather up
The wasted ecstacy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all,
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall
From vocal pipe, or ever more shall rise,
He snarls, and mews, and flies.

The Vermont League.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Montpelier, Nov. 22. The attendance was the largest in the history of the association. One hundred and seventy-five plates were laid.

At the business meeting in the afternoon the following officers were elected for the year ensuing:

President, J. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury; secretary, Edward T. Bradley, Swanton; treasurer, Charles F. Lowe, Montpelier; vice-presidents, W. R. Peake, Bristol; N. W. Fisk, Isle La Motte; F. D. Proctor, Proctor; E. C. Smith, St. Albans; W. S. Webb, Shelburne; T. N. Vail, Lyndonville; Erastus Baldwin, Wells River; J. G. McCullough, Bennington; P. H. Hadley, Bellows Falls, and an executive committee comprising one from each county, as follows: Addison county, D. H. Lewis, Vergennes; Bennington county, J. W. Fowler, Manchester; Caledonia county, Henry Blodgett of St. Johnsbury; Chittenden county, J. B. Henderson, Burlington; Essex county, F. D. Hale, Lunenburgh; Franklin county, T. M. Deal, St. Albans; Grand Isle county, E. S. Fleury, Isle La Motte; Lamoille county, C. H. Stearns, Johnson; Orange county, F. C. Kinney, Greensboro; Rutland county, Ira R. Allen, Fair Haven; Washington county, L. Bart Cross, Montpelier; Windham county, Kittredge Haskins, Brattleboro; Windsor County, J. E. Pollard, Chester. The total membership of the league is now 636.

Following the discussion of the good things provided by the banquet committee, President Titcomb announced that the skin of the bear which the party had just eaten would be auctioned off by Representative Ballard, of Georgia, who made a humorous speech and finally disposed of the pelt to Representative Viall for $13.

George M. Powers, as toastmaster, introduced Secretary of State Howland, who said in part:

"Mr. Powers has frequently asked me to visit him at Morrisville, and has always told me that I should find a little game going up there. All fish and game interests have been wonderfully advanced and improved by the efforts of Mr. Titcomb. But a few sessions ago only three or four bills concerning these matters came up at each session, and now they are a most important feature. Interest your members and senators to do what they can to promote all legislation for the benefit of this great industry."

Hon. H. C. Ide said: "The fish and game laws in the British colonies are well defined and executed. Hunting and fishing is licensed to individuals in the open season. The original settlers brought their game laws from old England. In New Zealand rabbits were introduced and carefully protected for game purposes. They breed so fast that residents are compelled by law to hunt and exterminate them. In the Fiji Islands rats destroyed everything, and the mongoose was brought in to exterminate the rats. Now the mongoose is so plenty that a price is put on his head. I hear that deer are becoming so plenty that they are devastating your fields and gardens, and it may be that in the near future you will make laws to compel yourselves to shoot deer to prevent them from destroying everything." Mr. Ide objected to the multiplicity of tax collectors, and suggested an open season for them. He had noticed a law in prospect making a close season for millionaires in Vermont, or preventing their hunting by tax collectors for a number of years. Then there might be an open season of a few days each year.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Fisk said: "The difference between millionaires in Vermont and rabbits in New Zealand is that the former do not multiply as rapidly as we could wish. All the millionaires in Vermont belong to this league, and are among its most useful members." He commended the great work of Mr. Titcomb for good and wholesome laws, and hoped he would in time be in the office of United States Fish Commissioner.

Mr. Titcomb then addressed the gathering: "I would not care to be a commissioner unless I had the League behind me," he said. "Let us all see that the laws are enforced and upheld. Speak well of the work and the object of it. Show your neighbors what is being done. In every town in Vermont into which we haven't sent trout we have sent blanks to the selectmen and they have been ignored. Every application is answered and filled. Streams are being constantly fished and must be constantly filled."

Fishing at Carlsbad.

Sing Sing, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several weeks ago a correspondent of yours wrote of "Trout Fishing in Carlsbad, Bohemia." I will tell you of an experience I had at the same place.

We hired a conveyance and were driven to a place called Puchstein, about six miles in the depths of the Schwarzwald, southeast of Carlsbad. It is here that the famous Gieshuebler Spring is situated. For a small amount I was allowed to fish in the stream flowing by the hotel. At the end of an hour I succeeded in hooking foul a muddy carp—the stream had been pronounced well stocked with forellen! This wasn't the end of my fishing.

Flowing from the east through a beautiful valley, and on through the center of Carlsbad, is a stream which teems with trout. I doubt if any lover of trout fishing ever passed this brook without casting covetous glances in the clear pools, where lurked monster trout plainly visible to the naked eye. This brook was at the foot of Franz Joseph's Höhe—so the gentleman who wrote the article will probably recollect it. In my daily walks between sips of Sprudel and Felsenquelle, I would take rolls, pieces of bread and even large red ox-heart cherries, which would be snapped up in a twinkle by the voracious denizens of the forbidden stream.

I endured this for weeks, till at last one day I found myself buying fish-hooks in the shop on the corner back of the Kurhaus. The next morning, with my cane, a piece of twine and a couple of cherries sliced I sneaked out of the hotel, and without getting in line for my customary drink soon reached the spot where a certain old "thumper" held forth. The only people in sight were two elderly gentlemen, whom I knew to be visitors in search of health, like myself. I slipped in between the rails, and in the time it takes to tell it had my tackle hitched on the cane and made a cast. Splash! I pulled too quick; at least four big trout came after the cherry. I glanced around, and saw three guards coming leisurely down the path about 200yds. from me. I crouched down under the wall and they passed without seeing me. Out went my cherry. Zip! I had him the minute it touched the water. After as gamy a struggle as a trout could put up against such railroading tactics I had him at my feet, a 2-pounder. His head went into an envelope, the envelope in my pocket and the fish I had for dinner—all the sweeter for the risk.

The River Eger, flowing through the Valley of Hans Huyling, north of Carlsbad, is reported to be well stocked with trout. Chas. G. Blandface.

Illinois Bass Stocking.

Nov. 12.—President Nat. H. Cohen, of the Illinois Fish Commission, writes me this week, conveying some very good news about the work with the young bass this season, and expressing the hope that the people of Illinois will take a hand in this saving of the innocents next year, and hold up the hands of the commission in this interesting and valuable work. It is proof of the soundness of the methods of the Illinois Commission, in that they have been copied by men of other States, as Wisconsin and Minnesota, though this method of saving bass has not been, I think, taken up officially by the commission of any State but Illinois. The letter of the hustling commissioner follows:

"I take pleasure in informing you that the Illinois Fish Commission has been making several plants in the State in the last few weeks, liberating in public and private waters 25,000 black bass, most of them taken in and about Meredosia, from the sloughs and bayous adjacent to the Illinois River. Car No. 3 has taken its full capacity this week to deposit at Lake Villa, and in lakes in Lake county. These are unusually large for this year's fish, and if sufficient protection could be afforded in lakes mentioned, a few years would show wonderful results. Over 150,000 bass have been taken by the commission from the waters mentioned. Most of these fish would have perished in August and September by the heat evaporating the water, leaving the fish without access to the deeper waters. Our work is almost closed for the season, and I consider this the greatest year the Illinois Fish Commisison has ever had in the distribution of bass. If the next Legislature increases our appropriation sufficiently to procure a larger boat and employ a larger crew, we will be able to save and distribute hundreds of thousands of bass that now perish."

E. Hough.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 5.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials, Lexington, N. C. W. B. Meares, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

E. F. T. C. Trials.

The Subscription Stake.

THIS stake was open to all setters and pointers. The conditions were $50 subscription, payable Oct. 1, 1898. First prize, $300; second, $150; third, $50. Each subscription entitled the subscriber to start any dog he arranged to run, whether it was his property or not. The subscription was transferable to any party not objectionable to the club. The heats in the first round were two hours' duration; afterward at the discretion of the judges.

There were six starters, run in the following order:

W. W. Titus' setter dog Joe Cummings, V. Humphrey, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Roland (————), C. Tucker, handler.

George Crocker's pointer dog Tick's Boy, V. Humphrey, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' setter bitch Pin Money, C. E. Buckle, handler.

George Crocker's setter dog Sam T., V. Humphrey, handler, with J. P. Green's pointer dog Young Jingo, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

This stake was run on Monday, Nov. 21. The weather conditions were all that could be desired either for pleasure or field trial competition. The morning was frosty, with a warm sun, which soon dissipated frost and mist. A light, mild wind blew gently betimes. The temperature was quite warm in the midday hours. Birds were found in ample numbers, but the finding and pointing by the competitors were far less than the opportunities which were presented. A number of bevies were ridden up by the horsemen or walked up by the handlers, and most of these the dogs should have found and pointed. The general character of the work was decidedly inferior. The stake as a whole was weakly contested.

The judges were Messrs. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, and Mr. Theodore Sturges, of New York. Mr. R. V. Fox could not spare more time than what he devoted to the All-Age Stake. This stake was handled and judged very skillfully, and the awards were strictly in accord with the merits of the dogs' performances.

A start was made at Gibson's well, and the stake was concluded near Conover.

Joe Cummings and Roland commenced at 8:21. They competed weakly. The heat was largely a succession of errors and lost opportunities. There was much roading, but little locating. Roland pointed a single of some marked scattered birds, and Joe made a point on a bevy in open sedge. Roland was not a wide ranger at any time in the heat. Toward the last he showed signs of weariness. Each backed well. Joe did not put much energy in his work. Neither had any chance for a place in the list of winners.

Tick's Boy and Pin Money were cast off at 10:26. Pin Money did about all the bird work, though she lost some easy opportunities to find and point. Tick made a couple of unsatisfactory points where scattered birds were marked down, seemingly pointing on footscent rather than accurately pointing the birds. At all events the scattered birds flushed were not to his points. Pin pointed two bevies and a single, doing some fair roading and locating, though her work was marred by some points to which nothing was found. She had a decided advantage over her competitor in every respect, though she was frivolous at times. Her work, however, was the best.

Lunch was eaten at Yount's place.

Sam T. and Young Jingo were started at 1:21. There was more work done on birds in this heat than in any of the others. Much of the point work, however, was of an uncertain nature, mixed in with good work, such, for instance, as pointing near where birds were afterward flushed, and also pointing birds with the assistance of the handlers. Jingo made six or seven good single-bird points, a bevy point, and another bevy point to which he was assisted by his handler. He shared two points on bevies with Sam. The latter, in addition, found and pointed two bevies nicely, made two or three other points on singles, flushed one bird, and made several points to which nothing was found. Jingo was much the more finished in his work, and performed in a higher class form in every respect.

An hour's intermission was allowed before the final heat began.

Final.

Pin Money and Young Jingo started at 4:22. Pin Money roaded nicely to a point on a bevy in the early part of the heat. Thereafter they were worked mostly on scattered birds. One of the handlers walked up a bevy. Jingo took a cast in the open field near where the bevy was marked down, and was steadying on it when his handler's whistle called him in, and he flushed the birds excusably. Pin Money made three points on scattered birds; Jingo made two points and a flush on a single. Pin Money was going with more dash than her competitor. Jingo was working steadily, and showed good judgment in working on birds, but the long run had taken some of the keenness from him. The heat ended at 5:14.

The judges declared Pin Money first, Young Jingo second and Sam T. third. The decision was accurately made.

This concluded a stake which, in many of the competitive features, was exceedingly weak and uninteresting.

After the trials Mr. George E. Gray returned to Catfish, N. C., where he will give his dogs further preparation for competition in the Continental trials next week.

Mr. C. E. Buckle is staying at Sherrill's Ford, N. C., giving his dogs a schooling in field work, and also preparing his field trial entries for the competition of the Continental trials.

Mr. George F. Nesbitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a famous trap shooter, remained at Newton till Saturday of last week, enjoying some quail shooting with Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus and Mr. S. C. Bradley, the club secretary. The work of Ripsey in discovering the quail bird and pointing it accurately excited his admiration.

Mr. Theodore Sturges and Mr. J. B. Baker, of New York, are domiciled on their preserve, about five miles from Newton, in a most charming section of country. Messrs. Osthaus, Merriman and Waters were Mr. Sturges' guests on Nov. 24, and partook of a Thanksgiving dinner which was such as to fervently wish that there were 365 Thanksgiving days in the year instead of one.

Col. Arthur Merriman departed for Memphis, Tenn., on Thanksgiving night. His next engagement as field trial judge is in California, at the forthcoming trials of that section.

Miss E. B. Bradley and Miss E. Corbett were the only ladies who followed the trials this year. The latter is an accomplished horsewoman, who has been in many cross country rides in England. She has visited many foreign lands. She is a relative of Mr. C. E. Buckle, who is now a finished American.

Mr. H. K. Nichols, of Philadelphia, arrived in Newton on Nov. 24, and enjoyed several days' shooting there. His beautiful $650 Greener was just provocation of envy in the hearts of those who love fine guns. The years have not lessened his enthusiasm, nor made the day too long for him.

Mr. S. Murray Mitchell and wife, of Philadelphia, stayed in St. Hubert's Inn a few days during the trials, thence went to Asheville, thence to the northern part of North Carolina, to spend several days shooting.

Mr. Washington A. Coster, who was secretary of the E. F. T. Club many years, is spending the winter in Titusville, Fla. He is not in evidence at the trials, as in the years gone by, but he has not forgotten them.

Messrs. Edward Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. A. Hodgeman, W. S. Bell, F. R. Hitchcock, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., J. E. Orr and C. H. Phelps, Jr., were of the missing this year. It is to be hoped that another meeting will find them present as in days gone by.

Monongahela Club's Trials.

CARMICHAELS, Pa., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual field trials of this club were held, with the town of Carmichaels as headquarters, on the preserved grounds of the club, about sixty miles from Pittsburg, Nov. 21, 22. Various were the disappointments of many of the members of the club in not being able to attend, a fact which cut down the number of starters to five in each of the Derby and All-Age stakes. The attendance was light and the weather unfavorable, which made it hard to find birds in greater numbers. Yet, all dogs that were tried had opportunities on game. The grounds were of such character as would fully test the pace, range and searching qualities. The Derby was finished on Tuesday, the All-Age Stake on Wednesday. Mr. W. S. Bell and Major I. M. Taylor judged both stakes.

The Derby.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows.

Frank Kruse's liver and white pointer dog Rex, by Rush—Frankie, with A. C. Peterson's orange and white English setter bitch Daisy Hunter III., by Marie's Sport—Nelly Bly.

George Battison's blue belton English setter dog Tony Rogers' Gale, by Tony's Gale—Daisy B. II., with Reed Kennedy's orange and white English setter dog Seminole, by Marie's Sport—Nelly Bly.

Monongahela Kennels' orange and white pointer dog Seminole, by Plain Sam—Belle of Lancaster, a bye.

Rex—Daisy Hunter III.—There was little work on game, the only opportunites being on a small bevy of four or five birds, pointed by Rex, Daisy backing. The pace and range of the brace were commendable, and were well sustained throughout the trial, lasting more than one hour. Rex was handled by Albert Shira, Daisy Hunter III. by J. R. Bell. Rex was stanch in work, Daisy a little unsteady at times.

Tony Rogers' Gale—Seminole.—George Battison, of Detroit, Mich., was owner and handler of Tony, with J. W. Phillips in charge of Seminole. Seminole found a bevy, which he flushed before his handler reached him. Following the birds to woods, both dogs secured points, but went into flushes quickly afterward. Seminole chased beyond control, Tony being under fair command was checked. Seminole best in pace and range hunting, with high head, and doing all his point work in good style. Tony was industrious in limited range.

Cherokee, a bye.—Mr. J. W. Phillips handled Cherokee, the dog starting slowly and running in same accomplished but little, not finding within the hour, but just after he was ordered up a bevy was flushed by footmen, when he was put down again. He made successive flushes in numbers, and was ordered up. It was now lunch time.

Second Round.

As the number of starters was small, and there was plenty of time, the judges decided to give all the dogs another trial, braced in different order.

Rex—Tony Rogers' Gale.—Running from 1:15 to 1:50 without finding, they were ordered up. Rex ran in form shown previously, while Tony improved his chances for place by better pace and range.

Daisy Hunter III.—Cherokee.—No birds were found with this brace, though they passed near a bevy, which they lost on account of a high wind, passing near, but up wind of them. Sent on, Daisy did her usual work in searching, while Cherokee continued working in limited range, except when led out by Daisy, trailing her.

Seminole, a bye.—He was only tried a few minutes, the rain now falling fast, when he was ordered up, failing finally to be placed by his unsteadiness.

The awards were at once announced, giving first to the pointer dog Rex; second to Daisy Hunter III., with third to Tony Rogers' Gale.

The All-Age Stake.

In the drawing there were seven, but messages from Pittsburg, showing detention of some members, reduced the starters to five. A sudden change of weather during the night, which brought severe cold and frozen ground, did not make conditions of the best, and not until the afternoon were they more favorable.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

Frank Kruse's liver and white pointer dog Rex, by Rush—Frankie, with S. H. Vandergrift's black, white and tan English setter dog David Copperfield, by Whyte B.—Betsy Trotwood.

Monongahela Kennels' orange and white English setter bitch Hoosier Girl, by Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter, with George Battison's blue belton bitch Lucy Rogers, by Tony's Gale—Daisy B. II.

R. S. D. Hartrick's orange and white English setter bitch Bird H., by Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl, a bye.

Rex—David Copperfield.—Albert Shira handled Rex, with Mr. J. W. Phillips in charge of David Copperfield, the latter ranging and hunting in a stylish and merry way, which produced favorable impressions as to his work; Rex had been too kindly treated by his owner during the night in being too heavily fed, destroying all the dog's chances for place, yet he struggled along bravely, doing the best he could with the load he carried, and tender feet. Only one bevy was found during the trial, just at the close of it, when both dogs were close together, Rex being nearest the birds. A part of the bevy was followed, but none were found. After over an hour's trial they were ordered up.

Hoosier Girl—Lucy Rogers.—Mr. J. W. Phillips handled the former, Mr. George Battison, the owner, Lucy Rogers. Hoosier Girl was the only one doing any point work, having a chance or two on singles after a bevy had flushed wild. She was best in range and pace. Lucy went well enough in rather limited range at times, but was stylish in all work, and easily controlled.

Bird H., a bye.—Handled by Mr. J. W. Phillips, she was soon on stylish point of a bevy. In work on scattered birds she failed to take advantage of several opportunities for points. After quite a run she was sent to find birds of marked bevy, which had settled in an orchard, but she only succeeded in flushing, later flushing a single in stubble near by. She was stylish in point work, working busily in limited range, but stanch. This finished the first round in time for lunch.

Second Round.

As in the Derby, all the dogs were given a second trial, the first tried being:

Hoosier Girl—David Copperfield.—The Girl was away at once, busy searching in good style with plenty of range and pace, David appearing to have lost his desire for it, and while some of his time away near a barnyard with turkeys, which he seemed loth to leave. Hoosier Girl was first to find, and after pointing, flushed a single, being a little unsteady. Returning, she stanchly pointed the bevy. David in the meantime coming up refused to back, and went in to a flush. The birds were not followed. A short run after this, David caring little for the hunt, they were ordered up. Hoosier Girl had increased her chances, while David seemed to have lost all chance for place.

Bird H.—Rex.—Bird H. was soon on a bevy point, and held it stanchly, notwithstanding Rex refused to back and passed in ahead; both were stanch to flush. Following the birds, Bird made two or three points, Rex passing her and flushing. Rex seemed entirely off in nose, and now lost all chance for place, a lesson to his owner, wanting proper care.

Lucy Rogers, a bye.—Lucy had not been on game, and was sent away alone to find. She soon had a bevy, pointing it very stylishly, following with good point work on singles. She started slow, but after finding game went in a merry way. She was stanch always, and under good command.

Third Round.

Hoosier Girl—Bird H.—This brace had proved the best, with Hoosier Girl in the decided lead, yet they had to be put down together. Hoosier Girl soon proved her superiority in range, pace and searching, when they were ordered up.

David Copperfield.—The judges gave David a chance to redeem himself, trying him alone to see if he would return to the form shown in the first trial, but he showed little desire to hunt, and was quickly ordered up, when the awards were at once announced, giving first to Hoosier Girl; second to Bird H.; third to Lucy Rogers.

The preserve of the club is located in a good section of country, the "lay of the land" being very favorable to show the best qualities of the dogs. Birds were found in sufficient numbers to test all the dogs. Carmichaels, a town in Green county, was selected as headquarters, where plenty of good livery was to be had. Mr. A. C. Peterson, the club's secretary, had all details well in hand, and not a hitch or word occurred to mar the pleasure of the meet. RONKONKOMA.

Champion Field Trial Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fourth annual trial of the Champion Field Trial Association will be held at West Point, Miss., commencing Jan. 23, 1899.

W. B. STAFFORD, Secretary. EDWARD DEXTER, President.

Central Beagle Trials.

OWING to a discrimination by the secretary of the Central Beagle Club, the detailed report of the running promised for this week is not given.

Indiana Field Trials.

IN the report of the Indiana trials, page 412, the illustration titles "Rod's Pansy" and "Jingo's Johnny" were transposed.

Canoeing.

Canoeing in England.

After a long continued period of depression while the sport was most flourishing in the United States, canoeing experienced a marked revival in England a few years ago, about the same time declining in this country. At the present time, while there is practically no canoe racing in America except the meager display at the A. C. A. meet, there has been a general activity in the sport about its British center, the Thames. This has been under the management of the Royal C. C., the recognized head of canoe racing in Great Britain, the British Canoe Association concerning itself almost exclusively with camping and cruising.

During the past season, which has only recently closed on the Thames after an early beginning, there has been a great deal of racing in the different classes. Mr. Linton Hope, the designer, has returned to canoeing, and this alone has helped the sport, as he has both designed canoes and taken actual part in the races. The autumn meeting of the R. C. C. took place on Oct. 29, some very important changes of rules being made; these are given as follows in the Field:

The alterations made in the cruising class rule of the R. C. C. include several small revisions of dimensions and some rewording, and the rule was voted upon clause by clause, and in each case the voting was unanimously in favor of the new rule. After this opportunity for fault-finding and amending, we do not think any member of the club can honestly say that the rule is imperfect; anyway, the rule in its amended form was printed and in the hands of the members for a whole week before the meeting, and the only change made at the meeting was an agreed increase of skin thickness from three-sixteenths to one-quarter.

Among those who voted for the rule at the meeting were some of the most expert canoe men and well-known naval architects of the day, and therefore it is not saying too much to suggest that other canoe clubs would do well to adopt the class; there is no doubt about the ability and comfort of these canoes, and the safeguards of the rule are such that the class has pretty nearly all the benefits of a "one-design" class, its closeness of competition, without absolutely tying the owner down to one particular model or rig. The rule, as passed, reads:

"A cruising canoe shall, for racing purposes, comply with all the following dimensions and requirements: She shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern; any metal keel, centerplate, or ballast shall be detachable from her. Dimensions: Maximum length over all shall not exceed 17ft.; beam, not over 42in. No seat shall be extended beyond the side of the canoe. Fixed draft, including keel or drop keel, when hauled up, shall not exceed 14in. Extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load line or rating length of the canoe; in respect of a mast, such length of spar will be measured from waterline to extreme top of the mast. Minimum dimensions: The depth inside from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 3ft. of mid over all length, and at not less than 10in. out from middle line) shall not be less than 12in. Depth outside from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 2ft. from either end of the canoe) shall not be less than 12in. Construction: There shall be a sleeping compartment between two fixed complete transverse bulkheads of wood, which are to be not less than 5ft. 6in. nor more than 8ft. apart, and not more than 5ft. from mid over all lengths, and of such compartment a length of 3ft. on the flooring shall be clear of centerplate case, and shall extend from side to side of the canoe; to such portion of the compartment there shall be a direct hatchway above it of not less than 16in. in width, extending 3ft. in length, and any bucket well or covering of any kind fitted in or over such hatchway or any part of such hatchway shall be detachable from the canoe. To each compartment, forward or aft of the above-mentioned bulkheads, there shall be a door or hatchway of not less than 80sq.in. opening. Scantling: The substance of the skin or planking shall not be less than ¼in., and of the deck shall not be less than 3-16in., in finished state, and the substance of the bulkheads above-mentioned shall not be less than 3-8in. in finished state. Rudder: Where an under-body rudder is fitted it shall be liftable through the body of the canoe until it is above the lower edge of the keel, at such place, and also shall be removable from the canoe. Rating: The rating of the canoe $\left(\frac{\text{Length of L.W.L.} \times \text{sail area}}{6{,}000}\right)$ shall not exceed 0.3. Sails: The certificate of rating shall be given in respect of one type of rig or suit of sails only, and under such certificated sails or sail only shall a canoe be qualified to compete, except that a smaller suit may be used; only one certificate shall be granted to or held at a time by any canoe. The restrictions in the construction clause, and as to scantling and rudder, shall not adversely affect any cruising canoe which was built prior to the autumn meeting of 1898, so long as such elements remain unaltered in such canoe. (Rule 26 as to certificates and marking L.W.L. shall apply to cruising canoes.)"

Such is the R. C. C. classification, which is practically set for five years. The canoe-yawl rule is exactly the same, except that all dimensions are increased by half over those of the cruising class, and the scantling of skin and deck to be 3-8in. finished, and of the bulkheads not less than ½in. finished, and the rating is not to exceed 0.5. Therefore those who contemplate building have now before them practically a five years' investment, with a safely limited class for cruising canoes, and a vague and practically unlimited class for racing canoes.

The craft built to these dimensions and restrictions will be able and handy boats when afloat, but so far as actual canoeing goes they are canoe-yawls, and not canoes; except that they draw about twice as much, they are the same as what have been called Class C or canoe-yawls in this country. While undoubtedly abler and roomier than the true sailing canoe as long as they are afloat, they lack the distinguishing characteristics of the 16 by 30 craft as a one-man boat; minimum dimensions, compact form, light weight. Once well afloat, they are all right, except where paddling is concerned, and this is merely a secondary point in sailing canoes; but when they are considered in connection with the shore, as every canoe must be, they are far inferior to the old 16 by 30 craft. The latter are in an eminent degree portable, beachable, houseable, and generally manhandleable; their compact form, shoal draft, flat floor and light weight when stripped of movable fittings making it easily possible for the crew of one to haul the boat out on a bank or bulkhead, to beach her quickly and haul clear of the sea, and to house her snugly in a limited space on floor or rack in the club house. With a second man to help, the craft could be carried a long distance. Such use is not possible with a craft of 14in. draft, and many of the best characteristics of the old canoe are missing in the new one.

What is of vital importance in this country, convenience of rail transportation, is a serious bar to any increase of size over 16 by 30; it is the custom to carry canoes for long distances by rail, with several transfers, and this cannot be done with much larger hulls.

In the racing class the legislation took a very peculiar and unexpected turn. In the course of the meeting an entirely new amendment was sprung, removing all limit of length, so that a new racing canoe may go to any extreme in this important direction. It would seem that this amendment was passed in order to kill off the class.

The recognition of the under-body rudder, hung beneath the bottom of the boat, and well forward of the stern, instead of abaft the sternpost, is another blow at the distinctive canoe nature. Even though such rudders may be fitted so as to lift out through wells, they present serious disadvantages from the standpoint of general use, and tend to make the cruising class boat but a racing machine.

However pleasing it is to know that the good old sport of canoe sailing has still a firm hold in its birthplace, we regret that the craft itself has been allowed to develop into something so different and in our opinion so inferior to the old sailing canoe.

Yachting.

The executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound is now at work on a plan for regulating the construction of a part of the racing fleet. This has proved quite as difficult a matter as was anticipated, the trouble being mainly how to classify the yachts which are to come under the scantling restrictions. The racing division will probably be left as at present, the 30ft. R.M. and all lower classes by the Seawanhaka rule, with no limitations to construction. In the cruising division the most practicable plan yet proposed is to give arbitrary limits to each class, similar to those of the knockabouts, with specific sizes of parts for each class. It is probable that several more meetings may be necessary before the details are complete, but the committee hopes to be able to submit its work to a general meeting of the Association prior to the holidays.

The latest report concerning Shamrock is that she is to be commenced this week, the plating being nickel-steel furnished by Krupp, of Essen.

The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

In publishing the third annual record of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, Sec'y Bliss, who is personally responsible for the excellent books of the Association, has reprinted the two previous books, of 1896-7, so that members may obtain for preservation the complete records up to date. These records, with the year books published each spring, give indisputable evidence of the success of the Association, and every guarantee of its permanence; the regular racing under uniform rules, with public and official records of performances, have become so much matters of course that it is already difficult to realize that the very reverse existed up to three years ago. The value of organization and system has been so fully demonstrated about Boston that there is no fear of their abandonment, and an object lesson has been given that may be studied with advantage in other localities.

There is no place in the country better fitted for the experiment of union and association than Massachusetts Bay, through the number of small but flourishing clubs, the many small yachts, and the host of good sailors, accustomed to both racing and cruising in equal proportions. When the conditions are compared with those existing about New York, in spite of the extent and magnitude of the yachting interests of the latter locality, it is plainly evident that in all that tends to the production of a homogeneous and well-developed racing fleet Boston has great advantages.

The Y. R. A. fleet of 1898, as officially enrolled, includes 101 yachts, divided as follows:

	Cabin.	Open.	Total.
30ft. Class	10	..	10
25ft. Class	19	2	21
21ft. Class	12	11	23
18ft. Class	..	21	21
15ft. Class	..	10	10
Knockabout Class	16	..	16
	57	44	101

The races sailed under the auspices of the Association numbered twenty-eight, between May 30 and Sept. 10, the highest number of starters in any one being thirty-nine; as a rule there were from eighteen to twenty-five starters. These races included a territory extending from Provincetown to Newburyport.

The official summary is as follows:

Class B.—30ft. cabin yachts.

	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Blanks.	Total Percentages.	Association Percentages.
Meemer	11	10	1	0	0	1075	97 8-11
Ashumet	11	6	3	0	2	875	79 6-11
Elfreda	7	0	2	3	2	325	46 3-7
Emma C.	7	0	1	2	4	275	39 2-7
Harbinger	4	0	1	0	3	125	20 7-11
Class D.—20ft. cabin yachts.							
Hermes	21	6	5	3	7	1300	61 19-21
Eleanor	21	6	5	4	6	1275	60 5-7
Little Peter	21	4	4	6	7	1175	55 20-21
Beatrice	20	3	3	3	11	900	45
Nettie	10	1	1	1	7	400	38 1-10
Areyto	6	2	2	0	2	375	35 7-10
Thordis	5	1	1	1	2	250	23 4-5
Tantrum	5	0	2	0	3	225	21 2-5
Class L.—21ft. yachts.							
Bud	8	6	2	0	0	750	93 3-4
Cleopatra	8	3	3	0	2	550	68 3-4
Tacoma	15	5	2	2	6	850	56 2-3
Alanka	1	1	0	0	0	100	13 1-3
Recruit	3	1	0	0	2	100	13-1-3
Class S.—21ft. cabin yachts.							
Privateer	11	9	2	0	0	1050	95 5-11
Arab IV.	11	8	2	0	1	950	86 4-11
Harriet	8	1	2	2	3	425	53 1-8
Thetis	3	0	2	1	0	200	36 2-5
Omeme	8	0	1	0	7	225	28 1-8
Class T.—18ft. yachts.							
Duchess	10	7	2	0	1	875	87 1-2
Circe	16	8	5	0	3	1225	76 9-10
Vamoose	15	2	7	4	2	975	65
Alpine	10	4	1	1	4	550	55
Bobolink	6	1	2	3	0	400	50
Maori	5	1	1	1	2	275	34 3-8
Fantasy	4	0	0	1	3	125	15 5-8
Woodbine	3	0	0	0	3	75	10 5-7
Class X.—15ft. yachts.							
Vitesse	14	10	2	0	2	1150	82 1-7
Katydid	12	5	6	0	1	950	79 1-6
Ray	9	2	0	6	1	500	55 5-9
Glide	6	0	3	0	3	300	42 6-7
Attilla	8	0	2	0	6	275	34 3-8
Knockabouts.							
Jilt	7	5	2	0	0	650	92 6-7
Chinook	6	1	1	1	3	300	50
Gosling	5	1	1	0	3	225	45
Mongoose II.	3	0	0	2	1	125	30 5-7
Dafila	3	0	1	0	2	100	28 2-3
Hazard	3	0	0	1	2	100	28 2-3
Typhoon	3	0	1	0	3	100	28 2-3
Simtram	2	0	1	0	1	100	28 2-3
Spindrift	3	0	0	0	3	50	14 1-3
Tunipoo	3	0	0	0	0	75	11 1-2
Quill	2	0	0	1	1	75	11 1-2

The executive committee has awarded the Y. R. A. bronze medals and pennants for 1898 as follows:

30ft. cabin class, Meemer, Roland C. Nickerson; 25ft. cabin class, Hermes, A. W. Chesterton; 21ft. cabin class, Privateer, A. E. Scharf; 21ft. open class; Budd (schr.), S. N. Small; 18ft. class, Duchess, Chas. Hayden, Arthur H. Parker and J. H. Blanchard; 15ft. class, Vitesse, E. H. Clapp; knockabout class, Jilt, W. O. Gay.

Meemer, whose picture, from a photo by N. L. Stebbins, is here given, was designed and built this year by C. C. Hanley, at his new shops, Quincy; the winner in the 25ft. class is also from the same shop this year, but she had a very dangerous rival, as the figures show, in Eleanor, designed by R. M. Wood. Bud is a new boat, a schooner, designed by her owner, S. N. Small, of Dorchester, an amateur. The much-discussed change of class limits and abolition of time allowance, made last winter, moved one old boat, Privateer, from the middle of the old 24ft. class to the top of the new 21ft., and she won from two new boats. Duchess, the winner in the 18ft. class, is a new boat, designed by C. D. Mower, whose Vitesse, winner last year, is again at the head of the 15ft. class, with the new yawl Katydid, designed by J. F. Small, second. In the knockabout class the honors go to the new Herreshoff boat Jilt, a keel boat, with the Purdon centerboard Chinook second. As many races of the raceabout class were sailed apart from the Y. R. A. events, the complete record of the class places Chinook much lower than in this list.

A new feature of the book, which promises to be of material value in the future, is a record of all decisions of the executive committee on appeals from the decisions of local committees in the years 1896-7-8. The official publication of such decisions does much to build up those precedents which are essential to the successful operation of even the most perfect racing rules.

Raters and Half-Raters.

The question we have so often answered has lately come to us anew: "What is a one-rater and a half-rater?" A "rater" of any denomination is a yacht built to the "rating rule" adopted in Great Britain in the fall of 1886, and abandoned in favor of what is termed the "linear rating rule" in the fall of 1895. Under this rule the "rating" of a yacht was measured by the product of her L.W.L. and S.A. divided by 6,000; thus, 20ft. l.w.l. multiplied by 300sq.ft. of sail and divided by 6,000 equaled one rating, and 15ft. l.w.l. and 200sq.ft. of sail gave one-half rating. Under the rule the small classes, one-half, one, two and a half and five rating, came into existence and prospered for some years. The rule was never adopted in America save in one or two isolated cases, and there is no good ground for applying the term "rater" to American yachts. When the half-rater Spruce IIII. came to this country to race in 1895 a new class under the Seawanhaka rule, of 15ft. racing measurement, was established; and she increased her sail area until she was over her old English measurement of one-half rating in her races with Ethelwynn. The only correct designation of this class is the 15ft. class, just as the next larger is, the 20ft. class; but a great many Anglomaniacs in this country have preferred to sail the boats and to write of them as "raters." As a matter of fact, though the boats of the two countries are generally similar in size of hull, the American boats carry much more sail and would measure very much over the limits of the "one rating" and the "one-half rating" classes by the British rule. Now that the rule has been abandoned, the term "rater" is practically out of use.

An Exposition of Yacht Racing Rules.

In the course of its quarter-century of existence the British Y. R. A. has done much for the improvement of racing methods by the publication of the numerous official decisions of protests and disputed questions by the Council; these tending to expose defects in the rules (which have been subsequently remedied), and also to make clear the full meaning of the rules to yachtsmen. As secretary of the Y. R. A., Mr. Dixon Kemp has been very closely associated with this particular work from the formation of the Association, and he has long been regarded as an authority upon racing rules and their interpretation. Under the title of "An Exposition of Racing Rules," he has lately prepared a book, published by Horace Cox, London, in which the racing rules of the Y. R. A. are discussed in detail. Under each rule are given such decisions as may have been made by the Council, with a discussion by the author of the special points involved, including many references to historical incidents in yacht racing. Where the case calls for it diagrams are given to explain the positions of the yachts. The book forms a most useful guide both to racing men and to race committees.



MEEMER.
30ft. sloop, designed and built by C. C. Hanley for R. C. Nickerson, 1898. From photo by N. L. Stebbins.

Frederick Sherwood Rathbun.

THE sixth commodore of the American Canoe Association, Frederick Sherwood Rathbun, secretary and treasurer of the Rathbun Company, of Deseronto, Ontario, died suddenly at that place on Nov. 26 of heart trouble.

He was born at Deseronto, Jan. 26, 1856, and was educated in New York city, after which he went into business with his father and brother, and rapidly rose to the position held at his death.

He married Miss Jean McMurrich, of Toronto, in October, 1877, and besides his widow there survive him two daughters and a son, in his own immediate family, as well as his brother.

Com. Rathbun was one of the old-time members of the A. C. A., who made the meets of 1884-5-6 at Grindstone so delightful to all who took part in them. His personal qualities endeared him to all who came in contact with him.

Lucien More.

IT is with deep regret that we record the death, in the early part of this month, of a historic figure in yachting, Lucien More, the French yachtsman and oarsman. We know of no one to-day in either sport who can equal the long and honorable record of earnest work which has just closed. Mr. More was born in France in 1817, and as long ago as 1836 he was known as an oarsman, prominent in boating, or as the sport is termed in France, "canotage." At this early date the pastime had by no means attained the dignity of public recognition as a sport, but the numerous successes of Mr. More attracted attention to it; in 1844 his crew defeated the crew of sailors of the Prince de Joinville, attached to the service of the vessels of the royal family at Neuilly, and in the following year he took part in the regattas at Havre, the first essay of the Parisian oarsman on sea courses. These and similar events served to bring the sport into general notice, and really mark its public recognition and the beginning of the prominence which it has since attained in France. Mr. More's efforts in its behalf, from the first, were not confined to the oar alone, but with tongue and pen he labored to perfect and popularize it; while he was always active in the work of club organization and legislation. In 1853, though by this time devoted to yachting as well as rowing, he founded the Societe des Regattes Parisiennes, for the promotion of rowing; and in 1858 he was the leader, with the aid of Alphonse Karr and several others, in the publication of the first volume of nautical sporting literature in the French language, "Canotage en France."

It was but natural that as yachting became known as a sport, about 1844, Mr. More should take to it as he had to rowing, and in 1854 he was equally prominent in the two. In this year he took charge of the little American centerboard catboat New York, imported into France by Mr. Goupil, and raced her with wonderful success against the native yachts, establishing the type in France from that time forth. Later he took up the Connecticut sharpie, and made her known to French yachtsmen. He was one of the first supporters of the Yacht Club de France, serving as secretary of the maritime committee, and from 1874 to 1879 he was president of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. For the past twenty years he has written regularly for Le Yacht, the national yachting journal of France, his efforts covering the entire field of yachting. He was perfectly familiar with every branch, practical sailing and racing, the theory and practice of design and construction, club organization and detail, and yachting legislation; his numerous articles on type and design have been of the highest value in the development of yachting in France. Honest, fair-minded, capable, and thoroughly devoted to yachting and canoeing, Lucien More has left in these two sports, now permanently established in France, an imperishable monument to his name.

Valkyrie III.

THERE was quite a pilgrimage of yachting men to Greenock last week to inspect Valkyrie III. in the Garvel docks, where she was taken on Tuesday. The value of having Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger tried against her, especially as Defender will try the new boat which is to defend the Cup, has been repeatedly pointed out in the Yachting World, and rumor was busy when Valkyrie was towed out of Greenock Bay, where she has lain since her return. It was freely stated that she was to be refitted for the coming season, and although this statement has proved premature, there is ground for belief that it may have some foundation. She went to Greenock and was docked for hull cleaning and inspection. This is the first time she has been docked since she left the builder's hands, and a number of enthusiasts took the opportunity of having a look at her when out of water.

The bottom was found fearfully dirty, and some tons of mussels had to be removed before a fair idea of her lines could be obtained.

Her great beam, very hollow sections and extraordinary draft gave her a look of power, and taken in conjunction with the easy curves of entrance and run explained her wonderful speed in light winds.

Valkyrie, it may be remembered, was never coppered, but coated simply with a composition resembling black varnish. It was feared that under these conditions and considering that she has been afloat continuously for over three years, the wood might be sodden. On a trial being made, however, it was found that this was by no means the case. The composition had proved an excellent preservative, and the wood was as fresh and "live" as when built.

The growth of barnacles and mussels had told somewhat heavily on the surface, and strange to say, the hardwood, the oak of the stem, sternpost, etc., had suffered more from this cause and was more deeply pitted than the softer wood with which she was planked. It was apparent that to plane her down and get a proper smooth surface again would be a work of much difficulty and expense, and the probability is that before she is raced again—if it should happily be her fate to be again fitted out—she will require to be coppered all over.

After having been cleaned, examined, and recoated with black varnish, she was towed back again to her moorings in Gourock. It seems a thousand pities that this, undoubtedly the most handsome and fastest vessel ever built on this side, should be left as a breeding ground for shellfish.—The Yachting World, Nov. 11.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On the evening of Nov. 22 about twenty of the older members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. met at the club house, the occasion being a dinner to Mr. John Hyslop, the measurer of the club, who returned to New York on the Lucania on Nov. 12. The narrow escape of Mr. Hyslop, already recounted in the FOREST AND STREAM, was emphasized by the fact that in the course of the same day he had attended the funeral of a fellow passenger on the ill-fated steamer Mohegan, whose body had been recovered and sent to New York. In the absence of Com. Rouse, Mr. Tams occupied the head of the table, the company including Messrs. Foulke, A. Cary Smith, Langdon Ward, Zerega, Wetmore, Foster, Eaton, Stevens, Kerr, Sherman, Wendell, Owen, Stephens, Crane and others. After a very pleasant dinner the party adjourned to the parlors at 9 o'clock, where Mr. Hyslop held a reception, many other members being present. He told at length in a simple but very forcible manner the story of the loss of the Mohegan, and in particular of his escape. The work of launching the boats failed almost entirely, it being impossible to swing them clear of the ship in the short time between the crash and her final sinking, estimated by Mr. Hyslop as under fifteen minutes. There being more than enough about the deck to load such boats as were being launched even if the attempts should prove successful, as they did not, Mr. Hyslop, as the bow sank and the stern rose, secured a life buoy from the after rail and made for the mizen rigging, but fell into a break in the deck and was submerged, though he managed to seize a ratline. After thus getting clear, the ship sank so rapidly that he was again submerged, but he clung to the rigging and again climbed clear, reaching a position some distance above the water, with half a dozen men above him. After the vessel settled so far that she was evidently on bottom this party was joined by a quartermaster and the assistant stewardess, who leaped from a water-logged boat into the rigging. This party, with one man on the funnel and others in the fore and main rigging, clung on in the dark and cold from about 7 o'clock in the evening until 2 o'clock the next morning, when they were taken off by the lifeboat from St. Keverns. The rescue was a slow and difficult matter, the boat being compelled to anchor to leeward of each mast in succession. When near the mizenmast Quartermaster Juddery swam to her with a line, and finally a traveling bight was rigged on a heavier line and the party was taken off one at a time, each being lowered into the sea and drawn along or under the water to the lifeboat. Even then it was nearly three hours more before they were landed and cared for. In spite of the exposure, Mr. Hyslop suffered no injury. He has no explanation to offer as to how the vessel ran so far off her course, and the mystery will probably never be explained.

Ingomar, schr., J. D. Barrett, has been sold to M. F. Plant. She is one of the best schooners built of late years, a roomy and serviceable craft, of moderate draft, 88ft. over all, 66ft. l.w.l., 18ft. 6in. beam, and 8ft. draft of hull. She was designed by H. C. Wintringham and built by Lawley & Son in 1896.

The schooner Ariadne, owned by the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, has been let to an American gentleman for a prolonged cruise to the South Pacific. It will be remembered that Ariadne was built by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson for the late Capt. Charles Thellusson, and is the largest sailing schoner at present afloat. Capt. Thellusson named her Boadicea, and she had the longest masts ever put into a sailing vessel, but they were cut down after her famous match with the yawl Latona, from Torquay round the Eddystone, in a gale of wind, in 1876. She took part two years ago in the first match for the German Emperor's Heligoland cup and won a prize. At the time he had her built, Capt. Thellusson was commodore of the Royal Victoria Y. C., and there is an oil painting representing her under canvas in that club.

Uvira, cutter, C. V. Brokaw, has been sold to Robert Doremus, of New York. Mr. Brokaw has purchased the steam yacht Althea of Chas. Sooysmith.

At the annual meeting of the Knockabout Association on Nov. 25, Frank Brewster was re-elected president, J. J. Souther secretary and treasurer, and F. Elliot Cabot official inspector. T. E. Jacobs, J. P. Loud and H. H. Buck were elected as a board of judges for Association races. It was voted to make no change in existing rules and restrictions for the classes controlled by the Association. A change was desired in the racing rules so that a boat fouling a mark should at once withdraw and leave a clear field for the others, and a committee was appointed to suggest the change to clubs giving races for Association classes, particularly for the raceabouts. If it is found that the clubs do not care to take action, the Association is likely to incorporate such a rule in its own rules.—Boston Globe.

The fifth regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., for the year 1898, was adjourned to meet on Tuesday, Dec. 6, at the town club house, 19 East Twenty-second street, at 8:30 o'clock P. M. The adoption of the following proposed amendments to the by-laws will be moved at the meeting:

Chapter VII. Section 12, to strike out the word "first" from the first line and to substitute the word "second."

Chapter XIV. Section 1, to change the period to a semi-colon and to add: "provided, however, that when any such date falls on a legal holiday, the meeting shall be held on the succeeding Tuesday."

The first meeting of the navigation class will be held at the club house on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, at 8:30 o'clock, and it is expected that weekly meetings will thereafter be held during the winter months. The instruction will be free, and all members of the club and

their friends are invited to become members of the class, at which it is hoped there will be a large attendance. The meeting will be preceded by the usual mess dinner at 7 o'clock. Members intending to join the class are requested to notify Mr. Allen E. Whitman, at the club house.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 27.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion with a score of 229 on that target. Drube wins the honor medal with a score of 66. Gindele wins the Uckotter trophy this month with a score of 229. Early in the shoot a heavy smoke rolled over the range from town, which almost obscured the targets for an hour, much to the discomfiture of the contestants. Scores:

Champion score:

Gindele	24	21	23	25	23	24	25	22	20	22—229
Payne	19	18	24	18	21	25	16	19	20	20—200
Roberts	19	23	6	19	24	13	21	21	23	23—192
Weinheimer	20	20	17	24	22	19	19	16	18	20—195
Houck	19	10	24	15	19	18	5	9	16	15—150
Topf	17	14	23	21	13	16	17	4	20	16—161
Drube	17	24	11	19	19	17	21	20	23	25—196
Strickmier	23	17	18	16	20	16	21	16	23	21—191
Hasenzahl	21	22	24	16	23	18	21	14	14	17—190

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	18	20	25—63	220	212	210
Payne	20	13	17—50	218	206	203
Roberts	21	19	19—59	205	201	199
Weinheimer	21	17	22—60	197	189	188
Houck	11	12	14—37	168	167	161
Topf	0	15	18—33	180	166	149
Drube	20	23	23—66	210	197	196
Strickmier	25	20	17—62	220	204	203
Hasenzahl	17	24	20—61	215	213	199

Conlin's Gallery.

MR. JAMES S. CONLIN tells us that he will shortly reopen the shooting gallery at Broadway and Thirty-first street, this city, where he was established for so many years. The ranges will be fitted up for pistol and revolver shooting, with Mr. Conlin in personal attendance.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1.—Sterling, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club. C. F. Wayte, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—New Brunswick, N. J.—New Jersey Tray-Shooters' League; live birds; open to all comers.

Dec. 3-4.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

Dec. 19-21.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Kewanee, Ill., and V. Studley, Neponset, Ill., Managers.

Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

1899.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.

April 4-7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

C. C. Beveridge, alias The Dominie, has been heard from. This week he has been in Rochester, N. Y., and has been doing some shooting, as well as attending to business. When he first arrived in that city Sim Glover offered to shoot him a match at 100 targets, the Dominie to receive 8 misses as breaks. But Mr. Beveridge refused to annex the cinch; he was opposed to expansion in the way of gathering in shoe pegs or sides of sole leather; as he would most certainly have done, for it is an awl to a piece of wax that Glover could not beat him once in a blue moon at those odds. As it was, they shot together as friends, and the Dominie went out with 93 out of his 100. What Glover made is unknown, but it is sure he made a good score, for he made a run of 50 straight in the 100.

New York got a poor deal in the matter of Thanksgiving Day weather; at least the trap-shooters of this city did. It rained hard all the morning until about 10 o'clock; then it rained and drizzled off and on "until after dinner," when snow set in, and by nightfull there was a couple or so inches of slush on the sidewalks for theater-goers to wade through. Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that all or nearly all the clubs that had shoots announced for that day, called them off for lack of patronage. Live birds were shot at the Westminster Kennel Club and at the West Chester Country Club. At the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds Mr. Walter Ferguson won the cup with 12 kills, Oakleigh Thorne being second. There was a good attendance of shooters, who refused to be stopped by the rain or snow.

A little item that may be news to some people is the fact that Tom Keller has deserted New Jersey and taken up his abode in New York. Next year Mr. Keller will be found at Buffalo, during the New York State shoot, taking part in the State events as a full-fledged member of the Brooklyn Gun Club, of Greater New York. Tee Kay's business address is still 88 Chambers street, but his home address is somewhere in the neighborhood of 133d street—car fare, a nickel each way, with no ferry to cross!

Considerable interest is evinced in the contest for the New Jersey target championship which is to take place on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday, Dec. 7. In answer to inquiries received at this office, it will be as well to mention that the E. C. cup and the title which goes with it are open only to residents of the State of New Jersey, who must also be members of clubs that are members of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

E. D. Fulford's idea of getting up a petition to the members of the Interstate Association, with a view to changing the division of the purse in the Grand American Handicap from high guns to class shooting, does not seem to find favor with the shooters of this section. In another column Mr. Edward Banks gives some figures, showing what the division of the purses in the last three Grand American Handicaps would have been had it been "class shooting" instead of "high guns." The figures are worth noting before signing any petition to have the system changed. It is generally understood that the members of the Interstate Association have had for some time under consideration a plan whereby the number of moneys, "high guns" as usual, may be increased so as to make more prize winners.

Tom Morfey is matched to shoot a 100-bird race with Aaron Doty, of Paterson, N. J. The match is to be shot on Wednesday, Dec. 14, probably at Arthur Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., and is for $100 a side. This is the first individual match that Morfey has engaged in for some time, and it is very generally expected that the young Paterson shot will make him kill 90 or better to win out, no matter how good Bunn's birds are. Morfey's sweepstake scores have not been anything remarkable of late, but he is well known to be a hard man to beat in an individual match.

We have received a programme of the three days' shoot to be held at Kewanee, Ill., Dec. 19-21. The shooting will take place at the Fair Grounds, and will be at targets and live birds. Eighteen target events and nine live-bird events are on the programme, and the management announces that as many matches and extra sweeps can be shot as the shooters desire. The Sergeant system will govern the target shooting, and the live-bird events will be class shooting, handicaps 26 to 32yds. Average prizes are offered for both the live-bird and the target events. E. E. Baker, Kewanee, Ill., and V. Studley, Neponset, Ill., are the managers.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., was about the only target-shooting club in this vicinity that did any shooting to amount to much. J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell was on hand, taking his last crack at targets prior to a trip after quail into Maryland with Jake Blenderman as his side partner. Altogether there were about twenty shooters on hand, the club's free turkey lunch and the sweepstakes for turkeys (all handicaps) being the drawing cards on this occasion.

W. M. Harding, of this city, has been in hard luck lately. On Saturday, Nov. 12, he made some excellent scores at the traps, and laid his plans to outdo those scores on Nov. 19. That day was as wet as it could be, so Mr. Harding's gun was kept in its case. He then fixed upon Thanksgiving Day for his next essay; but Thanksgiving Day was no day for trap-shooting. Neither was Saturday, Nov. 26, with its blizzard! Perhaps it is only a matter of bad luck; or is it possible that Mr. Harding has a hoodoo?

A match has been arranged between J. Fleming and Melrose Hayes, which has aroused considerable interest among the New Jersey shooters. The match is to take place on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, at 10 A. M. on Jan. 1, and will be at 100 targets, expert rules, for $25 a side; $5 forfeit was posted by each man with the stakeholder, H. E. Winans, on Thanksgiving Day.

Harvey McMurchy is expected in the city this week, if he can be spared from the factory at Fulton, N. Y., where L. C. Smith guns are being turned out night and day to supply the demand. Tom Keller hopes to have Harvey on exhibition at New Brunswick, N. J., on Thursday of this week, and at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's shoot on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3.

F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., was in the city last week, combining business in Maiden Lane with sight-seeing in the Navy Yard, etc. Mr. Kelsey was to have taken part in the shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Thanksgiving Day, but the elements were too much for him.

Manager John S. Wright, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, says that his club is going to be more liberal in the matter of prizes next year than it has been in 1898. Surely the treasury of that club must be in a pleasing condition if that is the case, for the club's prize shoots this year have been numerous and well attended.

Will K. Park, the trap editor of Sporting Life, is fast recovering from his attack of typhoid fever, and is well on the road to convalescence. The fresh air in and around Athens, Pa., will do much to restore his health, now that he has been able to leave Philadelphia for his native heath.

There was no shooting at the Carteret Club's grounds on Thanksgiving Day, the greater attractions at the Westminster Kennel Club and the West Chester Country Club proving too much for the shooters who usually patronize the Carteret traps.

Captain Money has just received a cablegram from his son, Noel E. Money, stating that he cannot spare the time to make a visit to the United States, the business that would have brought him here having been arranged satisfactorily.

The Chicago Challenge Trophy.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Knowing that you would not willingly publish a statement calculated to reflect upon any one, or to serve as an unjust criticism of the acts of others, I beg space in which to refer to a statement appearing in your issue of Nov. 26, under the caption of "Chicago Challenge Trophy," a contribution by Mr. A. C. Paterson. It reads: "Trustees for the Chicago challenge trophy (notwithstanding A. C. Paterson's challenge to the holder was mailed first in Chicago) have decided that E. S. Rice is to shoot for the trophy at the next contest," etc.

Under the rules governing the holder of the Chicago challenge trophy, a challenge shall not be lodged until the conclusion of the match that determines the holder. In other words, a challenge shall not be considered until the holder of the trophy is known.

At the last contest for possession of the Chicago challenge trophy, between Messrs. T. P. Hicks, challenging, and Silas Palmer, the holder, the match was started at exactly 3 P. M. One hundred birds per hour from a single set of five traps is admittedly good time, and yet Mr. Paterson, I believe, claims to have been present at the match in question, at which 52 birds were trapped, and to have deposited his challenge in the Chicago post-office (twelve miles distant from the Burnside grounds) at about 3:30 P. M., or ahead of my challenge, which was deposited at exactly 3:57.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Paterson left the Burnside grounds before the match between Messrs. Hicks and Palmer was concluded, posted his challenge from Station R, Grand Crossing, and it did not reach the trustees until hours after my challenge had been delivered and receipted for by the trustees. In this connection I would suggest that brother Paterson in future, depending upon the exact moment of posting letters rather than the time of their receipt, do not expend his money for special delivery stamps. Mr. Paterson has already had six opportunities of shooting for the Chicago challenge trophy; would it not be modest in that gentleman to give some one else a chance? Many contributed to the purchase of this medal and many are interested therein.

E. S. RICE.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, L. I., Nov. 26.—Three enthusiastic members of the New Utrecht Gun Club had the courage to face the traps and the northeast snowstorm at their bi-monthly live-bird shoot at Woodlawn to-day. The wind and snow blew right into the faces of the shooters, and made it at times impossible to see the birds. Under the conditions, Hegeman's shooting was not far from being phenomenal. The birds were all right after they got started. Targets next Saturday at Woodlawn. Traps ready at 1:30. The return match with the Endeavors has been postponed to an early date in the new year. Scores:

Class B.

A A Hegeman, 29..1111111112—10 D A Gregory, 27...0122220011— 7
E G Frost, 28.....0222011210— 7

Shell shoot, 3 Birds:

A A Hegeman, 29.....121 E G Frost, 29.....220

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

Ossining Rifle and Gun Club.

SING SING, N. Y., Nov. 24.—A live-bird shoot was held here on Thanksgiving Day afternoon, under the auspices of the Ossining Rifle and Gun Club. In spite of a heavy wind, laden with sleet, blowing in the faces of the shooters, creditable scores were made:

Blandford .....1*22212122—9 L Washburn.....1222020*122—7
Hall.....2120*11222—8 Sherwood .....022**1*112—6

No. 2, 5 live birds: Hall 5, Washburn 4, Blandford 4, S. Sherwood 4.

Match, 8 live birds: Hall 7, Washburn 6.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 24.—The annual Thanksgiving Day target shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day on their shooting grounds, along the Schuylkill River. The club shoot for the three medals was the principal event, and all events were pulled off in a blinding snowstorm. Several times during the shoot disputes arose as to small pieces being broken from targets, but owing to the snow falling so fast and thick the protests were not allowed. The scores of the club shoot follow:

Class A, 25 targets, 18yds.:

Eshelman .....1100100011011011001010001—12
Capt Yost .....0011001011011111011110010—15
Gerhart .....1011111111000010110110100—15
Essick .....0100100001011011001010101— 11
G Miller .....1001101100011101011001011—14

Class B, 25 targets, 16yds.:

Gicker .....1100000000111000000011011— 9
Texter .....0000011100001000000010101— 7
Miles .....1111111110110111111000001—18
Farr .....0100001000010001010011111—10

Class C, 25 targets, 14yds.:

Downs .....1100111100110111011000000—13

The scores of the sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Essick	8	6	7	7	6	6	3	5	5	4	3	6	4	5	7	7	5	4
Capt Yost	9	8	6	5	7	5	6	6	5	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Texter	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eshelman	4	6	5	6	8	3	6	7	7	8	6	3	2	6	4	4	4	..
Gerhard	7	5	4	5	8	4	5	5	7	7	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miles	7	8	6	5	4	8	3	7	3	3	3	8	10	7	5	5	7	7
Farr	2	5	5	5	4	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaaber	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Miller	6	5	6	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knabb	1	3	1	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gicker	6	3	7	4	4	4	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The South End Gun Club's team, picked to shoot at Pottstown Nov. 30, is Yost (captain), Essick, Jack Harrison, Eshelman and Jones.

Pottstown, Pa., Nov. 24.—The annual Thanksgiving target tournament of the Shuler Shooting Club, which was scheduled to be shot to-day, had to be postponed, owing to the unfavorable weather. A heavy snow began to fall here at 6:30 A. M., and at 9:30, the time set to start the events, the ground was entirely covered over, and throughout the day there was a heavy fall of snow. At 10 A. M. the tournament committee held a short meeting and decided to postpone the shoot until Wednesday, Nov. 30, as stated in the programme, when the entire programme will be shot, as advertised. Manager Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, was on the grounds early, and had everything ready for shooting to begin at 9:30, but no events were shot until 10 A. M., when a programme of sweeps was commenced. Among the shooters present were Jack and Harrison, of the South End Gun Club, of Reading; Adams, of Phoenixville Gun Club; Urner, of Twin City Gun Club, of Spring City; Irwin, Gilson, Stone, Slonaker, Pennypacker and Smith, of the Shuler Gun Club.

A strong northwest wind blew across the traps and made shooting hard, and good scores were impossible. The magautrap was used, and worked very satisfactorily throughout the events. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Adams	5	6	6	7	6	7	6	3	2	6	4	6	6	4	7	4	6	6	5
Gilson	8	5	8	7	5	7	5	8	8	4	5	12	7	6	12	6	7	9	8
Irwin	7	3	6	6	5	8	7	9	5	7	2	w	7	8	8	..	7	4	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	12	8	6	13	5	8	5	5
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	13	5	7	10	6	5	7	7
Smith	4	9	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	8	..	7	9
Pennypacker	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..
Slonaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	3	5	..
Urner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	10	..	5	..	5
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

No. 20, 5 pairs: Adams 3, Irwin 5, Harrison 7, Jack 5, Smith 7, Stone 3.

No. 21, 5 pairs: Adams 6, Irwin 6, Harrison 6, Jack 5, Smith 4.

Spring Valley, Pa., Nov. 22.—The annual fall target and live-bird tournament opened at the Spring Valley shooting grounds to-day, and will be continued on Wednesday under the auspices of the proprietor, Henry J. Seidel. Owing to the inclement weather but few shooters participated in the different events. The Spring Valley grounds are situated along the East Penn Railroad, and only two trains during the day stop at this place, thus making it very hard to reach from the city unless one walks or drives. Mr. Seidel certainly has the finest live-bird grounds in the State, being fitted with the underground system of traps for live birds, and a magautrap for target shooting. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, had full charge of the tournament. Owing to the small crowd of shooters each day but few events were shot. Only one Reading shooter was present during the tournament, where there should have been not less than twelve present. The bad weather caused many to stay away, and thus all interest was lost in the shoot.

Among the shooters present were Thomas H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co., New York city; F. W. Moffett, also of New York city; M. S. Brey, of Zionsville; Lee Wertz, of Temple; Harvey Clouser, of Gibraltar; W. I. Irwin, of Pottstown, and Francis Yost, of Reading. Chas. Bechtel was referee in all events, and gave entire satisfaction. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	5
Keller	7	7	6	9	6	10	9	8	7	8	3	5	4	3	3
Moffett	5	8	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	5	4	5	4	5	3
Wertz	9	6	7	9	8	14	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brey	8	7	4	9	9	13	9	9	8	10	..	3	4	4	4
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	9	8	6	..	..	..	..

Second Day.

The live-bird events resulted as follows:

Match between Wertz, of Temple, and Winthrop, of Gibraltar, for $5 a side, loser to pay for birds:

Wertz, 26 .....1212111222—10 Winthrop, 23 .....2*2111011*— 7

Second match, Wertz vs. Winthrop, 10 birds each, $5 a side, loser to pay for birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Wertz .....2011121221—9 Winthrop .....2012121201—8

Third match, Climax vs. S. S. S., at 10 birds each, $10 a side, loser to pay for birds, 30yds. rise:

Climax .....2211221121—10 S S S .....*222222222— 9

Fourth match, Climax vs. S. S. S., Climax 10 birds to shoot against S. S. S.'s 12 birds resulted:

Climax .....21*2221212—9 S S S .....02*201221110—8

Several practice matches for price of birds only followed.

DUSTER.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The Bison Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot was attended by twenty shooters, most of whom took part in the entire programme. There were ten 20-target events shot, scores of which follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Mack	12	10	10	13	17	16	16	13	17	13
Fanning	19	12	18	19	20	17	..	..	..	..
E C B	16	13	18	16	17	18	..	..	..	..
Foxie	15	11	12	16	17	13	14	11	12	16
Wheeler	15	16	14	16	17	11	16	12	17	17
Bauman	15	12	13	18	16	20	18	16	16	17
Samson	13	8	16	18	14	17	18	17	14	16
Estes	12	11	10	16	..	..	..	16	..	..
Johnson	13	11	9	11	13	15	9	14	17	13
Kirkover	17	16	18	18	20	20	20	19	18	18
Byer	17	17	20	17	16	18	19	19	19	18
Beveridge	14	17	15	17	19	18	16	19	16	16
Borst	12	16	15	16	17	17	9	..	..	..
Meyer	18	17	19	19	19	17	19	18	18	18
Mignerey	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	18	13	..
Smith	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schrier	..	..	..	..	8	12	18	18	18	15
McCarty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	14	7
Danser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	16
O'Hare	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7

J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, started for Boston on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26, in the height of the blizzard. How far he got on his way is not known at the time of writing, for his desk at 313 Broadway was dark on Monday. It is conjectured that he went to church on Sunday in the snowdrifts around New London, for very few eastbound trains got any further than that point up to late on Sunday night.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Unfortunate.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 26.—Elsewhere is mentioned the race between Mr. Mussey, of this city, and Mr. Davenport, a well-known gentleman of New York, whom in this case I think best to name openly as Mr. Louis Duryea, a shooter very well and favorably known in this city for his uniform skill and his uniform courtesy and fairness at the traps, where he is a performer of known reputation. Mr. Mussey defeated Mr. Duryea, a fact which gave the latter perhaps nearly as much pleasure as it did the former, and which certainly caused him no concern. A day later Mr. Duryea was shooting at the Washington Park Club grounds, the guest of Mr. Walt Dupee, of that club. He went prepared to shoot a race which he had arranged with Mr. F. H. Smith, also of that club, the terms of which had been agreed upon, 100 birds, Mr. Smith to be given 25 dead in the 100, wager of $50 on the result. There was also to be a team race, Mr. Smith and Mr. R. R. Donnelly, Jr., vs. Messrs. Duryea and Dupee. When Mr. Duryea announced his readiness to shoot the 100-bird race Mr. Smith made the rather remarkable reply that he had thought it over and concluded not to shoot, as he was sure he would lose, since he had been advised that Mr. Duryea would surely defeat him, and he did not want to make a spectacle of himself. Mr. Duryea politely called attention to the fact that the match had been made and he was ready to shoot, but his opponent neither shot nor paid, a fact which called upon him much censure from others of the club. The team race was not shot, Mr. Duryea declining to shoot with the circumstances as they were. As perhaps Mr. Smith is ignorant of the position in which he thus places both himself and his club, and as the matter is certain to attract unfavorable comment in the Eastern clubs, and perhaps make unhappy complications, I deem it unavoidable to make this statement of the facts, feeling, however, quite sure that the governors of the Washington Park Club will advise Mr. Smith to make what prompt and full amends he may in ignorance or carelessness have withheld from Mr. Duryea. The latter is too well known here and too much respected to be allowed to go away with any but the most pleasant recollections of his treatment in Chicago, and I am sure that not only Mr. Duryea, but all the shooters of the country, will understand that Mr. Smith's action is not a customary one in Chicago clubs, but only an unfortunate one, which it will be best to correct and forget as quickly as possible.

Mr. Duryea tells me that Mr. Mussey will soon go East and shoot a little return race with him. It is by no means unlikely that honors will then be easy. Mr. Duryea thinks he lost his race here by reason of the fact that he used 7½ shot instead of 7s. He had a great many dead just over the wire.

Watson's.

The cold weather has helped the flying at Watson's, and long runs are probably a thing of the past for a while. This bodes well for the quality of the sport at John Watson's big live-bird shoot, which begins Dec. 13. John has his programmes out, and the boys may learn all particulars by applying for a programme. Sweeps will begin Monday, Dec. 12, and they will last all the week. Besides the old reliable traps at the left-hand score, which all shooters know already, Mr. Watson has put in a full set of brand new Fulford's traps on the right-hand side of the park. The divisions of the money will be tried on the equitable plan, four moneys in the purse, this for the 15-bird daily event. The trophy offered for the 25-bird sweep of the last day ($15 entrance, handicap) is quite worthy of John Watson's reputation and cost $150. The programme is scheduled the same for each day, sweeps at 7, 10 and 15 birds respectively, miss-and-out fillers if any time remains. Birds at 20 cents, and stem winders, too. This shoot ought to stir things up a plenty.

Limited December Shoot.

The programme is out for the second Grand Central Handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 19-23, open to all. This follows Watson's shoot, and will find many shooters in this vicinity. A full and varied programme on targets, sparrows and live birds is offered, the rules well considered and liberal, fair to all. Send for the programme to H. T. Hearsey, secretary, Indianapolis.

Louisville.

The Portland Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., has been organized, with Dr. E. C. Underwood president and H. H. Hartman secretary. Shoots will be held each Saturday, and this new club for the shooting city of Louisville should make history rapidly.

Ottumwa.

Ottumwa Gun Club, of Iowa, closed its annual tournament Nov. 22, after a season of the bad weather which swept over this section about that time. None the less, the attendance was good and the shoot a success. Marshall, Grimm, Gilbert and Budd were among the crackerjacks on hand. The Dago chief tied Gilbert the last day, with 139 out of 150.

"Eau Claire."

In a recent edition of the Leader, Eau Claire, Wis., I note the following clipping and comment:

"The cast iron medal and the championship of America at live birds were won at Eau Claire, Wis., on Aug. 27, by Mr. R. O. Heikes, who killed 99 out of 100.—FOREST AND STREAM, London, Eng., edition.

"The fame of Eau Claire reaches a long way. To be here is a blessing, and to be born here an inestimable privilege. It is equal to Lord Palmerston's famous 'I am a citizen of Rome.' The proudest claim that one could make in the palmy days of the Empire, and which was used with such effect by St. Paul when at extremity with his enemies."

That's all right about Eau Claire, and everybody who is anybody knows that Eau Claire is a redhot sporting town and full of sportsmen as an egg is of meat; but while we are speaking of Eau Claire, and St. Paul and London, why not take into consideration for comment the fact that it was through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that Eau Claire got the reputation it has in London? I do not remember whether Lord Palmerston was a shooter, but if he was, he no doubt read FOREST AND STREAM, or was singularly behind the times for one in his position. This is the oldest and the best sporting paper printed—indeed, to use a certain phrase, it is the Daddy of them All.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mussey vs. Duryea.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 23, an interesting race at lively birds took place at Watson's Park between L. T. Duryea, of New York, and W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, in which the latter won by the narrow margin of three birds. The race was at 100 live birds for the price of birds and other considerations. Both gentlemen shot in excellent form, though Duryea was somewhat handicapped by shooting small shot in his first barrel; many of his birds were hard hit and centered, but fell dead out of bounds, as will be seen by the score following.

The attendance was small on account of the event not having been published. Among those from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pardee, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Duryea, of New York; Mr. Peevey, of Cripple Creek; C. H. Wilcox, and several other regular visitors.

The wind blew strong and puffy from the left quarter, accompanied with a strong snowdrift. The birds were strong and fast, without a loafer in the lot. Both participants shot Francotte guns and Schultze powder. Duryea, 48grs., 1¼ 7½ and 7 in Smokeless cases; Mussey, 48grs., straight 7 in Trap cases.

Mussey went to the score first, killing his first five handily, using his first barrel only. His 6th, a strong tailer to the left quarter, hard hit with the first and nicely stopped with the second. He also made a good stop with the second of a black outgoer in the 10th round. His 12th, a black left-quartering incomer, slightly hit with the first, was undershot with the second. His 13th, a strong black bird, dropped near the trap on the first barrel, finally recovered sufficiently to get away close to the wire before exhausting its energy. His 20th he undershot. His 24th was a white left-quartering incomer; though hard hit, it fell dead out of bounds. His 34th was a lucky blue one, which struck the wire and fell in bounds. His 62d and 72d were both lucky, falling close to boundary line. His hardest bird was a black twister, which was nicely stopped with the second.

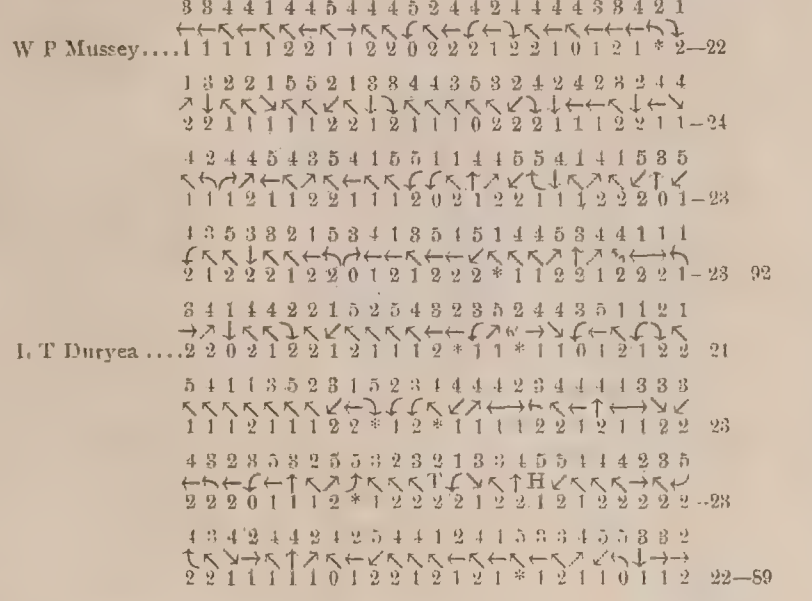
Mussey took a lead of one on the first 25, and increased it to two on the second 25; held it even on the third 25, and gained one on the last 25, and went out with 92, which was considered a good score, considering the day and birds.

Duryea dropped his 3d, a white left-quarterer, by not leading enough. His 14th, a copper-color, fell close to the trap; after using both his barrels the bird recovered sufficient strength, aided by the wind, to get out of bounds. His 20th, though hard hit with the first, was missed clean with the second and got away. He made an excellent stop with one barrel of his 28th bird, which was a swift left-quartering tailer. His 35th, a white right-quartering incomer, was hard hit, and fell dead out of bounds. The same luck followed in the 38th and also in his 59th. He made a good kill of his 62d, which was a white left-quartering towerer. His 76th was a blue circling outgoer, which fell dead against the outer boundary wire. His next was a good, swift left-quartering tailer and was well killed. His 83d was a similar bird, apparently not hard hit. His 92d was hard hit and fell dead out of bounds. He made a clean miss of his 97th, and went out with 89, with five dead out of bounds.

Mr. Duryea was unable to overcome his opponent's lead of two birds, and increased it to three on missing his 83d. Mussey followed, missing his 84th, decreasing his lead to two, and subsequently to one on missing his 91st, leaving him only one bird ahead. Duryea missed his next, the 92d, and 97th, and lost by three birds.

Following is detailed score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Mr. Duryea signifies his intention of shooting another match on the 28th inst., provided he shall be in Chicago on that day.

Milwaukee vs. Chicago.

The Milwaukee Gun Club, of Milwaukee, loses the series of live-bird races to the Sheridan Gun Club, of Chicago, in the final contest, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, by 13 birds. This is the third race between the clubs; the Milwaukee winning the first and the Sheridan the two following. The secretary, Mr. Flanigan, also Mr. Biedenweg, were unable to take part on account of the absence of Messrs. White and Hay, of the Milwaukee; hence only eight men were shot on each team.

The race was at 25 live birds to each participant, 30yds. rise, for the price of the birds and suppers. It was full of interest from start to finish, though the Sheridan's lead could not be overcome. Many good, clean kills were made by the contestants on each side.

Among those present were J. J. Smith, H. E. Wiley, Henry Levi, R. Simonetti and others. Good kills were roundly applauded. The wind blew hard from the right quarter, and the birds were largely left-quartering tailers, which started fast. The ground was covered with a light snow, and the strong sunlight which prevailed made white birds hard to see. After the race was over the Milwaukee boys gave a rousing three cheers for the Sheridans, of Chicago, which was followed by a similar act on the part of the Sheridans.

The score in the preliminary practice is as follows:

No. 1:

J F Wulf	11112	Dick Dwyer	02120
J E Bush	11112	Geo Deiter	00*20
G A Crane	20121	Jas Pease	01212
Theo Thomas	21011	J J Healy	02112
R S Mott	20221	Robt Simon	22212
W D Cantillon	12101	B Barto	11112

No. 2:

Flanigan	1111010211— 8	Simonetti	020211011 — 7
Nye	2011010111— 7	Levi	1102200121— 7
Briedeman	0202012122— 7	Wiley	1221120211— 9
Dyer	1122022211— 9		

The score of the match is detailed as follows:

Milwaukee Gun Club.

J F Wulf	100211222202*020002221121—17
J E Bush	2*011011211222102022101l2—19
Geo Crane	12112021100202020*0002221—15
Theo Thomas	12220001012011210021122220—17
W D Cantillon	20222122*20*2211222122222—21
Geo Deiter	2*022222222120210022012l1—19—108

Sheridan Gun Club.

Jas Pease	000101020120121221012202 2—16
R S Mott	010212202120201211111112*—19
Robt Simon	111212112222120110122210 2—22
John J Healy	021122202121212112102222 1—22
Dick Dwyer	200122011100202111112112—19
J B Barto	112121*1211*2211221222122—23—121

Nov. 24.—Sweepstakes:

R Carson	2111120120122022001111220220101112112211 —32
H Carson	1021122021121111222102121111112100101220110l0 —36
Lambert	1120102011220012202112121212012110010000222211121 1111111012 —46
Knowles	1001212001011111221111112020 21 —23
Hyde	1212121211011222111110121 —23
Thomas	0121101112021101020001000220020 —17
E Rice	2221202112122202102220122002011010201121111112022 0 2202011211 —46
Goodrich	2220222222221122222222222202222 —28
Harlan	2212019001121100021l0 —13
Hollester	2120222102111111011 2 —12

Alpine Club.

The Alpine Club will have a team race at live birds among those comprising its membership. The race will be at 10 live birds per man, for the price of the birds and some glory. The race will be held at Watson's Park, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 30, at 2 P. M. Team picked by R. Simonetti will be R. Simonetti, S. Tony, G. Chiesa, G. Biagi and J. Plonzek. Team picked by J. B. Barto will be J. B. Barto, D. Bacci, G. Marvigilia, P. Checola and C. Fangrande.

It is expected to be a close race.

Milwaukee Gun Club.

The Milwaukee Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., announces its second annual tournament, to be held on their grounds in Chase's Valley, south of city, in Milwaukee, Dec. 3 and 4, under American Shooting Association rules. They will throw targets at 2 cents, and trap live birds at 20 cents each. Targets will be thrown under the Sergeant system. In all events there will be four moneys, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10.

Garfield Gun Club.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, held its first monthly live-bird contest at the traps on the club grounds, corner West Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26. There was a large crowd in attendance, and nineteen participated in the main event.

The wind blew hard on the backs of the shooters at the score, which made the birds largely tailers. The ground was covered with snow, accompanied with a strong sunlight, which handicapped many of the participants on light-colored birds. The club will give a series of six contests, which will take place monthly, consisting of 10 live birds to each contestant. There will be three prizes awarded to the three highest averages, based on the four best scores during the series.

The club has not shot live birds on its own grounds for the past two years, until this time. The large attendance is largely due to this fact, as most of the club members reside within a reasonably close distance from the grounds.

The high scores of the contest were made by R. Kuss, C. E. Comley, who went out straight. The contest is at 10 live birds, distance handicap. Following are detailed scores:

S Palmer, 30	1112011022— 8	S E Young, 28	1112021112— 9
R Kuss, 30	1122121222—10	W Riddiford, 28	0210211012— 7
J W Meek, 27	2201102101— 7	E S Rice, 29	1110101202— 7
J Workman, 28	1210200200— 5	T P Hicks, 31	1110122110— 8
J Gardiner, 29	2100122212— 8	W A Jones, 27	1100111120— 7
C Steiger, 28	0001202022— 5	P C Bradley, 29	1111012121— 9
C E Comley, 29	1211121112—10	M H Shaw, 26	0011011201— 6
N Nusley, 28	1022101121— 8	Geo Bartelme, 27	0200019012— 4
C P Richards, 28	0020110001— 4	T Eaton, 26	0010100002— 3
A Fehrman, 29	0220112221— 8		

Following the trophy event was a sweep at 6 birds, which resulted as follows:

S Palmer	201201—4	Fehrman	010011—3
W A Jones	121200—4	Hicks	021120—4
A Gardiner	111010—4	Workman	110200—3
C W Steiger	211111—6	J Gardner	101111—5
R Kuss	222222—6	N Nusley	201111—5
E S Rice	201110—4	Bartelme	210000—2
E M Shaw	210001—3	S Young	211221—6
C E Comley	211112—6	T Eaton	211120—5

A. C. PATERSON.

The Grand American Handicap.

Figures for Fulford.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Fulford is apparently responsible for a very wide-open statement in your last issue that certainly calls for comment. Nothing could be further from Mr. Fulford's wishes than to mislead the trap-shooting public; yet he does so in his brief communication.

After stating that he is getting up a petition to have the system of dividing the purse in the Grand American Handicap changed from "high guns" to "class shooting," and asking for letters from shooters granting him permission to use their signatures, Mr. Fulford makes the following explanation for such action on his part:

"The man who can kill 25 will be handsomely rewarded, and nearly all the rest will more than get their entrance back."

Coming as it does from a man of Mr. Fulford's standing, the claim made in the above paragraph is remarkable. Mr. Fulford has shot in so many 25-bird races, $25 entrance, birds extra, that he should know that the results in those races have seldom come anywhere near his statement of the case. I can refer him to the late contest at Belle Meade near Nashville, where, with $500 added, not guaranteed, there were only thirty-six shooters. Did the results at that shoot justify his statement?

I might mention several other similar events, some with added money and some without, in which Mr. Fulford competed; but what use would it be? So many shooters have taken part in those events, with results so uniformly in opposition to Mr. Fulford's statement, that nothing need be said further as to such shoots.

Just an Ordinary 25-bird Event.

The fact of the matter is that, if the Interstate Association were to make the division of moneys under the "class shooting" system, the Grand American Handicap would be no longer the Grand American Handicap, but would sink down to the level of an ordinary 25-bird race, $25 entrance, birds extra. If the Grand American Handicap would be such a great success if class shooting was adopted, why are not all the other similar events equally grand successes? The Association gave a cup to be competed for this year, but it has never added any money to the purse, for the reason that the shoots costs the Association a good, big round sum of money every year. Why then should the Grand American Handicap be as big an event even as the late Belle Meade handicap, at which $500 in solid cash was added to the purse, with a handsome trophy thrown in?

In 1895.

In April, 1895, the conditions of the Grand American Handicap were $1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns; all surplus added. As it happened, Messrs. Messner, Elliott and Class all made 25 straight, and shut out the 24s and 23s, some of whom, however, came in on a division agreed to on the evening of the first day, when only a few men were left in with straight scores. There were sixty-one entries that year.

In 1896.

For 1896 the Association made a change in the conditions, again guaranteeing $1,000 to the three high guns, but dividing the surplus; that is, all the money in the purse above $1,000, between a certain number of other guns next below the three high guns. Messrs. Daly, Sr. and Jr., donated a silver cup to the winner. The result of the change was evidently popular, for there were 109 entries, 104 of whom contested for a purse of $2,710. There was no straight score, nine 24s and thirteen 23s dividing the purse. I cannot give the moneys paid out to the 24s or 23s, but under Mr. Fulford's system the 24s would each have received about $90, while the 23s would each have drawn down something like $52 apiece. Total entrance fee is $32.50. What the other eighty-two shooters would have got is problematical. They would certainly not have got back more than entrance fee, nor anything like their entrance fee, for the whole of the purse not accounted for above would not have given them quite $15 apiece, if they had divided it up equally between them.

In 1897.

In 1897, when the 22s came in for money, the division of moneys, class shooting, would have been as follows: T. A. Marshall, first money alone, $1,063; nine 24s, $98.50 each; eleven 23s, $64.22 apiece; thirteen 22s, $40.90. It is quite true in this case that the 25 was handsomely rewarded, and that the 24s, 23s and 22s got back more than their entrance fee, but it should not be overlooked that there are yet 110 shooters or thereabouts out of the 140 odd who shot in the event who have only some $350 left to divide among them. In other words, thirty-four men would have drawn down about $3,200 out of a total purse of $3,545!

In 1898.

Last March nine straights and twenty-two 24s cut up the purse of $5,075. The straights received $412.65 each, the 24s got $61.85 apiece. The sum of $1,500 was guaranteed to the three high guns, and the rest of the purse up to 170 entries (at the time supposed to be an outside figure) was divided among the twenty-two next high guns. To allow for any surplus, it was stated in the programme that any surplus over 170 entries should be divided into ten equal parts and go to the ten high guns. As there were thirty-seven more entries than the figures set—170—there was a large surplus to be divided among the ten high guns. As the straights pooled their moneys, the division was as above.

But suppose it had been "class shooting"? Straights would have paid $169.16; each 24 would have got $57.66. As there were forty-five in the 23 hole, each of them would have received only $22.55. The above figures dispose of the whole of the purse with the exception of about $1,270, with 121 shooters still unprovided for, or about $10 apiece. Their entrance back? Oh, no! The 23s would have lost $10 of their entrance fee even!

Why Change the Conditions Radically?

Why should the conditions of the Grand American Handicap be radically changed? The conditions as they have been in the past have proved to be drawing cards. There were twenty-one entries in 1893 and 207 in 1898. No one man caused all that increase in the number of entries. The increase was due to the fact that the conditions made it worth while for men, good men, crackerjacks, to come from a distance to compete in the event. The presence of those men was a drawing card, for there were 133 entries last March from States east of the Ohio and north of Mason and Dixon's line. Take away the chance of a man's paying his entrance fee and expenses, and such men will not come and compete. Mr. Tom Marshall's "first money alone" in 1897 would not be repeated in all probability for some years to come.

The above are my impressions as to the situation. If the Grand American Handicap had ever been a failure, I would be one of the first to say: "Change the conditions." As matters stand, I hope to see the old conditions, with possibly more moneys, retained for the Handicap of 1899; and I have yet to hear one good common-sense reason as to why the Interstate Association should make a radical change for its shoot next April.

EDWARD BANKS.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 19.—The ninth tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, under the auspices of the Delaware River Gun Club. Rain fell heavily, and good scores were hard to make. The Florists' team, with 168 targets to shoot at, won the team race by 6 targets over their nearest competitors, the Southwark Gun Club, 185 targets. In the sweeps Jack Hallowell carried off first honors, but he was hard pressed all the way through by Ridge, who was only 3 targets behind. Scores:

Florists' Gun Club, 168.

Anderson	1111111111111111111110111111	—27	
Ball	1111111111111111111111111110	—27	
Hallowell	0111111111111111111111111111	—27	
Smith	1111111110111111111110111011	—25	
Burton	0111110111111111101111011110	—23	
Bell	1111011101111001010101110111	20	—149

Southwark Gun Club, 185.

O'Brien	1101110111111011111111111111111	—28	
Fisher	1111111111111101101111111011101	—27	
Felix	1111100111001101111111101111111	—25	
Ford	1100101011011111111001011101111	—22	
Reed	0100111111110001110101111011111	—22	
Burt	1111001001101101111110001101O1	19	143

Roxborough Gun Club, 182.

Pepper	1111101111110111111111111010110	—26	
Kirk	1111101110110011110111111111111	—26	
Free	1111111111101111011001111101111	—25	
Cowan	0101111010110111111111110111111	24	
McFalls	1011010111111101011011001011	—21	
Butler	1111101100000011111111011011110	—20	—142

Clearview Gun Club, 225.

Miller	1101111101110110111111111111111111111	—33	
Moore	0100111110111101111001111111111111111	—30	
Myers	1011111101111010001011011111110010	—25	
Fisher	0111110001011010001011011111010111111	—24	
Johnson	0111101000111010110101000011001101O011	—20	
Harkins	0001100000000100000000001100010001101l	—10	—142

Silver Lake Gun Club, 176.

Hahn	1101101111111111010101111111111	—25	
Humer	1111101111101111111111101100011	—24	
Woodstager	0111111011101101111011111111	—24	
Winchester	1011111101111111110011O110111	—23	
Rowcroft	1110010101011011011111010111	—20	
McAfee	0111011110111110111100000111	—20	—136

Independent Gun Club, 126.

Ridge	1111111111111101111111111	—25	
Franklin	0111111111111101111111101	—22	
Thurman	1110111111110111111110111	—22	
Houpt	1101111111111111111110100	—21	
Huck	1001011100110111111011111	—18	—103

Delaware River Gun Club, 175.

Harris	1101110100100111111111101110111111	—27	
Dorp	1010001110101010101101011101100111	—21	
Craig	0110101011001101111010111001000101	—20	
Westcott	1000110111111001100111100011O 01101	—20	
Jones	1011010010100000000100000111000110	—12	—100

Frankford Gun Club, 112.

Bourne	1111111111111111111111111111111	—28	
Redifer	1111101111011100111111101011	—22	
Cameron	1000111010111001111110110100	—18	
Beck	0001100000100000010000100000	— 5	— 73

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	U	U	U	U	U	U
Hallowell	8	10	9	14	10	10	9	14	10	9½	14	10	10	8
Ridge	9	10	10	13	8	10	9	14	9	10	15	8	10	16
Billings	8	10	7	11	9	8	7	14	7	8½	12	9	8	8
Burton	8	7	9	9	9	8	8	10	9	9	12	9	8	7
Anderson	8	9	9	12	10	6	9	14	8	9	..	..	10	10
Smith	10	8	10	13	..	..	..	..	10	7	15	4	9	6
Collins	..	..	..	..	6	8	8	11	7	5	12	7	8	8
Fisher	..	..	..	13	9	9	6	14	7	6½	..	9	..	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	..	9	8	10	7	7	4
Houpt	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	10	8	10	..	8	..	..
Franklin	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	15	9	10	..	..	..	..
Beveridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	14	9	8	8
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	14	8	6	9
Kirk	..	..	..	..	9	9	7	..	7	9	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	11	9	..	..	9	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	10	7	..
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	5	7	..
Moore	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	7	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	15	6	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	5	4	8	..	7	..	2	..	..	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	9	9	..
Free	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	10	..
R G C	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	9	..
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	5	..	..
McAfee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	f
Stumm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	.
McFalls	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	6	
McFalls	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	
J Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	5	..	..
Redifer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Rowcroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

PAWLING, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The second annual tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, held on Thanksgiving Day, can be called a pronounced success, despite the inclement weather. The morning dawned with a decidedly damp prospect, and all the participants that were expected from New York and vicinity were evidently frightened by the gloomy outlook and did not appear; those from the North and West were evidently made of different stuff, and put in their appearance.

At 10 o'clock the shoot began with six shooters, which number was increased to thirteen by noon. The regular programme of twelve events was shot out, although the snow and sleet were decidedly disagreeable, and it was simply impossible for any one to make large scores. Mr. I. Tallman, of Millbrook, who is evidently at home in inclement weather as well as when the sun shines, carried away the honors as well as most of the wealth. Messrs. H. Nelson and E. I. Foster were also right up in the front row.

Despite the severe storm the shooters faced the traps for five extra events, and even then some of the most enthusiastic wished to continue. Had the weather been pleasant there would doubtless have been one of the largest attendances of sportsmen ever seen here. A most bountiful lunch was served in the club house at noon, to which all did ample justice. The shoot was managed by our new captain, Mr. H. Nelson, who, as usual, looked after the various wants of the visiting sportsmen in a most agreeable manner, as all present can attest. The cashier's department was looked after by Messrs. Daniels, Arnold and Williams in a way that was appreciated by all the shooters.

Referees, Mr. T. E. Roberts and Mr. Morton Haines. Scorer, Mr. B. Chapman.

At the annual election of officers, held this month, the following were chosen: President, F. C. Taber; Vice-President, Morton Haines; Secretary, G. S. Williams; Treasurer, G. A. Daniels; Captain, H. Nelson.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	20	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	10	10	20	10	20
I Tallman	7	8	12	7	20	9	12	9	12	16	10	11	6	7	13	9	18
H Nelson	9	7	15	9	18	8	12	9	13	12	7	9	8	6	13	3	..
E I Foster	9	6	16	8	15	10	8	4	9	15	7	12	8	3	12	7	16
F I Fenn	6	8	12	5	12	6	10	5	9	14	3	8	..	..	..	..	13
J G Dutcher	7	5	15	5	8	4	7	6	7	12	4	7	7	4	11	3	14
A Tallman	8	5	14	4	10	..	..	7	12	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
F C Taber	..	..	14	3	12	6	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	6	..	6	..
A Betti	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	5	6	2	2	..	..	..
G E Sutton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	12	8	6	4	4	..	..	..
Gorham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	5	6	6	7	..	..	..
Bailey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	8	..	5	0	..	..	..	..
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..

G. S. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 24.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the East Side Gun Club was not as well attended as it might have been, but this was entirely the fault of the inclement weather. The shooters who did appear had some good sport. Four live-bird events were shot. The first was a handicap, but the rest were shot from the 28yds. mark. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Strader, Jr, 26	22220—4	22222—5	2022201—5
Strader, Sr, 27	20220—3	20011—3	2*22201—5
Baar, 29	20101—3	20111—4	1112121—7
Schortemeier, 30	02012—3	10011—3	11210*2—5
Johnson	....	20121—4	1210120—5

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Lueddeke	1011011—5	2022121121— 9
Baar	2111*21—6	0212111111— 9
Reiboldt	1210120—5	0111201002— 6
Schortemeier	0212122—6	1201211221— 9
Strader	10*2220—4	.....
Perment	2111*11—6	0122211101— 8
Hassinger	1212202—6	1121021122— 9
Richards	21*2112—6	.....
Young	112**11—5	0221012212— 8
Ferguson, Jr	2201*12—5	1211212222—10

Boiling Springs' Turkey Shoot.

Rutherford, N. J., Nov. 24.—Thanksgiving Day was about as bad a day for trap-shooting as could be imagined, hence the shooters did not turn out in as large numbers as was expected. The snow fell heavily, and a strong wind blew. Nevertheless seventeen shooters participated in the turkey shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. There were three turkey events and three ordinary sweeps. Fifteen turkeys were offered, four each in Nos. 1 and 2, and seven in No. 3. The shooting in the turkey events was at 25 targets, handicap allowance. Scores:

No. 1: G. Piercy, 3, 25; L. Piercy, 4, 24; Hatfield, 6, 23; Hallowell, 1, 22; Seeley, 4, 21; Pierson, 10, 20; De Long, 5, 22; James, 6, 19; Black, 10, 17; Coe, 9, 20; Banta, 4, 24; Van Dyne, 4, 15; Bock, 4, 14; Paul, 4, 19.

No. 2: G. Piercy, 0, 21; L. Piercy, 2, 19; Hatfield, 4, 21; Hallowell, 0, 22; Seeley, 4, 19; Pierson, 10, 16; De Long, 5, 23; Black, 10, 22; Banta, 4, 23; Van Dyne, 4, 16; Bock, 4, 18; Paul, 4, 18; Jeanneret, 5, 24; Borchart, 8, 25; Frank, 4, 23.

No. 3: G. Piercy, 3, 20; L. Piercy, 4, 20; Hatfield, 6, 25; Hallowell, 0, 20; Seeley, 4, 19; Coe, 9, 25; Banta, 4, 25; Bock, 6, 19; Paul, 4, 22; Jeanneret, 2, 19.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	10
G Piercy	18	21	5	James	..	..	7
Paul	13	..	..	Bock	..	..	6
Hallowell	22	13	8	Coe	..	..	4
L Piercy	13	18	8	De Long	..	..	8
Seeley	..	15	4	Banta	..	..	3
Frank	..	15	..	Van Dyne	..	..	5
Pierson	..	..	4	Black	..	..	6

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 24.—The members of the Forester Gun Club had arranged for a good day's sport on Thanksgiving Day, but the day was a most disagreeable one for trap-shooting, and everybody was disappointed. A number of prizes left over from Saturday's shoot were to have been shot for to-day, but owing to the small attendance they have been put over, to be shot for on Christmas. The scores to-day were poor, as it was difficult to distinguish between the targets and the snowflakes. Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 13 and 14 were at known angles; the balance at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J Fleming	8	7	13	9	6	4	5	6	9	5	9	7	8	7
Gardener	..	..	..	..	0	3	3	4	5	2	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	4	3	4	3	5	3	5	4	4	3	5	7	..	..
Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	3	5	5	5	8	..	..
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	4	3	5	2	..	..
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	7	5	2	7	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	8	4	8	..	..	..
Whitehead	8	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winans	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

ON LONG ISLAND.

Knebel's Shoot at Springfield.

Springfield, L. I., Nov. 24.—A live-bird and target shoot was held here to-day at Dooley's Hotel. The shoot was managed by Henry Knebel, Jr. Four live-bird events and two target events were shot. The live-bird events were all at 5 birds, $1.50 entry, 50yds. boundary, 28yds. rise, class shooting. The birds were a good lot, but the weather was very bad. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Knebel, Jr	01110—3	01111—4	10110—3	11101—4
Mott	10100—2	11100—3	.....	.....
Smith	01111—4	11111—5	11011—4	10111—4
Brons	01101—3	10111—4	00100—1	00111—3
Wood	00100—1	10011—3	11110—4	00011—2
Nostrand	01010—2	10111—4	.....	11101—4
Biesel	01010—2	00100—1	00011—2	10101—3
Comb	....	11000—2	.....	.....
Sprange	....	11100—3	11100—3	.....
Hauff	....	.....	00101—2	.....
Knebel, Sr	....	.....	11011—4	.....
Pepper	....	.....	00110—2	.....
Dooley	....	.....	.....	00011—2

Target sweeps:

Targets:	10	5	Targets:	10	5
Woods	7	5	Hauff	6	2
Knebel, Jr	8	3	Brons	6	4
Pepper	6	3	Higbie	4	3
Nostrand	6	4	Knebel, Sr	8	5
Mott	9	4			

Match, 50 targets, $5 a side: Miles 39, Biesel 34.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The Crescent Athletic Club's weekly shoot was held here to-day. Snow fell heavily, but the members stuck to the shooting till all the events had been shot. The principal event was the November cup race. Stake won this, and the cup becomes his property, he being three targets ahead of Geddes, his nearest competitor. In the team shoot for the Sykes cup Geddes and Stake won by 8 targets. White beat Halleck in a 100-target race by 59 to 54. Scores:

November cup event:

Halleck, 15	1001111010011010010001101011101011101101	—23
Stake, 3	0111101010111011011111111111	—22
Kryn, 7	0111110111011110110101101101O1	—22
Sykes, 5	1111110101011100101101111111010	—21
Geddes, 0	1101011111101101110101110	—18

Team shoot for Sykes cup:

Geddes, 0	0110111111111111111111111	—23
Stake, 2	1000011111111111101111011011	—20—43
Notman, 4	1111111011111110011101101101l	—23
White, 5	0011010101010001010100100011OO	—12—35

Match, 100 targets:

White	1111011110110011111010100111101111100111011101O	
	1110001101011100110110010101001101010001010010000	—59
Halleck	1000010011100010111000110100011101010011100101O100	
	1011110101001101100110110101001110111010111010101l	—54

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	10
Geddes	18	22	22	18	22	..	Halleck	13	9	14	13	..	9
Kryn	16	17	22	16	17	..	White	15	..	..	..	..	..
Notman	15	17	17	..	..	5	Sykes	..	..	..	12	..	..

Brooklyn Gun Club.

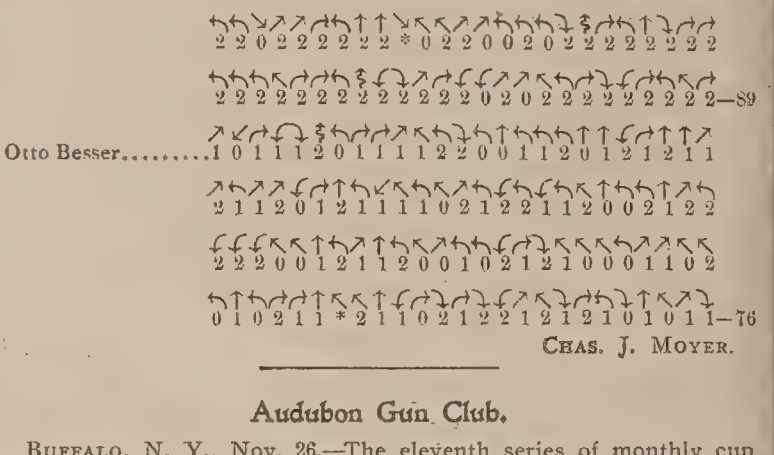
Nov. 26.—John Wright said he would have a shoot to-day no matter what the weather was. It began to snow about noon, and it kept on snowing; but Wright and three other Brooklynites entertained Louis Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., with an afternoon shoot in a snowstorm. Nine events were decided, all being "for targets only." Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	15	10
Harrison	4	..	11	7	12	7	6	11	7
Wright	5	7	9	8	10	6	4	8	6
Davis	4	6	7	9	11	4	5	9	..
Paterson	3	..	..	10	..	5	3	7	4
Kimble	8	4	..	..	9	..	4	9	..

Burkhardt vs. Besser.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 24.—In a 100-bird match for a purse of $200 and the championship of Buffalo, C. S. Burkhardt defeated Otto Besser by the score of 89 to 76. The match was shot at Audubon Park, the grounds of the Audubon Gun Club. About 500 people witnessed the match, and it was the opinion of all present that a better lot of birds was never trapped. Betting on the result was very lively, Burkhardt being the favorite. He led Besser by three birds at the first quarter, by six at the 50th round, by nine at the third quarter, and finished thirteen birds in the lead. The winner shot U. M. C. factory-loaded shells, 1¼oz. No. 7½ shot, 3½drs. Du Pont powder in first barrel, and 1¼oz. No. 7 in second. Jack Fanning was referee, and Chas. Hebard trap-puller. The flight of the birds is given below in FOREST AND STREAM'S copyrighted trap-score type:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



CHAS. J. MOYER.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The eleventh series of monthly cup events for this season was shot to-day at the Audubon Gun Club's regular club shoot, and was won by E. C. Burkhardt, who made the grand score of 26 out of 27 targets shot at. This event was No. 4 on the programme. No. 3 was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A, E. N. McCarney and R. H. Hebard tied for Class B, McCarney winning shoot-off, and Porter won Class C. On Saturday next the Hebard trophy will be contested for.

Another feature of to-day's shoot was the match at 50 live birds per man between E. C. Burkhardt and E. N. McCarney, which was won by McCarney by the score of 42 to 41. The same men will shoot a match under the same conditions next Saturday. The following is a summary of the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	25	25	25
C Burkhardt	12	13	20	21	19	Smith	9	12	..	23	..
Hebard	10	7	18	19	19	Jacobs	..	11	18	19	..
E Burkhardt	11	12	21	26	..	McCarney	..	..	17	..	19
Reid	7	5	14	16	18	Porter	..	..	15	22	15
Fanning	13	14	22	21	..	Johnston	..	..	12	16	14
Walker	12	9	14	17	16	Carroll	..	17	19	19	
Barnes	9	7	14	11	14	Hammond	..	..	23	20	10

Match, 50 live birds:

E McCarney	22221220021122202112021202112022120122202222222222—42
E Burkhardt	2222*2222*12202200222212112220021012112222212222022—41

CHAS. J. MOYER.

The One-handed Record.

MR. LOUIS DURYEA, of New York city, on New Year's Day, two or three years ago, on the New Utrecht grounds, near Coney Island, shot a one-handed race with Maj. Coulson. Mr. Duryea (who shot under the name Davenport) defeated his opponent with a score which I think was 48. A friend says that Davenport's score was 47. Will the editor of FOREST AND STREAM please be so good as to state, at earliest convenience, what was the score in this race? The columns of the paper will show it, but I have not the latter accessible. This score is the one-handed record, and I would like to have it correctly stated, also terms of race. The answer will oblige H.

[On Jan. 1, 1896, on the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn, L. I., L. T. Duryea and G. W. Coulson shot a match, which was to be at 50 birds. Both men stood at 30yds., and Duryea was allowed the use of only one hand. His opponent used both hands. At the end of the 32d round, with the score standing 25 to 15 against him, Duryea withdrew. His withdrawal was due to the high wind which blew across the grounds, and placed him at a decided disadvantage. On Jan. 7 the same men shot another match, with the conditions slightly changed. The match was at 50 live birds per man, $100 a side, Duryea to stand at 28yds. and use one hand, Coulson to stand at 32yds. and allowed the use of both hands. The scores were: Duryea 47, Coulson 40. One of Duryea's birds fell dead out of bounds.]

Pennsylvania State Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been requested by the Reed Hurst Gun Club to announce that the ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Erie, Pa., May 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1889. ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The many friends of the Savage rifle will be pleased to learn of the success the arm is meeting everywhere. The demand for it has far exceeded the production, and has resulted in the equipping of one of the finest plants in existence with the most advanced type of machinery, especially adapted for manufacturing high-grade modern smokeless powder rifles. The rifle was introduced a little over two years ago, and its fame has penetrated the most distant countries of the globe, orders having been received from out-of-the-way towns in Siberia, Java, Finland and Japan. The greatest criticism has been the fear that so small a caliber as the .303 would not be sufficiently large for moose, grizzly bears, and big game generally, but this has come from those who have never used or seen the effect of small expanding high velocity bullets on flesh and bone.

Arthur W. Savage, the inventor of the Savage rifle, was the first person to shoot big game with the modern smokeless powder, small caliber cartridge. In 1889 twenty samples were secured of the first French smokeless powder cartridges manufactured by that Government, and a chamber in a special rifle was made to take them.

The Savage Arms Company in purchasing the machinery and organizing their establishment has utilized the skill and experience of practical, up-to-date gun mechanics, and thoroughly competent business men, with the resultant perfection of product only attainable when conditions are right. All criticism on the Savage rifle brought to the notice of the company for the past two years has been carefully tabulated, and the result of this foresight is the improved 1899 model, in which the principle has not been changed, though many minor improvements have been added.

The greatest attention is given to inspection and the proof testing, so that every rifle that leaves the establishment is known to be perfect and sound. The rifle will be constructed both with a newly designed steel shotgun butt plate and the regular metal rifle butt plate, either of which can be had at the same price.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.
UTICA, N. Y. *Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

VOL. LI.—No. 24. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements.
Stevenson's Inland Voyage.

THE FLINT-LOCK.

A FEW years ago there was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM a note of the gun-flint making industry, conducted on a large scale in European factories, to supply the trade of Africa and Asia. Mr. Belknap's inquiry for a flint to complete the mechanism of his Hudson's Bay relic has again brought out the fact that flint making is by no means a lost art. As is told in another column, there is still a market for gun-flints, and the supply is equal to the demand. As for the African and Asian trade, that is readily understood. Hunters who live a primitive life must have primitive weapons. With them the gun must be preserved in its simplest form. For the flint-lock only powder and ball are required, and these are standard commodities throughout vast regions where it would be difficult if not impossible to distribute cartridges and primers. In some regions, too, the flint-lock is not only all sufficient for its purpose, but to its continued use, in place of more perfected weapons of the chase, is due in large measure the permanence of the game supply. If the repeating rifle and the double-barreled shotgun are marvels of convenience and accuracy and effectiveness, this is only another way of saying that they are tremendously destructive agencies of game depletion. Consider what would have been the hunting conditions of our own country if the generations which have had part in the shooting had been confined to the use of the flint-lock; and then reflect that over vast stretches of territory in foreign lands this is the very condition which has prevailed. The flint-lock may be out of date and the hunter who uses it may be behind the times; but in his own land, because of game more abundant in supply and less wary because less mercilessly pursued, he may yet be on a level with his more perfectly equipped brother.

We look upon the flint-lock as so antiquated and so crude at the best, in comparison with our own guns, that we are apt to take for granted that when the percussion lock came along it was accepted without hesitation and with eagerness by the progressive sportsmen of the day. But the fact is that the gunner has always shown himself to be a conservative, wedded to the old ways, and reluctant to abandon the tried and the trusted for the new and unproved.

Every radical improvement in firearms has been forced to make its way in the face of distrust and opposition, and with hard won and grudging approval on the part of the veterans. The first volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM show communications from many a dubious convert to the new order of breechloaders which were then supplanting the muzzleloader. In the early years of the century, when the percussion lock came in, there were sportsmen and good sportsmen too, even the best, who made sturdy defense of the flint-lock, and surrendered to the new-fangled arms with reluctance and distrust. Col. Peter Hawker was one of the accepted authorities on shooting in those times; in 1816 he published a volume of "Instructions to Young Shooters," which was so popular as a text-book that it went to an eighth edition by 1838. This was three years after the death of Joseph Manton, the most celebrated maker of flint-lock guns that ever lived. A "Joe Manton" was regarded as the perfection of sporting arms; and he is to be envied even at this day who possesses one as a relic. The period from 1816 to 1838 elapsing between these editions of Hawker's book were times of transition from flint to fulminate; and although long before his eighth edition the Colonel capitulated to the detonators, as the percussion arms were called, he did so not without a mental reservation in favor of the old gun. "Though, like the rest of the sporting world, I have long been kidnapped," he wrote, "into the constant use of detonators, still I have no reason to alter the opinion I gave in 1822; and were my time to come over again, I might probably be content with the flint; though I have, of course, as every one does, shot more accurately and missed fewer quick shots with the detonator."

Within a short period prior to 1838 the detonators had been improved by being bored to detain the shot longer in the barrel, in order that the powder "might have time to kindle"; but this increased the recoil and produced leading; and despite the many wadding devices resorted to for overcoming this fault, no detonator of equal weight could be made to "shoot quite so strong and regular as a flint gun." The stronger shooting of the flint Colonel Hawker insisted upon, as, after an experience of eighteen years with both arms, "the more shots I fire," he writes, "the more I am persuaded that the flint gun shoots the strongest into the bird, and by far the easiest against the shoulder." And the Colonel was sportsman enough to back up his convictions when it came to a bet, which appears to have been in his day as it is in ours the one incontrovertible argument to prove a point and vanquish an apponent. On a certain occasion in the establishment of a gun-maker, a well-known sportsman being present, the maker offered to bet the Colonel fifty guineas that a detonator of equal size would beat a flint gun. "I immediately took up the bet," the Colonel records, "and told the clerk to book it, and offered to double it if he lost. He then fought off and would not stand to what he had proposed." Subsequently it was developed that the gun-maker had only been bluffing for the purpose of getting from the well-known sportsman, who was a listener to the colloquy, an order for a brace of detonating guns.

The formal dictum of this old-time shooting authority, as given to Joseph Manton, was that "for neat shooting in the field or covert, and also for killing single shots at wildfowl rapidly flying, there is not a question in favor of the detonator, as its trifling inferiority to the flint is tenfold repaid by the wonderful accuracy it gives in so readily obeying the eye. But in firing a heavy charge among a large flock of birds, the flint has the decided advantage."

There was one quality of the old-style gun which we are persuaded does not attach in such degree to the new, in the affection its youthful possessor entertained for it. In these days of beautiful arms, so numerous and so cheap, is it possible that the ownership of a gun can mean so much as it did to those boys who are now old men, looking back to their first gun through the haze of the years?

SNAP SHOTS.

It is to be hoped that something may come of the action of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in its invitation to the farmers' clubs to co-operate in the care of the game interests of the Commonwealth. That the Boston market should be open the year around for the reception of illicit game from Maine and from the West is nothing short of a national disgrace. If Massachusetts alone were concerned in this matter, the citizens of other States might have no just ground of complaint; but the condition now existing is one which does affect Maine and Vermont and Michigan and Minnesota and every other State to which the Boston marketman stands in the relation of a fence, a receiver of stolen goods. In maintaining an open game market the Commonwealth is behind the age; not less is it strangely deficient and unprogressive in the requisite machinery of game protection. If the public resources of field and stream are worth preserving at all, they are worth caring for in a business-like and effective way. Massachusetts should have a competent and efficient game protective service, appointed to do actual work, and paid for doing it. Whatever is accomplished now in this direction is mainly the result of individual or associated enterprise of private citizens. No enlightened State can in these days shift the responsibility of taking care of its resources; and only a pauper State should depend on the voluntary activities of its citizens to do for it what it should do for itself.

We print a communication from Jackson's Hole, Wyo., which relates that the permanent residents and substantial members of the community are united in an effort to insure that the game of the country shall be given the protection which the law contemplates for it. The game question held such a place in the last State election as to be a determining factor in the result; and now an appeal will be made to the Legislature to remedy the defects in the statute by which constant raids on the game supply have been perpetrated. What is needed in Wyoming, however, is not so much a new law as upright, straightforward and determined officials to enforce the one already on the books. In numerous instances talk about defective law is talk wide of the issue. The law is all that could be asked if it were only enforced; an ounce of execution is worth a hundredweight of amendment. The Jackson's Hole live elk export scandal in 1897 was possible only because of official connivance in the violation and defiance of the prohibition against taking live game out of the State. The exportation enterprises carried on this year and complained of by our correspondent have been possible only by deliquency of officers whose sworn duty it was to arrest the poachers.

You may not believe in luck, just pure downright luck; but how can you expect to dissuade from firm faith in its potency the moose hunter who goes into the woods season after season for five years and comes home empty-handed, only to see another man, on his first trip and on the first afternoon after arrival in camp, stumble upon the game, bring it down, and having all the law allows—not twelve days in camp—pack up and put for home?

A man in Massachusetts boards the train with ticket for Sauk Center, Minn. A duck leaves its home up North Pole way, bound for High Island, Texas. Here begins a chain of circumstances, acting through thousands of miles of space and along lines of latitude and longitude, and so ordering things to the minute, that the man from Boston and the duck from the British Possessions strike the Minnesota pass at the same moment, and the gunner reduces the fowl to possession. If the man had been a day earlier or a day later he might have got another duck, and if the duck had passed on before it might have fallen to some other gun further south; but that this particular man should accumulate this particular duck was purely fortuitous, that is to say, is was luck.

If we deny luck, we eliminate one of the most potent factors of hunting, that recognized element of uncertainty in the pursuit which consoles for disappointments and encourages and gives heart for renewed effort. There is marvelous mitigation of chagrin over failure in the reflection "Just my luck!" and a stiffening of the backbone in the sanguine self-assurance of "better luck next time." The more experience one has to draw upon the more pursuaded is he that successful shooting and fishing are not altogether matters of careful preparation, and the simple exercise of skill and perseverance. Beyond these, and more potent than all else, is that factor of fortune which we call luck.

In his report on the Yellowstone National Park, Capt. James P. Erwin, the acting superintendent, gives high praise to Lieut. Lindsley, of the Fourth Cavalry, and Scouts Morrison and Whittaker, who with the assistance of the soldiers on winter station and in garrison did "work which was of the highest importance to the Park in the protection of its game, to a large extent prevented poaching, and resulted, in connection with the mild weather of last winter, in a large increase of game life of all descriptions." The buffalo in the Park are estimated at fifty, and Capt. Erwin expresses the opinion that they are not increasing; but the reports we have had of calves having been seen south of the Park give ground for belief that the number is growing. The vermin problem in the Yellowstone, as our correspondents have more than once pointed out, is coming to be a serious one; the bears and coyotes are multiplying at a rate which must some time compel the adoption of heroic measures for their control.

The visitors to the Park this year, between June 1 and September 30, numbered 6,538, as compared with 5,438 in 1895, 4,659 in 1896, and 10,680 in 1897. The extraordinary showing for 1897 was due to the influx of the army of Christian Endeavorers, who improved the opportunity of their excursion to the Pacific Coast to make a side trip into the Park. The increased travel of 1897 indicates a growing appreciation of this magnificent public domain; yet when the natural wonders and sublimities of the Yellowstone are considered, the number of visitors, large as it is, is ridiculously out of proportion with what it should be.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Visit to Rowland Robinson's.

The other day I made a pilgrimage by boat and bicycle to the home of the sage of the Little Otter. The house stands on a rocky elevation, twenty or thirty rods back from the main road, surrounded by a native growth of oak and beech and hickory, except in front, where the exotic locusts and Lombardy poplars mark the approach. A mile away on either side are Lewis and Little Otter creeks, and in front is Lake Champlain, though no water can be seen from the house.

The principal feature of the landscape is the Adirondack Mountain range, of which there is a magnificent view. The house is a fine old mansion, the newer portion dating back of the war of 1812, and the older part antedating the Revolution.

Inside is a wealth of trophies and much interesting and beautiful material of especial interest to sportsmen. There are arrow-heads and implements used by the primeval hunters of the Champlain lowlands, and bullet moulds and rifles of the white men who followed. The antlers of a Vermont moose are over the door, and near by are antlers of elk and deer. On the walls hang half a dozen guns, and sketches and paintings of game and fishing and shooting subjects abound. The atmosphere of the home is distinctly artistic, for not only master and mistress have the talent for visual expression, but also one of the daughters. Mrs. Robinson's oil paintings of game are truthful and felicitous, but in father and daughter the love of line, as exemplified in black and white illustration, is the ruling motive.

In his latest book, "A Hero of Ticonderoga," is an admirable portrait of Rowland E. Robinson. It is the face of a strong, thoughtful and broad-minded man—a man who, despite the fact that he cannot see his surroundings, takes the keenest interest in every-day life, and criticises men and events with a philosophy that is alike humorous and kindly. What the picture does not describe is the good coloring and hardy physique of the sixty-five-year-old six-footer.

Mr. Robinson does not strike you as being a blind man. Certainly no one ever parted with eyesight more gracefully.

In conversation his look follows the speaker, and there is no feeling of anything out of the way or call for sympathy or special attention that is sometimes so awkward and constraining. Robinson is a born host, and instinctively puts his guest at his ease.

Our conversation was largely about Forest and Stream. Mr. Robinson has a love of the paper nourished by many years' friendship with its editors and contributors. He mentioned them all by name, and included Schember and Day, of the printing office force, but for fear I should leave some of these Forest and Stream friends out I will not attempt to give the list. Of two of the brotherhood who have gone to the majority he made particular mention. One was Ufford, whose story of the Irishman treed by a pseudo grizzly recurred to memory and furnished a good laugh, and the other was O. O. S., the quizzical humorist, who hid tragic suffering behind a jester's mask. Robinson corresponded with O. O. S., and has one letter written two days before the latter's death which is as free from repining or self-commiseration as the moon is of green cheese.

Of himself Mr. Robinson said little, and he took more interest in talking of what others had written than of his own stories of the old Yankee frontier life. In a general way I gathered that his first love had been for drawing and illustration, rather than writing, and that he had only taken up the pen when the pencil and brush were denied him. He is a natural story-teller, as any one who listens to him five minutes finds out, and his keen natural observation, strengthened by artistic training, has apparently gained in power indirectly through his misfortune. The little touches in his descriptions of landscape or such a commonplace as the expression of berries falling in the basket in "Ras'berrying in Danvis" show the refinement of observation.

Sam Lovel, Mr. Robinson says, is a creation and not a portrait, but the statement will not make him any the less a portrait to those who have known the fox-hunter and fisher on the Slang.

Sam Lovel is a character with whom most sportsmen are acquainted, and to such the truth of the likeness is a source of never-failing pleasure.

I arrived at the Robinson homestead before the family had risen from dinner, and was shown into the old-fashioned dining room, about which was that air of homeliness and hospitality that seems the special property of old houses. I had already dined, but was persuaded to take some bread and honey, and then some mushrooms, but lo and behold! when the time came the mushrooms were all gone. Mr. Robinson said the incident reminded him of the case of an old Quaker lady at whose house a visitor arrived cold and wet after a long drive.

"Thee are cold and wet," said the old lady. "Thee needs spirits; won't thee have spirits? But we haven't any spirits in the house."

As it turned out, however, the case wasn't a parallel. Some fresh mushrooms were put on and cooked and served up on toast, deliciously hot and appetizing, and better than any I had ever eaten before.

I happened to allude to the fact that Mr. Robinson was called Judge Robinson on the New York side of Lake Champlain, and the fact amused him greatly. "These people over here don't appreciate me," he said, with a smile; "they're more apt to call me Rowl, or any old nickname, than Judge."

"But aren't you a judge?" I asked.

"No," said Robinson, "not that I know of."

Some one suggested that the title might have been given in an honorary way, and then Mrs. Robinson's brother, who is an old-time Colorado frontiersman, said: "Why, Rowland, you're a Justice of the Peace, aren't you? In parts of New York State they call a justice Judge. You'd better move across the lake and get the benefit of your title."

J. B. Burnham.

Three Trips into Maine.

To the man who is a born lover of the woods and lakes, the rod and gun and all that tends to draw one away from the hum and hurry of civilization into the quiet and beauty of nature, and whose only idea of the primeval is the scattering of woods about a large city, the first trip into Maine is a much anticipated event. The summer of '95 brought the realization of this dream. D. and I had arranged to spend ten days together, and left Boston one day during the first part of August, with Norcross for our destination. Here we were met by our guide, and after a night spent mostly in dreams of the morrow we made a start down North Twin and Pemadumcook lakes, men and outfit all in one big canoe. Here we were at last right in the midst of those scenes and of that life of which we had dreamt so long, and of which we expected so much; and to say we were pleased with our surroundings is putting it mildly. Will that feeling ever be satisfactorily explained which absorbs a man as each hunting and fishing season comes round, and again, when he is fortunate enough to get away, when he nears the scene of his favorite camp or the lake or some spot made familiar and dear by previous association? Already you are a different man from him who left the city a few hours before, and the complete change comes when you find yourself comfortably settled amid those familiar sounds and sights, and all that goes to make up the grandeur of the forest and the fascination of camp life.

On this trip we covered a good deal of ground around Pemadumcook and the Katepskanegan lakes, spending the most time on the third Katepskanegan. We caught an abundance of fish, had a fine time generally, and more than all were impressed with the great game resources of the country.

We planned for a hunt at the first opportunity. This came in the fall of '96, but unfortunately I was obliged to take it alone. However, I did not hesitate, knowing my guide and being sure of good companionship, that great necessity for enjoyable camp life, and left Boston Nov. 9 again for Norcross. I never see Norcross now but what I think of the young man who went up on the train also bound for Norcross, and evidently on his first trip. In talking over his plans he said he intended to leave his valuables in the care of the Norcross Safe Deposit and Trust Company during his stay in the woods. Imagine his surprise on reaching that place to find all business, banking, post-office, and merchandise carried on in one small apartment, which was still large enough to hold nearly all of the not over numerous population of Norcross.

My first shot at a deer came the next afternoon in the woods back of Norcross. A glorious miss, of course, but not very disappointing on that account, for success would have spoilt the chance for something bigger later. We started for camp on Nahmakanta Lake next morning, but owing to a late start did not arrive until long after dark. A hot supper, which we found waiting for us, and a good night's sleep, such sleep as you only get in the woods, banished all remembrance of a hard day's travel, and put us in readiness for the morrow's hunt. The first thing in the morning I went out to get a look at the camp and its surroundings, and found that we were beautifully situated on high land, about midway up the lake, with a fine view of wooded hills in either direction, and with Sundabund Mountain directly across.

Our hunt began that day with the prime object a moose, and for four days we spent most of the time in following up fresh signs, which were plentiful enough, but without coming in sight of the game.

Feeling that time was getting short, and not wishing to postpone the deer hunting until the last moment, the guide packed provisions enough for three days, and with the necessary utensils we started early the next morning to the head of Nahmakanta, thence across to Pollywog and Wadleigh, stopping there to hunt on Wadleigh Mountain, and intending to push through to Upper Musquash in the afternoon.

I had received already a very distinct impression of the ability of deer to vanish with a snort and a show of flag on the slightest provocation, and had decided that it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to bring one in line of your rifle. But this day proved a banner one for me, as the occasion of my first deer. We were walking along the edge of a high bank, which rose almost perpendicularly from the brook below, about 100ft., and separated from the edge by a few feet of small growth, when the guide beckoned silence and walked out on the edge of the bank, listening intently. I followed, and with a "Hush, get ready, I hear a deer feeding; he will smell us and run," I crouched as low as possible and held my breath. I had hardly stooped before with a crash and a snort the deer had left the clump of bushes at the foot of the embankment and dashed up the brook as if a thousand devils were chasing. I brought my rifle up and fired almost in the same motion. I must say I was surprised to see him plunge out into the brook and lie perfectly still. In my excitement I shouted, "He's down, he's down," and started for the foot of the bank, landing there in a heap, having rolled most of the way. Looking up, I saw the guide, who was filling the air with shouts of laughter, and more slowly following my hurried descent. The deer was stone dead, with a bullet through the neck, and it proved to be a spike buck.

We pushed through to Upper Musquash that night, having to walk all the way from Wadleigh, finding the upper water of Wadleigh frozen tight, and camped in the office of an abandoned lumber camp. The next day, in the swamp back of camp, I repeated my good luck of the day before, and had the satisfaction of bringing down, by what I call another chance shot, a large buck with very heavy and finely spreading antlers, which I am proud to show to my friends as it hangs in my home to-day. We went back to the main camp the next day, thinking it a more comfortable place to pass the two or three remaining days of our stay.

Barring the experience in getting home, of being stopped by ice in Pemadumcook, and having to leave everything on the shore under the canoes, and walk through the snow-covered woods forty miles to Schoodic Station, with the attendant discomfort of laying out nights, lack of food and the ever present novelty of doing the tight rope act on a slippery tree over icy brooks, our trip was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and filled with incidents and sights both new and novel to me, and which I have not here the space to mention.

Unable to get away during 1897, this spring I could wait no longer, and June 1 found me again among the familiar surroundings of Katepskanegan lakes and Mount Katahdin. The man who could ask for better fishing than we had would certainly be hard to please. We caught togue or lakers until our arms were tired handling the rods, keeping only enough for our table, the requirement for which, by the way, was rather hard to gauge for the first few days, for there is not the slightest similarity between the appetite of one at home doing his daily office work and that of the same man off in the woods, tramping, fishing, hunting or even loafing, with the surroundings of camp life.

Brook trout were rising nicely to the fly, and we caught all we wanted of from ¼ to 2lbs. We saw game in abundance, and the most exciting incident of the trip was the experience attending the sight of my first moose. We had gone back to a little pond for trout, and as we neared it the guide pointed and said: "There's our moose," and there he was, feeding on the opposite shore of the pond, standing up to his knees in water, and every few minutes bringing up his head and looking squarely in our direction, but all unconscious of our presence. Hastily climbing onto the raft, the only means of conveyance on the pond, and a very convenient sort of craft to throw a fly from, I sat down in front and the guide pushed out directly toward the moose, which was about 150yds. away. Every time he put his head under water the guide would push or paddle as hard as he could, and when he brought his head up and apparently looked right at us we crouched as low as possible. In this way we got within 20ft. of him without his scenting us, but the more alert deer, four in number, caught the scent and decamped before we were half-way across the pond. My position on front of the raft was getting warm, and my only weapon was a pocket camera, which I kept snapping all the way across, expecting every click of the shutter would tell the story of our presence. Down went the head again, and another shove with the pole sent us within 10ft.. He brought up his head, shook the water from his great neck and shoulders, and stood for a second looking us square in the eye, a picture of surprise, but long enough for me to take a final snap. As I was preparing to slide over the edge of the raft should he wish to make closer inspection, he turned and with a snort ran for the woods; and how the mud and water did fly. Under the shelter of the trees he stopped, looked us over for a minute, and then slowly trotted back out of sight.

I must acknowledge to a slight weakness in the knees as I tried to rise, and the guide was simply streaming with perspiration. It was a clever piece of work on his part, and he told me of having done the same thing the year before in a canoe, which, of course, had lessened the difficulty considerably. The photographs were unfortunately spoilt, owing, no doubt, to bad management on the part of the photographer.

We made a short trip to Nahmakanta, Wadleigh and the Musquash ponds, and found lots of trout, and black flies and mosquitoes in swarms; so thick in fact that we stayed but one night, preferring the comfort of a good tight camp to the attraction of better trout fishing.

The whole trip was, like the others, one of thorough enjoyment. It could not have been otherwise in company with my guide, D. W. Hopkins, of Milo, who seems to take in at a glance the requirements of his guest for a good time, is an A1 canoeman, and thoroughly capable in every way. He controls a fine line of camps in a wonderfully fine game country, and I can heartily recommend him and his country to any one in search of either game, fish or rest and recuperation, and a general good time.

Such trips are to me the most delightful mode of enjoyment, and as far as I can learn there seems to be but one verdict from those who from time to time spend a few days or weeks in this way. All seem agreed that it is the greatest antidote for tired minds and bodies, and the greatest boon possible toward a happy and prosperous balance of the year.

Tyro.

Massachusetts.

How I Spent Thanksgiving.

A Story of Wheeling and Quail Shooting.

The morning promised a faultless winter day. The brightest of sunshine, a crisp air full af bracing frost, and without wind. I breathed and felt strong of limb and light of heart.

What a day for flying over the smooth roads on a wheel; what a day for quail. I felt like wheeling, and felt it in my bones that I could make a dozen straight shots on flying quail.

There was a little business to see after at a village eight miles away, and there was good quail ground along the road; so the wheel was brought out, touched up a little here and there, and its beauty and strength and lightness admired for the hundredth time. It has carried me more than a thousand miles, over every sort of road, from the very best to the worst, and never once have I even had to dismount on account of any failure of the wheel to be in perfect order.

Next, the gun case was brought out and strapped to the wheel. Then the gun was taken apart and stock and barrels were shoved into their compartments. Then the old shooting coat was put on. Ah! that old coat. It was a beauty once, but now it is ragged on the shoulders, and its game pockets have been renewed more than once. It is dirty, discolored, greasy and smells of the smoke of camp-fires. It is a tough looking old coat, but the pockets have held grouse, ducks and squirrels in Wisconsin hundreds of quail in Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. Those pockets have more than once been filled with ruffed and sharp-tailed grouse in the Black Hills too, and wild turkeys have been slung over the shoulder in Florida, while the pockets were bulged with two dozen quail, and the guide was dragging a deer to camp. Down in the Indian Territory those pockets have more than once been filled to overflowing with chickens and snipe. A new coat would look lots nicer, but the old one is good enough for me, and there is no shooting coat on earth to-day that I would take in exchange for it.

Now, by the time these preparations are made, the dog has got uneasy. He does not know yet whether he is to be in it or not. I have another dog now, a borrowed one, half-pointer and two-thirds fool. I never could get along with a pointer anyway, and this being one whose owner wanted me to borrow, it goes without saying that he is not a very good one. Old Joe is still with me, but he is older than the coat, and is now too fat and decrepid to go afield, but he cries and begs to go, and sometimes I take him out a little while, but on no trips of any length.

Now the wheel is mounted and for a half-mile of smooth and gently sloping road the dog has to keep in a sharp gallop, or be left. Then comes a hill 200yds. long, and it takes pushing to get up, but the wheel goes over the top of the hill at a good speed, and down the other side faster, ever faster, till it seems to spurn distance, and rolls a long way along the smooth level at the foot of the hill. Then comes half a mile of all downhill to the creek. Then up hill all the way for a mile. Not steep, but uphill all the time. Just a few minutes, seven or eight perhaps, of hard work that gets me in a glow of comfortable warmth, for the morning is sharp; next a mile of level, and a flying coast down a long slope to the next creek; up the slope on its further side, a burst of terrific speed down the steep slope to the next creek, over the bridge and half-way up the opposite hill before any work is needed. Then comes the last stretch of the strip, three miles of smooth, level pike, and I set out to make things hum, and reach the village in a good sweat in spite of the sharp weather, but not a bit tired. Eight miles in forty minutes, and every minute a pleasure.

After a good dinner (we eat dinner at noon out here in "Indianny") with my old and tried friend, Dr. Clark, I started homeward. A mile this side of the village, a few days before, I had seen a nice bunch of quail crossing the road. Here I stopped and "unlimbered," leaning the wheel against the fence (one doesn't need to hide the wheel in this section), and got into the cornfield and went down a weedy ditch. It was a dandy looking place for quail, but no quail were found. We went over the entire field, and it seemed that there could be no quail in it. We hunted several adjoining fields that looked good, and I knew there must be quail somewhere about, for there was a little snow in shaded places, and there were quail tracks there.

At last, after over an hour of persistent hunting, the dog pointed at a thick clump of wild rose bushes, and I could hear quail "chittering" in there. If I went close enough to flush them, no shot could be had, for the bushes were too high and thick, so I got a club and threw it in, and out burst about a dozen of big, plump fellows. My! How they did roar. One was bagged, and I marked the most of them along the weedy ditch in the first field we had hunted. We went there and hunted that ditch and the adjoining ground clear to the other side of the field and did not raise a feather. At last the dog flushed a rabbit and went ki-yiing after it, running right through a bunch of quail, which flew toward where we had found the first bevy. I went after them, and when nearly to the edge of the field all at once the air was full of quail. I tried to make a double, but was so rattled I don't know whether the first one was killed or not, but the second came down all right. By the time the gun was loaded the dog was on hand and flushed another one, which tumbled in fine style. After getting the dead, the dog ran into some weeds 40yds. ahead and flushed one, which I took a long shot at, and hit so hard it flew but a few yards, coming down in very thick, high grass. As I started to get it another rose and was shot, and at the crack of the gun another, which was also killed. An instant later another one flew and got safely away. After hunting a while for the wounded one in the grass, and not finding it, we went for the bunch the dog had flushed while chasing the rabbit.

The cover was very dense, tall weeds, bushes and small trees. We thrashed round in it for some time without results, till at last one bird flew out of a tree, and I considered it a very lucky shot that killed it, for there is no harder shot than at a quail as it flies from a tree. I got out of the thick cover and walked along the edge in the weedy stubble, when up went one, which was killed, and almost immediately up came another, and I had good luck with too. The dog came out and hunted in the stubble, flushing one, which got away. A moment later he pointed, and this bird fell with a broken wing and ran into a big pile of logs and brush, so we did not get it. Then he went into the thick cover and pointed, and I killed it.

We hunted for more, but failed to find another one. Then I concluded to sit down and count shots and birds. Nine quail bagged, and two more hit, at twelve shots. Now don't understand that this is told as an average performance, for just a few days before I had shot at ten quail and bagged five, shooting both barrels at some of them. This just happened to be one of my shooting days. I felt in perfect health and took the very keenest interest in the sport. Not a shot was fired that I did not do my utmost to make a clean kill. The day was so bright that the birds fairly glistened when in the air, and there was no wind. I have shot at more than 10,000 quail. Why shouldn't a man shoot fairly well with so much practice?

As it was now getting well along in the afternoon, I went back to the wheel and made it hum for three miles more of the way toward home. I don't know why, but I do know it is true that when any legs are weary with walking it rests them more quickly and better to ride a wheel for a few miles than it does to sit down and keep still.

I stopped at a little creek whose banks were fringed with weeds and willow bushes; a stubble on one side and a big cornfield on the other. One of the neighbor boys told me he had seen a "famous lot of quail" there a few evenings before. The boys are mighty good to me in that way; I don't have to ask them; they stop me on the road or in the post-office to tell about it. I went along the fringe of weeds and high bushes at one edge of the cornfield, and the dog ran ahead and went into the weeds. Presently I heard the roar of flushing quail and saw a lot of them flying straight toward me. They passed over my head less than 15ft. high. I turned and sent two loads after them after they had passed, but noted that every one of them went on and came down in the strip of weeds and bushes. Now I wished for a partner; for the strip of cover was narrow, and they would take to the open on the opposite side from me. The dog floundered through the thick weeds and tangled brush and the quail went out on the other side, most of them getting up together, flying clear to the end of the cover, and several of them swung to the left and dropped into the stubble field. A few steps further and two came out of the cover on my side of it. I tried to make a double and scored one. Then we went after the ones down in the stubble. I came near stepping on a couple, and again tried for a double, winging both of them. I found one, and after a good deal of hunting the dog found the other one, some distance from where it fell. After a lot more tramping another bird was flushed and killed. Then the dog flushed one without having smelled it at all. The first shot made it flinch, and the second set it to corkscrewing across the field with the dog in hot chase after it, in spite of all the commands to stop. Two hundred yards away it fell in the weeds, but before the dog got it rose again and went 50yds. before the dog caught it. He just gave it two snaps and bolted it, feathers and all. This was a little too much to bear with, but if the dog was punished he would light out for the nearest house and get under it, if he could. I felt much like making a double on the dog, but possessed myself in outward quietness, though raging within.

One bird had been marked down at the further end of the cornfield. I went after it, and the dog got out of sight in the corn, About where the single bird was supposed to be a whole covey got up, just as another covey, flushed by the dog, came dropping into the corn 75yds. to the left and in front of me. This was too much for the old man. Both barrels were fired, and not a feather touched. The dog came up and was put after two that had dropped into the corn a little apart from the others. He pointed them singly, in good style. One was killed and the other, badly hit, reached the woods. The main body of this flock rose wild when we went after them, and went into the woods. I tried for a double, and as usual got one. The other covey had dropped in the edge of the corn along a low hedge. They rose wild from the dog and scattered among some brush heaps. Here was a chance for sport. Two coveys scattered just enough for nice work, and located to a rod; but there were only two cartridges left, and I thought surely two birds would be found as I went back to the wheel, so I turned back and left all this fine layout of marked birds, promising to see them some other day. All told, there were now fifteen quail in the old shooting coat, one in the log and brush heap, and one in the dog.

It was stiff work getting up the hill from the creek, and then two and a half miles all down hill to the post-office, and in ten minutes I was asking the postmaster for the mail. Then another one and a half miles and home. I did not know the old coat was so heavy till I took it off.

Altogether it was as good a day as any man ought to have. With the exception of the temper-trying dog it was perfect. This is written in the hope that some poor fellow who can't go shooting may find satisfaction in reading about it, and I wish that fifteen people who haven't tasted quail for five years could have had those fifteen quail.

I almost forgot to say that as the next day was just as fine, and Jim Clements wanted to go, we went in the afternoon and bagged seventeen.

Rabbit hunting seemed the popular thing on Thanksgiving Day. One party of two got seventeen, another party of two got fifteen, and a merry crowd of five bagged thirty-five.

O. H. Hampton.

Natural History.

The Record of the Snow.

Until the snow comes the book of nature lacks an index. You may walk for days in succession through familiar fields and woods without suspecting the existence all about you of scores of timid wild creatures, whose habit is to sleep by day, or who retreat noiselessly at your approach to places of cunning concealment. It is marvelous at what a distance the slight vibration of the ground under the human foot can be detected by the delicate, fear-quickened senses of the little inhabitants of the woods and fields. I sometimes fancy that they can hear me coming almost as far away as a boy can hear a train of cars when he kneels down and lays his ear to the rails. If, therefore, you live in a thickly settled part of the country, where the wild creatures are few in number and constantly harassed and terrified, you will be apt to think—until the snow comes—that your neighborhood is entirely deserted by the wilder small birds and animals. You never see them when you take your rambles, nor is there any evidence to the unaccustomed eye that they have been there before you.

As a matter of fact, however, these suburban and much traversed sections of country are still peopled, as a rule, by a goodly number of their former small inhabitants. As a proof of this fact, take a walk two or three days after the first considerable snowfall of the winter. You will be astonished to find that this apparently soundless and motionless wilderness, this little desert of scrub oaks and pines, is fairly populous with small and active folk, who have plainly recorded their goings and comings on the soft, white surface of the snow. Your supposedly blank book proves to be a volume of most varied and interesting contents, of which a comprehensive index lies before you. In all directions you behold the telltale, wandering pathways of birds, squirrels, foxes, skunks, and mice. In certain spots it would almost seem as if there had been a carnival, a sort of winter fair or congress of sports, to which all the wood folk of that section had flocked, so numerous and varied and intricately interlaced are the tracks of the birds and four-footed creatures. Such a medley of claws and paws! See, here is the path made by a whole bevy of quail, as they crossed the little clearing, "bunched" and huddled together, so that their entire track is scarcely 6in. wide. The snow is trodden into a kind of fine lacework where they passed. They were probably on the run, as the quail seldom moves about at all save in a perpetual fright and haste after the brooding season is over. It is wonderful, for instance, how fast they will run before a trailing dog, keeping him on a constant crouching, gliding trot for fifteen or twenty minutes, before he finally overtakes them along the hot scent and "points" them or puts them to flight. These birds were not pursued, but they were running, as may be seen from the occasional scrape of an extended and balancing wing, and the length of the stride, where one of the bevy has for a moment strayed a little out of the file. I suppose no sportsman would think it worth while to go gunning in these well-scoured woods, so near the factories and the back yards of the little houses where the operatives live; yet it would be no small sport to locate that bevy of birds with a good dog, scatter them in these fairly open scrub oak patches, and try a few stirring shots upon the wing, as the singles and doubles whirred away through the winter sunshine.

A fox has been across the bit of clearing too—possibly in pursuit of the quail, as his delicate, clear-cut track parallels theirs. Think of a fox prowling about within a bowshot of the outermost factory of a city of 100,000 inhabitants! not coming there by venturesome chance, but dwelling in the vicinity the year round, safely and snugly housed beneath some splintered ledge of rocks. He has this distinct reward of his temerity, that there are, as it were, two strings to his gastronomical bow—the wild creatures of his natural domain, and the henyards and chicken coops of the millhands, under the very shadow of the encroaching brushwood. One good, fat hen will go as far as six quail or forty mice, be it remembered, and one such catch means two or three days of plenty and ease for reynard in his burrow under the rocks.

You may know a fox trail in the snow by its linear exactness. Every footprint is directly in front of the preceding, as if reynard walked simply on two legs, set in the middle of his body, behind and before. How he manages to keep four feet so perpetually in line is a mystery. It must be with the same cunning, conscious intent as the Indian, who also makes as narrow and linear and inconspicuous trail as possible through the winter woods, and if he has occasion to come back that way, returns in his own footsteps, and so simply reverses the record.

In strong contrast with the cramped and timorous track of the quail is the bold, free, snow-scattering stride of a solitary old ruffed grouse cock, who, confident in his years of survival, has been abroad this very morning, and has but recently crossed the clearing, at right angles to the quail, as the freshness of his track shows He does not proceed long in a straight line, but zigzags from bush to bush, and tuft to tuft, either for variety and amusement, or in search of food. He moves with freedom and boldness, but travels slowly and with many leisurely pauses. If we should follow his devious trail for fifty rods or so no doubt we should hear him burst into thunderous flight far ahead and out of sight, for he is too old and experienced a bird to be caught within gun range of a man, whether the man come stealing on like a hunter or not. Once let a ruffed grouse attain to years of discretion—say two or three of them—and I will trust him, particularly if he be a male bird, to outwit the sportsman in any locality. So far as guns and dogs are concerned, he will survive to a rpie old age; but I am not so sure of his ability to contend against the meager nourishment afforded by much-trodden, cleared, and stripped suburban woods, where scarcely a berry or any wild fruit ripens, that is not already marked and appropriated in advance by some factory boy or girl.

Everywhere among these scrub oaks and pines the white carpet of the woods is intricately patterned and traced by the tracks of the long-tailed wood mouse and the hardy, cold-defying red squirrel. Here and there you will see a little brown-mouthed burrow in the snow, where some squirrel has mined for a pine cone, dragged it up, and devoured the edible part on the spot, scattering the coffee-colored chips about him as he eats. Chipmunks, apparently, do not venture forth in the winter, unless some unusually warm and spring-like day rouses them from their nap and calls them forth for a bit of lunch to tide them over until April, but the red squirrel is abroad at all seasons and in all weathers. I have seen him breakfasting in the hemlocks when the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, and often in a driving snowstorm his welcoming, cheery chatter would startle me as I plunged through some evergreen clump, head down against the storm, on my homeward way.

For a greater part of the winter the short-legged skunk continues his diligent, predatory wading through the snow. You will find plenty of his dot-like tracks in these suburban woods. He is a mighty hunter, and a mightily persevering one, despite his dumpy, Dutch build and abbreviated legs. In the snow his trail looks like a succession of black-spotted dice cubes, laid side by side, so short and positive and ploddingly repetitious are his steps. It seems ridiculous that such a creature can toil through the woods, and seize such swift prey as partridges and rabbits. Yet he does it, by virtue of his marvelously keen senses, the silence and stealthiness of his approach, and the lightning-like quickness with which he makes his final spring. The skunk is the snake among mammals, silent, slow-gliding, quick as lightning in the fateful stroke, and inexorable and relentless both in pursuit and capture.

We are fortunate if we find any report of the rabbit or hare in this snow record. Between the hunters and the foxes and the boys with their snares and traps, there is little chance for these delicate and savory creatures to survive. Perhaps, however, we may find where the last hare in the woods has leaped timorously across the moonlight on his broad, furred snowshoes. What a conspicuous trail he leaves—each padded hindfoot half as broad as a man's hand. But how he can skim over the surface of the snow, while other smaller-footed creatures sink and flounder in it! If he escapes his many winter enemies, he may thank his snowshoes and his protective gift of speed. Some day, however, when he is dozing in his form, under the genial warmth of the midday sun, a prowling skunk, driven forth in the daylight by hunger, will creep up and get him by the tender throat. And then, alas! there will no longer be a last hare in the woods.

James Buckham.

Kissimmee Aligators.

John Hancock and son have returned from a hunting trip of several months. They went through to Fort Myers, and killed 599 'gators on their way down and more than 200 coming back. They report alligators about as plentiful, apparently, as in former years in the Kissimmee Valley.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Animal Intelligence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a pleasure to read and reply to fair and intelligent criticism such as characterizes the letter of Coahoma in your issue of Oct. 29. He more nearly confines himself to the exact issue under discussion than any of your correspondents.

Some show a desire to run off from the question of the origin of instincts, and to take up and discuss the question whether or not animals possess reason. I never raised any such issue, and I have not myself any disposition to try and draw any line between instinct and reason. Neither fact nor argument, upon either side of that question, cuts the least figure in that which I have been discussing. Let me state it once more: Is chance the centrifugal force of nature? Has all her variety resulted from chance variations of a few original types. The question arose over a statement that shy trout and wild ducks were the progeny of parents who had been snagged or crippled, but survived. This raised the broader question above stated. My position was that some intelligence—not chance—presided over all development, including the acquisition of instincts. To illustrate by the development of the venom fang in certain serpents. A non-venomous snake once began to secrete a venomous saliva which proved useful to him. He did not begin by accidentally secreting sugar, salt, oil, rosewater, alcohol and a thousand miscellaneous drugs and chemicals, until, by a happy chance, he hit upon a venom exactly adapted and proportioned to his wants. But, by some intelligence, the right thing was produced at the right spot and in the right amount. I called that a blue print method of development, not a chance method. And now comes Coahoma, and without taking direct issue with either my argument or the facts adduced, and frankly accepting the issue, he confronts me with an example, a dilemma and a hypothesis. Let us first consider the example:

The acorn, with a long cup, which floats in the water and survives overflows, is merely one case of a selected breeding of a desirable type. In my first article I wrote: "I am not denying the value of cross-breeding and selection in producing the highest possible development of all natural instincts, abilities or powers, or any natural variations of any physicial form. For instance, by selection we may breed a variety of dogs with very short tails. But we will never accomplish it by amputating the tails." So, by selection, we may breed longer or shorter cups on acorns. But that fact cuts no figure in the question whether the first cup on the first acorn was a sort of wart or accidental excrescence, or whether it was, from the very first, a useful organ, evidencing intelligent design in its structure, function and location. That is the question we are discussing.

I do not see any warts or accidental excrescences in nature anywhere. If her whole centrifugal force were merely a disposition to break out into warts, we could surely always find a few in evidence, not yet accidentally converted into useful organs, such as cups on acorns, or perhaps heads and limbs on animals. So the example of the over-cup acorn seems to me to cut no figure.

Next, let me encounter the dilemma. It is in the form of a conclusion to which Coahoma states that my argument must lead me—to wit, that "a supreme ruler of the universe manages all minute details in the development of organized life by his own intelligent direction on this globe of ours, and planetary system of our sun, as well as those of a hundred millions of other suns." To this I would reply, first, that no more here than in geometry can I deny the force of sound argument wherever the conclusion may point. But in this case the dilemma presented seems to me entirely imaginary. I can recognize "blue print methods" in nature's development, and draw no further conclusion than that some intelligence is present. Many other theories of the mystery of life and existence are possible beside the one which Coahoma indicates.

I recognize the existence of intelligence, as I do that of matter; without being able to say whence either came, or whither it goes, or what it all means, or to tell anything more about either than simply that I see satisfactory evidence of its existence. So the dilemma becomes but a phantasm. As in matters mathematical, we need to go as far as demonstration will carry us, but there is no need to go further.

Next, let us wrestle with the Hypothesis. It deserves the big H, for, as Coahoma frankly permits to appear, it is the sole refuge of those philosophers who maintain that chance alone has presided over the development of nature. It is supposed to be iron-clad, and impenetrable by logic of any weight or caliber. Let me present it carefully and fairly.

I argued that it is as impossible to conceive of chance producing the world which we see about us as to conceive of a newspaper being produced by a chance mixture of type, picked up, for instance, at random by a blind man, and set up in forms. For the coincidences and adjustments, in any single natural object, seem to me as infinitely numerous and as delicate as the coincidences and adjustments of type in many printed pages. But now comes the Hypothesis. Let the blind man have eternity to work in and he will produce the newspaper! Let chance have eternity and it will produce the world! I quote Coahoma's own language, to wit: "Mr. Alexander's necessity for his blue-print theory arises from his failure to avail himself of that unlimited credit in the commodity of time which all philosophers are permitted to draw upon in the great bank of eternity. In other words—granted time enough as a fulcrum and Mr. Darwin's lever is fully capable of lifting the protozoan into man." As I read Coahoma's paper, he is not himself, I think, satisfied with this hypothesis, logical as it may seem, but he projects it at me rather to see what I would say about it.

I might raise the question whether or not the blind man and chance would not each still be less than halfway through his task, but there is a more effective argument already set forth in my former letters. The argument for chance is based upon one indispensable premise. This is that characteristics acquired during the life experiences of an individual must be transmitted to its subsequent progeny. The advocates of the chance theory must all support this proposition, and it has been thoughtlessly accepted by the majority of readers for a generation back. It was that which led to my first letter.

The most delightful and lovable people, like Mr. Mather, were accepting that barren, narrow, illogical theory that three crippled grandparents can pull nature's great centripetal force, heredity, from its grooves, and impress new directions upon it. Not only were they losing all appreciation of nature's beauty and mystery, but they were believing a theory as directly contradicted by every-day facts as are the popular beliefs about the influence of the moon on the weather and the crops. For the premise that acquired characteristics are inherited cannot be proven. The most careful and accurate tests certainly show that heredity (as I expressed it in my last letter) is very, very hard, if not absolutely impossible, on trigger to ordinary life experiences. But for it to be even simply not easy on trigger is to destroy the premise for the great iron-clad Hypothesis. It has no leg to stand on if accidental impressions upon individuals usually fail to impress their subsequent progeny. This fact is put beyond doubt by the monumental tests afforded by numerous national and religious mutilations, such as compression of the feet by the Chinese, of the skull by certain Indians, and others referred to in my last letter.

Here I might leave the matter, but one other popular argument of the chance theorists remains which no correspondent has yet advanced, but which some one probably soon will. As I would like to make this my final remonstrance with them, I will state it.

One objection to chance as the centrifugal force of nature, which I noted in my first letter, was based upon her "endless gallery of exquisite sculpture and painting." Indeed to any observant mind the art in nature's infinite beauty of form and color calls as loudly for intelligence as having some part in its production, as the intricacy and delicacy of her wonderful machinery does. The hypothesis of chance, with eternity to work in, was supposed to be a sufficient substitute for intelligence, so far as ingenious mechanisms and working devices were concerned; but there was still apparent an absolute necessity for some intelligence, to which could be ascribed the aesthetic beauties of color and form. And a more narrow, shallow and inadequate theory, if possible, than that of the three crippled grandparents was invented. It amounts to a supposition that all animals have been endowed with a natural artistic sense and appreciation of the beautiful in form and color, and have been controlled entirely by their sense of beauty in the selection of their mates. They have thus bred out of existence all ugly and inartistic forms. A single short and sufficient reply will at once occur to any one who has noted the selection of mates among animals. The one prominent fact is that the sense of sight plainly cuts no figure in it whatever. Any animal might be painted, mutilated or disguised by artificial malformations, but it would not make the slightest difference in its being selected as a mate when instinct teaches that the time for mating has arrived. This theory, like the great hypothesis, is erected upon a false premise. Even with its premise it would never pretend to account for more than outside and visible beauties, while those hidden from ordinary view are infinitely more numerous, and no less perfect and delicate, or less persistent through hundreds of generations.

Indeed, no observer of nature can fail to be impressed with the idea that nature's beauty is for beauty's sake, as an artist might paint to please his own eye, where no other eye could ever see his work. But I am not writing a book. I am only making my last, but still my indignant protest, against the shallow theory that behind nature's wonderful exhibit there is nothing more than accidental grandparents, that chance is the centrifugal force of nature, and is the sole source and origin of all her varied and persistent instincts, and that her exquisite sculptures and gorgeous and delicate paintings are but selections made by animal taste out of miscellaneous and accidental excrescences and splotches of color. Instead let me commend to your readers the conception that intelligent methods have always characterized the revolution of nature's infinite variety. That the development of every species has been as plainly guided by intellect as the development of a locomotive engine, and that not only the earmarks of the method, but the quality and skill of the intellect employed, stand out even more conspicuously upon the animals than upon the machines.

That nature's centripetal force, her streams of heredity, when one started or turned by her into any particular channel, are not left subject to be diverted by the fortunes of any grandparents. On the contrary, there are a thousand daily evidences that she has not only barred all interference by ordinary accidents, but has so hedged in the stream of heredity from all approach that man, with all his science, has not yet learned its secret. He cannot yet even breed male and female at will. The strongest passions of nature, and those of universal possession and lifelong activity, do not acquire any increase of strength in a thousand generations. The subtlest instincts, not called into play once in many lifetimes, persist just as strongly and just as long. And does it not also seem logical and right that this should be so if there ever were any original intelligence anywhere? To open heredity to accident would be for intelligence to deliberately resign the reins to chance, and to commit the fortunes of creation to chaos itself.

But, however this may be, there is one further fact which is beyond all controversy, and which seems to me of great significance. While heredity is securely barred against interference by ordinary chance or accident, we see it wide open to interference by that mysterious something which I have called nature's centrifugal force. We see constantly new instincts speedily developed by whole species, and we see evidence that new powers, new organs, new limbs, or new senses even, may also be added, and adopted by heredity and transmitted to progeny. This force then is perpetually on guard, and has intimate acquaintance with every daily need of all animal organisms. The only force in sight with which we may possibly identify this is that which maintains the physical life of every animal organization, making its heart beat and every organ of the body perform its functions, but which is entirely separate from the conscious life of the individual. For this force I suggested the name sub-ego, as short and convenient. As a counter hypothesis to Coahoma's that chance and eternity have made man out of a protozoan, I suggest that intelligence existed somewhere before man's coming, and cut some figure in the process. Man did not originate intelligence, but intelligence with its blue-print methods originated him, and endowed him with a portion of itself. But he does not hold the sole monopoly of it even on this planetary system. And finally, let me close with a last hypothesis for your correspondents who wish to maintain the identity of animal instinct with reason. May not the only difference between them be this: that reason is the product of the intelligence in the ego and that instinct is the product of the intelligence operating in the sub-ego?

E. P. ALEXANDER.

Bull Bat and Robin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would not weary the ears of your readers by further pursuing the little bull bat controversy that unexpectedly arose between friend Didymus and myself, but for the fact that my kindhearted friend has brought up the robin question, upon which I think some profitable remarks may be made, if not practical, at least in a philosophical mode of treatment. Also, I have a grudge against Didymus for calling in question my piety, a charge so grave that it is hardly to be condoned by the complimentary expressions with which he seeks to make amends, albeit my stern integrity had a hard battle with my softer side in the effort not to forgive him.

Didymus quotes Fred Mather in a triumphant manner; and yet that gentleman (who is high authority on fish, I believe) says not a word about mosquitoes in connection with "bull bats, whippoorwills and bats." In any case the bats constitute the only significant factor in the combination, the other two being relatively too few to count much as insect destroyers; and he fails to mention the vast army of swallows and the various species of the martin family, which outnumber those noted by him probably a thousand fold.

I have not traveled as widely as Didymus, but I live right here very near the national capital of the mosquito nation, and I know all about them. Among other things I know that a bull bat would work himself to death trying to make a living on empty mosquitoes, even if he got among them, which ordinarily he does not. The facts which the observations of Didymus disclose refute his arguments, as showing that the "bull bats, whippoorwills and bats" utterly fail to keep down the myriads of mosquitoes, which do indeed make life a burden to some of us.

Didymus says the bull bat is a "fluffy little bundle of feathers and wings, with a body so small that it would take at least two dozen to fill a hungry man." Well, that depends upon the man. It is related of Governor McNutt, a former chief magistrate of Mississippi, that he regarded the turkey as "a very inconvenient bird, too much for one and not enough for two." I will wager a mosquito bar against a mosquito bite that Didymus never ate a bull bat, nor so much as ever saw one divested of its feathers. The bird, when dressed and served, is about the size of a snipe (long bill), perhaps a little larger, and resembles him in several other respects. By the way, the snipe is equally as "innocent" as the bull bat, and not quite so hard to shoot. The partridge (quail) is also equally innocent, and not so good to eat. In short, I do not know any "game bird" that can be charged with misdoings that call for capital punishment at the hands of the sportsman.

There are but two requisites, in so far as I apprehend the subject, that constitute eligibility for the enviable position of "game bird"—the one, that he shall afford sport in the shooting; the other, that he shall furnish a toothsome dish for the table. All other modes of classification are merely provincialisms.

And that brings me to the robin, the pretext for this argument, which, like a woman's letter, saves the prime subject for the *post scriptum*.

The robin claims exemption from the game bird category on the plea that he is more valuable for other purposes.

Here is another example of that ancient cause of controversy, looking at opposite sides of the shield.

In the States north of the cotton belt the robin is a summer resident, and during the breeding season is widely distributed in pairs about the orchards, gardens, parks and farmyards. He makes himself familiar to the inhabitants, their wives and children, and assumes the rôle of a semi-domestic bird. He is moreover a pretty songster, and lends a cheerful aspect to his surroundings. It is easy to understand that he has acquired a firm hold upon the affections of the people who live in the States that are his summer home.

But in the lower cotton States his hasty "twee-twee" as he scuds before the north wind, high up beneath the leaden clouds, in a widely scattered column of invasion, about the 1st of November, proclaims the advent of wintry storms. Here he does not cultivate the social side of his environment, but keeps himself aloof from the people of the land and resorts to the deep woods, where many berries grow, where he addresses himself solely to the business of getting fat; and though he does not commend himself as a game bird to any but the small boy and Sambo, because he is too easy a target for the sportsman, yet as a gastronomic subject he is "out of sight." In my younger days I have shot robins and broiled them in the woods when they were so covered with fat that the drippings put out the coals in which they were broiled.

Now, in the entire absence of any such social and domestic relations as subsist between Cock Robin and his Northern summer neighbors, the people of the Southern States can hardly be just objects of censure for picking up such a delicious morsel as a fat robin, from a simple culinary range of contemplation, even as they avail themselves of the luscious oyster and highly esteemed terrapin.

The attitude of the robin, as between North and South has its counterpart to some degree in that of the bee

martin, or king bird, as between the South and further south. The bee martin is a summer resident of the cotton States, where he is widely diffused over the country in pairs during the breeding season. He does not commend himself in any special manner to his human neighbors, but nobody ever thinks of molesting him, though he does sometimes levy contributions upon the bee hives.

In the fall he migrates to the southern coasts of Louisiana, where, like the robin, he congregates in large flocks, and betakes himself to the berries and the business of getting fat. They change their name as well as their habits and general character when in winter quarters, being called by the creoles *grassei*. They are esteemed a great delicacy by the Louisianians, and it is said that they become so fat as to burst when striking the ground after being shot, even as do the "pepper bot" (whistling plover).

The moral intended to be conveyed by this rambling dissertation is that there are two sides to most all questions.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

An Uncommon Fox.

DUNBARTON, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Occasionally in this part of New Hampshire a black fox is reported as being seen. Sometimes it is a silver-gray, invariably whoever sees it (unless it be some experienced fox hunter) is very positive of its being a pure black fox.

About the 1st of November I was out one morning after a fox, when I met two men, who were strangers to me, driving along the road. They asked if I was after a fox and whether I had ever seen a silver-gray fox. I said I never had seen nor heard of a genuine one being killed in this section. One of the men said: "We just saw a silver-gray fox about a mile from here." The fox had crossed the road within 50yds. of them, and they had a good chance to look it over. I questioned them pretty closely and made up my mind that what they had seen was a fox which is partly gray and black. Once in a great while such a fox is killed about here. A number of years ago I shot one and saw another.

I made up my mind to try and get that fox, and I have been several times to the vicinity where it was said to have been seen. I shot two foxes there and saw another; but they were our common red foxes. On the morning of Nov. 26 I went out in the same country, and my dog soon had a fox started, and had been driving him in some small spruces and pines for about fifteen minutes, when I saw the fox crossing a small open place 50yds. away. I saw at once that it was not a red one, and I killed it instantly at the first shot. When I went to it I found I had killed the handsomest fox I ever shot. It was an old dog fox, and weighed 12lbs. The whole of the under side of head, neck, breast and belly, and the back parts of hips was black. The legs jet black all the way up to body, brush very black, with a large white tag at end; the sides, back and upper part of head were gray. A small patch of red was on each side of neck. The only white was a small spot between the hind legs and the tip of brush. Now this fox is not a black one, nor is it a silver-gray, yet I am pretty confident it is the one which has been seen and reported as being jet black. I do not know just what it would be called, unless a sort of mongrel. I know it had a very handsome pelt, and I was glad to get it.

C. M. STARK.

The Linnean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 13 and 27, at 8 o'clock.

Dec. 13.—By members, "The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of Lucy's, Virginia's, Nashville, Calaveras, orange-crowned, lutescent and Tennessee warblers.

Ernest Seton Thompson.—Observations on Texas Wild Cattle.

Dec. 27.—J. D. Figgins, "Notes on Birds Observed in Greenland with the Peary Expeditions of 1896 and 1897." Illustrated by specimens.

By Members.—"The Warblers of North America." Exhibition of specimens, with discussion of distribution, habits, etc., of Parula, Usnea, Sennett's, Cape May and olive warblers.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A Wolf Track Reported in Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My brother, Dr. Walter Chrystie, who has just returned from the Maine woods, reports that last week he saw a track in the snow which his guide, Jim Grey, of Greeneville, Me., said was made by a wolf. As they were in the wilderness about six miles southeast of Loon Lake there can hardly be any mistake as to the track being made by a wolf, as it is extremely unlikely any dog was in that neighborhood.

PERCIVAL CHRYSTIE.

Hudson River Wolves.

"Cortlandt Town, Dec'r 3, 1789.—Then Received of Pierre Van Cortlandt by the hands of Javis Dusenbury, Twenty-four Shillings, in full for the killing of four Wolfs, that were killed within twenty miles of Capt'n Boyd's in Philip's town as appears from the several certificates showed at the time, I say rec'd by me.

Samuel Taylor, his mark by order.

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Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "Brief's" Pictures.

THE illustrations in the current edition of Game Laws in Brief, Mr. Charles Hallock says, well represent America's wilderness sports. The Brief gives all the laws of the United States and Canada for the practical guidance of anglers and shooters. As an authority, it has a long record of unassailed and unassailable accuracy. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. sends it postpaid for 25 cents, or your dealer will supply you.

Lies that Never Were Told.

LET me hasten to explain that they were never told because there was no occasion to tell them. It was a false alarm. The amateur Ananias has thought it all out, attended to every detail, made it so it would hold water, complete and perfect, and well learned. In this it differs somewhat from those mysterious "songs that never were sung," which we hear about being way down in the bottom of the singer's soul—vague, sweet, half-formed, inexpressible thoughts, corked up like a bee in a bottle.

All fishing and hunting is conducive to lying. The hero who conquers the temptation is painfully exact, and spends his life combating a natural desire to exaggerate. But no one should be too severe with the sportsman who twangs the long-bow now and then. In his poor, weak way he is trying to convey an idea of his sensations when he tells of fighting the fish that broke away, or fixes the distance at which he killed the deer. An abler man could have enthused his hearers by dilating on the exact truth. Thus women, who can express their discontent in good words, are often hard on their erring brother, who finds his only outlet in profanity.

But as to cases in point, to bear out our text. There are three incidents in my mind, one of which is a confession, and all are connected with deer chasing in days gone by. As every one knows, when a man drops work and leagues with a gang of men to drive deer, his whole duty to society is to kill the deer if it comes in rifle shot of him. If he fails to do it, he has "shot the albatross," and with no eye to see, he often concocts a tale for the ears that hear the repeater that raises the echoes of the hills. For such unfortunate mortals should noiseless powder be invented.

I.

On one afternoon a short chase was arranged, and I was sitting at the root of a dead sugar, with the waters of a mountain stream rippling at my feet. It was late in the day, and I thought the chase must be over, and I took a book from my pocket and a pencil, and was making a calculation on the fly-leaf of some question of figures that was a live issue then, but forgotten now. My rifle, a Winchester of .32cal., was resting on my knees. My attention was attracted by the click of a deer's feet on the rocks of the river, and about 100yds. above me was a doe coming down stream. The book and pencil were laid aside, and I had the deer covered in an instant. The deer came on with the steady gait of a deer running in water, and it was pointing out to the bank nearly opposite me. I held on a point behind her shoulder, and fired when she was broadside on. I distinctly saw the bullet hole over the heart, and it made a great impression on me.

It seemed to have no effect on the deer, which disappeared in the woods, giving me four more shots as it ran jumping through thick brush in the dusk of evening. Then I was in trouble. If the deer had been hit, I thought, where I saw the bullet hole, it would never have got out of the river. I was the youngest man in the party, and I had a wholesome fear of the consequences. We had been chasing for several days without having got a deer in gunshot. Then, in my distress, I prepared the following statement of facts: As I was sitting open-eyed and alert, a small deer had jumped into the river just 132 steps above me, and turned up stream. Catching a glimpse of the gray in my sights, I had pulled on the deer, and the deer had fallen down. It had immediately gotten up, however, and I had fired four times at it until it had gone out of sight around the bend. Such were the short and simple annals of that fiasco.

In my misery I wandered aimlessly across the stream and into the thick brush where I had last seen the game. There, at the root of a tree, lay the deer, shot through the lungs. Of course, there was a great revulsion of feeling, and Richard was himself again.

II.

On another occasion, a hero of many a stricken field confessed to nervousness on the deer stand, and a desire to avoid consequences by patching up a reasonable excuse. A battle-scarred veteran, the Captain, was placed at a stand on Williams River which is peculiar in the respect that the place at which the deer usually come in is at a certain time in the morning directly between the stander and the sun. On this particular morning a doe came into the stand at this place, and the sun was in exact line and in the hunter's eyes. The Captain fired and missed, and instead of throwing another cartridge in place he cocked his Winchester and snapped when he caught sight. By the time he got a cartridge in the barrel the deer was just entering the woods, and he took a snap shot at it.

He sat there devising some means of explaining why he had not killed the deer, when the cry of old Dan was heard, and down the mountain he came like Nemesis, and there was an accusation in every note to the man who had missed the deer.

The Captain spoke apologetically to old Dan, but the hound paid no attention to him whatever. Dan went into the woods, and in a moment reappeared with the deer before him. The deer was badly wounded, and came staggering down the river, Dan walking behind and not saying a word. When nearly opposite the Captain, he says, Dan stopped and looked at him as much as to say, "Now, you tenderfoot, shoot that deer." The Captain killed it. He had shot it through the body before, and but for the hound it would have died where it had stopped in the woods.

III.

The next instance is one which the famous Senator Kenna, whose statue is in the Capitol at Washington, was fond of recounting. That distinguished gentleman hunted regularly in this section. He was an ardent sportsman, and fond of killing deer, but he laid down his gun to photograph a bounding buck on one occasion, and succeeded in getting a good photograph.

In this case the excuse was actually told to Senator Kenna, but it did not live to be repeated before the deliberative body around the camp-fire, and so not having been produced in that high and honorable pow-wow, it may be classed as an account that just showed itself enough to let people know it was there before it was laid on the shelf.

Senator Kenna had included in his camping party an old gentleman who was extremely anxious to show the younger men how to kill deer. In assigning him a stand he was put near the Senator, on the river above him, just out of sight around the bend. In an hour or so the Senator heard a couple of shots at the stand above him, and saw a deer come round the bend, scramble up the bank and fall dead. He immediately started to the stand, but was surprised to see that the stander did not come to find the deer. Thinking he would give him a pleasant surprise, he went to him and found the old gentleman standing looking very cold.

"Did you shoot?" asked the Senator.

"Why, no, what makes you ask that question?"

"I thought I heard you shoot. What are those shells doing on the ground?"

"They don't belong to my gun."

"Didn't a deer come into this stand a few minutes ago?"

"No, there didn't," and by this time the old gentleman was resenting his cross-examination by swearing a good deal. The hounds then came in.

"What are these hounds doing here?"

"Running sheep, for all I know. Confound it, John, don't you believe me?"

"Why, certainly, only I saw a deer come right from here and had heard some shots, and the deer tumbled over dead. I thought you had killed it."

"What?"

"It's lying right there beyond that pine brush."

"Say, John."

"Well."

"I killed that deer. I was lying a minute ago, John. I just couldn't help it."

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

The Colorado Game Law.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your note asking about the constitutionality of the Colorado game law came duly to hand. I went to the commissioner's office in order to get the best information, but he was absent—in the western part of the State, where it was reported the Ute Indians were invading the State and threatening the game. To-day he sends me the enclosed, which I think covers all the cases that have been in litigation involving the game law. There is no decisive conclusion. The most important case is the El Paso county one, in which Judge Harris decided ex parte that the law is unconstitutional. We understand that Judge Harris is an enemy to game protection, and that his decision was a mere expression of his own feelings.

The only defect in the law is in the fact that more than one subject—viz., game, fish and forestry—are treated under one heading or title. We shall try to have this technical objection removed at the coming session of the Legislative Assembly—beginning the second week in January. The warden has continued prosecuting new cases under the law; has been very vigilant, and has secured numerous convictions under which various offenders have been punished.

WM. N. BYERS.

Commissioner Forestry, Game and Fish, Colorado.—Denver, Nov. 14.—Hon. W. N. Byers: Replying to your inquiry concerning the present status of the game laws of the State, I have to advise you that they are still in statu quo so far as relates to any trial in the courts as to their constitutionality.

About one year ago the present month I filed several informations against the Brown Hotel Company, this city, in the court of Justice Hunt, for printing the names of certain game on their bill of fare, and for having game in possession, and for offering the same for sale. The State secured judgment in this court; and we were again successful in the county court, Judge Steele, on appeal on the merits of the case, the county court declining to consider the points raised as to the constitutionality of the act. At the same time he remarked that there was some question in his mind as to the constitutionality of an act embracing under one head the three subjects of forestry, game and fish. This case is now in the Supreme Court on appeal, and I am in hopes it may be passed upon by that tribunal early in the session of the Twelfth General Assembly, if indeed it is not possible to get a decision before the meeting of that body. My understanding is that the Brown Palace people have until April next in which to file their arguments in the case, but I have requested the Attorney General to file a request with the court that the case be advanced.

About one year ago the present month also I paid a visit to Cripple Creek, and there found grouse offered for sale in the market in violation of law. I seized all I could find so exposed at several markets, and filed informations in the county court at Colorado Springs against the parties. Afterward, and before these cases could come to trial, this court declared the game law unconstitutional in the trial of a case brought by the Humane Society against some persons for shooting pigeons from traps, in a manner authorized by Sec. 15 of the act. It is quite probable that so much of the act as relates to that subject is unconstitutional, and has no place in a game and fish law.

On advice of the district attorney of El Paso county, I went to Colorado Springs and signed new informations, and the cases were dismissed in the county court, and new information filed in the district court. Time passed and I received no notice of the trial of the cases. Finally the district attorney wrote me, urging the dismissal of

the cases, on various grounds, none of which I deemed important. Following a second request of the kind from the district attorney, which met with a prompt refusal from me, and a request to have the cases set for trial at an early date, I was astounded upon reading in the newspaper dispatches the news that Judge Harris, at Colorado Springs, had dismissed these several cases that I had filed, on the ground that the act under which they were brought was unconstitutional. This action was taken without notice to me or any person so far as I know friendly to the law. It was a remarkable proceeding indeed, and one hardly becoming the dignity of a district court. Yours truly,

J. S. SWAN,
Commissioner.

From Adirondack Letters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Earlier in the fall I received a letter from the woods which was equal to a day's hunt with extraordinary luck on it. My hunting nowadays has to be done by gas-lighted hearsay, and the results, though not always real, are no less gratifying, at times, than the actual stumbling over logs at inopportune moments and the real shooting at game. The letter came from a school teacher, a charming person, and another letter, received from my boy friend, supplied certain missing details. The two letters, properly dovetailed, might make a story worth reading. The letters:

"We have been in the woods, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Finch, Will Finch and I, and such a time. The woods were simply beautiful (drag it out, please) and the trees pretty. The ride across Canachagala Lake was especially delightful. There was a sweet little breeze blowing and the waves were just lovely. The leaves hadn't begun to turn yet. They looked old, but not dusty at all. You should have seen us going over the trail, the guides with their packs and us. I had on that blue bicycle skirt, bicycle boots, a gray waist and a little round cap—the 'rig' you liked. They got terribly wet and all wrinkled up, and I never will be able to wear them again till the tailor gets through with them. You know Big Sol, who works for Mrs. Finch? He carried one of the packs and I walked beside him. He told me all about himself and his ambitions. Do you know, those men are human to the core, if only one gets to know them—good, big fellows, and gentle too.

"We got to the river—such a fine walk. We saw some deer marks on the trail, and there was the cutest little mink by the boat you ever saw—roguish eyes it had, but awful lips. We went fishing one day, and oh! yes, I was with Mr. Will when he shot a what you call it?—a dough, or doe, or—anyhow we went on a walk in the woods with the rifle, and we walked and walked and walked, lost our lunch, and for forty-nine hours we tramped, kept right on. Every once in a while he would stop and say, 'See that?' 'What?' 'A log.' A little further: 'Look quick,' and I, 'Now what?' 'A stump.' Then 'P-s-s-s-h!' and I would stop. 'What is it?' 'A rock.' By and by I ceased to be interested in alarms, and after I'd seen bushes and sticks and nothing at all, I wandered a few yards from him. Then I heard him gasp. I looked. He looked cute. He had the wood part of his gun on the ground and his hand over his eyes, like a Buffalo Bill cowboy. 'Come here, quick!' he said. 'I will not,' and I sat down on a log. 'Please; it'll go.' 'What will?' 'Oh, Lord! the deer.' I ambled over. 'Where is it?' 'There; see?' 'That log?' 'No, the—no; can't you see? There, he moves—quick!' 'Looks like a Harlem goat,' I told him. He looked startled, made a face at me and began to shoot. It jumped and ran and it staggered and went out of sight.

"'Now we'll go get the other one,' he said. 'What other one?' I wanted to know. 'Why, there were two, and we'll get this one when we have found the other. Then we began to look. We went around all the trees. We climbed over logs, went through bushes and slipped on rocks. He looked worried. 'I guess—er—we'd better get the other,' and it was easier to say it. We went back and forth, around and up and down. I sat down and let him look. No blood, no nothing. We started for camp, and pretty quick there was the deer, dead, behind a big rock.

"'Hah!" he said, 'here it is.'

"'The poor little thing!' I said. The little dear lay there with awful holes in it, and it was so pretty, it seemed a pity. He didn't say anything for some time. By and by:

"'Well, I'll-er-ah-h-er—it'll have to be prepared.' I said I'd take a walk. By and by I came back. 'Jove! This is awful! Ugh!' 'Wish Joe was here!' I fancied I would walk a little further, and I gathered some lovely little red leaves, and found, oh! such a pretty little flower, all pink and white."

The boy writes of this episode:

"Finch's party got out of the woods t'other day. Got just one deer. Cherry went with them and she saw Finch kill the deer. It was a doe, 'bout like a rabbit. It was standin' sideways back of his camp aways and he and Cherry found it. He began to shoot bang, rip, slam, and Cherry squealed every shot, 'Hit him, hit him!' and jumped up and down. Reg'lar circus some folks is in the woods. She looks mighty slick, wears her bicycle duds."

The teacher's letter continues:

"A big party came up from Bisby one day. About twenty were in it, all young folks. You could hear them a mile. They stopped at the lower stillwater in the club camp. They had lots of fun. I know they did. One day a guide came up from there. He said he had two girls down the trail who wanted to come visiting. Would we just as soon? Certainly; and the two came up. One was a girl; the other wasn't. She was real pretty. He rested his head on one shoulder and held his nice white hands together and smiled. He made me shiver. He was awfully bashful and so stupid he didn't say a word. She was all right. Big, strong and nice looking. How I hate nice, pretty boys!

"We had lots of fun in camp, eating venison and going around. It's lots of fun and everything is so neat."

The boy:

"Say, you just ought to hear the boys tell 'bout the way city folks act in the woods. The guides seen a party down to the club camp and they hollered and run and chased each other and everything, only one fellow was kind of still and didn't say much. Pretty delicate, I guess, but all right when he talked to the guides. He didn't have much to do with the girls."

What follows in the boy's letter seems rather too personal to exactly suit me. One time I went into the woods and did some shooting. I hit a birch tree away up and knocked off a 6in. square bit of bark. It is a landmark up there now.

"Are you going to have a vacation this fall? I suppose if you do get one you will go up to Moose River and bang away at the treetops again. You want to get the repeater's muzzle bent downward to an angle of about 45 or 50 degrees. You will be able to hit something besides the twigs above you then. I saw your mark up at the apple tree runway this fall. When I showed it to the minister he remarked, 'Some one must have been shooting squirrels.' I said, 'Yes, my friend S. did that two years or three years ago, when he tried to shoot a fox, thinking it was a deer.' (A rank no such thing. I showed the track, after it was over, to the boys. They said, 'A big deer, sure.') He said, 'It must have been a pretty tall fox.' I told him the foxes, when they run, generally get a-going and run up some trunk so as to get a good long jump (to a parson, mind you). I added that foxes are quite tricky, and that he must have been running up the tree when you shot.

"We had a great time at the lake (Little Black Creek Lake).

"The Parson wanted to get a live porcupine or kill one without hurting his hide. Well, when we were paddling along at the head of the lake we heard a great crash in the underbrush. Of course, we leveled our guns at a bee line for the noise, and waited results. Then up crawled a 60lb. porcupine and went straight for a spruce tree. I shoved the boat for shore, and he jumped out and took it right after him. Before he got to the tree though, the hog was 100ft. above, looking down at him, with his two front teeth sticking out and her (the porcupine was a she) upper lip drawn back, grinning just like a tickled pup. We didn't have time to bother with her then, so we put a cape on a branch of the tree and went exploring for a better lake. We were told that it wasn't half a mile from South Branch Lake, but we traveled every square foot for a good two miles, and didn't find it. Then we separated and watched an old log road till about 5 o'clock, then we went back to the tree for the porcupine. She was still there with the same grin. We held a pow-wow to decide how to get it without hurting the hide. Finally the minister said he would climb the tree and put a string around her neck and hang her. It was easier said than done. So off with his coat and tightening his belt two or three notches, up he went like a monkey. He was soon up level with her, but on the other side of the trunk. He reached around and tried to put the noose over her head, but she turned square around and began to strike with her tail. The tree soon had quills for a square foot where the porcupine had driven them in. The minister then broke off a branch and began pounding her on the head. She turned and went down the tree for a ways, and he right after her, but he got the best of her and headed her back. She crawled out on a branch and he shook it and down she came with a thud. I rolled a 200lb. log on her head while he came down and put the noose around her neck and choked her about dead. It took both of us to carry her to the boat.

"We rowed for camp. When we got pretty near there I saw the porcupine was breathing. She being at my feet, I took the rope and was going to hang her. She wasn't dead a bit. She jumped and rared. I took a flying leap over to the other end of the boat. I guess the minister was a little scared too, because he took his gun and shot her through her quills on her back, and the bullet passed on and knocked a splinter off the bottom of the boat ½in. wide, and 8 or 9in. long. The water began to pour in pretty fast, and I took the paddle and knocked the porcupine senseless and threw her overboard. I told the minister if he wanted her he could come out and get her after I had got ashore. He said he didn't care anything about it. We got pretty near shore, when the boat sunk in 3ft. of water. That big leak and the numerous others made the boat fill pretty bad when we only had a ¼lb. baking powder can to bail with.

"The kids play football now. I have at present a big nose, seven or eight bumps on various parts of my head, a sprained ankle and wrist, a stone bruise on my foot, and a lame hip, but I guess I can play to-morrow. I study Latin and algebra now. They keep a fellow going in school as well as out."

That is the way of the Adirondack woods boy. He lives a great life, with all the joys of outdoor existence and all the comforts that don't interfere with it.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Michigan's "Hunting Record."

MT. CLEMENS, Mich., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A report in the Detroit Evening News of Dec. 2, from Grand Rapids, says that "The Michigan hunting record for the season just ended is claimed for young Sam Cable, of Sullivan. Since Oct. 1 he has bagged more than 1,000 quail and partridges. He was out every day, and averaged twenty-one birds daily. He does not come of hunting stock either, his father having never fired a gun."

What could he have done with the birds? The law forbids selling them. Don't we need a restriction on the amount of game a person may kill in a season?

J. P. W.

Sapelo Rod and Gun Club.

THE Sapelo Rod and Gun Club, of Mackintosh county, Georgia, have their club house now open for members. This new club has a control for hunting of over 20,000 acres. While there is a water frontage of fifteen miles, at the present time there is a great abundance of quail, doves, etc., and the sea trout make the waters alive. The ducks are arriving, and promise to exceed last season's great abundance.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the report of a conference of representatives of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs, held at the Copley Square Hotel, Nov. 16, in response to a call sent out by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protecvtive Association. The call said: "The object of this conference is to consider what common ground of action may be taken as to legislation affecting the preservation and propagation of fish and game, and of song and insectivorous birds, in this State; what salutary changes, if any, can be proposed and supported by all the interests involved."

President Horace T. Rockwell presided, and in welcoming the delegates said: "The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has no plan as regards new legislation, no pet scheme to advance. The twenty-two years' experience of the Association has shown the need of combined effort on the part of all those having an interest in common with the objects and purposes of the Association, viz., the protection and propagation of food fishes and game. It is desirable to learn the opinions of all as to present conditions and what, if anything, should be done to advance fish and game interests in the State. The work which has been done by the Association shows conclusively that it has not labored for the advancement of selfish ends, but to promote the general good."

Prof. Wm. H. Niles, president of the Appalachian Club, said that he was fully in sympathy with the Association in all its work, and that he could pledge the hearty support of the 1,000 members of the Appalachian Club. "Proper enforcement of the laws will accomplish great good. As an educator," he said, "I am interested in cultivating the sentiment of a love of nature, and against killing for the mere sake of killing." He would ask members of the Appalachian Club to inculcate that sentiment. He closed by saying, "You have my hand and my heart in this work."

Mr. J. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, referred to remarks made by him at the annual dinner of the Association in January, 1898, urging an attempt to secure unity of views as to needed legislation, as an aid in securing better laws for the protection of game, and the prevention of enactments to further the interests of the market-men. An appropriation for enforcing the laws should be made by the State. In his neighborhood a deputy paid by the day last year had accomplished a great deal; this year, having no money, that work had been neglected, and violators of the law are rampant. The ordinary deputy sheriff is of no use for that work. The district attorney might have a deputy for the purpose. Some time the sale of game must be prohibited.

Mr. C. C. Peck, of North Attleboro, submitted a paper embodying his views, as follows:

First.—The appointment of a more active and energetic commission, experts or men capable of becoming skilled in the habits of fish and game, who shall make a study of the laws of other States and of the United States; whose duties shall be mainly supervisory and administrative, and who shall be paid a regular salary, with a certain allowance for traveling expenses.

Second.—The employment of a sufficient number of paid deputies, distributed over the State, lovers of birds and interested in the propagation of fish—as an important factor of food supply for the inhabitants of the commonwealth, men who are able not only to enforce the protective laws, but also to give the commissioners information of value in the performance of their duties.

Third.—An enlargement of the hatcheries of the State, so that they shall have facilities not only for hatching, but for the raising of fish until they are one and two years old. Probably 40,000,000 fry have been placed in the streams of the State during the last thirty years, with what results nobody knows—but the same number of older and larger fish able to care for themselves would have populated the streams of the State long ago and given us again the abundance of fish of earlier days.

Fourth.—Double and triple the work of stocking the great ponds with white perch and other food fish. This law, secured only after much effort, carries an appropriation of only $500. It should be, as its advocates desired, at least $1,000, and its provisions extended under suitable restrictions to the smaller ponds of the State.

Fifth.—Make the appropriation for the support of this department $25,000 annually. It will then fall short of that of other less wealthy States, but will at least, if intelligently expended, give an impetus to our inland fisheries and game which they sadly lack, and which will soon commend them to the cordial support of the people.

"My idea of a game and fish law is to make the time uniform on all fur and feathered game, viz., from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; make the law uniform in this respect and don't allow any one in the field with dog and gun outside those limits. If thought advisable, the counties with seashore boundaries might have an open season on sea fowl to April 15, but personally I would not do it, as spring shooting, when migrating birds are on their way to their breeding grounds, is against the laws of nature.

"As regards fish, the close and open seasons are all right, but the idea of stocking streams except with fish large enough to care for themselves it all wrong, as I have proven by my own personal experience. I don't think the State is any gainer by the sums of money expended in hatcheries, unless they make provision to have the fry kept until they become yearlings and large enough to shift for themselves."

Mr. George H. Palmer, of New Bedford, representing the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League, said he had been the veteran agent against all traps, nets, weirs, pounds, etc., since 1871. In connection with other associations and individuals a great work had been accomplished in preventing the wholesale destruction of the fish of Buzzard's Bay. He said he had had more "leaves to withdraw" than any other petitioner for legislation at the State House. He expressed an interest in birds also, and said the chief difficulty in enforcing the law against snaring and other game laws was the impossibility of securing evidence—men are unwilling to testify for fear of retaliation by violators—injury to property, etc. An attack on the sale of game is the only remedy.

Mr. Palmer said in his section of the State there are many fine trout streams, to which trout from the sea would ascend to cast their spawn, but for the sawmills and dams. He had undertaken to have fishways built, but in some cases the owner or operator of a mill could barely earn a living for himself and family, and in such cases the State should bear part or all the expenses of building fishways. He once met Com. Bracket, and drew a bill to provide for this, but some members of the Legislature got up and protested, and "knocked the bill higher than a kite."

Mr. George H. Mackay, an officer of the Audubon Society, said he had tried to secure the passage of more stringent laws for protection of certain birds, but had found it up-hill work. He pronounced the law allowing the sale of game during the closed season a vicious one. Birds should not be killed during their migration. In his judgment the only way to get anything is to go for it, and go for it hard. What we now have can only be saved by aggressive legislation.

Mr. C. C. Munn, of Springfield, president of the Camp Comfort Club, said that better enforcement of existing laws was greatly needed. The best sportsmen seek the woods and streams less for the purpose of securing game and fish than to get in contact with nature. But the trout and the birds furnished an incentive to take needed recreation. In his section resort to the law against trespass had been found ineffectual in attempting to protect streams which had been stocked by clubs and individuals. In Westfield many streams have been thus stocked without being posted.

Mr. Charles H. Raymond, president of the Rehoboth Farmers' Club, stated that in his section the farmers are in sympathy with the association, and suggested that if all the representatives present would go back and spread the sentiments and feeling of this conference much good would result.

Mr. William B. Phinney, a vice-president of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, and Mr. Thomas L. Burney, a member of the same, reported that their club would heartily co-operate with the Massachusettts Fish and Game Protective Association in any attempt it might make for improvement in the laws or in their better enforcement. The question was asked whether it is legal to search a man in the woods for ferrets.

Dr. Samuel H. Spalding, speaking for the sportsmen and fishermen of Hingham, said those he represented were in favor of increased protection. His town had appropriated $200 or $300 yearly for the enforcement of existing laws. He reported that there had been a marked increase of smelts in his section, due to the work of associations and the towns. Most of the quail, he said, are picked up by Sunday gunners. He reported that snaring and ferreting are carried on in the outskirts of the town, and said there was need of "live wardens" in such districts.

The secretary stated that he had received many letters from clubs not represented in the conference expressing deep interest in the cause of protection and the purpose of the meeting, and urging the enactment of more stringent laws and calling for better enforcement of existing statutes and for more efficient wardens.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Hounds and Still-Hunters.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that Mr. Emerson Carney takes exception to my little article on hounds and still-hunting; and many more will do the same, I expect, for most men like to hurrah their own game.

I have read Mr. Carney's articles with a great deal of pleasure, and I believe him to be a good all-round sportsman. But with all due respect to him, I must say there are a few things he don't know. My article is no more misleading than his. His statement that hounding tends to drive out that which is not killed I beg to differ with. I have hunted over the same ground for several years, and never failed to find plenty of deer. Now, if the hounds run them out of the country, they would not be there. Hounds will not make deer any more than foxes or rabbits leave a certain locality. They come right back when the hounds are thrown off. You will always find plenty of them over the same ground the next day. That I know from experience, and quite a long one, and so does any man who has hunted with hounds—if he knows anything.

I have no objections to Mr. Carney's still-hunting, if he enjoys it. In regard to the fairness of it, it's a matter of record that the still-hunters are slaughtering all the large game, and nine-tenths of it goes to market. I would like to ask Mr. Carney why market-hunters don't use dogs. It is not so certain. Oh, no; they can't kill them fast enough. They prefer to follow the deer until they lie down and kill them when they jump up.

In regard to the men I mentioned, I certainly mean fair still-hunting. There are quite a few experts on the face of the earth, and it has been my luck to be acquainted with a few of them. I am no slouch myself, but I am perfectly willing to take off my hat to them. If Mr. Carney has any doubts and will come this way in the season, I will find the people and the price. There have been over 6,000 deer killed and shipped to market in the State of Wisconsin this season; and it's a very short one of twenty days—all by still-hunting.

As Game Warden Zinn says, "Five years more of such indiscriminate slaughter will practically exterminate them."

I did not write my former article looking for any argument, but my business takes me over Michigan and Wisconsin, and I am not too old to learn. I am looking on and see what is going on every year, and it makes me mad, and if the ways and methods of the majority of still-hunters are all right, I am thankful I am not a still-hunter. It may be a good thing, and it may be the only right way, but I am obliged to doubt it. I have many friends, good sportsmen, who still-hunt deer, and claim to enjoy it. Probably on the same principle that a man enjoys tough steak. If our forefathers were living to-day they would probably be hunting with the hounds if the law would let them. For I believe the old boys were the right sort. Mr. Carney says: "As the game diminishes, we must be lenient with those who take advantage of the game in such manner as the law allows." The law allows them to be slaughtered. Of course we must be lenient, we might hurt some one's feelings. I am very sorry, but I can't take off my hat to Mr. Carney, and I believe he is a good fellow at that.

L. H. HASCALL.

Lake Superior Deer Hunting.

(*Concluded from page 447.*)

I HAVE never found it necessary to hunt on the Sabbath day, and my first Sabbath after the incidents last narrated I spent in camp in company with Hearn. We did the necessary camp work, and spent a part of the day in reading and in writing letters. The other boys, however, hunted. The following is an extract from the notes I made at the time: "Sunday, Oct. 30.—Gilmer got 3 shots—no deer. Winters 5 shots—no deer. Bender 4 shots and killed a small deer. Baur drew a bead on a deer, but concluded it might be White—his companion—and did not shoot. The deer skipped."

Probably not a day passed but several shots were fired at deer, but a great deal of it was snap-shooting. The deer might be standing or lying under some thick branches, and possibly branches weighted with snow, for snow fell at least every twenty-four hours, and as the hunter approached it bounded off behind some convenient cover. A few momentary glimpses and as many quick, sharp reports of a rifle, and the chase was over. It would be of no use to follow that deer if you missed him. He would lead you through the worst cover to be found, and leave you at night exhausted and possibly lost.

On Monday Bender and Winters stayed in camp. Baur and I circled Witch Lake and pulled off to the southeast around some barren hills and small lakes. We sat down to rest on the top of a small steep hill, steep on all sides but the northeast, the direction we were going. After chatting a while, we were brought to our feet very suddenly by the appearance of two deer heads over the crest to the northeast of us. They saw us the instant they poked their heads high enough for us to see them, and whirling around dashed back down the hill. As we sprang to our feet we opened on them. I shot twice and Baur three times, but they were dodging through brush and leaping over logs at lightning speed, and we failed to score a hit. They were about 100yds. from us when they whirled to run, and at about 250yds. were completely hidden in the dense shrubbery that covered the low lands in places.

We went on north by northwest around the lake, seeing many tracks, but no deer until we got into dense green woods, where the ground was covered with ground hemlock, called by hunters shin-tangle. Here the deer had been feeding, and it looked much as if a flock of sheep had been turned loose. I was sitting on a log resting, and Baur was some steps in front of me, when he brought his gun up to his face, saying: "I see one! I see one!" This was followed by the roar of his big .45-90, and that by a craning of neck and peering through the smoke; but Baur had made no new record. He had missed as usual.

No deer were killed on Tuesday or Wednesday. On Thursday, White, Gilmer, Hearn and I went up the railroad nearly two miles, separated by about 200yds., and started east, hunting in line toward the Michigamme River, which runs parallel with the railroad about two miles distant. We had gone about a mile, and I was on the right flank and was sitting on an uprooted sapling on the brow of a hill that went off steep to the eastward, when a dog came running from in front of the other boys, and going south at a lively clip. I jumped up and tried to get a bead on her, but I was some 50ft. above her and probably 100yds. distant, with many trees intervening, and could see her only when she passed through open spaces. I kept on trying to catch her in one of these holes between treetops, until she had passed the hill and was some 150yds. to the southeast of me, and still going, when, as a last resort, I shouted at her and she stopped, but with her fore parts behind a birch tree. I waited a moment for her to move, but as she did not seem disposed to do so, I drew on her close up to the tree and fired. She took a few jumps forward and turned a half somerset over a log. Before I got to her she was dead, shot through the body about 6in. back of the heart with a .32-20 Winchester. I doubt whether a larger bore gun would have done more effective work.

Gilmer said he would help me to carry the deer to the lake, and we tied her to a pole and started off, leaving White and Hearn to go on with the hunt. We had never been in that locality, and did not know the proper course to the lake. So when we struck an old tote road followed it, thinking it led out to the railroad, and would take us nearer camp than the point we first meant to make on the lake would be. The road was so tortuous it was impossible to tell what its general direction was, so when we were satisfied we had toted that deer about far enough we laid it down to reconnoiter. We had laid it down several times as a matter of fact, but only to rest. This time we wanted to see where we were at. I was not a little surprised after a climb of several steep hills to the westward to look down on Witch Lake. Our burden was yet a half-mile east of the lake, and in the hilliest part of the hills. I went back to Gilmer and told him that we had a half-mile of the hardest kind of climbing to reach the lake, and the only alternative was to go around the lake to the right or left, a distance of fully two miles. We concluded to try to make the lake, so shouldered our burden and started up the first hill, each carrying his gun in one hand and pulling himself up with the other by grasping bushes, roots and whatever came within reach. We made it in time, and hung the deer at the water's edge, where it could be easily loaded into our dugout, but that was the last time I carried a deer strapped to a pole. It's too tearing on the shoulder. After supper Gilmer and Lewis took the dugout and went after the deer, came back and reported that they could not find her. The waves were running pretty high, and it was probably well for them they did not find her. It was enough for them to find their way to camp through the darkness. The following morning Gilmer and Proper brought the deer to camp.

During the day Proper killed a fine large eight-point buck in an open swamp about two miles northeast of camp. That evening White, Hearn and Bender left us, and pulled out for home. The next day—Saturday—Winters and Baur were in the edge of a thicket on the north side of Witch Lake, when a large doe came trotting up toward Winters. He said he intended to let her come until she saw him and turned to run, exposing her side, when he would shoot. She came within ten or twelve steps of him, then whirled to run. He brought his gun to his face and timed himself so as to shoot her through or back of the shoulder; but as she whirled around she struck her head against a sapling and stopped just as he fired, his ball striking her forward of the shoulder in the brisket. Why he did not get her before she got out of gunshot he did not state. There was very little snow that evening, and though she bled some, she got away, let us hope not seriously hurt.

The following day, Sunday, I walked out to where the foregoing had occurred, and made up my mind that Winters had been about as badly rattled as the deer. Monday I spent fishing, and Tuesday took a ramble over along the river. It was a warm, lazy day. I had just shot a big rabbit east of Witch Lake, and was heading for the lake and camp, when I heard a dog belonging to our neighboring camp trailing something near the lake. There were two dogs with that camp, but as they had not been allowed to run deer, nor go far from camp, I supposed this one was trailing a rabbit. When I got to the top of the hill and looked down on the lake, I saw some of our boys fishing off logs, and a couple in the dugout near a beaver dam, while a hunter was following the hound toward the south along the side of the hill. I took a position and waited developments. The hound was coming around back of me, and presently a small deer came dashing over a ridge to the northeast of me, and I took a crack at it, but missed. It sped on through a tamarack swamp bordering a small lake, making a gray streak until it crossed a small ridge and went out of sight. The hound I did not see. Presently, bang, bang, bang, went a Winchester north of the center of the Witch Lake. A moment later I saw two puffs of smoke from the dugout, and when I reached camp there were two more deer hung to the pole, one killed from the boat by Winters, the other by Lewis.

The following morning snow was falling, and we stayed in camp. In the afternoon Winters went to Republic on the train and came back in the evening, bringing some eggs and apples. The following day, Thursday, Baur baked some apple pies. I took the dugout, and rowing across the lake, tied up at the east end and struck out, intending to hunt until tired and come home by boat. I was going south over a burned piece of ground of innumerable hills and hollows, and had reached the summit of a ridge, when a deer sprang up some 50yds. in front of me, and with one bound cleared the side of the ridge, landing on level ground at the base of the ridge. The elevation must have been 18 to 20ft., but the side of the hill was pretty steep. I was astonished, but did not hesitate to bring my gun up and take a crack at it when in mid-air. If I had held my fire until the deer struck the ground I might have hit it as it gathered to make the jump into a convenient thicket. But it got away, and I tramped on until I came to the timber, where two bucks had been chasing each other, and timber cutters had left a large pine tree that had fallen up-hill and rested on a mound with the butt end some 10ft. off the ground. I stepped onto this log and walked out onto the butt end, where I had a good view of the forest about as far as I could hope to hit anything. Another advantage in being up off the ground is that a deer is not so apt to see or smell the hunter.

I had stood there some moments, when I saw a buck and doe off to my left, but had no chance for a shot. A moment later I saw a deer stop in front of me, but could see only a spot seemingly about the size of my hand. I knew it was a deer, and after waiting a few seconds for it to move drew a bead on the spot and fired. I aimed to shoot past a tree, and drew so close I may have wabbled into the tree, for the deer did not move. I yanked the lever and drew on the spot more carefully. This time the spot vanished, and I saw a deer further off hoist its flag and trot away. I waited some moments, thinking that possibly the other buck would show himself, but he didn't, so I went down to where the deer had stood. There were plenty of deer tracks, and I had no means of picking out the right one, only by the way the deer had bounded off. There was no blood, but I followed what I decided was the right trail in the snow a distance of about forty steps, and walked on to a fine large buck. He had fallen headlong and died without a struggle. My ball had entered the point of his right shoulder, and ranging back lodged against the skin on the left side. It was the same little .32-20. I hung him to a bent sapling and started for the boat, not caring whether I saw any more game or not, but before I reached the place a small doe with a full-grown fawn started to run around me, and I forgot for the moment that we had venison enough and to spare, and proceeded to kill both of them; but the manner of doing it I will leave out here, for the reason that it has been written in these columns. I went for my boat, to find Proper had taken it and was sitting in it about a quarter of a mile away, fishing. I called to him and he came over to where I had the two deer piled up on two logs, that lay out into the lake. We loaded them into the boat and he took them to camp, while I walked around. When I told the boys at camp that I had a fine buck out in the woods, they were considerably surprised, and Gilmer and Lewis went and brought him in.

The next day, as we were tearing up camp, a wolf serenaded us with his doleful howl from across Witch Lake.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Maine Deer.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—I will drop you a line and say that I have just returned from a trip to Muluncus, Me. I was there ten days, and shot two bucks that weighed 180lbs. each. The deer are very plenty, and the house kept by Mr. A. S. Knight is all that a sportsman could desire.

ED. W. MESSENGER.

Maine Big Game Record.

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad sends out a list of the big game shipped from stations along one line during November, showing totals of 1,347 deer, 77 moose and 19 caribou.

In Maine Snows.

Boston, Dec. 2.—A most remarkable snowstorm for so early in the season has about stopped all the big game hunting in northern Maine. Over the former crusted snow of 5 or 6in. there fell, on the night of the 24th of November, nearly 6in. of light snow, and this was followed by 12 to 15in. more on Sunday, the 27th. But it would seem that almost enough deer, moose and caribou had been killed for one season, and if the close season was general on all big game Dec. 1 it would certainly be better for the future game supply. Messrs. H. S. Fisher and W. T. Farlew have returned from a very pleasant deer hunt. They went to South Moluncus, 13 miles from Matawaumkeag, on the Bangor & Aroostook. A. S. Knight's ("Uncle Andrew's") teams met them at the railroad. "Uncle Andrew" and his wife, of the Forest Home, did everything in the world to make the sportsmen comfortable, and at a very reasonable price. "Uncle Andrew's" boys guided them, and in one day, after a fall of snow, they could easily have secured their full quota of deer. Bucks were wanted, however, and they tried other days and succeeded up to their full expectations. Mr. Shedd and his son have come out of the Aroostook woods with their full quota of deer. Albert J. Hedges, of Foxboro, has lately brought out of Maine a deer and a moose. The latter is reported to have weighed 900lbs.

The D. J. Flanders party was successful in moose and deer hunting, as has already been noted in Forest and Stream, but the taking of Mr. Flanders' moose involved difficulties that but few would be willing to endure. From Ashland the party went 20 miles to Pratt Lake, at the headwaters of the Machias River. From that point they went four miles further to Moose Camps, where the most of the hunters remained; taking three moose and about all the deer the law allows. Mr. Flanders' guide, Arthur Winslow, suggested that he had a gumming camp 10 or 12 miles further into the woods and in a good section. To this camp Mr. Flanders decided to go, and the second morning in camp they were off, taking only a few pounds of flour, a few potatoes, a piece of salt pork and some tea. At midday they rested and ate some biscuits that they had hastily put in their pockets at the camp. A draught of cold water was all that they could stop to get, though the guide afterwards regretted that he had not insisted on making a fire and some hot tea. They plodded on through the swamps and thickets till, somewhere about 2:30 o'clock, they struck the high ground. Mr. Flanders here asked the guide as to whether it was nearer to the gumming camp they had started for or back to the main camp. He considered the distance about the same either way. They rushed on, Mr. Flanders already about exhausted, with wet feet and tired legs. An hour or two more brought them to a trail the guide recognized. It was now nearly dark and still three or four miles to the gumming camp. The guide suggested that he would make a fire, and, leaving Mr. Flanders by it, press on to camp, get some blankets, and returning they would camp there. But the hunter decided not to be left alone in the woods, but to press on. It was now dark. The guide peeled birch bark and made torches, by means of which they were able to find their way. They reached the gumming camp soon after 6 o'clock, sooner than they had hoped when at the last stopping-place.

The guide made a fire, baked some bread, frizzled pork and boiled potatoes. An hour after, with his clothing nearly dry, his tin plate on his knee, with a dipper of hot tea by his side, the moose hunter said he felt like thanking the good Lord that he was there in the camp and not in the woods. The guide quietly remarked that he also felt the same, for he had begun to expect the hunter to fail up altogether. The next morning dawned bright and beautiful. They had slept the sleep of tired hunters, though with only boughs and a blanket or two for beds. They calculated that they were nearly 15 miles from the main camp and fully 3,000ft. above sea level. From this mountain they could see everywhere, woods and waters in every direction. They were many miles from any other human beings. That day they located a big bull moose, and the following day got a shot at him. Two shots from Mr. Flanders' rifle stopped him, or at least he did not attempt to run. The guide stepped out to finish him, when he charged straight for the hunters. A well-directed shot, as he came on, stopped his career, and the prize was theirs. They stayed at the gumming camp four days, and Mr. Flanders is greatly pleased with the adventure, though it was fraught with greater hardship and danger than he had anticipated.

Dec. 5.—The storm and gale were particularly hard on the Cape Cod and South Shore gunners. Some of them were so unfortunate as to have been caught in camp over that terrible Saturday night, and they will not soon forget their experiences. Two Boston boys were gunning off the South Shore and resolved to stay in a rude cabin over night. By 10 o'clock they were satisfied that the rude structure could not withstand the wind, and was in danger of being washed away every minute by the tide—higher than ever known before. They decided to leap into the water and run. Their course was circuitous over the marshes, and they became bewildered by the blinding storm. They had read somewhere that for two persons lost in the blackness of night the best way is to take hold of hands and both to persist in keeping a straight course. They did so, and near morning saw a light across the marsh, which they soon reached in an exhausted condition. Two men were caught in a gunners' cabin down on the Cape. The rude shanty was mounted on cedar posts. They soon saw that the wind was likely to blow them over any minute, and that the receding breakers would carry them out to sea, while the tide had come up so as to threaten to swamp them at any moment. They waited in terror till the tide had begun to recede, when they decided to jump into the water and struggle for the shore above them. They did this, but suffered greatly from the ice-cold water, through which they had to wade, with the breakers threatening to wash them out to sea. Great flocks of black and other ducks are reported to have been driven in by the fury of the storm, where they could not possibly get out, but had to seek the inland creeks and marshes. Blinded by the fury of the gale and snow, they were an easy prey to the gunners who had the courage to be out after them.

The storm reached the Maine hunting grounds and buried them to the extent that big game hunting has been very hard. Still there are some reports of deer taken. First have come to Boston a couple of Maine guides, with a moose or two and all the deer the law allows. These they have taken directly to the market and sold for barely enough money to pay the expenses of their trip. Wonder if they are registered guides? The Maine open season on moose closed Dec. 1, though the season on deer is open till Jan. 1. Last year there were 139 moose killed in the same length of open season in the Aroostook region. This year the number is greater, with a total record already in of about 150. The papers say that woodsmen are of the opinion that moose are more plenty than a year ago. From the Dead River region come reports of more moose seen than a year ago, with a greater number killed. There seems to be an effort already begun to influence the Maine Legislature, which convenes Jan. 1, not to put any greater restrictions on the taking of moose. The writers in the Maine papers, whose only object is to boom hunting resorts, are already laboring hard to make it appear that moose are on the increase, but every returning moose hunter that I have seen admits that he has had to go further back this year than in former seasons, and is ready to allow that sections where formerly signs of moose have been abundant are now destitute of such indications.

Late New Hampshire reports say that the snow is about right for hunting, and that a good many deer are being taken. A Boston gentleman tells me that his men at his mill in Bartlett have had good luck the past week. In the vicinity of Campton fully a dozen deer have been taken the past week, largely by local hunters. Littleton reports also note the taking of a good many deer. In the Waterville Valley a number of deer have been taken, with reports of deer taken in the vicinity of Canaan.

Special.

The Game Question in Jackson's Hole.

Jackson, Wyo., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game question in Jackson's Hole is one that interests not only good honest people in the valley, but all true sportsmen everywhere. In taking up the matter, I shall, if permitted through the kindness of the editor, go briefly into facts, as it is my desire to show positively that the game of Wyoming has been unjustly dealt with by county officials and deputy State game wardens, and that no particular effort has been made outside of the efforts of private citizens, and the Jackson Hole Gun Club, to prevent the unlawful and indiscriminate waste of the game. In this article and all future ones touching upon this question I intend to call a "spade a spade," to handle men and motives as I see them, and to show positively that the worst enemies to game protection in Uinta county, Wyoming, are the petty local officials, who believe themselves above the law, and who, if aggrieved at anything I say, may answer my assertions.

There are two classes of people living in Jackson's Hole. One is of those who see in the country a future for themselves and families, and who are particularly anxious to protect the game within the borders of Uinta and Tremont counties. The other class is of those who have no permanent interest, no property, nor anything to keep them, outside of being able to kill game for the meat, hides, heads and teeth; and in this manner they make a partial living without work. I am pleased to say that this element is greatly in the minority.

In the last four years past, especially under the old law of 1890, persons were permitted to capture game for speculative purposes, and are yet so far as that goes—but must first obtain a permit from the State Game Warden. This being a legal proposition, some people took advantage to make an honest dollar; but public sentiment was against the capture of game, not so much on account of the number shipped as because numbers of elk were killed and died from the exposure of the pursuit. In 1897-98 strong protests were made to the Governor of Wyoming, instituted by the Jackson Hole Gun Club, to revoke numerous permits issued to one H. K. Glidden, of New York. The county attorney of Uinta county at the time took issue against the State authorities and against the legal authorities which determnied the status of the game within the borders of a State. He evidently presumed that the dwellers in Jackson's Hole were a class who altogether lived upon game, and further were inclined to be unlawful in other particulars. But when the people protested as a unit to the Governor the true conditions were brought to light, and for once the game fared well. The following winter the game was well protected; not a shot was fired during the winter at game, unless to dispose of a scabby bull.

The issues, however, raised in the opinion of Attorney General Fowler, and the premature rejoinder of County Attorney J. W. Sammon, would not down. The county attorney had said, in his communication to the attorney general, that "he would certainly refuse to prosecute a violation of law in regard to capturing game." Notwithstanding this, Mr. S. N. Leek, while at Evanston, Wyo., obtained a promise from the commissioners that they would appoint one deputy State game warden under salary for the fall months of 1898, upon the recommendation of the Jackson Hole Gun Club. The club held a regular meeting, selected Mr. D. C. Nowlin as the person to be their representative deputy and made the recommendation to the commissioners. The county attorney arrived in Jackson on or about the 20th of July, '98, and looking over the grounds, determined that as Mr. Nowlin was a Republican, he was not acceptable to the authorities at Evanston, and immediately notified the county commissioners to hold up the appointment, which was accordingly done. Later Jas. I. May, who lives on the south line of the timber reserve, and who has been a resident of Wyoming something like two years, was appointed a deputy, and Fred W. Cunningham, of Elk, was appointed another deputy. I am free to admit that the appointment of Mr. May was justified; that Mr. May is, so far sa I know, a gentleman, and interested as far as he knows in the welfare of the game interests of Jackson's Hole, and that so far as his services went he was honest and faithful in rendering them. The manner in which he received his appointment, and his absolute newness for such a position, made it extremely difficult for him to act, hence no arrests nor collections were made by him, and no good to the game interests resulted from his political appointment.

As to the appointment of Cunningham, I know it to be a fact that he was familiar with parties killing immense numbers of elk and antelope. That he was many times importuned to stop the illegal killing and to arrest the parties, and that in each instance he absolutely refused. I know it to be a fact that he collected from divers persons license moneys, issuing at the same time his personal receipt for licenses against the strict orders of the Board of County Commissioners, and in absolute violation of law; and I have positive knowledge of several parties hunting in his bailiwick without license, and whom he knew to be violating the law. I know it to be a positive fact that this game warden knew of elk being hauled out over the Teton Mountains; and in one case I am reliably informed he was party to the act in question. I think that he will get his pay from an obligated board of county commissioners, but alas, poor game!

Thus it will be seen that so far as game protection went in Jackson this last season, it was an absolute nonentity. The game was made to subserve the interests of the political henchmen. One thousand head of elk, mostly females, were slaughtered in the Teton timber reserve in violation of law during this fall. I have the names of several guilty parties; and one game warden refused to have knowledge—because he had his price. It is further against the policy of some individuals living around Jackson's Lake to have the game protected. But there is a class of citizens living in the Teton timber reserve who are progressive, wideawake and honest; and these people should at all times be protected in their rights. I am compelled to admit that all is not as it should be lower in the valley; several infractions of law have been brought to my knowledge within the last few weeks by settlers. I do know, however, that the great majority—in fact all those owning homes—have the utmost respect for the game, and will sacrifice money and time for its protection.

So important has become the game question to our people, so determined has become the law-abiding class to protect it against the unlawful opposition of politics and individuals, that Mr. D. C. Nowlin was appointed to become a candidate for the Legislature on the Republican ticket. Much against his inclination, he consented. A 700 Democratic majority of two years before seemed to indicate that he would be defeated. After making representations to the Republican county committees, they readily consented to place Mr. Nowlin's name upon the ticket. The election returns determined that Jackson's Hole should have a thoroughly competent official in the next Wyoming Legislature, one who as a resident sees and feels the interests of the game; and the most significant fact is that in the Teton timber reserve was found the only real opposition to our candidate. More than this, the solid majority vote of Jackson's Hole has relegated to private life the county attorney.

The people of this valley have won out. They demanded game protection and received it, not; they assisted to change the political situation of a county in which for years a Democratic nomination had been equivalent to an election; they made a fight against men and motives; and is it not right and just that they should receive a law at the hands of a Republican Legislature that will make the game a permanent feature of Jackson's Hole resources? We should have a law that will prohibit the indiscriminate waste of game; that will prohibit the head and hide hunter from making it a marketable commodity, and affix penalties that will insure obedience. By all means let us strike a last blow at the game interests being kept in politics. Let us make the untenable squatter obey the law or leave the country.

Of the sportsmen of the East we ask hearty co-operation. We desire you to have, when wanted, a place for you to come unrestricted by public parks and control, where you can hunt for a time and be successful. The influence you can bring to bear upon a proper and equitable game law in Wyoming will be manifold. The recent work of Indians red and Indians white upon Wyoming game must cease if Wyoming game is to exist. We claim that the progress of a part of Jackson's Hole, at least, in no way interferes with the game's increase. The mass of the people desire to see the game preserved, and this people, under a proper law for game protection, will guarantee the game increase and its future prosperity.

Wm. L. Simpson.

Jackson, Wyo., Nov. 29.—On Friday morning last constable and ex-officio game warden James Lanigan arrested George Moulton, of Idaho, on the Teton Pass, for having in his possession eight head of elk, four bulls and four cows. Being taken to justice's court, Moulton showed a license to kill game, issued by the Justice Webster La Plout, and plead it as a justification for killing and transporting Wyoming game out of the State. The court, after hearing the evidence, assessed a $30 fine, including costs, and confiscated the elk. An examination of the records revealed the fact that several parties had recently taken out licenses, intending to transport game out of the State.

The people are wild over the manner in which game is being killed and transported. Over 500 head of elk have been killed and wounded along Jackson's Lake in the Teton timber reserve, and nothing is being done there by the residents to protect the game from this wanton destruction. Seventeen wagons from Idaho went there last Friday, and more are following. The Jackson Hole Gun Club have two determined men at the Teton Pass, and it is intended to arrest and prosecute every individual attempting to transport game, license or no license. Yet this does not save the game. The authorities refuse to employ good men to protect the game, yet insist that all license fees be turned into the county treasury. Private individuals have been, and are now, paying men to ride the game ranges and hold up Idaho poachers; and we believe we are equal to any emergency.

W. L. Simpson.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Black River Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The eleventh annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, an influential organization made up of sportsmen from different parts of the State who are particularly watchful of the angling and hunting interests in Oneida and Herkimer counties, was held Friday, Dec. 2. There was a large attendance.

The annual report of Treasurer H. A. Pride showed the financial condition of the Association to be highly satisfactory.

Secretary W. E. Wolcott presented his annual report, which was as follows:

The friends of fish, game and forest protection have many reasons for feeling gratified at the present condition of things in New York State. The cause of protection is gaining ground steadily, new recruits are enlisting, and public sentiment is on the right side. The man who angles or hunts with the sole idea of trying to break a record as to the quantity of fish or game killed in a given time has few admirers now, and pot-hunters and slayers of fingerling trout have to be very cautious if they venture to operate at all. The president, treasurer and secretary of this Association attended the annual convention of the New York State sportsmen held in Syracuse last winter. The most important action taken at that convention was the adoption of a new constitution, which changed the name of the organization to the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, and separated it entirely from the trap-shooting interests with which it was formerly allied. Your secretary addressed the convention on the subject of the Adirondack Park, and offered a resolution approving of the purchase of lands made by the Forest Preserve Board, and thanking the State officials and members of the Legislature who had manifested an interest in the work of forest preservation. It was unanimously adopted. The recommendations of the Black River Association that the grouse and woodcock season be shortened, and other suggestions regarding the game laws, received courteous consideration. The League decided to endeavor to have Section 249, which permitted a cold-storage man to sell game the year around, repealed, and also agreed upon a number of other important amendments. Your secretary was chosen a member of the legislative and law committee. During the last session of the Legislature representatives from the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League spent considerable time in Albany, and with good results. Section 249 was repealed, the grouse and woodcock season was shortened one month, additional protection was provided for shore birds, the black bass limit was increased to 10in., and a bill to permit hounding and floating for deer was killed. The State League has been incorporated, and is now in a position to do better work than ever before in its history.

The Black River Association has continued its work of stocking the streams of Oneida county with trout, and this year, through the courtesy of Superintendent Annin and the Commissioners in granting its applications, it was enabled to accomplish even more than usual in this line. Six different shipments of trout were received and distributed by our Association within five months. The first, consisting of 2,000 brown trout yearlings from the Pleasant Valley hatchery in Bath, Steuben county, reached us on Jan. 8 last and were placed in the new Forestport reservoir on Black River. On May 2 we received a consignment of 50,000 infant brook trout from the Fulton Chain hatchery, which were apportioned to different places, for stocking streams, as follows: Forestport 9,000, Alder Creek 4,000, Remsen 12,000, Trenton 5,000, Marcy 10,000, Honnedaga 10,000. On June 6 nine cans of yearling rainbow trout from the Pleasant Valley hatchery and fourteen cans of yearling brown trout from the Caledonia hatchery were received, and two days later a similar consignment arrived. These were deposited in the new reservoir at Forestport. The young fish were healthy and active, and will no doubt furnish lively sport in the future. It is believed that the rainbow and brown trout will find a congenial home in the Forestport reservoir, and will thrive better there than any other varieties that could be introduced. They grow very rapidly, attain a larger size than the speckled trout, and are exceedingly toothsome. Near Hammondsport, Steuben county, last spring a rainbow trout, which weighed 15lbs., was captured in a stream tributary to Keuka Lake.

It is encouraging to note that numerous persons have voluntarily applied for membership in the Black River Association during the past year. These accessions are exceedingly gratifying, as they afford the best possible evidence that our work is appreciated by true sportsmen. It is hoped that our ranks will receive many additional volunteer recruits during the coming year.

Reports received from different parts of the Adirondacks show that deer are on the increase, and were much more plentiful this fall than they were a year ago. The good effects of the anti-hounding and anti-floating laws, which the Black River Association labored so hard to secure, are already apparent, although this is only the second season they have been in force. If jacking and dogging can be prevented three years longer there is every reason to believe there will be more deer in the Adirondacks at the expiration of that time than there have been before in a quarter of a century. It would not be surprising, however, if some knowing person, who has not been able to kill a deer by still-hunting, but who professes to understand all about the animals, should come forward and say that they were becoming too tame and should be hounded occasionally to keep them wild. This would be as sensible as the statements made a few years ago to the effect that the deer were dying off in the Adirondacks because the food supply was exhausted.

Ruffed grouse and woodcock have been decreasing in numbers at an alarming rate during the past few years, and more stringent measures than those now in force will be required to prevent their utter extermination. It is feared that woodcock shooting in Oneida county is already a thing of the past, but there are still a very few grouse remaining, and sportsmen should unite in an earnest effort to afford them needed protection until they have had an opportunity to increase in numbers. Strong opposition will be met with from various quarters if an attempt is made to further shorten the shooting season throughout the State. There are some hunters who would like to shoot earlier than Sept. 1, and others who object to closing the season as early as Dec. 15; so the present open period is a sort of compromise. Beyond a doubt the season ought to end as early as Nov. 15, for more birds are killed by market-hunters in the four weeks immediately following that date than during the ten weeks preceding it. The grouse are taken at a decided disadvantage during early winter, for when the leaves have fallen from the deciduous trees and the ground is covered with snow the birds seek shelter in the small evergreens, and it is an easy matter to locate and kill them. The time allowed for shooting is far too long for the proper protection of birds in Oneida county, and as we cannot count on having the general law changed any further at present, perhaps it might be wise to try and have a special act passed, similar to the one Richmond county had incorporated in the game laws (Section 56), only we should want it to cover grouse as well as woodcock, and to have the open season begin Sept. 15 and end Nov. 15. At a meeting of the officers and trustees of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, held in Syracuse Oct. 28, resolutions were adopted expressing unqualified disapproval of the Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners in granting licenses for the netting of fish in Oneida Lake or any other inland waters, and requesting the immediate cancelation and withdrawal of all such licenses.

The reports of the treasurer and secretary were adopted.

President John W. Hicks spoke of the harm done by foxes in the killing of game. While in the woods last winter he saw places where foxes had killed rabbits and partridges.

Vice-President S. R. Fuller, who has been familiar with the rifle and shotgun for more than half a century, and has killed more foxes than most hunters in this part of the State have ever seen, said that he had seldom found where partridges had been killed by foxes. He had known of foxes doing a great deal of good by catching mice.

Mr. Pride said he remembered one year in particular when foxes destroyed a great many large white grubs, which they rooted out of the ground.

Reports were received regarding trout which have been placed in streams in the towns of Trenton, Steuben, Remsen, Forestport and Marcy in past years. They were for the most part highly gratifying. The fishing in Cincinnati Creek and a number of other streams has been greatly improved by stocking, but in some of the brooks near Oriskany the trout were caught out as soon as they grew to be large enough to take a hook. It is proposed to try and protect the latter streams more effectually hereafter.

John H. Williams said that deer shooting began too early. He told about a little deer which was frequently seen near Remsen village during the summer, but was killed as soon as the season opened, although the animal was small and thin.

E. S. Robertson, who has had a great deal of experience in hunting deer in the Adirondacks, said that about nine deer out of ten are poor when the shooting season opens in August, and when the meat is placed in water slime gathers on it. He said he had rather have one deer killed in November than all he ever saw killed in the middle of August.

Bion H. Kent, manager of the Adirondack League Club house at Honnedaga Lake, in the Adirondacks, said that a party who visited Jones, Deer, Otter and Moose lakes last summer saw twenty-eight deer in one day.

S. W. Pride said that eight deer crossed the road at Big Moose Station on the Mohawk & Malone Railroad early one morning this fall.

Mr. Williams offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, that it is the sense of this Association that the season for deer shooting in this State should not open until Sept. 15 or later, and should end as at present on Nov. 15.

It was decided to endeavor to have a special act passed closing the season for shooting ruffed grouse and woodcock in Oneida county on Nov. 15.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John W. Hicks; vice-president, Simeon R. Fuller; secretary, W. E. Wolcott; treasurer, Herbert A. Pride; directors, John J. Lewis, George G. Chassell, John H. Williams, William P. Dodge, H. A. Pride, S. R. Fuller, W. E. Wolcott; delegates to the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League convention, J. W. Hicks, W. E. Wolcott. Adjourned. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 3.

Gun Flints.

FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5 bore to the sportsmen of America a request for a few gun flints for the old Hudson Bay fuzee I had lately found.

The magician who presides at No. 346 Broadway, N. Y., waved his wand, and straightway the winds from Philadelphia, Pa., brought me word, from Mr. A. H. Gillingham, where flints could be procured; a friendly breeze from the home of Mr. J. W. Schultz, among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana, wafted the kindly message that Mr. Schultz had already sent to Edmonton, Alberta, for flints for the old relic; a zephyr from Manchester, N. H., brings to me four beautiful flints, together with the kindly expressed wish of the donor, Mr. Fred E. James, that they will enable me to make it warm for Mr. Fulford and all the rest of my nephews; a friendly gale, whose puffing cheeks helped inflate one of Uncle Sam's mail sacks, brings to me four more from Mr. Robert Gilfort, of Orange, N. J.; and now, from far away Pensacola, Florida, comes a word of cheer from a brother sportsman, Mr. Bleeker Forbes, who, to assist me in my perplexity, sends to me the last two flints he has. Thanking each and every one of the donors for the courtesy which has prompted them to come to my relief, I ask the editor to call a halt—I've got enough.

In the old days of the black art the wizard appears to have been a personage to be dreaded; but in the working of the kindly modern magic he is not so terrible a fellow, after all!

The only ones who now have real cause to fear are the crackerjacks of America, as they listen with apprehension for the advancing footfalls of the old uncle.

And the magician who does not use a page of FOREST AND STREAM wherewith to fashion his wand is just 1,000 years behind this present date. ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Washington.

THERE has recently been considerable discussion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM concerning gun flints, and it has all been caused by Mr. Belknap's mention of the old gun he unearthed and the missing flint.

In the Nov. 19 issue Antler tells us that in his boyhood days, when only flintlock guns were known and used, every store kept flints in plenty, and that they sold cheap, at 1, 2 or 3 cents each. Considerable time has no doubt elapsed since Antler's boyhood days, and has wrought many changes; flints can no longer be found in every store, but they are not as antiquated as most people would believe. It might interest Mr. Belknap, Antler and others to know that in a store right here on Broadway there are for sale no fewer than 25,000 gun flints at 5 cents each; and Mr. Francis Bannerman, the proprietor, tells us that he can get 50,000 more in this country if he wants them.

The flints which he has are not dead stock either, and while they do not sell as fast as the newest thing in neckwear, or the latest mode of bonnet, frequent calls are made for them. Just at the time when Antler asks if some enterprising member of the FOREST AND STREAM family cannot find some gun flints among the relics of the past age, a man here in New York has utilized the old gun flint in a new invention for striking a light. This ingenious contrivance consists of a wheel covered with emery paper, which is wound up by means of a thumb screw, and when released unwinds, pressing against the flint and striking a light. This should prove a good thing for yachtsmen and campers, and the inventor expects to dispose of a large number among the officers and men of the United States Navy.

I bought several gun flints at Mr. Bannerman's; two musket flints and one for the pistol. The pistol flint is ¾in. long and about ¼in. thick at its deepest part. One of the musket flints is ⅜in. long and the other measures 1¼in. I picked these out of a large collection as being of about the average size. If Mr. Belknap's barn is not yet filled with gun flints, he may have these.

Of course, the gun flint industry is dead now in this country, but flints are still made in considerable numbers in England and Germany, where there is an African trade. In 1896 the export of flint from the United Kingdom amounted to $85,150, but how much of this was gun flints the report does not say.

I have been tempted to investigate the subject of gun flints, but can find nothing very satisfactory pertaining to it.

The Encyclopædia Britannica says: "Except to a trifling extent in the preparation of strike-a-light flints, the only form in which the flint industry now continues is in the fabrication of gun flints, an occupation carried on at Brandon, and to a smaller extent at Icklingham, two villages in Suffolk. In 1876 there were twenty-one flint knappers in Brandon, and about 80,000 flints were sent away weekly, the greater portion of which went to west Africa.

"The mining for flints is conducted by sinking a narrow pit into the chalk till the bed of suitable flints (the best are 'floor-stones') is reached, and alongside the miner drives a series of small galleries or burrows, carrying all the excavated material by hand to the surface.

"The knapper's tools consist of three simple forms of hammer and a chisel; and probably the only essential modification these tools have ever undergone consists of the substitution of metal for stone.

"The flint is first broken into convenient sized angular pieces, cubes of about 6in., called 'quarters.' The next operation, 'flaking,' consists in striking off, by means of carefully measured and well directed blows, flakes extending from end to end of the quarter, this process being continued till the quarter becomes too small to yield good flakes. The subsequent operation, termed 'knapping,' consists in cutting or breaking the flakes transversely into the sizes required for gun flints, each flake yielding two or three flints of different sizes. The expert flaker will make 7,000 to 10,000 flakes in a day of twelve hours, and in the same time an average knapper will finish from flakes about 3,000 gun flints." G. F. D.

Duck Hunting in the Blizzard.

BABYLON, L. I., Nov. 28.—When the big snowstorm swept down upon Long Island Saturday night, the Great South Bay and Peconic Bay were full of duck hunters, and while some of the parties took advantage of the warning of the weather bureau and sailed under close reef for the mainland, there were others who preferred to risk the chance of getting a good bag of ducks and geese by remaining out all night. During a heavy snowstorm hunters frequently get exceptional opportunities for gratifying their sporting proclivities. A blizzard-like snowstorm confuses the ducks and geese almost as much as it does lost cattle and sheep, and under the spell of the storm they appear to lose much of their natural fear of man. It was a knowledge of this fact that induced many hunters to stay out through one of the worst snowstorms that has visited the eastern end of Long Island since the famous blizzard of 1888.

Had the proportions and severity of the storm been gauged beforehand, it is doubtful if the attractions of a fine bag of ducks and geese would have kept any on their boats. But it was impossible for those who left the mainland Thanksgiving morning to know this, and so some remarkable experiences were recorded which will add greatly to the long list of entertaining hunting stories of the day. One party of five hunters left Babylon Thanksgiving morning in a 30ft. sloop to try their luck on Fire Island beach, and after experiencing fair and rough weather, they ran straight into the teeth of the big snowstorm. When the snow began to come down in white feathery clouds on Saturday, the ducks and geese were flying in large numbers. The extraordinary flights of the birds banished all thoughts of returning to the mainland, and during the first part of the storm the gunning was superb.

As if anticipating trouble, the birds flew about in a desultory and uncertain way, uttering the most peculiar cries of alarm. Large flocks of them circled about the beach at Fire Island and flew across the bay toward the mainland. But the majority decided to stay on the beach to weather the storm. The high winds drove many of the common sea birds in from the ocean, and the beach front presented a lively scene of bird life that will not be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it. Gulls, ducks, geese, petrels and other sea birds flocked to the sheltering line of sand dunes and hills that skirt the ocean a hundred feet back from the high water mark.

In the midst of this multitude of fowls the fortunate gunners plunged, and without resorting to the ordinary methods required to get a good shot at the ducks and geese, they had all the sport they wanted. As the fury of the storm increased the confusion of the birds became more pronounced. Above the blast and roar of the wind and surf the crack of the guns could scarcely be heard, and the birds flew about in reckless haste. They were afraid to leave the line of beach hills, for they served as a landmark which would keep them from getting completely lost.

The air was soon so clouded with the falling snow that there was some danger of the hunters getting lost, and all familiar signs were gradually buried from sight. In order to keep within a reasonable distance of the boat, which was anchored on the bay side, the hunters stretched out in a line straight across the beach, keeping within sight of each other all the time. Then all that was necessary was to wait a few minutes for a shot. The loud honk of the geese and dull squawk of the ducks sounded on all sides, but not a bird could be seen. But suddenly out of the blanket of white a dozen dark specks would appear. There would be a simultaneous raising of several guns, followed by sharp reports. The birds were flying low—too low sometimes to make things comfortable. More than once a flock of them would skim along the surface of the snow and appear out of the storm so suddenly that the men had to duck their heads to prevent collision. It was impossible to see more than a dozen feet away, and the birds thus actually swooped down upon the gunners. In their confusion it was impossible to locate the direction of the gun reports, and they were just as apt to fly straight at them as in the opposite direction. More than once good shots were missed simply because the birds were too near the guns.

But the excitement of the sport was intense and everyone enjoyed it. As fast as one flock disappeared in the snowy distance another was sure to come in its wake and give the hunters another opportunity to kill a few. There was an endless string of them. But it was evident that many of the same birds circled around and passed over the same spot a dozen times. This naturally made their numbers seem out of all proportion to the actual number on the beach.

For three or four hours this strange sort of duck hunting was kept up. Nobody attempted to get the game unless it fell close to the hunters' feet, for the birds were flying so close together that it seemed like a waste of time to gather in the spoils until the end. Nobody knew how long the sport would last, and there was an intensely feverish desire to make the most of it while it was possible. It may be imagined by some that this was more slaughter than good, sporstmanlike gunning. But such was far from being the case. Had the birds been flying so close together and so continuously in a clear atmosphere, it would have been murder to have shot them down in such numbers, but with the snow falling in clouds and the game appearing upon the vision like a flash and then going almost as quickly, it was no easy matter to hit them. With the air full of snowflakes it is not easy to hit a moving target when kept in range for a reasonable length of time. The snow disconcerts the gunner, and sometimes half blinds the eye just at the critical moment. But there was added to this disadvantage the very formidable one of a target that disappeared almost in a second. With guns half elevated it was necessary to shoot them off before they could be fully raised to the shoulder. If any one is inclined to remark at the small number of birds bagged, considering the heavy flight, allowances must be made for the obstacles to good shooting mentioned. In the three hours the five men killed about one hundred ducks and geese and a few other birds that were shot more by accident than by intention. Possibly a few more were killed, but could not be recovered from the drifts of snow into which they had fallen.

By early dusk the cold became so intense that hunting lost much of its pleasures. Besides the continuous and heavy fall of snow began to cause a little alarm. It was thought better then to return to the boat. The bay was lashed into a fury by this time, and no boat could long live in the waves that rolled across it. The sloop was tugging desperately at its anchor like a great white ghost. Everything was coated with ice and then covered with deep layers of snow. In the small cabin a fire was blazing away, and the smell of coffee and frying potatoes and eggs brought comfort to tired, cold bodies and half-famished stomachs. After a plain but abundant supper everybody talked at once about the sport that had just been enjoyed. The hot drinks and food loosened tongues that had been tied outside in the cold, and until nearly midnight sporting conversation flowed in one continuous stream.

Then Captain Jack Baylis, who owned the staunch sloop, created a little uneasiness and checked the flow of words by remarking: "We're in fur a reg'lar blizzard, an' I ain't sure how we'll get out of it."

To the many queries about the possibility of danger he merely vouchsafed the non-committal reply: "There's danger, an' again there ain't."

But long before morning the party had occasion to think differently about their fancied security. We were awakened by a loud noise and heavy rocking of the boat. When everybody was awake enough to take in the full significance of this change, we understood that the sloop had been dragging her anchor, and that instead of hugging the leeward side of the beach we were rocking about wildly in some unknown part of the bay. The storm was wilder than ever. A foot or more of snow covered the deck of the sloop, and the very water around us looked like a mass of snow. It was impossible to imagine that we were floating in water except for the steady roll of the white waves, which tossed the sloop up and down. It was a strangely white, ghostly, uncanny sea. Around us was the darkness of night, but through it all was the intense whiteness of the snow. The clouds of flakes filled the upper darkness, and a thick layer of half-melted snow covered the entire bay. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, whistling through the ropes like a demon.

We were castaways voyaging upon an unknown Arctic sea. Even Captain Jack could not guess where we were. There was a continuous cry of geese around us, but we were more truly lost in the storm than the birds we had been hunting. The mercury had dropped appreciably and it was freezing cold outside. But it was necessary to do something to save the sloop. The wind might drift us through the Fire Island inlet out upon the roaring, pitching ocean beyond. The dread of this stimulated every man to do his utmost to help in saving the wreck. Everything that would answer the purpose of an anchor or drag was thrown overboard, and in this way the boat was kept from running broadside upon the wind and waves.

For hours the agony of our position was experienced with all the unknown dread that comes through ignorance of what might happen next. We tried to stop our headway, but we could only partly do this. We could tell by the path we left behind us in the snow that we were steadily drifting. For once nobody paid much attention to the noise of the lost birds. Once or twice one would rush out of the darkness and cross the deck of the boat in a wild plunge for safety. The light in our cabin was probably the attracting cause of this, but nobody paid much attention even to these demonstrations of the fowl.

We took turns in watching on the deck, hoping every moment that we might discover through the gloom some object that would indicate a shore line. But we simply drifted and rolled about, with our anchors sometimes catching in the soft bottom and again dangling helplessly through 50ft. of water. The cold was so intense that several fingers and feet were frozen before the end of the watches announced relief.

When daylight broke the snow was still flying, but there were indications of a gradual lessening of the storm. The wind kept up such a sweep that drifting snow filled the air almost as completely as if it was snowing hard. When light brightened up the whole bay it was a weird sight presented to our view. It was a ghostly landscape stretching out in every direction. So much snow had fallen on the bay that its surface was coated with a shroud of white. The undulating waves did not break through this crest of white, but made the surface heave and pulsate in the strangest manner. It was probably the heavy weight of the snow that kept us from being wrecked. The snow kept down the breakers and greatly moderated the rolling of the waves. In such a sea of snow it was impossible to tell where the water ended and where the land commenced. But we found later that we had drifted right across the bay, and our sloop was well on its way toward Babylon. Both tide and wind had swept us straight toward our destination. It may be imagined that we landed on terra firma with feelings of gratefulness, but, with the exception of a few frozen fingers and toes, nobody was any the worse for having experienced one of the wildest and strangest duck hunts that hunters ever experience around these quarters.

G. F. W.

The Yellowstone Park.

[From the Report of Capt. James B. Erwin, Acting Superintendent, for 1898.]

Carrying Firearms through the Park.

The custom of carrying firearms of some description is nearly universal among the citizens of States bordering the Park, who travel in their own conveyances, or on saddle animals; and of course those desiring to hunt in the country adjacent to the park, and who go through the Park either on starting on their trip or returning, are fully equipped in this particular. With reference to all of these individuals, the regulation prohibiting firearms in the Park, except on written permission from the acting superintendent, in which case the arms are sealed, has been strictly enforced. It is a wise regulation, and its enforcement is essential to the protection of the Park.

The mere fact that this region has been set aside as a national park engenders a feeling of hostility toward it and toward the authorities here, on the part of the people living nearest to it; and the fact that it abounds in game which is becoming more and more rare in other parts of the United States intensifies the feeling of enmity. As the benefits to the people of the surrounding country, derived from keeping the Park intact and the game protected, become better understood by them, this hostility will undoubtedly cease; and in performing the duties of acting superintendent I have endeavored to make this plain to all I have been brought in contact with, and, so far as possible, to make them friends of the Park.

United States Commissioner and his Work.

The presence of a United States Commissioner at Mammoth Hot Springs to hear and determine cases of violations of the Park laws and regulations is eminently satisfactory, and continues to do much to prevent these violations.

Fires.

The Park has been exceptionally exempt from forest fires this year, due not only to the thoroughness with which the patrol work was done, but also to the growing carefulness in reference to fires exercised by camping parties and others. On Aug. 8 a fire was reported nine miles northwest of Riverside station, a short distance outside the Park limit, but as the direction of the prevailing wind would soon bring it within the Park, a detail of officers and men were sent, and after two days of much fatigue and hard work it was brought under control.

On Aug. 26 a fire was reported and located between Barlow's Fork and Heart River, in the southeastern portion of the Park, but fortunately rain followed for several days, extinguishing it and rendering no work on the part of the troops necessary, other than a careful watch for several days. The causes of neither of these fires could be definitely determined, but that of Aug. 26 unquestionably originated from camp fires carelesssly left burning or smoldering. The origin of the fire of Aug. 8 was not so plainly accidental, and the inquiry as to its origin was limited to the determination that its starting point was not within the Park limits. It ought not to be difficult for campers in and in the vicinity of the Park to understand the incalculable damage, both in the present and for future years, that can be done by not carefully complying with the Park laws in this respect.

Forest Reserves.

Bordering on the eastern and southern limits of the Park are two forest reserves, both of which have been recommended by my predecessor to be brought within the Park boundaries and made a part thereof. It will be remembered that these tracts of land were set aside and established as a public reservation by proclamation of the President, made on March 30 and Sept. 10, 1891, and though not coming within the provisions of the act of Congress approved May 7, 1894, are yet under the jurisdiction and control of the acting superintendent and the military force in the Park for the enforcement of the law setting them aside, especially relating to the preservation of the game. To thoroughly determine the character of the forest reserve on the east, the settlers therein, game, etc., Lieut. Lindsley, Fourth Cavalry, was sent to investigate the same, and on his return submitted a report, which will be found in the appendix (F). It will be seen that there are many settlers in it, some in violation of law, and that a few mining claims are being worked.

The country does not seem to be the habitat of any large quantity of game. The forest reserve on the south contains no settlers, is of no mineral value, and is unquestionably a game country. I would for these reasons therefore urge that the forest reserve on the south be made a part of the Park, and the forest reserve on the east be not further considered with this end in view. It is probable that whatever opposition has hitherto been encountered in taking in both of these reserves as part of the Park would cease, when it is proposed to take in only that one on the south, which possesses only the advantage of being a great game country, and has no mineral or agricultural advantage to settlers. I would also recommend that the necessary legislation be enacted, bringing the forest reserves bordering the Park under the provision of the National Park protective act, approved May 7, 1894, to preserve and protect the game. As is set forth in the notice of the Department, which has been placed in conspicuous places in and about the Park, "All persons are warned not to hunt nor kill game thereon," and the penalty for doing this is ejection from the reserve, prosecution for trespass, and the holding of such persons pecuniarily responsible for any waste or damage, whether done intentionally or caused by neglect. Such is the extent of the punishment, and in its present mild form it does not form a sufficient safeguard for the protection of the reserve and its game.

Protection.

The following animals are found in the Park:

Antelope.—These are yet numerous. The snow drives them from the mountains and high plateaus, their feeding and breeding ground in spring and summer, to the lower altitudes outside of the Park, where many are killed.

Bear.—Plentiful, and have proved destructive to the stores of the detachments on station, lunch stations and campers. If they continue to increase in the future, as in the past, some means will have to be taken to rid the Park of the yearly increase. They are numerous at the garbage piles of the hotels, and are objects of much interest and enjoyment to the tourists.

Buffalo.—There are probably fifty of these animals yet in the Park. They are not increasing—due, I believe, to too much in-breeding. This is about the only wild herd in the United States, and steps should be taken to prevent the extermination of this herd from the evils of in-breeding by the purchase of a few good bulls. Full and ample protection is given these animals, and I believe that with new stock introduced into the herd an increase would follow.

Coyotes.—Very numerous in certain sections. They do some damage to the young elk, but the young deer and antelope are their particular prey. Efforts are made in winter to keep their number down by poisoning carcasses of dead animals, and to a certain extent it has been successful.

Deer.—Numerous, on the increase; and the protection afforded them has done much to make them very tame. They are frequently seen by tourists along the usually traveled route.

Elk.—Numerous, and are increasing. The Park is their breeding place in spring, and feeding ground in winter. Immense herds can be seen in nearly any direction in winter, and in certain localities in summer.

Fur-bearing Animals.—Beaver more plentiful than ever before, and their locations in the various streams in the Park are carefully watched and protected. Numerous new dams have been constructed. Otter are fairly abundant. Martens are plentiful and widely distributed, as are also the Canadian lynx, wildcat and mink. Foxes are in goodly number, the black and red being frequently seen, and some timber foxes being reported. There are also some badgers, and a great many muskrats, ground hogs, squirrels, chipmunks, skunks, porcupines and rabbits. Of the latter there are the cottontails, a few jackrabbits, many snowshoe rabbits, and the paca, the tiny rock rabbit. All these animals are increasing yearly.

Moose.—Quite numerous in the south and southwestern portions of the Park and forest reserve, and are apparently increasing.

Sheep.—In considerable numbers in various sections of the Park; especially are they conspicuous in winter, when they leave the higher peaks and seek a somewhat lower level to feed, and later on to breed. I believe their number is increasing.

Wolverines.—While not plentiful, are distributed over a large area of the Park.

Birds.

Pelicans, geese, ducks, gulls, cranes, swans, ospreys, hawks, eagles, grouse, jays of all kinds, water ousel, robins, kingfishers and various other small birds abound in the Park. The aquatic birds nest here and remain here until late in the fall, and it is probable, during the winter in streams and lakes where the hot springs prevent entire freezing of the water.

At the opening of the winter there was but a balance of $66.01 remaining on hand for both the protection and improvement. Using this until exhausted, and relying upon the untiring efforts and conscientious work of Lieut. Lindsley, soldiers and a volunteer scout, the protection of the Park was as efficiently performed, if not to a greater extent, than in former years. The plan adopted was to ascertain the location of all persons who in past years have been guilty, or thought guilty, of poaching, and never let them get beyond the surveillance of the Park authorities. This was successfully done in many cases, and resulted in the capture and trial of some of them by the United States Commissioner; and, with the assistance of the State authorities, by the civil courts, thus deterring others from attempting to poach. Unless actually taking part in the winter work here, the hardships are inconceivable, and the report of these trips made by scouts and others, showing the work done, represents miles of snowshoeing, embracing all portions of the Park, under all sorts of weather and temperature, where the parties were their own pack animals, camping usually where night found them, or resorting to the snowshoe shacks, affording but little protection.

The Department supplied sleeping bags, which are of incalculable comfort; and before the winter sets in, comfortable cabins will be built at necessary and convenient points, stocked with rations and bedding, and having stoves, which will lessen materially the hardships and discomforts of these trips. With the end in view of having transportation of some sort for necessary articles for these winter scouting parties, I believed that the reindeer recently purchased by the Government for the Klondike relief party, which was subsequently abandoned, could be used to advantage, and accordingly addressed a letter to the Department, asking, if practicable, that a few be sent here for this purpose. It is unfortunate that these animals were so located that they could not be sent here, for in the use of these animals or in sledge dogs lies the solution of winter work in the Park.

Fish.

Many streams and lakes were stocked in 1889, 1890, 1893 and 1895, have multiplied abundantly, and in spite of the enormous quantity caught yearly, and those destroyed by animals and birds, there is apparently an ample quantity yet in all the streams. I endeavored to have a hatchery established in the Park, believing this to be the most appropriate and suitable place in the United States, as this is the reservoir drained by the principal rivers of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and fish planted in these streams would, with natural conditions fulfilled, soon fill the streams outside the Park, but the United States Fish Commission did not deem it advisable. Later on this year it is my intention to determine if the lake bass planted in certain lakes in the Park have survived; none as yet have been caught, and it is possible that they may have perished for want of proper food. There are certain waters in the Park that will afford ample food for them, and if possible these waters will be stocked. There is no finer trout fishing in the world than that of the waters of the Park, and it is free to all.

From the above it will be seen that the Park, as a game and fish preserve, has not its equal in the world; the variety is great, and it is eminently fitted to sustain this variety under the protection of the Government. An increase in appropriation means an increase in the means and facilities of protection, and as a national game preserve, which not only holds secure the remaining wild animals and game birds of this country, but enables them to breed and multiply, thus supplying the needs of neighboring States, it is deserving of an increased fund for this purpose. This leaves out entirely its charm as a pleasure ground for the tourist, with its wonderful natural phenomena. To maintain both of these conditions there is but one inadequate appropriation for the Park, viz., that for its protection and improvement.

Natural Phenomena of the Park.

There does not seem to be any material change in these during the past year. Certain geysers and hot springs are noted as having become extinct, and others which were quiescent have again become active. The geysers which can be depended upon for regular displays are few in numbers, but constant observation of nearly all of them has enabled their time of eruption to be determined with sufficient accuracy to inform tourists, and give them an opportunity to witness their marvelous displays. There is unquestionably a close connection between temperature of water in the geyser and its time of eruption, certain geysers erupting when the water in their craters reaches a certain temperature, which varies for each geyser, and with the proper instruments for taking the temperatures it will not be difficult to foretell the time of display of those geysers which are of greatest celebrity, and thus afford tourists the opportunity of seeing them. I will, if possible, determine the eruptive temperature of the most important geysers before the next tourist season, and will be enabled to give due notice of their eruption.

Mud Geyser has been exceedingly active for a period of two weeks this summer. It has for some years been a somewhat quiescent, boiling mud pool, but in the latter part of July it became more violent, and soon gave a remarkable display of its powers, throwing immense clots of mud 50 and 100ft. away from its crater. It covered the ground and trees in its vicinity and was in this state of eruption for two weeks. It gradually became quiet, but the contents of its crater have changed from boiling mud to boiling dirty water. The Black Growler, in Norris Basin, has also displayed remarkable activity this summer, and the noise of the escaping steam through its crater could be heard for miles; and at the base a mud spring has broken forth, which apparently seems to be growing larger. The Constant Geyser has within the past three weeks ceased to play, after many years of uninterrupted activity.

A new road, now completed, between Elk Park and Gibbon Meadow, on the road from Norris to Fountain, leads past two beautiful chocolate-colored geysers situated on opposite sides of the Gibbon River. They are immense cones. From the top of each a goodly stream of water continually boils and is ejected some feet in the air. The cascades and rapids along the road, which follows the river, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful.

The Game of Kansas.

RAMONA, Kan., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You must excuse the lead pencil, as I am writing under difficulties, camped out on the prairie, or rather in a wheatfield, right on the old Santa Fe trail. East, south and west the prairie stretches away as far as the eye can reach. But I write to speak of the welfare of the game. It has been a hard week—especially for the quail. A heavy snow came on the 21st, and since then the slaughter has gone on. To this camp (a threshing machine outfit) there has come, by hunting a small part of the time, eighty-four head of game—all shot within two miles of where I am writing—and I know of much more that has been taken in the same time, and from the same section of country, and so it has gone on as far as the snowfall reached. And yet I do not think the supply will give out.

The game laws do not amount to much, only that they do stop the shipping of birds to some extent, and then there is more or less posted ground.

Kansas under even decent game protection would supply shooting almost unlimited. The prairie chickens are fairly plenty, and some say are increasing. They have furnished good shooting, and one can still see from one to perhaps even fifty in a day's tramp, but they are bunched together, and but few more will be shot from this on, as they are very wary. The quail are very plenty, finding good cover in the hedges and food in the cornfields. Rabbits are everywhere, both jacks and cottontails, but their favorite hiding places are in the tall grass of the sloughs. Ducks, geese and jacksnipe come in their season. Along the creeks and rivers, wherever there is timber, there are coons, possums and squirrels, and for the trapper there are minks, muskrats and skunks, while an occasional otter, wildcat, or even a beaver, is picked up. The coyotes are still here, but as hard to get and as cunning as an Eastern fox. Sometimes a gray or timber wolf wanders through here, but they are seldom seen. Altogether, for one who is content with a fair bag of game for a pleasant day's tramp, Kansas is still one of the best hunting grounds in the country.

I would like to say to Fred Mather that the Neosho and Cottonwood rivers still find their way seaward, and that Coal Creek still furnishes mud cats and turtles for whoever cares to cast a line in its muddy depths, but the timber along their banks is rapidly giving way to corn and wheatfields. PINE TREE.

Some of the bags of game that have come under my notice within a year: 101 quail one day to one gun, potted; 90 quail one day to one gun, potted; said to be 60 chickens to one gun, potted; over 300 ducks to two guns, two days, wing shooting; 30 quail, wing shooting, two guns, part of one day, and others in proportion.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

About Western Deer.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3.—All the deer seasons are now closed, Michigan ending her open time last Wednesday. On that day one trainload of hunting traffic carried east of St. Ignace, Mich., 300 hunters and 200 carcasses of deer. At Standish, Mich., one freight car carried 75 carcasses, mostly killed around Alpena. It seems to have been a good year for deer, but the impression grows that the hunting country is becoming more restricted, so that many believe the good deer hunting will not last so very many years longer. Warden Zinn, of Milwaukee, Wis., sets five years as the limit of the supply under the present system and extent of slaughter.

State Warden Ellarson, of Wisconsin, does not share the pessimism of his deputy, but thinks the deer are on the increase, in which belief he is largely alone. He says:

"More deer have been killed this fall than during the season last year, but that was because the conditions for hunting were more favorable, but the number is not so large as in former years, when there were hundreds of non-residents hunting through the State. Under the present protective laws the deer are increasing in numbers and the sport will be better from year to year. There were very few non-resident hunters this year, not more than thirty taking out licenses in the State. There have been some violations of the law, but none of any great consequence that I know of. People appear to be in accord with the law and willing to aid in its enforcement."

This is a very optimistic view, but I think it more cheerful than accurate. As to the non-resident clause of the Wisconsin law, we were all in hopes that this year the identification requirements were such that the law could not be evaded so shamefully as it was last year, but the results do not appear to be any better this year than they were last. Surely Warden Ellarson cannot believe, or, if he does, cannot ask anyone else to believe, that only thirty non-resident hunters shot in Wisconsin this season. That is absurd. I can give him and Warden Osborne, of Michigan, the addresses of a party of three, or at least that of one of the party, who told me the facts, all Chicago men, who shot at Iron Mountain, Mich., and "near there." These were all non-residents, and they say openly that they shot on resident licenses. I presume that more than one train took to Wisconsin out of Chicago more than thirty shooters each who shot on resident licenses in Wisconsin. The number of men who go through this point into Wisconsin each fall for the deer hunting is something which runs into the hundreds, if not thousands, and I am disappointed at hearing it stated that only thirty of these shot legally in Wisconsin, for it shows how inadequate is the enforcement of the law. We are a great people for good laws, we Americans, but as to the executive side of them we are pretty careless. The Wisconsin law is an excellent one, up to the place where the enforcement begins.

Now as to the violations of the law—not to mention the undiscovered violations of the hundreds of non-residents who broke the law—I am disposed to think that there may be some slight further inaccuracy in Mr. Ellarson's estimate. His deputy, August Zinn, seized nine illegal carcasses and sold them at auction one day last week, the stuff belonging to men in five different places. Mr. Zinn thinks about 4,000 deer were killed in Wisconsin that came into Milwaukee alone, and that perhaps 2,000 more were shipped out of the State. We have had a flood of cheap venison in Chicago, and it is not unfair to suppose that a great deal of this came from Wisconsin, as indeed has in several cases been discovered by Milwaukee wardens. It seems very likely to me that the laws of Wisconsin were not only to a partial extent but to a very large extent violated this season. This I say in deference to the facts, and with no wish to cast any slight or blame upon Warden Ellarson's administration. It only seems just to suppose that, if Warden Ellarson thinks the law has not been violated, he will not try to get after violators. I should like to convince him that were a few of the latter sort of game in his woods this year, there will be plenty of them next year. So long as the State of Wisconsin can show only about thirty non-resident licenses for a season of shooting, it will be extremely likely that the law has been violated in a great many hundred instances. The passenger departments of the Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Wisconsin Central railroads all contain records which would utterly disprove that sort of estimate.

The Good Express Companies.

It is touching what confidence the wardens all seem to have in the great common carrier companies. Now, yesterday I was talking with Harry Loveday, our Illinois warden, and he said that he was aided all the time by the courtesy and voluntary assistance of the express companies, which always allowed him to search any suspected packages and gave all other aid in their power, cheerfully surrendering any contraband game and promising to give him all the aid in their power. It is true that some game is captured in that way, a great deal of it in the total, and it is true also that the heads of these great concerns cannot be supposed to know the contents of each box in the office, any more than the local agent can always tell what it is that he is shipping. But does anyone suppose that one-hundredth part of the illegal game shipments are ever detected? Upon the contrary, were it possible for any one day of the year to catch all the illegal game that came into Chicago, the big dealers here would be apt to experience such a shock as they have never known. Of course, the express companies can well afford to promise every aid in the enforcement of the law, but it all ends at the promise. If the warden detects a lot of illegal game, the company says: "Take it, sir. We are surprised and shocked at this awful thing!" What else cou'd be said? The company does not dare set itself up in open violation of the law. It is usually customary for a warden to sell this game and pay carriage charges out of the proceeds, so the company gets as much as though it had delivered the game to the customer. It can afford to be shocked. But it is always shocked at the consignee end of the route, and not at the consignor. It takes no means of refusing to accept the contraband game when offered. It does not want any local agent to get too brilliant, and if he does, he doesn't last. Meantime the steady stream of game, legal and illegal, flows on into the great markets—a stream of iniquity in many cases, which could be stopped in 24 hours by the honest and concerted effort of the express companies.

On this line of thought is the letter just received from Mr. W. E. Warren, of Fox Lake, Wis., who writes me:

"Your article two weeks ago about the express companies hits the bulls-eye. They are worse than the market shooters. My brother, who has been in the northern part of the State lately, tells me the slaughter of game up there was a caution. One man killed 6 deer in one day. One little station, Appolonia, shipped 500 dozen grouse this season, and Nellsville was averaging 500 a day. If the express companies would not accept this stuff for outside shipments, it would certainly make a great difference."

Oddities.

Of the oddities of truth and fiction which the season of deer hunting brings forth are the stories of a moose which was killed at St. James lumber camp, near St. Ignace, Mich., on Nov. 25, the first moose seen in that section for many years; of another white deer, killed by Mr. Andrews of Mackinaw City, near Pine River, Mich., last week; of a buck, killed near Channing, Mich., by William Warner, which buck weighed "nearly 500lbs."; of the delay in shipping game because many carcasses are in the woods, "which it is impossible to bring to the city on account of their weight." These last deer, methinks, must make the slayer of the 500lb. buck feel very small.

Big Bags.

One of the recent side-hunts is that of the lodge of Knights of Pythias, of Talmage, Neb., who on Thanksgiving Day went out in force for their annual carnival. The two sides killed 264 rabbits, 7 jack rabbits, 88 quail, 31 squirrels, 1 chicken and 1 opossum, to say nothing of 7 owls.

At Tecumseh, Neb., on Nov. 23, two parties, one of eight men, another of ten, participated in a grand side-hunt. The total of game killed was 287 rabbits, 15 jack rabbits, 1 prairie chicken and 125 quail.

At Lexington, Neb., shooters have devised a killing form of taking jack rabbits. They go out with a couple of wagons, which are driven along even with each other and about 400ft. apart, with a strong wire reaching from one to the other, which drags along over the grass and pulls out the jacks from their hiding places. Abreast of the wagon the hunters march and shoot the jacks as they start to right or left. Such a party killed a buggy load of jack rabbits the other day.

On Nov. 18 and 19, at Duckville, near Corinne, Utah, on a shooting preserve, five shooters bagged 1,493 ducks. One man shot 183 on each of the two days.

New York papers estimate that 100,000 dozen of quail were brought into New York city the morning of Nov. 1. These birds mostly come from the West.

Ice Hunting.

A novel sort of duck hunting has been practiced up on Fox Lake, Wis., since the freeze-up, that of chasing cripples on the ice. Each season a great many birds are crippled and not recovered, and of course, as the water freezes they are driven up out of their marshy hiding places and forced to disclose themselves more than is the case when they can sneak along the wet margins. Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of that city, writes me that Henry Grady caught twenty-three ducks that way one day, skating after them and knocking them over with a stick. A market hunter went out after the birds with a sled, which he "prodded" along over the ice with a pair of prods. At last, in his excitement, he broke through and got too wet to go on with the business. Mr. Hotchkiss also mentions the fact that an editor man from a neighboring town, Mr. Williams by name, came down to Fox Lake to see how they shot turkeys at a Thanksgiving Day shoot. He managed to get about all he shot at, at forty rods, and they barred him out, as likewise Mr. Hotchkiss, who is also an editor. You can't always tell by looking at a newspaper man whether he can shoot or not.

The Minister and the Deer.

Agent Sam Fullerton, of Minnesota, came near ruining the Thanksgiving dinner of Rev. Wm. Wilkinson, of St. Paul, last week. Some good friend of the preacher had sent him over by express the carcass of a deer, the shipping point being the celebrated community of Grand Rapids, where they have no use for game wardens. The deer got as far as St. Paul all right, but was there nabbed by the deputies of the warden, who removed it from the intended scene of activity. The reverend doctor had invited a number of friends to his house for dinner, for the purpose of eating venison, he having been advised of the shipping of the deer. The absence of the meat made a large hole in the festivities, and the minister made a loud and vigorous protest to the warden, declaring that he had not shot the deer, had never seen a deer, and was curious to know how a deer would look or taste. After a long

deliberation Mr. Fullerton good naturedly let him have his deer, and I presume the feast went on.

Figures.

A Pacific Coast paper estimates that 72,500 men in that State go shooting or fishing each year, and spend about $40 at least per man each year in the pursuit of sport. This figures $2,900,000 each year spent by the residents alone, not including the many visiting shooters and fishers who come in from all over the country. This covers only the hotel and traveling expenses, and to the estimate is added $10 per head for ammunition, etc., or $725,000 more. It pays to have something to go after by way of sport.

The Tribe of Scribes.

A number of Chicago newspaper men last summer broke away off their reservation and took a trip up into the Lake Superior country, going in near Marquette. They were so much delighted with the experience that they thought it would be a good thing to permanently corral some of that country for club purposes. A tract of sixty-one acres near Sauk's Head was secured, and the club has been set on foot, with membership fee of $25 and annual dues of $10. Opie Read, the novelist, is president of the club, and the well-known artist, W. W. Denslow, the vice-president. The temporary organization was formed last summer, but the annual meeting approaches and it is hoped that a number of good fellows will come to the front and join, not necessarily all newspaper men or artists, but anybody who loves a good summer loafing place, with good trout fishing close at hand. Opie Read says the brook trout are long as his arm, and that they swim lazily by the island in large schools. A club house will be built and there are plenty of sites for cottages along the beach or upon the island, which is one of the pieces of property. When this club gets to going there will be a sag in the shore line of Lake Superior, for there is going to be more intellect to the square foot in the immediate vicinity of Sauk's Head than has ever happened out of doors since the history of the seven wise men and the laundry yacht. It will be, in part, the Press Club of Chicago transferred to summer quarters, and it should be a pleasant place to know.

Biggest Bass.

If daily newspaper advices be correct, as very often they are not, the record on small-mouth bass has been broken badly. Press dispatches from Madison, Wis., state that on Nov. 28 Isaac Palmer, a fisherman, caught in Lake Mendota, off McBride's Point, a small-mouth bass weighing 8lbs. 10oz., measuring 24¾in. in length and 17¾in. in girth. This fish was bought by Con. Kreuz, of Madison, and will be mounted. I have seen some of these big bass from this Madison country, and they were small-mouths, as I presume this one is, but they are not marked like the river small-mouths, having a uniform leaden or yellow color. It will be interesting to know whether the details above are accurate.

St. Louis and Illinois Game.

State Warden Harry Loveday has been having fun lately with the St. Louis game dealers. As earlier mentioned in these columns, a great deal of game has been going from lower Illinois to the great St. Louis market, which is second only to Chicago in the Western country for its rapaciousness. Some of this game is shipped straight through, and is not reached by the Illinois officials, but lately it was learned that a sort of "Mr. Hicks" clearing house has been established at East St. Louis by one Geo. Heikes, and also by Broadway & Co., of that town. These men sent out word over the lower part of the State that it "would be all right" if game was shipped to them, so a large number of Southern shippers did send them game. Mr. Loveday made a little raid and captured about 2,000 quail at East St. Louis, all destined for the St. Louis market. Then the dealers of the latter town were exceeding wroth, and now declare that they will sue Mr. Loveday for breach of promise, or something awful, because he got their quail. They say it is unjust discrimination when they can't buy quail as much as Chicago does. To this Mr. Loveday has occasion to make no immediate reply. The nerve of these dealers is something Homeric. Now it is generally known that game is shipped to commission men, consigned for sale by the country shipper and not really bought by the commission man at all, who acts only as agent for the shipper, and is paid by a commission on what he sells. Those St. Louis dealers had no more title to that game that was seized than they have to the halo around the moon, and they would not have claimed title if they had had it in possession, let alone having the stuff on the wrong side of the Mississippi River and in a State which has jurisdiction over it, whereas their own State can have no jurisdiction at all. Yet they are going to sue the State warden of Illinois!

Warden Loveday this week seized 300 quail and four dozen ducks, shipped from an Illinois point to Whitcomb, a Chicago dealer. He allowed the ducks to go with the quail and raked in the whole outfit.

This taking of legal game found in the same shipment with illegal game is one which I think would be apt to raise a question of law or of construction of the law. Hitherto it has been the custom in making a seizure of illegal game to sort out any stuff that may not be contraband and notify the dealer to come and take it. Sometimes the dealer gets hot and won't take it, and sometimes he meekly comes and gets it. Really, I can see no reason why the dealer should have any benefit whatever from the shipment, nor why the shipper should have either. In Minnesota they seize the dog and gun of illegal shooters as unlawful appliances, and this measure has been found to work mighty well and promptly too. Now it is the same way with a barrel of ducks or rabbits which is filled in with illegal quail, grouse or the like. The appliance is that barrel and its contents. It is the intent to evade the law by means of that form of package. The poultry, hides, legal game or other stuff used to cover up the illegal game may in the eye of the law at least, as I am fully disposed to believe, be seized along with the contraband stuff and confiscated. At least, were I game warden, this is just what I should do. The stuff does not belong to the agent to whom it is shipped, but the shipper who sends it in. That shipper knows he has broken the law, and that he has taken steps to cover up his violations. He is mighty apt not to attempt the difficult act of coming into court with unclean hands. The more good, fat turkeys, and succulent tame ducks, and calf skins, and pieces of veal that the warden swipes, the more discouraged will be the shrewd country dealer who sews quail up in rabbits, and puts ducks and prairie chickens into calves, and heads up barrels full of stuff with hens at the ends and quail in the middle.

Ute Problem Solved.

Year after year we have been hearing of the troubles of the Colorado citizens with the Uintah Utes, who each fall come into Routt and Rio Blanco counties and make a big hunt in spite of the wardens. Last fall there was a bloody encounter, which left no better feeling between the whites and the Indians. The latter claim that they have a treaty right to hunt on these lands, which were part of their old reservation, and the worst of it is, they do still have that right. They claim that they ought to be allowed to hunt there, because white men hunt there all the time. Some 2,000,000 acres of land in that region was set apart for a timber reserve, but the red hunters cannot understand that this affects their hunting rights there, though under the law there can be no hunting on such a reserve by white men. The latter did not propose to allow red men to hunt where they could not, and there was little hope that the one side or the other would ever become less stubborn in regard to the alleged or supposed rights of the matter. Now the United States Government makes the very wise proposal to compromise the matter equitably for all concerned by purchasing the hunting rights of the tribe for a certain sum, which shall be made satisfactory to the Indians. This would be a great relief to the Colorado wardens, who have no easy task when they are asked to suppress the annual Ute inroads. It would perhaps result in bringing more white hunters and white settlers into that region, and from that time its excellence as a purely hunting precinct would no doubt steadily decline, so that the result as to the game would be pretty much the same in one case as the other. Commissioner Swan, of Colorado, is delighted at the prospect of this easy settlement of a long-mooted question. It is to be hoped that action equally wise and conservative may be taken in all these Western sections where the situation as to these game wars is more or less similar to that of the district mentioned. It is bad for the white hunters to be driven out, or for white settlers to be disturbed, but it is likely that in very many instances the Indians believe they are doing what they have been told by the Great Father they have a right to do. They do not always think just as clearly as we do, and their mode of life is different from ours; though perhaps it is asking too much of a red hot mountain man to stop to figure on that sort of thing when he sees a bunch of Indians coming in on his range and promising to run him out of what he also thinks is his own country.

From the Blackfeet.

I have a recent letter from the Blackfeet reservation from Mr. J. W. Schultz, who says that the big game of that country is getting a pretty bad shaking up since the mining began. He brings the bad news that Billy Jackson, who was seen by very many friends at New York some time ago at the sportsmen's exposition, continues in very precarious health, and is unable to get about very much. I hope this news may not be true, or not permanently true, for Billy Jackson is one of the rarest of good fellows, and deserves nothing but good health and happiness. It is a liberal education to camp with Billy and hear him tell about the old times.

Mr. Schultz writes that he saw a good deal of Charlie Russell at Great Falls, Mont., on a late visit over there, and he adds that Russell is "wasting his talent painting pictures of Indians and cowboys out there, for they want to buy pictures by the yard at Great Falls." That is no good way to sell pictures, and if Mr. Russell will come on to Chicago or New York I reckon some of us might take him around to places where they trade on a different basis. I don't know that he would like to live very long in the East, but he might stand it for a time. There is one thing about Mr. Russell and his work that any real Western man can't help liking, and that is the fact that he is doing his work out of his own love for it and his actual knowledge of it. Most of the popular pictorial ideas about the West come from men who do not live in the West, but who visit it purposely to get posted about it. These must always be at a certain disadvantage to the artist who is, as it were, upon the spot. Yet, though one gathers eggs in the barn where they are laid, he can best sell them in the store where they are bought. I first saw one of Mr. Russell's paintings in a shop window at Butte, so I always thought I knew him, though come to think of it, I believe I never met him.

Yet another bit of news from the Blackfeet country came to-day by way of Mr. Charles H. Cobb, who paid this office a visit. Mr. Cobb is son-in-law of Capt. T. P. Fuller, Indian agent for the Blackfeet, and is just back from a fall hunt in the St. Mary's country, on which he got both sheep and goats. He also saw Billy Jackson, and he says Billy is pretty sick, but he thought not dangerously so. He brings word from our old-time host, Joe Kipp, and other reservation acquaintances, and says that all is well out there. Mr. Cobb himself lives at Kankakee, Ill., but is much at the reservation in Montana, which is a truly delightful place to visit.

Otter.

I was in at a furrier's the other day, getting my sealskin overcoat repaired, when I chanced to see a big pile of nice otter skins, dressed and plucked. They were fairly good skins, though not so dark as some of our Northern fur. I asked where most of the otter came from, and was told that it was from the Southwest, and also from Alabama and Georgia, with some from Arkansas. This, I imagine, is news to the average sportsman. If you ask any trapper or traveler where there are plenty of otter, he will not be able to tell you. I never saw a place yet where there were many of these slippery beasts, which seem to be scattered all over the country, without very many in any one place. There are a few, and very fine ones they are too, for the most part, in upper Wisconsin, but the trapper who gets three otter in a winter there is about two or three otter ahead of the average.

Good Trio.

I had two old-timers and an explorer in my office today, and they made a good trio. Mr. Edward Kemeys, of Chicago, the well-known sculptor, met there Buffalo Jones, and they two were able to exchange many pleasant reminiscences about the old buffalo days in Kansas, where they both hunted in the early seventies. They knew that country like a book, and had a good time together. Mr. Kemeys is very much devoted to the wolf, the big gray wolf, and when Jones began to tell about some of his wolf experiences in the arctic trip, from which he has recently returned (as mentioned in these columns), it was as much as one could do to keep both gentlemen on their chairs, they were that happy, talking wolf.

My explorer was my old friend Charlie Norris, with whom I used to go trout fishing and snowshoeing up in Wisconsin in former years. Charlie has been off hunting gold, taking the "backdoor route" to the Klondike, for which promising region he started a year ago. He never got to the headwaters of the Pelly River, but he thinks perhaps his partner has by this time. Charlie was separated from the rest of his party and robbed by some fellows he met on the trail, and so forced to turn back from his journey up the Peace River. He made him a raft and ran the Peace alone, rapids and all, till he finally wound up in Athabasca Lake and thence got the chance to work his way back to Edmonton. Naturally I wanted to give the FOREST AND STREAM a story of this little trip, which not very many men have made or ever could make, and this he has promised to do at an early date. It was something of an undertaking to start out in the dead of winter from Edmonton, with a party of tenderfeet and with a train of horse sledges, to go over an unknown trail into a country which nobody had ever seen. Mr. Norris found that the maps were not maps, and the information not information, but guesswork, and he can tell a pretty story about the far-away land of fur and frost.

Roping a White Goat.

It is rather a startling, but not an impossible nor an unplausible story, which comes from the Cowlitz River country of far-off Washington this week, recounting the capture alive of a white mountain goat. It seems that Edward Dickson was the man lucky enough to perform this rather unusual feat of roping a wild goat. He was riding through the mountains, horseback, accompanied by his dog, and heard the latter barking on ahead a little way. He rode up and found the dog engaged in attacking or repelling the attack of a white goat, which had the dog at a disadvantage in the snow. Dickson hurriedly took the rope from his saddle, and going in close succeeded in roping the goat, which he tied up to a tree; though not without something of a tussle. He got help later, and tried to take away the animal, but it fought everything in sight and refused to go. The men at last tied his feet together and wound his horns round with gunny sacks, thus finally getting the creature away to the nearest house, where it was left at last accounts. Dickson was caught in the arm by one of the horns of the goat, and somewhat hurt.

All this might sound like a fairy tale, did it not so strictly accord with the description and habits of the white goat. The horns of this animal are described to be "black as jet," and "he uses them with great dexterity." The story says the goat "is white as snow, and has a high crest or mane between his shoulders." All this tallies with the white goat as the hunters of the Rockies know it. When I was out in the Blackfoot country after goats the hunters out there said that it was never customary to let a dog attack a white goat, because the goat would nearly always kill the dog. I think I mentioned the story told by Mr. J. W. Schultz, of a hunter who once climbed a mountain plateau where a big billy was lying, and who was a bit surprised to see the goat come at him instead of running away. All this is quite in line with what little experience I had with these odd and misfit creatures. Both the goats I shot had plenty of chance to get away, for they saw me, I should think, before I did them, yet neither of them made any attempt to get off, but seemed too lazy or too stupid. The hunters call them the biggest fool thing that runs the mountains, and do not care to hunt them. I am disposed to think that Dickson did rope a goat, and it is pleasant to add that the animal seems to be doing well at the mountain ranch, and eats and drinks as though it were not much bothered about the future. If you are looking for a philosopher, you can find him in the mountain billy, a cheerful, optimistic philosopher, who believes that it is all going to come out for the best, who would not run to get away from anything, and whose dignity can't be jarred by anything short of a .30-30, and maybe two or three of that.

The Master of the Herd.

If one wanted to get a typically grand buffalo bull head for a picture, he ought to get that of old "John L. Sullivan," the finest and most pugnacious bull of the old Jones buffalo herd, which was sold to Charlie Allard, of the Flathead reservation in Montana. There are several photographs of this old fellow, and he is still alive. He has never been tamed and never been whipped. I remember this bull very well, that is to say, I remember him as he was in his infancy. This was one of the calves which we caught in the 1886 hunt in the Texas Panhandle. He was the largest of the lot, a stocky, sturdy, big-boned fellow. That was the calf we had to feed out of a certain white pail. He would not eat out of anything else. He was savage even then, and butted over every man that came near him. I remember very well the run on which he was caught, and how we carried him half in our arms in the front seat of the light wagon. He was a fighter from the start. Later he developed into a tremendous specimen. His horns measure over 20in. around the butt, and his topknot is a spreading mass of wool. In stature he is a giant among his kind. Always vicious, he once chased and nearly killed Jones in the pasture. Jones got a shotgun and shot him in the face, thinking to tame him and cure him of his viciousness. The charge destroyed one eye of the bull, but he scorned to run. He was then shot in the nose and lips, a heavy load of duck shot striking

him, but he still stood his ground. He has never been subdued and is a fighter of the worst sort.

A tragic interest attaches to this wandering story of a real master of the herd. "You remember old Queen, our Kentucky running mare, the one with which we caught most of the calves, don't you?" asked Buffalo Jones. "Well, that old bull John L. killed Queen, the very horse which carried me up when I roped him. The mare was always allowed to run free in the buffalo pasture. We had turned her out and resolved never to work her at anything again. One day, so I am told, though I was not there, Queen came too near to this mean bull, John L. The bull made a rip at her with his horn, and caught her fair in the side, tearing open the flank. He lifted her fairly up into the air and she came down dead. The bull had killed the horse that caught him."

This news about the gallant mare, which won our love on the hunt above mentioned, comes, even now, thus late, with a good deal of sadness. Queen was a noble animal, and worthy a better death. The day we gave her whisky and rubbed her for hours and nursed her till she got her sight back and recovered from a trip of 200 miles without water, and running buffalo, we had this same little calf on the rope close to us. If we had had any notion that he would ever have lived to kill Queen we would have killed him right there, valuable as he was.

Changes in Illinois Law.

Warden Loveday has in mind a number of changes in the game laws, which, after carefully weighing, he will have embodied in a bill and endeavor to have properly presented at the coming session of the Legislature. Last session there were many different and conflicting measures. He thinks it would not be surprising if an entirely new game law were enacted. He is in favor of a gun license. A number of petitions have been put in circulation looking toward changes in the law, and I understand that a meeting of interested parties, not belonging solely to any of our protective associations, will be held at the office of the warden, Schiller Building, Chicago, probably on Monday evening next. E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Ring-necked Pheasants in New Jersey.

[From the Report of the Fish and Game Commission.]

From Mr. John B. Lozier, Oradell, Sept. 15, 1898: The pheasants have stopped all summer in my vineyard and about the shrubbery on the lawns. I could hear the cocks crow every morning during the mating season. We flushed eight or ten young birds several times; whether they were the same covey every time or not I cannot say. At any rate the prospects are bright, and if we can only keep the people who hunt in the snow away they will pull through all right. Our seasons for shooting, as you know, are wrong, and the only way to save any game is through the trespass law. Of course the farmers get plenty of abuse, because every pot-hunter can hunt, but I guess they can stand it. I wish special efforts would be made to introduce the pheasants. Our county is their ideal. They seem very partial to meadows and the edges of brush lots, and are very prolific if not disturbed too much. Revise the game laws next year and attach good penalties.

From Assemblyman Charles F. Hopkins, Boonton, Sept. 19, 1898: The pheasants are doing well. After finding that trying to hatch them enclosed was a failure, we let them go, and they are hatching, and have done so finely. They seem to do well, and remain about us yet.

From Fish and Game Warden William G. Wise, Burlington, Sept. 20, 1898: The ring-necked pheasants recently put out in this county have done well. I know of one instance where a farmer, while mowing his grain, saw a large bird get up and fly from under the machine and into an adjoining field. The next day he mowed that field and found that bird dead, as it had been injured while sitting on her nest of eggs. The latter were also subsequently found.

From Mr. A. M. Gillam, South Vineland, Sept. 21, 1898: Ring-necked pheasants will never thrive and multiply in New Jersey unless given two or three years' protection. They are too nearly domesticated to look out for themselves in the shooting season the first year after liberation, and can be exterminated by almost any kind of a pot-hunter. These are my conclusions, drawn from experience with the twelve birds I got from you last March. I released nine, in trios and in three different places, keeping three, a cock and two hens, in captivity. Three of those released—two cocks and one hen—came back in the course of time, and the hen, after literally wearing a pathway along the side of the wire inclosure in which the captives were confined, was finally allowed to go in; but two weeks later was thrown out again. She continued to hang around the place with one of the outside cocks, both eating with the ordinary barnyard fowl, until she hatched out young ones, when the hen disappeared.

The hens in captivity had about 100 eggs. I set forty-one under two ordinary hens and hatched out thirty-eight. One of the pheasant hens set in captivity on eleven eggs and hatched ten. Forty of the chicks grew to be about as large as quail, when most of them got weak in the legs all at once. I shut off on hard boiled eggs and bread crumbs and fed more strengthening food. Most of them recovered, but some legs never straightened, and I destroyed the chicks thus afflicted. Thirty grew up past dying age—at least I thought so until one day in very warm weather six died, apparently of cholera.

Six hatched by the pheasant hen came through all right, and as they had never been handled in any way they were comparatively shy, and I released them. The others will chase a man instead of running away from him, and there would be little use of turning them out, for any one could kill them with a stick. The pheasant hen that hatched in captivity died in August. Overfeeding, I imagine, for she was very fat. I gave a neighbor who thought he knew all about pheasants twenty eggs. He hatched thirteen, but all died young.

Of the nine old birds put out I cannot give either as good or as thorough a report as I would like to. Want of time and the very warm weather have kept me out of the woods. I have never been near one trio. The other two trios got together and for half the summer the two cocks walked about together, ranging for half a mile or so. They raided on berry patches and occasionally fought. The hens, I concluded, were setting.

Then one cock came back to the pen and spent all his time fighting the cock in captivity. Finally the outside cock was found dead, half a mile away, but with no marks on him. One pheasant hen was seen walking about with two chicks; another had a dozen or so, and a third about half a dozen. The fourth of this bunch apparently did not hatch out. How many of these three broods grew up I cannot say, but I fear not many, for the signs are scarce. I took quite a long trip with my pointer dog recently, and found but four—one old hen and three nearly grown young ones. I suspect farmers' boys killed some in retaliation for stolen strawberries. I fear this section has too many small owners for the good health of such domestic and impudent birds. When feeding it is difficult to frighten them away. There should be more grain fields and fewer berry patches. It is an ideal quail country, but I am forced to admit that it is not perfect for ring-necked pheasants, at least unless the birds are given time to become acquainted with their surroundings before being made game. I am sorry they could not have three years' protection.

From Mr. Charles M. Freeman, Metuchen, Sept. 23, 1898: As to the English pheasants, from those sent me there are now about thirty healthy young birds, and if they winter well I think they will multiply rapidly.

From Mr. George Ricardo, Hackensack, Sept. 24, 1898: The pheasants are hard to locate, as the only information to be had is that obtained from farmers. If gunners know where there are any birds they a e keeping it to themselves. There are two small broods on the farm of Mr. John B. Lozier and there is one on the farm of Mrs. S. J. Hopper. There were two nests in one field on the Spring Valley road. The only nest I have heard of from the Westwood birds had nine eggs in it, but was destroyed by some animal. The birds at Paramus and Englewood have been seen a number of times, but I cannot ascertain whether they have bred or not.

The Pawling Club's Plan.

SING SING, N. Y., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If all gun clubs throughout New York State were as progressive as the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, good shooting would be assured for years to come. Having been fortunate enough to be the guest of a member of the club this fall, I was enabled to see what really could be done in the propagation of game birds with a little public-spirited enterprise. We flushed seven coveys of quail in one morning—aggregating eighty birds. We picked out a few old birds, sparing the younger ones.

The club has purchased the shooting rights of most of the farms in the vicinity of Pawling, so the members are protected in a measure from non-resident sportsmen. The proceeds of the "clay bird tournament" held there are used for the purchasing of quail and pheasants. From 200 to 400 birds are turned loose each year. Shooters at the traps who are sportsmen will appreciate this fact, and even if they do not quite reach the winning percentage, will "fork over" with a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing their money is going for a good cause. Quail are uncertain birds—shooting grounds within a radius of ten miles are replenished by this annual distribution.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

North Carolina Quail.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Having just returned from a quail shooting trip in North Carolina, I can recommend to those of your readers who are interested a visit to Hamilton, Martin county, N. C. They will find many birds, dogs, and at Mr. S. W. Everitt's a pleasant host and hostess, very reasonable rates of board, and an easy country to shoot over. This letter was not solicited by Mr. Everitt. J. E. HINDON HYDE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Lake George Bass Experience.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You invite descriptions of shooting and fishing trips; and as I am tied up in the house with a bad (or good) cold, taken from a wet sneak-box in Chesapeake Bay, I am inclined to comply, provided that a little black field spaniel will let my slippers alone and not pull me from my chair. I sit in my den facing the cabinet, which contains my four shotguns and five rifles and the various accumulations of a sportsman. The various equipments still give out the pungent odor of a beechwood campfire in the Adirondacks. On the walls hang the trophies of many a hunt, and which recall many a lame back, sore foot and barked shin, but it was all manly pleasure and one does not regret the pain or expense. Better spend your surplus cash that way than in silly attempts to be one of the boys.

Under the circumstances it is not strange that one's thoughts revert to pleasant trips in the past, and that I am anxious to get rid of this cold, that I may catch another before the season is over. To get back to the original intention of a brief account of part of this season's sport, let me state that the same sawbones and pill peddler who is dosing me now induced me to take a trip to Lake George bass fishing in August. We arrived at the Hundred Island House Sunday noon. It rained Monday, and we fished off the dock. The Doctor read a prize essay on alcoholic gastritis in the evening, interspersed with comments on the conductive circumstances which lead to the disease. My mind was more taken up with the loss of four leaders and as many snelled hooks and one bass. We mutually decided to avoid the docks and bars and devote the rest of the week to deep water.

We engaged a steam launch from Bolton and started up the lake, with tow-headed Theodore Ormsby towing behind. Said Ormsby will beat you out on a swap, but he can fish and knows the lake. Ormsby and the Doctor took the small boat and anchored off the ledge near Black Mountain. Three crickets for bait on a No. 1 sproat hook; no lead, plenty of line out, and in ten minutes a strike that would make your heart thump. The fly-rod takes its finest curve and the reel shrieks; there is much guesswork and the final result doubtful; therein lies the sport. Thirty feet away the water breaks and the rod straightens as line is given. The reel sings again and history repeats itself. A 2lb. small-mouth bass comes to net as No. 1. The Doctor and Ormsby come in for lunch, and with them four fine black bass, one 3½lbs., two 2lbs., one 5½lbs. The captain of the launch gets a 3¾lb. beauty in the afternoon with his cane pole and chalk line, and I get left with my thirty-dollar Leonard rod and silk line. The day ends with 37½lbs. of bass. I never knew of an Oswego bass being taken from Lake George. They are all small-mouthed, and the best bait for them is crickets or grasshoppers. A resume of the day's sport leads me to believe that bass hooked in the lips will be sure to break water; and if the bait is gorged and the hook is fast deep in the fish, you will not see him till he is ready for the net.

Second day. The launch is on hand at 8 A. M., and as the Doctor's wife has arrived, we cruise in the northwest bay and visit Paradise Bay before fishing. Lake George is a beauty spot. Others have described it, and have done it well, I can only add that should I have the choice of a place of drowning I should select Lake George. In and out among the islands, with steam occasionally stopping to try some inviting spot, we finally anchor near the scene of yesterday's sport, and the Doctor is king pin again. He lands a 5lb. bass from the steamer before Ormsby and I are fairly in the boat, and upon our return he has another 4¼lbs. Ormsby has one of 3 and one of 3¾. I have one of 2lbs. and am beaten by the Doctor's wife with one of 2¾. She can handle a fly-rod with a bass attached as well as Dr. Henshall. Further, she can step in the center of a boat and sit still after getting there. The skipper gets in his work again with the bean-pole and chalk line. There were some lost, but the net weight for the day was 27¾lbs.

The third day we used small boats, with indifferent luck. The laugh was on me for taking a 4lb. eel, believing that I had an immense bass. The eel swallowed the hook to the extent of having the union of snell and leader out of sight. I became discouraged in endeavoring to extract the hook. The Doctor suggested that I cut off the eel's tail and pull the hook through the other way. This worked beautifully. I was highly pleased, and the Doctor noticed it and remarked: "You have a queer face—one-half of it shows appreciation, the other half shows astonishment that a disciple of Esculapius should comprehend the anatomy of other animate formations than that of the genus homo." I understood well enough that he was making fun of me and calling me names. I have not fished with him since. He still continues his professional visits, but pays more attention to my fly-rod than to his clinical thermometer. I still owe him a grudge and a bill: the first will be paid—the latter never. I expect some day he will put me to sleep with his nasty dope, and if I wake up I shall find the rod missing.

The Lake George guides charge you three dollars per day, keep all your fish and whatever tackle they borrow from you. W. W. HASTINGS.

Piscatoribus Sacrum.

I HAVE a little red book—a storehouse for reminiscences; it is devoted to angling and such subjects as are dear to the angler, and I call it "Piscatoribus Sacrum." Though it cannot claim, as does a certain famous book, to be "not unworthy the perusal of most anglers," yet it contains many odds and ends, among which it is always interesting to pick about; and when I am far from a trout stream, and yet long to hear the babbling water and to cast a fly again in the old familiar corner, I often pick up my little red notebook and retire in fancy to some distant scene of rural beauty and rising trout, there to linger awhile in an angler's paradise. I have often thought that every angler ought to keep an informal diary.

How many people, I wonder, tie their own flies nowadays? When I read the elaborate directions given by such masters of the craft as Detached Badger, I find myself wondering how any one has the time, the patience, or the eyesight, not to mention the fingers. I have no doubt that he has succeeded in stimulating the desire of many, and in inspiring the desire into more, to dress their own flies. But I suspect that, when artificial flies can be bought so beautifully made, and at such reasonable prices as they can be to-day, few amateurs find it worth their while to dress them for themselves. I have always been immensely tickled by Ephemera's parting cast in his edition of "The Complete Angler": "He who shall not be able to make a trout fly, after studying these diagrams and directions, must be deficient either in brains or in manual dexterity." But that was penned before the days of higher education, when trout were less particular. Indeed, there are many streams now, I do not say chalk streams, where the trout prefer the rougher kinds of flies, and where neatness of finish is not always by any means an advantage.

From flies to postage stamps may seem a wide jump, but, opening at random, I have come across a Portuguese stamp issued in 1895 to commemorate the festival of St. Anthony. The saint is depicted standing by the edge of the water preaching to the fish, which listen with eager noses thrust out of the water, just as if they were "smutting" on a warm evening in August. Again, proverbs are a great source of comfort to many people. They so often save them the trouble of thinking, the

necessity of making an original remark. "When the wind is in the north," murmurs the disappointed angler with resignation, as he returns home with his basket empty. Others have collected all the proverbs of all nations and languages that relate to angling. Many proverbs can be parodied to suit the angler. For example: "A bright day makes a light bag," "The empty creel is the mother of invention," "Spare the rod and lose the fish," "The wise fish discerns the gut, but the foolish takes the first that comes."

Fishermen's Curses would supply a heading for an interesting and suggestive chapter. By this I do not mean a list of the expletives, profane or picturesque, by which the angler relieves his feelings when he is exceptionally annoyed. The gentle angler is never so forgetful of the dignity of the craft. But I refer to the various sources of annoyance which from time to time try the patience of every angler. Even these have their compensation, however, for it is seldom that they are not graphically reproduced to raise a laugh in the smoking room after dinner. The wasp's nest in the favorite corner will occur to many fishermen. I recollect how a friend crept up one summer evening to drop a fly unseen into such a corner in a Lincolnshire Beck; how he took up his position over a nest of unusually virulent wasps, and a very painful scene ensued, in which he was routed with considerable loss. Indeed there would seem to be room for a book somewhat similar to Mr. Lehman's "Hints to Young Shooters," explaining how much capital may be made over the pipes and grog out of the vicious bull in the meadow by the riverside; the man who keeps a mill for the special annoyance of trout and anglers; or the man who cuts his weeds and floats them down with such subtle irony when the May-fly is at its best. But to my mind nothing taxes the patience so much as the old black trout who devastates the stream, lies like a log in his own special spot, can always be found and never be tempted to rise, and is only to be got rid of by netting.

"The bull in the meadow," however, has been used with advantage on at least one occasion. When anybody could buy a day ticket for the Wye, which flows below Bakewell, past Haddon Hall, down to Rowsley, fishermen got so thick upon the bank that one of the riparian owners invented a *deus ex machina*, and sprang it upon them. He put a particularly savage bull in the field one morning, and a late riser sallying forth after his friends from the Peacock met them all returning in various stages of wetness and discomfiture.—Chelidon, London Field.

An Italian Fishing Method.

An Italian officer, Major Michelini, who has been investigating the qualities of bullets and rifles, has discovered that fish can be killed more easily than even by the dynamite cartridge. The Italian rifle, which is about .256in. in caliber, proved very deficient in stopping power at the battle of Adowa. Nevertheless, at short ranges the very high velocity of the bullet gives rise to a powerful explosive effect. Major Michelini one day fired one of these guns into the water at an angle of about 45 degrees. A dead fish almost immediately rose to the surface. On examination no wound was discoverable in the body, the death being due entirely to the hydraulic shock arising from the impact of the bullet with the water. This view was amply confirmed by further experiments, and many fish were killed by the blow of the bullet on the water exactly as if by an explosion of a dynamite shell. The effects of the hydraulic shock seemed to be sufficient to kill all the fish within from 2 to 2½ft. of the point of impact.—*New York Times.*

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Forest and Stream offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to Forest and Stream's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the Forest and Stream.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

"Stales."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer of a column-long report in the Sunday Sun about recent duck shooting near Harvey Cedars, Barnegat Bay, N. J., speaks of putting out "the stales," meaning the decoys. Since when has stale (an obsolete word according to Webster) come into use along the Jersey coast? I never heard it used there, or anywhere else, for that matter. Stool or decoy is the word employed in general, though a good old negro gunner on the James River used to speak of "settin' out de toys." K.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Dec. 5.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Missouri State Sportsmen's Trials.

Amoret, Mo., Nov. 30.—The Missouri State Sportsmen's Club held their second trials commencing Monday, Nov. 28. There were a great many very enthusiastic lovers of the dog and gun in attendance from St. Louis, Kansas City, Sedalia, Moberly and other parts of the State, the attendance being larger than usually seen at the older clubs. The grounds were good, large open spaces and any kind of cover to test the qualities of a bird dog. The essential, however, to all trials, birds, were quite scarce, and several heats had to be decided reluctantly without dogs being given a chance on game. The weather was not good on Monday morning, a fine mist with considerable snow already on the ground. The mist ceased and the snow disappeared, and the sun was out by noon.

The Members' Derby.

Miss Schley, a seven-months-old pointer, the youngest we ever saw run in a field trial, ran with Lady Floss, a setter. Were put down at 9:15 and ran a half-hour. The weather conditions were such no birds were on the move. While both dogs ranged well and had fair speed, no birds were raised by horsemen and wagon that were numerous, nor pointed by the dogs. The setter having the best in speed and range, though the baby pointer ran exceptionally well for one so young.

King's Rod, a setter, was drawn to run against Peg's Girl, who proved sick and did not start—Cora Gladstone, a setter, taking her place. Rod was a very fast dog and a wide ranger. Cora was good in speed, and ranged fairly well for the heavy cover they were hunted in. Cora pointed two bevies in good style, and one single bird. Rod flushing one bevy that Cora was pointing, and would not respond to whistle, and ranged at will. They ran from 9:45 to 10:26.

Dot's Jingo, a pointer, was drawn to run with Sport's Gath, a setter. The birds were moving some now, and both dogs pointed at same time on a bevy that was feeding. Birds flushed and both dogs steady. Each dog scored some points on the scattered birds. The grounds proving blank when the dogs were hunting, they were taken to work on bevy horsemen flushed, but the birds were not raised again. They were about equal in speed and range. Down from 10:26 to 11.

Klondike Kate failed to appear. Cora Gladstone, her running mate, went with King's Rod as already stated.

Minnie Southworth and Mish were the next brace down, and ran from 10:25 to 11. They did not find any birds, and their speed and range were such the judges were of the opinion they could not win, admitting they would point, and were spotted out. Rap's G. and Rap's Rod, two pointers, were the next brace down, and ran from 11 to 11:45. They failed to find any birds. Rap's Rod was thought good enough to go into second series.

Second Series.

The first brace in second series was Lady Floss and Cora Gladstone. They were evenly matched in speed, Cora having some advantages in range. No birds were found by dogs or flushed by the many horsemen. Floss was suffering from effects of cut on foreleg, made by barbed wire.

King's Rod and Dot's Jingo were second brace. Jingo improved in range and speed, being down with one of the fastest and widest rangers in the trials. Jingo made two bevy points, and a point on single bird or two. Rod stopped long enough to satisfy himself birds were near, and jumped onto them, flushed and chased.

Sport's Gath and Rap's Rod were the third brace called. Gath found a bevy, which he pointed nicely across a creek. Steady to flush. On the scattered birds he made three or four points, Rod failing to score.

The judges announced Dot's Jingo first, King's Rod second, Sport's Gath and Lady Floss third. The placing of Rod second we take exception to, as Rod did not improve his opportunities, and he had several to point; he would not back, and would only stop on game long enough to be sure it was there, flush and chase; could not be handled and hunted at will.

We think Cora Gladstone, who had committed no faults, improved all the opportunities to point she had, and was at least Lady Floss' equal in speed, range and style, should have been placed over Floss, who did not point a bird—true, none were found when she ran.

The judges in the Members' Derby were P. T. Madison, Dr. Higgerson and Mr. Baldwin.

Members' Open Stake.

The Members' Open Stake was the second stake run, and commenced Tuesday morning. The day was bright and clear, fine overhead, but frozen hard and frosty underfoot. St. Cloud and Lady Webster were the first brace down at 8:30. The dogs started away at a clipping pace that Lady kept up to the end. St. Cloud died away in speed and range, and toward the last would stop and nose more than an aged dog should do. Lady had an easy way of going, and hunted with rare good judgment, and carried a high head. She did not put her nose to the ground during the several heats she ran. The brace beat out the ground thoroughly, but no birds were seen during the forty-five minutes they ran.

Sport's Gath—Dot's Jingo were called at 9:20, and ran until 10:35. Sport's Gath pointed a bevy in corn, and made two points on the flush bevy, Jingo failing to score. Jingo had some advantage in range. Their speed was about equal.

Jim P. and Kate Rigo ran from 10:37 to 11:17. Jim scored a couple of points on single bevies in the corn, but would only hold his birds until his handler would get in shooting distance, when he would jump and flush; he had been used to do this in shooting over him. Kate made a point on a single her handler caught in the grass. Each dog made another point on birds flushed by horsemen. Neither had much speed. Jim fair range. Both were spotted out after first series.

Sport and Kansas City Kent were the next brace. Kent was the winner of this stake last year. Kent had good speed and range. Much the advantage over Sport. Kent made a point on a single bird in corn, and pointed and then flushed a single bird soon afterward.

After lunch, which followed this brace, King's Rod, who was the bye dog, was put down, and Dot's Jingo was put down with him to see if the latter was good enough to be continued further. Jingo improved on his first heat and ranged better; had more speed and worked his birds. He found and pointed a bevy in good style, and would have pointed others, but Rod would flush the birds in front of Jingo and chase them, putting up two bevies and several single birds, retiring himself.

Second Series.

St. Cloud and Sport's Gath were the first brace in the second series. No birds were found by the brace. St. Cloud died away in speed and pottered so much he was not taken into money.

Lady Webster and Kansas City Kent were the second brace in the second series. They met in same stake last year. Lady having only one part of day in field before she ran, and no other conditioning, and was too fat and soft, Kent defeated her. They proved to be the best brace that had appeared up to this time. Both were good in speed, Lady being the fastest, widest ranger and most constant worker, and carried the highest head. Kent coming down a hedge row ran into and flushed a bevy with conditions favorable for a point. Lady pointed a bevy that was widely scattered, that was feeding, scoring several points on different birds, Kent coming up to back, which he did, joined in the work, scoring one point and one flush.

The judges announced Lady Webster first, Kansas City Kent second, Sport's Gath and Jingo equal third.

Lady Webster is a handsome setter bitch, six years old, and has been used as a shooting dog. She showed from her race in this heat and subsequent heats she is fit to class with Sue, Bohemian Girl and Lillian, and the best setter bitches starting in field trials. Kansas City Kent is a big pointer and has much pointer character, and is a good field dog. Sport's Gath is a handsome young setter, by Marie's Sport. Jingo, a young pointer, and will be heard from in future trials if he lives and nothing occurs to him.

Open Derby.

The Open Derby was then taken up, Rod's Pansy and King's Rod being the first brace. Pansy made a point on bevy, and one or two points on single birds. Has fine speed and range, and improves all opportunities to point. Rod repeated his previous bad work and was retired.

Rodfield Gladstone and Lady Floss were the next brace. They both ranged well, and pointed where birds had flown from, but nothing was flushed, ending the running Tuesday.

Wednesday we woke up with a snowstorm raging. Waiting until 9, the dogs were ordered out and the cavalcade of horsemen took up the line of march to the wet fields, expecting to do little if any work on game; but the unexpected happened, and seven bevies were flushed in two hours, as many bevies as found in all the previous heats.

Florence Rodstone, the bye dog, was put down with Rod's Pansy, making third brace in Open Derby. They both ranged well, Pansy pointing a bevy still on the roost. The judges riding up another bevy close by. The dogs were worked on the singles of one of the flushed bevies, Pansy making an excusable flush down wind. Florence ranged well and hunted with good judgment, but did not score a point. The judges gave Rod's Pansy first. She is a very fine puppy; has splendid speed, range and judgment, having won first in Derby at Bickwell, Ind., this year.

Florence Rodstone is a big handsome bitch, with splendid speed, range and judgment, and will be heard from again should she stand next season. Lady Floss, third, is a small bitch with plenty of snap, like her sire and dam, while she was unfortunate in not being on game. No birds were seen in any of her heats. Rodstone is a handsome young dog, and ought to go on.

The snowstorm and scarcity of birds reduced the starters in the Open All-Age Stake to four dogs.

White Line and Rodfield's Boy were the first brace to face the judges. The Boy is a dog that hunts on straight lines and ranges largely at will, has good speed. He did not improve his chances to point game, and failed to score a point in this heat. White Line has good speed and hunts to the gun, has good nose, and handled his game well; ranges with judgment, finding a bevy in good style and several single birds in this heat.

Lady Webster and Sport's Belle were the second brace in this stake. Lady, although handled by a man she never saw before (Lady's owner, who handled her in first heat only, having to leave), ranged with splendid judgment, handled her birds well, committing no fault during a series of four heats, meeting winners in every heat she competed in, and doing a remarkable feat, running over dog pointers she met, except the one point Kent made on bevy she had found, he pointing while she was tied, holding point until her handler could come up and flush. She pointed a bevy in heat with Sports Belle. Following the flushed bevy, she made three or four points on singles. Belle was evidently off nose, as she is strong on point work.

(The Derby entries Rodstone and Florence Rodstone were called on to run, while Lady Webster had a short rest, to see how they would work game. Nothing was found by either dog. Rodstone dropped much in speed from yesterday's going. Florence increasing hers over the first she ran in morning).

Second Series Open Stake.

Lady Webster and White Line ran a heat. Lady finding a bevy that was not followed.

Sport's Belle—Rodfield's Boy ran a heat, but nothing was found. Lady Webster was placed first, White Line second, Sport's Belle third, Rodfield's Boy fourth.

P. H. Bryson.

The Irish Wolf Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An interesting monograph on the Irish wolf dog, from the pen of Rev. Edmund Hogan, S. J., was published last year by M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, and a copy came into my possession. Any person who desires to obtain information about this greatest of all dogs will find the book a repository of about all that is knwn regarding the acknowledged "king of the canine race." The author evidently wrote the work as a labor of love, for although the volume is not too large to be carried in one's pocket, it contains a multitude of references to the Irish dog, both prose and verse, from writers as far apart as Quintus Aurelius Symmachas, a Roman consul in the year 391, and Captain George Augustus Graham, of Redneck, England, who wrote in 1885. All the evidence adduced indicates that the wolf dog was nearly as much superior in size and majesty of aspect to ordinary dogs as the extinct Irish elk must have been to any survivor of the deer family. As horns of the Irish elk have been found measuring 12ft. across, their owner was evidently built on generous lines, and it would seem that the dogs that may have been employed by the prehistoric inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, to chase the gigantic elk of those days, were correspondingly greater than any now in existence. Perhaps some of the peat bogs will yet give up a skeleton of the wolf dog that will enable the naturalists to determine the exact proportions of the animal and set at rest a point that has been so fruitful of controversy and so unsatisfactory in results. The writers are nearly unanimous in picturing the wolf dog as resembling the modern greyhound in form, but possessing a wiry, rough coat. White was the favorite color, but some famous dogs were black or black and white, and others cinnamon.

It is doubtful if any specimen of the real wolf dog is now in existence. Some containing strains of the blood are probably to be found, and the creature appears to have been such a noble one that modern fanciers who are endeavoring to revive the race deserve every encouragement. Father Hogan's book contains several allusions to the wolf dog in this country, and one passage in particular is worth quoting. On page 75 he says: "In 1838 two Irish wolf dogs were sent from England to Mr. Sibley, of Fort Snelling, in the United States; they were of brindle color, short hair, much larger and heavier than the deerhound, while equally fleet. Others of the breed have been seen at intervals in the United States."

Could not Charles Hallock or some of the elder sportsmen who used to write for Porter's Spirit of the Times give some recollections of those two dogs imported by Mr. Sibley. The latter was beyond a doubt General Henry Sibley, of Fort Snelling (now Minneapolis), who as "Hal a Dakotah" write sketches relating to his sporting experience in the Northwest, in Porter's Spirit of the Times, and if I remember rightly, for FOREST AND STREAM in early days. Who knows but that the General's dogs may have been descendants from the kennel of Oisin, who said to St. Patrick: "To the son of Cumall and the chiefs of the Fiann it is sweeter to hear the voice of hounds than to seek mercy. Oh, son of Calpurn, wilt thou allow to go to heaven my own dog and greyhound?"

The continent of Europe would seem to be the most promising field for the labors of any one who is looking for descendants of the genuine Irish wolf dog, and I wish to make a suggestion on the subject for the consideration of whomsoever may regard the matter as worth following up. The Pall Mall Magazine for October contains an article by W. A. Bailie Grohman, entitled "How the Dukes of Coburg Hunted Centuries Ago." It is illustrated with pictures of hunting scenes from the old hunting book of Duke Casimir of Coburg, who lived from 1564 to 1633. Only two copies of the book from which the pictures are taken exist. One is owned by Count Wilczek, of Vienna, and the other is in the castle of Coburg. The pictures were executed by the Duke's court painter, Wolff Pirkner, who completed them some time before the Duke's death. The book from which Mr. Grohman's illustrations were copied contains thirty-nine pictures on pages 20 by 9in. Duke Casimir, who was a keen sportsman, imbibed his love for the chase at the court of the Elector of Saxony, and as Irish wolf dogs were at that time exported to the continent in large numbers, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Count saw and admired many of the dogs. Now for the point. The pictures show that Count Casimir had a large number of dogs to accompany him in the chase. The hounds shown chasing deer are described as "English hounds as big as a yearling steer." But England was not noted for producing big dogs at that time, and the conclusion I draw is that the Count's hounds were pure Irish wolf dogs, and that the pictures drawn by the artist, Wolff Pirkner, are faithful representations of the great dog as he was in the days of his glory. This theory is supported by the pictures in the magazine, which it is to be presumed are as nearly as possible reproductions of the originals. The dogs are represented to be white or marked with dark colors, and they carry the tail curved over the back, just as the authorities say that the wolf dog did. One of the pictures shows several of the dogs, each in charge of a man, in a procession at a grand hunting festival. A dwarf leads one of the dogs, and Mr. Grohman's comment is, "To judge by the size, the dwarf could hardly have looked over the back of the smallest."

From these premises is it not safe to say that by referring to the original pictures by Wolff Pirkner, and comparing the stature of his dogs with those of his men, we could arrive at absolute certainty as to the size, color and general appearance of the Irish wolf dog?

EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. F. O. de Luze, treasurer of the Westminster Kennel Club, writes: "I regret to announce that our stud dog Sandford Druid died Nov. 25, of rheumatism of the heart."

Continental Field Trials

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 4.—Heavy rains set in on Friday night last and continued with a few intermissions into Sunday forenoon. In the afternoon the weather changed to cold and windy. The grounds everywhere are extremely muddy. Birds are reported both scarce and plentiful, so that one report must be wrong. There are sixteen starters in the Derby, drawn to run as follows:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Pink's Boy (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. ticked pointer bitch Ranee (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler.

H. R. Edwards' b., w. and t. setter dog Colonel R. (Harwick—Trap, Jr.), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with D. E. Rose (agt.) b., w. and t. setter bitch Lena B. (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Halbard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler, with Fox & Blythe's liv. and w. setter bitch Reta's Flounce (Antonio—Reta H.), R. V. Fox, handler.

Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Tabard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler, with Jackson-Denmark Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Marie Girard (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter bitch Nightingale (Antonio—Reta H.), R. V. Fox, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler.

J. P. Green's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Danstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with W. P. Austin's liv. and w. pointer dog Lad of Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. K. Devereaux's o. and w. setter dog Young Sport (Marie's Sport—Nelly Bly), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. setter dog Dewey (Tom Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Miss C. Parson's b., w. and t. setter dog Berber (Antonio—Laski), J. White, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Jean de Reszke (Gleam's Pink—Dell V.), C. Tucker, handler.

The judges are Messrs. Edmund H. Osthaus, W. B. Meares and Irving Hoagland. B. WATERS.

Dec. 5.—In to-day's work the braces ran as follows: Pink's Boy with Ranee, Colonel R. with Lena B., Halbard and Reta's Flounce, Tabard with Marie Girard, Nightingale with Nana, Lad of Jingo with Count Danstone, Young Sport with Dewey, Berber with Jean de Reszke. For the second series Lad of Jingo was selected to run with Nightingale, Count Danstone with Tabard, Colonel R. with Pink's Boy.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Brooklyn Revolver Club.

THE Brooklyn Revolver Club's schedule for December consists of the following:

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Handicap shoot for Boemermann medal, .44cal., 20yds., standard American target.

Friday, Dec. 9.—Thirty-two-caliber revolver handicap, pocket revolvers not over 4½in. barrel. Open sights for Wilson trophy; Columbia target, 20yds.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Twenty-two caliber pistol match, 20yds., standard American target. Prize donated by Mrs. H. L. O'Brien.

Thursday, Dec. 15.—Ladies' contest, four prizes, .22cal. pistol, 10yds., Brooklyn Revolver Club wheel of fortune target.

Friday, Dec. 16.—Medico team vs. Non-Medico team; appropriate prize; wheel of fortune target.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—Team shoot, Olney & Co. vs. Shedd & Co., loving cup for prize.

Friday, Dec. 23.—Handicap shoot, 10yds., .22cal. pistols, for club pin.

Tuesday, Dec. 27.—Handicap shoot, any revolver or pistol, .22 to .45cal.; five strings of 10 shots per man; best 10-shot target to count; 20yds., standard American target; prize a silver cup.

Conditions of matches subject to change by the range committee. The club's range is at 313 Grand avenue.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 7-8.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Manager.

Dec. 13.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—John Watson's tournament; live birds only.

Dec. 14.—Stuttgart, Ark.—All-day tournament; live birds and targets.

Dec. 19-21.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Kewanee, Ill., and V. Studley, Neponset, Ill., Managers.

Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The scores made by Capt. Money and C. S. Guthrie in their match at the Carteret Club's grounds on Tuesday of last week, Nov. 29, were remarkable. Capt. Money really killed 100 straight, all his lost birds, three in number, falling dead out of bounds. Guthrie killed 98 out of 100, but scored only 96 of them, losing the race by one bird. At the end of the 58th round he was two behind, but killed the last 42 straight, while Capt. Money lost his 73d bird. Capt. Money's high run was 50 straight. It is interesting to note that in this match Capt. Money scored three more birds than he ever killed in an individual match previously, while Guthrie tied his previous highest score in a 100-bird race. Capt. Money shot a mixture of shells, as the notice was too short for him to specially load up a lot for the match. He shot 50grs. of E. C. in U. M. C. Trap and W. R. A. Company's Leader shells, the shells being hand loaded, partly by himself and partly by his son, Harold Money, the latter portion having been intended for Harold's own shooting. Guthrie used 50grs. of Schultze in U. M. C., V. L. & D. Special shells, hand loaded by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold.

On Jan. 18, 1899, there will be a live-bird shoot on the new grounds at Stony Creek, Pa. The event will be known as the Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, $150 guaranteed, handicaps from 26 to 20yds. Entries must be accompanied by $2.50 forfeit, and sent to Arthur A. Fink, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa. Stony Creek grounds are two miles from Reading, along the Stony Creek electric road.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot at Dexter Park on Jan. 5. Manager Wright is now at work upon an attractive programme for the occasion, and landlord Lippack, of Dexter Park, promises that he will trap some good birds for the club members and their friends to shoot at.

Admiral Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company, is in the city. He has been here for some days, and everybody is just so much the better for his visit; not richer perhaps, but better. He is shooting too just as well as ever, and carries more than one chip on his shoulder. Here's one of the chips: As a member of the Heavyweight Squad, in fact, as Colonel Commanding that aggregation, he still avers that that squad can beat any other six men in the country their own weight, at either targets or live birds. The squad is made up as follows: Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., 326lbs.; Admiral Courtney, 285lbs.; Col. Thomas Martin, 283lbs.; L. H. Schortemeier, 282lbs.; Dutchy Smith, 268lbs., and Tom Keller, the baby of the bunch, 236lbs.; total weight, 1,680lbs., or an average of 280lbs. per man. In days gone by, the late John T. Mascroft, of Worcester, Mass., was a member of the squad, and a most popular one too. After his death Col. Thomas Martin, of Bluffton, N. C., was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke writes that there will be a one-day tournament held at Stuttgart, Ark., Dec. 14. The principal event will be a 25 live-bird handicap, entrance $10, birds extra. There will also be some target events, with added money. As is customary and popular here in Arkansas, the money will be divided by the Rose system. The shoot is an assured success, for there are already twenty entries for the handicap. Stuttgart is situated right in the heart of Grand Prairie, and those who attend this shoot will have an opportunity to enjoy the finest of quail shooting should they care to remain over a day or so. Prairie chickens are also fairly plentiful in the vicinity of Stuttgart, though this shooting is not at its best, owing to the birds having pack. I am sure that the local shooters will take pleasure in giving the visitors a day's field shooting should they care to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The Parker gun in the hands of Master Guy Grigsby, of Louisville, Ky., the thirteen-year-old wonder of the shooting world, is entitled to special mention. Master Guy won the Kentucky Futurity, a 50 live-bird match, at the Kentucky Gun Club grounds, Nov. 24, with 49 kills, and one dead out of bounds. He killed 44 straight, losing his 5th bird dead out, hit hard with both barrels. He also won the Nelson County Fair handicap, score 14 out of 15. On Nov. 18 in another match he killed 18 straight, all he shot at. On Nov. 23 he won the club gold button, killing 10 straight. All of these phenomenal scores were made in company with Kentucky's best trap shots, of whom there are many, and some good ones. Master Guy is small of his age, weighing 75lbs. He uses a 12-bore Parker, 28in. Titanic steel barrel gun weighing 7½lbs., and in the Futurity had a 25yds. handicap.

Dominie Beveridge is making a brief stay at his home in Newark, N. J., his object being to take in the target shoot at Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday of this week, and incidentally to win the E. C. trophy and the New Jersey championship that goes with it. Mr. Beveridge was present last week at the two days' shoot of the Sterling Rod and Gun Club, of Sterling, N. Y., and was successful in landing first money in all but two of the target events, and he also captured first money in every live-bird event. On Saturday last he and Admiral Courtney took in the Boiling Springs' monthly shoot. As Mr. Beveridge shoots a Remington, the Admiral was out with one of his usual challenges: "The Dominie and myself will make a match with any two men of our weight on the grounds, at any kind of targets or live birds, or at any old thing you like to mention."

Dr. Smith, of St. Louis, didn't do a thing to Dr. Knowlton last week. Dr. Knowlton stacked up against a bad man, meeting a crushing defeat by the score of 98 to 88. What Dr. Knowlton was doing is not known, but Dr. Smith's action in the matter is self evident. Some few months ago Jack Fanning found the St. Louis medical gentleman a hard nut to crack, but Jack performed the feat by killing 99 to Dr. Smith's 96.

L. T. Duryea has returned to this city from his lengthy stay out West, during which time he has traveled as far west as the shores of the Pacific, and done some shooting at the recent tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. His defeat at Chicago by Billy Mussey has had no effect on his spirits, and he is now, as ever, ready to shoot a match for fun or the other thing.

The monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club will be held on Saturday of this week, Dec. 10. Manager John S. Wright will have some special prizes to be competed for, in addition to the main event of 50 targets for the club's yearly prizes. As the days are short now, Mr. Wright requests that everybody will be on hand early, in order that the programme may be carried out to a finish before darkness sets in.

Rolla Heikes has not been heard from for a few weeks, but the Ohio quail can tell something about what he has been doing to them. He will next be seen at John Watson's shoot, Dec. 13-16, revisiting Watson's Park. It is only a little more than a year since he was shooting live birds there for the Cast Iron medal, a trophy that still belongs to him.

The Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League wound up its first season on Thursday of last week. On that date several members of the League went to the grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., and spent an enjoyable time. Several sweeps at live birds were decided, the New Brunswick crack, Capt. Bunk, killing all the birds he shot at.

On Friday of this week, Dec. 9, in addition to the regular programme of events announced by Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., a special 25-bird match, $25 a side, will be shot at Yardville, the principals being Clarence Lambert, of Plainfield, N. J., and Louis Hildebrandt, of Lebanon, N. J.

Jim Elliott has challenged Fred Gilbert for the Cincinnati live-bird trophy. The match is to be shot on Monday next, Dec. 12, at Watson's Park, Chicago, the day prior to the commencement of John Watson's tournament, Dec. 13-16.

Harvey McMurchy was expected to arrive in the city any day last week, but up to Saturday evening he had not been heard of. His friends still live in hopes of his speedy arrival, for hope deferred, etc.

The first match of a series between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Passaic, N. J., City Gun Club will take place on Saturday of next week, Dec. 17.

Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 5.—At the Saturday weekly gathering of the Audubon Gun Club several individual matches were shot off in addition to the regular programme, and there was a good deal of gossip about the Besser-Wheeler 100-bird, $100 match to be shot off on Thursday of this week. Among the shooters at the park were J. N. Lilly and Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, Ind.

The fourth event of the day's programme was the Hebard trophy shoot. James E. Lodge won this event, scoring 27 out of 30, with 3 added, making his total score an even 30. The third event was the club badge shoot, Norris winning in Class A, E. N. McCarney in Class B, and U. E. Storey in Class C.

Following are the scores in the opening events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	25	30	Targets:	15	15	25	30
C Burkhardt	14	12	22	21	R H Hebard	..	..	21	27
McCarney	14	13	21	20	Kerew	..	13	15	22
E Burkhardt	12	9	19	27	Crooks	..	..	8	18
Walker	10	11	18	23	Lodge	..	12	16	27
Lilly	10	6	..	..	McArthur	..	..	11	23
Fanning	14	14	23	30	Foxie	..	14	..	..
Warren	15	14	20	24	Dr E S Carroll	..	13	21	28
Robinson	11	13	21	..	Porter	..	..	17	23
J J Reid	..	..	21	16	Storey	..	..	18	23
Jacobs	..	10	18	16	Norris	..	..	22	..

Event No. 5, at 7 live birds: Warren 6, McCarney 7, E. C. Burkhardt 6, C. S. Burkhardt 6, Schuler 5, J. N. Lilly 6, J. F. Reid 4, J. Fanning 5, R. H. Hebard 4, Dr. E. S. Carroll 6.

Besides the regular programme, two match races were on the day's card. The first was at 50 live birds, between R. H. Hebard and J. J. Reid, and the second between R. H. Hebard and T. B. Walker, which was at 25 live birds each.

First event:

R H Hebard .....01101000100101102222102220—14
1122212201012201222102211—20—34

J J Reid .....00002010220010021221212 00—13
1021112222121221202021221—22—35

Second event, Hebard to use one barrel; Walker privilege of both:

Hebard .....01111110011111001111101 11—19
Walker .....12102011100012111201212 00—17

Elliott—Smith Match Postponed.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 3.—The match between J. A. R. Elliott and Dr. J. W. Smith, which was to have been shot here to-day, has been postponed to Wednesday, Dec. 7, owing to the illness of Elliott, who is sick at Kansas City.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Money Defeats Guthrie.

Nov. 29.—It was a great pity that the cozy club house of the Carteret Club, at Garden City, L. I., did not hold a large crowd of spectators this afternoon. The weather was pleasant, and the performances of Capt. Money and C. S. Guthrie on the Carteret birds was as good as anything of a like nature that I have ever seen. To score 97 and 96 respectively on any kind of birds at all is a big performance. Of course the birds to-day were not a lot of screamers, but they were a really good, fast lot, that with any wind to help them would have cut down the scores considerably.

Since both men were in the best of form, as may be told by looking at the scores, the birds were just the sort on which to make big scores, even in the Carteret Club's short, 30yd. boundary. They left the traps promptly; Capt. Money had only four loafers, while Guthrie had but five; as the Pittsburger does not approve of "sitters," he religiously called every one of them "No bird"; every one, that is to say, except his 58th. When he called "Pull" for his 58th bird, No. 5 trap opened and a dark, big bird hopped out with a skip and a jump, landing about a yard to the right of the trap, facing toward the club house. Guthrie was thinking of something else, perhaps his previous miss, for he had just lost his 57th bird, and forgot about his rule of "No-birding" sitters. He slobbered the bird with both barrels as it flew in toward the club house, the pigeon just clearing the boundary before falling dead. Thus, out of a total of 201 birds trapped in the match, 195 left the traps immediately they were opened.

Both Men Confident.

Capt. Money has been shooting in better form lately than he ever displayed before. His scores have been uniformly high for the past three months, while his health has also been of the best, a few days now and then on the Jersey hills after grouse having kept him in capital shape physically. For these reasons the Captain felt confident of winning.

Mr. Guthrie, on the other hand, was also very fit and well, and felt just as confident about winning as Capt. Money did. He has been for about two weeks the guest of Mr. W. Gould Brokaw at the latter's winter residence at High Point, N. C., and has done his share toward depleting the stock of quail in the Tarheel State. He shot a few pigeons while in North Carolina, and found that he was in as good form as ever. On his return to the North yesterday, he at once hunted up Capt. Money, as he wished to get the match (made prior to his departure for the South) off his hands before leaving for his home in Pittsburg this evening. He wired Capt. Money at Oakland about 3:30 P. M. yesterday, but the message did not reach its destination until 7:30 A. M. this morning. The message stated that if to-day was fine, Mr. Guthrie would like to shoot the match if agreeable to Capt. Money. Short as was the notice, the train leaving Oakland at 8:37 A. M., the Captain got out of bed, wired a favorable reply to Mr. Guthrie; also sent a wire to the Carteret Club about birds, then dressed, ate his breakfast and caught the train.

Last spring Mr. Guthrie defeated Capt. Money in a 100-bird race, which I had the pleasure of refereeing. When I saw Mr. Guthrie yesterday afternoon, he asked me to come out and officiate in the same capacity at this match. Naturally I accepted the compliment, with all the more pleasure because I felt that the match would be a redhot one; and it was. Owing to the lack of previous notice, not a soul witnessed the match outside of the two principals and myself, except Fred Knopf, the club's superintendent, and his two active trapper boys. As I wanted to keep the score inside the club house, it was agreed that Fred Knopf should act as referee, with the proviso that in case of a question of rules the matter should be referred to me. The match, however, really needed no refereeing on my part, for Knopf acted very efficiently, only being in doubt about one bird. This was a bird from No. 5 trap, killed by Capt. Money a short distance from the trap with the snappiest of snap shots. Mr. Guthrie very disinterestedly at once ruled that there was no need of referring the point to me, as in his opinion the bird was well off the ground when killed.

Could not Scare Each Other.

In the train from Long Island City I went into the "smoker," while the two principals occupied jointly a seat in a day coach. When we again joined forces at Garden City, I found that they had been regaling each other with tales of their prowess at the traps on recent occasions. Mr. Guthrie said to me: "The 'old man's' been trying to scare me by telling me what scores he has been making lately. He can't scare me one bit, for I have been watching his scores in the papers, and know just what he's been doing. I was never in better shape in my life, and will have no excuse to make if he beats me, which I don't think he will do."

Capt. Money also said to me privately: "He's very confident, and is certainly shooting well enough to warrant his being so. But I feel as fit as a fiddle, and will let him know at the end of the match that he's been in a shooting match. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I killed 98 to-day." Well, I didn't quite agree with him about the 98, but I did believe that there would be a shooting match.

Owing to the congested state of traffic on the Long Island R. R., which was due to Saturday's blizzard and the wreck of a snow plow at Queens, we didn't reach the grounds until about 2 o'clock; consequently no time was lost in preliminary work, each man only shooting four or five byes to see that everything was in working order. No misses were recorded in the shooting of the byes, though one or two good, fast birds were trapped.

It had been thought that there would be a great glare from the sun on the snow, but the glare was not as bad as might have been expected. Still the sun shone in the shooters' right eyes very strongly for the first half of the match, causing birds with a right-quartering tendency from Nos. 4 and 5 traps to be hard to locate.

Notwithstanding the heavy fall of snow on Saturday, there was no snow on the grounds. This was due to the high circular fence around the club's property, which acted as a snowshed, the gale eddying around the center of the grounds and piling up the snow all around the fence until it was heaped level with its top.

Guthrie Won the Toss.

Guthrie won the toss and went to the score ahead of the Captain. The latter, who had in his hurry left his shooting coat behind him, was wearing a knitted shooting jacket that he had borrowed underneath his own coat. This was rather too much clothing for him, and he lost his second bird dead out of bounds. Off came the knitted jacked, and the Captain set in to catch Guthrie, who was cutting down his birds like a winner. In the 12th round Guthrie lost a bird dead out of bounds that would have been scored in an 80yd. boundary. Capt. Money killed his bird, and the two were tied. For the next 28 rounds they remained tied, the tie being broken by Guthrie losing a fast bird from No. 3 that got away without any perceptible damage. It was a hard bird to see, but flew apparently true as a die. This put the Captain one ahead. As he said: "Here's where we part company!" So they did for the next 11 rounds, the score being again a tie at the end of the 53d round, when Capt. Money lost a fast bird, a driver from No. 1 trap, that fell dead out of bounds well within a 50yd. boundary. Both had now killed 51 out of 53 shot at! Great shooting!

The Tie Broken for Good.

The tie did not hold for long, as Guthrie in his 57th round lost a good bird from No. 1 that flew straight away; the first barrel had feathered it, but the second did not seem to touch it. This gave the Captain a lead of one, that was soon made two, when Guthrie lost his next bird in the manner described in the beginning of this report. From this point he pulled himself together and ran out with an unfinished run of 42, the second highest run of the match, Capt. Money's run of 50 straight, from the 3d to the 53d round, taking precedence. After the 58th round Capt. Money kept his lead of two until the 73d round, when he lost a towerer from No. 4 trap that was hit hard with the first barrel; it turned sharply and came back for the club house, Capt. Money misjudging its flight and not hitting it with his second barrel. It fell dead just behind the back boundary. They were thus one bird apart, with 27 more to shoot at—anybody's race. As, however, each killed out straight, the race ended in a victory for Capt. Money by the score of 97 to 96.

With a wire fence for a back boundary Capt. Money would have scored 99 in a 50yd. boundary; Guthrie would have scored 98 in an 80yd. boundary. It will be noticed that Capt. Money killed his 100 birds, and that 198 out of the 200 shot at were gathered.

The first 100 birds flew very well, but when the sun went behind a cloud and the sky became overcast the birds did not fly as fast as at first. The last 30 birds trapped, however, went away from the traps as quickly as any of those trapped earlier in the race.

Captain Money's Position.

The most interesting feature of the match to me was the change in Capt. Money's attitude while at the score. In years gone by he used to place his gun to his shoulder once or twice, and then ask: "Are you ready?" When he got the answer back, "Ready," he again placed the gun to his shoulder, "wiggling" the barrel up and down a little in a manner well remembered by shooters who have watched him shoot; he then lowered the butt slightly, placing it to his shoulder again when the trap was sprung and the bird was visible. Now he keeps the gun to his shoulder and shoots quicker and with greater accuracy than ever he did. His first barrel was very deadly, the score showing 38 single-barrel kills; in about as many more instances he fired his second when it did not seem at all necessary, using it more to keep in practice than for any other reason. His double-figure runs were 50, 19 and 27; Guthrie's were 11, 28, 15 and 42, unfinished.

Guthrie is apparently almost careless at the score. As he steps to the mark he calls, "Are you ready?" As soon as he gets back the answer he puts his gun to his shoulder once or twice, but loses no time before calling "Pull." He almost invariably uses his second barrel, and plants it quickly and very effectively. He was not shooting as cleanly with his first barrel as Capt. Money, but his second was well in evidence. Capt. Money required his second three or four times very badly, saving himself by its use on his 35th, 45th and 90th birds, all of which were brought to grass by extra long second-barrel work. Each time it occurred Guthrie said: "I had hopes."

The time the match was shot in was not phenomenal, but then neither man hurried at all. The dogs, too, were rather slower than usual, while Dandy stopped now and then to make a meal off the bird's head that he was sent to retrieve. All these things taken together, the match took just two hours and two minutes. It began at 2:10 and was over at 4:12.

How the Traps Fell.

The fall of the traps was rather peculiar, No. 4 trap only being pulled nine times all told, twice for Guthrie and seven times for Capt. Money. After the first half of the match, the fall of the traps played but little feature in the game, as by that time the sun was behind the cloud, and the glare from its rays was in the shooters' right eyes no longer. This glare made Nos. 4 and 5 traps the hardest in the first half, but the draw was about even. Guthrie had No. 5 trap thirteen times and No. 4 once out of the first 50 birds; Capt. Money had No. 5 twelve times and No. 4 three times in the same half of the match. The following table shows the fall of the traps to each contestant:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Guthrie	19	29	27	2	23	100
Money	24	27	22	7	20	100

Luck of the Birds about Even.

So far as the luck of the birds ran, it was about equal for both shooters. At first Guthrie outlucked Money, but later on Guthrie drew some hard ones, while Capt. Money got the best of the draw. Guthrie had 28 birds with an incoming tendency, Money having 20 of the same kind.

The score tells the rest of the story of this remarkably close and interesting race:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                1 2 5 2 4 5 1 2 2 5 3 1 5 1 3 2 2 1 1 2 2 5 4 2 3
                ↗ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↓ ↑ ↗ ← ↗ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↙ ← ⇂ → ↓ ⟷ ↖ ↑ ↖ ↑ →
Capt. Money...  2 * 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—24

                5 5 2 2 3 5 5 3 3 2 5 4 2 1 3 1 4 2 1 1 5 5 2 3 1
                ↗ ↗ ↗ ⇂ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↖ ← ↖ ↖ → ↘ ↘ ↖ ↘ → ↖ ↓ ↑ ← ↑ ↘
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

                3 1 1 1 5 2 3 2 1 4 2 5 2 2 2 3 3 5 1 2 4 3 3 4 5 1
                ← ⇂ ↑ → → ↗ ↖ ↑ ↘ → ↑ → → ↑ → ↑ ↖ → ↑ ↘ ↘ → ↗ ↗ →
                2 2 * 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 * 2 2  23

                1 4 3 5 2 1 2 3 5 3 3 1 3 2 3 5 3 3 1 5 3 1 4 1 2
                → ↖ → ← → → ↗ → ↘ ↙ → ↓ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↙ → ↖ → ↘ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↙
                1 2 1 2 2 2 2 ↑ 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—25 - 97

                3 5 5 2 5 3 1 3 1 5 2 2 2 1 3 5 1 5 3 5 5 2 2 2 3
                ↙ ↘ → → ↗ ↗ ↖ → ↗ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↑ → ↓ ↘ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↘ ↖ →
C S Guthrie....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                5 2 5 3 1 5 1 1 3 3 3 3 1 2 5 3 1 3 4 2 3 2 5 2 3
                ↓ ↘ ↖ → → ↖ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↗ → ↓ → ↖ ↗ ↑ → → ↘ ↖ ↓ → → ↓ →
                2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                2 5 2 5 5 2 1 5 3 1 3 3 1 3 1 3 5 2 3 2 2 3 3 1 2
                → ↘ ↑ → ↘ ↖ ↑ ↘ ↗ ↗ → ↘ ↖ → ↗ ↗ → ↗ → ↘ ⇂ → ↘ ↘ ↓
                2 2 2 2 2 2 0 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                1 2 5 2 3 4 5 1 2 2 5 2 1 5 2 5 2 1 2 2 3 3 1 3 2
                → → ↘ ↙ ↘ → → ↗ → ← ↘ ↑ ↘ ↗ ↑ → ↓ ↗ ↑ → → ↖ ↖ → ↗
                2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—25 - 96
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EDWARD BANKS.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 3.—The first shoot for the December cup was held on the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds at Bay Ridge to-day. Stake won this event with a score of 22. Three men finished with 20 and five men had 19 breaks to their credit. Following the December cup race was the handicap team match for the Sykes cup, two-men teams, 25 birds per man, handicap. In this event Halleck and Lott, with a total handicap of 11, won by 4 targets over the second team. Then Hallock and Notman beat Stake and Kryn in a team race at 12 pairs per man. The score:

December cup event:

Stake, 5	0111110111111100111010110011111	—22
Geddes, 0	1111111101110111010111110	—20
Stephenson, 5	1110011001011011001111111001111	—20
Lott, 6	0011111110011111011011010001110	—20
Remsen, 0	1111111111101001111110010	—19
Notman, 5	0111111011100110101010100101110	—19
White, 8	0111110011001001001001101110111110	—19
Hallock, 10	1111001000100101111011111000111100100	—19
L Rhett, 13	1010101101010101000100100100111111110	—19
Kryn, 5	0110111000011010101011110100011	—16
A Rhett, 13	0011010100101001000100100100000010000001	—12
Hopkins, 15	1110001001001001000100000000001010001001	—12

Team race for Sykes trophy:

Halleck, 7	1111110011101011111111101010110110	—24
Lott, 4	1111101111010111011101011111	—23—47
Remsen, 0	1111111111111111111111110	—24
Kryn, 4	1111111111111101001001000010	—19—43
Geddes, 0	1110111101110111011011111	—21
Stake, 1	1111111111101111010110101	—21—42
A Rhett, 8	0111001111001101011011011101010000	—19
L Rhett, 7	0111010100101001110111010001001O	—16—35
White, 6	0111110101011010101010110011101O	—18
Notman, 4	0110100110010101010101001111	—16—34

Team match, 12 pairs per man:

Halleck	10 01 11 00 01 00 10 10 10 10 10 01	—11
Notman	01 10 10 01 00 10 01 00 10 10 01 00	— 9—20
Kryn	11 01 01 01 01 01 01 01 00 10 00 10	—11
Stake	00 10 00 10 00 00 01 00 00 00 10 00	— 4—15

Sweepstakes: Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Remsen	21	18	20	Notman	..	12	14
Geddes	18	18	17	A Rhett	..	..	11
Halleck	9	17	..	Hopkins	..	..	8
Stephenson	14	12	13				

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 3.—Eight shooters were present to-day at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Eleven events were shot, of which Nos. 7 and 11 were at 5 singles and 5 pairs, the balance at single targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	20	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15
Harrison	..	8	16	10	7	13	12	9	12	9	..
Milliken	7	6	12	6	7	10	..	..	..	6	..
Lane	6	..	14	..	..	7	..	7	10	8	8
David	6	..	13	..	6	9	..	6	13	8	10
Martin	10	9	17	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	7	..	7	6	..	10	7	10	7	8
Wills	..	8	..	6	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Amend	..	..	..	9	7	12	11	7	12	..	0.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Dec. 3.—A cloudy sky and the wind blowing straight in the faces of the shooters prevented good scores at the club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day. Live birds next Saturday, Dec. 10. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot:

D Deacon	0010010110111111110101010—14
E G Frost	0101100100111010111100001—13

No. 2, Brush gun shoot:

J Gaughen	0000110111010001110111101—14
D Deacon	0101111110101010000010010—12
E G Frost	0110100100000001001111100—10
P E George	1110000010111010000010010—10

No. 3, 10 birds: Gaughen 8, George 8, Deacon 4, Frost 4.
No. 4, 10 birds: Gaughen 5, Deacon 8, George 8, Frost 4.
No. 5, match, 25 birds: Gaughen 21, Deacon 16.

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

Dec. 1.—The season of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was wound up to-day by a live-bird shoot, held at New Brunswick, on the grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, of that town. Eleven shooters in all took part in the events, among them being T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder companies. The day was one of the few fine ones of the past week or so, and the birds were a good lot of flyers.

Four events were decided, Nos. 1 and 3 being at 5 birds, entrance $3, birds included; No. 2 was 7 birds, $5, birds included; No. 4, $2 miss-and-out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
J Belloff	02122—4	28..1112212—7	12201—4	2222
T H Keller	02122—4	30..2212212—7	22110—4	220
W Terry	21022—4	30..0222212—6	12122—5	220
E M Blodgett	10121—4	30..1111200—5	12111—5	0
L Hildebrandt	20210—3	26..2002000—2	02100—2	20
A Woodruff	2220*—3	30..0112222—6	11121—5	2112
Pony	00222—3	26—1222021—6	00111—3	2220
K K Kelly	02001—2	27..2220111—6	01122—4	0
F C Bissett	20002—2	28..1202120—5	11212—5	0
Capt Bunk	....	30..2222222—7	22222—5	....
Scott Terry	....	28..1111111—7	.. ..	....

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Dec. 3.—The regular monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was well attended, seventeen shooters putting in an appearance at the club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J., this afternoon. The guest of honor was Col. Courtney, the able exponent of the shooting qualities of a Remington gun. The light was bad and the shooting difficult, but the Colonel landed high man for the 50 targets shot at in the club race, breaking 45 out of his 50, closely followed by C. C. Beveridge, Dr. De Wolfe and Banks with 44 each. De Wolfe and Frank with 6 and 10 misses as breaks respectively, scored highest possibles. Scores in the club event were as follows:

Taylor	1101101110101111111100111 1101000001011101111010110—32— 6—38
H Money	1111101111111111011111101 0111001111111100111011110—40— 4—44
Dutcher	0111011011101100111011110 0101101111111111001011011—35—10—45
Wise	0111110111111111101111010 1111111100101011100111001—38—10—48
James	1111111100011010110011100 1111101111101111110111010—36—12—48
Adams	1001111110110011111111011 1001111100101110001010111—34—12—46
Everett	0010111111111101100111111 1110101101001111111111110—37— 7—44
Hatfield	1011010101101100001111111 1111001110001010000011110—30—10—40
Banks	1111111100111101111111111 1110101111110111111111111—44— 2—46
Beveridge	1111110111101011111111111 1111111111111101111101100—44— 4—48
Huck	0111010111001010001111100 0111101111001101001111011—31— 5—36
Paul	1111011001111101011011100 1101110001011110100111110—33—10—43
Frank	1011111011111111111100110 1111110111101111111111001—41—10—51
*Courtney	1111111101111111110111111 1111111101111110011111111 —45
Harding	0101110000110101001111001 0000111101111011011011111—30—10—40
*Thorn	1110011001010110001010010 1010000000110010000110101 —21
De Wolfe	0101110111111111111111010 1111111111101111111111111—44— 6—50

*Guests.

The Sidell Gun Club.

SIDELL, Ill., Dec. 2.—Following scores were made to-day at the grounds of the Sidell Gun Club. The boys indulged in practice, and some good scores were made. Pigeons were trapped in good time, and the rise was 30yds. A stiff wind made some good kills necessary to get them. Cadwallader lost an easy one, his second; his Winchester stuck the second shot. Mr. Cadwallader shot L. & R. powder in Smokeless cases, while Mr. Sconce kept pace with Cad by losing two dead out, with King's Smokeless and New Victors. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                ↗ ↑ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↗ → ↑ ↖ ↓ ↖ ↓ ↙ ↖      → ↗
Cadwallader..   2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 0—18    1 2—2

                ↙ ← → → → ↖ ⟷ ↙ ↖ → H ⇗ ↗ ↖      → ↑
Sconce.....     * 1 2 * 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—18    2 0—1

                ← ↖ ↙ ↘ ↗ ← ↘ ↖ ↑ ← ↑ → ↖ ↗ ↓      →
Mitchell ....   0 2 0 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 * 1— 9    *  —0
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Sweepstakes:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Cadwallader	1111000111101101110l—14	1011111011—8
Sconce	1111111111111111111110—19	0111111111—9
Mitchell	1111111010110111110l—16	1111111100—8
Gray	1111111111100111011—17	.....
Parker	0001110011111101011l—13	1110101111—8
Foster	.....	1101110111—8

Match, 25 targets:

Cadwallader	1011111111111111111111111—24
Sconce	1111111111101111111110111—23

Ten pairs:

Cadwallader	11 11 11 11 01 11 10 10 11 11—17
Sconce	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11—18

SECRETARY.

The Grand American Handicap.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All the discussion that has been indulged in about the division of moneys in the Grand American Handicap appears to me to be altogether superfluous. The critics who would change the division of the moneys have not yet advanced a valid reason for making a change. The shoot has always been successful, each year seeing an increase in the number of contestants. Under these circumstances, Mr. Banks' defense of the Interstate Association's policy in the past was not needed, although the figures he gave us in your last issue were interesting reading.

Why did not he point out to Mr. Fulford that his plan of having the majority rule the business affairs of the Interstate Association would hardly sound as well to him if brought home to his own business? Suppose I was to circulate a petition among the sportsmen of this country, in which I had outlined what sort of policy the Remington Arms Company should adopt unless they wished to make a failure of their business? What would Mr. Fulford or his employers say to such petitioners? I can guess; can you?

48GRS.

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Nov. 30.—At a meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club it was decided for our coming tournament, to be held on Jan 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1899, to reduce the boundary from 100yds. to 50yds., also to change Rule 19, which reads: "Bird shot on ground is lost bird," to "birds shot on the ground as no bird"; shooter to be fined 50 cents, practically adopting the American Shooting Association Rules.

H. P. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3.—Mr. E. Sturdevant, of Evanston Gun Club, won the Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap diamond badge over a field of eleven good starters, Steck and Comley, earlier winners of the trophy, tieing for second, Chladek third. The weather was cool and bright, the wind fresh and blowing almost directly in toward the score. The birds flew very well, and the afternoon was a pleasant one. The handicapping was so good that four men tied on 20, Shaw, Sturdevant, Hollister and Amberg, the latter also an earlier winner. Comley and Barto were put at scratch, and Steck was allowed one bird. Dr. Shaw had two birds, but only needed one to go straight, and was picked by some for winner again, but the man from Evanston was too strong for them all. Hollister missed his last bird in the tie in a singular manner. It was growing dusk, and the fire had been lighted in a blast furnace which stands at some distance from the park, and out of whose chimney poured a big red flame. The bird flew directly into the line of this background of red, and while one would have thought it would thus have been clearly defined, it was lost to sight as though swallowed up, and Mr. Hollister said he had no idea where it was when he fired. To-day's contest was the eighth in the series, which is now drawing to a close. Following are the scores:

E C Rice, 26, 6.....02222*0210220022022221200 w
C Comley, 30, 0.....1211111222112111*11 —19
Dr Shaw, 29, 2.....22222222*222222222222 —20
F H Hollister, 30, 3.....2212112122022102101211 —20
E Sturdevant, 29, 4.....22222201212221122222l —20
J L White, 29, 3.....202*110011 w
J H Amberg, 28, 3.....1111110110112122121121 —20
H Levi, 26, 6.....2022112020222220221210000—17
J B Barto, 30, 0.....12221*11112111201112 —18
E M Steck, 30, 1.....22*1222222221222012ll —19
A B Chladek, 28, 4.....0222121022112200021122220 —18

Tie for badge:

Dr Shaw, 29, 1.....2202222* E Sturdevant, 29, 2...222022222202
F H Hollister, 30, 1..20212120 J H Amberg, 28, 1..11102220

The Good Ones.

Lovers of the trap will have opportunity to see Elliott and Gilbert in another race here during Watson's week, beginning Dec. 12, the race for the Sportsmen's Review cup, 100 birds, having been set for Dec. 12 at Chicago.

At St. Louis, Dec. 1, Dr. J. W. Smith shot a race at 100 birds with Dr. Knowlton, going out with the great score of 98, with one dead out, a close run for Rolla Heikes' Eau Claire record. Knowlton scored 88.

Languid.

Interest here is languid over the daily newspaper unlearned efforts to excite discussion over the Grand American Handicap next spring. It is likely that a good many Western shooters will attend it if they want to, and stay away if they see fit. There will be enough, from the East and the West, to make it the biggest shooting event of the year, and enough men will come from the West to give that section a full showing. So far as I can learn, there is a very strong sentiment to let well enough alone, and keep the customary divisions of the moneys, it being the sentiment of a good many that it is well to have at least one redhot finish event on the programme of any shooting year. As to paying shooters to attend, it is singular they should ask pay. A man going to a finish event ought to be able to lose or ought to stay home. If it is a question of pay, the reduction to absurdity is natural and swift. Why not let all the shooters stay at home, and take up a subscription for them, raising a purse which shall be equally divided among the shooters, without their being troubled to come out and shoot at all? There are some shooters who would not kick at this—and some who probably would. There are likewise many who are willing to risk all for the sake of winning all. No doubt we shall have much cry, and perhaps a little wool-pulling, but no doubt also the shooters will in goodly numbers pack their guns and go to Elkwood for a try for the biggest money of the year and the most thorough shooting event. I make no doubt that the Western men will be there in full quota and ready to shoot a hot gait and take their medicine, whatever that may be. You can get a sweepstakes shoot in a good many places, but a lot of people think a Grand American Handicap ought to be a shade steeper than a country sweep.

Pueblo Shoot.

The tournament of the Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association, concluded at Pueblo last week, was a good one, as at least the Colorado Springs men will say, though it may have seemed gloomy to some of the others. A. J. Lawton, of Colorado Springs, won the State individual championship, the medal thus becoming his property. J. W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, shot a gait of .945 per cent. Garrett, with W. R. Mason, of Colorado Springs, won the Salida cup in the team shoot, 57 out of 60, and otherwise went out after everything in sight, to the great satisfaction of the Pike's Peak town. Funk, of Pueblo, was high gun the first day, making the grand run of 96 without a skip and scoring 219 out of 230 targets shot at, Mason 218, Garrett 217, Lawton 215.

Spokane.

In the Thanksgiving shoot of the Spokane, Wash., Gun Club McBroom swept everything clean, killing every bird he shot at in three events, 27 in all. About a dozen and a half took part, the shooting being at live birds.

Keokuk.

Keokuk Gun Club, of Iowa, held a merchandise club shoot on Thanksgiving Day, with over two dozen entries, two 15-bird and two 10-bird sweeps being run off at targets. In No. 1 Leindecker was first, Woodbury second. In No. 2 D. Harrington won first, Brown second. In No. 3 D. Harrington was first, Heller second. In No. 4 Heller was first, Brown second, prizes of interest being generally distributed in lower moneys also.

Louisville.

The Kentucky Futurity for 1898, at 50 live birds per man, was won on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club at Louisville, Ky., on Thanksgiving Day, by a mere boy, Guy Grigsby, who shot out men like Gay and De Long with perfect ease, and scored 49 out of his 50 birds in style which a veteran could not surpass. He was given the good mark of 25yds. in the handicap, but it proved too much to offer him; for, after missing his 6th bird, he killed 44 straight, pretty good for a thirteen-year-old boy. Following are the scores:

Schultz, 30 .....1122222222222222221*2122111222211212122202221 22*21111—47
Gay, 31 .....221222*22222222222*22211121222222222222*22122222 —47
De Long, 29....2111212221*221221221221*1121212221*22112221211122 —47
G Grigsby, 25..22122*22121121122211111221222221212111221122222l212 —49
Harris, 29 .....1202221220222211122222222221221122211220111211122222 —47
Murphy, 30 ....2111*2*22202022222222212121202* —23

Milwaukee.

A few members of the Wisconsin Gun Club met Thanksgiving Day and passed a pleasant hour or so. In a 10-bird sweep, live birds, Farber and Heiden tied on 10, and Schmidt and Horlick scored 9. Following were target scores:

Farber	8	7	8	6	12	7	48	Horlick	7	6	10	7	13	9	52
Schmidt	7	9	7	8	11	10	52	Himmelstein	9	7	8	10	10	..	44
Heiden	8	9	7	5	12	5	46	J Haertle	10	9	8	9	11	6	53

A trap-shooters' league is on the tapis for Milwaukee clubs, and early meetings are expected.

Winnetka.

Winnetka Gun Club, Chicago suburb, shot Thanksgiving Day, and F. T. Richardson killed 10 straight, R. Daggett next with 9, E. J. Walsh 8, the birds going well and the shooting hard.

Kansas City.

Dave Elliott rather ill-used his brother Jim in the Thanksgiving shoot at Washington Park grounds, K. C., going off the score with the only straight 25 made, whereas J. A. R. scored but 19. The latter was handicapped 2yds., the others at 29yds., 25 birds, $10. Geo. Stockwell scored 24, and Chris Gottlieb 23, as below:

G W Stockwell.....2211211112222022221221221—24
Chris Gottlieb .....1010102221222222222222122—22
J D Sweet .....2102201120221202012021120—18
Jim Elliott .....2220202222220221212122001 0—19
F M Cockrill.....2220222022220222212022202 2—20
Dave Elliott .....1112222221222221221212222—25
Dennis .....1002121111110222121011222—21
Dr Planck .....2122100211002222012222120—19

Cleveland.

Glenville Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., had a rattling good target shoot Thanksgiving Day, and the top man, May, shows a good record, 123 out of 130. Score, each man 10 birds:

Sterling	7	8	8	3	9	10	7	8	4	7	8	9	8
Griggs	10	7	5	7	9	6	8	6	8	8	7	8	9
Snow	8	9	8	8	9	6	9	6	7	7	8	8	8
May	10	10	8	8	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10
Hopkins	8	8	7	9	9	7	8	8	7	6	8	8	9
G Telinde	4	7	7	7	5	6	7	8	8	9	8	7	7
Bodie	7	5	6	6	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	6	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fellows	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	8	6	3
M'M'h'l	..	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	8	9	8	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Telinde	..	..	6	2	..	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Meeker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..

Nashville.

On Nov. 29, at the Belle Meade grounds, at Nashville, Tenn., Wm. Gerst defeated J. Jonnard with a score of 86 to 78, at 100 live birds. The birds were flyers, and a stiff wind made the work hard. Score:

W Gerst, Jr, 30 1122101231112200101121202222221212111*21121022112 2201201122211102200*2111111122112212222100222122 86
J Jonnard, 30....1011101121121011111112011*1021211111111021*11112* 1202110111111*0120111212202211011112*10200121001 78

Butte, Mont., Gun Club met Nov. 27 for the weekly shoot. A little team shoot, 12 live birds, two-men teams, resulted in a victory for Christianson and Davey, who scored 11 each. In a 25-target sweep Smith won, after tieing Christianson twice.

Carter won the Parker hammerless gun, special prize of the Ottumwa, Ia., Gun Club, in the 19th shoot, last Saturday, scoring 32, which, with his handicap of 10, placed him with 42.

Remember the Kewanee shoot, Kewanee, Ill., Dec. 19-21, two sets of live-bird traps and one of targets. E. E. Baker, Kewanee, will advise.

Remember the Maine. Also remember Watson's warm week, Chicago, Dec. 13, and following through the week. This will be the shootingest shoot of the fall. E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

The contest for the Chicago challenge trophy between Silas Palmer, holder, and Elliott S. Rice, challenger, took place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 29. The race was attended with interest, though few spectators were present. Both participants shot in good form, each centering his birds well, and many good kills were made by them, which received applause.

The elements were such that it was expected the birds would prove slow, but all were disappointed in this respect. The wind blew fiercely, outgoing from the right quarter, with an overcast sky and snow-covered grounds; birds of varied colors were difficult to find quickly.

Palmer won the toss, and went to the score first. His first three birds he killed in good order, but his 4th, a copper-colored left-quartering outgoer, he undershot. His 7th he failed to lead sufficiently to stop in bounds. His 14th, a left-quartering towerer, was greased well with the second barrel. His 15th was hit in the head, and hovered for a moment, when the wind carried it close to the boundary before it fell dead. His 17th was a dark tailer, which he missed clean with the first, but made a good stop with the second. His 21st was a blue left-quartering low flyer, while hard hit, was able to get over the boundary, only to fall dead out of bounds. The remainder he killed and went out with 22 out of 25, thereby losing the race by one bird.

Mr. Rice killed the first 11 straight, with luck favoring him in his 11th, which fell against the wire boundary to the inside. His 12th, a white-tipped black bird, was hard hit, but fell dead out of bounds. He made good kills of his 15th and 16th, but lost his 20th, which was a white left-quartering towerer, it falling dead out of bounds. This made 18 out of 20 dead, and tied Palmer's score. His 22d was a white tailer, hit hard and fell close to the boundary. He missed his 23d, a right-quartering incomer, which he should have stopped easily, also his 27th, which was shot behind. Mr. Rice shot a splendid race up to his 22d bird, killing 20 out of 22, with two dead out of bounds, and ended the race by dropping three out of the last six shot at, it being necessary to kill his last bird to win, and this he did.

This is the first winning of the trophy by Mr. Rice, and had Mr. Palmer defeated him in this contest he would have won the same four times. This is the first challenge issued by Mr. Rice for a trophy, and his first winning, hence he is to be congratulated in his maiden effort. Both participants shot 3½ Du Pont, 1¼ 7. Palmer in Leader cases, Rice in Trap cases. Palmer a Greener gun, and Rice a gun made by Old Hoss Stannard.

The race was a handicap, fixed by the trustees. Rice 30yds., 28 birds, Palmer 30yds., 25 birds.

Following is detailed score of the result:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

4 1 3 1 4 3 3 1 4 4 4 3 1 5 1 4 4 4 3 1 4 3 3 4 5*
↙←↙↰↖→↖↙↖↗↰→←↖↗↖↑←↑←←←↰→←
S Palmer.....1 2 1 0 2 1 * 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 * 2 1 2 1 —22

5 5 3 3 3 1 3 3 3 5 1 1 3 4 3 4 5 4 3 4 3 2 1 2 4 5 1 2
↖↙→↙↖←↘↓↓↘↙↙↘←↖↑↙←↑↖↖↖↰→←↖←↓
E S Rice....2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 * 1 2 6 1 0 2 0 1 23

Challenges.

Ed S. Rice and A. C. Paterson have both challenged Mr. E. S. Rice to contest for the Chicago challenge trophy, and await the decision of the trustees to ascertain who will be the next contestant for the same.

Gilbert vs. Elliott.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., has challenged Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, for the Sportsmen's Review cup, recently won by Gilbert at Cincinnati, O., and Mr. Gilbert accepts the same, naming Dec. 12 as the day of contest, and Watson's Park as the place. The race will be at 100 live birds for the cup and $100 each on the side. It is expected that a large number of shooters will be present on that day to witness the contest, as it is the opening day of Watson's winter tournament.

Eureka Gun Club Trophy.

The second bi-weekly contest for the Eureka Gun Club trophy took place on the afternoon of Dec. 3. The attendance was fairly good. Those present from out of town, as visitors, were Dr. Morris, of Dixon; Ed Howard, of Fox Lake, and N. M. Nusley. The contest was attended with interest, and the honors of the day were divided between Ed Bingham and A. C. Paterson, who killed 14 out of 15, Paterson missing his last bird.

The wind was strong outgoing from the left quarter, with an overcast sky, and the birds were, on the whole, a good lot of swift flyers.

Many good kills were made by some of the participants, which were roundly applauded. John Watson acted as referee, and his decisions were very fair in all cases.

The race was at 15 live birds, with a distance handicap, under the American Shooting Association rules.

Following are the scores:

L Willard, 32..222112220*12122—13
Mrs Carson, 26.22*10101020202 w
J Houston, 29..222122022221022—13
E Rice, 30.....222*00212120210—10
E Bingham, 32.1102111122122211—14
A Paterson, 31.1122222222212210—14
*Dr Morris, 30.1011121201121111—13
A Adams, 30..*00120111211221—11
*H Wiley, 30..2022012121211112—13
E Steck, 31....2002212202002 21—10
N Nusley, 30..202111000010001— 7
F Hollister, 31 21111*2102112 21—13
Dr Carson, 28.2102122221111111—13
R Carson, 28..*00222122211111—12
*E Howard, 30.1101121012150 01—10

*Visitors.

Montgomery Ward Trophy.

The next regular contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. trophy will take place on Friday next, Dec. 9. This date is shifted so as not to interfere with Watson's handicap in the tournament commencing Dec. 12, and continuing throughout the week. The interest in the trophy continues to be keen, and at the present time the winner cannot be picked, though the chances for the same lay between Barto and Comley. A. C. PATERSON.

Pottstown Tournament.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 30.—The annual fall target tournament of the Shuler Gun Club, of this place, which was postponed from Thanksgiving Day, owing to the unfavorable weather, was held to-day, and proved to be the most successful shooting tournament ever given by the Shuler Club, and many of the visiting sportsmen said it was the finest shoot held in this vicinity for many years.

The sun shone brightly all day, and in all about 500 friends of the Shuler Club came during the day to witness the shooting in the different events. A cozy club house is built on the grounds, and this was occupied by the shooters when they were not needed at the score. The Shuler Club has one of the finest grounds for shooting in the State, and are always on the lookout for new inventions of traps or fixtures. The magautrap was used, and gave entire satisfaction. The grounds are inclosed with a high board fence, which makes live-bird shooting safe, as it keeps away "sleeper shooters." The Shuler members do not often shoot live birds, but at targets they keep things hustling all the time.

The management of the tournament was intrusted to Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, and the tournament committee of the club give manager Fink great credit for the efficient manner in which the events were run. Manager Fink was assisted during the day by the tournament committee, consisting of Messrs. Grubb, Saylor, Cole, and Eagle, who assisted at the cashier's desk or around the score when they were not shooting. The scoring was done by Elmer Ellis, official scorer of the Shuler Club, and the cashier's desk was in charge of Edward Jennings, of Reading, assisted by Messrs. Stone and Eagle, of the Shuler Club.

The principal event of the day was the diamond event, at 25 targets, for a handsome diamond stud, valued at $50, donated by the Shuler Club, which carried with it the championship of Montgomery and adjoining counties. After all the entries had shot their 25, Slonaker, of Pottstown; Brey, of Zionsville, and Kerr, of Reading, were tied for first with 19. In the shoot-off that immediately followed Slonaker broke 6 out of 10, Brey 7 and Kerr 7. In the next shoot Brey and Kerr again broke 7, and in the third shoot-off Kerr won, breaking 8 out of 10 to Brey's 6. This event was very exciting, and the difficult shots drew forth applause from the crowd of spectators, who occupied the porch of the club house. Octavius Bull, of Marsh, won the "booby prize," a large "searchlight" glass stud, valued at $1.50, by defeating Cole in the shoot-off. Each had hit 10 out of 25, and in the shoot-off Bull hit 3 out of 10, Cole forfeiting by refusing to shoot. Among the visiting shooters present were Harrison, Jack and Kerr, of the South End Gun Club, of Reading; Adams, Holmes, Hodges, Erb and J. H. Miller, of the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville; Benner, Wien and Shuler, of Boyertown; Trumbauer, Crothers, Dunlap, of Royersford; Jenkins, of Norristown; Brey, of Zionsville; Chas. Miller, of Pleasant View, and Octavius Bull, of Marsh.

The scores of the diamond event follow, 25 targets, $1.50 entrance, first prize handsome diamond stud, value guaranteed at $50, representing championship of Montgomery and adjoining counties; second, or "booby prize" imitation diamond stud, $1.50:

De Witt .....1010111100011001010000010—11
Slonaker .....1001111111111101101101101—19
Gilson .....1101010010010111110001101—14
Cole .....1001010011100000001011100—10
Irwin .....0011001011001011111111001—15
Adams .....0111110101110011110101111—18
Holmes .....0011111111111011011000100—16
Benner .....0111011011101101101010010—16
Shuler .....0100101001110111011011010—14
Harrison .....1110111011111100101011001—17
Kerr .....1110110111011001111101111—19
Trumbauer .....1110000011111010110110011—15
Chas Miller .....0110101101000110001111112—15
Jack .....1101110001011010111100111—16
Bull .....0001011010100100111010000—10
Wien .....0011000101101010001100111—12
Jenkins .....1110001010000000000111111—11
Brey .....1111110111010110111001111—19

Shoot-off of tie for first place:
Slonaker .....1110011010—6 Brey .....1110111001—7
Kerr .....1011101011—7

Second shoot-off:
Kerr .....1111100110—7 Brey .....0101011111—7

Third shoot-off:
Kerr .....1101011111—8 Brey .....0011010111—6

Scores of the sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15
Shuler	9	10	6	10	5	4	..	..	4	..	..	6	6	..
Gilson	6	8	5	10	6	8	6	6	8	8	9	4	7	7
Adams	7	7	8	10	8	8	7	8	2	4	10	3	4	10
Brey	8	11	5	11	8	9	8	7	5	5	10	6	5	..
Irwin	7	13	..	..	7	7	5	7	6	6	9	6	7	..
Cole	6	..	9	7	4	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..
Bull	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	5	5	5	4	4	2	10
Mills	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	5	9	3	..
Goldsmith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	..	..	..	5	..
C Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	6	9	6	10
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	7
Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	12	3
Benner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	3
Wien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	8	6
Kerr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6
Trumbauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7
Holman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	12
Crothers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	4
Erb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Hodge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	7
J H Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	10
Newhard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Dunlop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Yerger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

The meeting which was to have been held after this shoot to organize the Schuylkill Valley Trap-Shooters' League was postponed until after the gunning season closes. SHULER.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 3.—The programme for the opening shoot of the new Stony Creek shooting grounds, near here, on Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1899, is as follows: "The Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, $75 guaranteed for first money, $50 guaranteed for second money, $25 guaranteed for third money, class shooting. Entries to be made to Arthur A. Fink, manager, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa., accompanied by $2.50 forfeit on or before 10 A. M. day of shoot. All entries received up to that hour will be acted upon by the handicap committee. All other entries will shoot from the 30yds. mark. The handicap committee has not yet been selected, but will consist of three shooters who are well known to all. For every two entries above fifteen there will be an extra class, with a purse of $20. Shooting in the handicap will start upon the arrival of the 11 A. M. train from Reading. Late comers may shoot up to 12 A. M. Stony Creek can easily be reached from Penn street, Reading, by taking the car marked with a red flag going east. Cars run direct to the grounds. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Dinner will be served at the hotel grounds from 12 A. M. to 2 P. M. The birds will all be old, strong flyers, and the management will charge 35 cents per pair for birds. Practice shooting will begin at 8 A. M. Five ground traps will be used. The new grounds are fine for either target or live-bird shooting. All shooters are invited; any person who pays the entrance can shoot.

Sinking Spring, Pa., Dec. 3.—The second of a series of three fall target tournaments under the auspices of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, was held to-day on the club's grounds, at Hainly's Hotel. The club had at first intended to manage the shoot themselves, but at 12 A. M. to-day decided to engage Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who arrived on the grounds after the second event was shot. There were a number of Reading shooters present who refused to shoot some because they did not have their guns with them, and others claiming the background to be poor. The shoot was advertised to start at 12



ZULU—SAIL PLAN.

o'clock, but it was 1 P. M. before the first shot was fired. Mr. Charles Ruth, secretary of the club, had charge of the first two events until manager Fink's arrival, after which Mr. Ruth acted as cashier; $7.50 was donated by the club to the two high guns, best average in first ten events on programme; $5 to first and $2.50 to second. Best average was made by John Matz, of Shillington, and Harry Coldren won second. Mr. Francis Yost, of Reading, was referee of all the events, and gave entire satisfaction to all. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10
Matz	8	10	9	8	7	15	7	8	13	9	9	7
Coldren	7	7	11	7	9	10	7	10	12	10	9	7
Smeck	6	8	12	8	8	12	7	6	12	5	..	..
Spatz	7	9	9	6	8	13	8	7	13	7	..	10
Young	..	..	..	..	6	8	7	8	11	..	..	9
Huntzinger	6	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hainly	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	3	6	5	7	..
Johnson	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Topton, Pa., Nov. 30.—The Topton Gun Club held a shoot on the club's grounds at the American House, this place, to-day. There were two events, one at live birds and the other at 5 targets. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

J R Stufflet	10*20—2	Leibensperger	01*21—3
F J Dierolf	12111—5	Miller	*0*01—1
F C Gery	11**1—3	Kern	02*10—2

Event No. 2, 5 targets, entrance 50 cents:

Stufflet	11101—4	Werley	10011—3
Miller	11001—3	J W	11010—3
Dierolf	10001—2		

DUSTER.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 3.—The regular weekly club shoot of the Keystone Gun Club was held to-day in a drizzling rain. No. 1 was the club shoot at 10 live birds, handicap rise. Nos. 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, 30yds. rise, and Nos. 4 and 5 were miss-and-out events. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	5	5		
Vandergrift, 30	9	4	4	7	5
Ross, 30	8	5	5	7	..
Fitzgera'd, 30	9	..	..	..	5
Bucknell, 29	9	4	4	..	3
Henry, 30	9	5	..	7	2

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	5	5		
Rothacker, 30	8	2	5	..	5
Johnson, 30	8	4	4	5	2
Anderson, 31	8	2	5	..	2
Febiger	..	..	4	..	..

The Colorado State Shoot.

PUEBLO, Colo., Nov. 23.—The Colorado State Fish and Game Protective Association held their tenth semi-annual tournament at Pueblo, Nov. 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Pueblo Gun Club. The programme consisted of 230 targets each day, with $200 added. The weather was perfect for the sport, but the attendance was very small to what was expected, as none of the Denver shooters put in an appearance, thinking probably it would get a little chilly on the grounds before the shoot was over; but nevertheless those who attended enjoyed the shoot, and are ready to attend the next one, which will be given at Colorado Springs Dec. 31 or Jan. 2.

The Salida cup team shoot was competed for the first day, two men to each team, and each man shooting at 20 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs of doubles, which was won by the Colorado Springs team No. 2.

C. L. Funk, of Pueblo, won high average for the first day by breaking 220 out of a possible 230, making an average of .957. W. R. Mason, of Colorado Sprnigs, was second with an average of .948; John W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, third with an average of .943, and A. J. Lawton, of Colorado Springs, fourth with an average of .935.

Each of the above-named gentlemen shot a Winchester repeating shotgun; Funk also used the Winchester factory-loaded shells, and they were used by the other three parties at different times during the day. Following are the scores of each man as they were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	15	20	15
C L Funk	18	15	17	15	19	15	19	19	14	19	15	20	15
W R Mason	19	14	18	13	20	14	19	19	14	19	15	20	14
A J Lawton	20	15	17	15	18	13	18	17	15	20	14	19	14
J T West	..	17	12	17	19	10	17	18	12	17	12	17	14
J W Garrett	20	13	18	14	18	15	19	18	15	19	15	19	14
M E Austin	16	12	16	14	18	14	19	19	15	..	..	19	13
J M Killin	18	11	16	12	18	13	14	16	13	19	13	17	12
James Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	18	11
A R Boland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

After event 7 was shot the Salida cup team shoot took place, two men to a team, and each man shooting at 20 singles and 5 pairs doubles. The following scores were made:

Colorado Springs team No. 1—A. J. Lawton 29, J. W. Garrett 28—57.

Colorado Springs team No. 2—J. W. Garrett 29, W. R. Mason 26—55.

Pueblo team No. 1—C. L. Funk 29, M. E. Austin 25—54.

Pueblo team No. 2—J. T. West 24, J. M. Killin 24—48.

Second Day, Nov. 24.

The second day's programme was the same as that of the day previous, except the individual championship, which was contested for, and which was won by A. J. Lawton, of Colorado Springs, with a score of 48.

The attendance was expected to be larger on this day, but there was but one name added, and that was the name of friend Cawthron, of La Junta. J. W. Garrett won high average, breaking three more targets than C. L. Funk. The scores to-day as a whole were not so good as the day before.

Some of Funk's friends expected to see him make a better score on this day than he made the day previous, as it was but the second time he used the Winchester gun at the trap, but he was handicapped to a certain extent in looking after the shoot, as he had charge of it, and it is the opinion of most of the boys that he can do better. Following are the scores as they were shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	15	20	15
J W Garrett	20	15	18	10	20	15	20	20	14	20	14	18	13
C L Funk	19	15	18	10	20	15	20	20	14	20	14	18	13
W R Mason	18	13	15	13	19	10	19	20	14	19	15	18	12
J T West	17	14	17	12	16	13	19	18	15	16	14	18	13
A J Lawton	19	12	16	13	17	14	20	20	13	16	14	13	13
A H Cawthron	18	12	18	11	17	13	18	19	12	14	13	15	14
M E Austin	18	13	18	12	18	14	18	15	14	17	13	15	13
J M Killin	14	10	16	9	19	11	16	14	13	15	14	13	12
A R Boland	12	9	14	12	13	12	13	11	11	14	12	16	11
A C Hein	19	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
James Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	..	..	..	15	..
J A Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12

After event 7 was shot the individual championship was competed for, each man shooting at 40 singles and 5 pairs doubles. The following scores were made: A. J. Lawton 48, W. R. Mason 47, J. T. West 46, C. L. Funk 45, J. W. Garrett 45, A. H. Cawthron 45, J. M. Killin 41.

Following are the names of those who shot the two days' programme, and the average of each one:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
C L Funk	460	434	.943	M E Austin	460	400	.868
J W Garrett	460	434	.943	J T West	460	395	.858
W R Mason	460	423	.920	J M Killin	460	357	.776
A J Lawton	460	415	.902				

STRAIGHTAWAY.

Pennsylvania vs. Clearview.

FERNWOOD, Pa., Dec. 3.—The University of Pennsylvania defeated the Clearview Gun Club to-day in a seven-men team match, 25 targets per man. Good scores were scarce, owing to the unfavorable weather. Sweeps followed the team match. The scores:

University of Pennsylvania.		Clearview G. C.	
Swain	20	Johnson	18
Paul	19	Leonard	18
Weaver	18	Miller	17
Wilson	18	Fisher	16
Freid	17	Wilson	15
Steel	16	Moore	10
Singer	16—124	Smith	10—104

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10
Miller	8	8	..	..
Fisher	6	8	..	..
Freid	6	8	8	..
Wilson	5	..	..	6
Moore	3	..	..	4
Paul	..	7	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10
Jones	..	2	3	..
Steel	..	..	9	..
Swain	..	..	8	..
Leonard	..	..	5	..
Carr	..	..	..	7
Johnson	..	..	..	5

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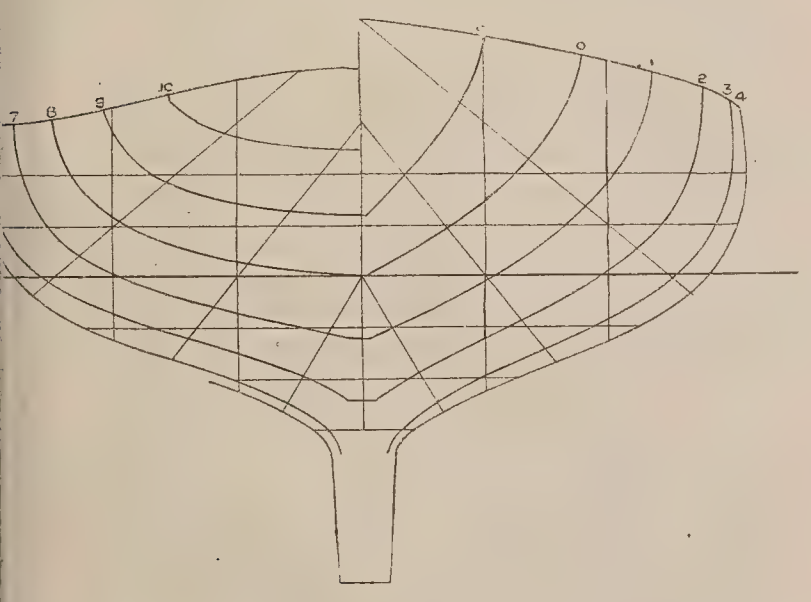
THE executive committee of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is now busy with a revision of the rules, the intention being to establish definite limits for each class of 35ft. l.w.l. and under. Among the details of the proposed restrictions are beam, freeboard, ballast, rail, floor space. head room, equipment and scantling. A meeting was held on Dec. 1, at which Mr. F. B. Jones, of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, was present, and the proposed restrictions were discussed and various amendments suggested. On the following evening the executive committee of the Sound Y. R. A. met in New York, and Mr. Jones reported on the work of the Boston association. The committee was in favor of adopting restrictions in uniformity with the other association, but when it came to a question of actual figures it became evident that a great deal of time and some amount of work would be required to reach anything like satisfactory results. It was finally decided to retain the present class limits on the Sound, with limitations to scantling and a revision of the cabin definition. It is expected that this work will be completed at the next meeting of the committee, on Dec. 9, so that a general meeting of the association may be held the following week.

THE contract for the steel steam yacht designed by Watson for A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, has been let to Scott & Co., Greenock, on the Clyde. She will be 268ft. b. p., 36ft. beam, 20ft. depth to main deck, 1,630 tons net and 1,810 tons gross measurement. The twin screw engines, four cyclinder, with developed 5,000 H. P., giving a speed of seventeen knots. She will surpass the previous Watson boats, Margarita, Nahma and Varuna, in her appointments.

ON Dec. 1 the steel steam yacht Aphrodite, designed by C. R. Hanscom for Col. Oliver H. Payne, of New York, was launched at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me. She is 303ft. over all, 260 ft. b. p., 35ft. 6in. beam, and 16ft. draft, bark rigged.

Zulu.

THE little ship shown in the accompanying plans needs no description, as she speaks for herself, a handsome and shipshape craft that a man may own for years without any fear that she will go to pieces under him or that she will become obsolete and out of date in appearance. She is intended as a day sailing boat, with large cockpit, but at the same time she has a snug little house for "week-end" cruises; and as a proof of her capabilities at sea, she made the trip from Cobourg, Ont., on Lake Ontario, to Erie, Pa., a distance of 200 miles, early last May, in fairly heavy weather, running into Erie in a N. E. gale and big sea. On this trip she accommodated four very

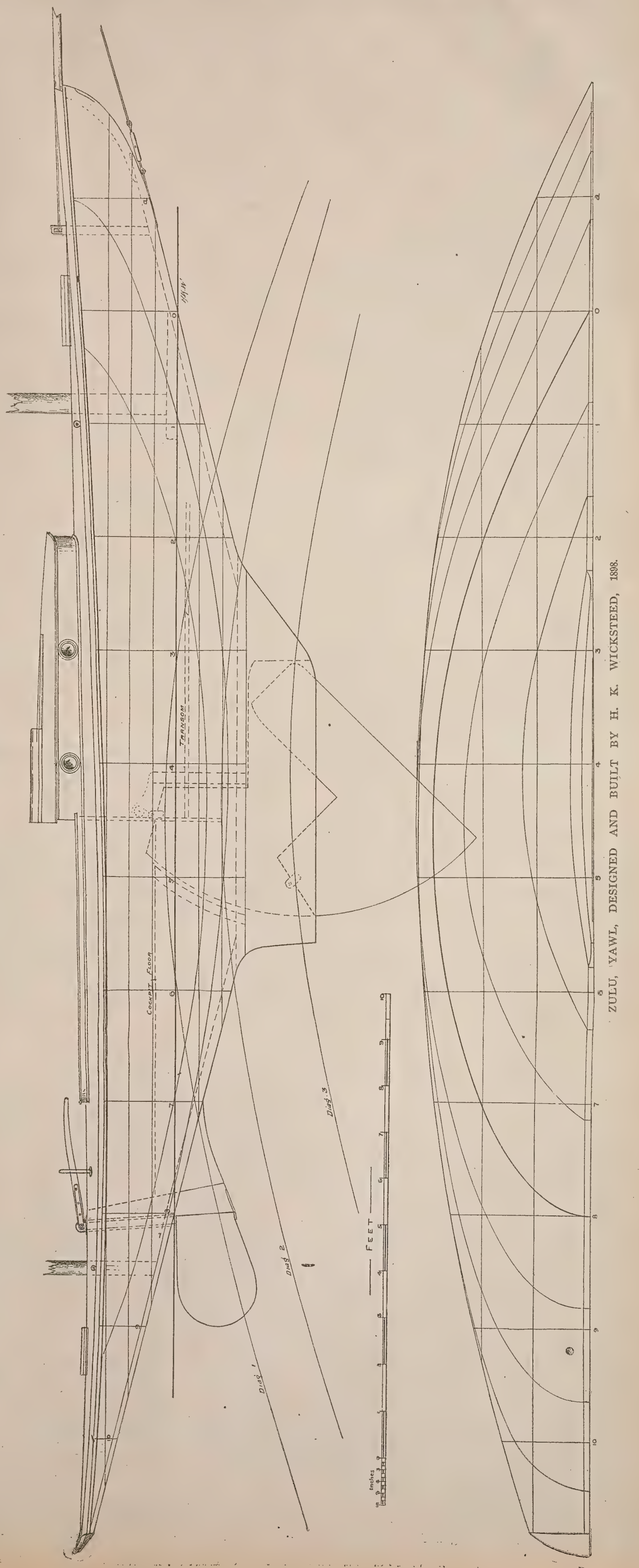


comfortably, and her performance showed an excellent sea boat. In the summer races of a mixed fleet she has shown very good speed, though not regularly raced.

Zulu was designed and built by Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, of Cobourg, Ont., for Mr. F. W. Grant, of Erie. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	30ft.
L.W.L.	19ft. 4in.
Beam	7ft. 6in.
Draft—	
Hull	3ft.
With board	6ft. 6in.
Displacement—	
Total	4,350lbs.
Per inch at L.W.L.	484lbs.
Ballast—	
Keel (iron)	1,920lbs.
Inside (lead)	500lbs.
Sail Area—	
Total	510sq.ft.

Though thoroughly well built, the total cost was but $600, including 8ft. dinghy, spinaker, side lights, anchor, cable and small fittings; less than one-half the cost of a racing 20-footer with nothing save racing outfit.



Interlake Yachting Association.

Toledo, Nov. 26.

The Interlake Yachting Association, composed of all the yacht clubs on Lake Erie and the Detroit River, held its fall meeting in Toledo on Saturday, Nov. 26. There were present W. C. Jupp, representing the Detroit Boat Club; George Anderson, representing the the Sandusky Y. C.; E. W. Radder, representing the Cleveland and also the Put-in-Bay yacht clubs; George T. Bliss, representing the Erie Y. C.; F. B. Hower, representing the Buffalo Y. C.; John Rathbone, representing the Detroit Y. C.; Henry Tracy, representing the Toledo Y. C., and Otto Barthel, representing the West End Y. C., of Detroit. The following ex-presidents of the Association were also present: Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, J. E. Gunckel and J. O. Richardson, Jr.

The first matter to be considered were the amendments to the Sailing Regulations. They were submitted by Capt. Radder, the Association's delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of North America. The object of the amendments was to make the Sailing Regulations of the Lake Erie Association the same as those of the North American Union, excepting the classification. All the amendments were adopted. The classification of the North American Union was not adhered to for the reason that the measurement of a boat coming from salt water to the Lakes, or vice versa, would be changed anyway, and it was thought best to have 5ft. class instead of 6ft. classes of the parent organization.

Two additional amendments were offered by Capt. Radder and adopted. The first was that all yachts built or brought to the Lakes before Nov. 5, 1898, which measure over the class they have heretofore sailed in, shall continue to sail in those classes, provided the excess of measurement is due to the new rules; and shall be rated at the maximum limit of the class. The second amendment was that if the extreme draft of a keel boat exceeded the draft at the point of the girth measurement, whether it be aft or forward of that point, twice such excess shall be added to the girth.

All time allowance was done away with, every yacht rating at the top limit of her class, excepting in the first class. In that class are all yachts over 45ft. racing length, and an injustice might be done a boat of say 46ft. racing length if she were forced to sail against one of 80 or 90ft.

It was also decided to make a class of 20ft., to comprise all boats measuring 20ft. or under. The same rules to govern as in the larger classes.

The trial races on Lake Michigan to pick the representative yacht of the United States for the Canada's cup races was then discussed. Inasmuch as nothing could be done pending the receipt of the conditions covering those races, the matter was laid over.

Notwithstanding that the trial races will take place on Lake Michigan, making it a long sail for any boat from Lake Erie, it is thought that at least one boat, if not two, will come from the latter place. Considerable satisfaction was expressed at the prospects of a lively season next summer. An adjournment was then taken, subject to the call of the president.

The Capabilities of Small Yachts.

Cobourg, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last two issues are some interesting republications from the Field on the capabilities of small yachts. The consensus of opinion seems to be that as far as mere weathering a gale is concerned size in itself has little or nothing to do with safety, but model has; and this is precisely my opinion. On the latter point the difference of opinion between correspondents seems to be mainly as to the amount of good and harm inherent in a certain amount of overhang; and the last letter of Squaretail goes so far as to say that if length over all were the element taxed instead of length on waterline we should revert to plumb stems and flat sterns. Surely not, for if so all the efforts of designers for many years back to cut down skin surface to the last square inch are largely misdirected. I have crossed the Great Lakes for twenty years now, and have seen a good many different kinds of weather, and I have come to the conclusion that overhang in moderation is rather to be desired in a cruiser than otherwise, tending to buoyancy and dryness, although not perhaps to easy motion, and in any case it is the shape of the overhang, rather than the amount of it, which causes bad performance.

If the forward overhang is carried out to such an extreme that it becomes flat-floored the vessel must do more or less pounding in a head sea, as well as a considerable amount of windage when the bow is hove up. If the after overhang is carried out wide and full it tends to prevent the nose from lifting; but as a matter of fact it is difficult to combine such overhangs with a wholesome seagoing middle body, and if with such a midship section the overhangs are carried out merely far enough to develop good, easy diagonals and buttocks, I think there is little reason to fear that they will interfere with the boat's performance in a seaway.

I think a more important point in connection with modern overhangs is that in order to reduce above-water bulk and weight the sheer has been gradually cut down until it is now nearly a straight line, increasing vastly the chances of being "pooped" when running, especially with the wide, flat transoms of some of the modern boats. The after overhang of a seagoing cruiser should be well drawn in and tucked up. If this is done, and the decks well rounded, all the water a boat can pick up on her fantail will work off before it gets forward to the cockpit. As a matter of actual experience, the only occasions on which I have felt really anxious about a following sea were on the lower St. Lawrence in boats without overhang and with wide, flat sterns. Squaretail's references to the Atlantic liner and the torpedo boat are hardly happy or apropos. Even were the motive power the same in both cases there is a wide difference between the boat having ten or twelve beams to length, and traveling at an average speed of twenty-five miles, and the boat having four or five beams and making five or six miles, even if there were not also problems in connection with the mechanical construction which bear on the question of model and affect it.

No one, I fancy, will dispute the contention of another correspondent that a good sea boat must have ample displacement, or, as Jack would say, "lots of guts below water." But none of them seem to have brought out other points more important than the question of overhangs; one of these is the short keel and midship rudder, which is almost universal in modern boats, even when intended for something more than racing. Any one who has steered one of these boats off the wind with any sea on knows how hard and uneasy they are on their helms. In common with some others I have endeavored to mitigate this evil by separating the rudder altogether from the keel, and hanging it on a deadwood or scag of its own. This greatly eases the strains, but does not much lessen the uneasiness and necessity for incessant watchfulness. Zulu, whose lines I send you, was "easy" on her helm under any circumstances, but so quick that the helm could not be dropped for a moment, nor the steersman's eyes removed from his work. Another question bearing on safety and capability is that of rig. My own preference is and always has been for the yawl—in common with McMullen, Middleton, McGregor, and most of the single-handers; but whether yawl or schooner or ketch, I think nearly everyone who has done much sailing in the open water will agree that there must be more than one stick, if only for the purpose of getting enough sail on without long and heavy sticks aloft and carrying a heavy main boom. The old English cutter sailors so fully recognized the dangers and difficulties of running under such a rig that they carried a square sail for this purpose and kept the big boom lashed amidships, an example which might well be followed by some of the more modern and smaller boats.

The good sea boat must not have too much beam, less because beam in itself is a detriment as because (especially in combination with good displacement) it means a slow boat or a big and lofty rig to drive it. With a well proportioned and snugly and handily rigged boat there seems to be no reason why a trip to the West Indies should not be made without danger or even serious discomfort by two able-bodied men in a boat of 25ft. waterline, or why yachting properly so called should be exclusively the rich man's pastime. And it is pleasant after so many years of racing in egg shells—or canoes kept upright by plumbobs hung underneath them—to see some space in your columns given again to the cruising craft. The finest craft it has ever been my good luck to sail is the Mirage, a 10-tonner, rerigged and refitted by myself during the past summer—39ft. o.a., 31ft. w.l., 10ft. in. beam, and 6ft. draft—with a lateral plane well spread fore and aft, and standing room all over a cabin 14ft. in length; very strongly built, ballasted with seven tons of iron and lead, and neatly, if not luxuriously, fitted below; new sails, ample ground tackle, etc., etc. Mirage cost less than $1,500, and will with care last fifteen or twenty years; but, after sailing her for a month under various conditions, I cannot say that I think more overhang or less waterline length would have hurt her. Henry K. Wicksteed.

The Lateen Rig for Yachts and Iceboats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 7, 1884, you printed an account of the new Prince rig for sail boats, with plans, etc., which consisted in stepping the mast derrick-like on the side of the boat instead of on the middle line. The next year you again produced the plans of the novel idea, and recommended it as a very desirable improvement on the ordinary mast and gaff sail rig for iceboats. Your recommendation quickly took with the clubs, and since that time it has been widely adopted for iceboats everywhere that the Forest and Stream is read. Its success for sail boats has also been demonstrated. It will be noticed that it accommodates itself to all kinds of sails, square and fore-and-aft sails, lugsail, boom sail, and also admirably to the lateen sail.

George Prince.

Boston, Nov. 29.

Syracuse Y. C.

Syracuse, Dec. 1.—There has recently been organized a yacht club in the city of Syracuse by the name of Syracuse Yacht Club. The officers of the organization are: Com., P. I. Gross; Vice-Com., A. Van Wagner; Sec'y, Chas. J. Carroll; Treas., L. G. Van Wagner; Meas., Chas F. Russell; Fleet Capt., Chas. Halbritter; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. S. S. Bibbens.

The rooms of the club are 10 Snow Building, Syracuse, N. Y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The race for the Canada cup, off Toronto on Lake Ontario, next summer, will be the most important yachting event on the Great Lakes since the cup was raced for before, and won from the Vencedor by the Canada. The Chicago yachtsmen, who have challenged for the cup, have extended an invitation to the representative yacht clubs of Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester to enter boats in the trial races to be held early next season, to the end that the fastest boat on the Great Lakes may be selected to race against the Canadian cup defender.

Interviews with several members of the Buffalo Y. C. on the possibility of Buffalo building and entering a 35-footer in the trial races at Chicago, bring to light the fact that such a proposition is out of the question. The general impression seems to be that there is not the real enthusiasm in yachting among the Buffalo yachtsmen to warrant such action. While there is money enough in the Buffalo Y. C. to build as finely designed a yacht as could be built anywhere on the Great Lakes, yet there is an apparent lack of love for the sport, which is necessary to put that money into circulation for such an object.

This fact is deplorable. Buffalo is next to Chicago in size among the cities of the Great Lakes, and the Windy City yachtsmen naturally suppose that the local lovers of the sport will take an interest in the coming race sufficient to enter a boat in the trial events. But they will be disappointed. A fast 35-footer would not cost much, and there are at least six members of the Buffalo Y. C. who could defray the expense of one, and never notice the drawing on their bank account. But the spirit which predominates in the club house at the foot of Porter avenue is evidenced by the excuse credited to a yacht club member when he was recently asked to go in with several other members and purchase a little 16ft. catboat for next year's local races, the expense of which is little over $35. He said: "Why, I may be dead next year." That is the spirit that is holding Buffalo back in yachting.—Buffalo Courier.

It is so natural and easy to write sea poems and so very difficult to write good ones that many persons try and almost as many fail sadly. Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, the well-known yachting writer, has tried a good many times in the volume recently issued under the title of "Songs of Sea and Sail," and has succeeded in writing some very good poems and few poor ones. A life-long lover of sea and ships, Mr. Day knows both thoroughly, and this sailor spirit, with its accompanying technical knowledge, has served to place even the least meritorious of the poems on a distinctly higher level than most work of the kind. Many of the poems are remarkably good, the sentiment is genuine and they have the right ring. "The Coasters," for instance, with its appropriately rough refrain, is a fitting tribute to a class of vessel whose merits attract little attention beside the more showy qualities of the yacht or warship. "The Ships" is a stirring poem, and "On the Bridge" and "Making Land" are both good. "The Belfry of the Sea," the "Sailor of the Sail," "The Landfall" and "The Homeward Bounder's Song" are all worth more than a second reading; in fact, the book is a good one to have at hand through the winter evenings, when its unmistakable odor of brine and spray gives the needed flavor to the quiet comfort of the fireside ashore. The book is published by the Rudder Co., New York and London.

An adjourned meeting of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association was held in Toronto on Nov. 23, at which it was decided to leave optional the use of an outboard or underbody rudder in the 18ft. and 16ft. classes.

The following sizes were decided on: 18ft. class, planking ½in., frames 1 1-16in. square; 16ft. class, planking ⅜in., frames 1in. square; 15ft. class, planking ¼in., frames ¾in. Skiffs are to be measured with dead weight on board. The walker cup will be sailed for on Dominion Day. The Association now includes the Royal Canadian Y. C., Queen City Y. C., Royal Hamilton Y. C., Victoria Y. C., Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club, Parkdale Sailing Club.

The winter of 1898-99 has broken all records, both in date and severity, practically opening on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, with a snowstorm along the Atlantic Coast, some 3in. of snow falling in New York city. During the afternoon of Nov. 28 a violent northeast gale struck the coast, snow beginning to fall in New York at noon and continuing until early the next morning, by which time some 10in. had fallen. The gale was bad enough about New York, but the center was off Boston, where the large passenger steamer Portland, from Boston for Portland, Me., was lost with all on board, including many passengers, the wreck being driven ashore near Highland Light on Cape Cod. It is not yet known how many other vessels, mainly coasting schooners, were lost, but Boston Harbor was full of wrecks, including an Atlantic steamer blown ashore. Great damage has been done to yachting property in different places, notably in Port Jefferson Harbor, always considered a secure winter anchorage. The coasting schooner Mary E. Cuff dragged her anchor in the harbor and drove down on the steam yacht Halcyon, Com. Howard C. Smith, Stamford Y. C., sinking her, afterward going ashore herself. The schooner Alsacienne, better known under her original name of Norseman, was moored permanently in the harbor, with a strake of plank off on each side to air her frames; she filled and sank. The schooner Comanche, the cutter Wayward, and the cutter Wasp were driven ashore. The steam yacht Rival was sunk and the Parthenia lost her bowsprit and sustained other damage. Smaller yachts in the harbor were also sunk or damaged badly. The yachts laid up at Sag Harbor, Greenport and many other Sound ports were more or less damaged. The schooner Magic, recently purchased by J. S. Clarke, of Pittsburg, from A. W. Mott, left Greenport for New York on Saturday morning in fair weather, but was overtaken by the gale after passing Plum Gut and finally lost her bearings in the snowstorm, her compass being unreliable. She finally anchored near shore and rode out the gale on a lee shore until Monday morning, when it was found that she was near the Thimble Islands. About 5 A. M. on Sunday, in the height of the gale, she was nearly run down by a large ocean steamer. The house of the Douglaston Y. C., in Little Neck Bay, was entirely destroyed. Much damage was done to the smaller yards about Quincy and Dorchester Bay, shops being flooded and many yachts thrown down from their blocking on the beach.

On Dec. 3 the work of demolishing the buildings at Nos. 37, 39 and 41 West Forty-fourth street, New York, was begun; the legal transfer of the property to the New York Y. C. having been completed. The contract for the construction of the new club house has been let to the Sturgis & Hill Co., and the work will be carried on as rapidly as possible.

Coronet, schr., has received a new outfit of canvas from Wilson & Griffin, and on Dec. 5 she sailed on a long cruise to Bermuda, Cuba and British Guiana. Her new owner, F. S. Pearson, has his wife and children with him. Captain Crosby is still in command.

On Dec. 1 the navigation class of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was opened for the winter, Dr. F. E. Sondern, a member of the club, being in charge.

The new challenge for the Quincy cup, designed by C. D. Mower, is already nearly completed. She is designed to the limit of the class, 21ft. l.w.l., but is of extreme construction, the planking being but ⅜in. and the deck ¼in. The bottom is covered with canvas over the cedar planking.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature.
Somerville.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE have given generous space in recent issues to the New Jersey game stocking enterprises, because this is a branch of work which, now in its infancy, is destined to receive constantly growing attention, and to be rewarded by substantial results. Thanks to the activity of the New Jersey Commission, the ring-necked pheasant may now fairly be counted as a game bird of that State; and to-day we quote characteristic reports from sportsmen in various counties where imported quail have been put out to restore the supply. The work has been done under the personal supervision of Mr. Charles A. Shriner, the State Fish and Game Warden and executive agent of the board; and it is a pleasure to make recognition of the common sense methods he has employed and the businesslike manner in which the interests of the public have been administered.

It is announced that the project of a deer park for Long Island, suggested in these columns some time ago, will be taken up by the Legislature this winter. As we have pointed out, there are wild lands on the island admirably adapted to the purpose, and such a State institution might be established without interfering with any private rights and privileges now enjoyed. The expense should be small; the deer are ready to hand; and the breeding station thus provided would stock the mountains of Sullivan county and the Catskills.

The American Commissioners who were sent to investigate the Hawaiian Islands discovered a curious condition governing the fisheries. Along the Hawaiian coast, about a mile from the shore, are coral reefs, and between these reefs and the shore are the fishing grounds. When the land of the islands was first parceled out by the crown, grants of lands along the coast carried with them the exclusive privilege of fishing for a mile from shore. The holders of such lands long ago formed a trust for the konihiki, or monopoly, of the fishing; fixed prices to suit themselves, and proceeded to get rich. The old grants have been tested in the courts, and are held to be vested rights. In acquiring the Hawaiian Islands the United States has thus annexed a full fledged fisheries trust. It is reported that the Commissioners will recommend the condemnation of the fishing grounds in the public interest.

The New York League at Syracuse last week adopted a resolution endorsing the principle of FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, voting to petition the Legislature to forbid at all times the sale of ruffed grouse and quail. Vermont has just adopted a prohibition of the sale of ruffed grouse. New Hampshire sportsmen have assurance that the anti-sale plank will be considered at Concord this winter. A Minnesota senator writes to us for information that will assist him in an effort to secure a similar law there. The Legislature of Connecticut will have a measure forbidding the taking of game for sale. Even in Massachusetts, with the Boston market open the year around, the sportsmen's associations are coming out in favor of the Plank. The idea has been implanted. It is talked about. Discussion means gain in popularity, and ultimately it will mean adoption.

The field trials of the Eastern and Continental Clubs this year were marked by a spirit of true sportsmanship throughout, which made the meetings the most satisfactory and thoroughly enjoyable of recent years. The commercialism which in former days was so largely a dominating force, giving rise to jealousies embittering the meets, has passed entirely away; there was this year not the remotest suggestion of it. The trials were conducted by sportsmen for the sake of the sport; generous emulation and perfect harmony and good feeling prevailed from the casting off the first brace to the final hand clasp at parting, when everyone declared that he had had a good time, and would come again. Such a restoration of field trials in America to a place of respect and dignity in the calendar of the year's events is reason for genuine congratulation of all who are interested in the dog as a field companion. We shall be much in error if the immediate future shall not witness a growth of field trial interest, and such popularity for the annual events of the clubs as has never before been enjoyed.

This is putting field trials on the plane they always should have held. It was the incroachment of purely commercial interests, with the usurpation on the part of owners and handlers who knew no other motive than a mercenary one, that eventually caused many of the early supporters to withdraw from active participation. The true interests of dog breeding and training and field shooting will be advanced by the elimination of what may be termed the professional element from field trials.

Secretary Spencer, of the Alabama Field Trials Club, reports that birds are plentiful at Madison, where the meet will be held in February, and the outlook is for a large entry list and an increased number of visitors. The club's annual gathering is a most enjoyable occasion; and the club is developing a substantial influence upon the game interests of the State. For one thing such a meeting of representatives of different sections gives opportunity for discussion of the common cause; public opinion is created and fostered; and it is expected that as an outgrowth of the work of the Alabama Club, the present inefficient and inadequate game law will be superseded by one drafted on advanced lines and in keeping with the standards of the day.

Were an observer to draw inferences from what he saw in some sections of the Adirondacks, accepting the dictum that "whatever is is right," he might conclude that deer hounding was a lawful mode of hunting. In Game Protector Beede's district, for instance, in Essex county, the woods have echoed day in and day out the bay of the dogs on trail. The experience told us by a still-hunter in that district is suggestive of the way things went there in the deer season; on two separate occasions after long stalking he had nearly come up with his game, only to have it each time startled and driven from him by hounds. As for Mr. Beede, the hounders doubtless said of him as Elijah at Mount Carmel to the prophets of Baal when he mocked them and said, "either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure, he sleepeth and must be awaked."

Twelve hunters were mistaken for deer and killed by other hunters in Wisconsin in the past season. If this reckless shooting continues, no prudent man will venture into the woods, and whenever a father of a family declares his intention of deer hunting in Wisconsin it will be in order to appoint a commission *de lunatico inquirendo.*

To inveigh against this form of manslaughter may be futile; to mitigate the exceeding and unspeakable outrages of these repeated killings is beyond human power; and all the talking and writing in the world will not stay the hand of the fatuous imbecile who is predestined to slay his brother man by mistake for a deer. But on the other hand it is certain that silence can avail nothing, and the talking and writing may do some good. Let every father then exhort his son, and every son his father, the brother the brother, and every man every other man, and in particular each one himself, never to shoot until he knows—not thinks he knows, but knows—what he is shooting at.

The Maxim gun shoots with prodigious rapidity, discharging automatically by its own recoil a rain of six hundred bullets per minute. In a lecture before the Engineering Society of Columbia University, last week, the inventor related that the Sultan of Turkey once ordered one of the guns, and when it was received, mindful of how it continued to shoot when once set going, he ordered that, not even being unpacked, it should be put away in a safe place in the royal museum of arms, where it might be powerless to wreck the empire. The Sultan is a prudent person; he doubtless understands human nature well enough to surmise that the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot is not exclusively indigenous to the American continent; and his Oriental imagination had pictured perhaps what would happen in Constantinople if the idiot and the Maxim gun should get together.

Commissioner Titcomb calls our attention to the fact that in a recent note of the deer in Vermont we said that under the old law hounds were permitted. This was a mistake; dogging was against the law; but there was no provision by which an officer could legally kill a dog running at large and pursuing deer, if the dog wore a collar and was licensed; and the dogs have chased deer in Vermont at all seasons of the year. Under the statute any dog chasing deer may be killed; and it is expected that this will save many does heavy with young. Another good point is that owners are held responsible. The New Hampshire Commissioners suggest the expediency of a similar provision; for, although the use of dogs for deer hunting is forbidden, the game is continually harried by hounds running loose, with effects particularly disastrous in the breeding season.

We observe, by the way, that the letterhead employed by Mr. Titcomb, being that of the Department of Fisheries and Game, has for its device the arms of the State, and the crest is a buck's head. This is significant, for it means that in the year 1821, when the coat of arms was adopted, the deer was a feature of Vermont worthy of a place in the State's heraldry. Certainly, at that period no one could have foreseen that half a century later the species would become extinct in the Green Mountains, that it would be restored by importations from "York State"; and that in course of time this heraldic buck's head would adorn the stationery of a deer protective department.

The ultimate success of the Vermont deer restocking enterprise affords one of many illustrations of the truism that the preservation of a game supply is simple if the game supply is preserved. You cannot have your cake and eat it too. What has been accomplished in the Green Mountains with imported deer has been done with the New Hampshire moose by the expedient of a long-term close time. The report of the Commissioners, printed in another column, tells us that the outlook for the moose stock in the Connecticut Lakes country is very promising, owing to a strict observance of the law, which gives this species protection until the year 1901.

One service the wheel does many a rider on country roads is to put him closer to game and other wild creatures than ever he could get afoot. For the man who would hunt without a gun the wheel has this peculiar advantage. A correspondent who visited Maine in the fall tells us, "On two different occasions I wheeled within two rods of grouse in the road." The secret of it is that the movement of the bicycle is so noiseless and so swift that the wheelman is upon the game before it has time to realize his approach.

The organization of the Blue Mountain Club for shooting in the Blue Mountain Forest, the Corbin game park in New Hampshire, has not yet been perfected; but some hunting was done in the Forest this year, the game killed comprising six elk and twenty-three deer.

The next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the Christmas Number; and in its pages will be provided a fund of good reading.

The Sportsman Tourist.

On Forest Lakes and Trails.

Probably few persons realize the fact that one of the most extensive forests of the world is within twenty-four hours' ride of the city of New York.

It is said that the forest lying north of the St. Lawrence River is surpassed in extent only by those of the Amazon, Siberia, Central Africa and the northwestern part of our continent. It stretches a thousand miles south from Hudson Bay toward the St. Lawrence, and is 1,700 miles in width from east to west.

Within its range are the Laurentide highlands, the oldest known geological formation; not lofty elevations, but rolling in long, graceful, billowy lines, now covered with the waving forest, but in the remote antiquity of the glacial period buried, according to Dana's computation, to the depth of nearly two miles under the ice which flowed thence over the Green and White mountains, the Catskills, and down to the sea. It is an ancient land, strangely preserved intact in its primeval wildness and beauty.

The pioneers of civilization from France, touching the north shore of the St. Lawrence, pushed westward in their nervous haste of exploration, leaving the savages and the wild beasts in possession of the vast, somber forest. Since those early days the severity of the winter and the indifferent nature of the soil have combined to deter the enterprising Canadian from attempting seriously the conquest of the wilderness.

Indians are still found in their ancestral haunts. Some of them are now the proteges of the Hudson Bay Company, and bring their furs, as in the former days, for sale or exchange; others are guides to the hunting and fishing grounds of their fathers. The moose, the caribou, the bear and the fox continue to tempt the patient hunter; the beaver builds his dams across the streams; the loon and the wild duck breed along the lakes. The inland waters abound in game fish; the brook trout (*fontinalis*), the great lake trout (*namaycush*), the ouaniche, the maskinonge, the dore and the pike. The primitive woods remain, bowing and bending under the weight of snow in the winter, and in summer radiant beneath the warm Canadian sun that tempers the coolness of the interminable shade.

There stand in solitary grandeur the last survivors of the old pines of the East. About them cluster the tall dark spruces, the hemlocks, cedars, maples, the white-stemmed birches, the smooth-barked beeches and fragrant balsams, not yet reached by the greedy axe and still protected by their inaccessibility. Along the water courses the lumbermen have hewed out the valuable timber, and the spring floods have borne it through many a turbulent rapid to the mills below, but the larger part of the region is a profound solitude, covered with a dense forest and little disturbed except by the solitary trapper and hunter.

Picturesque lakes of all sizes and forms, and of divergent beauty, bordered by their faithful friends the trees, the untiring condensers, lie in long chains and systems among the hills and mountains.

The ice which creeps over them in November, and is the playground of the restless winds and whirling snow through the winter, does not disappear until May.

April is not the birthtime of the Laurentian world, but with the ice goes winter, and summer quickly succeeds. Spring is superfluous, and has no place.

The trees burst into foliage, and the wild grasses spring up where the sunshine falls. There is a sound of wings in the air, and the loons and ducks, sweeping up on the south wind, drop into their familiar haunts; the heron and bittern again stalk through the swamps; the singing birds come "jubilant, noisy, triumphant"; the beaver, leaving the wintry depths, cleaves the surface of the water; the air is soft and the time has come to travel the forest lakes and trails.

Three summers ago I was in the main camp of the Laurentian Club on Lac la Peche, in the southern edge of the great forest, with some friends. While we were waiting idly for a rain to cease and the sun to shine an Indian from the Hudson Bay Company came in, and we obtained information from him about an attractive lake of which we had heard, situated some seventy miles to the north. He sketched a rough map upon a piece of pine board, showing its location, and the waterways and trails leading to it, which one of our guides copied upon a sheet of birch bark. Provided with this, we decided to make a trip to the lake. A box was packed with provisions from the storehouse, and two small tents were put in canvas bags. These articles, with blankets, were sent in advance about forty miles through the woods to a log camp of the club on Lake Dunbar, upon the route we were to take.

The canoe selected for our use was a Peterborough, a strong and comfortable boat, built of basswood, 19ft. long, 37in. wide, and 12in. deep.

Our party for the excursion, exclusive of guides, consisted of three persons, one of whom was a lady experienced in forest life and travel. Our two guides, Pierre and Noel, were Indians, both skillful voyageurs. Pierre, the head guide, was tall and straight; of gentle manners, with a voice soft and musical, very intelligent and trustworthy. He had all the natural dignity of an historical Iroquois chief.

At 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning we placed our few personal effects—rifle and fishing tackle, and one day's provisions—in the canoe, and embarking upon Lac la Peche, paddled away for the north.

We traveled fifteen miles that day, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon reached our resting place for the night, a spacious log house on the shore of Lake Pizagonke, remarkable for its fine scenery, and the headquarters of the Shawinegan Club, a Montreal association, whose hospitality was generously extended to us. Beyond this lake we were not to have roads and scarcely a civilized sign.

We were afloat early in the morning, for our next camping place was thirty miles distant. When we pushed from the reedy shore, we entered a dense, white fog that hung over the lake. We could hear the call of the loons from the misty depths, but we could not see them, nor the kingfishers, whose disjointed notes we heard.

Once a blue heron loomed silently and weirdly into view, but a few strokes of her long wings carried her into the fog again out of our sight.

As the sun rose higher it dissipated the fog, and during the rest of the passage down the lake we had a succession of fine views.

For two miles or more we paddled close to high, perpendicular cliffs of Laurentian rock, whose savage ruggedness was softened and half-hidden by pines that clung to their sides from base to summit, rooted in the seams and scars made by centuries of frost. The cliffs terminated in a lower shore, thickly covered with timber. Across the lake the hills rose, ridge above ridge, "pile above pile of fresh and stately verdure."

The lake was nine miles long, and when the canoe slid over the lilypads into the soft grass of the further shore we were glad to land and take the trail to the next lake.

I must not omit to relate one incident of the morning. As we approached a narrow part of the lake a bull moose suddenly came out of the woods on our right front. Pierre, who was in the stern of the canoe, saw him first and whispered "Moose!" The guides stopped paddling, and we watched the movements of the monarch of the woods. He walked vigorously to the water through some bushes that lined the shore. At the edge of the lake he stopped, facing the water, and tossed his big antlered head right and left, and sniffed the air. The sun was behind us, shining in a clear sky, and the light breeze was in our faces. It was evident that the moose did not see us. Apparently he intended to swim across the lake, for after reconnoitering an instant he strode into the water until it nearly covered his body, only his huge head and antlers and the upper line of his brown back remaining visible. Whether he saw us or imagined an evil presence, or whether some moose omen appeared to him in the sky above, we could not determine, but he turned and went out of the lake with moderate haste and plunged into the woods. He had been within easy shooting distance for five minutes at least. A trusty rifle was lying on the floor of the canoe, but it was Aug. 28, with still three days untold of the then close season, and we did not shoot.

What Pierre and Noel would have done had they been alone it is not necessary to consider. They were experienced hunters of moose and caribou, and Canadian Indians as a race are not noted for constant and unswerving obedience to the game laws. However, it is only fair to them to say that our forbearance and the reason for it seemed to meet with their approval.

Leaving Pizagonke, we traversed lakes Croche, Desiles and Antikiagamac, all connected by easy trails. A portion of the latter lake was luxurious with lily plants, and among their broad leaves some big pike were sunning themselves near the surface, and lazily moved away when the canoe approached them.

Passing through the outlet, we twisted down a creek as crooked as the folds of a steam radiator, emerging by noon upon the Mattawin River, within the territory of the Laurentian Club.

The Mattawin is a tributary of the St. Maurice River, and is about 100 miles long, running through the forest its entire course. Falls of 40ft. or more at intervals mark its precipitous descent. Where we struck it, and for the seven miles we followed its windings, the current, although swift, was smooth except for two or three rapids. Along the margin were numerous stretches of bright yellow sand dunes, on which we saw occasional footprints of black bears and caribou.

Now and then we startled a black duck from her nest; several times flocks of sheldrakes seemed to challenge us to race with them. As we approached the quiet coves where they were feeding, they would peer out, swim in different directions for a minute or two in an uncertain way, and then there would be a sudden glitter of wings and a rush of the whole flock on the waterline at wonderful speed. The canoe, racing with current and paddles, was no match for them. Kingfishers were numerous, as they are everywhere by the waters of the Canadian woods, dropping from overhanging branches upon their finny victims, and as they fly rattling off their castanet notes. Along the shores we saw several of the large red-headed woodpeckers hammering on the boles of old trees.

About 2 o'clock we entered the mouth of the Castor Noir River, a stream of clear, cold water, paying tribute to the Mattawin, and landed near the base of a line of imposing granite cliffs, whose summits were crowned with white pines. The river rushed noisily through a deep gorge in the mountains. It was navigable by the canoe, but contained many rocky, foaming rapids, which forced us to make as many portages while ascending the stream eight miles to its source. The scenery was very wild. At some points the densely wooded shores crowded in upon the river, making narrow passes, through which the water ran swiftly in the dark shadow of the trees, while at others the bed of the river was choked with big brown boulders, so that the guides found it difficult to force a passage.

We crossed a beaver dam, the guides getting out upon it and pulling the canoe over. The barkless branches of which it was built were of a fine whiteness, having been washed by the pure water and bleached by the sun. We crept over sandbars, over which the water was so shallow that we could feel the flexible bottom of the canoe wrinkling under us. So with much portaging and hard paddling we pushed our way up during the afternoon, having the evergreen woods on either bank and views of rugged hills over the tops of the trees. When within about a mile of Lake Dunbar, the source of the stream, further progress by water was made impossible by rapids that came tumbling down to meet us, and the guides hoisted out the canoe, and we took the trail.

As we climbed the ascent, we had frequent glimpses of the river, that rushed, singing, over the ledges in four successive leaps, resting in as many foam-flecked pools before reaching its more level bed below.

We came out of the woods upon the surface of an immense ledge that formed the rim of two upper pools to a view at once rugged and beautiful. Below, on the right, was the valley we had ascended; a sea of waving tree tops. The opposite shore of the river was a mass of boulders and angular rocks.

Beyond, the mountain, a pile of gray stone, dotted with scattered trees, rose abruptly to the height of 1,200ft. In front of us the water hurried foaming over the granite shelves, its shattered column sending off a thin mist that drifted glistening in the sunshine over the deep, pebbly pools, the natural home of the trout. These are pools which no sane angler can neglect, so now the light bamboos are jointed, the reels slipped into their grooves, the filmy leaders hung with bright-winged flies, long casts are made from the rocky floor into the turmoil of broken, rushing water to the foot of the cascades. The flies flutter down through the silvery spray into the white foam; the trout leap with an energy born of the swift water; the strike is made quicker than thought can come; the slender rods bend and spring as the captives dash around the pool until exhausted, they are led gently into the net and laid side by side upon the brown ledge, beautiful as the trout of a mountain stream can be.

Our camp on Lake Dunbar was a mile from the falls, a log house flanked by a guide house and a bark kitchen. Pierre and Noel soon had a fire roaring in the throat of the big stone chimney.

They cut a heap of spicy boughs from neighboring balsams and deftly laid them upon the rude bed frames. Blankets were spread over them, and we were ready for the trout supper and sleep.

We found here our tents and provisions, which had been sent in advance. The next day was rainy, and we kept the comfortable camp. We piled logs upon the fire. We read. We watched the clouds as they drifted along the sides of the mountains and sifted through the pine forest, and we made attacks upon the blueberries that grew in luxuriant abundance in the clearing, even up to the log doorstep of the house.

The next morning was fair and bright, and we made an early start.

We paddled up the lake, walked at a lively pace over a two-mile portage, and put our canoe into the Grand Castor Noir Lake, a lovely sheet of water, decorated with green islands—a gem of the wilderness, perfect in its beauty and solitude. Its scenery was in striking contrast to that of the following portage, which was a rough trail through a gray old wood, littered with rocks and trunks of generations of fallen trees in all stages of decay, some of them only traceable as lines of green moss.

The next lake in our course was seven miles long, and it was high noon when we reached the lower end and landed to eat our luncheon. Here was a heap of tangled logs, once the shelter of the hunter, and near by, white and shining in the sun, was the complete skeleton of a bear, killed and flayed no doubt by the owner of the cabin.

Crossing the foot of the lake, we followed a trail that led to Lake Souci, and pitched our tents in a grove of spruce and balsams.

At the rear of the camp a talkative stream dashed over a rocky bed, its chatter echoing through the woods. Within ten minutes' walk were two large lakes, connected by this little river. We were now about fifty miles from Lac la Peche, and it being Saturday evening we decided to remain here until Monday.

While casting for trout on Lake Souci in the canoe, a jolly young bear with a coat as black as jet came running down through a rocky cañon to the shore. When he saw us he stopped and looked at us with evident curiosity. As he slouched away, we shouted at him; he stopped again on the trunk of a fallen tree and turned his face toward us for an instant, then shambled off, and we saw him no more.

Running close under some perpendicular cliffs that rose out of the lake, we were puzzled at the sight of some circular wooden frames, like hoops, perched on apparently inaccessible shelves of the rock above the water. The guides told us they were used by trappers to dry their beaver skins, and were placed there so as to be out of reach of the inquisitive and destructive bears.

We broke camp on Monday morning, climbed over a low ridge, waded across a grassy bog that absorbed us to our ankles; picked our way over a bed of large rocks, so thickly set that we could step from one to another, and came to a branch of the Wessoneau River, where we launched the canoe. The river, however, was only navigable for short stretches, and we were obliged to foot it over an old Indian trail that followed the windings of the stream. We made eight portages to avoid swift water and falls, crossed two small lakes and a solemn old swamp, and as the sun was declining emerged from the woods upon a bluff and looked down upon the lake we had sought for five days.

It was about five miles in diameter, indented by deep bays. The Indians called it Waulumkok, meaning the lake with much sandy shore.

John Burroughs' saying that "water makes the wild more wild" is peculiarly applicable to this lake. It rests in a basin, guarded on every side by high hills densely covered with the never-ending forest. The trees begin at the edge of the water and climb the slopes, their waving tops stretching away in graceful, undulating lines to the rim of the horizon.

Looking from the high bank over the blue water for a fitting camp site, we saw on the far shore a line of shining sand, and the guides advised us to cross to it. We were fifty minutes in crossing, but the intelligence of the Indian was vindicated, and it proved to be an ideal spot for a camp.

A sandy beach lined the edge of the woods for three-fourths of a mile, having a gradual slope outward. At its inner margin dunes of considerable height showed the effect of the mingled force of waves and winds. Above the dunes was a low bluff set thick with pines, spruces, balsams and birches. There, where the trees were thinnest, the tents were set up under the far-reaching arms of a tall, vigorous pine.

Examinations previously made of similar pines in these woods, for the purpose of determining their age, furnished data for the conclusion that this old patriarch was basking in the sunshine and tossing its sturdy branches in the stormy winds when De Salle and Champlain were pursuing their brilliant careers, and was keeping watch over the lake when, in the year 1534, Jacques Cartier was exploring the St. Lawrence. We gazed at its ancient form and then upon the two red men sitting beneath it at the entrance of their tent, and we felt that the tree belonged to them and their history, and not to us or

our times. Near the camp a spring sent a rivulet of sweet water trickling across the sand of the beach.

As we sat that night by our generous camp-fire of dry balsam logs there was a sense of complete isolation from the civilized world. The silence was profound and unbroken, except by the owls and the ripple of the small waves on the beach. We were on the shore of a lake unvisited save by trappers and by the enemies of the primitive pines, who made a foray against them through this region forty years ago. Until our visit probably no white woman had seen its wild waters.

That there were many native dwellers in these solitudes was shown by the multitude of tracks of birds and small animals that we saw on the sand when we landed. No doubt the smooth beach was a promenade for all the residents in the vicinity.

The morning after our arrival we set out in our canoe to gratify the anglers' curiosity and test the unknown waters. They responded generously, and yielded to the cast of our two lines 55lbs. of fish in two hours and a half. The average weight was about 6lbs. They included the maskinonge, pike and the namaycush. The last differed from any of the great lake trout we had seen, in that the flesh was of exceedingly delicate texture and of a light pink color. All these different fish were caught in the same deep water, by the side of a long ledge of rocks. The largest lake trout we captured weighed 8½lbs. The largest maskinonge weighed 20lbs. His capture was the event of the day and a topic for the camp-fire talk at night.

The adjoining woods abounded with partridges, very simple-minded and familiar. Mink were plentiful, running in and out among the rocks along the shore, and an improvised trap yielded one as a specimen.

We remained several days and unwillingly folded our tents for the return to the higher civilization of Lac la Peche.

On our way back we came upon a trapper's camp in the woods which exhibited the results of many an assault by the owner upon the wild beasts and birds. Wooden frames were scattered among the trees, on which skins of bears and other fur-bearing creatures had been stretched. Bits of fur were still fluttering from their edges and lying on the duff, and feathers, wings and feet of ducks and partridges littered the ground about the cabin. These, with scattered skulls and bones of bears and smaller game, told the story of the successful hunter and trapper.

Behind the camp was a grassy ravine, the green pathway of a small brook, a haunt evidently of mink, for there we found a trap, a miniature deadfall, offering its treacherous hospitality to the little brown traveler. The owner of the camp was not there, but we learned afterward that he was an educated Frenchman of good name who, following the example of some of his countrymen in the early days of the Canadian colony, had buried himself in the wilderness, living upon his wild companions, but still retaining connection with civilization, from time to time visiting Montreal and Quebec.

At another place in the woods were the antlers of a caribou, but these had been shed by the living animal and had lain for a winter on the ground, being much gnawed by woodmice. Although shed every year, the antlers are seldom found. Go where you will in these woods, the red squirrel is always your companion. Wander to the remotest depths of the forest and the vivacious little animal darts in front of you, or in a state of high nervous excitement chatters to you or scolds you from the thick tree tops. The ground under the trees is littered with the husks of his repast.

During our trip we saw in their native haunts the moose, the black bear, minks, partridges, blue herons, hawks, loons, wild ducks, large red-headed woodpeckers, owls and the friendly moosebird, besides a variety of small birds.

The fishing for trout (*fontinalis*) was all that an ambitious angler could desire. We found them to be unsophisticated, as becomes trout of wilderness waters, bold and reckless in taking the fly, often impatiently vaulting out of the water to meet it as it fluttered downward through the air. They were good fighters, their activity being stimulated no doubt by the coolness of the waters. The weather was fine; we had only two rainy days on our trip. The climate of the region in summer is agreeable, the days are warm and sunny, the nights cool enough for blankets in camp.

There is an occasional frost late in August, but the grasses by the shores and in the meadows retain their summer colors until the middle of September. There are few heavy rainfalls until October. I remember one, however, in the year 1894, early in September. We had just returned after a long outing to the La Peche camp, and were scarcely under the shingled roof, when the worst storm of years set in. It came up from the southern Atlantic coast. The rain fell continuously for twenty-four hours, driven by a gale of wind. Streams ran through the camp. The air was full of sounds of the woods, most of all the dull roar of the deep masses moved by the tempest. The forest trees, usually so imperturbable and serene, seemed to exult in the tumult. They tossed their arms aloft and shook the water from their glistening leaves in showery spray.

All the bridges on the wood road to the settlement below were torn away by the torrents. Philerum, the guardian, who, rain or shine, daily traveled the twenty miles to and from the mail station, was compelled to swim his horse across the swollen, bridgeless streams and chop away the trees that had fallen across the forest road. The earth of the low mountain opposite the camp became saturated with water, and at intervals along its side broke loose from its ancient bed and slid down into the lake, carrying with it rocks and trees, making a clatter and roar and splashing fascinating to hear and see.

But in the morning of the second day the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and the usual fine weather of the Canadian summer was with us again.

JOSEPH W. HOWE.

A correspondent of a Quebec paper says: "Trout are so plentiful in Granville Moss that while one man is fishing for them another is obliged to stand by the hook, with a stick, to prevent more than one from biting at a time!"

Natural History.

Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had expected that Mr. Hardy's questions about trees would receive a full answer before this from some one familiar with the subject. Up to date, Nov. 30, no complete answer has appeared, and as I am snowed in, with spare time on my hands, I will answer the questions to the best of my knowledge.

If I should make technical mistakes, will the experts please correct me, withholding sarcastic criticism. Being snowed in, I am unable to get to a library for books of reference, and must depend wholly on memory. However, I think I can trust my memory, for the subject is one to which I have devoted much time in study and experiment.

I shall divide Mr. Hardy's questions, and shall number them for convenience.

No. 1.—"Is the sap in the same tree all of the same quality in every particular?"

Answer.—No, there are two kinds of sap in all trees—the crude sap that is imbibed by the roots and ascends through the wood cells to the leaves, and the elaborated sap, so called after it undergoes a chemical process in the leaves, which flows to every growing part of the tree.

No. 2.—"If so, how does part make bark, part leaves, and in case of nut and fruit-bearing trees, the fruit? In case of a nut-bearing tree, if the sap is all the same, how does part form the shell and part the meat of the nut?"

Answer.—These questions would indicate that your correspondent is unacquainted with nature's plan of vegetation. Perhaps he asks the questions with a feeling that they cannot be answered, and he would be right in so far as brief answers are concerned. His questions are as broad as the whole vegetable kingdom, and can be completely answered only by a comprehensive description of nature's plan for vegetable growth.

I suppose it is understood in a general way that plants purify the air for animals, and manufacture all the food which they require. Plants purify the air by decomposing carbonic acid gas, releasing the oxygen and retaining the carbon to help make vegetable tissue. Plants make food for animal life by changing inorganic matter into organic matter, largely making use of the gases which compose air and water. This sort of book argument is all right for the initiated, but it is all Greek to the average reader, so I will get down to business and try to show what a tree is and how it makes growth.

If we examine a flower soon after blossoming with a microscope, we find a little sac in the ovule, which is called the embryo sac. At one end of the sac we should see a roundish substance, like an atom of pulp. No action looking to growth takes place unless the ovule is acted upon by pollen. When acted upon, the little atom of pulp commences to grow and becomes a cell. The cell divides and continues to increase by division until it becomes the plantlet in the seed. The plantlet usually consists of a stem, a rootlet and seed leaves. Take a squash seed and examine it, and we find the meat in halves, and the halves are seed leaves and grow out of the ground, and perform the work of true leaves. The nutriment that caused the plantlet to grow was stored in the seed leaves or meat. Without the nutriment stored in the seed leaves, the squash could not grow. The nutriment was stored beforehand, and this is nature's plan of growth from the seed. There are changes almost without number, but they can be traced to a common design. Sometimes the seed leaves are so changed as to be unable to perform the functions of leaves, like the nuts of trees, which remain underground. The maple tree seed sends its seed leaves to the light like the squash.

If Mr. Hardy will examine an acorn he will find an outside and an inside covering, and the kernel or meat. He will discover that the kernel is divided. The halves are seed leaves, and he will find a short stem connected to these seed leaves that, when growth takes place, pushes the main stem and rootlet out of the kernel, the former to grow up into light and air, the latter to grow down in darkness and moisture.

Sap does not take part in the growth until the nutriment in the seed leaves has provided leaves. Crude sap must have leaves before it can assist growth. Branches are but repetitions of the first growth. A branch is implanted in the stem, while a stem is implanted in the ground. Branches grow from buds that were formed during a former season. Nutrition was stored in the buds to start the branches into growth, just as the plantlet was started by the nutrition in the nut. The crude sap does not start growth in the spring, but awaits the leaves provided by buds. The buds start to grow in this locality when the thermometer registers 42° or 43°. I have seen leaves in February, and have known a warm spell in the fall to open many buds. All the buds on a tree do not grow. As there is a bud and sometimes several in the axis of every leaf, it would be impossible for the tree to maintain such an enormous growth. I sometimes see black cherry trees completely stripped of leaves by the tent caterpillar. In such cases the dormant buds provide new leaves. Nature seldom gets left.

We found by examining the blossom that plant life started from a single cell. That by division it grew to a plantlet. The plantlet also increases by division until the result is a simple plant or a full-grown tree, as the case may be.

Every part of the tree is made up of individual cells. The cells are filled with various substances, but we will now look to the cell walls, as they make the framework of the tree. We will inquire what sap has to do with the walls of the cells. Does sap take part in the growth of this important part of a tree?

Chemists have discovered that cell walls are composed of a material called cellulose. Cellulose is a combination of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Water is composed of the two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. As the roots of trees imbibe water, which passes up to the leaves, the two gases are provided ready made. How about the carbon? Carbon is indissoluble, therefore we must look for something in a fluid state that the crude sap or water can carry to the leaves, there to be decomposed and the carbon released. Carbonic acid gas just fills the want. Water can absorb it bulk for bulk. We see this in the soda fountain. It is composed of oxygen and carbon. The crude sap conveys it to the leaves. Here it is decomposed, the oxygen is released into the air, and the carbon enters into combination with water to form cellulose. Cellulose is conveyed to every growing part of the tree, and is formed into cells. It is carried by the elaborated sap to the cambium layer, where the inside cells form wood cells, while the outside cells form bark cells. The leaves, buds, fruit and flowers are composed of cells, and the cellulose was stored up beforehand in the leaf buds and fruit buds.

Now, we see that the tree has a chemical laboratory, where it creates material entering into its construction. It does this through the aid of the green grains of matter in the cells of leaves, but only in sunlight. Mr. Hardy will have to guess how this is done, the same as everybody else does. The cells contain nutriment, such as starch, sugar, proteine, etc. Starch is composed of carbon and water; it is formed in the leaves and is conveyed in a liquid form to all parts of the tree where needed. It forms the flour of wheat, corn, rye, etc. Proteine is also brought into existence in the chemical workshop. It is a combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and ammonia. It is said to make seeds nutritious beyond everything in vegetable growth, and without much change; it is said to form the flesh, sinews and bones of animals, at least the animal part of bones.

I do not mention other properties created by the plant or tree in its laboratory, such as oil, jelly, etc., because I have called attention to enough to show that by a chemical process the tree is able to create any needed material, and to convey it to any part of its structure. But why or how the tree selects the proper material is a mystery too deep for the human mind. Proof, that the tree can and does make a selection, there is in abundance.

Space prevents my dwelling on this subject. I hope I have been able to set Mr. Hardy to thinking. If so he will come out all right.

No. 3.—"Also if the sap is all the same, how is it that some kinds of apples, like the Baldwin, only bear in any quantity on alternate years. If it is the same sap and the quantity is sufficient, why is not the same effect produced every year, instead of regularly on each alternate year, while in other varieties it is done nearly every year?"

Answer.—The Baldwin bears every other year in ordinary soil because the original seedling from which it sprung bore that way. The cion or bud will give the characteristics of the original tree. If Mr. Hardy should ask me why the original tree bore every other year, that would be another question. I have an opinion, and that is that it was caused by a lack of pollen.

Apple trees bloom in clusters, but bear one apple to the cluster usually. Wild apples seem to bear in clusters largely, which would indicate that there were few sterile flowers in the beginning. The increase in the size of the cultivated fruit has claimed the pollen of a whole flower cluster, and I believe it almost impossible for a Baldwin tree to grow its enormous crop and provide at the same time perfect fruit buds for another season. I have noticed a good bloom without fruit. This would indicate that fruit buds were set the season before, but that they were imperfect. It is my opinion that when the tree was providing nutriment for the buds it fell short on the pollen. I have known Baldwins to bear every year with extra cultivation.

HERMIT.

MASSACHUETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Another very interesting subject, "Trees," has been receiving attention at the hands of several of your able contributors. The communications of Mr. Hardy and Mr. C. H. Ames especially have stirred within myself the scribbling spirit. I don't believe I can contribute much solid information on the subject under discussion—the movement of sap in trees—but I have reflected a good deal about the matter, and have sought information from "the authorities." My information is meager, but perhaps my reflections and deductions will be received with tolerance at least.

The most definite expression on the latter point that has come to my notice is that the force employed is partly capillary and partly chemical, neither of which do we comprehend any better than we do the force of gravity, which is no comprehension at all. This is vague enough, and simply means that, so far as I am informed, we know nothing at all about it. Mr. Ames' suggestion that the whole question is embodied in that tremendous mystery, the "life principle," is probably as near a solution as will ever be attained.

The statement that a growing squash sustained a pressure of 3,000lbs. is rather staggering. Fancy a 3,000lb. pile hammer being let down ever so gently upon any kind of a squash. There would certainly be more kinds of a squash than one in the mix-up.

As to the question of the return of the sap to the ground, I believe the fact is fully recognized that it does not so return, after its function of making new tissue has been performed; at least not in the way supposed. There is a downward as well as upward movement going on all the time during the active periods of growth.

Water is drawn up from the ground through the agency of the roots, which also possess a selective capacity for choosing out the nitrogenous and phosphate compounds, with some others which the soil contributes. These are carried up to the topmost branches, where they enter into combination with the carbonic acid taken in by the leaves from the atmosphere, while oxygen and water are thrown off by the leaves. Since the carbon thus accumulated constitutes by far the largest part of the bulk of wood fiber in the tree, it follows that the principal part, if not the entire substance, of which it is composed, must descend from the leaves, reaching even to the extremities of the roots, as being the process by which all growth is achieved.

The fact that sugar is composed almost exclusively of carbon, which is supplied solely by the atmosphere, through the agency of the leaves, points to the related fact that the sap which yields the sugar, at whatever

season obtained, has received its main ingredient from the upper extremities of the tree.

In allusion to the large proportion of tree fiber that is drawn from the atmosphere, it has been stated by some scientific authority, whom I do not now recall, that when wood is consumed by burning, all the volatile parts which escape in the process of combustion consist of those substances originally contributed by the atmosphere; the residuum of ash representing what came from the soil.

Mr. Ames, in allusion to the phenomenon of differentiation of substances as exhibited in the process of growth, asks, "Must we not in this case also look to the mysterious selective power of the organism, the attribute of life, for the explanation of what is accomplished?"

It is my belief that the above sentence covers the case. And this brings us up to the germ, the wonderful and mysterious germ, the parent of life; the most stupendous fact in nature. This microscopic bit of matter is, in its small compass, a complete epitome of the great mystery we call Life.

The ancient conception that man was formed out of clay, and the "breath of life" instilled into him by the Almighty, is weak and puerile in the presence of this invisible speck, with all the potentialities contained within itself.

The wonder of it is greatly enhanced when we consider that the development of actual life from the germ requires as an absolute essential the coalescing of two of these little specks, of like kind, but opposite gender.

Mr. Hardy thinks that the sap in a tree must possess various qualities to produce its varying results of wood, bark, fruit, etc. That suggestion can, I think, be disposed of by the following consideration: You may plant an acorn and a chestnut within a few feet of each other in exactly the same kind of soil, and with surrounding conditions exactly alike. The one will select and assimilate from the surrounding media substances that produce an oak tree, with all its peculiar characteristics, with blooms that are sexualized, requiring coalescence of opposite germs, to fructify and perpetuate the life principle; with acorns containing germs with the same capabilities of reproduction as their parent; and this with unvarying results except by the slow process of evolution.

The other, with exactly the same materials to select from, will produce a chestnut tree, with its characteristics.

The same grass that produces mutton in obedience to the nature of one germ will produce beef at the demand of another germ. The same food that produces reptiles and "vermin," if appropriated by the human germ, produces man, with all his qualities, physical and psychical, with his mental powers of retrospection, introspection, and to coin a word, futro-spection.

The potentialities which can convert similar substances into such widely varying and such stupendous results are contained in little invisible specks of matter. But this little germ, so small physically, so immeasurable potentially, possesses another wonderful feature, which sets it apart in isolated grandeur and sublimity above all other facts within the scope of human knowledge. Science has pursued its way with confidence up the long and intricate stream of evolution to its source, and has constructed a grand system of mundane life development, that commends itself with irresistible force to the intelligent mind. But, when science has reached the utmost source of the stream of life, what does it find? It finds this little microscopic germ assuming the proportions of a vast mountain of adamantine rock, which stands squarely across the way, and forbids further progress even to the thousandth part of a hair breadth.

Human science must stop at the germ, as a towering wall too high for the eye of knowledge to see over.

Philosophy, however, may soar above it and around it, and indulge in as many phantasies and air castles as the imagination of man may choose to picture.

But knowledge stops at the germ. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

Our Pretty Visitor.

ON this morning of Dec. 4 the snow lies 1ft. deep on the ground, and the air is burdened with the falling flakes; work out of doors is a thing not to be thought of; and so I will write of the pretty little visitor which has come to give us a vision of grace and beauty all unknown to the dwellers within city walls.

A year ago last spring a tiny doe fawn of the mule deer type was caught in the mountains, and given to a young girl living some three miles from our home.

With a band of red flannel around its neck, and with a small tea bell suspended therefrom, the little creature roams at will, wild and untethered, save by her love for the society of those who have learned to love and pet her upon every occasion, and which brings her, at long intervals, to our door.

Yesterday morning as I stepped to the door the tinkle of a bell came to my ears, and looking out toward the barn, among the staring and astonished cows, I saw Kate Atkinson's deer.

What a beautiful creature she had grown to be! Fat, plump and sound; in the very perfection of her lovely blue coat, and with her slender legs colored the exact shade of buff to harmonize perfectly—the traditional "buff and blue" of the revolutionary fathers—she tripped along down to the gate, the very embodiment of graceful movement.

(By the way, isn't it strange that as election time of the year approaches, and the trees are robed in their glorious autumn dress, all the deer in the American woods proceed to don the old revolutionary colors, and to become, for the time, stanch old-line Whigs, to the last one?)

Of course, we all went out to meet her, and after each one had fondled and petted her, and explained to her, as did Artemus Ward to his sweetheart, that we thought very muchly of her, she sprang up on the roof of the outdoor cellar back of the cabin, and from there stepped up on the roof of the kitchen, along the whole length of which she meandered to the front, where she posed at length; the lovely little monarch of all she surveyed.

One of the boys then slipped up behind her and gave her a sudden scare, when she jumped from the roof, alighting in the snow 7 or 8ft. below, and trotting off out of danger, waited until the coast was again clear, when she repeated the whole interesting performance, minus the final "leap for life."

All this was very interesting, to be sure; yet, when the tinkling of that wretched bell sounded at intervals all through the following night, and the patter of tiny hoofs, promenading the kitchen roof, beat a tattoo which defied all the seductions of Morpheus, it grew monotonous.

A halt was called promptly in the morning.

Positive orders issued from the maternal head of the household that all petting of the little creature must stop forthwith! "What would Kate say, should she hear of it?" But the graceful little embodiment of beauty, how could she be resisted? All hands proceeded to disobey orders with the utmost promptitude.

The boys indeed went to the mischievous length of tying a big paper to her little black-tufted tail; and all joined in their hearty laugh to see her bounding off through the snow, glancing backward occasionally at the strange flag of truce so unwillingly borne; yet she again proceeded to act like the veritable little Christian she almost seemed to be, loving her enemies, and walking slowly back to be again petted and loved—as dear old Uncle Remus remarks: "What us gwine to do?" Be indifferent to all her little prettiness? Nay, verily! and we take her in our arms again.

How her sweet timidity and gentleness recall the lines which charmed my long-ago boyhood, and which were addressed to a pair of swallows that flew into church during divine service:

Gay, guiltless pair!
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer;
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Well, aside from the poetry of it, we have gotten a visitor, and "don't you forget it."

Not a bit of use in trying to drive her away; she eludes the whole pursuing family with the grace of a swallow in its flight; enjoying a romp hugely, and bounding over the fences with an ease that betokens wreck to the cabbage plants of a coming summer, and the consequent ruin of our tempers.

She is camped right down in the snow in front of the house, forgiving everybody, loving everybody, and keeping everybody awake to the extent of her tinkling, sharp-hoofed ability.

And don't the "chained to business" city dwellers envy us our pleasure with the little creature? I believe they do. ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Washington.

Rabies in Skunks.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The case of a child's death in this city, resulting, the physicians say, from rabies, has attracted much attention. The Republican quotes one of the specialists, who was called in for consultation, as saying:

"It is as far as I know or can find out the first recorded death from hydrophobia in Colorado. One man died at the county hospital about six weeks ago who showed many of the symptoms of rabies, but as far as I saw, not all of them. Some of the most important were lacking. His case I cannot state to have been rabies, but I have no doubt in the present case, which is consequently remarkable."

It is yet claimed by many, and by some who claim to be high medical authority, that there is no such malady as "rabies," or "hydrophobia." You will observe that the learned author of the Republican article asserts that a certain recent case was the first ever known in Colorado. He doubtless echoes the assertions and opinions of sundry medical gentlemen with whom he has conferred. It is very far from the truth. Rabies in skunks has been known in this country ever since white men came into it. It has also been noted in wolves occasionally, though noticed less frequently, owing, doubtless, to the differing habit of the animals. Fremont lost one of his men from skunk bite during his first trip to the Rocky Mountains in 1842, and described the case as hydrophobia. Only a few years ago a Mexican woman died from the same cause in the Arkansas Valley, forty or fifty miles below Pueblo, this State. She was sleeping in the open air and was bitten in the face by a skunk.

FOREST AND STREAM published an exhaustive correspondence upon this subject twenty odd years ago.

WM. N. BYERS.

Raccoon Breeding in Confinement.

FOR the benefit of an inquirer, Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoo, sends us this note:

"The common raccoon (*Trocyon lotor*) does breed in captivity, but not frequently. It has bred but twice in our gardens since 1876, although we have had at least 150 individuals during that time. The dates of breeding were March 23 and July 8. In the Zoological Gardens of London the species has bred four times since 1861, the dates being April 9, June 3 and 11, and Oct. 6. As a rule, when wild animals breed at all in captivity, they are more irregular as to season than under nature.

"The largest number in a litter among the above births was three; several times there being only one. This again is a common result of captivity, there being almost always fewer at a birth than when free.

"I do not know if the crab-eating raccoon (*Procyon cancrivorus*) of South America will breed or not; few of them have been kept. The nearly related coati (*Nasua*) of Central and South America very occasionally breed in collections; and the bears, not far distant in relationship, very seldom breed. I know of very few cases."

"ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

There is no more lastingly appreciated holiday gift than a good book. For one who is interested in outdoor sports the volume may well be one of those included in the "Forest and Stream's" list. And do not forget to order in good season.

In Tennessee Quail Fields.

JAMESON, Tenn., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* A few days ago my hired man told me he had seen two fine coveys of partridges in my upper field; so the morning after he made this announcement I took my dog and gun and went with him when he started to his work. We tramped across a plowed field to the weeds where the birds were said to be. At the proper time I sent the dog on. He hunted the field in fine style, but no birds were found until we reached the fence on the opposite side. The dog did not find them then, but I walked right into the covey and flushed it. They dipped over the fence so suddenly I had only time to bang one barrel, and with this brought down one bird. Beyond the fence was a skirt of woods. We climbed the fence and followed into this woods. The dog was with us now, and soon came to a point. Five or six birds got up; but the bushes were thick here, and only one came to the open, and that one some distance away. This time I picked a few feathers, and the bird went on. We expected every moment now to see the dog point other birds, but instead he commenced to trail. We thought the birds were running, and so they were, but not the ones we had found. The trail led in a half-circle back to the field, just inside which the dog came to a stand. I climbed the fence and flushed the birds. The weeds seemed to be full of them, and as they dashed into the thicket I stopped two more. We followed on again, and the dog soon commenced to point, pointing four single birds, one after the other, in rapid succession, all of which I killed. I now had seven fine plump fellows in my pockets. Scattering birds were everywhere, but I told my man I didn't care to murder them all at once, so turned from a tempting bit of shooting and went back to the house.

Two days later I tried this same field again, just before noon, but found no birds. I decided they were roosting in my weeds and feeding somewhere else; so that afternoon, just before sundown, I rode into the field again. The dog ran on ahead and disappeared over a rise. When I reached the top of the rise I saw him standing on a beautiful point 50 or 60yds. away. One front foot was raised as though he had stiffened just as he went to make his leap. A few yards beyond the dog was a dense thicket of maple bushes. The frost had turned the leaves a bright golden color. They formed a solid wall of yellow. The dog stood out boldly on this yellow canvas, forming a picture that was at once to me a source of pure delight. The rays of the setting sun falling over all added to the beauty of the scene. I stood a few moments to admire, then stepped forward and flushed the birds. About half of them went straight for the thicket and the others turned across the field. I dropped one in the edge of the bushes, then turned and stopped another in the weeds. I saw still another light, took the dog over, pointed promptly, flushed the bird and killed it twenty steps away.

This fine November weather we have had a number of pleasant experiences of this kind, and I must tell you of one other. My friend Cliff down by the store keeps a couple of good dogs, and hunts. He told me he had heard of lots of birds about two miles down the country, so we decided to spend our afternoon among them. I was at the meeting place promptly at 12:30 o'clock. Cliff came in a half-hour later on a full gallop, with dogs and gun. He was somewhat heated and rattled. Said he had to start a plow before he could get off. We set off at once for the farm on which we meant to hunt. Cliff went by the house to ask permission to hunt in the fields, which was readily given, and we rode into a stubble field of sixty acres.

Cliff planned that I should go along by the fence, while he rode out parallel with the fence, but about 100yds. from it. In this way we were to make throughs back and forth across the field until the birds were found. I had gone but a little way when my dog pointed in toward the fence. I called to Cliff. His dogs seemed to understand I had found, as they came running down, and backed promptly. About the time Cliff came up the dogs began to waver on point, ran up the fence a little way, and pointed again. We knew the birds were running; so I climbed over into the next field. That had been plowed up and sowed to wheat, and there was nothing to hide the birds. They had come out on to this open ground and were huddled close together, though slightly on the move. Had I been disposed to make a pot shot I might have killed half or two-thirds of them, but we did not propose to hunt in that way. I took a few steps toward them, when they dashed across the fence. I got two of them as they went over, and Cliff another on the other side. We followed them up. The dogs soon came to point. Three birds got up. I killed the first, Cliff the second, and the third went on.

We thought now we could just kill anything that might fly up, so decided to kill straight through. Next four birds got up. I missed and Clifford followed suit. So much for being over-confident. Next four or five birds got up. The first came over my head, too close to shoot. I thought to turn and kill him as he went off, but the weeds were in my face, so the bird went on without being shot at. Cliff banged at another, going in the other direction, watched it fly 200yds., double up and fall in a cornfield. We went over and found that one, then went back to look for the one that flew over my head. It went back to the corner of the field where we had started. We did not find it at once, so

got over in the road to look. We noticed one dog did not come over with us; went back to look, and found him on a stanch point. Cliff kicked up the bird, and killed it just ahead. After that we found a few scattering birds, and killed straight. At home we counted out an even dozen nice ones. We did not find as many as we expected, but the sport had been good and we were satisfied. BACKWOODS.

Mr. Owens' Experience.

REMSEN, N. Y., Nov. 28.—*Dear Mr. Editel Forest and Stream:* I been readin on your columns bout some five year or less, an I wass like special those paper on Fred Mather bout what he call "Men I have make fish with" and some nuther down in "Low down Louisiana." I think Mr. Mather wass make fish with good many fellow and hunt too. Some of him prettee good fellow whatever. I hope he was keep able for ink dippin and writin Jus so long he can take pen in hand.

I been live in town Remsen, quite some mile by Utica, N. Y. Remsen wass some kind of Yankee town now, but bout 50 year ago wass all settle by some of our father and mother what you call Welshman, but that bin long while now, an everybody wass talk English talk Jus so good like somebody I tell you.

I bin thinkin long time now some day I wass write letter by you an tell bout some kind of hunt I wass have las year with Evan Evans by what here fellow was call "Jersey man preserves." They wass some three, four man from Jersey rent all round by Boardwell Pond, print up some little board and call him "preserve." I don't know what he call him that for, but wass firs rate place for shoot a woodcocks, I tell you. There wass'nt no fellow hunt there but Jerseyman, an when I goin there for hunt, some Yankee fellow name Bill Smith he tell me if I "go there for preserve I get in a pickle." I say "What you all while talkin bout 'pickle' and 'preserve.' I wass'nt go for steal grocery store. I wass hunt a woodcocks." He say somethin bout Welsh, what make me pretty mads, so I walk way. It iss pretty good thing for do when you mads—walk way—you wass'nt get hurt so bad like you bin fightin. I always do that since I readin some poem bout him in "Bard Avon" what you wass call Shakespeare bout fellow what "Live for fight some Nuther day."

Now Evan Evans he wass'nt shoot a wood cocks afore, an so wass I jus same Jackly. We allus been workin cut a corns, plowin, pick apple and fertile makin, bout a wood cocks season; but this time we make a time for takes off day an go shoot him. Evan Evans he say we wass better for make practice on roll pumpkin down hill, but I say wass no use for spen money on smash pumpkin—better save him for a wood cocks. We able for shoot him all right cause she pretty big bird—look you. Mos so big like patridges, and we wass both able for hit patridge when he sit in a limb on tree; an some fellow wass tell me a woodcocks easier for hit on fly than patridge on a sittin, cos he wass got so long bill he get herself cross up in a bushes.

Well me an Evan we startin out an get in alders, and walk long, an did'nt see somethin till all of sudden Jump up some kind of queer bird an give sort of spit whistle an fly quick two or three way like a screw corks. All same he get couple drink out by my cider hard barrel.

I say "What than Evan?" He say "I wass'nt never see him fore. Guess he wass what they call it in book 'sy-poke.'"

We go long an keep scare him up all time, but wass'nt see nuthin so big what we think a wood cocks. Sy-poke keep fly up, an pretty quick we say we shoot some of him, but when we come try we find hard for get aim, an if you shootin fore get aim you sure for waste powder, which wass all same throw money by dogs, an that aint never do tall. You aint ever get rich if you do him. Then we come to crick, an I look up him an see a woodcocks stan on log fishin. I know him a woodcocks for have long leg and bill an short feather tail.

I take pretty long aim then shoot Jus so quick I can, an I hit him good I tell you. He wass fine bird with yellow green leg. I jus show him by Evan when I hear fellow come up an he say real mad "What in name of sight dam you do shoot on a preserves?"

I say "Nuthin only shoot a woodcocks. I wass'nt touch any preserves. Wass'nt see any for touch."

He say "You got a woodcocks?"

I say "One" an then I show him. I think he bin mads then, but he laf an laf, an say he wassnt never seen any fellow like Welsh, til he pretty near roll on a grounds. Then I get a little mads an I say, "What for you make fool by yourself an callin me Welsh?"

Then he sayin "Any body sides Welsh wass know sy-poke from a woodcocks."

An I say in "So wass I. I see lot of sy-pokes fly up an twist off like screw-cork an spit whistle, but I wass'nt able for get aim on him."

Then he laffin some more an say that little birds was a wood cocks, and we better go back by house out of preserves else he cost us money an he wass'nt want for do that cos we pretty good fellow both two of it. Well we think so jus same Jackey, and we gettin out in open an Just we get over fence up go nuther screw-corker bird. I got to shoot off gun any way else woman don't let me bring him in house so I try him. I take long aim—shut my both eye an let fly it. Evan give big shout "You get him." An he run pick him.

Well now he wass pretty—all brown different shade an color an eye on so high top head he look Jus so her bill put on behind side first. Well we go home an woman make little pie by him an he was firs rate I tell you an some time I was sure for take some nuther off day, and see if I pay preserves fellow a quartel dollar for get on right side of it an shoot nuther woodcocks. Man mus have little fun even if she do cost money.

If you likin this letter I write bout him when I go next for hunt an if you never come by Remsen we have glass buttermilk an firs rate time talk about cow an butter an make fish an hunt.

P. S. I bin read in book bout sy-poke an I see him call there "green heron" an I wass think him a woodcocks so I guess I wass like heron—all a same green.

Yours for make sport,

OWEN EVAN OWENS.

(Transmitted by J. R. B.)

A Piedmont Game Preserve.

SEVERAL Fayetteville gentlemen, including Major Chas. Haigh, W. N. Williams and G. A. Burns, have taken up some 30,000 to 40,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Spout Springs, in this (Cumberland) county, with a view to make it a great game preserve. The territory is watered by upper Little River and several other good-sized, clear water streams, and is the natural home of the red deer, which are almost as numerous now as they were 100 years ago. Three carcasses were brought into town three days ago, one doe weighing 160lbs., which is very heavy venison for this section. Turkeys are here too, and game of other kinds, especially quail is abundant. The syndicate includes several Northern gentlemen, and it is proposed to make here as fine a game preserve as there is in the South.

Shooting in the purlieus of Fayetteville is nothing to brag of. Local and visiting sportsmen occasionally bring in a brace or two of partridges, but the principal part of each bag is made up of larks, doves and robins, which are not game, to my notion.

Some ruddy ducks, coots, and sawbills are picked up on the Water Works Pond, a mile from town. This body of water is clear as crystal, and contains some black bass, ring perch and pickerel (called jack here) of large size. One of the latter was brought in last Saturday which measured 22in. As a rule, this species of fish is not of the best quality in Southern streams, which are for the most part muddy; but this county of Cumberland is remarkable for its clear water ponds and streams, which are not surpassed in purity and sparkle by any in Minnesota or New England. The Lakewood Club owns a lake a mile long and a fine house seven miles out from town, and Mr. Herbert Lutterloh, a capitalist, has a fine private black bass pond, which contains some fine fish, to which additions will be made this winter for stocking purposes. Several mill owners have ponds which afford unusually fine fishing, and the center of the city itself is crossed by Blounts Creek and Cross Creek, both of which afford exceptionally fine angling. Fox hunting with horses and hounds is a favorite pastime on moonlight nights.

I find very little game in the immediate vicinity of Fayetteville, but deer, quail and turkeys are reported in abundance everywhere else outside of a radius of twenty miles. That is hard on my dog, which is kept on chain by durance! Your Aleck Hunter, who is now at Pittsboro, near by, writes me that the shooting is "splendid." Here in town the local gunners do not hesitate to bag coots, mud hens, fish ducks, robins, larks, doves, field sparrows and yellow hammers. Even the mockingbirds do not escape. A 2-cent cartridge will blow the life and song out of a $25 mockingbird in a jiffy. Up to date there were several on our premises, but I reckon they have all been shot off by this time. Local sportsmen have marked me low down as a sportsman because I will not bag such small game, and bring home more pitcher plants and venus fly traps than larks, but the fact is I have seen only seven quail in four outings, shooting in company over a good dog, of which two were bagged.

One yellow hammer, which fell to an all too certain aim, had been shot before in the leg, and the enlargement around the fracture had so completed its curative purpose that it sloughed off in a lump and hung only by a thread, leaving the tibia apparently as sound and shapely as ever. I have known of injured trees casting their burls, but this is the first case I have noticed among fauna. It is interesting.

A crack rifle shot has developed here, the son of ex-Governor Fowle, of this State, who was a corporal in the recently disbanded Second North Carolina Volunteer Regiment. He shoots hickory nuts off the trees, and bores coins with a .22 bullet, with as much facility as Dr. Carver ever did. C. HALLOCK.

The Jackson's Hole Situation.

JACKSON, Wyo., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some three weeks since the residents of lower Jackson Valley, interested in game protection, contributed to a private fund and placed an additional game warden at Teton Pass, to assist Game Warden Lannigan. The first arrest was of George Moulten, of Idaho, who had in his possession, as I write now, eight head of elk, four cows and four bulls, killed in absolute violation of law. Justice La Plant fined him $30 and $5 costs, and Game Warden Lannigan took charge of his game. Two days after this, L. Davidson, a resident of Idaho, was arrested, having in his possession eight head of elk, four cows and four bulls; and he admitted that he had killed and transported two bulls some two weeks earlier. On the 30th ult. B. F. Parker and Casper Allen were arrested, both non-residents, having in their possession five head of cow elk. The following day John Davidson and Ben. F. Davidson were arrested, having in possession four head of elk; also Thos. Wilson, a justice of the peace, of Teton Precinct, was restrained from proceeding out of the State until his case was investigated; and on the same day T. W. Cox, a resident of Idaho, was arrested, having in his possession four head of elk. During this time over 100 head of elk had been transported to the Teton Basin side of Wyoming by alleged and real residents, who lived there, all of this game having been killed in the Teton timber reserve, at and near Jackson's Lake, Wyo., with a full knowledge of all the residents therein that the greater part was killed unlawfully.

To show how wantonly and indiscriminately the game was slaughtered it suffices to say that on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th ultimo, Bradley M. Eley, the mail carrier to Elk, Wyo., informed me that 2,000 shots were counted during these days, and this statement was corroborated by others with whom I talked.

The arrests heretofore made of some of these individuals was by the privately-paid deputies at the Teton Pass, forty miles from where the game was killed; and the subsequent prosecutions were to all intents and purposes farces, so far as any penalty was concerned, and evidences that notwithstanding the fact that the great majority of the people favor strict prosecution, such did not occur.

As the retained attorney of the Jackson Hole Gun Club, I appeared in all cases, and filed and swore to all complaints, except those made by the wardens employed. That the case of L. Davidson was settled by him paying $1 and nominal costs, the same as the case of Cox. Ben. F. Davidson was fined $5 and costs, and all the rest were turned loose. True, in some cases the meat was confiscated, and in Parker's and Allen's cases it was not wholly confiscated, they being allowed to take out two and a half head. It can readily be seen that these cases worked no good to the game. We are gratified, however, that the instituting of these proceedings probably saved from slaughter 500 to 1,000 head of elk, as it was intended by Idaho people to come to Wyoming and take out a license, and hunt, kill and pursue to their heart's content. Davidson, Parker and Cox each had a license issued by Jackson Valley courts, and it is held by the court that there is no penalty attached to the section of the statute forbidding transportation of killed game out of the State, when such game was killed under and by virtue of a $20 license. In my opinion more game has been illegally killed in the Jackson Valley country, principally within the Teton timber reserve, this year, than in any three consecutice years in the past. If the next Legislature refuses to pass laws and appoint a proper commission to protect the game, and to take the game question entirely out of the jurisdiction of county authorities, and out of politics, then the greatest game country in the United States, and that country that receives the surplus of the National Park game, will be absolutely depleted. It is a self-evident fact that game protection in the Jackson Park country is of no material benefit, judged from proceedings of the last two weeks. The privately-paid game wardens admit their inability to do anything with the violators in view of the light fines and costs imposed. Offenders plead guilty and throw themselves upon the mercy of the court. That the greater portion of the people are dissatisfied goes without saying.

W. L. SIMPSON.

Erie County Association.

A SPECIAL directors' meeting of the Erie County Fish and Game Association was held in Buffalo, Dec. 3, to devise some plan for the enforcement of the fish and game laws that would be more effective than the simple seizing of nets and reporting of the offenders. The meeting was held in the office of Percy S. Lansdowne, secretary of the Association, and those present were President L. P. Beyer, Vice-President George B. Webster, Treasurer Goodrich J. Bowne, Secretary Lansdowne, George Goetz, Jr., Thomas Cary Welch, attorney; Special Protector Eben P. Dorr, of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, and Protector Carter.

From the remarks made by Attorney Welch, it was evident that he is personally an enthusiastic believer in the enforcement of the fish and game laws and that he will co-operate with the Erie County Association to secure such an end. The directors, at the conclusion of the meeting, made him a member, and then elected him a director.

He had been called to the meeting to give his views on the subject of prosecuting restaurateur, hotel-keepers and others in this city, who have been selling or who have had in their possession venison since Nov. 20. Mr. Welch reported that he has good cases against a number of local dealers, who have not yet been arrested. He said that what the fish and game protectors need most to secure a reasonable obedience to the law is the backing of the community. "They need the supporting sentiment of the people generally, so that, when these officers take cases of violations of law into the courts, the justices will know that convictions will be for the general good; that the enforcement of the game laws is not for the benefit of the rich sportsman alone, but for the benefit of the poor sportsman as well; and that the general public desires the prosecution of violators in the interest of the preservation of the fish and game in this vicinity."

"Yes," said President Beyer, "there seems to be a general impression that we who cry 'Enforce the law!' are talking for the benefit of a favored few. That is a grievous error. The protection of fish and game in this vicinity is more particularly for the benefit of the poor sportsman, because he has not the means to have a fish and game preserve of his own, as the rich man has, nor to travel to the Adirondacks or more distant points in search of game, as the rich man does. If the general public only could see the matter in this light, I'm sure this Association and other like associations and the fish and game protectors, instead of being looked upon as meddlers, would have the hearty support of the community, and the courts would not think the enforcement of the law was a persecution of the poor. More convictions would create more respect for the law and more respect for the law would yield more fish and game for Buffalonians. There would be better fishing and duck hunting on Niagara River, which is the favorite resort for Buffalo sportsmen of moderate means."

Vice-President Webster, Secretary Lansdowne and Protector Carter spoke along the same lines. Carter said emphatically he hoped that he and other protectors could gain the public's support. "I've done everything in my power to stop net fishing on the river," he said. "I have seized hundreds of seines and fyke nets and squat nets and every other kind of nets. I have stoned nearly every hauling grounds from the head of Squaw Island to the foot of Grand Island. And, by the way, I think the scheme of piling boatloads of stones into the river where seines are usually hauled prevents more seine hauling than any number of protectors could, because the illegal fishermen don't care to risk their nets being torn. And yet, in spite of all the work I and my assistants have done, the use of nets continues. I have been told, and I believe, that if more violators of the law were prosecuted and punished, there would be fewer violations of the law. I want to say that out of about 300 cases that I have taken into court from time to time, I have never secured but one conviction, and yet in every case I caught the violators right in the act. The one man who was convicted was Kleiber, of Tonawanda, who was fined $5 by Justice Graf last summer."

President Beyer referred to a fact of interest to the men who fish in Niagara River, which heretofore has not been published. Last spring the Erie County Fish and Game Association, which, with its membership of 500, has a fast-growing influence, applied to the State commissioners for some muscallonge and pike spawn. The

State officials soon shipped to President Beyer 180,000 muscallonge spawn and 500,000 wall-eyed pike spawn. The wall-eyed pike is a cross between the yellow and blue pike, and though less gamy than the muscallonge, is a splendid fish to catch or eat. The spawn came in cans like milk cans, and Mr. Beyer personally, with Protector Carter, took the cans out into the river in Mr Beyer's yacht and deposited the muscallonge spawn on the spawning beds at the foot of Strawberry Island, and the pike spawn on the beds at the head of Grand Island. It is believed the two little muscallonge caught in the net seized by Carter on Friday night were of the spawn placed last spring.

"It is a downright shame and outrage to have these little creatures caught now," said Mr. Beyer. "They are not big enough to be of any good to any one, while if they were left in the river for a few years longer fishermen would have fine sport catching fish weighing anywhere from 10 to 30lbs."

As the result of the discussion the following resolution, offered by Mr. Webster, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Association gives its moral support to the Erie county fish and game protectors in their efforts to uphold the fish and game laws, and give them all the aid in its power to obtain evidence in the proper cases and to secure convictions of all violators of such laws; and that we condemn the sale of prohibited game by any persons, restaurant or hotel, whatsoever, out of season, and that we hereby offer to any person trying to secure a conviction for such a sale our hearty and earnest support.

Messrs. Webster, Welch and Lansdowne were appointed a special committee to examine the game laws to see if any amendments to provisions in the fish and game laws applying to this county are advisable, and if so, to take steps to secure such amendments.

New Hampshire Game and Fish.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our commission has recently completed the taking of spawn for the season. At Sunapee Lake we had a good catch of aureolus, or Sunapee saibling, from which we took 120,000 eggs. We have not had as good success with landlocked salmon as usual, only taking at all our stations 150,000 eggs. Of lake trout we have in the several hatcheries some 2,000,000 of eggs. We have also 1,500,000 brook trout eggs; 50,000 Loch Leven spawn, and in addition to these we have purchased 1,000,000 brook trout eggs of parties in Massachusetts.

Our bird season is practically over. The woodcock season has been just an average one. Partridge (ruffed grouse) have been quite plenty in the central part of the State. Manchester parties have had splendid success. We hear of one party, two guns, killing fifteen grouse in one day. Another party, two guns, got seventeen grouse in one day. Mr. Battles, of Concord, has had splendid success, and tells me the grouse are plenty in his section. But at the present time New Hampshire is covered with from 1 to 2ft. of snow, and as our open season does not close until Jan. 1, the pot-hunter will do all in his power to annihilate the noblest game bird on earth. They take any team that will stand fire, drive around between sunset and dark, when the grouse are budding, and kill every one possible that comes in their range. There will be a strong effort made at the coming session of the Legislature to shorten up the open season for a part, if not the whole, of December on ruffed grouse. At our last session of the Legislature the law was repealed that forbid the use of ferrets. This was done to protect our Northern hare, for it is an established fact that whenever the small, gray rabbit gets a footing the Northern hare disappears. In the town of Sunapee, where only a few years ago the cony could not be found, seventeen were killed in one day this winter, by the use of ferrets. Deer hunters are having good luck. Our open season closes Dec. 15. N. WENTWORTH.

[From the report of the Fish and Game Commissioners for the year ending Dec. 1, 1898.]

THE two years last past have been years of prosperity so far as relates to the propagation and distribution of the various kinds of food fish, and the increase of game in the State, especially of deer and other large game. No pains have been spared by the commission to detect and punish parties violating the fish and game laws of the State, and when we consider the very limited amount set aside by the State as an annual detective fund (only $250), we are well satisfied with the number of successful prosecutions that have been obtained. We have been particularly successful in preventing the crust hunting of deer in the north part of the State, and the frequent presence of that beautiful game animal in the southerly portions of the State is the best evidence of our success in that direction. We have been exceedingly annoyed and troubled by reason of the complaints from all sections of the State that dogs are seen chasing deer, and we have no doubt that many deer are destroyed yearly by worthless dogs that are allowed by their owners to run at large in all seasons. In fact, we have evidence of many cases of that character. If possible, stringent measures should be adopted to abate this nuisance. Since the passage of the law prohibiting the hunting of deer with dogs, the deer dog of the north part of the State has disappeared entirely, but some fox hounds are still kept by those who indulge in the hunting of foxes with dogs, and unless the strictest care is observed on the part of the owners fox hounds will soon acquire the habit of chasing deer, unaccompanied by their owners, and commit great havoc, especially with the does and their young in the spring and summer. Any man who is sufficiently heedless to allow his dog to roam at will at all times and seasons ought not to complain if his dog is shot by any one who detects him chasing deer, and we believe that a law permitting any person to shoot a dog under such conditions would be wholesome and add materially to the increase of deer in our State. We cannot, however, complain very much with the results of our efforts in the direction of the protection of deer, inasmuch as it is the testimony of all sportsmen who have given the subject any considerable attention that there are ten deer in the State to-day where there was only five years ago.

At the last session of the Legislature a law was passed prohibiting the killing of moose or caribou in this State until Sept. 15, 1901, and but one moose has been killed in the State since the passage of that law, so far as we have been able to learn; and the man who killed that one paid $100 and costs for his sport. The moose is a very wary, shy animal, and we shall never have them in our forests in such quantities as formerly until the lumberman is through with his operations. There were, so far as we have been able to ascertain, thirteen moose wintered in the forests of northern Coös last winter. Since the spring opened they have been seen quite frequently in various localities around the Connecticut lakes, and in the valleys of the Diamond streams, accompanied by their young, which is good evidence that in time we may have in our largest forests sufficient of that noble game to attract the sportsman from abroad. A goodly sum of money was left in the north part of our State last year by sportsmen from our sister States, who came here to hunt deer. And there is a promise that the amount so spent this year will far exceed last year's outlay.

Regarding feathered game, there is but little to be said. Last year was a very disastrous one to the ruffed grouse. The spring was so wet and cold that the chicks were nearly all killed, particularly in the central and north part of the State. This season has been a favorable one for that bird, and they are reported as quite plenty pretty much all over the State. No pains have been spared during the last two years to hunt down and punish every poacher, pot-hunter, and snarer and trapper of that fine game bird, and successful prosecutions of those cases have been numerous, especially in the south part of the State. There is no method by which the commission can increase the supply of our native game birds except by the exercise of constant vigilance in the detection and punishment of the lawless so-called sportsman; and no effort of the commission is being spared in that direction.

The commission find it much easier from year to year to enforce the fish and game laws of the State, and the reasons are (to us at least) obvious. First, the people at large, as they see the fish increasing from year to year in our lakes, ponds and streams, and the game in our forests, are becoming interested in their preservation, and render us great aid in our labors to enforce the law. But our greatest aids are the numerous fish and game leagues which have been organized in every section of the State, and whose membership is composed of the most enthusiastic and successful sportsmen, every one of whom is a self-constituted and in many instances a most successful detective. We most heartily wish them godspeed in the worthy cause in which they have embarked.

Our success in the propagation and distribution of fish in the last two years has been very gratifying, and our efforts in that line are being fully appreciated by the many who love to spend a day now and then with the rod on our lakes and ponds, or in our streams. We receive every year substantial aid from the various railroads in the State, who transport all our fry and the men putting out the same free of charge, and cheerfully render us all the assistance in their power in the prosecution of our work. Their liberality saves the State hundreds of dollars each year.

Our code of fish and game laws, as it now stands, is very good. Some changes and additions are necessary, however. For instance, the limit on brook trout, now 5in., ought to be raised to 6 in streams, and 7 or 8 in lakes and ponds; and the minimum length of black bass ought to be 8in. The law should be so amended as to fix a penalty for fishing in close season, whether the person or persons so fishing are found with fish in their possession or not. Fifteen days should be cut off from the latter part of the open season for shooting ruffed grouse or partridges, as they commence budding by the middle of December; and shooting them out of the trees while budding is simply murder. The catching of white trout or aureolus and landlocked salmon should be prohibited during the same months as the taking of brook trout, except that landlocked salmon may be taken as soon as the ice leaves the waters inhabited by them. There should be an additional penalty for fishing waters used by the State for purposes of fishculture, and closed and posted by the commission, by inflicting the same penalty for each fish so taken as is exacted for fish caught from public waters in the close season. Sooner or later the public will demand the closing of all ponds and all waters except the large lakes of the State against fishing through the ice, and we call the attention of the Legislature to that subject.

Early in the present administration of State affairs we were informed that the entire expense of this commission, including compensation of commissioners, would not be allowed to exceed $7,000 yearly; and although we have felt that this policy retarded the progress of our labors and crippled us in our efforts to some extent, yet we most cheerfully set to work on the basis of 7,000 and no more, and have succeeded in keeping below that sum.

N. WENTWORTH,
W. H. SHURTLEFF,
F. L. HUGHES,
Fish and Game Commissioners.

"Song of the Grouse."

I DO not know of anything that I have ever seen to take me back fifty years in a lifetime as the "Song of the Grouse," by J. R. B., in your issue of Dec. 3. He is not only a sportsman, but is also a poet. How well he describes the tricks of the elusive bird, putting a tree between, and getting up after you have passed him, making your nerves tingle and quick to respond, but almost paralyzing you. All who go for the king of the woods will appreciate J. R. B.'s lines. E. S. Y.

BALTIMORE, Md.

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CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Saginaw.

Something over a year ago a friend of Mr. W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, Mich., gave him a pair of Mongolian pheasants that he had brought from the West, and Mr. Mershon having no suitable place for them, gave them to a farmer friend, who also had a pair of these birds. One of the cocks got caught in the wire netting and was killed, and a little later the other cock escaped into the woods, so it was thought best to turn out the two hens also. The three birds were often seen in the thickets near Saginaw. This week a local paper briefly chronicles the fact that a certain shooter had been out just south of the city and succeeded in bagging a magnificent cock pheasant. The shooter is quoted as saying that he was going back the next day, and would try to shoot the hen, which he had seen with the cock. The paper printed this with no comment, and apparently as the record of a natural and commendable act on the part of the hunter. Mr. Mershon's indignation over the matter may well be imagined. Lower Michigan should prove admirable country for the Mongolian pheasant, and it is too bad this experiment should come to so untimely an end.

Warden Carpenter, of Saginaw, made a little visit to Bay county last week, and found a lot of illegal nets in the bay, within easy sight of the house of one of the two local wardens. He seized five trap nets with half-mile leads, and deserves thanks from a good many game fish who otherwise might have paid an unwilling visit to Chicago or New York this winter.

Minnesota.

There is a little calamity which may strike the State of Minnesota this winter, though let us hope that it will not. The wide-awake executive agent, Sam Fullerton, threatens to leave the office of State game warden at the end of his term, and not to offer his name again for re-election. In view of the intelligent and fearless work that Mr. Fullerton has done, I should consider this a calamity to the State which is easily first in the matter of game laws in this section, and second to none in their enforcement. Mr. Fullerton has seen a good deal of history made during his incumbency, and the Minnesota history has always been one of progress. As to the number of difficulties he has overcome, and even personal conflicts in which he has taken part, most of that remains unwritten history. His fearlessness and activity are too well known to need comment. In common with a great many of Mr. Fullerton's friends, I should feel a great satisfaction at learning that he would consent to serve for another term.

There was a little scrape with the Indians of the Leech Lake reservation, up near Park Rapids, last week. Deputy Stephens, with six men, undertook to arrest fourteen Indians, who had been killing and selling deer off their reservation. The Indians were too strong for the officers, and broke away, returning to their reservation, whence they have issued a general defiance. It seems that these Indians have been instigated to their illegal acts by traders who tried to get them to break the law. It is not likely that the offending Indians will be followed to their reservation, though there was some talk of it at first.

The Minnesota game law will, in all probability, have presented to it this winter a strongly backed amendment carrying a non-resident license clause. Sportsmen all over the State are awaking to the fact that the Minnesota deer are endangered by the flood of non-resident hunters. It is stated that the Omaha road alone carried to the one point of Duluth over 200 non-resident deer hunters. I do not get any figures as to the actual number of hunters in Minnesota, or the actual number of deer killed there this fall, as these details are much more easily obtainable under a license system than under a wide open law. It is said that a great many hunters pass by Wisconsin, which is a license State, and go to Minnesota, which is wide open. This I believe to be more theory than actual fact, for the enforcement of the non-resident laws of the Wisconsin law is purely farcical. Yet with Wisconsin licensing deer on one side of them and with North Dakota on the other side requiring a non-resident license on chickens and ducks, it would surely seem that the Minnesota sportsmen are at least by no means retaliatory in their disposition. Should they put a non-resident license clause upon their statutes there could be no charge against them of unfairness, for it would be hardly more than a rational self-defense. Minnesota is a wonderful State for game and fish, but there never was a territory so full of game that it would not be shot out unless the hunting were made subject to intelligent restrictions.

Indians are reported to be killing game in considerable numbers this week near Partridge, Minn., where the deep snow makes deer hunting very deadly.

Some Bags.

This week the big Skokie Marsh, between Winnetka and Glencoe, just north of Chicago, took fire and burned quite across. Although this big swamp is close to the city, there has always been a good deal of game hanging around it. The fire drove large numbers of rabbits out of the grass, and a great many shooters went out and killed big bags of these cottontails.

At Perry, Okla., W. E. Hosea, a member of the dry goods firm of Tootle, Hosea & Co., St. Joseph, Mo., with his friend, Capt. A. E. Lard, of the same city, were arrested for shipping quail out of the Territory. They had killed forty dozen quail, a part of which they were trying to ship to St. Joseph.

The Texas Game Protective Association is trying to do something to stop the slaughter of wild geese and ducks along the Texas coast. Writing to the secretary of that body, Mr. R. C. Taliaferro recounts the great diminution of Texas game. He was in Wichita county, Texas, in 1892, and says that he met there a man who had an order from a Chicago commission house for 20,000 dozen prairie chickens. During that year there were 250,000 Texas prairie chickens sold in St. Louis, Chicago and New York. I think one of the best things which could be brought to the support of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform, "Stop the sale of game," would be the publication of some of the figures of the market consumption of game animals and birds. These figures are practically unknown

outside of the trade, but in reality their aggregate is enormous. The wonder is that we have any game left at all.

Here is another side-hunt, this time at Whitley, Ind., by members of the Maccabee's Society. Thirty members took part, and as usual the winning side ate supper at the expense of the other.

The Petaluma Sportsmen's Club, of California, lately held a three-days' hunt, killing 821 bluejays and 51 hawks. These birds are destroyed on the supposition that the supply of quail will thus be increased. A trifle horrible, when you come to think of it, this adjusting the balance of nature. The club offers a series of prizes for jays and hawks.

Possibilities.

I hear of still another white deer killed this season, this one by a fisherman named Anderson on one of the Les Cheneaux islands of Michigan. Still another Michigan hunter is reported to have killed a white wildcat this fall. I have heard of five albino deer which were killed this season in Wisconsin and Michigan. In view of the reckless shooting of certain hunters, a few instances of which have been chronicled, it would seem quite possible that this great increase of albinism is due to fright, and I should not be surprised if we would hear of more and more of it from year to year.

A dispatch from Wenona, Ill., states that two wild deer have been killed in Illinois during the past week. One was killed by W. Broadus, near Varna, and the other by a man from Henry, on the Illinois River. As the wild deer is supposed to have been extinct in Illinois for many years, this news may be called important if true. If it were true I should suppose it likely that the deer originally came from some such park as that of the Caton estate at Ottawa.

Personal.

Mr. W. B. Leffingwell and Mr. George Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Co., of this city, have returned from their Texas hunt in the best of health and spirits. They were the guests of Mr. F. P. Holland, of the Texas Farm and Ranch, of Dallas. Others of the party were Col. Hall, Texas agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Co.; Mr. C. W. Marsh, of the Farm Implement News, of De Kalb, Ill., and Col. I. L. Elwood, the barbed wire magnate of De Kalb. Mr. Holland took his party to the Gulf coast, going in via Rockport. There they took a couple of cabin yachts and sailed east to Matagorda Island, opposite Port La Vaca. They lived on the boats, and did most of their shooting inland on the island, where they had magnificent sport, chiefly at fresh-water ponds formed by recent storms. They did not get much redhead or canvasback shooting, but had all the fun imaginable at geese, marsh ducks, etc. Mr. Thorne told me that he could go out any morning and kill thirty or forty quail without a dog, putting up one bevy after another, and not following the singles. The party killed, during their week of shooting, 410 ducks, 141 geese, 20 curlew, 109 quail, 2 white cranes, 2 deer and 1 wildcat, certainly a very fine bag. Col. Hall and Mr. Leffingwell each killed a deer, and Col. Hall killed the wildcat. The Chicago men say that they never had so delightful a trip and never saw a better game country. They report that the wild celery in the Hines Bay country is about all killed out. They tell me that the club house of the Tarpon Club, at Aransas Pass, is now completed. Appearances go to indicate that Rockport is going to become fashionable, and I think we can see its finish as a game country before long.

Mr. A. R. Jewett, of Chicago, and his friends, Messrs. M. S. Robinson and Charles Hathaway, of Cleveland, are the last parties to come in and inquire about Rockport, Texas, and I have sent them down to Johnnie Bludworth. They ought to have a good time.

Mr. W. H. Bartlett, of Chicago, leaves this week for his ranch, near Glendale, Arizona, from which he intends to take a trip after mountain sheep this winter.

It is sad to record the death of Mr. George Greene, agent of the Pennsylvania road at English Lake, Ind. The English Lake Gun Club, mostly made up of Chicago shooters, was a famous ducking ground in the palmy days of the Kankakee, and Mr. Greene was a familiar figure to many shooters of this city.

Mr. F. S. Selous, of England, a somewhat noted big game killer, who has done much hunting in Africa, passed through Chicago this week on his way from Wyoming, where he has been killing elk. Mr. Selous is stated to have killed 111 elephants and over 3,000 antelope, to say nothing of proportional numbers of other large animals. It is his boast that he did not do this for sport, but for the money there was in it. He is stated to have been killing elk in Wyoming on the same basis.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Vermont Deer Record for 1898.

WE give in more detail than the summary in our last issue the record of the 130 deer killed in Vermont during the month of October, 1898, and reported by postmasters:

Addison County.—Bristol 1, Leicester 1, Lincoln 3, Hancock 1—6.

Bennington County.—Woodford 3, Searsburg 1—4.

Caledonia County.—Walden 1, Lyndon 1—2.

Chittenden County.—Huntington 1.

Essex County.—Brunswick 1, Canaan 1, Brighton 2, Norton 1, Concord 2, Granby 2, Lewis 1—10.

Franklin County—Swanton 1.

Lamoille County.—Eden 1, Belvidere 1—2.

Orange County.—Orange 1.

Orleans County.—Westmore 3, Morgan 1—4.

Rutland County.—Mt. Holly 1, Chittenden 4, Shrewsbury 15, Pittsford 1, Mendon 5, Sherburne 7, Wallingford 1, Pittsfield 1—35.

Washington County.—Roxbury 1, Fayston 1—2.

Windham County.—Dover 1, Windham 1, Somerset 1, Stratton 1—4.

Windsor County.—Baltimore 1, Ludlow 2, Hartford 1, Pomfret 1, Chester 2, Bridgewater 9, Plymouth 25, Barnard 1, Stockbridge 2, Royalton 1, Woodstock 2, Reading 7, Cavendish 2, Springfield 1, Rochester 1—58.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

New York State League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League was held in the assembly room at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, Thursday, Dec. 8. There was a large attendance, notwithstanding the fact that the great snowstorm which visited western New York the night previous, and blockaded the railroads, prevented the delegates from that part of the State from being present.

The roll showed the following organizations to be represented by delegates:

Niagara County Anglers' Association, of Lockport—George W. Weaver, Wm. J. Jackman, David Miller.

Sundown Fishing Club, Poughkeepsie—Samuel A. Wood, Theodore A. Knapp.

Honest Fishermen's Club, Seneca Falls—James E. Medden, Ernest G. Gould, William J. Pollard.

Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, Utica—W. E. Wolcott, John W. Hicks.

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, New York City—Robert B. Lawrence, G. O. Shields.

St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association, Clayton.—A. C. Cornwall, R. P. Grant, George H. Strough, W. H. Thompson.

Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association, Honeoye Falls.—Aaron Mather.

Fly Casters' Association, Canandaigua—C. B. Lapham, H. B. Whitney, F. A. Christian, A. C. Cappon, F. G. Hulse.

Fish and Game Association of Mannsville—E. L. Stone, G. R. Huestead.

Anglers' Association, of Onondaga County, Syracuse—C. H. Mowry, D. H. Bruce, J. H. Forey, George B. Wood. Alternates: Eugene McCarthy, J. E. Benkhardt, M. J. French, M. H. Swartz.

Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons—E. T. Burnett, Henry Killick.

New York Division of the League of American Sportsmen—G. O. Shields, A. E. Pond.

The following clubs were received as new accessions to the League membership: Saratoga County Fish and Game Protective Association, Saratoga Springs; Fly Casters' Association, Canandaigua; Mannsville Fish and Game Association, Mannsville; Newark Fishing Club, Newark; New York Division of the League of American Sportsmen.

President W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, in his annual address said in substance: "It is very gratifying to see so many delegates present, and in view of the storm of yesterday, which has detained many from the western part of the State, it is rather remarkable that there should be such a good attendance. The condition of the association at this time is exceedingly gratifying. During the past year, in accordance with a resolution adopted at our last annual meeting, the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League has been incorporated, and its membership is larger now than it was in 1897. In view of the fact that in the meantime the separation from the trap-shooting feature has been consummated this state of affairs is very encouraging. Several hundred copies of the constitution and by-laws have been printed and distributed. At a meeting of the trustees held in October a resolution was adopted urging each club belonging to the League, and the individual members, to push the work of increasing the membership. We have come to a point where our organization has been perfected in a good manner, and the rest depends on the efforts of the members. The future of the association will be just what the members make it. A number of clubs have written me that they will join the League when it gets strong enough so that it can control matters, but w ewant the help of all the clubs and want it now. The market influence is very strong, often working against us, and it is only by combined efforts on our part that it can be overcome. Last winter we made several recommendations to the Legislature concerning the game laws which were carried through. Among them was the repeal of Section 249, and the officers of the association did all in their power, and the influence of the clubs and members was exerted to bring it about. We may feel highly gratified at what was accomplished in the last Legislature. The success of the future work of the association depends largely upon the efforts which are made to increase its membership. It is believed to be wise not to recommend many changes in the game laws this year. During the meeting to-day the five-minute rule will prevail, and no one will be allowed to speak over that time without the consent of the convention.

Cornelius W. Smith, of Syracuse, chairman of the legislative and law committee, then presented his report. He said that according to all indications and signs of the times the game laws were in the best condition that they had been in twenty years. This is evidenced by the few changes that have been recommended this year. Four years ago we had over forty amendments proposed; last year the committee had twenty, whereas this year only four have thus far been suggested. We have eliminated several things from the game laws. One was the elimination from Section 141 of that clause which permitted the spearing of certain fish at all times in Oneida Lake and Oneida River. That is now out of the law, and I don't know where spearing is now permitted. Section 34, which provides for a bounty on nets, was enacted, but the Legislature doubled the figures which we recommended in a large number of cases. The result is that probably $25,000 has been paid by county treasurers or is owing on certificates for the destruction of nets during the past year. On account of the expense there has been a hue and cry all over the State. There is no question but what the bounties are too high, although the law is good in general effect. The committee suggests that the bounties be reduced. It is believed that the closed season for wildfowl should extend from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1. The wildfowl are scarcer in central New York this year than they have ever been before. On Oneida Lake, which is one of the best waters for ducks, there has been no shooting this fall. People who spend a great deal of time there say that where they have usually got twenty birds they can now consider themselves lucky if they get two or three. The law committee recommends that the closed season for bass begin Nov. 15 and end June 15. This would shut off the market during the six weeks between Nov. 15 and Jan. 1, and we believe it would be a good thing. Last year, when a change was made in the law protecting squirrels, which had previously been included in a section with rabbits, the protection was removed from the latter. The committee has received a recommendation that there be a closed season for rabbits.

A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay, treasurer of the League, reported as follows: Receipts, including the balance on hand last year, $206.29; paid bills amounting to $116.11; balance on hand, $90.18. The report was accepted.

At the meeting held in December, 1897, a resolution was adopted to retain as members all clubs that then belonged to the old association. The books of the treasurer contain the names of the following organizations, besides those previously mentioned as being represented at the meeting:

Syracuse Gun Club, Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, Onondaga Gun Club, Auburn Gun Club, Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club, Central New York Fish and Game Club, Seneca Falls; Conesus Lake Fish and Game Protective Association, Rochester; Franklin County Fish and Game Protective Association, Malone; Genesee Valley Protective and Propagating Fish and Game Association, Rochester; Steuben County Fish and Game Association, Bath; Erie County Fish and Game Protective Association, Buffalo; Oswego and Jefferson County Fish and Game Protective Association, Lacona; Long Island Gun Club, New York; Naples Fish and Game Protective Association, Naples; New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, Brooklyn; Rochester Rod and Gun Club; Chemung County Fish and Game Protective Association, Wellsburg; De Ruyter Sportsmen's Association, De Ruyter; Dunkirk Fish and Game Protective Association, Dunkirk.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Lawrence, Cornwall and Grant was appointed to draw up a resolution regarding the clubs which were members of the old association.

Messrs. Wood, Thompson and Shields were appointed as a nominating committee, after which a recess was taken for dinner.

Promptly at 2 P. M. business was resumed. Mr. Lawrence, of the special committee on clubs, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, that the secretary correspond with representatives of all associations which have been identified with the old State association, and request that if it be their desire to continue their connection with the present association they should send to the said secretary the list of their officers and the number of their membership, together with the dues for the ensuing year, and further, that the secretary be empowered to inform them that in the absence of any heretofore expressed intention on their part to continue their association with the new organization, all dues due and payable prior to Dec. 1, 1898, are remitted.

On motion of C. W. Smith, the privileges of the meeting were extended to James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, superintendent of State hatcheries; Mannister C. Worts, of Oswego, assistant chief game protector; Protectors Hawn and Lamphere, and Special Protector Everson.

The report of the legislative and law committee was then taken up. The first recommendation considered was an amendment to Section 110 of the game laws, making the bass fishing end Nov. 15.

Mr. Mowry said there were some people who wanted the bass season extended, and in order to conciliate that element, and also that fishing might be legal on Thanksgiving Day, he thought the season should not close until Dec. 1. He accordingly moved as an amendment that the League recommend that the bass season close on the latter date.

Protector Worts said that in Keuka and Seneca lakes some bass fishing was done as late as December. In the fall the fishing there is largely done in the night time. He thought it would be cutting the season off too soon to close it Nov. 15.

Superintendent Annin said he had never seen the water yet where many bass could be caught in November. It seemed to him that the later the bass season was extended the more chance it would give to the net fishermen.

Mr. Mowry said there were keepers of summer resorts or boarding houses who wanted bass fishing allowed until Jan. 1, but they would fall in line for Dec. 1

R. P. Grant said that on the St. Lawrence River no effort was made to catch bass after Nov. 15.

Chairman Smith stated that the law committee had not arrived at its recommendation without thoroughly considering the matter, and consulting with a representative of the fish commission.

Mr. Mowry's amendment that the season should end Dec. 1 was adopted.

The recommendation of the law committee to the effect that Section 70 should be amended so as to make a closed season for wildfowl from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1 was unanimously agreed with.

R. B. Lawrence said there should be a law on rabbits in order to prevent men from going out and shooting grouse and woodcock under the pretext of hunting rabbits. He moved that the League recommend that there be an open season for rabbits extending from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15. Carried.

Chairman Smith, of the law committee, in speaking on the proposed amendment to Section 34, said: It is well known that the bounty on nets is too high, and it is also well known that the bounty must be high enough to make it an object for men to go after them. The committee recommends that the bounty for the destruction of illegal fish nets should be as follows: For each scap net, drop net and dip net, $1; for each gill net up to 100ft. in length, $2, and $1 for each additional 100ft. or part thereof; for seines up to 100ft., $2, and $1 for each additional 100ft. or part thereof; for each fyke net with hoops under 4ft. in diameter, $2, over 4ft., $3; for trap nets, $10, and pound nets, $15.

Mr. Mowry said the law providing for a bounty on nets had resulted in the best fishing season known in twenty years. It is one of the best laws for the protection of fish that we have ever had. But the supervisors say we have exhausted the contingent fund to meet the requirements of this law. The State will reimburse the counties, but the country supervisors don't understand it that way. It is probable the Legislature will be importuned by the supervisors to repeal the law, and we ought to be prepared to meet them. I suggest that we should cut the present bounties in two. The doors have been open for men to get $3 for nets that cost $1.

The recommendation of the law committee was agreed with.

Mr. Shields suggested that the word "wild" should be stricken from the sections of the game laws regulating the killing, possession and sale of moose, deer and antelope. People having venison in possession out of season might say they bought the animal from a park. The committee reported in favor of the change, and it was sanctioned by the League.

Mr. Shields offered the following resolution: Resolved, That the law committee be instructed to ask such an amendment to existing statutes as will prohibit the sale of ruffed grouse, quail and brook trout at all times.

Mr. Mowry believed that grouse shooting should be prohibited for one year.

J. H. Forey, of Syracuse, said bundles of grouse had been seen hanging in front of stores without a shot mark on them. They were caught by traps or nets, and trout caught illegally were offered for sale.

Mr. Smith said that within ten weeks a man who owned a pond had been caught taking trout in a net out of a stream which the Anglers' Association of Onondaga county had been stocking for five years. There were eighteen trout in the net. The man wanted the fish to stock his pond.

Protector Worts was of the opinion that if the sale of grouse could be stopped it would be a very effectual way of protecting the birds.

The resolution was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Mather it was decided to recommend that the quail shooting should be restricted to the month of November.

The nominating committee reported in favor of the following officers for the ensuing year, and they were duly elected:

President, Cornelius W. Smith, Syracuse; Vice-President, Robert B. Lawrence, Long Island; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Legislative and Law Committee, C. B. Lapham, Canandaigua; F. J. Amsden, Rochester; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; A. E. Pond, New York; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons.

Auditing Committee, Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; Thomas D. Lunt, Dunkirk; G. W. Weaver, Lockport.

President Gavitt, in retiring from the chair, thanked the members of the League for the courtesy which had been shown him at all times. He was sure the new officers had been chosen wisely. The association is at the present time in the best condition to effect legislation and make its influence felt at Albany that it has ever been in. The association is stronger in numbers and new members are coming in. Mr. Gavitt desired to impress upon all the desirability of increasing the membership and having an organization in every county in the State. Better and more effective work can then be done. It would be wise if it could be done to send a missionary into every locality in the State to bring people in touch with the League. Mr. Gavitt, after again thanking his associates for their courteous treatment, relinquished the chair to President Smith.

A motion was carried extending the thanks of the association to the retiring president for the energetic, able and intelligent manner in which he has discharged his duties, and also thanking the other retiring officers.

President Smith said it had been his pleasure for a number of years to take a warm interest in the game laws of the State. He succeeded as chairman of the law committee a very able man, Mr. Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie. The speaker was gratified at the fact that, whereas four years ago about forty amendments to the game laws were proposed, and last year twenty, to-day there were only seven. He felt that as chairman of the law committee he had been able to accomplish some good work, and he proposed to continue to do his best for the welfare of the League. He said that at the League meetings he met only true sportsmen—men who are true to the law. When Col. Roosevelt was in Syracuse, continued Mr. Smith, I made up my mind that I would not greet him in a conventional manner, and when I took his hand I said: "True sportsmen are true men." "What kind of sportsmen?" he asked. I replied, "Sportsmen of the rod and gun." He said, "You are right," and I felt the grip of his hand long afterward. We cannot all be Roosevelts, but we can be like him, true sportsmen. I am glad to see that the association is keeping up its membership. Last winter in Albany I had the pleasure of pronouncing an obituary on a bill for hounding deer. When we get a good law we should stand by it, and not change it without good reason. Another thing that we have been doing is to try to get a uniform law for the State. I am pleased with the entire la wcommittee appointed to-day, and especially pleased that the labors of my first assistant have been recognized by making him chairman of the committee.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt was elected an honorary member of the League.

Mr. Mowry said the Onondaga County Anglers' Association employed a special protector. For some years it has received appropriations from the board of supervisors to aid in enforcing the game laws. "Now," continued Mr. Mowry, "there is an organization which has gone before the board of supervisors with a petition asking them not to appropriate $200 for our association. This association has gone further than this. They have gone before the Legislature to ask them to repeal laws which we suggested at our meetings, and which have been passed for the benefit of sportsmen. They want us to give them a chance to fish with nets."

George R. Peck, of Auburn, was elected an honorary member of the League, until such a time as he may become an active member by affiliation with some club.

W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, spoke of the good effects which the anti-hounding and anti-floating law is having in the Adirondacks, and of the gratifying increase in the number of deer in that region. He also referred to the reckless manner in which the forests are being cut away, and in conclusion offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the vast and increasing lumber operations in the Adirondack wilderness threaten irreparable damage to the future interests of this State, by reason of the evil effects which the continued thinning out and removal of the forest will surely entail. The wilderness is of the greatest importance as a source of water supply and because of the influence it has on meteorological and hygienic conditions. Public sentiment is strongly in favor of State ownership, and the electors have repeatedly indicated at the polls their hearty approval of forest preservation. In view of these facts, and in the interests of hunters, anglers, tourists, invalids and guides, and for the welfare of the people of the whole Commonwealth, we earnestly urge the Legislature to provide funds for the purchase of additional lands in the Adirondacks.

Superintendent Annin exhibited two small muskallonge which were hatched May 19, and put in a bottle Aug. 19. The growth attained in three months was about 6in. The muskallonge hatched at the Chautauqua Lake hatchery were placed in a small pond, and it was found necessary to feed them on minnows. The fish turned cannibals, and one muskallonge 3in. long was found with one 2in. in length nearly swallowed.

There was some talk about Section 76 of the game laws, which relates to the transportation of grouse, quail and woodcock, and it was deemed a wise provision.

Mr. Ackerman said: While I was fishing and shooting near Redfield, a man told me that two years ago he snared 1,400 partridges. He shipped them out in cheese boxes labeled cheese. As 800 of the partridges were females, which would have reared broods, that means several thousand less birds in the woods.

Protector Worts said the thirty-three active workers on the State game protective force had much to do. About the time the deer season opened seventeen of them were sent into the Adirondacks to look out for violations of the law. This left some of the other lakes and streams open. The territory of some of the protectors is large, and when they are shifted it is difficult to cover it as it ought to be. The force is not large enough.

It was declared to be the sense of the meeting that the force of protectors should be increased, the salaries increased and the moiety system abolished. Adjourned.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., Dec. 9.

New Jersey Quail Stocking.

[From the report of the Fish and Game Commissioners.]

Two years ago your commission began the distribution of quail, and that the work has been fairly successful is attested by the replies to inquiries made of the persons to whom the quail were sent. New Jersey is a State in many ways admirably adapted to the quail with the serious drawback of occasionally a very severe winter destructive of life in the open fields, particularly so of the quail. There is little doubt that even before the advent of the white man to these shores there were periods when the territory at present covered by the State of New Jersey was wholly devoid of quail, and that such periods were followed by others when the cheerful note of Bob White was heard all about. Undoubtedly it frequently took years to undo the havoc wrought by one severe winter. With the advent of civilization these conditions were somewhat modified, for, although the climate may have undergone no change, men took the precaution to provide shelter for the birds, and to replace them with others brought from a distance whenever their extermination was threatened.

More time and money have probably been expended in the distribution of quail than of any other species of fauna, the reason for which must be sought in the affection which the bird inspires in all who are in any way susceptible to the charms of bird life. On this account your commission entered upon no untrodden field when it began the work of replenishing the stock of quail in New Jersey. Years ago the prolific numbers of the quail in the Southern States attracted the attention of the people of the North, and these birds were brought on here in the hope that they would thrive here, a hope, alas, too frequently blasted. The Southern quail, when placed into the fields of this State, apparently did well for a time; they readily accommodated themselves to their new surroundings, but with the advent of cold weather they disappeared. In nearly every instance it was found that they bred just as well as they had done in the warmer climate and that they remained here "until the season opened to shoot them, and then they were gone," as the hunters put it. A little observation soon solved the mystery of their disappearance. The cold of our winters was too severe for them, and as the mercury descended they sought warmer places. Their instinct taught them to seek the water courses where it was warmer than in the hills and fields; they followed these courses down to the sea and then proceeded southward, thus being entirely lost to the people living in the northern part of the State. In ordinary winters the birds frequently remained through to the following spring in some of the southern counties of the State, thus affording an explanation of the presence there at times of different varieties of quail. When, however, the cold was more than usually severe, they pursued their journey southward, passing either into Pennsylvania or Delaware, or ending their existence in the waters of Delaware Bay.

Under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that the people tired of bringing here the quail of the South, and that they turned their eyes westward, where the quail were accustomed to just such winters as are experienced in New Jersey. Southern quail can be purchased at a low figure in the markets; the Western birds command a higher price, both on account of the greater distance the birds are brought, thus increasing the danger of accidents en route, and because the authorities of the Western States regarded with displeasure the trapping of the birds, and in many instances passed laws absolutely prohibiting the removal of birds. But it would have been folly to have persisted in bringing quail hither from the South; such a proceeding might have produced a passing gratification, to be followed, however, by disappointment at the disappearance of the birds. For this reason your commission rejected all offers of quail from the South, believing that a dozen quail from the West would produce better results than a hundred from the South. This has been the experience of others in individual instances, and it proved just as true when applied to the larger scale of stocking an entire State. As will be seen from the letters subjoined, the birds brought hither have remained here, and now constitute an important part of the bird life of New Jersey.

Quail have been distributed as follows in counties: Atlantic 45, Bergen 180, Burlington 240, Camden 30, Cape May 75, Cumberland 160, Essex 0, Gloucester 280, Hudson 0, Hunterdon 100, Mercer 214, Middlesex 140, Monmouth 190, Morris 190, Ocean 0, Passaic 173, Salem 190, Somerset 60, Sussex 215, Union 60, Warren 60; total 2,602.

From Mr. John B. Lozier, Oradell, Nov. 8, 1897: The quail you sent me were all liberated, and I am pleased to say that this time turning them loose has been successful. I know of several large covies, nearly all near farmers' houses, who do not shoot, and I have made arrangements with them to look out for them and see that they are not disturbed. The local shooters now that they understand what I want to do have promised to give no trouble, and I think everything is smooth for the birds.

From Mr. Warden Van Kirk, Sparta, Aug. 23, 1898: The quail put out here a year ago wintered well, and I saw a good many this summer. Thirty more quail were put out last spring, and several flocks have been seen this summer.

From Mr. William W. Woodward, Newton, Aug. 24, 1898. The thirty quail sent me last spring were turned out in several places, and as far as I have been able to ascertain they have done splendidly. On one place near town there is any number of birds. I believe every pair of the seven placed there bred, and have large broods growing nicely.

From Fish and Game Warden Harry R. Dare, Bridgeton, Aug. 24, 1898: The quail which were liberated in this county have done remarkably well, and I have never known a time when there were more quail than during the present season, both in this and in Salem county.

From Mr. James I. Crane, Franklin Furnace, Aug. 25, 1898: I am glad to report success. Still, I have not followed them up so as to be able to find any broods. I have gone in their neighborhood every week or so, and have heard them whistling.

From Fish and Game Warden Frank L. Shafer, Mt. Arlington, Aug. 25, 1898: The quail that were sent here were placed on the properties of three different persons, and they have increased very much. I should judge from what I have seen, and from what I have been told by different persons, that there are between 400 and 500 quail here, the result of the stocking done by the State.

From Mr. William H. Leupp, New Brunswick, Aug. 25, 1898: I am happy to say that the quail are doing very well; they were let out on the borders of Middlesex county, and have been heard and seen. They have taken very nicely to this latitude, as their broods indicate.

From Mr. John M. Henderson, secretary of the Woodbury Sportsmen's Association, Woodbury, Aug. 25, 1898: The quail sent our association last spring were received in good condition, and were promptly liberated by the members among the farmers of our county, who had feeding grounds. More attention was paid to good cover and good cover and water, as our experience teaches us that something more is required than good feeding grounds, as birds are often placed in open ground, and the whole covey is killed the first day of the open season. We lost but one bird out of the fifty received; that one was very weak when received. We have received good reports from all parts of our county where the birds were placed, and the outlook is good. The birds sent us were the best we have handled in an experience of about twenty years, and if all received as good birds as we did sportsmen may expect a good time.

From Mr. Henry P. Davis, Davis, Aug. 25, 1898: Most of the quail we received were in good condition, but five died soon after being turned out. The others became very tame, frequently coming up to the house to feed. Then they would return to the woods and banks. We hear them calling each other every day, and have seen several flocks of young birds. They appear to be doing very well, although it has been very rainy and wet for them.

From Mr. H. S. Kinmonth, Asbury Park, Aug. 25, 1898: I can safely say that the quail you sent me have done very nicely. We see evidence of them all the time.

From Fish and Game Warden James L. Tooker, Jr., Perth Amboy, Aug. 25, 1898: The quail sent to Messrs. Muirhead and Hillman were set free on farms, some near Cheesequakes, on the Rowe farm, and at Ernston and Runyon. These places form a circle to the south and west of South Amboy, distant from two to five miles. Considerable grain, such as wheat, rye and oats, are raised in that section, the unused lands consisting of swamps and hilly woodland, a greater portion being covered with woods, the upland being sandy. This neighborhood has always been a good quail country. The thickets bordering the swamps consist of a small growth of scrub oaks, filled in with a tangled mass of briers, making an impassable barrier for both man and dog, and forming a natural protection for quail, where they can breed undisturbed. The quail have greatly increased in this section since the present board of commissioners have been in office. I have recently made several trips through this part of the county, and the call of the quail could be heard continuously, and that the quail released this spring have mated and increased in number there can be no doubt.

The quail sent to Assemblyman Quaid were released in the vicinity of Sayreville, making a continuous line of stocked country in southeastern Middlesex. These birds will breed and scatter to the southward, the Raritan River, salt meadows and clay mines preventing them from going north.

The quail throughout that section of Monmouth county lying to the south of Matawan, and running to within a few miles of Freehold, have greatly increased in number within the past few years, so much so that I do not believe it necessary for the commission to liberate birds there.

During the early part of the present summer a bevy of quail, consisting of ten or twelve birds, made their appearance in the southern part of this city, along the Raritan River, feeding in dooryards and in vacant lots. They mated and nested adjoining the meadow lands to the westward of the Central Railroad tracks, on property belonging to the Watson estate and the Marcy stove works, consisting of about 100 acres. Their calls can be heard every morning and evening. The owners of the lands upon which these birds have located have taken a great interest in them, and will do all in their power to protect them. There is no grain raised within four miles of Perth Amboy, and where these birds came from is a mystery. With this exception no quail have been seen in this vicinity for years past.

From Fish and Game Warden George W. Dunham, Flemington, Aug. 25, 1898: You sent me 100 quail; they were placed upon good ground near where the pheasants were released, and received the same protction, and there are literally hundreds of them in that vicinity. When received they were stocky and hardy, and their young are equally as large. The quail have scattered more than the pheasants, and I find them in different parts of the county, as they are readily distinguished from our native birds.

From Mr. J. N. Calvin, Lafayette, Aug. 25, 1898: Quail

e more plentiful than at any time within my recollec-on.

From Mr. J. H. Ludwig, Montague, Aug. 25, 1898: I o not know that I have ever known quail to be as entiful as they are at the present time.

From Mr. George Van Buskirk, secretary of the Farm-s' Game Protective Association of Bergen County, ackensack, Aug. 26, 1898: The quail are doing especial- well, there being an abundance of birds all over. Right this vicinity we have no difficulty in finding from ten twenty coveys of birds almost any time. The reports e all the same from every section where we put the ids out.

From Fish and Game Warden Gus Hilton, Anglesea, ug. 26, 1898: The thirty quail you sent me to put out d excellently. There are more quail in this county than ere have been for a great many years.

From Fish and Game Warden Edward Hill, Rocks-urgh, Aug. 26, 1898: The quail which were sent me ve done very well. Every farmer, on whose property rds were released, reports numerous young birds. Two ir were released in my peach orchard, and last week I d some friends put up two nice bunches.

From Mr. Joseph B. Righter, secretary of the Denville ame Protective Association, Denville, Aug. 26, 1898: Ve are pleased to note that the quail you favored us with ve prospered and propagated finely.

Side-hunt, Concert and Ball.

MOLINE, Kan.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose ou herewith a circular announcing the organization of a rand hunt, game supper, concert and ball by the Gun lub of Howard, Kan., which was the most original and ccessful affair I have heard of in a long while. I was ot fortunate enough to be able to participate in it, but a scription was given me by the lieutenant, Messrs. Mc-ee and Rush. Through the efforts of Mr. Mark McBee, oward has been famed for its sports, and this grand fair is significant of the interest taken in game shooting ere by all the leading people. The programme was us announced in the preliminary circular:

RAND HUNT, GAME SUPPER, CONCERT AND BALL.

A grand hunt has been organized, and will take place on Wed-sday, Nov. 16, 1898, the game killed to be donated to Oklahoma mp No. 935, Modern Woodmen of America, to be served at grand public supper, the afternoon and night of Friday, Nov. 18. he hunt will be in the nature of a friendly contest between two mies of hunters, with Capt. A. M. Jackson and Lieut. H. C. ush in command of one side, and Capt. L. Scott and Lieut. ark McBee in command of the other. The following will be the ale of points for various kinds of game: Possum, 50; jackrabbit, ; duck, 25; quail, 10; plover, 10; squirrel, 15; cottontail, 5; wild ose, 50; prairie chicken, 20; snipe, 5.

The hunters may form themselves into squads at their own nvenience, and use their own judgment as to the manner and ace of hunting, the game to be delivered to the proper com-ittee in Howard not later that 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, the th, at the city building in Howard, where committees will be hand to receive it. Any others desiring to engage in the nt can do so; if convenient, send your names to either Lieut. cBee or Rush; if not, go ahead and hunt, and when you bring the game you can be credited to the side whose next choice may be.

The supper will be served from 5:30 P. M., Friday, Nov. 18, to A. M. following. There will also be a grand concert by the oward band and orchestra, free to patrons of the supper, to be llowed by a grand ball, beginning at 8:30. All are invited to the ntr supper, concert and ball. Mark McBee, Dr. H. C. Rush, eutenants.

The hunt took place Wednesday, Nov. 16, and every ne returned home tired, but well repaid for the hunt.

On Thursday and Friday the ladies of Howard pre-ared the game, and Friday evening the greatest crowd hat ever gathered together in Howard, to enjoy a de-ghtful evening, were on hand at the handsomely deco-ated hall with a floor space of 140 by 75ft. Seven hun-reds covers were laid for an early supper, which was strictly game," consisting of: 50 dozen quail, 12 opus-ums, 36 jack rabbits, 198 cottontails, 92 squirrels, 6 wild eese, 27 prairie chickens, 72 snipe. The ladies are orthy of much praise for the dainty manner in which ey prepared the game and served it with salads and ther delicacies. After supper the dancers, consisting of venty-eight sets, enjoyed themselves in the two-step altz and other dances to the music rendered by the How-rd Orchestra. At an early hour of the morning a uncheon was served, and thoroughly enjoyed by all those ho were game enough to stay with the crowd to the st.

The members of the Howard Gun Club are so pleased ith the results of their undertaking that they have de-ded to make their yearly hunt a recognized event in l southern Kansas, and in fact the entire West.

Boston Sportsmen.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—E. M. Gillam, of the Boston Adver-ser, and his brother, A. M. Gillam, of the Philadelphia ecord, have returned from thei rannual quail shooting ip to Vineland, N. J. They secured over 100 quail from veral days' shooting, but were much disappointed as to ng-neck pheasants, as Mr. Gillam explained in the OREST AND STREAM last week. He put out over fifty uail last spring, and calculates that their luck in shoot-ng was largely due to this restocking, in spite of all the fficulties he met in regard to other hunters having evi-ently commenced shooting before the opening of the ason. As Mr. A. M. Gillam explains in the FOREST AND TREAM, it is of but little use to attempt restocking with ither pheasants or quail when the small berry farmers ave the notion that their fruit is destroyed by these irds, and when they even resort to Paris green to rid emselves of the troublesome birds.

Two or 3ft. of snow in the Maine woods has made deer unting difficult, and Boston sportsmen are mostly at ome. So far as they are concerned, the season is virtu-lly closed. Not so the native Maine hunter. He is after he deer on snowshoes, and judging from the number oming into Boston markets, he is making a good deal of howing. More deer have been received here the past ree or four days than for any period of the same length his season. The deer comes straight into the markets, nd curiously the records of shipments by express are ot very extensive. Thus it is certain that they are not he deer killed by returning sportsmen, but the results of legal shipments out of that State.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Late reports from the Maine and New Hampshire big game regions mention very deep snow for the season, with good snowshoeing, and lots of deer taken. Looking over one Maine paper last evening I counted sixty-one deer slain, and all by local nimrods; not a deer to outside sportsmen. The fact of the matter is that Boston and New York hunters are generally done for the season. Capt. F. C. Barker called on Saturday, fresh from the Rangeley woods. He remarks that he never saw better snowshoeing. He took a fine buck early in the week. The paper, noted above, only covered one section, with its game record, Rangeley and Dead River. From further east the reports are fully as strong concerning the slaughter that is being carried on; mostly by hunters and guides in the State. This only serves to illustrate with greater force what has so often been stated, that Maine game is in much more danger from her own citizens than from outside hunters. This is not at all strange, and is just as it should be. The value of a fine deer is great to the farmer or backwoodsman, but he should be willing to obey the same laws for the protection of game that he wants the city sportsmen to respect. The Maine Legislature is soon to convene, and the backwoods farmer will be there with his petition to allow him to shoot deer at times, because the deer occasionally get into his crops. I should like to come under obligations, if the thing could be fairly done—fairly estimated—to pay for every dollar's worth of crops destroyed by deer last season in Maine, for a single $100.

It may be stated on the authority of Mr. Walter L. Hill, treasurer of the Sportsmen's Show last season, that the association will not repeat that show the coming spring. What other parties may do it is not yet certain, but the association of last year will give no show this year. It has been suggested that some of the attractions of the show to be held in New York the coming spring were to be brought over later to Boston, but nothing definite is yet decided. Another year the Sportsmen's Association is very likely to hold a show in Boston.

Mr. Walter L. Hill was much pleased to receive the other evening, at his house, a beautiful hall clock, as a token of the appreciation of the members of the Sportsmen's Association, for the admirable manner in which he performed more than his share of the labor involved in so well carrying out the financial affairs of the show last March. The clock was accompanied by a letter signed by nearl yall of the associates who put in their time and money, and made the show a success. SPECIAL.

Birds in the Great Storm.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hard storm of last week made it quite difficult for our birds to get their customary food. I saw a number of song and field sparrows around the barn and hen house, where we had cleared the snow away; they were feeding on cracked corn and hayseed. One belated crow blackbird came up and a few robins. The meadow larks were very tame, and came right up to the door. We fed these birds, and it was worth while to watch them. To-day, as I was cutting up a large pine that the wind had blown over, I saw four quail, the remnant of a flock of fifteen, half of which never got beyond the age of "peepers," these four seemed well and lively. Of course there may have been others. On Sunday Mr. N. A. Shurtleff saw fourteen in the Wareham road from Indian Neck. I hope these will last till close of the season.

Shortly after seeing the four quail I heard an entirely new voice, it only called once, and as near as I can spell it said: "Squaw-clurec-crurec-clurec," harsh and peafowl-like in sound. I looked, and on the edge of the salt marsh 200ft. away saw a Mongolian pheasant. There have been three wandering about the fields nearby for some weeks, and this was one of them. They are a part of Mr. Wm. Minot's stock, and I am only too pleased to see that they are spared by the gunning element here—which usually spares so little.

I like to hear a new voice, and once have heard the clear, loud whistle of the European widgeon; it was on the marsh opposite the city of Tacoma, Wash. I shot the bird; a male in fine plumage. My friend, E. T. Harris, shot one at Nisqully, and my brother, A. B. Savary, killed one I think at Tacoma. There we used to see the spotted blackbirds; often in Annie Wright's Park there would be a large flock of blackbirds, and among them several with more or less white in spots. I have never seen any blackbirds with those spots in any other locality.

Will some one tell us why those little birds in their nest in the foretop of a buffalo bull were not all shaken out when flies annoyed him? I would rather find that bird's nest than have killed that mighty moose whose horns I saw in Sheard's fur store in Tacoma. The bird who builds on the forehead of the buffalo is the same one who migrates on the crane's back, though I must say that I have heard the sound of little birds with a flock of sandhill cranes, and tried my best to see them, but could not.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

St. Louis Notes.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 5.—Sportsmen in Missouri are still discussing the game shipment law. The original law passed by the Legislature prohibited the shipment of quail, prairie chickens and pheasants for a period of five years. The law was enacted in 1893. In 1895 the law was amended by adding "deer and turkey" to the prohibited shipments. It has been claimed by some that this amendment extended the shipment time two years. Recently the State game warden asked the opinion of the attorney general of this State with regard to shipping quail. He stated that the law expired this year, and that quail can be shipped. He stated nothing in his opinion about turkeys and deer, and it is held by some that these cannot be shipped until 1900. One of the best legal authorities of St. Louis informs me that in his opinion the shipment law has expired, that the amendment made in '95 did not affect the date of the law, but simply added "deer and turkey." This seems to be the real status of the case. Game dealers, however, are very shy of openly shipping turkeys and deer.

This has been the most unsatisfactory fall season for fishermen known for years. Generally there is good fishing in South Missouri and North Arkansas until at least the middle of December. This year, however, a cold wave swept down on Thanksgiving, and since then there has been no fishing worth mentioning. Hundreds of anglers left St. Louis Thanksgiving eve, but were frozen up, and compelled to return.

The officials of the Territory of Oklahoma seem to be enforcing the game law with earnestness. A couple of "leading citizens" of St. Joseph, Missouri, have been arrested for illegal shipments of quail. Other prominent men have been indicted for shooting quail out of season, two dealers for shipping out of season, and an agent of an express company. If conviction can be had in these cases it will be a great gain for better game production.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

There is no more lastingly appreciated holiday gift than a good book. For one who is interested in outdoor sports the volume may well be one of those included in the "Forest and Stream's" list. And do not forget to order in good season.

Skates and Other Rays.

BY FRED MATHER.

THESE curious fishes are allied to the sharks, differing from them in form, and in some points of structure as well as in habits; but, like them, are not true bony fishes. On our Atlantic Coast we have five skates, as well as other rays, for all skates are rays, but all rays are not skates; just as all teal are ducks, but all ducks are not teal. The frequency with which the salt-water angler lands an awkward skate is the reason that I have been asked to write about them. They are not awkward in the water, nor much so in the boat. Perhaps it is the angler who is awkward in getting one off his hook without getting his fingers in its clam-cracking jaws. If that happens the men in neighboring boats, and often on shore, will know by the angler's remarks that something has displeased him, and they will not need ear-trumpets to assist them to that conclusion.

How to Unhook a Skate.

The mouths of all the rays are on the under side. In the skates the very generous mouth has rolling lips, covered with a pavement of flat, rounded teeth, and no word expresses the arrangement as well as "pavement," for the teeth are set close, like cobblestones in a street, there being from thirty to ninety rows in each jaw, according to the species. When a skate comes unwillingly over the side, flapping its great pectoral fins, it is best to hypnotize it with a club, an oar or a boot heel before going further; but in the hypnotic state it may gasp and unconsciously crush a finger or two, a thing that is objectionable to many anglers.

Make assurance doubly sure by putting something in its mouth, just as your dentist treats you at times. An oyster shell set edgewise, your meerschaum pipe or any old thing will do to keep his face open until you can find in what portion of your captive's anatomy your hardware lies. The chances are that the hook is in the stomach, and if so a carefully conducted post mortem will reveal the fact, but many anglers prefer to save time by cutting the snell and letting the skate digest the steel with the bait, and who can say that a little iron in his system might not be as beneficial as it is to many of us?

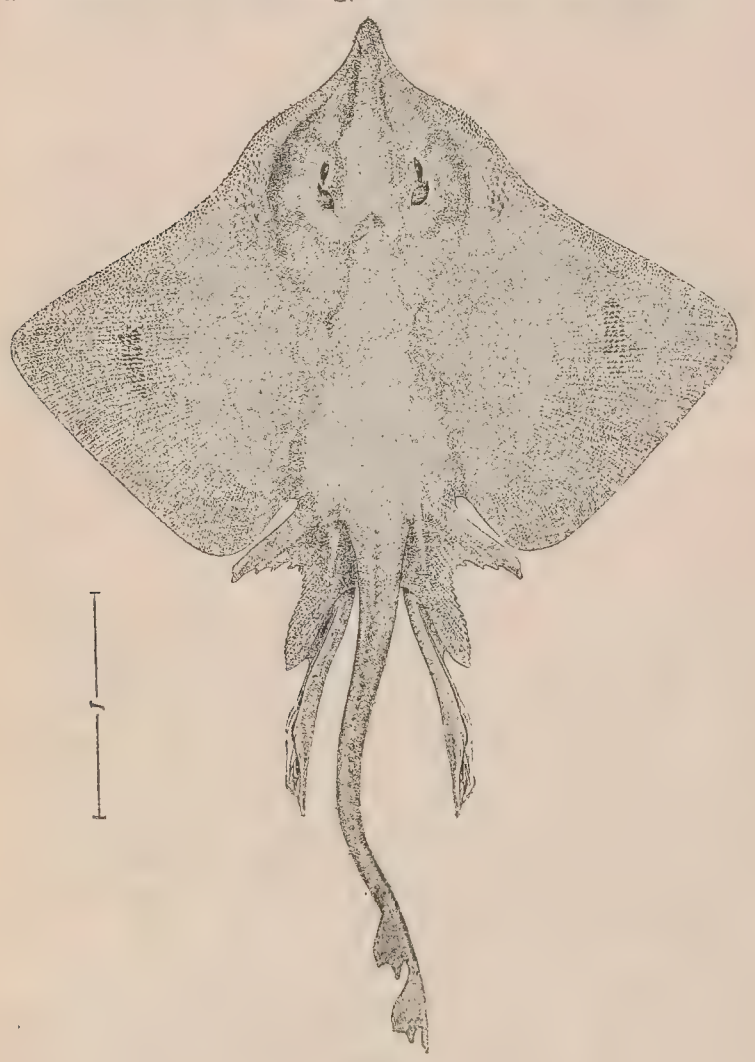
The salt-water angler gets many things for which he has no use, but which have use for his bait. Among these are sculpins, toadfish, puffers, spider crabs, dogfish and skates, and all of these things, except the crabs, have a way of swallowing a bait in a quiet manner, giving the angler no warning until they move off. Then they have the bait so securely pouched that a surgical operation is necessary to recover the hook. This takes time, and as the turn of the tide is his best fishing time he begrudges every minute of it that is wasted on these pests. Of course I am writing of the angler who anchors his boat and uses the "drop line" or the rod and reel in bottom fishing. The troller for bluefish, nor he who anchors and "chums" for them, is not troubled with these fishes, but the one who casts his bait of menhaden or lobster tail into the surf for striped bass occasionally brings out some of the things which are named above, but he is on the rocks, where he finds material to quiet his unsought catch.

Our Five Skates.

I have said that on our Atlantic Coast we have five species of the skate. All of these lay eggs in curious black, horny, square cases from 1 to 3in. long, with two long tubular horns at each end, for all the world like a hand-barrow. Through these tubes the embryo gets a circulation of water, and when ready to leave the case, after absorbing the yolk-sac, it emerges from the square end, the other being slightly concave. These cases are washed ashore, and those who are unfamiliar with them take them for some vegetable formation. In England they are called "pixey purses" and also "sailor's purses." I have watched the development of the embryo by removing it from the case and putting it into a bowl in which salt water dropped. The embryo was not observed from the start, but was ¾in. long, and with eyes well developed, but the pectoral fins had not begun to expand. The yolk was a flattened disk 1¼ by ¾in., with a thickness of ½in. It was soft, like the yolk of a hen's egg, and instead of being attached directly to the abdomen, as the eggs of all fishes which I had previously handled are, there was an umbilical cord of an inch in length between the embryo and the yolk, hence the necessity of the horny covering. Released from the case, with the yolk resting at the bottom, the little fellow made semi-rotations above the yolk at the length of the cord, showing that it was lighter than water, and so it grew

until the umbilicus was absorbed, and it gradually became a flattened, miniature skate.

The smallest and most common of our Atlantic skates is the "tobacco-box" (*Raja erinacea*) and it is spiny. Raia, or raja, is an old Latin name for an order of flat, cartilaginous fishes, allied to the sharks, but having the gill slits underneath, and includes the sawfish, the skates, the torpedoes, sting-rays and several more. As I don't wish to make this article so bloomin' scientific that no one will read it, I will try to avoid all the dry technicalities possible; but the nomenclature of science is necessary in order to determine which fish we are discussing, as fishermen's names differ. Now, the specific name, *erinacea*, has no reference to Erin's green isle, but to a hedgehog, because both are prickly; and there you are. As this little skate only grows to a length of 18in., and half of that is a long, slim tail, we can easily rec-



BARN-DOOR SKATE.
From Fishery Industries.

ognize it among its larger brethren. It has large spines on the front of the pectorals, and smaller ones on the head and back; is light brown, with round dark spots.

Some Scientific Explanations.

Since writing this, a friend, one of those inquisitive fellows who "want to know, you know," sat in my study and looked at the plate of a skate. Said he: "What you have said may be all true, but where are the pectoral fins? I only see two little fins away down on the end of the tail, which may pass muster as dorsal fins, but I am a sinner if I see any pectoral fins. Perhaps they are underneath; they are the gill or lung fins, aren't they?"

"Thanks, my boy; I was going too fast, and if what I have said is not plain to you it might not be to others, so I will explain. As you look at this picture of a barn-door skate you will see two great wing-like projections reaching from the tip of its nose to the insertion of the tail; these are the pectoral fins, and now that you know this, just let me go on writing while you sit down to smoke and read."

Our species next in size grows to a length of 2ft., always allowing half the length for the tail, and is brown, with dark bars and blotches. Its prickles are small and sharp, and from this feature it is named after the brier rose, *R. eglanteria*. It is not at all common, and many fishermen do not know it.

Another species not very common is the *R. radiata*, which has a lot of large spines about its head, and a row of them extending down its back and tail, which are very strong. Once, while fishing near Gloucester, Mass., I brought in a large specimen of this fish, which in its



THE SEA EAGLE.
From Brookes' Fishes.

struggles not only ripped my trousers and drawers from thigh to knee, but made some scratches on the covering which nature had furnished me that were sore for some time after. Further on I will speak of wounds by fish.

Then we have what the fishermen call the "big skate," the *R. ocellata*, a name which means eye-spots, and this fish, though it grows to be 3ft. long, is not the largest skate, notwithstanding the fishermen's name. It is much like the little one first named, but is more thorny, having many rows of spines along the back and on the sides of the tail. The two largest spots on the rear of the pectorals have a white ring with a dark center. This species is sometimes eaten.

After naming one fish the "big skate," and finding one that grows to over 4ft., there was no way to get out of it but to call the last fellow "the barn-door skate." Being comparatively smooth, the scientists called it *R. lævis*, yet its back is not the slickest thing you ever rubbed your cheek against, and adown the tail there are a few briers that might chafe strong corduroy, especially on the back of the female, which in all this tribe is more strongly armed. The big barn-door has light spots, which have darker rings around them, and has the minimum rows of teeth. It was Mitchell who named this fish "smooth," but he would never have done so if he had once stepped on one with a bare foot, as I once did, while bathing; I did not put on a shoe, nor foot on ground, for six long weeks, and at one time there was fear that the leg might be amputated.

Poisoning from Fish Wounds.

Be it known to all men that there is no fish which has poison sacs behind its teeth, as in the serpents, or hollow stings with a poison reservoir behind as the bees and some other insects have. All these poisons come from a hollow tooth, or sting, connected with a reservoir of venom. The mosquito and other insects have some similar way of poisoning our skins, but I don't know how they do it, as I understand the injection of serpent and of stinging insects. The tooth or the sting is hollow almost to the point, which is entire.

In wounds from fish, whether from the thorn on the tail of the sting-ray, called also "stingaree," the thorn of a catfish, or the prickly spines of the perch, it is the slimy covering of the spine which acts as any foreign matter under our skins will act; even as a sliver of wood will fester under the skin, so will fish slime fester and act as a poison, but the poison from the wood flows out with the pus after the sliver is removed, but poison from fish slime lasts longer. It is not necessary to be wounded by a fish in order to be poisoned in the hand; a fresh cut made by any instrument is easily poisoned if fish slime gets in it. This sort of poisoning does not seem to be dangerous, but it is painful, and I never tried any remedy for it; just let it run its course and heal.

Capt. C. A. Moloney, C. M. G., in an article on West African Fisheries, one of the series published by the International Fisheries Exhibition in London in 1883, says: "Rays—like to the *Aetobatis* (eagle ray)—known in France as *Tantray*, are plentiful. * * * Natives are much afraid of the attacks of this fish, as the caudal spine has been found to be poisonous, and has inflicted



FLORIDA SEA DEVIL.

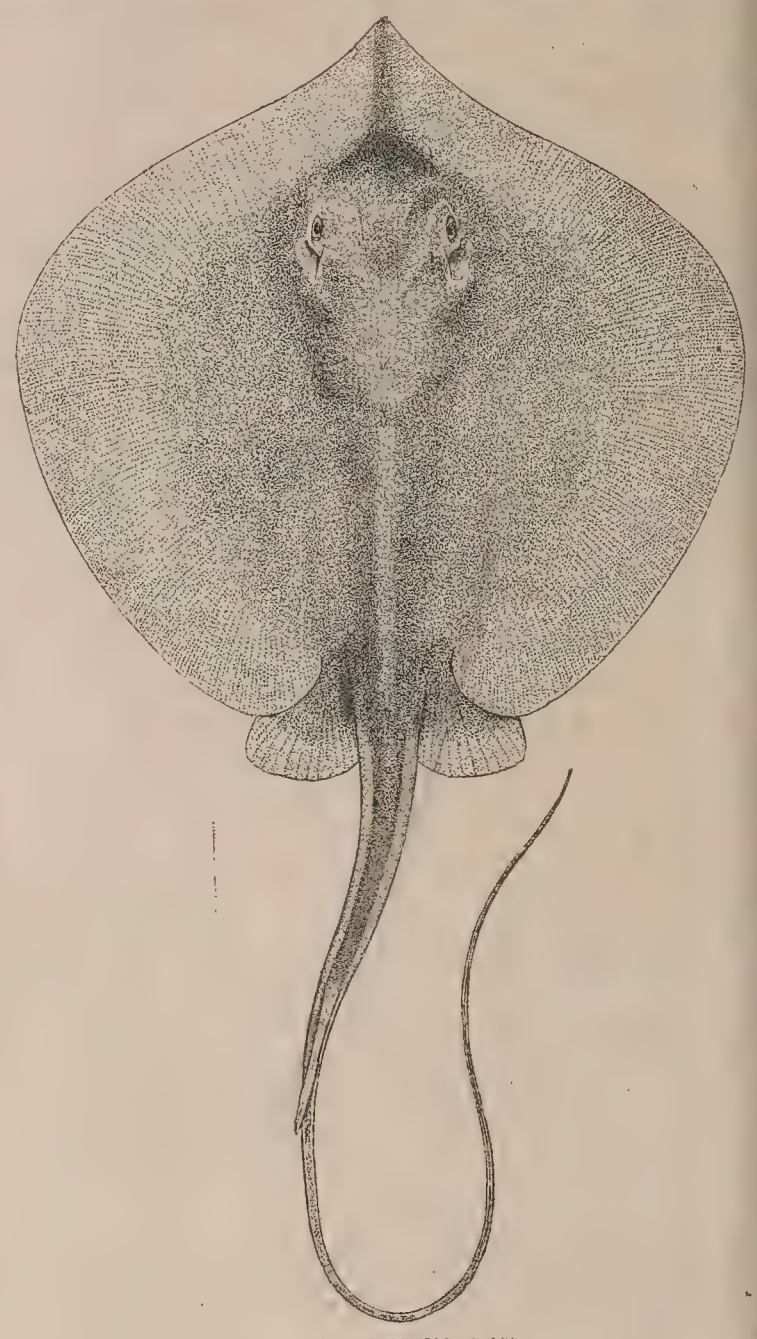
wounds which have proved fatal. Such wounds can be, it is said, successfully treated, when handled in time, by the natives, who use for the purpose the powdered caudal spine of like fish, mixed with certain leaves and herbs.

"I have with me the caudal spine of a small sting-ray which was removed from the side of a fisherman at Quittah, Gold Coast. Six hours later the man was seen by one of the Colonial surgeons, when the wound presented a very discolored, unhealthy appearance. The man died six days later from empyema, caused by the wound."

Writing of the poison organs of certain fish, Dr. Günther has said of the sting-rays: "Although they lack a special organ secreting poison, or a canal in or on the spine by which venomous fluid is conducted, the symptoms caused by a wound from the spine of a sting-ray are such as cannot be accounted for merely by the mechanical laceration, the pain being intense, and the subsequent inflammation and swelling of the wounded part terminating not rarely in gangrene."

Here is a field for pathologists or toxicologists to work in. The subject has interested me from boyhood, when I had a thumb ripped open while taking a bullhead, alias catfish, from a hook, and mother poulticed that painful thumb for a week before the pain ceased and the wound began to heal; but that was a glorious week! I could not write nor use a slate pencil to figure out how many apples John would have left if he let William go into his orchard and eat until he was full, but with arm in sling, when in sight of mother, I could bait a hook, sling it out from the dock, and if another catfish tried to give me the slimy thorn his effort was wasted. The lesson was too recent to be lost.

Do sting-rays shed their thorns, stings, or whatever you may call 'em? Let me say right here that this is not a conundrum of which I hold the answer, for I know nothing of the subject, as I profess to do in the case of the antelope. I never heard the question raised until in carelessly running through my library I opened the second volume of "A History of British Fishes," by R. Hamilton, London, who, after quoting Yarrell on the serrated spine of the sting-ray, says: "Formerly this weapon was considered to be of a very formidable character, as it was thought to possess poisonous qualities; this, however, has been completely disproved. It appears to be deciduous at certain intervals (perhaps an-



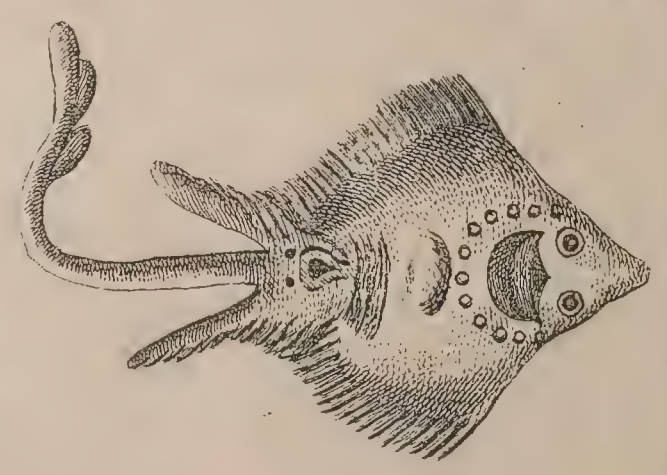
SOUTHERN STING RAY.
From Fishery Industries.

nually), and to be replaced by another. These spines are sometimes used as a point to arrows and spears, for which they are well fitted."

I prefer to let this question of the shedding of spines go to those who have had better opportunities for observation of the sting-ray, my own views are from dissection merely, and may be incorrect. Here is a chance for my old friend Prof. C. F. Holder to investigate, between his captures of monstrous tunas, and no doubt he will be glad of the hint. We were together in the old New York Aquarium some twenty odd years ago, and then he was fond of problems. The Pacific Coast has many skates and rays, stingers among the lot, which, if not specifically identical with the Atlantic species, probably would not differ in the matter of shedding spines.

The Skate as Food.

The skate is good to eat, but being unfamiliar food is thrown away by the ton. The reason is that our forefathers found such a wealth of sea food that they would not eat certain species, and this in their descendants became prejudice. I have eaten skate in Europe, where it is a common fish in the markets, and called it good. Of course it does not equal salmon, shad, whitefish, trout, bluefish, pompano, striped bass and other first-class fishes, but it is good; as good as many salt-water fishes that are sold in our markets and superior to most fresh-water fish. This is of course only



THE SKATE.
From Brookes' Fishes.

the judgment of one man's palate, who would prefer a few pounds of skate to a ton of carp.

I have also eaten skate in America, and found it good. Only the great pectoral fins are eaten, and these have long, bony rays extending across them, which are easily managed. They are fried or broiled, as I have eaten them, but perhaps may be cooked in other ways.

New York city has, in the tenement districts, at least 300,000 people who would be glad to buy skates at 2 cents per pound, if fresh and wholesome and brought to their doors. From Cape May to Cape Cod there are at least 500 pound nets which catch and waste on an average throughout the year over 50lbs. of skate per day, which at 1 cent a pound delivered in New York would foot up to $250 per day, and the push-cart man could get rich selling them at 2 cents per pound, and the poor would rejoice. Fresh cod have been sold in New York, at wholesale, as low as a cent a pound on

extraordinary occasions, and there has been such a glut of mackerel that 5 cents would buy a wheelbarrow load at the smacks, and then the push-cart man made a harvest and the poor were gladdened. Such gluts do not occur often, and are only cited to show what might be done with an edible fish which is now a curse to the fishermen if the poor could only have it brought to their doors, for they do not go to market, but depend on the push-cart man, whose meat, fish and vegetables have often been discarded from the stalls in wealthier localities.

Looking back on the list of our five Atlantic skates, I am prompted to quote the following from "Fisheries Industries of the United States": "They are all troublesome to the fisherman, clogging his lines and pound nets; but none of them are of the slightest economical value except the so-called barn-door skate, *Raia lævis*, which is occasionally salted for use by the fishermen of Portsmouth, N. H., and which has, within the last two or three years (printed in 1884) attracted some notice in New York. Miss Corson, in her cooking school, has called attention to its excellent qualities as a food fish, and skates may be found on the bills of fare at certain restaurants, such as Moquin's on Fulton street. Only the 'wings,' or the fleshy flaps to the pectoral fins, are used."

In the "Angler's Note Book," published by William Satchell & Co., London, 1880, a periodical that, like the "good," died young, I find the following on page 9: "The peasantry of Western Ireland will not eat skate, however plentiful that fish may be and however famished themselves are. It has been suggested that this superstition, for such it may be deemed, arises from the resemblance which the fish, with its depending rays, bears to the human face, and possibly to medieval representations of the Virgin Mary. Is the repugnance to be otherwise accounted for?"

This incites the remark that in confinement the skate presents a beautiful flying mode of progress, using its great pectoral wings in the slow, loggy manner of the blue heron, or measured rhythm of a bird of prey, and it will shoot up the glass side of the tank and present a semi-human face, which is comical; its lower nostrils simulating eyes, while its gill slits resemble whiskers of the Horace Greeley style. This line of thought leads me to speak of

The Skate as a Mermaid.

There are persons who do not believe that there are mermaids, but I know positively that there are such things, and I have seen them. About sea serpents I am open to conviction; there mought be sea serpents, and ag'in there moughtent. Not having seen one of their skeletons, hides, hoofs, nor toe nails, I can't affirm

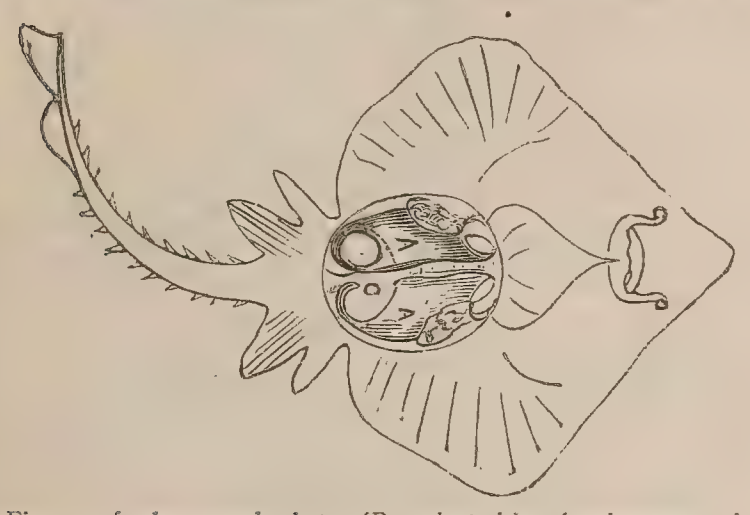


Figure of clear-nosed skate (*R. eglanteria*), showing eggs in position in the oviducts, a. a., eggs; b. b., ovaries with immature eggs; c., junction of the ovi ducts.

nor deny their existence. But mermaids! How can I refuse to believe in them when I have made dozens of them?

Look at that figure of a barn-door skate. It is a dorsal view, but cut out the tail far up, leaving the two "claspers" for legs, take all the flesh possible, turn back the pectorals, draw out the mouth and tie a cord temporarily about the head to make a neck, and there you are.

I made an elaborate "mermaid" from a skate in 1880, trimmed it with skirts from the pectoral fins, and took it to the Berlin Fischerei Ausstellung, and sold it for $50 to a German scientist, who was fully aware what the thing was made from. I took it over as a bit of fun, with no intention to deceive, nor desire to sell, but an offer of 200 marks, in good faith, left the "mermaid" in Germany.

That my monstrosity pleased a German scientist, who had never seen such a perversion of nature's handiwork, was amusing to me, as this form of mermaid is quite common; but I failed for a long time to recognize a picture of it by Brookes, which he called the "sea eagle." In 1763 there was published "The Natural History of Fishes and Serpents, Including Sea Turtles, Crustaceans and Shell Fishes, with their Medicinal Uses. By R. Brookes, M.D., author of the 'General Practice of Physic.' London, printed for J. Newbery at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard."

I picked up Vol. III. of this quaint old work, and among other things found the cut of the sea eagle, with the following description, under the head of "Cartilaginous Flatfish": "The sea eagle has a head almost like that of a toad, and the eyes are large, round and prominent. The sides are expanded like wings, and the tail is long and slender, being sometimes above two ells in length. It is armed with a long, sharp weapon, and the body in bigness exceeds a fire-flaire (sting-ray?), and the weapon is not less dangerous than that of the fire-flaire, being greatly dreaded by fishermen. The mouth is full of teeth, and the skin is soft and smooth; the upper part being livid and the under white. They are generally taken very small, but some have been found to weigh 300lbs. It may be distinguished from other cartilaginous fish by the length of its tail and by its large weapon or spine, which is sometimes single and sometimes double, but always venomous. It is an inhabitant of the Mediterranean Sea, and is often brought to Rome and Naples. The flesh is smooth and moist, with a rank nauseous smell, and therefore is seldom or never eaten."

Verily, there is nothing new under the sun! After puzzling over what I thought to be a bit of imagination in the production of the "sea eagle," I came into possession of Ogilby's "America," published early in the seventeenth century, and there was a figure which made a connecting link between my mermaids and the "sea eagle." But Dr. Brookes put a clown's hat on his aquatic bird, placed feathers in its wings and worked out its tail with a scroll saw; Ogilby made his monster fly over the water! This shows how writers of a century or two ago used to copy from each other without credit. I can't find my copy of Ogilby; it is in storage, but it would be interesting to know how far back this fraud has been practiced.

Skins of the Rays.

Simmonds, "The Commercial Products of the Sea," London, 1879, says: "The quantity of ray skins, dried or salted, imported into France in 1863 was about 18,-000lbs. weight, principally from Portugal. Formerly they used to fetch as high as seven francs the pound; now they may be had for 1s. a pound.

"The best galuchat, or what we should call shagreen, is made from the skin of the sephen (a sting-ray, *Hypolophus sephen* of the Arabian coast.—F. M.), which abounds in the Mediterranean Sea. * * * This skin is remarkable for the size of its osseus protuberances. * * *"

These skins are used by workers in wood and ivory for rubbing down and polishing their work, and are preferred to either sand or emery paper. They are also utilized in covering sword hilts, cases of mathematical instruments and other objects where a hard surface is desired, and also for ornament on jewel cases. When ornament is desired the tubercles are rubbed down until they show a pearly interior, which contrasts beautifully with the several dyes that are first applied to the skin.

An intermediate species between the rays and the sharks is the hideous animal called in derision "angel fish," a name that scientists have perpetuated in *Squatina angelus*—the squat angel! But from the skin of this beast are made the most beautiful sea-green coverings for jewel boxes and other articles of vertu.

All this food, and the by-products of the rays, are wasted with us, the matter is considered to be too trifling; but we import the prepared and manufactured skins of skates and waste tons of good food daily because the day has not come when we must make the most of what nature has bountifully provided. The day is coming, and there is a fortune for the man who takes hold of the great waste of our fishes and saves it. All the skates are not wasted. Those taken by the menhaden steamers are turned into "scrap," mixed with the phosphate rock from the Carolinas, and come back to us in vegetation of some kind, but this is not the way to get the most out of these fishes. As a fertilizer, a 10lb. skate may be worth a small fraction of a cent. Under intelligent handling, the tons of skates which are daily caught from Cape May to Cape Cod should yield a large revenue to the fishermen and to others who handle them.

"What's that? why don't I go into it?" Bless you, the work needs a man to go out among the fishermen night and day, and to have enough pennies in his sock to live while the business was working up. I have neither youth nor pennies, and am content to say that when we Americans come to the point where we will utilize all of nature's gifts, we will then take our place in the front rank of all nations, for we have both the material and the ingenuity to make use of it. Among our neglected material for economic use is the skate, and its relatives, the rays.

The illustration of what Mr. Mather calls a mermaid is from a photograph sent to the FOREST AND STREAM by Dr. ames A. Henshall, author of the "Book of the Black Bass." The photograph is by Woodward, of Titusville, Fla., who has devised this legend for the back of the card: "This wonderful curiosity was taken at Matanzas Inlet, Florida, by a party of gentlemen fishing in October, 1893, and has been pronounced by eminent doctors and naturalists to be a connecting link between the fish and the bird. Webster describes it as the sea devil, in part. The American Encyclopædia and History makes no mention of anything of its kind."

Fishing at Anglesea, N. J.

No place along the Jersey coast can offer as many inducements, and no place is less frequented by New Yorkers, than Anglesea, N. J. This little fishing village is situated at the outlet of Hereford Inlet, and at the eastern end of Five-Mile Beach, which is famous for beautiful Holly Beach and Wildwood. Probably the many changes one has to make to reach Anglesea from New York have something to do with its obscurity—ferry to Jersey, train to Haddon Avenue Station, Camden, South Jersey train to Cape May Court House, where one is liable to wait an hour for the old "Mud-hen," which is made up of a rickety freight engine and a superannuated smoking car. This is the worst part of the journey. Mosquitoes and green-head flies infest the marshes in swarms; and owing to the slow pace of the train the insects have full play. I doubt if Alaska, in all the glory of her short summer, can give points to the marsh on mosquito breeding.

At the end of the journey one is well repaid for all hardships of the trip. As you stand on the station platform the outlook is picturesque, to stay the least. Seven-Mile Beach boldly throws out a sandy arm into the swift out-rushing current of Hereford Inlet, while Five-Mile Beach gives away, seemingly, after a useless struggle, and extends out to sea at right angles to its sister points. The great lighthouse looms up boldly near the point as a comrade of the life-saving station, the two together bearing mute testimony of the power of the old ocean. The fresh salty breeze bears to our ears the minor protest of the bell-buoy. Such a situation is entrancing; we linger on the platform for some minutes after the "Mud-hen" has puffed herself away into the gathering dusk.

Anglesea boasts of three hotels—Schirmer's and the Hereford for fishermen, and the Anglesea Hotel for the more fastidious. Several small fishing sloops make daily trips to the fishing banks, and on favorable days those who make the trip at a dollar a head are loaded down with sea bass, croakers and bluefish. In the inlet the still-water fishing is equally as good, and any of the numerous captains can place you on a fishing ground which would be productive of fine sport. Weakfish, hake (kingfish?) and sea bass are exceedingly plentiful. Off the front beach black and red drum are caught in certain seasons. Aside from the wealth of fish, very fair rail and snipe shooting is to be had in the early spring. In summing up the resources of Anglesea I will recommend it to any sportsman in search of a good outing—providing he can stand the onslaught of myriads of mosquitoes and green-heads, which take possession when the wind is off shore.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 21-24.—Twenty-third annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden, New York.

FIELD TRIALS.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Continental Field Trials.

THE field trials of the Continental Field Trial Club, run at Lexington, N. C., commencing Dec. 5 and ending on Saturday of that week, were a success in every particular. The stakes were well filled, according to the support given in latter days, birds were abundant, the grounds as a whole were good, horses and wagons were quite sufficient for the purposes required, and last, but no least, a more congenial gathering of sportsmen never assembled at a field trial. The president of the club, Mr. Hobart Ames, of North Easton, Mass., was present from start to finish; Mr. Chas. A. Keyes, of East Peperell, Mass., famous in the dog world as a terrier breeder, enjoyed the trials greatly; Mr. Frank Fleer, of Philadelphia, was present a part of the time, and Dr. J. S. Brown, of Montclair, N. J., was present on Monday. There were also present Messrs. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick, N. J.; W. B. Meares, Hillsboro, N. C.; J. H. Ogden, J. L. Wolfenden and Dr. R. H. Harte, Philadelphia; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg; Theodore Sturges, Edward C. Hoyt, J. B. Baker and Arthur Stern, New York; Theodore R. Hoyt, Boston; F. H. Beall, Linwood, N. C.; Major J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J.; C. W. Buttles, Columbus, O.; Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va.; Mr. S. C. Bradley and daughter, Miss E. B. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Leon E. Gray, Salisbury, N. C., and many gentlemen of local domicile whose names I did not learn.

There were present many well-known handlers, namely, C. E. Buckle, S. C. Bradley, D. E. Rose, Victor Humphrey, John White, C. Tucker, W. H. Hammond, W. J. Giles; and R. Storey and J. Armstrong—Messrs. Brokaw's and Gould's trainers respectively, who are both training at High Point, N. C.—were present a day.

The judges in the Derby and All-Age stakes were Messrs. W. B. Meares, Hillsboro, N. C.; Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; and Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick, N. J. In the Free For All Mr. Theo. Sturges acted in place of Mr. Osthaus, who ran Ripsey in that stake. They were diligent and attentive from start to finsh, and their awards in the majority of instances were heartily indorsed. They were handicapped in conducting the running by not having a knowledge of the grounds, so that there were delays between the heats in consequence, though none of the delays were of important length. The grounds are excellent as a whole for field trial purposes, though a part is rather heavily grown up to pine thickets.

Mr. W. F. Thomason, of Lexington, who acted as guide to the Central Field Trial Club judges through many years, was the guide this year.

The headquarters were at the March House, but not the March House famous in the gatherings of the Central Club. The old March House was burned. Mrs. March, the gentle, matronly landlady, passed away before that event, and Mr. March, who loved apple-jack unwisely, passed away soon afterward. The new March House is unlike the old rambling homelike structure, with its rooms opening on balconies, and halls opening on nowhere, in every respect. Instead of search party for the descendant of a Senegambian king to build a fire, one now presses an electric button, and the colored boy instantly comes a-running up the stairs and through the hall with a thunder of shoe leather not unlike the noise of a runaway horse on a bridge.

But it was very comfortable, and Mr. Springs, the landlord, did his best to make every one comfortable.

The grounds contained an abundance of birds. A large part of them were the same used by the Central, and were associated with the victories of Rowdy Rod, Harry C., Sam C., Rip Rap, King's Mark, Chance, Roger, Lebanon, Duke of Hessen, Pontiac, Prince Lucifer, Simonides, Antonio, King of Kent, Wun Lung, Hope's Mark, Bob Cooper, Promotion, Paul Bo, Orlando, Count Gladstone, Maid of Kent, and a host of others, most of which have taken the plunge into eternal darkness.

The club held a meeting on the evening of Dec. 9. It was decided that four stakes will be run next year, namely, a Derby, open to all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. First forfeit $10, due Aug. 1; second forfeit $10, due Oct. 1; $10 additional to start. Entries close Aug. 1. Purse $500; to first, $250; second, $150; third, $100.

All-Age Stake, open to all setters and pointers which have not won first in any all-age stake of previous seasons in any recognized field trial. Entries close on Oct. 15, with $10 forfeit, $20 additional to start. Purse the same in amount and its division as in the Derby.

A sweepstake, open to all setters and pointers, regardless of prior winnings; starting fee, $25; entries close the night before the race; first heat, one and one-half hours; 60 per cent. to first, 40 per cent. to second, third dog saves his stake.

A Members' Stake, $10 sweep; open also to the members of the E. F. T. Club; each member must own the dog which he starts, or be a member of the kennel firm which owns him.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Hobart Ames, North Easton, Mass.; Vice-Presidents, Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass., and Edmund H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; Governors, Hobart Ames, J. B. Baker, New York; Dr. J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J.; Edward Dexter, Boston,; H. K. Devereaux, Cleveland, O.; C. H. Phelps, Jr., New York; C. A. Draper, Toledo; P. Lorillard, Jr., Tuxedo, N. J.; W. B. Meares, Hillsboro, N. C.; Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo; Theo. Sturges, New York.

The names of new members elected are Theo. B. Hoyt, Boston; Chas. W. Keyes, Dr. C. B. Russell, Keene, N. H.; A. Stern, J. B. Baker, Geo. Crocker and Edw. C. Hoyt, New York; Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick; W. Hoyt, Lexington, N. C.

All the indebtedness of past and present trials was settled, and the club now has a bright prospect for its future success.

A meeting will be held at the New York bench show in February.

The Derby.

The competition was exceedingly weak, and indeed much of it was of such inferior quality that it was not competition at all. The judging was a difficult task, consequent to the flatness and weakness of the competition. There was so little of a class character that the data for a decision were very meager.

Colonel R. came nearest to a class performer, though his point work was marred by a lack of stanchness and finish. He was fast, ranged wide and with fair judgment, and he was quick and accurate in his bird work so far as locating is concerned, but he made errors of judgment in his point work. He, however, was not a willful offender. He also marred his work somewhat by fiddling with little birds. He showed good quality, and if he trains on will make a good performer. However, had the competition been ordinarily strong he would need to be content with a humbler place than first.

Lad of Jingo, second, owed his position to his skill on birds. He relatively found and pointed well, though his range was moderate and his speed varied from ordinary to slow. His win was due largely to the weakness of the competition.

Count Danstone, third, was not running in good form. He beat out his ground with poor judgment. He was faster and a wider ranger than Young Jingo, but his bird work was so weak that it placed him in third place.

All the others were either so disobedient or so mediocre in the quality of their work that there is nothing specially noteworthy to mention in respect to merit.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Pink's Boy (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. ticked pointer bitch Ranee (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler.

H. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter dog Colonel R. (Harwick—Trap, Jr.), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with D. E. Rose (agt.), b., w. and t. setter bitch Lena B. (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), agent, handler.

Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Halbard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler, with Fox & Blythe's lem. and w. setter bitch Rita's Flounce (Antonio—Rita H.), R. V. Fox, handler.

Mrs. R. P. Carroll's b., w. and t. setter dog Tabard (Count Gladstone IV.—Iza), John White, handler, with Jackson-Denmark Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Marie Girard (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter bitch Nightingale (Antonio—Rita H.), R. V. Fox, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler.

J. P. Greene's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Danstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with W. P. Austin's liv. and w. pointer dog Lad of Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. K. Devereaux's o. and w. setter dog Young Sport (Marie's Sport—Nellie Bly), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. setter dog Dewey (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Miss Constance Parson's b., w. and t. setter dog Berber (Antonio—Laski), John White, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Jean de Reszke (Gleam's Pink—Dell V.), C. Tucker, handler.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897. First forfeit, due Aug. 1, $10; second forfeit, due Oct. 1, $10; $10 additional to start. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100.

Monday, Dec. 5.

The weather was clear. A stiff, cold wind blew in the morning hours. The sun shone clear and bright. As the sun rose higher the frozen crust of the mud thawed, and the footing was soft and heavy throughout the day. Birds were found in ample numbers. Considering the poor searching abilities of the dogs, a remarkable number of bevies was found.

The class of work was decidedly inferior. No dog made a well-sustained performance. Those taken into the second series, in most instances, merited the honor, not particularly because they had performed well, but because others had performed worse.

First Round.

Pink's Boy and Ranee were cast off at 8:30. A cold, raw wind was blowing. Pink's Boy pointed a bevy, and Ranee backed. They were steady to shot. Sent on. Next Ranee passed close by a bevy in sedge, which it seemed quite possible for her to point. Next she flushed a single. Several opportunities to point were lost, the birds being flushed by the handlers. Searching for another bevy, Ranee pointed on the trail, then roaded on and lost it. The bevy was afterward flushed by her handler. The bird work as a whole was poor. Both ranged fairly well and had a merry way of going. Up at 9:21.

Colonel R. and Lena B. started at 9:34. Colonel flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds he made four good points; Lena made two. Next Colonel pointed a single in weeds, and Lena going down wind flushed it. Next Colonel pointed a single in open weeds; he chased it a few yards, when it flushed, but stopped to order. He next made two points to which nothing was found. Lena backed reliably. Colonel was much the wider ranger, and more dashing in speed and style. Lena had moderate range and speed. Up at 10:22.

Halbard and Rita's Flounce were cast off at 10:34. Halbard covered a very limited area, and his speed was moderate. He pointed a bevy, coming on it more by good luck than by good searching. On the scattered birds he pointed one, and Rita backed unsteadily. Next Halbard pointed a rabbit. Up at 11:10. Rita ranged with little judgment, and covered but a moderate area of ground. The heat as a whole was a poor one.

Talbard and Marie Girard began at 11:21. Marie flushed a bevy in weeds. Two more bevies flushed close by afterward. One was followed into the woods. Talbard pointed a single, and Marie backed poorly. The heat was inferior in every respect. Up at 12:05.

Nightingale and Nana started at 1:23, after lunch. Two bevies were flushed soon after the dogs started, each dog being suspiciously close, and presumably each had a bevy flush on the demerit side of the account. Next Nana roaded sharply to a flush on a single bird in sedge. Sent on. Both roaded riotously on a trail in corn. Nightingale pointed the bevy, and Nana came racing in toward her. Both broke in and flushed the bevy. Next Nightingale pointed a single of the scattered birds in pine woods, and Nana flushed twice. Sent on. Nana pointed a bevy at the edge of woods. Up at 1:58. Both were quick, sharp workers, but rather lawless, showing lack of perfect training. Nightingale had the better of the heat.

Count Danstone and Lad of Jingo were started at 2:03. Soon after starting, Lad pointed and Count backed; nothing found. Lad pointed a bevy in corn and Count backed. Lad was a bit unsteady to shot. Next Count pointed at the same time that a single flushed. Still in corn, Lad pointed some scattered birds. Dan pointed footscent. Lad next pointed a single in corn, moved on and several more flushed. Next he pointed a single bird. Sent on. Lad pointed, then roaded to a point on the bevy. Up at 2:40. Count was not showing the form he displayed at Newton. His range was narrower, and he was not exercising his best judgment. Jingo showed some good work on birds. His range was from middling to narrow in its scope, and his judgment was not exercised at its best.

Young Sport and Dewey started at 2:48. Sport pointed a bevy and Dewey jumped in to a stanch back. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds Dewey made two points and two flushes; Sport, two points. In open weeds a bevy flushed close in front of them. Sport had moderate range and speed. Neither one used good judgment in beating out his ground. The heat as a whole was but moderately fair. Up at 3:27.

Berber and Jean de Reszke were cast off at 3:41. Each made a point to which nothing was found. Jean flushed a bevy in a cornfield. A short search was made for the scattered birds without finding any of them. In a cornfield Jean stopped, and was just steadying to a point when the bevy flushed. Up at 4:30. Both had good speed and fair range, but were lacking in judgment in beating out their ground. The bird work was very meager and awkwardly done considering the opportunities.

This heat ended the day's competition.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.

The morning was clear and frosty. A gentle breeze blew betimes during the day. When the early morning was past, the frost melted away; mud took the place of the frozen crust, and the weather became warm and pleasant. Birds were found in sufficient numbers. The work was markedly devoid of any commendable class work.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in the competition. They were run in manner as follows:

Lad of Jingo and Nightingale were cast off at 8:36. In pines Nightingale flushed a bevy. Sent on. Next Nightingale and her handler, near together, flushed a bevy. Lad pointed, apparently on footscent. Nothing found. Nightingale pointed a single in pine woods and was steady to shot. The heat was a poor one. Nightingale showed speed, dash and range, but her point work was poor. She also showed insufficient training. Lad was slow, pottered at times, but was steady and reliable in his work to the gun. Up at 9:27.

Count Danstone and Tabard were cast off at 9:41. Count pointed a bevy in the open, and Tabard ran into a good back or point. On the scattered birds in woods Count made a good point on a single and was well backed. Next Count dropped to a point, probably on footscent; nothing found. At the same time Tabard roaded and several singles flushed. Up at 10:18. Tabard was hard to handle, particularly on singles, and his judgment in ranging was poor.

Col. R. and Pink's Boy were cast off at 10:30. Colonel flushed a bevy in open sedge, and stopped steady to order. Next he made a point in woods; nothing found. Boy in the meantime was lost. Sent on, he next found and pointed a bevy, and afterward made a good point on a single. Boy was very disobedient. Both were fast. Colonel was the better ranger. Up at 11:12.

Final.

The judges announced that Colonel R. and Lad of Jingo would be run after lunch. They were started at 12:55. Lady flushed a single bird in sedge. Colonel pointed a bevy in corn. He was exceedingly fortunate in having it stay to his point, as he was very close in on it. Up at 1:26. Colonel was far the faster and better ranger. Lad was a narrow ranger, but he was obedient relatively, and worked fairly well to the gun. This heat ended the stake.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Colonel R.; second, Lad of Jingo; third, Count Danstone.

Tabard was difficult to handle, and on scattered birds in woods worked as pleased himself. His range was narrow, he worked the same ground over repeatedly, and came in behind his handler. There was no judgment in his work. Up at 10:18.

Colonel R. and Pink's Boy were started at 10:30. Colonel began the bird work by flushing a bevy in the open, and was steady to order. Next, in pine woods, Colonel pointed; nothing was found. In the meantime Pink's Boy was lost for a while.

The All-Age Stake.

The All-Age Stake was begun immediately after the conclusion of the Derby. There were thirteen starters, which were run in the following order:

W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. setter dog Joe Cummings (Antonio—Piccaola), Victor Humphreys, handler, with J. P. Green's liv. and w. pointer dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Leon Ernest Seay's liv. and w. setter dog Dick (Dick Noble—Donna), owner, handler, with J. B. Bisbee's b. and w. ticked pointer dog Ripstone (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), W. H. Hammond, handler.

Edwards & Devereaux's b., w. and t. setter dog Uncle B. (Harwick—Dan's Lady), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Tyro Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog St. Clair (Rob—Ripsey), W. J. Giles, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Fox & Blythe's setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady), R. V. Fox, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler, with D. E. Rose, (agt.) b., w. and t. setter bitch Pearl R. (Sam Gross—Donna Inez).

W. Gould Brokaw's liv. and w. setter bitch Forest Belle (Edgemark—Bell), W. H. Hammond, handler, with D. E. Rose (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Sport McAllister (Tony Boy—Blue), D. E. Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.), a bye, S. C. Bradley, handler.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had not won first in any all-age stake at any recognized field trial. Entries closed on Oct. 15, with $10 forfeit; $10 additional to start. Prizes, first, $250; second, $150; third, $100.

Joe Cummings, the winner of first, ran a well sustained race throughout. He showed excellent judgment in seeking his birds, and in locating and pointing them. His range was wide, and his speed was fast and well sustained. He was easily the best competitor in this stake.

Pin Money, winner of second, did not make a well-sustained competition, though parts of it were excellent. She ranged fast and wide, covered a great deal of ground, but seemed to be frolicking rather than hunting at times.

Young Jingo, third, ran quite a good race throughout, and I preferred his work to that of second. He is a bit weak in finding ability, though he ranges fairly well and uses good judgment. He is very strong in work on scattered birds.

First Round.

Joe Cummings and Young Jingo were cast off at 1:38. Jingo stopped and was moving cautiously when he flushed a single bird in sedge. Both dogs were ranging with good judgment, very fast and wide, Joe going the wider. Joe made a good point on a bevy in sedge, and Jingo backed him well. Jingo next made two good points on singles and Joe backed the last one or pointed the birds. Sent on, both again hunted well for bevies. Joe wheeled prettily to a point on a bevy in sedge beside a ditch. On the scattered birds Joe made a point, presumably on foot scent, after he pointed a single, and Jingo close by pointed or backed. Jingo next pointed a single, and Joe pointed or backed. Next Jingo pointed some scattered birds, after which Joe pointed foot scent. The birds ran a great deal. Their work was sharp and accurate, with the heat in favor of Joe. Up at 2:22.

Dick Noble and Ripstone began at 2:27, and ran till 2:58. The heat was inferior, neither dog ranging wide nor fast, and the pointing and finding were very ordinary. Ripstone made three flushes on scattered birds, and two points on singles. Dick pointed a single bird and made an uncertain point on a bevy.

Uncle B. and St. Clair started at 3:04. Within a few yards of starting in corn Uncle pointed a bevy. Sent on. Next St. Clair pointed a bevy in corn. At the same time, Uncle in another part of the same cornfield pointed a bevy. Near the railroad, Clair flushed a bevy. Next, in woods, he pointed a bevy. Uncle pointed a single in woods. Next he made a point in high weeds; nothing found. Up at 3:50. The ranging was middling.

Pin Money and Dave Earl were cast off at 4:24. Soon after starting Dave was lost. After about twenty minutes' search he was found pointing a bevy within fair limits of the course. Pin was held up in the meantime. They were brought together and sent on again. Pin pointed a sparrow. Next Pin was lost, and Dave was held up while a search was made for her. Soon after she was found the heat ended. Time, 5:20. Pin Money was going very fast and wide, but was not paying proper attention with her nose. She seemed to be frolicking more than searching. The heat was very unsatisfactory.

This heat ended the day's work.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

The day was clear, bright and pleasant; there was a gentle breeze at times, with a slight chill in it, but on the whole it was a first rate day for field work. An early start was contemplated, and the judges and reporters were on the grounds in good season. Unfortunately some of the wagons, which left town a few minutes late, took the wrong road near the grounds selected for the start, and a long delay was caused thereby. Birds were found in plentiful numbers.

Pin Money and Dave Earl resumed their unfinished heat of the previous evening. They were cast off at 9:40. Pin pointed a bevy in sedge and was steady to shot. Dave

was not near to back. Moved on and soon Dave bolted. He was gone quite a while. One of the spectators saw him crossing a cotton patch entirely out of bounds. He disappeared near the end of some woods close by, and shortly afterward was found there pointing a bevy. Pin was held up in the meantime. Soon afterward they were ordered up. Pin Money ran with great speed and ranged wide, but she noticed small birds more than was becoming, and was a bit frivolous at times. Dave worked well to the gun part of the time, and part of the time he did not.

Minnie's Girl and Pearl R. commenced at 10:21. Girl was lost in woods soon after starting. When found, the dogs were brought together, and were cast off in the open. In open grass both made game. Pearl passed close by the bevy; Minnie roading about, pointed it accurately; Pearl backed; both were steady to shot. Sent on. Pearl pointed a bevy in open sedge; Minnie brought up to back, passed to one side about 15yds. and flushed the bevy. The birds were followed. Pearl pointed, probably on footscent; Minnie at the same time pointed on plowed ground about 40yds. ahead; the birds were flushed close by by the horsemen. Next Minnie pointed in sedge; probably the birds were running; Minnie roaded on and steadied to point; her handler thought that she had not quite located, urged her on and the birds flushed. Next both pointed in sedge; nothing was found. Up at 11:05. Pearl pointed frequently on footscent, and was not skillful in accurate locating, though she pointed stanchly. She worked merrily, had a medium range, conducted with moderate judgment. Minnie was hard to handle, and at times worked out of bounds.

Forest Belle and Sport McAlister were cast off at 11:22. Sport made a good point on a bevy in sedge by a run. Sent on. Next Sport pointed a bevy and Belle pointed a single in woods. The dogs were separated in working for the scattered birds in corn. Sport pointed two birds in cover; at the same time, Belle, in another part of the field, pointed and nothing was found. The heat was a poor one. The dogs were separated much of the time, and it was for them difficult to follow a fixed course. Belle worked industriously, had good speed and range, but it was difficult to keep her to the course, and her bird work was meager. Sport kept to the course, but was lacking in dash, and his range was but middling. Up at 12:00.

Sam T. was started at 12:04, and ran thirty-six minutes. In the heat he found and pointed three bevies, and made a point and a flush on scattered birds. He was fast and ranged well, but was over cautious on game. This ended the competition of the first round.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in the running; some of them had made an excellent showing, and some of them needed further trail. They competed as follows:

Pin Money and St. Clair began at 2:05, and ran thirty-five minutes. Clair pointed a bevy in weeds; Pin pointed or backed; Clair held his point stanchly for a few moments, then sprang forward and flushed. On the scattered birds in sedge, Clair pointed twice, roading away from the birds each time, after his handler failed to flush; Pin made an indecisive point. Considering the number of opportunities, the point work was poor. Pin roaded slowly and pointed betimes on some running birds; Clair backed well; both were steady to shot. Pin made two points, to which nothing was found. Clair pointed a bevy by a plum thicket in the open, and was well backed by Pin. Up at 2:40. The heat did not run smoothly, it being difficult to keep the handlers to the course. Pin was fast, and covered much ground, but did not always point truly. Clair worked industriously, had middling range, and was more skillful on bevies than on singles.

Dave Earl and Uncle B. were cast off at 2:47. Dave pointed in corn, roaded on, abandoned the scent, and went on ranging; the horsemen flushed the bevy close by a few moments afterward. The dogs were separated. Dave was found pointing a bevy, and he flushed it willfully as his handler went to him. Uncle next pointed in sedge in corn, and Dave backed reluctantly to order; the dogs moved on and both pointed; nothing found. They were worked up a valley, then into woods on a large bevy of scattered birds. Uncle pointed a single, and next he stopped to a flush on a single, then crouched on a point on some remaining birds, and was steady. Both pointed and nothing was found. Up at 3:22. Neither showed accurate work on birds. Each had good speed. The heat was rather broken as to following a course.

Young Jingo and Sam T. started at 4:32. Sam pointed a bevy in corn; Jingo, brought in to back, pointed the same bevy; both were steady to shot. The birds were marked down in corn. Jingo flushed a single. Next he pointed the scattered birds. Sam made a point in sedge in corn; nothing found. Each made a good point on a single. This ended the day's work.

Thursday, Dec. 8.

The morning was clear, calm and frosty, with a raw coolness which made some little discomfort to many. The ground was frozen, and in the more shaded corners remained so during the day. Birds were found in ample numbers. The late forenoon and afternoon hours were warm and pleasant.

Third Round.

Four dogs were retained in the competition. Their doings were in the main as follows:

Joe Cummings and Sam T. began at 8:44. In open sedge, both made a point on the same bevy. Joe pointed a bevy in sedge and Sam backed nicely. Sam made two points to which nothing was found. He had speed, fairly good range, but was over-cautious on scent, and overstanch on point. Up at 9:25. Joe displayed good judgment in range; he covered a sufficient scope of ground, and his speed was quite up to requirements.

Pin Money and Young Jingo were started at 9:40. Jingo pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. The dogs were separated at the time. Pin Money pointed in open grass; nothing found. Up at 10:08. Jingo was the more earnest searcher. The character of the grounds and the short heat gave little data for comparison as to range and judgment. Both were speedy.

Final.

Joe Cummings and Pin Money were cast off at 10:08, and run a few moments merely to comply with the rules, which require that the winners of first and second shall run together.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Joe Cummings; second, Pin Money; third, Young Jingo.

The Free for All.

This stake was begun immediately after the All-Age Stake was concluded. The number of starters was an agreeable surprise, exceeding all expectations. The stake was open to all pointers and setters, regardless of previous winnings. Entries closed the night before the race; starting fee, $25. The heats in the first round were one and one-half hours' duration. The right to declare the stake off, in the event that less than six entries were made, was reserved. It was a sweepstake, third dog to save his stake; the remainder divided 60 and 40 per cent.

There were twelve starters, run in the following order:
Sport McAlister with Uncle B.
Colonel R. with Lady Mildred.
Young Jingo with Lena Belle.
Sam T. with Roland.
Dave Earl with Joe Cummings.
Pin Money with Ripsey.

The pedigrees, color, handlers, etc., are given in the reports of the other stakes, excepting three, namely, Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. setter bitch Lady Mildred, handled by owner; Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Roland, and b., w. and t. bitch Lena Belle, C. Tucker, handler.

Pin Money was easily the winner of first. She ran an excellent race, getting down to serious work and finding and pointing in an excellent manner. She displayed that she has sterling working ability when she works in earnest and remarkable endurance as well. Her long competition apparently did not affect her in the least.

Roland, winner of second, had a good working range, and was sound in his bird work, displaying excellent skill in locating when he once struck the trail. His competition was meritorious throughout.

Dave Earl, the winner of third, ran a fair race, but in my opinion far inferior to that of Lena Belle, the latter excelling in ranging and good work in finding. He is heady at times, and hard to handle.

The judges in this stake were Messrs. Meares, Hoagland and Sturges.

Birds were found in abundance. The competition as a whole was pleasingly good.

First Round.

Sport McAlister and Uncle B. were started at 10:38. Sport dropped to a point on a rabbit in woods. Thereafter till the end of the heat one or the other or both dogs were lost, excepting during a few unimportant minutes. The country was hilly and there was much more woods than open fields, but this in no wise excuses the long absence of the dogs. They were self-hunting, and most of the time the party was waiting till the dogs could be found.

Colonel R. and Lady Mildred were cast off at 1:14, after lunch. Lady flushed a bevy. The birds were followed. Colonel made a point in corn; nothing found; Lady pointed a single well, and was steady to shot. Colonel pointed a single in sedge, and Lady backed. Lady next made two points to which nothing was found; next both pointed and nothing was found. Sent on. Lady pointed a single in sedge in woods. Colonel soon thereafter pointed and roaded nicely after a running bevy in sedge in woods. He pointed several times, and at length it flushed wild ahead while he was roading. Sent on. Next he pointed a bevy on a side hill in woods; Lady backed; Gray failed to flush, and sent Colonel on; the horsemen flushed the bevy afterward. It was lying very close. The find and point were good. The birds were followed. Lady made a point to which nothing was found. Colonel, going down wind, flushed two birds. This ended the heat. Both were industrious, and ranged at good speed. Lady appeared to be somewhat off her nose. Colonel's work was an improvement on that of his previous competition in the Derby.

Lena Belle and Young Jingo were cast off at 2:56. Both standing close together, pointed a bevy by the edge of thick cover in a run; both were steady to shot. Jingo pointed a bevy in sedge; Lena backed. The scattered birds were marked down in sedge 20 to 30yds. in width, and were scattered along for 200yds. more or less. There was much roading and drawing. Jingo made three points on scattered birds; Lena made one; but afterward there was much roading, drawing, pointing and flushing and pressing forward of handlers and dogs, all close together, so that it was impossible to judge of what was work and what was error. It was for the moment a touch of the old-time scrambling. Sent on. Both dogs pointed a bevy. Jingo pointed one single and flushed another. Sent on. Jingo pointed a bevy in sedge in scattered pines. Lena made a point on two birds. Sent on. In the open field, Lena dropped to a point on a bevy, and Jingo backed; a very good piece of work. On the scattered birds in sedge, Jingo made three good points and one flush. Lena pointed, then moved on and the bird flushed ahead. Next she made a good point on a single. In finding and locating bevies, Lena was quite Jingo's superior, but he far surpassed her in work on singles. Both ranged fairly well at good speed.

The heat ended the competition for the day.

Friday, Dec. 9.

The weather was cloudy, and there was a raw coldness which penetrated to the marrow. A skimming of ice remained all day on such pools as were still and shaded, and the ground was frozen in most places throughout the day. Birds were found in ample numbers for the purposes of competition. Toward midday the sun shone feebly for a few moments, after which the clouds again closed thickly over the sky. The work as a whole was fairly good, though there were waits at intervals throughout the days for dogs which were lost, or which were seemingly difficult to keep to the course.

Roland and Sam T. were cast off at 8:45. Both pointed a bevy in open sedge. San was near by a bevy which was seen to flush. Roland pointed a bevy. Sam flushed some scattered birds. Roland during the heat found and pointed four bevies, and made one point to which nothing was found. Sam was lost a long time; when found he was in a stanch point on two birds. Both were fast and diligent workers. Roland proved to be the best finding dog, and worked with greater judgment.

Dave Earl and Joe Cummings were started at 10:40. In the heat Joe made one point to which nothing was found; Dave made two similar ones. Joe made one point on a single bird. Dave made two points on bevies, one of which he located awkwardly, and one point on a single, which was flushed after he moved on. Joe was ranging with less scope and vim than in his prior competition. Dave was going fairly well.

Ripsey and Pin Money starte at 12:53, after lunch. The former was out of form, ranging with less enthusiasm and scope than in her trials in the Members' Stake at Newton. Pin was roading on a bevy, which flushed, but whether she was blameless or not the cover prevented any one from determining. Afterward she found and pointed four bevies, and made a second point on a bevy which was marked down by the highway. Both were steady to shot. Pin was working more seriously than when she competed in the All-Age Stake. Up at 2:20.

Second Round.

Six dogs were selected for further trial. Of these Dave Earl could have been left out on his showing in the opinion of your reporter. They were run as follows:

Young Jingo and Roland began at 3:02. Jingo pointed a bevy in a cornfield, doing a good piece of work. Roland, called in to back, pointed the same bevy. Next Jingo made two flushes on bevies. Roland found and pointed a bevy; Jingo was elsewhere at the time. Both showed good speed and judgment in working out their ground, though Jingo was not working up to his class standard on birds in this heat. Up at 3:39.

Lena Belle and Joe Cummings began at 3:40. Lena made two finds and points on bevies. Joe pointed three bevies. Each backed promptly and well. The heat ended at 4:17. Lena's finds were the result of diligent and good ranging. Joe's finds were largely the result of good luck, as he was ranging narrow, and was not exercising much judgment in beating out his ground. The heat was Lena's by a large margin in her favor.

Dave Earl and Pin Money started at 4:22. Dave made two finds and points on bevies, two points on singles and one point to which nothing was found. Pin found and pointed a bevy, made a point on a single, and another, which was all right till she moved on to locate better and flushed the bird. She also made one point to which nothing was found. Up at 5:04. Pin Money was the wider ranger, though Dave was running a strong, good race. They were held in most of the time, working on ground which contained many scattered birds of previous heats.

This ended the work of the day.

Saturday, Dec. 10.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant. Joe Cummings and Roland were to run together; with Lena B., Dave Earl and Pin Money in reserve, to be run if the judges deemed it necessary to do so.

Third Round.

Joe Cummings and Roland were started at 9:25. Roland made a point at the edge of pines in sedge; nothing found. Next Joe and Roland pointed near each other; Roland roaded to the bevy about 20yds. away and pointed it; Joe backed; the latter was outworked in the locating of this bevy. Roland pointed a single in sedge pines. Sent on. In an open field Joe trifled with some larks. Next he pointed in corn. Roland backed; the dogs then began roading; Roland followed the trail accurately, while Joe seemed to be unable to hit it off. Roland pointed the bevy nicely, and soon afterward the dogs were ordered up. Time 10:15.

Roland and Pin Money were cast off at 10:36, and ran four minutes to comply with the rule which requires that the winners of first and second shall run together, a merely technical compliance, with no competition in it.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Pin Money; second, Roland; third, Dave Earl.

The Irish Terrier Club of America.

THE following stakes and special prizes given by the Irish Terrier Club will be competed for at the coming Westminster Kennel Club show in February next.

Grand challenge cup for dogs (value $100): The entry fee is $5 for each dog. The winner to receive 50 per cent. of the money; 30 per cent to go to the second, and 20 per cent. to the third.

Grand challenge cup for bitches (value $100): The entry fee is $5 for each bitch. The winner to receive 50 per cent. of the money; 30 per cent. to go to the second, and 20 per cent. to the third.

The home-bred puppy stakes (silver cup added by the club): The entry fee is $5 for each terrier. There is one prize, which is a silver cup and the total amount of the entry fees.

Special prizes: $5 cup for best dog or bitch in puppy classes, for best dog in novice classes, for best bitch in novice classes, for best dog or bitch in limit classes, for best dog or bitch in open classes, and $10 cup for best stud dog or brood bitch shown with two of his or her produce, to be entered in appropriate classes. Dog or bitch, 25 per cent.; produce, 75 per cent.

All the above stakes and special prizes are open only to members of the Irish Terrier Club of America.

IRISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA.

Westminster Show.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly announce that the twenty-third annual bench show of dogs, given by the Westminster Kennel Club, will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1899. JAS. MORTIMER,
Superintendent and Secretary of the Show.

Alabama Field Trials.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the programme of the Alabama Field Trials Club trials, which will be held at Madison, Ala., beginning Feb. 6. The trials will be open only to Alabama owned pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters. For all stakes, pointers and setters will run together, and must be handled by owner or other amateur resident of the State. The judges are: W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss.; Geo. E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.; H. S. Smith, Birmingham, Ala.

The Derby.—For pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1897. Entries close Jan. 10, 1899, with $2.50 to nominate and $2.50 additional to start. Winner of first gets 50 per cent.; second, 25 per cent., and third, 15 per cent. Dogs having won first in any open field trials are barred.

All-Age.—For pointers and setters of any age. Entries close Jan. 10, 1899, $2.50 to nominate and $2.50 additional to start. Winnings same as in Derby. Dogs having won first in any open field trials or first in the All-Age Stake of the Alabama Field Trials prior to Sept. 1, 1898, are barred.

First forfeit of $2.50 must accompany nomination and be remitted to secretary on or before Jan. 10, 1899, for above stakes.

Puppy Stake.—For puppies whelped in 1898. Entries close night before running. No entrance or starting fee. The winner gets a handsome silver cup, donated by the president of the club. Puppies in this stake will only be required to point and back, and will not be penalized for breaking shot, chasing or unsteadiness to wing.

Champion Stake.—For pointers and setters of any age and regardless of previous winnings. Entries close night before running. No entrance or starting fee. Winner gets a $50 silver cup, donated by the club, and his dog the title of State champion.

This being an amateur organization, pure and simple, the running rules are modified to meet the requirements of shooting dogs, and amateur handlers and the judges are requested to bear this fact in mind.

The first heat of the Derby, All-Age and Puppy Stakes will be not less than thirty minutes; following heats at discretion and direction of the judges.

The first heat of the Champion Stake will be of one and a half-hours' duration; following heats at discretion and direction of the judges.

The club desires those competing at their trials to show their dogs to the best advantage, and not hustle for points on scattered birds, assuring them that each dog will be given a thorough test, both as to his finding and pointing qualities.

The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily be given the preference; but the quality of the performance will be considered in connection with the frequency of the occurrence.

The judges will give greater credit to dogs showing the best natural qualities, it being the desire of the club to have the best dogs placed to the front, irrespective of the luck which is supposed to attend competitions of this nature. The judges will be requested to give more attention to a dog's natural finding qualities than has been done in the past years, viz.: Intelligent ranging; desire to find birds independently; bird sense and nose, or expressed in fewer words, dogs showing the greatest ability to find birds.

The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful and easily handled.

Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a false point.

False pointing, breaking in, breaking shot or chasing shall be gauged by the judges in their discretion.

All dogs (except those in Puppy Stakes) should be broken to show to best advantage.

Retrieving shall not be required nor considered in any stake.

This being an amateur State organization, the sportsmen of Alabama should support it with their membership and dogs. Annual dues, $2.50; initiation fee, $1. The object of the organization is to foster good fellowship among sportsmen, enforce the laws for the protection and preservation of game, to improve the breed and quality of shooting dogs, and to increase the interest in legitimate sport with dog and gun. The holding of field trials is to bring the sportsmen in closer touch, and to enjoy a friendly field contest with shooting dogs. Come and bring your friends. Ladies are especially invited. The expense is light, the pleasure great.

Application for entry blanks, membership blanks, or other information furnished on request to the secretary-treasurer.

Madison is located on the Memphis & Charleston (Southern) Railroad, midway between Decatur and Huntsville. Trains from the South on Louisville & Nashville Railroad make close connection at Decatur with the M. & C. The trial grounds at Madison contain over 10,000 acres, and have been restocked with birds the past spring. Hotel rates will be $1.50 per day, including noon lunch on trial grounds. Saddle horses $1 per day. Comfortable quarters for dogs.

Railroad rates will be one fare for the round trip over the L. & N., M. & C., and probably other lines.

The annual meeting of the Alabama Field Trials Club will be held at Madison on evening of Feb. 6, 1899, for election of officers, admission of new members and the transaction of any other business.

By order of the president.

T. H. SPENCER, Sec'y-Treas.

Books for Holiday Presents

SHOULD be ordered in good season, to avoid delays. Every year, experience has shown, some books have been ordered from the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. at dates too late for sending them in season to reach recipients by Christmas.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to FOREST AND STREAM'S field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association in regular competition, Dec. 11, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared king with a score of 226. Gindele was high on the honor target with a score of 70. Gindele's 229 was high for the Uckotter trophy:

King target:

Gindele	21	22	23	22	22	23	23	23	22	25	—226
Weinheimer	15	11	14	23	10	20	22	11	23	18	—176
Roberts	15	21	15	22	22	15	20	18	16	21	—185
Uckotter	17	17	16	7	12	20	1	23	14	14	—141
Wellinger	19	15	24	17	23	21	21	18	16	23	—197
Drube	16	20	17	13	24	16	23	23	24	16	—192
Topf	16	15	3	16	23	11	20	17	16	17	—149
Payne	13	15	16	12	19	15	19	20	13	24	—164
Strickmier	16	21	20	22	21	21	21	22	21	21	—206
Hasenzahl	20	20	20	22	24	23	24	12	25	16	—206

	Honor target.			Special scores.		
Gindele	21	25	24—70	229	222	221
Weinheimer	18	16	21—55	191	190	186
Roberts	18	17	15—50	215	212	203
Uckotter	10	18	21—49	187	180	176
Wellinger	22	23	23—68	214	213	212
Drube	17	22	20—59	208	202	202
Topf	13	15	22—50	193	180	172
Payne	18	22	21—61	212	207	203
Strickmier	21	17	23—61	205	204	201
Hasenzahl	23	24	20—67	217	216	210

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 14.—Stuttgart, Ark.—All-day tournament; live birds and targets.

Dec. 19-21.—Kewanee, Ill.—Tournament; live birds and targets. E. E. Baker, Kewanee, Ill., and V. Studley, Neponset, Ill., Managers.

Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 22.—Newark, N. J.—Regular shoot of the East Side Gun Club.

Dec. 26.—Newark, N. J.—Christmas shoot of the East Side Gun Club.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

Dec. 28-29.—Auburn, N. Y.—Auburn Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—Annual shoot of the South Side Gun Club. I. H. Terrill, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—New Year's shoot of the East Side Gun Club; live birds; begins at 10 A. M.; main event at 15 birds, $5, birds extra.

Jan. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of East Side Gun Club; main event, match between Morfey and Schortemeier for State championship.

Jan. 17-19.—Hamilton, Ont.—Tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. John Parker, Manager.

Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Ont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—Reading Pa.—The Reading handicap; open to all. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.

Jan. 18.—Stony Creek, Pa.—Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds. A. A. Fink, Manager, 426 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; added money. H. A. Brehm, Pres.

April 25-28.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; money added. Geo. L. Harrison, Sec'y.

May 16-19.—Erie, Pa.—Ninth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Reed Hurst Gun Club. Frank W. Bacon, Sec'y.

May 16-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. B. Collins, Sec'y.

May 24-25.—Greenwood, S. C.—Annual live-bird tournament of the Greenwood Gun Club; 25-bird Southern Handicap. R. G. McCants, Sec'y.

June 7-9.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Sherman Rod and Gun Club. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y, O. T. S. L.

June 7.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.

June 14-16.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the St. Thomas, Ont., tournament, known as Thomas Donley's second international tournament, fixed to be held on Dec. 27 to 30 inclusive, is now ready for distribution. It will be under the management of the well-known expert, Mr. John Parker, of Detroit. On the first day there are eight target events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance respectively $1, $1.50, $2 and $3, five of which have each $5 added money. There are also two live-bird events, the first at $10, $7 entrance, including birds, $15 added, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 2 is the grand international handicap, for the Gillman and Barnes international handicap championship trophy of the United States and Canada; 25 live birds, $15 entrance, including birds, $150 added, handicaps 26 to 32yds., high guns; divided 15, 13, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, and 2 per cent. There are eight target events on the second day, much like the programme of the first day. The international live-bird event will be continued on the second day. On the third day there are six target events, and two at live birds; one at 10 birds, $7 entrance, $15 added, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and a two-men team race, any two men, $10 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. On the fourth day there are six target events, the last of which is the team race for the international team trophy, 25 targets per man, five men to each team; $10 added. Each team must be composed of bona fide members of any one regularly organized gun club, all residing in the same city, township or village. The trophy becomes the property of the winning team; moneys divided 60 and 40 per cent. between the two teams making the highest scores. There also are two live-bird events on the last day, one a $2 miss-and-out, the other at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, $25 added; moneys divided 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 10, 6 and 4 per cent. Entrance includes targets and birds. Targets 3 cents each, one cent of which will be set aside and divided into five equal parts, to be divided among the five highest averages; team race for team trophy, miss-and-out, and the two-men team race are not to be included in averages. Live birds 20 cents each. Moneys divided in target events as follows: 10 targets, 40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent.; all other events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The professional expert will be allowed to shoot only in a few live-bird events, but can shoot for the price of targets only, and thereby can compete for the averages. The handicap committee will consist of two Canadians and one American. The management has made arrangements with the Customs whereby Americans can ship their guns to Jas. Overend, American Express agent, St. Thomas, Canada, and have them admitted free of duty. Passengers, when purchasing tickets over the Wabash R. R., M. C. R., G. T. R., C. P. R. and L. E. & D. R. R., should purchase tickets for one way only, securing certificate from agent, which will be honored for return passage at one-third fare when signed by the secretary, Thos. Donley, to whom all communications should be addressed.

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, will hold their regular club shoot at live birds on Dec. 22, in the afternoon, on their grounds, near Foundry street and the Plank Road. On Dec. 26 (Christmas shoot) and Jan. 2 (New Year's shoot) there will be open sweepstakes and handicaps at live birds on the same grounds, commencing at 10 A. M. The main event will be at 15 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents on each of the holidays. Rose system in the division of the moneys, ratios 6, 3 and 1 if three moneys, and 6, 3, 2 and 1 if four moneys. There will also be an all-day tournament on the club's grounds on J 5, at 10 A. M. The main event will be before the State championship cup between Mr. Tom Morfey, the challenger, and Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, the holder of the cup, at 50 targets. There will be sweepstakes at 10 and 25 targets, entrance 50 cents to $2, including targets at 2 cents each.

The prize handicap series of the Boston Gun Club commences Dec. 21, and on every Wednesday thereafter till the series ends, on March 29, 1899, excepting Wednesday, Feb. 22. The conditions of the individual shoot are, entrance free and open to all shooters; aggregate of the six best scores to count out of the fourteen shoots; each to shoot at 21 targets, namely, 10 at known angles, 5 at unknown angles, known traps, and 3 pairs. There are ten prizes. The team prizes are Thurman shooting blouses or sweaters to the winning team; 200 loaded shells to second team. Each team shall consist of two men, 40 targets to each team, each man shooting at 10 targets, known, and 10 targets, unknown angles, Any number of teams can enter. The five best scores to count. Handicap distances. Final ties decided by shooting a complete score. Boston Gun Club rules to govern. Targets, 1½ cents. For further information, address 23 Elm street, Boston.

Charlie Zwirlein trapped some great birds at his grounds, Yardville, N. J., on Friday of last week, Dec. 9. Zwirlein's birds are always good and fast, but on this occasion they were helped by a strong wind, that made many of them "unkillable." So good were they that in the main event, at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, 23 was high. Johnson, of Philadelphia, a rattling good shot, to be placed on the 27yds. mark, won first money alone on 23; Aaron Doty, of Paterson, N. J., won second on 22 from the 28yds. mark. T. W. Morfey, 29yds.; Louis Harrison, 28yds., and W. Apgar, 27yds., divided third on 21, while Johnson Warfort, 28yds., of Frenchtown, N. J., was the lucky man to get fourth money alone on 20. Fred Quimby, 30yds., and A. L. Ivins, 30yds., were the scratch men, and never got into the money. Ivins had at one time a good look in for first money, as at the end of the 8th round he was the only man with a straight score.

The name of L. H. Japhet, the nom de fusil of the holder of the E. C. cup, and the championship of New Jersey at inanimate targets, conceals fairly successfully the identity of the hero of the contest at the Bergen County Gun Club's traps at Hackensack, N. J., on Dec. 7. Mr. Japhet is a gentleman of almost as many cognomens as he possesses pounds avoirdupois. When we add that his pet name among his friends is a base libel upon the number of cubits in his stature, it would seem that the riddle was easier to guess than were the several locations of the targets when his opponents tried to gauge them on the afternoon of Dec. 7.

T. W. Morfey always seems to be hunting trouble! Not content with being embroiled in a live-bird contest at 100 pigeons with Aaron Doty, of Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday of this week, Dec. 14, he must needs post $10 forfeit and challenge Mr. Japhet for the E. C. cup and the New Jersey championship at targets. This match has been set for Thursday, Jan. 5, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The club will take advantage of the individual match for the championship as a drawing card, and will hold an all-day shoot at targets same day.

Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Company, is up North for a week or two, prior to going home to Memphis for the Christmas holidays. He will spend most of his time while up North at the company's factory in New Haven, making periodical visits to New York to let us know that he is alive. Before leaving for the South he will attend the annual meeting of the Interstate Association, and will cast his company's vote in regard to the policy of the Association for next year. He expresses the opinion that Memphis and the South generally will be well represented at the Grand American Handicap next April.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., has laid aside his pencil for a while, and is taking action with the gun on his own account. In a letter of recent date to us he writes as follows: "I am at the present writing located in Wilmot, Ark., just this side of the Louisiana line. I am here in quest of quail: I spent several days in the vicinity of Arkansas City last week, and was with a party from that town on a camp hunt for two days. During that time we bagged one deer, one turkey, five mallard ducks, four quail, two rabbits and forty-five squirrels. The latter were fox, gray and black. It was my good fortune to kill the turkey."

The all-day shoot at Hackensack, N. J., was a success, twenty-four shooters turning out. The days are short now, but with hustling some 3,000 targets were thrown between the hours of 11 and 4. The success of this shoot will probably start other clubs on the same lines, and it may be that the winter season in and around New York may prove a busy one for trap-shooters. There is plenty of talent here, but it is a hard matter to bring it together.

The extremely cold weather and dull sky of Saturday last, Dec. 10, had its effect on the crowd of shooters at all the local grounds. The Brooklyn Gun Club's monthly shoot was especially affected in this way, the usual gathering of twenty shooters or so dwindling down to a scant dozen. Among them was a guest, Mr. Crocker, from New London, a friend of Mr. John Milliken, of the Brooklyns; Mr. Crocker showed he could shoot a bit, despite the cold weather and a strange gun.

Capt. A. W. du Bray, of the Parker Gun Co., has been at Shreveport, La. Under recent date, among other things, he writes, us: "I have had some duck shooting here with my friend Mr. Sam Enders. We bagged in all about 140. For some reason ducks are not here. My good friend Mr. A. E. Jenkins, over whose decoys I shot, could not accompany us, as he is so busy in the management of an enormous cotton press that he could not get away—much to my regret."

Rolla Heikes has been shooting quail. He has scored about 200 of them this season, with several dead out of bounds. Believing that he has taken all the toll that is coming to him, he has now quit the quail, and will once more take to pigeons, sparrows and targets. Regarding certain rumors of provisional challenges for some of the trophies he now holds, Mr. Heikes says in a personal letter to a friend, that everybody interested knows where he lives, and that anything lodged in due form will receive proper recognition at his hands.

Under date of Dec. 8 Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, writes us as follows: "All indications point favorably to the largest tournament of the year. We are receiving a large number of entries, and the club is sparing no pains or expense to make this tournament the largest of the season. Mr. Fred Erb, Jr., and his celebrated dogs will do the retrieving for us at our live-bird shoot, Dec. 19 to 23."

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic, N. J., shoot the first team race of their series on Saturday next, Dec. 17. The shoot will be held on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Captain Paul Jeanneret, of that club, having won the toss for choice of first ground. In addition to the team race, there will be open sweepstake shooting as long as the daylight lasts.

Manager John S. Wright, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, has decided to change the date for his all-day live-bird shoot, already announced for Jan. 5. This change will be made to avoid clashing with the East Side Gun Club's all-day shoot and the Morfey-Japhet match shot in connection therewith. Mr. Wright has no date fixed as yet, but it will in all probability be one week later than originally announced.

Capt. Money has been paying a penalty for his victory over Mr. Guthrie at the Carteret traps on Nov. 29. All last week he was confined to the house with a bad cold and threatenings of pneumonia, thereby missing a chance to win the championship of New Jersey at Hackensack, on Dec. 7, and also a chance to win first money in Zwirlein's 25-bird handicap on Dec. 9.

As an item of news it may be mentioned that Rolla Heikes will on Jan. 1 sever his connection with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, whose gun he has shot to the front so long and so well. The authority for the above information is Mr. Irby Bennett, so there can be no doubt as to its accuracy. What Mr. Heikes' next move will be is not known.

Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., will manage the Hamilton tournament, to be held in that place on Jan. 17 to 19, inclusive. American Association rules will govern. Mr. Parker will also manage Thomas Donley's second international tournament, Dec. 27 to 30.

Mr. Geo. C. Harrison, secretary of the Baltimore Shooting Association, writes us as follows: "The Baltimore Shooting Association have decided to change the dates of their spring tournament from April 4-7 to April 25-28, 1899. We hope by doing this to have good weather and not clash with any other shoot. Four hundred dollars will be added; perhaps more."

A telegram from Mr. Hough advises us that in the contest for the Cincinnati live-bird trophy at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Monday of this week Elliott won by a score of 95 to Gilbert's 92. There was a snowstorm prevailing in respect to weather and the birds were slow.

Jim Elliott didn't do a thing to Dr. Smith, of St. Louis, last week. The Doctor's hand must have lost its cunning, or he would not have so severely disappointed his friends surely. There is a big difference between 98 against Dr. Knowlton one week and 84 against Jim Elliott the next week.

W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), of the Gold Dust (U. S.) Powder Co., of San Francisco, Cal., was in New York last week for a few days. Mr. Colville, whose home is in Batavia, N. Y., made several calls along Sporting Goods Row, and left just in time to catch the blizzard that struck Batavia on Dec. 8.

C. W. Tuttle, of the shooting committee, writes: "Please insert in 'Fixtures': Two days' tournament of Auburn Gun Club, at Auburn, N. Y., Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28 and 29, 1898; live birds and targets; live birds trapped at 15 cents each. Both magautrap and expert traps."

Later.—We regret to learn shortly before going to press that Col. Courtney is confined to his home in Syracuse, N. Y., with a severe attack of pleuro-pnuemonia. This attack has, of course, put a stop to his Western trip, as outlined by him during his stay in this city.

Col. A. G. Courtney has left us. Nuff sed! He will next be heard from at Watson's shoot in Chicago, and later at the Limited Gun Club's shoot in Indianapolis. At least, such were his plans when last reported.

At a meeting of the Audubon Gun Club last Saturday evening, June 7 was fixed upon as the date for the next New York State shoot.

The Cleveland Target Co. announce that they will hold their sixth annual tournament on June 14, 15, 16.

The South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., will hold its annual shoot on Jan. 2.

The Grand American Handicap.

During the years when the Grand American Handicap was struggling from a humble beginning to its broad success as a national event all its responsibilities were left to the care of its promoters. Before it was proved to be the greatest shooting success of America no shooter made the discovery that it was a matter which was worthy of his anxious solicitude; no shooter discovered that he knew how to run it better than its subscribers know how to run it; no one had then discovered that the real center of purpose was to so adjust the competition that the men who killed 23 were to be sure winners. Now that it is and has been a success, why not recognize that its present policy is correct?

All the arguments adduced in recent weeks against the high-gun system, which has so far been something of a factor in the success of the Grand American Handicap, have not been from the standpoint of any improvement in matters directly pertaining to the Grand American Handicap; they are all from the standpoint of the man who killed 23; the man who wishes to have matters so adjusted that 23 will be in the money.

The majority of shooters seem to lose sight of the fact that the Grand American Handicap is a business institution, under the direct control of its subscribers. As such, it is directly under their control in manner like to that of any other business where the question of authority is under consideration. To propose that any number of outsiders should by a majority vote dictate to the Interstate Association how it should run its own business affairs is in the highest degress absurd. It is the more absurd since the advantages sought for are personal; in plain words, the Association is asked to depart from the policy which has proved a success in its own affairs and adopt one which is in the interest of a few shooters.

It has been suggested that if changes of a certain kind were made in respect to the division of the moneys the entries would be much larger, and that groups of shooters would come from certain towns and cities. Such a view is an erroneous one. The number of shooters which have contested in the handicap is not what has given it its prestige. It is the fact that it is a shoot which appeals to the best shooting talent in America. This is what excites the liveliest public interest in it and gives it such unlimited prestige; and this is a matter which far surpasses the personal interest of the man who killed 23. Nothing would swamp the Grand American Handicap so quickly and so effectually as a squad of shooters from every city.

Let us suppose that 600 shooters entered in the handicap; it then would be too cumbersome to manage. The number entered in the last handicap is quite enough for its success. The matter of the number of entries is only one factor of many to be considered in conducting it. It has as many entries in prospect as there are any need of.

Any cheapening of it would be a loss in prestige; would be a bid for shooters having less skill than is necessary for a contest of such importance; would strip it of its distinguishing features and make it a common 25-bird event, such as may be found betimes in any corner of the land, save the one fact that it would be given under the most distinguished auspices.

The plea has been made that when a man travels several hundred miles, kills 23, and returns home without any of the money, he is suffering a hardship. If he cannot afford the expense, he certainly is suffering a hardship, but it is one of his own seeking. His misjudgment, however, is not the affair of others. Such matters are personal, and the person interested should think seriously before deciding to enter. But whether he wins or loses, he should abide by his own acts. He enters with his eyes open. It is a game in which there are losers as well as winners.

If one cannot afford to lose, one would better remain at home, or at least refrain from entering. It is hardly fair to enter on one's own judgment, and then in case of loss blame some one else for it. It is a competition of nerve and skill. Whether one came a thousand miles to compete, or competed five times before winning, or can kill only 23, is irrelevant to the matter.

The best equipment for competition in the Grand American Handicap is to be able to shoot well; to be able to afford the expense, and to look pleasant, win or lose. The wail of the loser is more likely to come from the smart of a hurt and self-interest than from the enthusiasm of the philanthropist. Whatever system is adopted, there will therein be losers who are next to the winners; but, in the eye of competition, all losers look much alike.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey Championship at Hackensack.

Dec. 7.—The open contest for the inanimate target championship of New Jersey was decided to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J. The contest was made the excuse for an all-day shoot, a full programme of events being pulled off between the hours of 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

The club was fortunate in the day, the weather being all that could be asked for at this time of the year. The attendance, too, was decidedly flattering, considering the way trap-shooting has been going around New York. Not that there is not plenty of shooting; on the contrary, there is a great deal of shooting, but the number of clubs divide up the programme in such a way that small attendances mark all local gatherings as a rule.

Of the club's officers, J. R. Banta was present from start to finish and helped materially to carry the shoot to a successful close. Messrs. Griffith, C. O. Gardner and H. D. Warner also got away from business as early as possible, and did their share in running things for the comfort of the guests. The management of the shoot was placed in the hands of Edward Banks, who moved things along so rapidly that a total of 2,800 targets were trapped in the programme events. W. R. Hobart was in the cashier's office, his work being cut out for him by the twenty-four shooters who took part in the shoot.

The main attraction was, of course, the 50-target race for the championship, which had fifteen entries, five "outsiders" also shooting along in the optional sweeps on each 25 targets. The championship emblem is a silver cup, which was donated by the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company to the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association over a year ago. It was first contested for during the Jersey State shoot at Passaic, N. J., in the fall of 1897. On that occasion the conditions were only 25 targets, unknown angles. Justus von Lengerke and Colin R. Wise tied for the title and trophy with 24 out of 25, Von Lengerke winning on the shoot-off. He was at once challenged by Ferd Van Dyke, who took the cup by default, Von Lengerke surrendering his title in preference to defending it. Since then Van Dyke has held it until the present date; but realizing that his health was such as to preclude almost all chance of his defending the cup during the bad weather of the winter, Van in a sportsmanlike spirit returned the cup into competition, expressing the wish that "the boys may have a jolly scrap for it."

The donors of the cup having reserved to themselves the privilege of changing the conditions, and the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association having once more gone to sleep, it was therefore decided to place the cup in open competition, the conditions being changed to 50 targets, unknown angles.

The result of to-day's contest was somewhat in the nature of a surprise. Not that the score of the winner, L. H. Japhet, the sturdy captain of the East Side Gun Club, was so large, but that the scores of the favorites in the race were so low. Dominie Beveridge only scored 32 out of 50, but still he beat Tom Morfey by four tagets, as the latter only scored 28! Harold Money, who was picked as a winner by most of those present, could not locate the targets, scoring 39. Neaf Apgar, who has not been doing much shooting lately, was really Japhet's only antagonist to do himself justice, as his total of 45 was well earned. Japhet made a good start, running his first 25 without an error, finishing up with 22 out of his second 25. He was at once challenged for the cup by T. W. Morfey, who posted the requisite $10 forfeit and a written challenge in the hands of the secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company the minute after the result was announced. Mr. Japhet at once fixed Jan. 5 as the date for the match, the scene of the contest being the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. The conditions of the race will be 50 targets, unknown angles.

Below are the scores for the championship:

L Japhet	11111111111111111111111111101111101111111111110111—47
N Apgar	11111111100111111101111111111111111101111110111111—45
O Hesse	01110111011111111111101001111111011111101111101111—41
E Taylor	11111011111111010111011011111101111111011011011011—40
H Money	01111011111101001110111011111101111110110111111110—39
J Fleming	01101110011111111100111111010101111000011101111101—35
C R Wise	01111111110110101000011110111011100011110110110111—34
C Beveridge	10111101101110001111010001111011011111100110110010—32
E Everitt	01010111100100101110110110011010111011111111100011—32
W Irving	00010001011101010111111101101011011010111111111100—32
J Van Noordt	00100111110110101011111011011011001010111101—32
G Piercy	11000111010001100111111011011101110100101011110000—30
Dr Joy	01000110111011011011111011001101010101001101110011—30
T Morfey	11101001101000001101100110111011001100110101010111—28
C Billings	10111010100101000110101101010000010110111100110111—27

The following shot along in the cup race, but were not eligible to compete for the cup, not being residents of the State of New Jersey:

E Banks	11111111111111111101111111111110101111111101111111111—46
A Courtney	11011111111111111011111100111111111111111111110111011—44
L Harrison	10101001111011110111111111011111111111111011111101—41
B Norton	01101011110101101111011110011001011011011111111111—36
W Harding	00010000000101001110110000 w — 8

The Sweepstake Programme.

The sweepstake programme, including the championship event, called for 170 targets. Eleven men shot through the programme, all but Banks being "in for the money," the latter shooting all day for "targets only."

The table of scores given below shows that a total of twenty-four shooters took part in the sweeps, some of those who shot at only a few targets being in "for targets only." Among those present were: Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company; Harold B. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company; Ed. Taylor and E. A. W. Everitt, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; Louis Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank, N. J., the U. S. representative of the Walsrode Powder Company; Neaf Apgar, New York, manager of the Gun Bore Treatment Company, etc.

Curiously enough, the scores were very low generally, a strong wind blowing nearly all day, particularly strong in the morning and early afternoon hours. It is seldom that with such a list of good shots averages rule so low. Some laid it to the background; others to the wind. The new champion of New Jersey did not find the targets successfully, save in the championship event; in that event he bunched his hits very ably. Tabulated scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	50	15	20	15			
E Banks	10	14	10	13	20	46	14	19	13	170	159	.935
L H Japhet	7	11	6	12	16	47	13	16	13	170	141	.829
H Money	9	12	9	13	16	39	13	18	11	170	140	.823
A G Courtney	8	11	6	11	16	44	14	17	12	170	139	.817
L Harrison	4	8	8	9	16	41	12	18	12	170	128	.752
E A W Everitt	7	11	8	12	16	32	12	17	12	170	127	.747
J Fleming	8	10	8	12	15	35	10	14	13	170	125	.735
C C Beveridge	7	13	7	11	15	32	33	13	13	170	122	.717
G H Piercy	9	14	5	11	14	30	10	17	12	170	121	.711
T W Morfey	8	14	6	9	11	28	9	13	10	170	108	.635
B H Norton	5	9	5	9	10	35	8	10	10	170	101	.594
C W Billings	8	12	6	8	12	27	..	12	..	140	85	.607
Dr Joy	5	9	7	8	15	30	..	..	..	120	74	.616
R Snyder	4	7	7	7	11	..	11	15	..	105	62	.590
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	40	10	17	..	85	67	.788
C R Wise	..	..	..	..	..	34	8	17	..	85	59	.694
J Van Noordt	..	..	..	..	..	32	9	13	..	85	54	.638
W M Harding	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	4	70	25	.357
O Hesse	..	..	..	..	..	41	13	..	..	65	54	.830
B Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	50	26	.520
W Irving	..	..	..	..	..	32	..	..	..	50	32	.640
B James	5	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	23	.656
H D Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	20	12	.600
J Banta	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	20	11	.550

Nos. 5 and 8 on the programme were "prize events," the Bergen County Club donating a silver loving cup as a prize to the high man in each of these events. Any one was eligible to shoot for the cup so long as he put up the price of the targets. Handicaps were awarded by Messrs. Banks and Hobart, each of the contestants receiving from one to five misses as breaks added to their scores. The allowance did not count in the division of the moneys.

In No. 5 Everitt and Joy tied on highest possibles, and shot off at 5 targets per man, according to the conditions as stated in the programme. Joy broke his 5 straight, Everitt losing 2 of his 5 targets.

In No. 8 there were seven ties on highest possibles, those in the tie being Everitt, Piercy, Money, Harrison, Taylor, Snyder and Wise. Shooting off again at 5 targets per man, Everitt was the only one to break his 5 straight, thus winning a trophy he had well earned.

Before closing an account of this pleasant little shoot, mention must be made of the hospitable manner in which the club kept open house, a hot turkey lunch and refreshments being served free to all, contestants and lookers on. Hot coffee was on tap all day. In the crisp cold air of a December day, such little attentions are much appreciated.

After the programme was shot out, some "fly-by-nights" would not be gainsaid, so several small extras were shot, Beveridge and Money reaping the greatest benefit from these races.

East Side Gun Club of Newark.

Dec. 8.—Fifteen members of the East Side Gun Club took part in the club shoot postponed to this date from the fourth Thursday in November, on which date the weather was too bad for the shooters to put in an appearance. Burn Johnson, a guest of the club, shot along and scored 8 out of 10 in the main event, and 4 out of 5 in the sweepstake.

In the club shoot all stand at 28yds., a handicap of "points" being the only handicap imposed. Each shooter is handicapped at so many points, and must kill that number of birds before adding a point to his total for the yearly prizes. L. H. Schortemeier was the only one to score 10 straight, while Hassinger won second money alone on 9 out of 10. The members have a $1 optional sweep on the club event, the purse being divided Rose system, four moneys, 6, 3 and 2 to 1. The weather was cold and clear, while the good birds trapped were helped by a stiff straightaway wind. Scores were:

Sweepstake, 5 birds, $2, all 28yds.: Schortemeier, Koegel and Otten 5, Duston, Feigenspan, Hassinger, Castle and Johnson 4, Leuthauser and Reiboldt 3.

Club shoot, 10 birds, all 28yds., handicap of points:

L Schortemeier, 7	2221222222—10
W Hassinger, 7	1212110122— 9
H Koegel, 7	2121211010— 8
S Castle, 7	1011101111— 8
*B Johnson	2*12111102— 8
Dr G Hudson, 7	1022022112— 8
F Perment, 6	1120110112— 8
J Fischer, 6	1210202211— 8
H Otten, 7	1*1102102*— 6
E Waldman, 5	2002110122— 7
T Richards, 6	121221*012— 7
Dr Mulvaney, 6	0101121201— 7
B Clinchard, 5	2102020122— 7
H Reiboldt, 5	2020122202— 7
C Feigenspan, 7	2012111200— 7
C F Seitz, 5	22122*0000— 5

* Guest.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec., 3.—Our annual shoot will be held Jan. 2, 1899. Following are the scores of our shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dawson	7	4	6	4	6	7	7	5	6	7
W H Smith	5	3	7	7	6	4	2	4	3	3
Terrill	7	8	7	8	5	7	6	7	3	..
Feigenspan	7	8	7	5	8	8	7	3	7	5
Ripley	4	3	3	3	4	4	4	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	..	2	3	5	4	..	..	..	..
Fleming	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	..	..	..

I. H. Terrill.

The late Judge Samuel P. Walker.

When the shooters from Memphis, Tenn., visited Elkwood Park last March, and took part in the Grand American Handicap, there came with them Judge Samuel P. Walker, one of the legal lights of Memphis, who for some years filled the honored position of Judge of the Superior Court of the State of Tennessee.

The Judge entered in the Nitro Powder Handicap, and was one of those to divide the purse on 15 straight. In the Grand American he was not so fortunate, having to retire at the end of the 18th round with four misses to his credit. This failure to stay in the race until the end did not appear to trouble him a little bit, the success of others seeming to have as much in them to interest him as if they were his own. He was an ideal contestant; and the Memphis Gun Club always kept the seat nearest the stove for him.

It was not until a few days ago that we heard of his death. Well known and popular as he was, it seems strange that no notice of his decease had reached us sooner. From his warm friend and admirer, Mr. Irby Bennett, we learn that Judge Walker died a few weeks ago in Marlboro, Mass., where he had gone for a vacation to join his family, who had been summering there. His death was unexpected and sudden, and came to his friends in the nature of a severe shock. He was fifty-seven years of age.

Always fond of sport, he was a member of the Memphis Gun Club and of various other shooting clubs, among them the Wapanoca Club, famed for its duck shooting. As a memorial of his efforts in their behalf, the pigeon shooters or Tennessee now have a law legalizing live pigeon shooting in the State, which law was drafted by Judge Walker himself.

Elliott defeats Smith.

St. Louis, Dec. 7.—The match between Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and Dr. J. W. Smith, of St. Louis, was shot here to-day. Elliott was the victor by a score of 91 to 84. The conditions were 100 live birds, $100 a side.

At the end of the first 25 the race seemed to be in favor of the Doctor, the score then being 24 to 22 in his favor. At the end of the second 25, they were tied, each having killed 46 out of 50. In the last 50, Elliott gained steadily a greater lead, and won by the score above mentioned. The scores:

Elliott	2022120222222222*21212222—22
	2212211*121112222222221222—24
	21*22221*1112122211222222—23
	1*22222222221222112201101—22—91
Smith	12222220122222222122222122—24
	2222122*112022222212212210—22
	21011*211221212121022*21*—20
	11210*0122021112112**0222—18—84

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A regular meeting of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was held last night, and all the reports presented show the organization to be in a flourishing condition. Trap-shooting contests are held every week at the club house, where more powder is burned than at any other ground in the State. It was determined to join the Fish, Game and Forest Preservation League. Measures were taken to increase the attractions and comforts of the club house on shooting days, and the result will no doubt be seen in an augmentation of smashed targets with consequent improvement in the skill of the shooters. Hereafter targets are to be thrown at practice shoots for 1 cent each.

R.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—The contest for the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond Badge, set forward one week on account of John Watson's live-bird tournament of next week, was held this week on Friday, Dec. 9, seventeen entries appearing. The weather was distinctly cold, though bright, and a brisk left-quartering wind made things interesting. Both sets of the live-bird traps were put into commission, and both worked perfectly. The first ten birds were shot at No. 1 set of traps, the next ten at No. 2 set, and the ties were completed at No. 1.

It was not a day for favorites, but for dark horses, the long handicap men as usual coming well to the front. Dr. Shaw was given 2 birds and could not land above 18. He was tied by Amberg, 3 birds; Comley, 1 bird, and Barto, scratch. Eddie Steck, still another winner of the badge, went out with 17. Steck was tied by Tramp Irwin, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and by W. B. Leffingwell, of Montgomery Ward & Co. Leffingwell was allowed 3 birds, but left the score very much disgusted. He then came over to No. 1 set and killed 13 birds straight. George Roll, with 1 bird allowance, scored 19, and was tied by F. H. Hollister, 3 birds. There were five men tied on 20, Levi, Dwyer, Houston, Palmer and Hess, with handicaps varying from 2 to 6 birds. Considerable interest was evinced in the tie for first place. Levi started out at a hot clip, killing 10 straight in the tie without needing any of his 3 handicap birds. Dwyer, Houston and Palmer fell by the wayside on or before the 5 hole. Hess alone forged to the front and collared Levi at the end of the first string. This seemed to be as far as Levi could go, for he went to pieces rapidly, missing 4 out of his next 9. Hess went on, killing 10 out of his 12 birds, and thus winning the trophy. Mr. Hess is secretary of the Eureka Gun Club, and to-day he shot in a form which would seem to make it quite worth while to watch him in the future if he is given a liberal handicap. The records of the past few shoots would indicate that Barto deserved a bird or so better than scratch. The following are the scores:

Dr S Shaw, 29, 2	222222*222220222200222 —18
J Hadley, 28, 4	*12222*22211102002112202 —18
E C Rice, 26, 6	020022222220222002222022220—18
J H Amberg, 28, 3	2110101121212022210102 —18
E S Rice, 28, 4	2201200122122110100w —14
W B Leffingwell, 30, 3	02112020*11211220122210 —17
H Levi, 26, 6	122221122122212012012022 —20
Tramp Irwin, 28, 3	20222112*20022202101221 —17
Dick Dwyer, 30, 3	1222*1222*2111201122212 —20
Geo Roll, 29, 1	2222110*2122222222222 —19
J S Houston, 28, 3	022102121221111222201222 —20
C E Comley, 30, 1	011220122211101111112 —18
J B Barto, 30, 0	011212220122222222222 —18
F Hollister, 30, 3	02*121021211221022112 11 —19
C C Hess, 29, 4	22220222202212222201222 w —20
E M Steck, 30, 1	1*122100211220111212 2 —17
S Palmer, 29, 2	211222111*222202112222 —20

First shoot-off:

Levi, 26, 3	2222222222 —10	Hess, 29, 2	22222222201—10
Dwyer, 30, 1	22010w	Palmer, 29, 1	20110w
Houston, 28, 1	22010w		

Second shoot-off:

Levi, 26, 3	202022200w	Hess, 29, 2	222022220222—10

The Experts.

Jim Elliott displays commendable nerve in going after the Iowa boy next Monday, the race being set for 11 o'clock, Dec. 12. Gilbert is naturally a favorite on his record, but no one can tell what Jim Elliott will do after he gets past the first bird, which he is pretty sure to miss. The weather is apt to be cool and breezy, and the birds are flying well now, so that 95 would be a pretty good score, one would think.

Jim Elliott went to St. Louis on Dec. 7 and defeated Dr. J. W. Smith, the crack shot of that city, with a score of 91 to 84. This is something of a drop for Dr. Smith in so short a time, since he scored 98 birds himself in his race with Dr. Knowlton. By the way, this score of Dr. Smith's was widely quoted by St. Louis and other papers as the record of the year, these having evidently overlooked Rolla Heikes' score of 99 at Eau Claire, against Fred Gilbert.

J. J. Hallowell, Jr., of the U. M. C. Co., was out at Watson's yesterday for a little practice, and to-day a number of the shooters have gone out again to get ready for next week's game. John Watson says he will be satisfied with forty or fifty shooters, and he can handle that number with the greatest ease and comfort. It would not be surprising if some races were made as the result of this coming together of so many experts, and in any event we are certain to have one week which will be full of shooting.

Billy Mussey seems to be, as it were, coming back to earth again, and we may perhaps look for him as a feature in the old Watson game. Billy skun his friend Ben Dicks a couple of times this week at short races, as see elsewhere.

Waukegan.

Waukegan Gun Club, of Waukegan, Ill., met on Dec. 7 for their club handicap at 25 birds, ten members taking part, with the following results:

	Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
C Purcell	11	17	28
De Wolf	6	18	24
W Murray	5	17	22
Van Deusen	5	17	22
Efinger	7	15	22
B Dowe	6	16	22
Jemison	12	8	20
Hofmann	5	15	20
S Wright	5	13	18
Douglas	8	9	17

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James Van Deusen; Vice-Presidents, E. P. De Wolf, Wm. Bullock; Secretary, L. W. Jeffrey; Treasurer, George Hallowell; Trustees: O. H. Heath, J. C. Merchant, James Jemison.

Quiet.

The shoot of the Milwaukee Gun Club, which closed the first of this week, was rather quiet, only about a dozen participating. Lewis, J. E. Bush, Rogers, Andrews and A. Lockie, of Chicago, were among the leading winners of Saturday.

E. HOUGH.
1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mussey vs. Wilcox.

A race was to have taken place on Dec. 8, between W. P. Mussey and Ben Dicks, but on account of Mr. Dicks having been called out of the city on account of the illness of one of his family, Mr. Chas. E. Wilcox consented to take his place. The race was at 50 live birds, 30yds. rise.

The day was quite cold, with a stiff left-quartering wind, accompanied by a good sunlight. The birds were good, strong flyers. Both principals shot in good form and each made some very commendable kills of fast birds. Following are detailed scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C. S. Wilcox.....4 3 4 2 2 1 2 3 2 4 5 2 3 5 2 1 4 1 2 4 1 5 3 4 5
1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—28

4 3 5 5 3 2 1 3 1 5 3 4 3 5 1 3 5 4 3 4 4 1 3 3 5
2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2—21—44

W. P. Mussey...3 3 4 4 1 4 5 2 3 2 3 5 3 2 1 5 2 5 4 2 1 2 5 1 3
2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 * 1 2 1 * 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2—22

3 2 1 4 3 5 3 5 1 4 2 5 2 2 4 1 3 5 2 2 3 4 5 1 3
2 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1—23—49

Rice vs. Hallowell.

Preceding the above contest was a friendly race of 25 birds between Messrs. E. S. Rice, of the Du Pont Co., and J. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., which resulted as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E. S. Rice.....5 4 1 1 2 3 1 2 4 5 2 1 3 5 4 2 2 2 2 3 3 4 5 1 5
1 2 1 1 2 2 * * 1 1 * 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 1—20

J. J. Hollowell.....1 4 3 2 4 5 5 3 2 1 2 3 4 4 1 5 5 3 3 4 1 4 2 2 4 1
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2—24

Peavey vs. Mussey.

Following is another event in which Mr. Mussey shows quite good form in the race with Mr. Peavey, of Cripple Creek, Colo., who is now visiting in the city. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

C. W. Peavey.....2 4 1 3 1 3 3 5 3 3 1 3 1 1 4 3 2 2 3 3 5 3 4 3 3
2 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 * 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 0—14

W. P. Mussey.....2 2 4 3 4 4 2 1 5 3 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 1 4 3 1 4 3
1 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1—22

Mussey vs. Dicks.

In a friendly race between W. P. Mussey and C. B. Dicks, which was shot at Watson's Park Dec. 6, the following scores were made. The birds were a good lot, trapped in a smart, driving wind. This is the event which led to the race to have been shot on the 8th inst., as mentioned in foregoing items. The score:

C. B. Dicks.....10120102*210*21120111211102112221110102121222111 2—41
W. P. Mussey....02120121222010212112111110122211122202111012121112 2—43

Mussey vs. Wilcox.

Mr. W. P. Mussey challenges C. S. Wilcox to a contest of 100 live birds, for the price of the birds, and is to allow Wilcox 7 of his lost birds to be scored as dead. Mr. Wilcox has accepted the defi, and sets the day of contest as of the afternoon of Dec. 21, Watson's Park, at 2 P. M.

Garfield Gun Club.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, held its second regular monthly contest at live birds on the club grounds on Dec. 12; there were twenty-one entries. The race was at 10 live birds, with distance handicap ranging from 25 to 31yds.

The day was very cold, with a driving wind from the right quarter, which aided the birds in getting away quickly. Quite a few of them fell dead out of bounds. The shooters, regardless of the weather, were full of enthusiasm, and continued until darkness made it almost impossible to see the bird when liberated.

T. P. Hicks carried off the honors of the day by making the only straight score, but was closely followed by Palmer, Steiger, Paterson, Davis and Fehrman, who killed 9. The scores:

Dr Meek	10*1212122— 8	N Nusley	*200000220— 3
S Palmer	12*1121122— 9	Fehrman	2202222112— 9
C Stiger	2011122212— 9	C P Richards	2021212200— 7
Riddiford	20102*0111— 6	S E Young	2022021012— 7
H Bradley	2*11100211— 7	Trail	1011111021— 8
N H Ford	2202222102— 8	T Eaton	0002110002— 4
A C Paterson	221222*211— 9	W A Jones	10221*2110— 7
C Comley	*0**2*1111— 5	D Russell	0210122212— 8
Dr Davis	2210111211— 9	A Hellman	2221010122— 8
R Kuss	2222022220— 8	T P Hicks	1212122121—10
J Workman	02022010*2— 5		

Following the medal contest were several 5-bird events, in which ties divided on the scores as follows:

Hellman	20010—2	Jones	20001—2
Eaton	21110—4	Davis	21110—4
Trail	01010—2	Richards	21102—4
Russell	21112—5	Fehrman	11122—5
Barnard	02100—2	Young	22100—3
Comley	12111—5	Nusley	00111—3
Workman	00w —0	Hicks	11221—5
Palmer	22*22—4	Steiger	01112—4
R Kuss	22022—4		

Second 5-bird event:

Palmer	20221—4	Hicks	11211—5
Comley	21111—5	Russell	01111—4

Eureka Gun Club.

The next regular live-bird contest of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, will take place at Watson's Park on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 17, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Chicago Challenge Trophy.

The trustees of the Chicago challenge trophy have decided that E. S. Rice, holder, shall shoot with E. C. Rice, challenger, at the next contest. The date and handicap have not as yet been decided upon, but it is expected to take place the first of the week following Watson's tournament, and most likely on Dec. 20 or 21.

A. C. PATERSON.

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 6.—A private live-bird match was held to-day at Mr. Sidel's grounds, at Bernhardt's Station, near the city, between Robert Welsh and Yale Dolan, of Philadelphia, on one side, and Midget and Hunter on the other team. Each man shot at 50 live birds, $100 a side. The Philadelphians allowed their opponents to stand at 28yds., while they shot from 30yds. The birds were a fair lot of flyers, the majority being right-quarter birds. Messrs. Welsh and Dolan shot a very fine race, and made some fine kills with the second barrel. The match had been arranged to be shot between Welsh and Dolan and Midget and Coldren, but at the end of the 18th round, after missing 4, Coldren, who was not feeling well, retired and Hunter took his place. Coldren is a very good live-bird shot, but has not had very much practice this year, and was off considerable, and handicapped by not feeling well he decided to withdraw. The invited guests occupied the shooting house, as it was cold outdoors. Before the match several sweeps were shot off, the scores of which follow:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $5 entrance: Welsh, 30yds., 10; Midget, 28yds., 8; Coldren, 28yds., 6; Dolan, 30yds., 10; Hunter, 28yds., 9.

No. 2, 10 live birds, $5 entrance: Midget, 28yds., 9; Dolan, 30yds., 9; Coldren, 28yds., 7; eWlsh, 30yds., 10; Hunter, 28yds., 10.

Mr. Chas. W. Bechtel, of this city, officiated as referee; Oliver A. Tilton being in charge of the traps, while Duster officiated as scorer. The score of the team race follows:

Midget, 28.....0212212221*1122212221211122112222*2122122222220111—46
Dolan, 30.....2110212221221122*122122222122122222221 1*212122112—47
Coldren, 28.....202221122*111*212* w
Hunter, 28.....21222222211212*21220121222*11222 —42
Welsh, 30.....1112111211112112111201212211121122*1122111121222222—48

No birds: Midget 2, Hunter 1, Dolan 1, Welsh 1.

A 25-bird match followed the big match between Dolan and Midget, Dolan winning by killing 24 to Midget's 21. The score follows:

Dolan, 30.....2211112121212122121212121*1—24
Midget, 28.....1222212*12*2212*111212110—21

Dec. 10.—Several of the members of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held a practice shoot to-day, good scores being made. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	25
Ball	8	5	4	8	22	Yost	..	..	..	..	19
Mathias	5	6	7	2	..	Geo Miller	..	..	..	..	12
Gerhart	6	5	8	5	..	Texter	7	8	7	..	..

The management of the big Reading handicap, to be held at Reading, Pa., Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1899, has decided instead of having class shooting, have the prizes go to the three high guns, if not over sixteen entries are received, and if seventeen entries are received have four high guns..

The Reading handicap is at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, $150 guaranteed, $75 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third high guns. If two entries are received over fifteen then $20 will be added to fourth high gun, after which all the entrance money will be added, 40, 30, 20 and 10, to the above prizes. Handicaps from 26 to 30yds. Entries should be sent to Arthur A. Fink, manager, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa., and should be accompanied by $2.50 forfeit. Entries close Jan. 17, after which shooters can enter up to 12 A. M. on day of shoot, but will have to shoot scratch or 30yds.:

The event will be held at the Stony Creek shooting grounds, easily reached from Reading by taking the electric car with the red flag going east on Penn street, and runs direct to the grounds. These grounds are new and are well adapted for live-bird shooting. All shooters are invited to enter, no person barred. Any information wanted can be had by addressing the manager, Arthur A. Fink.

Norristown, Pa., Dec. 10.—The University of Pennsylvania Gun Club, of Philadelphia, defeated the Penn Club, the crack organization of this town, by one bird, on the locals' field to-day. Both teams were remarkably weak on this occasion. Each man shot at 25 bluerocks. The score was as follows:

Penn Club—J. R. Yost, captain, 14, Cassell 19, Jenkins 15, Franklin 16, Ritter 15, Smith 23, Dotterer 10, Johnson 18,—149.

University of Pennsylvania—Parish 15, Nealson 19, Singer 21, Paul 19, Weaver 12, Swain 14, Freed 20, Baldwin 11, Steele 19—150.

West Chester, Dec. 8.—The Florist Gun Club, of Philadelphia, defeated the West Chester Gun Club to-day in an interesting match on the home grounds this afternoon, this being the deciding match of a series of three. Scores:

Team shoot, Florist vs. West Chester, 25 targets per man, teams of eleven men each:

Florist—Engle 20, Reid 20, Ball 16, Landis 22, Jones 10, Harris 17, McAhee 20, Dorp 16, Cartledge 23, Bell 21, Anderson, captain, 22—207.

West Chester—Devoe 17, Peters 20, Sellers 19, Griffith 19, Lumis 15, Green 18, Hoar 16, Ford 21, Brinton 13, Torp 19, Foulke, captain, 21—198.

DUSTER.

Kling—McKann.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 3.—The Elliott-Smith match was to have been shot here to-day, but was postponed on account of the illness of Elliott. Kling and McKann shot a match at 50 birds for the price of the birds, which resulted as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Kling.....2 2 2 2 0 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1
2 0 0 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—44

McKann.....2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 * 2 2 1
1 1 * 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2—45

Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Dec. 6.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held its shoot on the Duck Farm Hotel grounds to-day. Two target events and one live-bird event were shot. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets:

Brey	0100110111011111011110110—17
Acker	0001000010101101000010010— 8
Rerig	1010010110111100111011011—16
Hohe	0110011001110010001101001—12
S Weiler	1101111011100011100100011—15
Griesemer	1111110100011100110100110—15

No. 2, 25 targets:

Brey	1111111110111111111111010—22
Acker	1100111000110110100100001—12
Rerig	0111111110011011011111101—19
Hohe	1011101000110001101000101—12
A Weiler	1101101110010110010100111—15
Kramlich	1111011110010111101110011—18

No. 3, 8 live birds:

J Weiler	11101110—6	Acker	01111011—6
Rerig	11111111—8	A Weiler	11011100—5
Griesemer	01100011—4	S Weiler	11101111—7

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 8.—Following scores are from the Audubon Gun Club's regular club shoot. No. 3 was the club badge shoot. Warren, C. S. Burkhardt and B. Talsma tied for Class A badge; Warren won in shoot-off. E. N. McCarney won Class B, and U. E. Storey won Class C. The attendance was small to-day, owing to the stormy weather. After the club programme was shot to-day there was a match shoot at live birds between R. H. Hebard and E. C. Burkhardt, conditions of which were 25 live birds, 27yds. rise, use of one barrel only. The race was very exciting throughout, and was won by E. C. Burkhardt, who scored 19 dead to 17 for Hebard. The feature of next Saturday's shoot will be the R. H. Hebard event.

At a special meeting of the club, held at their club rooms Saturday evening, the date was fixed for the New York State shoot of 1899, which will be held under their auspices; the date chosen was the week of June 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	*	25	5p	Targets:	15	15	*	25	5p
C Burkhardt	11	14	20	18	7	Kerew	..	11	18	..	5
Talsma	11	..	20	21	..	R H Hebard	..	6	..	23	..
E Burkhardt	8	8	16	20	..	Warren	..	13	19	..	4
Walker	9	8	16	22	5	U E Storey	..	..	23	..	8
Fanning	14	13	21	23	6	Porter	..	..	17	..	6
J J Reid	12	12	16	20	..	McCarney	..	..	21	..	5
Jacobs	..	12	16	..	..						

* Badge.

CHAS. J. MOYER.

Yachting.

APROPOS of the recent discussion as to the capabilities of small yachts, there is probably no other question in yachting which is so generally misunderstood as that of the value of overhangs vs. plumb ends. In the course of the discussion which we reprinted from the Field, all shades of opinion have been expressed for or against overhangs; the arguments in most cases being based on very insufficient premises. The main trouble is the lack of any recognized standard for the comparison of size or bulk, in default of which most yachtsmen resort to either load waterline or over all length as the one true basis. Whatever standard may be the proper one for racing yachts, when it comes to cruising no mere length measurement is of any value. Probably the best standard for the comparison of size of cruising craft is the actual bulk of the hull below the deck, not mere displacement, but including top sides as well as under-water body. The letter of Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, published last week, is in our opinion the best discussion of the overhang question which has yet appeared. To us the matter of designing a seagoing vessel of any given cubic capacity is really a simple one. The essentials are first moderate proportions of beam and length, good depth if the waters allow it, and ample displacement. With the midship section resulting from reasonable beam, depth of hold and displacement, the amount of overhang at each end is practically self-regulating through the bow-buttock lines; these carried out fairly and naturally will give in almost every case a form well fitted for seagoing. The designer should not be cramped on the one hand by the necessity of cutting off the ends square to fit a fixed over all length, nor on the other should he be compelled to force the buttock lines into long flat and weak overhangs. By the method here outlined, he can produce, on a given cubic capacity, a vessel of good proportions, and of a graceful and natural form; well fitted to ride a sea. Of all types adaptable to seagoing use, the one pointed out by natural selection is the double end whale or surf boat type, with moderate overhangs forward and aft.

By Candle Light in New York.

Owing to an accident to city gas mains, and a consequent stopping of the type machines, several articles in this issue have been put to press by candle light with proofs uncorrected.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

special general meeting of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound was held on Dec. 12 at the Windsor Hotel, New York, to hear the reports of the executive committee in the matter of scantling regulations. There were present representatives of eleven clubs out of the twenty-two composing the Association. The report, as given below, was read and adopted, being favorably discussed, but it was decided to submit it to the Association before final action. The tables accompanying the report will be printed and sent out at once, and a general meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 20, at which final action will be taken. As this is a very important matter ,it is desirable that every club be fully represented at the meeting, which is open to all individual members of the Association, as well as to the representatives.

Special Report of the Executive Committee, Dec. 12, 1898.

At a special general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, held on Nov. 3, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the executive committe be instructed to prepare a scheme of restrictions as to scantling, construction, etc., for all classes from 30ft. downward, to the end of establishing cruising classes as distinct from racing classes, and that the committee shall report to a special meeting of the Association at the earliest possible date.

A special meeting of the committee was held on the following Monday, and meetings have been held regularly every week up to the present time; while specific portions of the work have been intrusted to different members, to be done by them in the intervals. In the absence of the chairman, Mr. Cromwell, Mr. C. E. Pierce was chosen acting chairman, and Mr. C. H. Crane appeared as proxy for Mr. Cromwell.

In undertaking this task the committee is fully impressed with the importance of the work at the present time. During the past two seasons there has been very little building in the regular classes of the Association, and but ilttle racing; this condition being due to two distinct sets of causes, those directly pertinent to yachting, and those foreign to it, such as the war and the general condition of business. There is now every promise of a change for the better in these external conditions, and of a strong reaction in yachting from the dullness and depression of the past season; and if a reasonable amount of improvement can be made in the immediate conditions affecting building and racing, a new era of active sport may be looked for.

The first question confronting the committee was that of the amount of consideration to be accorded to the existing fleet in framing new rules. On the one hand, the futility of marring new legislation by compliance with the demands of old and outclassed yachts has been demonstrated time without number; and on the other it is evident that under the most favorable conditions it cannot be expected that new classes will be built up in one or two seasons. For the coming season at least, the clubs must depend on the yachts already built rather than on those which may be built, for ful lentry lists.

While the first effort of the committee has been toward the improvement of yachts yet to be built, it has at the same time endeavored to make all changs as easy as possible for the owners of existing yachts; and to afford to them as many inducements as possible to resume racing.

An examination of the Sound fleet as it exists to-day, outside of the special classes, will show that the "vested interests' 'are represented almost entirely by yachts that are both outclassed in measurement and so far below a fair standard of modern design and construction as to have no longer a chance of success against a yacht just built to the limit of the class, even though it be a wholesome and well-constructed craft, and not a racing machine.

In accordance with the sentiment expressed at the general meeting, the committee determined at the outset to arrang the racing fleet in two divisions, one to include yachts built exclusively for racing, with the object of developing the highest possible absolute speed in each class; the other to include yachts which, while as fast as possible, and fully capable of affording exciting sport, shall at the same time be strong enough for safety under all conditions, and for a permanent life of some years; and also fitted in dimensions and general arrangement for all-round use in everyday sailing and cruising rather than for match sailing alone.

It is not the intention of the committee to suggest such legislation as will make slow yachts win from fast ones; but rather such as will draw a fair line between extreme speed, regardless of all other qualities, and such a high speed as may be had to-day with good design and construction in a vessel that honestly deserves the name of yacht. That this is perfectly practicable is shown in the success of the Boston knockabout class, in which yachts built under wholesome restrictions are not only far removed from the "tub" cruiser, but are second in speed only to the latest racing machines.

The name "racing division" naturally suggests itself for the unlimited racing yachts; but thus far no suitable term has been suggested for the other; and the committee has been forced to resort to the use of the inadequate one of "cruising division" until a better one may be found in some one word, which will express the idea of a fast but serviceable yacht, adapted for the joint ends of class racing and general use.

As a practical starting point in establishing rules and classes for the latter division, a list was made out of the yachts which have raced in the regular classes on Long Island Sound in 1897-8. This list, in which are not included the special 30ft., the knockabout and the 20 and 15ft. Seawanhaka classes, numbers about 100 yachts of from 36ft. R. M. down to 20ft. Of these, but half a dozen were built within the past two years, and hardly more than a dozen can be classed as up-to-date, and with a fair show of winning in their respective classes. Most of the mare outclassed in measurement, and only start when they find a few of their own kind at the line, and they would no tstart if confronted with a new yacht, even though she were of wholesome type and construction.

As the classes have gradually grown up on the Sound, there are now a number, but many of them with very few yachts. It is evident that successful racing depends on exactly the reverse of these conditions, viz., a moderate number of classes and a large number o fyachts in each class. With the above mentioned list as a guide, the committee has endeavored to build up and strengthen those classes, which have proved their popularity by the number of yachts built to them; and on the other hand, it is recommended that such classes as now exist on paper, but which can show no better reason for such existence than a few outclassed yachts, be discontinued.

Before taking up the subject of scantling in detail of parts and sizes, it was obviously necessary to settle upon the classes to which the proposed restrictions should apply. The present classes of the Association are 30ft., 25ft., 21ft. and 18ft. by the Seawanhaka rule; the latter two having recently been changed from 20ft. and 15ft. respectively. It is now so generally recognized that this rule, including only two factors of speed, length and sail area, does not meet the requirements of modern yachting in producing a yacht of reasonably large displacement and accommodation, that the committee was reluctant to recomment its continued use as the basis of a new and very important step in yachting legislation.

The alternatives, as summed up and carefully considered, were three: 1st, to adopt for these classes the new rule in which girth is a factor, as recently adopted for the larger classes; 2d, to propose another new formula tending to produce yachts of greater displacement; 3d, to extend the system of arbitrary and fixed restrictions now in use in the knockabout classes to cover the regular classes.

The first alternative, the adoption of the girth rule, was rejected for the reason that from all that the committee has been able to learn of the opinions and wishes of the Sound yachtsmen, the new rule will not be acceptable for building in the smaller classes; and also its adoption would involve much labor in the remeasurement of existing yachts. The second alternative, of a new formula, is not practicable, as it would only further complicate the measurement question to put still another rule in opposition to the one just adopted ,and as yet untried in the larger classes.

At one point in its deliberations, the committee had practically decided upon recommending a system of restricted classes in the cruising division, and the details of the necessary restrictions were carefully discussed. Mr. F. B. Jones visited Boston on behalf of the committee, and was present at the meeting of the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, while similar restrictions were under consideration. It was proposed to establish classes with fixed limitations to waterline, sail area, ballast, and other of the more important factors of advantage, with more stringent cabin restrictions. One advantage of this plan would be that the special knockabout classes of 21ft. and 25ft. l.w.l. could be assimilated with the regular classes, thus much simplifying the racing and producing fewer and stronger classes. It would also be of mutual advantage if the two associations of Boston and New York could be drawn more closely together through increased uniformity of rules.

When it came to the question of actual details, it was evident that to secure satisfactory results in establishing the necessary maximum and minimum limits of ballast, beam, sail, etc., for both keel and centerboard types in the same classes, was a task that could only be dealt with by experts, who would devote much time and labor to it. Apart from there being no one at hand to do this work voluntarily, the necessity for immediate action, and the length of time required for the preparation of such a scheme of restrictions in addition to the scantling, made it impossible to carry out this method.

As a last resort, the committee has been compelled to recommend the retention of the present rule, as involving the least possible disturbance to racing. There is good reason to anticipate a general revival of yachting in the season of 1899, in which racing will have its share. Any material alteration of the rules is certain to have a deterrent eect on the racing for the following season, and under present conditions might lead to a repetition of the experiences of the past year.

If it had been possible to find a new rule of any kind which promised positively to attain the ends generally recognized as desirable, the production of yachts fitted for both racing and general use, the committee would not have hesitated to recommend its adoption, at whatever temporary cost. The three alternatives alrady outlined are at best but experiments whose success is doubtful, and each of them involves a serious disturbance of the familiar measurements, class limits and methods which is certain to operate disadvantageously at the present time in confusing yachtsmen and discouraging entries. In retaining the old rule, all this, at least, is avoided; and there is also good reason to anticipate that the new measures here proposed, the isolation of the extreme racing yachts, the imposition of scantling restrictions, and the revision of the cabin requirements, will all act strongly to improve the type built under the rule.

The committee then recommends the following classes by the present rule.

Cruising Division.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—Cabin—30ft. class, 25ft. class. Open—21ft. class, 18ft. class.

Catboats.—Cabin.—30ft. class, 25ft. class, 21ft. class.

In order to qualify for any of these classes a yacht must conform to the standard Table of Scantlings and to the Cabin Restrictions.

A yacht which does not comply with the scantling and cabin restrictions may sail in the racing division of her class, under the above class limits.

In view of the possible objection that by this plan the number of classes and prizes is doubled, it may be pointed out that there is very little probability of both divisions of each class filling. A fair trial of the unlimited racing division and the restricted cruising division, side by side, is likely to prove that but one of them will attract the favor and support of owners. While it will be desirable for the present to offer prizes for yachts in each division in a class, when they come to the line in such numbers as to justify it; the matter is after all a mere question of the survival of the fittest, which may be left to settle itself.

In taking up the question of construction, the committee referred at the start to the work done last year for the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, by W. P. Stephens. The conditions and the end in view were practically the same as in the present case; from such information as the committee has been able to obtain, the table has proved satisfactory, and it is approved by such designers as have had occasion to become familiar with it. The compilation of a new table would involve a great deal of labor, and would inevitably delay matters for some weeks more; and under the circumstances the committee is well satisfied to recommend this table to the Association. At its request, Mr. Stephens has revised the figures to fit the altered class limits recommended in this report, which are different from those of the lakes, and they have been extended to cover the smallest class.

The dimensions as given in the table are based on actual practice, as shown in modern yachts of good construction; and it is believed that they represent as fully as possible a desirable point of compromise between lightness and strength. In laying down restrictions of this kind, while it is desirable to avoid unnecessary complication, it is at the same time absolutely necessary to specify every essential. In order to carry out the intent of the Association, as expressed in the resolution, and to protect to the fullest extent those who build honestly in this spirit, it has seemed necessary to approach the extreme of complication, rather than the reverse, of few and simple requirements, which may be filled literally and at the same time evaded in spirit.

The Committee recognized fully that a table of this kind is based on an assumption which is by no means correct viz., that the same dimensions and disposition of parts are equally applicable to all types of yachts. On this point it may be said that, as it is manifestly impossible to arrange special tables for each possible type; the present one has been based mainly on that general type which has always been largely in the majority in the cabin classes, the moderately wide and deep keel and centerboard.

Assuming that the table is correct as far as it goes, there are several secondary points connected with it. In the first palce, there will be found some existing yachts whose scantlings do not comply with those laid down, but which are of heavy construction and ample strength as tested by use. These should be admitted to their proper classes. It may in time prove necessary that some provision be made for an inspection of yachts under contsruction, in order that some provision be made for an inspection of yachts under construction, in order to guarantee that they are built in accordance with the table; and also to take some means to ensure that after being thus built, yachts shall be maintained fully up to the required standard. It would obviously destroy the entire effect of the rule if a yacht after her first season were allowed to plane down her deck and planking and to cut away other members to gain an advantage in weight.

There will in time be the question of approved methods of construction other than the particular one dealt with in the present table, such as steel, aluminum and composite. In the opinion of the committee, the work which it now presents, though all that has been possible at the present time is but the beginning of a very extensive scheme, which can only be perfected by continual care and labor in the future.

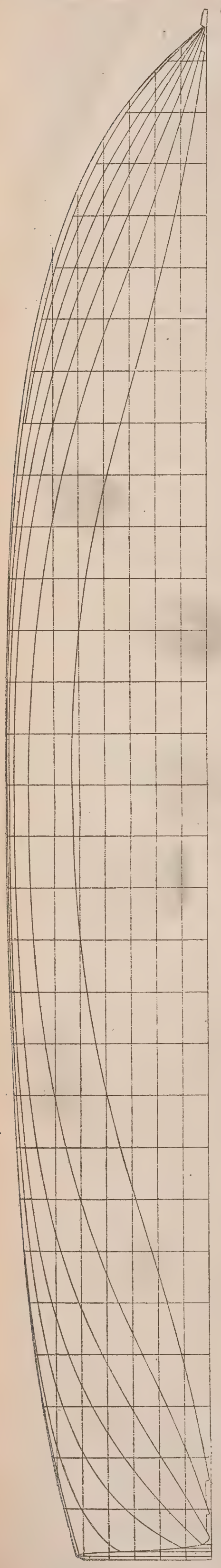
The two subjects of the restriction of the Knockabout classes and the cabin requirements for the regular classes have been carefully considered, and the committee presents new limits which it considrs desirable. They have ben drawn as far as possible in conformity with those of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, which has, with the Boston Knockabout Association, given much attention to these matters.

At the general meeting of Nov. 3 the Association voted to adopt for the classes of 34ft. and over the rule recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of North America. At the present time there is a decided difference of opinion as to the merits of this rule in producing a yacht of greater internal capacity than that of late resulting from the old rule. This question can only be settled by the practical test of designing and building and racing under the rule; and it is highly desirable that such a test be made at once. The new 36ft. class offers a most favorable opportunity for such a test, and the committee would urge that every effort be made by the clubs of the Association toward building up this class for the coming season. The class permits a yacht of about 30ft. l.w.l., of any type, from the cruiser of full section to the fin-keel, according to the preference of the owner. It is as yet very far from certain which type will win, or in fact whether any one type will win in all conditions of racing. Those who desire to build a yacht of some living accommodation and yet to race her regularly, can find in this class at least a good fighting chance. In order to induce the building up of this class, the committee has extended the table of scantling to include it; so that those building may at least be sure of a strong and durable yacht with a permanent sale value, and not a mere racing shell. The cost of building a 36-footer, even for a first-class craft, is by no means excessive; if the class is taken up in time by the Association and the clubs, there will be a certainty of good class racing through the next season; and until more is known of the practical working of the rule, there is at least a fair sporting chance of prizes for each type of yacht.

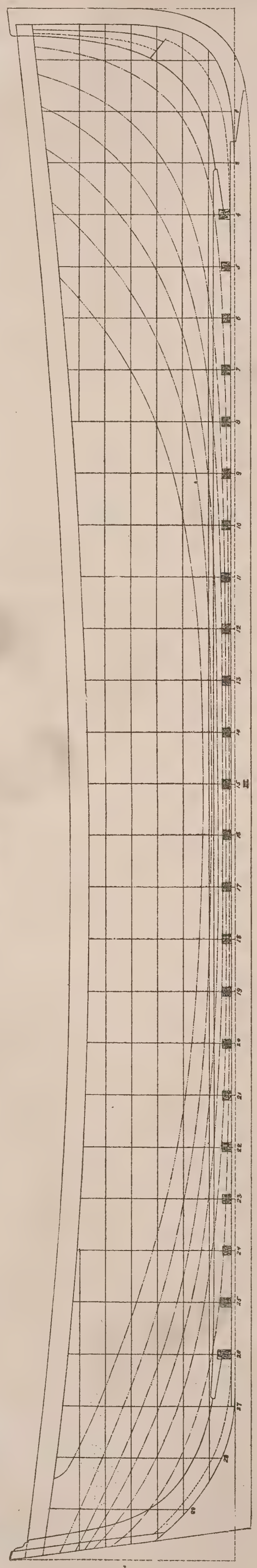
It may not be out of place to say that any early premonitions on the part of the committee as to the amount of the work involved in carrying out the resolution of the Association have been more than realized; and at the same time the committee cannot feel that it has been able to complete the task in a manner which is thoroughly satisfactory to itself.

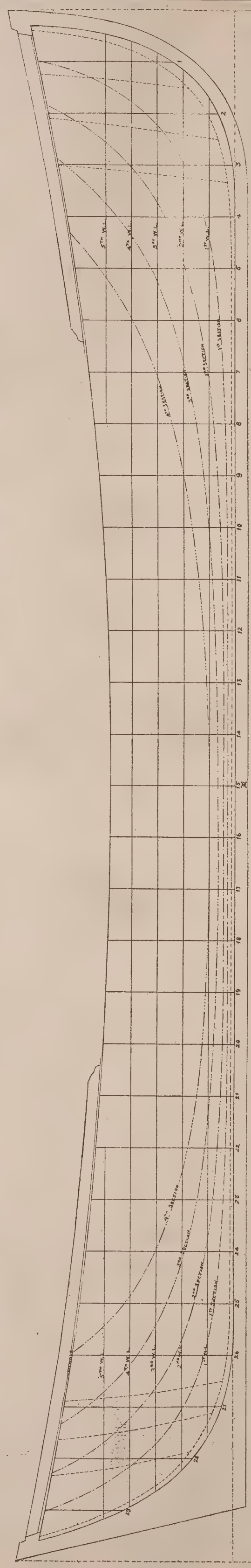
The committee is impressed with the truth that the results of legislation are not of necessity dependent entirely upon the actual details of the laws, but upon the spirit with which they are accepted and obeyed. There is, at the present time, a geneal desire to establish yacht racing upon a more satisfactory basis than it has occupied for some years past. Whether this can be done depends not alone on the rules, but on the spirit of the yachting community. If the yachtsmen of Long Island Sound will individually accept the rules and display a proper sporting spirit in building new yachts or racing their old ones if at all possible next season; and in the endeavor to improve and strengthen the rules by interpreting them in the spirit of true sport, rather than in destroying them by at once pushing them to the most extreme limit of the letter, the results can hardly fail to be satisfactory, both in the present and the future.

Respectfully submitted, C. T. PIERCE, Acting Chairman C. P. TOWER, Sec'y, E. BURTON HART, F. BOWNE JONES, O. CHELBORG, W. P. STEPHENS.

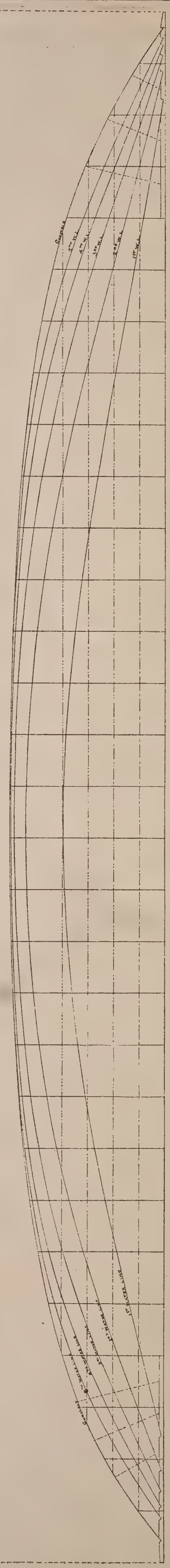


THIRTY-FOOT CUTTER.





THIRTY-FOOT WHALEBOAT GIG.



The Standard Navy Boats.

By Arthur B. Cassidy, Esq , Member Society Nav. Arch. and Marine Eng.

The design of small boats for the navy has been a problem which the naval constructors have been obliged to solve under circumstances somewhat similar to those affecting the designs of ships for the special purposes intended, and under many conflicting and limiting conditions.

The necessities of special cases of boat design are illustrated by the dory of the New England fisherman, a light, handy craft of good freeboard and great carrying capacity. The average "banker" carries about a dozen dories, snugly nested by removal of the thwarts. Each boat is handled by two men, and will carry on a draft of 12in. from 1,500 to 2,000lbs.

The New Bedford whale-boat, famous for its speed, lightness and capacity. is an easy pulling boat, with considerable sheer and sharp lines. The bow and stern are alike, so that the boat will work quickly in either direction, and there is considerable curvature in stem and stern post, so that it can be turned quickly by the boat steerer with his long steering oar, and thus escape the fury of the whale. The boat is usually fitted with a small sail and centerboard, carries a crew of seven or eight; five or six at the oars, a boat header and boat steerer, with all the necessary gear, harpoons, lances, tubs containing whale lines, etc. Each whaler usually carries about two spare boats, and in her complement of boats has more than enough capacity to easily carry all the crew.

The surf boat is one with great sheer, full forward and after body, quick rise of keel forward and aft. A surf boat that has received great praise in the navy is the Ranger boat, built at Mare Island, for use on the survey of the coast of Mexico and Central America.

The racing cutter or barge, built sharp and light as possible, is intended for racing in smooth water.

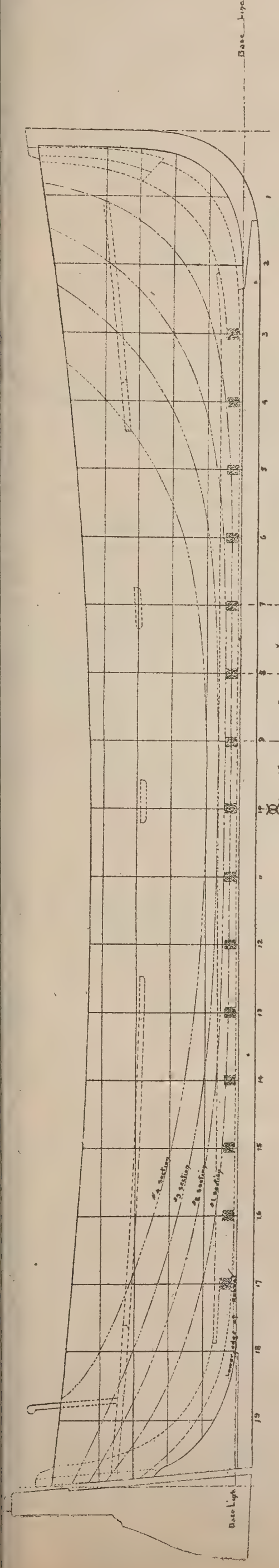
The light steam and naphtha launches, which are so popular along our coast in sheltered waters, are built as light as possible, and with their limited crew serve their purpose admirably as pleasure craft in smooth water.

In each of the cases cited the boat fulfills its purpose, but would be comparatively worthless if its use was attempted in any other class than that for which it was intended.

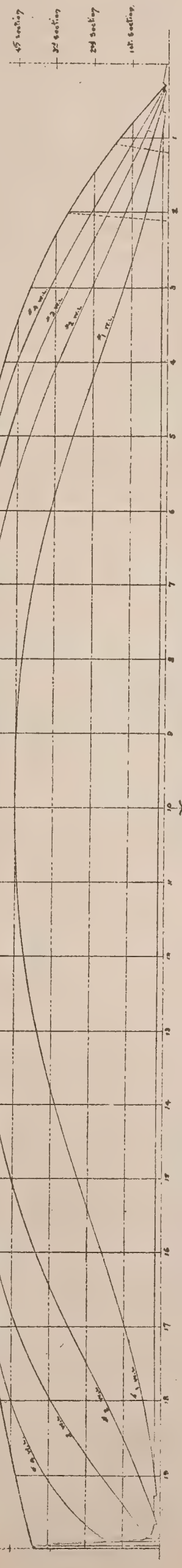
As in each of the above mentioned cases, so in the navy, must the boats be designed for their specific purpose. They must be strong enough to stand rough usage in rough water. They must be stable under sail or oars, have great carrying capacity, and must be as light as is consistent with the necessary strength. The steam cutters must have the power and strength of construction to not only carry their own load of officers and men, ranging from 60 in the 40ft. steam cutters to 35 in the 28ft., but must be able to tow all the other boats of the vessel, loaded to their capacity.

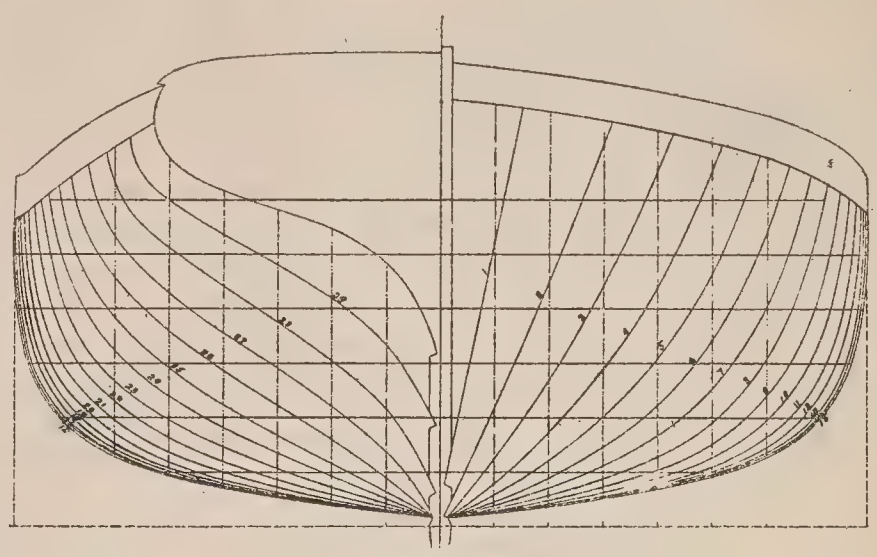
As the usual space on naval vessels for the stowage of boats is limited, the number of boats that can be carried is also limited, so that in abandoning ship, when each man has his allotted place in a boat, there is not much spare room, as the boats, besides their human freight, must carry the requisite amount of provisions and water. Then

Plate 7.

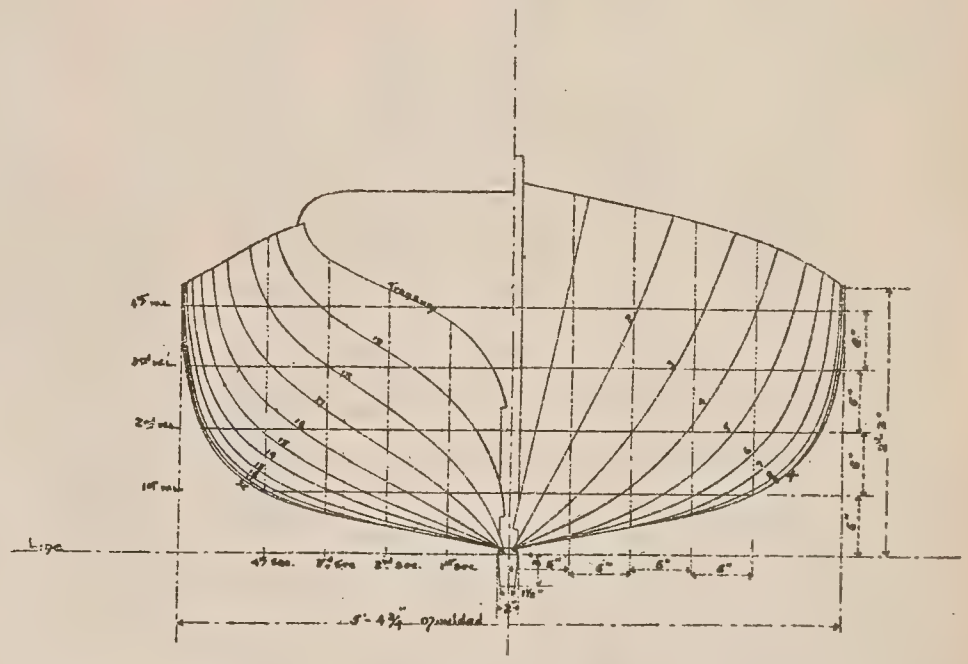


TWENTY-FOOT DINGHY.



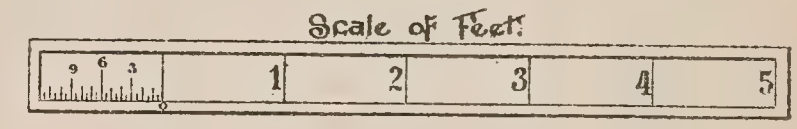


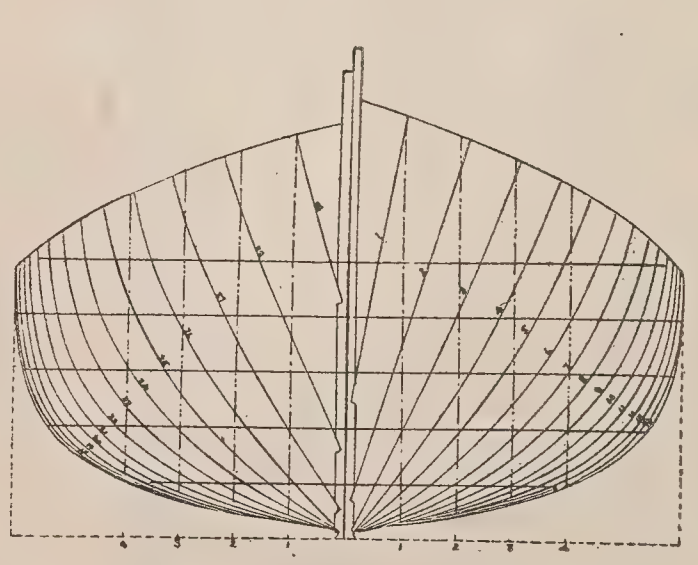
30FT. CUTTER.



20-FT. DINGHY—LINES.

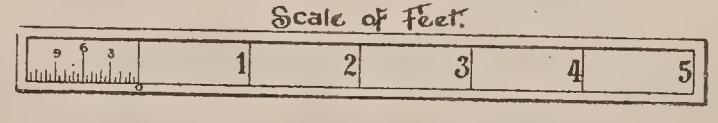
Scale of Feet.





30-FT. GIG WHALEBOAT—LINES.

Scale of Feet.



VAN NOSTR PETERS CO. PHOTO-LITHO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

again, in landing parties, the men and equipments make a heavy load to carry, possibly through surf, to the shore, and with the banging upon the shore require good, solid construction to stand the strain.

It is impossible to make the boats, in all their details, satisfactory to every one, but it is believed that the present types, which have been adopted as the standard of the navy, more nearly fulfill all requirements and are more satisfactory to the majority of naval officers than any previous designs. These standard boats are not of an immediate growth, but are the result of experience of many years of actual service, and much time and thought by many men.

An order was issued by the department April 1, 1870, relative to establishing uniformity in the size of boats. The vessels were classified, and a table prepared by Mr. John Lenthall, then Chief Constructor of the Navy, giving the size of boats that should be carried by each vessel, and also establishing the proportion of breadth and depth to the length, ranging from .282 of the length for breadth, and .4 of breadth for depth in launches, to .21 of the length for breadth and .39 of breadth for depth in whaleboats.

While this classified the boats as far as principal dimensions were concerned, there was no limit to the form of the boats, and in many cases the desire of the commanding officers, to have their boats faster than the boats of some other vessel, led to the construction of some tender boats entirely unfitted for naval use.

When it was determined by the present chief constructor to standardize the boats, the best boats in use were selected as the basis of the designs; the boats were studied for improvements, and the opinion of many officers afloat was sought.

One point upon which all were united was, that the boats should have more carrying capacity. The principal difference of opinion was on the question of rig; about 75 per cent. of the officers were in favor of the sliding gunter; the remainder in favor of the standing lug.

In the compilation of the standard designs, the classes were first determined. The classes and principal dimensions are shown in the accompanying table:

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS AND WEIGHT OF STANDARD BOATS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

	Principal Dimensions.			Weight.	
Type of Boat.	Length extreme. Ft. In.	Breadth extreme. Ft. In.	Depth* from top of gunwale to lower edge of rabbet. Ft. In.	Hull. Lbs.	Total including outfit. Lbs.
Steam cutters	40.00	9.00	4.7½	8,064	10,642
	36.00	8.09	4.06	7,148	15,719
	33.00	8.07	4.05	5,120	12,768
	30.00	8.00	4.02	4,763	10,631
	28.00	7.08	4.00⅞	3,692	8,889
Launches	33.00	9.03	3.08	4,359	6,733
	30.00	8.60	3.05	2,705	4,769
	27.00	7.05	2.08	2,150	3,471
Cutters	30.00	8.00	2.10	2,219	3,384
	28.00	7.05	2.08	1,872	2,808
	26.00	6.11	2.06	1,585	2,460
	24.00	6.06	2.06	1,100	1,919
Barge	30.00	6.11	2.08	1,712	2,767
Whale-boats	30.00	6.10	2.05	1,670	2,537
	29.00	6.08	2.05	1,463	2,474
	28.00	6.06	2.05	1,388	2,344
	24.00	5.11¼	2.02½	1,050	1,781
Gig whale boats	30.00	6.02	2.05	1,375	2,238
	28.00	6.00	2.05	1,123	2,014
Dinghies	20.00	5.06	2.02	700	1,134
	18.00	5.04	2.01	516	950
	16.00	4.06	1.10	291	617
	14.00	4.04	1.08	286	537

*Note.—In case of Steam Cutters this heading should read—Depth from top of deck to lower edge of rabbet.

The essential qualities of a design for naval boats should be classed as follows: 1st, safety; 2d, weight; 3d, comfort; 4th, speed.

In order to secure the first element, safety, the boat must be of such form as to give stability, both under oars and sail. It must have strength to stand the strains of heavy weather, the rough usage which they sometimes receive when being hoisted and lowered, and must be able to stand considerable banging against the vessel, the wharf, or a float, and the shock of grounding on a beach when landing with an expedition. The boats should have capacity to carry, in addition to their regular crew and stores, as large a number of men as possible, and they must have the form and a sufficient freeboard to be weatherly under sail in rough water, and to be able to carry as dry as possible her crew, the additional number of men allotted to the boat in abandoning ship, and provisions and water for her complement. The capacity in men, weight of provision and water, and the freeboard of the standard boats, is as follows:

Type of Boat.	Maximum number of men boat will carry.	Weight of provisions and water.	Freeboard with maximum number of men and provisions.
		Lbs.	Ft. In.
Steam cutters	40.00	60	600	1.09¼
	36.00	53	530	1.09⅛
	33.00	48	480	1.09¼
	30.90	40	400	1.08⅝
	28.00	35	350	1.07⅝
Launches	33.00	64	640	1.10¼
	30.00	50	500	1.09¼
	28.00	40	400	1.01¼
Cutters	30.00	45	450	1.04
	28.00	40	400	1.02¾
	26.00	30	300	1.00
	24.00	28	280	1.00
Barge	30.00	38	380	1.00⅛
Whale-boats	30.00	28	280	1.01¾
	29.00	25	250	1.00⅜
	28.00	22	220	1.01⅜
	24.00	18	180	.....
Gig whale-boats	30.00	20	200	1.02½
	28.00	16	160	1.02½
Dinghies	20.00	12	120	1.02¼
	18.00	10	100	1.00½

As the boats must be strong, and scantlings made as light as possible, careful workmanship is insisted upon, in order that all the parts of the boat may be properly joined together.

While it is not intended to encourage extravagance, it is insisted that every appointment shall be strong, neat, and symmetrical without regard to expense.

The practice is to have all frames made of white oak, steamed and bent. In many cases where these frames have been made from flitches, or the natural crook, they have not stood the strain of a sudden shock, have broken from the blast of a gun, or the swinging of the boat against the vessel or wharf.

The keels, stem, sternposts, keelsons, frames, risings, footlings and wash strakes are built of white oak, the plank of white cedar, the thwarts of white ash, and the boats are copper-fastened throughout. The hanging bolts are of galanized iron, and are strongly riveted over washers or plates in the stem, keel, or stern-post. All metal fittings of the boats are of brass.

A change has recently been made in the stern benches, slatted seats being used in place of the flat bench, thus giving an easy shaped seat, similar to park benches, upon which a person can more easily sit when the boat is in motion, and also insure a comparatively dry seat at all times; it is also intended to replace the cumbersome cushions.

The barges and gigs are always finished in mahogany, the back board being curved and carved with an appropriate design.

The whale-boats and gig whale-boats are fitted with copper tanks under the bow and stern sheets, and at the sides under the thwarts, to make them better lifeboats.

The 30ft. whaleboat has a tank capacity of 14 cubic feet. The steam cutters are also fitted with copper tanks; the 40ft. steam cutter has, including a water-tight compartment at the bow, 62.3 cubic feet.

Of the fittings of the boats, the greatest difficulty has been with the detaching apparatus of lifeboats. Many kinds have been used, and failures to work at the proper time have been noted. The automatic releasing hook is now being largely used in the navy. By this appliance, the boat is under control from the deck, and is rapidly lowered, and automatically released as soon as the boat touches the water.

The second element of the designs is that ever present question demanding the constant attention of the naval architect—weight.

As previously stated, the scantling is reduced as much as is consistent with the necessary strength. The designs have been studied from three points of view—safety, strength, and weight, and wherever it seemed possible to cut the weight it was done.

In the systematic arrangement of the thwarts, the bow oarsman is located far enough aft not to be cramped in his movements, and also to give a large fore sheet for all necessary purposes.

The bows have a considerable flare to make them dry, and the lines are made as sharp as possible, keeping in view the capacity required.

Under the third element of the boat designs—comfort—might be specified the slatted seats in the stern sheets of all boats except launches and dinghies. It has been the aim in the standard designs to give the crew of the boat ample room for pulling, and the thwarts have been arranged both vertically and horizontally to that end.

The element last to be considered in the navy boats is speed, and as the speed of a steam cutter is closely associated with space and weight, any attempt at anything but moderate speed could not be considered in a navy boat.

In rough waters, where the usual service of the boats would be performed, the speed ranges from eight knots in the 40ft. steam cutters to six knots in the 28ft. cutters.

Many of the crews of the old navy took a great deal of pride in their racing cutter, but in the new navy, where everything has to be well considered from many points of view, the racing cutter seems out of place. As the boats are standardized, and those of all vessels are alike, size for size, a boat race would become a question of strength and endurance, and be much more interesting than a race between two boats of unequal form.

Under sail, the boats will not be speedy, as the sail power has been purposely kept low to keep down the size of spars, and the weight of sails and spars.

In the steam cutters, the sail area is 1.75 times the area of the load waterline; in the launches, 3 times; in the cutters, whale-boats, and gig whale-boats, 2½ times; and in the dinghies, 2¼ times.

The sail area of each boat is given in the following table:

Type of Boat.		Sail area. Ft. In.	Area of load water line.	Center of effort from center of length. Ft.	Center of effort above base. Ft.
Steam cutters	40.00	372.04	212.08	on ⊠	14.58
	36.00	318.58	182.00	.127 aft.	13.5
	33.00	301.09	172.05	.046 "	13.46
	30.00	283.75	145.00	.27 "	12.64
	28.00	218.82	125.00	.207 "	11.77
Launches	33.00	505.05	168.05	on ⊠	15.04
	30.00	458.25	152.75	.298 aft.	13.9
	28.00	290.00	.....	.696 "	11.345
Cutters	30.00	315.00	126.00	.773 "	12.0
	28.00	290.00	114.75	.696 "	11.345
	26.00	240.00	94.05	.685 "	10.647
	24.00	209.00	.....	on ⊠	9.79
Barge	30.00	293.75	117.05	.41 aft.	10.7
Whale-boats	30.00	287.75	111.05	.59 "	10.37
	29.00	260.00	104.00	.52 "	10.29
	28.00	240.00	96.00	.58 "	10.08
	24.00	173.65	.....	.198 "	9.55
Gig whale-boats	30.00	236.08	94.75	.449 "	9.87
	28.00	212.05	85.00	.238 "	9.48
Dinghies	20.00	134.04	59.07	on ⊠	9.625
	18.00	126.32	56.14	.354 aft.	9.67

The life of the navy boats is comparatively short, probably averaging ten years.

One hundred boats have been built during the past year, and there are now in use in the navy about 1,000 boats of all classes.

A number of designs have been selected to illustrate the type of each class, and are shown on plates 1 to 21, inclusive.

Gilberts Bar Y. C.

Waveland, Fla., Dec. 4.—The usual monthly meeting of the Gilberts Bar Y. C. was held on Dec. 3. The race was sailed over the usual course, with a variable west wind, the result being as follows:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Albatross	1 32 44	1 32 41
Britannia	1 34 51	1 33 29
Penguin	1 33 23	1 32 33
Omega	1 33 51	1 33 51

H. E. Sewall, Com., Sewall's Point, Fla.; C. B. B. Harrison, Sec'y, Waveland, Fla.

Yacht Designing.

In spite of the favor with which the series of articles on practical designing was received by our readers, the pressure of much other work has prevented their resumption during the past year, as was originally intended. We take pleasure now in announcing that they will begin again in the first issue of 1899, and will continue as regularly as the work will permit. It is the intention to issue them in book form after completion in the paper. The portion of the subject which will be first taken up relates to drafting instruments, their practical use, and the elements of marine drafting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Barracouta, steam yacht, Edward Kelly, arrived at New York on Dec. 6, after a cruise to Porto Rico and other West Indian islands. She sailed from New York on Oct. 22, reaching San Juan on Oct. 28. The return trip began on Nov. 29, and on Dec. 4 a violent gale was encountered. The coal supply gave out before Sandy Hook was reached and the aid of a tug was required to reach the upper bay.

The Mianus Electric Co., of Mianus, Conn., is now, in addition to electrical supplies, building the Palmer gas and gasoline engines in various sizes for land and marine use. In connection with the hull department, the company building the complete yachts as well as the engines, it is now prepared to furnish frames for those who wish to build for themselves. The stem, stern-post, keel, timbers and floors are finished, fitted and marked, so that they may be readily set up after shipment. This will prove a great aid to those who wish to build, but have not the facilities for steaming, etc.

Canoeing.

The Western Canoe Association and the A. C. A.

Great interest among Western canoeists is evinced over the proposed absorption of the Western Canoe Association by the larger and older body, the A. C. A. The history of the W. C. A. for the past couple of years would indicate that it is not in an active and healthy condition. This is probably due more to the oppressively hard times of the past few years than to any other cause, but whatever be the cause the result is unavoidable and not gratifying. It must be admitted with regret that the prospect of improvement in the W. C. A. is but remote, and there seems to be quite a sentiment in favor of merging the Western organization in the older body. The following circular letter, issued by Secretary Huntington, of the W. C. A., covers these points fully. The vote is now in progress, and by the end of next month the future of the W. C. A. will be determined, one way or the other. The letter is dated at Milwaukee, Nov. 19:

A special meeting of the executive committee of the Western Canoe Association was held at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Nov. 16, for the purpose of stimulating interest in canoeing and endeavoring to revive, if possible, the Western Canoe Association.

Commodore F. S. Thorne, of the American Canoe Association, and H. C. Morse, of the executive committee, and also vice-commodore of the Central Division of that Association, were present and made a proposition to have the members of the Western Association join the American Canoe Association in a body, the same to constitute the Western Division of the American Canoe Association.

Your committee have looked at this matter in all its phases, and it is their deliberate judgment that the best interests of the W. C. A. will be served by all its members joining the A. C. A. in a body, to be designated the Western Division of the A. C. A. This will give us all the advantages to be derived from connection with the A. C. A., while our present membership and affiliations will remain practically the same.

We ask you therefore to vote on the following propositions:

1. Are you in favor of joining the A. C. A. as a member of their Western Division and turning over to that division all our Association property, such as records, cups, cannon, flags, treasury balance, etc., said property to belong to said proposed Western Division only?

2. If not, have you any suggestion to offer looking to the revival of the W. C. A.?

Please vote "Yes" or "No" on each of these propositions and send same promptly to the secretary. According to Article 1 of our by-laws only those members whose dues are fully paid are entitled to a vote on any question; be kind enough therefore to remit your dues as per inclosed notice with your vote. The constitution and by-laws of the A. C. A. are much the same as our own organization, and the dues and initiation fee are the same, viz., $1 each.

Our executive committee at their regular meeting, to be held in Milwaukee, Jan. 21, 1899, will decide the matter of joining the A. C. A. in accordance with the replies received from our members. It is necessary therefore that every member should vote on these questions, and we ask your co-operation to the extent of an immediate reply.

The Executive Committee,
By F. B. Huntington, Sec'y.
397 Broadway, Milwaukee.

Approved: N. H. Cook, Commodore, Chicago.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Carrier Pigeon NA 14695, Garden Prairie, Ill., Dec. 6.—Mr. R. O. Portee, of this place, in his barn yesterday found a carrier pigeon with the number NA 14695 on left leg and a copper band on right leg. I would like to hear from owner if he wants the bird. A. Gates White.

W. H. C., Ogdensburg, N. Y.—Will you be kind enough to tell me when deer shed their horns, and how long the velvet stays on? Ans. See article on this subject in our issue of Nov. 19, this year. In different parts of the country deer shed their horns at different times, ranging from December to February.

R. S., New Jersey.—1. Is this a good time of year to put out yearling trout? 2. Won't it be good policy to put small and big-mouthed black bass in a pond together? 3. What depth of water do bass require? 4. What depth do brook trout require? 5. Will trout and bass live together in peace? 6. Give the address of a reliable dealer in eggs, yearlings, etc. Ans. 1. Yes, from now until spring. 2. Yes; they often inhabit the same water, and if your pond or lake is not suited to the small-mouth the other will survive, as was the case at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. 3. From 6 to 20ft., with gravelly shallows to nest on. 4. From a shallow mountain stream to 20 or more feet. 5. If the water is good trout water keep bass, sunfish, chubs, and other fish out of it. Bass will destroy trout. 6. Consult our advertising columns.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S announcement of prizes for amateur photographs is given elsewhere.

For his New Year gift send him the first 1899 number of "Forest and Stream," with his name on the address label showing subscription paid to January of 1900. The remembrance will renew itself weekly fifty-two times in the year.

CHRISTMAS.

GOOD wishes and a Merry Christmas to every reader of FOREST AND STREAM, wherever he may be. Those whom the fortunes of war have taken to Porto Rico or Manila will receive our gratulations late, but they are none the less cordial.

For this Christmas of 1898 is not as those which have gone before. In many a home throughout the land the empty chair is standing, and loving, longing thoughts are turning to the isles of the sea, where, obedient to his country's call, son or brother is doing his uncomplaining duty.

In all the festivities of the season FOREST AND STREAM has surely its part to bear, for Christmas, as we know it, is in a degree a celebration of outdoor life—an expression of the reverence for the forest felt by all peoples who dwell in northern climes. It replaces in large measure the ceremonial of those ancient worshippers of the North whose temples were the old oak groves, and whose yule tide festival it is. From the mysterious recesses of that forest those early people drew their subsistance, and it is not strange that the woods were sacred to them. Of the ceremonies and beliefs of that ancient time, and of that forgotten religion, not a few still persist in England, even though much of their meaning is lost. Nor is this survival confined to the old world, for when our ancestors crossed the sea nearly 300 years ago they did not leave behind the memories of this season, so that to-day all over the land, in anticipation of Christmas, we fare forth into the forests to gather and bring home trees and plants to adorn our houses; and like our skin-clad ancestors of old we choose those of living green to typify the new birth of nature with which another season shall beautify the earth.

To these primitive ancestors the time was a sacred one just as it is to us, or as it is to some of our Indians, who, when the winter god shows his coming by the first snow, hurry from their lodges to offer gifts to him and to pray for his favor. For, notwithstanding the name it bears today, Christmas is far older than civilization; and about the Christian festival that we celebrate cluster myths and customs and beliefs that have come down to us from the remotest barbarism.

To all the world Christmas may appear with a twofold meaning. By the Latin races it may be claimed by its date and by its customs as the old Roman Saturnalia under another name, while for the descendants of the northmen it is a scarcely less direct inheritance from one of the chief festivals of an ancient religion. But to the whole Christian world Christmas shines forth with a meaning deeper and sweeter than either of these, for it signifies the renewing of what is old and worn out and dead—a new life to replace that which is spent.

Welcome, then, Christmas; less for its light-hearted merriment and the fleeting joys which it brings to the young and to the thoughtless, than for that deeper peace which its promise offers, and which is felt most strongly by those whose blood is cool and whose steps are deliberate. For all it is a season of joy, and fittingly so, though for such different reasons.

Chief among the outward symbols of the Christmas day is the tree bearing its load of gifts. Each year more and more the forests are ransacked for straight young spruces which shall satisfy the demand for Christmas trees; and along the crowded city streets rumble great truck loads of these freshly cut evergreens, whose fragrance calls back to the tired dweller among bricks and mortar fresh memories of the snowy days of his distant boyhood on the old farm. Not long ago a protest was raised against the destruction of young trees for this purpose; but he who would remove the Christmas tree would labor in vain. Christendom will not do without its Christmas trees, nor should it be asked to. Let us preserve the trees, but let this be done in the right way—a beginning be made at the right end. A tree is but a seed grown up, and we may cut down our trees as we reap our wheat, if only we will plant seeds for new trees, even as we sow grain for another crop.

In a tree the primitive savage sees something sacred. Firmly rooted in the soil, it seems to him to be a part of the sacred earth. From it he gathers food which sustains him; to its branches he hangs offerings which he makes to his gods, and when our children gather about the Christmas tree, whose branches are bending under their burden of gifts, they are but expressing, though all unconsciously, that reverence for the tree to which their forefathers gave utterance—a feeling that is latent in all humanity.

The gifts of Christmas! Who can voice the deeper meaning which belongs to them? Who can measure the thought, the care, the labor and the sacrifice of self which their preparation has entailed? If to some they represent merely the lavish expenditure of money, to the vast majority of givers they signify so real a consideration for others, so true an abnegation of self, that the sum of these sacrifices throughout the civilized world is no more to be comprehended by us than is eternity or space. And if Christmas comes but once a year, and this general thought for others is but annual, we may not doubt that each year its influence on humanity grows stronger and farther reaching, and is each year surely leading the race to follow more closely in the footsteps of Him for whom the day is named.

SNAP SHOTS.

In accordance with its time-honored custom, the FOREST AND STREAM presents to its readers a budget of good things for the Christmas week. Of illustrations, we venture to say that nothing more acceptable could have been provided than the excellent portrait of Mr. Robinson. Many thousands of people have a very warm place in the heart for this man, who through so many years has contributed to their pleasure by the graceful fancies of his pen, his rarely vivid photographic word-picturings of nature, his mother-wit, and an unfailing store of tender sentiment, whose expression finds response in the wakened chord of many a soul. The Robinson of this portrait is Robinson the writer we all know, even though for many of us this may be the first picturing of the features of the man. If we might venture to supplement the toast proposed by Dr. Morris, it would be one to Awahsoose the Bear; and to it we should expect an universal response.

The photographs of leaping salmon, by Dr. Robt. T. Morris, constitute a remarkable series of pictures. The securing of them was an achievement of which one might well be proud.

The plan of acquiring territory on Long Island for a State deer park is an admirable one, and will be likely to commend itself to citizens throughout the State. But in its original suggestion of the game park project the FOREST AND STREAM had in view only the game interests; the enterprise was not recommended for the benefit of any holders of real estate who might have land which they would dispose of for the purpose at ten times its real value, sharing the common feeling that so long as the money comes out of the public treasury it is perfectly right to get as much of it as possible, without regard to the value of what is given in exchange. If the State shall acquire a Long Island game park, the real estate part of the enterprise will probably be under the control of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, whose course with respect to the St. Lawrence River Park camp site purchases showed that land jobbing schemers would find in the Commission an insurmountable obstacle to raids on the State treasury.

It is related that Judge Forker, of Brooklyn, after having fined several culprits for robin shooting on a recent occasion, was thereafter induced by counsel for an accused Italian to take the view that robins were no longer protected on Long Island, the "five years having expired." There was no five-years law to have expired. Robins in that region are under protection as they are in the rest of the State. They come in the classification of wild birds for which no open season is provided. If the common people who own the farms and the gardens and the orchards frequented by the robins are not permitted to kill the birds, there would appear to be no good reason why strolling gunners from the cities should be given license to shoot them.

By the way, sea gulls are also among the species which the people of New York have expressed themselves as anxious to protect against the attacks of wanton bird killers; but a Long Island exchange heralds as "a feat quite rarely accomplished" the killing of fourteen sea gulls at a shot by Mr. H. Baker, of Freeport. There are people who value the sea gull as a pleasing feature in the landscape. The gulls are distinctly of value because they form such a pleasing part in the landscape; they are often the animate features of the scene which lighten it up and give grateful relief to what otherwise would be somber and uninteresting. No seashore resort can afford willingly and wittingly to dispense with this attraction of wild bird life. From this point of view then, when an unthinking gunner fires into a flock of gulls for no other reason than to brag of the numbers thus foolishly slain, his act is an outrage on the community. The laws which govern those matters are intended to discourage the perpetration of such doings by people who lack that good sense which in itself should be a deterrent force sufficiently strong to prevent the slaughter of gulls and other sea birds. If there is a game protector whose district includes Freeport, his early attention to this gull shooting incident might be effective to draw public attention to the subject in a way which would be beneficial.

By the courtesy of Mr. Fred Ireland, of the staff of official reporters of the House of Representatives, we are enabled to give in full the debate last Monday on the bill prepared by Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, to enlarge the duties and powers of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, to include in its scope the propagation and distribution of game birds. Mr. Lacey had the satisfaction of seeing his measure approved by an unanimous vote; and we assume that the Senate will concur. The bird stocking enterprises open to the National Commission are varied and generous in their scope, and if the work shall be wisely directed we may look for results with game answering in some measure to what has been accomplished in the fisheries.

The meeting of game wardens in Chicago last week to consider provisions for an uniform game and fish law for adjoining States in the Northwest is the most important meeting of its character of the year. The distinguishing characteristic of the convention was its saneness. The topics discussed were such as to require for their intelligent consideration something besides whim and impulsive ignorance. The delegates were officials of wide practical experience. The suggestion offered had grown out of this experience. We look for substantial results.

Mr. Price's "Waste of the Warp and Woof" is a story of one of the queerest customs in all hunting; and the story is told in a way well worthy the subject. From time to time we hear of the shirt penalty imposed in various parts of the South and Southwest.

Baltimore announces a sportsmen's exposition in April, to comprise a trade exhibit, a bench show, greyhound, foxhound and beagle trials, and a shooting tournament.

The distinction between skill and luck, as recognized in hunting, is this: When you make a wonderful shot, that is skill; when you miss an easy mark, that is luck.

For Christmas Reading.

Here's to Tracks!

Apparently a whole lot of people are still polyps, and I am going to watch and see if they do not multiply by fission. The discovery was made like most discoveries, rather accidentally. A copy of Mr. Thompson's beautiful book on "Wild Animals I Have Known" was left upon my office table in a conspicuous place, and this was the means for opening a new vista of vision into folks.

First, a young man convalescing from an appendicitis operation came into the office. He picked up the book and looked through it rapidly, turning certain pages sidewise and mumbling something about tracks. Then he said: "Funny, isn't it, that an author likes to illuminate a book so much with tracks." Poor fellow! thought I, a tonic will soon bring you out of this.

Then a clergyman came in and adjusted his glasses three or four times before deciding that his view of the pages was correct. "This matter of illuminating a book with tracks," said he. "Why does not an author who draws so well choose something symbolic, or at least significant?" I was not yet aroused, because there was the feeling that a man whose gaze had been steadily fixed upon the sky for many years might not know what was going on here below. In fact, I had seen his signature attached to a patent medicine advertisement.

A fashionable woman was ushered in by my door boy, and while a receipt was being made out for her bill she looked at the book and remarked that it was beautifully gotten up, but some of the pages seemed to be marked with spots that looked like tracks. The bill that she had paid was a large one, so it seemed as though she must be a superior woman. Yet tracks meant nothing to her. If she ever saw a wild animal in the woods she made a lot of tracks herself. Her pet dog never made a track in his life, unless as a pup he fell into the milk pan and then lay down upon the silk sofa cushions. But that would have been interesting after all. Yes, indeed! How can any tracks be uninteresting?

Then there came to mind the remembrance of a tragedy of last year. I had spent a good part of the summer, and had risked my life on bad rivers, and had braved all sorts of hardships to get a series of photographs of tracks. I had negatives of tracks of bears, wolves, foxes, lynxes, wolverines, caribou, porcupines, otters, martens and arctic hares. We went on a two days' trip up a wicked, thundering river, just to see if a polar bear that had been seen a week previously by the Indians had left any tracks on the bank. He had left a fair number, and a pretty good negative was obtained. Among my films there was a negative of a pretty girl on the steamer, a long-bearded pilot, a house on the point, and a number of other truck things that I had photographed for lack of something better to do *en voyage*.

On my return the films were given over to a concern for development, and when I called for them later the photographs of the pretty girl and of the pilot and of the house on the point were shown to me with pride by the developer. "But where are most of the series of films from No. 30 to No. 120?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "that was a funny lot of failures. The films looked as though they just had tracks all over them, so I threw them away."

When I prepared the manuscript for my little volume of field sketches last year it was at first planned to have a good many illustrations. I wanted particularly to have a drawing of a partridge track in the snow, but no illustrator would give his mind to that for an instant. He would draw a pretty girl awaiting our return, or a long-bearded local inhabitant, or a curious house that was known to be haunted, but a partridge track in the snow—oh, never mind that!

Putting all of this testimony together, we have evidence that folks generally do not respond to the richness of suggestion that is found in tracks. Richness of suggestion gives charm to the words of the poet, beauty to the master stroke of the artist, and it fixes our interest in the data of the scientist. Richness of suggestion I see in this mink track under the overhanging sedges by the brook. When was he here? Where has he gone? Has he caught the big trout that lurked under the drift here during the summer? Did he go up into the cleft of the rock where his track seems to turn? If he did he very likely made a rabbit bounce out in a hurry. What a beautiful skin he must have if the fur is held in the proper light. Wonder if he dove into one of the subaqueous doors of the muskrat house here in the rushes, and then silently poked his blunt nose and beady eyes and sharp teeth into the presence of a happy family of four muskrats who thought themselves safe. Here his track passes the track of a skunk. Did they see each other in passing? How did these two weasels make a sign of kinship? Did each hope that his relative would die on the spot and leave his possessions to the other? Did they attempt to force any such entailment by resort to tactics? When Betsey Bobbett remarked that "one-half of this world doesn't know what the other half is about," the good housewife replied: "Don't worry about that, Betsey, it's no fault of yours." I cannot get comfort out of the feeling that it is no fault of mine for not knowing what the mink did last night, or what he is going to do to-night. I want to know. There is so much of interest about his track that I sneeze. I sneeze because I have stood still so long in the cold wind pondering over the suggestions made by the little track in the soft sand by the spring brook.

* * *

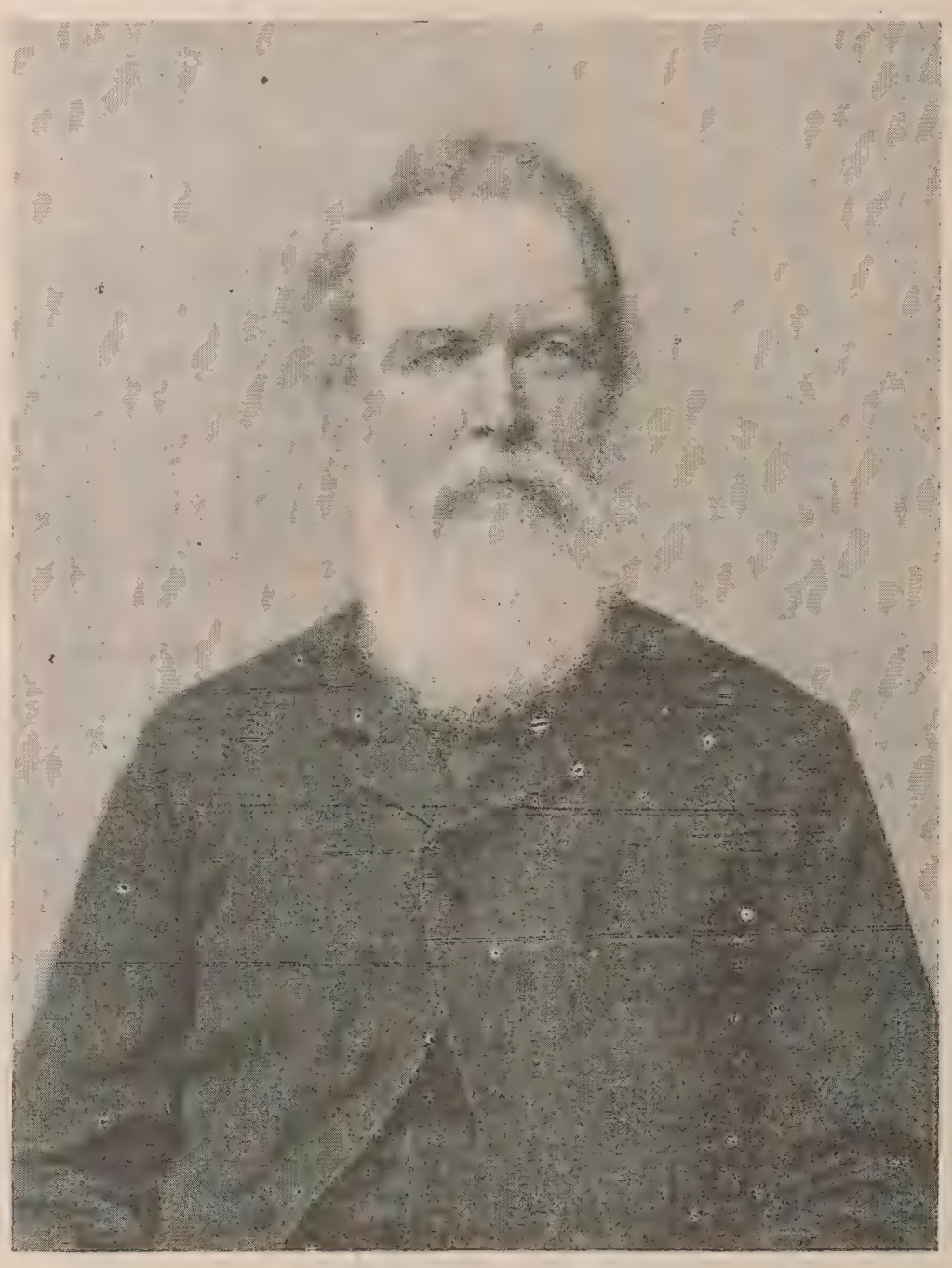
Lonesome and homesick in a foreign land, far from the English language, I stroll dejectedly into the forest. I have no heart to become interested in the scenery or to give a second look at the castle in the distance. The world is cold and barren and inhospitable, and a man's life doesn't amount to much anyway. Here is a partridge track in the snow. How much it looks like the track of a partridge at home. Just like the one among the sumacs behind grandfather's barn on that bright Christmas morning three years ago. How warm the big, open fireplace was that day. And grandmother's pumpkin pie. How good that was—made out of old-fashioned pumpkins. The crust brown and sticky where the juice of the pie ran over and glazed it richly. Pumpkin pie 1in. thick. And dear sister Nellie, how good and kind she is, and how pretty she looked that day. Uncle Joe is a wit though. Didn't he keep us shouting all day long, and how glad they were that the mortgage was all off from the property. Well! well! Here I have been right at home for half an hour. The world is all right. The partridge track did it. I'll accomplish great things over here, and then go back proud of my laurels to the good part of the earth that is still as bright as when I left it.

* * *

Great men have made fame with their toasts. Personally I do not care for fame, because it is said to take up a good deal of one's time. A few odd passes were made for it in earlier days, before I realized what it might do to a man, and now I don't want it at all on my own account, but on my wife's account I will bear anything, so here is another attempt at gaining fame—a Christmas toast—Here's to Tracks!

Robert T. Morris.

New York.



ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.
"Awahsoose."

Books for Holiday Presents

Should be ordered in good season, to avoid delays. Every year, experience has shown, some books have been ordered from the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. at dates too late for sending them in season to reach recipients by Christmas.

African Explorer (spinning a yarn)—"Not very long ago I went out one day unarmed, when I suddenly found myself face to face with three lions."

Friend—"Well?"

Explorer.—"I fixed my gaze on the brutes, then stuck my hands in my pockets, and walked away, whistling an air from an opera."

Friend—"And didn't the lions immediately rush at you?"

Explorer—"They couldn't. It was at the zoo."—Temps.

Landlord Dayton's Shooting Match.

As Phineas Dayton sat in his neat bar room the morning before Christmas, sixty years ago, he was an ideal landlord to look at; portly of form, genial eyed, firm mouthed. Just now the bulky figure and firm-set lips seemed to the young fellow who sat on the settle opposite the landlord's arm chair to quite overbalance all the good humor that the eyes expressed, as the younger man, evidently awaiting some momentous answer, lifted frequent furtive glances from the hands that nervously fingered the rifle resting between his knees.

A step outside attracted the landlord's attention, and looking through the window he saw, passing it, another young man, also bearing a rifle.

"Tom! Tom! come in here," Phineas called peremptorily, and the other entered with a puff of wintry air that set the advertisements of steamboats, stage coaches and stallions on the wall to rustling and flapping.

The newcomer, tall, blue-eyed and yellow-haired, bade the landlord good morning, nodded to the other and looked at both in puzzled inquiry. The occupant of the settle, the opposite of the other in stature and complexion, returned the nod and glance half-defiantly and again tried to read the landlord's face.

"Tom," Landlord Dayton began abruptly, "you an' Dick has bin a-hevin' on't nip an' tuck for my Dorothy, goin' on a year. Yest'd'y you as't me for her, and to-day Dick has. You're tol'able good boys, both on ye, an' one is about as well off as t' other, an' I hain't a ha'penny's ch'ice betwixt ye. I don't believe Dorothy hes, nuther, anyways. I hain't seen her show no favor, an' mebby she won't hev nary one. She's a chip o' the ol' block, an' some sot, but mebby my say so 'd move her a leetle."

The young men blushed hotly, glaring on each other, while the landlord studied their faces with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, and then continued:

"It's nip an' tuck wi' ye tew on your shootin', both on ye pooty good at it, but nary one nothin' tu brag on over t' other. Haint that so?"

Each assented hesitatingly, wondering what possible bearing the statement would have on the decision of his fate.

"Wal, then, I'll tell ye what I'm a-goin' tu du, an' give ye a equal chance. You both on ye start aout wi' your rifles at 10 er-clock, percizely, an' the one 'at comes in at dark wi' the biggest string o' pa'tridges he'll hev my consent an' what help I can put in tu git Dorothy. Naow, what d' ye say?"

"What I say is," Tom broke out hotly, "what I say is, I won't du no sech a thing! You're just a-jokin', Mr. Dayton, a-gamblin' off your darter on a feller's luck a-huntin'!"

"Wal, if you're afeard tu try it, I haint," Dick sneered.

"You'd ought tu know it haint that, Dick Barrett," said Tom, calmly, but with a suppressed danger signal in his voice. "It's the idee 'at goes ag'in' my grain. But you haint in airnest, Mr. Dayton, I know you haint!"

"A-meanin' every word I'm sayin'," the landlord said, shutting his mouth like a steel trap. "You can try or let it alone, but the one 'at fetches the most pa'tridges gits the gal, so far as I can help him tu her."

Tom studied the determined face a moment before he answered, "I'll be in ag'in afore 10, an' let ye know whether I will or no," and with that went out.

"An' if you'll jest set my shootin' iron inside your bar, so 't the' won't be nobody foolin' with it, I'll go over tu the store an' git me some paowder, an' I'll be on hand an' tu rights," said Dick, handing his rifle to the landlord and hurrying out.

The landlord placed it inside the bar, which had a wooden grating from counter to ceiling, and then carefully locking the door, but forgetting to take the key from it, went away with a ponderous but brisk step, that set bottles and glasses to clinking merrily behind him.

No one of the three occupants of the bar room had noticed that when Tom Hale became one of them the door of the dining room was drawn the least bit ajar, and one black eye of the landlord's niece and hired girl, Susan Crane, took a position in it to feast on what it and its mate loved best—the handsome, devil-may-care face of Dick Barrett. Then the conversation grew interesting, and she put the best of her little pink ears to gathering every word of it, and when it was ended and the bar room empty, she entered it on tip toe, hovering about the now accessible bar more eagerly than a thirsty toper, with the strong temptation to steal the gun, and quite ready to make it useless if she only knew how. Then she was given a great start by the sudden entrance of some one, who proved to be Billy Cole, the lame ostler, who hopelessly adored her, and would lay down his life for one of her smiles.

"Oh, Billy!" she said, rapidly, in a stage whisper, "what d' you du tu a gun so it won't shoot good? Quick, tell me!"

"Du tu a gun?" he repeated, staring at her open-mouthed. "Why, you can bu'st 'em, er smash the lock, er wet the primin', or if it's a flint lock, loose the flint."

"No! no! not to spile it for good an' all, nor so you could tell right off what ailded it, but somethin' kinder blind. Oh, tell me, Billy!"

"Wal, it depends so'thin' on what kind of a gun it is,"

he explained, with exasperating deliberation.

"Oh, such a gun as Tom Hale's or—a—why, such a gun as this"; she opened the door of the bar and pointed at Dick's rifle.

"Why, that 'ere is a rifle; it's Tom's or is 't Dick's—haint it or haint it?"

"Yes, yes, but haow du you fix it?" she said hurriedly.

"Oh, I'd just start the sight a leetle grain," he answered, with longing eyes on the row of bottles.

"Oh, you du it, Billy, an' I'll du anything for you—quick! I want tu come a joke on him!"

Her eagerness overcame her womanly fear of the gun and she placed it in his hands; then laying her own upon the bottle of Old Jamaica, added, "An' you can have a pull at this 'ere."

Though Billy did not need this further incitement to do her bidding, it had its effects in hastening his movements, and taking his jack-knife from his pocket he knocked the back sight almost imperceptably to one side. Then he replaced the rifle and took a generous draught from the bottle without waiting for the medium of a glass. Susan recorked it, and was returning it to its shelf when he arrested her with an outstretched hand.

"An', naow, jest another swaller, Suky! A little haint much, and twicte haint often. The ol' man is pooty savin' o' the grog he gives away."

She gave him the bottle again with some misgivings, not lessened as the upturned bottle arose to a sharper slant and he still held his breath in the improvement of a rare opportunity. It was cut short by the sound of the landlord's footsteps pounding an adjacent floor, and the two conspirators retreated, Susan to the kitchen, Billy to the hearth, where he was ostentatiously mending the fire, when Phineas Dayton entered the room.

The ordinary balance of Billy's body on its one sound leg was somewhat disturbed by the unusual weight of his potations, and he came near pitching headlong on to the blazing back log. Then in the violent struggle to recover himself he overdid the point, and sat down heavily on the hearth.

"What the devil be you up to naow, Billy Cole?" the landlord demanded, coming to a sudden halt behind him.

"Up to nothin', Phineas," Billy answered huskily, staring owlishly at the fire, "settin' daown I be, a-tryin' for tu warm my feet."

"Jes naow it was your head you was tryin' tu warm, an' come mighty nigh it! Why, man alive, you're drunk! An' where in time d' ye git your liquor? Ah, I see!" as his eyes slowly ranged the room and discovered the forgotten key in the lock. "Haow dumb careless I be! Key in the bar, hostler in the fire, an' the devil to pay gen'rally! Say, Billy Cole, the's somebody a-comin' an' I haint goin' tu hev 'em see you floppin' 'round drunk this time o' the mornin'. You git int' your bunk."

With that he threw open the seat of the settle, which enclosed the ostler's nightly couch, and lifting him from the floor, dropped him therein and shut down the seat in spite of the poor fellow's feeble resistance and more vigorous protests. This was but just done when Tom and Dick returned, and the latter was given his rifle.

"Goin' tu try your luck, haint you, Tom?" Phineas asked, cheerily.

"Wal, it's mighty mean business, Mr. Dayton, but I be a-goin' tu," Tom answered, desperately, at the same time making a mental reservation that he would not abide by the terms of the match unless it resulted in his favor, which was hardly fair, save as all things are so in love and war.

"Wal, then, it's 10 o'clock, an' time you tew was off. May the best man win, but haowever it turns aout, we'll hev pa'tridges for aour Chris'mas dinner, for I cal'late you'll both on you du your pootiest."

With this Phineas opened the door and the pair went forth, each betaking himself to his favorite hunting ground, and inwardly wishing the other the worst kind of luck. As he watched their departure, the landlord chuckled till his fat sides shook, and he said to himself: "I'll git a mess o' pa'tridges anyway, an' it won't make no odds." Then he took Billy from the box and with a sharp admonition bundled him off on unequal, devious legs to the stable.

Susan ran straight to her cousin with the fruits of her eaves-dropping, but prudently withheld her share in the plot, for she was not sure which suitor was most in favor with Dorothy, who was something of a flirt.

"Did you ever hear of anybody so mean as father?" Dorothy cried, shedding tears of shame and vexation. "A-setin' up his own flesh and blood to be shot for, like a hen-turkey! If he don't care no more 'n that who gits me I won't hev nobody he wants me tu—not nary one of 'em—Dick Barrett was fast enough for it, was he? Well, he won't git me if he gits a back load o' pa'tridges. I can tell him that! An' wa'n't Tom noble, talkin' to father the way he did! It ought to shamed him. Don't you b'lieve Tom will try? Oh, I wish he would beat—only I wouldn't hev him—not for that."

"Oh, I guess he will, an' if he don't, I guess it'll be all right," said Susan, delighted to find how favorably the wind blew. Yet she must put in a word for her heart's choice, "But I tell you he'll hafter be smart if he beats Dick. They say the' haint his equal nowhere for shootin'. And oh, if he haint han'some! Be you goin' tu tell your mother, Dorothy?"

"The idee! She'd jest hev a conniption."

The girls interspersed the busy preparations for Christmas with frequent whispered colloquies, while one openly wished for the triumph of her lover, the other, secretly, for the defeat of her beloved.

The swinging stride of Tom's long legs and the quicker movement's of Dick's shorter ones carried the young men at a lively pace over the light snow that covered the earth and still lay undisturbed on every twig and branch, where it had found lodgment. They reached their hunting grounds at about the same time. Under the riverside hemlocks, to which Dick went, the white carpet of the woods was thickly embroidered with the footprints of a pack of ruffed grouse, and stealthy stalking soon brought him to a fair shot of one member, making itself as motionless as one of the knots of the log whereon it stood, and as like them as one to another, but for the coping of snow they bore. The immobility and the likeness were still preserved after the sharp report rang through the woods, and the harmless bullet cast up a shower of snow two rods beyond the head, which was its mark. But at the motions of reloading the bird took alarm and went off like a rocket, as did the others, after being successively missed, and then the remainder of the pack followed far into the depths of the woods. Thoroughly disgusted with his marksmanship, but still hoping to retrieve it, Dick went in pursuit of them, and after long and careful search discovered one perched within easy range on a branch of hemlock.

He rested his rifle against a convenient tree, and aimed with most deliberate care, but the shot was as unsuccessful as the previous ones. The next chance he determined to run no risk of losing by a shot at so small a mark as the head or neck, and therefore aimed at the middle of the breast, which squarely fronted him. The bird came down with a gyrating flutter, and when Dick picked it up he found that the ball had struck the butt of one wing, a hit so wide of his careful aim that he at once suspected the cause, and an examination of the sight verified the suspicion. He did not mistrust that any one had tampered with his gun, and only blamed himself for not sooner discovering what was wrong with it. Yet, now that it was set right, fortune did not favor him, for though he soon got another shot and neatly decapitated the bird, the sharpest hunting till the woods grew dark with coming nightfall failed to bring him another chance.

So he took the homeward way with little disposition to show his meager spoils, except for a faint hope that fortune might have been as unfriendly to his rival as to himself.

Tom began hunting on the southward slope of a hill dotted with a second growth of white birches and low-branched young pines, sheltered from the breath of north-



CONSPIRATORS.

ern air that was sharp though barely astir, and warmed by all the slanted sunbeams of the winter day. Here the snow was printed with numerous dainty tracks of grouse that had come from the denser woods to bask in the sunshine in the lee of the pines. In three such sunny nooks Tom found as many birds and neatly cut off their heads.

Then at least a dozen took alarm, and with successive bursts of mimic thunder and accompanying showers of snow from every intervening bough went hurtling into the cover of the woods. Tom skulked after them, stealthy and silent as a lynx, and finding some aperch, motionless as the branches which held them, his bullets gave good accounts of all so found save one through carelessness begot by continual success.

In other covers he found a few more scattered birds, and when the shadows thickened in the woods till the notch of the rear sight was blotted out he set his face toward home, with a bunch of nine grouse slung over his shoulder. Yet this comforting burden did not give him assurance of victory, for he knew that he had a doughty competitor pitted against him, and had heard the report of Dick's rifle during the day as often as his own.

Night had fallen when he reached the tavern, which was aglow with firelight and lamplight, a hospitable beacon to neighbors and wayfarers. Some of these, gossips and strangers, were gathered in the bar room when he entered it, after hanging his game in a safe, secret place. The landlord leaned against the bar, awaiting the orders of thirsty guests, and Billy Cole sat on the bunk, sadly sober now, with his lantern beside him in sullen readiness to answer a call to the stable.

"Hello, Tom!" Phineas hailed the newcomer, noting with a shade of disappointment that he carried only his gun. "Did you git more 'n you could lug hum. An' Dick, he haint come in yet. I hope ye haint shot him."

Nevertheless Dick was in the kitchen at that moment, to which he had covertly come, hoping to have a word with Dorothy, but fate so ordered that Susan was first to meet him at the door.

"Why, Dick Barrett! is them all you got?" she exclaimed in a pitiful voice that her delighted face belied when she saw his paltry trophies. "Naow haint it tew bad! An' you've be'n a-huntin' all day an' haint hed a single maou'ful to eat. Naow you set your gun in the corner—ugh! I wouldn't da'st tu tech it for all the world—an' you come right int' the butt'ry an' git you a bite. Aunt Mahaly's up stars a-helpin' Dor'thy prink—goin' tu the duin's tu the meetin' haouse long wi' Tom Hale, I guess—it'll take her 'n' her mother a good haour tu fix her up. There, take right a holt an' help yourself. The' haint much, but it'll keep you from starvin'."

He was hungry and grateful, and withal Susan had never looked so pretty. Out of gratitude and admiration a new flame sprang up in his heart, so fervent that before his supper was finished he was telling his love to a new sweetheart. When he presented himself before Phineas Dayton, half an hour later, the landlord was a good deal surprised that he should accept defeat with such equanimity, but far more so when told that he had won the neice and no longer desired the daughter.

"Wal, wal, if this 'ere haint a devil of a haow-d'-ye-du," forcing a chop-fallen smile, while the two young fellows shook hands and exchanged hearty congratulations. "It 'pears as if I'd sold my birthright o' gals for a mess o' pa'tridges! I wonder what in time Mahaly'll say? Wal, to-morrer we'll feast an' be merry, an' nex' day you'll hitch the gray mare out' the shay, Billy Cole, an' I'll go a-huntin' hired gals. Cuss the luck! Come, gentlemen, all hands walk up tu the bar an' take a holt. It's my treat."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The Christmas of Ar-kee-kee-tah.

GRIM and gray, the sage plains swept away to the down hanging dome of the sky, so blue, so deeply blue overhead and fading to a haze where it met the butte-lined horizon where the snow lay.

Peace. Peace brooding over a hell of desert and storm-wrecked desolation. The land where time leaves off and eternity begins. Here are gathered together surely all the leavings of a creation, the fag ends and trimmings that came from a finished world. It is 1,000 miles across it from sunrise to sunset. It is another 1,000 miles across it from the lodge of the springtime to the lodge of the frost—aye, and 1,000 more miles beyond to the edge of the winter country, and beyond that? No man knows.

"To-night a great star will hang over this desolation. It will shine blue and red and white, and it will be a signal fire in the sky. A-a-a-nah! It will be a signal fire, Snugwillimie. Listen, Ar-kee-kee-tah, the one of wise thoughts, listen and I will speak the tale.

"To-day we are to kill that to-morrow we may feast, for to-morrow is Christmas with my people, and hot guns to-day speak of much meat for feast day. And the feast is because of this, Wise Thoughts, and so I speak the tale.

"When all the world was small, there was a tribe of many people in a land many days' travel across the great water, and they lived for many summers in a great country like this one, but where there was no sage like grows here.

"Time went on and these people worked much bad medicine and cast many spells so that no man was safe, and evil looked from each man's eye. There was much said only with the tongue and not with the thoughts from the heart. No man was safe because of the wickedness of all the people.

"Then the medicine men made medicine and worked many spells to help them, and they said a great chief would come who would tell the people of their evil ways and that he would make strong medicine to show that he knew. A light would be set in the sky as a signal fire and all men were to bow down to the great one who would be chief under the star, and his medicine would be strong and good against all evil spirits.

"Now, when the medicine men said these things, there were young men who said they talked double and did not know. No chief would come and no light should be set in the sky as a sign, they said.

"Some thought the words of the medicine men were true, and they watched for the sign and waited.

"Then one night a great light was set in the sky, because the chief had come in the form of a new-born child, for he was a medicine chief, and wanted to grow up with his people, so he would know how to work spells against evil.

"That, Wise Thoughts, was so long ago that no man lives who saw it, but the story is told yet in the white man's lodge, and we know it was so. The time was the first snow moon when as many days as five times the fingers of one hand had gone by—and to-day is lacking one day of the time, Wise Thoughts.

"Time went on. The chief grew, and by and by he was a man. He had strong medicine—so strong that he could lay his hand on a man whose leg was dry and useless like the leg of a deer that has been shot high, and goes on three legs afterward, and say to such a man, "Walk," and the man walked. So strong was the great medicine that the chief walked on water like we walk on the land. A-a-a-nah!

"Many things were done to show by this sign that the star chief was good, but there was much evil in the land, and a time came when the wicked men came in a body, and after a time they nailed the chief to the torture post with big spikes and tortured him with a head band of thorns like these on the no-water plant here.

"And so, Wise Thoughts, the great chief died, but that was to be, and His spirit rose and went up to the star where He still lives, and now the star hangs in the sky that men may know it is a true tale. By His magic the great chief can drive away evil spells, and if you make strong medicine, talk to Him when you are in trouble, or when your feet take you on a wrong trail, then if you believe in the Star Chief and His medicine, He will help you and evil spells cannot be cast against you.

"That, Wise Thoughts, is why we who are of the white skin call this day Christmas, and make it feast day and make presents to the little ones that they may remember it always. Is it not a good tale?"

"A-a-a-nah! It is a good tale, Snugwillimie T'solo, the white wanderer, it is a good tale, and for the feast of the Star Chief we will kill meat to-day on the gray desert. It is a good feast day, a good medicine feast, and I will eat meat at your feet, and it will be my feast too, for I know the tale.

"You did not speak the name of the Star Chief, Snugwillimie. Say the name that I may know it and remember the tale."

"The name, Wise Thoughts, is Christ."

"A-a-a-nah. It is a good name and easy to speak, and I will say the tale in the story lodge of the people with the black hair."

"And now, T'solo, the sun shines with good heat, the snow is soft, and Washiki, the deer, moves because of water in his bedding ground. The snow will show his sign and we will kill feast meat for the feast of the Star Chief."

Then we walked among the breaks of the hillside there in the sage desert, and saw the sign of Washiki in the snow and followed it, we two, until Washiki bounded across the white of the snow.

Then the rifles spoke, and the snow was red where Washiki fell because of the feast medicine in the guns that sent the bullet true and gave meat for the feast of the Star Chief.

When night came Wise Thoughts stood by my side and we saw the sign star burn blue and red and white.

"I have seen the sign star of the Star Chief, Christ, and I will remember," said Ar-kee-kee-tah.

EL COMANCHO.

The Waste of the Warp and Woof.

THE laws of the chase are clearly defined. The "rule of conduct" is nowhere better understood. In the elaborate fox chasing of England, carried on with so much fuss and feathers, the rule of conduct is fully prescribed, and a first-class Magna Charta Briton may be a first class outlaw on the hunting field. You remember the famous case in "Handley Cross" of "Par shoots the fox!"

But in a much more intense degree, if not so elaborate, is the rule of conduct prescribed when a party of men go into the woods to hunt deer. The *lex non scripta* is well understood, and the association of a party of men in camp presents a study for the sociologist. The veneer of society is rubbed off. The men recover the faculty they possessed as boys to know a good fellow from a chump. Like Mark Tapley, the men come out strong, and the largeness of their nature can be well gauged. The most damning incident of a man's record is that, having gone out with a party of men once, he never received the second invitation. He had been exiled from the democracy of the camp.

This should make a man feel very humble, and the man who is not bidden to come when the gang goes back should become ashamed about himself and hold an investigation at once. It is time for him to do the sackcloth and ashes act.

I am sure the importance of this question must be recognized by everyone who goes camping. The uninformed think that with no one else to depend upon for society, the camper must feel drawn to his camp-mates. He will if they are the right sort, but one "crank" (not to use a harsher expression) will destroy half the pleasure of the trip.

To illustrate this, take a historical incident. The first settlement made west of the Alleghanies, in Virginia, was on the site of this county-seat town. Two hunters, Marlin and Sewell, decided to winter here. They built a cabin, but could not occupy it in peace. Marlin drew off and camped in the huge, hollow hole of a sycamore tree. It would be interesting to know what transcendent acts of hoggishness his brother hunter was guilty of to compel him to leave the cabin. I take it Marlin was the better man, and that in justice to him the town bears his name.

It is a standing wonder how the two men alone in the wilderness could have parted company, to all who have not tried to live in the woods with a crank. Those who have tried it can understand. But if the select democracy of the woods by their *lex non scripta* can prescribe what is right, they can also prohibit what is wrong and provide penalties, and it is such a custom that we wish to discuss.

In this section there has been a custom, since the memory of man runs not to the contrary, that the hunter who misses a deer which in all reason he should have killed is subjected to the mortification of having his shirt cut off under the arms, and torn into ribbons, to be worn by the rest of the hunt, in the manner that college colors are worn at a football game.

I have recently learned that this is good law all over the country.

Of course it is confined to the chase, and is one of the many sporting features that marks the community of interest of men and hounds in the chase, over the solitary delights of the still hunter. It might be a relief to the feelings of a still hunter who has missed, when he ought to have kept cool and killed, to do penance for his error, but for him to do it would identify himself with that wonderful character of whom we have all heard, but never seen, who took himself to one side and gave himself a good kicking. I know a man who says he did kick himself for not shooting at a flock of turkeys he had figured out as tame, when they all sailed away, and he a-turkey hunting too.

Everyone who hunts deer knows that the best shots will miss on good opportunities to kill, at times. But there is very little mercy shown to victims of the dreaded buck-fever. They are disciplined to the fullest extent. It takes a cool man to kill a bounding deer fleeing from the hounds. How often has the stander wished for the opportunity given to the still hunter to shoot a deer in its bed or standing unconscious of danger. He is called upon to kill the deer as it whips out of the dense forest into the narrow bed of the stream and out of sight again in five seconds.

How often we observe the compensation plan in nature. The size of big game, which makes such a huge mark, brings on such excitement in the nervous system of the hunter that it makes it quite safe with the average man, and his failure sends him into camp exceedingly sorrowful.

Many hunters have never seen this law of the shortened shirt executed, though it is in full force and effect. In the same way one may never have seen a man hanged, though affected by the laws providing this punishment for certain offenses. Some of the proceedings are very summary:

A hunter was standing at the Island Stand and a big buck was driven into the river at that point, and crossed within about twenty steps of where the hunter was standing. The buck had a track as big as a mule, and evidently its size brought on a fit of nervousness, for he fired a few times and scored a miss. When he confronted the camp his pleas were too complicated for frontier life, however well they might have answered in a court of justice. His defense was that the deer had never come into the stand, and that a little Skye terrier, which was with him, had barked at the deer and scared it away. Having "done told two tales about it," his shirt was promptly taken off below the arms and he was "bucked" for "bringing such a dog as that" on a hunting trip. The above is the only incident of that day narrated by the party, except that a moonshiner had just marketed a two-gallon jug of white whisky with them.

A man was standing on the Greenbrier, with a mountain rifle as his weapon. A deer came dashing down the shingle and he pointed his gun in that direction and fired. The deer stopped to see what was up, and the hunter was in such a state of excitement that he poured all his powder out of his horn on the ground without succeeding in getting a charge in the gun barrel. The deer ran on and was killed about four miles down the river. He had no defense to make, and "walked up to rack" to suffer the penalty.

One of the best hunters in a hunt had spent the morning on a deer stand, and instead of going into camp, had gone to the post-office for the mail. The post-office was kept in a country store, a low, weather-beaten shanty, and off in a lumber-room were several barrels of whisky with spigots in them, from which the liquor was drawn off to be distributed to such customers as had a taste for the vile stuff. He met some friends there, and several rounds of drinks followed. Realizing that it was time to get back to camp, he started down the road. When he had gone about a mile, a buck with a big head of horns jumped the fence and stood before him in the road. Then he was a victim of a most remarkable phenomena. He could see the deer standing motionless before him, but when he leveled his gun at it and looked along the barrel, a mist seemed to surround the weapon, causing a blur and obscuring the deer. He could not get rid of the aggravation, and he had to shoot more or less by guess. The buck ran away unharmed. In a few moments he met the hunt, who destroyed a garment which had "cost two dollars at the Warm Springs the week before!" They divided it among them and each wore a part of it, according to the custom of the country.

The justness of the custom is realized, as may be seen in the following incident: A party of nine went out for a week's hunt. They were farmers with hunting instincts strongly developed, and when they got their corn cribbed they went out to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Their custom was to impose the fines the last day in camp. This particular trip there was an unusual number of deer missed. What with the deer running straight across the stream or turning up when they should have turned down and vice versa, there were but two in the party who had not missed a deer. One of these was a young man, out for the first time, who had emptied a Winchester into the body of a big buck. When the settling time came, the rest of the party gravely did execution on themselves and handed the trophies over to the two who had not been guilty of missing a deer.

The foregoing are typical instances of their kind. The average case is a rough, informal method of meting out justice, in sport, which unhappily savors of another sort of summary vengeance that is anything but sport. But in Virginia there was once a hunting club where all the dignity and safeguards of the law were thrown around the accused. There was a regular *nisi prius* judge to sit on the case, who knew what it was to say to a shrinking, palpitating, terrified prisoner, that on a certain day he should be led to scaffold; there were able lawyers to conduct the case, expert witnesses to testify, and jurors who felt properly—that is, that any day any one of them might be before that solemn tribunal on a similar charge.

The club was domiciled in a long two-story log house in the woods. The lower story was used for the kitchen and dining rooms, and the upper story for the living and sleeping rooms. A big fireplace afforded a cheery blaze. The bunks were ranged along the walls. The hunt generally numbered from twenty to thirty.

The rule of procedure was to arrest any hunter who had missed a deer immediately after the morning hunt, and admit him to bail to appear for trial after supper in the sum of $10. If he forfeited his bail, the sum was charged against him and it went to pay expenses.

There was a particularly plain case against a young man named Newman. He had been on the stand on the bank of a stream and a big buck had passed down the stream in front of him, not 20yds. away. Newman had been so paralyzed that he did not fire, though he was armed with a double-barreled shotgun. There seemed to be no defense to such a case, but they worked a noted trial out of it. The prisoner secured a lawyer who had a large practice in criminal courts. Their defense was "uncontrollable nervousness." The prosecutor wished the court to compel them to plead "buck fever," but after a very learned argument the court decided that there might be a shade of difference in the two terms, and the plea was accordingly entered.

The case being proved as stated, Newman went on the stand and stated that he had from his childhood been the victim of uncontrollable nervousness, which had a paralyzing effect upon his faculties. Instances were given as follows: As a child he had gone into an orchard to steal apples; owner appeared, other boys ran, he was too badly scared, was unable to run, and the farmer "took it out of his hide." When a schoolboy had tried to say a piece in school one day and could not open his mouth; had on one occasion tried to respond to a toast and made a total failure. Had tried to propose to a young lady and nearly choked to death. Found himself unable very often to ask a waiter for what he wanted at a strange hotel. When excited was often unable to write his name. On cross-examination he admitted that it excited him to be asked to indorse a note. As to not shooting at the deer, he remembered the occurrence as a frightful nightmare, in which he was powerless to move hand or foot.

A doctor, called to pass his opinion upon the effect the sudden appearance of a large deer would have upon a man of the excitable nature described above, said that he thought he would "explode." He said further that it might or might not be possible for the prisoner to overcome that nervousness in time, and unless he knew his previous hunting record could not say whether it was inexperience or mental disability. He expressed a somewhat learned opinion that this nervousness was due to the patient holding his breath. When asked if he meant by "patient" a man on a deer stand, witness became very violent and used strong language. Witness said further that this unconscious holding the breath could be probably overcome by holding a hunting knife or other article between the teeth to keep the mouth open.

On the whole, the trial was very warm and very long, but must be imagined, as the details are not to be had. But it was clearly shown that the prisoner had not taken the precaution to have a hunting knife between his teeth, and was consequently liable to be punished.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" and the sentence, as pronounced by the judge, was duly carried out: That the prisoner at the bar be deprived of the lower part of his hunting shirt, the same to be nailed to the gable end of the house, there to remain until he do kill a deer.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Sport in Santiago Hills.

SEVERAL years ago an old Cuban gentleman told me of the fine hunting that he used to enjoy in the hills around about Santiago, but I little thought then that I should ever visit that interesting country.

As a member of the Sir Thomas Lipton War Relief Committee, it was my fortune to pass about a fortnight in Santiago Harbor, and I employed a portion of my time in looking up the game and fish. On either side of the Yellow Fever Island there come in two small rivers, navigable in canoes for about five miles, when we reach the lofty mountains. The water is cool and clear, and quantities of fine fish could be seen. None were taken by our party, on account of the lack of tackle. The bushy shores contained snipe, quail and guinea fowl in abundance. No hawks were visible, but the air was dark with buzzards around about the city. The hunters all said that the buzzards did no harm to the game birds or their eggs, but were merely scavengers. The waters of the harbor are pretty sluggish, and the bottom is covered deep with greasy mud, but the sailors managed to catch some fish one day, including a big red snapper, which were served in the captain's cabin and pronounced excellent. In the harbors of San Juan, Ponce and Santiago the gars seemed fairly to swarm. These fish ran from 1 to 3ft. in length. At night there were many large fish about, judging from the splashing.

One day a party of us, including Captain Alexander, of the Rough Riders, went to San Juan Hill on horseback, as there are no roads in that part of the country. While the Captain was trying to find the body of Captain "Buck" O'Neil, of Prescott, Arizona, one of his comrades who had fallen there, the rest of us wandered around in the mule trails, now nearly obliterated and grown up to bushes and tall weeds. From time to time the sound of something familiar would come to the ear, creating the impression that a farmyard was near. "Buckwheat! buckwheat!" was the cry, and as we drew near up went a score of guinea fowl, the regular dark gray variety, with white spots on each feather. The birds didn't go far, so we employed our time chasing them from place to place. In doing so, we saw a lot of quail, somewhat larger than our Bob White. These too were very tame, and would let you approach very near. The boys got out their revolvers and blazed away, but as no one had any shot cartridges, nothing came to bag.

The utter absence of any venomous snakes or insects made us all the more anxious to hunt for these birds next day, and we tried all that evening in Santiago to get a decent shotgun. More than ever did I mourn for my new Baker hammer gun lying in its case in New York city. How I should have enjoyed a glance along that "cylinder" Damascus right loaded with "E. C." smokeless and No. 8 shot. No one cared to try Mausers on the game, and as no amount of persuasion could induce Gen. Wood to loan his valuable double-barrel, we had to give up all thoughts of hunting. Captain Brickley and the "Port Victor's" doctor, McClintic, both vowed that their guns would be on board next trip, and I expect to hear from them soon.

The dogs in Santiago were mostly short-legged hounds with long ears. This I wondered at until I learned that the mountains are full of deer. There is a railway running back to some iron mines at Firmeza, thirty miles distant, where there is excellent deer hunting. The animals are similar in form and color to our deer, but are smaller. The flesh is excellent. They are killed by still-hunting.

One day we chanced upon some Cubans living in a hut near the battlefield. They had shot several quail and one young guinea cock, which we ordered them to cook for us. Dinner was soon ready and we made a hearty meal. The meat of the wild guinea fowl, unlike that of the domestic variety, is mostly white and very tender. This may arise from the fact that the guinea is often crossed with the ordinary game fowl here for fighting stock. The cross-bird is said to have greater courage and endurance.

PETER FLINT.

Abe: "Ole Sile Harrower may be a hayseed, but he's jest cute 'nough to skin them city sportsmen who was shootin' round his place yesterday." Ike: "How'd he do it?" "He seed them fellers pullin' fer the train in the evenin' with three or four ducks apiece, an' he up an' made 'em pony up $10 for shootin' of 'em, claimin' they was his'n. An' the fellers left the ducks behind, too." "Shoo, Sile never raised no ducks." "'Course not." "Whose was they, then?" "Nobody's. They was wild ones all right, but Sile calk'lated them fellers wouldn't know the difference."—Life.

A number of sportsmen have been discussing the question of how far a quail can fly. There are a good many contingencies to be considered in arriving at a definite conclusion of the question. If there is a stiff wind blowing and the bird's course is with the wind, a full-grown quail could certainly go more than a mile with ease, and doubtless a much greater distance. Those who have noticed quail trying to fly across the Missouri River, where the distance is about a mile, recall that not all the birds make the trip safely. They usually pick a spot where they can make a halt on a sandbar in midstream, and thus cross the river in two flights. But sometimes they make the distance at a single flight, and this seems to be their full limit under normal conditions, for when they alight they are completely exhausted. It is generally believed that on an average a mile is about the limit of the flight of a quail where it is neither favored or retarded by the wind. It happens very often that in crossing the Missouri River at a single flight quail drop exhausted into the water. Probably these are young birds.—St. Louis Republic.

In Caribou Land.

The friend who gave me letters and supplied me with information that greatly helped me on my recent trip made the condition that I should not tell about the place in the newspapers. But, firstly, there are so many prospectors already in that region that a little more invasion can make no practical difference, and in the second place, Forest and Stream is not so much a newspaper in this bad sense as a compendium of knowledge and a guide in life. I will therefore state frankly that I have been hunting in British Columbia.

My party consisted of a prospector and hunter named Fred, well versed in game haunts, and an invaluable Indian called Sam for short, and we passed through much bad weather and some good luck with mutual content.

The first problem that confronts the traveler here, as elsewhere, is the question of conveyance.

In some hunting regions you can travel by canoe. In others you can make extensive journeys with pack animals. Here you must walk and carry a load if you wish to penetrate to the heart of the country. The only compromise that can be made with this stern necessity is to have your stuff packed up one of the hand-made and corduroyed Government trails a certain distance, and then climb some exceedingly high mountain every time you go shooting.

The reason for this state of things lies in what we may call, in a double sense, the "precipitancy" of the country.

Many ranges of mountains are rockier and in places far more difficult and dangerous to ascend, and some provinces may be wetter. But in the hunting region here you are always on steep wooded or burnt over sidehills.

It takes a day's travel to find a place flat enough to pitch a tent. Much of the ground is marshy. All of it is overlaid with down timber, piled in a deep tangle, and the underbrush is discouraging. Therefore, horses can travel only on the artificial trails, and man power must do the rest.

For a person interested in the preservation of forests and streams, a trip through these woods is highly instructive. For ten miles from the little port whence we started the trail lay over "old burn." Blackened skeletons of former trees dotted the hillside or covered the ground. Underbrush flourished, to be sure, but the soft carpet of mould had been all burned or washed away, and along this stretch there was hardly a mudhole left. The going was excellent. The rest of the route lay through green timber. The damp, mossy ground was elastic to the tread, the more frequent streams flowed fuller, and morasses, impassable except for the corduroy, occurred every few hundred yards, extending in some instances a long way. Many worthy people think that the advance of civilization implies the clearing of forests from the ground, and that to reject this is but an idle sentiment. Doubtless it is true that, where land is good for farming, the greater part of the trees must fall. But there are territories, either mountainous or sandy, quite unfit for cultivation, which have heretofore been reduced to mere deserts of stumps by railroads and sawmills (those twin devils of desolation in a timbered country, unless they be controlled by the hand of science), while the fires of the hunter and prospector often work a havoc more sorrowful because more useless.

It would repay British Columbia, as well as our own country, to jealously guard and regulate their remaining forests, cutting ripe trees and ripening those still young, repressing fires by active supervision and the enforcement of careful rules, and saving for the nation these priceless woodlands that they may be a treasure house of perpetual supply, and a source of perennial waters. Of course, this would be costly. It would demand a large forestry service and a formidable body of regulations, but it would pay the people better than a thousand Pacific islands with the wealth "of Ormuzd and of Ind" thrown in.

Our first hunting camp was made under an old lean-to of hemlock bark that stood between the trail and a good sized stream. The wreck of a former cabin lay a little way off, and kept watch over an abandoned tunnel. These tokens of disaster had no depressing effect. We unloaded our horses cheerfully, and as we could neither use them off the main trail nor get feed for them, we turned their heads homeward and started them back, feeling sure that their appetites and their knowledge of the country would bring them safely to their own barn. Then Sam made supper, and we went soberly to bed.

The next morning Fred and I attacked the mountain at its nearest point. We started at 7:30 o'clock, and the labor of the first half-hour was exhausting. Soon we got into rather better country. The ground wasn't quite so steep; the fallen trees were not piled so thickly, and when we got well up into the snow we saw occasional caribou tracks, which we would follow for a time until they led us into bad places, and then we would look for more sign.

Gradually, however, as we worked west, we seemed to pass off the feeding ground, and we had spent an hour without sight of a footprint when Fred found that his inward monitor called for lunch. So he built a fire and made some tea out of melted snow water. This, with bread and bacon, refreshed him considerably, and we decided that, as there was little chance of finding game further on, we would make the best of our way back to camp.

Hardly had we taken 100 steps from our lunching place when there was a glint in the brush ahead of us, which proved to be the white side of a caribou tail. Several of these animals were scattered around in the undergrowth on the edge of a more distant patch of big timber. I could make out a blackish face looking toward me through the leaves some 80yds. away, and I promptly fired at it. The shot startled the band into momentary activity. I fired at another beast rather over 100yds. away, and was grieved to hear Fred say that I had missed. Still, a third caribou, however, came quartering past us, and this one fell to the shot. I cannot myself, as a usual thing, tell the immediate effect of a shot. If the animal stand in the cover the smoke of the rifle is enough to prevent an instant view of the result, but here Fred stood at my side and kept tally. I had one more chance at quite a distant bull. I could see the horns, but I couldn't make out the rest of him, and the chance was lost in a few seconds to Fred's great disgust. I myself was not displeased; for, on going forward, we found that the first animal I fired at had dropped, shot through the head; the second lay with a ball through the shoulders, in spite of Fred's thinking the shot a miss, while the third answered our expectations by staying where he fell. While we were dressing the last victim, No. 2 got on his legs, and struggled off slowly into the forest a couple of hundred yards before I could catch up with him, and despatch him, which shows two things, first, that it is wise as well as merciful to kill your game thoroughly, even when it costs an extra ball, and second, that the shattering effect of a .30-30 smokeless Winchester, model of 1894, has been exaggerated, or at least that it sometimes falls below the standard of the catalogue.

Of these three victims, the first alone had a head worth keeping, but by way of compensation these horns were wonderfully good, not exceptionally large, but so palmated and so fringed with curving points that all the hunters and taxidermists who saw them said that I might hunt 100 years without finding their mates. I have therefore decided to abandon so long a search. This bull had a musky smell, similar to that of other *cervidæ* and antelope in the rutting season, and yet different in some way from any such odor I had ever met with. The aroma seemed to permeate the whole carcass. I spent half an hour or more in taking measurements and descriptions of the specimen, and in snapping my camera at the body in various positions, and people interested in statistics may know that this animal measured 58in. from the ground to the withers or the croup, and 88in. from the nose to the end of the tail bone. As the meat of the old fellow was uneatable, we merely took off the head and the hide, and left the rest for the martens and the wolverines. Then the other caribou were put in order, and Fred shouldering some 75lbs. of hindquarters, while I loaded myself with the big head, we started down.

The weight of an antlered head increases with years, especially the hunter's years, and while the fresh trophy might have marked but 30 or 40lbs. on a grocer's balance, it soon was counted on a different scale. The scramble down was wearying in the extreme. In default of grasshoppers, the mosquitoes became a burden, and when I at last reached the trail my leg muscles were little better than limp fiddle strings, and I lay down on the moss and waited for Sam to come and take my load to camp, while Fred was sturdily marching along with the heavy hindquarters as if it were an every-day task.

While Fred and I were on the mountain, Sam, after fixing the camp like an artist in woodcraft, had gone fishing and had caught quite a lot of fish about 8 or 9in. long. Altogether we captured nearly 100 little fellows during our stay, I myself taking some 5 per cent. of that total.

These fish were like the mountain trout of the Rockies, except that their spots were yellow instead of black. Those that I caught bit very sluggishly, something like suckers. I was told that true mountain trout lived in the creek in summer, but ran down to the lake in the autumn, while these yellow spotted cousins of theirs stayed in the stream all the year round.

Locally these fish are known as char. Now we have learned from Mr. Mather that all our native American trout, so called, are in fact char. The difference between the two fish being that one has teeth on the vomer and the other hasn't. I have never been able to identify the vomer to my satisfaction, and I have recently forgotten whether the trout or the char have teeth there, but the item about the yellow spots rests on my responsibility.

In discussing the results of the day's shooting, Fred maintained that his .40-65 Winchester would do fully as good work as my smokeless rifle. For penetration, three of my shots had gone through the animals. One ball was found under the skin of the opposite side and one, in the large bull, lodged in the body, and we did not trace it. For shattering effect, while the balls had good stopping power, there was no extensive mashing. The head shot struck under the eye and passed back without entering the brain cavity or even cracking its walls, and the fact that one bull got up and shambled off some distance with a shot through both shoulders shows clean penetration rather than extensive crushing. The results were certainly good, but not superior, seemingly, to the work of the .40-65.

One advantage of the smaller gun is its light weight, a consideration of much moment to aged persons, and another good point is the flat trajectory. Here too, however, we must beware of exaggerations.

When one begins to speak of trajectories in a familiar way there is always a suspicion that the speaker is merely pretending to have a knowledge of an "expert" mystery. Some facts, however, are clear to a plain man. Turning to the table of trajectories in the Winchester catalogue, we find that, like all other tables of this class which I have seen, the curve is indicated by the height of the ball over the line of sight at the middle distance. This gives a quantity of information of scientific value, but what a rifleman wants to know is (when his sights are accurately adjusted for say 100yds.) how far the ball will drop below that point-blank line at distances of 150 or 200yds. or greater ranges.

Few of us are well enough acquainted with the higher mathematics to work out that problem, but a careful practical test at targets leads me to believe that the .30-30 bullet will drop at 200yds. nearly 1ft. below the line of sight adjusted for the 100yd. range. There is a margin left for individual error in that statement, but it is probably close to the fact, and when we read of a gentleman who shot game at distances varying from 100 to 425yds. with a .30-30 rifle, without changing the elevation of his gun, we may safely ascribe the result to the idiosyncrasy of the gentleman.

A few more words about penetration will end my homily on rifles. Amateurs are often deceived on this point. A .30-30 rifle ball at a range of 15 or 20ft. will make a deep hollow in a plate of ¼in. share steel, and sometimes may even pass through the plate. The same piece of steel, however, at a range of 50yds. will hardly be dented by the ball, so great is the loss of penetration in this short flight.

Practical tests show wide variations from the standard



THE ANTLERED BULL.

in this matter. I have fired a steel-pointed ball from a .30-40 rifle into an oak tree 11in. in diameter at the distance of 5ft., and the ball failed to go through, though its penetration is given as over 5oin. of pine boards.

To sum up, the .30-30 rifles are effective weapons; their best points being their light weight and comparatively flat trajectory, but they do not in all respects bear out the statements of their more enthusiastic admirers.

After staying a few days in the old lean-to, we moved our camp a few miles and pitched the tents under a great group of cedars. Fifteen or twenty giant trees stood so close together that the foliage would shed a moderate rain, and the leaf mould that we cleared away to make a safe place for the camp-fire was 1ft. thick. In the intervals of mountain climbing and in the evenings under the flame-lit canopy of the cedars I had leisure to talk with Sam about the history and manners of the Ojibways, of which tribe he was a member, and I got him to tell me some of the hero stories which he had learned in his youth. All these stories told of the doings of a wonderful man called Winneboujou, who appears under various aliases in the legends of other races of Indians, and the cycle of loosely connected tales was handed down by reciters, who often followed this profession for generations, the son taking up the task when the father died.

One of these reciters was named Wab-e-zish Kim-e-see, or old man Marten. He was so old that his hair had turned gray, and all his kindred had died except one grandson; so he traveled around with this little boy and stayed in any lodge he wished to, for he knew that he was always welcome. He often visited the grandfather of Nommace, or the Little Sturgeon (this was Sam's Indian name), and sat in the evening smoking with the men around the fire, unless he were invited in the Indian fashion to tell a story.

Once, while old man Marten was making one of these visits, Little Nommace, who was tired of sitting all the long winter evenings in the corner, decided to invite the old man to tell a story. Nommace had been working at the agency, and took half a plug of tobacco as part of his pay, for, though he was too young to use tobacco himself, he knew that he would have to get a big piece if he wanted a long story.

Then in the evening, when the men were squatting around the fire, Nommace sidled up and tied his tobacco to a lodge pole, so that it dangled right in front of old man Marten. After that the boy drew his blanket about him and went to his corner. For a polite interval old man Marten paid no attention to the tobacco, but after a time he reached up and took it. Then he cut up some of it and mixed it in a wooden trap with kinnikinnick, made from red willow bark, and when the pipes had been filled at his invitation and the men were smoking, he began the story of the flood.

"Monstrous serpents who dwelt in a cave under the river were oppressing the poor Indians, and had killed a great many of them. This made Winneboujou's heart sad and another incident made him angry. One day he saw some wolves chasing a deer. Winneboujou hurried toward them, but before he could reach them the wolves had pulled the deer down and eaten him. Then Winneboujou said to the old wolf: 'Give me one of your children that I may make him my adopted son,' and the old wolf did as he was asked, and Winneboujou warned his new son to keep away from the river where the monstrous snakes lived. But the adopted wolf was on one occasion chasing a deer that sprang into the river and swam across, and as the wolf followed after, the snakes came out and killed him, and when Winneboujou saw that the snakes had done this he was angered. So he went to the river at a place where the monsters used to crawl out of the water to sleep in the sun, and there he changed himslf into a charred and broken stump and waited for their appearance.

"When the monsters came out for their sun bath they saw the stump, and perceived that it was a new thing, for there had been no stump there before; and one of the snake chiefs, suspecting magic, said to a warrior snake, 'Go and find out whether that stump is what it appears to be or whether it is something bad.'

"The warrior snake came near and looked at the stump, but he could see nothing unnatural about it, so he decided to squeeze it hard, and if it were a living being it would have to cry out. Then he wrapped his folds around it and tightened them hard, so that Winneboujou was almost forced to groan aloud, but at last the trial finished and the snake glided away and reported that the stump was what it seemed. So the two chief serpents (for these people had twin rulers) and all the tribe stretched out and slept, and when Winneboujou saw that the last one had fallen asleep he took his bow and arrows, and creeping up he shot each of the two chiefs in the heart and fled away. But serpents have tough hearts, and these two chiefs were only wounded, and they went to their cave and sent for a wise old woman—a captive who lived in a lodge near by. The old woman came every day to see the serpents, and at each visit she put strong medicine on the wounds and worked the arrows out a little way, so that the serpents grew better daily.

"Winneboujou, however, who was lurking around to have another shot at the serpents, saw the old woman one day going along with a great bundle of banwood bark and he asked her what it was for.

"She did not know Winneboujou by sight, so she told him how she was tending the wounded serpents, and that all the snake nation were trying to kill Winneboujou, and as they could not find him they sent her to gather this bark to make cords with it; then they would stretch lines far away, and if Winneboujou stumbled on the lines or pulled them they would know where he was. The hero said nothing then, but he went daily to the old woman's lodge to ask about her patients, and when she told him they were nearly cured he became afraid, so he knocked the old woman on the head with his war club and killed her and took off her skin, and disguising himself with this he went, at the usual hour, to the cave of the snakes to see the wounded chiefs. Arriving there, he put some very strong, bad medicine on the wounds and instead of pulling the arrows out, he pushed them far in until the chiefs both died. Then Winneboujou fled a great way. Certain of the snakes went to the old woman's lodge and found her skinless body and knew that Winneboujou had killed their chiefs disguised as the old woman, but though they searched after him they could not find him. So the nation of the snakes sent messengers to stretch cords throughout the whole earth as the old woman had described, and it so happened that Winneboujou saw one of these cords and pulled it very hard, and the serpents felt the pull and were able to tell that he was a great way off; so far off they could never hope to catch him. Therefore they decided that the only way to kill Winneboujou was to make a flood big enough to cover the most distant parts of the earth and drown him. So they went to their cave and loosed the waters, and the waters rose and spread far and wide, and Winneboujou, when he saw the flood coming, went up a mountain, and as the water followed close, he climbed a tree on top of the mountain, and when the water reached him here he called to the



CARIBOU LAND.

tree to grow higher, and the tree shot up, but the water still followed; and the tree towered up a second and a third time at his bidding, but at last it became tired and could grow no more.

"Then Winneboujou said to the beaver, 'Dive and bring me up earth,' and the beaver dived, but it was so far to the bottom that he got drowned before he reached the earth and floated up dead. The loon, too, dived at the command of Winneboujou, but he also failed to reach the bottom, and floated dead, and finally the muskrat dived on the same errand. In a little while the muskrat's body came up to the surface near Winneboujou, and he reached out and caught it, and found some dirt on its paws, and from this dirt he made an island upon the water, and little by little he remade the whole earth."

Thus with tales of Indian wonders, and with hunting that after the first day gave us only a few grouse, the time sped fast, resting among the fragrant cedars or climbing through the yellow tamaracks until my pleasant outing came to its appointed end. H. G. Dulog.

Chat.

Charlestown, N. H., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Twenty degrees below zero at sunrise in southwestern New Hampshire does not look much like any evolution in the weather, from the good old New England winters, which some people are in the habit of bemoaning as a thing of the past! However, we had just such a "cold snap" three years ago, Dec. 14, 1895, and shall probably have many more in years to come, while almost seventy years ago I can remember a mild Christmas, without snow.

But that is not what I propose to write about, which was that I was very glad to see, about a month ago, Mr. Cheney's letter expressing his belief that the ordinary salmon of commerce and sport, the *Salmo salar*, was only a descendant of the fresh-water salmon, or *wannanish*, who in some primeval age was either crowded out of fresh water by the ice of the glacial period, or got in the habit of going to the sea on a visit, as our fashionable people go to Florida in the winter, and finding more ample food and a more equable climate, took up his residence there, until the necessities of his nature brought him back to his native fresh waters for the reproduction of his kind.

I believe I expressed my opinions on this question in Forest and Stream some years since, and I am glad to see that Mr. Cheney agrees with me.

I think we might as well discard the misnomer of "land-locked" altogether, as it was given under a misapprehension of the situation by Prof. Baird. I think this may be considered as a clear case of evolution, and is but one of those which we might see going on around us every day, if we only kept our eyes open.

Human life is too short to note any of the radical changes which are still constantly in progress, but yet those of us who can look back sixty years can note the changes in the breeds of horses and cattle, sheep and dogs, from those with which we were familiar in our boyhood. The fact is, the whole world is in a constant state of progress or evolution, and has been ever since the days of the first creation, and those days are not to be numbered by ordinary arithmetic. We have all been brought up to place too much reliance on the entire verbal accuracy and authenticity of the old Hebrew traditions, which Ezra collected from memory, after the Babylonish captivity, and to believe that the world and all its inhabitants were created, just as they now are, in some short and definite period of time. Geology has opened the volume for us within the present century, and we may read the history of untold ages in the story-book on which the Creator wrote it, and the "Testimony of the Rocks" will show the gradual progress, through untold ages, from the simple "monad" of the primitive formations to the complicated structure of the apparently perfect animal of to-day.

There is no appearance of chance in all this either; it all goes on, with an apparently steady plan of improvement, and I use the word apparent advisedly, because the time involved is too long—and our own lives too short—for us to foretell what does not appear to us. I will let Fred Mather and Col. Alexander fight out the question of the evolution of "lame ducks" and "bobtailed dogs," to which Col. Alexander now seems inclined to confine it, and assure the latter that the believer in evolution leaves nothing to chance.

That was a delightful letter of William H. Avis, a fortnight since, on squirrel shooting. It took me back many years to my young days, when I have had just such good times in the search for and pursuit of the wary and nimble game, for game he is, despite Frank Forester, and it is a good lesson in still-hunting to spend a day in the woods for gray squirrels.

If I could now recall the details, I could tell many such a story, though perhaps not quite so well as Mr. A. has done; but it is only an incident here and there that I can remember. How, after firing both barrels at the same squirrel, as I supposed, as he ran up a tree, I was astonished when I went to pick him up by a blow between my shoulders, which came from another dead squirrel which fell from the tree. How one warm autumn afternoon, after a long tramp, I had sat down under a big oak to rest, and gone to sleep, to be wakened by a scratching in the leaves near me, and saw the biggest squirrel I ever shot. It was looking for nuts, and how slowly and quietly. I raised my gun, which was lying across my knees, and happened to be pointed the right way, and by a side shot dropped him in his tracks, unconscious of what had hit him! Many more such items can I recall, but I could not now describe a day's experience.

I am glad Mr. Belknap got his gun flints, and hope he may find them useful yet. I began my shooting experience with them. Von W.

Natural History.

Foxes and their Colors.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is very little doubt that the singular fox which your correspondent, C. M. Stark, so accurately describes is what the trade calls a cross fox. If the red patches he describes as being on the sides of the neck are the only spots of red upon it, it is a very high grade of cross. If, as is usually the case, it also has a red patch behind each shoulder, or as is often the case, has also a red patch just forward of each hip, it is a poorer grade of cross.

Cross foxes are so called not because their temper is more irascible than other foxes, but because the red patches in front of and behind each shoulder cause the black space across the shoulders and the lengthwise one along the back to assume the form of a cross.

One who handles thousands of our Maine foxes sees that there is a regular gradation from pure red to coal black. First there are red foxes having a tinge of gray on the hips or lower back. These shade up into what are called mongrels, which have quite a dark stripe along the neck and upper back, and sometimes showing quite a plain cross at the shoulders. These again almost imperceptably merge into the poorer crosses, which in turn grade up into the silver, and through many variations into pure black, with only a white tuft on the end of the tail. Two dark foxes are seldom found which are exactly alike. Some black foxes have a gray forehead, some have only a few scattering gray hairs sprinkled over the back, others have these white hairs only on the back of the neck, or hips, while some have them all over the back. Some are coal black to the middle, and then all gray on the hinder parts.

Foxes which are all black sometimes have a dull slaty or leaden color, and the fur seems lifeless; others are a shiny black, and the fur looks lively when shaken up. Those of this class are by far the most valuable.

Besides all the variations mentioned, one often sees what might be called freaks. Any large dealer usually gets a few every year of what are called Sampson foxes. These look like a red fox which has had half the length of the fur sheared or scorched off. The tail is not half the usual size, and seems more like a soldier's pompon than a fox's tail. Such skins are of no real value, and usually sell for about 25 cents, if prime. I do not know of any reason for foxes being so, as there is no such breed. One often sees only one such in a litter of six or eight. I have also seen Sampson cross foxes, and one which appeared as if it would have been a good silver if it had not been a Sampson.

I once bought a fox taken in Maine, which was pure white except the legs and backs of the ears, which were Maltese colored. I also had three one year which were more of a yellow than a red, and had patches of pure white on them, covering about one-third of the back, the coloration of a Jersey calf. In buying many thousands I have seen but these three. I have seen several of a chocolate color, and one which was a splendid red fox with about 1in. of the ends of the hair black, making the skin look black at a short distance.

In Maine the size and color seems to depend considerably on the surroundings where they live. Foxes are far more local than most people imagine, and the greater part live and die near where they are born; and though they may be driven many miles by hounds, they will return again to their old haunts. I have noticed that those taken in the open country where there are hardwood hills were bright red, while those taken on low swampy land covered with spruce and fir and gray birch were usually more dingy and apt to be grayish on the hips.

The foxes all along the eastern coast, where they go down on the beaches to feed, are much larger and more heavily furred than those taken inland. As one goes further east this is more noticeable. Those taken in some parts of Nova Scotia, and along the north shore of the Bay de Chaleur, near Gaspè, are larger and heavier furred than any we ever get in Maine. As one goes north the proportion of dark foxes increases till they merge into the blue foxes, and they in turn in the extreme north are replaced by the pure white arctic fox.

M. H.

Brewer, Me.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

There is no more lastingly appreciated holiday gift than a good book. For one who is interested in outdoor sports the volume may well be one of those included in the "Forest and Stream's" list. And do not forget to order in good season.

Game Wardens' Uniform Law Convention.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—Pursuant to the call of the chairman, Sen. J. Herbert Green, of Milwaukee, Wis., there assembled to-day at the Great Northern Hotel, in this city, the committee chosen last February to act in the matter of a uniform game law for the States of North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, as proposed at the game wardens' convention, held at this city last February, in which the above States had representation. This original convention was fully reported at the time in FOREST AND STREAM, and attracted much attention all over the country as being the most intelligent and advanced movement for the improvement of Western game laws which has ever yet been made. The convention of last winter was distinguished above all things for its common sense. There was a marked absence of all sweeping proposals and of all freak measures. The men who met here at that time represented the most advanced thought on protective matters in their respective States, but none the less stood for conservatism and care. The best features of the laws of the different States were brought forward and discussed, and a series of resolutions were adopted recommending the drafting of a bill uniform for all the several States, and containing those features which seemed to be generally applicable and generally desirable. The resolutions adopted were referred to the present committee for consideration. The present meeting is the result of the organization of such committee. There were present to-day Sen. J. Herbert Green, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. C. E. Whelan, mayor of Madison, Wis., and Assistant State's Attorney; Mr. A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. F. C. Chamberlin, of Ironwood, Mich., chairman of the original legislative committee; Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota State Fish and Game Commission; Mr. George E. Bowers, State game warden of North Dakota. Col. C. E. Felton, of the Illinois committee, was not present, having a misunderstanding as to the time of the meeting, but Chicago was represented by Mr. Exline, attorney for Warden Loveday, of Illinois, and by Mr. Alex. White, of Chicago. Warden Loveday was out of the city and unable to return in time. Mr. Fullerton was called to the secretary's chair.

It will not be necessary to take up the original draft of the resolutions, but there is given the full text of the measures advocated by these interstate representatives, the corrected text alone shown. It is the understanding that, acting on these recommendations, as shown below, Attorney Whelan, of Wisconsin, will draft a bill in proper legal form, which will be presented later to the Legislatures of the States represented. It is thought that the draft below will prove of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as showing what is thought to be the best and most practical game law possible at the present date for the five States above mentioned.

Discussion was taken up section by section, but the action was rapid. The first five sections were adopted with little discussion. The section on labeling packages of game in such way as to disclose the nature of their contents brought out hearty confirmation. Minnesota once had such a clause, but repealed it two years ago, and has missed it since. The section on common carriers was also very important, and brought out much of a positive nature bearing on the question of the sale of game. Mr. Fullerton said: "If we have the common carriers with us we can save a great quantity of game, and if we have them under control we can control the market." Mr. Fullerton's idea is that anything looking toward the abolishment of the sale of game, or its free handling, is a step in the right direction. The next following section, giving officers the right of search, was another one which was much approved. Section 9, on the violation of non-export laws, was adopted without discussion of consequence. Section 10, taking up the right to follow contraband game, received full discussion. This measure was called of doubtful constitutionality. Mr. Whelan thought that under the theory that the game was the property of the State such a law would hold all right. "Yes," said Mr. Exline, "it is the same as when I follow a stolen horse into another State and invoke the local laws bearing on property rights." This was carried with the full understanding of its consequences in regard to game shipping. Still more thorough and more in accord with the idea of stopping the sale of game was the clause bearing on cold storage possession of game. If this law is placed on the statute books of these five States it will be a merry time for the dealers.

The question of spring shooting was passed without opposition, and it probably will be adopted in all of these States except Illinois, where it is an impossibility at present. The question of deer seasons and deer shipping brought out long discussion among the wardens. It was admitted that the non-export laws are violated. Mr. Exline said that he knew of one house in Chicago that got $7,000 worth of Minnesota venison at one shipment. Mr. Fullerton said, "If I could appoint your warden as my agent, as our law proposes, you see you could seize that venison for me without any trouble." It was recommended as a rider to this clause, that the sale of venison should be prohibited in the first five days of the open season.

The matter of the State's ownership in its own game was taken up at length, and the action on this matter is unquestionably of the greatest importance. If this becomes a law it will bring into force the right to follow and seize this game wherever it may be detected. This principle, backed by a good law governing the common carriers, and the right of search given to deputies, would cripple the illegal game business to a very great extent. Sections 16 and 17 take up the allied matters of contraband game and interstate shipments. This is really the most important part of the work done, and if even half of it ever gets into the laws of these five States, the work of this convention will have been wonderfully successful and efficacious.

The question of State licenses arose on the matter of deer licenses only, but under Mr. Lakey's motion took a shoot which may place it without the realm of absolute conservatism, although it is along the line of the present tendency of Western game laws. I believe the license law idea has come to stay. It will come before the Illinois Legislature this winter. As recommended by the committee to-day, the law would be made to require a $1 license for any kind of shooting by a resident, and a $25 license for any kind of shooting by a non-resident of the State where the shooting is done. I question whether so sweeping a measure can be passed. Should it be passed, it would undoubtedly create a large fund for protective work, just as it has in North Dakota, according to Mr. Bowers' statement; but while it would be good for protectors, I am inclined to think it would be very bad for the game, as it would almost certainly make both local and non-resident shooters more eager to get their money's worth of game.

Propagation of fish and State stocking came up for brief consideration. There then came up the difficult question of open seasons on feathered game. It was found pretty hard to get sweeping dates arranged which should cover prairie chickens, grouse and quail. Mr. Bowers thought Sept. 1 would be right for chickens in North Dakota. Of course, this would be too early for ruffed grouse or quail. Mr. Lakey wished to make the fall dates Oct. 15—Dec. 15. This might do for Michigan, which has a term of years close season on chickens. It would not do in any of the States where there are numbers of chickens left, and could not be passed as a law. Mr. Lakey's motion was lost. There was considerable pondering over these matters, and finally at the suggestion of Mr. Whelan, of Wisconsin, it was decided to refer back these more or less local matters to the Legislatures of the different States, with the understanding that it would be better not to jeopardize the larger and more mutual features of the bill by standing on some date which would not be accentable in some particular State. This practically closed the meeting of the committee.

Space at this time does not offer for further discussion of the measures recommended by this committee. The tendency is unquestionably good. The sense of the meeting shows that year by year popular sentiment is attesting the soundness of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform. Stop the Sale of Game. The following of contraband game, the ownership of game by the State, the regulations of the common carriers, the right of search without warrant, are all things which we may well call nails in the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank. Drive those nails and the plank will stay. So far, therefore, it may be said that the action of this committee is above reproach, as indeed it is in every particular. The question of State licenses for shooters is a thing which will have to be worked out in actual experience. Whatever may be the result of this, it is certain that the men who have gone on record as shown below are entitled to the thanks of all sportsmen for the intelligent care which they have given to these questions. Now comes the matter of the drafted bill and its handling by the separate Legislatures. We have all a right to hope, at least, that these Legislatures will go far toward accepting the advice of these men, who constitute the most expert talent we have in protective matters in the West. The following is the text as finally adopted:

A BILL

For the Protection of Fish and Game and providing Uniform Laws relative thereto.

Section 1. It shall be unlawful and prohibited to take, catch or kill, or attempt to take, catch or kill in any manner or by any means whatsoever, in the waters of Lake Michigan or Lake Superior, or any waters tributary thereto, any whitefish or lake trout from and after the fourteenth day of October in each year and up to and including the succeeding thirtieth day of November. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty nor more than ninety days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 2. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to fish for, take, catch or kill by any means or device whatsoever any fish of any variety within four hundred feet of any dam or similar obstruction. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 3. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to take, catch or kill or have in possession or offer for sale, any fish of the following varieties of the length herein specified: Black bass, eleven inches; white, striped or rock bass, six inches; black, river or white crappie, eight inches; wall-eyed pike, fifteen inches; pike or pickerel, eighteen inches; brook trout, or any other variety of trout except lake trout, six inches. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten nor more than sixty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 4. It shall be unlawful to take, catch or kill, or have in possession, any whitefish or lake trout of the weight of less than one and one-half pounds dressed, or two pounds round. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days, nor more than sixty days.

Section 5. It is hereby required that any and all packages containing fish or game shall be labeled in plain letters on the address side of the package, so as to disclose the fact that said package contains fish or game, and the nature of the said fish or game so contained in said package. Any person who shall deliver to a common carrier for transportation any package or parcel containing fish or game, which said package or parcel shall not be so labelled as herein required, or who shall place upon said package or parcel a false statement as to the contents thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than ninety days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 6. Every person delivering to a common carrier a package or parcel containing fish or game shall place upon said package the name and address of the owner or consignor of said package or parcel. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars.

Section 7. It shall be unlawful and is hereby prohibited for any common carrier or any agent, servant or employee of a common carrier, to receive for transportation and transport any package or parcel containing fish or game unless the same shall be labelled as provided in sections 6 and 7 of this act. Any person, firm or corporatnon violating the provisions of this section shall be required to forfeit to the State of —— a sum not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, in the discretion of the court.

Section 8. It is hereby made the duty of every common carrier, agent, servant or employee thereof, to permit any officer charged with the enforcement of laws for the protection of fish and game to examine and open any package or parcel in the possession of said common carrier, or agent, servant or employee thereof, which the said officer so charged with the enforcement of said laws shall suspect or has reasons to believe contains fish or game protected by the laws of the State, and not entitled under such law to be transported, or when the said officer shall suspect or have reason to believe that the said package or parcel is falsely labelled. Any person, firm or corporation refusing to an officer charged with the enforcement of the fish and game laws permission to examine or open any such package or parcel, or shall in any manner impede such action by the said officer, shall forfeit to the State of —— a sum not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred and fifty dollars, in the discretion of the court.

Section 9. It shall be unlawful and is hereby prohibited for any person, firm or corporation acting as common carrier to bring into this State any fish or game from any State during the time that such other State prohibits the transportation of such fish or game from said State to a point without the same. Any person, firm or corporation violating the provisions of this section shall be required to forfeit to the State the sum of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, in the discretion of the court.

Section 10. Any officer of any other State who is by the laws of said State authorized or directed to enforce the fish and game laws of said State is hereby designated and declared an agent of said State within this State. And it shall be lawful for said officer to follow any fish or game unlawfully shipped or taken from his State into this State, and seize the same, and convey the same back to his own State, and so far as concerns said fish or game so shipped or brought from said State into this State, the laws of the State from which the same was brought into this State shall be declared to be and are hereby constituted the laws of this State concerning such fish or game. And transportation companies are hereby authorized to deliver to such officer of another State, upon submission of proper proof of his official capacity, any fish or game so demanded or seized by him, and he, the said officer, is hereby authorized to take with him such fish or game within this State, in accordance with the laws of the State from which the same was shipped, such disposition to be made under the supervision of an officer of this State authorized and directed to enforce fish and game laws, and the expenses of such officer for his assistance shall be made a lien upon such fish or game, or the proceeds thereof.

Section 11. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to have in possession during the close season therefor, any fish or game, whether the same shall have been lawfully or unlawfully taken, and it is hereby made the duty of any owner or occupant of any cold storage warehouse or building to permit the entry and examination of the premises by any officer authorized to enforce fish and game laws. And the said owner, occupant, or agent or servant, or employee thereof, shall deliver to said officer or agent any fish or game in his possession during the close season therefor, whether the same shall have been taken lawfully or unlawfully. Any person who shall have in his possession or under his control any fish or game protected by the laws of this State, or who shall refuse to permit any officer charged with the enforcement of fish and game laws entry into any cold storage warehouse, and possession of any fish or game therein contained, during the close season for such fish or game, shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred and fifty dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than sixty days nor more than four months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 12. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to hunt for, take, catch or kill, in any manner, any aquatic fowl, including snipe, from January in each year up to first day of September in each year. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than sixty days.

Section 13. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited to hunt for, take, catch or kill any deer, buck, doe or fawn, between the twentieth day of November and the first day of November of the year following. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than two months nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court; provided that for five days succeeding the close season for the hunting of deer, buck, doe and fawn, as herein specified, said deer may be had in possession for the purpose of disposing of the same. [Recommended to stop sale also in first five days of season.]

Section 14. The ownership and title to all fish and game in the State of —— is hereby declared to be in the State, and no fish or game shall be caught, taken or killed in any manner, or at any time, or had in possession, except the person so catching, taking, killing or having in possession shall consent that the title to said fish and game shall be and remain in the State of —— for the purpose of regulating and controlling the use and disposition of the same after such catching, taking or killing. The catching, taking, killing, or having in possession of fish and game at any time, or in any manner, or by any person, shall be deemed a consent of said person that the title of the State shall be and remain in the State for said purpose of regulating the use and dispostion of the same, and said possession shall be a consent to such title in the State, whether said fish or game were taken within or without this State.

Section 15. It shall be unlawful, and is hereby prohibited, to hunt for, take, catch or kill any deer, buck, doe, at any time, or in any manner, except the person so hunting for, taking, catching or killing such deer, buck, doe, shall at the time of such hunting for taking, catching or killing have in his possession, duly issued to him, a license, as herein provided. All persons not resident of this State, who shall hunt for, take, catch or kill any deer, buck or doe, shall first procure from the Secretary of State a license duly authorizing such hunting, taking, catching or killing of deer, for the year only in which such license is issued and for and during only the open season for the hunting, taking, catching or killing of deer, buck or doe as by law provided. The fee to be paid to the Secretary of State upon application for such license shall be the sum of twenty-five dollars. All persons residents of this State, who shall hunt for, take, catch or kill any deer, buck or doe, shall first procure from the county clerk of the county in which they desire to hunt for, take, catch or kill deer, a license duly authorizing such hunting, taking, catching or killing of deer, for the year only in which such license is issued, and for and during only the open season for the hunting, taking, catching or killing of deer, buck or doe, as by law provided. The fee to be paid to said county clerk upon application for such license shall be the sum of one dollar. Such license shall entitle the holder thereof to hunt for, take, catch or kill deer, buck or doe in any part of this State, at the time provided by law for such hunting for, taking, catching or killing. [This section was ordered amended to cover "all game hunted" beside deer, on a basis of $1 for resident license and $25 non-resident. The measure will be drafted.]

Section 16. The State game warden, or his deputy of every other State, is hereby designated the agent of this State for the taking possession of, seizing, holding and disposing of any fish or game protected by the laws of this State.

Section 17. It shall be unlawful and is prohibited for any person, firm or corporation, or common carrier, to ship into or through this State, from any other State, any fish or game prohibited by the laws of said State, to be shipped or transported, and it shall be the duty of the State fish and game warden of this State, or his deputy, to seize, hold and dispose of, according to the laws of this State, any fish or game brought into or shipped into this State, or carried through, or attempting to be carried through this State, prohibited to be so shipped or transported by the laws of any other State, and further to dispose of the same according to the laws of this State.

Section 18. The Commissioners of Fisheries shall have power and are authorized to take fish at all seasons of the year from the outlying waters of the State for stocking other waters or for the purpose of securing eggs for artificial propagation; and shall dispose of said fish in such manner as they deem to be the best interest of the State; provided, however, that no such fish shall be taken except in the presence of the superintendent of fisheries or his agent, authorized in writing.

Detailed Action.

Moved by Mr. Lakey that the license law include all game hunted, $25 for non-resident and $1 for resident. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lakey that the open season on quail and partridge be Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. Lost.

Moved by Mr. Whelan that the seasons on feathered game be referred to the Legislatures of the respective States represented. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Chamberlin that an amendment be recommended to Section 13, prohibiting sale of deer during first five days of open season. Carried.

Moved that Mr. Whelan have power to amend Section 16 in his draft of bill, it to include deputies as well as State wardens as agents. Carried.

The following resolutions of respect were by rising vote passed upon the death of Mr. E. H. Shorb, late of Van Wert, Ohio, delegate to the first meeting of the committee, and a man prominent in acclimatization work in Ohio.

Resolved, That this committee learns with regret of the death of E. H. Shorb, of the State of Ohio, whose interest in the preservation of fish and game, and whose work in the Ohio State pheasantry had brought to him a national reputation. We take this means of paying a tribute to his memory, and commend those dear to him to the blessing of Almighty God.

Vote of thanks to hotel.

Adjourned, subject to call of president.

E. Hough.

1200 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Christmas Idyll.

On the afternoon of Dec. 24, 898—something like a thousand years ago, though I have not the exact date about me—there rode forth from the castle of Weisnitvo, upon the banks of the Umtara River, two noble knights. It was in the daytime, but they were knights, and this goes. One of them was Right Sir Ronald Buckstone, of Buckstonehurst, the other the Duke of Goodenough. Their proud and haughty glances shot from the visors of their helmets like long hair through a broken hat, but as they rode along—for they were on horseback—they conversed in the low, well modulated tones of good society. pair of steel pajamas, warranted not to bag at the knee, surmounted by a coat of triple plate, guaranteed for twenty years. At the saddle bow of each hung the trusted can opener, which at that time was indispensable in war. Once within his steel pajamas the bold knight might bid defiance to the world. Across each saddle hung the weapon of the chase, the goodly crossbow, chokebored for extra range. Need the writer say that these pieces were exquisite specimens of the engravers' art? Nay, for these were knights, and none warmer ever let portcullis fall or drew sigh for Mariana of the meated grange. By this it should not be supposed that they were grangers, for such was not the case.

Nor must we forget the dogs which trotted at their horses' heels. Sir Ronald was commonly reputed to have exchanged a hundred fair acres of suburban property for the proud treasure known as Vite-Courri, the descendant of the most exalted and kingly blood of dog. Sir Ronald's wife had spent many years in embroidering the pedigree of this noble animal upon a square of tapestry. An almost equal value was attached by the Duke of Goodenough to his own dog, Sloppy Weather.

Vite-Courri was slight and graceful as a fawn, though Sloppy Weather was coarse and hard of mien. As the noble knights rode on together, Vite-Courri ever and anon skipped and ducked as the horses stepped near to him. Upon the other hand, Sloppy Weather, when betimes trodden under the iron heel of the great charger, made no outcry, but calmly bit the other leg of the horse until he was fain step off again.

The two knights rode on, as has been said, and for a time there fell a silence upon the scene, over which, it has been neglected to state, there hung the crisp October air. It was nearly Christmas, but October goes, because this was an ideal day of sport.

So intent were the two noble knights on the keen pleasures that lay before them that they became for a moment silent, nothing being heard but the champing of the bits of the two chargers, and the deep, heavy sound of Sloppy Weather's feet withdrawing from the wayside mud. It was now nigh on Christmas Eve, and these two had sallied forth to see what might be done, for many guests were bidden for the morrow, and the castle was out of meat. The reader would not know, as he cast his eye upon the lines—he would not know unless I told him—that there was upon the morrow to be a wedding of degree within the walls of the castle of Weisnitvo. The Duke of Goodenough was plighted by the honor of his knightly word on the morrow to wed Esmeralda, the beautiful daughter of Sir Ronald, and owner of the fief of Weisnitvo. He was to be the happy bridegroom at that coming event, and Sir Ronald had his eye upon him, lest he should slip away to some Crusade. This was in the time of the Crusades, and the eight-hour-a-day movement had not yet begun, so that often noble knights worked overtime going to Crusades, and forgot to come back home, they were so anxious about Jerusalem. Jerusalem has always shown itself able to take care of itself, but they didn't seem to realize it then.

"By our lady," said Sir Ronald, "'tis slovely weather."

"Marry, thou sayest well, Sir Ronald," replied the Duke, as he reached around to the western portion of his steel trousers and hauled forth a noble plug of choice chewing, such as only the nobility could purchase for a nickel. "Truly, thou sayest well. If fortune and the good saints fail us not, we shall slay abundance for the coming home at eventide."

"Gadzooks, there shall be plenty for the wedding feast, good sir, methinks," said the former speaker. "It will be a corker—what?"

"Even so," remarked the noble Duke. "If my good crossbow fail me not, meseems meself shall kill thirty straight to-day, even though they put me in the A class for it."

"Prithee, say not so," said Sir Ronald. "Never didst thou kill so many by half without missing. Saw I not—"

"No—I mean nay," said the Duke hastily. "By my halidome, thou liest!"

"Sirrah," said Sir Ronald, in low, refined tones, "wert thou not to be my son-in-law, and if I did not owe thee for two months rent, these words had else been thy last. Yet forsooth, to my mind thou wert ever a most indifferent shot."

"By cock and pie, thou vagrom!" cried the stout Goodenough, "I an indifferent shot! Marry, beshrew me, bethinkest thou not, how but yestreen, as we passed the narrow wood, the skein of wildswan rose and passed an hundred paces to our left? Sawest thou not me bolt pierce the heart of the foremost bird—yea, even though me aim was on the hindermost? I an indifferent shot! Why, sirrah, I call that skill such as thou mayest never compass."

"It was not ever thus," muttered Sir Ronald in his beard, with a deep, hollow laugh, whose iciness caused frost to form upon his visor. Yet, as he bethought him of the unpaid rent he paused and softened his tones.

"Nay, me good Duke," said he, "it ill beseems us to have a difference, who are so soon to become kin. As token of me friendship, I may give to thee some proof; though, perhaps, 'twere well not to violate secrets of the tenderer sex."

"And what may that be, Sir Ronald?"

"None less than this: The fair Esmeralda hath embroidered thee a pedigree, which she herself, with her fair hands, will present to thee upon the wedding morn as token of her love!"

"Perhaps, Sir Ronald, the lineage of thine own race? I thought as much."

"Nay, not so, me noble Duke, but that which shall count to near as much. The pedigree of a dog such—"

"Oh, joy, joy!" exclaimed the Duke of Goodenough. "The fair Esmeralda hath worked a sampler recording the pedigree of Sloppy Weather, me own good hound! Now may the saints be praised! I had oft wished it framed to hang by me bedside, that first at morn me eyes might rest thereon."

The whiskers of Sir Ronald curled tightly under his helmet, and his voice shook with emotion as he replied:

"Sirrah, the fair Esmeralda is too busy down town each day to monkey with the obscure birth of a mere cur of low degree. What dog could I mean else than Vite-Courri, the noblest of his kind!"

"Vite-Courri! Vite-Courri? That misfit, slabsided, lathy, splay-foot, weak-backed pigmy?" said the Duke in calm, measured accents. "Surely thou jestest with me. What should mortal man concern himself with the pedigree of that worthless wiffet, fit but to course the rabbit to his warren, or catch flies within me castle chamber?"

Sir Ronald's breath sounded as though drawn between barbed wire, and all he could articulate was, "Draw, sir, and lay on!" He forgot the rent.

So they lay on, their good swords making large dents in their Sunday clothes. Large sparks flew off their helmets, and set fire to the grass, so that they fought in the midst of a sea of flames, yet never did either falter. "Vite-Courri! St. George! A rescue!" was the war cry of Sir Ronald, and to this the stout Duke made answer: "Sloppy, Sloppy, Slop! Rah-rah-rah!" It was an awful fight. The good sword of Sir Ronald, glancing from the projecting eaves of the Duke's shoulder piece, shore sternly down his back, and so fell was the force with which the blow was sped that there was a crash as of splintered glass, and a cry of agony rushed to the stout Duke's lips as he felt a rich, warm fluid rush forth and stain his saddle skirt.

"Ha! ha," cried Sir Ronald through his set teeth. "Die, traitor!"

"Not on your life!" hissed the Duke between his crossbars. "Yet ever will I hold this grudge against thee, that thou didst spill the whisky, cruel knight!"

Now, whether it was this thought that unnerved the valor of the Duke, or whether it struck remorse to the heart of the hot Sir Ronald, from that time their blows grew fainter, as of those losing heart, and presently they called a truce and leaned panting on their swords. They were too tired to fight, but as all true lovers of the dog, they still could talk and exchange pleasantries.

"Liar!" hissed the Duke.

"Hound! Foul Saracen and son of seven foul Saracens!"

"Neither!" said the Duke, who was a bit off condition and short of breath.

"Ill moved the stars that saw thee born!" said Sir Ronald. "Vite-Courri, the grandest—well set up—stands over ground—ears set on—coat perfect—pedigree twelve generations back to Jupe-Phoebe! Ach Gott! thou ass, thou unspeakable idiot and ass! Vite-Courri hath won twice a score of prizes in the stricken ring. He hath won blue ribbons till the women folk have to make carpet rags of it! Vite-Courri—"

"Vite-Courri be blest, and all like him!" said the stout Duke. "The judge that would place him is an ass, and of a family of asses thrice refined. Sirrah, the dog is but a mongrel beside Sloppy Weather. See but the bone and barrel. Note the sweep of his hind leg, and see the firmness of his stride. Not with ease is he to be tripped up, I warrant thee! And when he retrieves—"

"Marry, thou sayest it," said Sir Ronald. "In our best circles we retrieve not, for 'tis held passing vulgar."

"Vulgar! Vulgar?" cried the Duke. "Now, by our lady of K. K. C., 'tis all off with the marriage! Thou mayst take thy daughter, and as for me, I shall collect the rent though it cost thee thy uttermost farthing, foul knight. Hearest it well? I say 'tis off! Ha, ha!"

A bitter paleness fell upon the face of the brave Sir Ronald, but he was game. "Sirrah," said he, "the knight who marries the fair Esmeralda takes the sampler of Vite-Courri, or he don't get the girl, and that settles it. There ain't no dog like him. I have been offered 9,000 broad pieces of eight for him."

"You wouldn't take $30 for him, though, would you?" sneered the Duke.

"What's that?" said the good Sir Ronald.

"I said I'd hate to offer you $25 for him."

"Dost thou thus offer?" said Sir Ronald, his voice trembling with concealed emotion.

"Well, yes," replied the Duke. "I have money to burn in my business. Here is your gold." And he drew forth from his pants a roll of bills and counted out the price last above named.

Sir Ronald took the gold with trembling hand. "I—what'll you have?" said he. "And why, may I awsk, didst thou thus sudden change? Why didst thou covet Vite-Courri?"

Stout Goodenough laughed loud and bitterly. "White me a bill of sale," said he, "and when the dog hath been wonted, so that he may follow his new mawster, methinks I know a sausage mill that mayhap will retire him from circulation."

A shuddering, gurgling sob burst from Sir Ronald's lips, as he fell forward upon the green sward. (I forgot to state that they had dismounted and were now on the green sward.) The stout Duke looked upon the prostrate form of his late antagonist. A low, deep laugh broke from his set face. "'Tis well," said he, "'tis well. Come hither, Sloppy Weather, pup, for we are the real thing!"

The sun cast a last reluctant glance at this scene, but being obliged to keep its schedule, sank behind the hill which had been placed there for that purpose. The deep twilight fell, since it could stand the suspense no longer. Darkness crept on apace, because it was no longer daytime. Night was coming. A solemn owl hooted in a neighboring broken tower. A few purling, creakling frogs began to pipe their lay, and the harsh strident notes of a katydid cut keenly on the moist, dank gloaming. But ever the stout Duke gazed down upon his foe and laughed a deep, hollow laugh. They who had once been friends had come to blows because of differences regarding dog. 'Twas ever thus, and is even so to-day, except that men do not come to blows, but war only with their tongues.

The scene, as above remarked, remained unchanged, the gloaming only growing a little more gloomy. The silence deepened, save only that near at hand Sloppy Weather pulled burrs from 'twixt his toes. And far away over the darkened landscape came the dull, muffled sound of the fair Esmeralda splitting kindling wood for the wedding feast that was ne'er to be.

There is no moral to this simple tale, for morals are not artistic.

Giant Moose.

There is now in process of mounting at the Chicago Academy of Sciences one of the giant Alaska moose of which we are beginning to hear so much, the specimen being the gift of George H. Laflin, who purchased it of C. F. Periolat, a furrier. The measurements of this specimen are as given below, though I have not been able to verify them. The antler spread borders on the phenomenal. Length from tip of nose to hind hoof, 16ft. 5in.; height, 7ft. 4in.; around neck, largest part, 6ft. 3in.; tip to tip of ear, 32½in.; around lip, with mouth open, 44in.; around muzzle, 28in.; antlers, inside measurement, 50¼in.; width of palms, 20in.; extreme spread of antlers, 74¼in.

Colorado Big Game.

Game Warden Swan, of Colorado, estimates that in his State there are 100,000 deer, 25,000 antelope and 7,000 elk. Warden Swan makes some very practical suggestions in regard to improvements in the Colorado game law.

The Zoological Gardens of Denver, Colo., now have but one buffalo. Arrangements are making for securing sixteen buffalo and eighteen elk and deer for these gardens.

Washington Birds.

Mr. Frank Alling, who has stocked Fox Island of the Puget Sound country with Chinese pheasants, has now undertaken the importation of black cock, junkle fowls and wild peacock. All these Asiatic birds are experiments, just as the Mongolian pheasant was an experiment, but should they prove so successful as the latter bird, the sportsmen of the northwest coast will have cause for congratulation.

Oregon Game.

Ex-Warden McGuire, of Oregon, in his report mentions with regret the diminution in numbers of the Mongolian pheasant. The history of this bird in Oregon is well known. Protected, it increased with wonderful rapidity, and gave abundance for all. Pursued in and out of season by market shooters and insatiate sportsmen, it has begun to share the fate of our native game birds, and the supply is rapidly being cut down. Mr. McGuire recommends a daily limit of twelve to twenty birds. This is enough.

Elk in Missouri.

From the Kansas City Star I take the very interesting and remarkable statement that early in this month Mr. Walter S. Halliwell, of Kansas City, killed an elk in the Ozark Mountains of southwestern Missouri, where he is a member of a club controlling a large preserve. The party killed six deer, one elk and a number of wild turkeys. It is said that this elk is the first killed in Missouri in many years; but that two others have been seen in that region. The animal was thought to be a seven-year-old, and weighed 1,150lbs. The antlers were 5ft. 6in. from tip to tip. I have often talked with men who have killed elk in the Indian Territory, but I had no idea that one of these animals was left alive in Missouri, even in the wild Ozarks.

The Small Bore.

One of the interesting facts in the big lion hunt at De Beque, Colo., is the fact that nearly all the hunters were armed with the small bore nitro rifles. The black powder rifle is pronounced to be very infrequent among the couple of hundred men who have been scouring the mountains in that part of Colorado.

A Careful Hunter.

A dispatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., states that a Grand Rapids hunter this fall came upon a couple of fighting bucks whose antlers were locked. A prong of the antler of one of the bucks had pierced the eye of his antagonist, passed back through the bone of the head and come out in the mouth. The animal was nearly dead at the time the two were discovered. The hunter killed both bucks, and then spent considerable time in carefully prying apart the locked horns. I presume he could not put them together again for a thousand dollars.

Michigan Violators.

Warden Osborne, of Michigan, reports forty arrests made in November, twenty for violating fish laws and twenty for violation of the game laws. There were eighteen convictions, seventeen cases still pending.

Minnesota Indian Troubles.

They have been having a good deal of trouble with the red men out in Minnesota this fall, but a just look at the situation seems to warrant the belief that the Indian is not alone to blame for the state of affairs. This is well set forth in the communication which Warden Fullerton has addressed to Indian Commissioner Jones at Washington:

W. A. Jones, Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.—Complications have arisen again this year in regard to the Indians, of which fact I think you should be apprised. Every year, after the deer season closes, and it is unlawful to kill game in Minnesota, the traders, who I understand are licensed by the Government, hire Indians to go out and kill our deer, paying them so much per pound. The Indians realize little or nothing out of the transaction, as the traders always get the lion's share. The venison thus illegally procured is stored on the reservations and shipped out of the State when it can conveniently be done. Most of those traders are men of inferior social standing, but still they have Government licenses to trade with the Indians. They are a curse to the Indian, and I believe with the aid of the "squaw-men" they are responsible for a great deal of the trouble existing between the Indians and white men.

We therefore appeal to you as commissioner to issue instructions to your agents on the different reservations to restrain the Indians from leaving the reservations and not permit them to roam at large and slaughter our game. If some restraining power is not placed upon them there is likely to be trouble, for we are not going to allow the Indians to violate our game laws, even if some of them have to be killed to accomplish this result. If the game killed by them was for their own use the game and fish commission of Minnesota could overlook a great deal, but when in reality it is for the benefit of the class of men I have above referred to, we think it is time for you and your department to interfere. We have just had an encounter with fourteen Indians from Pine Point, and while there was no blood shed it might have been otherwise, and another Indian outbreak inaugurated. Now, Mr. Jones, we have laid this matter, with its possible serious results, plainly before you, and we hope we are not making this appeal to you in vain. We believe your department should take the matter of restraining the Indians from violating our game laws under serious advisement. If the Indians are amenable to our laws—game laws included—they should be compelled to respect them. If, on the other hand, they are not obliged to obey our laws, then we fail to appreciate the policy of the Government in thus affording them places of shelter to which they may retire in order to avoid possible punishment for their misdeeds.

Those are the facts in the case, which we consider of sufficient importance to call for immediate attention from your department. We are fully determined to protect our game at whatever cost from wanton destruction by poaching Indians who are aided and abetted in this illegal traffic by unscrupulous traders.

S. F. FULLERTON,
Executive Agent Minnesota State Game and Fish Commission.
St. Paul, Dec. 7.

Club Elections.

The annual business meeting of Mak-Saw-Ba Shooting Club was held Monday night. The following officers were elected: President, Joseph Leiter; Vice-President, C. F. Petrie; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Smith; Board of Dirctors, as above, with addition of W. F. Haskell and A. E. Dyer.

Hennepin Shooting Club last Saturday elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. W. McFarland; Secretary and Treasurer, G. M. Sibley; Board of Directors, F. E. Willard, N. A. Partridge and J. B. Clark. Hennepin Club has secured 200 acres more of good shooting grounds, making about 4,000 acres which it owns.

Personal.

Mr. S. F. Fullerton, State Warden of Minnesota, and Mr. George E. Bowers, State Warden of North Dakota, made the FOREST AND STREAM office pleasant visits this week. Official life seems to agree with Mr. Bowers, who weighs 217lbs., though he is active enough when it comes to chasing a non-resident who is shy a license. Mr. Fullerton says that he expects to be retired from office the first of the year, but he will continue to take interest in protection of the game of his State. Mr. Fullerton will continue to reside at St. Paul, and he has the choice of two or three lines of employment, which will be as lucrative, and perhaps more peaceful, than his late office.

Mr. Harry E. Lee, whose name has been earlier mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM as a successful Alaskan hunter, is in this city, attending the live-bird tournament this week. Mr. Lee does a great deal of traveling in his favorite occupation of big game hunting. Next year he will go to the far North after musk ox. He then goes to South Africa after the big game of that region, wanting more especially a lion. Then he is going to India after his tiger. He says that he will not kill a tiger from an elephant, but intends to meet both his lion and his tiger in the open, and while he is on foot, if possible. The interesting story of Mr. Lee's Alaska hunt will shortly appear in the FOREST AND STREAM. In person Mr. Lee is tall and wiry, slow of speech and quiet of manner. His personal story of his trip to the Alaskan interior is most interesting. Almost month by month we hear more and more of this new and wonderful great game country. It is curious to observe that almost the first year that we do begin to hear of this region, we hear also the warning cry that its game is being exterminated. Mr. Lee advocates the establishment of a national park in the back country near the Sheep River, and he says that if this is not done the hide and head hunters will soon clean out the game. This is rather singular and impressive news. Mr. Lee was very fortunate in his hunting trip, as his story will show.

E. HOUGH.
1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Lacey Game Bill.

Specially reported for Forest and Stream.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19.—Nearly a year ago Mr. Lacey, a Congressman from Iowa, introduced in the House of Representatives a bill (H. R. 3589) to extend the powers and duties of the Fish Commission to include game birds and other useful wild birds. The matter was referred to the committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and on Feb. 23 last Mr. Perkins, also from Iowa, a member of that committee, reported the bill favorably. In his report he said:

"The Commission of Fish and Fisheries has been in existence for many years, and its operations have been in a high degree successful, and to the great advantage of the people. Many streams that formerly teemed with fish had become almost or quite barren. New stock has been introduced, and the various States, recognizing the mistakes of the past, have enacted suitable laws for the protection of fish, and a healthy public sentiment has been created for their preservation and propagation.

"The destruction among the game and other useful birds has been even more ruinous than that which has overtaken our fishes, and State laws for their further protection have been very generally enacted. The desire for restocking fields and forests is quite general, and with the machinery now in the control of the Fish Commission great good could be done with but a moderate expenditure of money. The bill has been submitted to the late Fish Commissioner, and he has expressed his warm approval of its provisions.

"It is believed that birds may be successfully transferred from one part of the country to another, and there propagated and extinction of valuable species retarded or prevented. The beautiful and valuable grouse, now so plentiful in Oregon, could no doubt be successfully introduced into North Carolina and Virginia. The prairie chicken, which is becoming very scarce in the Northwest, would be welcomed with friendly enthusiasm in Eastern States, where it is now wholly unknown.

"Birds introduced by the national Government, it is believed, would be protected by quite a different state of public opinion from that which has prevailed as to birds introduced by private individuals or shooting clubs. The wild pigeon, once so abundant, has been practically, if not totally, exterminated, and many of our most valued feathered friends are becoming so scarce as to lead to fears of their early extinction. Interest manifested by the Federal Government in the further preservation and propagation of birds will go very far toward a creation of that healthy public sentiment without which all protective laws are inoperative.

"The farmers generally have become earnestly interested in bird protection, and the interest in the subject is no longer confined to sporting clubs, but the general usefulness of bird life has become more fully understood by all people.

"The proposition of the bill does not involve the creation of new officials nor large expenditures, but only authorizes an existing commission to perform additional duties, and the question as to the amount of expenditures for such purpose will always be under the direct control of Congress.

"The future continuance of the efforts contemplated by the bill will depend upon the annual appropriations which may be larger or smaller as experience shall demonstrate to be wise.

"Your committee heartily concur in recommending the passage of the bill."

To-day Mr. Lacey called the bill up and moved to suspend the rules and pass it. After a brief debate, in which not a single objection was raised, the House unanimously passed the bill. The proceedings in detail, as they will appear in the Congressional Record, were as follows:

MR. LACEY: Mr. Speaker, I move to suspend the rules and pass the bill (H. R. 3589), "to extend the powers and duties of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries to include game birds and other wild birds useful to man."

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Iowa moves to suspend the rules and pass a bill which the Clerk will report.

The bill was read as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries shall hereafter be known and designated as the United States Commission of Fish, Fisheries and Birds. The duties and powers of said commission are hereby enlarged so as to include the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild birds useful to man. For such purposes they may purchase, or cause to be captured, such game birds and other wild birds as they may require therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories in which they may conduct such operations.

"The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto, where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to aid in the introduction of new and valuable varieties or species of American or foreign birds in localities where they have not heretofore existed.

"Said commission shall from time to time collect and publish useful information as to the propagation, uses and preservation of such birds.

"And the said commission shall make and publish all needful rules and regulations for carrying out the purposes of this act, and shall expend for said purposes such sums as Congress may appropriate therefor."

THE SPEAKER: Is a second demanded?

MR. DINGLEY: I ask for a second.

MR. LACEY: I ask unanimous consent that a second may be considered as ordered.

There was no objection.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Iowa has twenty minutes, and the gentleman from Maine twenty minutes.

MR. LACEY: Mr. Speaker, this bill was reported unanimously by the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries last February. We have already in existence what is known as the Fish Commission, which for a great many years has been doing excellent work in the propagation and preservation of the food fishes of the United States. The machinery of the Commission is already in operation, and they have a complete system. They have employees, and after full consultation with the officers in charge of this Commission, I am assured that without additional appropriation, or with a very slight appropriation at least, they will be enabled to do a great deal of good in the line proposed by the bill. We have, for instance, in certain parts of the United States game birds, such as the prairie chickens that are found in Kansas and Nebraska. If a few of these birds were turned loose in the Shenandoah Valley or in the valleys of South Carolina or North Carolina, they would propagate there, and if turned loose by the Government, introduced by authority of the nation itself, they would receive ample protection. Interchanges of this kind can be made at a very moderate expense, and will aid in keeping alive the different varieties of birds that are now rapidly becoming extinct.

The matter was carefully considered by the committee. It has met the approval of the Audubon societies and various other societies throughout the United States which have taken the subject in hand. I believe it ought to pass unanimously. I reserve the balance of my time.

MR. DINGLEY: I asked for a second in order that I might understand what was proposed. I understand from the explanation of the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. Lacey) that it is proposed to enlarge the functions and field of the Fish Commission, so as to cover game birds.

MR. LACEY: I would suggest to my friend that the same officials in other countries, in Germany, for instance, have these enlarged powers, and the two powers run harmoniously together. They can be operated with very slight additional expense.

MR. DINGLEY: I would like to ask the gentleman if there has been any estimate made as to the possible increase of expense by thus enlarging the duties and powers of the Commission?

MR. LACEY: That will be entirely within the power of the committee on appropriations, to say whether any appropriation at all shall be granted. The theory was that the committee on appropriations would make a moderate appropriation for the purpose of trying the experiment. If it was found to be successful it might be enlarged, or if the results were unsatisfactory, it might be cut off entirely. That would be entirely within the control of Congress. This bill grants no appropriation, but merely gives the necessary power, so that the appropriations can be made without conflicting with existing laws. I think a very few thousand dollars will cover all the expense that may be necessary.

THE SPEAKER: The question is on suspending the rules and passing the bill.

The question was taken, and there being no vote in the negative, the bill was passed.

Notes from New Brunswick.

JOE MITCHELL, the veteran Indian guide, is now reposing in the county jail. Joe is one of the squarest of the Indians on the St. Mary's reservation, but like all the rest of the tribe, has lived his life in an atmosphere of sublime obliviousness as to game laws. About every fall Joe goes out to Magaguadavic Lake trapping otter. This is perhaps the best deer country in the Province, and of late moose have frequently been seen there. When Joe returned from the lake the other day he blandly informed his friends that he had shot a moose and eight deer, and wished to sell the hide of the former. Game Warden Hawthorne at once had him arraigned before Judge Marsh. The Indian pleaded guilty, evidently under the belief that his sentence would be allowed to stand, but the warden was inexorable, and the prisoner was sentenced to pay $50 for shooting a moose on the west side of the St. John River, or else go to jail for thirty days. Joe smiled pleasantly and remarked in open court: "Purty dam good wages, too—$50 for t'irty days!" and departed on a bee line for the jail. There was a big medicine talk over at the camps that night, and Jim Paul strongly advocated levying sufficient damages upon white offenders of the game laws to liberate Joe from imprisonment. But a more practical scheme than this suggested itself to the fertile brain of Gabe Bear. He would take around a big medicine paper and collect subscriptions from the pale faces generally in order to secure the release of Joe. This was carried into effect next day, and $64.30, or $14.30 more than was necessary for the purpose, was secured by the wily Gabe. Immense enthusiasm and a weird odor of the late John de Kuyper prevailed on the reservation that evening. Joe is still in jail.

Carcasses of moose from Nova Scotia came into St. John on the train the other day. They were eagerly snapped up by the hotels. Moose are still quite plentiful in Nova Scotia, but they will soon be a thing of the past if the market hunter is allowed to work his will.

William Griffin and A. C. Thomas, of Stanley, brought into town two unusually fine moose heads this week. One of them had a spread of 58in., with twenty points; the other, a measurement of 53in. Though this has been Mr. Griffin's first season as a professional guide, his success has made him envied by many of the older ones.

Sandford Bartlett, of Stanley, brought in a moose yesterday. The horns only measured 42in., but the moose was a very large and evidently very old specimen. The four quarters weighed 700lbs., and netted Mr. Bartlett $35, and he also got a good price for the head.

Dr. Heber Bishop, friend of the human race, is here, endeavoring to persuade the Government to take part in the New York show. It is said that the Government, having been compelled to pay duty upon every article shown at the Boston exhibition last year, is not enthusiastic. In order to give the honorable gentlemen time to think the whole thing over, the Doctor, with his friend, Mr. Ross, of New York, has gone into the Sisters Lakes region on a moose hunt. Their guides are Jim Paul and Herb Heal.

All these things have a tendency to remind me that good luck never deserts the chosen people. On Wednesday afternoon last Harry Atherton and your correspondent left Fredericton for a caribou hunt on the Sutherland Brook barrens. We reached camp on Thursday and were home Saturday noon with two bull caribou. These animals, by the way, seem to be more numerous in the Cains River, Little River and Gaspereaux River country than for many years. They are also very plentiful in the

Crooked Deadwater region, where Henry Braithwaite says he believes the parties guided by him could have shot a hundred caribou this fall. My own limited observation would lead me to suspect that the caribou of this Province, obeying some mysterious impulse, are now working generally to the south, just as the moose, after an absence of many years, are now commencing to recolonize the ground to the west of the St. John River.

A number of American sportsmen are now in the woods hunting moose and caribou on the snow. This is about the surest way to find game I know of. No one should try it, however, who is not reasonably proficient in traveling on snowshoes. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 16.

The Maine Guide Law.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—Sportsmen who have hunted in Maine are receiving a letter from the office of the Inland Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, which reads:

"AUGUSTA, Nov. —, 1898.—Dear sir: There is a likelihood of some changes in our game laws by the Legislature the coming season, and possibly along the lines of the inclosed inquiries, and believing that you, as a representative sportsman, are interested in any legislation affecting the game interests of our State, and the safety and comfort of the tourist, I beg leave to ask you to take a few moments and answer the enclosed questions, and add anything thereto that suggests itself to you, and if you can add a personal letter, we should appreciate it. Sincerely yours, L. T. Carlton, Chairman."

Then follows another page as follows:

"To the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine.—Gentlemen: Being attracted to the State of Maine by the unsurpassed opportunities for fishing and hunting, unequalled scenery, pleasant surroundings, invigorating air and pure water, and hoping to continue this for many years, we are naturally interested in whatever makes for the improvement of the surroundings and safety and comfort of the tourist. We had noticed the tendency of legislation in your State intended for the better protection of fish and game, as well as that of the visiting sportsmen.

"We unhesitatingly declare that it is our belief, founded upon experience and observation, that the guide law, so called, is a wise and judicious legislative act, and hope that a registered guide bearing the certificate of the Commissioners will be a safe guaranty to the stranger coming to Maine to fish and hunt, that he may safely employ such a guide. We believe that if such was the case now, it would add very materially to the peace of mind and comfort of many who come to your delightful State, and I am glad of the opportunity to answer the following questions: Would you favor a law allowing the taking of deer in the months of August and September, for food purposes only, under such rules and regulations as the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game may establish, on payment of a reasonable fee to the State, for the benefit of the fish and game, for each deer so taken? Would such a law be respected by true sportsmen and true reports made? Do you think more deer would be taken then than now? Do you think that guides should be registered according to their fitness? Do you think that the Commissioners ought to have power to refuse to register men known to them to be unsafe, unreliable, not competent and whose habits are not good? Remarks."

The letter is intended to be filled out with answers to the questions and returned to Mr. Carleton.

SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

There is no more lastingly appreciated holiday gift than a good book. For one who is interested in outdoor sports the volume may well be one of those included in the "Forest and Stream's" list. And do not forget to order in good season.

The Salmon's Leap.

A FEW years ago, in a fishermen's nook in London, we were discussing the height to which a salmon could leap, and an Englishman stated that he had known salmon to make a clean leap of 20ft. perpendicularly. This was questioned by a Scotchman present, who said that he had been on many a salmon river, and had never yet seen the salmon that could clear 10ft. perpendicularly. Several different views were expressed upon the subject, and since that time I have taken occasion to measure falls in several rivers where salmon were leaping, for the purpose of determining how far a salmon can leap. The question allows of some elaboration, and several important factors must be taken into consideration. First, the character of the "take-off," or, in other words, the water from which the salmon starts below the falls. If he can start from a quiet, deep pool or eddy just below the falls, he can make a much higher leap than if he must start from broken water or shallow water. In some rivers salmon are much longer and slenderer than in others, and the slender salmon make much higher leaps than the more robust ones. A fresh run salmon may be so fat that he is clumsy, and not able to do his best at leaping, but after three or four weeks spent in the river he may perform some remarkable acrobatic feats. In the Washecootai River I have seen salmon thrown back time and again from a leap of about 6ft., and do not remember ever having seen a salmon make more than an 8ft. leap in that river. On the Olomana River I have seen salmon thrown back repeatedly from a leap of 10ft., but having been foiled several times in succession, these fish jumped approximately 14ft. on two occasions, and 16ft. in one instance, while I was watching them. On the Kegashka River I have seen salmon leap about 12ft., but in this river the leaping place was not where I could measure the height of the chosen spot. On the Coal River, in Newfoundland, salmon seem to have difficulty in clearing 8ft. of fall, and this is due probably to the character of the rocks beneath the fall, but as the water from which they leaped was white water, I could not see the character of the "take-off." On the north branch of the Humber River salmon were leaping very much higher with ease over falls similar in character to those of the Coal River.

The highest leaping that I have ever seen was on the first falls of the White Bear River in Labrador. The salmon in this river are not large, and the adult fish weigh quite uniformly from 8 to 10lbs.; but they are very slender, and have tremendously broad tails. A photograph of one of those salmon of 10lbs. weight placed by the side of a sea trout of 4½lbs. weight shows the breadth of tail and the more graceful outlines of the salmon of this river. I measured the height to which the salmon were leaping, approximately, by standing above the falls and letting my line run from the top of the falls into the pool below, and this line was marked with knots 3ft. apart, so that while the distances were not measured accurately, I was able to determine that most of the salmon leaping the falls at this point were making a leap of about 12ft. Salmon would occasionally leap far past this chosen spot into another chosen spot, which was approximately 18ft. from the pool below.

I photographed salmon in the air, making these two leaps, and all but two that are shown in the photographs were making the 12ft. leap. One that made the 18ft. leap is the salmon which shows largest in the photograph, as he passed in his flight very close to the projecting rock upon which I sat. The other one, making the 18ft. leap, is the one with the tail curved downward, and looking rather indistinct in the photograph. I believe that the salmon use the tail for propulsion while in the air, as most of them continue while in air the movements which they make in traveling through the water. When they are near the end of the flight the pectoral fins are spread, the tail becomes rigidly fixed and the salmon sails into the spot that he has selected for an alighting place. The photographs brought out this point.

Reducing the question to one of mechanics, we may estimate that a salmon of 10lbs. weight leaping from a still pool requires an initial velocity at the moment of leaving the water of eighteen miles an hour in order to have momentum sufficient to carry him 12ft. perpendicularly. A velocity of twenty-three miles an hour is required for carrying this same fish 18ft. perpendicularly.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Men I Have Fished With.

LXIV.—Spencer Fullerton Baird.

IF this brilliant scientist and most lovable man ever had an enemy it is hard to imagine what manner of man he might be. His fame was world-wide before I knew of his existence, but that was not his fault. Nor was it wholly mine, for in early life I had shaken the dust of the city from my boots and went West to trap and hunt and then to be a soldier, and so in those ten years the fame of scientific men came not my way, and yet they continued their work and the world went its usual round, as it may continue to do after we have all played our little parts, and strutted our brief hour upon the stage. Prof. Baird did not burst on me in a blaze of glory; he dawned on my benighted intellect and enlarged so gradually that the progress was not noticeable.

We had formed the American Fish Culturists' Association and had sent the late George Shepard Page to Washington to induce Congress to make fishculture a national industry. The game worked, and in 1871 the United States Fish Commission was created, and Prof. Baird was made its head, without salary. All this is a matter of history, but the following is not. The Professor sent for Seth Green to begin shad-hatching on the Potomac, as he had done on the Connecticut and Hudson in previous years for the Fish Commissions of those States. Seth worked the river with his men for two years, but his egotism was so intense that he appeared before a congressional committee several times and exploited himself and ignored Prof. Baird, his employer, in a way that threatened the appropriations.

During these two years I was hatching shad for Seth at "Camp Green" on the Hudson and at Holyoke, Mass., under Prof. Milner, of the United States Fish Commission. Prof. Milner sent me down to see Prof. Baird at Washington, and I met a large man with a face that at first I thought to be sad, but afterward knew that it wasn't. He was a new kind of man to me in those days, for a quarter of a century ago I was rough and tough, fresh from the woods and the army, and a man like Baird, who was not self-assertive, didn't count.

He asked me questions, as though he knew nothing of fishculture, and at first I wondered that such a man had been placed at the head of American fishculture, but before the interview was finished it was evident that his questions were those of a man who knows most that is known in his day and wishes to find out all that others know.

It was this trait which enabled him to overcome the prejudices of the coast fishermen against scientific investigators at once, and he had their help from the start. They were anxious to find rare specimens for him in the hope of getting him something not described in his books, and of receiving the partly printed acknowledgment and thanks from the Smithsonian Institution.

A Glimpse of the Man.

Although I had worked for Prof. Baird and corresponded with him, I first met him in 1874; he was then a man of 51, having been born at Reading, Pa., in 1823. I sent my card in, and while waiting to be ushered into the presence of a great scientist, a large man came out and grasped my hand, saying: "Come in and sit down and tell me all about shad-hatching. I wanted some work done on the Potomac and other rivers, and Prof. Milner named you as the proper man. Mr. Milner is off on the Great Lakes now, and you'll have to take hold without his help and get ready, for the fishermen have sent shad here to me that they say would have spawned in about a week."

And this large, unassuming man, low-voiced and slow of speech, was the great zoologist who had been made United States Fish Commissioner, under a law which he had drafted that provided that the Commissioner should serve without salary. He was at that time Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to which place he was appointed in 1850 and which he held until the death of the secretary, Prof. Henry, in May, 1878, when he was made secretary, a position which he held until he died, at Wood's Holl, Mass., Aug. 19, 1887.

A few minutes in his presence banished all diffidence, and we talked fishculture and its future for a long time, and while talking to him and studying him there was a question which somehow dodged me every time I tried to ask it. I had handled men, but up to that day had never spent a dollar which was not my own, except on trips with young fish, when it was merely railroad fares and meals. The question insisted on being asked, and the reply was: "You will employ such men as you may need, establish spawning stations where in your opinion the work may best be carried on, and send in vouchers for all expenditures."

I withdrew after promising to report progress daily, and had gone half-way across the park when a messenger summoned me back, and there was Prof. Milner, returned from the Lakes.

"What have you done?" Mr. Milner asked.

"Nothing. I was about to telegraph to my trout ponds at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., for Charlie Bell to come and help me take shad eggs. I don't know of a spawn-taker here, but with Bell the work could be started in two places."

Mr. Milner thought a moment and then said: "The shad work was placed in my hands by Prof. Baird, and it was arranged that you should come to the Potomac. Other arrangements have been made, and you are to go to Germany with young shad, and the Potomac work will have to be looked after by some other man. Go back to the work on the Hudson when the shad begin to spawn there and be ready for the trip to Germany about the time that the shad begin to spawn in the Connecticut."

Prof. Baird, having put the whole shad work into Mr. Milner's hands, did not venture a word of criticism on the decree of Prof. Milner which annulled his order that brought me to the Potomac. He had assigned Milner in charge of the shad work, but in his absence had either overlooked that fact or had thought that Milner had overlooked it while he was on the Great Lakes. Then, like the great general that he was, Prof. Baird said no word of disagreement with Milner's plans, and I went north.

Before I left Washington Prof. Baird asked me to dine at his house, and after dinner he spoke of an enlarged field for fishculture, such as seemed almost visionary at the time, but which has been realized to-day, when the people and our law-makers were educated to the benefits to be derived from fishculture and the need of replenishing not only our brooks and rivers with shad, salmon and trout, but to carry the work to the Great Lakes and even to the ocean, in order to provide food for the people.

At this time fishculture was confined to shad, salmon and trout, and the public was somewhat sceptical of the success of their propagation. I left the Professor with broadened views of my work and of him. He had a quiet way of stating a fact that was convincing and required no argument to sustain it, and as his work in fishculture could not be suspected to be of personal benefit, it is fortunate for the cause and for the country that Spencer F. Baird was the first Fish Commissioner of the United States. To his broad mind alone is due the strides which were made in the propagation of fishes by our national Government during the sixteen years of his commissionership.

As One of the Ichthyophagi.

He was not a member of the once famous Ichthyophagous Club of New York, which did not confine itself strictly to the eating of fish, as its name implies.

"What kind of a name is that which you are giving us?" asked my kind visitor, who was looking over my notes.

"If you knew the least bit of Greek, which you don't, you would know that *Ichthyos* means fish and *phagos* to eat, therefore the club were fish-eaters. Now, let me tell this story in peace without educating you at the same time. Help yourself to the tobacco and books and don't break that corkscrew. Let's see; where was I?"

The club ate other things than fish. It had several sorts of sea-weed salads, fresh-water mussels, razor-clams, salt-water sand worms, hell-benders from the Alleghany River, and tell it not in Gath nor in the streets of Askelon, filet of beef, chops, game of many kinds, but only a single course at each dinner as the finale. And then—the beverages were not whale-oil, menhaden oil nor the inky fluids ejected by the squids. Nor were the after-dinner speeches on scientific lines. Therefore Professor Baird did not attend the annual meetings of the Ichthyophagous Club. Possibly Mr. Blackford gave him a hint that science was spelled with a small "s" at the Club, and fun with a big "F." This is merely conjecture, for Messrs. Blackford and Baird were friends of the warmest kind, and Prof. Baird was not in any sense a convivial man. The Ichthyophagous Club was convivial, yet had a mission, which was to overcome prejudice and utilize for food many fishes now rejected through no fault of their own.

Prejudice, like politics and religion, is inherited, and few men have the courtage to break its bonds. "My grandfather did not eat this fish, and it is not good." That satisfies most men, it does not satisfy the progressive mind which wishes to know why its grandfather discarded this fish; was the flavor not to his taste, or the form not pleasing to his eye?

Therefore when the Professor wished to push his culinary investigations at Noank, Conn., after my return from Germany, in 1874, in the direction of sturgeon, he could not find a person who knew how to cook it, or had ever eaten it. In some way he had learned that my boyhood home had been Albany, N. Y., where the sturgeon were so common in market as to be called "Albany beef," and he asked: "Did your people in Albany eat sturgeon?"

"Yes, often, we were fond of it, but the fish is not common there now, and is nearly extinct in the river, and from being a cheap food it has become an expensive one."



PHOTOGRAPHS OF LEAPING SALMON.

By Dr. Robt. T. Morris.

"Have you any idea how it was cooked?"

"They cut it into steaks and parboiled them to get rid of the strong oil, and then they treated it as they would treat a veal cutlet, and it makes a better cutlet than ever came out of a calf. Professor, if old Mary Cooney, who cooked for mother before I can remember, and kept on cooking for thirty years, was here she would serve up those sturgeon steaks so that they would wrap around your heart like a yard of new flannel."

Then I turned to a fisherman and asked: "How do you cook sturgeon here?"

The man gave me a withering look, or one that was intended to wither, and replied in a tone of disgust: "I was never poor enough to eat a sturgeon."

The Professor had sturgeon cooked after my prescription, and he also had at the time a big 10ft. shark, and had cutlets of that served in the same way. Many ladies were at the table, and the verdict was: "The yellow sturgeon is good, but the white sturgeon is not fit to eat." And they were unanimous in this opinion. Our friend Piseco was there at the time, but I can't recall that he ever gave an opinion on the merits of Prof. Baird's two "sturgeons," and I doubt if the Professor ever told the ladies what sort of a fish a "white sturgeon" was. He was intent on knowing if shark was eatable, and found out in the only way open to a man who is not hide-bound by prejudice. Some time before or after this he received the carcass of a panther from the Adirondacks, and I read of a dinner where he had the great cat served in different ways to his guests. Dr. Theodore Gill was there, and I think Dr. Coues partook of more or less of the beast, but one trial seemed satisfactory, and there has been no demand for panther meat in Washington from that day to this. I have lost the account of that feast, and wish that some one who was there would give us the menu in FOREST AND STREAM, with his personal views on the panther as an edible proposition.

As an Ornithologist.

Here is a story that gives a view of the Professor in his true character of an unassuming man who knows more than he looks to know. He was very plain in dress and but—here's the yarn. A Boston taxidermist whose name is unfortunately forgotten, as well as the names of the birds, said to me: "One day an old farmer-looking chap with a Derby hat on the back of his head, resting on his ears, came into my shop and looked around. He stopped in front of a bird and said: 'That's a fine specimen of ——, and exceedingly well mounted.'"

"'You are mistaken about that bird,' said I, 'that's the ——. I doubt if you ever saw one of the ——, they are very rare.' 'I know what I am talking about, for I've studied birds all my life,' and the old farmer nodded and went on looking over the collection with his hands behind his back, and I began to wonder if he would know the difference between a hummingbird and a crow, when he said: 'I sent you some specimens from the Smithsonian Institution a few days ago, I hope they came in good order.'

"Well, sir, my heart was in my throat when I asked: 'Is this Prof. Baird?' and he said it was. And there I had been, like a chump, disputing one of our first ornithologists. You could have carried me out on a chip. Then I asked him if the specimen first referred to was the very rare bird, and he said it was. He did not take offense at my manner, for he sent me specimens afterward, but I never was so taken down. He did not dispute my decision about the bird, nor offer to argue the point; he named the specimen and let it go at that. He is the most wonderful man I ever met."

As an Angler.

But as it was as a fishing companion that started me to write of the great scientist, I must touch on our only fishing trip, but in all my sketches I aim to picture the man and not to tell fishing stories, so I have tried to place this man in the light as I saw him.

The early October days at Wood's Holl, Mass., were giving warning that winter was on its way down the coast, and Prof. Baird had sent for me to talk about the culture of lobsters, cod and other winter fishes, and there came a bright, still day, when I remarked: "Professor, this is an ideal day for fishing, and Martha's Vineyard is an ideal place for sea fishing, and I have arranged for a supply of bait, and will ask you to let me off for half a day in order to get a bit of fishing, which does not often come my way."

"Have you engaged your boat?"

"No, they are plenty, the tide will be right from 9 to 12, and as there was no pressing work I thought it best to go, especially as you devote the most of that time to your stenographer, and would not need me."

In his quiet way he asked: "May I go along?" And then his steam launch was ordered, the stenographer took a rest, and with all the bait and tackle necessary we went out into "Quick's Hole"; for, by a curious sort of nomenclature, in Martha's Vineyard each bit of water between the islands is called a "hole." In these tideways there is a fierce current, as the Atlantic ebbs and flows, so that the angler must change his sinker to suit the flow, unless he is willing to use a heavy one at slack water and so lose the "fight" of his fish.

His line had scarcely reached bottom before the Professor had a bite and pulled up a tautog, the "blackfish" of New York and south, a fair-sized fish of about 2lbs., and he remarked: "It reminds me of boyhood days, when I used to fish in the Schuylkill River, and of the same feeling of the fish, giving jerks which are almost electrical. I can easily see how men like to fish, but since I became a student I have never found time to waste in that way."

"Fishing has never been a waste of time with me, it is a change of occupation, which is rest, and to business men a week or two spent in fishing braces them up and they return to work brighter and stronger. However, I make no such excuse in my own case, for my outdoor life is sufficient, and I fish because I like the sport."

"These toadfish," said the Professor as he dropped one in the boat, "seem to be most all mouth and digestive apparatus; they have powerful jaws and are very tenacious of life; do you know of any fishes which eat them?"

"Yes, I saw one taken from the stomach of a cod, and have been told by fishermen that dogfish eat the smaller ones."

"Ever eat one yourself?"

"Yes, tried them once for curiosity. They are better than your white sturgeon at Noank, but not as good as skate or sculpin, sea robin and some other fishes not usually eaten. I remember the toadfish as soft and mushy as we fried it, yet when skinned the flesh seemed firm."

"What do you think the mission of the toadfish may be?"

"Like that of sharks and scavengers; to keep down other forms; to absorb food, but to yield little in return."

"Doubtless," said he, "that is the mission of our birds of prey also, and of the dogs and cats." Here he evidently fell into a train of thought which lasted while I took in half a dozen fish, when he pulled in his line and said, half aloud: "They've taken off my bait." As I was aware that his bait had been off for half an hour, and that he had lost interest in the fishing, I said: "Now we've had fishing enough. I think we had best go back and be in time for dinner."

While there is nothing of particular interest in the foregoing conversation, it illustrates the trend of thought and the habit of asking questions which were characteristic of Prof. Baird. He was no doubt better informed on the questions which he asked me while we were fishing than I was, but he realized the fact that every man has had opportunities for observation, which came to him by some accidental capture or the opening of a fish, which might never occur to the student who set out to investigate along that line. He had a quiet way of finding out all a man knew on any zoological subject without making him feel that he was on the witness stand, and he was ever absorbing knowledge in this way.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, drew the bill creating the office of Fish Commissioner, and with Prof. Baird in view he provided that no salary was to go with the office in order to place it beyond the reach of party politics. The commissioner was not subordinate to any of the executive departments of the Government, its reports were to be made directly to Congress, and his work was not even nominally under the direction of the President or of any cabinet officer. This was great power to give a commissioner, but Senator Edmunds was wise in doing it, for he realized that in that day fishculture was an established fact, and should be undertaken by the Government, but that any hampering of the commissioner by men who had to be educated to the needs of the work would be fatal to it, and so this bill went through.

While fishculture was contemplated, and has since become the main object of the commission, it was not mentioned in the original bill which passed Congress under joint resolution on Feb. 9, 1871, authorizing the appointment of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, whose duties were: "To prosecute investigations on the subject of the diminution of valuable fishes with the view of ascertaining whether any and what diminution in the coast

and lakes of the United States has taken place; and if so, to what causes the same is due," etc. But while the commissioner was to report "What protection, prohibitory or precautionary measures should be adopted, * * * the bill did not name fishculture, and the first two reports of the commissioner only touch on the subject lightly at their close, yet the good work which some of the Eastern States had begun a few years before was uppermost in the mind of the new commissioner, and after the exhaustive investigations in the salt and fresh-water fisheries which fill the first bulky reports, he entered upon the work of fishculture in a small way, and showed its benefits to Congress year by year, until he put national fishculture on a solid footing.

In his early life he formed a friendship with Audubon and later worked with the elder Agassiz, and throughout his life was both a student and a teacher. His sense of humor was not keen, but he seldom showed that he had the sense, but I have told him stories intended to be funny, at which he would quietly laugh, forget, and months afterward ask: "What was that thing you told me when you were here last?" Of course, I had forgotten, but I would tell him another, and he never knew the difference.

I was in charge of a hatchery when the news came that Prof. Baird had died at Wood's Holl, and the flag was at half-mast until after the interment, for if I ever looked up to a man as a true and loving friend, that man was Spencer Fullerton Baird. FRED MATHER.

Fishing on the North Platte.

I LEFT Medicine Bow Aug. 15, 1898, with my wife and two children, to try the rainbow trout in the southern part of Wyoming. The first day's drive brought us to Rattlesnake Creek, at the foot of Elk Mountain, where we made camp at 6 o'clock. My wife inquired if there were really any snakes there, and I told her there were not, that they had departed with the Indians. Just then I went to picket the horses, and had got only a few steps from camp when zi-zi-z-i-i-i-p, there was a rattlesnake 4ft. long and very lively. A club soon settled him. After supper my wife and daughter were easily persuaded to sleep in the wagon, while my son and I made a good couch on some willow brush.

At noon next day we arrived at the town of Saratoga, a pretty little village on the banks of the Platte. It was twenty-two years since I had been in this valley, and the change that has taken place is wonderful. One little hunter's cabin then represented what is now a thriving town, surrounded by beautiful farms and stock ranches. The hot mineral springs are very efficacious in rheumatic and many other complaints; there are two good brick hotels and a sanitarium. The hotels did not trouble me, and my camp was soon made beneath a large cottonwood tree, and then I sat me down to ruminate.

This used to be one of my favorite hunting grounds. Often I have met the noble red man here on the hunt, and many a peaceful chat have we had together on the banks of this beautiful river. The last time I was here, in 1876, some beaver were trying to build a dam across the river, and I am sorry to say I caught some of them, but now they are gone, and so are the Indian, the antelope, the deer and the elk. Where I used to ride so free twenty-two years ago, there are now wire and pole fences, and wheat, oat, barley and alfalfa fields. A few of my old friends and companions of bygone days have settled here, but many of them have gone over the range to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Another great change has taken place. In 1876 no trout had ever been known to exist in the North Platte and its tributaries, but now, thanks to our fish commission, these waters are said to be alive both with Eastern brook and rainbow trout, and stories have come to my ears of 12lb. rainbows and 5lb. brook trout, and now I shall set up my rod and learn if these are fish stories; we will hope not. I walked down the bank about a quarter of a mile to a place where there is a nice riffle and a deep pool below, and here I make my first cast, and had a rise the first cast, but did not hook my fish. I make another cast, and the next moment had hooked him, but in a moment the water just boiled about my fish, and I had glimpses of two big ones, and was glad there were only two flies on that leader. I was powerless to handle them; all I could do was keep the line taut and let them fight it out. This they soon did, and I was short a leader and two flies. There were plenty more in my tackle pocket, and in a few minutes I was ready again; this time with only one fly, a royal coachman on a No. 4 hook. Wading down the stream to the next riffle, and I hooked a brook trout weighing about 1lb., and then in the still water I got a rainbow of 3½lbs., and then a rainbow of 1½lbs. This was plenty for this evening, so I went back to camp, and to the sanitarium for a bath.

The next day we moved up the river to the mouth of Brush Creek, and remained there three days. Here commenced the best fishing I have ever seen. The fish are nearly all rainbows, and of twenty-nine caught here the smallest weighed 2½lbs. and the heaviest 6½. They averaged 4½lbs. And here I want to say a word in favor of the rainbow trout. Of all the fish I have ever caught they are the chief for fighting and eating qualities, and I am not an amateur with the rod. I have fished from the Great Lakes to the Pacific in all the States and Territories. I have caught 30lb. maskalonge and 40lb. lake trout. I saw in FOREST AND STREAM last spring an article that was far from complimentary to the rainbow trout, and my blood boiled in a moment. But after studying the matter, I conclude it must be the fault of the streams in which they were found. Here we have an elevation of 7,000ft., and the streams are fed from the snow all summer, and the water is clear and cold all the year round.

After our curiosity and appetites were satisfied here, we moved up to French Creek, ten miles. Here we had some grand scenery. This is the lower end of a deep cañon, eighteen miles long, where the river tears along between walls from 50 to 1,000ft. high, and here beautiful French Creek empties its pure waters into the Platte. Just imagine a stream 20ft. wide, averaging 18in. deep, flowing over pure white quartzite boulders, and literally swarming with brook trout. Here I gave my son, fifteen years old, his first lesson in fly-fishing. He had never taken much interest in it before, but now he is counting the days to see how soon we shall return to this happy land. I don't know but he dreams about it. I know his father does. I was disappointed at first in my effort to learn if there were any big trout in the river. In vain the coachman touched the water, there were no signs of trout here, and I began to think that the big fish are all below; but when I crossed to the west side, where there was a ledge I could climb, and looked down in a pool, and, great ghost of Izaak Walton, I saw plenty of fish. In the words of my old friend, P. G. Murphy, "there were two tons of trouts in this pool, and they are whales." I climbed down again to consider. I put on a grizzly king on No. 4 hook and tried it, but they would not rise. Then I let it settle and drift down, when suddenly, "bump," and oh, how the reel began to sing. Nearly all of my 100yds. of No. 3 line ran out before I could turn my fish, but at last it was done, and he broke the water with a jump of at least 4ft. clear, and he a yard long. In twenty minutes he was in the net, and I went ashore to weigh him, and 8¾lbs. was the mark he touched. My wife said: "You have got enough for one day," but I was not quite satisfied and tried again, but I could get no more of that size, and finally stopped with five more that weighed from 4 to 6lbs. each. I would have liked to camp here for the next six weeks, but had agreed to meet some friends at the upper end of the cañon on the 23d of the month, and so had to pull camp next day. Of all the camps in my thirty years in the Rocky Mountains, this is the best.

During this day's drive we saw some very fine scenery. Our road lay through a beautiful valley between the Medicine Bow and Independence mountains. The river cuts through the mountains six miles east of this valley. At the crossing of Big Creek we saw one of the great stock ranches of the Hunter Bros., and a meadow six miles long and four miles wide, and twenty-three mowing machines were cutting hay. Twenty years ago this was a sage plain, and the home of hundreds of antelope and jack rabbits, but the great ditches and the sage grubber have made the usual change—where will it stop? At 4 in the afternoon we reach our camp, but the friends we expected were not there, so we went fishing, but with poor luck. There are signs of many camps here, and it looks as though it had been pretty well fished out, and from the dead suckers and little trout there is every evidence that dynamite has been used.

In the morning my friends, Jackson and Kelley, arrive, and two larger hearted or more enthusiastic fly-casters never lived. We spent two days fishing up and down and just got enough to eat; then we hitched up and drove down the river six miles, and made camp 1,500ft. above the river at a little spring. The trout were here, and we filled our bags in the afternoon, and climbed up that steep hill to camp. We earned all we got this day. We spent the next day here too, and made good catches, but got no fish over 4lbs.

I had told the boys of the big trout and fine fishing below, and have shown them some of the fish, and they were anxious to go down, but the time was too short, so we pulled back to the camp ground, six miles above there, and the next day started on the home trail.

On our way we passed through the lower end of the great North Park in Colorado, and we stopped for noon at the soda springs and drank soda water till we felt that we should want no more for a year. We camped at night on the Laramie River, and tried night fishing with white millers, and it is pretty good sport. At 10 o'clock we went to camp satisfied and turned in. Next morning we found ice a quarter of an inch thick on our water buckets, but the sun soon put the frost to flight, and about 9 we went fishing. Here I should like to stop, but must tell the truth, as all fishermen do. My son beat me; he caught more and larger trout than I, and only a week before I had given him his first lesson in this art. I was ready to go home, in fact I wanted to go, but doubted if I could get the boy away from the stream till the last moment. I did not want to fish, and would not fish, so I remained in camp and wrote up the journal. This brings me to the end of one of the pleasant experiences of my life: 250 miles by wagon through grand scenery, with sport enough to last a year. RAINBOW.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 16.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club. J. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—Logansport, Ind.—North Central Indiana Poultry Association's bench show. Sol. D. Brandt, Sec'y.
Jan. 19-21.—New Orleans, La.—New Orleans Fox Terrier Club's show. Wm. Le Monnier, Sec'y.
Jan. 23.—West Point, Miss.—Champion Field Trials Association's fourth annual trials.
Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.
March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

A. K. C. Meeting.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at the club's offices, 55 Liberty street, on Dec. 8, Vice-President Edw. Brooks presiding. The following clubs were represented: American Dachshund Club, American Pet Dog Club, American Scottish Terrier Club, American Spaniel Club, Brunswick Fur Club, Collie Club of America, Gordon Setter Club of America, Irish Terrier Club of America, Mascoutah Kennel Club, Metropolitan Kennel Club, Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association, National Beagle Club, New England Kennel Club, Pointer Club of America, San Francisco Kennel Club, and associate members A. Clinton Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood and G. W. H. Ritchie.

The applications of the New Orleans Fox Terrier Club and the Joliet Kennel Club for membership were approved. The committee on membership also approved of the credentials of Mr. A. P. Bagley, filed by the St. Bernard Club of California, and Mr. E. M. Oldham, filed by the St. Bernard Club of America. Mr. Oldham declined to act, saying that he had neither the time nor inclination to serve. Mr. Bagley was elected. The following gentlemen were appointed to constitute a special committee to represent the A. K. C. on the Pacific Coast: John E. de Ruyter, chairman; N. H. Carlton, W. R. Cluness, Jr., J. P. Norman, C. M. Grey, M. C. Allan and C. A. Haight.

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $4,527.93.

The stud book committee reported ten applications received for kennel names, and recommended that they be allowed.

Reports were also made of minor business, such as claims of fictitious pedigrees, etc. The Pacific committee's report was then read by the secretary. The meeting was held at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, on Nov. 10. It requested authority to grant dates for holding shows and to receive and hold, temporarily (subject to the order of the A. K. C.), all funds that may come into the possession of said committee, in the discharge of its official functions; to decide protests from rulings of bench show committees, etc.; to initiate proceedings or to entertain complaints against any person or club in the matter of fraud, and to inflict such penalty as would be within the province of the A. K. C.

The resignations of the Poodle Club of America and of the New England Field Trial Club were accepted. The question of calling on the clubs joining the Pacific Kennel League to show cause why they should not be dropped from A. K. C. membership was referred to the Pacific special committee.

The matter of the New England Kennel Club's show was then taken up. The show was held at Braintree, Mass., on Oct. 14. On Sept. 8 the New England Kennel Club issued its premium list. The classification was correct in every respect. On Sept. 22, the A. K. C. amended its rules, after having given a month's notice in the Gazette, that winners' classes, after having been published in the premium list, could not be changed. Twenty-two days later the show of the N. E. K. C. was held, and in ten classes they changed the winners' classes from those advertised in the premium list, and divided them by sex, which was clearly a violation of the then existing rules of the A. K. C. After some discussion, the secretary was instructed to cancel all illegal classes and wins. It was decided to continue the publication of the Gazette under its present arrangement for another year.

A New Hampshire Fox Hunt.

Owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo! rung out the voice of old Sport. Owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo!

The fox had been hunting for his supper, or early breakfast, through the pastures during the night, and now Sport was trying to unsnarl the tangle of his tracks.

I had left New York in its snowdrifts, after the great November storm, and gone up through the beautiful Connecticut Valley into the heart of the western New Hampshire hills. John and I had had breakfast and a four-mile sleigh ride before sunrise. The horse had been cared for at a farm high up on the hill, and now we were making our way up through the pastures toward the top of the mountain, but scarcely 100yds. had been crossed when the hillside rung with the owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo! owgh-oo-oo! of the hound, and a few minutes later a short, snappy owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! told us the fox was up and away toward the top of the ridge.

"I'd give five dollars to be on the mountain now," said John, but neither five nor fifty would have purchased that privilege. More than a mile of snowdrifts lay between us and that goal, and much of the time we were in them to the hips, as we went wallowing and plunging along.

Off came overcoats, then shooting jackets, then gloves, although the temperature was below freezing, and the wind blowing half a gale, and at last with sweat running down our faces and the writer nearly "winded," we reached the gap between the old mountain and the ridges to the west.

From away beyond the ridges came the voice of Sport: Owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh! roaring down the wind, now louder, now almost lost behind the southwestern hills, then again increasing to a roar as he came over a hilltop, and dying down as he went into the woods or down into a valley.

"Sh! sh! drop down behind the wall," whispered John. "There is a 'stray,'" and he pointed up the ridge. Coming down toward us on the great fence poles above the cross-wall was a big, red, white-whiskered fox. What a great fellow he was, and how big his head looked as he came, directly facing us, down the hill, stepping lightly and carefully along the pole, leaving the least possible scent for a pursuing hound. Old Sport was not on his track, and he knew it, but he was taking all possible precautions. Now he jumps from the wall to a rock, touching lightly on his toes, thence to a ledge, never touching the telltale snow. Now he steps or springs lightly and slowly from ledge to ledge. Now he stops and turns. He knows the hound is more than a mile away, and he is no hurry. "He is going to lie down," whispered John. No, the place does not quite suit him, and he goes lightly and carefully up to the top of the ridge and down the side of a spur, making to the south to a small spruce, behind which an almost perpendicular ledge rises 30yds. or more, and there he curls himself up under the evergreen branches, lifting his head from time to time and listening to the hound.

If you think fox shooting unsportsmanlike, go and try it among the mountains of New Hampshire in December, when they are in their prime, and the young foxes have got their "eye teeth cut," and the old ones are "fat and sassy." Match your craft against their cunning and you will be very likely to change your opinion.

"There comes another one, John."

Down the ledge on the first one's track comes a very handsome and very red fox. He stops on a nearby rock. The old red raises his head. They look at each other and apparently the newcomer's impressions are not favorable for closer acquaintance, for he jumps off the rock and trots leisurely down across the pasture.

John creeps up, under cover of the wall and spruces, to cut him off, but he slips by behind the rocks and trees, not showing himself within gunshot, and goes on to the

mountain. John comes back, and is telling how neatly he escaped, when—"There is another one, John, and he is almost black."

"A silver-gray," excitedly whispers John.

"No, just a little red shows on his back."

"He is the blackest fox I ever saw running wild," says John.

Down the ledge comes the black. He looks at the old red under the spruce. Then he jumps on him, and they roll and tumble over and over each other in the snow like puppies playing. Then the black gets up and goes off down the hill, and the old red goes back to his spruce.

Owgh! owgh! owgh! The hound is coming nearer The fox gets up and jumps up on a big boulder near the point of the hill and listens, then goes back and lies down.

Owgh! owgh! owgh! Louder and louder comes the sound. Again the old red jumps on the boulder and listens. This time he finds the hound is coming sure, and he climbs quickly up the ledges and disappears over the ridge.

Sport is coming, but his voice does not have the certain sound that it did. His fox has been playing over the bare ledges in the sharp wind and sifting snow, and the old dog is bothered to find the cold scent, so John calls him and puts him on the fresh track going on to the mountain. Then there is a furious run to the eastward. We climb quickly to the mountain top and stand in the biting wind on the highest summit for miles around. A magnificent panorama is spread out around us. The Minks, Kearsarge, Sunapee, Lovell, Monadnock and a hundred other peaks shining in their winter white, with the steel-blue ice of Lake Massassecum in sharp contrast almost beneath our feet. Another "stray" is watched coming across the pastures. Then Sport is heard bringing his fox back from the east. The sharp crack of John's gun rings over the mountain. The handsome red skin is soon off, and we make our way down the mountain after such a day's sport as is rare indeed even in the memory of old fox hunters, and of which the mere killing is but a very small part.

D. R. MARSHALL.

New York Bench Show.

THE judges for the twenty-third annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 21-24, are as follows:

Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., St. Bernards and Newfoundlands.

John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers and all setters.

R. F. Mayhew, New York, mastiffs, collies, old English sheepdogs, bull terriers, Airedale terriers and fox terriers.

J. Blackburn Miller, Newburgh, N. Y., Great Danes.

Edward L. Kraus, Slatington, Pa., Russian wolfhounds.

H. K. Bloodgood, New Marlboro, Mass., all spaniels (except toys).

John H. Matthews, New York, bull dogs.

John R. Buchan, New York, French bull dogs.

Frederick G. Davis, Boston, Mass., Boston terriers.

George B. Post, Jr., New York, beagles.

G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Dachshunde and Basset hounds.

O. W. Donner, Milton, Mass., Irish terriers.

Dr. M. H. Cryer, Philadelphia, Pa., Dalmatians, poodles, all terriers (except bull terriers, Airedale terriers, fox terriers and Irish terriers), pugs, toy spaniels, Schipperkes, Pomeranians, Italian greyhounds, whippets and miscellaneous.

Points and Flushes.

The calendar of Spratts Patent Limited, 239 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, issued for 1899, is elaborately illustrated with portraits of typical dogs of different breeds, with descriptions of their race characteristics, elaborate sage advice on breeding, feeding, doctoring, training, etc. Poultry and cats also receive attention. The edition of this calendar being limited, extra copies will be sent only on receipt of 7 cents per copy. The San Francisco Branch is at 1320 Valentia street, San Francisco.

Canoeing.

Canvas Canoes on Florida Waters.

VISITORS to Florida who are fond of an outing, if they intend to winter near water, should provide themselves with Parker B. Field's small book, "Canvas Canoes; How to Build Them," published by FOREST AND STREAM, and with it to assist them construct for themselves craft to explore the rivers and numerous lakes. Our canvas fleet, built four years ago, with the aid of this book, on lines that differed slightly from the original plan to insure stability when fishing, is still in fair condition. We have used our boats during that time on the lakes around Auburndale, on the Gulf the St. John's, near the Atlantic Coast on the Halifax, and even went through the surf on the coast several times without accident. They were afloat nearly every day, and were hauled ashore after each trip. At some places, too, the beaches were rough with litter; at others with sharp shells. Such an experience was a fair test of canvas boats.

We had no end of pleasure in our canoes. Auburndale, in Polk county, Fla., lies in a nest of lakes, varying in size from large ponds to small seas, each of them as round as a watch, and the water in them is as clear as crystal, as sweet as drink from the "moss-covered bucket," a dream of plenty to thirsty fishermen. These lake chains are only grand systems of filters, some of them connected by small runs, others separated by sandhills. Their intricate arrangement is known to a few surveyors and to birds. They are so blue that they contrast sharply with the sandy shores and the brilliant pine forest around them. One resident told me that there were seventy lakes within a radius of five miles. He had not counted all of them either, for I found a number afterward that he did not know about. The one on the north side of town, two miles in diameter, was the gem of the collection.

This lake was our playground, our front yard almost, where we spent much of our time canoeing. Our small decked-over craft were 13ft. long, 3ft. wide, and low in the water. The new canvas when freshly oiled was yellow. The remarks of a native the first time he saw us out were, "Durn me ef they hain't a-rowing on a board, that 'ere are sure dangerous"; sentiments that were repeated afterward by one of his numerous children every time we passed their pier; and when we rigged our boats with small sails the young of this family were so sure they knew us that they stood off and addressed us in loud tones if we met on land, as though shrieks and yells were the only sounds likely to penetrate our brains.

The mother of this brood did washing ashore under a large oak, with moss-hung limbs, while children fought on the landing and fell overboard for amusement. There never was such a happy family. Calm days buster's yell and baby's shriek crossed the lake and came back unimpaired. And I had to go up there often to catch bait, as it was a famous place for minnows. To the extreme left of our landing there was a small outlet run that led under a bridge and through a jungle of scrub growth and moss to another lake. Further around the shore, built out from the pine woods, was a pier, where an acquaintance played a cornet at times to bring us luck while fishing. Directly opposite our pier there was a run from another lake, and to the right over the way a high pine hill, where girls came out afternoons to yodel and sing songs, asking whether we loved them as they loved us and such questions, while we cut bait, fished for fish, and said nothing.

Volition was almost sufficient to move our boats when the lake was smooth; the breeze smacked them through waves when whitecaps were running. Bass, brim and speckled perch were caught in numbers that raised a cry against fish. Ducks were hunted at the "flies" till all the leaves near such places were pierced by shot rain. There were sailing races on windy days, when spurned waves flung spray over us. Then there were other afternoons that I lay on my back in the bottom of my canoe, with feet scattered around deck, and allowed the breeze to drift me at random till I could not decide whether the butcher birds and mockingbirds singing on shore were port, starboard or overhead; whether the sun was setting off my left ear or painting a glow against my shoe soles—and I did not care. Once I awoke near shore after dark to learn geography by searching the bank; then marked time with paddles to find home and ascertain whether it was this evening or to-morrow morning.

Cruising parties were formed occasionally to explore the margin of our own lake, or go through runs to adjoining lakes. All Florida scenery near water is draped with moss yards long. Some of the large trees that stood in exposed places were noticeable on windy days; with scalps and whiskers lashing the air, with woolly garbs greatly agitated, they squirmed and capered till timid folks were disposed to shun them. Those miles of whirling, unkempt shores would have made a barber shout. And those evenings when the glow in the west made the lake seem enchanted were memorable. Sometimes a bright moon sparkled the way home; sometimes the sky was shot with myriads of brilliant stars. Black nights the lake sang a coronach like that of sorry multitudes. All of this was delightful. Our debt to the author of "Canvas Canoes" is a large one.

H. R. STEIGER.

A Novel Canoe Tent.

A CANOE tent of entirely new form has lately been invented by Thos. G. Winter, being a combination of canvas canoe and shore tent. The frame of the canoe is made of a system of light strips and ribs of simple construction; light in weight and easily transported. The canvas cover is so shaped as to make a perfect A tent when set up on shore, but it may be fitted over the frame, drawn tightly by means of straps, and converted into a watertight skin for the canoe. The combination is now being made by D. H. Heckman, the canoe and yacht builder of Kennebunkport, Me.

Atlantic Division Officers.

THE prolonged absence of Vice-Com. F. C. Moore and Purser J. C. Mowbray, of the Atlantic Division, made it necessary to elect new officers, and a special meeting was held on Dec. 3. The following officers were elected: Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Park Island C. A., Trenton; Rear Com., N. S. Hyatt, Shattemuc C. C., Sing Sing; Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Park Island C. A. The Executive Committee members are Thos. Hale, Jr., and W. C. Lawrence.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Rochester C. C. was held on Dec. 12, the following officers being elected: Capt., C. F. Wolters; Mate, L. P. Newton; Purser, Al. T. Brown; Chairman Regatta Committee, E. R. Buller; Chairman Commissary Committee, C. B. Wolters; Chairman House Committee, J. Clifton Baker; Chairman Entertainment Committee, J. R. Davy; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Frederick R. Smith. The club has at present an active membership of fifty-three, with six non-resident members. The limit on the active membership is sixty.

Yachting.

THE Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is now engaged in a very thorough revision and extension of its rules, to embrace additional restrictions on cabin details, a limit to ballast and sail, and a table of scantling. We hope soon to publish the rules in complete form.

The Capabilities of Small Yachts.

CLINTON, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the seagoing capabilities of small cruisers are being discussed, I send the following extract from a letter in the Yachtsman of Nov. 10, written by Mr. H. Warrington Smith, of the R. T. Y. C.:

"We hear square or transom sterns heartily abused—and not without reason—on all sides. Yet most of the hookers and crabbers round the Land's End and Lizard—mere open boats of 20ft. or so—are almost entirely square-sterned and straight stemed; these boats are accustomed to make their haven in every weather in every month throughout the year in one of the most riotous seas about our coasts, and are very rarely lost.

"By way of direct contrast, take the long-bowed, sharp-sterned Norwegian pilot-boats; and here you have another type of craft which, of all others, is renowned for seaworthiness.

"And then, while some swear by the Scotch lugger or the West Coast pilot boat, another who has been off the coast of Nova Scotia will tell you that the one ship for him is the bluff-bowed schooner of those seas, with her long masts and infinite main boom.

"The Bombay boat, the Malay proa, and the Chinese junk are again instances of distinct types of craft which, when handled by those who understand them, are able to face and live through the wildest weather; although, owing largely to the Eastern carelessness as regards gear and so forth, a far larger percentage of them is probably lost than with any European type.

"Do not these considerations suggest that, given a fairly sound structure in the shape of a boat, good material in gear, a certain amount of luck, and the man, or men, who understand the game, if really heavy weather has to be faced, the chances are the concern will come out all right at the end, and that those on board will thereafter diligently swear by that type against all others?

"But I must go on to add that I agree entirely with Mr. E. F. Knight, and many others, in the opinion that small vessels may easily (and especially in the neighborhood of the land) meet with weather too heavy for them—generally in the shape of one or two big seas—if that essential factor we call luck be absent. I think that many seas in the act of breaking may absolutely overwhelm anything in boat form, and that the Dogger-Bank in winter gales may be quoted in support of this notion."

I altogether agree with the opinions offered by Mr. Smith, and would emphasize the point that seamanship is at least of equal importance with the question of design. This point has to my mind been overlooked in the correspondence, both in the Field and Yachtsman. Of course, in discussing the behavior of various craft under adverse conditions, seamanship must be taken as a fixed factor and a fair average assumed, disregarding alike the incompetent lubber and the skilled professional. Experienced cruising men understand this, but a novice might easily be led astray by the testimony of a well-salted veteran to the effect that a yacht of a certain size and type will take care of herself in any weather. All that the best ship can do is to give her crew a fair chance to take care of her.

A novice usually asks "Is such a boat safe?" or "Is she safe in any weather?" assuming that safety is a definite factor of the yacht's equipment, whereas safety is altogether a condition and a very variable one at that. It may be reasonably defined as the maintaining of a favorable balance of power among the various forces that constantly seek to compel the boat to sink or swim, capsize or stand up, work to windward or drift to leeward. Under fair conditions the chances may be so largely in favor of safety that danger is not supposed to be present. Under adverse conditions the ratio of chances may be reversed, and it is then the part of seamanship to utilize the few favorable elements to the best advantage in order to avert disaster.

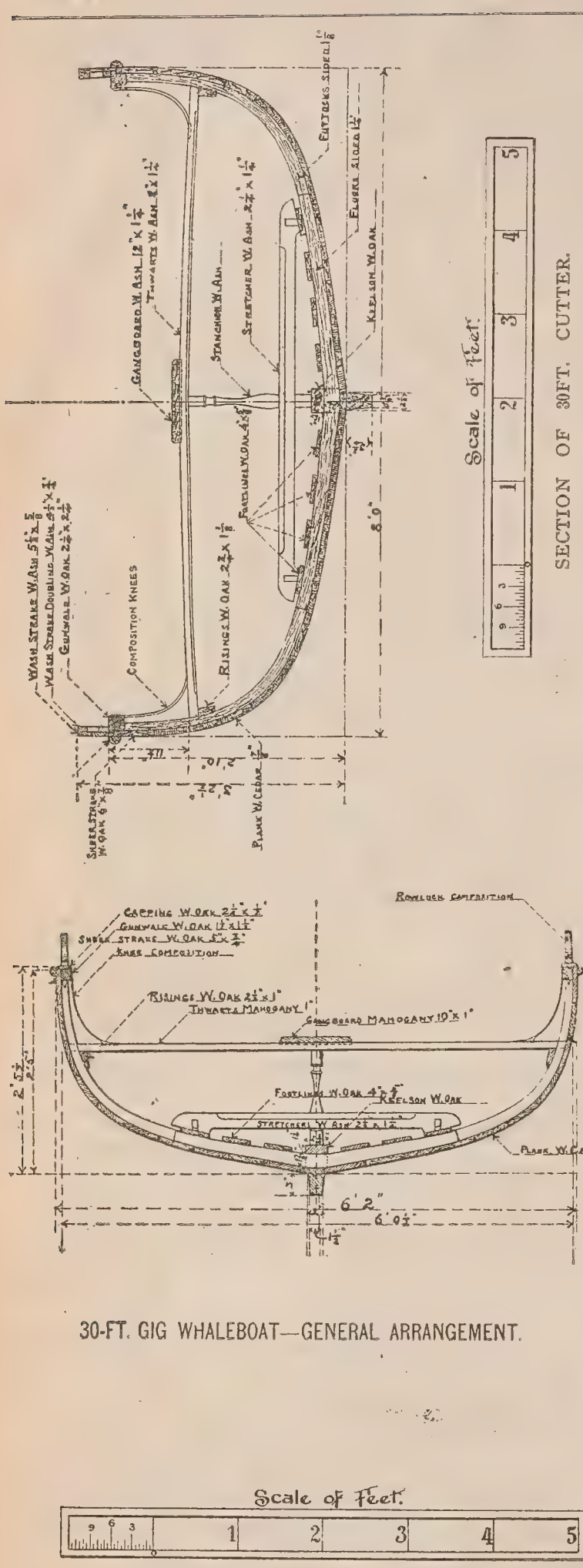
I do not wish to raise a fog of theory over a point that is essentially practical, but the cruising man who trusts altogether to a design for safety will miss the mark as certainly as the racing man who trusts altogether to a design for speed. All that either can obtain is a fair chance to realize the desired end by means of good seamanship. In cruising especially the limits are set by the man rather than by the boat. As an illustration, I would suggest Kunhardt's "Cruise of the Coot," published some years ago in the FOREST AND STREAM. I trust that some day this will be issued in book form. As an example of what can be accomplished under adverse circumstances even with an indifferent boat, it is worthy of the attention of every cruising man, while as a story it is far superior to the average "ham and eggs" cruise that gets into print in the various current yachting magazines.

In conclusion I want to compliment Mr. Wicksteed on the design of Zulu, published in this week's issue. For some time I have been hoping that a man conversant with local conditions would turn out a fast knockabout especially suited to the lower lakes, where in the summer light winds are varied with fierce squalls and choppy seas. In Zulu admirable provision has been made for these somewhat exacting conditions, and I should like to see a whole tribe of such yachts afloat.

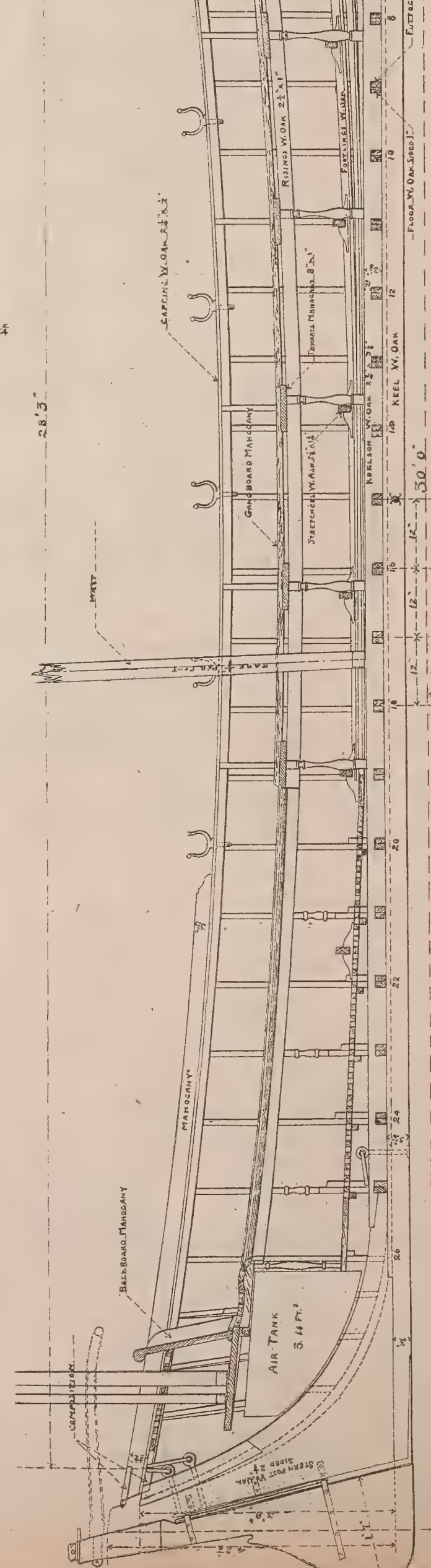
WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

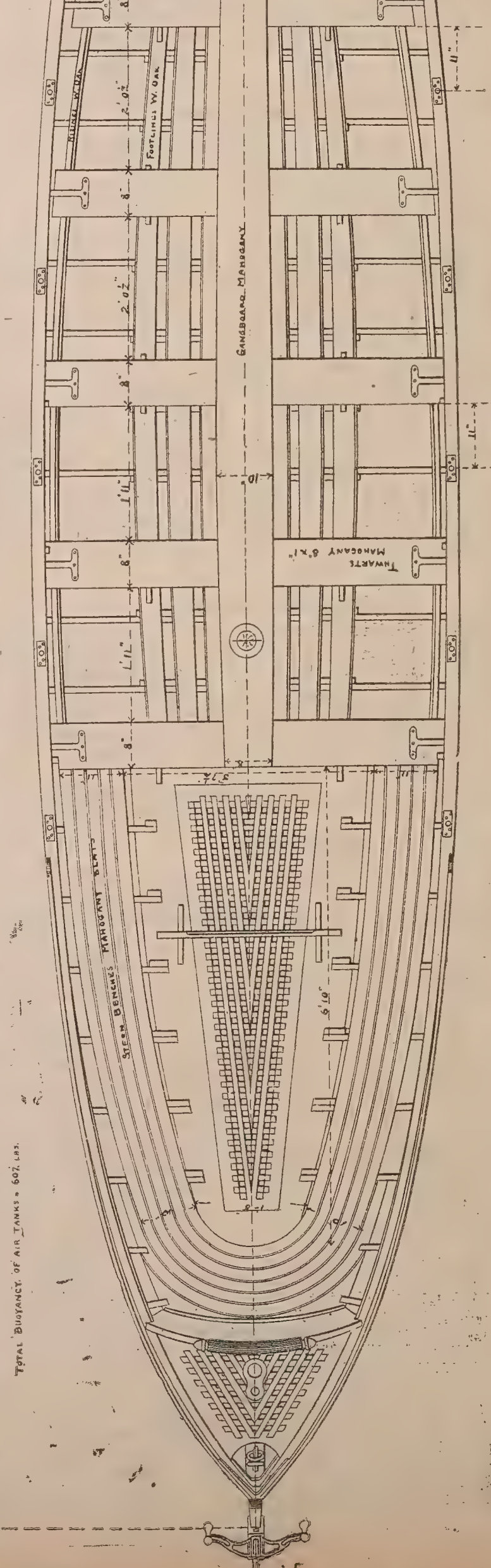
The new year will probably witness an important consolidation of two of the Sound clubs, the New Rochelle Y. C. and the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle. The two have existed side by side on Echo Bay for some years; in company with the Huguenot Y. C., a mile or so away on New Rochelle Harbor, drawing their members mainly from the city of New Rochelle. The N. R. Y. C. has had its club house on the main land, while the Corinthian Fleet has had the old mansion on Harrison's Island, about 200yds. distant. For some time past a movement has been on foot to consolidate the two into one strong club, utilizing the very favorable site of the fleet for the large club house of the yacht club. The arrangements are now nearly completed, and it is probable that the union will begin early in the new year. The change will be of advantage to all parties, the two clubs, the yachtsmen of New Rochelle, and the Sound yachting generally.

The Merrit-Chapman Wrecking Co. has raised the yachts Alsacienne, Rival and Halycon, sunk at Port Jefferson in the recent gale.



30-FT. GIG WHALEBOAT—GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.





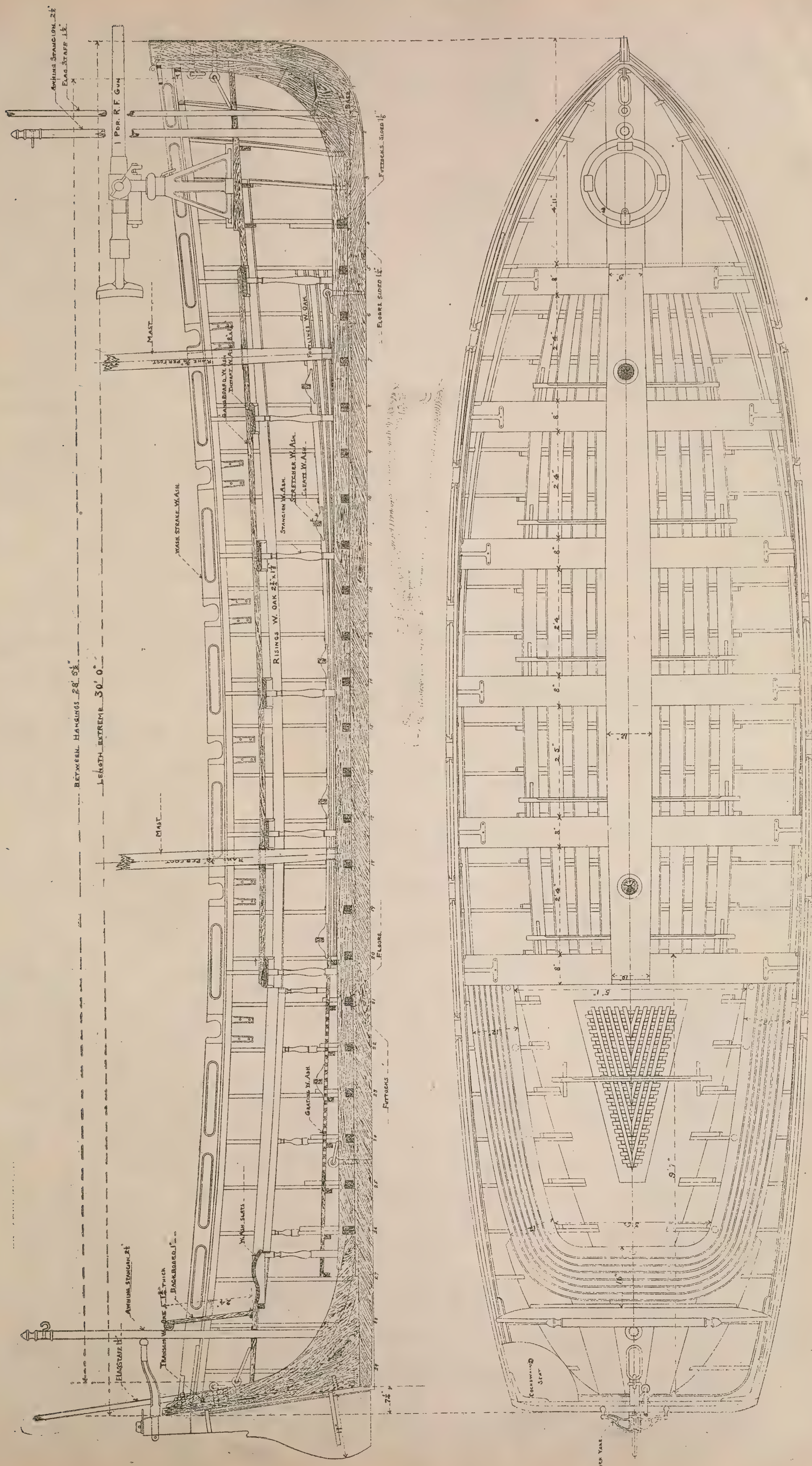
The Standard Navy Boats.

THE accompanying illustrations show further details of the standard navy boats, the lines of which appeared last week. In all of these boats, as stated previously, the quality of speed has been given but a subordinate place, the consequence is that the boats in all classes represent a high degree of serviceability and real efficiency. Great attention has been paid to the construction, to insure strength and lightness and general adaptability to hard service. The designs cannot fail to prove useful to the many who require boats of various kinds for other purposes than racing.

The Sound Y. R. A.

THE special general meeting of the Sound Y. R. A. for final consideration of the proposed scantling restrictions and changes of rules takes place on Tuesday evening, as we go to press. We hope to publish next week the full text of all new and amended rules. On Tuesday of last week, early in the evening, a most unexpected disaster overtook many of the New York papers. Most of these, including the FOREST AND STREAM, are now set by machinery instead of by hand, by means of a machine termed the Linotype (line of type), in which each line as set is cast solid. The machines are provided with melting pots for the type metal, heated by common illuminating gas. A very large new gasometer, just erected, was wrecked in some unknown manner while being tested, killing and injuring a number of persons and wrecking several buildings, besides doing much damage through the flooding of the streets for blocks around with water to the depth of many feet. Though remote from the scene of wreck, the printing offices, including those of many of the great dailies, were robbed of their supply of gas without a moment's notice; the molten metal congealing in the pots and the offices being left in darkness. In the FOREST AND STREAM office the last piece of work, the report of the Executive Committee of the Y. R. A., was set up, except the two closing paragraphs, but was not yet revised, and the errors corrected in the type. Sufficient light to work by was obtained through a supply of candles, but it was impossible to use the machines, so the last few lines were set by hand with the old movable type, and some corrections were made in the same manner. It was impossible, however, to correct the entire page, and a great many minor errors consequently appeared.

Coronet, schr., F. S. Pearson, arrived at Nassau, N. P., on Dec. 16, after a ten-day passage from New York, with mainmast sprung at the head and mainsail carried away.



STANDARD 30FT. NAVY CUTTER CONSTRUCTION.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE Montreal correspondent of the Boston Globe writes as follows concerning the negotiations for the Seawanhaka cup match for 1899:

Only one clause stands in the way at present of the adoption of the agreement of rules to govern the coming races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. This clause was proposed by the Seawanhaka committee. Outside of this the two committees who have charge of the preliminary arrangements have settled everything amicably. To finish matters, however, it will be absolutely necessary for the Seawanhaka committee to back down on this, its last demand. It is to the effect that, for the purpose of making the boats very safe and almost non-capsizable, they be provided with 1,800lbs. of ballast. This plan, as far as the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. is concerned, is utterly impracticable. On Long Island Sound boats with a draft necessitated by such an amount of ballast would go well, but on Lake St. Louis, which is extremely shallow, deep draft boats are entirely out of the question. The Royal St. Lawrence committee has marked its objections to New York, and there is little doubt but the gentlemen there will, by waiving the clause, expedite matters.

The sailing committee has no longer, as in former years, charge of the Seawanhaka cup matter. It has been decided that the sailing committee ought to give in future more time and energy to the development of the club's domestic racing matters, and for that purpose a small committee of three, with Mr. A. F. Riddell, the vice-commodore, at its head, has been selected.

As to the sailing committee, its personnel has been changed entirely, and the chairman, who has taken Mr. Duggan's place, is Mr. J. J. Riley, Jr. Mr. Duggan has declined all official positions offered him, and so has Mr. J. C. C. Almon, who has been such an efficient secretary during the previous international races. The reason for this is partly to gain all the time possible for designing boats, and partly to give some others a chance to try their hand at officiating. That Mr. Duggan will need all the time he can possibly obtain can be imagined from the fact that in addition to designing and building a few boats for the Seawanhaka races, he has just submitted plans to the sailing committee for a 22ft. knockabout one-design class, which has been adopted, and of which kind about a dozen boats will be built next season. These boats will be virtually 32ft. over all. Last year he started a 17ft. one-design knockabout class, of which about six boats were built. Besides this, he has just accepted a commission from a syndicate in Toronto to design a 35-footer to sail in the trial races which will select the defender of the Canada cup. The members of the syndicate had been at him for a long time, and although he was not anxious to try, on account of the many other orders for small boats he can count upon, and which will have to be attended to in his free time, he finally agreed yesterday, at the advice of his friends here, who always hope that some day he may be induced to design a Canadian boat for the America Cup.

This is not by any means the first time that Mr. Duggan has designed a boat of the large class, but the first time that he has designed one for international competition. The boat will be sailed by Mr. Morse, of the Standard Bank, and will cost about $3,500. It was the original intention of the Toronto people to have the boat built here under Mr. Duggan's personal supervision, but here again our shallow water played us false, for if she was built here it would be impossible to launch her.

The Canada Cup.

FROM all that we can learn, the coming contest for the Canada cup, between the holder, the Royal Canadian Y. C., and the challenger, the Chicago Y. C., promises to be one of the interesting events of the year to yachtsmen on salt as well as fresh water, and on both sides of the line. The defense of the cup promises to bring out the best talent of Canada, and a number of yachts are promised for the trial races. It is known that Mr. Duggan will design one, while several will be turned out in Hamilton, where of late years a fast type of fin-keel has been developed, at Kingston, and in other ports. Besides these, it is probable that Mr. Fife and some of the English designers will be called upon for designs.

On this side of the water active efforts will also be made to regain the cup. Chicago will be foremost in these, but other ports, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester are discussing the new class, and some of them will send representatives to the trial races.

The new 35ft. class offers special inducements to the lake yachtsmen. In the first place there is a certainty of the regular establishment of the class in 1899, with races for all who care to take part in them. In the second place, while it is impossible to predict with certainty just what special type, if any one, will be most successful, with the scantling limit to bar the production of flimsy craft, and with the possibilities which the rule offers of producing a fast and yet really good boat, no one need hesitate about building. If affairs are managed properly on both sides of the line, the yacht fleet of the Great Lakes ought to be richer next fall by a fleet of fine modern racing yachts of moderate and wholesome type.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has already taken steps toward one defender of the Canada cup from which much may be expected. A syndicate of yachtsmen, including Geo. P. Reid, general manager of the Standard Bank; Frank M. Gray and others, has persuaded Mr. Duggan to design a 35-footer, the yacht to be built in Toronto. Mr. J. Wilton Morse, of Toronto, will be in command of the yacht. If the following alleged interview is true, the cup may be considered as already safe in Chicago; A. G. Cuthbert, the designer and builder, of Chicago, is credited with saying:

"I never was so confident of winning a race as I am this one. I have just returned from Canada, and have seen the preparations made for the race. My designs, of course, while perfected, will not be given out, and the house I erect to build the yacht in will be from 5 to 50ft. longer than the yacht, so that no one can judge even of its length. You can say for me that we will bring back the cup and incidentally win the largest purse ever offered for a race of the kind."

Mr. Cuthbert is one of those Americans who believe in the Payne exclusion bill, and the protection of American labor from the destructive competition of imported products. He is the son of the late Alexander Cuthbert, of Trenton, Ontario, so well known as the designer and builder of the Canadian yachts Countess of Dufferin and Atalanta, which raced for the America Cup in 1876 and 1881.

Corsair.

THE new steam yacht Corsair, third of the name, built to replace the second, sold to the Government last summer, and since famous under the name of Gloucester, was successfully launched on Dec. 12 at the yard of T. S. Marvel & Co., Newburgh. Like the second Corsair, she will be the flagship of the New York Y. C., her owner, J. Pierpont Morgan, being the commodore of the club. The yacht was designed by J. Beavor Webb, designer of Genesta, Galatea, Freda, Tara, Carman, Sultana, Utowana, Corsair II., Sovereign and other sailing and steam yachts. The W. & A. Fletcher Co., of Hoboken, have the contract for the yacht, and will build the machinery, the hull work being done by Marvel & Co. The yacht is similar to the second Corsair, but larger, and of course finer, in accordance with the greatly increased elegance of the modern steam yacht, and the various improvements of the past seven years. The hull is of steel, 302ft. over all, 252ft. 6in. l.w.l., 33ft. 3in. beam, 20ft. 6in. depth of hold, and 15ft. draft. She will be schooner rigged, with two pole masts. The motive power, designed for a speed of nineteen knots, will include two sets of quadruple expansion engines, with twin screws, and two large Scotch boilers.

Com. Morgan, with a large party of friends, arrived at Newburgh early Monday morning on a special train, and found everything ready for the launch, the ship being sent off a short time after their arrival. As she started down the ways she was christened by Miss Louise Morgan, daughter of the commodore. The hull has been towed to Hoboken, where the engines and boilers will be put in, and the other work completed. Capt. C. E. Bailey will be in command of the yacht.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Company is now busy with a set of very fine yacht boats, including a 33ft. launch, 26ft. gig, 18ft. cutter, and 15ft. dinghy, all of mahogany, for the twin screw steam yacht building at Chester for A. E. Tower, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from Gardner and Cox's design.

Capt. Charles G. Lundborg, a naval architect, died Saturday, Dec. 3, from Bright's disease in the Hahnemann Hospital, at Sixty-seventh street and Park avenue, New York. He was born in Stockholm, Sweden, seventy-four years ago. After graduation from the Naval Academy he became a lieutenant in the Swedish navy. When only twenty-two years old he taught astronomy in the schools of New Orleans.

He returned to his seafaring life after a few years' experience in teaching and became a captain of a sailing vessel, and soon held large interests in extensive merchant marine service.

Naval architecture subsequently became the specialty of the Swedish captain. During the Crimean war he was sent by a wrecking company to Russia to raise the sunken ships of the Russian fleet off Sebastopol. Although unsuccessful, the mission won for him a name. Later he was a consulting engineer for the American Steamship Company. The twin screw, chiefly used by American liners, is largely his invention. He planned and draw the designs for several of the war ships now in the American navy.

Lundborg lost and won several fortunes in mines and mining interests. While employed by the United States Government he became personally acquainted with Lincoln. He married in 1870 and soon after became an American citizen. He was a member of the American Y. C.

While on board the Paris last November, bound for New York, Lundborg was taken ill. Arriving in New York he cabled for his family in Stockholm. He died ten days later among strangers. His widow and oldest son reached New York on the Germanic yesterday. He also leaves a son and daughter in Sweden.—New York Herald.

The Douglaston Y. C., at the meeting of Dec. 12, elected the following officers: Com., Clay M. Greene; Vice-Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Rear Com., William G. Newman; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., George A. Corry; Board of Governors, F. E. Barnes, Joseph R. Grismer, Harry M. Gillig, L. S. Harway, B. M. Wallace and George A. Corry. The club has for several years contemplated a new house, the old floating house being entirely inadequate to its needs. Owing to the difficulty of selecting a suitable location on Little Neck Bay, action has been deferred from time to time. The gale of last month nearly destroyed the old house, making it imperative to rebuild it, and the club has decided to make an entire change of base, moving to Manhanset or Great Neck Bay, the next bay to the eastward. The bay is larger and the water is much deeper than Little Neck Bay, and the mouth is opposite Hart's Island instead of Throgg's Neck, thus opening on a broader part of the Sound.

The New York Y. C., through its special committee, E. M. Brown, Com. Morgan, Vice-Com. Ledyard, Sec'y Oddie, Treas. Hurst, J. J. Astor and Arthur Ingraham, has selected the plans of Whitney Warren for its new club house, those of George A. Freeman being the second choice. Work is now under way in clearing the site.

On Dec. 9 the keel of the new yacht for P. A. B. Widener was laid at Neafie & Levy's yard, Philadelphia, Pa. The yacht will be 257ft. over all, 216ft. l.w.l., 30ft. 3in. beam.

Varuna, steam yacht, made but a short stay in port, sailing from New York on Dec. 14, with her owner, Eugene Higgins, on board for a long cruise. She will first visit Bermuda, then Havana, Santiago and other West Indian ports, and then proceed to the Mediterranean, calling at Madeira.

Isolde, the Herreshoff 20-rater, sister to Niagara, after being laid up ever since the fatal collision with Meteor two years ago at Cowes, in which her owner, Baron Zedwitz, lost his life, has just been sold to an English yachtsman.

The Yonkers Y. C. held its annual meeting on Dec. 13, electing the following officers: Com., William J. Bright; Vice-Com., Herbert James; Fleet Capt., Edward Montross; Fin. Sec'y, J. J. O'Leary; Rec. Sec'y, Jerome Ryer; Treas., James W. Shaughnessy; Meas., George B. Warren; Trustees, J. J. Wilner, A. M. Potter, W. J. Lord and Thomas J. Shaughnessy; Delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association, Com. Bright, J. W. Shaughnessy and Herbert James; Regatta Committee, Frank Smith, William Brazier and W. J. Lord, and Float Committee, George B. Warren, Frank Smith, William Brazier, Edward Montross, Herbert James, J. J. O'Leary and W. J. Lord.

The annual meeting of the Pavonia Y. C. was held on Dec. 13, the following officers being elected: Com., David W. Kohn; Vice-Com., William B. Wilson; Fleet Capt., John Wright; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Louis Bowman; Fin. Sec'y, William F. Tobin, Cor. Sec'y, William A. Miller; Treas., Louis Mittlesdorf; Meas., A. P. Curtis; Board of Trustees, Col. F. G. Agens, Enoch J. Smith, John F. McNulty, Garret Van Horn and James Woodruff; House Committee, Norman L. Rowe, James Morey, John A. Zimmerman, William Willis and John W. Target.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 19-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Grand Central Handicap; targets first day; sparrows two days; pigeons two days. H. T. Hearsey, Sec'y.

Dec. 21 and every Wednesday thereafter till March 29, Feb. 22 excepted.—Wilmington, Mass.—Prize handicap series of the Boston Gun Club; address 23 Elm street, Boston.

Dec. 22.—Newark, N. J.—Regular shoot of the East Side Gun Club.

Dec. 26.—Newark, N. J.—Christmas shoot of the East Side Gun Club.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

Dec. 28-29.—Auburn, N. Y.—Auburn Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—Annual shoot of the South Side Gun Club. I. H. Terrill, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—New Year's shoot of the East Side Gun Club; live birds; begins at 10 A. M.; main event at 15 birds, $5, birds extra.

Jan. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of East Side Gun Club; main event, match between Morfey and Schortemeier for E. C. cup and State championship.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Looking East to Elkwood.

Dec. 16.—In the minds of a great many Western men the comment of the FOREST AND STREAM in last week's paper on the Grand American Handicap was timely and well considered, and its position a just one. The managers of the Grand American Handicap have no occasion to be seriously disturbed by any newspaper talk looking to the immediate abolishment of the event if certain conditions are not immediately complied with. There is only one way to run the big shoot, and that is to run it, or quit. The shooters of America are entitled to one finish event, and at that event only men should come who can afford to lose and who can take their medicine like sportsmen. The success of the shoot is not a question of size, as has well been stated in the editorial above referred to. You may leave out every sorehead in America and still have enough sportsmen left to make the Grand American Handicap the greatest shooting event of the year. The West will send plenty of thoroughbreds, and that may be set down as sure. For those who classify less under the latter title than the former, it would appear to be the natural and just position of the management that, if they wish to stay at home, there is a large and restful vacancy awaiting them in the vicinity of their own homes, which it may be well for them to occupy. The band can still play on.

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Elliott vs. Smith.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 7.—The race between the local crack, Dr. Smith, and J. A. R. Elliott, the well-known expert from Kansas City, was shot at Dupont Park on the above date. The showing of the Doctor was a great disappointment to his admirers, as it was only in the early part of the race that he displayed the form expected of him after the remarkable score he shot against Dr. Knowlton a week ago. In the first string of 25 he scored 24, and led Elliott 2 birds, as the latter scored 22. In the next string the score was reversed, so that at the end of 50 birds the match was a tie, each having 46 birds to his credit. After this, however, the shooting of the local man became very ragged, especially in the final string, for in this on two different occasions he lost 3 birds in succession. The final score was Elliott 91, Smith 84. It will be seen that the Kansas City man maintained the form displayed in the commencement of the race.

Dr. Smith's score of 84 is the poorest he has ever shot on the local grounds, and is anything but satisfactory to him. He therefore requested Elliott to shoot him another match. The latter stated that his time would be so much occupied until next June that he was unable to set any definite date.

The conditions of the race were 100 pigeons per man, $100 a side, A. S. A. rules, loser to pay for the birds. The scores ran:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1	5	4	3	1	1	4	1	3	4	2	4	3	5	5	3	5	4	2	4	4	3	2	4	4
Elliott	2	0	2	2	1	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	*	2	1	2	1	2	2	2	2—22
	2	5	1	2	5	1	5	3	5	1	3	2	1	2	1	4	3	2	1	5	4	5	3	1	2
	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	*	1	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2—24
	3	4	2	1	4	2	2	5	2	1	1	4	3	5	4	2	5	2	1	3	2	3	5	2	3
	2	1	*	2	2	2	2	1	*	1	1	1	2	1	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2—23
	2	3	2	2	2	2	1	1	3	3	1	2	3	1	4	3	5	5	8	2	1	4	5	8	3
	1	*	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	0	1	1	0	1	0 1—22—91
	3	1	2	2	2	3	5	3	5	2	4	5	2	2	4	2	1	5	5	3	1	3	2	1	1
Smith	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2—24
	5	4	5	4	3	3	4	3	2	2	1	3	4	1	3	1	3	3	2	2	3	4	2	4	1
	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	*	1	1	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	0—22
	2	3	5	3	5	5	2	4	3	4	5	1	3	3	5	1	2	4	3	5	1	4	3	1	5
	2	1	0	1	1	*	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	0	2	2	*	2	1	*—20
	5	4	1	4	3	3	3	5	4	4	4	1	2	2	1	5	3	3	5	1	3	5	1	4	2	1
	1	1	2	1	0	*	0	1	2	2	0	2	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	*	*	0	2	2	2—18—84

Elliott shot a Winchester repeater gun, Hazard powder in Leader shells. Dr. Smith shot an L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder in Trap shells.

The weather was clear and cold, and the birds should have been very good.

PAUL R. LITZEE.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Remington Arms Co. has published a most attractive prize offer to the shooters competing in the Grand American Handicap, April 11-13 next. To the winner of first they will present one of their finest hammerless ejector trap guns, value $300. To the winner of second, a fine hammerless ejector trap gun, value $150. To the winner of third, a fine ejector hammerless trap gun, value $100. These prizes are conditional on each shooter winning with a Remington gun, and they will be made to order to suit the winners. They call attention to the fact that the last Grand American Handicap was won with a Remington hammerless and U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition, and that history often repeats itself. Any information as to further particulars in respect to this generous offer can be obtained by addressing the Remington Arms Co., 315 Broadway, New York.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., famous as a mighty man with the gun at all times, and in particular famous as the winner of the last Grand American Handicap, has officially intimated to the Daddy of Them All, who is himself nimble with the gun, that he would like to debate the possession of the E. C. cup for the world's championship at inanimate targets, his check for $50, the needed amount to be posted, indicating that he considers the situation serious. The matter is related by Mr. Banks elsewhere in our Trap department.

The averages for 1898 of the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., are as follows: C. S. Gottlieb .966, C. C. Herman .913, Ed A. Hickman .905, W. H. Herman .903, F. N. Cockrill .894, J. N. Curtice .883, James Sweet .854, C. B. Cockrill .826, C. L. McDonald .816, J. M. Bramhall and E. O. Hudson .800, F. A. Lamb .794, J. W. McCurdy .746, H. S. Fergerson .733, C. F. Holmes .666, F. M. Berkey .661, G. M. Walden .600. The officers are: President, Conway F. Holmes; Vice-President, H. S. Ferguson; Secretary-Treasurer, Ed A. Hickman.

While the Morfey-Doty match was in progress, two young men, who apparently were new to the sport, and who watched it with eager interest, notwithstanding that they were shivering with cold, evolved the following between them: Said one: "Why is it that they shoot both barrels at a bird when it is killed with the first barrel?" "They have to do that," replied the other, "to make it count a whole bird." Both were perfectly serious and watched the match with the critical eye which comes from a minute knowledge of detail.

Under date of Dec. 17 Mr. Ed O. Bower, secretary-treasurer of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, Sistersville, W. Va., writes us as follows: "The West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will hold their third annual tournament on June 20, 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va. There will be added money and merchandise prizes, which will be announced later. For further information, etc., address John B. Garden, secretary, Wheeling, W. Va."

Mr. Platt Adams, one of the most popular and best amateur shots of New York, goes to San Antonio, Texas, to spend the winter duck and quail shooting with his brother, Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, who is also a famous trap-shooter. Mr. Adams may visit Los Angeles, Cal., before his return. The Messrs. Adams are skillful amateur photographers as well as skillful shooters, so that without doubt the outing will be a success in its shooting events and in the pictorial history of it.

Nothing funnier has ever appeared than Mr. Hough's good-natured satire on the craze for pedigree, regardless of the dog or his performance, the proclivity for interminable bickerings of trifles, and the status of the meat dog as against the dog which might be styled as being of the school of the impressionist. There is a merry laugh in every line of it. Those who read the department devoted to Game Bag and Gun in our columns will find it.

Mr. E. S. Rice, of Chicago, entertained a number of out-of-town shooters at his home, 5513 East End avenue, on Friday evening. In the early evening luncheon was served mid many cracking jokes and funny stories, after which they were entertained by musical selections on the piano, guitar, as well as vocal selections rendered by several members of an operatic company now in the city. The host made a pleasing talk. So Mr. A. C. Paterson writes us this week.

The experiences of Ex. C. F. (Ex-Champion Fudger), set forth in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM, are worthy of the earnest perusal of trap-shooters. The gentleman who over that nom de plume recounts his experiences is one of the best shooters about New York, being a good class man in every respect, his greatest obstacle to even scores being the fault which he so fully describes. His suggestions should be noted with care.

The bad weather was much against the best performance of Miss Annie Oakley, the famous expert with rifle and shotgun, and Mr. Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia, in their match at 25 live birds, Charter Oak Park, Gloucester, Pa., last Saturday. As it was, the race was very close, Kleinz winning by a score of 17 to 16. Kleinz stood at 30yds., Miss Oakley at 28. Hurlingham rules, 50yds. boundary.

The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., has issued a most attractive illustrated calendar in colors for 1899. Scenes portraying success with the wild ducks, the game of the shotgun, and the pursuit of the boar and wild elephant, the game of the rifle, give abundant food for reflection in respect to what their products will accomplish.

Our Reading, Pa., correspondent sends us the gratifying information that a new club is to be formed in Reading, with the most substantial support in the numbers of the charter membership. Few sections of America have the shooting activity of Pennsylvania.

John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces an invitation live-bird shoot on Jan. 10. The programme is not yet arranged, but it will be made with a view to the largest amount of sport with a reasonable outlay.

The annual meeting of the New Utrecht Gun Club will be held Dec. 29, at Robert Supper's Avon Beach Hotel, Bath Beach. There will be a dinner afterward. The club shoots live birds Dec. 24.

The Interstate Association meeting on Monday of this week decided that high guns shall govern the divisions of the moneys at the next Grand American Handicap.

The contest for the Chicago challenge trophy, fixed for Dec. 20, has been postponed to the 24th inst., at 2 o'clock.

A merry Christmas to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XIV.

Christmas at the Cadi's.

It was late evening of a mid-December night, in a year prior to that in which the Egyptian Gun Club meetings were held, in the region of Egypt. The good Cadi sat alone by his fireside, in a homemade easy chair which his sweet wife, with a mind to his special comfort, had cushioned and padded with pieces and patches of worn-out garments of many different kinds and qualities. To be more precise, he lolled rather than sat in the chair, yet without any loss of the natural dignity which he bore at all times, whether as king of his own castle or as the leading spirit among his neighbors. It was indeed an ill-constructed chair in which the Cadi could not hump himself into some posture of ease and contentment; but in his own easy chair, made with a special view to his repose, he fairly revelled in the pleasure of inertia. However, sitting on any chair, log, rail fence, etc., seemed quite to the Cadi's compass and fancy at all times. He quite philosophically took his comfort on the lines of least resistance.

Hopie Jane, with her brood of white-haired prospective presidents, and white-haired prospective brides of future millionaires, had passed into dreamland some few hours before, in the adjoining room. The candle had long since burned out. All was quiet, but for the rag-time melody of the pack of robust snorers in full cry in the aforementioned room, and the weird buzzing of some large slivers and the irregular thumpings of some loose boards which were on the house outside, buzzing and thumping in merry responsiveness to the cold, gusty wind which whistled dolefully around the corners. To a more imaginative person there might come fears of wandering evil spirits importunately demanding entrance to smash the lares and penates of the family; to the Cadi, the grewsome noises simply brought to mind that Hopie Jane had not understood his suggestions, made earlier in the fall, that the weather boarding needed nailing before the winter weather set in. Nevertheless, it was reasonably quiet. The hogs under the house pressed fervidly to the base of the chimney for the warmth of it. Excepting a fierce protest betimes from a disturbed one, which thought that the warmth of the chimney should be a class affair rather than high prizes, even they were silent. In short, as measured by the household standards of silence in use since the time the happy Cadi had become so numerously a parent, absolute silence reigned.

A cheerful fire glowed in the old-fashioned fireplace, intermittingly flashing, ducking, spreading or roaring in sympathy with the draughts of wind, as they came in through the floor, the walls, the roof or down the chimney, thereby lighting up the room fitfully and throwing all degrees of flickering lights and shadows on the giant at rest. He was in profound meditation, as indicated by his posture, stillness and half-closed eyes.

There is a distinction between contemplation and reverie, as observed in practice by careful writers. Had the good Cadi been in other than humble circumstances, and had the wolf hovered further from his door, he might have indulged in reverie in due conventional form; that is to say, his eyes would have been opened to their widest limits, showing a large area of whites, with a set look into futurity at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Nevertheless, a hero, who in the Yuletide does not submerge himself in reverie, is rather a disappointment to himself and his admirers. Your hero in a reverie radiates with romantic possibilities, therefore is deserving of infinite gravity and unremitting attention as to treatment. His situation is one of suspended action, with retrospective, introspective, associational, and prospective significance. In the Yuletide reverie, objective life is sublimed and beautified. Life's panorama moves through an envelope of rose-colored haze, softening all the harsh points, while the conventional theme is always limited to one of three—first, the hero, far back in the years, sees Towser, a dog of supercanine intelligence and superhuman devotion, standing on beautiful points on beautiful partridges in a fairy dell, in a mellow sunshine, the foliage resplendent with the bright colors of autumn. The hero with the eye of reverie sees himself in the center of it all, erect and with the elastic step of youth, advancing, flushing, shooting, killing, gathering the birds, ordering the dog on, and eagerly and untiringly striding on and on over hill and through vale all the livelong day. In his vision, returning to his own hour, he sees the ghostly Towser pointing ghostly birds in a game land of utter silence, himself following, gun in hand and a-weary; and he notes the difference between the white-haired man of to-day and the same man of forty years ago.

Or, for the second conventional theme, the hero's visions must be of a beautiful, blue-eyed goddess, willowy of form and graceful of movement, who won his first love, or, rather, who had it bestowed from mere propinquity—a love which he vows would have been a love eternal had it been reciprocated, and strangest of all, he believes his own vow, notwithstanding that he has fallen in and out of love fifty times in the meantime, showing no signs that he had constancy for a year, to say nothing of it for eternity. Still, the spurning of his love is what he best remembers, and the smart of the spurning is what has clung so tenaciously in memory through the years instead of a lasting love which is lost, though the ego blinds him to it. Moreover, later years proved that what he thought was a feature of the etherial beauty of the goddess was simply the symptoms of her sluggish liver.

Or, third, in the conventional reverie, the hero must bitterly regret the wasted years of his youth, wherein in fancy were the opportunities to shine and reap princely profits in the world of politics, of law, of commerce—something at least which insured large profits with little work. In a reverie, one can accomplish a great deal with a small amount of capital.

But the Cadi was no hero. A dead dog to him was a dog which ceased to be useful. A lost love to him was but a piece of flotsam which on life's ocean had passed beyond his vision. He had no regrets for the lost opportunities of his youth; for, first of all, he hadn't had many, and what he had had were humble. He further had noted that many men who were inspired with the belief that they could and should shine, found on trial that they were utterly devoid of even the elementary qualities of shining.

Yet the Cadi was not without some retrospective thoughts. A shadow of pain passed over his face. He carefully pulled off his cowhide boots, painted his corns with iodine, muttering that if he had to live his life over again he would not force his No. 10 foot into a No. 8 boot day after day and year after year to please Hopie Jane nor any one else. Then, after rummaging about, he found a few sheets of crumpled writing paper, leaned close to the firelight, and with much care wrote as follows:

"Egypt, Dec. 15, 18—.

"My dear kind sir and friend:

"In conformity with my invariable custom in the holiday season, in respect to my friends, I drop you a line to wish you and yours a merry Christmas. As I sit here alone to-night, with the hands of the clock drawing near to the figure 12, my thoughts again and again revert to the happy days—all too few—which we had together last month, shooting quail; and also, to me at least, the happy hours I passed in listening to your improving and edifying conversations. What a vast fund of wisdom and knowledge of the world you do possess! I often have a yearning for a broader life than is possible in my isolated condition; but when I think of my wife and little ones, and their helpless condition if I were gone, I feel reconciled to my lot. I hope that you will be with us again next year, when the quail are ripe; sooner if you can. A grateful feeling comes to my heart when I think of the honor you bestowed on me and mine in visiting our humble abode, and of your great goodness in condescending to be pleased with our efforts to make your stay a pleasure."

"That will do for the introductory," muttered the Cadi, as he filled his pipe and rested for a few moments. "Let me see—eleven kids, Hopie Jane and myself. That's thirteen. Said to be an unlucky number. I will write my own postscript first."

Then he added this to the foregoing letter:

"P. S.—I wish that you would send me a two-gallon demijohn of good whisky, if you can do so without any inconvenience. Send the bill with the goods. I would send you the money herewith, but prefer to do so later when I collect some debts which are now past due."

It may be remarked, en passant, that the Cadi would never as payment accept a cent from any guest who shot with him during the season. He might borrow a few dollars of them, to be spent for their own greater comfort; and incidentally for that of his family. He had found by many years of experience that it was better to leave the obligation as an open account, to be drawn upon tactfully, according to circumstances.

"Now for Hopie Jane," he soliloquized. "Mr. So and So will be the best man to write to in this case. He seemed to think that I should work more and Hopie Jane less. I think this will appeal to him," and the Cadi at the end of the second letter wrote as follows:

"P. S.—Hopie Jane desires that I convey to you her kindest regards. The poor little woman has not been feeling well of late; I wish to make her feel happy in the Christmas tide. I should make her so of all the world, for she is a devoted wife; but I will have to be less generous than I wish to be. Will you be so good as to send me, with the bill for same, one pair No. 7 kid shoes for her, twenty yards of best broadcloth, and a winter hat for her which I will leave to your excellent taste in choosing. I cannot get these things here, otherwise I would not annoy you in the matter. I will remit promptly on receipt of the bill.

"C."

He wrote thirteen letters, all alike, excepting the postscript, and in each instance the goods mentioned were such as the recipients respectively dealt in.

The wants of the children all the way down the line were considered, and in like manner thoughtfully provided for by eleven postscripts to the circular letter, each guest being apportioned his proper quota of contributions.

Three days before Christmas the Cadi's humble domicile had the appearance of a rustic notion store. There was a box, containing about two bushels of confectionery for his oldest daughter, sent by a manufacturer of candies; shoes and cloth for Hopie Jane, and a hat, the facade of which was a wonder of flowers and ribbons; shoes, gowns, toys and packages of confectionery for the girls; a drum, bugle, cheap gun, shoes, hats, suits of clothes, and story books, etc., for the boys, though they could not read a line, and probably never would.

The Cadi was then quiet and pleased. Thirteen might be unlucky, but if so it was unlucky for his friends. In the evening, after all had retired, he had thirteen letters, which he opened and read, each of which acknowledged the receipt of his letter, each returned the compliments of the season, and each writer begged that he would accept the goods sent as a Christmas gift; each excepting the one which referred to the demijohn; that contained a bill; the one thing unexpected. The Cadi glanced over it carelessly, saw it called for $10, and $1 more for expressage prepaid, and quite as carelessly threw it in the fire. In the Cadi's system of philosophy, bills were an unimportant part of a transaction.

Butchers and grocerymen, who did not understand the Cadi's system of business, classed him as a dead beat; yet he could pass so justly on the differences of his neighbors; was such a masterhand at making speeches at barbecues, at Decoration Day and other gatherings, and was such a good shot and companionable fellow generally, seeming to be esteemed and having so much credit with men who lived in great cities, that they murmured but little, and that only among themselves. When a stranger came to town and asked if any one knew the Cadi, the reply was always in the affirmative, with the return query, "Do you?" If the stranger was a decent-looking fellow and disclaimed acquaintance with the Cadi, the resident then would add, "The Cadi is a nice fellow, but if you meet him don't lend him any money." In nine cases out of ten, if the stranger made the Cadi's acquaintance, in less than three days he would do the very thing against which he was cautioned, and thereafter had a life interest in that distinguished philosopher.

Although the Cadi knew that his credit was bad, since he had had many rude rebuffs from his creditors when he had tried to add to what was already a large indebtedness, he bore no malice against his traducers, and would willingly have forgiven them and resumed business relations on the old lines. As it was, he permitted them to do the worrying, while he affably sawed wood in other quarters. Therefore, he had time for contemplation, but not for reveries, whose subjects were abstractions which were in the clouds so far that they would not bear the mildest analysis from the practical standpoint of himself as the head of a lovely family.

The eleven rosebud mouths of his eleven beautiful children, and their affinity for corn bread and buttermilk and rabbit, to say nothing of bacon and still less of turkey, was a constantly recurring fact, and quite as constantly a difficult recurring problem. Also Hopie Jane's beautiful teeth, which in the days of his courtship ever reminded him of a row of pearls, which in time, by dint of repetitions, she came to believe were pearls really, he discovered in later years were for a special purpose of grinding up corn bread and bacon, and that to a degree of grave concern, in so much that it was always interrogatory as to the ways and means of obtaining a new supply. Teeth viewed as works of art or adornment are quite different from teeth viewed as grinding implements; the romantic and the realistic do not harmonize on this point when pearls and bacon come in conflict. The matter of teeth was a serious problem in the life of the Cadi, or to be more precise, it would be serious but for the industry of Hopie Jane and the superb nerve of himself, despite his being an invalid.

Early the next morning he sent out verbal invitations to Moke, Le Loup, Ephraim, Coxey, and other of his shooting friends and boon companions, to each one and his family to appear at the Castle Cadi to partake of a royal Christmas dinner, and to fail not on their peril. Rumor of the good things was already a subject of gossip; and the dinner and the invitations being an annual event for several previous years, they were quite expected and quite as promptly accepted.

A rare collection of spavined, knee-sprung, hide-bound horses were tied to the Cadi's front fence on Christmas Day. Without doubt, they would have been put in the barn had there been one. Some were covered with tattered blankets; others, uncovered, pawed and whinneyed in horse protest. The Cadi's guests had arrived. Hopie Jane, wearing her new three-story hat, had received them with repeated handshakes, assisted by the Cadi and all the children, the Cadi chewing cloves and the children chewing gum. The Cadi immediately took the men folks into the lodge to show them his Christmas present, and when they returned each was wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve or chewing a clove. In the house, most of them sat gingerly on the front edge of the chairs, feeling stiffly uncomfortable in their best clothes, though they attempted to be sociable by making many grave remarks apropos of nothing. The children in particular fretted in their finery, and their anxious mothers fretted still more as they observed the smearings of candy and gum on their children's clothes and the imminent danger of the smearing of their own best gowns.

The Cadi's eldest and largest daughters had by force of arms dressed themselves in the gowns intended for their younger sisters, because said gowns were much tighter around the waist, and being so, had all the best qualities which they desired in a gown. Their feet, short and thick and lumpy, were encased in long and narrow neglige shoes. The boys were dressed in their first knickerbockers, which showed off their slender shanks and huge feet to great advantage. After a few moments, the ladies settled down to a more critical inspection of what each other wore, and felt happy and happier accordingly as they found that they were better dressed, or discovered some defect in the dress of each other.

A mighty brawl soon started among the children. The visiting children had got their hands on some toys, possession matured into an assertion of ownership, which in turn led to a short but clamorous dispute, followed quickly by a general and active hair-

pulling and scratching, with exclamations of rage, anguish and protest. The ruction was stopped only by each mother forcibly corraling her own offspring, giving them a sham slapping, while looking at the others with a look that plainly showed it would be real if they dared do as they looked. In the interest of peace Hopie Jane locked up all the toys. The scratchers and hair-pullers were solemnly assured that they would have no dinner, while the wounded and hurt were placated with large quantities of painted candies.

Then the mothers rolled up their sleeves and, working like beavers, helped to set the long table for the reception of two nicely roasted turkeys, presents from neighbors, and a roasted mast-fed shoat of the Cadi's own raising. The pig was placed in the middle, and a turkey at each end. Pig and turkeys were coffee so strong that one cup was enough. There were odd plates of sweet, freshly laid eggs, boiled turnips, baked biscuits, hominy, corn bread, butter, homemade ketchup, baked apples, a pitcher of native wine, and pumpkin pies to finish on, with a big kettle of coffee so strong that one cup was enough. There were add plates and odd knives enough to supply the visitors, and with baking pans, spiders, dippers, etc., the home people were supplied. By a piece of generalship, each mother placing half of her brood on each side of her, and thus only a moderate degress of snatching and scratching took place, as might be expected when some of the mothers had a strong arm and from six to eleven children. They munched and chewed, and save for a few chokings and alarming strangulations, from which death seemed imminent, they got through the dinner with full stomachs. The Cadi assured the ladies that they need not wait for the gentlemen to finish, whereupon the ladies rose and withdrew.

Then the Cadi pulled a dark bottle from an old basket under the table, at which there was much glistening of eyes and expectant looks. He poured out a generous glass for each, and there was a suspicious aroma of rye. "Before we taste this nip of nectar," said the Cadi, with geutle gravity, "I wish to make a few remarks about the year which is nearly past and gone forever. I know that you are anxious to dring my good health first, and hear the remarks afterward, but the few drops will taste all the better for the waiting. During the year we have had a few differences of opinion, which, as we look at them now, seem trivial. However, at the time of their happening we considered them important. Our own self-interest was then involved, and we are prone to consider that our self-interest is a true part of a genuine universal principle.

"Many of our past ills we can now see were purely imaginary, and those which were more or less real time has cured. At all events, they are now in the past, and there let them remain. Let us begin the year without any carrying over of ancient grievances. Our gun club should endeavor to proceed on harmonious lines henceforth. Personal ambitions should give way to the general good.

"My friends, beware of provincialism. That is the bugaboo of minds in a rut. When one sees the same horizon day after day and year after year, one is disposed to think that his horizon is the only true horizon, and at best all others are but feeble imitations. Beware, I say, of provincialism! Because we are in the habit of doing things as our fathers did, it by no means follows that our ways are the best; and even should they be the best for us, it does not logically follow that they are the best for all others, nor that all things which are different from us are effete. Effete is a good word, a very good word, but it means nothing when misapplied, as do all words when so used.

"Let us shoot all together, forbearing to bar those who shoot better than we can, and not misleading the weaker sisters with false hopes. Let us think less of what we are paid for shooting than we think of what is the sport of it. And now I toast you each and all a merry Christmas, and—"

But here, as if by one common impulse, each man threw the liquid down his throat in one motion, so expert do men become by zeal and much practice.

"It seems to me, dear Cadi," said Moke, "that-er-ah-er-that, considering our credit your words are a little-er-ah-strange, if I may so say."

"There is an old proverb, which says, 'If the advice be good, no matter who gave it;' " the Cadi replied, with unruffled amiability. "The day is passing fast, my friends. I will sing you a little song, which in sentiment I think is more to your liking, and you may all join me if you choose."

He cleared his throat, and in a rasping, cracked voice, sang:

" 'The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes roundabout-a:
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will.
And drink your fill all out-a.

" 'The deep canne,
The merry, deep canne;
As thou dost freely quaff-a,
Sing,
Fling,
Be merry as a king,
And sound a merry laugh-a.' "

They were now fairly launched in good-fellowship. Moke, blinking his eyes wisely, started in on an interminable story about a good dog he once owned, which had done some phenomenal things, forgetting a circumstances now and then, and harking back to begin all over again. At length, by common consent, the story was squelched. The gossip of the neighborhood was then freely discussed. It came at last to a time when the festivity must end. Each shook the good Cadi by the hand and assured him that he was the very best fellow on earth.

When his guests had gone, the good Cadi held the demijohn up to the light, peered into it seriously, and shook his head sadly, for it was empty, and his Christmas was thereby officially ended.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Morfey defeats Doty.

The Morfey-Doty match was shot on Arthur Bunn's grounds, at Singac, N. J., Dec. 14, as per arrangement. It was for a purse of $200, 100 birds each, 30yds. rise. A stiff west wind, which was blowing in the morning bracingly cold, gradually decreased in force till at noon it blew gently, but steadily straight away from the score, and, mild as it was, materially assisted the flights of the birds. The latter were a very good lot, nearly all flying well when once on the wing.

Neither contestant shot in good form throughout. Morfey was shooting in great form up to his 20th bird, putting in both barrels in excellent time and with admirable precision, each charge centering the bird well. His 6th was a very fast straightaway, which was an excusable miss. After the 19th bird he seemed to lose his time for a while, missing four in the next six, and was well along to the half-way number before he caught his time again. Doty's second barrel came into good play a number of times after missing with the first, in the 25, but while it was spectacular, it was not good shooting. The luck of the birds as a whole was in Doty's favor, particularly in the first part of the race. At the end of the first 25 the score was 22 to 20 in favor of Doty. They tied on 40 on the 50th, Doty killing but 18 out of the second 25, and Morfey again killing 20. Each had missed several birds which were not difficult. Morfey's third 25 was his best, he killing 23, though the birds were something easier than in the forepart of the race. Doty also scored 23. At the end of the 75th round they were tied on 63. Morfey missed the first bird of his last 25 and lost the 79th dead out, so that Doty was then two birds in the lead. It looked like the latter's race, but he lost his 82d and 85th, so that they were tied again on the 85th round. Morfey missed his 86th, giving Doty a chance to regain the lead, but the latter also missed and the race was still a tie. Doty missed his 88th, which gave the lead to Morfey, who held it to the finish, Doty missing his 90th, 93d and 97th, Morfey missing his 98th and 99th, though he had the race then well in hand.

Doty shot a game race, considering that his middle finger was badly gouged and pounded by the recoil of his gun, and hurt him exceedingly toward the last of the race. While having the essentials of a good shot, he is badly handicapped by a strained position when ready to shoot.

There was an enthusiastic crowd present. Many of them, in their eagerness, crowded too close to the front, much to the annoyance of the principals, and to the obstruction of the puller, so much so as to draw forth a complaint from Mr. Morfey while the last 25 birds were being shot that in some instances the trap was not pulled promptly when he called pull.

There were a number of sitters during the race, most of which were from No. 5 trap. Morfey's no birds were the 9th, 14th, 20th, 25th, 27th twice, 39th, 74th, 83d twice, 85th, 95th, 96th, and 99th. Doty's no birds were his 27th, 47th, 51st, and 66th. Morfey was prompt in calling no bird if it did not fly promptly, while Doty waited on a number to take wing. Morfey's longest run was 16; Doty's 17. Doty shot 3¾drs. of E. C. in a Parker gun. Morfey used his new Francotte, and shot 3½drs. of Schultze. Both used U. M. C. shells.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby was referee.

The match began at 12:45 and ended at 3:08. Hurlingham rules governed.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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Morfey defeats Rothacker.

Yardville, N. J., Dec. 15.—The 100-bird match between Morfey and Rothacker, shot here to-day, was favored with fine weather. There was no wind, which was against good flights of the birds, the latter, however, being only a fair lot, with some good ones. Morfey killed 23 out of each 25, scoring thus 92 out of 100. Rothacker killed 21 of his first 25, 23 of his second, 19 of his third, 17 of his fourth. Morfey used a Francotte gun, 3½drs. of Schultze in Trap shells, 1¼oz. of 7s, factory load. Rothacker used 3½drs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of 6s and 7s, Leader and Smokeless shells, in a Colt gun. The match began at 1:30 and ended at 3:11 P. M.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2  23

                2 5 2 2 5 5 4 5 1 5 3 2 5 4 5 8 2 5 3 2 1 1 3 1 2
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                1 4 4 3 3 2 4 2 1 3 3 4 4 4 3 2 4 5 1 2 1 2 2 1 2
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Rothacker.....0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 -21

                3 3 5 1 1 1 4 5 1 4 3 3 3 5 1 2 5 5 3 5 1 5 5 2 1 4
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                2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—23

                2 3 3 4 3 3 3 2 1 3 1 3 3 3 1 5 5 1 5 2 3 5 5 2 5 3
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                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 0 0 * 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—19

                2 1 4 5 1 3 1 5 1 4 1 3 2 3 5 4 1 5 5 5 5 3 3 1 4
                H↘↑←←↖↗←↗←↗↖↖↑↓←←←←←↖↗↰↖↑↓
                2 0 0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2—17—80
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Two sweepstakes, 10 birds, $5 entrance, were shot; two moneys. The scores follow:

Brigner, 28	2122112200— 8	1222221221—10
Morfey, 32	22201*2202— 7	1211220*w
Johnson, 29	2121122222—10	1110020102— 6
Zwirlein, 30	22*2210w	2111112210— 9
Bunn, 28	1102222122— 9	2121222112—10
Narpet, 28	*200002022— 4	.....
Harrison, 28	.....	0222211202— 8

Trap at Frenchtown.

Frenchtown, N. J., Dec. 15.—There was a stiff wind blowing between south and west. The birds were a middling good lot. There were three events, each contestant standing at 30yds., H. & T. traps. Nos. 1 and 3 were at 5 birds, $3 entry; No. 2 was at 10 birds, $7 entry:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Zwirlein	12222—5	2222222222—10	20011—3
Woodruff	12112—5	2222212220— 9	01222—4
Warford	12111—5	1122121101— 9	01102—3
Pony	12222—5	0012122021— 7	10122—4
W Apgar	10111—4	2102101110— 7	21201—4
Reid	11220—4	2112121122—10	.....
Arnwein	12220—4	1211211010— 8	112*1—4
Terry	10222—4	2022222212— 9	10210—3
Milburn	02112—4	2222112122—10	.....
Hierster	10012—3	1222211111—10	.....
Meyers	00220—2	0201221210— 7	.....
Johnson	.....	1211202122— 9	21122—5

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 17.—There was a good attendance at the first match of the series between the Boiling Springs Gun Club and the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic, N. J. Neither club, however, had its strongest team, though the low scores were in a measure due in part to the execrable weather. There was a light fog, the sky was a solid mass of dark clouds, and there was a drizzling rain, while the match was in progress. About 3 o'clock the match began. Each contestant shot at 25 targets, Sergeant system. The greatest good fellowship prevailed. A few sweepstakes were shot before and after the main event. Boiling Springs won by a score of 159 to 141. Following are the scores:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Dutchman	1101101111111111011111110—21
James	1001100110110100111110010—14
Lane	1101100100011101101110000—13
Brochart	0100111111110011001010111—16
Frank	0110001101111110111111100—17
Collins	1001000011000000111001111—11
Pierson	0000010010001100101010111—10
Huck	1111011111111111101110111—22
Paul	1010111011101110111101111—19
Waters	1101000011111101010011111—16—159

Passaic City Gun Club.

Wise	0111010100110111111101010—16
Platt	0010111000110101001110001—12
Hill	1110000011011101001011111—15
Westbrook	1100111101011011011011000—15
Shaw	0000001101000001111011111—12
Lenone	1111011111111011111001111—21
Van Nort	1111010101101010101101100—15
Jelleme	1110110110000110011110000—13
Palmer	1001100110000100000111011—11
Spiegel	1000001010100101011100110—11—141

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 17.—The scores made to-day follow. The club will give an all-day invitation shoot on Jan. 2. An interesting programme has been arranged, including optional sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Jewell	5	3	7	2	..	..	5	..	..	..
Dawson	4	3	5	6	8	6	6	6	3	7
Leroy	6	6	4	3	5	8	7	..	..	..
Terrill	9	6	7	6	8	7	8	5	6	8
Feigenspan	..	8	5	10	6	9	9	6	8	8
Ferguson	..	4	8	3	4	..	..	..	..	..

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, Dec. 17.—The last shoot for the year 1898 of the Hudson Gun Club, of Marion, N. J., was held to-day. There was a fair attendance of members, as the day was perfect.

From an exciting point of view the match race between Charles Banta and Schorty might be considered the main event of the day. The champion of New Jersey was in poor form, and Mr. Banta won by the close score of 70 to 71.

The match was for $10 a side, and as Banta has won two out of three, Schorty demanded satisfaction, which he will get in some shape or other at the next shoot of the club.

Mr. Van Dyne won the cup given by the club for the most points made during the year. The winner is a popular member of the club and everybody seemed satisfied. The points made by each member for the cup are as follows: Van Dyne 30, Whitley 26, Shields 26, Schorty 23, De Long 22, O'Brien 20, Bock 19, Tommy 18, E. Heritage 18, Altz 13, Kelly 12, Johns 12, Banta 12, Nagle 12, Brewster 12, Wright 14, Ratigan 7, Goetz 6, Boothroyd 6, Wildes 6, and McElroy 6. Schorty contributed a second prize—a box of fine cigars—which was won by Mr. Schields. Summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	15	15	10	10	*	Targets:	10	25	15	15	10	10	*
Schorty	6	15	9	14	..	9	70	Tommy	3	..	10	11	..	..	..
Banta	6	17	12	10	..	8	71	Altz	1	12	8	8	..	..	..
Bock	6	16	7	11	7	7	..	Schields	8	21	14	8	8	8	..
Whitley	4	14	..	8	5	..	..	Ratigan	8	19	..	..	..	..	..
Johns	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	Jones	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne	8	20	11	11	6	8	..	Van Dyne	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kall	3	..	5	..	3	3	..	Wright	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
E Heritage	6	15	8	10	..	..	..	Boothroyd	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Brewer	5	..	11	11	3	..	..								

* 100 targets.

Interstate Association Meeting.

A MEETING of the Association was held in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, Stewart Building, 280 Broadway, New York, on Monday evening of this week.

The members were represented as follows: Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Irby Bennett; Parker Bros., W. F. Parker; Hazard and Du Pont companies, Edward S. Lentilhon; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins; U. M. C. Co., J. A. H. Dressel; E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., Edward Banks; and by proxy, Tatham Bros., Leroy Shot and Lead Works, and Cleveland Target Co. The reports of previous meetings were read, approved and adopted. The Remington Arms Co. was admitted to membership. Applications for target tournaments were received from clubs at Bellows Falls, Vt.; Providence, R. I.; Oil City, Pa.; Salem, N. Y.; Austerlitz, Ky.; Warm Springs, Ga.; Scranton, Pa.; and Portland, Me., all of which were referred to the tournament committee. The restrictions governing paid representatives at all the Association's tournaments, other than the Grand American Handicap, were re-enacted. It was carried that after the Grand American Handicap of 1899 the members of the Association would donate no extra prizes. There was nothing received in respect to the petition of Mr. E. D. Fulford, in the matter of class shooting, other than his personal letter. It was carried that the Association give not over five target tournaments, the selection of which be left to the judgment of the manager.

It was carried that the system for division of the moneys at the Grand American Handicap shall be high guns, arranged for division up to 260 entries, three moneys for each ten entries over the guarantee of $1,500 for the three high guns, all surplus over the 260 entries, that is, over $6,500, to be divided equally among the sixty-three guns.

Officers were elected as follows: President, J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co.; Vice-President, Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Secretary-Treasurer, Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co. Directors: J. A. H. Dressel, Irby Bennett, W. F. Parker, of Parker Bros.; John A. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Co.; A. W. Higgins, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and Edward S. Lentilhon, of the Du Pont Powder Co.

Executive Committee: Messrs. Lequin, chairman; Higgins and Parker.

Tournament Committee: Messrs. Bennett, Higgins, Lentilhon, Parker and Dressel.

Organization Committee: Messrs. O. D. Delano, Paul North, Chas. Tatham.

Committee on Rules: Messrs. Shaner, Banks, Bennett, Parker, Ed Taylor and Capt. Money.

Capt. Dressel is ex-officio a member of all committees.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was re-elected manager.

In the early part of the proceedings the chairman, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, after the manager's report, called the attention of the members to the long, faithful and efficient services of the manager, the growth of the Association, from its beginning to its at present highest success, of the esteem in which he was held, and many more pleasing, yet merited, praising, and on behalf of the Association presented him with an elegant solid gold watch and chain, valued in the hundreds.

Mr. Lequin, the secretary, was ill and could not be present.

Eureka Gun Club.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its regular bi-monthly trophy contest at Watson's Park, Dec. 17, at 1 o'clock. The day was pleasant and cool, but the strong sun made it very comfortable. The wind blew hard from the right quarter, slightly incoming, which made the birds screamers and hard to stop. Many good clever kills were made during the afternoon. Several shooters took part in the club contest as visitors, and made a sweep of $5, two moneys. Among them were E. A. Leach, L. T. Crisman, Dick Dwyer, C. E. Comley, Dr. W. B. Kibbey and H. E. Wiley. Dwyer won first alone, and Willard, Bingham, Comley and Kibbey divided second.

Following are detailed scores of the contest, at 15 live birds, with handicap of distance, resulting in Bingham, Willard and Airey tieing:

E Bingham, 32	2022222122222211—14
F H Hollister, 30	222220022121222—13
A C Paterson, 32	2212*12220020*1—10
L Willard, 32	122021222112222—14
E S Rice, 28	21020002w
E A Leach, 30	221212220222*22—13
*L D Crisman, 30	2102000w
*D Dwyer, 30	112212211112212—15
*C E Comley, 30	211211121101121—14
*W B Kibbey, 30	112*22221211111—14
C C Hyde, 29	2222020222020211—11
C W Carson, 29	21*211201222222—13
R B Miller, 28	22101*111110201—11
Mrs C W Carson, 26	202120002011002— 8
Geo Airey, 30	2122211211202111—14

* Visitors.

John Watson's Warm Week.

Elliott—Gilbert for Review Cup.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—The live-bird festivities at John Watson's famous park were inaugurated this morning by the race between Gilbert and Elliott for the Sportsmen's Review cup, won by the latter at Cincinnati. The race began at 11 o'clock, under rather disappointing conditions. It was expected that the weather would be cold and windy, and that the birds would be very smart. Upon the contrary, the day was cloudy and absolutely still, no perceptible wind deflecting the smoke columns which rose about the park. The light was dull and bad, and snow fell during the great part of the race. In the second quarter of the race the snow was fine and light, but in the third quarter it came down in big, soft flakes, and the ground was covered with a skim of white, though at the finish of the race the snow had nearly stopped. The birds, under these conditions, were confused and very dull, and hardly a dozen fast ones went out. Neither Elliott nor Gilbert ever had a better chance to kill 100 straight, and before the race it was predicted that 98 would be seen, for there has been no such opportunity for high scores in any big winter race here since the Carver-Grimm race for the cast iron badge, which was shot in even a worse snowstorm than this. As it was, Elliott defeated Gilbert in very hollow fashion, the latter doing unaccountably bad work in the first half of his race, missing 3 out of his first 10 birds. Elliott shot a pretty race, and until well past the 75 hole it was predicted that he would score 98. His last string of 25, however, showed three gaps, and he retired with 96. Most of the birds lost were fast ones, which sprang after a long run of dull ones. I have never seen so many birds flagged in any race at this set of traps. Elliott had 5 birds flagged, and Gilbert exactly the same number that required starting. Most of the birds were killed very close to the traps, and I presume that a shorter string of retrieving has never been seen in any race on these grounds. The best proof of this was the time required in running off the race, which was only one hour and twenty-five minutes, from five to eight minutes inside the average fast time of these two men.

Elliott got past his first bird in this match, and started out in slashing style. He led Gilbert 2 birds at the 9 hole, where he lost an outgoer, which fell at the fence. Not to be outdone, Gilbert repeated Elliott's performance, the bird taking identically the same flight. It was conceded at the 10 hole that Elliott had the race in hand, and this was confirmed when he killed 30 straight, leading Gilbert 4 birds at the half-way point. He then ran 39 straight, and was looked on as safe for a big score. Well along in the race Gilbert seemed to catch his second wind and killed his third string of 25 straight. He, however, lost 2 birds in his last string, Jim going him one better by losing 3. The best that Fred could show was 92 to Jim's 95. I do not think detailed description of the birds necessary, as the flying was not of extraordinary quality. The long runs of trap kills made the race more monotonous than usual. The birds lost were usually quicker starters, though Gilbert lost two birds on which he had all the time in the world, his first missed being on a flopping incomer, which curved and came in. Elliott shot a Winchester pump, 45grs. Hazard, Leader shells. Gilbert shot an L. C. Smith, Du Pont powder, Leader shells. The following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishi

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                2 2 2 5 4 4 2 1 5 1 5 3 2 4 4 3 1 1 2 1 5 5 2 3 4
                ←↗←↗←↘↑↖↑↖→T↗←↘↖↘↑←↑ᵡ←H↖↗
Elliott.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                5 2 4 3 1 2 1 2 4 1 2 1 1 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 2 5 1 4 3
                H↗←↑↗↓↖↑↗H↘↗←↖↗←↑↑→↗↘↗↓
                2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1—24—48

                3 2 2 4 3 2 5 3 1 2 3 3 4 1 5 1 1 3 5 4 1 5 4 5 1
                ↘↓↑↑H↘←↘↙→←→↑↖↓↘↑T↗↘↓↙↖↘↳
                2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—25—73

                3 1 3 3 1 4 4 4 3 2 2 4 2 4 3 5 4 1 3 2 1 5 5 3 5
                T↗↑↑↓↗↑↑↑↖→↓↑↑→↙↑↑↑↑↗↑
                1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 2 1 2 1.1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—22—95

                3 5 1 5 4 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 3 1 5 2 1 1 5 2 1 4 5 1 4
                T↗↗↑→↗↙H↑THH↖↗↓↖↓↑↗H↗↗↘↗↗
Gilbert.....2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

                3 1 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 5 4 1 3 4 4 2 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 2 3
                →↗↗↘↗↯↗↗↗↓↖↑→↑↗↑H↑↑↗↑↗↑
                2 2 2 2 * 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—22—44

                2 2 3 5 1 1 1 4 2 3 3 2 1 3 3 1 1 5 2 1 2 3 1 4 5
                H↗↘↙→→H↑T↘T↗→↑T↖↓↗H↙→↙↑↖↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25-69

                5 3 1 4 4 5 5 2 4 2 1 3 5 3 4 5 3 5 5 2 3 4 3 5 3 4
                ↗↯HH→↑↖←↗↑H←↗T↗TT←↗T↗↗←↖↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2—23—92
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Winter Sweeps.

There were a good many of the intending tournament contestants present at the Elliott-Gilbert shoot, among others Mr. Emil Werk, of the Sportsmen's Review, Cincinnati; J. J. Hallowell, Harvey McMurchy, C. W. Budd and W. R. Milner, Des Moines; Dr. Kibby, Marshalltown, Ia.; Burt Low, Mason City, Ia.; Charles Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Thomas Laflin, Mr. and Mrs. Eberhorn, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Porter, W. H. Cropper, George Summerson and Mr. Owens, Rock Island, Ill.; George Deiter, Milwaukee; Otto C. Ely, Wheaton, Ill.; T. J. Fortier, Fortier, Ill.; H. M. Miner, Guthrie, Ill.; Fred McKay and wife, Minneapolis; E. A. Leach, Tripp, S. D.; B. L. Rudd, Cassopolis, Mich.; Thomas Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Harry E. Lee, Hutchinson, Kas.; Jack Fanning, Batavia, N. Y.; E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis.

During the afternoon several little sweeps were made up among the above talent, with the following results:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $5: G. L. Deiter 8, H. McMurchy 10, B. Long 7, C. W. Budd 9, W. R. Milner 7, T. Marshall 10, Fanning 10, Hallowell 9, L. Goodrich 9, G. Roll 10, McKay 9, Gilbert 9, Bingham 9, J. A. R. Elliott 10.

No. 2, 10 birds, $5: Bingham 9, Deiter 9, Hallowell 10, Marshall 10, Gilbert 10, McKay 7, Fanning 7, McMurchy 10, G. Roll 10, Elliott 10, Budd 9, Tripp 5, Long 9, Milner 10, Hollister 9.

No. 3, miss-and-out, entrance $3:

Gilbert	22110	McMurchy	21221221
Marshall	20	Bingham	12222120
Hallowell	22222222	Fanning	21221222
McKay	21120	Budd	212220
G Roll	2220	Hollister	12111212
Leach	20	Milner	21211222

No. 4, 10 birds, $5:

Marshall	1222022222—9	Gilbert	1101111222—9
Roll	1220222122—9	Budd	2021111112—9
Dieter	2112202222—9	Hallowell	0111222222—9
Long	1021022102—7	McMurchy	1212222212—10
Elliott	2210222122—9	Hyde	2210222222—9
Fanning	2111212222—10	Milner	1212222102—9

Watson's Live Bird Tournament, First Day.

Tuesday morning, Dec. 13, the opening day of John Watson's big winter live-bird shoot, dawned cold and clear, with a stiff wind, which made work at the scores not only difficult, but uncomfortable. The boys were obliged to keep indoors when not under the thumb of the referee and pullers. It was like old times to meet the "gang" thus assembled. All the old-timers were on hand, and a number of the newer lights. Heikes, Elliott, Budd, Fanning, Marshall, Gilbert, Grimm, Hallowell and others of the old guard were there, of course. Mr. J. O'H. Denny, of Pittsburg, shooting under the name of James, did very nice work. Dering, of Columbus, Wis., comparatively a young one in the game, made a very nice showing. Tom Laflin, of Rock Island, was here of course. E. E. Baker, mayor of Kewanee, and promoter of the shoot at Kewanee next week, was doing business with varying success. John Lane and Dr. Kibby, of Marshalltown, Ia., took part, and so did Long, of Davenport, and Milner, of Des Moines. Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., was present as a spectator during the day. A new face was that of George Aggard, of Goldfield, Ia. The Chicago contingent was a fair one, including Comley, Roll, Dicks, Palmer, Shaw, Simonetti, Von Lengerke, Amberg, Barto, Levi, Lem Willard, etc., etc.

There were two sets of live-bird traps, and both were kept busy, it being the plan to shoot 5 birds at one set and then go to the other. I watched the shooting for some time at the right-hand set of traps and found that the shooters pronounced it less satisfactory than at the No. 1 set, no less than 5 birds being flagged in succession, and there being a large number of birds which hesitated for a moment before taking flight. This is unusual on these grounds, whether due to the birds or to the traps, I cannot say.

For the most part, the birds were good enough to puzzle any of the cracks, as may be seen by the scores. McMurchy was suffering from neuralgic pains in the eyes, and hardly felt as himself. Jack Fanning received some guying from his friends for having missed 5 birds out of 10, and endangering the success of his team in a little champagne supper project which is on foot. Ten of the cracks paired off into two-men teams, and will compare averages at the end of the week, the lowest to be penalized to the extent of the aforesaid supper.

Nothing of special interest turned us in the sweeps, unless it might be said of the daily equitable sweep of 15 live birds, $10. This brought the fine entry of forty-two, and the division of moneys was received with commendation by the shooters interested. Fanning, Budd, McKay, Willard, Roll, Dicks, and Von Lengerke were the only ones straight. Second money fell to Heikes, Grimm, Leach, Long, Deiter, Dering and Laflin. Out of the entire forty-two entries there were only ten men who failed to get into the money. Obviously this does not leave very much opportunity for wolfing, but in this jolly lot of contestants everybody seemed happy. If my memory serves me correctly, there are more Chicago shooters taking part in this tournament than have ever come out to a similar one here before, where the events were wide open for all the experts. There has been a little revival in live-bird shooting here since the establishment of the Montgomery Ward badge shoots, and the cut rate on Watson's rolling stock. All in all, I think the visitors should not complain at the Chicago contribution, and it is certain that the Chicago shooters have no reason to complain of the visitors, who number among them the best of the Western shots and the jolliest of mortals. Most of the "gang" is stopping at the Leland Hotel, and the scene there during the evening is one, to use the expression of the novelist, which beggars description. Some of the boys will go to Mr. Baker's Kewanee shoot early next week, and others will go to Indianapolis, while a few will divide time on these conflicting dates. The following are the scores of the day:

Event No. 1, 7 birds, $6, two moneys:

Milner	0211212—6	Hallowell	1121101—6
Heikes	2222212—7	Rice	1122021—6
Fanning	2222212—7	Frost	2210220—5
Bingham	2122211—7	Short	1110220—5
Marshall	2122202—6	Kibbey	2201222—6
Gilbert	2221221—7	Terry	0202000—2
Budd	2211112—7	Irwin	0212002—4
McKay	1211120—6	McMurchy	2210122—6
Grimm	1222202—6	Dering	2121102—6
Elliott	2212022—6	Agard	0012211—5
Lee	1000111—4	Long	2212022—6
James	0022200—3	Roll	2122112—7
Baker	2222201—6	Dieter	2122222—7

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, $7, three moneys:

Milner	0110202221—7	Cropper	1221201212—9
Heikes	2221222212—10	Laflin	1110111111—9
Fanning	0002211002—5	Kibbey	2222211222—10
Bingham	0121122222—9	Minor	0001122222—7
Marshall	2222222222—10	Comley	0111111111—9
Gilbert	2222222212—10	Frost	2001222201—7
Budd	2221111222—10	Fortier	2101021022—7
McKay	1202011122—8	Roll	2212202102—8
Grimm	2222221222—10	Dieter	2222222202—9
Elliott	2222221111—10	Dering	2211122222—10
Lee	1111111101—9	Long	0120221111—8
James	2102021202—7	Agard	1210011122—8
Baker	0122202101—7	Porto	2202020212—7
Hallowell	2222222022—9	McMurchy	1221211220—9
Rice	2202012202—7	Leach	2222212220—9
Whitney	2022201012—7	Willard	2222202212—9
Sherry	1221211211—10	Moy	1122100121—8
Porter	2111222212—10	Short	1021100260—5
Ehrhorn	2220222022—8	Simonth	2201020002—5
Somerson	2122010012—7	Levi	1001101121—7

Daily equitable, 15 live birds, $10, four moneys, equitable system of division:

Milner	221010100211111—11	Porter	1220221012022212—12
Heikes	2202122222222—14	Sperry	1212102121212012—13
Fanning	2222222212222222—15	Ehrhorn	0222022011120020—10
Bingham	1111011111111102—13	Somerson	1002001002121102—8
Marshall	2021222212122211—14	Cropper	0011202211222211—12
Gilbert	2021220211122212—13	Comley	1002122021111112—13
Budd	2121112122111111—15	Roll	2222222222212112—15
McKay	2222222212212112—15	Dicks	2211222222112212—15
Grimm	2222222212102222—14	Dering	1111202121212222—14
Elliott	2221222122200122—13	Minor	1020211221210211—12
Lee	1020112020121211—11	Fortier	1222022211112212—13
James	2022020202222220—10	Laflin	2121101121122212—14
Baker	1022122202122222—12	Agard	2112222121212020—13
Hallowell	0221221122021222—13	Shaw	0222122202222220—12
Rice	1120111112222210—13	Lane	0001202211011222—10
Leach	2212220222222222—14	Palmer	2100022000112012—8
Barto	2200102021112122—10	Simoneth	2222210010000200—7
Long	2222120222222222—14	Von Lengerke	2222222222222222—15
Dieter	2220212222222222—14	Amberg	2021102211021012—11
Willard	2222222221121222—15	White	2122200111022220—11
Kibbey	2022220011211122—12	Levi	0120100121211120—10

Extra, 10 birds, $7:

Bingham	1222211202—9	Roll	2222222222—10
McKay	2111122120—9	Heikes	2222222222—10
Grimm	2222221212—10	Budd	0122211112—9
Hallowell	2220222221—9	James	1220222222—9
Fanning	2202212112—9	Leach	2122222222—10
Milner	0222221222—9	Rice	0222222121—9
Long	2111111222—10	Sperry	1021121100—7
Comley	2121111020—8	Baker	0022222200—6
Palmer	0220102020—5	Willard	1112111112—10
Ehrhorn	0010100221—5	Lane	1220220022—7
Porter	1222110220—8	Gilbert	2212222212—10
Marshall	0222022222—8		

Darkness prevented Cropper and Dering from finishing their scores in the last event, they withdrawing.

Second Day, Wednesday, Dec. 14.

The weather continued unpleasantly cold, and a stiff wind made the shooting interesting enough for the best of them. None the less, a goodly number of straights turned out, and it was easy to be seen that the boys were getting on their nerve in good shape. In the main event of the day Elliott, Barto, McMurchy, A. Kleinman and Von Lengerke went straight. McMurchy was easily high gun of the day, for he made a clean score in each of the three events, killing his 32 birds straight under conditions which were by no means easy. There were forty-five entries in the Equitable event, and this is a very good showing in so expensive a game as a live-bird tournament. Both sets of traps were busy all day. One of the surprises was Jack Fanning's losing 4 birds in the 15-bird event, though he hauled out straight in the other two sweeps. Heikes and Gilbert both got into the second flight in the big sweep. Many shooters met hard luck with birds dead out of bounds, as the strong wind from the right quarter frequently carried the dead bird over the wire. The programme was the same as on the day previous, and the following are the scores:

Event No. 1: Gilbert 7, McKay 7, Budd 5, Hallowell 6, Marshall 6, Grimm 6, Fanning 7, Heikes 7, Milner 7, Bingham 7, Elliott 6, James 6, Crisman 5, Leach 6, Baker 5, Rice 6, Long 5, McMurchy 7, Laflin 6, Barto 6, Comley 6, Werk 3, Agard 7, Kibby 5, Lee 5, Sperry 6, Deiter 6, Sconce 4, Minor 5, Porter 7, Murchey 5, Fortier 5, Cropper 4, Kleinman 6, Ruble 6, Ehrhorn 6, Somerson 6, Lance 4, Dr. Carson 5, Dr. Miller 6.

Event No. 2: Gilbert 9, McKay 8, Budd 9, Hallowell 7, Marshall 8, Grimm 7, Fanning 10, Heikes 9, Milner 8, Bingham 7, Elliott 9, James 7, Crisman 7, Leach 9, Baker 4, Rice 6, Long 9, Werk 3, Kibby 7, Lee 8, Barto 9, Sconce 9, McMurchey 10, Deiter 10, Sperry 7, Minor 9, Moy 6, Porter 10, Kleinman 10, Agard 8, Laflin 9, Carson 9, Miller 9, Willard 10, Ruble 9, Cropper 9, Fortier 7, Ehrhorn 6, Somerson 5, Hollister 9, Dicks 8, Hoyt 8, Dwyer 9, Wood 9.

The second event was at 7 birds, $5 entrance, two moneys. The score:

Daly Equitable:

Gilbert	2221221221122220—14	Deiter	2222221202022202—12
McKay	2220211220200002—10	McMurchy	2212122221111111—15
Budd	1002222211111221—13	Dr Shaw	2222220222222222—14
Hallowell	1020102210022222—10	Miner	1122201010111112—12
Marshall	2202222222202202—12	Porter	0012220201w
Grimm	2222122020220222—12	Cropper	1211121210221102—13
Fanning	2120220012122201—11	Kleinman	2211111111212212—15
Heikes	2022211222212222—14	Hollister	1221022222222222—14
Milner	1110021022220210—10	Dwyer	1012121220122222—13
Bingham	1101202212122222—13	Dicks	0222012210121110—11
Elliott	2111222222222221—15	Stannard	2222222220020222—12
James	2202222022222222—13	Lane	0022222202202222—11
Crisman	2202212222120212—13	Laflin	1201111211122211—14

Leach	2222222201220222—13	Mosher	2222022202222200—11
Baker	1222022222220210—12	Angraves	2210011221122221—13
Sperry	1121121222220122—14	Von Lengerke	2222222222222222—15
Long	2222120222210022—12	Rice	1012112121220022—12
Werk	02001220w	Dr Miller	2222122101110022—12
Sconce	1222211022022122—13	Argard	11010121022220w
Comley	02001200w	Dr Carson	1112121021122222—14
Lee	2122022112022012—12	Fortier	11102020210w
Willard	2212021122202222—13	Little	1220122221201220—12
Barto	2121122212222112—15		

Thursday, Third Day, Dec. 15.

The weather was much warmer and more pleasant, but the wind still kept fresh and the birds gave a sample of what they could do. In the big event, the daily equitable, only five straights came out from an entry of forty-five men. Fourteen landed one bird back of first, and looked enviously over the line at Gilbert, McKay, Tom Marshall, Bingham and Lem Willard, who were the 15 men. Budd, Fanning, Heikes, Hallowell, Elliott, Grimm and others of the cracks were variously scattered over the landscape in the scores. McMurchy continued his good work of the day previous, and only missed two birds during the day, thus scoring 62 out of 64 shot at during the two days. Budd, Fanning and others tied the record of only two birds missed to-day. The shooting averaged of very high class.

The tournament was easily seen to be a great success, much better than Mr. Watson had expected. The entry held up wonderfully well, and for those who had wearied others came instead, among these Geo. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; Dr. Miller, Sconce, Paddock, Cropper, Nance, Muchey, Geo. Thorne, W. B. Leffingwell and Beveridge, etc., etc., so that the ranks were more than full, the local men making a very good showing.

The equitable experiment proved itself a popular success, and I think perhaps aided in holding up the entry in the main daily shoot. I have never seen this system tried where it did not give satisfaction at a mixed shoot, and I think it gave satisfaction here, though naturally the top men did not get very rich where 13 paid more than entry, and 12 kept a man encouraged to go in again at the next sweep. John Watson has offered the public three pretty steep 15-bird sweeps in the three equitables this week; indeed the largest live-bird sweeps to appear for a long time this season, and perhaps the most satisfactory.

The arrangements at the grounds were most excellent in every way. The shooters did their best to eat the park out of house and home, but could not do it. The retrieving was like clockwork, the large numbers of well-broken dogs making it very rapid. The birds were good, and the cash kept to the nail and to the dot. The arrangements for the newspaper boys were the best that could be asked, and the newspaper man who would not give this shoot a good send-off either does not know a good shoot when sees it or can't get space to tell all he wants to say. This is the biggest success of any of the live-bird shoots John Watson has ever held. Following are the scores of the day:

No. 1, 7 birds, entrance $5, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Gilbert	2222102—6	Minor	2122200—5
McKay	2002202—4	Wood	1211121—7
Budd	2121112—7	Dr Kibbey	1110012—5
Hallowell	0211222—6	Grimm	0221122—6
Marshall	2210122—6	Dieter	2222222—7
Elliott	2022012—5	Sconce	2212220—6
Fanning	2111220—6	Dr Miller	1212222—7
Heikes	2222201—6	Paddock	1222112—7
Milner	1022102—5	Laflin	2012222—6
Crisman	2222022—6	Leach	2020021—4
James	2221222—7	Whitney	1210002—4
Long	2112222—7	Nance	0101111—5
Lee	2101211—6	Agard	1110021—5
Mosher	0222222—6	Cropper	0212112—6
McMurchy	1111122—7		

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $7, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20.:

Gilbert	2122022222—9	Dr Miller	2210211100—7
McKay	0222002222—7	Dieter	2212221221—10
Budd	2222222212—10	Bingham	2211110210—8
Hallowell	2112012220—8	Whitney	1221121222—10
Marshall	2220000022—5	Agard	1110220201—7
Elliott	1222221221—10	Nance	1100111112—8
Fanning	2012202202—7	Wood	0100010101—4
Heikes	2120122120—8	Paddock	2222222222—10
Milner	0201122200—6	Muchey	2022222002—7
Crisman	0222222202—8	Lane	2220222002—7
James	2022022202—7	Laflin	1122102012—8
Long	0122121111—9	Beveridge	1221220002—7
Lee	0210121001—6	Hyde	2202002220—6
Mosher	2222201210—8	Somerson	202200w
McMurchy	1221111220—9	Cropper	1212212120—9
Dr Kibbey	2121010111—8	Tramp Irwin	1201222202—8
Grimm	2220222222—9	Willard	2112222220—9
Sconce	2212021122—9	Moy	1010101021—6
Leach	2222211222—10	Ruble	2222211021—9

No. 3, 15 birds, equitable system, four moneys:

Gilbert	2222121212222—15	Dr Miller	1102011101201l0—10
McKay	2222222222222—15	Agard	210202200w
Budd	0112021122122222—13	Minor	2222020121000w
Hallowell	2120122022112222—13	Dwyer	1112201222101101—12
Marshall	2222222221122122—15	Dicks	0211020221112012—11
Elliott	2222211220211121—14	333	0221020200212201— 9
Fanning	2212220222222122—14	Paddock	2211120212120020—12
Heikes	2222220212121212—14	Lane	2222200202220021—10
Milner	1022202122201021—11	Wood	1020101202001210— 9
Crisman	2211022022222022—12	Baker	2200220020020000— 6
James	0022202222220020—10	A Kleinman	1021221212200012—12
Long	1012221112221222—14	Dr Shaw	2022022022220000—10
Lee	2222012112101221—13	Nance	1110222122200021—12
Mosher	2202000220211122—10	Muchey	0210212220101211—11
McMurchey	1221021221111121—14	Hollister	2200222111110022—12
Dr Kibbey	2022022210102221—11	Hoyt	1200102122111111—12
Grimm	0022210220222222—11	Thorn	0011022002202020— 8
Sconce	2222222201222222—14	Von Lengerke	2222220222222222—14
Leach	2202202222122221—13	Amberg	2202211020102202—10
Bingham	2222211112221211—15	Leffingwell	2222222101112212—14
Dieter	0222222222222202—13	Barto	2121011202222222—13
Willard	1212122222212222—15	Irwin	2222222221222022—14

Friday, Last Day, Dec. 16.

The weather continued all that could be asked, the temperature much higher and the sport more enjoyable on that account. The wind, however, was strong from right to left, across the score, and the day was a grand one for the birds, which never flew better. A great many shooters from out of town said that they had never seen birds fly so in all their lives. A look at the scores will show the truth of this. Had the old park never before had a reputation, it would have made one to-day, and John Watson was happy. So was everybody else, so far as the fun was concerned, but a good many were not exuberant when they came to look at the card over the cashier's desk, where George Watson and Ike Watson wrote down unspeakable things by way of figures.

This was to be the grand day of the tournament, the one for the Watson's Park live-bird trophy, which came pretty near turning out a Grand American Handicap by itself, since it brought out the unexpectedly large entry of fifty-nine shooters, and ended the tournament in a blaze of glory. It was the redhottest race that ever you did see, and it kept everybody guessing till dark. Indeed, it was not finished even at dark, for nine men were forced to carry their last six birds over till Saturday morning, though there remained enough light to establish the winner of the badge.

It was anybody's race, and there were a dozen favorites in popular choice. It never occurred to any one that there would only be one straight made out of fifty-nine shooters, and such shooters as these were. It was supposed that at least half a dozen of the strong finishers would pull themselves together and come under the wire bunched. They were bunched, and they came under the wire, but they came too late.

Long, of Davenport; James, of Pittsburgh; 333, of Buffalo; Lane, of Marshalltown; Paddock, Porter, Cropper, of Rock Island; Sconce, of Sidell; Simpson, of Sycamore; Crandell, of Belvidere; Crisman, of Ottumwa; Milner, of Des Moines; and others whose names are less familiar here, were looked upon askance as furnishing a possible dark horse. Everybody was looking in all sorts of places for a dark horse, but it was generally admitted that with all the best live-bird shooters of the West present and the birds flying the way they were, it would be a mighty cold day for a dark horse. Yet the dark horse was there.

Not so dark either. Rather short and slight, nervous, positive, yet calm and collected, with an easy, erect, natural and unstrained position at the score; there were those who had long thought that a certain man in this event might be ugly to run against. His style in the first two frames of the sweep was perfection, easy, quick, accurate, with no flurry and no delay. He shot like a winner all the time, and had everybody kept in mind the long record of nervy contests he has shot out in Iowa, it might have been thought unwise to classify this man as a dark horse, even with so large and strong a company as the Iowa delegation.

The squads began at No. 2 set and shot 6 birds, then shot 7

birds at No. 1, 6 at No. 2, and finished with 6 at No. 1, in front of the club house and stand. One by one the favorites fell. Heikes lasted to the 16th bird and went out with 23. Eddie Bingham killed every bird he shot at and some screechers, but he lost his 19th over the wire. Elliott lost 3. Sturdevant, the last winner of the Montgomery Ward badge here, shot a great race and killed 24. Fanning lost his 5th bird, then killed on out in great shape, stopping some rattling birds along in the evening when he came to finish. I then saw him sitting on the rail with some friends, watching the birds that the rest were getting. "Look at 'em go," he said. "Look at 'em!" And along about 4 o'clock they were going, too. Tom Laflin, the one-barrel man, lost his first bird, but went out with 22. Gilbert hung on till his 15th, but had to see his score broken there, and retired with only 23, which was a good many to-day. McKay also hung on well, but had to sit down with 21. Charlie Budd lost his 2d bird, and then later dropped three others, getting 21, though killing some that had full license to escape. Tom Marshall could only go him one better. McMurchy and Dick Dwyer lasted it out and got 23, and so did Wright, of Dayton, and Cropper, of Rock Island. Lee, the Alaska big-game hunter, scored 22 hard ones, though bothered with his gun, and he was tied with such good ones as Harry Dunnell, Abe Kleinman, Porter, of Rock Island; Ruble and George Deiter, the flincher from Milwaukee, who had been putting up a stiff gait all week. Lane, of Marshalltown, got out with 24 in elegant style, much to the pleasure of many who had seen him shooting in hard luck and falling back of place in earlier events. Yet Lane was seen to be out of first before the last frame came on.

At the end of the first rounds at No. 1 and No. 2 sets of traps there were still several men left who could possibly go straight. There was some talk of one Dr. Kibbey, from Marshalltown, who was still straight and shooting in great form. As matters progressed, the good ones and bad ones and middle class ones began to weed out; but still, if you asked anybody, he would say, "Oh, yes, Dr. Kibbey is still straight. He's from Marshalltown."

After a while the earlier entries began to fall back as they finished their scores. Dr. Kibbey was the fifth man to enter, and was therefore among the earliest to finish. It was observed that when he went in to the stove he had a large, glittering 25 opposite his name. "Dr. Kibbey—yes; he's from Marshalltown," they said. "So there's one straight, anyhow." That was what they said early in the afternoon.

Meantime the race went on steadily, and it was noticed that there were no more large, glittering 25s hung up over the desk. Indeed, it began to grow rapidly apparent that not very many more large, glittering 25s could possibly be hung up this year. There was Dr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, he was straight. Cropper, a large, strong man from Rock Island, was yet a possibility. Tramp Irwin was still straight at the 19 hole. Charlie Grimm was still straight at the same place, and he was shooting a strong, confident gait, which made him look mightily like a 25 man. But there was no one who had really trotted all the way round and come out with 25 except Dr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown.

The matter stood as above when the 8th squad of six men was called to finish at No. 1 set of traps. The birds were now going like ghosts, for the wind was keen and the air apparently just right. There may be such a thing as that John Watson tapped a special brew of birds this afternoon, for he was noticed to be smiling in his whiskers, and at least it is certain that there was no complaint about the birds starting. The main trouble was over their stopping. A great many sprung sharply up, caught the wind under their right wings, turned over and slanted out to safety over the left-quartering boundary.

No. 8 squad was composed of Grimm, E. S. Rice, Cropper, Barto, Porter and Deiter, but Rice withdrew at the 13 hole after missing 6 birds, so only five men appeared to shoot. Barto, Porter and Deiter were already back of first, but Grimm and Cropper could make 25 if they could kill 6 straight. They both looked as though they could turn the trick. Cropper was shooting in good time and centering his birds, while the Clear Lake man was cool and quick, and it looked like a cinch for him to go straight. Cropper killed his first 3, and so did Grimm, but then Cropper met a bit of bad luck that broke his heart. He caught a little white bird about as big as a chew of tobacco, and it swung about and in, apparently unhit, and lit within a dozen feet of the trap. John Watson, referee, said, "That bird isn't hit at all." Yet just as they called for the "white dog" the bird was seen to topple and sink down as though about to die. The dog ran up cautiously, but as it got near the bird rose and went out. Cropper killed the following bird, but missed his last. Grimm killed clean, stopping some hard ones, till he came to his 24th bird. This one jumped high and fast, a strong blue bird, and it swung over to the left on a sharp curve. Charlie hit it well the first time and touched it up again with the second, but it went on out. This was hard luck, when the finish was so near and the company so select.

No. 9 squad had no possibles left in it, but just about dark the last squad to shoot, No. 10 squad, was called to No. 1 set to finish. Here was Tramp Irwin, who had killed 19 straight, and might run the other 6 if all went well. This squad was made up of Johnnie Lane, Harry Dunnell, Abe Kleinman, Levi, Tramp Irwin and Ruble, Levi having withdrawn earlier. Dunnell and Kleinman killed their first bird each, and it was up to Irwin, the only remaining possibility for a tie. Irwin leaned forward and called "pull," caught a twisting bird that went out a right-quarterer, and missed it with both barrels, or perhaps hit it lightly only with the first. The light was now poor and the birds still fast at times, though it was growing dark. With Irwin's lost bird, there went the only thing to hang a doubt on. The crowd went in search of Dr. W. B. Kibbey, of Marshalltown. They found him, a rather short, energetic looking man, wearing a brown hat, with his hands in his fur coat pockets and a cigar in his mouth. He modestly bore his honors, but expressed great pleasure when he saw the beautiful badge which Mr. Watson had designed for this year's annual trophy. The badge carried with it $147.50, and if Dr. Kibbey does not go back to Marshalltown, in the middle of the shooting State of Iowa, a very much contented man, then indeed is all in vain. Second purse and third purse netted $118 each; fourth $88.50; fifth and sixth, $59. Following are the scores:

Watson's Park live-bird trophy, 25 live birds, entrance $15, number of moneys dependent upon number of entries. Class shooting, handicaps 25 to 32yds.:

James, 26 .....0022122022022122211122022—20
Hyde, 27 .....0222220222022212221222022—21
Crisman, 28 .....0222222222022022222002022—19
Long, 29 .....2102212020212012212121210—20
Dr Kibbey, 28 .....2222212122222111222112211—25
Dr Shaw, 29 .....2222222222222222*2222222*2—23
Heikes, 32 .....2222122222222202022222212—23
Woodford, 27 .....2201222222222202202222222—22
Dr Morris, 27.....0112222202212222022222212—22
Leach, 28 .....2222222202222222222202222—23
Bingham, 30 .....1212122222212211212*112222—24
Mosher, 29 .....2212220222102022022020200—17
Elliott, 32 .....2202222022222222222202222—22
Werk, 25 .....121111010201010100w
Sturtevant, 27 .....2222122221222202122222222—24
333, 27 .....2000222022222222222200020—17
Fanning, 31 .....2222022222222122222222222—24
Reichert, 28 .....2221212222212212021222*12—23
Crandell, 28 .....2020202221210000212221l*2—17
Simpson, 28 .....2222220202222222221022*22—21
Shafter, 26 .....2021122221122122221201210—22
Sconce, 29 .....2022222222222020222221022—21
Milner, 27 .....0212020212002022222220221—18
Paddock, 29 .....2220220222102020222020112—18
Laflin, 30 .....0112121211002211122111122—22
Gilbert, 32 .....2222222222222202212210222—23
McKay, 30 .....2202222222202222202202222—21
Budd, 31 .....2022121022212220211101222—21
Hallowell, 29 .....22222*22*2222222222*22220—21
Marshall, 30 .....2222222222222202222022220—22
McMurchy, 31 .....1112222221222212011022122—23
Dwyer, 28 .....2211022222212222210112211—23
Lee, 26 .....0122212202211121212211021—22
Comley, 28 .....0111021210120211211111111—21
J S Houston, 27 .....2220222122222012002002202—18
Goodrich, 28 .....2202222202222220202211102—20
Wright, 28 .....2222222222222002222221222—23
Ehrhorn, 27 .....2102120022010211290 w
Ruble, 30 .....1120211211121111122112200—22
Lane, 26 .....2222222222222291012212222—24
Dunnell, 29 .....2202220122221222221111022—22
Kleinman, 29 .....2212120202121112222211210—22
H Levi, 25 .....1201201022000 w
Irwin, 28 .....2112211112222122222011222—24
Deiter, 28 .....2212202222222222121022220—22
Grimm, 31 .....2222222222222222212222202—24
E S Rice, 27 .....2020220202020 w
Cropper, 28 .....1122111222121211222222020—23
Barto, 29 .....2222110222212221222201020—21
Porter, 27 .....0111212221020121112212222—22
Moy, 26 .....1010112022111010120 w
J L White, 27 .....1111200112121001111222111—21
Willard, 29 .....2122022211222222221212212—24
Agard, 26 .....2121222221202121001221012—21
Nance, 28 .....2202220022211222102012122—20
Hollister, 28 .....2202122022222222122002222—21
Dicks, 27 .....2212122102202222222201112—22
Palmer, 28 .....2122122112020222112212222—23
Von Lengerke, 30 .....2222200220202220222220 w
Levi, 25 .....1201201022020200212022O w

Ends.

The men who finished on Saturday morning were Moy, White, L. Willard, Agard, Nance, Hollister, Dicks, Palmer, Von Lengerke and Levi. Out of these, Lem Willard sustained his reputation by scoring 24, and Palmer went out with 23.

The beauties of class shooting are well shown in this live-bird shooting at Watson's this week. First money alone, naturally, was good, and netted $147.50. The 24 hole paid each man only $16.85, a long way back of $147. The 23 hole paid $11.80, and 22 only netted each man unfortunate enough to be there $6.80. The 21 men were glad to get off with $5.35 and keep their guns. On the other hand, the last place, 20 hole, had but four men in and paid $14.75. A great many of the old-timers thought this was poor distribution of fortune's favors, and declared that high guns is the only way to shoot live birds when a large number of good ones are on hand.

The top man of the week was McMurchy, the "steady" of the Smith gun, to whose good scores attention has been called above. Mac shot in some extra sweeps, though he missed one or two programme events. He shot at 144 birds in all during the week, and missed only 6, truly a phenomenal performance, for no such lot of birds has been shot at any tournament in this part of the country. The birds got better all the way through, and not worse.

Next to McMurchy was Gilbert, who missed 8 birds out of 121 shot at, the latter being the full programme number.

Charlie Budd played in rather hard luck in his shooting, for he missed only 11 birds. Yet he took down only about $93. The entrance for the week was $106. You can figure the profit after adding expenses—and isn't it cheap to travel in a Chicago shoot.

Fanning went off his stride a bit in one event, but gathered and lost only 15 birds, I believe, during the week. He didn't get rich. Indeed, I don't know of anybody who got rich.

By the way, while speaking of shooting men, what appears to be particularly wrong about the good old prairie State of Iowa these days? Gilbert, Budd and Grimm are all Iowa men. Dr. Kibbey is an Iowa man. Besides these four were Crisman, of Ottumwa; Johnnie Lane, of Marshalltown; Long, of Davenport; Agard, of Goldfield; Milner, of Des Moines; and one or two others who also hail from the corn belt.

The handicapping in the trophy event was done by John Watson and R. B. Organ, and it gave satisfaction so far as known. It goes without saying that John Watson refereed at No. 1 set. Ike did the work part of the time at No. 2. The whole machinery was very smooth-running.

One of the contestants in the trophy event was J. N. Shafter, of Sycamore, Ill. He is a brother of Gen. Shafter, of Santiago fame, and in person somewhat resembles the latter. Mr. Shafter is county treasurer of his county.

Loads and Guns.

Following were the loads and guns used by participants, for which thanks are due the park management:

Denny (James), Boss gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Hess (Hyde), Parker gun, Schultze powder, Smokeless shell.
Crisman, Parker gun, Hazard powder, Trap shell.
Long, Lefever gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Kibbey, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Heikes, Winchester repeater, Schultze powder, Leader shell.
Shaw, Greener gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Woodford, Winchester repeater gun, Schultze powder, Leader shell.
Dr. Morris, Smith gun, Schultze powder, Trap shell.
Leach, Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Bingham, Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Mosher, Syracuse gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Elliott, Winchester repeater gun, Hazard powder, Leader shell.
Werk, Richards gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Sturtevant, Ithaca gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
O'Leary, Smith gun, Gold Dust powder, U. M. C. shell.
Fanning, Smith gun, Gold Dust powder, U. M. C. shell.
Reichert, Smith gun, Troisdorf powder, Trap shell.
Crandall, Hollenbeck gun, Troisdorf powder, Trap shell.
Simpson, Lefever gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Shafter, Smith gun, Schultze powder, Smokeless shell.
Sconce, Remington gun, Laflin & Rand powder, Leader shell.
Milner, Parker gun, Schultze powder, Smokeless shell.
Paddock, Scott gun, Schultze powder, Trap shell.
Laflin, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Gilbert, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
McKay, Smith gun, Hazard powder, Trap shell.
Budd, Parker gun, Hazard powder, Trap shell.
Hallowell, Remington gun, Trap shell.
Marshall, Cashmore gun, Marshall load.
Dwyer, Greener gun, Schultze powder, Trap shell.
McMurchy, Smith gun, E. C. & Schultze powder, Trap and Leader shells.
Lee, Greener gun, Hazard powder, Leader shell.
Comley, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Houston, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Grimm, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Trap shell.
Rice, Stannard gun, Du Pont and Hazard powder, Trap shell.
Cropper, Lefever gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Barto, Colt gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Porter, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Goodrich, Colt gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Wright, Francotte gun, Schultze powder, Leader shell.
Deiter, Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Ehrhorn, Lefever gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Lane, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Dunnell, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Kleinman, Scott gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Levi, Smith gun, Du Pont powder, Smokeless shell.
Irwin, Baker gun, L. & F. powder, Leader shell.
Ruble, Lefever gun, Dead Shot powder, Trap shell.
Moy, Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
White, Greener gun, Schultze powder, Smokeless shell.
Willard, Greener gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Agard, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Nance, Greener gun, E. C. powder, Smokeless and Trap shells
Hollester, Parker gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shells.
Dick, Colt gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Palmer, Greener gun, Du Pont powder, Leader shell.
Von Lengerke, Francotte gun, Schultze powder, Trap shell.
All used No. 7 shot. E. Hough

In the Matter of Flinching.

New York, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From time to time I have noticed in Forest and Stream articles on "fudging"; and having had a most distressing experience that way I herein relate it, hoping that some of your readers may derive benefit from it.

My trouble was that, being ready to fire, I pulled the trigger as I supposed, but in reality I did not do so—consequently I pitched forward the same as one would who had forgotten to put up the safety. For over a year, until the month past, I kept this up. After trying persistently the various methods advised as a sure remedy by my associates without avail, I was about to give up shooting entirely.

Finally it occurred to me that, while swinging my gun for my bird, having my gun firm against my shoulder, and gripped tightly with both hands, perhaps I might have unconsciously relaxed my grip, so that my finger was not in the close contact with the trigger when ready to fire that it was when I called pull; so as an experiment I put my gun lightly against my shoulder, letting it rest like a dead weight, gripping my gun just enough to steady it. As the target was released from the trap and far enough above me to see it, then and not until then did I grip my gun tightly with both hands, setting it firmly back against my shoulder, swinging back, pulling the trigger. To my delight, I found that then I did not fudge.

I have fired some 500 times since, and only fudged three times, and then I neglected doing what I should.

I realize that the causes of fudging are various, but I believe this worthy of a trial. If any one finds relief from these suggestions I shall feel that my disagreeable experience has not been without its benefit to some one. Ex. C. F.

Three hundred pigeons are in stock for Christmas, Dec. 26, practice at Donnelly's College Point, L. I., commencing at 1 o'clock.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Dec. 10.—Poor birds. The shooting of Thompson and Hegeman characterized the bi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn this afternoon. The wind blew half a gale, and once the birds were on the wing they went, and the shot had to travel fast to catch them.

No. 1 was the club shoot:

F Thompson, A, 28.2112222121—10
A Hegeman, B, 29.211*122122—10
E Frost, B, 28.....120002221*— 6

No. 2, 500-shell shoot, 3 birds, then miss-and-out:

J Gaughen, 28 .....12112—5
E G Frost, 29 .....12220—4
F A Thompson, 29.....*22 —2
A A Hegeman, 30.....102 —2
S B Toplitz, 28.....200 —1

No. 3, sweep, 5 birds:

F A Thompson .....12120—4
S B Toplitz .....12221—5
E G Frost .....22220—4
J Gaughen .....2*122—4
A A Hegeman 01w

No. 4, sweep, 5 birds:

F A Thompson .....12221—5
S B Toplitz .....*0222—3
E G Frost .....10002—2
J Gaughen .....11*22—4
W H Thompson 00w

E. G. Frost, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 14.—The first match of the series of ten for the Silver Trophy, 15 live birds, took place to-day, with results as follows:

A Dick, 28.....2011221112120*2—12
W Settle, 29...0112121121122221—14
Wirt, 31 .....222222222021202—13
Lefever, 28 ...212222012120222—13
R Trimble, 31.222222*22222222—14
Randall, 28....222212**0110221—11
Harry, 27.....002222012220202—10
Lindsley, 30...*2222222222222*—13
Wanda, 25 .....2220*22**202022— 9
Gamble, 28....222222222212022—14
Schuler, 30 ...2111120221112221—14
Burton, 29 ....2212112012220l2—13
Ackley, 28.....111221*12122011—13
Stone, 30 .....2121121*20112112—13
L Fry, 30.....0111201001122l2—11
Goodman, 28..121021102102202—11
Hughey, 29 ...2011122202222012—12
L Ahlers, 27..1101211212221l0—13
W Stephens,27.2222*22212*2222—13
Modock, 30 ...1201221121211102—13
Sce, 30.....2222222221220222—14
King, 28 .....0222222*21*22220—11
L Smith, 30..2112220220002222—11

Messrs. John A. Penn, M. F. Lindsley and Fred Dreihs, appointed to draft rules and conditions to govern the contest for the handsome silver trophy, donated to the Cincinnati Gun Club by Messrs. Col. Julius and Max Fleischmann and W. W. Peabody, Jr., under date of Dec. 5, report the terms and conditions under which the same shall be contested for as follows, to wit:

"There shall be ten contests for this trophy, each contest to be at 15 live birds, open only to members of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Birds to be trapped at 15 cents each. The first contest shall take place Dec. 14, 1898, commencing at 1 P. M., subsequent contests to be held at the same hour on the second Wednesday in each month thereafter during the year 1899, except July and August; the last contest to be held on the second Wednesday in November, 1899. Contestants must shoot in at least seven out of the ten races to qualify for this trophy. The contestant having the highest average in seven of his best scores out of the ten contests shall be declared the absolute winner of the trophy. Ties shall be shot off at 25 birds. The committee will impose a handicap on all contestants, ranging from 25 to 32yds., and at the end of the first five contests will, if deemed advisable in their judgment, to equalize shooters, change any or all handicaps. The latest American Shooting Association rules as revised by C. W. Dimmick in 1898, shall govern. The committee will appoint a referee on the ground at the time of each shoot. Individual handicaps will be announced when shooters step to the score in the first contest."

Arthur Gambell, Supt. C. G. C.

Fulford Challenges Heikes.

New York, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received from Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., a challenge addressed to Mr. R. O. Heikes for the E. C. cup and the world's championship at inanimate targets. Mr. Fulford's challenge was accompanied by a check for $50, being the amount in full to be posted against the cup.

The challenge has been forwarded to Mr. Heikes, at Indianapolis, Ind., and it is hoped that he will see his way to shoot the match during his visit to the East next month, selecting some ground either in New York or Philadelphia as the scene of the contest.

It will be remembered that at the Heikes shoot last October, when the championship was contested for in open competition, Fulford and McMurchy tied for second place, Heikes being first, 7 targets to the good out of 300 shot at. Fulford was, I believe, second for the trophy and championship at the open contest for the same honors at the E. C. tournament at Guttenburg, N. J., in 1896, when Gilbert won first place.

The conditions of the race are 50 targets, unknown angles; 50 targets, expert rules, and 25 pairs.

Edward Banks,
Sec'y American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company.

PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Forest and Stream offers prizes for meritorious work with the camera, under conditions which follow:

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

(2) For live game in parks, for the best picture, a prize of $10.

(3) For the best pictures relating to Forest and Stream's field—shooting and fishing, the camp, campers and camp life, sportsman travel by land and water, incidents of field and stream—a first prize of $20, a second of $15, a third of $10, and for fourth place two prizes of $5 each.

There is no restriction as to the time nor as to where the pictures have been made or may be made.

Pictures will be received up to Dec. 31 this year.

All work must be original; that is to say, it must not have been submitted to any other competition or have been published.

There are no restrictions as to the make or style of camera, nor as to size of plate.

A competitor need not be a subscriber to the Forest and Stream.

All work must be that of amateurs.

The photographs will be submitted to a committee, who, in making their award, will be instructed to take into consideration the technical merits of the work as a photograph, its artistic qualities and other things being equal, the unique and difficult nature of the subject.

Photographs should be marked for identification with initials or a pseudonym only, and with each photograph should be given, answering to the initials, the name of sender, title of view, locality, date and names of camera, and plate or film.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

WE print for the last time the announcement of prizes offered by the FOREST AND STREAM for amateur work with the camera.

Photographs should be submitted for competition by December 31st. Any mailed on that date and showing post-mark of December 31st will be eligible for competition.

The prizes will be divided into three series: (1) for live wild game; (2) for game in parks; (3) for other subjects relating to shooting and fishing.

(1) For live game photographs three prizes are offered, the first of $50, the second of $25, and the third of $10.

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THE ADVANCE OF AN IDEA.

ALL serious students of efficient game protective systems, and there are many such to-day, should read very carefully the new law for Colorado, prepared by Mr. D. C. Beaman. A synopsis of the measure is printed in our game columns. It is a carefully considered and well matured act, on which Mr. Beaman tells us he has been engaged for several years. There is in it nothing fanciful or crude; each division and every section of the several divisions constitute an harmonious whole; and the text is in its entirety the most complete and effective statute we have ever had proposed to meet the exigencies of so many complex interests as are those concerned in the wise administration of Colorado's game and fish resources.

The provisions of the proposed measure are most suggestive in their demonstration that in this Rocky Mountain State at least the people's game and fish interests have taken their place along with the mining resources and others, as something which sound public polity will no longer consent to give over to happy-go-lucky squandering. Mr. Beaman presents the elk and the antelope and the deer and the trout as a public possession which is to be protected from the foolish, wanton and wasteful raids of citizens and aliens alike. The Beaman measure is, in short, the most advanced recognition and exposition we have yet had in America of the growing idea that the taking of public game is a privilege which must be restricted by the people who possess the game, and confined within the bounds of sound economy. We have here another of the rapidly multiplying signs of the times which mark the passing of the old order and the coming in of a new. The protection of fish and game is not now regarded, as formerly for the most part it was, to be class legislation for the benefit of a restricted element in the community; and the framing of the laws is not much longer to be left to the whim and caprice of notional gunners, actuated by their immediate and personal interests alone. As here in Colorado, as in the States represented at the convention of wardens in Chicago the other day, as in Maine and many another State, serious minded, public spirited and capable men are taking up the preparation of the statutes, are giving to it mature and laborious attention, and are at this ending of the century putting game and fish conservancy on a reasonable and secure basis.

Whether or not all the details of Mr. Beaman's projected statute shall be approved at Denver this winter, he has in this elaborating of a strong and consistent measure given us a form of fish and game law which will mark an epoch in the development of American game legislation.

MODEL FOREST CULTURE.

ATTENTION has more than once been called to the gratifying progress in forest culture since the setting aside of the forest reservations in the West created a public excitement which led people to examine into the subject for themselves. While a few years ago the great public was entirely ignorant and unconcerned about the matter, the conditions are now very different.

One of the most practical steps looking to the interesting of land owners and lumbermen in handling their forest lands has recently been taken by the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, of which Mr. Gifford Pinchot is at the head. This is a plan to furnish assistance to private owners of forest lands, so that they may be enabled to handle these holdings to the best advantage—which means to their own greatest profit, and to the best use of the forests as protectors of the soil and of the water supply.

As a rule, the farmer regards his wood lot as so much waste land, valuable only for the fuel and the fencing timber which it produces. He works in it in winter, when he has nothing else to occupy himself with, but he hardly regards this work as bringing him any return, although it furnishes him with fuel through the year. If, however, the farmer or the owner of a tract of woodland can be shown that there is money to be made out of this land, if it is properly handled, he will certainly make an effort to treat it so that it will produce an income. Mr. Pinchot is taking steps to give this information. In other words, the Division of Forestry is prepared, so far as its very inadequate appropriations will permit, to assist owners of wood lots and of the larger tracts of timber valuable for lumber to handle their timber lands in the way which shall be most profitable to them. Tracts of any size, from five acres upward, are eligible to treatment. The only distinction made is that the owners of large tracts, which may present more difficult questions, will be required to share in the expense of solving the problem of administration, while owners of small tracts will receive assistance without bearing any part of the cost. Applications for such assistance will be considered in the order of their receipt, but where a particular piece of land promises for any reason to furnish a useful example, precedence may be given to it.

Two forms of agreement to be made between the land owner and the Department of Agriculture are issued by the Division. One, the wood-lot agreement, provides that a plan for working the wood lot shall be prepared by the Division, and that the Department shall supervise the execution of it without charge to the owner, and shall even defray the expenses and pay its agent. The only condition made by the Department is that it shall have the right to publish and distribute the plan and its results, for the information of farmers and others whom it may concern.

The timber land agreement, which applies to larger bodies of land, is much the same as the other, except that it is provided that actual and necessary expenses for traveling and subsistence of the agent or agents of the Department working under the agreement shall be paid by the land owner, who shall also furnish the assistants needed by them without cost to the Department. It is especially provided that the Department of Agriculture shall in no respect participate in the receipts from the land, but shall have the right to publish and distribute the plan and its results for the information of lumbermen, forest owners and others whom it may concern.

It is obvious enough that offers so liberal as these are likely to be accepted by many land owners, large and small, and that the Department of Agriculture, with its insufficient appropriations, will be able to care for only a few of the applications which it will receive for such assistance. Nevertheless, the good which will be accomplished by this plan can hardly be over estimated, since to carry it out even on a small scale will result in the setting up in many localities all over the land of a series of model forests, which cannot fail to be object lessons of the highest value to land owners residing near them. Moreover, a very large number of owners of large tracts of timbered lands will undoubtedly avail themselves of this opportunity to have their forests handled in a scientific manner. A number have already done so. Among them Messrs. Whitney and Webb, in the Adirondacks, where, it is gratifying to learn, not a stick of timber can now be cut except under the supervision of a trained forester. We can imagine how differently these grand forests would have looked to-day if a plan like Mr. Pinchot's had been adopted twenty-five years ago.

No one has borne a larger part than Mr. Pinchot in stimulating the interest in forest preservation in the United States, and it is a matter for sincere congratulation to the country at large that a man so well trained, so able and so energetic, is chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture.

SNAP SHOTS.

A few years ago New York expended several thousand dollars on a commission to codify the game and fish laws and to bring order out of chaos. For one year after the commission had completed its work, any person of ordinary intelligence could comprehend the intent of any given section; but the clarification of the statute cannot be said to have extended beyond such a period. The condition is now worse than ever. Nobody can tell, for instance, absolutely what the quail season is on Long Island, or indeed if there is any season. If the Legislature of 1899 will set its face firmly against any amendments of the laws beyond the straightening out of the obscurities, contradictions and hopeless puzzles, it will do all that need be done, and quite the best thing to do. No expenditure of thousands would be required. A fee of one hundred dollars would be ample recompense for the task, and we would cheerfully undertake to secure the services of a competent member of the bar to do it for that sum, and for the gratification he would surely have in the completed work.

To its circle of readers, old and new, FOREST AND STREAM extends the gratulations of the season, and wishes them a Happy New Year. May the outings of 1899 be rich in the anticipation, not less full of solid satisfaction in the actual experience, and giving material for delightful retrospect. One's opportunities may be limited, one's time in the woods all too brief; but of anticipation and recollection no bound can be fixed. This prolonging of a camping trip, in thought of it before and after, is a characteristic of outdoor life which only the initiated can appreciate.

At a meeting of Grand Rapids, Mich., sportsmen last week it was voted almost unanimously by the two hundred delegates to urge the retention of the law which prohibits spring shooting. This is a most gratifying result of the discussion. The laws against spring shooting are unquestionably open to complaint when they restrict the shooters in one State, but give license to the spring shooter in an adjoining State. But the prohibition of spring shooting is right. The remedy of inequalities is to bring under operation of the prohibition those States which are now exempt. This is progress in the right direction. To abolish an anti-spring shooting law where it now prevails would be a most unwise and inexcusable retrograde step. We trust that the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, when it meets at Lansing January 17th, will hold out strenuously for the retention of the present spring shooting law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A New Year's Swearing-off.

As Peter Folsom came into the kitchen, where his wife and daughter were busy about the roaring, glowing stove, on whose top the coffee-pot bubbled a soft accompaniment to the shrieking and sputtering of a pan of sausages, and out of whose elevated oven came the aroma of baking potatoes, he glanced up at the clock and the long-barrelled fowling-piece that hung beside it, then furtively at the stove, but not at his wife, as he addressed her: "Is breakfast 'most ready, mother? 'Cause if it hain't, I'll git a bite o' suthin' an' be off, for I'm kinder in a hurry."

Mrs. Folsom set her lips firmly to the delicate task of turning the sausages and accomplished it before she demanded: "What be you in such a pucker for, father? Be you a-goin' somewhere on business?"

Peter cleared his throat and answered rather defiantly, "Wall, yes, sorter. You might say business and pleasure. I'm a-goin's to give them haoun' dogs a little ex'cise. It's the neatest mornin' 't ever was; not a breath stirrin', an' a little speck o' new snow, jest 'nough to kiver up ol' tracks. Seems 's 'ough I'd orter improve it, for the' won't be another like it this year, bein' it's the last one in it."

His tone had become apologetic, but neither that nor the poor attempt at a joke softened the set sternness of his wife's face.

"I s'pected as much!" she said, with a short, contemptuous laugh. "Wall, if that's all, you'd better set daown an' eat your breakfus' wi' the rest on us like a civilized bein', when it's sot ont' the table, when the boys come in from the barn. I should think 'at you'd got abaout old enough tu quit a-rampin' 'raound up hill and down dale arter a mess o' yollopin' haoun' dogs a-distractin' decent folks wi' their plaguey noise!"

"If some folks hain't got no ear for music, I do' know as the haoun' dogs is the blame for it, singin' glory halleluyer, no more 'n the birds is for singin' in the mornin'," said Peter, with his back to his wife, as he washed face and hands at the sink. "I've hearn folks find fault wi' them."

She vouchsafed no rejoinder beyond a contemptuous sniff.

"'Lizabeth," he said to the daughter, while he wiped vigorously on the roller towel, shaking out some words and smothering some. "You see if you can't find me a 'tater 'at's done, an' gi' me a piece o' sassidge an' a cup o' coffee."

Then seating himself at the table, he took up Mrs. Folsom's assertions at the beginning, while he awaited the bringing of his breakfast.

"You was a-sayin' haow I was ol' 'nough tu quit huntin'. Wal, I hain't only just turned o' sixty, an' my gran'ther he hunted when he was in his eighty-fif' year. Father didn't hunt none, but he was able tu when he was eighty year ol' if he'd wanted to. That gives me twenty year on't yet."

"The wust on't is the eggsample you're settin' your boys—a-shootin' 'raound," said Mrs. Folsom.

Her hubsand broke a Mercer potato in two and whetted his appetite with a sniff of its fragrance before replying, "That idee hain't no gre't weight, sence they don't care a button for huntin', 'ceptin' little Pete; he takes arter my gran'ther some—t'others arter their gran'ther Tom's ol' hoss, more's the pity, an' Joe's all cattle. Pete's got dog an' gun born into him, an' you can't git it aout on him, 'gsample or no 'gsample." He mashed and buttered his potato while his wife fitted another arrow to her bow and presently let fly.

"It's mis'able, goo'-for-nothin', low-daown, lazy, loafin' business, an' them 'at follers it hain't no 'caount. Look a' ol' Bill Leggett an' Jim Fisher!"

He fortified himself with a mouthful of sausage and as much potato as a quarter of his knife blade would hold, and began speaking before his mouth was clear of them. "I don't hold 'at a man had ort tu hunt all the time when game's as scarce as it is now-er-days, but take it reasonable. You don't want tu go tu quiltin's every day, nor try tu live on tea wi'aout no victuals. Took reasonable they're stimerlatin' an' comfortin', an' so's huntin'. Billy an' Jim overdoes it, but I know wuss men, an' they be 'at belongs to the church. An' as for me, I've allers managed tu git a decent livin' off'm the farm, an' go a-huntin' once in a while tew!"

"I hope you allers will, father," said Elizabeth, at his elbow with his coffee.

"It's a snare o' the evil one," Mrs. Folsom said, piously, giving the last link of sausage a spiteful jab as she transferred it from the frying-pan to the platter. "The hymn says, 'Satan allers finds a job for idle hands tu du.'"

"A fellow 'at's a-huntin' in airnest hain't turrible idle," said Peter; then, in parenthesis, "'Lizabeth, won't you jest give them 'ere dogs some col' johnny-cake. The good book tells o' Nimrod a-bein' a mighty hunter afore the Lord, which, it 'pears, his doin's was approved on."

"Proberbly he didn't hev sons growed up, an' a-growin' up, an' a darter a young woman grown. Proberbly he didn't hev no wife, even."

"It's a hopesin' he didn't!" Peter interrupted, fervently.

"So say I!" she cried, with equal fervor. "A man 'at goes a-huntin' hedn't ort tu hev no wife to worry abaout him, an' be 'shamed an' lunsome an' bothered wi' haoun' dogs allers underfoot an' allers hungry an' slobberin' an' into everything! He'd ort tu be a batchelder an' a hermit, but he's more like tu be a widderer if he's single, but pussecuted women don't never die fust!"

Peter ate in silence, pondering deeply, until his sons came in, noisy and hungry, from the morning chores, and with them the two gaunt hounds, whimpering and careering in an excess of joy that belied sorrowful faces. While they snatched apportioned alternate rations from Elizabeth's timid fingers and beat the skirts of their unfriendly mistress with their slender, bony tails, their master arose and put on his deep-pocketed, blue-striped woolen frock, took down the long gun, powder-horn and shot-pouch, and then, facing about, addressed his household.

"I do' know but what you're right, mother, an' I p'sume tu say I be an ol' fool, an' orter quit a-bein' one. Anyways, I been tol' on't times enough, an' I've got sick an' tired of hevin' on't hove in my face an' dinged intu my ears. So I tell ye, all on ye, this ere's my last day. Whatever my luck is, tunight I swear off a-huntin' forever an' ever more. The dogs I'll give away afore I come hum; the gun I won't—it was gran'ther's, an' Pete can hev it for his'n, if he's fool enough tu go huntin' when he gits growed up an' lucky 'nough tu be 'lowed tu in peace. Mother, Tom, Joe, 'Lizabeth, Pete—this 'ere's the last time you'll see me a-goin' aout wi' haoun's an' gun. Pete, arter you git your breakfus' eat, if you're a-min' ter, you can take your gun an' come up ont' the hill. If we start a fox, an' we shall, if the' is one, he'll run on the bare ledges. Come Scott, come Pappinew!"

He went out, followed by the four-footed namesakes of two then popular heroes, one of the United States, the other of Canada, and followed by the gaze of the family.

"Wal, I never!" Mrs. Folsom gasped with returning breath.

"Father's got his dander up!" said horsey Tom; and Joe, stolid as one of his pet oxen, stared as calmly and silently, while the more sympathetic Elizabeth cried out, pitifully:

"Poor father, it's too bad tu hetchell him so!" and Pete bewailed the loss of his friends, the hounds.

Though the household gods frowned, nature's mood was benign, and she seemed to have set herself to making Peter Folsom's last day with gun and hounds a pleasant one. The sky was unclouded, but filmed with haze, and the windless air, through which such slight noises as the tapping of a downy woodpecker or the piping of a nuthatch came from distant woods, was so soft that the inch of newly fallen snow took the imprint of footsteps like a sheet of white wax. Thereon a fox had left a record of his nightly wandering, and the old hound Scott, reading it by a finer sense than sight, proclaimed it with deep-toned trumpet-blasts and Papineau gave confirmation in higher key, while from woods and hills a chorus of echoes swelled the musical confusion. Reynard awoke from his morning nap and forthwith betook himself to his traditional tricks on his ancestral runways, where he was waylaid and low-laid by Peter the elder, before Peter the younger appeared upon the scene to exult in and envy his father's success. The hounds were as keen for further work as at the beginning, and soon found another fox full of years and cunning, which availed him not in the end, for the father—that he might have a worthy successor—gave the son much instruction concerning runways, which the latter so quickly put to use that he got the first shot at the fox and killed it, an achievement which his father gloried in as much as he, though more soberly.

Foxes were abroad that day, and another was started who was wiser and more fortunate than his predecessors in steering clear of manned runways, and at last took sanctuary in the cloisters of the earth. The continuous music of the hounds had called out all the hunters within hearing of it, and they now gathered about the hole where the hounds were taking turns at baying and tearing at the frozen earth.

Before the company Peter made a final renunciation of sport, and burned his ships, giving away his hounds to an old comrade who he was sure would treat them kindly. Everyone wondered at his strange action, but he would give no explanation, and turning his back resolutely on his friends, he trudged bravely away, followed by the boy, a little comforted by the trophy that dangled from his pocket for the parting with the dogs, who, straining at their leashes, their brows deeply wrinkled with puzzled inquiry, whined in sorrowful farewell.

"If ever you hear the dogs a-comin' off'm the hill this way," Peter said to his son, as they crossed a long ridge in the open fields, "an' you can git tu that 'ere thorn-apple tree by the fence quick enough you'll sartin' git a shot at the fox. I hain't never knowed 'em tu fail a-crossin' there in forty-five year, an' many's the one I've laid aout there. But, oh, Lord! I shan't never ag'in!" He heaved a sigh from the depths of his bosom and turned his face from the favorite old runway, around which clung such happy memories.

When they reached home he hung the gun in its hooks, sadly pondering the thought that he should never take it from them again for any nobler purpose than shooting a corn-pulling crow or a raiding hen-hawk—never again for a day of glorious sport. He lingered long over the stretching of the pelts, giving his son minute instructions and remembering how awkwardly he skinned and stretched his first trophy, and comparing the dexterity which experience had given.

The house looked strange to him without the familiar hounds, concerning whom young Pete confided to his sister.

"He just gi'n Scott and Papinew right aout an' aout tu ol' John Benham. He pooty nigh cried when he done it. I was tew mad tu—givin' away them haoun's, the best there is in ten taowns."

"Clever ol' critters, I shall miss 'em," Elizabeth sighed.

The first day of the New Year was patterned after the last of the old year, as cloudless, as soft-tinted with haze, and as windless, but for a breath of warmer air from the south, yet so light that it did not sweep away the echoes, nor its murmur disturb their far rebound.

One cast afar from a gorge of the wooded hill caught Peter Folsom's ear as he walked from the barn to the house in the middle of the forenoon. It had a familiar cadence, and he stopped, listening intently. Again the mellow echo came across the wide fields, and with it another as melodious, but higher pitched.

"It's Scott an' Papinew!" he exclaimed aloud, and now, as they broke over the crest of the hill in full cry, an ear less keen than his could not have mistaken the voices. "John's fetched 'em up there jest tu aggravate me, an' it's tew 'tarnal bad! Sech a day tu hear a dog! Sech trackin'!" He pressed his fingers on the soft snow that capped the fence post beside him, his eyes and ears intent on the hill crest, along which the chase now tended, trumpet and bugle now alternating, now in unison, now indistinguishable in the jangle of their own echoes.

They reached the end of the hill, turned and drew near the foot, and Peter soliloquized in short, eager sentences, as he looked and listened. "There, they're comin' off 'm the hill! If they du, I'll bet the fox'll come tu the thorn-apple tree! I'll bet the' haint nob'dy stannin' there! The' haint be'n time for 'em tu!"

He moved to where he had a view of the low-spreading tree in scraggy silhouette against the blue-gray sky. "No, the' haint a soul! He'll go by, an' git tu the west woods, an' that'll be the end on't! Oh, if the' was anybody I could send! Pete! Pete," he called. "Oh, he's gone a-skatin'—plague on't! If 'Lizabeth could only shoot! Tom an' Joe wouldn't go a rod if they was here, blast 'em, an' they couldn't hit a meetin' house a-stannin' still! I'd hev' jest abaout time! Th' ol' gun is loaded for business! Oh, I swear! Flesh an' blood can't stan' it. I've got tu go!"

He broke for the house on a run, burst into the kitchen without slackening his pace, almost upset his wife and daughter, in the midst of their New Year dinner preparations, seized the gun and was out again and away before they recovered speech beyond squeals and exclamations.

Running to the door, they saw him going at top speed across the fields, heard the eager baying of the hounds, and the situation was made clear to them. They saw him reach the fence and run beside it, crouching like a skulking partridge, till he came to the thorn tree, and then standing beside it as steadfast as its trunk. Then they saw the long gun rise slowly to an aim, belch a cloud of smoke, and him running into the smother before the report came rolling down to them. They saw him come out of it, swinging something aloft from the leaping hounds.

Mrs. Folsom exhaled a deep sigh of relief. "Wal, your father's got him!"

"Be you glad, mother? I be," Elizabeth asked and answered for herself, as her mother did not, but turned and went into the house.

Half an hour later Peter returned, meek and shamefaced, with the hounds plodding soberly at his heels. But there was a gleam of pride in his eyes, as he threw his trophy from his shoulder, a beautiful silver-gray fox.

"I reckon you folks would kinder lufter see the critter wi' his clo's on. I didn't let the dogs touch him. He's the han'somest one ever I see, an' you an' 'Lizabeth may hev what he fetches, $50, I warrant ye. I hed tu go, mother. It haint no use, me a-fightin' ag'in the sperit an' the flesh, an' I shall hafter go a-huntin' till I break a laig, or git crippled wi' rheumatiz, or die."

"It's a-hopesin' the' won't nary one happen tew ye for a good spell, father!" his wife said, her face shining with a kindly light. "'Lizabeth, the's a hul col' johnnycake on the butt'ry shelf for the hoaun' dogs. You know they wa'n't here las' night tu git fed. Poor creeturs, they du look hungry!"

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

"Sport."

SOME time since Louis Benson Akin stirred up a controversy in these columns by his comments on the subject of "Sport," taking for his particular text an account of a sanguinary "scrap" between hounds and a wildcat. My views upon this subject harmonize tolerably well with those of Mr. Akin, but I think it is to be said in justice to the other side that much apparent cruelty and encouragement of brutal "fun" of the dogs-and-wildcat type is chargeable rather to downright thoughtlessness than to real indifference to the sufferings of dumb brutes.

The day after THE storm I was passing down Kneeland street, when my attention was drawn to a crowd of some 200 persons near the Albany Depot. I investigated and found the center of attraction to be a man with half a dozen rats in a cage. He would shake out into the snow one rat at a shake, and then that enlightened crowd of citizens of this hotbed of intellect would kick it and strike it, howling with delight until some one landed on top of the miserable thing and killed it. Was that cruelty? Decidedly it was, but I doubt not that it was largely of the "thoughtless" variety.

Probably there were many men in that rough crowd who would go out of their way to help you, who would perhaps even risk their lives to save you from danger. Many of them might pet and feed a stray, hungry dog and feel genuine sympathy for the brute, and yet if that same poor dog fled in terror down the street with a "tin-canned tail" would laugh inordinately. Such is "thoughtlessness."

The other day, while passing through Jersey City on a train, I saw a crowd of boys engaged in drowning a dog. They had tied to its neck a stone of insufficient weight, so that it struggled to the surface again and again, each time to be punched under by the howling young scamps, to whom this was no doubt "fun" of the dogs-and-wildcat variety. This scene brought to my mind my own infantile transgressions in the way of throwing trapped rabbits into the pond for the dogs to swim down, killing robins with a bean-shooter, and the like. I well recall the lecture concerning useless destruction of life and the infliction of needless suffering which was in later years delivered for my edification by the good old Scotchman who taught me to tie my own flies and kill each trout as soon as he was caught.

"Of all of which the moral is, "Let us be thoughtful of these things and let us teach the rising generation of sportsmen early to discriminate between manly sport and thoughtless cruelty."

R. L. WARNER.

BOSTON.

The Man with the Flint-Lock Kept Up with the Procession.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read a good deal in your columns about gun flints and flint lock guns. The subject is such an interesting one that I have actually found in Lexington avenue, this city, a splendid double-barrel flintlock shotgun and have fired it several times at a mark, with good success. This interesting relic is in perfect order. Its locks are like the movement of a watch in delicacy, and, although a muzzle loader, the gun makes a splendid pattern with any kind of shot at 35yds. Some day I'll tell your readers about a day with the partridges up in Sullivan county. Dr. R., the owner of the relic; a young attorney, with a hammer breech loader and black powder; another attorney, with a French "pin fire" 14-gauge; and a newspaper man, with a Baker hammerless, using "E. C." smokeless, made up this interesting and representative quartette.

The Doctor, with his 16-gauge flint lock, killed his full share of the birds, of which twenty fell to the four "guns."

SILEX.

Shooting the Apolima Passage.

If you can picture in imagination the spectacle of the camel threading the eye of the needle with the speed of the swiftest of all express trains, you may get some idea of what it looks like to pass from the ocean into the still lagoon of Apolima, the most beautiful island in Samoa, and by long odds the most picturesque of all spots chosen for human habitation anywhere in the wide world. If you can imagine the feelings of the same camel as he finds himself shot at the needle's eye at the rate of a mile a minute, and suddenly makes the discovery that the eye has in it a cast on which he is in deadly danger of being hurled, you may then know how it feels to shoot the narrow and tortuous pass through bristling coral jaws which is the only access to Apolima.

Apolima is worth the seeing. To have missed it is to be blind to one of the natural wonders of the world. It stands alone in a class alone. Apolima is a case of false pretenses. About midway between the two larger islands it rises from abysmal depths in the strait which parts Upolu and Savaii. Its nearest neighbor, the level island of Manono, lies within a guarding ring of coral, its beach is a continuous strip of glistening sand inviting the voyager to land and stroll at will through the vistas of forest and plantation. About Apolima the diminutive industry of the coral has reared no massive breakwater, the ocean rolls in an unbroken sweep against smooth and shining cliffs, which offer not so much as a cranny into which a finger might cling. At the bottom is the wild tumult of the sea, thence rises the precipice unrelieved by even so much as a clinging fern, then over the summit of the cliffs high in air a glimpse of waving tops of trees as a sign that this island of the straits is not the desolate crag it appears from sea. One may make the circuit, the diameter of the whole island is scarcely more than a mile, and nowhere is there anything to be seen but the fowning wall of volcanic rock, black and red, everywhere beaten by thundering waves. There is but one exception, there is a single opening in the outer wall, one peep-hole frames a most charming picture of tropical luxuriance, one narrow gap entices the voyager to risk the jagged perils which beset the path, and to enter in to enjoy the wonderful scene which meets his gaze.

The island clearly began its existence as a volcanic cone thrust up through the sea in some great commotion of the mighty powers under the rind of the earth. When it was an active vent of the internal fires cannot now be estimated, but in the obscurity of a Samoan legend there is a statement that it was not always in these straits. So far as it is possible to read its history in the exposed rock faces, the volcano could not have been at work very long before its final catastrophe, which quite spoiled it as a volcano, but transformed it into a marvelous home, such as nowhere else houses man. From the rock walls can be seen what happened. The small volcano, newly extruded from the sea, was probably resting after its first activity, a cone containing a lake of fire not much above sea level. Through some seam, which opened as the walls of the crater cracked in cooling, the ocean found its way inward. A sudden puff of steam, the flight of a mass of rock through the air, boundless hissing and explosion, and the water had put out the fire forever, and left the cooling island like a bowl with a piece broken out of one side. That seems to be the explanation of the events which produced the island, for after the first wonder of the novel place passes off the question is sure to arise as to what did it all.

The gateway to Apolima is broken out of its northern wall. A dangerous cluster of rocks about 200ft. seaward shows where the lava flowed out from the riven crater and the shattered fragments of the wall found an offshore lodgment. Between the cliffs, as measured at the sea level, the whole gap is not 300ft. wide, the slope upward to the summit level of the broken wall is very steep, and at that high level the gap is probably not more than twice as wide as at tide level. When one passes inshore of the outlying ledge of rocks, the beauty of Apolima springs suddenly on the sight, so suddenly as to seem almost an illusion. Then one recognizes the fitness of the name which the Samoans have given to the island, for Apolima means "the hollow of the hand," and carries with it the idea of protection, a place of refuge.

The promise extended by the treetops peering over the bare outer walls of rock is fulfilled in the richest measure as soon as the view of the interior breaks upon the sight. The inner face of the crater wall is almost as steep and bluff as the seaward aspect, but it would never be suspected under the mantle of living green with which ferns, bushes and even trees have clothed it, clinging to every spot in which the disintegrating lava has made a pocket of fertile soil. Walled in by this amphitheater, the bottom of the crater is a tiny plain, covered with vegetation, stretching down to the waters of a wee lagoon just within the dangerous gateway to the island. Beneath the waving leaves of the cocoanuts is seen a small hamlet of a dozen or fifteen houses, for the accommodation of as many families, for the restricted territory will afford support for no more. Outside their gateway the ocean is forever in turmoil, yet there is never a ripple on the placid surface of their little lagoon. The fury of the gale may beat on their outer walls, they do not even know that there is a tempest, for the wind can neither enter nor dip down into their calm atmosphere. They live in unbroken peace, while the baffled gale passes harmlessly overhead, 500ft. away. In centuries of constant bickerings, the fleets of war canoes have swept across their straits and past their very doors, yet Apolima is still a maiden fortress. The dozen spears they muster have proved enough to hold off every enemy who has attempted entrance in the brief and uncertain periods when entrance is possible, for at other times the sea locks the place against all comers and against all goers.

To visit Apolima one must employ the usual vehicle of Samoan travel, an open row boat. In these small and open craft the trader and the tourist alike put out upon the very ocean itself for trips from place to place on each island, and for the more venturesome voyage across the straits to other islands of the archipelago. Exposed to the sun and the frequent downpours of the rain, thrown about by the heaving of the sea, and not infrequently deluged with the crest of some lopping wave, such voyaging can never be comfortable. It is safe enough, however, for the Samoans are good boatmen even though they do have the terrifying custom of steering as close as possible to the combing edge of the huge breakers which sweep like resistless cavalry charges upon the reefs or crags of the shore. When you go to windward your reliance is on the strength of the boatmen who tug at the oars for incessant hours without wearying. To leeward you have the swifter and more comfortable voyage with a scrap of sail. That's all of the sense of direction you need in the islands. For all practical purposes the compass is not needed. The four cardinal points are windward and leeward, seaward and inland; this simple equivalent of boxing the compass is contained in the Samoan jingle, which your boatmen will insist on your learning,

"Gagaifo,
"Gaga'e,
"Gauta,
"Gatai."

Still, if you have your boat and a good crew, and keep the little verse steadily in mind, not even then are you at all sure of seeing Apolima when you set out to see it. The first part of the voyage is all plain sailing. From Apia you run down to west and leeward in the still lagoon of shallow water inside the barrier reef. You must make your start when it is close to high water, for the lagoon is shallow. Just back of Mulinu'u Point, where the Government sits all day and wonders what it is there for, there is a broad sand bank. A few miles further along is a sad tangle of rocks, and to get past these difficulties the tide must be high. But once past the rocks of Faleula, the lagoon is a fair way, and there is nothing to check the swift run before the wind down to Mulifanua, the end of the Island of Upolu. In every small bay, which opens on the sight as you go whizzing from one headland to the next, a Samoan town is to be seen under the groves of cocoanuts which fringe the glittering beach. Almost at the end of the island are the clustered structures of the largest of the German plantations. Just past this station the channel setting close in shore gives opportunity to see the ruins of some mammoth erections of stone and earth, of which the history has been lost in the mists of Samoan tradition. Here the lagoon widens out to include the Island of Manono, for which the boat must head on its way out. Here one must halt to ask of the people as to the chance of entering the sister islet, which lies a few miles outside the still waters of the lagoon. Generally they can tell in Manono by the look of the sea breaking on a certain portion of their reef whether the Apolima pass is practicable. If their judgment is adverse you halt at Manono and wait for a better opportunity. They can always tell you surely if the pass is impracticable. They are by no means so certain when it may be run. As to that you have to take your chances.

After leaving Manono you are quite at sea; there is no reef to still the stretch of water, the angle at which Savaii and Upolu lie with respect to one another creates a sort of funnel to direct the sea into the ten-mile strait and to magnify the waves. Here you must take your chances on adjusting the physical system to the peculiar combination of squirm and wriggle which is the motion of a small boat perched on the crest of the high sea waves, varied only by dizzy slides down water-sloped and painful climbing up shifting hills. After some two miles of this sort of sailing you draw close alongside the rocky outer walls of Apolima, and the boat boys feel happy to be able to skirt the sea-beaten cliffs right in the highest swell of the outer line of breakers. Their choice in this matter is responsible for the intimate acquaintance you gain of the rock conformation of the outer face of the island. In a dull sort of despair you try to pick out the one particular spot on which you are about to be dashed in water-torn pieces. While you are making this round you are sorry you came, it really seems scarcely worth the while to undergo the discomfort of coming so far only to be broken and drowned on a face of rock which nowhere offers even a crack in which the fingers might take a last hold on life. A little more of the circuit and you see the outlying barrier of the gate of the island and a slim path of watery tumult between the surf ashore and the surf just a little way out in the sea. Into this tumult you steer in a state of mental desperation as to which you are very honest in the confession that you really wish you had been content to trust to the pictures of the place. All at once the gateway opens in plain sight before you; you can feast your eyes on the marvelous beauty of such a landscape as is to be found nowhere else in the world, you pluck up courage and are now as anxious to get in and see more as but a moment ago you were wishing you were well out of it.



APOLIMA PASSAGE.

Despite your access of courage, the most difficult part lies before you. Up to this you have been in discomfort, now you will have to take your chances of a very real danger. There is plenty of time to consider all the details of the peril, and the more those details are looked upon the more distinct do they become in every item of frowning rock and gnashing tusk of coral. The first thing is to find the one spot in the whirl between the open gateway of the passage and the smother of surf on the reef outside, in which the boat can be kept still. There you must wait the leisurely movements of the villagers of the island, who will make signals as to whether it is possible to come in, a matter which it is almost impossible to determine from the outside aspect of the passage. If their signals are favorable, they will launch their canoes and cross their own duck pond of a lagoon to take positions on the rocky jaws of their island's gateway, to be in a position to give help, for there is always a bright prospect that help will be needed. There is presented a sharp contrast. Outside the gate your crew are rowing with long, steady strokes, merely to keep the boat in one place, in a smooth eddy of foam and whirling suds within a wild jabble of waves; as you are lifted from the depths high into air you look down upon the canoes on the lagoon within moving as smoothly as paper boats of children in a tub of water.

Between the tumult and the peace is a narrow and a crooked passage between the rocks, through which you must make your way. It can be done only on the last two hours of the flood tide; even then it is always dangerous, from outside it seems an impossibility. As each wave recedes it lays bare the whole stretch of the rocky barrier, and discloses the twists of the narrow passage between lagoon and raging sea. This barrier is only 50ft. across, that is, from the sea to the still waters beyond. When the wave recedes the channel is seen to be no more than 8 or 10ft. wide, and partially blocked in places by coral formations. Through this lane, where there is not room for oars, it is necessary to run with the utmost precision of fine steering, and the crew will seldom entrust that part of the operation to any white man unless they have learned that he is skilled in the quick handling of small boats. Only a few white women have ventured to shoot the passage, and certainly none has been allowed to handle the rudder at the critical moment, for the lives of all depend on the man at the helm. As the pass is far too narrow for oars, and as they would anyway be useless in the magnificent velocity of the wave stream, the sea is relied on to furnish the motive power. The boat is kept in the

smother of the eddy under the off shore ledge of rock while the crew and helmsman watch intently the way in which the sea breaks on and over that barrier. Sea after sea passes by and tumbles into banks of fine spray on the threshold of the island gate. Not one of those seas has promised to carry the boat through in safety. At last a higher roller is seen to rear itself far out beyond the outer barrier, and to come rolling shoreward with a magnificent stretch of perpendicular face. All are intent upon its progress as it sweeps grandly inward with ever accelerating velocity, for it may prove the wave so long waited for. If it is seen to pass unbroken over a pinnacle outlying in front of the main ledge by a small interval, it is known that that is indeed the wave to use. As its wall face sweeps on the boat is rowed shoreward out of the eddy, the oarsmen put then their every pound of muscle and courage into the oars as they back water into the very cliff of water which is swooping down upon the boat. There is the thump of wood and water as the wave hits the stern of the boat and begins to heave it in the air. The crew pull now like men possessed, for the few boat lengths which intervene they must keep the boat on the advancing face of the giant wave. The speed is something terrific, the prospect is something appalling to view from the lifting stern of the boat, coasting with tremendous velocity down the steep slope of a hill of water, which is itself careering onward with far more than the speed of a railroad train. Just in front lies the wall of the gateway, dripping yet with the foam of the last wave, tense figures of the islanders clinging to the rocks in readiness to reach out into the commotion and snatch the shipwrecked from drowning in case of disaster. With a last struggling effort the crew bend to the oars and draw them inboard and out of the way of the rocks between which the boat must pass without a check, for even the slightest check would mean prompt destruction. The ears are deafened with the roar of the breaking of the tons of water on the rock, the eyes are all but blinded with the salt cloud of mist into which the water is hammered by the impact. The boat must be just one single instant ahead of that thunder and that breaking of the water, it must be headed exactly into the narrow rift in the rock just a foot before the crest of the propelling wave shatters over upon the immovable obstacle. Then as the water boils into the constricted channel it seizes on the boat and hurls it onward until it seems that the might of giants would not avail to direct it away from the fangs of rock and coral which beset the way. But answering the steering oar the boat is directed through those fifty dangerous feet, avoiding a danger on the right only to be confronted by another on the left, sliding past rocky perils with so close a margin that it looks as if a sheet of paper would be torn to rags between the boat and the rock. With every minute fraction of an instant the still lagoon is nearer. Still the peril is not yet past. Just as the boat clears the walls of rock and is on the very instant of passing in and floating peacefully on quiet waters the boys throw out the oars and pull as hard as ever. With all their strength they can do no more than keep the stern of the boat just barely clear of the channel out of which on its inner side it has just escaped, into which the outward rush of the waters is seeking to drag it. There by dint of hard rowing the boat just succeeds in standing still until the efflux is past, and the turn of the waters with the startling advance of the next incoming breaker allows of escape into the lagoon. Then, as the crew, exhausted by the excitement, takes leisurely strokes across the smooth water, and to the landing place, the Apolima people set up a shout of welcome to those who have adventured so much to see the island.

They gather around and proffer that hospitality for which they expect so generous a reward; they ask the crew whether the lady was frightened when the boat came through the pass, and when they get the answer that she was courageous they turn to congratulations and say how very few white ladies have ever ventured on that trip, and how it often happens with white men who have come through the gap that they were too weak to take a step for a long time afterward.

Such is the getting in to Apolima. The getting out is even harder, for, as the boat is sucked out through the narrow channel, it meets just outside an incoming wave, up which they must row hard in order to get on the seaward face in time and slide down hill before it begins to break. It can be done only on the first two hours of the ebb tide, seldom is it possible to go in and to come out on the same day; often visitors are held for a week at a time waiting the chance to get out.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

On Kansas Prairies.

RAMONA, Kan., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 2d inst. received. In answer to your question whether anything can be done to stop the slaughter of game here, I can only say, so far as my own influence goes, I am doing a little in that way, for I am wholly opposed to any shooting further than the game that can be used by one's self or immediate friends. My copy of your paper also is passed along to a little circle of friends, so I think it is not wholly in vain that I have lived in Kansas. Further than this, I can only say that the State game laws are far in advance of public opinion—although some are waking to the need of game protection.

In my opinion the one thing that would do the most good would be the establishment of game preserves, either by the State or private individuals. I speak of this to the farmers, telling them that properly managed the shooting rights on their farms and ranches could be made in many instances almost as valuable as any other part of their business. If well-to-do Eastern sportsmen knew of the almost unlimited possibilities in the way of small game of a Kansas game preserve, they would make haste to establish such places all through here. Unbroken prairie rents for from 15 to 75 cents per acre, and corn and wheat land from $1 to $1.50 per acre per year, and that right near railroad lines, and the game interests need interfere but very little with the agricultural interests. A few lines of hedge, a patch of kaffir corn left unharvested here and there, a strip of slough left unmowed, a pond or two in each slough, made at the expense of a few dollars for the use of a team and scraper, and you have an almost ideal hunting ground for quail, rabbits—both jack and cottontail—plover, wild ducks, an occasional wild goose, and in this section prairie chickens. As an instance of this kind, a gentleman resident near here, who has a line of hedge around his farm, told me that in November this year, without going more than a mile from his house, himself and a visitor friend shot on the wing in a day and a half shooting 144 quail; myself and others have shot over the same ground since, and found the birds in fair supply still.

Since living in Kansas and comparing the game interests with those of the East, and seeing so little from this State in your paper, I have often wished to write you of the game here, its habits as I have noticed them, and the different ways of hunting as practiced here, but had not thought you would care to have me do so, but if you think any portion of such articles would be worth printing, would gladly write them.

Am still in camp here on the prairie, not in a hunter's camp, but as part of a threshing outfit. The cooking and eating are done in a house 8ft. wide by 20ft. long, and we sleep in a tent all of the time. The hunting is done when we move from place to place, or when, like to-day, we are storm-bound. As I look out southward, it is across the old Santa Fe trail, with not a house in that direction in sight, and the prairies in their snow-bound loneliness stretch away and away, dreary, desolated, horrible; or gloriously beautiful in their boundless freedom, just according to one's temperament. I thank God they are to me "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

PINE TREE.

Three Chumps in a Boat.

I BELIEVE I am the only man among your veracious contributors who ever tells about the time he did not do it. It is easy enough to tell about the time we kill lots of game or catch a lot of fish, and some fellows can even tell about letting flies go fishing by themselves. But it takes nerve to tell a plain case of failure after indulging in high hopes.

We had been calculating on a trip down Cache River. This stream crosses the Iron Mountain Railroad at Martin, and the Memphis Railroad at Cache, the distance by land being about forty miles. So the night before Thanksgiving, Clarence Tate, my oldest boy, Will, and myself started for Martin, equipped with a camp outfit, a Bond boat and an Osgood canvas boat in a very indifferent state of repair. For armament we had shotguns and shells galore, and a Winchester that carried a shell 1ft. long, and of a caliber slightly smaller than the guns in the forward turret of the Oregon. That was to kill the bears that our excited imaginations had stationed at convenient intervals in the wilderness.

We reached Martin about 7 o'clock Thanksgiving morning, and by the help of a truck and the ubiquitous Senegambian got ourselves afloat in the river, we three in the Bond boat and the freight in the Osgood. We knew that the river went to the Memphis Railroad, and that the country was uninhabited, and there our knowledge ended. We found the river at that point about 60ft. wide, bank full and with a stiff current. We also found that it was as crooked as a corkscrew, and not half as useful. We planned to stop at 4 P. M. and prepare our Thanksgiving dinner, and this is the menu we had in mind: Fried fish with Irish potatoes, broiled bear steaks, tomato sauce, roast saddle of venison, roast turkey, and coffee and doughnuts for dessert. The last we carried with us, and we had a cinch on them at least.

We pushed gaily off and found the navigation very bad, obstructed by logs and drift, and the miserable Osgood in tow was leaking like a sifter, and always in the wrong place. About three hours after starting we came to a sawmill and beguiled a lank canebiter into conversation.

He told us we were two miles by land from Martin, and that it was 180 miles to the Memphis Railroad. We shoved off and unanimously voted the canebiter a liar and the descendant of a generation of liars. All that afternoon we struggled with the difficulties of the river, once unloading and carrying around a tree. I will mention here that this stream is called navigable, and figures in the River and Harbor Bill for an appropriation. Congressmen are really of some use after all; for nobody but a Congressional genius could have discovered that that part of Cache River was navigable. About 4 P. M. we put into shore to prepare that Thanksgiving dinner. It consisted of squirrels and bacon, instead of bear steaks, and the dessert we had with us. We were congratulating ourselves that we had at last got away from the railroads, when the Iron Mountain trains whistled right back of the camp, and we found we had been going parallel with the road instead of away from it.

Next morning we entered what is known as the Black Swamp. The river loses itself in an immense cypress and tupelo swamp. Sometimes there was a channel and sometimes we followed the current through the trees. It was then we most admired the Congressional genius who gets the appropriation. After awhile we came to the point where the Doodle Bug Railroad crosses the swamp, and I proposed that we wait for the semi-periodical train that ran on it and get out to civilization once more. But the others wanted to go on, and we left the last relic of civilization and plunged into the swamp again. About 4 o'clock it began to rain gently, and no land in sight.

About that time we jammed the Osgood into a snag and knocked a hole in it. A convenient rag served as a plug and saved the freight. Just as we had made up our minds that we would have a rainy night in the boat, we saw a piece of land in the swamp, and working our way over there, found a large Indian mound with a large cypress log floated across it. It must have been a web-footed race of Indians that built that mound, but they had our heartiest approbation of their job. We camped and ditched the tent for a rainy night, and as soon as we got that done the weather clerk changed his mind and it cleared off. Next day we got out of the swamp and began to find banks to the river and some ducks. The bear, deer and turkeys never materialized, but we had ducks for dinner and supper and a dry place to camp.

Late Saturday evening we came to a house, the first since leaving the sawmill, and found we were fifty-five miles from the Memphis road. We began to repent of our remarks about the canebiter at the sawmill. The next day was the last of our stay. About 9 o'clock we reached Mayberry's Ferry, and shipped our freight and the Osgood on the steamer Iolanthe, which would come down some time in the future, towing a barge of staves, and started on a forced run to the bridge in the Bond. We had oars and two paddles, and all hands went to work. Within an hour all the ducks we had not seen came into the river. Every slash and every copse in the edge of the water was full of them. But we could not stop. We had no camp outfit, and the ice formed every night, and there were no houses to stop in. So we pushed on, killing a duck now and then that flew too close to the moving boat, getting perhaps about twenty-five that virtually committed suicide by not taking the trouble to get out of our way.

At dark we came to a plantation, the first we had seen since Mayberry's, and the omnipresent coon told us it was five miles to the railroad by land and twelve by water. We drove a bargain with him to take us to the railroad; and to show the crookedness of the river, the first thing he did was to drive a mile up the river on his way to the railroad. Time was short, and a little persuasion and the promise of an extra reward if he made the train caused him to keep his team in a dead run over a corduroy road, and we made the station five minutes ahead of the train, and by that narrow margin made our way home at the appointed time. I had promised my wife a bearskin for a rug, but the debt is still unpaid. I want the Congressional genius and the United States engineer to go over that route and blaze the way from Martin to Mayberry. I do not care about the logs being removed, but I do think a navigable stream ought to be blazed so a skiff could find where it is in high water.

From Mayberry down is a fine game country, and if we had had time to hunt, we could have done well. But let none of your readers ever start at Martin if they value their high standing in the church. Fortunately there is no one in the Black Swamp to hear the remarks made about the condition in which Uncle Sam keeps his navigable streams. But once is enough, and the next time any unknown rivers in this country are to be explored, some one else can do it.

J. M. ROSE.

The Ascent of the Grand Teton.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If standing up and vociferously calling a man a liar were argument, then indeed would Mr. Langford have a strong case. Tom Cooper's affidavit is what troubles the gentleman now, and well it may. He is one of Wyoming's best citizens and could send you hundreds of testimonials from our leading men as to his veracity, if he so desired. Until Mr. Cooper's testimony is impeached that affidavit must stand. And the mere fact that Mr. Langford has stated that "Judge Potter's good opinion of Mr. Cooper will not be shared by everybody" does not make it so.

The statements made in the Scribner Magazine article are sufficient to convict him without further testimony. He declares that he found mosquitoes on the summit of the Teton, 13,8coft. above the sea. Now in the latitude of the Teton timber line is somewhat under 10,000ft., and it is a fact well known to every resident of our mountain country that these insects are never seen 1,000ft. above the last growth of timber. We are not compelled to go to St. Paul to obtain information as to the habits of the mosquitoes in the Rocky Mountains. And yet Mr. Langford states that they found mosquitoes nearly 4,000ft. above the timber line. This statement will sound well in the Rocky Mountain country, where live the people taught by from twenty to fifty years of actual experience.

Within 125ft. of the summit of the peak, Mr. Langford insists, "flowers also, of beauteous hue and delicate fragrance, peeped through the snow wherever a rocky jut had penetrated the icy surface."

This is quoted verbatim from his article in Scribner's Magazine. I wish to call especial attention of your readers to this particular statement, for some later climber will be able to tell who was right. There isn't the semblance of a flower in the last 500ft. of the climb, and Mr. Langford's statement that he found them within 125ft. of the summit is conclusive evidence that he has never seen the summit of the Grand Teton.

If Mr. Langford is in earnest, let him accept the following proposition: We will select three representative, disinterested men, and send them to the Teton Peak to make the ascent and examine every foot of slope over which he says he climbed. If they find a single flower, or plant which ever bears the flower, anywhere on that slope, I will pay the expenses of the party. If they do not find anything of the kind then Mr. Langford must pay them. This will settle the question beyond argument, and Mr. Langford should not hesitate to accept the proposition. This committee can, at the same time, give us their opinion as to the ability of the mountain sheep to climb to within 125ft. of the summit. Mr. Langford insists that the mountain sheep can climb where a party of men, assisting each other and well equipped with all the paraphernalia known to the sport, cannot go. And of course he knows. His facilities for obtaining information on this point have been vastly superior to those of the men who have lived their entire lives in the Rocky Mountains and hunted these animals for a quarter of a century or more!

Concerning the overcoat which the Captain insists that he wore while on the summit of the peak to keep him from freezing to death while the mosquitoes were devouring him, he says: "It was for the purpose of freeing myself from all unnecessary weight of clothing that I left in the camp my camping coat and wore a much lighter overcoat, and none other.

Of course all your readers will recall the numerous pictures of the parties of Alpine climbers on their way to attack Mt. Blanc, the Weisshorn or Matterhorn, etc., etc. They are always pictured wearing long-tailed ulsters and the like, having left their other coats at home; the overcoats being so much less cumbersome and weighty! Isn't this a striking picture?

To show Mr. Langford's consistency, I will quote two statements made by him—the first in his magazine article of 1873, the other in a letter to Mr. Gannett, of date April 26, 1897. In the magazine, speaking of his alleged ascent

of the Teton, he says: "But as it is not probable that another ascension will be made *in our day*," etc., etc. (my italics). Now here is what his letter says: "It cannot be long before some well-equipped explorer will climb to the top of the Grand Teton. There are plenty of men who can accomplish this if they will set about it right. Not everyone who makes this effort will succeed, but it will *in our time repeatedly be accomplished.*" (The italics are mine.)

These facts remain, however: Mr. Langford left no record of his ascent (?), and of course for a very excellent reason. Tom Cooper's affidavit still stands unimpeached; and subsequent climbers will verify what I have said concerning the flowers which the Captain insists he found within 125ft. of the summit.

Mr. Langford says of me that I am "a man destitute of any high ideal of moral honesty." This is important if true. W. O. OWEN.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read, in your paper, Captain Langford's reply to Mr. Owen's article on the ascent of the Grand Teton, and as the former gentleman has seen fit to charge me with untruthfulness in this matter, I desire to say a word in explanation.

Mr. Langford says: "Mr. Cooper swears that he was a member of the United States Geological Survey in 1872. Mr. Henry Gannett, chief geographer of the Survey, and a member of it in 1872, and ever since, says that Mr. Cooper was not a member of it in 1872. Mr. Cooper also swears that he was a member of the Wheeler expedition in 1872. The Wheeler expedition of 1872 was under the direction of the War Department; that of Hayden was under the direction of the Interior Department, and they were not connected. Was Mr. Cooper at the same time a packer in both the Wheeler and Hayden surveys, separated by long distances and mountain ranges?"

Now in reply to this statement I simply ask any fair-minded man to read my affidavit which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5. I saw explicitly therein "that I was connected with the United States Geological Survey in the years 1872-'73-'74-'75-'77 and '78, in the years 1872 and 1873 being with the Wheeler expedition."

The Wheeler expedition of 1872 was just as much a United States Geological Survey as the Hayden expedition, and in my affidavit I have classed them as such, and have said as plainly as I knew how that while I was connected with the United States Survey in certain years, there were two years, 1872 and 1873, that I was with the Wheeler, and not with the Hayden expedition. The fact that these two expeditions "were not connected" cuts no figure whatever in this case. They were both geological surveys in any event, and I have so treated them.

Mr. Langford further says: "Mr. Cooper also swears that at the time, in 1872 and 1873, when he was with the Wheeler expedition, he was personally acquainted with me as one who had charge of a division." I say nothing of the kind. I do not say that I was acquainted with Mr. Langford in 1872 and 1873, as anyone can see who will read my affidavit, which says: "I * * * am personally acquainted," etc. The date of my affidavit is Oct. 21, 1898. "Am" and "was" may possibly mean the same to Mr. Langford, but the average reader will not agree with him. I wish to say that I was not acquainted with Mr. Langford in 1872 and 1873, but met him first in 1875.

Continuing, Mr. Langford says: "I now know that Cooper never saw me." And I know positively that I have seen the gentleman, and am well acquainted with him.

Farther on in his article Mr. Langford, speaking of my statement in regard to the altitude, as derived from my aneroid barometer, says: "Does anybody believe that Mr. Cooper, a packer in the Survey, possessed the technical knowledge necessary to compute from an aneroid registration the height of a mountain, or that he made such a computation 'at the time' as he swears?"

I simply ask your readers to compare this portion of my affidavit with what Mr. Langford here states. Here is what I say: "The aneroid given me by Prof. Hazen especially for this trip showed an altitude slightly in excess of 13,000ft.—the exact figures I cannot recall, but I made a careful note of them at the time," etc. Does this sound like "making such a computation at the time"? As to this contention about reading altitudes from an aneroid barometer, everyone knows that the reading of an aneroid is the simplest matter in the world. It is just as easy as telling the time of day by a watch. If anyone doubts this statement let him examine an aneroid barometer for a moment or two. Around the dial are figures indicating the altitude in feet, and when the observer wishes to determine his altitude he simply looks to see opposite what figures the index stands. Wherever that index rests is the altitude.

I wish to say further, in reply to Mr. Langford's charge that I am Mr. Owen's employee, that this is a falsehood. I have never been in Mr. Owen's employ in my life, nor did he offer me the slightest inducements to make the affidavit published in FOREST AND STREAM.

The statement that Stevenson had admitted to me their failure to reach the summit was made by me to Mr. Owen in the course of a conversation held about two years ago—long before this controversy arose. Later Mr. Owen asked me if I would be willing to make affidavit to what I had told him concerning this matter, and I immediately replied that I would. The affidavit, as it appeared in your paper, was subsequently prepared and sworn to. Every word of it is true.

It is a matter of utter indifference to me who made the first ascent of the Teton. In making the affidavit I have simply given to the world the truth, as far as my knowledge goes concerning this matter. Those interested may draw their own inferences. Mr. James Stevenson admitted to me that he and Mr. Langford did not reach the true summit of the Teton, but went no higher than the enclosure—which, I am now informed, is fully 50ft. below the summit. THOMAS COOPER.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 18.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Cheyenne, Wyo., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to an article by N. P. Langford under date of Nov. 7, 1898, relating to his controversy with W. O. Owen as to who made the first ascent of the Grand Teton. In this article I am referred to as probably meaning well, but incapable of remembering details of a conversation for twenty-five years. Considerable space is also given to proving that Beaver Dick, referred to in my affidavit, was not one of the ascending party. I did not assert that he was. I have always understood that Stevenson and Langford constituted the party who made the ascent at that time. I have never heard of anyone else claiming that honor. Beaver Dick said he was a member of the Stevenson and Langford party, and this Mr. Langford admits.

The circumstances of my conversation with Beaver Dick are perfectly clear in my mind at this time. His assertion that Stevenson and Langford had not ascended to the summit of the Grand Teton, as described in Scribner's Magazine of June, 1873, surprised me exceedingly. I believed the statements in that article implicitly until Beaver Dick so emphatically contradicted them. As he had been employed upon the Geological Survey and was one of the Stevenson and Langford party, his statement impressed me very strongly. I have no special interest in this controversy, but I cannot allow to go unnoticed a contradiction of my statement that Beaver Dick stated to me in 1874 that Stevenson and Langford had not reached the summit of the Grand Teton, as claimed in the article in Scribner's, which he had just read. Mr. Langford may impeach this witness, but my statement of his testimony is correct. I would suggest to Mr. Langford that he will not help his case any by insinuating that those who differ with him are untruthful. He is especially unfortunate so far as the opinion of this community goes when he attacks the veracity of Tom Cooper. All who know the man here share the opinion of Chief Justice Potter and would accept implicitly any statements made by him. WM. A. RICHARDS.

Natural History.

City Bred Woods Birds.

EVEN the most casual observer in some parts of the country cannot help remarking how entirely some species of woods birds have entirely abandoned their primitive rustic habits, and adapted themselves to the environment of civilized man, acquiring entirely new tastes, dimensions and peculiarities. This is specially notable in the suburbs of St. Louis, known as the "West End," where the houses are mainly of the better class, detached and surrounded by ample lawns with trees, shrubbery and frequent garden fountains. In numerous areas native groves of the shingle oak are retained, but the interspersing mass of foliage trees has all been introduced. Many of these are maples of different species, erstwhile grown to majestic size, some of them 60 or 70ft. in height, but whose fronds were broken off by the great hurricane of May, 1896, and rotting, left spaces and hollows desirable for nesting birds. These seem to have been incontinently pre-empted and occupied as domiciles by various kinds of woodpeckers, among which the golden-winged woodpecker, the hairy woodpecker, the red-headed woodpecker and the yellow-bellied sap-sucker are conspicuous. They are a noisy lot, and make neighborhoods tiresome with their clatter. There are bluejays in colonies, crow blackbirds, robins, wrens, catbirds, redbirds, cardinals, fire hang birds and orchard orioles, some representatives of which occupy the whole year round, becoming absolutely fearless of man, and depending in severe weather upon the sculleries for subsistence, foregathering like domestic chickens. They range all over the West End district.

The golden-winged woodpecker, which is known elsewhere as the highholder, flicker and yellow hammer, is called a "Whittaker" in eastern Carolina, because his most familiar notes sound like whittaker, whittaker, whittaker, thrice repeated. This call is varied in a most interesting and humorous manner by accentuation of the syllables, so that when a party are flocking, as they often do, among the thick branches of trees, where it is quite difficult to see them, they seem to say, "Which is it? which is it? which is it?" or "Which is you? which is you? which is you?" Often they seem to call to each other, "What cheer! what cheer! Fitzhugh! Fitzhugh!" The sap-suckers are even more colloquial, and their jaunty red caps and mottled black and white garb, as they flit from tree to tree, enliven city premises very much. The orchard oriole and the wren have several notes in common, and the mockingbirds imitate every note and inflection. The latter are not common, and I imagine are trapped for their store value. Orchard orioles are known in North Carolina as "jorees."

These feathered indigenes of the woods and groves never leave their environments of brick and mortar in the St. Louis suburbs, but have become absolutely citified. They are as much house birds as home-bred canaries. One often sees them sitting on the peaks of the "Queen Anne" roofs, where they squawk for fifteen minutes at a time at intervals of five seconds or so, varying their occupation by occasionally prodding the joints of the slated roofs with their long bills, producing a metallic sound like that of an electric bell, only less musical. Sometimes they insinuate their beak between the tin roof plates and produce leaks when it rains; so the housewives say. And the redheads bore into the telephone poles, which the grubs have attacked, and often sit on the cross-pieces and squawk or croak like frogs. Really, their vocal range is something never dreamed of by those who have seen woodpeckers only in the woods. Their movements in the breeding season are most interesting. A pair began to nest in March in a cavity of a large limb of a maple, which the cyclone had broken off short. While incubation was going on their notes were exceedingly varied, and some of them fairly musical; and after the fledglings began to take food there was always a great clatter every time the old birds brought anything, especially if the pair happened to meet at the entrance simultaneously. A crooning or purring sound was noticeable while the birds were hovering. In the course of the day, the various notes or calls which I have already mentioned were uttered and repeated from tree to tree throughout the neighborhood from one block or square to another.

Bluejays are abundant in St. Louis at all times, but especially so in winter, when they are harshly noisy scolds. But they also have musical sounds; and in Asheville, North Carolina, where I passed last summer, in a delightful post oak grove one of the most mellifluous morning bird notes was their "tweedle, tweedle," projected from their high perches among the limbs. At St. Paul the whisky jack and bluejay winter, usually; and it was there I first detected their musical capabilities. Though but a few individuals stay to face the boreal rigors; for on Sept. 12 I noticed how they congregated at Lake Como in large numbers in company with hosts of robins, catbirds, thrushes and other birds, which I ascertained left for the south two days afterward, when the first cold snap came, and I took occasion then to ask several of the park attendants whether they had noticed the bluejays harassing the smaller birds at any time, or stealing their eggs or young, and they all fully exonerated them from this stereotyped malicious charge. The ways of the jay in St. Louis are very different from his habits in the East; and naturally so. In the East he is regarded as a rascal, while in the Middle West he is a familiar friend. He is quick to see the advantage of living about the house if he can do so safely. I need not say that I rejoice, for I believe that the song birds were made to bless our lives, and the insectivorous birds to contribute to the service of man. And I am glad to see that all the foregoing birds, though noisy, are growing in public favor, and I hope they may all live unmolested wherever they are.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 17.

The Starlings.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my first notes anent the starlings appeared in your columns, I have continued carefully to observe this most interesting addition to our avifauna.

Shortly after the young birds were launched into the world the whole tribe seemed to give themselves up to a season of gaiety.

Toward the latter part of August our local residents received large accessions to their numbers, both of young and old birds, the young largely outnumbering their elders. The first week in September there were hundreds of them about. On Labor Day I counted 173 in one flock feeding in the grass under the trees.

Again and again they would rise like a bevy of quail and take short flights in the open, performing most graceful evolutions, turning and wheeling as one, sailing back into the trees, from which they dropped in twos and threes, to resume their feeding, until the grass seemed to heave in spots with birds, as they ran and crept about in close touch, like a flock of sheep.

While holding aloof from our native birds in the main, they did not object to the society of a body of about fifty grackles, who fed with them day after day. When the impulse for aerial evolutions seized the starlings, who rose with a sudden whir of wings, it was amusing to see the grackles. Every grackle hopped awkwardly in surprise, and with upstretched neck seemed to say, "What in thunder is the matter with those fools?" Then they would feed again, till presently the starlings returning, the grackles would peck at them, and fuss about in seeming expostulation. At irregular intervals the repetition of this scene afforded much amusement.

Flocks of fifty to one hundred starlings were common in this vicinity all through the fall. The large flock above referred to kept in close range during many weeks, affording me ample opportunity for study. During the middle of the day if the weather was fine I often saw long strings of them preening on the telegraph wires; they were always snuggled close like swallows, not in open order.

By the middle of October their numbers were greatly thinned. By Nov. 15, with the exception of those couples that had nested with us, they had left. At the present writing these latter only remain.

These birds, being newcomers among us, are most interesting to observe. They sing the season through. Even our late cyclones have not served to dampen their ardor in this respect. No later than yesterday I heard and saw them, high among the bare boughs. I have grown fond of their peculiar twittering song, with its occasional flutings.

Insects formed their principal diet during summer; wild cherry, dogwood and other berries during the autumn. What they subsist upon at present is past my finding out, but subsist they do, and are in apparently good spirits, as evidenced by their songs.

During fierce weather they shelter in the old nesting sites, and I suspect these are nightly occupied by them. Our pestiferous English sparrow is at a discount with these birds. I never saw such complete indifference shown by any bird as the starlings manifest toward these wretches. Will not some of your correspondents furnish notes on the starling? Have they gone South? Where are the large flocks that were with us three months ago?

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

[Starlings are scattered about New York in a number of places, and everywhere seem to be popular. They appear to interfere with no other birds, but to devote themselves wholly to the main business of life—the work of getting a living. They are cheery fellows too, and on gray days of last November a small flock of which we have knowledge were heard singing away in the branches of a hickory tree like so many robins. Individuals of this flock are believed to have nested in a church steeple near their feeding grounds.]

Albino Squirrel.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in issue of Nov. 19, "A Red Squirrel Turned White," recalls the fact, that during my late camping trip on the west branch of the Penobscot, Maine, I shot a perfectly white squirrel, having pink eyes, and in fact all the characteristics of an albino.

J. J. KIRKBRIDE, M. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Day with the Grouse in Putnam County.

The Actual Experience of a Novice in the Hunting Field.

"Is there any grouse shooting near New York?" asked a man who was calling on a young hunter at his home uptown the other evening. "Is there? Well, I should say so," was th ehost's reply. "But you have to know the ropes so well and there are so many obstacles that I should think that it would hardly pay to try to get a day's sport within at least 100 miles of the city," said the visitor. "That's partly true," rejoined the sportsman. "By the way," added he, "do you want to know about my first day's shooting with a dog? Well, I was sitting at my desk in the commissioner's office, Department of Public Works, one morning, when a jolly, stout man from Brewsters called to see the Commissioner. As Mr. B. was over at the Mayor's office at the time, I tried to entertain the gentleman from the Croton watershed, and after a while led up to my favorite topic with this question: 'Are there any partridges up your way, Mr. A.?' 'Lots of them,' said he. 'Now you come up Friday and I'll see that you have a good time.' 'But I have no gun,' I pleaded, 'and besides that, I am not a wing shot. I am pretty handy with a gun, but hardly up to your form.' 'Well, you just come up on the Harlem road. Take the 5:45 a. m. train and you'll be just in time. I'll get you a shooting iron.'

"The Commissioner now returns and is asked if his young man may go shooting. He kindly gives consent and the matter is settled. I had a fever all day. To add to my excitement, I found a telegram in my room at the San R. Hotel when I got home from business. There it is now under those grouse tails on the wall. Let me read it: 'Saturday will be the best day, and you will be sure of a bag. E. W. A.'

"It was frightfully cold weather at the time, and there was no snow. I worked for an hour before retiring, laying out clothes, etc., for the next day. It was my first chance to hunt with a real wing shot, and I was determined to be dressed just right.

"In the midst of dreams about whirring grouse, shotguns and 'tight shells,' I was aroused by the faint glimmer of a dark lantern. A big, burly figure was cautiously tip-toeing through the apartment, and I was about to cry 'burglars!' when a kind hand was laid on my shoulder and the voice of the faithful night watchman whispered: 'It's 4:30, sor; wake up now, plaze.' I choked out some thanks, and gave the honest fellow a whole handful of good cigars for his thoughtfulness."

"But what was your costume?" asked the guest. "I may want to copy it." "It was unique," replied the young sportsman. "I wore thick, gray trousers and woolen drawers, putting on a Balbriggan undershirt instead of a heavy one. Over this came an unstarched Madras shirt. I then donned my thick corduroy vest, and over all drew a rather light sweater, allowing all the garments to go inside my trousers, which were supported by heavy elastic suspenders. Protected in this way, I got into a double-breasted cheviot coat, put my canvas shooting jacket in a travelling bag and started. I felt so light and comfortable in the costume.

"You have never taken an 'L' train at 5 o'clock? It is an experience. Both the ticket seller and his assistant were nearly asleep, and my only companions in the car were two laborers going to their distant work. Their faces plainly showed what they thought about being forced from their beds at such an unseasonable hour. The miles I covered and the fatigue I underwent that day would have killed either of them, but I must not anticipate. At Forty-second street I arrived and sought food. Fortunately the 'Owl' stood there, and I made haste to climb into that hospitable little hotel on wheels, where I had a bite, and was soon on the train. My costume attracted no attention until the heat compelled me to get out my cool canvas coat. The good world esteems a gentle sportsman, angler or lover, and so I got nothing worse than a few kindly smiles.

"A little knot of friends awaited me at the station, and I was taken into Judge T.'s office, where a good gun, an L. C. Smith hammer, double-barrel, and a pair of hunting boots awaited me, his Honor having despatched a boy to bring in a piece of suet to fill up the seams in the footwear. Here I met an erect, soldierly-looking man, who looked Western. His name was Frank Townsend, and a better sportsman I shall probably never meet. With him were a Mr. Yale and a bright boy of 16, who is devoted to Frank and spends as much time at his farm up there as he can spare from his school and his Fifth avenue home. 'Here comes the team,' says some one, and a span of blacks attached to a three-seated wagon came sweeping up to the door. Into it climbed the youngster and Mr. Yale, while Frank and I got in Phil, the pointer, and coaxed his little black sweetheart, Phœbe, into the rear of the wagon between us. The guns and hampers of provisions are handed in and off we go, Phil beginning to sing and Phœbe ready to jump out of the wagon in her excitement. Passing along some clear streams that feed New York's water supply, we halt at a farmhouse about three miles from the village and put up the team. The party then divides, Frank taking me in charge. We cross a bit of stubble and enter a piece of woodland. 'They are pretty scarce around here,' says my guide, 'but we may get one.' Up and down the ridge among the chestnut trees, now denuded of their leaves, we stray. Phœbe ranges right and left, but there is no sound of wings. I use my knowledge as a still hunter, gained in the Champlain Valley, and suggest a course down by a small pond, saying, 'They'll be down in moist ground today, where it is warm.' We get into an old road and start through a little pass between some rocky hills. There are witch-hazel bushes and a few blackberry thickets here. Phœbe is working ahead from side to side, but has found no trail yet. Frank is close up to her, and I am about 20yds. behind, when up goes a big brown bird from a clump of weeds at the right and flies straight away from us. I shout to Frank and forget to use my own gun at all, after the usual fashion of my kind. The grouse is within 30yds. of my companion. Bang, bang! goes his double barrel. The bird writhes after the second shot, but turns to the right and flies straight up to the ridge, and I follow his course for perhaps 50 rods way up among the treetops. 'What a long flight. He must have been hit,' I remark encouragingly. 'Yes,' says Frank, 'I covered him all right both times. It was a dead easy shot, not a bush in the way either, but, man alive, why didn't you shoot? He was your bird too.' I confessed that I wasn't ready, and didn't feel like interfering with his shooting, as I was sure that he would make a hit. 'Now, see here,' said my instructor, 'the next time a flyer gets up on your side, just hold right on him and blaze away. That's the only way to learn. You smashed those cans I threw up over there by the barn all right. So just keep your gun ready and let 'em have it. If you had fired, I'll bet we would have that big fellow now.' Well, I promised to do better, but had a desire to get just one glimpse of a black ruff sneaking among the bushes. I should have known what to do.

"How we looked for that bird! We covered all the territory for rods around the place of his disappearance, expecting every minute to have Phœbe bring in the game. After half an hour wasted in a fruitless search Frank concluded that the grouse had flown straight over the fields and had dropped dead. So we started on another course. Phœbe occasionally brightened up a little, but failed to raise a single bird. Finally I said: 'Frank, let's try the warm hollows again. There's a likely place down by that little brook.' We cross the fence and stroll down the road for a few rods. Suddenly Phœbe takes some interest in things. She comes to a point in some low bushes near the stream. Her master steals up carefully, and I hear: 'Mark bird.' 'All right,' said I. Down the swale we go. This time I am ready to shoot, although very distrustful of my skill. Phœbe draws up, and with a rush a gray object goes straight down the little valley. I have only one glimpse of whirring wings, and have no chance to try my luck, but the quick pop of a smokeless cartridge is heard, the flight ceases, and I hear the cheering words 'dead bird.' In my excitement I run over the dog, so fearful am I that our first prize may escape. Phœbe gives me a look of evident disgust that plainly says 'Get your old game, if you want to.' Our bird is only winged, and I have a chase through the rushes, aided by the setter, now quite over her resentment. We now range about for a while without any result; and I am secretly hoping for a shot at a hare or even a gray squirrel. The woods seem to be absolutely devoid of any living thing, so we return to the stable, where our companions, groaning over their bad luck, are taking luncheon, using the floor, covered with a sleigh robe, as a table. As I carry the game it is concluded that I am the lucky one. This delusion is promptly fostered by Frank. Taking the advice of the boy hunter, we drive to a piece of woods fully four miles distant, and tell the reinsman to meet us at 5 o'clock. We cross a brook containing some trout, and climb a wide slope thickly grown with chestnut and oak trees. There are lots of likely looking brush heaps, and at the top of the hill is a pasture separated from the copse by a mossy stone wall. On the left are empty meadows and a buckwheat stubble. At the end of the wood, which we search in vain, two slight slopes include a swamp of scrub oak and thorn apples. Here we may get up some woodcock. As we approach, a big grouse flushes wild 50yds. off, and goes up along the swamp fence, alighting on the dry ground above. We now hear our friends' guns from a distant quarter and walk cautiously forward, while Phœbe's inquisitive muzzle is poked into every thicket and tuft of swamp grass. There is nothing in the marsh, so we take to the dry slope, where the small oaks and bushes form a good cover. Suddenly Frank exclaims 'Look there!' Sure enough, the little black 'un is pointing. Her form is stretched out to its full length, and her lithe body is trembling with excitement. 'Now, Pete, watch right and I'll go left,' said my mentor. 'That bird will fly your way.' The dog is standing near a small pine. Thick brush are all about, but just ahead there is a little clear space. A sharp 'Look out!' comes from the left, and there is a whirr of rushing wings. I am straining my eyes for a start, my gun at the shoulder covering the little blue target. Something crosses the line of sight. I press the trigger and the object wilts. Frank is afraid of my shooting and fires his right barrel an instant later. 'Your bird,' he says, kindly. I have my secret doubts, of course, but hope for the best. Where can our game be? It pitched off a cliff 30 or 40ft. high. I descend, but find nothing. See Phœbe. She stands on the edge, pointing straight down. I return to my search, and in the angle formed by two rocks there is Mr. Grouse, only slightly winged, I think, but my companion shows other wounds and adds: 'See, No. 6 shot, too. Mine are No. 8. That proves what I said. You have "wiped my eye" the first day. Pretty good for a pot hunter. Now let's beat this place up. I think there are a lot of 'em here.' We turn down an old wood road, while Phœbe works along to the right. We are busy talking, when up go two birds in front of Frank. They are brought down beautifully. I step forward and get an easy shot at a young one following. Another grouse flies away ahead and alights on a tall dead tree, but puts off again as we approach. Here my wish is nearly gratified. A big white hare, frightened by the dog, dashes across a little glade. One of my favorite marks, too. I score a clean miss, however. Not so Frank. He runs to the right, and as bunny makes his characteristic turn, he is dropped with the right barrel. 'Ah, now, Sonny,' says my tutor, 'we are now even. I gave you a white handkerchief that time, sure.' Two shots in rapid succession indicate the approach of our friends, and three birds driven up from the swamp settle down nearly within range. We creep up to the first one. Frank lets me shoot it, but it takes both barrels to do so. I am shoving in the last cartridge, when I hear his spiteful little 12 talk. Two birds are up. He drops one with his second charge, but the other, a wily fellow, has put a thicket between himself and Frank, who shouts 'Take him! Look out!' I get a bare glimpse of something about the size of a robin flying just over the brush, fully 40yds. off. I take the best aim I can under the circumstances and stop the flyer with a 30in. circle of No. 6 chilled shot.

"Our numerous reports have attracted the attention of the other party. It comes up to gratify natural curiosity. Mr. Yale 'hefts' my pockets in a patronizing manner, and pulls out two or three nice birds from his own to show. 'Pretty free with your powder, I hear,' said he. 'Well, that's the way to learn, isn't it?' 'Oh, I don't know about that. We have to pile ours up. Pockets won't do, you see,' replied I, pointing to a few brace of grouse and the big white hare that we had been to busy to care for properly. 'Had to throw them down there in the road. You gentlemen kept us pretty busy, and as beaters you are certainly hard to beat.'

"I shall never forget that scene. We stood at the forks of an old road in a little valley among the hills. Overhead hung the cloudless sky and hardly a breath of wind was stirring. All were making plans for the route homeward, the two dogs being included in the confab, when an old cock grouse, which had been skulking behind a large oak, suddenly got up with a roar behind Frank and flew down the path. That worthy was ready and fired twice without apparent effect. We could see the bird come to a thickly wooded knoll, nearly one-quarter of a mile distant. He then abruptly arose to the top of the hill over the tall trees—an unusual course, we thought—and pitched over the elevation out of sight, while Frank rather fretfully remarked, as he resumed his task of stringing the game: 'I can never hit a pa'tridge that gets up behind me and flies over my head. Well, you fellows go up over the hill after that bird, and Pete and I will take your trail back through the swamp.' We accordingly walked through the low ground and came to the place where we saw the first grouse. Thinking that he might have come back, we covered the woods well, keeping close to a mossy stone wall. We had nearly decided to go home, and were about to cross the fence. Frank was 20yds. ahead with the dog, while I followed, a little toward his left. Phœbe passed to the right of a big maple and was hastening on, when a handsome red grouse flushed between tree and wall, and started back to the swamp over the smooth sheep pasture. Frank heard the noise and made a beautiful turn shot, killing the bird with the nearest, neatest and prettiest shot of the day.

"We overtook our friends about ten minutes later, and they had a fresh bird, which we couldn't account for, as we had heard no shots fired. It came out later that this was the grouse that took the long flight over the hill. Phil had picked it up in the pasture, nearly a mile from the forks. I won't tire you, old man, with many more details. A nice supper was ready for us at the hotel, and we sat about the fireplace in the office until late, telling stories about the day's adventures. The two tired dogs were sound asleep on the floor, and from the mantle shelf hung a noble string containing fifteen nice fat birds. And I must take them all home for my friends' Thanksgiving dinners. Now and then some smart fellow came in and walked up to see if the game had been snared. He would feel of their necks knowingly, but finding his hands stained with blood, would retire rather sheepishly from his examination, and our reputation as sportsmen was safe. Well, to wind up, I got home all right, and my neighbors in New York said that even Putnam county grouse were not bad on Thanksgiving Day."

PETER FLINT.

"Yellowstone Park Poachers."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the number of FOREST AND STREAM of July 16 I saw an article with the above heading. I read it with much interest, more so from the fact that I was one of the party of innocents of whom the article partly treats, and one who by chance was delegated to assume the active part of the play in connection with the game scouts, Scott and Malin. I am led to reply to this article from the fact that, while it has been evidently written by one who is no doubt familiar with the entire workings of the Park, and who in fact bears the "ear marks" of an army officer who has been located in the Park for some years (I understand he has been transferred), it contains so many misstatements, and is so manifestly unfair, that I feel compelled to take up the pen to correct that portion of the article which I know to be otherwise than stated by its writer.

Our party, consisting of five men, and having in view first a visit to Yellowstone Park, and second an elk hunt in Montana, entered the Park Oct. 7, 1897, via Livingston and Cinnabar. At Cinnabar our party was met by Col. Watters, who owns the steamboat on Yellowstone Lake, whose guests we were while in the Park, and who, with his private carriages, made the tour of the Park and entertained us at his private residence on the shore of the lake.

On our way in we stopped a short time to conform to the rules of the Park, and to pay our respects to the Superintendent, then Col., now Gen. Young. The General was found to be a most courteous gentleman, which, I am glad to say, most all of our army officers are. He said he had received a communication from Washington regarding our party, and would be pleased to furnish us anything the Park contained or aid us in any way to make our visit there enjoyable. We wanted nothing, however, but permission from the General to bring our game and trophies through the Park on our return. This he granted.

That part of the article in your July number saying we were allowed to take our guns through the Park to Patt's place was a mistake. We understood before we started from the East that guns could not be taken through the Park. We expressed them over the Union Pacific road and Oregon Short Line to Monida, Mont., thence by stage to Lake Henry, Idaho, and by private conveyance to Patt's ranch in the Madison Basin.

When through the Park, Patt met us at the Upper Basin, and took us through the Fire Hole River route to his place, about five miles outside the Park limits. There we outfitted for our hunt, and Patt, not having the necessary pack outfit, engaged Jim Courtney and Dick Murry to help him, they furnishing some of the horses and other paraphernalia.

Murry did not want to come, as he had just returned from a hunt, and his horses were worn out and not fit for service; in fact, one did give out when several days out. Patt finally induced him to come. Of these men we knew nothing—Patt included, as he had been en-

gaged by one of our party, who had been located in the Madison Basin several years before.

We went from Patt's to the Wickieup country, northwest from Patt's, staying there three days, our party getting two bull elk. The game having moved out on account of the last storm or some other cause, we decided to break camp and go to the Gallatin Basin, near the northwest corner of the Park.

The weather having turned cold, at night skirmishing near if not a little below zero, two of the party decided, having killed their elk, that Patt's ranch would be more congenial, and not so "congealial," and pulled out, and Patt, Murry, Courtney and the three tenderfeet started for the Gallatin.

We struck the Gallatin Basin about a mile within the Park limits, Patt having been turned around in some rough country and cañons we struck, and getting lost came out three or four miles higher up than he had calculated. We made tracks out of the Park without delay, and on our way out Patt called attention to the Park line on the west, a place called the Burnt Horse Corrals. We also saw a trespass notice.

We established our camp about three miles below this point, where others had camped before us. We had warned Patt and the other guides that we wanted the greatest caution used in keeping away from the Park, and under no circumstances to get near or across the line. Before starting out next morning, Tuesday, Oct. 19, to hunt, Patt showed us where the Park line ran, and said, "As long as you keep west of this side of that stream (pointing to a tributary of the main fork of the Gallatin River, coming from the north) you're all right; but don't cross it!" Nor did any of us ever do so.

On Wednesday, the 20th, one of our party got a shot at a big silver-tip bear, wounding him. As it was late in the evening, they did not follow him far, but next morning the entire party took the bear trail, and followed it until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when, seeing there was not much show of coming up with the bear, Patt and one of the party left, and returned to camp. The remaining four, coming to a fresh trail of a band of elk going south, left the bear trail and followed the elk. We overtook them in the course of an hour. One of the party shot at one of the rearmost elk; this stampeded the band, which turned and ran southeast toward the Park line. We followed them for quite a little distance, probably one-half or three-quarters of a mile, and when so near the band that Murry's dog winded them, and was with difficulty kept in, Murry said, "Boys, those elk are going straight for the Park, and while we might overtake and get a shot at them, it won't pay to take the risk. We will let them go." And we did, turning short off to the southwest toward our camp.

Within a half-hour we were overtaken by the two scouts, Malin and Scott, who, introducing themselves, informed us that we were within the Park limits, that we could consider ourselves under arrest, and that we would start for the Mammoth Hot Springs headquarters at once.

All hands at once protested, and disclaimed any knowledge of being nearer the Park than at least two or three miles. The guides and scouts compared compasses, and as the western Park line is or was at that time only a surveyed line, and not even blazed, the dispute waxed warm.

Finally I proposed, as it was nearing evening, and we were hungry, and had nothing on but light hunting clothes, no coats nor blankets, and as we could not make the Springs that night, that we would consider ourselves under arrest, go to our camp, get filled with good "chuck," stay all night, and start next morning for the Springs and our doom. This proposal the scouts accepted, and without any risk, as the guides were not armed, and we two tenderfeet were so badly scared that we never thought of resisting, and could not have hit a county four feet away with a shotgun.

At the camp after supper it was arranged that I, as a representative of our party, with Murry and Courtney, was to be taken to the Springs in the morning. Patt and the other dudes were to take the outfit to Patt's place, get the rest of the party, and all hands were to meet at the Springs and fight the line business out before Gen. Young.

After arriving at the camp, both Malin and Scott acknowledged that we had our camp outside of the Park lines. The compass contest was on again, and Murry offered, as did Patt, to take them up to the Burnt Horse Corral and show them the line as it was understood by the public generally; also the trespass notice on the line. The scouts refused to go. They both admitted that the boundary line was vague and not plain, nor fully understood by any one.

During the evening I was called out of the tent by Malin and Scott, and asked who Murry was. I told them. Patt was known to them. They did not ask who Courtney was, nor did I mention him, but a little later Scott said in confidence, "We know who the other man is." They evidently had never seen Courtney before. "He is Jim Courtney. We do not care about getting Murry, nor do we want Patt, but, by ——, we are going to take Courtney if we kill him. There is nothing against Murry nor Patt, but we do want Courtney, and we are going to take him."

I hoped there would be no difficulty, I said, and soon after we entered the tent.

As the article in the FOREST AND STREAM number states, a violent storm arose that night and continued nearly all day Friday, compelling us to remain in camp. The scouts remained. Murry and Courtney had given up the idea of convincing the scouts that we had not been trespassing, and had evidently formulated a scheme for themselves, although they did not give any of us a hint.

On Saturday morning it had cleared. They went out, roped their horses—and only theirs—brought them up in front of the tent and saddled them. Courtney before that in the tent had taken his Winchester and filled the magazine. Murry had no arms with him. And when they got ready to mount Courtney found he had not taken the hobbles off his horse. He stooped to do so, holding his rifle between his knees under his horse's belly and facing the two scouts, who were standing 30 or 40yds. off.

Scott spoke to Malin and started toward Courtney, who was yet unbuckling the hobbles, at the same time reaching his hand for his pistol, and grasping it, walked a few steps forward and stopped. Courtney watched them keenly, but made no sign, though I've a dim suspicion that the Winchester was cocked, and Courtney has the reputation of being a crackerjack with a gun.

Courtney got the hobbles off, swung into the saddle and he and Murry rode away without a word.

A few minutes later the scouts expressed the belief that Murry and Courtney had skipped, and we agreed to it.

The chief prize having escaped, there was no use of drawing the net for such a small fish as me, so we agreed and obligated ourselves, Patt also, to meet at Gen. Young's quarters at the Springs on the following Wednesday. It was not difficult, as the guides gone, our hunt was ended. We broke camp, the scouts good-naturedly helping us to pack, and with expressions of good will all around we parted. They took with them Courtney's mule.

We pulled into Patt's ranch that evening at 7:30 o'clock and found Murry and Courtney there a few hours ahead of us. We tried to induce Murry to go with us, as there had been nothing against him previous to this; but with good reason he objected, saying, "I'm not afraid to go, and I'm sure Col. Young would do the fair thing about the matter, but I have been out with hunting parties all summer. I have no wood for the winter; no meat. I have all my work yet to do, and snow is already upon us. I can't afford to lose the time to go, but the first chance I get you can bet I'm going over to the Park to see the Colonel."

Nothing was said to Courtney, as we knew he would not go, and we knew from recent events that the Park authorities had it in for him.

As per agreement, we were at the Springs. We arrived on Tuesday and stayed until Wednesday at 10 o'clock; called on Gen. Young, and explained matters; were kindly treated, and courteously excused from awaiting the arrival of the two scouts, who had not as yet reported, and whom we did not again see. Thus ended the first chapter.

I had no knowledge of the particulars of Murry's visit to the Springs, as he merely wrote me that he had gone there, had had a hearing before the Commissioner and had paid a fine of $50 as the easiest way out of it. I therefore waited until I saw Murry last September and October, when he acted as guide for our party in a hunt in Wyoming. His version of his visit to the Park headquarters differs materially from the article in FOREST AND STREAM, and is as follows:

"I went to the Park headquarters last June, being in that vicinity, and having with me four horses. As the rules required, I went and registered, and was not sent by the guard, as is stated in the article in FOREST AND STREAM.

"I asked the man in charge of the office if the Superintendent was in. He replied that he was in his office. Since Gen. Young was transferred, Lieut. Cress has acted as superintendent, and it was that officer I expected to see. He was not at the Springs, however, on that day, and I was surprised on entering the office to find Lieut. Lindsey acting as superintendent in the absence of Lieut. Cress. Had I known that he—Lindsey—was to hear my case I would not have called.

"I told him my errand, however, and after some conversation he told me I could consider myself under arrest. He placed me in charge of the guard, who put me in the guard house, where I remained over night.

"In the morning United States Marshal Morrison came to the guard house and showed me the warrant for my arrest. We then went before Commissioner J. W. Meldrum, who gave me a hearing. I fully expected to be met at the Commissioner's hearing by Lieut. Lindsey, and have him make a charge against me, and be given a chance to defend myself; but he had evidently made his charge the evening before.

"I told the Commissioner I wanted to find out, if I was judged guilty of trespassing, what was the easiest way out of the difficulty. He replied that he would fine me $50, or I could refuse to pay, enter bonds and stand trial at Cheyenne at regular term of court. As that would require me to go from the lake to Cheyenne, to lose a great deal of time and to be under considerable expense, I decided that the payment of $50 would be the cheapest in the end. Not having all the required amount, I left one of my saddles as security. I was accompanied by a trooper as far as River Side Station, which is nearest the lake.

"I did not express surprise at the lightness of the fine imposed to the deputy marshal, though, considering the fact that Lieut. Lindsey made the charge privately, I'm surprised that I was not hung.

"I did not admit before the Commissioner, nor will I ever admit, that I was a trespasser in the Park, as charged. I paid the $50 fine under protest—and only paid it then, seeing that I was in the lion's jaws, and the easiest way out was the best."

This was Murry's statement to me. I do not profess to understand the merits of the article relating to the action of Mr. Clark, U. S. Attorney at Cheyenne, but I presume he acted in the matter as his best judgment dictated, and in this case I think right, notwithstanding that the gentleman who wrote the article evidently thinks that the balance of virtue and brains is or was centered in Fort Yellowstone. And yet I have heard one gentleman say he knew of one case, when he visited Lake Henry, where officers of Fort Yellowstone assisted in killing wild ducks at that point in such numbers that they could not be used, and the slain ducks drifted to shore and were buried in a trench by a man hired to do the work! How is that for conscientious game protectors?

Every man with whom I have talked in Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, including these two "violent desperadoes" Courtney and Murry, says that the Yellowstone Park is the salvation of the big game in the West, and is of immense value to all three States named.

And in closing this rather lengthy explanation and history of our past in the matter, allow me to say a few words regarding the personality of one of these men, Dick Murry.

I have twice been on hunting trips with Dick Murry; have been with him in sunshine and in storm; when things were going right and things were going very wrong; when pack animals were going along like lambs and again when these same lambs were sending their heels and loads heavenward and in all other directions; when a good many of our hopes were sailing toward Mars, and I have yet to see him lose his head or temper. The same good-natured, pleasant Dick, in the morning or at night; cool-headed, resourceful at all times, doing the right thing at the right time; no blow; no boast. The pronoun I is almost unknown in his vocabulary. His word I have found is as good as his bond. Of all the guides I have hunted with, and I have hunted for the past twenty years, Dick Murry is the best hunter, and the most reliable.

He always does more than he promises, a rare virtue in a guide, who, in a majority of cases, are inclined to lie down on you. He is a pleasant, frank, open-faced fellow of about twenty-six or twenty-eight years; neither chews nor smokes tobacco, nor drinks. Has a little ranch on the shore of Henry Lake, Idaho, making his living as a guide and hunting and fishing. He has assured me on his word that, for the past five years, he has never been in the Yellowstone Park except on legitimate business, and I believe him; yet I am satisfied that, if he did want to go in, all the scouts the Park employs could not keep him out.

In speaking well of Dick Murry, I have no "axe to grind," as the next Congress will, no doubt, take in the country we have hunted in, and I shall hunt no more with Dick; but the remarks I have written here will be indorsed by every one of our party on both hunts, and if the editor of FOREST AND STREAM had the opportunity to talk with him half an hour, and was not favorably impressed with the man, I would set up a dinner at Delmonico's for the party.

And this is the kind of a man the writer in FOREST AND STREAM would have its readers believe is a poacher and a bad man generally; and while not knowing who he is, I'll wager dollars to cents that in character, and in everything that goes to make a man, Dick is a royal flush to his one pair of duces, and this will be backed up by all who know Dick. He is one of nature's gentlemen, and as that all that can be said.

No one takes more interest in measures looking to the protection of game of all kinds, all over the United States, and admires and applauds the efforts of FOREST AND STREAM, as also all sporting journals, to that end than myself. I have been a constant reader of all the best sporting journals for the past twenty years, and am glad to notice they are in line on protective matters, and hope the coming Congress will take in all the country south of the Park to Jackson's Hole. I have hunted in it, and it will make the grandest game preserve in the world. Then let our kind Uncle Sam send a goodly number of his nephews; let them cut a wide swath where there be timber, and in the open country plant posts conspicuously placed, so that "Those who run may read," and those who hunt may see. Let the penalty of trespass be a pack-horse load, and let him who sins suffer the consequences, and no one cay say, "I understood not."

ONE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Proposed Colorado Law.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose herewith a copy of a game law prepared by me and which will be introduced in the Legislature of this State at its coming session.

I sent you a copy of same some days ago. This bill is the result of some years' labor in the effort to have it consistent with itself, and clear enough on every subject to require little or no construction. Its leading features are:

1. To afford more adequate protection to game and fish belonging to the State.
2. To enable one lawfully killing such game or fish to utilize the same to the fullest extent consistent with the first proposition.
3. To clearly indicate when game and fish of every character may be transported, stored, sold and used.
4. To procure funds for the enforcement of the law from those receiving the chief benefits.
5. To encourage private propagation of game and fish and to permit the sale of the same under proper restrictions.
6. To provide a method whereby paramount industries may be lawfully operated.
7. A short open season for elk.

Suggestions and criticisms tending to perfect it will be carefully considered.

I also enclose a synopsis of the provisions of the act made in as brief a form as possible to give anything like a fair idea of its scope. I thought you might be willing to publish the synopsis, as there are some features entirely new, and as I think, valuable.

D. C. BEAMAN.

Synopsis of the Proposed Colorado Act to Protect Game and Fish.

Division A.

DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH CREATED—GENERAL PROVISIONS.

Appointment of State Game and Fish Commissioner authorized; he to appoint and keep in service five chief wardens and ten deputies; also special wardens without pay; the usual power given to the commissioner, wardens, all officers and Government timber officials to enforce the law by search, seizure and arrest of offenders.

All game and fish declared the property of the State, and taking, killing, possession and sale forbidden, except as permitted by the act. All game and fish must be accompanied by a coupon, permit or tag as provided in the act, or the possession is unlawful.

Commissioner may replevy in name of State game and fish unlawfully held, and sell the same, and no bond in such case required.

Division B.

OPEN SEASONS, NUMBER AND QUANTITY.

No open season on bison, mountain sheep, beaver, pheasants, quail, ptarmigan or fish 6in. or less in length.

Evidence of sex must be retained on deer, elk and antelope as long as any considerable portion of the carcass remains. Fish caught must be immediately killed, unless intended for preservation alive.

The following is prohibited: The use of game for bait-

ing traps; nets, dynamite, poisonous and stupefying substances, snag hooks and trot lines in fishing; killing of quadrupeds not suitable for food on account of rutting; night hunting and use of steel or hard-pointed bullets, or anything but ordinary firearms in hunting and killing of elk, deer or antelope not having horns.

Permitted: The use of dogs, blinds and decoys in hunting birds only.

Open seasons: Deer and antelope, Aug. 15 to Oct. 31; elk, Oct. 15 to Oct. 31; turkeys, sage chickens and grouse, Aug. 15 to Oct. 31; water fowls, Sept. 1 to April 15, except in altitudes over 7,000ft., where season does not begin until Sept. 15; pigeons, doves and curlews, July 15 to Oct. 31; fish, June 1 to Oct. 31.

The taking of game and fish limited to food purposes and to twenty-five birds and 20lbs. of fish per man per day, and no more than fifty birds and 40lbs. of fish in possession at any one time; one elk, one deer or one antelope only per man in one season. Five days after close of open season allowed for transportation and use.

Division C.

HUNTING LICENSES.

Every hunter must have a license, either county or State. County license issued by commissioner or county clerk on blanks furnished by commissioner, fee 75 cents, good for hunting in county only. State license issued only by commissioner, fee, $5. No discrimination against non-residents, and authorizes hunting in all counties. Licenses good only for one year, not transferable; procurement of more than one forbidden and renders both void. Each license must state name, age and residence of licensee and bear his signature; three coupons attached to each license, one for an elk, one for a deer and one for an antelope. When such animal is killed the proper coupon must be dated and signed by the licensee, and attached to the animal, and so remain as long as any considerable portion is unconsumed, and kept attached to head, horns or hide if preserved. License must be shown on demand of any officer. All licenses must be accounted for by county clerks, and those not used returned to the commissioner, with one-third of the fee received therefor. Every license and coupon is numbered and bears the written or lithographed signature of the commissioner, and no others are valid.

Division D.

GUIDES.

Every guide must be licensed; fee, $5. He must also have a State hunting license. Guides must report to commissioner as to number of persons guided and game and fish taken each year.

Division E.

PARKS, LAKES AND PRESERVES.

No game or fish shall be kept in any park or lake, public or private, unless the same is licensed. Licenses may be for two years or ten, and the fee is from $10 to $100. Fee not required for parks or lakes controlled by a municipality, and to which the public is admitted free. Parks and lakes wholly or in part on private land are Class A, and the proprietors may kill and sell game and fish at any time of year on attaching thereto an invoice showing number of license and name of consignee, which authorizes transportation, use, etc., for thirty days only. Copy to be mailed to commissioner. If such parks or lakes contained any game or fish belonging to the State the aggregate number must not be lessened by killing or sale, and the State shall be entitled to 10 per cent. of the natural increase of game and of fertilized fish eggs each year to stock other parks and waters. Permits to add to game and fish in parks and lakes by capture can be procured of the commissioner in proper cases, also to exchange for game and fish from other States.

All invoices must remain attached to the game and fish until prepared for consumption, and then kept thirty days, or delivered to commissioner on demand.

Parks and lakes wholly on public land can only be licensed when the protection of game and fish will be advanced thereby, and in them the public may hunt and fish for a compensation, to be fixed by the commissioner. half to go to the State and half to the proprietor, but no game or fish can be sold therefrom, and hunting and fishing therein is subject to the restrictions as to seasons, number and quantity, in Division B. Such lakes are Class B.

Bird shooting privileges on lakes and fishing privileges on streams on private land and leased from the owners by clubs and others are called preserves, and must also be licensed, fee from $10 to $25, but hunting and fishing therein is subject to the restrictions as to seasons, number and quantity in Division B.

Division F.

TAXIDERMISTS.

All taxidermists for hire must procure licenses for one or ten years, fee $10 to $25. The commisisoner is required to immediately examine all specimens and affix a tag to each without charge if lawfully held, otherwise may charge $1 for each tag or confiscate specimen.

No specimen of a game quadruped to be hereafter mounted unless it has a proper hunting license coupon attached. In case of loss of coupon proven, commissioner may furnish a duplicate. Scientific societies may also be granted permits to collect specimens. Coupons or tags must remain attached to all specimens.

Division G.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

The use of game and fish allowed only in following cases: At any time of year, when sold by an officer who seized them under the law, and having his sale invoices attached; or when procured from a licensed private park or lake with invoice attached; or when lawfully imported and sold under Division H. Also during the open season and for five days thereafter for the use of the person killing the same and his guests.

Division H.

IMPORTATION, TRANSPORTATION, STORAGE, ETC.

No game or fish can be imported (except alive for propagation) from any State whose laws forbid importation and sale therein of Colorado game and fish. Importer must not sell except in original package, number and condition until he has procured a certificate of lawful importation from the commissioner (fee $1), which must be kept publicly exposed with article, and which authorizes storage and sale for thirty days. If not then sold, storage permit (fee $1) good for thirty days more must be obtained. Importer selling must make and give purchaser an invoice showing date and number of importation certificate or storage permit. Transportation is allowed only in case proper certificate permit, coupon or invoice attached, or under charge of officer, or warden, or commissioner of other State of United States, except birds and fish in open season, and five days thereafter in lawful number and quantity and possession.

All game and fish seized must be sold and invoice given purchaser, good for thirty days' possession, use or sale.

All packages must have proper document attached to the outside and the contents marked. Any person in lawful possession of game or fish killed in the State may procure a storage permit good for ninety days after close of season. Storage is allowed on coupons, certificates and permits signed by the commissioner, and during the periods authorized by them only.

Division I.

UNLAWFUL DEVICES, OBSTRUCTION AND POLLUTION OF WATERS.

This division contains the usual prohibitions against nets etc., the erection of dams without fishways, also against the pollution of water by mills, placer mines and reduction works. In relation to the latter, which are connected with the mining industry, there is a provision to submit to the court the relative importance to the State of the industry concerned compared with that of the fish. Courts are authorized to require means to be adopted to lessen the pollution, if practicable, or they may order the industry to suspend, or permit it to continue under restrictions or without, and an order so permitting bars a criminal prosecution for the pollution. In case of changed conditions, the decree may be changed on application. This is an entirely new feature in game and fish laws, and is on account of the great importance of the mining industry in Colorado.

The rest of the act, consisting of Divisions I and J, relate to the methods of prosecution, penalties and fees. The penalty for killing bison, mountain sheep and using dynamite, etc., and baiting traps with game, is from $500 to $1,000 fine, and thirty days to six months imprisonment; other penalties from $10 to $500, and imprisonment ten days to six months. All fines are divided, one-third each to the informer, the county and the State. All fees, except for county hunting licenses, go to the State, and all moneys received by the State constitute a game fund for the enforcement of the act. Fees are to be charged by the commissioner for licenses, certificates, permits, etc. Licenses for parks, lakes, preserves and taxidermists may be renewed from time to time for smaller fees than originally charged. Moneys collected by the commissioner go into the game fund.

This act is expected to produce sufficient to pay all salaries and expenses under it.

Complete forms of every kind required by the act are printed in full in it, and every form shows on its face whether possession, use, transportation, storage or sale, or any of them, is authorized thereby, as well as the time for which it is valid, and each one must bear the written or lithographed signature of the State Game and Fish Commissioner, except invoices from private parks and lakes and importers, and they must refer by date and number to the license or certificate under which they are issued.

The act is quite voluminous, as it is intended to cover every condition that may arise, and it seems to do so.

It appears to furnish a frame upon which game and fish laws suitable to every inland State may be constructed.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Pair of Shoes.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3.—At first thought there may not seem to be very much in a pair of shoes, but such is not always the case. There is often a great deal in them. Besides other things, there may upon occasion be a great deal of discomfort in a pair of shoes, as I presume pretty much every shooter has at one time or another found out for himself.

A year or so ago I was over in Canada, reporting some field trials, and I think it was then that, finding I had left behind me the proper footwear, I purchased, in a moment of desperation, a pair of shoes which have been making personal history for me ever since. They were the only pair of shoes I could find which I thought were long and broad enough, and also waterproof enough. They were represented to me to be of sturdy Canadian fabric, but I have since found blown into them the trade mark "Made in Germany." They were not wooden shoes, but much heavier and less waterproof than wooden shoes. I think that each one of these shoes would weigh somewhere between 4 and 5lbs. net, without any mud on them. I compromised by wearing them three or four hours and then taking to a pair of rubbers. After that I sat on the fence.

I am the most forgetful man in the world, and so it happened that when I was over in Canada again this fall I found that same awful pair of shoes again in my kit. It occurred to me that perhaps they needed breaking in, and so I tackled them again. I noticed that there was a nail sticking up in the heel about a half-inch or so long, but didn't think it could hurt me very much, especially as I believed myself no longer a tenderfoot. I walked on the nail all day, and it is all a mistake about my not being a tenderfoot. At night I got a hammer and a piece of iron and operated on the shoe, with the result that I tore the inside leather lining loose and disfigured the counter in such a way that it hung down dejectedly in front, and made a nice ridge for the soft part of my foot to lean against the next day. I took to rubber boots then, but resolved to take up the matter later with this pair of shoes if I had time. The next day I found a shoemaker at Chatham, who said he came from New York, and had traveled all over the world, but who also said he had never seen a pair of shoes like that in all his journeys. He said he could fix them up for 15 cents, if I thought the shoes were worth it, and I told him to go ahead. He sewed the damaged interior of the shoe together and hammered a nice large seam up and down the middle of it, so as to catch my heel in another place, which had not yet been damaged. I paid him his gold, and he forgot to put back my leather shoestrings, which were worth more than the shoes, though we will let that pass.

Now it happened that I had been asked by my friend the Mayor, likewise sometimes known as the Pirate, to go shooting with him over in Michigan, but had just received word that it would be impossible for him to get away for the shoot. At the field trials there was a nice young man by the name of Mr. E. E. Bliss, who had come over to see about how much better or worse field trial dogs were than good shooting dogs, and who had seen. Mr. Bliss was wearing about the homeliest pair of shoes that I ever saw, and on the strength of that I tried to trade shoes with him, but couldn't. His shoes were built to order on his own design, rather broader in front than at the back, and tapering gradually to a point behind the heel. He said his shoes were waterproof, and I told him so were mine; but he explained that they kept his feet dry, and at this I had to quit talking trade, for I had discovered it to be the peculiar property of my own prizes that they let all the water in and kept it there. Mr. Bliss said his shoes were not lined, but were made of good leather. He also showed me that the soles had around their edges a straggling line of spikes. I thought at the time that the shoemaker had been pretty stingy with his nails, but as I had only known Mr. Bliss a day or so, I thought I would not mention it at the time. In regard to these spikes and other things I shall have more to say presently.

The result of our talking trade was that Mr. Bliss invited me to go home with him and have a shoot over in Michigan. He said he had a dog, and although he couldn't run as fast as some of the dogs we had just seen sprinting, he allowed that maybe he could find a bunch of quail or a partridge now and then. This was awfully good of Mr. Bliss, and so I told him I would go along with him, and we would talk over that matter of trading shoes from time to time.

Now it happened that this fall was the very worst fall that ever struck the lower peninsula of Michigan. About the end of the first week in November there came the worst snowstrom ever known in that section so early in the year. The woods were already filled with water from heavy fall rains, and when the snow filled in all the holes it made things about as bad for walking as could well have been asked. Mr. Bliss and I went to his home and took an early morning train out some twenty or thirty miles to the little village where we intended to do our shooting. He chose this country because he thought it was dryer than most sections, and he said he thought we could get along with our shoes all right and would not need to wear rubber boots, which latter both of us despised.

We started out early in the morning on foot, in the middle of a heavy fog, so thick that one could almost hang his hat on it. In the low places the grass was covered with a white rime. Now and then there were patches of soft wet snow. At times we came to running streams and wide patches of water, such as one would expect to find in a spring freshet, but hardly in November. Here and there were slashings and burned districts, where stumps had been pulled out and where the holes had been filled up nicely with water and snow. Between these slashings lay soft, black fields, where one would not strike bottom until he got in over ankle deep. I could not imagine a more thorough test for my shoes, nor could I imagine a pair of shoes in regard to which I had already more thoroughly made up my mind. Mr. Bliss took it calmly, and by noon I was still more eager to trade with him, for his feet were dry and mine were filled with ice water, which kept my toes in a perfect state of preservation. We went into a farmer's cabin for lunch, but though my feet at that time thawed out partially, I cannot state that the circulation was fully established until about half-past eleven that night. All that day Mr. Bliss went along as comfortable as you please, and he shot as well as he walked. It is a comfort to go out with a man who is a good shot. I don't mind missing a bird now and then, and I don't want to kill a wheelbarrow load every day, but I don't like to shoot badly enough to feel disgusted with myself at the close of the day. My recollection is that Mr. Bliss and myself both shot pretty well that day; indeed, I think he only missed one shot all the time. The dog of which he had spoken so deprecatingly was a setter, Keno by name, and he certainly did his work well, under conditions which were enough to take the heart out of any dog. He found us several bevies of quail and about a half-dozen partridges. Also he retrieved, and I loved him for it. Field trial dogs do not retrieve; but then they are not intended for hunting, but only for show. I don't recollect just what our bag was, but think we had about eighteen or twenty birds. Mr. Bliss apologized for the smallness of the bag, but it seemed to me that we had had pretty good fun, in spite of the weather, which was such as to unsettle all the habits of the birds and make it hard to get much shooting.

I was now a very sincere admirer of Mr. Bliss' shoes as well as of his dog, but I could not get him to part with neither the one or the other. One time during the afternoon I was obliged to sit down and take off my shoes and make readjustment. They were large shoes, what might indeed be called copious shoes; and I wore two pairs of socks, in order to fill the demand. The shoes were made very broad in the heel, so that one's foot might work up and down, and miss nothing of the seams, knots, bumps, nails, etc., of the interior. Naturally a loose heel means that one's stockings will crawl forward. Occasionally I found that one of my stockings had thus crept off my foot and was nestling comfortably in the toe of the shoe, whence it could only be recovered by a long stick. I explained these things to Mr. Bliss, and he said that he had thought I looked like an intelligent man, and that he had rarely been more disappointed. His own shoes, he explained, fitted him neatly, but easily, did not slip up at the heel, did not creep and did not leak. He moreover explained to me what I wish here to call to the attention of sporting readers, that the sparseness of nails in his soles was not due to economy, but to design. He said that, having tried all manner of spikes and hob-nails, he had learned that the best enforcement of the sole was a line of

(shortened) lumbermen's spikes, not hob-nails, but little steel points. Experimenting with these, he had found that it was a mistake to use too many. He had found that about five on each side and two at the toe was the right number. It was a mistake to have the toe spikes too far forward or too far back. If placed at the extreme end of the sole they tore up the grass and retarded the walking, whereas the true object of the nail in the sole should be to give firm footing, without hindering free action of the foot in any way. I found much logic in this, both in the theory and the practice to which I had seen it given. I bethought me of the star-spangled hob-nailed shoes one usually sees offered in the stores, and recalled a certain experience I had once had with a pair of heavily hob-nailed shoes, which I had put on new for a ten-mile walk. My feet at night contained a perfect map of the sole of the shoe, by which the location of each hob-nail could have been determined. "That's it," said Mr. Bliss, as I mentioned this experience to him. "That is why I have the spikes in my shoes around the edge, where they are free of the foot and cannot hurt me. Unless you have a sole so heavy that you cannot walk on it with comfort, all the hob-nails under your feet will hurt you during the day's walk. You only want spikes enough to give you good foothold, and all the rest are useless, and worse than useless."

I commend the above to the considerate attention of makers of sporting shoes. I believe it to be a mistake to cover the bottom of a walking shoe with hob-nails, although this will do all well enough for a wading shoe, to be worn while fishing. In walking logs, as we had to do very often in this lumbered-off country where we were shooting, the short spikes are much better than hob-nails. If they were not better, the lumbermen would not use them. Each country develops what is best for itself. I submit my spiked shoe of Mr. Bliss as a new and good idea for the trade and the people who support the trade. As proof of its excellence I will state that one time during the day Mr. Bliss was able by virtue of the spikes in his shoes to cross a rotten, slippery cedar log over a swollen stream, where I did not dare to risk the smooth, wet leather soles of my own shoes. This put him apart from me for some time, and made me still more willing to trade footwear with him. Indeed, I began to think Mr. Bliss a very practical sportsman. He could walk a-plenty and do it easily. His dog always went to the right place, and so did his gun. By the way, he shot a Winchester brush gun, and used No. 10 shot. He answered my query as to the efficiency of this small shot load by killing practically every quail he shot at, and two or three grouse—all he shot at—one at fully 35yds. I have never yet been out with a man who shot a Winchester pump gun who was not a good shot, although they nearly always apologize a little for the gun, as though it ought to be ashamed of itself for being so deadly.

On the second day that we shot together Mr. Bliss and I came pretty near doubling our bag of the day preceding, having nice, bright weather, which brought the birds out on the fields. I borrowed one of his No. 10 shells and killed a grouse stone dead at nearly 35yds., I should think. I was shooting No. 9s myself, a shot which does very well in my own fusee. We could not see that we lost any birds crippled, most of the shooting being so close that the fine shot did the work perfectly, better, we thought, than No. 8. We had a fine day that Bliss, and think he ought to have been satisfied with ourselves. At least, I was very well satisfied with Mr. Bliss, and thin he ought to have been satisfied with himself, though for my own part I did not shoot so well as I had the day previous, and did not kill my half of the bag.

On this day we wore rubber boots, in view of our experience the day before. This was an improvement for me, but not so with Mr. Bliss, who spent considerable time bemoaning his fate, and wishing that he had his shoes along instead of his rubber boots. The result of his day's walk was that he accumulated a fine large blister on his heel, which I was very glad indeed to see, inasmuch as it put him, so to speak, on a rather more even footing with myself. I was able to give him a little valuable information in exchange for his advice about spikes and nails. Acting on my suggestion, he got a bit of surgeon's adhesive plaster, stuck it over the abraded portion, and floated like a dream through the woods all the rest of the time.

I should say that, none the less, the balance of trade was still rather in favor of Mr. Bliss, for on the day that we wore rubber boots I picked up another idea from him for which I would not take several dollars. This was, like the spike idea, a simple thing, a good thing and one of the inventions of the lumbering district. It was no less than a simple piece of half-inch harness leather, with a buckle on the end and a split in the middle. You stuck the heel of your rubber boot through the split in the strap, and then buckled the strap over your instep, or rather over the foot at the angle of the ankle and the instep. This kept the boot from allowing the foot to work up and down at the heel, and it is a device which is a great producer of comfort to any one who has to wear rubber boots in walking. The stiffness and width of these boots at the heel usually allows the foot to play up and down, and I imagine that every snipe shooter has found out how his stockings will crawl down into his boot when this is the case. This trap idea was invented by the French Canadians for the heavy leather boots, which they used to wear in the woods. I had never seen it used before, but I am going to see it used a good deal from now on, when I go out hunting in rubber boots. It is a great scheme, and I cheerfully recommend it to the sporting trade, who can get a good many good practical tips out of the FOREST AND STREAM now and then.

On the evening of our second day Mr. Bliss said he thought we ought to grease up our shoes a little, so that they would turn water better. "All right," said I, "we'll dry 'em out and then grease them up good."

"That is where you would make a mistake again," said he. "You don't want to grease leather when it is dry, but when it is wet. How does the coachman clean the harness? Why, he first washes it all off in warm water, and then he hangs it up to drip a while, and then he gives it a coat of neat's foot oil. Our leather is already wet, and we need only scrape the mud off to make it clean. We have no neat's foot oil, but we can get some good old tallow, like mother used to make, and coat the shoes with tallow, well rubbed in. Then they will turn the wet pretty well; at least mine will."

This process of tallowing up the shoes kept us busy for the best part of the evening, but after all it was for naught. The weather advices reported a blizzard coming the next morning, and it was there on time too. Yet the ice that now steadily formed was not strong enough to keep us from breaking through, and once more we had to take to the rubber boots, for this time the walking was such that we sometimes went in half-leg deep.

We now changed our hunting grounds by a dozen or fifteen miles, having conferred with the Mayor, who expressed regret at not being able to go with us. Almost to my embarassment he insisted on my taking his dog Bob.

I don't think anybody ought to use another man's dog—unless it might be just such a dog as Bob; this old Gordon doesn't need any watching, but just goes ahead and does his own hunting without any handling, and takes the shooter to the good places.

On this day we went out with Mr. Davis and his guide Archie, taking team for a stinging morning ride. Archie told us how to hunt and where to round up for the night, and then we all went away and didn't do what he said, I am afraid. I know that I got separated from Mr. Bliss within the first ten minutes, and the first thing I knew I was following scattered quail off through a slashing of a mile or two in dimensions, until I got out of hearing of the guns, and the wind came around and got on the wrong side of my face, by which I inferred that I was lost. After I found myself in this level, flat country, where it is easy for a stranger to twist himself up, I discovered that I was out of the line which Archie had laid down, so I cut loose and hunted up country for myself. It was like exploring a new world, with just Bob for a guide—by no means a bad one, for he was busy and successful in his work, in spite of the fact that he had never been introduced to me before that day. I enjoyed it hugely, this being off in a strange country to myself with a dog that knew his business and a good long day ahead.

It was a bitter air that morning; the thermometer had dropped some 40° at a single effort. The wind was biting in its keenness, and so strong that in the open one could not well face it. The birds were wild and unsettled, and I never saw quail fly so far as they did that day. I watched one bevy reach the tops of the trees, and then, caught by the wind, sail off till I actually lost sight of them in the gray light of the cloudy sky. They went over a quarter of a mile surely. The shooting was very hard, and I do not thing I killed half my birds. The first three quail I killed stright, and Bob looked at me with evident approbation, thinking that I was in the same class as his owner, the Mayor, who the other day killed eleven ruffed grouse without a miss. I could not long keep up this imposition on the dog, however. We were walking along the edge of a slash when he came to a nice point, just back of me, and as I turned to go to him there was a sudden awful smashing sound and a thing about as long as a snake broke out of a treetop and flew away. I shot over toward it, but didn't jar it, and it disappeared and left nothing but a hollow laugh upon the air. My friends later told me that this was a grouse. I had been killing a good many grouse, and had seen so little of this spectacular quality you read about in books that I was beginning to think a grouse was a good deal of a humbug. But this bird was a regular story book one, and when he got into the wind it was no use trying to kill him, so I didn't try, after firing carefully into the center of the air with both barrels. Bob looked at me a little startled, with an expression which seemed to say, "Please don't let this occur again."

We wandered on over this new world, and Bob found several bevies of quail for me, and about the best I could average was one bird at the bevy rise, and nothing after that. I never saw birds so wild and strong. Yet the quail were out at the edges of the fields, I think feeding in preparation for what they saw was going to be a spell of bad weather. It was pretty cold in the open, so I swung into the covers, where popple thickets and down timber seemed to offer good grouse ground. Pretty soon Bob began to walk along fast, with his head up, twisting around among the tangled cover like a cat. I supposed that this meant grouse, and such was the case. We got a nice point, and as the bird went up I centered him fair, and once more rose in the dog's estimation. He brought the bird in to me very proudly, and I rejoiced to see one more good retriever. Without the retrieving of the dogs, Keno and Bob, Mr. Bliss and I must have lost many a bird, for in places the cover was so thick that it meant actual climbing, and if one took his eye from the bird a moment it was very hard to find the spot again.

Bob now led me deep into a wood, occasionally getting lost from me by way of keeping up my interest. I have no doubt he was often on point at such times, and once I found him so, and was able to kill a bird over him. After a time he dropped almost flat, as he passed a little clump of brush beside a log fence, and out went a grand grouse as I came up to the point. This fellow I caught with the second, and Bob showed great pleasure as he brought him. So we wandered on and on, and the first thing I knew the day was nearly gone. I swung around near the bridge, where I had been told to come at night, and Bob carried me across the stream and out over a popple flat. He found a bevy of quail in here, and I killed a couple. Then he went off to one side, and I was for the time some 60yds. from him. At that very moment, right under my feet, with a rush and a roar like that of the bird earlier in the day, there went out a fine big grouse, and I have to confess that I shamefully missed him, as any tenderfoot might have done. I stood gaping at him with gun half-opened, when right at the same place, from under the same log at my very feet, there slipped out a second bird and sailed away after the first, less noisily, but just as safely, for my gun was out of commission for the instant! With any ordinary luck I should have bagged both those birds. I could not look Bob in the eye as he came up and sat down, looking scornfully at me. This rather affected my spirits, and as it was growing dusk I turned back for the meeting place, and so ended my last day. I had a very small bag, only two or three grouse, I believe, and a half-dozen quail or so, and I began to figure that I was not much good unless I was along with a good shot. Yet what was my secret joy to learn that all those other men, my friends, who were acknowledged good shots, and who knew the country better than I did, had done little better than myself. Even Archie, the invincible, had with Mr. Davis' help only bagged sixteen birds, and he was so disgusted that he didn't want to talk. Mr. Bliss, who had lost me early in the day, had wandered off into deep timber and found some grouse, killing either four or six, I forget which, with a few quail. Our average bag was about eight birds to the gun, which certainly is not startling. Yet it is long since I have had a more interesting day. It was so cold that I walked hard and fast all day, and covered a lot of country, and though it is always lonesome to shoot thus solitary I found much on the other hand to make it pleasant, and came in to camp in a glow of warmth and with a great hunger.

It was an interesting lesson we had in dogs that day. Mr. Bliss had been hunting his dog Keno, the English setter, who is only a two-year-old, though big and strong, all the season, more or less, before this time, and we had given him two awful days in snow and slush. Yet he went this last day as well as ever and never once begged, though his coat was a mass of ice. Bob, the big Gordon, a powerful, grand looking creature, was also of course covered with frozen ice fringe all day long, yet I may testify that he kept his gait the day through, and gave me all I wanted to do to keep up to his standards of a natural hunting gait. At night the poor fellow was a mass of ice, his heavy coat being frozen full. We had a half-dozen miles to drive to town, and it seemed cruel not to thaw out the dogs first—as indeed we did at a farmhouse near by till the good wife protested. So we got the extra fur robes and blankets, and wrapped the dogs up, and so took them in that way. Bob lay on my feet, and I never felt him shiver once. He melted all the ice off himself by his own heat, and in spite of all I could do insisted on having his head out of the blankets to see what was going on. That is the sort of dog which I take to be a shooting dog, a powerful and game creature, which has courage and stamina enough to enjoy his fun and endure the hardships. For some puny men shooting under such conditions would be no sport, and for some puny dogs it would have been punishment perhaps fatal in its results. I asked Mr. Bliss how he thought these two dogs would do in a field trial, and he smiled gently. "They do pretty well here," he said. Either of them was pretty much my sort of a dog. They were both repeaters, and they were both retrievers, meat dogs, if you like. If our field trials shall bring more of these upon the land, they will be doing a good work, and in so far as they depart from this sort of standard of practical excellence and durability, I should ever feel, as did Mr. Bliss, like smiling gently when they are proposed to the participant in actual sport in the field, where both man and dog are out for all day, and intend to go again to-morrow. On our return from the hunt on this bitter day, we found that many other shooters had been forced to give up the hunt before the day was half done, their dogs having suffered so much that they had to quit. I hated to leave my new friends, yet I came away from my first and only hunt this season with the feeling that I had learned something about shoes and dogs and other things.

The Lion Hunt.

Returns from the much-exploited lion hunt at De Beque, Colo., seem to indicate that the State game warden, Mr. Swan, was not wanted. It also appears that it is not desirable to hunt mountain lions with a brass band. There were over 100 hunters, but not enough dogs to go around. Two cubs were caught alive, and two adult lions were killed, to say nothing of a lynx or two and a few wolves. Everyone had a good time, though it was cold.

Minnesota Justice and Justices.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—Agent Fullerton, of Minnesota, may be near the end of his duties as State warden, but he is certainly keeping up his hustle, and I wish he could be retained where he is. He has been having a brisk legal battle up in his old fighting ground, and speaks of it in something of the following terms:

"I just returned this morning from Detroit, where we had a battle royal. You know the correspondence I had with Indian Commissioner Jones has borne fruit. Stephens got word that a trader had some venison and birds on the White Earth Reservation at Pine Point. He got the sheriff of Becker county with a writ of replevin (something new in game laws), and went there and got forty-eight saddles of venison and 127 partridges. We arrested a white man, named Alf Cooney, who was in charge of the game, and brought him to Detroit. He is in reality Davis' man, but Davis remains in the background. Then our battle began, and we had a fight at Detroit the whole day long. We arraigned him before a justice and they took a change of venue before a justice who would do as they wished. We found he was going to let him off on the same plan that Baxter did—fine him about $10—so we dismissed the case, and immediately rearrested him and took him before another justice living about seven miles from Detroit. Then we had another legal fight, lasting until 10 o'clock at night. The same tactics were there employed in regard to letting him off easy, but we gave them to understand that we would make a separate complaint for every saddle of venison and every bird, and we would fight it if it took all year. The justice got scared and finally bound him over to the grand jury for forty saddles of venison, after which he procured bail and was released. This promises to be another stiff legal battle, but I think we will win. Before this reaches you we will have Davis arrested for shipping twelve saddles of venison to St. Paul. Stephens got on to it and followed the shipment all the way down, hoping to catch the man it was consigned to, but we have sufficient evidence against Davis to connect him with it. You know the trouble we have had with this man, but he is still defiant.

"I have always admired a fighter, but he takes the cake. We made another nice seizure at Brainerd yesterday, consisting of fifteen saddles of venison, six deer heads and one moose head. They killed this stuff up in the wilderness, where it is almost impossible to go after them, and they then run the risk of getting it out the best way they can, but we are glad to be able to say that they are not meeting with very good success thus far."

E. HOUGH.

1200 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Brunswick Notes.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 23.—Mr. James Turnbull, of Halifax, who has been hunting with Henry Braithwaite for the past three weeks, reached Fredericton yesterday. Mr. Turnbull brought out a very handsome moose, with a cross section of 50in.; also his legal allowance of caribou. On the trip he saw thirty moose and hundreds of caribou. The Miramichi and Cain's River country seems to be alive with caribou this fall. In view of this fact many sportsmen advocate raising the limit to each shooter from one to two animals. Hunting caribou on the snow has always been a popular form of sport in this province, but where only one animal is allowed to each rifle few parties will go to the expense of fitting out for this purpose.

On Thursday evening last the Maritime express on the Intercolonial railway, near Rogersville, ran into a herd of thirty caribou. Three of the animals were killed outright and several others injured.

It looks as though some of our rifle manufacturers will have to pay more attention than they have yet done to the action of frost upon the magazine. I know of several cases occurring within the past fortnight where the magazine of a certain popular make of small-bore rifle has utterly refused to work under cold weather conditions.

General Hutton's party is still in the woods. During their first day on the hunting grounds Captain Bell, the General's aide-de-camp, brought down a moose with a 58in. spread of antlers.

Two of the youngest guides in the Tobique country are Aleck and Dave Ogilvie. The latter had a very exciting experience with a monster bull recently. He was going over a line of traps about two miles from camp when he struck a fresh track. This he followed about 200 yards, when he came upon an enormous moose, across a windfall, about 25yds. away. His rifle twice missed fire. At the third attempt he hit the moose in the shoulder and the animal staggered, then galloped away, leaving a trail of blood on the snow. Dave followed him about half a mile and then saw him watching his back track, about 70yds. away. He again fired, when the moose snorted and rushed straight for him, with his mane on end and shaking his head. Dave retreated and got behind a big tree. When the moose came within 30yds. he snorted and humped his back up as though inviting his enemy to close combat. Dave fired again, but another snort and shake of the head were the only visible effects. The boy then leaned his rifle against his tree of refuge and aimed straight at the breast of the moose. The immense animal then reared on his hind legs, made a futile attempt to charge, fell backward against a tree and was dead before Dave could reach him. The horns have a spread of 58in., and but for an injury done them when in the velvet would have gone over 60. They have 26 points, the plate of one horn measuring 14 and the other 12in. The moose was very gray in color and showed many signs of old age. Dave's brother Aleck has killed a moose with a spread of 53in., and at Island Lake found a dead moose with a spread of 51in. It is thought by Mr. W. Garrison Reed, of Boston, that this is the moose that was wounded by Dr. Heber Bishop when hunting in that locality.

Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, has shot a bull moose on Tobique weighing 1,250lbs. The horns measured over 5ft. Henry B. Eaton, of Calais, guided by William Griffins, on the first day on hunting grounds shot a very large moose, with 54in. spread. W. H. Carnall, of St. John, has received a fine specimen of locked antlers of two bull moose, killed while fighting on Canaan River.

So far as known, up to Saturday last no moose had ever been shot on Miramichi waters with a spread of 5ft. While the Sou'west country seems to be fully equal in point of game supply to either the Tobique or the Restigouche regions, yet exceptional heads have rarely been taken there. This no doubt is a purely accidental circumstance, as the Miramichi and Tobique hunting grounds really merge into each other at the watershed, and moose are found everywhere on the hardwood ridges and around the lakes. Still it remained for Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, to prove that 5ft. heads could be found on the eastern side of the divide. The Doctor, with his friend, W. A. Ross, of New York, hunted for five days on the snow in the Sister Lakes and Rocky Brook country. They had as guides Ed. Norred, Jim Paul and Herb. Heal. Old bulls were found to be plentiful, and many were started. On the third day a very large moose was shot with a spread of 53in.. The fourth day was chiefly taken up in packing this moose to camp. On Saturday, while the Doctor and Ed. were setting out for a tour of some of the adjacent lakes, they suddenly came upon a monster bull plowing straight toward them through the snow-laden firs not 15yds. away. The Doctor's first shot brought the bull to his knees, then he got up and started, but fell after going a few rods, and a second shot finished him. The Doctor was naturally in high spirits when he discovered that the antlers measured a fraction over 60in., and as the bull was a noble specimen in every way, determined if possible to have him taken out whole and mounted for the New York exhibition. As the animal was killed within a quarter of a mile of a logging road, this proved to be a feasible scheme. The entrails being removed, the moose was neatly sewed up in canvas and then hauled to Boiestown and placed aboard the train. In going down the portage road, one of the points was damaged slightly, reducing the spread. In crossing the swift water of the Sou'west, Ed. Norred devised a novel scheme to keep the moose from being wet. He placed one sled on top of another, with long poles protecting from the sides, and the whole firmly bound together with ropes and hay wire. When the sled threatened to tip on the shoaler rocks it was kept on an even keel by these outriggers. The crossing was effected without a drop of water being shipped. Ed. also concocted a kind of sledge, to which the moose was lashed, and which greatly facilitated its being handled safely on the cars and steamers on its way to New York. The Doctor says the moose in New Brunswick are much larger than those he has seen on other hunting grounds. This monster weighed a trifle over 1,000lbs. after all his inwards were removed, and must have gone close to 1,300lbs. when he met the Doctor.

A moose has been shot near Nictau Lake, on the Tobique, which is claimed to have the finest head ever taken in this Province. Though the spread (63in.) is 4in. less than Mr. F. H. Cook's head, the blades are 19in. wide, and there are thirty-two perfect points equally divided on either side. The fortunate sportsman was Capt. Chauncy P. Williams, of Albany, N. Y., who had as guide George Armstrong, of Perth Centre. This head is being mounted by Mr. S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, who, by the way, has received up to date 103 moose heads, besides 450 caribou and deer.

If Mr. Emerson Hough, of Chicago, could only spare the time to visit Chatham or Richibucto this bracing winter weather, he would make haste to disown the Kekoshee fish story as a very commonplace yarn indeed. The fishermen there are now hauling up through the ice from 100 to 200 tons of smelt per day. These are sold on the ice at from 3 to 4 cents a pound and shipped to the States by the trainload.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

Chat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't want to subject myself to the charge of growling too much, but I hope you'll gratify me by inflicting a fine of $5 (to be used for the suppression of market shooters) on any one of your correspondents who pokes an angle of 45 degrees at you, for it's getting to be a very tiresome angle, and proves that the person who uses it doesn't know an angle from a wagon wheel. If he must use something near that slope, let him say 45 or 46.

I would also like a fine of that amount collected from the thoughtless scribbler who goes fishing for "speckled beauties," to be used for the same good purpose.

And while I am at it I want also to indulge in a growl against the editor of the Detroit Evening News for publishing an outrage like the "Michigan Hunting Record" without a word of condemnation.

Speaking of the feat of "Young Sam Cable, of Sullivan," he says: "Since Oct. 1 he has bagged more than 1,000 quail and partridges. He was out every day."

Young Sam Cable belongs to a class who are entitled to no respect, and if he had brains enough he'd be ashamed of his career. An occasional shooting trip gives infinite pleasure, but no sensible man can enjoy what he makes a daily business of.

A market shooter is one who is too lazy to work, and if our legislators were made of the proper stuff he would be made to work. I will never sleep soundly till he's suppressed.

The bull bat war—as well as the American-Spanish war—I am happy to say, is ended, and without the loss of a life, though I'm sorry to find that my little joke about my piety was lost on my serious-minded friend Coahoma, with whom I've been at fierce and feathery war for some time past.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Dec. 15.

"Hitting vs. Missing."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although I am an old gunner, I have read with very great pleasure and no little profit Mr. Hammond's delightful book on the use of the shotgun, entitled "Hitting vs. Missing." His instructions are so simple and so eminently practical that the most unlearned persons may profit by them, and yet all through the book runs a concealed thread of theory, which teaches the reader more than he is aware of as he reads.

I have a nephew about 12 years old, who is soon to have his first gun, and before he receives the gun I shall give him a copy of Mr. Hammond's book, in the hope that long before he takes his weapon in his hand he may have saturated his mind with the wise precepts given by that charming writer.

CONNECTICUT.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.

Michigan State Game and Fish Protective League.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the State Game and Fish Protective League will be held at the Hudson House, Lansing on Tuesday, Jan. 17, 1899, commencing at 1:30 P. M.

The question of changes in the present game and fish laws will be taken up at that time, and the committee appointed at the June meeting will present bills for proposed changes, and action taken at this meeting. Members of both branches of the Legislature who are interested in game and fish protection will be present, and will address the meeting. Governor Pingree has been given a cordial invitation to meet with us, and it is expected will be with us at the evening meeting.

CHARLES E. BREWSTER, Sec'y.

Bear Hunting in Pennsylvania.

Not for many years have bears been so numerous in the mountains of central and northeastern Pennsylvania. Old hunters have been killing them right and left in the mountains of Clearfield and Centre counties. Sheriff Bell and party, of Blair county, recently popped over three, while three others were killed in the foothills of the Alleghanies. Andrew Edgar, of Lonestown, has five large bears already to his credit, while John and James Schofield, of Du Bois, killed five inside of ten days. Bruin is particularly partial to the beech woods of Cameron and Sullivan counties, and up near the source of the Sinnemahoning one hunter and trapper has killed sixteen up to date. In the aggregate no less than forty-five bears have been killed in that part of the State within the past six weeks.

On the Upper Mississippi.

KITTANNING, Pa., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you remember last year I made inquiry about hunting grounds for large game, and you directed me to write to Mr. B. C. Finnegan, at Grand Rapids, Minn., who was very courteous, and gave very satisfactory information; and at his suggestion we went up the Mississippi in a small steamer about seventy or eighty miles above the rapids. We had elegant quarters at L. S. Cards', on the banks of the Mississippi, where the stream is quite small. Mr. Finnegan had arranged for guides and boats, and to my surprise we were met by Wm. Tibbets, a guide, who had hunted with my wife and me the year before on the Brule, in Wisconsin, and knowing him we were more than pleased. He took our party, composed of Joseph Morris, of Pittsburg, and A. C. Bailey, of Ford City, my wife and myself, to the above-named place, and strange to say this point was named Gamblers' Point before Mr. Cards ever saw it.

Mrs. Jessop was very fond of hunting and always enjoyed going with me on these trips. She showed her adroitness and skill as a huntress, as she killed the first two deer, one of which was an exceedingly large one. Jim Drumbeeter, her Indian guide, thought she was the finest running shot he had ever seen, as she had killed both deer running. Four years ago she hunted alligators in Florida, killing two, one 5 and the other 7ft. long. As a wing shot she did very well.

The party killed seven deer and quite a number of mallard ducks. I became so infatuated with duck shooting that I would prefer shooting ducks than deer. We had intended killing one moose, but as we were located probably ten miles away from the moose hunting grounds, and the weather was quite cold, and we would have been compelled to camp out, therefore we resolved to defer the moose hunting until next season. However, we saw one moose at the mouth of Leech River.

C. J. JESSOP.

Maine Wolves.

A Kingfleald, Me., special says that George Woodcock, of Carrabasset, shot a doe deer last Saturday on Stratton Brook, that had a well developed set of spike horns. Another hunter, Edward Taylor, shot the fawn that was with the doe. Aside from the horns, the deer was exactly like any other doe, and weighed 125lbs.

Again there are reports of wolves in Maine, with their tracks followed by old wolf hunters, who "could not be mistaken." They do not bring out the trophies, however, and until they do the ordinary individual is inclined to regard their stories in the same light as that of the well-read fable.

Pickerel fishermen are at it. Reports from Maine mention big strings taken from Sabattis Pond. Mr. Greenwood, of Auburn, took twenty-three in one day, through the ice. Fox hunting is also in order.

SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

An Outing on Great South Bay.

BY FRED MATHER.

ALTHOUGH we did a little fishing, the season was late for bluefish, in the bay at least, and we went mainly just to be there. September had half gone when Dr. Bashford Dean drifted in on me with the remark: "It will be a fortnight before my work begins in the college, and I know a grand place where we can go on South Bay, and have good rooms in a fisherman's cottage, cook our own feed and have a good time. The fishermen will come and go, and you will be delighted with them, besides you will exchange the fitful rattle of the street cars for the steady roll of the surf." And without more inducement I met him at the railway station, and before 11 A. M. next day we were at Freeport, Long Island, where we found a wagon to take us to the landing.

Of Long Island's 118 miles in length, the Great South Bay occupies nearly half of its south shore, and the bay is from three to six miles wide. It is shallow, and separated from the Atlantic by a broad beach of sand, broken through by occasional inlets. At Freeport landing there is a salt meadow extending out more than a mile, and through this runs an inlet, which is as crooked as inlets are allowed to be, and a craft of 70ft. would find difficulty in making the turns.

At a little wharf lay a solidly built catboat about 30ft. long, which was taking on a seine from a great reel, and after this was aboard cakes of ice were put in the fish boxes, and bottles of those horrible concoctions known as "ginger-pop" and "sarsaparilla," generically called "soft drinks," were put on the ice. Then came bread, canned goods, and other necessaries, and I was formally introduced to the men who were to be our companions when they were not away in Freeport.

First was Capt. Thomas Smith, a great happy giant of sixty years, close shaven sometimes, but with a sprouting moustache that had only been out in the air for a week, and two rivulets of tobacco juice, whose sources were at each corner of his mouth, but finally joined in a deep bay in the dimple of his chin. Notwithstanding all these attractions, he was a bachelor. If the maidens of Freeport who have passed the giddy stage knew Capt. Smith as well as I do, they would hold him in such esteem that there would be a rush to see which would lay siege to his heart by eliminating the incrustations of tobacco and bossing him just a little bit into shaving more regularly, for he is a grand old man with a great big heart.

Then there was Byron Raynor, quiet and unobtrusive, except when he had a positive opinion about hauling the sheet aft or of luffing a little, when he would assert himself and his opinions in spite of being told to "shut up" by the man at the helm. This he did not mind, unless it was accompanied with advice to bathe his head in milk toast or to hand his feet overboard and cool off, when he would say no more until he was again moved to give advice. He was meek and I think he was married

Everett Smith stayed with us only a few days, when the fair at Mineola was more attractive than hauling a seine in the bay, and he was temporarily replaced by Jo. Brown, a young man from Freeport, who let the wind blow on his teeth when the sun shone in his face. Last, but first in many things, was Robert C. Denton, descendant of the first clergyman that invaded Long Island, and who figures largely in the history of the "island of shells." He is only "Robert C." in the village directory, and to the postmaster, but as the trusty pilot of that catboat he was not so addressed. He was young, jolly, musical, and had a stock of good humor about equal to the Captain's, and that is saying much, for Capt. Smith was a veritable Mark Tapley, bound to be jolly under all circumstances.

We Reach the Island.

And so with some poling and drifting, for the tide was half down when we started, we got out into the great bay and set the sail. One could imagine himself in Holland if he did not look back at the distant hills which form the "backbone of Long Island." A flat landscape of low islands and water was all that lay in front. "That's our cottage off there to the southeast," said Dr. Dean, pointing to a speck some miles away, which differed little from other specks, which seemed near it, but proved to be on other islands, as we neared them and changed our course into the different channels.

Fried ham, potatoes, coffee, bananas and turn in. The Doctor and I had a large room with two good beds in it. As we retired he said: "Did you notice how these fishermen eat bananas?"

"Yes, I saw over a hundred come on board, and supposed they were for some hotel, but after supper they all pitched into them, and Cap must have eaten half a dozen, to my surprise, for one would give me a fit of indigestion that would last for a week, unless it was a red one, when I might get over it in a day. By the way, I have not seen a red banana in five years; what's become of them?"

"I give it up, but it is a fact that the red banana comes no more to New York, and while it does not these fishermen eat the yellow ones in great quantities. Then they eat fried fish swimming in grease, and wonder why they have dyspepsia. They would fry a beefsteak if they had one, and eat it swimming in grease."

"Doctor," said I, "that fried ham is now in rebellion in



THE COTTAGE.

my department of the interior; it has started the gas factory at work on full time, and when that shuts down the vinegar factory will be in full blast, but I think there is enough good leather left in my stomach to stand it for a fortnight if we only had prepared for a siege of fried things."

"Well," said the Doctor, "the Captain is the worst dyspeptic, because he is older than the others, and he tries patent medicines and grunts, but he is strong; he will pull his end of the seine against the other three, and dyspepsia does not seem to affect his physique. Ordinary dyspepsia does not kill people, for many who have the trouble live to an old age, it is a source of suffering, as corns are, but that's all."

"That's very comforting, Doctor. I'll turn in and try to sleep before the vinegar factory starts in. Good night."

Some Fried Things.

There was not a fish to fry for breakfast, but a steak had been brought down for that purpose, and swimming in lard it was fried, as the Doctor had foretold, and as they cooked with boards of old fish boxes, there the coals were for broiling, but we had it fried in lard. The tide was not right for the men to use the net, so while the Captain mended it the Doctor took a gun, seeking the meadow hen, also called clapper rail, or the yellowlegs, both birds being heard frequently. I looked the net over; it had a mesh of 2¾in., about the size for the smaller fish of the bay. It was 100 fathoms in length and fished to a depth of 7ft. Bob Dalton and I rowed out to fish for "snappers," as young bluefish are called, and finding none we stopped surface fishing, put on sinkers and got a dozen sea bass, which weighed as many pounds, and there was our dinner. The Captain dressed and crimped them to the bone at short intervals, so that more grease could be absorbed, for he was a dyspeptic and needed lots of grease. Dr. Dean did not call down a single yellowleg, although we heard many answer his whistle, and he found nary a meadow hen. From the frequent shots we heard we thought he was right among them, but his bag was fifteen sandpeeps, which he skinned, and before we could protest against it the Captain had them frying!

It was now near high-water slack, and at the turn of the tide we took twenty sea bass in about as many minutes, and there was our supper, sure. Then, while the seine, fresh water and the pop went aboard, I saw that we were on an island covering three to four square miles, with bog holes at intervals, and learned that it was called Great Island. Also that we were on its south side, and that we had for neighbors two little huts, some 300yds. away east and west, occupied by men who watch oyster beds and live in that solitary manner, doing their own cooking; and worst of all, one was a widower with two boys who should have been in school.

So we started off to make some hauls, with Bob at the tiller singing:

> "And the moon shines brightly on the water
> Where the heroes of the Maine in silence lie."

This was all that I caught of the song, for the Captain would order: "Ease her a little," while Bob was forced to stop his song to tell him to shut up, he guessed where



"YOU EAT TOO MUCH FRIED STUFF."

they wanted to go. I turned to the Doctor and remarked: "There is one thing that is perfect about this craft."

"What's that?"

"The discipline. The crew has the Captain so well trained that when one of them gives him an order to shut up, he shuts pan at once, as we used to say in the day of flint locks."

"He shuts pan. What pan?"

"Generations before you were born, my boy, I was knocking about, and in the slang of my boyhood the old flint lock shooters told a man to 'shut pan' when he worked his mouth too hard; there was a 'pan' to shut over the priming—but you have got all the fun out of me on that that you will get; I remember the flint locks of Arab make, the antique guns and armor in your study, I owe you one."

We had reached the spot for seining on the shore of another island, for this part of Great South Bay is full of islands, and the Captain jumped into the water with the land line, and the boat put out and paid away at least 100 fathoms of line before the first of the net went over. We went straight away for the same distance until the net was all out, when the boat put back to shore, paying out line and striking the beach fully 100 fathoms, or 600ft., from the Captain. Then the mud hook was taken shoreward, and all hands went over the side to pull against the



THE CAPTAIN MENDS HIS NET.

powerful Captain, who approached them, as he pulled until the two lines were together. The result of this haul was a few 4lb. weakfish, some half-dozen striped bass of 3 to 4lbs., a lot of snappers, sea bass, blackfish, toadfish, dogfish, sculpins and a few striped mullet.

In the Evening by the Moonlight.

When four hauls had been made and we had reached home, the Captain asked me what fish I preferred for supper. I had decided views on the gastronomic qualities of fish, but I realized the fact that these men, like the farmer, must send the best to market, and I did not mention striped bass boiled or broiled; weakfish, which I never eat if any other fish is at hand, but which is salable; so I fell back on the sea bass, which is a real good fish, but was then small in the South Bay, and therefore only a "pan fish."

"How about the mullet?" the Captain asked.

"The mullet is good," I replied, "but it is too rich for some stomachs, and mine is in that category. I find the mullet too rich for my blood."

"Well now, I'm glad to hear somebody say that, for when I eat mullet I have dyspepsia the worst way."

Next day, while telling the Captain that if he would stop frying his food and eating so much grease, Dr. Dean took a low-down advantage of me and snapped his camera on us as I told my jolly friend that he eats too much fried stuff.

I have a chronic grievance against Dr. Dean, who, by the way, is young enough to be my grandson, notwithstanding the fact he toots in Columbia University, as it is said that he is a tutor of biology there, and my plaint is this: He goes out on fishing and shooting trips with me, but keeps his camera so jealously guarded that I can never get a snap shot on him, as he does on other people. He does not do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, but goes on as if there was no hereafter.

The Captain remarked: "I never see herrin' so sca'ce in the bay as they be this year. I tell you they are the fish we want, they sell better 'n weakfish."

The alewife, or river herring, comes into the bay and runs into the fresh streams, and even up rivers to spawn, and after this spring migration is over they go back to salt water. Of course the bay is salt, but the fish go off to sea, therefore I asked: "What fish is it they call a herring here, Doctor?"

"I can't tell you, possibly one of the alewives, not the glut herring, for that fish goes out to sea in winter, but I am not sure how far the branch herring goes, are you?"

"I am certain that it is not found in this bay in September, unless possibly a stray one, and I am curious to know what fish the Captain calls a herring; of course, it can't be the true sea herring, *Clupea*."

The fishermen retired and we sat watching the flash light off southwest at Sandy Hook, the Fire Island light to the southeast, and listening to the ceaseless roar of the surf on the outer beach. After a while I broke the silence with: "It would be a good scheme to get the Captain to take us outside Fire Island to fish for bluefish; I've all sorts of tackle, and enough to rig several bluefish lines. Is it a go?"

"It is not a go. You could not get the Captain within five miles of Fire Island Inlet. I won't tell you why, because I might spoil the story, but ask Bob Denton about it when we are all in the boat, for the Captain likes to hear the yarn. Have you noticed how these fishermen are continually guying each other, and how kindly they take it?"

"Couldn't help it; only Byron never guys anyone, but



THE CAPTAIN PULLS AGAINST THREE MEN.

gets plenty of it. I am only bothered now to know what kind of a herring is caught in this bay in the fall. I'm going to bed to dream of herring with spines on their backs and eyes like Fire Island light."

Here I may say that a few days afterward they caught one "herring," and my only wonder was that they did not call it a shad, for it is nearer the shad than the herring, and as soon as I saw the faint lines on its sides it was recognized as that fish of many names, the hickory shad (from its stripes), or "mattowacca," which De Kay called "fall herring," while on the Potomac it is the "tailor shad." This fish we had not thought of.

The Doctor looked over at the moon and said: "After breakfast the men are going to Freeport with their fish and will stay over night, while we will do our own cooking. How shall we spend the day?"

"You take that rickety old gun that I wouldn't shoot for an interest in the Keely motor and—"

"Then you value the Keely cure high."

"Motor, I said, a thing which makes wheels go around; as I understand the cure it stops them, but you take the gun and I'll wait for the tide to get up, and then fish. While I am waiting I'll—what does the Captain call it?"

"Do you mean 'muck out'?"

"That's it, I'll muck out our room, the dining room and the kitchen with a broom, but what does he mean by 'muck in,' as he said to-day?"

"Oh, that means come to dinner."

The Captain and the Whale.

The day and the night passed. We varied our diet with oysters, onions and potatoes, without frying the first durned thing, and the party came back next noon with more wood, water, ice, pop and bananas. Then we had a dinner of fried ham and potatoes, but I had found the onion sack and a couple "raw" in vinegar, cut the grease somewhat, and while the Captain mended the net and Bob and Byron washed the dishes as Everett mucked out, I stretched in the sun on the bench outside, and amid the clatter of dishes and the roar of the surf heard this alternately sung and said: "So peacefully we lay within the harbor, where Havana's lights—say, Byron, don't put so much soap in the water, it makes the dishes sticky—were shining bright and gay—shut that door and keep the flies out, will you?—We were dreaming of our home and of our dear ones, when—Byron, if you'll throw away that pipe I'll buy you a new one," etc.

When Bob had finished his dishes and his self-interrupted song, we sailed away for a distant fishing ground. After we had gone as far as one pipe would last, and all

hands were lounging in the idle wind, I said to Bob, who was at the tiller: "Bob, the Doctor tells me that you couldn't get Captain within five miles of Fire Island Inlet if you offered him two acres of land in New York city with Trinity Church in the middle of it. I've been down there, and have fished outside, but never saw anything more formidable than a bluefish or a harbor shark, nothing to be afraid of."

"You wasn't there when I was," said the Captain.

"Cap, you shut up," said Bob, and here I once more admired the discipline on this ship, "the Major asked me to tell the story, and you just keep still until I get through, and then you may add anything which I may have left out.

"It was this way: about twenty-five years ago we were in this same catboat, which has never had a name until you called her the 'Sleepy Ann,' and we went outside Fire Island for bluefish. I noticed that the Captain was a bit nervous when we could only see land on one side, and he showed his nervousness by the way in which he eat tobacco and the streams of juice which poured down his chin and decorated his shirt front.

"We were doing well; the bluefish were taking hold of our trolling squids of lead and ivory, and the Captain seemed to forget that we were some 3,000 miles from land on one side, as he saw the fish come over the rail, and as another craft neared us as we came about to follow the school of fish, he saw that it was his old friend, Daniel Bedell, and he hailed him with: 'Dan, we've got more bluefish than you can count in a month of Sundays.'

"There was no reply. A whale rose under Bedell's boat, tossed it in the air, and every man was drowned. That was enough for Captain Smith, the bay is sufficient for him, he ain't no hog to want the whole Atlantic and its whales. Ain't that so, Cap?"

The Captain merely replied: "You've got it right enough, Bob, but you're off about five years. This boat was built thirty years ago, and the whale business happened the first year that she was built, but again you're right, I don't want to go out where them whales swim around, I've had enough of that."

Here the Doctor sided with the Captain by saying: "I can't blame any man for not wanting to go where whales may come up under his boat and pitch him out. How big was the whale, Captain?"

"'Bout a mile long, I reckon, but I didn't see the whole on him."

A Haul in Upper Mash-Rack.

The Captain decided that a haul in the "upper mash-rack" would be the best, "for," he continued, "we want some weakfish to take in to-morrow, an' that's the place to get 'em, if they's any in the bay. How's that, Bob?"

"All right, we've got small fish enough, and we might get some over there. Better break some more ice to put on the fish in the two boxes, and leave enough for the other box if we fill it."

I was curious to know how they marketed their fish and asked the question, and learned that they had regular days to go to Freeport, and that peddlers took the large fish such as striped bass, weakfish, bluefish, etc., while all fish under 2lbs. weight, that were marketable, went to New York, where they found a better sale than in the country. Then I knew where the peddlers got their fish that they brought me when I lived on Long Island. I had once a theory that their fish were a lot of unsalable truck from the city, but the bright eyes did not support the theory, and I bought, but never believed the story that the fish were fresh from the nets, as the peddlers declared.

In approaching the upper mash-rack, I saw and counted twenty-seven blue herons in the water at one time, feeding, while others were in the air. The sight did not seem to impress any one else as uncommon, but never before had I seen a flock of these birds which contained more than one individual. Evidently they were on their way south, and had found a good feeding ground. They had seen a boat before, and moved off as we came within rifle shot. I wanted a photo of them, but they were too distant to show up, and were scattered over a great extent of shoal.

This time we anchored far from shore and started the haul from the boat. The Captain had jumped overboard on the flats, and before we anchored the net was all out, he pulling to the boat against three men, as usual. The men all wore oilskin trousers that came to their armpits, and as they were open at the bottom, I marveled thereat. The more I thought about it the greater the puzzle became; why did thy wear 'em? At last, after considering it in different lights: It was a sort of professional uniform; it was heredity, their grandfathers wore 'em; they might keep mud and slime from their trousers, and other guesses, then I gave it up and asked Bob.

Said he: "We don't need 'em in the water, in fact they are stiff and awkward, but when we come out they keep the wind from rapidly evaporating the dampness from our trousers, and chilling us to the bone, when the air is not cold. Under these oilskins we warm the water about our legs, and it stays warm, that's all."

How simple a thing is when you know it!

Sand Worms for Striped Bass.

Baltimore, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several members of this club have used "blood worms" this fall for striped bass with great success. We have to send on to New York for them, and they are expensive. Can you tell us where they are propagated—or found? We may be able to get them, in that event, nearer home. They are a "new bait" to our fishermen, but surpass peelers, soft crabs and all else for striped bass: but we know nothing about them, except that they "do the work." Athenaeum Club.

[There are several species of these worms, which are commonly found in the sand or mud about low water mark. Others live in pools, hiding themselves among the vegetation that grows there. All of them are greedily devoured by most sorts of marine fishes, and make excellent bait. Collecting these worms is a regular trade about New York city, where they are sold by many dealers.

We have no doubt that they could be collected near Baltimore if it were made worth any one's while to do so. If these worms cannot be found on sale in Baltimore they might readily be shipped in some quantities from New York packed in sea lettuce. As, however, some of them are carnivorous, feeding on other worms, there might be some risk about this.

In Forest and Stream, April 3, 1890, Vol. IV., page 212, under the name *Nereis pelagica*, is figured one of the common forms found on the coast.

We suggest your sending some one to search for these worms in the sheltered, sandy and muddy coves about Baltimore. They may be looked for about low water mark, buried in the sand or mud, in much the same places where clams (*Mya arenaria*) are found. We shall be glad to learn the results of your investigations.]

Black Bass Breeding.

In response to our inquiry concerning the Richmond Club's bass breeding, Mr. George F. Peabody, president of the American Fisheries Society, writes:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to your request for information regarding the club as successfully propagating black bass, to which I alluded at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, held in Omaha July last, I take pleasure in giving you a careful account of work done and its results by the Richmond (Indiana) Fishing Club, from a letter recently received, written by one of its pioneer members.

Perhaps the figures will not reach into the millions, as is customary in the reports of public trout hatcheries, based upon the loose methods of estimating in vogue; but as the count is of definite fish, that came to maturity (i. e. fingerlings), I should say the results were very satisfactory, and the information should prove of value to fish-culturists. Geo. F. Peabody.

Geo. F. Peabody, President American Fisheries Society.—Dear sir: In answer to your letter, I would say that three years ago last spring I secured from the Union Ice Company a fifteen-year lease on their spring water pond. It covers about eight acres, and is 18ft. deep at the deepest point, and from 80 to 175 ft. wide. It is in the shape of a horseshoe, with the ice houses located on the peninsula. For the past thirty years small-mouth bass have been caught from this pond; but never in great numbers, as the water is very clear and they never seemed very abundant. The officers of the ice company agreed to make the lease with the understanding that, as proposed, a club should be organized, to protect their property and have full privileges as to the use of the water for propagating fish, angling, etc.

Our first move was the construction of a nursery pond, or, as our State Fish Commissioner says, a broodery pond. This is located in a deep valley next to our main pond; it is in the shape of a bowl, varying in depth from 6in. at its upper end to 5ft. at the lower end, where the pen stock and gates were located. This pond is fed from the upper main pond with pure spring water. It is about 90ft. wide by 170ft. long. After its completion that fall aquatic plants were placed in the shallow end, such as dock, lilies and others, their purpose being to attract water bugs, flies, etc., that lay their eggs on these leaves, and these supply the first food to the young bass fry.

The following spring we gathered our first crop of bass fry from the nests in the main pond, taking them in soft cheese cloth nets, and washing them off into buckets of pure spring water, and transferring them at once to the nursery. This was kept up as long as we could find the little bass coming off the nests. When the little fellows were two weeks old, we caught creek minnows, ran them through a sausage mill and fed the small pieces to the young bass. When two months old they would take live minnows 1in. to 1½in. long. From this period until fall we fed them live minnows once a week.

In October we opened the gates, letting the yearlings down into the box of our pen stock, and gathered them with a minnow net. They were from 3in. to 7in. long, though only a few were more than 6in. We counted every one we took out, and the total was 1,508. Many, of course, we did not get, as they caught in the moss that had grown up in the bottom of our pond, and died there, as we found a great many after the pond had dried out. We placed the ones we had secured in our main pond.

The second season we improved our nursery by laying planks through the center, and our prospects were favorable for a much larger supply, but in August of that season a violent rainstorm washed out one little pond, deluging it and running over the banks. We thought all the bass were gone, but on draining the pond in October we secured over 800. I have not the record of the exact number now, but it was between 800 and 900. We have now divided the nursery into two ponds, so we can sort the little bass, and expect next season, with favorable conditions, to increase our stock largely. We ought to raise easily 3,000 to 5,000. For further information of this plan, I refer you to Mr. Carl G. Thompson, of Swayzee, Ind., who, I think, is the most successful bass culturist in the country. Will S. Iliff.

Mr. Webb, in his "Manual of the Canvas Canoe" [published by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.], offers to lovers of outdoor life a means of more comprehensive enjoyment than Mr. Hammond in these days of scarcity of game. Avoiding the use of involved technical terms, and explaining clearly the simple lines upon which the canvas canoe is constructed, Mr. Webb places it within the power of any one endowed with a minimum of mechanical skill to construct one of these boats. It involves nothing more than the ability to trace the details of the working drawings of the canoe, which are given on a single sheet contained in a pocket attached to the cover of the book. This sheet represents two designs of canvas canoes. Either one may be built at a cost of from $12 to $15, of the dimensions of 14ft. in length, 28in. beam, 16in. at bow, and 14in. at stern. The cockpit is 8ft. long and 20in. wide, and affords ample sleeping and stowage room. Model No. 2 in the working drawings has 30in. beam instead of 28in. For all the purposes to which a cedar canoe can be applied the canvas canoe can be used, except, perhaps, in water where sharp rocks are encountered, and even then the latter's easy repair counterbalances the superior solidity of the former. As regards the first cost of two boats, the advantage is greatly in favor of the canvas canoe. Mr. Webb's chapter on hints of cookery for canoeists contains the most admirable formulas for the preparation of a few simple aliments that have ever come under out notice.—The Nation, Dec. 22.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are the largest publishers and importers in America of Books on Outdoor Sports. Their illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on request.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 16.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club. J. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—Logansport, Ind.—North Central Indiana Poultry Association's bench show. Sol. D. Brandt, Sec'y.

Jan. 19-21.—New Orleans, La.—New Orleans Fox Terrier Club's show. Wm. Le Monnier, Sec'y.

Jan. 23.—West Point, Miss.—Champion Field Trials Association's fourth annual trials.

Feb. 21-24.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual show. Jas. Mortimer, Sec'y and Supt.

March 7-10.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Butterfly Association's bench show. Miss Grace H. Griswold, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1899.

Jan. 16.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 6.—Madison, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's third annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

The Queer Behavior of a Foxhound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since I went out with a young foxhound owned a few miles from here. This dog is about two years and a half old, and has had a few foxes killed before him. I saw him run three times last winter, and he did well. The day I took out the dog the conditions were not very favorable, there being 1in. or so of very dry snow on the old snow, and owing to the extreme cold the snow would not hold much scent, and there were a great many fox tracks, both old and new, all mixed up, leading in all directions.

Just before reaching the house where the dog is owned, I saw a fox jump out of the road, and I was driving along. I took the dog back there and when he caught the scent he became very much excited, and for some time acted like a fool, losing the track and trying to run the wrong way. I got him straightened out after a while, but in the meantime the fox had got quite a lead, and had been on stone walls, over bare ledges and such places, and the dog had to work hard to follow the track. As it was a pretty open country with large, bare hills, I could watch the dog, although at some distance most of the time, and he worked well, getting mixed up now and then with some other tracks. I did not try to keep him out, as I wanted to see just what he could do.

After a while he jumped the fox, and evidently was very close to him at the time. For a few moments after jumping him the dog barked and yelped very fast, and I saw both fox and dog. They were in an open pasture about 50yds. apart, in plain sight of each other. Suddenly the dog stopped barking and fox and dog cantered along slowly for about 50yds., when the fox stopped, turned around and looked at the dog, the latter also stopped, then the fox sat down, and so did the dog, and then they both sat some 50yds. apart, looking at each other. This was not very entertaining to me, as I wanted to shoot the fox, but he was at least three gunshots away.

After awhile the dog got up, put his tail between his legs and sneaked off, heading toward home. I then called the fox up and shot him. As I was about to take off his pelt, the dog came to me, having followed my track from where I had left the road. He seemed very glad to see me, and when I showed him the dead fox, he bit and shook it a little, and did not seem at all afraid of it.

Now I have been out with a great many foxhounds. I have known of first rate running dogs, which would follow a fox all day, but which would not touch one when coming to it, after it was killed, but I never knew one to sneak off, leaving a live fox sitting in plain sight. A puppy might do this had he never before seen a fox. I have also known of a number of instances where our very best fox dogs have refused to follow a vixen during the rutting season; they would follow the track of such a fox very eagerly, but when the fox was started would at once turn around, and come back, and sometimes the fox would follow on after the dog.

This dog I am speaking of has chased a good many foxes, and is very keen on a track; he will not follow anything except a fox, and takes no notice of rabbits. At first I thought the fox might be a vixen which had got ahead of time as to the rutting season, but it proved to be an old dog fox, weighing 11½lbs. C. M. Stark.

Dunbarton, N. H., Dec. 20.

Mars Won Third in the International.

Petrolia, Ont., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly correct an error which appears in your report of the international trials held at Mitchells Bay last month. In it Brighton Bob is credited with having won third place in the All-Age Stake. The credit of this win should have been given to my doy, Mars, who ran his two heats without an error.

As wins are not so frequent with the majority of us that we can afford to disregard them, I trust you will place the credit where it is due. J. B. Dale.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the first annual terrier show, to be held at Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans, La., under the auspices of the New Orleans Fox Terrier Club, Jan. 19-21, can be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. William Le Monnier.

As game and fish become less numerous, treatises on how to kill the one or take the other increase proportionately. Mr. Hammond's little book, "Hunting vs. Missing," however, comes not amiss, for what he has to tell is the outcome of fifty years' experience. In that time he has seen the evolution of the shotgun from the muzzleloader to the latest development of the multiple-fire. Mr. Hammond does not write from the standpoint of a maker of shotguns, but from that of the sportsman whose knowledge of them has come from persistent following of the sports of the field. His acquaintance with the subject is clearly defined in his chapter on the choosing of the gun. He there emphasizes the prime condition of accurate shooting—the fit of the shotgun to the physical peculiarities of the gunner. Where this requirement is neglected, no normal man can hope to become what is known as a "dead shot." Mr. Hammond exhibits equal common sense in his treatment of other topics connected with the use of the shotgun.—The Nation, Dec. 22.

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 27-30.—St. Thomas, Can.—Tournament of St. Thomas Gun Club. Jack Parker, Manager.

Dec. 28-29.—Auburn, N. Y.—Auburn Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

1899.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—Annual shoot of the South Side Gun Club. I. H. Terrill, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Newark, N. J.—New Year's shoot of the East Side Gun Club; live birds; begins at 10 A. M.; main event at 15 birds, $5, birds extra.

Jan. 2.—Rutherford, N. J.—Boiling Springs handicap, with bird allowance, $5 entrance, targets included at 1½ cents, to be deducted from purse. Nobody barred. Rose system.

Jan. 5.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of East Side Gun Club; main event, match between Morfey and Schortemeier for E. C. cup and State championship.

Jan. 10.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Brooklyn Gun Club's invitation live-bird shoot. John Wright, Manager.

Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Oont.—Annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,000 guaranteed. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—Reading, Pa.—The Reading handicap; open to all, $10 entrance, $150 guaranteed. Arthur A. Fink, Manager.

Jan. 18.—Stony Creek, Pa.—Stony Creek handicap, 25 live birds. A. A. Fink, Manager, 426 Franklin St., Reading, Pa.

April 6-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Fulford's handicap at live birds. E. D. Fulford, Manager.

April 11-13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—The Interstate Association's seventh annual Grand American Handicap tournament.

April 18-20.—Lincoln, Neb.—The Lincoln Gun Club's second annual interstate tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Baltimore, Md.—Prospect Park Shooting Association's tournament; $500 added. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Fred Tibbler, of the City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, sends us a clipping from the Picayune of Dec. 21, which states that "Within the next few weeks a special meeting of the City Park Gun Club will be called for the purpose of discussing and arranging for the proposed State championship trap-shoot. This shoot will be held next spring, just after the hunting season has come to a close. At present the members of the club are so busily engaged searching the hills for quail and the marshes for ducks that they have no time to give such dead sport as blue-rocks any attention. Mr. Percy S. Benedict, who is one of the leading members of the club, and one of the best trap-shots in the city, while discussing the proposed championship tournament, expressed himself decidedly in favor of the plan. Some time ago such a shoot was suggested, but the time was not ripe. However, the question has been raised again, and there is now a general desire among the members to have the match. Naturally all the trap-shots are hunters, and they are now devoting their time to the more exciting and serviceable sport. Just as soon as the ducks have begun their journey northward and the laws protecting game resume force, the trap-shots will revive interest in clay pigeons. It is proposed to give a certain number of events, with the State championship, as the most important feature of the tournament. All the shots in Louisiana will be brought to the city for the contests, and as the tournament will doubtless be given during the middle of May, some of the crack shots of the country are expected South for exhibitions. There are a number of good shots who travel for gun companies, and these salesmen keep in close touch with tournaments. The local affair will be the first of a series of annual shoots, and within the next year or two the City Park Gun Club will doubtless make an effort to secure one of the great tournaments of the country."

The desk calendar issued by the Marlin Fire Arms Co. is a gem of artistic good taste. It portrays a field scene in the home of the quail. An English setter is on an intense point in the foreground; an Irish setter, standing in spirited pose with one foot on a rock joins in the point, while ready for the rise is a sportsman holding his gun in a position for instant use. The coloring is very pleasing. Concerning it the Marlin Fire Arms Co. writes us: "The design by Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, is in the artist's best style, showing a sportsman afield with a pair of setters and his Marlin repeating shotgun. The printing is on fine bristol-board, and done by the most modern method of color photography, or three-color process. The calendar pad is engraved. We will mail one of these calendars to any reader of your publication who will send us one stamp to pay postage."

The calendar for the year 1899 issued by the Du Pont Company bears spirited portrayals of scenes of the chase. At the top is a mountain scene, in which is a mountain sheep taking a wild leap across a deep chasm, while his companion, sinking to the rock on the edge of the precipice, shows the paralysis of a mortal hurt. At the bottom is a field scene, a pointer and setter on point, two shooters advancing with guns ready for instant action at the flush of the birds.

On New Year's Day, in addition to the regular programme shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., there will be a handicap at 25 live birds for a beautiful trophy, valued at $150, which will be known as the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy. This event will be open to any shooter belonging to any organized club in Buffalo. The committee in charge are Messrs. E. N. McCarney, C. S. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett. The conditions, etc., will be announced later.

Monday being a holiday, and Tuesday being a busy day in FOREST AND STREAM printing office in consequence, several communications on trap matters are necessarily left over till next week, owing to the lack of time. Among those are the report of the Burkhardt-Besser match, shot at Audubon Park, Dec. 22, won by Mr. Besser by a score of 93 to 89. Mr. Burkhardt challenged Mr. Besser for another match, $100 to $500 a side.

Mr. P. A. Jeanneret, captain of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, sends us notice that on Jan. 2, on the club's grounds, in Rutherford, N. J., the Boiling Springs handicap will be held. The conditions are 100 targets, $5 entrance, targets deducted at 1½ cents; bird allowance. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Nobody barred.

Messrs. L. G. Duff Grant, secretary, and F. W Jones, chemist, of the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Company, of England, arrived on the Teutonic on Wednesday, Dec. 21. They were detained two days in the heavy fog which enveloped New York at that time.

At Watson's Park, Chicago, Dec. 20, the Chicago challenge trophy was the object of contest between Messrs. E. C. Rice and E. S. Rice, the latter winning. The score:

E. C. Rice, 37, 5 .....2221002020022010220000011012201—17
E. S. Rice, 30, 0 .....2221112101022112122112111 —23

Mr. Chas. H. Bamberg, secretary of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., sends us notice that the club has claimed the week commencing on June 7 for the New York State shoot, which is be held under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

The Reading handicap, at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, $150 guaranteed, to take place Jan. 18 next, is under the management of Mr. Arthur A. Fink, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa., to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

A team match at 10 live birds, $25 a side and price of birds was shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Dec. 23, with the following results: Checola's team—Mareviglia 5, Simonetti 8, Checola 7, Murphy 6—26. Dr. Peters' team—Grabow 5, Gackle 6, Dr. Peters 6, Helkus 3—20.

As will be noted on referring to Mr. Edward Banks' communication in our Trap columns, Mr. R. O. Heikes has promptly accepted Mr. E. D. Fulford's challenge to contest for the E. C. cup and the inanimate target championship.

There are three events in the Brooklyn Gun Club's live-bird invitation shoot on Jan. 10, at Dexter Park. No. 1, 5 birds, $3; No. 2, 7 birds, $5; No. 3, 10 birds, $10. Handicappers, Messrs. Edward Banks, Jacob Pentz and W. R. Hobart.

Capt. A. W. Money, who had a severe attack of cold from exposure in his recent live-bird match, is recovering rapidly. No shooter is more popular and none has been so much missed about New York the past few weeks.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, (who shoots a Winchester truly) hale, ruddy and irrepressible, is in New York for the holidays, and is enthusiastic in the matter of matches for 1899.

The regular shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club will be held at Marion, N. J., on Jan. 2, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

We are heartily pleased to learn that Admiral Courtney is now recovering from his severe attack of illness, which at one time had symptoms of developing into pnuemonia.

Messrs. J. Hildreth and A. J. Cameron, traveling representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., were in New York in time for the Christmas season.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., returned to Memphis after the Interstate Association meeting to pass the holiday season there.

Conveyances will be on hand to convey visitors from the trolley cars to the East Side Gun Club's grounds, Foundry street and Plank Road.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Mr. Smith Explains.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of my friends, some of whom took the article in your paper of Dec. 3 as a joke, but especially for those who looked upon it in a more serious manner, I wish to answer by stating the case just as it is. After the shoot Thanksgiving Day several members of the club, including Mr. Duryea and myself, gathered around a table for refreshments. During the conversation Mr. Duryea, who did not seem pleased with his day's performance, offered to shoot any amateur in Chicago or the West for $500, 100 birds. I made the remark that he could easily be accommodated, when he offered to give me 25 dead birds in 100 and shoot 100 for $50 a side. I, not knowing of the technical point taken, accepted, shoot to take place next day. I was informed next morning that the game was for him to shoot at 100 birds and I to shoot at 75 birds, which was not any handicap for me whatever. I supposed we were both to shoot at 100 birds, I to have 25 dead, which would be about an even match between us. However, I did not think any advantage would be taken, and was on hand to shoot. Immediately upon my arrival Mr. Duryea proposed to shoot at his 25 birds first. Seeing that it was his intention to take advantage of the technical point, I refused to shoot. I did not enter into any controversy, as I did not think it necessary. I offered to pay Mr. Duryea for any expense he had been to in the matter. You can readily see my position, when I tell you that I have only been shooting three seasons at the traps, while Mr. Duryea has had a life's experience, and it was not my intention to allow him to catch me in any of the tricks of the game.

F. M. SMITH.

Proposed Big Western Circuit.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 24.—An interesting enterprise was started by the energetic men of the Limited Gun Club at Indianapolis this week, and it is very likely that it will be put in force in whole or in part during the next fall season. The plan proposed by Mr. Hearsey and others, and fully discussed by representatives of different cities attending the shoot this week at Indianapolis, is to get up a grand Western trap circuit, to begin late next summer and to last until winter time, covering seven different cities. The schedule laid out is as follows: Detroit, third week of August; Chicago, fourth week of August; Indianapolis, first week of September; Dayton, second week of September; Cincinnati, third week of September; Nashville, fourth week of September; St. Louis, first week in October. This order was thought the best possible after considering probable weather, the fall hunting seasons, etc. This will give these different towns long advance notice on dates, and it is likely that the idea will receive immediate support by most of the cities named. Jack Parker promised for Detroit, Rolla Heikes for Dayton, and John Lilly for Indianapolis, on the above dates. What can Mr. Watson do for Chicago on this head? Cincinnati can almost be promised, and very likely St. Louis would fall into line. This circuit would hold together the best of the Western shooting talent, and in a way guarantee the success of every shoot on the circuit. Let us have this thing adopted and make a big success of it.

Grand American.

Sentiment at Indianapolis was divided this week on the question of money divisions in the Grand American Handicap, the decision on this head having been learned at Indianapolis. Some were in favor of letting in a larger number of guns, but I think the great majority of those present were quite against the class shooting idea, than which nothing could be more injurious to the Grand American, and one might almost say more degrading to the sport in America. A number of those speaking on the matter held to a strict high gun basis, on the ground that we are entitled to one big finish event during the year. This always seemed to me the only sporting view possible of this thing, though I do not look at it from any business basis. There were some of the boys who surprised me by coming out flat-footed for more moneys and less risk. I am very much afraid sometimes when I pause to reflect, that I shall have trouble in my life-work in reforming the trap. How the trap shot does love to get into a pot! Mostly he would rather have half a pot than take any chance of having no mun. I would like to know where the spirit of '76 is going to in this country. Our shooters to-day are all scared and apparently all in need of remuneration. The division which promises the most remuneration is the best system in the eyes of the average tournament man, and a vote of the shooting fraternity would no doubt show that plainly. Yet the Grand American could get along very tidily without some of the voters. Anyhow, as the Irishman says in the play, it is settled now. We shall have a large crowd of Western shooters there next spring, and indeed we would have had a large crowd there on almost any system that the management could have suggested. The West is no vest-pocket borough. If our folks want to shoot, they are going to shoot, and it may be desirable to watch their smoke a few lines. The West is due to win again.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 23.—The Boston Gun Club's initial shoot was well attended despite the somewhat poor weather conditions. While not exactly raining, it gave promise to, and the thick fog which closed in for the whole afternoon rendered the shooting conditions a little peculiar, the slow man behind the gun getting much the worst of it. A target 30yds. away was exceedingly small, if not wholly lost, and after that it was a case of guessing. For a first shoot, however, the scores will bear inspection. In the Christmas goose event, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown, the following scores were made: Gordon 21, Dennison 21, Miskay 21, Leroy 20, Johns 19, Hollis 19, Sheffield 18, Howe 18, Leonard 18, Woodruff 13, Barrett 12. The tie was shot off in next event: Miskay 8, Dennison 7, Gordon 7. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	6	10	5	6	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sheffield, 16	8	8	3	8	4	2	12	6	6	6	7	9	7
Miskay, 18	6	3	3	10	4	3	12	9	8	10	8	6	10
Leroy, 21	8	7	1	8	4	4	13	7	6	10	..	..	..
Howe, 17	6	6	3	8	4	2	11	7	6	6	6	7	..
Barrett, 17	7	9	4	10	2	4	9	3	8	7	..	..	..
Leonard, 16	9	7	3	9	3	3	12	6	9	8	..	..	..
Horace, 18	4	..	4	4	2	4	8	..	3	6	..	..	..
Gordon, 17	9	8	..	6	3	4	12	9	7	4	10	7	10
Woodruff, 17	6	5	..	8	3	3	9	4	8	10	9	8	5
Johns, 16	8	..	..	7	4	2	11	8	8	..	..	..	..
Dennison, 16	6	10	..	9	2	3	12	9	7	7	9	8	7
Hollis, 18	7	..	..	8	4	3	11	8	6	5	7	4	7
Sewall, 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	7	3	7

Events 1, 4, 7, 9, 11 and 13, known angles; 2, 5, 8 and 10, unknown; 12, reverse; 3 and 6, pairs.

First contest individual prize series, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Leroy, 21	0111110111— 8	11011—4	11 10 10—4—16
Miskay, 18	1111111111—10	11110—4	00 10 11—3—17
Barrett, 17	1111111111—10	01010—2	10 11 10—4—16
Leonard, 16	0111111111— 9	10011—3	10 10 10—3—15
Hollis, 18	1101011111— 8	01111—4	01 11 00—3—15
Sheffield, 16	1111010111— 8	01111—4	00 10 01—2—14
Howe, 17	1111110101— 8	11110—4	10 00 10—2—14
Woodruff, 17	0111101111— 8	10011—3	10 10 10—3—14
Dennison, 16	1011111111— 9	10010—2	10 01 10—3—14
Gordon, 17	1101101010— 6	01011—3	10 11 10—4—13
Johns, 16	1101101011— 7	11011—4	00 01 10—2—13
Horace, 18	1001100010— 4	00110—2	11 10 10—4—10

Two-men team match, 40 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown, each shooter; distance handicaps:

Leroy	0111110001— 6	1111111111—10—16
Barrett	1111111001— 8	0101011111— 7—15—31
Gordon	0111110110— 7	1001010001— 4—11
Woodruff	1111101101— 8	1111111111—10—18—29
Miskay	1110111101— 8	1111111111—10—18
Horace	0101001000— 3	1011110010— 6— 9—27
Dennison	0111100111— 7	1110010111— 7—14
Hollis	1100110011— 6	1011001001— 5—11—25

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 17.—Manager Arthur A. Fink, of the Reading handicap, to be shot Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1899, reports as having thus far received nine entries, and of the nine six are from shooters out of town. Among the nearby shooters who expect to enter are Trumbauer, of Royersford; Benner and Wien, of Boyertown; Irwin, of Pottstown; Keystone, of Lebanon; Clouser, of Gibraltar; Wertz, of Lime Kiln; Spatz and Hainly, of Sinking Spring; J. T. and Hiltebeidel, of Bingen; and Coldren, Harrison, Jack, Schmeck, of Reading. The management expects to have in all about forty entries, and therefore has been buying up birds from all parts of the State. The shooting grounds can easily be reached from Penn street, Reading, by taking the car with the red flag, going east, which runs direct to the entrance. The event is open to the world, being at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, $150 guarantee, $75, $50, $25; three high guns; but if two entries over fifteen are received $20 will be given fourth high gun, after which all remaining money will be added 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent. to the above purses, four high guns. Entries close Jan. 17, 1899, and must be accompanied by $2.50 forfeit. Entries will be received up to 12 M. on day of shoot, but all entered after Jan. 17, 12 M., must shoot scratch, 30yds. Handicaps 26 to 30yds. Send all entries to Manager Arthur A. Fink, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa.

Dec. 17.—The members of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held a practice shoot this afternoon on the club grounds. The next shoot for the club badges will be held Dec. 26.

A new gun club is to be organized in this city about the first of the new year, and from present outlook there will be about fifty charter members. It is the intention of the club to erect a grounds suitable for live-bird contests, and as Mr. Gus Resh, proprietor of Somerset Hotel, situated in Berne Township, right across the Schuykill River from the city, which is easily reached by trolley cars, is one of the prime movers of the new organization, and as he has kindly offered an acre of ground for the new shooting grounds, it is hoped that when they begin the committee will visit different grounds of note and build a live-bird shooting park that the Reading sportsmen can be proud of. Among the gentlemen interested are some of Reading's best live-bird shots.

Boyertown, Pa., Dec. 14.—At a meeting of the Boyertown Rod and Gun Club, of this place, it was decided to hold their annual fall target shoot Thursday, Dec. 29, beginning at 10 A. M. The tournament committee, consisting of Capt. Wien, Benner and Schealer, reported as having secured Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, to manage said tournament. The Boyertown Club deserve the patronage of all target shooters in this section of the State, as for the past four years by their hard, earnest work they have restocked the woods of southern Berks county with quail, and are very good help to the game warden of the State for this district. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each, Sergeant system, two traps being set in a pit and changed different angles every target. The programme will consist of sweeps of 10, 15 and 20 targets, with an entrance fee that is easy for every shooter's pocket-book.

Philadelphia Trap Shooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—The tenth monthly tournament and team match of the Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day under the auspices of the Southwark Gun Club on the grounds of the Silver Lake Gun Club. For the whole series of shoots the Southwark Club wins first prize and Roxborough second, a tie exists between the Roxborough and Independent clubs for the E. C. trophy, which is to be awarded to the club winning first place the greatest number of times. This tie will be shot off at a special league shoot, which will be held on the grounds of the Clearview Club on Jan. 14.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Southwark.					
O'Brien	29	24	Humer	28	26
Vincent	29	17	Winchester	28	21
Woodstager	28	24		170	131
Fisher	28	19			
Roxborough.					
Pepper	29	27	Cowan	28	24
Giles	28	24	McFalls	28	18
Stumm	28	21		169	132
Butler	28	18			
Silver Lake.					
Ford	29	24	Reed	28	15
McAfee	29	19	Smith	28	17
Hahn	28	22		170	107
Burt	28	10			
Clearview.					
Dorricott	33	6	Leonard	33	22
Fisher	33	25		132	80
Miller	33	27			
Florist.					
Burton	26	22	Anderson	26	19
Harris	26	13		78	54

DUSTER.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—This was an ideal day for trap-shooting, and it was taken advantage of by the members of the Audubon Gun Club. The eighth contest for the R. H. Hebard trophy was the main attraction on to-day's programme. This event was won by U. E. Storey, who scored 25 out of 30, with 5 added, making him 30 total. This event was No. 5 on the card. No. 4 event was the club badge shoot; Dr. E. S. Carroll won Class A badge, T. B. Walkers won Class B, and U. E. Storey won Class C after shooting off tie with J. E. Lodge. No. 6 was at 7 live birds. E. N. McCarney won first money with 7 straight, E. C. and C. S. Burkhardt divided second with 6 each.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	7	Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	7
C Burkhardt	13	14	11	22	24	6	J Lodge	12	17	13	..	..	..
R Hebard	7	10	9	16	19	6	E McCarney	..	..	..	12	..	7
E Burkhardt	14	11	12	14	25	6	U Storey	..	..	..	18	25	..
T Walker	10	12	10	18	22	4	Porter	..	..	..	16	22	..
Crooks	4	7	7	14	18	..	Dr Carroll	..	..	..	24	20	..
R Robinson	11	12	12	22	25	..	I Reid	..	..	..	13	..	4
D Kerew	10	..	11	20	25	4	Leischner	..	..	11	..	13	..	5
Talsma	..	12	..	17	..	..	Norris	..	..	10	..	19	..	..
Warren	..	10	10	20	16	4	C Hebard	..	9	..	..	..	4
Jacobs	..	..	8	16	25	..							

On New Year's Day, in addition to the Audubon Gun Club's regular programme, there will be a big handicap at 25 live birds for a beautiful trophy valued at $150, donated by Clinton Bidwell, and will be known as the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy well, and willl be open to any shooter belonging to any organized club in the city. The committee having this event in charge are E. N. McCarney, C. S. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett. Conditions, with full particulars, will be announced later.

J. J. Reid, president of the Audubon Gun Club, called a special meeting last Saturday night at the club rooms, 21 West Eagle street, for the purpose of appointing committees, etc., to take charge of the State shoot, to be held under their auspices in June next. The meeting proved a very enthusiastic one, and if the same spirit continues among the members the shoot of 1899 cannot help to be a memorial one in these events. The donation list was opened up, and from seven members present it was started with $425 in cash and $350 in merchandise prizes. The following chairmen were appointed by the president for the respective committees, which alone is assurance of a grand success: Executive Committee, Charles S. Burkhardt; Transportation, A. J. Barnes; Hotel and Rates, John A. Kennedy; Reception, Jas. J. Reid; Live Birds, L. W. Bennett.

CHAS. J. MOYER.

E. C. Championship Contest.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from Mr. R. O. Heikes an acceptance of Mr. E. D. Fulford's challenge for the E. C. cup and the inanimate target championship. Mr. Heikes requests me to notify Mr. Fulford that he is perfectly willing to shoot the match at some Eastern point, and suggests the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., which are located at Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R., as a suitable place for the shoot. Mr. Heikes names Saturday, Jan. 21, 1899, as the date, and 1:30 P. M. as the time for the match.

It will be well for me to state that I have been in communication with Mr. W. N. Stevenson, of the Keystone Shooting League, with a view to having the shoot held on his club's grounds, provided Mr. Heikes was agreeable to shoot the match near here, and have received a favorable reply from him. There is therefore little doubt but what the match will be shot at Holmesburg Junction, as above.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.

Limited Gun Club Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 23.—The weather clerk and Santa Claus made strong combination against the second Grand Central handicap tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, this week. The club had gone to great pains in arranging its five days' shoot, but on four days out of five the weather was beastly. Moreover, the dates finally selected brought the shoot on the week before Christmas, which is hardly a good time for such business. The average shooter, after the fashion of the Cadi, wished to have a little Christmas of his own, and moreover he is sometimes obliged to choose between the cashier's window and the stockings of the loved ones at home. Lastly, a good many of the shooters in this part of the country had dropped some money at John Watson's shoot and at Kewanee earlier in this week. I presume that the aggregation of regulars who struck Indianapolis Monday morning made up the worst broke crowd that ever went to a shoot. They only had about $6 or $8 between them, and they borrowed this around cheerfully until drafts and letters from wives and families reached Indianapolis. The first half of the week was mighty economical. John Watson and his pigeon game have taken about all the good money out of circulation for this fall. Along toward the close of the week the combination began to receive money from the cashier and from the "house," and things were a trifle livelier about the Grand Central Hotel.

If the crowd which turned out proved only half what it should have been, the fact certainly cannot be attributed to any lack of preparation or care on the part of the management. The Limited Gun Club does things on no half-way basis. The new grounds are easily reached by fast trolley, and are well suited to club house purposes. The club house itself is splendidly arranged, and it boasts a vast fireplace, fed from the natural gas lakes which lie under Indiana. This is the first time I ever attended a tournament where there was a big open fireplace, and now I do not want to attend any other kind. The boys would come in out of the cold and gather in groups about the fire in the most homelike way. This contributed much to the perfect sociability of the tournament, and after all, money is not the only thing. I do not remember ever to have passed pleasanter days at a shoot, in spite of the inclement weather. One feature much appreciated by the shooters was the good, warm lunch provided in the club house each day, and which was served without charge. This shows alike the hospitality and the hardihood of the management, for a crowd of hungry shooters is no sinecure at a dinner table.

Mr. John Lilly, manager, received the warmest encouragement and approbation for his efficiency in the hustling, and he was ably assisted by Messrs. Beck and Tripp, of the tournament committee. Mr. Marrott, president, was also everywhere useful, and so was Mr. H. T. Hearsey, the able secretary. Not a great many of the local men came out, but those who did appear were an awfully good sort. Mr. E. H. Tripp shot a good clip all through the week, and was picked as winner of the handicap on Friday, though that fell out otherwise. Dr. Britton, the old-time sparrow shot, came out only for the targets, though he visited later in the week. Of the non-residents quite a number were on hand. Tom Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., and Secretary Height came all the way from across the border to attend this shoot. Jack Parker, of Detroit, came in their party, and they all proselyted for the big St. Thomas shoot. I should like to say to all who have not already learned that fact, that Mr. Donley is a mighty pleasant man, something of a shooter himself, and will give a rattling big shoot. There was a man named Harvey McMurchy, claiming to represent the Hunter Arms Co., who was also present, and who figured somewhat in the proceedings. Jack Winston was on hand, but entered only in the Friday handicap. Tramp Irwin, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., went down from Chicago. The spidery Charlie Young, of Springfield, O., cut a good deal of a swath. Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Ed Rike, of Dayton, made a little heavier total for Ohio than Charlie Young can show on the scales. Rolla Heikes was there, of course, and so was Jimmie Elliott and Gold Dust Fanning, alias Little Bull Seal, alias Sharkey the Lamb, etc. Elmer Neal, the stocky Chicago product, now of Bloomington, Ind., came over and tangled up with the procession. U. M. C. Hallowell, Jr., was strictly in it all the time, and more irrepressible than ever. Billy Schuler, of Cincinnati, gave an example of how nice men grow on the banks of the Ohio, and Charlie Budd, of Iowa, was present, as chipper and blithe as ever. Fred Gilbert came in with Jim Elliott, from Kewanee, Thursday morning. Gilbert was high average at Kewanee, though not so lucky at Indianapolis.

The first day was devoted to targets, the following two days were put in at sparrows, the fourth day was a pigeon day and the fifth day was taken up with the capital event, the Grand Central handicap. The returns show Pop Heikes 6 birds ahead of the nearest competitor in the targets. Charlie Young came out in front as the sparrow champion. McMurchy was high gun in the pigeon game. Reference to the scores in all these styles of shooting will show that the Limited Gun Club puts up a shooter's game in all particulars. The grounds, while pleasant, are very difficult shooting grounds. Back of the outer boundary arises a sharp hill, surmounted by a fence, the whole making a very difficult background.

Monday, Day, Targets.

There were eight 20-bird races, $2.50, class shooting, 10 cents of each entry given to five high guns of finishers. Known experts were required to pay $2 each for benefit of eight amateurs finishing. The weather was rainy and chilly and the sport did not begin until 2 P. M., but a record-breaking speed was kept up by the skillful shots participating, and the programme was concluded, some 2,560 targets being shot in three hours. A few unimportant sweeps were run off, the following being the scores of the programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Heikes	19	19	18	19	18	19	19	20
Fanning	19	19	20	16	17	17	20	17
Budd	19	13	16	20	18	20	17	18
McMurchy	18	16	19	18	19	18	18	17
Beck	18	14	16	19	18	19	17	18
Irwin	17	14	15	13	..	17	..	..
Rike	17	19	18	17	13	16	19	18
Cooper	16	14	20	16	17	18	18	17
Hoosier	15	15	20	18	18	16	20	14
Apperson	15	17	15	17	18	16	19	18
Parry	15	16	16	19	15	18	20	17
Tripp	14	15	18	19	15	19	17	17
Young	14	14	19	20	19	16	19	17
[illegible]ington	14	14	16	16	15	..	19	18
Keller	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	15	14	..	..	..	..
Griff	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..

High averages for the day were Heikes 151, Fanning 145, McMurchy 143, Budd 141, Young and Beck tied for fifth place on 138.

esda , Sparrows.

This was class shooting also, and at expensive targets, but the Indianapolis specialty as usual proved so interesting, not to say exciting, that all forgot the money into which the little brown beggars rapidly run. There were four races, 20 birds, $6, 10 per cent. divided among five high guns finishing. The shooting was in strings of ten, from the double sets of Hill sparrow traps, rapid-fire, no retrieving. The local men could give the visitors cards and spades in this game at first, but the good ones early began to catch on to the requirements and made a strong finish. The weather was dull and lowering, and against the brown and gray background the little birds showed but dimly at times. Sometimes the shooter would lose sight of the bird altogether and shoot by guess. Often it happened that the shooter would have to turn and readjust his aim a half-dozen times before he could connect. In several cases birds were killed within 10yds. of the gun, incomers, and I saw two instances, of Hallowell and McMurchy, where the birds were struck full and so close to the gun that its body was entirely blown into fragments, only a puff of feathers being carried on with the load. Much laughter and cheering attended the progress of the sparrow shooting. The trapping was rapid and efficient. A preliminary sweep, 10 sparrows, $2, was divided by Ed Voris and McMurchy, straight, Hall and Rike 9, Young, Irwin, Heikes and Werk 8. There were two miss-and-outs, the first won by Werk, Budd, Tripp and Young; the second by Tripp, Voris, Young, Beck and Neal. A little pigeon sweep was also made up, handicap, 10 birds, $5. Messrs. Lilly and Heikes placed the men. The birds were a clean lot of goers. Tripp, Budd and Beck were the only three men who killed 10 straight. Following are the scores of this extra.

Tripp, 29	2222112222—10	Voris, 29	212211*121— 9
Beck, 29	1112122222—10	Young, 30	2212222202— 9
Hallowell, 29	2122202222— 9	McMurchy, 31	2221211022 —8
Fanning, 31	2*12112120— 8	Heikes, 31	2222222220— 9
Werk, 27	101[illegible]	Budd 31	1122221222—10
Parry, 27	22*2202222— 8	Stilwell, 27	1022211112— 9
Neal, 28	2*11222*12— 8	Irwin, 28	1101221*21— 8
Rike, 28	1021111222— 9	Lilly, 28	*022122102— 7

Following are the scores of the regular sparrow programme:

First event, 20 sparrows, $6:

Rike	21211111211111222110—19
Budd	11112112202111111111—19
Heikes	21112011221110122111—18
Young	11110122111112011112—18
Cooper	22201121202121211111—18
Voris	21111011110101111111—17
Beck	21111111210012210211—17
Fanning	12011111110101111021—16
Tripp	01120111010121111110—15
Hallowell	10111121112020010210—14
Parry	12201111011200010211—14
McMurchy	02210202112101201100—13
Irwin	01021122102001200222—13
Werk	00200222102000012101—10
Coons	10110102020000010010— 8

Second event, 20 sparrows:

Budd	11111212111011211111—19
McMurchy	12010111111211211111—18
Beck	12112102120111111111—18
Tripp	21120121121112220201—17
Young	20101211212121122011—17
Rike	11111112121101101011—17
Parry	20111202211111121101—17
Heikes	12212112101021101121—16
Voris	11210112221101101101—16
Hallowell	11100121221120211120—16
Fanning	22100121212120101111—16
Irwin	11112201102210111210—16
Cooper	02101121111011200021—14
Werk	11101011101211021100—14
Coons	01011210011200120110—12

Third event, 20 sparrows:

Young	11111111111111122211—20
Tripp	21021211211111221111—19
Heikes	12211201211111111111—19
McMurchy	12111111122111111101—19
Beck	12221101121111021211—18
Stillwell	02121111211111111210—18
Rike	11111111111110101211—18
Budd	10012021111111112112—17
Cooper	02112111010121111101—16
Fanning	21011122011222100221—16
Hallowell	12111202102101011010—14
Voris	11101201011102001201—13
Wert	00122201100101121120—13
Parry	01011121101001201110—13

Fourth event 20 sparrows:

Tripp	12111111111111221111—20
Heikes	21111111121112112121—20
Young	21111111212120111111—19
Budd	01112111111111011211—18
McMurchy	21111121212212001121—18
Fanning	11211012111011111211—18
Stillwell	11111021112211111110—18
Parry	22122111221101122011—18
Cooper	01111121100121111121—17
Hallowell	21002211212022111111—17
Beck	11121021111011101211—17
Rike	11111111011110111011—17
Voris	11110111011100111100—14
Werk	21012101020200100000— 9

ws.

The attendance picked up, but the bad weather and bad light made a good many reluctant to risk their money in the game of hide and seek with the sparrow bird. The entry dropped off considerably. Heikes and Young had mishaps which set them back a little in their shooting, but Ed Rike pulled up strong. The glory was mostly monopolized by Tripp, who killed 62 sparrows and pigeons straight, a most remarkable performance on these grounds, which are by no means easy. A couple of minor sweeps as usual filled in the early and late hours. Cooper won a miss-and-out with 5 kills. A second live-bird sweep was a handicap, made up as below:

Fifteen-pigeon handicap:

McMurchy, 31	111111122212121—15
Cooper, 28	21122212112222—15
Tripp, 29	22101211221212l—14
Young, 30	21122221212 2*22—14
Hallowell, 29	1022211212121l2—14
[illegible], 28	11222121011222—14
Werk, 27	22112111011111l—14
Budd, 31	12122222202*2122—13
Parker, 31	01222222220l122—13
Marot, 27	22212110112110 2—13
Fanning, 31	22*101222201212—12
Beck, 29	22210121202*222—12
Lilly, 28	22221020022111 2—12
Coons, 27	01*12*212201122—11
Heikes, 31	222222*22021*00—10
Parry, 27	00212022222200 2—10
Donley, 26	21201220210100 1—10
Coxey, 27	000121*1*020000— 5

Following were the scores in the regular sparrow programme:

First event:

Fanning	12112011211111201111—18
Tripp	11111202012122111121—18
Budd	11121111120012202l1—17
Neal	22122111121112201020—17
Heikes	11111111101011001l2—16
Rike	11011210112101011111—16
Young	11011112111121100012—16
McMurchy	01112202202111002212—15
Hallowell	10010101211201021 22—14
Coons	21011100112001121101—14
Beck	10010110220101121100—12
Irwin	22000012120210010122—12

Second event:

Tripp	12111120111112221111—19
Hallowell	12110111111101111111—18
Fanning	01112121211101101112—17
Budd	11112111011101022112—17
Young	21021111100121212101—16
McMurchy	11100121001101111121—15
Heikes	10100111101121011211—15
Rike	21110110011101221201—15
Beck	11111101012011000112—14
Neal	21111010002101221011—14
Coons	00120020111000211002—10

Third event.

Fanning	11112111120211111121—19
Heikes	12101122111111111121—19
Young	11211222111112011211—19
Tripp	20110211112121221111—18
Neal	21111111210111211202—18
Budd	12011002111221111111—17
McMurchy	21121121021101210211—17
Hallowell	02010121201111111221—16

Fourth event:

Fanning	12121111111101121111—19
McMurchy	12222101110121111111—18
Young	11012111011211111111—18
Budd	22221112012110210112—17
Heikes	12221202111110212210—17
Hallowell	11110211112101111110—17
Tripp	12121201002111120221—16
Neal	01210122112112111100—16

The comparisons of averages on sparrows for the two days were interesting, five men being bunched as closely as possible and still be apart. On the two days' total Young was first, 143 killed out of 160; Tripp second, 142; Budd third, 141; Heikes fourth, 140; Fanning fifth, 139. Mr. Lilly in behalf of the Limited Gun Club presented Mr. Young with a handsome glass loving cup as a souvenir of his success.

Thursday, Fourth Day, Pigeons.

The day was dark and gloomy, with occasional rain. The crowd was small, but pleasant, and the circle around the fire was a jolly one. At lunch Mr. Lilly read a letter of regrets from Tom Marshall, who has been sick and temporarily retired. Regrets were sent him. The shooting was steady in spite of the weather, and the first event called out fourteen of the faithful. The programme called for three events: No. 1, $7, 7 birds, high guns; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, high guns; No. 3, 10 birds, $10, class shooting, three misses out. All guns at 30yds. Bird money refunded. Fred Erb, of Lafayette, with three good retrieving dogs did all the retrieving. Following are the scores:

First event, 7 pigeons, high guns:

Gilbert	1121121—7	Young	0222112—6
Tripp	1222222—7	McMurchy	1201111—6
Elliott	2121222—7	Parker	1120222—6
Fanning	1112122—7	Rike	2222*22—6
Irwin	1212112—7	Cooper	012120
Werk	1212212—7	Heikes	00
Hallowell	2212022—6	Budd	00

Second event, 10 pigeons, high guns:

Hallowell	1222112112—10	McMurchy	1101111211— 9
Budd	2211222111—10	Werk	2101121112— 9
Young	1112122222—10	Irwin	2212201222— 9
Cooper	2212212221—10	Lilly	2220222222— 9
Heikes	2212212221—10	Elliott	2121100
Rike	2221211112—10	Fanning	020
Neal	2222222222—10	Parker	1200
Tripp	2212210212— 9	Donley	20120
Gilbert	1212202111— 9		

Third event, 10 pigeons, $10, class shooting:

Gilbert	1111221122—10	Rike	2122210221— 9
Young	1222222222—10	Neal	2022222222— 9
McMurchy	2211111222—10	Donley	2222112202— 9
Marott	1112221222—10	Tripp	2120120222— 8
Irwin	2122111112—10	Elliott	022122222*— 8
Fanning	2022221121— 9	Budd	1212010112— 8
Hallowell	2121021222— 9	Schuler	2022122210— 8
Cooper	1111122220— 9	Parker	0221020
Werk	1221111*22— 9	Creep	00100
Heikes	2022222222— 9	Parry	220200

The last event of the day was watched with great interest. President Marott showed the sort of shooters the Limited Gun Club has when he went out with 10 straight, alongside McMurchy, Irwin, Gilbert and Young.

At close of the live birds, the boys gathered again at the sparrow traps and shot till darkness stopped them. Scores:

Second extra, 15 sparrows, entrance $3: Young 15, Tripp 14, Neal 13, Gilbert 13, McMurchy 12, Cooper 12, Budd 12, Heikes 12, Hallowell 12, Donley 11, Parker 10, Griff 10, Werk 10, Schuler 8, Parry 7.

Third extra, 10 sparrows, entrance $1.50: Neal 10, Tripp 9, Gilbert 9, Parker 9, Griff 8, Fanning 6, Schuler 6, Donley 5, Werk 4.

By this time there was more money getting into circulation among the gang, and Thursday night at the hotel was one of memorable features. The oldtimers are getting gray and wrinkled, and their "hide is wore off in spots," as private Mulvaney says, and some of them are "married men besides," but they are ever young in their high animal spirits, and no set of youngsters could by any possibility have made more noise or gotten up a rougher rough house than they did in Jim Elliott's parlors, where a quiet comparison of colored papers was going on. Hallowell, Parker, Donley and other athletes gave sample movements in athletics, and the fun waxed high till past the little time of day in the morning. At 10 o'clock that night there was no light seen in the suite occupied by Heikes and McMurchy, and it being suspected that these two tender plants were going to bed early in order to get an advantage over their confreres in the big race of the following day, the bell boy was sent for a pass key, the rooms were entered, not once, but several times, and they were forced to smile and look pleasant, whether they felt that way or not. Young, Budd, Fanning and a few others stood out for early hours and regular habits. Opposed to them were "de gang in 94," as the bell boy called them, who insisted that a man could shoot just as well without so much sleep, if he was really a shooter, like themselves. The two theories were tried out the following day, though the conclusion remains in doubt and subject to further experiment.

Friday, Fifth Day, the Grand Central Handicap.

It had been growing colder on Thursday evening, and by night the rain stopped and signs of clear weather appeared. Friday morning dawned quite clear, bracingly sharp and not chilly, and it was an ideal day for the big event of the annual handicap. The birds were good, and more than good. The peculiar flight of these grounds is not to be mastered at once. For this reason it was thought a local man might pull out ahead, though toward the close the phalanx of the oldtimers, the "regulars," the "gang," began to show up together, bunched as usual after a long pull at the traps in any sort of race. Not without loss, however, did they get so far along, and some failed almost at the goal. The first half-hour of shooting showed gaps already beginning, and from the way the birds flew it was easily seen that some one was going to have a big proposition on his hands that day. At the first round down only thirteen men had entered, but the lists were held open till noon, and by that time the purse of $600 had filled, there being twenty-five entries in all. It was one of the most closely watched races one would be apt to meet, and it was for a time anybody's race. The handicapping was satisfactory, and the trapping service rapid and good, the Hill pigeon traps being used. Mr. Lilly refereed, assisted by Jack Parker.

The sifting began early in the game, it being understood that three misses sent a man to the barn, while one miss made his chances slim. Elliott could not lay up any money at this, for he missed the first bird he got in the opening of the shoot. At the second round there was some wonder expressed at the way things were going, for Tripp, Heikes, Young, Budd and Neal all fell down. In the third round they all got through except Willie. Thus it went till at last only McMurchy, Hallowell and Fanning remained straight. Of these, Fanning had been an adherent to the early hours movement, Hallowell was a late hours man, and McMurchy was an early hours man who had had his intentions of going to sleep frustrated by the energy of his friends. The early bed-time theory was somewhat jarred when Jack Fanning missed his 14th, 15th and 16th birds, one after another, and sat down very much perturbed. Hallowell retired from the tie with McMurchy at the 14th bird, and when Fanning went out it left McMurchy in alone, and he was watched with much interest by his friends, who would never have wept if he had missed his 17th bird, thus letting them all in again. He caught a very extraordinary high and fast bird, which he could not get above, and as he said he never did intend to shoot till he got the bird covered, it was 50yds. away before he let go his right. This stopped the bird and the left trimmed it up, a very sensational bit of work, which set the public wild and caused McMurchy stock to go up. He still had luck with him, for the next bird was a little hopper, which was refused. The alternate turned out an awful one, one of the low blue snakes that skim along the ground and go like a streak. It got a big start almost in a flash, and the biff-bang reports that followed it were none too soon, for the bird fell over 35yds. beyond the traps. This broke the hearts of all the men who would have "sympathized" with Mac if he had missed it.

Gilbert "went to the barn" at the 17 hole. Neal shot a good race, and so did Lilly. Pop Heikes sawed wood and never missed any after his first lost bird. Donley and Hallowell were just at his heels, with Elliott, Budd and Neal all scoring 23. Erb began strong, but went to pieces. Ed Voris was the first man to put up his gun, his three lost birds falling dead out. Willie was the next victim, and then Cooper and Parker looked briefly at 5 birds, and had leisure for the rest of the day. Young, Werk and Marott sighed and said good-by, and at the 15 hole it seemed as though all the high guns needed were ahead of the crowd and going to win out. Just on the "danger line" were Hallowell, Budd, Donley, Irwin and Heikes, who had dropped but one bird each.

At the 23 hole there were eight men in: Irwin, Heikes, McMurchy, Elliott, Budd, Neal, Hallowell and Donley. Irwin missed this bird, but was still left in. At the 24 hole Budd missed, but the solitary straight, McMurchy, still declined to miss, and this left the 23s all in, as the money was ten high guns, and only eight high guns were left above the 22 places. Then began the tedious work of shooting up the back scores, where provisional dropping out had taken place. Gilbert and Fanning went again to the traps with bright, glad smiles on their faces, though the chances of some of these relit lights were much marred by the fact that they missed their last birds. Erb, Winston, Fanning, Beck and Hallowell each missed his last bird! Under the circumstances, they were not accused of dropping for place. McMurchy alone pounded along, shooting in grand style and with perfect judgment, under conditions certainly not favorable. The entire population was out at the score when he shot at his last bird, which he killed in good shape, amid a roar of applause, thus landing one of the most prized honors of the Western live-bird world. McMurchy was called to the front of the club house and Mr. Lilly made him a nice little speech, while the "colors were lowered" (by a string) from the balcony. The said colors are black and orange, the "colors of the blue rock," as Mr. Lilly said. A large rosette of this combination was affixed to a silver plate, and this was the trophy of the handicap, one hard to earn. At the same time Fanning was ordered to the front and was

given a similar badge as token of his winning the same honor at the first handicap last year, which he did just as McMurchy did this year, with 25 straight alone. The two made suitable responses to the felicitous presentation speeches, and were gaily applauded by the gang, who had now forgotten their sorrows at falling out of step with the procession.

First place, won by McMurchy alone, netted $112.50. Second place, won by Heikes alone, was $93.75. Third place, divided by Irwin, Elliott, Budd, Neal, Donley and Hallowell, paid $56.25. In the shoot-up for the 22 men, Tripp, Young and Gilbert appeared at the close and divided $81.25, the sum of the two 7 and 6 per cent. moneys. Following were the scores:

The Grand Central handicap, $600 guaranteed, all surplus added, 25 pigeons, $25, birds extra, ten or more high guns; distance handicaps, 26 to 31yds., three misses out:

T-ap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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Tripp 29	2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—	22
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Voris 29	2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0	
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Irwin 28	2 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2—	23
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Heikes 31	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—	24
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Young 30	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—	22
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McMurchy 31	2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2—	25
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Werk 27	1 1 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 0	
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Elliott 31	0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 f 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1—	23
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Budd 31	2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—	23
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Fanning 31	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0	-21
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Neal 28	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	23
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Gilbert 31	2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—	22
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Willie 26	1 1 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 0	
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Lindsey 28	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0	
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Marott 27	0 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0	
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Beck 28	2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0—	21
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Hallowell 29	2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—	23
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"Clark" 28	0 2 0 0 0	
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Donley 26	2 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1—	23
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Parker 31	2 0 0 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0	
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Eth 29	1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 0—	21
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Winston 30	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0	21
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Rike 28	1 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 0	
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Lilly 28	1 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 0	
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Associate Members, Limited Gun Club.

Shortly after the close of the handicap shoot Secretary Hearsey announced to the press that he had succeeded in making a fine start on a list of associate members for the Limited Gun Club. These associate members are merely non-resident members who secure membership privileges, and the idea, while common in social clubs, is not found elsewhere, to my present recollection, among the shooting clubs of the country. The Limited Gun Club is a wealthy and well-provided concern, and it is a privilege to belong to it, even on the basis of an infrequent attendance. The clause in the by-laws covering this part of the club policy is thus framed:

"1. It is hereby provided that parties other than stockholders may become associate members of this Association, without votes and without sharing in the profits of the Association, by making written application to the secretary. All applications to be passed upon by the board of directors.

"2. Business concerns on payment of $10 yearly will be entitled to associate membership for each partner. Individuals by the payment of $5 yearly will be entitled to associate membership.

"All associate members will be granted the same shooting privileges and club house accommodations as stockholding members. All dues of said associate memberships are due and payable May 1, annually.

"Application for associate membership received on or after July 1 will be rated at $1 per month for business concerns and 50 cents per month for individuals until the May 1 following, when the regular annual dues take effect.

"A failure to pay above annual dues on or before July 1 of each year will act as a bar to all privileges.

"The Limited Gun Club most cordially invites the trap-shooters of the world, and all others interested in shooting, to join its associate membership, as per the terms expressed above. A list of associate members will hereafter be published in all programmes."

In accordance with the above, the following non-residents added their names to the associate rolls: M. F. Lindsley, Cincinnati; John Parker, Detroit; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; Emil Werk, Cincinnati; J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N. Y.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; H. McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn.; Elmer Neal, Bloomington, Ind.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O. This is certanly a pretty strong list, and if it should come to a show-down with any foreign concern the Limited Gun Club could put up a rather stiff team, if associates were not barred.

Ends

After the close of the shooting on Friday evening, which was not till darkness was too thick for any one to pretend he could see a sparrow in the final sweeps, President Marott mounted a chair and called the house full of shooters about him, whereupon he made a neat speech of felicitation, and with the thanks of the club and applause of all present presented Mr. Lilly with a handsome cut-glass dish, with the advice that Mr. Lilly give this to his wife, so that he might spend yet more time working for the club.

Milt Lindsley, of the King's Smokeless, and Mrs. Lindsley came over from Cincinnati Thursday, and both were at the grounds for the Friday handicap. Other ladies of the club made Mrs. Lindsley's stay pleasant, and the afternoon was pleasantly spent by the balcony spectators.

Hoosier is the assumed name of a well-known Indiana man, who gives big shoots and is a big-hearted man, and a rattling good shot. He divided time between his work and the Indianapolis shoot, but I can't give his name for business reasons; and besides everybody knows it already!

The long runs of McMurchy at this Limited tournament put him well along on what has been a remarkable run of good shooting on his part this month. Counting in the birds he shot at John Watson's shoot, with those he shot at Indianapolis, Mac had, up to the close of the Grand Central handicap, which he won, shot at 196 birds, and killed all but 8. This does not include any d. o. b. birds, but only those actually scored. "An' what do you think the blame pup did after he was through the handicap?" I heard Charlie Budd remarking affectionately to a friend. "Why, he goes out there and kills 9 more straight in the dark!" This would make only 8 birds lost out of 205. This was not summer shooting, but winter work, and on birds the best that have been seen at any two shoots in the West this year. It only clinches what Mr. McMurchy's friends claim for him, that if he didn't stop to sell a car lot of guns now and then all the other boys would have to take his dust. "I reckon I can't associate with you people much longer," Mac said to the gang banteringly. "I want to travel with shooters." And they fell on his neck.

The best presswork done on this event by the local papers was that of Hal Reed, of the News, once of the K. C. Star. Mr. Reed knows the trap game and is conscientious in his work—a very cheering thing to see.

Tom Keller blew through Indianapolis early in the week, but I did not see him. Tom has sold about twice as much King's Smokeless in his territory as the wildest dreams of his employers expected, and he is going to see more, he says.

The hospitality of Indianapolis is proverbial, and was never more nicely illustrated than at this shoot. It was really a most enjoyable, quiet and sociable little time that everybody had, with little of the hurry and hurrah of the big events. To be pleasant, a tournament of two or three dozen entries is big enough, especially if you have a fireplace. The boys all wanted to get to the fire at once.

E. HOUGH.

Interstate Association Matters.

Abstract of Minutes of Stockholders' Meeting.

IN the absence of the secretary-treasurer, E. S. Lentilhon acted as temporary secretary.

The Remington Arms Company was elected a member of the Association.

The manager reported that he had several applications from different gun clubs asking the Association's aid in giving target tournaments during 1899. All such applications were referred to the tournament committee, to be acted upon at the earliest opportunity.

The Association decided unanimously to continue its policy of the past year in regard to the barring of paid representatives, etc., from taking part in sweepstakes or purses at the target tournaments. The resolution which was adopted by the Association at its meeting on Jan. 17 last is still in force for 1899. It reads as follows:

"That all paid representatives, whether paid in shells, guns, money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps, shall be barred from participating in sweepstakes and purses, but will be perfectly welcome to shoot for targets only and display their goods. The decision as to who such paid men are to be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final.

"Resolved, That the foregoing does not apply in any way to the Grand American Handicap tournament."

Mr. Shaner asked that the Association grant him permission to manage the tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Erie, Pa., next May. This privilege was willingly accorded him by the Association.

The question of division of moneys in the Grand American Handicap of 1899 was a subject of considerable discussion. President Dressel, Vice-President Bennett and Temporary Secretary Lentilhon all read letters from Mr. E. S. Rice on the point. In answer to a question put to him by one of the members of the Association, the president stated that nothing had been heard either from Mr. Fulford or his petition from trap-shooters praying for class shooting in the Grand American Handicap. It was finally agreed that the division of moneys in the Grand American Handicap should remain practically the same is in the Grand American Handicaps of 1896, 1897 and 1898, the only change made being that the surplus over and above the guarantee of $1,500 will be divided among a certain number of high guns, that number being decided by the number of entries received; three additional moneys being created for each ten entries above sixty. The Association decided also to allow for a division of moneys on the above basis up to 260 entries, agreeing that all further surplus, if any, be divided equally among all the prize winners provided for under the above division.

It was further decided that the Association present the winner of the Grand American Handicap in 1899 with a suitable silver trophy.

The need of a new set of rules governing live-bird and target shooting caused the Association to take the initiative in the way of formulating an up-to-date set of such rules. A motion was made that the president appoint a committee to prepare such a set of rules. The committee was appointed as follows: Messrs. Elmer E. Shaner, Edward Banks, Irby Bennet, W. F. Parker, Ed Taylor and A. W. Money.

The question of a circuit for taget tournaments for 1899 was referred to the tournament committee with instructions not to contract for more than five tournaments during the coming year.

The directors elected by the meeting were as follows: Messrs. J. H. Dressel, Irby Bennett, Edward Banks, W. F. Parker, John L. Lequin, A. W. Higgins and E. S. Lentilhon.

Immediately after the adjournment of the stockholders' meeting a meeting of the board of directors was held.

The officers of the Association were elected as follows:

President, J. A. H. Dressel.

Vice-President, Irby Bennett.

Secretary-Treasurer, Edward Banks.

Executive Committee: John L. Lequin, W. F. Parker, and A. W. Higgins.

Tournament Committee: Messrs. Irby Bennett, chairman; J. A. H. Dressel, A. W. Higgins, W. F. Parker, E. S. Lentilhon and Edward Banks.

Club Organization Committee: O. D. Delano, Paul North and Charles Tatham.

Manager, Elmer E. Shaner.

The tournament committee held a brief meeting after the meeting of the board of directors had adjourned, and decided that entries for the Grand American Handicap of 1899 should close with the secretary-treasurer of the Association, at his office, 318 Broadway, New York city, on Tuesday, April 4, 1899, and that the handicap committee should sit on Thursday, April 6, 1899.

The handicap committee will be appointed later.

No handicaps will be announced prior to Sunday morning, April 9, 1899.

The report of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, is subjoined. For clear-cut thought and broad grasp of the situation, and soundness of views in the trap-shooting world it is an admirable paper. It also possesses points of literary excellence rarely accompanying a report. It is as follows:

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 14.—To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association.—Gentlemen: The following report of the transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1898 is submitted. The statistical data, giving operations in detail will be found in the "Review of Tournaments," a copy of which is annexed.

I am happy to be able to inform you that the season now closing has been, notwithstanding some unavoidable drawbacks, a gratifying success, such as can be appreciated by the members of the Interstate Association in all the broad expanse covered by its work, though trap-shooting was rather quiet throughout the country in general, as were all other sports, owing no doubt to the war with Spain, which made it advisable to the Association to permit the canceling of two scheduled tournaments. As this complication has been happily unraveled, at least so far as the United States are concerned, encouragement is given to increased effort to revive lagging interest and restore the sport to the oldtime maximum, and the present outlook is that it can be more than restored and maintained, all distracting influences being composed.

The same territory worked in 1896 and 1897 was operated in 1898. It is a remarkably good field, but there is still ample room for missionary work, with a certainty that the unparalleled growth of eight years will continue. To those who have labored to promote the welfare of the organization a retrospect cannot be otherwise than encouraging. Having borne the heat and burden of that time, they are now able to enjoy the fruit of their labor.

The resolution passed by the Association barring "paid representatives," etc., from competition for a division of the purse appeared to give contentment and satisfaction to a large majority of contestants, and we are inclined to believe it will prove a good move upon the part of the Association. I suggest that it might be well to revive the matter at the annual meeting for further discussion.

Grand American Handicap of 1898.

As usual, the season was inaugurated by the Grand American Handicap tournament, held at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., March 22, 23 and 24. The entries received numbered 207, almost ten times as many as attended the initial handicap. This is the largest number of entries ever made in any similar contest, and is a monument to the wisdom and enterprise of the Interstate Association. The arrangements for live-bird shooting at the Elkwood Park grounds are not only unsurpassed by any other in the world, but are unequaled and very nearly unsurpassable. To say more would be gilding refined gold. There is no other field in which enterprise is more fully appreciated than that occupied by the trap-shooting fraternity—liberal themselves, they give it its full measure of approbation when exhibited by others.

Inanimate Target Tournaments.

The inanimate target season was opened at Macon, Ga., with gratifying results to our subscribers. The tournament was held April 13, 14 and 15. The interest taken by local shooters shows that the leaven is working strongly in the South, and that in a short time the Interstate Association will be "coming home rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." There is no other section in the world of equal size where sporting blood circulates more generally than in the South, but the ravages of the Civil War left the people exhausted financially. They are getting on their feet again. Courteous and warm-hearted by nature, and impetuous, they furnish as good material out of which may be developed trap-shooters as can be found anywhere, and the Association did wisely in resolving to till this fallow soil. The tournament was at bluerocks the first two days, and at live birds the third. This tournament was very successful in all respects, and especially in reviving interest, and our subscribers can rest assured that their bread cast on the waters will return to them, not after many days, but speedily. The local gun club handled its guests in a manner that gave perfect satisfaction.

The second inanimate target tournament on the Association's circuit was held at Brunswick, Ga., May 4, 5 and 6. Though satisfactory considering the circumstances, the attendance was somewhat affected by the unsettled condition caused by the war, and this was the first tournament held after war was declared. All in all, however, it was a success. Interest was renewed, the results were satisfactory to local shooters, and our subscribers have no reason to complain of the manner in which all things worked together for their good.

The third tournament, scheduled for Wilmington, N. C., May 25 and 26, and the fourth event, scheduled for Portsmouth, Va., June 15 and 16, were canceled at the request of the local clubs on account of so many of their members being engaged by the Government to shoot at animate targets in the tropics, and thus unable to devote attention to tournament affairs.

The fifth tournament was held at Meadville, Pa., July 6 and 7. The attendance was very good, especially on the first day, falling off somewhat on the second. The local club estimated that the war affected local entries to the extent of at least twelve. Northwestern Pennsylvania territory is a good one to work, and should receive more attention. The Meadville Gun Club is energetic and does its work without spurring.

The sixth tournament was held at Meriden, Conn., July 27 and 28, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club. It may be considered supererogatory to say that it was the banner tournament of the season, and one of the most successful ever given by the Association, for it is pretty generally known that the Parker Gun Club never does things by halves. The results for our subscribers were splendid, and everything that the club could do for the comfort of visitors was done. The result was simply what may be expected in Meriden at any time.

The seventh tournament came off at Waterville, Me., Aug. 17 and 18. It was another good one, and much interest was manifested. The local club treated visitors royally, making them wish for many happy returns of the event, and the affair was well handled throughout.

The eighth and closing tournament was held at Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 7 and 8. Entries held up remarkably well, and results were better than expected by the most sanguine. The members of the Haverhill Gun Club are entitled to great praise for the manner in which they worked for the success of the tournament.

Our subscribers may rest assured that their efforts to make the Interstate Association worthy of the support and appreciation of the intelligence of the profession will bear fruit abundantly. Notwithstanding the turmoil caused by the Spanish war during the harvest season of inanimate target shooting, we accomplished good season's work, and with peace and smiling prosperity now assured it is difficult to fix a goal to which we may not aspire if future effort is guided intelligently by past experience. But it will not be obtained without continued effort. Slightly paraphrasing Andrew Jackson, we may say "Eternal effort is the price of success." There is no dead wood in the Association, and there is no presumption in saying that its vitality promises abundantly for the future.

Looking Forward.

We need not, like Alexander of Macedon, weep for want of other worlds to conquer. The field is practically unlimited. The harvest is ripe, and the laborers are comparatively few—few considering the amount of work to be done and the size of territory we may occupy. We should have more subscribers to prosecute the work intelligently, and to get the best results obtainable. There is a great and increasing demand for our services, and this demand should be complied with to the extent of our ability to do so.

Seventh Annual Grand American Handicap.

For this event the preliminary details have all been arranged, contracts signed, etc. It, as is generally known, will be held at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J. I would suggest that the Association guarantee $1,500, as before, and also make provision for adding a silver trophy for the winner of the 1899 handicap.

I am confirmed in my belief that the division of the moneys which prevailed in the handicaps of 1896, 1897 and 1898 will give satisfaction to much the greater portion of those who wish to participate in the tournament. Therefore, I would advocate the adoption of the same manner of division for the handicap of 1899, amplifying it so as to create two places for every ten entries over sixty and up to 250. This will make provision for forty-one shooters to take down money in the event of there being 250 entries.

Considerable discussion has taken place through the columns of the sportsmen's journals regarding a change from the system of dividing moneys which prevailed in 1896, 1897 and 1898. In this connection I would state that the Association has a "record, not a prospectus," and while it should always be found willing to receive suggestions and give them careful attention, it should at the same time feel itself obligated to adopt what appears to be the best method to increase interest and insure best results to all in the country interested. We cannot expect to please every one, and must be satisfied with the approbation of the majority, which I confidently believe we have.

Seeing that entries have grown from 61 in 1895 to 207 in 1898 under the present division of moneys, why in default of irrefragable evidence to the contrary should we make a change? Is it not evident from the result that our system gives satisfaction to shooters generally? I may also add that I have carefully considered all the schemes proposed and found none other to promise so well as the one adopted for the years mentioned, and if there be anything else than "clean sport" encouraged by it I am ignorant of its existence.

Finally, I wish to say that there must come a time when the Grand American Handicap reaches its maximum, and none of us knows that the maximum has not already been reached. Since history began to be written all things human have recurred in cycles, notwithstanding advances in sciences and art, and it is not at all improbable that even the Grand American Handicap may eventually decay. In fact, it cannot continue to grow without ultimately becoming too unwieldy to manage, but should its entries drop to 100 the Grand American Handicap will still be the finest of its kind, for the Grand Prix of Monte Carlo has neither the expanse of territory from which to draw nor the enthusiasm of a nation of 70,000,000 born shooters, but to scale down the principal prize might detract more from the interest than were the

reward a medal worth but $5 or $10. The true sportsman may compete for glory only, but if a money consideration be added it should be worth speaking of or it is less than worthless.

Inanimate Target Tournaments for 1899.

The status quo is very much the same as existed at the close of the seasons of 1896 and 1897. The increase in the number of applications for tournaments is still highly stimulating, assuring us of continued interest and prosperity. The phenomenal growth of interest alluded to in my last report is unabated, but I deem it advisable to supplement and encourage it, as a prosperous organization like ours sets up no frontier to the limits of its operations. The phenomenal progress of the past should be an incentive to further effort rather than a surfeit prescribing a boundary.

Minor Details.

Respecting the duties of my office, I do not deem a review necessary. They have caused a large correspondence, as usual, but it is not of interest to the Association at large.

I am still unable to see any necessity for changing the rule allowing clubs to select such handicap, manner or system of division of purses as they may consider most advantageous in their environment, and therefore counsel a continuance of the same.

The properties of the Association are stored in Pittsburg, fully protected by insurance.

Conclusion.

The several sportsmen's journals, honorary members of our Association, have continued their good work, and are entitled to the highest praise for the faithfulness shown in reporting scores in all our tournaments, as well as publishing matters of general and particular interest in this connection.

In conclusion, I wish to express thanks to our subscribers for the manner in which they have treated me in all our epistolary intercourse, and in this connection I wish to include the members of the various committees, whose aid, advice and gentlemanly treatment I appreciate at full value, and hope that their efforts will be crowned by full fruition.

Very respectfully submitted,
ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

The Handicap and High Guns.

A REVIEW of the issue between those who advocate high guns and those who advocate class shooting, to govern in the division of the moneys at the next Grand American Handicap, may prove interesting to our readers. We touch on it as an abstract proposition, with the further purpose, however, of showing that the high gun system is sound and that the class shooting system is fallacious as it concerns this event. No argument is necessary to prove that high guns would be a success; some argument is necessary to prove that class shooting is worthy of consideration.

The movement for class shooting was based on the failure of those who killed 23 or less at the last Handicap to win any of the money. The sums of money to be won were large, it is true, but they were large under the high gun system in use. High guns were a success; a change was unnecessary. The Association had assumed all the responsibilities, financial, managerial, etc., and had given it a prestige and importance under its own policy which no other shooting event of America possessed.

The solicitude of the weaker shooters for the welfare of the Handicap seemed to be coincident with the fruits which it bore in the way of the large sums of money to be won.

The shooter of average ability, more or less, was in favor of class shooting, to govern the division of the moneys in the Handicap. It is in accord with average human nature that the average shooter —or better or worse in skill—should discover that the Handicap would be the real thing if the conditions were so adjusted as to fit his personal interests. Of course, the Association was to assume all responsibilities for the future, the same as in times past, if it adopted the average shooter's personal suggestions. The average shooter pointed out, in good faith, that the number of entries would be greatly increased if class shooting were adopted, and thereby it would be so much the more a success. It is to be noted that, while the reasons for the adoption of class shooting were such as theoretically would benefit the Handicap, they were practically such as were best suited to the skill and interests of the average shooter.

A policy, which would increase the number of entries, at first thought appears to be sound reasoning. But when we consider that the increase in numbers, on a basis which cheapens the shoot, lowers its grade of skill, evolving a cumbersome, wearisome competition to the contestants and uninteresting to the public, the matter then assumes a different aspect. Reasoning by analogy from other handicaps and tournaments, the more entries there are in any tournament, the greater is its success; but reasoning from matters of tournaments to matters of the Grand American Handicap is in many ways fallacious.

Let us consider that, first of all, numbers never made the success of the Handicap. Its success was in its distinct unlikeness to other events. It was a success in 1897, when the numbers were less than in 1898. It was a success in 1896, when the numbers were less than in 1897. It was a greater success in 1898 than it ever was before, but it grew into the greater success and its successes were under the system of high guns.

Nothing has been offered as showing why there would not be more entries in the next Handicap than it ever has had before, though, as already remarked, the numbers are not what made its success. As further proving this point, it may be mentioned that three or four years ago there were many shooting events which had a larger number of entries than did the then Grand American Handicap. Who can tell what they were? Who even remembers them? Yet there is no one interested in shooting who does not remember the Grand American Handicap. And why? Because it is and was the best shooting event of America. The public accepted it as such, for it was under auspices which were a guarantee that the money and all else were all that were represented; that it was a sterling competition in all its details, and that the contestants were tried out to a finish. The standards were such that only the very best could compete with any show of success. Let us briefly consider the competition in other sports which have had a greater degree of evolution than has trap competition.

In horse racing, what brings at times 10,000 or 40,000 people within the gates to witness the sport? Why do all the great dailies have telegraph service at the race tracks and have column after column, describing minutely the racing, published at the first possible moment? First of all, the auspices under which such is held is a guarantee that the racing is genuine. Second, it is the best of its kind. There may be but two or three horses in a race, and yet it may be of national interest. It is the quality of the racing and what it represents, for each horse may have beaten hundreds of others, and therefore is not a horse in the sense that all horses are horses, but each is a horse which is racing with records and laurels and high ability associated with him.

Let us suppose now that some truckmen, several thousand strong, were to come forward to the racing management and petition them that the game was too hard for them as it is conducted at present, and that therefore they would like to have the conditions so cheapened that they also could come in with a reasonable chance of winning the money; in return they were sure that they could fill the track with draft horses from all parts of the country; fill it from the wire to the half-mile post so full of horses that it would be the greatest success of its kind that the world ever saw. The management might be disposed to remark that the petitioners did not have quite the correct theory of what constituted horse racing.

There is one principle which is basic alike to all sports which have a view to lasting public approval and esteem—they must be the best of their kind. So it is with football, billiards, athletic sports of all kinds. Only the highest quality of competition is what wins the esteem of the public and engages its permanent interest. Mere matters of numbers may be worthy of consideration to the contestants, but they are of no public importance so long as there is enough to make competition. Whether there are five or twenty-five, or more or less, in a race, the matter of quality is what governs, if it is to have public approval, public appreciation, and a lasting place in the records.

Surely the stockholders of the Interstate Association are to be commended for their wisdom and firmness in persisting in a policy which insures an event of the first importance in the shooting world, rather than one which is of importance merely to the contestants who participate in it.

The shooting interests of America are in a transitional stage. The interests of the Grand American Handicap are not to be measured by the old standards. Its interests are not after the watermelon system, which admits every passer-by to cut off a slice if he but have any kind of an old knife.

The Association in its wisdom threw open the doors to the highest competition that America could produce. There are no restrictions as to make of guns, powders, shells, etc. The winner is he who wins on his merit, and when he so wins he is tried out to a finish. No other kind of winner would be esteemed as a real winner if he won in any other manner. The plaint of the shooter who shot and lost is no part of the event. A plaint is merely an idiosyncrasy, not a principle.

No doubt, judging from the records of the past, and the greater present fame of the Association, the Grand American Handicap of 1899 would be favored with a greater number of entries if it had held to high guns with the old number of the divisions of the moneys. No doubt there will be a still greater number of entries in consequence of the greater number of divisions of the moneys. The great prestige of the Association, however, will not be affected by this slight cheapening of the event, though it would lose its high place as the greatest test of real skill if the cheapening process were persisted in.

As the event has grown to such magnitude, the true policy of the future is to make the conditions much harder instead of easier, about two guns in fifteen, or else an important increase in the entrance fee so as to make it an event worthy of the nerve and skill of those who are the real gladiators of the gun.

1898.

In its general features, the year now closing has been one of gratifying activity in the trap-shooting world. Some tournaments have been but partial successes, a few have been failures; but success and failure now and then are incidental to all other forms of sport, and indeed to all institutions.

Trap-shooting seems to be in a transitional stage, comparing the old order of things with the new, which may in a manner explain its diversity of systems and its fluctuations as to support—the tentative trying for something more equitable and satisfactory to the masses of shooters than what is offered at present.

The popularity and the permanency of the sport are beyond question. Equally gratifying is it that the trend of trap-shooting is so beyond question. Alarmists, who interpret failure here and there as forecasts of its decay, and the changing of systems as being the expedients and allurements of the moment, should consider that changes are a necessity in matters of evolution; that in stepping upward and onward in the march of improvement many old ideas must be abandoned and left by the wayside. It is broadening and moving on new lines of policy, the very opposite of decay.

The Grand American Handicap, in itself, may be taken as an index of the trap-shooting support in America. It too may teach some useful lessons as to what inducements will bring out the shooters in competition. While there are great numbers of them in this great land, tournament managers have had great difficulty at times in inducing them to compete. Even the multiplicity of systems, which have proved so attractive in the past as to theory and so delusive in practice when tested by those who seem to trust to some vague mystic property of systems instead of to skill in shooting systems now in active use, have apparently lost their charms. No system of dividing the moneys will be of any advantage to the shooters who have less than the needed skill. This seems to be gradually understood by them.

The competition is gradually becoming harder, as shots here and there graduate into the expert ranks. Systems, therefore, are less valuable.

Successful as has been the last season under the many conditions affecting it adversely, it, considering the number of shooters in America and their enthusiasm, was far short of its possibilities. No doubt but what the fact that, under the systems in use, the 85 per cent. man is most of the time in the frazzle ends of the money, and that a shooter of less skill is not in it at all to any appreciable extent, has some bearing on the situation. Experts in all parts of the land have so multiplied in numbers that, wherever a tournament is held, there are enough of them present to take the bulk of the money, whichever of the systems in vogue may be in use. Taught by many experiences, the weaker shooters do what men of sense might be expected to do when their chances of success are too remote to be worthy of consideration; that is to say, they refrain from entering. A proper handicap would restore the equity of the shooting and the interest of the shooters.

Many important matches, most of which were for trophies representing one style or other of championship at live birds, have been shot during the year. They excited the liveliest interest among sportsmen. Some of the more important were the contests for the cast iron medal, the first of which was between Heikes and Grimm in early January, at Dayton, O., the former winning by a score of 93 to 90. The second, also at Dayton, was between Heikes and Budd, on Feb. 22; the former again won; score 91 to 82. On Oct. 22 Heikes defended the medal successfully against Elliston, at Nashville, Tenn., by a score of 96 to 94, a very closely and well contested race. This bauble can hardly be said to have any great championship significance. The Du Pont trophy has been several times well contested for, the first time this year being in Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 15, between Gilbert and Elliott, the former winning by a score of 96 to 91. April 14, Gilbert and Parmalee contested for it at Watson's Park, Chicago, the former winning by a score of 86 to 82. Sept. 24, Gilbert and Elliott again contested for it at Watson's Park, the former scoring 97 to 94. The Star cup was a matter of competition several times, Elliott defeating Gilbert for it at Watson's, April 26, by a score of 90 to 86. On May 6 Elliott held it in a contest with Heikes by a score of 94 to 93, and won it finally in open competition at the Kansas City shoot on May 19. Gilbert won the Sportsmen's Review trophy, at Cincinnati, Nov. 4, Elliott capturing it from him on Dec. 12, by a score of 95 to 92. The E. C. cup was contested for on Aug. 13 at Watson's by Heikes and Gilbert, at 150 targets, the former winning by a score of 140 to 137. Heikes again won it in open competition at Dayton, Oct. 14. The Montgomery Ward & Co. handicap diamond badge has been warmly competed for in Chicago, as have been the Chicago challenge trophy. The Schmelzer trophy was won by Budd, Sept. 9, at Kansas City, in warm competition. Many matches have been shot between famous individuals. As to tournaments, there is no doubt but what the little tiff between Uncle Sam and Spain limited their numbers and their success. Nevertheless, many of them, great and small, have been held north and south, east and west, during the year and most of them were successful.

Live-bird shooting is showing a renewed strength and activity, in measure due no doubt to the general impetus given that branch of the sport by the Grand American Handicap and the great live-bird contests for the trophies.

There is every indication of a successful year forthcoming.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., Dec. 17.—Harrison's shooting was a particular bright feature this afternoon with the conditions he had to contend with, a heavy rain beating right into the faces of the shooters. This shoot ends the club's contests for the yearly prizes at targets. Annual meeting of club will be held Dec. 28, 1898, at Robt. Supper's Avon Beach Hotel, Bath Beach. An elegant dinner will follow meeting.

Club shoot:

L Harrison	11111111111110111100111 11—22
T B Rider	11110110001111101110110 00—16
F A Thompson	01011001101111000111011 10—15
J Gaughen	10011111001111110010100 00—14
W H Thompson	00111010011001000111111 00—13
E G Frost	11001001010001010101101 00—11

Gun shoot:

L Harrison	11110111101111011111011 01—20
W H Thompson	00011011111111010111111 11—19
F A Thompson	00111111100011101110100 01—15
P E George	01110101100011011011110 01—15
T B Rider	01010110010011101101111 00—14
J Gaughen	01111011001011110010000 10—13
E G Frost	10011010001001010100100 01—10

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10
L Harrison	8	10	7	..	..	..
Gaughen	7	7	6	5	3	5
F Thompson	7	4	7	6	5	6
W Thompson	4	13	9	..	..	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10
George	4	10	..	..	..	..
Rider	..	10	7	6	4	6
Frost	..	5	..	..	..	..

E. G. FROST, Sec'y.

Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Point, L. I., Dec. 12.—Following are the scores made to-day, unknown angles, Sergeant system:

Dudley	11110101101101111111011 11—20
Bill	01101101010011111101010 1—15

No. 2:

Dudley	1111101011111101—12	Shields	101101100011111—10
Bill	1101110010101 11—10		

No. 3:

Bill	0011101110011111—10	Dudley	1101111011101 11—12
Lancy	1111101111011111—13	Bill	1101000111111 11—11
Mul	0001000100000— 3	Mul	0110001000010 00— 4
Dudley	1110010111111111—12	Shields	1001011110000 11— 8
Shields	0011100111010 10— 8	Lancy	1101010011100 11— 9
Charles	0011101001001 11— 8	Charles	0111010111100 10— 9
O'Brien	0001010110010 11— 7	O'Brien	1111101010110 11—11
B Stoney	0010101011110 00— 7	Coleman	1111011100111 00—10

No. 4:

Dudley	11110111111100110101111 11—20
Bill	10100100111101101011001 10—14
Lancy	11111011011011111111011 11—21
Mul	01100111010011110100110 00—13
Coleman	00100011101000011010111 01—12
Charles	01111110100101110101000 10—14
Jones	11111110110110111010000 11—17

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	7	8
Dudley	6	8	6	9	6	5	8
Coleman	4	3	..	7	..	4	..
Lancy	4	6	6	..	10	..	..
Bill	3	6	10	10	7	..	4

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	7	8
Shields	..	6	8	6	..	5	7
Mul	..	..	..	3	..	6	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	8	6	3	6
Stoney	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5

JOHNNY JONES.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 22.—The H. R. G. C. held a live-bird shoot Dec. 20 on its ground at Heflich's Hotel; 10 birds, 28yds. rise. It was won by Frank Hall, he being the only one with a clean score:

A heavy fog prevailed and required some quick work with the second barrel if it was to be used at all. The scores:

F Hall	1211121222—10	H Heflich	1111122011— 9
G Englebrecht	0120011201— 6	H Hutchison	1002022211— 7
G Van Thaden	2120011210— 7	L Stelzle	10122*0011— 6
P Schmidt	000211*210— 5	J Outwater	0100021210— 5
H Harms	1112021111— 9	J Chartrand	2111*11012— 8
H Pape	2112020010— 6	J Farley	0010200121— 5

This was followed by a match between R. Aschbach and H. Thourot for a supper for the entire party of shooters and the price of the birds. This was won by Aschbach, as these scores show:

R Aschbach	222102002012— 8	H Thourot	201021020022— 7

Darkness then prevented any more shooting.

JOHN L. CHARTRAND, Sec'y.

University of Pennsylvania Gun Club.

FERNWOOD, Pa., Dec. 17.—The following events were shot at unknown angles:

Team match.

Swain, captain	1111111010— 8	Steel, captain	0100110111— 6
Parish	1110110111— 8	Freed	1110110010— 6
Neilson	1111001010— 6	Singer	1110010011— 6
Weaver	0011010011— 5	Baldwin	1010111111— 8

No. 3, 25-cent sweep, two moneys:

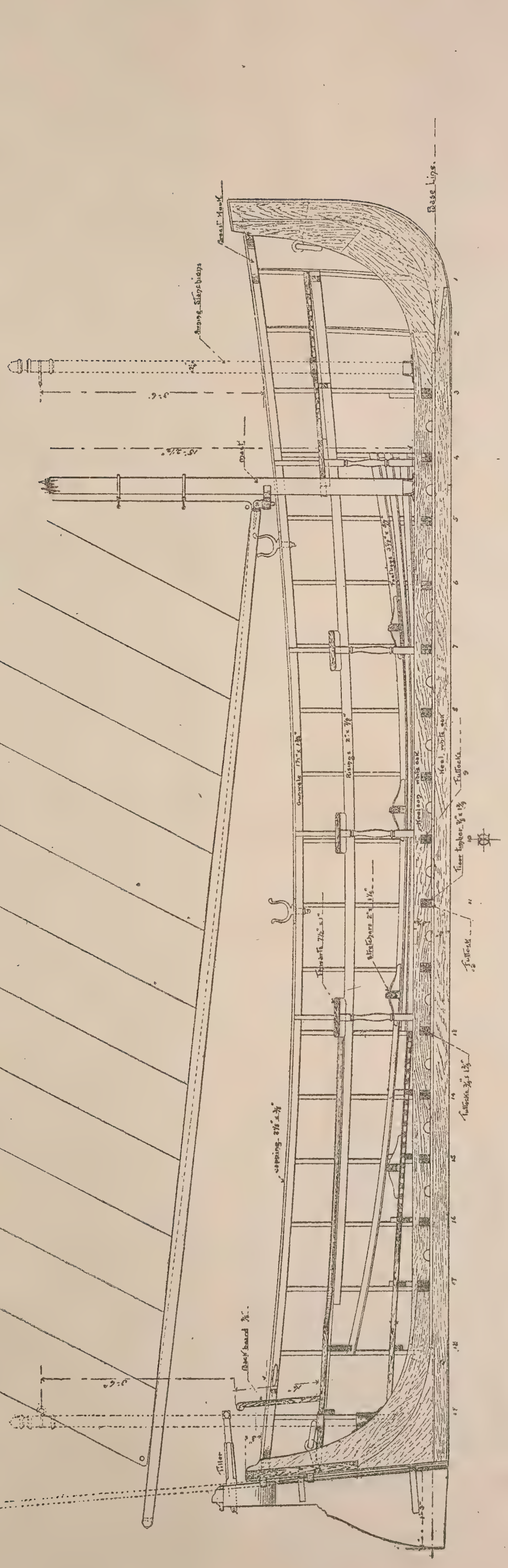
Freed	0111110101— 7	Weaver	1011011100— 6
Singer	0110111101— 7	Steel	1111111111—10
Swain	1011111101— 8	Baldwin	0111011011— 7
Parish	1101111110— 8		

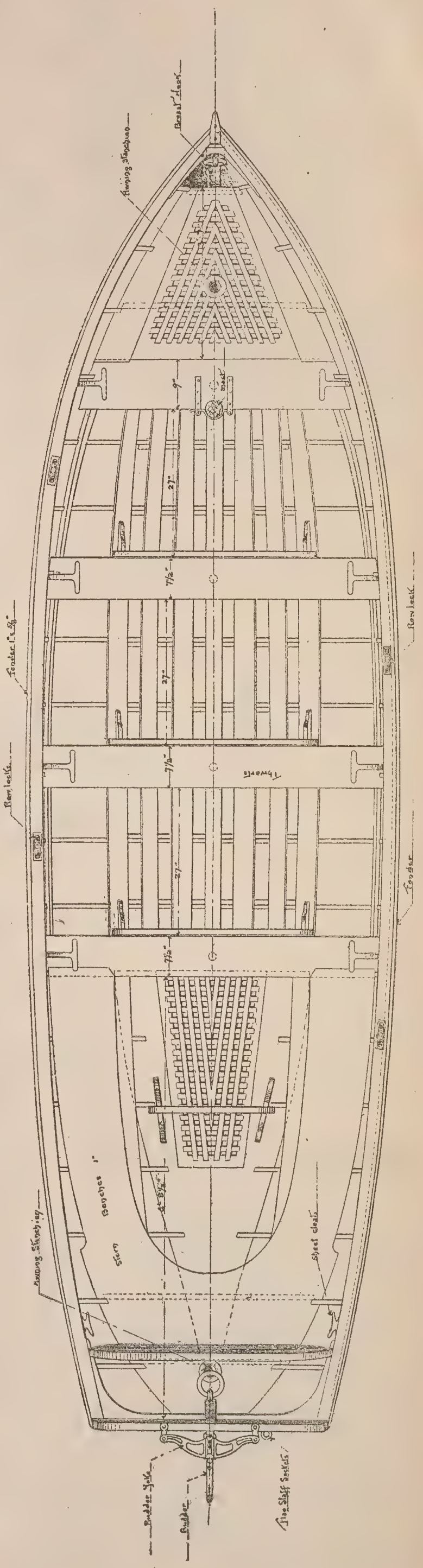
Monthly club shoot for cup:

Baldwin	01100111010111101010011 11101011—19
Freed	01001011111111101011011 11111100—21
Neilson	11111001011010111111010 11111101—22
Steel	01111010001011111111111 11111010—22
Singer	00000111000101000101111 11111111—17
Swain	01101100111111111101111 11100010—21
Parish	11111111110111010101111 11111011—25
Weaver	11111001101110001010110 11110111—20

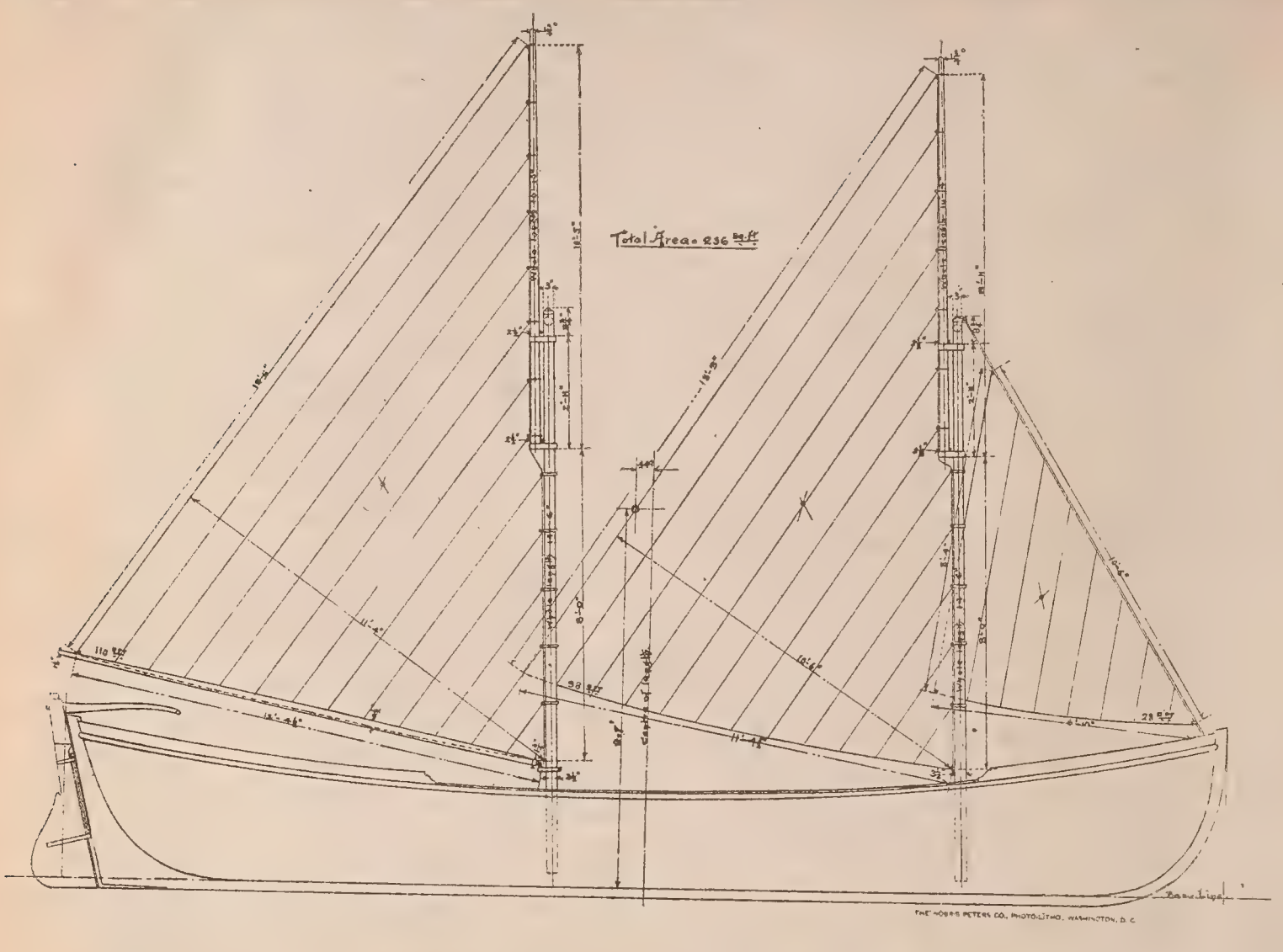
W. M. Swain was scorer.

Under date of Dec. 20 Mr. H. P. Collins, General Agent of the Du Pont Powder Co., Baltimore, Md., writes us: "I beg to advise you of a loss which I sustained on Saturday evening last of my titanic steel barrel Parker gun, No. 89651, which occurred some time or somewhere between the hours of 5 o'clock, when I left the Riverton Gun Club grounds, and my reaching Baltimore at 10 o'clock the same evening. The gun and a Powers cleaning rod being removed from the case and bricks and stones substituted therefor to make up the weight. Will you kindly make announcement of my loss in your next issue and very greatly oblige."



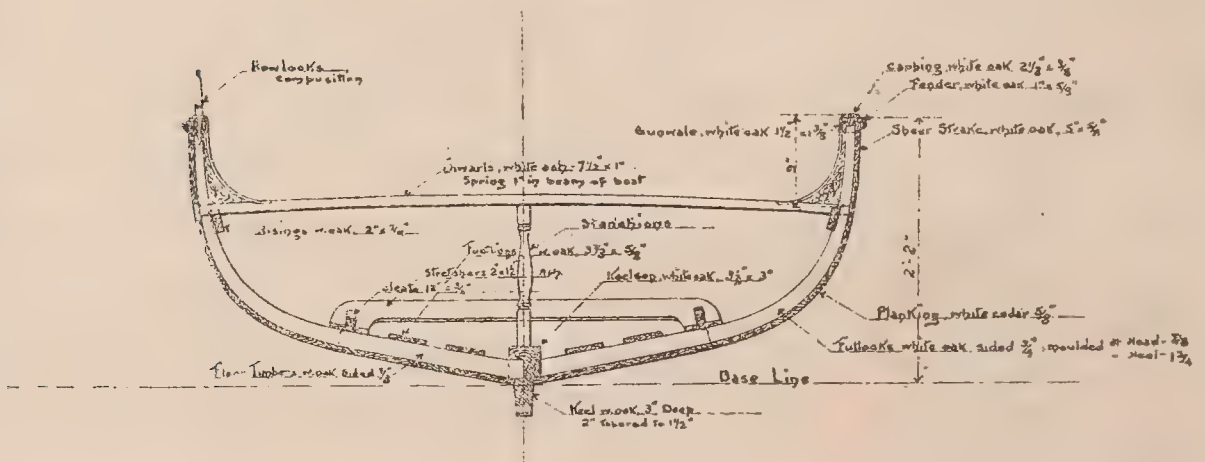


STANDARD NAVY BOATS—20FT. DINGHY.



Scale of Feet.

SAIL PLAN WHALEBOAT GIG, GUNTER RIG.



20-FT. DINGHY GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.

Scale of Feet.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at the Sportsman's Association.

SING SING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the time for the annual sportsman's show has nearly arrived, I would like to set forth a few ideas which have occurred to me in connection with the shooting gallery as conducted in the basement of the Madison Square Garden during the great show. In the first place, to qualify for criticising this branch of the show, I consider myself a fair shot in rifle practice and game shooting. Being troubled with big head in this matter, I was rash enough to enter in some of the competitions. Aside from a chance shot in the bullseye event, my score was woefully lacking. My nerves were very steady, resulting from abstaining from the use of tobacco and all stimulants. I had practiced a great deal. Why was it my score did not reach the winning mark? Because I held my rifle by the fore end, as one is accustomed to do in shooting game. Any sportsman who will take the troube (I have no doubt many have noticed this besides myself) to visit the range will find game shooters far in the minority. You will find champion gallery shots of German Shooting Association, and in fact professional crack shots from all over the country, one and all, using the hip rest with 14lb. rifles, which would not shake if the man using it happened to be affected with St. Vitus' Dance. This is a sportsman's shoot. Why not make it so in every sense of the word. Give the sporting fraternity a chance by having at least one event open to those only who shoot off-hand?

I do not imagine I could take a place even then; but I would pass over my "coin" with a much more cheerful spirit when knowing that it was taken by one of steadier nerves and truer eye.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

[Gallery shooting is not big-game shooting, nor is its manner of shooting held forth as being such. If one were to hold the rifle as Mr. Blandford suggests it would be far from the conditions of big-game shooting even at that.]

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 12.—Shell Mound range was patronized yesterday by scores of marksmen. Only one more shoot will be held this year—on next Sunday. Scores for the day were:

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.—Rifle, 10-shot score, Columbia target: Champion class, A. H. Pape 35; first class, O. A. Bremer 79; second class, M. J. White 108; G. M. Barley 109; third class; G. Mannell 93; E. N. Moor 107.

Members' rifle medal: E. N. Moor 83, O. A. Bremer 85, G. Mannell 85.

All-comers' rifle medal: A. H. Pape, 41, 46, 47; D. W. McLaughlin, 45; F. O. Young, 66.

Bushnell military rifle medal: F. E. Mason 45, F. O. Young 45.

Pistol, 50yds., Columbia target—Champion class: J. E. Gorman 48, M. J. White 51, F. O. Young 69; first class, G. M. Barley 56; second class, Mrs. M. J. White 65.

Siebe medal: G. M. Barley 41, 54, 61, 62, 65; C. M. Daiss, 40, 43; F. O. Young, 48, 53, 57; J. P. Cosgrave, 55, 57, 62, 70.

Rifle medal for .22 and .25cal.: E. P. Jacobson, 17, 19, 21, 22, 22; A. H. Pape, 24, 25; Mrs. G. Mannell, 33.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, D. B. Faktor 439; second champion class, not won; first class, Henry Stelling, 402; second class, J. Gefken 393; third class, W. Goetze, 353; best first shot, Dr. L. Rodgers, 25; best last shot, Henry Stelling, 24.

Independent Rifles, monthly medal shoot: E. Jacobson 44, P. Schonig 39, C. Kornbeck 34, J. H. Kuhlke 31, H. Kuhlke 32, Lieut. J. Staude 31, H. Staude 24, G. Kellenberger 21.

Nord-Deutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal and annual turkey shoot: Champion class, not won; first class, final, Otto Lemceke 425; second class, John de Wit 373; third class, A. Meyer 331; fourth class, final, H. Munster, 280; best first shot, O. Lemcke, 21; best last shot, Henry Stelling, 20.

Turkey shoot: Otto Lemcke 68, H. Burfeind 66, H. Stelling 62, F. P. Schuster 66, W. Koch 58, John Gefken 56, L. Ritzau 59, John Schroeder 50, Albert Meyer 49, John Lankenau 46, F. Groverman 48, E. F. Baruth 42, L. Thierbach 49, John de Wit 48, F. Kaufman 47.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly medal shoot: Champion medal, D. B. Faktor 438; first class, Nick Ahrens, final, 403; second class, John Gefken 405; third class, John de Wit 396; fourth class, David Salfield, 389; best first shot, Otto Lemcke, 25; best last shot, Gustaf Schulz, 25.

Company B, 1st Regiment, N. G. C., being reorganized: E. Peppin 41, H. Hensley 40, J. R. Wear 39, J. Gilkyson 35, J. O'Keeffe 34.

ROEEL.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. B. G., Dublin, Texas.—We do not know who is the best breeder or who are the best breeders of Llewellin setters. Perhaps some of our readers could give information on the subject.

D. A. G., San Marcos, Texas.—We would advise you to consult your physician if there is no veterinarian in your town. The symptoms you mention are too meager for any diagnosis.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, manufacture a full line of pencils of all shapes, sizes, and colors, for all the different kinds of work for which pencils are used. Some which we tried of late proved to be of excellent quality.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.

OF late years the adherents of different systems of yacht measurement have been divided into two schools, including those who believe in a type of rule based primarily on a formula composed of different factors of speed in variable quantities, and those who believe in fixed and invariable limits for each class. The Massachusetts Y. R. A. and the owners of many of the smaller yachts in Boston waters have favored strongly the latter system, in the particular form of a measurement of waterline alone with the simplest possible restrictions in the way of crew limit, prohibition of shifting ballast and similar ones. As we have predicted at different times in the last few years, the course of racing in Boston waters has clearly demonstrated the failure of such means to secure the desired end, of encouraging the all-round type of yacht long in use there. The general consensus of opinion in the Association is now in favor of more stringent regulations of some sort, and we publish elsewhere the first attempt in this direction. As will be seen, the waterline is retained as the basis of measurement and classification, but definite limits are placed on sail area and ballast. While the exact method employed is different from those advocated by our correspondents Sextant and Mr. George Hill, the restrictions are of the same type, and widely different from such formulas as we have discussed at times. We fail to see as yet the advantages of this new scheme over any good formula, and we shall watch the experiment with much interest. We hope that Boston yachtsmen will build to the new limitations and test them thoroughly.

THE detail of measuring the head triangle has always been attended with no small amount of difficulty and confusion, as shown in the small classes racing for the Seawanhaka cup, the method of measurement being changed nearly every year, and always being unsatisfactory. The method proposed for the knockabout classes seems to be a distinct improvement on anything yet tried, in that the three limiting points are absolutely fixed, and such as can be located quickly and certainly. They are at the deck at fore side of mast, the intersection of the line of foremost headsail with the bowsprit or deck; and the intersection of the same line with the fore side of mast. These are the measurements by the British Y. R. A. rule, but to adapt them to the present case it is proposed to include only a certain portion of this triangle in the sail as measured. This is very much better than measuring the perpendicular to the head of jib on the stay, and attempting to mark the latter point.

THE determination of the Sound Y. R. A. to allow 1,000sq. ft. of sail for the proposed 25ft. knockabout class makes the name a misnomer before the class comes into existence. This is the same sail plan as that of the special 30ft. class, with 5ft. more length, and about 1ft. less beam and 1ft. more draft; while the boats are racers and in no sense knockabouts. There will be no difficulty in designing a yacht of 25ft. l.w.l. to carry 1,000sq. ft. of sail; but such a boat will be anything but a knockabout in the true sense of the term, or capable of the use for which the class was created.

A RECENT letter from Singapore informs us that the series of articles on Dominion published in the FOREST AND STREAM last fall has been read and appreciated on the other side of the globe, while we have heard commendatory reports from many other places nearer home. The articles and designs have been copied by all the yachting journals of the world; the principal ones, such as the Yachtsman, the Yachting World, Le Yacht and Wassersport, reprinting them very fully and with favorable comments. All our foreign contemporaries have paid us the compliment of crediting the matter to its original source.

The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

THE final meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound for the adoption of the proposed new regulations was held on Dec. 20 at the Windsor Hotel, New York. As already stated, a special general meeting for the same purpose was held on Dec. 12, those present being: E. Burton Hart, Jr., Huguenot Y. C.; E. M. MacLellan, Douglaston Y. C.; Ward Dickson, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; H. H. Gordon, Huntington Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; E. B. Meyrowitz, New Rochelle Y. C.; Harry Stephenson, Knickerbocker Y. C.; Oscar Chellborg, Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle; George P. Clark and Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; Joseph M. Price and Frank Towle, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.; W. P. Stephens, Corinthian Fleet; Charles P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.; J. C. Seward, Sachem's Head Y. C.

The meeting was open to all members of the Association, but only sixteen turned out. The night was stormy and unpleasant for yachtsmen, the snow falling steadily all the evening. The numerous details of the proposed classification, measurement, cabin restrictions, scantling table, etc., were discussed at length after the report published in our issue of Dec. 17 had been read and adopted. Some of the proposals were adopted, but owing to the small number present it was suggested that action on the cabin limitations, knockabout restrictions and scantling table be deferred until the proposed rules had been printed and sent to the clubs. After some debate, the motion being opposed on the ground that it was highly desirable to settle everything without further delay, it was decided to call another meeting on Dec. 20 for final action. The weather on Dec. 20 was no miprovement on that of the former meeting, a thick fog enveloped the city and made travel uncertain on the ferries, while there was a suggestion of la grippe in every breath. Those present were C. T. Pierce, E. P. Tower, E. Burton Hart, O. H. Chellborg, H. Stevenson, F. B. Jones, W. I. Zerega, C. H. Crane, George B. Clark, W. P. Stephens, Ward Dickson,

H. H. Gordon, C. E. McManus, E. M. MacLellan, club representatives; L. D. Huntington, Jr., T. F. Day and C. G. Davis, members, and N. D. Lawton, of the Atlantic Y. C., by invitation.

The various proposals as published were taken up, the definition of a cabin yacht being adopted after some minor amendments were made. The knockabout restrictions were also adopted with a few changes. On the motion of C. H. Crane the method of measuring the head triangle was changed, the limiting points of the triangle being located at the intersection of mast and deck, the intersection of the mast and line of jib stay, and of bow or bowsprit with the line of jibstay. As this triangle would be considerably larger than the one now measured, it was provided that only a certain percentage of it should be taken in calculating the area of sail; 87 per cent. being provisionally suggested; but it was left to the executive committee to determine from actual sail plans a fair percentage.

The question of the allowance of sail for a 25ft. knockabout created quite a spirited discussion. The committee had recommended 900sq. ft., an increase of 50sq. ft. over the proportion of 600sq. ft. to 21sq. ft. l.w.l., the same proportion to l.w.l. as in the 21ft. class, but Mr. Crane moved to increase this to 1,000sq. ft.; which was finally carried. Mr. Jones then proposed to increase the sail area of the 21ft. knockabout to the same proportion, of 700sq. ft. instead of 600. This proposal was discussed for some time, but was not adopted.

The proposed table of scantling was then taken up, and a motion made to adopt it; but Mr. Davis stated that he had found the table to be incorrect, and that he had prepared a better table, but had not brought it with him. Another discussion arose, some urging that the proposed table be adopted, as further delay was very undesirable, as yachtsmen were waiting for a final settlement of the rules and it would entail more meetings and added work for the committee. It was finally decided that in view of the importance of the matter the executive committee should meet with Mr. Davis, and afterward should adopt such figures as it thought fit. The meeting adjourned at midnight. The executive committee has received from the race committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. three protests, which the race committee has not been able to decide satisfactorily. It is probable that these will not be taken up until the changes of the rules are entirely completed. We shall publish the complete text of the rules as soon as the changes are completed and the secretary is able to compile an authorized copy; so many changes have been made from the original proposals that it is impossible now to correct the latter.

Josephine II.

THE yacht building by Neafie & Levy, Philadelphia, for P. A. B. Widener, to replace the Josephine, sold to the Government last spring, and renamed Vixen, is described as follows by the Philadelphia Item. The name of the designer is not stated:

The new Josephine will be largely superior to her predecessor. She will be built to the requirements of the United States inspection, and to the British Lloyds survey and inspection for class A1.

Her length over all will be 257ft., on the waterline 216ft., and 30ft. 3in. beam. The depth from base line to main deck beams will be 13ft. 6in., and from base line to top of awning deck beams 26ft. 6in. The yacht will be fitted with two masts, and be schooner rigged.

The bridge extends across the boat, with wheel, compasses and chart table. Under the bridge will be the chart room, and aft the captain's room, extending the width of the house, 12ft. Next aft on the upper deck will be the library, 26 by 12ft. Over this apartment will be an elliptical skylight for ventilation, and a dome. The engine room skylight will be aft of the library, and the remainder of the upper deck will be given up to a promenade 145ft. in length.

At the forward end of the space under the bridge will be the owner's rooms, two communicating apartments, each 19 by 15ft. Aft of each will be a bath room. Between the bath rooms a stairway will extend to four lower guests' rooms. From the stairs a passageway will lead to the dining room, whose dimensions will be 30ft. 3in. by 16ft. This saloon, which will be finished in African mahogany, paneled on the sides with ornamental capitals and pilasters, with a lincrusta walton ceiling, will have, in addition to the ports, skylights on each side for ventilation.

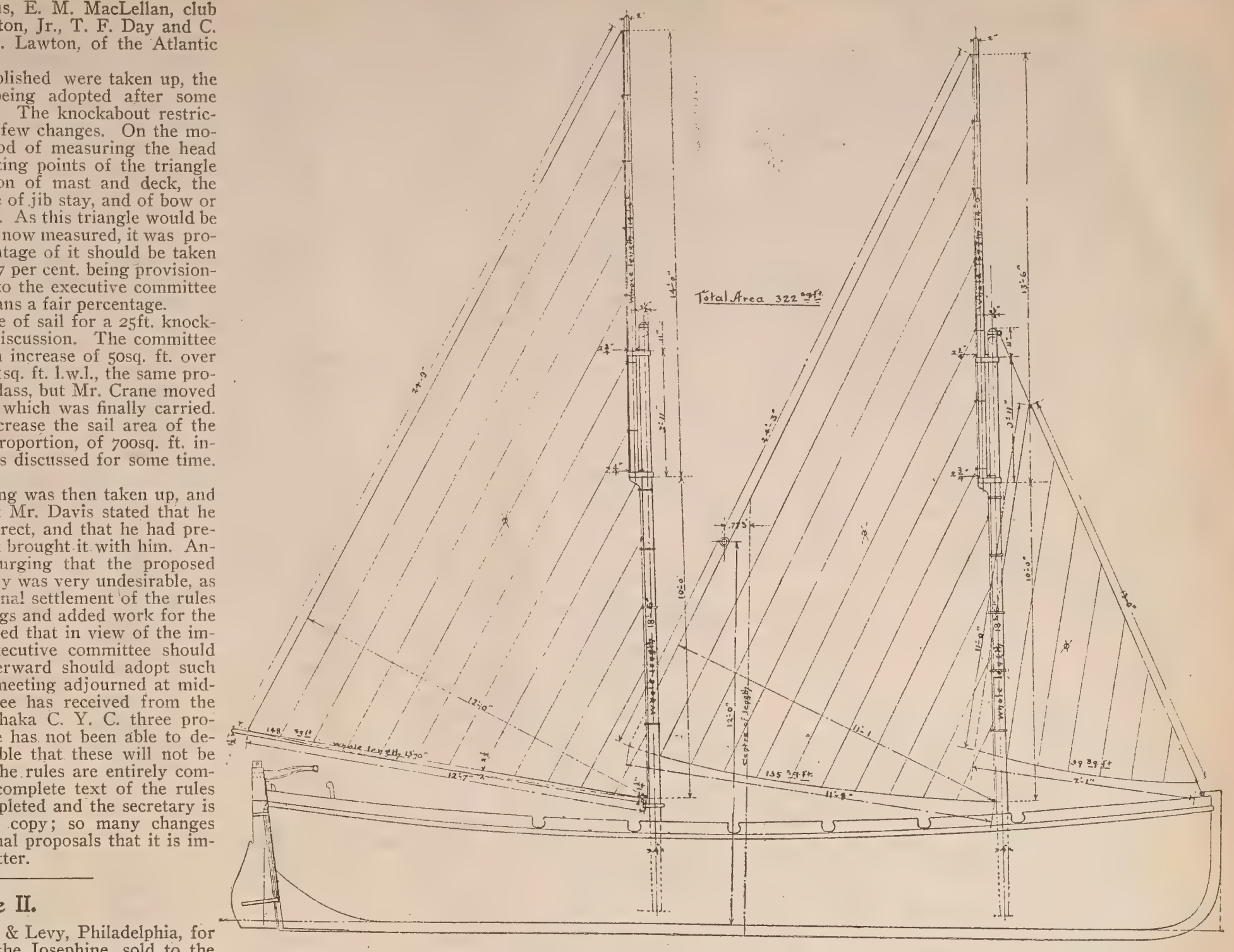
Aft on the starboard side will be the reception room, 29 by 9½ft., extending half the yacht's width and over the engine room. It will be finished in antique oak, panneled. On the other side of the engine room will be plate glass, to view the machinery in operation. Aft the reception room on the starboard side will be a passageway between the ladies' room built in the deckhouse and the ship's rail. On the port side of the passageway the ladies' room will extend out to the side of the ship. Above and on the starboard side will be an elliptical skylight.

At the after end of the ladies' room will be a mahogany staircase leading to the owner's quarters below. Forward and at the foot of the stairs two large staterooms will extend across the yacht. Aft on the starboard side there will be a stateroom with two berths. Further aft will be three more staterooms. Then come the owner's bath rooms and maids' quarters, the latter containing four berths and extending across the yacht.

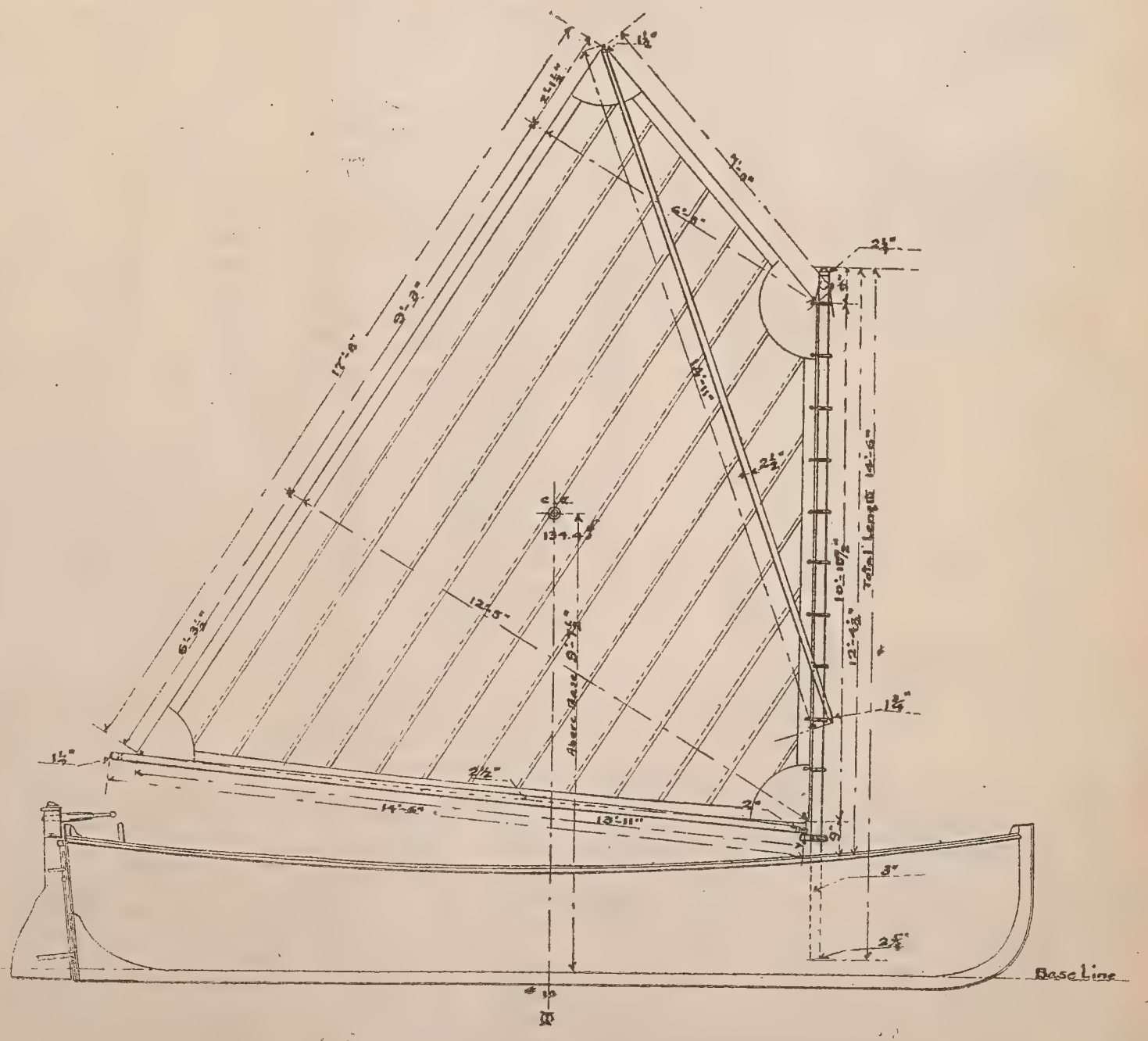
Forward of the foremast, on a drop of 2ft., will be the crew's airing space. Under this deck is the crew's gallery, mess room and pantry. On the deck below is the crew's forecastle and quartermaster's room. Aft are trunk and storage rooms.

The machinery will consist of a quadruple expansion engine, with cylinder 19½, 28, 39, and 57in. in diameter, and 36in. stroke. Steam will be supplied by two boilers of the Scotch type, with artificial draft, built for 200lbs. of steam, each boiler to be 14½ft. in diameter and 11ft. long. Each will contain four corrugated furnaces. Air, circulating, feed and other pumps will be independent of the main engine. The power will be sufficient to drive the yacht at least seventeen knots per hour in ordinary weather. The coal bunker capacity will be 240 tons.

The yacht will have a water bottom the entire length. Captain S. G. Chase, who commanded the former Josephine, will, with Mr. Widener, superintend the construction of the new yacht and command her when completed.



SAIL PLAN 30FT. CUTTER, GUNTER RIG.



SAIL PLAN 20FT. DINGHY, SPRIT RIG.

The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

As the result of a good deal of labor during the past two months, the Y. R. A. has adopted the following new regulations. The ends aimed at are the same as in New York, the restriction of extremes of design, construction and arrangement in the interests of the majority of yacht owners who wish to race in yachts suitable for general service. The feeling on the part of a majority of the small yacht owners about Boston has been strongly against all formulas and especially against the use of sail as a factor, the measurement of the Y. R. A. since its organization being waterline alone. In the new regulations an attempt is made to place values on other factors of advantage, the beam, ballast and sail area, by means of special new formulas, as given below. These formulas are merely auxiliary to the actual measurement rule, which is still the waterline only. By this method, which is at least a novelty in measurement legislation, a yacht of a given waterline is allowed to carry sail in direct ratio to her beam, while she must also carry a minimum weight of ballast, in inverse ratio to her beam. The full text of the new rules, as officially published, is as follows:

In pursuance of the vote of the Y. R. A. of M., creating cabin classes for 21, 25 and 30ft. yachts, and instructions to the executive committee to establish such limitations as would encourage the building of good cruising yachts in preference to racing machines, the committee have adopted the following limitations, realizing that the open classes still exist for those who desire to build for speed alone.

The committee have endeavored to frame such limitations as will encourage racing among yachtsmen who wish to race yachts in which all good qualities are not sacrificed for speed, and for the protection of the classes.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Boston, Dec. 15, 1898.

Definition of Cabin Yacht.

A cabin yacht is intended to be a seaworthy type of cruising and racing yacht, substantially constructed, properly ballasted, and with moderate sail plan, either flush deck, or with cabin trunk on deck, having suitable cabin accommodations below, and conforming to the limitations herein mentioned.

Freeboard.—The least freeboard, measured from the top of covering board to the surface of the water, shall be not less than as follows:

	21ft.	25ft.	30ft.	35ft.
Length				
Beam of or less than	7ft.	8ft.	10ft.	12ft.
Freeboard, minimum	21in.	24in.	28in.	32in.

Less 1in. for every foot of additional L.W.L. beam.

Cabin Trunk.—The height of the cabin trunk shall not exceed 2in. for every foot of greatest L.W.L. beam, measured from the level of top side of covering board to highest point of top side of cabin trunk.

Cockpit.—The cockpit floor shall be above the L.W.L. with scuppers draining outboard.

Cabin Floor.—The cabin floor shall be on timbers, in width not less than one-quarter the greatest L.W.L. beam, and in length not less than the following:

	21ft.	25ft.	30ft.	35ft.
Length				
Cabin floor, length, minimum	7ft.	10ft.	12ft.	15ft.

Headroom.—The minimum headroom in the clear, under deck or cabin trunk beams, over the entire required cabin floor, exclusive of skylights and hatches, shall be as follows:

	ft. in.	ft.in.	ft.in.	ft.in.
Length	21	25	30	35
Headroom, minimum	3 9	4 6	5 6	6 0

Scantlings.

Minimum dimensions and areas	21ft.	25ft.	30ft.
Expressed in Inches.			
A.—Stem sided at head	3	3½	4
B.—Sternpost, sided at tuck	3¼	3¾	4
C.—Keel, minimum thickness	3	3½	4½
Sectional area	36	45	54
D.—Frames, sectional area—heels	2¾	3½	4¼
Bilge	2¼	3	3½
Heads	1¼	1¾	2¼
Spacing	10	11	12
E.—Floors, sectional area	5	7	9
Spacing	18	20	22
F.—Shelf or clamp, sectional area:			
Middle	4½	6	7½
Ends	3	4½	5½
G.—Bilge stringers, sectional area:			
Middle	3	4	4½
Ends	2	3	3¾
H.—Deck beams, sectional area, main	4½	5½	6½
Auxiliary	2¾	3¾	4¼
Half-beams	1¾	2¼	2¾
Spacing	10	11	12
I.—Planking, to finish full	⅞	1	1⅛
Hood ends (above L.W.L.)	¾	⅞	1
J.—*Deck and cabin trunk top to finish full	⅞	1	1⅛

* A reduction of ⅛in. allowed on deck planking if canvas-covered.

The keel, stem, frames, trunk and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength.

A (stem).—The minimum siding (thickness) measured at the rabbet at highest point on stemhead, no decrease of siding allowed.

B (sternpost).—Minimum siding at tuck (the crossing of the rabbet). The siding may diminish from tuck to heel. The rudder stock, if of wood, to be equal in diameter to the siding of post.

C (keel).—Minimum depth allowed for middle. The minimum of sectional area (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of keel) may be made up, if desired, by a deeper keel. The breadth of keel will taper from point of greatest section to siding of stem and sternpost.

D (frames).—The sizes laid down in the table show the minimum sectional area of frames (the siding multiplied by the moulding) at three points—the heel of frame where it is boxed into the keel, the middle of frame about the flat of the floor and turn of bilge, and the head at plank sheer. The sectional area is that of a single frame for a uniform spacing of 1ft. in each class. This required area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together, or larger frames further apart; or of combinations of large and small frames with appropriate spacings. This minimum sectional area shall apply to a space of at least two-thirds of the L.W.L. length in the center of the vessel; forward and aft of this the sectional area may be reduced 20 per cent.

Two adjoining frames abreast each mast and one at each runnerplate should be increased in size in proportion as they are cut by the chainplate fastenings.

Where bent frames are used in combination with sawn the bent frames may be of uniform scantling from end to end; but the sawn frames must be large enough to make up the required average sectional area at the heels where they are cut by the fastenings of floors.

Spacing of Frames.—The maximum spacing of frames as given in the table is based not on the size of frames, this being variable, but on the thickness of planking allowed for the class; being the greatest spacing that will insure a tight seam with the usual caulking for the minimum thickness of planking allowed.

E (floors).—There shall be at least six strong floors in the center of the vessel in way of the metal keel, and two at each mast step.

F (shelf or clamp).—The minimum sectional area given for the middle shall cover a length of at least one-half of the shelf (or clamp) and in the middle, a taper being allowed to the size given at each end. The ends of deck beams may be jogged into top of shelf a distance not exceeding one-third of their own depth. If a beam clamp is used, fitted close up to the plank sheer, the beams being thus jogged in for their full depth, the sectional area shall be increased in proportion.

G (bilge stringer).—The minimum sectional area at middle shall cover at least one-half the full length of bilge stringer, with taper allowed at the ends. At least one bilge stringer must be run on each side, at about the lower part of turn of bilge. In yachts whose extreme beam exceeds twice the greatest depth from under side of deck to upper side of keel, two such stringers on each side should always be fitted.

H (deck beams).—The minimum section area of deck beams shall cover at least the middle third of the beam, allowing a taper, in the moulding, to each end. There must be one main beam at the bitts, two at each mast (partner beams), one at fore end of cabin trunk, one at after end, two at each skylight, hatch and companion in flush-decked vessels, and one at transom. The auxiliary beams and the half-beams abreast of house, skylights, etc., may be of the smaller areas given for each. The beams may be spaced at will, provided the maximum distance between centers does not exceed that given in the table, which is based upon the thickness of deck planking. The beams should be jogged into the shelf of clamp a distance equal to one-third of the moulded depth of beam at ends.

I (planking).—The dimensions given in the table are the minimum thickness allowed, after final planing, over a distance in the middle of the vessel equal to at least one-half of the over-all length.

J (decking).—The thickness given for the deck plank applies also to the plank sheer (covering board) and the partner planks. The ends of the deck plank should be well supported, and in no case should they be wrought to a shim edge, which will crush down in caulking.

Sail Area.—The sail area shall not exceed the product of the L.W.L. length, multiplied by L.W.L. beam, multiplied by 4½, viz.: LxBx4½.

Dimensions expressed in feet.

	21ft.	25ft.	30ft.
Length			
Sail area, maximum (sq. ft.)	950	1,200	1,800

To the actual *area of all sails allowed in Rule XI., facing rules, except headsails and spinnaker, shall be added the area of the forward triangle, measured as follows:

* Sailmaker's certificates of areas required and the actual number of square feet should be marked on all sails.

The forward triangle shall be one-half of the base, multiplied by the perpendicular.

The base line shall be the distance from a point on the forward side of the mast 18in. above the deck, to the point of attachment of the outer head sail to the bowsprit or stem.

The perpendicular shall be the distance from the upper side of the sheaves of the uppermost halliard block on the mast to a point on the forward side of the mast 18in. above the deck.

If any sail extends forward of the limits of this triangle, the excess shall be measured.

Spinnaker Boom.—The distance from the outer end of the spinnaker boom to the rail, when in position for use, shall not exceed the L.W.L. length.

Ballast.—The amount of ballast, exclusive of weight in centerboard, shall be not less than the product of the square of the length minus the beam, multiplied by six times the L.W.L. length, divided by the beam, viz.:

$$(L-B)^2 \times 6\frac{L}{B}.$$

Weights expressed in pounds.

	21ft.	25ft.	30ft.
Length			
Ballast, maximum required	3,500	5,000	7,000
Ballast, minimum allowed	1,250	2,000	3,000

All ballast must be below the floor of cabin or cockpit.

Fixtures.—There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of cabin, and two permanent lockers, and suitable berths or transoms for the accommodation of the crew.

Fittings.—The cabin shall contain cushions or mattresses for the berths or transoms, and one blanket for each berth, or 7ft. length of transom, stove and cooking utensils, and receptable for two gallons of water. There shall also be on board anchor weighing not less than 1½lbs. for every foot of L.W.L. length, and not less than one fathom of suitable cable for every foot of L.W.L. length, life preservers, compass, riding light, foghorn, bucket and boat hook.

All fittings and fixtures herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed, or substituted by articles smaller or of lighter weight.

Existing Yachts.—Any yacht built prior to the adoption of these limitations, having smaller sail plan and less ballast, or fails to meet the requirements on construction, freeboard, headroom, cabin trunk or floor or cockpit, may race in her former class, provided she complies substantially with the intent of these limitations.

Alterations made on existing yachts must conform to these limitations.

Exceptions.—A yacht overrunning the limit of her class by not more than 1ft. may enter the class above provided she conforms to all the other limitations of the class for which she was built.

Note.—"L.W.L." is measured with crew, racing truck, cruising equipment, etc., on board.

Schooners and Yawls.

Schooners and yawls to be entitled to the allowance for rig, mentioned in Rule VIII., racing rules, must conform to the following:

A schooner shall not have mainmast forward of center of L.W.L., and foremast not forward of the point of immersion forward.

A yawl shall not have mizenmast further aft from after point of immersion than 15 per cent. of the L.W.L. length, and mainmast not forward of point of immersion forward.

In cabin classes all limitations shall be based on actual dimensions.

Examples of Sail Area.

$L \times B \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.

21-Foot Class.

7 beam	660sq. ft.
8 beam	756sq. ft.
9 beam	850sq. ft.
10 beam	945sq. ft.
11 beam	950sq. ft.

25-Foot Class.

8 beam	900sq. ft.
9 beam	1,012sq. ft.
10 beam	1,125sq. ft.
11 beam	1,200sq. ft.

30-Foot Class.

10 beam	1,350sq. ft.
11 beam	1,485sq. ft.
12 beam	1,620sq. ft.
13 beam	1,755sq. ft.
14 beam	1,800sq. ft.

Examples of Ballast.

$(L-B)^2 \times 6\frac{L}{B}$.

21-Foot Class.

7 beam	3,500lbs.
8 beam	2,661lbs.
9 beam	2,064lbs.
10 beam	1,526lbs.
11 beam	1,250lbs.

25-Foot Class.

8 beam	5,000lbs.
9 beam	4,266lbs.
10 beam	3,375lbs.
11 beam	2,072lbs.
12 beam	2,000lbs.

30-Foot Class.

10 beam	7,000lbs.
11 beam	5,907lbs.
12 beam	4,860lbs.
13 beam	4,001lbs.
14 beam	3,000lbs.

Yacht Designing.

In spite of the favor with which the series of articles on practical designing was received by our readers, the pressure of much other work has prevented their resumption during the past year, as was originally intended. We take pleasure now in announcing that they will begin again in the issue of next week, and will continue as regularly as the work will permit. It is the intention to issue them in book form after completion in the paper. The portion of the subject which will be first taken up relates to drafting instruments, their practical use, and the elements of marine drafting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Marblehead Yacht Yard (W. B. Stearns) is already busy with a number of yachts of various sizes. Com. H. C. Rouse, Seawanhaka C. Y. C., has ordered for himself and a friend, for use about Gloucester, two sloops of 25ft. l.w.l., 28ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft; with 5,000lbs. of lead on keel and 750sq. ft. of sail. The two will be exactly alike; they are intended for fast sailing and cruising. Messrs. Herman J. and Telford Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, have ordered two cruising yachts, each of 30ft. l.w.l., 44ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. beam, 5ft. draft of hull, with Tobin bronze board of 250lbs. housing below floor, the extreme draft being 9ft. The sail area will be 1,300sq. ft., solely for cruising, and the lead keel will weigh 12,000lbs. The yachts will be roomy and very elaborately finished. There is a wide floor in the cabin, with wing berths 27in. wide, the transoms extending to 3ft. Clothes lockers aft and a sideboard on each side forward will give space for the personal equipment of the owner. Copper tanks for fresh water are placed under the transoms, and on the port side forward is a roomy lavatory, with Bishop w. c., wash basin, pump, mirrors, linen lockers, etc. In the forecastle are berths for crew, large ice box, stove, lockers, etc. The cabin and lavatory are finished in mahogany in the natural color, without stain, but filled with five or six coats of varnish rubbed to a dead polish. Special bronze deck fittings will include an Enos Sheet Molder Company's winch forward and a winch for centerboard. The rig will be pole mast, with single jib. In the 21-footers is a boat for the handicap knockabout class, for the Cropley Bros., of Marblehead, a real fast cruiser, with accommodation for short cruises in a very attractive cabin. Two stock boats of this size are nearly finished, one similar to this one, and the other of the Cohasset type, with centerboard, but of more expensive finish than the one-design boats.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

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